

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

by Nigel Holmes

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JACK AND THE BEANSTALK - CAST LIST

Jack - Jack is the epitome of a "nice" lad. He lives with his mother Dame Trott and works in the family dairy business. Traditionally played by the female lead. (Or could be a young man.)

Jill - The daughter of the Squire. The girl Jack is in love with. Sweet innocent but knowing. Young fresh and beautiful.

Simple Simon - A jolly lad, but not too bright. The second son of Dame Trott. Lives and works with the others of his family in the dairy. The actor has to interact with the audience a lot, so needs to be quite confident.

Dame Trott - The owner of the dairy. Dame. Mother of Jack and Simon. Played by a man. The actor needs to be able to hold an audience and respond to them.

Fleshcreep - The villain of the piece. Not to be trusted. Wants to take over the world. He does all the dirty work for the giant, yet has his own agenda. This actor needs to be able to scare the audience.

Fairy Cake - A fairy. Naturally she has magical powers and always talks in rhyme. She could be played by any age and either sweet or comical.

The Squire - An older man. Father of Jill. Doesn't have any money but is still trying to keep up appearances.

Snot - A drain man. (Drains-R-Us) Part of the comedy duo with Bogie. Very dirty and grubby. Always making light of situations. The actor will need comedy timing.

Bogie - A drain man. (Drains-R-Us) Part of the comedy duo with Snot. Very dirty and grubby. Always making light of situations. The actor will need comedy timing.

Giant (Voice only) - The giant's voice is heard from off stage in a big echoing style. Deep and slow.

Mini Giant - The "real" giant. An actor who is very obviously much smaller in stature than everybody else in the production.

Daisy the Cow - A typical pantomime cow.

Ghost - Dancer or member of the Chorus.

Villager Betty - Villager Sam - Villager Jo - Part of the villagers or chorus with small one/two line speaking parts

Villagers/Chorus - These can be played by male and female. A mixture of ages and types that form the chorus and dancers. One person from the chorus has a couple of lines in the laundry scene.

(Optional) The Panto Babes - A troupe of children, possibly from a dancing school. They can appear in the scene where the beanstalk is growing.

ACT I SCENE 1: VILLAGE SQUARE

MUSICAL NUMBER. The Villagers and Chorus.

Suggestion: "I'm Sitting on Top of the World" written by Ray Henderson. (Change the lyrics to "WE'RE sitting on Top of the World".)

AS THE CURTAIN GOES UP THE VILLAGE SQUARE IS BUSY WITH VILLAGERS SINGING AND DANCING. SIMPLE SIMON IS PART OF THE GROUP.

AT THE END OF THE SONG AND DANCE (AFTER A FEW SECONDS OF TABLEAU FOR APPLAUSE) SIMPLE SIMON COMES OUT OF THE GROUP TO THE VERY EDGE OF THE STAGE.

SIMPLE SIMON: (AS IF SHOWING VILLAGERS THE AUDIENCE) Hey look! We have a new gang. (EVERYONE COMES FORWARD TO LOOK AT THE AUDIENCE) They look a nice gang don't they? (VILLAGERS NOD AND AGREE) Are you a nice gang? (AUDIENCE REACTION) I said, are you a nice gang? (AUDIENCE REACTION) That's better. You have to play your part you know? This is panto, not Downton Abbey.

VILLAGER BETTY: (POINTING INTO AUDIENCE) That's not the giant over there is it?

VILLAGER SAM: No, the giant's much bigger than him.

VILLAGER JO: How do you know?

VILLAGER BETTY: Have you seen him?

VILLAGER JO: I've heard him.

VILLAGER SAM: That's not like seeing him is it?

SIMPLE SIMON: I've seen him.

VILLAGER BETTY: Where?

SIMPLE SIMON: In the papers (LOCAL REFERENCE TO PAPER). Anyway, as I was saying. This is their chance to help the whole thing run along. And talking of running along... (TO VILLAGERS) Shouldn't you people be doing whatever it is that you people do at this time? Making cakes or something? Well go and do it then.

(VILLAGERS EXIT IN ALL DIRECTIONS.)

SIMPLE SIMON: (CALLING AFTER THEM) Soggy Bottom! Soggy Bottom.

VILLAGER BETTY: (POPPING HEAD ROUND WINGS) We know.

VILLAGER JO: (POPPING HEAD ROUND WINGS) We know.

VILLAGER SAM: (POPPING HEAD ROUND WINGS) Do you think we're daft or something?

VILLAGERS FULLY EXIT.

SIMPLE SIMON: (TO AUDIENCE) Nothing to do with Mary Berry. Soggy Bottom is where the river crosses the field.

Hello people of (LOCAL REFERENCE TO TOWN). I'm Simon. Simple Simon. They call me that because I once met a pieman going to the fair.

Yes, that was me. You've probably read about me in your nursery rhyme books. Mind you, I didn't buy any pies from that pieman.

You see just lately there's been a lot of horses going missing 'round here. Some people have been saying that they've gone to the supermarkets to be put in their burgers and pies. That why me, Simple Simon, who met a pieman, going to the fair, wanted to taste his wares before I showed him my penny. Ha! Not so simple after all eh?

Some people say they've been taken by the giant.

Oh yes! We have a huge giant in these parts. He's called Blunderbore. They say those animals were taken by Blunderbore, to bake in his own pies. But personally I don't think so. You see, I know for a fact that he doesn't like normal pies. He likes *Children* pies.

Yes. Children pies. Lovely fresh tender little children. He kidnaps them and feeds them lots of sweets and chocolate until they're all plump and juicy. Then when they're all nice and fat a squidgy he puts them in a pie and bakes them for dinner.

Hey, I know a joke about giants. What's higher than a giant? A giant's hat.

We don't know much about Blunderbore the giant because he lives up there (POINTING UP) in a castle in the clouds. He always goes on the rampage at night so we never see him. He stomps around all over the countryside. His feet make a noise like thunder when they hit the ground. Boom, boom, boom! He finds nice plump children sleeping in their beds and sucks them out through their open bedroom windows. Boom, boom, boom! Slurp, slurp, slurp! I don't want to scare you but if you ever hear something that sounds like thunder, watch out. It might be Blunderbore the giant.

Anyway... That's not going to happen to anyone here tonight. We're here for some fun aren't we? So would you like to be in my gang? (AUDIENCE REACTION) Not a lot of you from the sound of it. Try again. Would you like to be in my gang? (AUDIENCE REACTION) Ah, a few more of you now. Well, all you have to do to be in my gang is, when I come on and say "It's me" you shout back "We can see." Got it? Let's have a go. I'll go off and come back on.

HE RUNS QUICKLY ALMOST OFF AND RETURNS IN ONE MOVEMENT.

SIMPLE SIMON: Hi gang, It's me. (AUDIENCE REACTION) Not bad, not bad. But not really loud enough. Let's try again.

HE RUNS ALMOST OFF AND RETURNS.

SIMPLE SIMON: Hi gang. It's me. (AUDIENCE REACTION) Well done. You are now all officially part of Simon's gang. And talking of my gang, would you like to meet my brother Jack? (AUDIENCE REACTION) I said would you like to meet my brother Jack? (AUDIENCE REACTION) That's better.

SIMPLE SIMON:

You'll have to learn to speak up if we're going to have fun. Okay, give a big round of applause to my brother Jack Trott.

ENTER SNOT CARRYING ONE END OF A LINE OF SCREWED TOGETHER DRAIN RODS. HE HAS HOLD OF ONE END BUT THE OTHER END REMAINS OFF STAGE (AT THE SAME LEVEL.)

SNOT: Thank you, thank you, thank you. What a nice welcome.

SIMPLE SIMON: You're not Jack. It's not right.

SNOT: No, it's Snot. Right!

SIMPLE SIMON: It's not?

SNOT: Yes it's Snot.

SIMPLE SIMON: You're not my brother Jack.

SNOT: No I'm Snot.

SIMPLE SIMON: You're not what?

SNOT: I'm not your brother. It's my name. Snot. From Snot and Bogie. Drains-R-Us.

SIMPLE SIMON: What drains?

SNOT: Can't you smell that? (HE SNIFFS HARD)

SIMPLE SIMON: I can't smell a thing.

SNOT: Try this. (HE PULLS A DIRTY RAG OUT OF HIS POCKET AND WAVES IT UNDER SIMON'S NOSE.)

SIMPLE SIMON: (JUMPING BACK) Pwar! What's that?

SNOT: You don't want to know.

SIMPLE SIMON: Have you seen my brother Jack? He should be here by now.

SNOT: No. Have you seen my brother Bogie?

SIMPLE SIMON: No.

SNOT: He was on the other end of this drain rod last time I saw him. Watch out!

SNOT WALKS OFF ONE SIDE OF THE STAGE AND BOGIE COMES ON HANGING ON TO THE END OF THE RODS. THERE IS A WET DIRTY RAG HANGING FROM THE END OF THE RODS. IT IS DRIPPING SLIGHTLY.

BOGIE: Oi oi! Where's the blockage.

SNOT: I've no idea.

BOGIE: Must be a blockage in your nose matey. We can all smell it. Sorry for the inconvenience. Hey! It might be in the convenience. Ha! Get it?

SIMPLE SIMON: You're Bogie then.

BOGIE: How did you know?

SIMPLE SIMON: (POINTING OFF) He's Snot your brother.
BOGIE: What do you mean, he's not my brother?
SIMPLE SIMON: No. Snot.
BOGIE: Yes he is.
SIMPLE SIMON: Whatever! What are you doing here?
BOGIE: We've come to rod your drains.
SIMPLE SIMON: Well they're that way. (POINTING TO BACK OF THEATRE.)
BOGIE: Right, don't worry. You are the right men for the job. Snot and Bogie. Drains-R-Us.

THERE IS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF CHAOS AS BOGIE PULLS SNOT BACK ON STILL HOLDING THE END OF THE RODS. THEY HIT SIMON WITH THEM A BIT AND THEN FEED THE RODS OUT OVER THE HEADS OF THE AUDIENCE. THE DIRTY RAG ON THE END FLICKS A LITTLE AMOUNT OF WATER OVER THE AUDIENCE AS THEY WAVE IT ABOUT.

SIMPLE SIMON: Careful what you're doing with that.
SNOT: Don't worry. Were experts.
BOGIE: We know where to poke it.

SNOT AND BOGIE PROCEED TO PLAY WITH THE RODS OVER THE HEADS OF THE AUDIENCE AND INTO THE ISLE. WITH BOGIE AT ONE END AND SNOT AT THE OTHER THEY DRAG THE RODS OFF STAGE AND EXIT WITH THEM AT THE BACK OF THE THEATRE (SPLASHING A LITTLE WATER AS THEY GO.)

SIMPLE SIMON: I hGIANTope you all went to the loo before we started as who knows what will have happened with those two by the time the interval comes.
So where were we? Oh yes, my brother Jack. Let's try again. Please give a very warm (LOCAL TOWN) welcome and a big round of applause to my brother Jack Trott.

ENTER JACK.

JACK: Hi Simon. Hi boys and girls. Thanks for that welcome. You seem a lovely lot.
SIMPLE SIMON: Before the interruption, I was telling them about Blunderbore the giant.
JACK: I hope you haven't been frightening them?
SIMPLE SIMON: I've only been telling them the facts. That he's taller than a house and his feet are as big as a car.
JACK: Can you imagine the smell that comes from feet that size? Yuck! I have to put up with you taking your socks off at night, but just think what a giant's feet must smell like. Phew!
SIMPLE SIMON: I think I smelt his feet last week.

JACK: The giant's feet?

SIMPLE SIMON: The Mayor thought it was the plumbing so he's brought in the drain men. But I know it's really the giant taking his socks off.

JACK: Pwar! I bet it smelt rotten.

SIMPLE SIMON: A bit like Grandad after he's been eating cabbage and then let one go. Pwar! (WAVING HAND IN FRONT OF NOSE.)

JACK: Pwar! He always blames the dog doesn't he? But we know who really does it. Anyway, are you going to tell the gang about booing?

SIMPLE SIMON: Mooing?

JACK: Not mooing. The mooing's done by Daisy our cow.

SIMPLE SIMON: I haven't told the gang about Daisy yet. You see we help our mother run a dairy. That's it over there. We sell milk and butter and stuff like that. Daisy's our cow. She provides the milk for us to sell.

JACK: Can we get back to the booing?

SIMPLE SIMON: Oh yes. Sorry!

JACK: Right, the booing and hissing. (TO AUDIENCE) It's your job, as a good pantomime audience, to boo the bad guys. You'll know who they are when they come on. Give them a big boo every time you see them

SIMPLE SIMON: I think we should have a practice?

JACK: Why not? (TO AUDIENCE) Let's have a big boo. Like this. Boooooo. (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE) Nicely done, but a little restrained. Let's try again. Boooooo!

SIMPLE SIMON: Hang on. (POINTING TO AUDIENCE) Lady Ga Ga over here is still making cow noises. If you moo too much madam we'll expect a pint of semi-skimmed.

JACK: It's boo with a "B".

SIMPLE SIMON: I don't like bees.

JACK: What?

SIMPLE SIMON: Bees. They sting. Why is it the moment you start a picnic all the bees in the area want a bit of your sandwich?

JACK: No... The letter "B". B for boo!

SIMPLE SIMON: Oh that sort of bee. Well why didn't you say so?

JACK: (TO AUDIENCE) One more time then, nice and loud. Boooooo!

SIMPLE SIMON: That was pretty good. I think the bad guys will notice that. Well I'd better get going. Daisy the cow won't milk herself you know and mother will be annoyed if it doesn't get done. She'll have nothing to sell in the dairy's shop.

JACK: She's not getting many customers at the moment. It's all the giant's fault.

JACK: If we don't give him what he wants - money and the best crops from our fields - then he threatens our families and kidnaps the children. No one has any money to spend in shops at the moment. And you thought David Cameron was bad?

SIMPLE SIMON: I'd better go and milk Daisy then, although I've never done it before.

JACK: It's easy. Any fool can do it.

SIMPLE SIMON: I should be all right then. See you later gang.
(EXITS)

JACK: That's my brother Simple Simon. Give him a round of applause.

This giant. Things are getting out of hand. We keep seeing pictures of him in the newspaper (LOCAL REFERENCE TO NEWSPAPER) so we know he's out there. His henchman is called Fleshcreep. What a strange name. Fleshcreep.

He's always about, threatening us and asking for money, stealing our crops for his master the giant. At least if we pay him, it keeps the giant away. I'd hate to know what happens to the families who can't pay. But look, let's forget all that nasty stuff at the moment and talk about nice things.

I'm in love. (ENCOURAGING "AHHH") Come on, more in love than that. (ENCOURAGING "AHHH") Thank you.

Her name's Jill. I know. It sounds like another nursery rhyme doesn't it. I'm Jack and she's Jill. But we haven't gone up any hill yet, and the only pail that's involved is the bucket I use to milk Daisy the cow.

Yes. Jill. I can't even mention her name without feeling funny inside. She's the daughter of the local Squire. She's so lovely I can hardly breath when I see her. I've asked her to marry me, but we know that her father would never allow it. I'm just a poor cow-man who works with his mother in our fields. Her father, the Squire, wants her to marry someone rich.

JILL ENTERS

JILL: Are you talking about me?

JACK: (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE) This is her. Isn't she lovely?

JILL: Were you?

JACK: What?

JILL: Talking about me.

JACK: Only a little bit. I was saying that I loved you...

JILL: Oh Jack, we can't.

JACK: ... and how I wanted to marry you...

JILL: Father wouldn't allow it.

JACK: ... and that one day soon I'll have lots of adventures and make so much money that I'll be rich and famous, and I might even be well enough known that I could go on "I'm a Celebrity, Get Me Out of Here", ...then your father would have to let me marry you.

JILL: Oh Jack, if you could do all those things then how could Father resist?

JACK: I'll start now. Right! I'm going on an adventure. (HE WALKS BRISKLY INTO THE WINGS AND RETURNS ALMOST AT ONCE LOOKING SAD.)

JILL: Was it a good adventure?

JACK: I didn't go. I don't know how to start an adventure.

JILL: Oh Jack, one day you'll have a great adventure and you'll be the bravest of all men.

JACK: Then you'll marry me?

JILL: Then I'll marry you.

JACK: Promise?

JILL: Promise!

Musical Number: Jack and Jill. (Duet.)

Suggestion: All Kinds of Everything. Dana.

AFTER A PAUSE FOR A TABLEAU AND ALLOWANCE FOR APPLAUSE, THE SQUIRE ENTERS.

SQUIRE: Hello you two.

JILL: (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE) This is Father.

JACK: (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE) The Squire. Jill's Dad.

SQUIRE: (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE) Do they think I'm deaf?

JILL: Hello Father.

SQUIRE: I've been looking for you all over the place.

JILL: Well you've found me now.

JACK: Look, I just have to check on something. I'll be back in a moment. (EXITS)

SQUIRE: Are you still in love with that boy?

JILL: You know I am Father.

SQUIRE: He's a nice enough lad, but in my position in the community I can't just let you marry a poor boy like that. What would your Mother have thought?

JILL: Mother would have liked him a lot. Just before she died she said that I should marry for love and not for money.

SQUIRE: And she was right. But things have changed my darling. The giant has nearly cleaned us out. We have nothing left. We need you to marry someone rich.

JILL: Jack will be rich one day. He'll inherit the dairy and make lots of money.

SQUIRE: The dairy is almost finished. The giant demands too much from them. Jack will inherit a worthless piece of land.

JILL: I still love him.

SQUIRE: I fear that love will not save us.

JILL EXITS IN TEARS AND CROSSES WITH SIMON AS HE ENTERS.

SIMPLE SIMON: (TO AUDIENCE) It's me. (AUDIENCE REACTION) Well done gang. (TO SQUIRE) Have you seen Jack?

SQUIRE: He was here a moment ago.

SIMPLE SIMON: I wonder where he is.

SQUIRE: Well he's not here now. In fact... I'm not here now either.

SIMPLE SIMON: Of course you're here. I can see you.

SQUIRE: (TO AUDIENCE) Here's my chance to make some money. (TO SIMON) I bet you a fiver that I can prove I'm not here.

SIMPLE SIMON: But you are here. I gonna win this bet. Okay, a fiver says that you can't prove that you're not here.

SIMON TAKES A FIVER OUT AND HOLDS IT OUT IN FRONT OF HIM. THE SQUIRE DOES THE SAME.

NOTE: IT IS GOOD TO CHANGE SOME OF THE PLACE NAMES IN THE FOLLOWING GAG TO TOWNS OR PLACES THAT ARE LOCAL TO YOUR THEATRE. BUT OBVIOUSLY NOT THE TOWN YOU ARE IN.

SQUIRE: Now let's see. You would agree that I'm not in New York.

SIMPLE SIMON: Yes I would agree they you're not in New York.

SQUIRE: And you know that I'm not in Paris.

SIMPLE SIMON: You are certainly not in Paris.

SQUIRE: And I'm not in Moscow.

SIMPLE SIMON: No, you're not in Moscow.

SQUIRE: Then if I'm not in those places I must be somewhere else.

SIMPLE SIMON: That's right. You must be somewhere else.

SQUIRE: Then if you agree that I'm somewhere else... I can't be here.

THE SQUIRE TAKES BOTH FIVERS WITH A FLOURISH AND EXITS LAUGHING. SIMON WATCHES HIM GO WITH A SURPRISED LOOK ON HIS FACE.

SIMPLE SIMON: Hang on a moment. What just happened? That's quite a good wheeze. I wonder if I could...

JACK ENTERS

JACK: There you are. I've been looking for you.

SIMPLE SIMON: Well you haven't found me. (WINKING AT AUDIENCE) I'm not here.

JACK: What do you mean, you're not here? I can see you very plainly. You're there.

SIMPLE SIMON: I'll bet you a fiver that I can prove I'm not here.

JACK: Don't be silly. You'd have to give me a fiver as I know you're here.

SIMPLE SIMON: I can prove I'm not.

JACK: Okay. A fiver says you can't.

THEY BOTH PRODUCE FIVERS AND HOLD THEM IN FRONT OF THEM.

SIMPLE SIMON: Now let's see. I'm not in Africa am I?

JACK: Don't be silly. You're not in Africa.

SIMPLE SIMON: And I'm not in China?

JACK: The nearest you've ever been is the Chinese Take Away down the road. (NAMED LOCAL REFERENCE IF POSSIBLE)

SIMPLE SIMON: And I'm not in Australia am I?

JACK: No you're not in Australia.

SIMPLE SIMON: So if I'm not in any of those places I must be somewhere else.

JACK: That's right. You're somewhere else.

SIMPLE SIMON: Which means that if I'm somewhere else, I've proved I'm not here.

SIMON GRABS THE MONEY AND EXITS GIGGLING. HE PASSES DAME TROTT AS SHE ENTERS.

JACK: Mother! Ladies and gentlemen, this is my mother. Dame Trott.

DAME TROTT: Who are you talking to?

JACK: (POINTING TO AUDIENCE) Them!

DAME TROTT: (SHE LOOKS AT AUDIENCE AS IF SEEING THEM FOR THE FIRST TIME AND JUMPS) Ooooh! Where did that lot come from. Hello lovies? I see you've already met my son Jack.

JACK: Did you just hear me and Simon.

DAME TROTT: I can't hear a thing wearing these shoes.

JACK: Simon just proved that he wasn't here.

DAME TROTT: He isn't.

JACK: But he was here when he proved he wasn't.

DAME TROTT: How can that be?

JACK: Well let me see. Why don't I prove that I'm not here.

DAME TROTT: You can't do that.

JACK: I bet you a fiver that I can prove I'm not here.
(WINKS AT AUDIENCE)

DAME TROTT: Okay. (SHE RUMMAGES DOWN HER BRA AND COMES OUT WITH A FIVER) It's a warm one. Does that matter?

JACK: (HE ALSO HOLDS OUT A FIVER) Can we agree that I'm not in Brighton?

DAME TROTT: No one wants to be in Brighton. And you are most certainly not there.

JACK: Can we agree that I'm not in Bristol?

DAME TROTT: Bristol. (HITCHING UP BUST) In Bristol you are not.

JACK: Can we also agree that I'm not in Bangor?

DAME TROTT: We can darling. I know you're not in Bangor.

JACK: So if I'm not in any of those places I have to be somewhere else.

DAME TROTT: That's right. You must be somewhere else.

JACK: That means that if I'm somewhere else, then I can't be here.

DAME TROTT: That's right.

DAME TROTT GRABS BOTH FIVERS AND QUICKLY POKES THEM DOWN HER CLEAVAGE. JACK GOES TO GRAB THEM BACK BUT THINKS BETTER OF IT.

JACK: But that's my money. I won it.

DAME TROTT: How could you darling. It most certainly couldn't be your money. You just proved your not here.

No, it's not your money.

JACK: Oh yes it is.

DAME TROTT: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE) Oh no it's not.

JACK: Oh yes it is.

DAME TROTT: Oh no it's not. Don't worry darling. You'll get over it. Anyhow, shouldn't you be working hard in the dairy?

JACK: Sorry Mother.

DAME TROTT: And shouldn't you be working hard to make some money so we can pay the rent?

JACK: Sorry Mother.

DAME TROTT: And shouldn't you be saying "Yes Mother, I'll go and do that right now."

JACK: Yes Mother, I'll go and do that right now.

JACK EXITS.

DAME TROTT: (TO AUDIENCE) He's a love really. Jill the Squire's daughter would make him a lovely wife. But it's never going to happen while we don't have any money. (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE TO SAY "AHHHH") It's much sadder than that. (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE) That's better. Thank you for your concern.

By the way I'm Dame Trudy Trott. I was married to the lovely Mr Terry Trott, but he went, (MOUTHING THE WORDS AND POINTING) up there (NORMAL VOICE) a while back. All he left was the dairy and an old cow.

But never mind my troubles. How are you lot? You do look nice. All in your posh frocks and best outfits. (SHE PICKS OUT A MAN IN AUDIENCE) Well not him obviously. Is that from the charity shop (LOCAL REFERENCE) in the High Street? Are you his wife? Shame, lovie. Should have gone to Specsavers.

Looking out at you lot it's obviously the special O.A.P. performance. Hands up all those who came here using their bus pass? (WAITS FOR ANY HANDS) Cheap skates! Who's doing a BOG-OFF. No lovie, nothing to do with toilets. It's a sudo-nimi-name. BOG-OFF. Buy one get one free. Not toilets, see.

Talking of which. Have any of you ladies tried that new toilet water? Splashing a little behind your ears is supposed to make you smell nice. All it did for me was gave me a headache. Well! I was splashing in about a bit and the seat fell on my head.

Someone told me I should get one of those toilet brushes they sell in (LOCAL REFERENCE). You know, in a posh stand that you put next to the loo. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but personally I didn't like it. No! I've gone back to using toilet paper.

Hello kiddies. I'm your lovely Aunty - Dame Trott. I'm what your gorgeous mum will look like in a few years time.

Right! Where did we get too? Oh yes! I run the village dairy with my two sons. But for every penny we make the giant's henchman Fleshcreep comes along and demands yet more payments to keep the giant away. We're broke.

I've tried selling my body for science, but they only offered 50p. I said I could get more than that by standing at the end of the road on a Friday after the pubs shut. Has anyone tried it? (PICKING OUT A LADY IN THE AUDIENCE) How much did you get lovie? You should speak to the bloke in the charity shop outfit over there. He's gotta be worth a fiver.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF THUNDER AND THE LIGHTING DIMS.

DAME TROTT: Oh no. It's the giant. That's odd. He doesn't normally come out at this time of day. I'm off. See you later lovies. (EXITS WAVING)

AS DAME TROTT EXITS THERE IS THE SOUND OF THUNDER AGAIN AND FLASHING LIGHTS. THE LIGHTING SETTLES TO A VERY LOW LEVEL (OR A COLD COLOUR) AND FLESHCREEP ENTERS IN A GREEN SPOTLIGHT.

FLESHCREEP: Ah haa haa haaaa! (HOPEFULLY THE AUDIENCE WILL BOO) What's that? Call that a boo? I'm much more evil than that. Boo like you think I'm Piers Morgan.

Just look at you lot. What a miserable excuse for an audience.

I am the man everyone fears. Fleshcreep's the name. Making flesh creep is the game. Look! (POINTING) I can see your flesh creeping from here. Although it looks like some of it could do with a good tightening.

I work for giant Blunderbore. The giantest giant ever to come out of giant land. Between us we are going to take over the World. Or at least (LOCAL REFERENCE TO TOWN). Ah haa haa haaaa!

If you've got thoughts of Blunderbore being like the Jolly Green Giant on a tin of sweetcorn, then think again. If you think he'll be as friendly as that cartoon ogre Shrek, then you must be mad. Blunderbore is evil. Evil to the core. So evil that last week he bit the head off a jelly baby. Oh no, not like you're thinking. This was a real baby, covered in real jelly.

Personally I love children. But I couldn't eat a whole one. Blunderbore loves children too. And he really can eat a whole one. I've seen him eat a dozen of them in one go. (LOOKING INTO AUDIENCE) I can see quite a few of the little darlings from here. Hmmmm! I'll have to tell him. Ah haa haa haaaa!

Blunderbore lives high in the sky. Among the clouds. Where he looks down on the Earth and chooses his kiddie winkies for dinner. Then he sends me down to collect the chosen ones.

FLESHCREEP MOVES TO ONE SIDE OF THE STAGE AND POINTS INTO AUDIENCE. THE SPOTLIGHT CONCENTRATES DOWN ON HIM. FAIRY CAKE ENTERS IN THE DARKNESS OF THE OTHER SIDE.

FLESHCREEP: Which one of you will he choose for dinner tonight? A lovely plump child from (LOCAL TOWN).

THERE IS A FLASH AND THE LIGHTING LEVELS GET BRIGHTER AND WARMER. FAIRY CAKE IS LIT IN "WARM/PINK" SPOTLIGHT.

FAIRY CAKE: Stop you fiend, you've had your say. The giant will have no kids today.

FLESHCREEP: Oh no! My mouth spouts silly rhyme.

FAIRY CAKE: Why not? For this is pantomime.

FLESHCREEP: It's soft and girly. That is why.

FAIRY CAKE: Go on. You'll love it if you try.

FLESHCREEP: So who are you? Why fancy dress?

FAIRY CAKE: Ha! Look at you. An evil mess.

I'm here to stop your nasty ways.
And show you that it never pays,
to play with children's hopes and dreams.
For that is what it really seems.
Be gone you nasty piece of slime.
I'll take your voice and make you mime.

FAIRY CAKE WAVES AND POINTS HER WAND AT FLESHCREEP. THERE IS A TINKLE OF BELLS. HE JUMPS AS THE SPELL HITS HIM. HE NOW TRIES TO SPEAK WITH HIS MOUTH OPENING AND CLOSING, BUT HE IS ONLY ABLE TO MAKE HAND GESTURES.

HE MAKES ANGRY GESTURES TO THE AUDIENCE AND TO FAIRY CAKE AND FINALLY EXITS IN A RAGE.

FAIRY CAKE: My job this day is hard to do.
To help this town that's in a stew.
A giant has robbed and plundered so.
They have no hope, no way to go.
I need to find a place to start.
Look for a person good of heart.
I'll watch and wait just out of view.
Returning when I have a clue.

SHE WAVES HER WAND AND THERE IS A TINKLING OF BELLS AND HER LIGHT GOES OUT. SHE EXITS WHILE DAISY THE COW CAUSES A DIVERSION BY ENTERING IN A RUSH ON THE OTHER SIDE. MUSIC STARTS.

Musical number: Dance by Daisy and Simon.

Suggestion: "Gangnam Style" by Psy. Only a few verses (not the full song)

DAISY RUNS ON AND STARTS DANCING IN "GANGNAM" STYLE. AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF THIS, SIMON COMES ON WITH A BUCKET AND JOINS IN THE DANCE. HE ATTEMPTS TO GET THE BUCKET UNDER DAISY EVERY NOW AND THEN (AS PART OF THE DANCE) BUT DAISY ALWAYS SEES HIM COMING AND JUMPS/ DANCES AWAY.

AT THE END OF THE MUSIC THEY STOP AND WAIT FOR APPLAUSE AND SEEM OUT OF BREATH.

THEN THEY DO A SILENT FULL ROUND OF THE STAGE EYEING EACH OTHER UP LIKE PRIZE FIGHTERS. DAISY AND SIMON EVENTUALLY END UP ON EITHER SIDE OF THE STAGE LOOKING AT EACH OTHER IN A STAND-OFF.

SIMPLE SIMON: (TO AUDIENCE) Hi gang. It's me. (AUDIENCE REACTION) Well done gang. I'll get back to you in a moment. For now I have to milk Daisy. (TO DAISY) Daisy. Come here. It's milking time.

DAISY THE COW: (SHAKES HEAD)

SIMPLE SIMON: What do you mean "No"? You need to be milked every day.

DAISY THE COW: (SHAKES HEAD AND LOOKS ALOOF)
SIMPLE SIMON: I know Jack normally does it, but mother's sent me today.

JACK ENTERS NEXT TO DAISY

JACK: What's the problem?
DAISY THE COW: (WHISPERING TO JACK)
JACK: Ohhhh! That old thing.
DAISY THE COW: (NODDING)
SIMPLE SIMON: What old thing?
JACK: Cold hands!
SIMPLE SIMON: Cold hands?
DAISY THE COW: (NODDING)
JACK: Cold hands.
SIMPLE SIMON: You'll have to milk Daisy then?
DAISY THE COW: (NODDING)
JACK: Perhaps it's time you learnt how to do it without all that running around.
DAISY THE COW: (SHAKING HEAD)
SIMPLE SIMON: How do I start?
JACK: First you need the three legged stool.

SIMON EXITS AND RETURNS WITH A STOOL
WHILE JACK POSITIONS DAISY IN THE
CENTRE OF THE STAGE FACING SIDEWAYS.

SIMPLE SIMON: Isn't it strange why milking stools only have three legs.
JACK: Not really. The cow's got the UDDER one. Get it? UDDER one.
DAISY THE COW: (LAUGHING)
JACK: See. Even Daisy thought that was funny.
SIMPLE SIMON: Are we doing cow jokes now?
JACK: Do you know any?
SIMPLE SIMON: What games do cows play at parties?
JACK: I don't know. What game do cows play at parties?
SIMPLE SIMON: MOO-sical chairs.
DAISY THE COW: (LAUGHING)

SIMON IS LOOKING HARD AT DAISY WHILE
SHE IS LAUGHING.

JACK: What are you looking at?
SIMPLE SIMON: I was just wondering, when a cow laughs, does milk come out of it's nose.

JACK: Get the stool ready. I think you've got her in the MOO-ed.

SIMPLE SIMON: It goes here, right. (POSITIONING STOOL AT THE SIDE OF DAISY BUT NOT SITTING DOWN)

JACK: You'd better warm up your hands.

SIMON AND JACK TURN TOWARDS AUDIENCE AND SIMON MAKES A SHOW OF RUBBING HIS HANDS TOGETHER AND BLOWING INTO THEM.

DAISY USES HER BACK FOOT TO KICK THE STOOL AWAY. SIMON GOES TO SIT DOWN BACKWARDS BUT FALLS OVER ON HIS BACK ENDING UP WITH HIS HEAD UNDER DAISY.

JACK: Oh Daisy! Come on now. Let Simon milk you.

DAISY THE COW: (SHAKES HEAD)

SIMPLE SIMON: I've just thought of a new joke.

JACK: What, from down there.

SIMPLE SIMON: Yes... What do you get if you lay under a cow?

JACK: I don't know. What do you get if you lay under a cow?

SIMPLE SIMON: A pat on the head. (HE GETS UP) Or... What do you get if you put a cow on a trampoline? Milk shakes.

DAISY THE COW: (LAUGHING)

JACK: I've got one for you. How do cows do their sums? With a COW-culator.

SIMPLE SIMON: But enough of this. We'd better, turn the UDDER cheek and MOO-ve on.

JACK: No, I think we should MILK this for all it's worth.

THEY ALL LAUGH FOR A MOMENT. EVEN DAISY.

JACK: Now we've warmed everything up, lets get her milked. Put the bucket UDDER-neith.

SIMPLE SIMON: You're doing cow jokes again aren't you? (HE PUTS THE BUCKET UNDER DAISY'S UDDERS AND GOES ROUND TO HER TAIL. HE PUMPS THE TAIL UP AND DOWN LIKE A WATER PUMP) Anything happening down there?

A LARGE POT LABELED YOGHURT DROPS IN THE BUCKET. JACK PICKS IT UP AND SHOWS IT TO THE AUDIENCE.

JACK: Frozen yoghurt?

SIMPLE SIMON: Frozen yoghurt? I didn't realise my hands were that cold.

DAISY THE COW: (SHIVERING)

SIMPLE SIMON: That's because she's FRIESIAN. We'll have to find her a nice warm JERSEY.

DAISY THE COW: (SHE KICKS THE BUCKET AWAY AND WALKS A LITTLE FORWARD)

JACK: Daisy! That's not nice. (GOING TO DAISY'S HEAD)
Okay, put the stool down there and I'll reverse her
up.

SIMON PUTS THE STOOL TO THE REAR OF
DAISY. JACK WALKS DAISY BACKWARDS.

JACK: You'd better sit down.

DAISY THE COW: (SHE SITS DOWN ON THE STOOL AND CROSSES HER LEGS)

JACK: No Daisy. Not you. Come on, get up.

DAISY THE COW: (SHE GETS UP)

THEY PUT THE BUCKET BACK.

JACK: Try again.

SIMON PUMPS DAISY'S TAIL AGAIN AND A
CAN OF MILK DROPS IN THE BUCKET. JACK
PICKS IT UP.

SIMPLE SIMON: What is it this time?

JACK: It's tinned milk, but there's nothing in it.

SIMPLE SIMON: Must be evaporated milk.

JACK: Come on Daisy, can't we have some real milk?

DAISY THE COW: (SHAKING HER HEAD AND THEN WHISPERING TO JACK)

JACK: She says that Mother already milked her today and
she won't have any more till the sun has PAST-YOUR-
EYES.

SIMPLE SIMON: (TO AUDIENCE) Now even the cow's making jokes.

SNOT AND BOGIE ENTER ON EACH END OF A
DRAIN ROD. THEY SLIP THE ROD THROUGH
THE BUCKET HANDLE, PICKING THE BUCKET
UP ON THE ROD.

THEY SMILE SWEETLY AT EVERYONE,
INCLUDING THE AUDIENCE. THEY SHAKE
HANDS WITH JACK AND SIMON AS THEY
CONTINUE ACROSS THE STAGE AND EXIT.

JACK SIMON AND DAISY STAND LOOKING ON
IN AMAZEMENT.

JACK: What just happened?

SIMPLE SIMON: I have no idea.

DAME TROTT ENTERS.

DAME TROTT: Hello boys. How's the milking coming along?

JACK: We've got nothing mother. Daisy's all out of milk
for today.

DAME TROTT: How are we going to pay the bills if we have
nothing to sell? You'd better take her back to the
dairy and feed her.

JACK: Yes I think we've MILKED this situation enough.

SIMPLE SIMON: We'd BUTTER not stay as it's nearly time for COW-
ntdown.

JACK: This is UDDERLY ridiculous, but very a-MOO-sing.

JACK, SIMON AND DAISY EXIT.

DAME TROTT: (TO AUDIENCE) I really don't know what we're going to do. Daisy is the only one eating at the moment. I'm living on fresh farm air. We really should move to a town (LOCAL REFERENCE TO TOWN). At least the air there has got solid bits in it. Look at me. You can see, can't you. I'm just a slip of the girl. A slip. Everything's slipped South. (SHE HITCHES UP HER BOOBS)

You see I was brought up in a poor area. (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE TO SAY "AHHHH") It was such a poor area that people used to cover me in chocolate and cream, then put a cherry on my head. Yes, life was tough in the gateau.

I expect we'll get through it somehow. We need some way of making money. I'm thinking of becoming a busker in (LOCAL REFERENCE TO TOWN OR CITY). I could sing and people could throw money. The last time I tried it I was singing that lovely refrain "The Wheels on the Bus" when someone put a big note in my collection. Sadly not a five pound note. Just a post-it note telling me the time of the next bus out of there.

Would you like to hear me sing something?
(AUDIENCE REACTION) Oh yes you would.

AUDIENCE: Oh no we wouldn't.

DAME TROTT: Oh yes you would.

AUDIENCE: Oh no we wouldn't.

DAME TROTT: Well pin your lug-'oles back. You're gonna get the full blast of me tonsils. And at the end of it you can put some money in the hat that's coming round. You will won't you?

AUDIENCE: Oh no we won't.

DAME TROTT: Oh yes you will.

AUDIENCE: Oh no we won't.

DAME TROTT: Cheapskates!

MUSICAL NUMBER: Dame Trott and Chorus.

Suggestion: Don't Cha. Pussycat Dolls.

DURING THE SONG THE MAIN LIGHTING GRADUALLY FADES AND SHE IS PICKED OUT IN A SPOTLIGHT.

AT THE END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER DAME TROTT PAUSES FOR A MOMENT FOR APPLAUSE. FLESHCREEP ENTERS ON THE OTHER SIDE IN THE DARK.

THERE IS THUNDER AND LIGHTENING AND THE LIGHTS COME UP TO REVEAL BOTH.

DAME TROTT JUMPS WHEN SHE SEES HIM.

FLESHCREEP: Ah haa haa haaaa! Did I catch you unawares?

DAME TROTT: In my underwears? How dare you mention my unmentionables. Although, today I do have on a pair of rather tight ones with polka dots going right round to the...

FLESHCREEP: Stop! Enough! Oh no! Now look what you've done. I've got this horrible picture of you in my head. You're dressed in... Oh no! It's going to be with me for the rest of the day.

(TO AUDIENCE) Have any of you got that picture too? Nasty isn't it? Don't worry, it'll fade in time.

Where's my money? (SINISTER) Where...Is...My... Money? Blunderbore needs to be kept away from your dairy or he'll stomp in your butter and drag his bits through your strawberry yoghurts.

DAME TROTT: Oooo, kinky!

It's no good asking for more. We don't have anything left to sell. You've taken it all. Your Giant has cleaned us out.

FLESHCREEP: Then I'll get him to eat your children.

DAME TROTT: He's welcome to them.

FLESHCREEP: If Blunderbore doesn't get what you owe him then even I won't be able to hold him back.

DAME TROTT: Do you take Paypal?

FLESHCREEP: Don't be stupid.

DAME TROTT: Wonga?

FLESHCREEP: There's no point in being rude.

DAME TROTT: All I can give you is a pint of gold top and a dollop of fromage fray.

FLESHCREEP: Fromage what?

DAME TROTT: Fromage a la fray. Sounds posh doesn't it? I run a dairy and even I don't know what it is.

FLESHCREEP: Are you going to pay up or not?

DAME TROTT: Can't you give me a little time?

FLESHCREEP: Twenty four hours. That's all. Pay the money or my giant friend will Stomp, Bomp and Tromp.

DAME TROTT: Stomp, Bomp and Tromp?

FLESHCREEP: Stomp, Bomp and Tromp!

DAME TROTT: I don't like the sound of that.

FLESHCREEP: What? Stomping and bombing?

DAME TROTT: No. A giant tromp-ing.

FLESHCREEP: I will return for payment tomorrow. Ah haa haa haaaa!

FLESHCREEP EXITS IN A FLOURISH.

DAME TROTT: (TO AUDIENCE) I'm not sure I like him. Oh dear me. What am I going to do? (TO AUDIENCE) Any ideas? Is there anyone clever out there? (AUDIENCE REACTION) Who said "Sell the old cow"? How dare you call me old. I'll have you know that I'm looking forward to my twenty second birthday. Oh all right. My twenty forth.

Hang on for a moment. Sell the old cow. We could do that couldn't we? Sell Daisy. We could buy her back as soon as we have some money. What do you think?

Jack, Jack. Are you there?

JACK ENTERS PULLING DAISY ON A HALTER.

JACK: What is it mother?

DAME TROTT: I've had an idea how we can make some money?

JACK: Not again.

DAME TROTT: This time it's different.

JACK: Does it involve me dressing up as a girl again? I don't really like that cross dressing thing.

DAME TROTT: None of us do darling. There are some strange people about.

JACK: Does it involve me stripping down to my boxers and jumping in a bath of baked beans?

DAME TROTT: Look at the audience dear. No one wants to see that again do they? (IF THERE IS AN AUDIENCE REACTION THEN PLAY THE "Oh no you don't" GAME FOR A FEW LINES).

JACK: Does it involve YOU getting in a bath of baked beans?

DAME TROTT: (IF AUDIENCE REACTION) Oi! That's not nice. (OR/ AND) I'll have you know that I was a runner up in Miss Fruit Shop of (LOCAL TOWN) when I was eighteen and everyone remarked on the quality of my melons.

JACK: Well what is this idea mother?

DAME TROTT: Cover Daisy's ears please. (JACK DOES) We're going to sell Daisy.

DAISY THE COW: (JUMPS BACK A FEW FEET AS IF OFFENDED)

DAME TROTT: Now look what you've done. I told you to cover her ears.

JACK: She can lip read.

DAISY THE COW: (NODDING)

JACK: We can't sell Daisy.

DAISY THE COW: (SHAKING HEAD)

JACK: She's part of the family.

DAISY THE COW: (NODDING)

DAME TROTT: I know, I know. I love Daisy the same way as you do, but we don't have any other option.

DAME TROTT:

We have to get some money to pay Fleshcreep or the giant will flatten the dairy.

JACK:

But mother!

THEY BOTH GO TO DAISY AND MAKE A FUSS OF HER.

DAME TROTT:

It's only for a short time. We'll buy you back just as soon as we can.

JACK:

We love you Daisy. And we'll really miss you round the farm. The place won't be the same without your happy smiling face greeting us each morning.

DAME TROTT:

And we'll be suffering too you know.

JACK:

How?

DAME TROTT:

We'll have to get our milk from (LOCAL REFERENCE TO SHOP OR SUPERMARKET).

JACK:

You want me to take Daisy to market then?

DAME TROTT:

Get the best price you can my boy. She may not look much but she's got a great heart and her milk is always gold top.

JACK:

(ALMOST CRYING) I don't think I can do it mother. She's part of our family.

DAME TROTT:

I know, I know. But we need the money for that horrible giant. It's the only way.

JACK STARTS TO LEAD DAISY SLOWLY OFF STAGE. DAISY HAS HER HEAD LOW AND JACK IS ALMOST CRYING. JACK STOPS JUST BEFORE HE LEAVES THE STAGE AND LOOKS BACK.

JACK:

We can't sell Daisy, mother. She's part of the family.

DAME TROTT:

Don't make it harder than it already is son.

JACK LEADS DAISY OFF STAGE. DAME TROTT FOLLOWS THEM TO THE EDGE OF THE WINGS AND WATCHES THEM GO. SHE BREAKS DOWN IN "OVER THE TOP" TEARS.

THE LIGHTING FOLLOWS THE ACTION (SPOTLIGHT) WHILE THE REST OF THE STAGE IS DIMMED.

DAME TROTT TAKES OUT A HUGE SPOTTED HANDKERCHIEF AND BLOWS HARD, MAKING A REALLY LOUD NOISE. SHE LOOKS OFF INTO THE WINGS AND WAVES GOODBYE WITH THE HANDKERCHIEF.

DURING THE LAST SEQUENCE FAIRY CAKE ENTERS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

THE TABS START TO CLOSE SLOWLY. THE SPOTLIGHT ON DAME TROTT FADES. THERE IS A FLASH AND TINKLE OF BELLS AND A LIGHT COMES UP ON FAIRY CAKE.

DAME TROTT EXITS IN THE DARKNESS.

END SCENE.

SCENE 2: ON THE WAY TO THE MARKET.

FAIRY CAKE HAS ENTERED IN A FLASH AND WITH TINKLING BELLS (AT THE END OF THE LAST SCENE) SHE IS PICKED OUT IN A "WARM/PINK" SPOTLIGHT.

FAIRY CAKE: They cry, for all seems lost, I know.
But I have news, so don't feel low.
It is my job to help them out.
So watch and learn, no need to pout.
When things look bleak and go astray.
My magic wand will save the day.
All is not lost for Jack the lad.
There is a secret to be had.
The giant lives up there in the sky.
And Jack will go there by and by.
But how? Jack is an earth bound boy.
Remember though, (POINTING TO WAND) this is no
toy.
I'll wave my wand to make a spell,
when Daisy he is forced to sell.
A spell that sends him up and more,
to stand on clouds at our giant's door.

JACK ENTERS PULLING DAISY.

It's him, the poor boy Jack and cow.
Watch out! The fun starts even now.

FAIRY CAKE EXITS AS JACK AND DAISY COME CENTRE.

JACK: Come on Daisy. Not far now. I promise I'll only
sell you to someone nice. We love you lots, so as
soon as we have a bit more money we'll buy you back
and take you home.

FLESHCREEP ENTERS. HE IS DISGUISED
WITH A LARGE CLOAK OVER HIS NORMAL
COSTUME.

FLESHCREEP: (TO AUDIENCE AS HE LIFTS HIS DISGUISE FOR A MOMENT
TO SHOW THEM) Look! It's me. Fleshcreep. I'm in
disguise. Nobody will recognise me like this.
(APPROACHING JACK) Good day young Sir. And may I
say what a lovely cow you have there.

JACK: It's Daisy. I'm off to the market to sell her.

FLESHCREEP: I've just come from the market. (ASIDE TO
AUDIENCE) I haven't really. (TO JACK) You'll
never sell your cow there today. Too many have
been sold already and for very low prices. You
won't stand a chance. (WINKS AT AUDIENCE.)

JACK: That's no good. We must sell her today. My family
needs the money.

FLESHCREEP: It's not a good day for selling cows. Just a
moment! I've had an idea. (WINKS AT AUDIENCE)
Why don't you sell your cow to me? I'll give her a
good home. It'll be like she's floating on clouds,
high in the sky.

JACK: She'll be over the moon.

FLESHCREEP: Almost.

JACK: Doesn't that sound wonderful Daisy?

DAISY THE COW: (SHAKING HER HEAD)

FLESHCREEP: She'll look good covered in pastry or tasty in a stew.

JACK: Pardon?

FLESHCREEP: I said - She'll like my wife's pastry and enjoy the view.

DAISY THE COW: (PULLING BACK ON THE HALTER AND TRYING TO BACK OFF FROM FLESHCREEP)

JACK: I suppose I could sell Daisy to you but she doesn't seem too keen. Let me ask my friends what they think. (TO AUDIENCE) What do you think boys and girls? Should I sell Daisy to this nice man? (AUDIENCE REACTION)

FLESHCREEP: (TO AUDIENCE) Take care. I know where you all live.

JACK: How much are you offering?

FLESHCREEP: Two gold coins. (PULLS COINS OUT AND SHOWS THEM TO JACK.) These are real gold, boy.

JACK: Hmmm! Two doesn't sound enough.

FLESHCREEP: What about three then?

JACK: Three sounds better.

FLESHCREEP: These three are better. Better than any money. Oh, this is so much better. (HE PULLS OUT THREE LARGE BEANS AND SHOWS JACK)

JACK: There are certainly three. But they're just beans.

FLESHCREEP: Magic beans.

JACK: Magic?

FLESHCREEP: Yes magic. Some of the strongest magic in the land.

JACK: They look like normal beans.

FLESHCREEP: So they do, so they do. But these beans are MAGIC! Strong magic. They grant wishes and everything.

JACK: Everything!

FLESHCREEP: Yes everything. Anything you want, just ask the beans.

JACK: And you'll give me these magic beans in exchange for Daisy?

FLESHCREEP: Yes. You would be a fool to turn them down.

JACK: Well I certainly don't want to be seen as a fool.

FLESHCREEP: A fool would not see the magic. A fool would think these were ordinary beans.

JACK: And they're not.

FLESHCREEP: These are MAGIC beans my boy. If I give these to you there will be nothing that you cannot do.

JACK: Nothing?

FLESHCREEP: Nothing. Yes really nothing. (WINKING AT AUDIENCE)

JACK: I can wish for anything?

FLESHCREEP: You can wish for anything you like.

JACK: Then I'll take them. I'm not a total fool you see.

FLESHCREEP: I wouldn't dare call you that.

JACK TAKES THE BEANS AND PASSES DAISY'S HALTER OVER TO FLESHCREEP.

FLESHCREEP DRAGS THE RELUCTANT DAISY OFF STAGE. JACK LOOKS BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS BETWEEN THE BEANS IN HIS HAND AND DAISY. HE WAVES SADLY AT DAISY.

JACK: Have a good time Daisy. Give your new owner plenty of milk. When this magic has worked and we're rich again, we'll buy you back.

(MOVING TO SIDE OF STAGE. EXCITED.) Magic beans. Who'd have thought that I could exchange Daisy for something so amazing? Mother will never believe it. (LOOKING AT BEANS) They seem so normal. Just like regular beans. It's hard to see any difference.

Three beans. That must mean three wishes, like in all the fairy stories. Should I make my first wish now or leave it 'till I get home. No why not make my first wish right away. Beans... I wish to be as rich as Sir Alan Sugar (OR LOCAL RICH PERSON). (WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN) Oh of course. Any magic money and riches wouldn't be here on the road. It would've been sent to my home. Mother is probably surrounded by piles of gold right now and wondering why. That'll be it. When I get back she'll be really astonished at what I've done.

JACK EXITS. FAIRY CAKE ENTERS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

FAIRY CAKE: Poor Jack, his mother will be mad.
But then, he's not the brightest lad.
Three beans, one cow. A bad exchange.
Yet I can help. I'll make a change.
Jack's beans are but a load of tat.
Rubbish! Just junk! No! Worse than that.
Yet I can add some extra flash.
A trick. A spell. Not actual cash.
You wait and see what I can do.
To save Jack from this awful stew.
For now let's go back to Jack's home.
Dame Trott's still looking for a loan.

TABS START TO OPEN.

FAIRY CAKE EXITS.

END SCENE.

SCENE 3: THE GARDEN OF DAME TROTT'S DAIRY.

AS THE TABS BEGIN TO OPEN, DAME TROTT ENTERS IN FRONT OF THEM AND WALKS THROUGH TO THE MAIN STAGE CARRYING A WASHING BASKET. THERE IS A WASHING LINE STRUNG WITH CLOTHING. BLOOMERS ARE AMONG THEM.

DAME TROTT JUMPS AS SHE REALISES THAT THE AUDIENCE IS THERE AND TURNS TO FACE THEM.

DAME TROTT: Oh hello. Are you lovely lot still here?

Look at me. Doing the washing again. Mind you it's much easier now with these new fangled washing machines isn't it? Tell me girls, why is it that our men can operate any machine, however complicated, as long as it has a remote control? But they can never seem to get the hang of any simple machine in the kitchen.

My lovely husband, the late Mr Terry Trott, bless his socks, could never deal with the washing machine. One day he was going to wash a shirt on his own and called through to me "Are you there poochy tweezy pants?" That's what he called me you see, the romantic little darling. "Are you there poochy tweezy pants?" he says. "What setting do I use on the washing machine?" So I called back in my nicest voice, "What does it say on your shirt?" And he shouts back, "Liverpool Football Club." (OR NAME OF LOCAL FOOTBALL TEAM.)

He could never show his face in the laundrette round the corner (LOCAL REFERENCE IF POSSIBLE). Not after he was thrown out. He was only obeying a sign on the machine. It said "When the red light comes on, please remove all your clothes." So he did.

Jack was the same when he was young. He said to me, "Mummy," because that was what he called me. "Mummy," he says, "I think Hammie the hamster is looking dirty. Do you think detergent will hurt him?" Well, I thought, it probably wouldn't do him any harm, A gentle washing of his fur with some mild detergent might make him smell a bit sweeter. (HOLDS HER NOSE IN DISGUST) Why do hamsters smell like that?

Anyway... A little while later young Jack comes in and he's in floods of tears. "Hammie's dead Mummy," he cried in his little falsetto voice. "Oh no" I said. "Dead? It must have been that detergent." "No Mummy, It wasn't that" he said. "I think it was when he got to the spin cycle.

I'm still waiting for Jack to come back from selling Daisy. I hope he got a decent price for her. She was a lovely cow. Kind, gentle and always full of beans. Well not beans obviously. Milk! Full of milk.

I'm going to miss her. (CRYING) My lovely little Daisy. She was like another child to me. What will I do without seeing her soft eyes looking at me in the morning as I fondled her down under? (SHE STARTS TO CRY)

SNOT AND BOGIE ENTER.

BOGIE: Oi oi! Where's the blockage.

SNOT: Have you got trouble with your water works.

SNOT PULLS A BIG PAIR OF BLOOMERS FROM THE WASHING LINE AND PASSES THEM TO DAME TROT.

SHE BLOWS HER NOSE VERY NOISILY INTO THEM.

DAME TROTT: I just can't believe she's gone. (BLOWS NOSE AGAIN NOISILY.)

BOGIE: Don't worry misses. Have a good blow and you'll feel better.

DAME TROTT BLOWS HER NOSE IN THE BLOOMERS AGAIN, VERY LOUDLY. SHE LOOKS DOWN AT THEM IN HER HANDS, THEN TO SNOT AND BOGIE.

DAME TROTT: (ANNOYED) Where did you get these?

SNOT: They just fell into my hands.

DAME TROTT: Put them back at once.

DAME TROTT TRIES TO THROW THE BLOOMERS AT THEM, BUT FINDS THEY ARE STUCK TO HER FINGERS. SHE FLICKS THEM AND THEY DON'T COME OFF. SO SHE TRANSFERS THEM TO THE OTHER HAND AND TRIES TO FLICK THEM AWAY AGAIN. THEY ARE NOW STUCK TO THE THAT HAND. SHE TAKES THEM BACK TO THE FIRST HAND AND THEY STICK BACK TO THAT HAND.

BOGIE: Let me try.

THE BLOOMERS GET PASSED TO SNOT AND BOGIE WHO ALSO HAVE A SIMILAR PROBLEM. THEY FLICK THEM TO TRY TO GET RID OF THEM BUT THEY STICK TO THEIR FINGERS. THEY PASS THEM TO EACH OTHER A COUPLE OF TIMES.

SNOT: I'm not sure I should be handling your unmentionables.

DAME TROTT: If you're over eighteen, you have to face the hard things in life.

SNOT: Are they hard?

DAME TROTT: Not now they've been washed.

AFTER A FEW MORE ATTEMPTS TO GET RID OF THEM THEY WORK THEIR WAY TO THE EDGE OF THE STAGE AND START TO FLICK TOWARDS THE AUDIENCE. AFTER A COUPLE OF FLICKS THEY "ACCIDENTALLY" FLY INTO THE AUDIENCE.

BOGIE: Blooming heck the bloomers.

THEY ALL LOOK OUT INTO THE AUDIENCE.

DAME TROTT: Who's got their hands on me bloomers?

SNOT: Look. Down there. From the X-factor.

DAME TROTT: Who? Sharon Osbourne? Is that her? Her plastic surgeon is fantastic. Look at that. She's like a totally different woman.

BOGIE: It's not Sharon Osbourne. It's the other one.

DAME TROTT: Louis Walsh? Is it Louis? I love you Louis. I don't care what they say about you. I think you're sexy.

SNOT: (IF BLOOMERS HAVE NOT ALREADY COME BACK) Can I have her knickers back please Louis?

Phaw, I never thought I'd have to deal with this at my tender age. I can see it now. Headline news in the (NAME OF LOCAL PAPER) "Louis Walsh throws knickers on stage."

DAME TROTT: You simply don't know who'll be in the audience at these pantomimes do you?

BOGIE: Pantomimes? Is this a...

DAME TROTT: You didn't think it was real life did you?

BOGIE: (LOOKING ROUND THE SCENERY CONFUSED) Isn't it? But that's your house.

DAME TROTT: Anyway let's get back to the plot shall we? I wonder where Jack has got to? He's been gone ages.

SNOT: (OVER ACTING THIS LINE) Oh Jack your lovely son? Look! Here he comes now with his brother Simon.

BOGIE: (ALSO OVER ACTING) Yes. I can see them coming NOW!

THEY ALL LOOK OFF INTO THE WINGS AND NOTHING HAPPENS.

SNOT: Here they come now!

BOGIE: Yes... NOW!

STILL NOTHING HAPPENS.

SNOT: Hang on!

SNOT AND BOGIE RUN TO THE WINGS AND EXIT.

JACK AND SIMON ENTER AS IF PUSHED HARD. THEY STUMBLE SLIGHTLY AND GLANCE BACK INTO THE WINGS TO SEE WHO PUSHED THEM. THEN THEY CONTINUE ONTO THE STAGE.

DAME TROTT: (TO AUDIENCE) Oh here they are. What a coincidence.

JACK: Who were they? (SMILING) Mother. I've sold Daisy.

DAME TROTT: Well done son. How much did you get?

JACK: She went to a very good home.

DAME TROTT: How much money?

JACK: He says he'll look after her and feed her and milk her...

DAME TROTT: The money boy! How much did you get?

JACK: More than I could ever have expected.

DAME TROTT: Come on, come on.

JACK: I got three...

DAME TROTT: Pounds? Three pounds? That's not much.

JACK: No Mother. Much better than that. I got three...

DAME TROTT: Hundred? Three hundred! That's fantastic Jack.

SIMPLE SIMON: Three hundred!

JACK: Better than three hundred pounds.

DAME TROTT: Better? What's better than three hundred. You mean...

JACK: Yes Mother.

DAME TROTT: Three thousand?

SIMPLE SIMON: Three thousand!

JACK: Better.

DAME TROTT: Three million?

SIMPLE SIMON: Three million!

DAME TROTT: You didn't get three million for our little Daisy?

JACK: No Mother. I got three beans.

DAME TROTT: Three beans?

SIMPLE SIMON: Three beans?

DAME TROTT: (LOOKING AT SIMON) For a moment there I thought he said three beans. Did you hear him say three beans?

SIMPLE SIMON: No. He couldn't have.

JACK: Yes! I swapped Daisy for these three magic beans.

JACK PUTS OUT HIS HAND AND SHOWS THEM THE MAGIC BEANS. DAME TROTT AND SIMON LOOK DOWN AT THEM IN AMAZEMENT. AFTER A PAUSE THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND THEN BACK AT THE BEANS.

DAME TROTT: Oh I get it. We're on one of those hidden camera shows aren't we?

SIMPLE SIMON: Where's the camera. It's really hidden well. Smile Mother.

DAME TROTT: Are they getting my best side?

SIMPLE SIMON: You don't have a best side.

DAME TROTT: My hair. Is it too much. I don't want to look like mutton dressed as lamb.

SIMPLE SIMON: No it's fine. You look like mutton dressed as mutton.

JACK: Mother! You're not on the telly. I really did get these three magic beans for Daisy.

DAME TROTT: Three beans? Is he still saying three beans?

SIMPLE SIMON: I think so. Are you still saying three beans? For Daisy?

JACK: These are three MAGIC beans. You can have three wishes. Just one wish could be enough to make us rich.

DAME TROTT: Hang on, hang on. Have you tested these beans?

JACK: Actually I did. My first wish was - Beans... I wish to be as rich as Sir Alan Sugar(OR LOCAL RICH PERSON).

DAME TROTT: Did it work?

JACK: I don't know. I haven't checked my bank account.

SIMPLE SIMON: I'm gonna wish for a night with Holly Willoughby.

DAME TROTT: Dirty boy!

JACK: But they work. They really work. The man who gave me them looked magical.

DAME TROTT: Sooty and Sweep look magical, but someone's got a hand up their...

JACK: Mother!

SIMPLE SIMON: Why don't we just do a test. I'll wish for Holly Willoughby and if she turns up then...

JACK: No, this has got to be sensible.

SIMPLE SIMON: Holly Willoughby is sensible. She went to collage and everything.

JACK: Just because she went to collage doesn't mean...

DAME TROTT: Shut up you two. It's me who should do the test. Daisy was my cow so these beans are officially mine. (HOLDING OUT HER HAND) Beans... I wish you to put five hundred pounds in this hand right now.

THEY ALL LOOK HARD AT THE HAND.

JACK: It's not working. You probably didn't do it right.

DAME TROTT: Okay clever clogs. You do it.

JACK: (HOLDING OUT HAND) Beans... I wish you to put five hundred pounds in this hand right now.

JACK AND DAME TROTT LOOK HARD AT THE HAND, WHILE SIMON TURNS AWAY AND HOLD OUT BOTH HANDS, CLOSES HIS EYES, AND MIMES FONDLING A WOMAN.

SIMPLE SIMON: (DREAM LIKE) In these hands. Holly Willoughby.

DAME TROTT: Dirty boy!

JACK: We must be doing something wrong.

DAME TROTT: It's you who's done something wrong. You've given our Daisy away to some person we don't know, and all you got were three stupid beans.

JACK: Magic beans.

DAME TROTT: They are NOT magic. They're just beans. Beans, beans, beans. Rubbish beans.

SHE GRABS THE BEANS FROM JACK AND
THROWS THEM TO THE BACK OF THE STAGE.

DAME TROTT: There that's what your beans are worth. Nothing! We now have nothing. In fact less than nothing. We did have a cow that gave milk to sell, but now we don't even have that. What ever are we going to do? Everything's gone.

SIMPLE SIMON: eBay! I could sell my calendar of Holly Willoughby.

DAME TROTT GOES TO SLOSH THEM BOTH
AROUND THE HEAD BUT THEY DUCK AND RUN
OFF STAGE. SHE FOLLOWS THEM AND THEY
ALL EXIT.

THE LIGHTING DIMS AND ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE STAGE FAIRY CAKE ENTERS WITH A
FLASH.

FAIRY CAKE: Dame Trott is right the beans are dud.
Yet there's a way to make them bud.
Now is the time for me to show,
my magic and to make them grow.
(WAVING WAND) Sabim sharim and zim zam zalk.
Turn beans into a mighty stalk.
Grow up and up and never flop.
Reach to the clouds then gently stop.
A land awaits the brave who climb.
A boy quite young and in his prime.
So watch my magic. See it sway.
Tomorrow is Jack's lucky day.

WITH THE STAGE DIM, THE FAIRY IS WAVING
HER WAND AND THE BEANSTALK GROWS IN
MYSTERIOUS LIGHT AND FOG.

Depending on your cast, this is the ideal point for young children (Pantomime Babes) to dance, dressed as fairies, plants of magical elves etc. If you don't have "Babes" then the chorus or dancers can create a moving magical spectacle.

Use mists, smoke, lighting effects, tinkling music and so on during the beans growth.

The beanstalk can grow from behind a wall, or a bush, or whatever your production team can come up with to hide the bulk until ready to grow.

FAIRY CAKE: Look how the beanstalk grows so high.
Right through the clouds to reach the sky.
I know what waits for Jack up there.
It's what he fears. The huge giant's lair.
His fate is in the clouds above.
For if he climbs, he will find LOVE.
There's one more thing for me to do.
Give Jack a sword. Shiny and new.

FAIRY CAKE:

A sword so sharp and magical.
Enough to dent this big giant's skull.

FAIRY CAKE EXITS AND THE LIGHTING
RETURNS TO NORMAL.

THE SQUIRE ENTERS AT A RUSH AND IN A
FLAP.

SQUIRE: Where is everybody? I need help. Where are you
all? My daughter Jill has been kidnapped. Help
me, help me.

JACK AND DAME TROTT ENTER IN A FLUSTER.

DAME TROTT: What's going on? Have we been robbed?

JACK: We don't have anything left worth stealing.

SQUIRE: It's Jill. She's been kidnapped.

JACK: Kidnapped?

DAME TROTT: Kidnapped? Jill? Who's kidnapped her?

SQUIRE: That horrible Fleshcreep. He's snatched her and
taken her off to the giant's castle. He said that
she could come back when I pay what's due. That's
if the giant doesn't eat her first.

JACK: Eat her. He can't do that.

SQUIRE: I don't see how we can stop him. He used his magic
to sweep her away to the giants lair in the clouds.

DAME TROTT: Magic! That's it!

SQUIRE: What's it?

DAME TROTT: Wotsits! Oh I love those. Those bright orange
snack'ie things.

JACK: Mother!

SQUIRE: My Daughters missing and you're talking about
Wotsits.

JACK: We'll get her back.

DAME TROTT: Magic! That's it!

SQUIRE: What's it?

JACK: Don't start that again.

DAME TROTT: Don't you see. If Fleshcreep has used magic to
kidnap Jill, then we should use magic to get her
back.

JACK: We don't know any magic.

DAME TROTT: Perhaps this is a job for your magic beans.

JACK: But they don't work.

SQUIRE: What's this about magic beans?

DAME TROTT: Well Jack sold Daisy and came home with...

JACK: And Mother threw them over there. (POINTING TO
BASE OF BEANSTALK) Wow! What on Earth is that?

THEY GO OVER AND LOOK AT BEANSTALK.

SQUIRE: Is this part of the magic?

JACK: I don't know. I'm sure it wasn't here yesterday.

DAME TROTT: I've a feeling that we would have noticed it. Us ladies do tend to notice big thick things that grow upright quickly.

SQUIRE: (LOOKING UP) It goes right up into the clouds. It might go up to the giant's lair. Jill might be up there.

JACK: This must be my magic beans working. That's it. I'm going up there.

DAME TROTT: Hang on. What's that? (POINTING TO SWORD AT THE BASE OF THE BEAN STALK.)

JACK: It's an omen.

DAME TROTT: No it's not. It's a sword.

JACK: That's what I mean. The sword. It's a omen. It's been left here for me to kill the giant, Mother. The magic. It want's me to climb the beanstalk, kill the giant and rescue Jill.

JACK PICKS UP THE SWORD AND WAVES IT AROUND IN AN HEROIC (STAR WARS) STYLE.

DAME TROTT: (TO AUDIENCE) I never knew he was so brave.

SIMON COMES ON WITH A LADDER

SIMPLE SIMON: You'll need this. It will only get you up the first part of the trunk but it's a start

JACK: Don't worry. I can see easy climbing branches just up there. It should be simple.

SIMPLE SIMON: I'm coming with you.

JACK: No. This is my quest. I must do it alone. There might be all sorts of danger up there for me to face. The giant is... well... giant, and I've been given this sword to slay him. There might be ghosts and goblins and all sorts of nasty things up there. I must do this alone. I must go and save the girl I love.

THEY ALL COWER SLIGHTLY AS THE GIANTS VOICE BOOMS OUT.

GIANT (VOICE): (Echoing) Fee Fi Fo Fum.
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he live or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

THEY ALL LOOK UP TO WHERE THE VOICE CAME FROM.

JACK AND SIMON PLACE THE LADDER AT THE BASE OF THE BEANSTALK. SIMON STEADIES THE LADDER WHILE JACK STARTS TO CLIMB.

THEY ALL WATCH AS JACK CLIMBS HIGH.

CLOSE CURTAIN

END SCENE

END ACT I

INTERVAL

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