



JACK & the BEANSTALK

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Bitesize Theatre Co., 8 Green Meadows, New Broughton, Wrexham, LL11 6SG

CAST:

JACK	SMELLY		
JILL	GREEDY	HARP	
MRS. MIGGINS	LOOPY	GOOSE	
GRANDMA	LORD OOZE	MYSTIC MADGE	BUTCHER
MR. RICHBUTMEAN	COLIN		

Scene 1 Jack's house

[*MRS. MIGGINS {dame} enters. She is sad. Crying and blowing her nose theatrically into a large spotted hanky. She sings tearfully. TOMORROW from ANNIE*]

MIGGINS: **The sun'll come out tomorrow,
Bet your bottom dollar that tomorrow there'll be sun !
Just thinking about tomorrow
Clears away the cobwebs and the sorrow till there's none.
When I'm stuck with a day that's grey and lonely,
I just stick out my chin and grin and say,
Oh! The sun'll come out tomorrow
So you gotta hang on till tomorrow come what may!
Tomorrow, tomorrow, I love you tomorrow
You're only a day away.**

Oh dear!... Oh dear oh dear!.... Oh dear oh dear oh dear!... Oh.....Oh hello boys and girls. [**audience: Hello (feebly) shouts**] I said hello boys and girls. [**audience: Hello**] That's better. My name's Mrs. Miggins and I'm ever so sad. Yes, I am. Ever so sad. You see. There's only me to do all the work running this farm. Well, I say there's only me, there is my son Jack... Oh! and his sister Jill... and then there's Grandma, of course. But she's no help. And there's such a lot to do. You wouldn't believe how much work there is to do on this farm ! You wouldn't. In fact, there's so much work to do, we never get it all done. [*Blows her nose again and starts to blubber*] And so we're so very poor, boys and girls. We are. [**audience: awww (feebly) shouts**] I said we're very, very poor. [**audience: awww**] Oh, no! We're much much poorer than that. [**audience: awww**] That's better. And we can't pay the rent. [*Enter GRANDMA with a Zimmer frame. MIGGINS crys*] Oh dear!... Oh dear oh dear!.... Oh dear oh dear oh dear!... Oh!.....

GRANDMA: Oh! Give it a rest with the "we're so poor and can't pay the rent" routine, will you. I've told you before, if your Jack and Jill weren't such a pair of lazy good for nothing layabouts you wouldn't be in this mess. They're a right pair of dizzy do nothings. And you're as bad....[*looking round*] Where are they anyway?

MIGGINS: Well, I sent them up the hill to fetch a pail of water from the well,... I think they should be able to manage that.

GRANDMA: Don't be too sure. [*An empty bucket rolls onto stage followed by JACK and JILL*]

What did I tell you ? Useless !

MIGGINS: [to JACK] Are you alright, Jack ?

GRANDMA: He's never been alright.

MIGGINS: What about you, Jill ?

JILL: [rubbing her bottom and picking up the bucket] We'll be fine, mum.

JACK: [rubbing his head] I've bumped my head and we seem to have spilled all the water. Shall we go and get some more?

MIGGINS: [Tut] What am I going to do with you?

GRANDMA: I could give you a few ideas.

MIGGINS: Oh dear!... Oh dear oh dear!.... Oh...

GRANDMA: Oh! Will you stop fussing over that lad....

MIGGINS: [Looking offstage]... No, Look ! It's the landlord, Reginald Richbutmean. He'll be after this month's rent and we don't have it.

JILL: Quick ! Hide !

[*JILL and MIGGINS run around looking for somewhere to hide, JACK staggers around from his bump on the head. GRANDMA turns on the spot. Enter RICHBUTMEAN. He is a typical melodrama baddie. Black hat. Moustache. He laughs in a melodramatic way*]

MIGGINS: Too late !

RICHBM: [laughs] So, caught you in, at last, Mrs. Miggins.

MIGGINS: What do you want?

GRANDMA: As if we couldn't guess.

[*SPICE GIRLS routine WANNABE*]

RICHBM: I'll tell you what I want. What I really, really want.

ALL: Yes, tell us what you want, what you really, really want.

RICHBM: I wanna, I wanna, I wanna, I wanna, I want you to gimme the rent you owe.

ALL: **If you want our money, just forget it mate
You know we don't have it, so you'll just have to wait.**

RICHBM: **Now don't go wasting my precious time,
You know your rent is due today, that's the bottom line**
You know what I want. What I really, really want.

ALL: You told us what you want, what you really, really want

RICHBM: I wanna, I wanna, I wanna, I wanna, I want you to gimme the rent you owe.

ALL: *[sing]* **If you wanna be our landlord, you also gotta be our friend
We don't have no money. Why should we pretend ?
Got holes in our pockets and no thread to mend
Nothing left to sell and no one left to lend.
Do we have to pay you money ?**

RICHBM: I've heard it all before. Now I want this month's rent, or you will suffer the consequences. *[laugh]*

MIGGINS: But we just told you, we haven't got any money.

RICHBM: *[Taking hold of MIGGINS]* In that case Mrs. Miggins, *[he drops down on one knee]* you must let me marry you and take you away from all of this.

GRANDMA: How often have you heard that?

MIGGINS: Well, that's very nice.....but I couldn't. Could I ?

GRANDMA: He is rich.

MIGGINS: True !

JACK: Never.

MIGGINS: Oh.... Jack's right. I.. I couldn't marry you.... you're... too mean.

RICHBM: What! Then you leave me no choice, Mrs. Miggins. I'll throw you all out on the street and it want be long before you're begging me to take you in. *[laughs. Slapstick chase. Ends with RICHBUTMEAN being thrown out]* I'll be back and you'd better have that rent money.

JACK
& JILL: Hurray ! We won. Big Hug! Big Hug! *[they dance around]*

MIGGINS: Jack ! Jill ! This is serious.

JACK
& JILL: *[They stop]* Yes mum.

MIGGINS: All we have left is Daisy the cow...

JILL: But she's so old, she's doesn't even give us milk anymore.

MIGGINS: And we've had another poor harvest.

JILL: Nothing much seems to grow.

GRANDMA: It would grow a whole lot better if you three got round to planting anything.

JACK: If you ask me the ground is cursed.

GRANDMA: Rubbish! You're all too lazy.

MIGGINS: So you're going to have to take the old cow to market and sell her.

JACK
& JILL: What! Sell grandma !

MIGGINS: Yes!...No! Sell Daisy the cow...

JILL: Oh, sorry !

MIGGINS: Although, now you come to mention it....But I suppose, it better just be Daisy.

GRANDMA: You're not going to trust him with your only possession are you ?

MIGGINS: Well, I can't go, I have to look after you. Are you going to take the cow to market?

GRANDMA: I would, but my poor old legs aren't what they used to be, you know. In fact I think I'll just go for a little lie down.

MIGGINS: I thought so. [*Exit GRANDMA forgetting the Zimmer frame, which she suddenly remembers and rushes back for*] So Jack, you and Jill will take the old c... Daisy to market and sell her.

JACK: Oh, we can't sell the cow. Can we boys and girls ?

MIGGINS: Oh, yes you can.

JACK: [*with audience*] Oh, no we can't.

MIGGINS: Oh, yes you can.

JACK: [*with audience*] Oh, no we can't.

MIGGINS: Oh, yes you can.

JACK: [*with audience*] Oh, no we can't.

MIGGINS: Look ! We have no choice it's either that or I have to give in to the landlord..... [*she looks around. JACK and JILL are giving it a lot of thought*] And I'm not doing that, so get going.

JACK
& JILL: Oh, alright!

[*MIGGINS, JACK & JILL exit.*]