

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

AN ADVENTURE OF GIGANTIC PROPORTIONS!



By
Karl Ridsdale

laffinboi.co.uk
Laffin' Boi Productions
adultpantomime.co.uk

Characters

Simple Simon	The fool, dim but very funny and likable
Jack Trott	The hero, honest hard working young man
Dame Trott	The dame, mother of Jack and Simon
Jill Skinflint	The love interest to Jack, also the Squires daughter
Squire Skinflint	The local landowner and landlord
Fleshcreep	The villain, works for the giant
Giant Blunderbore	The giant who lives in the clouds scaring the villagers
Good Fairy	A good fairy to fight Fleshcreep's evil
Buttercup	A pantomime cow, owed by Dame Trott
Goosey Lucy	A magic goose owed by the giant

Scenes

Act 1

- Prologue – The Village Square
- Scene 1 - The village square
- Scene 2 - Road outside the village
- Scene 3 - Dame Trott's kitchen
- Scene 4 – Road outside the village
- Scene 5 - The village square, with beanstalk

Act 2

- Scene 1 - Inside the Giant's castle
- Scene 2 - Top of the beanstalk
- Scene 3 - The village square with beanstalk
- Scene 4 - Community song, in front of grey tabs or road outside the village
- Scene 5 - Finale, Walkdown

Songs

- Page 3 – Fairy, happy song
- Page 11 – Dame, Simon, Jack, Jill, sad song
- Page 14 – Jack, Jill, happy song
- Page 16 – Dame, Simon, daft song
- Page 25 – Jack, sad song
- Page 26 – Jill, sad song
- Page 33 – Jack, optimistic song

- Page 34 – Fleshcreep, evil song
- Page 43 – Jack, Jill, love song
- Page 51 – Dame, Simon, Jack, Jill, Squire, Buttercup, happy song

Act 1 – Prologue – Village Square

(Curtains open to reveal Fleshcreep DSL.)

Fleshcreep; (Evil laugh.) Aw shut up, you horrible lot! You should be too terrified to boo or hiss me, for I am the evil Fleshcreep. **(Evil laugh.)** And I work for Giant Blunderbore. Do you want to know what I do for him? **(Encourage audience.)** Well, do you? Tough, I am going tell you anyway, I come down here from the clouds up high and I find boys and girls, mums and dads and the occasional grandparent, if they still have enough meat on their bones, then I whisk them back up into castle, into the kitchen, not to work, no, but into the stew pot for Blunderbore's tea. **(Evil laugh.)** Then he grinds up the left over bones to make his bread. And Blunderbore is very hungry today, so I need a vic... volunteer. The next person to boo me will end up on the dinner table. **(Evil laugh.)** Who did that? Was it you? **(Pointing to an audience member.)** Was it you? **(Pointing to someone else.)** You look like you have plenty of meat on your bones, very tasty, I think you will do nicely for the main course, now I need a little one for dessert, let me come down there and have a look at you.

(Fleshcreep makes it to top of stairs. Pyro, SFX, Good Fairy enters DSR.)

Good Fairy; Leave these people alone you vile evil old man, for they do not deserve to be part of your nasty evil plan.

Fleshcreep; And who are you? A bit over dressed for the occasion, aren't you?

Good Fairy; I am the good one in this pantomime show, and it seems to me I have found my new foe.

Fleshcreep; Well, I don't care who you are to be honest, and you lot are lucky she came along and saved your bacon, otherwise a couple of you would have made rather a tasty lunch! Ahh, I can't stand being in her presence, I sense the good and it's sullyng my soul, but don't you worry boys and girls you haven't seen the last of me and she won't always be around to help you out, a few of you may make it into the pot yet! **(Evil laugh.)** yes, yes, boo away, fools! **(Fleshcreep exits the stage.)**

Good Fairy; Don't you lot worry I will watch over you, and any evil he tries I vow to undo.

(Fairy song, dancers start off stage, can finish off stage or on as song ends into a blackout.)

Act 1 Scene 1 – Village Square

(SFX for Simple Simon to enter down the aisle carrying a couple of milk buckets, on his way he is bumping chairs and people.)

Simon; Don't worry they are not full, so I can't spill any on you! **(Simon makes his way onto the stage.)** Hello everyone! **(Encourage audience.)** I said hello everyone! **(Encourage audience.)** Is there anyone out there? You lot are going to be hard work! Anyway, I suppose you've all paid for a ticket so I will carry on. I am Simon, most folk around here call me Simple Simon, but I hate that, just because I'm not super clever like my brother Jack. I would much rather they called me Super Simon, I think that nickname suits me much better. Hey, tell you what, to make me feel better, when I come on stage, I will shout SUPER, and you lot reply Simon, can you all do that for me? **(Encourage audience.)** Like getting blood out of a stone, I said can you all do that for me? **(Encourage audience.)** Well, I'm not that sure so I think we should have a quick practice before my mother turns up, I am going to go offstage and when I come back don't forget. **(Simon exits stage for a beat then re enters flamboyantly.)** SUPER! **(Encourage audience.)** Do I need to say how poor that really was, my dog farts louder than that! Come on let's try again. **(Simon exits stage for a beat, the re enters.)** SUPER! **(Encourage audience.)** That was much better. But I reckon there's a little bit more noise in you, one last time and let's blow the roof off, actually let's not, its new, look no buckets! **(Simon exits for a beat then comes jogging back on stage.)** SUPER! **(Encourage audience.)** That's the one that was brill! So welcome to our village. My mother runs the local dairy and my brother Jack is that clever he works for Barnsley Council! You've got to have lots of brains to work for the council My mother will be along soon.

(SFX Giant footsteps, Simon looks around terrified.)

Simon; Sounds like the giant is moving around up there, it is a lovely little village this, but we all live in fear that one day he will find a way down!

(SFX, Giant stomach rumbling.)

Simon; Sounds like he is hungry, be careful, people disappear from round here, if you sneak to the loo look over your shoulder, but men make sure you don't miss, or the cleaner will not be happy!

(SFX, Giant footsteps, Reprise of opening number and chorus exit. SFX, Dame Trott enters.)

Dame Trott; Hello Simon, have you heard him stomping around up there, lets hope he's not got trapped wind again, it's not pleasant on the nose I can tell you, smells worse than Buttercups mistal. Simon, can you remember when it snowed in the middle of summer and turned out it was the giant's dandruff!

Simon; Yes, I can remember, I tried to build a snowman, but it was a flaky mess!

Dame Trott; Anyway, have you got the buckets? Its time to milk Buttercup.

Simon; Yes, mother I have the buckets.

Dame Trott; Oh, Simon we have company, hello boys and girls, mums and dads and nans and granddads, how are we all today? Jolly good, did you just hear the giant stomping around up there? Well just be glad he wasn't using the toilet!

Simon; Mother!

Dame Trott; I was just saying, it's not very nice is it! You know how I have been thinking about finding you a new father?

Simon; Yes, you do mention it... a lot!

Dame Trott; Well, I think I've found him! **(Eyeing up a man in the audience.)** Hello there, so what's your name? That is such a lovely name, I've got butterflies in my tummy, and who is that you're with? I'm sorry! **(Said as if she hasn't heard him.)** No, I heard you I'm just sorry because she has just lost her man!

Simon; Mother, leave him be! Er, mother, where is Buttercup?

Dame; Well, she was behind me, but when the giant started making his row, she ran off and I couldn't find her.

Simon; You couldn't find her, she is a massive great big cow, she can't be far away.

Dame Trott; You know what she is like when she hears that giant, she is terrified. I know, maybe all you lot can convince her to come back, if she sees loads of people, she may feel safe. If after three we all shout BUTTERCUP, hopefully she will come out of hiding. Will you help us? **(Encourage audience.)** I said will you help us? **(Encourage audience.)** Great, ready, one, two, three, BUTTERCUP! **(Encourage audience.)** Well, I reckon she won't have even heard that, you weren't very loud, come on let's try again and this time be much louder, ready? One, two, three, BUTTERCUP! **(Encourage audience, Buttercup sticks her head around the corner of the wing, shakes it then disappears.)** What? She was where? **(Looking round.)** She is not there now, we will try one last time, come on, one, two, three, BUTTERCUP!

(Buttercup nervously enters the stage.)

Simon; She looks scared to death, that giant really put the frighteners on her. **(At the word giant Buttercup shakes.)**

Dame Trott; Simon, you know not to use that word in front of Buttercup!

Simon; What word?

Dame Trott; G-I-A-N-T! **(Spelling it quietly.)**

Simon; Your just being cruel now, you know I failed my spelling test!

Dame Trott; You failed it because you spelt your name wrong! **(She moves over and whispers in Simon's ear.)**

Simon; Oh, right so I can't say the word giant, I see. **(Again, Buttercup shakes.)**

Dame Trott; Shut up! Look at her she is terrified!

Simon; (Moving over to Buttercup.) Giant, giant, giant! **(Buttercup is now shaking uncontrollably.)**

Dame Trott; Simon! What are you doing, trying to kill her?

Simon; No, I just fancied a milkshake! **(SFX.)**

Dame Trott; You're making her a nervous wreck, stop it, I didn't bring you up to be a cruel person.

Simon; Sorry mum.

(Squire enters.)

Squire; Good afternoon, Dame Trott.

Dame Trott; Good afternoon, and before you say anything else the answer is no!

Squire; I haven't even asked you anything, so how can you say no?

Dame Trott; Well, you were going to ask for the rent, were you not? You only ever come here for rent and taxes!

Squire; Hang on a minute I come for milk as well!

Dame Trott; Still no, we haven't milked Buttercup yet.

Squire; Oh no, what will I put on my rice crispies?

Dame Trott; Very sorry, but have you thought about toast?

Squire; Why would I put toast on my rice crispies?

Dame Trott; Not the sharpest tools in the box, are you?

Squire; Never mind that, seeing as you can't pay, I have an official eviction notice from the court. **(Getting out a piece of paper, opening it and clearing his throat.)** All outstanding monies owed, both rent and taxes, must be paid in full by noon Friday, or the occupier, Miss Dame Trott, and her family will be evicted!

Dame Trott; Evicted! You can't do that!

Squire; Oh yes I can!

Dame Trott and Simon; Oh no you can't! **(Encourage audience.)**

Squire; Oh yes I can!

Dame Trott and Simon; Oh no you can't! **(Encourage audience.)**

Squire; Oh yes I can!

Dame Trott and Simon; Can't! Can't! Can't!

Squire; Can! Can! Can!

Dame Trott and Simon; Can! Can! Can!

(Can can SFX as the all do the dance.)

Squire; Listen, you might be able to trick me with your fancy can, can, cans but you can't get out of this! **(Waving eviction notice.)** Friday, you old crone!

Dame Trott; Old crone? Old? Crone? Friday? Friday? **(Getting upset.)** What are we going to do? **(Simon comforts her.)**

Squire; I know what I'm going to do, I'll be back Friday!

(Squire exits.)

Simon; What are we going to do mother?

Dame Trott; You need to get Buttercup to give us more milk than she has ever given us before, then we put the prices up and sell it, hopefully making enough money to pay our debts!

Simon; Me?

Dame Trott; Yes, you, you know I can't milk her because of my back.

Simon; There is nothing wrong with your back.

Dame Trott; There is, listen. **She bends over and then straightens back up, accompanied by a cracking and creaking SFX.)** If you do a good job of milking her, I am sure she will give you a pat on the head!

Simon; I don't want a pat on the head from her, they are smelly, anyway I don't know how to milk a cow.

Dame Trott; Its easy, come on, I will talk you through it, first you need to fetch the milking stool. **(Simon fetches stool and puts it down next to Buttercup.)** Right sit on the stool.

Simon; Ok, that sounds easy. **(Buttercup sits on the stool.)**

Dame Trott; Not you Buttercup, get up. **(Buttercup shakes her head.)** Please? **(Buttercup shakes her head.)** Come on Simon you push and I will pull. **(Together they manage to get Buttercup up off the stool.)** Right, Simon and Simon only sit on the stool. **(As Simon moves to sit on the stool Buttercup kicks it away so Simon falls on the floor.)** Simon what are you doing?

Simon; She kicked the stool away, you know I don't think she wants milking today mother.

Dame Trott; She doesn't have a choice, now Buttercup stop being a naughty cow, we need some milk to sell, come on Simon stop messing about, sit down and give that teat a pull. **(To audience.)** Watch it! Family show!

Simon; (Sitting down and pulling on a teat.) There is nothing coming out mother.

Dame Trott; Try the udder one! Udder one, get it? Ok what about this one, why did the cow cross the road?

Simon; (Encouraging audience.) I don't know, why did the cow cross the road?

Dame Trott; To get to the udder side! **(SFX.)** Udder side! Hooo I'm so funny, anyway pull the other one.

(Simon pulls a different udder, which contains a water pistol and squirts the front row.)

Simon; It's no good mother, she refuses to give us any milk. The. **(Whispering.)** Giant has scared all the milk away.

Dame Trott; Let's try this, you stay there and see what comes out. **(Dame Trott moves to the back of Buttercup and grabs her tail, she pumps it like an old pump handle, SFX.)** Success, what was that?

Simon; (Getting a tin out of bucket.) It's a marvel! A tin of milk. **(Tipping it upside down.)** But it's empty!

Dame Trott; That will be evaporated milk then! Hang on I will try again. **(Again, she pumps Buttercups tail, SFX.)** That sounded promising, what is it this time?

Simon; (Getting an empty milk bottle out of bucket.) It's an empty milk bottle, hang on it has a note in it. **(Simon takes out the note and unrolls it.)**

Dame Trott; What does it say?

Simon; Four pints of miiiilk, please, and a dozen eggs!

Dame Trott; Well, that is no good, we are doomed!

(Jack and Jill enter.)

Jack; What's no good? Why are we doomed?

Dame Trott; We are broke and about to be evicted.

Jill; That's terrible.

Dame Trott; Yes, your father came round this morning, to collect money we just don't have! **(Being a bit curt with Jill.)**

Jack; Hang on mother, that's not Jill's fault.

Dame Trott; No, you're right, sorry deary, I'm just stressed. **(Giving Jill a hug.)**

Jack; Why don't we just sell some milk?

Dame Trott; Buttercup is not milking!

Simon; Yes, the giant, **(Buttercup starts shaking,)** has scared her.

Dame Trott; Simon, stop saying that word!

Simon; Sorry.

Dame Trott; It's no good, we are going to have to...

Simon; What?

Dame Trott; We are going to have to sell... **(Mouthing the word Buttercup.)**

Simon; What are you talking about?

Dame Trott; We are going to have to sell... **(Mouthing the word Buttercup and sneakily pointing at Buttercup, who has moved to stand next to Jack.)**

Simon; **(Distraught.)** Not Jack? You can't sell Jack! Isn't that illegal?

Dame Trott; No, you fool, come here all of you, huddle.

(They all huddle at the opposite side of the stage to Buttercup, Buttercup starts to sneak across to them, Dame Trott looks up out of huddle and Buttercup stops dead and looks around innocently. Dame trot goes back into huddle and as she does Buttercup starts to move again. Dame Trott looks up again and Buttercup stops dead and looks around again, Dame Trott points and Buttercup moves back across stage. Dame Trott goes back into huddle.)

Dame Trott; **(Whispering.)** We are going to have to sell Buttercup.

Simon; BUTTERCUP! We can't sell Buttercup!

Dame Trott, Jack and Jill; Sssshhhhh!

(Buttercup has heard Simon and starts shaking, Jack and Jill move over and comfort her.)

Simon; We can't sell Buttercup she is family!

Dame Trott; I know, it breaks my heart, but we don't have a choice.

Jack; I will do it mother, I will take her to market, I will make sure I sell her to a good farmer, with a big pasture as far away from Blunderbore as I can, where she will live out her days eating grass.

Simon; I want to go there, it sounds great! Maybe we could visit her from time to time to say hello.

Dame Trott; Of course, we could Simon, I know this is a very sad day!

(Sad song, with Dame, Simon, Jack and Jill, into blackout.)

laffinboi.co.uk
Laffin' Boi Productions
adultpantomime.co.uk