



Jack and the Beanstalk

by Kathryn Torbet

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Characters (in order of appearance).

Drew -	The mock Stage Crew.
Dame Donna Kebab -	The Dame, Jack's mother.
Squire Parsimony -	The landlord, the villain.
Spick - }	
Span - }	The Squire's inept, comic henchmen.
Jack -	Our hero, the principal boy.
Jill -	His sister, the principal girl.
Kenzie -	A village baker, everybody's friend.
Tara - }	
Rosie - }	Villagers, the Dame's friends.
Mick -	A villager, Kenzie's friend.
Daisy -	A pantomime cow.
A Mysterious Stranger -	The magical assistance.
Justin -	A handsome celebrity, suitor to the Dame.
Bill -	A yogi surfer, suitor to the Dame.
Giant -	A voice from offstage.
Jaydee -	The Giant's goblin butler, a bad guy.
Letty -	The Giant's female housekeeper, a good guy.
Lyre -	A voice from offstage.
Gobo - }	
Blin - }	Jaydee's goblin henchmen.
Villagers -	The chorus.
Children -	The children's chorus.

Jack and the Beanstalk

Act 1

Prologue – Front of Tabs

Drew: **(Entering through the curtains.)** Good evening ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls. Welcome to our production of Jack and the Beanstalk. Please take a moment to switch your mobile phone to silent and to note the nearest fire exit. Now, are you ready for panto? I said, are you ready for panto? Oh no you're not! **(Encourages audience response.)** Then sit back, relax and come with us to Panto-land; a place beyond time, reality and any common sense whatsoever.

(The curtains open to reveal the village square, with the villagers onstage.) They rap.

Villager 1: Now, this is a story that you should hear,
Villager 2: It's pretty entertaining though, have no fear.
Villager 3: So if you're seated comfortably, listen to the tale,
Villager 4: Of how Jack became the master of Sunnyvale.
Villager 1: Jack's family is poor and that really isn't funny,
Villager 2: The squire owns their farm and he only loves money.
Villager 3: Jack's pretty idle, he wants to look cool,
Villager 4: While his sister works hard and is good at school.
Villager 1: They can't pay the rent, so what are they to do?
Villager 2: Money isn't everything, but kind of handy too.
Villager 3: There's a giant to defeat and perhaps a magic bean,
Villager 4: So come with us to Sunnyvale, we'll show you what we mean.

Scene 1 – The Village Square.

(Song 1, with full company, featuring the Dame. The villagers make a fuss of the Dame, presenting her with gifts, admiring her, etc: it's a dream-sequence, so can be a big dance number. As the song ends, the company exit, leaving the Dame alone onstage.)

Dame: **(Continuing to sing in a dreamlike state, then waking herself up with a snore).** Oooh, I must have drifted off there, I had a lovely dream! – well, beauty sleep is so important, and I always make sure I have my full eight hours: it takes a lot of sleep to look this good, I can tell you. That and a bit of work on the side – chin tuck, cheek lift and the rest **(She mimes a boob job etc.)** – thank goodness for medical tourism eh? Welcome to the village of Sunnyvale, the finest spot in all of Pantoland. I'm Dame Donna Kebab and I live in the farm over-by-yonder with my son, Jack, and my daughter, Jill. They're wonderful children, very good to their ma, although I do wish Jack wouldn't be quite so lazy- he's always cutting corners. In fact, if he worked any less, I'd think he worked for **/local council/**Of course, we're very close because there's only the three of us. It hasn't been easy, raising the children by myself, you know. **(Encourages audience reaction.)**... No, it's sadder than that.... **(Waits for reaction.)** Thank you. My husband passed over to the other side years ago – yes, he became a **/rival team/**supporter. Tragic, but it's **/local team/**or nothing, am I right? **(Encourages audience reaction.)** Still, I've had my share of suitors. Only last week a gentleman came calling. He said: "Tell me madam, have you ever been wooed?" I said, "Yes, in my time I've been vewy wooed." And I do like to dress well – right now I'm wearing my 'Harvest Festival' corset, "all is safely gathered in". But we don't have much money, and it's not easy to dress well on a tight budget, **(Picking on an audience member.)** Is it dear? She knows. Don't worry love, call it 'vintage' and no-one will know the difference. And speaking of vintage...

(Enter Squire Parsimony, Spick & Span, trying – and failing – to look menacing.)

Squire: Ah, there you are Dame Donna, you are looking as grotesque as ever.

Dame: Oh, thank you, Squire Parsimony, you are always so complimentary. **(To audience.)** He uses such big words; I don't know what half of them mean.

Squire: It's the first of the month so I have come to collect the rent that you plebeians owe me. And, of course, by 'me' I mean my associates, Spick and Span, here.

Spick : Pay

Span : Up

Spick : Or

Span : Else!

Dame: **(Curiously.)** Or else what?

Spick : **(Confusedly.)** Er, or else we'll come back another time.

Span : When it's convenient for you, that is.

Squire: Gahh! You useless pair! **(To the Dame.)** Give me the money you owe, or it will go very badly for you.

Dame: Er, well, you see... I'm having a bit of a cash flow problem at the moment, what with rocketing inflation and tariffs. I wondered if I could pay in instalments?

Squire: I see. And tell me, ignoramous, how much would today's 'instalment' be?

Dame: Er, nothing?

(Squire gives an unpleasant laugh.)

Spick : **(Trying to be tough again.)** If you're in arrears

Dame: **(Reacting as if they are talking about body parts.)** What about my rear?

Span : We'll seize your chattels.

Dame: My what?

(Jack and Jill enter, Spick and Span back down.)

Jack: Is everything all right, Mum?

Squire: **(Spotting Jill and becoming a sweet talker.)** Everything's fine, son. Just having a little chat with your mother here, making a deal. I tell you what, I'll give you an extra week to find the money – generous of me, I know. And I've had a most expeditious idea: if you can't pay me in cash, your fair daughter can come and work for me instead. I'm sure she will find it a most advantageous and mutually beneficial arrangement. **(Taking Jill's hand.)**

Jill: I'm sure I will not: it is the last thing I shall ever do!

Jack: Unhand my sister, Squire Parsimony. We will find the money somehow.

Squire: Ha! I doubt it; you have until the end of next week. Until then, Jill. **(Exit Squire, Spick and Span.)**

Jill: Oh Jack, Mum, whatever will we do? I don't want to work for the Squire, I want to help those in need, meet wonderful people and make a difference!

Dame: **(To Jack.)** That's strange, I always thought she wanted to work in customer service.

Jill: Who knows what unpleasant jobs the Squire will make me do? Washing his socks, cleaning the fluff from under his bed, cutting his toenails – urggh!

Jack: Don't worry Jill, we'll find a way. I bet Mum's working out a plan already, aren't you Mum? Come on, let's put the kettle on – a cup of tea will make everything better. **(Exit Jack and Jill.)**

Dame: **(Waving them off.)** Yes, don't you worry my dears, of course I have a plan. **(To audience.)** I don't have a plan! What am I going to do? My poor little girl; that Squire's horrible!

(Enter Kenzie, Rosie, Tara and villagers. Kenzie is wearing a hat, villagers each have a coin, button or pine cone.)

Kenzie: Hello Dame Donna. Oh, you look down; what's the matter?

Tara: Yes, you look as if you lost a gold coin and found a penny...

Rosie: Which you used to buy a lottery ticket, but then forgot about it...

Tara: And it turned out to be the winning ticket, but then you couldn't find it...

Rosie: But while you were looking for it, you discovered a pile of unpaid bills ...

Tara: And the debt collectors came knocking at your door, but knocked so hard that they broke it down...

Rosie: And then it started to snow, and you had no door...

Tara: And also...

Kenzie: Ok, ok, you can stop now Tara, she feels bad enough as it is! And you Rosie, I thought you two were Dame Donna's best friends?

Tara: Oh we are, but what are friends for, if not to laugh at your misfortunes?

(Rosie steps forwards and Tara trips her; they all laugh.)

Tara: See?

Dame: Ha ha! Oh yes, you're right, but this isn't a laughing matter. I owe Squire Parsimony a sh...ed load of money – more than I can possibly raise – and he's only given me until the end of next week to pay him, otherwise he's going to make my little Jill work for him as payment.

Kenzie: No!

Rosie: Really?

Tara: He can't do that!

Kenzie: He'll make her do all sorts of nasty jobs, like making candles out of his earwax.

Rosie: Filling in his tax return.

Tara: Watching daytime tv with him.

Kenzie: Perhaps we can help? None of us has very much, but together we might be able to raise enough money to pay off the Squire. Come on friends! **(He uses his hat to collect from the villagers, who put in their item then shuffle, embarrassed, off stage.)**

Dame: That's very kind of you; I know that you all have to pay rent to the Squire too.

Tara: Yes, why can't someone nice and kind own the whole village? Why do we have to have a toad-faced, skinflint like Squire Parsimony as the landlord?

(Kenzie returns and offers the collection to the Dame.)

Dame: You're all so generous, what wonderful neighbours I have, thank you all so... **(Looks into the hat, pulls out the pine cone.)** ... 7 pence, 3 buttons, and a pine cone?

Rosie: Turns out we're even more broke than we thought.

Dame: Well, thank you all for trying. I'm going to have to put my thinking cap on. I'm sure I'll come up with something; there's always a light at the end of the tunnel. **(Exits.)**

Tara: Yes, but it's usually a train, coming to run you over!

(Exit Rosie and Tara.)

Kenzie: **(To wings.)** Oh Dame Donna, how I wish I could help you! **(To the Audience.)** I'd do anything for her, you know. Dame Donna and I have known each other since we were children and, truth be told, she's always been the girl I love. But she just sees me as a brother or a friend, obviously a very handsome and muscular friend. **(He strikes a pose.)** But I'm only a poor baker, so there's not much chance of me raising enough dough to pay off the Squire... geddit?... baker – raise the dough – look, this isn't going to work if I have to explain every joke to you! Anyway, here's me telling you all my secrets and we haven't even been introduced yet. I'm Kenzie. Hey, how about every time I see you, I'll call, HIYA GANG! and you can reply, HIYA KENZIE ? Shall we try it? **(Exits and enters again to try it out.)** HIYA GANG! **(Waits for audience response.)** Are you joining in or not? HIYA GANG **(Waits for audience response.)** That's brilliant! But what can I do to help Dame Donna? There must be something; what do you all think? Any ideas? **(Reacts to audience suggestions.)** Well, we have a week to come up with something. Wish us luck, bye! **(Exits.)**

(Curtain.)

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Scene 2

(Front of tabs. Squire enters at a pace.)

Squire: Come on you numbskulls, it's time to get back to the mansion house – I haven't checked my gold reserves yet today.

Spick : **(Entering more slowly and stopping.)** Coming boss, sorry boss.

Span : **(Entering and crashing into Spick.)** Sorry boss.

Squire: **(Mimicking them.)** Sorry boss! You're a useless pair! You couldn't even intimidate that old woman!

Dame: **(From offstage.)** Less of the old!

Squire: Do I have to do everything myself? I don't know why I pay you!

Spick : Er, well, about that. Actually, you don't pay us.

Squire: Exactly! Start doing something to earn it, and then I'll remunerate you. You should be paying me! This is valuable training I'm giving you!

Span: You're right! How much do we owe you?

(Spick shushes him.)

Squire: But it's turning out just fine – there's no way Dame Donna can find all that money before next week, and Jill will be working for me.

Spick: What do you need her for, boss?

Span: We can do all the menacing you need boss. We'll get better at it, we promise!

Squire: You idiots, she's not for menacing! Do you know how good she is at maths? She's going to count my gold for me and become my financial planner.

Spick: We can count! One, two, three...**(He can't remember any more numbers.)**

Span: ...three... er, four... **(To audience.)** What comes next?

Spick: Ok, so she can do the counting while we do other, more important, jobs.

(Span stands on Spick's right foot.)

Squire: Here's an important job for you; try not to mess it up.

Spick: Right-ho.

Squire: Keep an eye on Dame Donna and Jack this week and make sure they don't come up with the money.

Spick: Right-ho.

Squire: I don't want anyone interfering with my plan.
Spick: Right-ho.
Span: Why do you keep saying "Right-ho?" Spick?
Spick: Because you're standing on my right toe, Span!

(Span lifts his foot, Spick hops about.)

Squire: **(Ignoring them.)** I didn't get where I am today by feeling sorry for people. We didn't have any money when I was a youngster. We ate dirt for breakfast and were grateful for it!
Span: Didn't you have any friends?
Squire: Friends? Who needs friends? Friends are a sign of weakness!
Spick: Or a girlfriend maybe? Someone to love?
Squire: **(Bitterly.)** Oh I had a girlfriend once. We were in love, but we couldn't afford to get married on the money I earned here in Sunnyvale. She went to work in Duhsy¹ but she never came back. It must have been better in Duhsy than it was in Sunnyvale and I bet she found somebody better to marry too. No, stick to money, you know where you are with that. Money doesn't let you down.

(Song 2: Squire, Spick & Span. At the end of the song, all exit.)

(Curtains open.)

¹ Duhsy is pronounced "Duh sky" (reference: "The sky" – you'll see in II vii!)

Scene 3

(The scene is the Dame's cottage garden. It should include a flowerbed, in which the beanstalk can be hidden during scene 5. Two piles of junk surround Dame Donna and she is sorting through them, with the help of the villagers. One pile is extremely small, and includes a pair of oversized bloomers, the other is very large. The items should be ridiculous).

(Kenzie and Mick enter).

Kenzie: Hiya Gang. **(Waits for audience response.)**

Mick: What's going on here?

Villager 1: Dame Donna is sorting through her things to find items to sell, to raise money, to pay the Squire.

Villager 2: **(Bringing on an obviously useless item.)** What about this one, Dame Donna?

Dame: Keep it: it might be useful.

Villager 3: **(Bringing on a broken item.)** And this one?

Dame: Keep it: that's a collector's item.

Villager 3: Who's collecting it, the bin men?

Dame: Oi, cheeky! I'll have you know that people would queue round the block for the chance to buy one of those!

Villager 2: Must have been 'off their blocks' to do that.

Dame: The trouble is that there are just so many quality items here.

Kenzie: I thought that was the point. Aren't you meant to be selling them?

Dame: Yes, but not just anyone can own heirlooms such as these – you have to possess a certain 'je ne sais quoi' to appreciate their finer points of craftsmanship.

Mick: 'I don't know what' either, but I know that nobody's buying this junk.

Villager 4: Are you really sure you need twenty-nine of these?

Villager 1: And forty-four of these?

Villager 2: Do you honestly need a.....? **(Tbc, depending on props.)**

Villager 3: Or a ... what even is this?

Dame: **(Breaking character.)** Don't nag! You're worse than my wife...

(Back in character.) ... I mean, ex-husband!

Mick: So you're not selling anything, even though you need to find all that money?

Dame: Of course I am. **(Picks up the extremely small pile & hands it to Mick.)** Here, put that lot on E-bay.

Villager 4: **(Picking the bloomers off the top.)** Even these?

Dame: Oh goodness me, no! Those are my party-pants; I'll be wearing those to the *[local pub]* later.

(A thunderclap is heard.)

Mick: Quick, let's take everything inside!

Dame: Thank you my dears, make sure you don't throw anything away!

(Mick and the Villagers descend on the large pile and start to carry items off stage.)

Villager 1: Antiques Roadshow would love this lot.

Villager 2: Trash in the Attic, more like.

Villager 3: They're certainly things that money can't buy, I mean, who would pay for this lot of junk!

Villager 4: Maybe we can drop them in the skip and she won't notice.

Dame: I heard that!

(Villagers run off.)

Dame: Kenzie, be a dear and milk Daisy the cow for me would you, while I supervise inside. **(Exits.)**

Kenzie: Of course Dame Donna, anything to help you. But where is...?

(Daisy enters, right on cue.)

Kenzie: Of course. **(To audience.)** This cow knows her cues better than most of the actors. **(He fetches a milking stool and bucket from the wings and sits in milking position.)** Right Daisy, let's go.

(Daisy steps away. Kenzie has his head down, so doesn't notice until he tries to milk her.)

Kenzie: Hey what? Did you teleport or did I? **(Kenzie scoots forward on his stool, into position.)**

(Daisy steps away again.)

Kenzie: Daisy! Stop mooooooving! **(He scoots forwards again.)**

(Both ends of Daisy sit on his lap.)

Kenzie: Ooof! Geddoff, Daisy, you're heavy. It feels like two of you sitting on me.

(Daisy stands and kicks the bucket over.)

Kenzie: Oh she's in a moood now; she's kicked the bucket! **(He fetches the bucket.)**

(Daisy kicks the stool over. Kenzie goes to sit and falls on the floor.)

Kenzie: Aw come on Daisy, behave yourself and I'll tell you a joke, would you like that?

(Daisy nods.)

Kenzie: Why did the cow cross the road? To see a mooovie!

(Daisy turns around to face him and gives him a hard stare.)

Kenzie: Oh it wasn't that bad! Turn around. Please?

(Daisy turns, but not into a position where Kenzie can milk her.)

Kenzie: And again.....

(Daisy turns around and keeps going – Kenzie grabs her tail on the way past.)

Kenzie: Gotcha!

(Daisy keeps turning and Kenzie flies off into the wings. A crash is heard. He returns holding his nose.)

Kenzie: Dat wodn't funny. Dat woz by doze!

(Enter 3 village children. Child 2 has a bag with the props.)

Child 1: What's going on, Kenzie?

Child 2: It doesn't like you're having much success with Daisy.

Child 3: Don't you know the secret to milking her?

Kenzie: No. What's the secret?

Child 1: You tickle her chin. **(Does so.)**

Child 2: Pat her rump. **(Does so.)**

Child 3: And pump her tail up and down. **(Does so.)**

(Child 2 produces a carton of milk from Daisy's udder region. Kenzie should not notice the trick.)

Kenzie: Wow! That's amazing – and it's pre-packaged!
Child 1: Then if you want to change the settings, you just twizzle her ears,
(Does so.) Tickle her chin, **(Does so.)**
Child 2: Pat her rump. **(Does so.)**
Child 3: And pump her tail up and down. **(Does so.)**

(Child 2 produces a pot of yogurt from Daisy's udder region.)

Kenzie: Yogurt? Brilliant! Let me have a go! **(He completes the actions as he mentions them.)** You twizzle her ears, tickle her chin, pat her rump and pump her tail up and down.

(Child 2 holds up a bottle of beer.)

Kenzie: Beer! Well done Daisy: this could make us all rich! Come on, let's tell Jack! **(Kenzie and Daisy exit.)**

(The 3 children fall about laughing and high fiving before exiting taking the stool and bucket with them.)

(Dame enters.)

Dame: **(Addressing the audience.)** Finding things to sell wasn't quite as successful as I thought it was going to be. How else can I raise some cash? Offering laundry services? No, too much work. Exotic dancing? **(She gives a shoulder shimmy and puts her back out.)** Owww! Perhaps not. Foot pics? **(She takes off a shoe and considers her foot, which should be covered in fake hair.)** That's a distinct possibility!

(A sequence follows whereby the Dame shaves her hairy foot and throws the 'hair' into the audience).

(Tara and Rosie enter.)

Tara: How's it going Donna? Got any money-making schemes yet?
Dame: As a matter of fact, I'm thinking of selling my foot pics – sit down and sketch them for me.
Tara: I'm not sure that's going to bring in much. Corns and bunions aren't that attractive.

Rosie: At least the pictures wouldn't be scratch and sniff: put your shoe back on.

Tara: How about advertising for a sugar-daddy? There must be a man out there, wondering what to do with his fortune, who would love to spend it on you.

Rosie: Not that we need men, being strong independent women, but why should we deny them the chance to spoil us?

Dame: Good idea: let's bounce around some ideas, and I can put them on Tinder later.

Tara: How about – 'Mature, headstrong female enjoys a good time'?

Rosie: Nah, they'll know that really means she's an argumentative old alcoholic.

Tara: Unconventional good looks?

Rosie: That means she looks like a sock puppet.

Tara: Dorothy is looking for a wizard to fly her over the rainbow.

(Dame & Rosie stare at her for a second then all 3 burst out laughing.)

Rosie: What do you want to see in a man?

Dame: That he's breathing. No, seriously, it's personality that is important to me ... so long as he's also tall, athletic, well built and devilishly handsome. A bit like him. **(She points to an audience member and gives cutsie wave.)** Coo-ee! Hello handsome.

Tara: Focus Donna! He's not rich, is he? Not judging by that jumper anyway. **(To the man)** Work at **[local school]** do you?

Rosie: How about – I like my men the way I like my kebabs – hot, spicy and full of sauce.

Dame: This is harder than it looks! There must be someone out there for me.

(Song 3: Dame, Tara and Rosie with Female villagers).

(Jack & Jill enter as the song finishes. Daisy enters separately, staying upstage, and reacting to the conversation.)

Jill: Just checking, you're not hoping to raise money by singing, are you?

Rosie: No, the world is not ready for us yet. We've had an idea though, which is almost certainly going to work.

Dame: But just in case it doesn't, we need a back up plan. We're going to have to sell the cow.

Jack: Not Daisy?

Tara: Why not? She doesn't give much milk anymore; she just eats all day.

(Daisy gives her a hard stare.)

Jack: But I love Daisy!

Jill: Don't be weird, Jack.

Jack: In a completely platonic and consensual way.

Jill: You're getting weirder. Stop talking.

Dame: I'm sorry, but we all need to make sacrifices. I, personally, have put aside *many* of my quality items to be sold.

Rosie: Besides, Daisy will love living in the town; there's not enough nightlife for her here.

(Daisy considers this and agrees.)

Dame: Take her to the market at **[local town]** tomorrow and make sure you get a good price for her.

Jack: All right Mum, so long as she agrees to it and I can find her a good home where she'll get all her comforts.

Jill: Weirdo.

(Curtain.)

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Scene 4

(Front of tabs – a road on the way to market. There should be two double-sided signposts, 'To Sunnyvale' and 'To the market', held by young children.)

(Spick and Span enter).

Span: So far so good Spick. Dame Donna has not managed to raise any money, and I don't think there will be a rich husband arriving any time soon, do you?

Spick: No Span, I don't. At least the Squire will be pleased that nothing is spoiling his plan.

Span: It's a bit mean though don't you think? Making Jill work for him.

Spick: Yes, but he's got no heart has he? Not since that girlfriend of his left him to go to Duhsy.

Span: I wish we didn't work for him.

Spick: But who else would hire us? I mean, knowing me...

Span: Knowing you...

Spick:} (Together.)

Span:} Uhuuh.

Span:} Someone's coming; hide!

(They take up ineffectual hiding positions behind the signs, but are strangely invisible to Jack.)

(Jack enters, leading Daisy.)

Jack: Come on Daisy girl, off we go. I know you're upset, but I'm sure we'll find you a nice new home.

(Daisy seems positively joyful.)

Jack: Don't be sad, it might be fun to live in the town – you could make friends with the ladies at the bingo. You could call yourself Moo-riel. Now which way is it?

(Jack is confused. Eventually Spick and Span intervene.)

Spick: Look, where do you want to go?

Jack:} [Local town]

Span: Why would you want to go to that dump?
Jack: I'm going to the market.
Spick: It's this way, can't you see the sign?
Jack: Oh yes, thank you! I need to sell Daisy; I need to get a good price and then we can pay the Squire his rent money.
Span: **(Realising their mistake.)** Ohhhh! But it's such a long way. Are you sure? You could always go back and say no-one would buy her.
Jack: But that wouldn't be very honest.
Spick: No, no I suppose not. Why don't you take a short rest here, then you'll be fresh for the journey.
Jack: Yes, that sounds like a good idea. **(He settles down under a signpost.)**
Span: Quick, grab the cow: if Jack sells her he might make enough money to pay the Squire, then we'll be in trouble.

(They try, but Daisy does not co-operate. Cow shenanigans may include moving her head so they can't grab the rope, side stepping from them, bull-fighting, kicking Spick and standing on Span's foot, round in circle with them chasing.)

Spick: Curses! Leave the evil beast alone.
Span: What do we do now? If Jack gets good money for the cow we're done for!
Spick: I've got it: let's switch the signs around, so he will get lost and won't make it to the market in time.
Span: You're a genius, Spick!

(They turn the signs around to point the other way, and then hide again. Jack wakes up.)

Jack: That was a very nice snooze. Well, come on Daisy. Which way was it again to the market?

(Jack ignores any audience assistance to follow the sign in the wrong direction. He is prevented from leaving the stage by the Mysterious Stranger's entrance).

Stranger: Hello Jack. My, what a fine looking cow you are Daisy!
Jack: Er, hello mysterious stranger. Do I know you?
Stranger: Everyone knows me and yet nobody knows me. I'm an enigma.
Jack: Oh well, pleased to meet you Annie Nigma, I'm Jack and this is Daisy.

Stranger: **(breaking character)** Yes, I know your names, and that she's a fine looking cow. Try to keep up with the script!

Jack: I'm taking Daisy to market to sell, but she's awfully upset about it.

(Daisy is not).

Stranger: We all go through changes in life: the river flows, but who knows where it leads? I believe in you Jack, there are great things in your future. You just need to trust in your family and friends and become the hero of your own destiny.

Jack: Um, ok then, I will. **(To audience.)** Crazy loon.

Stranger: And to show my faith in you, I will buy Daisy. You can be sure that I will take good care of her, until she is yours once more.

Jack: Oh, I'm not sure about that. I mean, Daisy is a very special cow and you could be anyone, you could be ...

(Jack changes tack in response to the bag of gold that the Stranger is holding up, as he takes it and looks inside.)

Jack: ... such a great new owner for Daisy. Wow, gold coins! Thank you very much. She likes you, I can tell.

(Daisy is nonplussed.)

Stranger: What does she like to eat?

Jack: She eats most things really, but she's not very keen on beef, and she prefers you to shop at **[Local, expensive, delicatessen]**. Oh, and she likes foot spas and has a shoulder massage every week.

(A thunderclap is heard.)

Jack: I'd better hurry; it sounds like a storm is coming. Bye Daisy, be good!

(Jack kisses Daisy on the nose and starts to exit the direction of the sign to Sunnyvale –i.e. the wrong way.)

Stranger: This would be a much better route to take.

(The Stranger points Jack in the opposite direction – i.e. the correct way- and Jack starts to exit, holding the bag high. The Stranger makes a magic gesture and Jack freezes.)

Stranger: Oh Jack, you have so much potential that you do not yet understand. Gold will not help you to fulfil it, **(Makes a magical gesture over the gold bag.)** but these beans will. **(Stranger looks directly at Spick & Span, who are 'hiding'.)** And let's make sure that no-one stops you.

(Stranger makes a magical gesture and the children holding the signs return them to their original – i.e. correct – positions. Jack & Stranger exit. Spick & Span emerge.)

Spick: Oh No, Jack's done it! Did you see that bag of gold?

Span: It was huge! Dame Donna's going to be able to pay the squire back and we'll be in so much trouble!

Spick: Unless we can come up with a plan before we get back to Sunnyvale.

(They think, pacing, for a moment.)

Span: Yeah, that's not happening. We're done for.

(They start to exit following the sign to Sunnyvale.)

Spick: Wait a minute! We switched the signs around, didn't we? So Jack is going the wrong way.

Span: Yes we did! So we can go the other direction and get back to Sunnyvale first.

Spick: And we can mug him on the way in and steal that bag of gold!

Span: Now that's a plan! Come on!

(They exit, in the wrong direction. The children holding the signs exit.)

(Curtains open.)

Scene 5

(The Cottage Garden. Dame Donna is pottering and has a bag with the scroll in it. The beanstalk is hidden in the flowerbed. Jill enters.)

Jill: Mum, there's a good-looking stranger in the village square asking for you.

Dame: Is he rich?

Jill: How would I know that? And why does it matter?

Dame: Because he might be here to answer my entry on Tinder. **(Shows Jill her scroll.)** Hang on, let me just scroll down. **(It unravels to reveal a long scroll.)**

Jill: **(Reading.)** GGG young temptress available for ONS in the WC: NSA. What does this even mean? In search of a sultan to pamper this princess - Mum! You didn't write this, did you?

Dame: No, no, no of course not ... Tara did.

(Kenzie enters.)

Kenzie: Hiya Gang! **(waits for audience reaction.)** Dame Donna, there was this really greasy, suspicious looking bloke asking for you, so I sent him off to **[nearby town]**...

(Justin enters, with a scroll. Tara is hanging on his arm, followed by swooning Village women & Rosie. He is focusing on Jill).

Kenzie: ...and it looks like Tara found him again.

Justin: Beautiful lady, I'm here! I have taken time out of my very busy schedule just to gaze on your face.

Dame: **(Inserting herself between Jill and Justin.)** Well, that's very kind, I'm sure. You may gaze.

Justin: **(Ignoring her and addressing Jill.)** Come with me, my princess, let's go away together.

Dame: **(Passionately.)** Oh yes! ... But can I just check, you are rich, aren't you?

Justin: Of course! And athletic, and very good looking.

(Justin strikes a pose, all the women swoon. He consults his scroll.)

Justin: And I have come to meet the voluptuous queen who wants to... **(He reads.)** ...travel the world and bring peace, whilst looking after small, fluffy animals. I have come to meet - Dame Donna!

Dame: That's me!

Justin: **(Checking his scroll and looking at her.)** No, I don't think you are.

Kenzie: Oh yes she is!

Justin: Oh no she isn't!

All: Oh yes she is! **(Encouraging the audience.)**

Justin: You? You are not the woman in this profile! I have been tricked!

(Song 4: Starts with Justin performing and the villager women dancing along, continues with them closing in on him and ends with them chasing him off stage and round the auditorium.)

(Dame, Kenzie and Jill are left on stage, watching the chase. The Squire enters during the chase and there is much 'what's going on here?' miming.)

Dame: Well, that didn't quite go as planned either! I wonder how Jack's getting on.

(Jack enters.)

Dame: You've got to hand it to him, he can take a hint. **(Dramatically.)** Ohhh, poor Daisy is gone! **(Mercenarily.)** How much did you get for her?

(Spick & Span enter to speak to Squire. Two separate conversations take place).

Jack: Mum great news!

Spick: Er, Squire? We have some news.

Jack: I sold Daisy...

Span: Jack sold the cow...

Jack: ...To a mysterious stranger,

Spick: ...To this crazy old coot.

Jack: Annie Nigma.

Span: Something about an enema.

Jack: She seemed very nice, all things considered...

Spick: She was completely barmy...

Jack: ...And she gave me this huge bag of gold.

Span: ...And she gave him that huge bag of gold.

Dame: Gold! Ooh let me see! **(Takes the bag and looks inside.)**
Squire: Gold! You complete blockheads!
Dame: There's no gold in here.
Spick: **(Surprised, but thinking on his feet.)** Or so Jack thought.
Dame: These are just beans: is this a joke?
Span: **(Making it up as he goes along.)** Because we made sure that the joke was on him!
Dame: We can't even make a meal out of these, let alone save the farm!
Spick: So that nothing could interfere with your plans to take the farm.
Squire: Good job: you actually didn't mess it up this time. Let's go.

(Exit Squire, followed by Spick & Span, unsure as to what just happened.)

Dame: Jack, how could you be so foolish? Daisy was our last hope to save the farm and stop the Squire taking Jill. Unless Justin changes his mind, that is.
Jack: I don't know how it can have happened! When the mysterious stranger gave me the bag it was definitely full of gold. I don't know how the coins can have transformed into beans, unless by magic.
Dame: Magic! You silly boy! Magic Beans?
Kenzie: They certainly made the cow disappear.
Dame: These are not magic beans. They're not even baked beans. They are useless! I might as well throw them into the garden. **(She does so.)** I don't want to hear another word about magic beans. Go to bed!
Jack: Mum, I'm 29 years old....

(Dame looks menacingly at him. Jack exits sheepishly, followed by Dame, Jill and Kenzie. The Stranger enters.)

Stranger: Dame Donna, if only you knew the potential stored within those beans and inside your son too. But both will soon be revealed.

(Mysterious Stranger begin to weave a spell.)

Stranger: Bean of magic, magic bean,
Reveal to us what must be seen.
By night, transform to something great,
To save this family; it's not too late.
Up in the clouds lives a giant buffoon
He steals and he lies and he cheats, but soon
Jack, our hero, will find that haul
The Giant's pride will come before his fall.
Magic beans, make a path to the sky,
For our hero to climb, way up on high.
Let Jack be the victor and gold his reward
As he saves us from that giant fraud.

(A Thunderclap is heard. Song 5 - Instrumental music - begins as the beanstalk grows. A children's chorus, dressed as beans, may perform a movement piece.)

PantoScripts Perusal