

Jack and the Beanstalk

A Pantomime of Giant Proportions!

DEvised & WRITTEn BY REECE SIBBALD

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JACK AND THE BEANSTALK CAST LIST

JACK TROTT	A heroic dreamer. (F)
DAME TROTT	The Dame, a penniless milkmaid. (M)
SIMPLE SIMON	The Comic, the village idiot. (M)
KING NUMPTY	A bumbling ruler, overshadowed by the Giant's demands. (M)
PRINCESS PIPPA	Daughter to King Numpty and victim of the Giant. (F)
FAIRY FUCHSIA	The most magical Fairy of them all. (F)
POISON IVY	A wicked, spiteful creature who serves only the Giant. (F)
JANGLES	The King's silly servant. (M/F)
ODDJOB	The odd job man. (M)
SILLY JILLY	A hopeless helper. (F)
MRS RINGTON	Servant to the Giant with an unhealthy interest in tea. (M/F)
BUTTERCUP, THE COW	The beloved family cow
GIANT THUNDERBOLT	A fearsome force with big demands
A 'MINI-GIANT'	The shrunken version of Giant Thunderbolt
THE VILLAGERS	
GIANT'S SLAVES	
INSECTS & ANIMALS	
A GHOST	

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE

PROLOGUE:	HIGH UP IN THE CLOUDS	FC
SCENE ONE:	THE VILLAGE OF BLOSSOMBLOOM	FS
SCENE TWO:	SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE KINGDOM	FC
SCENE THREE:	THE TROTT'S FAMILY STABLES	HS
SCENE FOUR:	ON THE WAY TO MARKET	FC
SCENE FIVE:	THE VILLAGE FAIR	FS
SCENE SIX:	NIGHTTIME DRAWS IN	FC
SCENE SEVEN:	THE ENCHANTED GARDEN	FS
SCENE EIGHT:	OUTSIDE THE TROTT'S COTTAGE	FS

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE:	OUTSIDE THE GIANT'S CASTLE	FS
SCENE TWO:	A CORRIDOR IN THE CASTLE	FC
SCENE THREE:	THE GIANT'S KITCHEN TABLE	FS
SCENE FOUR:	TRAVELLING DOWN THE BEANSTALK	FC
SCENE FIVE:	OUTSIDE THE TROTT'S COTTAGE	FS
SCENE SIX:	DOWN ON TROTTY'S FARM	FC
SCENE SEVEN:	THE BIGGEST FAIR OF ALL TIME	FS

Notes from the Author

In-keeping with traditions of Pantomime, this version of 'Jack and the Beanstalk' has been written specifically with a girl playing the Principal Boy role of 'Jack' and certainly a man to play the role of 'Dame Trott'. As expected with this genre, many roles can be played by a male or female. But to help with your casting we have listed our suggestion next to the character names (page 3).

Creating an atmosphere is everything in any 'good' pantomime. To do this I would advise that all moments of story (immortal confrontations especially), high-drama and emotion should be underscored. Not only will this help to underline the feelings of the moment, it will also assist in the drive behind these scenes required to maintain a slick and fluid production.

Comedy is the linchpin of a Pantomime. Above spectacle, musical highlights and special effects; comedy is paramount. I spent the majority of my early years working with some of the UK's biggest and (in my opinion) best Pantomime performers. I recall standing in the backstage corridor's at the Swansea Grand Theatre with The Chuckle Brothers. We were doing a production of "The Chuckles of Oz" and they pointed out a poster on the wall outside of Dressing Room number five. It was a "Jack and the Beanstalk" but at the bottom of the poster were 'The Harman Brothers'. Paul Chuckle said, "That was us. We played the Broker's Men." "And the cow!" interjected Barry. "We were the funniest cow in the business." No matter what role you play, play it with truth, honesty and above all else – life. After all, that is what Pantomime is all about – a world of make-believe.

ACT ONE

PROLOGUE: HIGH UP IN THE CLOUDS

MUSIC CUE: SHORT DRAMATIC OVERTURE

At the end of the overture...

SFX CUE: THUNDERCLAP

MUSIC CUE: EVIL UNDERSCORE

GIANT (V/O): Fee Fi Fo Fum
 I smell the blood of an Englishman

 I'm up in the clouds
 Where I'm high and mighty;
 Whilst down on there on Earth
 I'm sending Poison Ivy...

MUSIC CUE: POISON IVY ENTRANCE into ANTICIPATION UNDERSCORE

POISON IVY appears. She is an evil enchantress entwined with foliage. Her movements are fluid, magical and mystical – somewhat snake-like.

POISON IVY: You summoned me, Giant Thunderbolt. Poison Ivy (*She bows majestically.*) –

SFX CUE: THUNDER

POISON IVY: at your beckoned call...the wickedest weed in your garden of terrors!
 How can I be of service?

GIANT (V/O): Collect for me the human's rent
 I want those peasants discontent
 And if you find that they can't pay
 I promise they'll repent this day

POISON IVY: Yes, your Greatness! I will follow your command. (*She goes to exit but is stopped by...*)

GIANT (V/O): But if you fail me, trusted slave
 You'll slip in to an early grave
 I'll eat you up, your vines and all

POISON IVY: What about your cholesterol?

GIANT (V/O): My stomach aches for scrummy food
 Be it grilled or barbecued
 And as my evil messenger
 Bring me a sugared pensioner

POISON IVY: A pensioner? Yes your Greatness. Like cheese, they're matured!

GIANT (V/O): Be gone, dear Ivy, do my bidding
I want my rent or I'll be killing
Daddies, mummies, kiddies too
A cow perhaps, oh what a coo! Ha ha ha!

POISON IVY: As you wish, your Grotesqueness. *(She bows.)*

MUSIC CUE: EVIL EXIT

SFX CUE: GIANT FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY

POISON IVY: *(Waving.)* Goodbye, your Enourmousness! *(With drive.)* Now... as the Giant's faithful slave, I'll obey his every order – and there's no one who can stop me!

MUSIC CUE: FAIRY FUCHSIA STING

FAIRY FUCHSIA appears.

FAIRY FUCHSIA: Poison Ivy! Fly back to Cloudland. You're not wanted down on Earth... you or that wicked Giant Thunderbolt.

POISON IVY: Well if it isn't Fairy Fuchsia? Do us all a favour; leave us and meddle in someone else's business!

FAIRY FUCHSIA is visibly offended.

POISON IVY: I answer only to the Giant.

FAIRY FUCHSIA: You're a sly and sneaky slimeball! Kindness is a virtue!

POISON IVY: He declares I am to claim his much deserved rent from the stupidest monarch of all – King Numpty the Umteenth. Should he pay then all will be well... but should he not, the Giant promises to unpick the population... from his teeth!

FAIRY FUCHSIA: He can't do that.

POISON IVY: Oh yes he can!

FAIRY FUCHSIA: *(Encouragingly.)* Oh no he can't!

POISON IVY: Oh yes he can!

FAIRY FUCHSIA: Oh no he can't!

POISON IVY: Well he can... and he will!

FAIRY FUCHSIA: I'll use all the fairy magic in my wand to put a stop to his evil doings.

POISON IVY: Magic? HA! Whatever spell you cast, whichever path you take just remember, Fairy Fuchsia, I will be waiting one step ahead to stop you in your tracks.

FAIRY FUCHSIA: Try as you might. Jack Trott is our hero-in-waiting. He's brave, chivalrous and spirited. The Giant's no match for Jack!

POISON IVY: In which case, I'll be sure to destroy your hero too! Ha ha ha!

You won't defeat my Giant – he's bigger than you. Now if you don't mind, I've got havoc to reek...

FAIRY FUCHSIA: Or in your case – just reek!

POISON IVY: See you later, Moron! Down to Earth I go!

MUSIC CUE: EVIL EXIT into MAGICAL UNDERSCORE
POISON IVY exits.

FAIRY FUCHSIA: She really rustles my leaves. But don't worry, boys and girls, I'm going to make sure the ending to this story is a happily ever after.

Jack Trott must live up to his destiny, marry the love of his life, but above all else – defeat the evil Giant. It won't be easy, but this is only the start of Jack's magnificent tale. How we get to the end is one big Pantomime adventure!

So, it's time to boo the baddies, cheer our hero and clap-along to your heart's content! Boys and girls, are you ready for lots and lots of shouting out? **(Yes!)** You'll have to be louder than that – I said are you ready for lots and lots of shouting out? **(Yes!)** Oh no you're not! **(Oh yes we are!)** Oh no you're not! **(Oh yes we are!)**

Then let our adventure begin!

FAIRY FUCHSIA waves her wand as the band strike up...
She waits long enough to see the start of the opening number, then exits.
FLY CUE: FRONT CLOTH OUT

SCENE ONE: THE VILLAGE OF BLOSSOMBLOOM

MUSIC CUE: OPENING NUMBER – PRINCESS PIPPA, ODDJOB, SILLY JILLY & VILLAGERS

A high energy dance routine takes place celebrating the arrival of the Royal Party to the Village. At the end of the number the VILLAGERS gather around.

PRINCESS: Hello everybody! *(Hello!)* I'm Princess Pippa and today's the Village Fair. I can't wait! The birds are singing, the sun is shining and there's not a cloud in the sky.

VILLAGER: Not until that horrible Giant ruins our day.

PRINCESS: We mustn't suffer in his shadow.

VILLAGER: What can we do, Princess?

PRINCESS: We've got to smile, be happy, stand tall! As long the Giant stays out the way I'm sure we'll have a wonderful Fair. What's more there might be some boys there!

VILLAGERS: *(Tongue in cheek.)* Ooh!

PRINCESS: I'm hoping to see Jack Trott! *(She holds her heart.)* He's so handsome but my Father says it's unheard of for a Princess to marry a Farm Boy.

JANGLES, the King's Jester enters.

JANGLES: Make way for his Highness, King Numpty the Umpteenth!

MUSIC CUE: ROYAL FANFARE KING NUMPTY enters waving to the VILLAGERS.

KING: Greeting! *(Seeing PRINCESS PIPPA.)* There she is... my prettiest of Princesses. Now listen here; I thought I'd told you to stay inside? After all, the Giant Thunderbolt still threatens us and we don't want him picking you.

PRINCESS: Don't worry. He won't get me.

JANGLES: Oh – he'll try!

KING: Which is why you need protection.

PRINCESS: Protection?

KING: It's time we found you a husband.

PRINCESS: But Father...

KING: But nothing. You are heir to the throne. It's time my Princess found her Prince.

PRINCESS: But I don't want to marry a Prince. I want to marry Jack Trott. He's kind and sweet and handsome...

KING: ...and he's no good for you!
Jangles, my trusted Jester, have you got the proclamations?

JANGLES: No, I always walk like this.

KING: I mean have you got the scrolls?

JANGLES: Yes – but I've got cream for it.

KING: Gather round! (*He proclaims.*) Today at the annual Village Fair our Kingdom will continue its promising future when a suitor will be found to take the Princess' hand in marriage!

The VILLAGER gasp!

PRINCESS: (*Horried.*) Father!

KING: (*Aside to the PRINCESS.*) We'll talk about this later.

JANGLES: Make way for the King!

PRINCESS: No, Daddy – we're talking about this now!

MUSIC CUE: ROYAL FANFARE

KING NUMPTY and JANGLES exit followed by an unhappy PRINCESS PIPPA. SILLY JILLY & ODDJOB appear from the crowd as the VILLAGERS disperse.

SILLY JILLY: Did you hear that? The Princess is going to find her true love.

ODDJOB: And you know who that is, don't you?

SILLY JILLY: Who?

ODDJOB: Me!

SILLY JILLY bursts into hysterics. She finishes with a snort.

ODDJOB: What are you laughing at?

SILLY JILLY: She'd never fall for a man like you...

ODDJOB: She would if I tripped her up!

SILLY JILLY: For starters – your name...

ODDJOB: What's wrong with "Oddjob"? It because I'm the Odd-job man about town. You're no better are you – Silly Jilly!

SILLY JILLY: But the Princess won't marry a handyman called Oddjob. She'll want to marry someone smooth, smart, suffocated (sophisticated.) ...

ODDJOB: I've never been any good with the ladies any way. My last girlfriend dumped me...

SILLY JILLY: Why?

ODDJOB: She said I was too noseey.

SILLY JILLY: Too noseey?

ODDJOB: Well she didn't say it; I read it in her diary.

SILLY JILLY: Have you tried speed-dating?

ODDJOB: Yeah... I went at ASDA...

SILLY JILLY: How did it go?

ODDJOB: I got a bag for life. The problem is I can never say the right things.

SILLY JILLY: It's easy. Be warm. Say something warm to me...

ODDJOB: Electric blanket.

SILLY JILLY: You're not getting this... Picture the scene... you're out shopping... you see a pretty girl in the aisles, you get her attention you say, "pass me the sugar, sugar."

ODDJOB: How sweet!

SILLY JILLY: You see her by the sweets and you say, "pass me the jelly, baby."

ODDJOB: I've got it!

SILLY JILLY: Now picture the scene. You're out shopping...

ODDJOB: I'm out shopping...

SILLY JILLY: You've got your trolley and you see her – the love of your life – the Princess... she turns around, your eyes meet and you say to her...

ODDJOB: Pass me the beef, you mad cow.

SILLY JILLY: NO!

ODDJOB: She'll not be able to resist me. Imagine it – I'm looking lovingly into her eyes and I say...

SIMPLE SIMON: **(OFF.)** Milk for sale!

SILLY JILLY: That's a strange thing to say...

ODDJOB: I didn't say that, I said...

SIMPLE SIMON: **(OFF.)** Milk for sale!

SILLY JILLY: You've just said it again!

ODDJOB: It wasn't me!

MUSIC CUE: RAGTIME OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM PLAY ON

SILLY JILLY: What's that? What's going on?

ODDJOB: Beats me! But I don't fancy finding out. Come on – let's get out of here!

ODDJOB and SILLY JILLY exit upstage excitedly.
JACK TROTT and SIMPLE SIMON enter from the Auditorium with milk bottles in holders trying to sell their wares. Once they reach the stage the Play On comes to a finish.

SIMPLE SIMON: Milk for sale! Milk for sale! Hello boys and girls! ***(Hello!)***

JACK TROTT: Oh come on, you can be louder than that – we said hello boys and girls! ***(Hello!)*** Much better! I'm Jack, Jack Trott and this is my brother, Simon...

SIMPLE SIMON: Some people call me Simple Simon – and we've come to the Village to sell our Mother's milk. Well, not our Mother's milk... it's our cow's milk, Buttercup.

JACK TROTT: Buttercup is truly exceptional. Isn't she, Simon?

SIMPLE SIMON: She's outstanding in her field.

JACK TROTT: She was cold this morning. She was shivering.

SIMPLE SIMON: That's because she's Frisian. We'd better get her a jersey. Our cow's milk is very special because Buttercup is terribly forgetful...

JACK TROTT: What kind of milk do you get from a forgetful cow?

SIMPLE SIMON: Milk of amnesia. I was milking her this morning and a fly flew into her ear. I didn't think much about it until the fly squirted into the bucket. That's right, boys and girls, it went in one ear and out the udder.

(Aside and with pride.) You don't get this many naff jokes-a-minute at (local theatre)!

JACK TROTT: Buttercup's our Mothers pride and joy.

SIMPLE SIMON: She's a lovely cow.

JACK TROTT: Who? Buttercup?

SIMPLE SIMON: No. Mother!

DAME TROTT: **(OFF.)** I heard that!

MUSIC CUE: OLD MACDONALD PLAY ON
DAME TROTT enters with a cart saying "Milk for Sale" and several items within.

DAME TROTT: Hello everybody! *(Hello!)* My name is Patricia Mavis Trott, *(she curseys.)* but you can all call me P.M.T! Have you sold much milk, boys?

SIMPLE SIMON: Twice as much as yesterday!

DAME TROTT: How much did you sell yesterday?

JACK TROTT: None.

DAME TROTT: None?! We've got the King's taxes to pay. I'm at my wits end. I've got three hungry mouths to feed and I'm so poor I've had to sell my personal possessions. I haven't got a pot to p...ass around!

JACK TROTT: Sorry Mam, we're trying our best.

DAME TROTT: I know. We'll just have to try harder. I've got a new sales technique.

SIMPLE SIMON: A new sales technique?

DAME TROTT: People don't know how good our milk tastes, so we'll offer samples.

SIMPLE SIMON: Samples?

JACK TROTT: Samples?!

DAME TROTT: *(Producing a small water pistol.)* Samples!

MUSIC CUE: OLD MACDONALD (BUBBLING) UNDERSCORE

(Heading to the front of the stage.) Now open your gobs... *(She squirts.)* Have a taste of that! Delicious, isn't it? This is like Russian Roulette for those who are lactose intolerant...

SIMPLE SIMON: Mam... those people in the middle didn't get any!

DAME TROTT: What a shame!

JACK TROTT: Try something more powerful...

SIMPLE SIMON: *(Obtaining a medium sized water pistol.)* I'll give this a go... *(He squirts.)* Incoming!

Mam... those people at the back are missing out!

DAME TROTT: Well they should've booked sooner!

JACK TROTT: You'll need something even more powerful.

SIMPLE SIMON: I know just the thing! *(SIMPLE SIMON runs offstage.)*

DAME TROTT: What's he up to?

MUSIC CUE: ANTICIPATION STINGS
SIMPLE SIMON enters holding a fire hose.

SIMPLE SIMON: *(To the wings.)* Right lads – on the count of three... one, two...

DAME TROTT: Simon! Don't you dare!

MUSIC CUE: UNDERSCORE STOPS

SIMPLE SIMON: But Maaaam...

DAME TROTT: Put it down!

SIMPLE SIMON: *(He drops the fire hose to the floor and speaks to it.)* OFF! *(The hose is pulled offstage.)*

JACK TROTT: What's that?

SIMPLE SIMON: Running water.

DAME TROTT: Jack – have you delivered the milk to the Royal Palace yet?

SIMPLE SIMON: Jack loves delivering the milk to the Palace, don't you?

JACK TROTT: It's my chance to see the Princess.

SIMPLE SIMON: Jack's in love with the Princess!

DAME TROTT: Oh, you're so romantic.

JACK TROTT: Were you as romantic with our Father?

DAME TROTT: Not at all. I only spent fifteen minutes with your father. And eleven of those were boring.

SIMPLE SIMON: Mam... who was our Father?

DAME TROTT: Some soldiers.

Now come on you two, we've got milk to deliver and cash to make.
(Taking a bottle of milk from the cart.) Jack – deliver this to the Palace and come straight back home. I'm going to teach Simon the difference between Roast Beef and Pea Green Soup.

JACK TROTT: What is the difference between Roast Beef and Pea Green Soup?

DAME TROTT: You can roast beef. Come on, Simon – to the Dairy!

MUSIC CUE: OLD MACDONALD PLAY OFF

DAME TROTT and SIMPLE SIMON exit. JACK waves them off.

JACK TROTT: A bottle of fresh milk! I'll deliver this to the Palace in hope of seeing the Princess.

PRINCESS PIPPA enters.

PRINCESS: Jack!

JACK TROTT: Princess! You know my name?

PRINCESS: Of course I do. You come to the Palace every week, don't you?

JACK TROTT: Yes – I deliver the milk. What's the matter? You don't seem as happy as normal.

PRINCESS: My Father wants me to marry me off to a rich Prince. But I don't want to.

JACK TROTT: He can't do that. You should be loved for who you are, not what you are. I wish I were a Prince.

PRINCESS: So do I, then I could marry the boy I want.

JACK TROTT: What? You mean... me and you? You and me?

PRINCESS: *(She takes his hand.)* Exactly! Living happily ever after.

JACK TROTT: But that can't happen. *(He removes his hand.)* You're a Princess and I'm... well... I'm a nobody.

PRINCESS: Nobody's a nobody, Jack.

JACK TROTT: Everybody's a nobody where I come from! But I'm going to change all that... I'm going to become a somebody! I'll prove myself as a hero and worthy of your hand. Then I'll be good enough and nobody will call me a nobody no more. Though somebody might... no nobody will!

PRINCESS: Oh, Jack! Do you really think you can?

JACK TROTT: And if I do it for anybody, I'll be doing it for you!

MUSIC CUE: UPBEAT LOVE NUMBER – JACK TROTT, PRINCES PIPPA & ENSEMBLE
During the number the ENSEMBLE enter and join in with the song and dance.
At the end of the song...
MUSIC CUE: PLAY OFF
FLY CUE: FRONT CLOTH IN