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Jack and the Beanstalk

by
NIGEL HOLMES



JACK and the BEANSTALK

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CAST LIST

JACK: The epitome of a "nice" lad, yet not as worldly wise as some. Played by a modern boy.

JILL: The Squires daughter. Young and very sure of herself.

DAME TROTT: Owner of the dairy. The Dame. Mother of Jack. Played by an over-the-top man. Outfits should change at every new entrance, if possible, which can be VERY outrageous.

DAISY THE COW: An UPRIGHT two legged speaking cow. NOT a traditional two person panto cow. Face make-up is like a cow, plus ears and horns. She could wear a outfit of black and white patches with bits of "human" clothing on top.

VANDERTOP: Rather excitable. Part of the comedy duo. Works on the farm.

WATERBOTTOM: Slow and fed up with the world. Part of the comedy duo. A farm worker.

FLESHCREEP: Nasty and creepy. Does the dirty work for the giant.

FAIRY LADY: A magical fairy. An active lady who can't seem to stay still for a moment.

FIELDING: A field mouse. Bright and cheeky.

THE SQUIRE: Father of Jill. Hesitant.

GIANT: The Giant Blunderbore.

CHORUS: Any number of dancers and singers.

ACT I: SCENE 1: DAME TROTT'S FARMYARD.

A TYPICAL PANTOMIME FARMYARD IN SUMMER.

THE STAGE IS FULL OF PEOPLE SINGING AND DANCING. VANDERTOP AND WATERBOTTOM ARE MIXED IN AMONG THEM.

MUSICAL NUMBER: The villagers and chorus.

SUGGESTION: Uptown Funk - Mark Ronson.

AT THE END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER VANDERTOP AND WATERBOTTOM COME FORWARD OUT OF THE CHORUS, WHO EXIT IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

VANDERTOP: (TO AUDIENCE.) Wat-cha people of (INSERT NAME OF TOWN HERE.)

WATERBOTTOM: Don't stir 'em up.

VANDERTOP: (TO AUDIENCE.) I said Wat-cha people of (NAME OF TOWN HERE.) Come on, this is panto, so you've gotta join in. Ready? Shout "Yo". (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

WATERBOTTOM: (TRYING TO QUIETEN VANDERTOP.) No don't.

VANDERTOP: Louder, come on. Shout "Whoa" (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

WATERBOTTOM: Now you've done it!

VANDERTOP: Better! One more time, shout "Wass-up"

(VANDERTOP SETS UP A PING PONG RESPONSE WHERE THE AUDIENCE SHOUT BACK BETWEEN EACH WORD.)

Shout Yo... Whoa... Wassa... Tring... Hassa... Boosh...

That was brill!

WATERBOTTOM: No it wasn't brill. You've stirred them up. You'll get them excited and they'll be expecting more stuff.

VANDERTOP: Then more stuff is what we'll give 'em.

WATERBOTTOM: Can't we just go home?

VANDERTOP: They want more stuff. Fun stuff. Everyone wants fun stuff. This lot want it really bad.

WATERBOTTOM: Oh no they don't.

VANDERTOP: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Oh yes we do.

WATERBOTTOM: Oh no they don't.

VANDERTOP: Oh yes we do.

WATERBOTTOM: I'm not doing it.

VANDERTOP: Come on. Join in. We've got all sorts of stuff. All over the place. Let's give it to 'em.

WATERBOTTOM: They're not having mine.

VANDERTOP: Okay everyone. Put your hands up if you're scared of armed robbers.

WATERBOTTOM: Oh ha dee ha ha.

VANDERTOP: Hi everyone. My name's Vandertop, and this is Water...

WATERBOTTOM: Don't

VANDERTOP: Don't what?

WATERBOTTOM: Give them my name.

VANDERTOP: Why not?

WATERBOTTOM: They'll laugh.

VANDERTOP: Ladies and gentlemen, this is Waterbottom.

WATERBOTTOM: Bottom. See. Told you they'd laugh at "bottom".

VANDERTOP: (POINTING TO MAN IN AUDIENCE.) He didn't. Look he's so bored he's got his hands in his pocket.

WATERBOTTOM: Peeling an orange.

VANDERTOP: What? An orange? In his pocket?

WATERBOTTOM: Well I can see something dribbly going on.

VANDERTOP: Let's do a selfie with the audience.

WATERBOTTOM: Not while he's peeling his orange.

VANDERTOP: Just do it. We need it for Instagram. Smile everyone.

WATERBOTTOM PULLS OUT A PHONE AND TAKES
A PHOTO OF THE AUDIENCE WITH VANDERTOP
IN IT.

VANDERTOP: We need you too.

WATERBOTTOM: Why?

VANDERTOP: Just do it.

WATERBOTTOM: (SETTING UP A SELFIE WITH THE AUDIENCE.) Smile. If you can be bothered.

VANDERTOP: See. They love you.

WATERBOTTOM: S'pose you want me to upload it.

VANDERTOP: Naturally.

WATERBOTTOM: (UPLOADING PICTURE.) I could be at home asleep.

VANDERTOP: You can't sleep now.

WATERBOTTOM: Better than being here. No one likes me.

VANDERTOP: They all like you.

WATERBOTTOM: Oh no they don't.

VANDERTOP: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Oh yes they do.

WATERBOTTOM: Oh no they don't.

VANDERTOP: Oh yes they do.

WATERBOTTOM: I've got no friends.

VANDERTOP: (ENCOURAGING AN "AHHH!") They'll be your friends. Ask them.

WATERBOTTOM: Why?

VANDERTOP: Ask them.

WATERBOTTOM: (TO AUDIENCE.) Will you be my friends if I give everyone one hundred and twenty seven pounds fifty pence and a packet of Haribo Starmix.

VANDERTOP: Starmix?

WATERBOTTOM: Yes. I mean obviously not the cola bottle ones. I'll have eaten all those. And not the fried egg ones. Not the bears. Or the rings.

VANDERTOP: You've kept most of the packet.

WATERBOTTOM: They've still got the hearts. I don't like the hearts.

VANDERTOP: So let me get this right. If they all agree to be your friends, you'll give them a packet of Haribo with only the hearts left.

WATERBOTTOM: And a hundred and twenty seven pounds fifty pence each. (SEARCHING IN POCKET AND PULLING OUT A COIN.) Plus 20p.

VANDERTOP: You haven't got a hundred pounds and twenty seven pounds fifty pence...

WATERBOTTOM: And 20p.

VANDERTOP: You haven't got...

WATERBOTTOM: I know that, and you know that, but they don't know that. Anyway it's the only way they'll like me.

VANDERTOP: They do like you. Okay right! Where were we? Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Vandertop. And this is...

WATERBOTTOM: Don't.

VANDERTOP: Ladies, gentlemen and the younger generation, this is Waterbottom.

WATERBOTTOM: Bottom see. Told you.

VANDERTOP: Waterbottom has no friends. Can you please help? Perhaps every time we come on stage we can shout "Hi Gang" and you could shout "Hi Waterbottom"? It'll make him (or her) feel loved.

WATERBOTTOM: They won't.

VANDERTOP: They will. Let's try it. Remember, when we come on and shout "Hi Gang", you shout "Hi Waterbottom." Let's have a practice. On three. Three. "Hi Waterbottom." (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

WATERBOTTOM: They didn't all do it.

VANDERTOP: Come on everybody. We need to hear you in (NEXT TOWN.) Let's do a test. Go off.

WATERBOTTOM: What for?

VANDERTOP: For the test.

WATERBOTTOM RELUCTANTLY GOES TOWARDS THE WINGS BUT IS STILL VISIBLE.

VANDERTOP: Look, just pretend to go off and then come back on again.

WATERBOTTOM: (TRUDGING OFF.) This is stupid. They'll never do it.

WATERBOTTOM GOES OFF THEN RE-ENTERS.

VANDERTOP: Hi Gang. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

WATERBOTTOM: I guess it was sort of okay.

VANDERTOP: Do it again.

WATERBOTTOM: Do I have to?

WATERBOTTOM TRUDGES OFF THE SIDE OF THE STAGE.

VANDERTOP: Louder this time everyone. Hi Gang. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

FIELDING THE MOUSE EXPLODES ONTO THE STAGE INSTEAD, AND RUNS TO THE CENTRE.

FIELDING: Squeeeeeeeeeeeek! Whoo hoo hoo! He he he! Yer dint expect that did yer?

VANDERTOP: Get off.

FIELDING: He he he!

FIELDING EXITS AT A RUN AS WATERBOTTOM SLOUCHES BACK ON.

WATERBOTTOM: (RELUCTANTLY.) Oh yeah, hi Gang. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

VANDERTOP: What just happened?

WATERBOTTOM: I went off and...

VANDERTOP: The mouse.

WATERBOTTOM: What mouse?

VANDERTOP: Never mind. How's the picture we uploaded going?

WATERBOTTOM: (LOOKING AT PHONE.) You got five hundred likes in three seconds. Bet mine didn't.

VANDERTOP: Annnnnnnnd... (LOOKING AT PHONE.) Wait..... Here it is... Yes... Look at that...

WATERBOTTOM: What?

VANDERTOP: Two.

WATERBOTTOM: Two hundred?

VANDERTOP: No, just two. You only got two likes.

WATERBOTTOM: Told you.

VANDERTOP: And one of them was from our mum.

WATERBOTTOM: It's the algorithm.

VANDERTOP: The what-a-rhythm?

WATERBOTTOM: It doesn't like me. Nobody does, not even a machine. (ENCOURAGING AN "AHHH" RESPONSE.) It's worse than that. (ENCOURAGING ANOTHER "AHHH")

VANDERTOP: Anyway... Moving on... Hey everyone. We're your friends in fun.

WATERBOTTOM: What?

VANDERTOP: Fun. Friends in fun.

WATERBOTTOM: I can't do fun. Not with my bad feet.

VANDERTOP: Tell them. Tell them who we are.

WATERBOTTOM: Nobody really. Don't worry about us. We'll be going soon.

VANDERTOP: We work on this farm.

WATERBOTTOM: Yeah, work, work, work, work, work.

VANDERTOP: We love it.

WATERBOTTOM: Do we?

VANDERTOP: All that lovely fresh air, those blue skies, that fresh country smell...

WATERBOTTOM: (DOING A STOMPING ACTION.) Mud, mud, mud, mud, mud. And cow poop. Lots of cow poop. Mooooo! Plop. Mooooo! Plop.

VANDERTOP: And green trees, the white fluffy clouds, the bright sunshine...

WATERBOTTOM: And pig poop. (DOING THE ACTIONS AND NOISES.) Lots of pigs going konk poop, konk poop, konk konk konk, poop poop poop, poop, poop, poop...

JACK ENTERS.

JACK: Now think about this. If a pig loses it's voice, does it become disgruntled?

VANDERTOP: Hi Jack. We were just telling our new friends how lovely it is to work on your mother's farm.

WATERBOTTOM: Sheep poop. I forgot the sheep poop. Baaa, poop, baaa poop, baa poop, poop poop poop pooooooooop...

VANDERTOP: Ladies and gentlemen this is Jack Trott. The son of Dame Trott who owns this farm.

JACK: And these are my friends Top and Bottom.

VANDERTOP: You shouldn't keep shortening our names.

WATERBOTTOM: Bottom. See?

JACK: Sorry. Okay, so... VANDERTop and WATERbottom. You can find them on Instagram, Tiktok, Facebook and...

VANDERTOP: We had to give up Facebook. Too young.

JACK: Don't be silly. You can't be too young for Facebook.

VANDERTOP: You wouldn't think so would you. (TO AUDIENCE.) Put your hand up if you're on Facebook. Don't be shy, put your hand up.

WATERBOTTOM: See. Bingo wings. Everywhere.

VANDERTOP: We're down with the kids on Instagram and TikTok. We love social media.

WATERBOTTOM: Beetroot.

VANDERTOP: What?

WATERBOTTOM: Beetroot. I love that.

VANDERTOP: What's beetroot got to do with...

WATERBOTTOM: You said things you love. Mine's beetroot... Oh, and potted meat.

VANDERTOP: What?

WATERBOTTOM: Potted meat. I love it.

VANDERTOP: We'd better go. We've got a busy day.

WATERBOTTOM: Yes. Busy shoveling poop, poop, poop, poop, poop... (CONTINUING UNTIL OFF.)

VANDERTOP AND WATERBOTTOM EXIT.

JACK: There they go. Vandertop and Waterbottom. Or as I like to call them, Top and Bottom.

VANDERTOP: (FROM OFF.) Oi! We heard that.

VANDERTOP RE-ENTERS FOLLOWED SHORTLY BY WATERBOTTOM.

VANDERTOP: (TO AUDIENCE.) And don't forget, "Hi Gang". (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

WATERBOTTOM: (ENTERING.) What's going on?

VANDERTOP AND WATERBOTTOM BOTH EXIT AGAIN.

JACK: Give them a round of applause.

FIELDING THE MOUSE EXPLODES ON AND RUNS TO THE CENTRE OF THE STAGE.

FIELDING: Squeeeeeeeeeeeek! Whoo hoo hoo! He he he! Yer dint expect that did yer?

JACK: Oi! Off.

FIELDING: He he he!

FIELDING EXITS AT THE RUN.

JACK: (TO AUDIENCE.) Sorry about that. We've got a rodent problem at the moment.

I'm Jack by the way. Jack Trott. Trott's dairy. You've probably seen our adverts. "For the finest dairy products, we give you - the Trotts. Some customers have had the Trotts for years."

DAISY THE COW ENTERS.

DAISY THE COW: (SHOUTING LIKE A MARKET TRADER.) Milk! Milk! Fresh milk!... Come and get a squirt. Direct from the cow.

JACK: Daisy! How's it going? Ladies and Gentlemen, this is Daisy our old cow.

DAISY THE COW: I'm not sure I like the "old" if you don't mind Mr Jack. My lady bits are still in fine working order.

JACK: Daisy is now our only working cow on the farm. When Daisy arrived we suddenly didn't need to milk the large herd, so we retired them. Daisy gives so much milk it's amazing.

DAISY THE COW: Magical even Mr Jack.

JACK: Magical indeed Daisy. Those of you old enough to remember Dolly the sheep, might have missed Daisy the cow a month later. Cloned, genetically modified and instantly pasteurized.

DAISY THE COW: That's me.

JACK: A magical miracle.

DAISY THE COW: I like to think so Mr Jack. Milk, cream and gold top on demand. And all it takes is a quick fiddle with my udder.

JACK: My family used to run Trott's Dairy Farm in a traditional way. Lots of black and white cows giving milk twice a day.

DAISY THE COW: In the olden days eh Mr Jack?

JACK: Exactly. We sold the milk in our shop. Then out of nowhere Daisy suddenly appeared, and well, basically we just sit back and take the profits.

DAISY THE COW: Exactly Mr Jack. We must talk about that sometime.

JACK: Er... ah... yes. So Daisy now produces her milk straight into the bottle and even goes round the customers delivering a squirt to anyone who wants it. Well done Daisy.

DAISY THE COW: Thank you Mr Jack. I do like to M00000-ve about a bit.

JACK: I hear that yesterday you were over the UDDER side of town.

DAISY THE COW: I was Mr Jack. But the weather was FRIESIAN cold.

JACK: Did you have a JERSEY to put on?

DAISY THE COW: No I was wearing my COW-MOO-flage outfit.

JACK: It must have been UDDER chaos.

DAISY THE COW: Yes, everyone was quite a-MOOOOO-sed.

JACK: Can we stop the cow puns now. I'm not in the MOOOOO-d

DAISY THE COW: There are a few more jokes we can do yet Mr Jack. Like, what happens if a cow uses a trampoline?

JACK: I don't know.

DAISY THE COW: Milk shakes Mr Jack.

JACK: Okay, what do you get if you lay under a cow?

DAISY THE COW: You'd get a pat on the head.

JACK: I think we've MILKED all the jokes now Daisy.

DAISY THE COW: Are they PAST-YOUR-EYES? We could always BUTTER everyone up until this becomes UDDER-ly ridiculous.

JACK: Enough!

The scientists tell us that Daisy is the product of some modern D.N.A. mapping. Including cloning, droning and groaning. But it's more likely, a little piece of magic.

DAISY THE COW: It's definitely magic Mr Jack.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Jack and Daisy the Cow.

SUGGESTION: Dance Monkey - Tones and I.

JACK AND DAISY THE COW EXIT AT THE END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER AS DAME TROTT ENTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

DAME TROTT: Whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop! Come on, join in darlings. Whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop! (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

Now if you were a cheapskate and didn't buy a programme - Still available during the interval, at a very respectable price. If you didn't buy a programme, you won't know whom that it is that I am who you are seeing before you. It's little old me. I have a long name so stand by to receive. My parents named me after flowers. Yes flowers. I'm Dame Hyacinth Petunia Rosebud Marigold Violet Iceberg Lettuce Trott. I know. But you can call me Dame Trott.

Hottie Trott'ie totty at your service.

And a big hello to the kiddies. I'm your lovely Aunty, Dame Trott. I'm what your Mum will look like in a few years.

Did you meet my little boy Jack a few moments back? I'm his mum you know? He came from my bits. Yes, with a little fiddly twiddly input from Mr Trott. It seems impossible that someone as good looking as me could pop out an odd little creature like Jack.

Anyway... Hello people of (LOCAL REFERENCE TO TOWN). Are you all having a good time?

DAME TROTT:

(AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Pardon? Speak up. I said, are you all having a good time? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) There's no need to shout darlings. (PICKING LADY IN AUDIENCE.) Oh I love your hair madam. Did you come on a motorbike?

Musical Number: Dame Trott.

Suggestion: Made You Look - Meghan Trainor.

What do you think of it so far? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Well just you wait 'till I show you my entrecat. Yes, I know. And you'll find my arabesque de'promenade is quite extraordinary.

Any-who, where was I? Yes, Trott. I was married to the lovely Terry the Truffle Trott. He was French you see.

Not annoyingly French. Just the mild version.

He was actually a foster parent. But I always preferred Carlsburg.

You know, we we were married so long that we could fart in bed without saying pardon.

Then he went (MOUTHING THE WORDS,) up there (NORMAL VOICE) a little while ago. Oddly, in his last will and testicles, he said that he had left the dairy and all he owned, to - "That old cow."

For a moment we thought he meant Daisy. Well you would, wouldn't you? Ha ha! How we laughed. Yes, ha ha again lovies. I don't think so.

Anyway, after three rounds of arm wrestling with the solicitor person, it was explained that "old cow" might actually be a form of endearment.

Little Terry Trott may have had his posthumous joke, but eventually the diary came to me.

And now we're doing okay. Well we're not really, but let's not dwell on that. Oh alright then. I'll dwell.

Our new DNA highbred magical Daisy is bringing in oodles of cash. But it's the giant you see. I know. Disastrous. We have to pay him half of everything we earn. If we don't he says he'll squash us into badger poo. Not squash us face down in actual poo you understand darlings as there aren't that many badgers around here. He means to squash us until we look like badger poo. Which isn't quite so horrid if you see what I mean? Although I did some research into badger poo on that internet computer laptop thing and I have to say the end product is not too pretty.

Anyway on to more savory things. You all look nice. All in your posh frocks and your best outfits. (PICKING A MAN IN THE AUDIENCE.) Well not him obviously. Is that from the (LOCAL NAME) charity shop in the High Street? Are you his lovely wife? Oh bad luck darling. You probably could have done better if you'd have waited. The trouble is, they all look so hunky on that Tinder thing don't they?

DAME TROTT:

Although by the look of him he probably popped up on "Guess the Gargoyle dot com".

It's nice to see so many in at this special O.A.P. performance. Have you all got your best teeth in? Who came here on their bus pass? Is there anyone in who's had a birthday in the last year? Quite a few then. For my last birthday I asked for something with diamonds. All I got was a pack of cards.

Here's an interesting fact. Birthdays weren't even invented until 1782. Before that date, everyone was 12 years old.

FIELDING THE MOUSE EXPLODES ONTO THE STAGE AND RUNS TO THE CENTER.

FIELDING:

Squeeeeeeeeeeeek! Whoo hoo hoo! He he he! Yer dint expect that did yer?

FIELDING STARTS TO EXIT AND IS STOPPED BY DAME TROTT.

DAME TROTT:

Oi! You! Here! (POINTING TO A SPOT ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF HER.)

FIELDING RELUCTANTLY RETURNS WITH HEAD HELD LOW. WHEN HE REACHES DAME TROTT SHE GRABS HIM BY THE EAR.

FIELDING:

Ouch ouch ouch ouch ouch ouch...

DAME TROTT:

Stop that. Who do you think you are when you're at home.?

FIELDING:

I be Fielding. The field mouse.

DAME TROTT:

Fielding the field mouse?

FIELDING:

He he he, oi, ouch!

DAME TROTT:

Fielding? Someone thought long and hard about that name didn't they? Look Fielding, we don't like mice on this farm. So scram. If I see you again you'll end up on this dainty little toe of my clodhopping boot. Yer dint expect that did yer?

DAME TROTT LETS FIELDING GO AND HE EXITS WITH HEAD HELD LOW WHILE SECRETLY TRYING TO ENCOURAGE AN "AHH" FROM THE AUDIENCE.

DAME TROTT:

Right! Where did we get too? Oh yes! The giant's henchman Fleshcreep has started to demand yet more payments to keep the giant away. But we're broke you see. I've tried selling my body for science, but they only offered 28p and a Sponge Bob sticker. I said, I'd get more by standing on the corner of (LOCAL STREET NAME) on a Friday night. Has anyone tried it? (PICKING LADY IN THE AUDIENCE.) How much did you get lovie?

I tried it once. I made five pounds and ten pence. I told Gladys next door and she said "Who gave you the ten pence?" And I had to confess that, they all did.

THERE IS THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

DAME TROTT: Oh no. It's the giant's henchman. That's odd. He doesn't normally come out at this time of day. I'm off. Anyway, I need to get home early as I'm cooking takeaway for tea. (EXITS WAVING)

MORE THUNDER AND LIGHTENING AS
FLESHCREEP ENTERS.

FLESHCREEP: Ahh haa ha ha! (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 worth it.

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

I am the one everyone fears. I am Fleshcreep. Henchman to giant Blunderbore. Feared by the (LOCAL TOWN) Parish Council (OR LOCAL POLITICAL REFERENCE, M.P. ETC.) Ahh haa ha ha!

Yes Fleshcreep. I can see your flesh creeping from here. Although some of it could do with a good tightening.

I work for Blunderbore. The giantest giant ever to come out of giant land. Between us we're going to... Take over the World. Ahh haa ha ha! Or at least as far as the Post Office in the High Street (OR LOCAL REFERENCE). Ahh haa ha ha!

Blunderbore is evil. Evil with a capital eve. Evil to the core. So evil that last week he bit the head off a jelly baby. Oh no, this was a real baby, that he'd covered in real jelly.

Personally I love children. But I couldn't eat a whole one. Blunderbore really can eat one. Ahh haa ha ha! Normally he likes to eat them in a pie. I've seen him eat ten in one go. (LOOKING INTO AUDIENCE) I can see quite a few of the little darlings from here. Hmmm! I'll have to tell him. Ahh haa ha ha!

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

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

FAIRY LADY ENTERS WITH A BOUNCY STEP.

FAIRY LADY: Cooie!

FLESHCREEP: And who would you be? Not the Christmas fairy looking for a tree to sit on?

FAIRY LADY: (WAVING HER WAND ALL OVER THE PLACE AND USING AS MUCH STAGE AS POSSIBLE.) Hello my little lovie. I am the magical Fairy Lady.

FLESHCREEP: The fairy lady? No one believes in fairies anymore.

FAIRY LADY: (LOOKING WOUNDED.) Oh naughty! Fairies are real my slippy friend. And you know what you've just done don't you? Every time someone says they don't believe in fairies, a special offer ten pack of doughnuts dies a horrible death.

FAIRY LADY:

Or was it the one where, if someone says they don't believe in fairies, a gnome does a wee in their wardrobe.

Anyway, for your info my dodddie plonker, you don't frighten me babes. Not one little knob. (SPINNING AND WAVING WAND.)

FLESHCREEP:

(POINTING AT AUDIENCE.) But I frighten them. Ahh haa ha ha!

FAIRY LADY:

Oh, I don't think you do babes.

FLESHCREEP:

Oh yes I do.

FAIRY LADY:

(ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Oh no you don't.

FLESHCREEP:

Oh yes I do.

FAIRY LADY:

(ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Oh no you don't.

FLESHCREEP:

You don't get it do you?

FAIRY LADY:

Quite a lot actually thank you.

FLESHCREEP:

You don't seem to get the fact that Blunderbore the giant can crush those silly people out there with one hand inside the pocket of his Sooty and Sweep jim-jams.

(DEMONSTRATING WITH HIS FEET.) Crush, stomp, hammer, smash, grind. Tippy toe, tippy toe, ooh ooh, all over your bits, ooh where have they gone? You'll be pulverize into so many pieces that even your Auntie Mable won't recognize you.

FAIRY LADY:

(WAVING WAND AND SPINNING ABOUT.) Don't you realise, I'm magic babes. My magical family tree goes way back to my grandma's second cousin on the Twiglet branch. I have magic on my side.

FLESHCREEP:

And I have *evil* on *my* side. Ahh haa ha ha!

FLESHCREEP EXITS CACKLING.

FAIRY LADY:

He's just a big bully and smells like a hedgehog's tassel.

Right babes, why am I here? Well obviously to help the place look a bit pretty, but as well as that I'm here to help this pantomime along with a bit of twistical magic. My job is to set things right. And two rights don't make a what-not do they? I mean already there's a lot of wrongs going on. Ha! But I can wave my magic wand and whooooooshee. Magic! It'll all be right.

Let's try a little bit of that stuff now shall we?. Do you think babes? Watch. "Whooshy la dooshy, Bibbly wah tooshie" and over this side we get Jack.

JACK ENTERS FROM ONE SIDE.

FAIRY LADY:

And now "Sights above, we need some love" over this side and we get Jill.

JILL ENTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE TO JACK. SHE IS CONSTANTLY LOOKING DOWN AT HER PHONE.

FAIRY LADY: Will Jack and Jill go "up the hill" together? Ooooh I love it. Excited? I'll say. I nearly had a little whoopsington sprinkly moment there babes.

FAIRY LADY EXITS SPINNING AND WAVING HER WAND.

JACK: (TO JILL.) Hi.

JILL: (CONCENTRATING ON HER PHONE.) Mind your own business.

JACK: Sorry! I only said "Hi".

JILL: I know exactly what you said and if you think you can have your wicked way with me just because you said hi in that rather sexy voice and expect me to just... ah... well... mmmm... (IGNORING PHONE AND SEEING JACK FOR THE FIRST TIME) ...Just give you everything, then perhaps you had better say hi again.

JACK: Hi. I'm Jack.

JILL: (MOVING TOWARDS HIM.) Mmmmm!

JACK: Jack Trott.

JILL: Ahhhhhh!

JACK: From Trott's dairy.

JILL: Ohhhhhh!

JACK: And you are...?

JILL: In lust. (SHE MOVES EVEN CLOSER AS JACK RETREATS SLIGHTLY.)

JACK: What?

JILL: Love. In love.

JACK: Pardon?

JILL: You know. In love. (GETTING EVEN CLOSER.) Jill. I'm Jill. What's your name sexy?

JACK: (PULLING BACK.) I thought I said. Jack. Jack Trott.

JILL: Jill and Jack. Mmmm. Has a nice ring to it.

JACK: Perhaps Jack and Jill. Sounds better.

THE SQUIRE: (CALLING FROM OFF.) Jill. Jill. Where are you?

JILL: Oh no. It's my father. Say nothing.

JACK: Nothing?

JILL: Yes nothing. Listen, nothing right? Nothing about me wanting to take you up the hill and covering you with vinegar and brown paper.

JACK: Pardon.

JILL: Jack, Jill, Hill. You know. Vinegar. Brown paper. Does that sound kinky? It probably does.

JILL: You'll love it though. Anyway look, don't mention any of that to my father, he won't understand.

JACK: I'm not actually sure I do either.

JILL: Then pleeee-se stop talking about it. Stop mentioning the vinegar and brown paper thing all the time, alright. You really are quite odd you know.

JILL STANDS BACK FROM JACK AS THE SQUIRE ENTERS CARRYING A PAIL.

THE SQUIRE: Ah, there you are. Good. What! I've brought this.

JACK: A pail?

THE SQUIRE: Indeed. For water. Cut off you see sonny. The taps. Sink. Bath.

JACK: Who's cut you off?

THE SQUIRE: Watery people.

JACK: Why would they do that?

THE SQUIRE: Giant. Yes giant. Rich, then poof! Poor. No money. All gone.

JACK: But sir.

THE SQUIRE: Now someone, Jill, will have to go up the hill. That's if we want a cup of that tea with supper tonight. Bag in the cup and all that. To be honest, happy with champagne myself. But tea it is normally, so tea it has to be. For that we need the wet stuff. (THRUSTING THE PAIL AT JACK WHO IS FORCED TO TAKE IT.) There. Good. Well done everybody. Good job. Water. Tea. Yes please. Thank you. As you were. Carry on.

THE SQUIRE EXITS.

JACK: Who was that?

JILL: My father. The Squire. It doesn't matter. Do you fancy it? (GOING CLOSE TO JACK AGAIN.)

JACK: Errr... I don't think we... (PULLING BACK.)

JILL: No, the water, idiot. Do you fancy doing the water thing?

JACK: And the brown paper?

JILL: Now you're getting it.

JACK: I'm still not sure I am.

JILL: Oh trust me, you'll get it.

JACK: Brown paper?

JILL: Vinegar.

JACK: On my Chips?

JILL: Not your chips you wally. Look it's quite simple. We go up the hill with this pail.

JILL: Then I cover you in vinegar and brown paper. It's our destiny. (MOVING IN CLOSE AGAIN.)

JACK: I'm not sure it was my destiny when I woke up this morning. (PULLING BACK.)

JILL: You'll love it.

JACK: What? Vinegar? Smelling like a chip shop?

JILL: Think of it as an adventure my darling.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Jack and Jill

SUGGESTION: Dancing with a Stranger - Sam Smith and Normani.

JILL: Right! Grab that bucket Jack. You've just pulled.

JILL GRABS JACK AND DRAGS HIM
RELUCTANTLY OFF STAGE.

THERE IS THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

SEVERAL OF THE CHORUS OR PANTO KIDS RUN
ACROSS THE STAGE IN FRIGHT. MORE PEOPLE
RUN ACROSS AT THE DIRECTORS DISCRETION.

THE SQUIRE RUNS ON AND STOPS TO CHAT TO
THE AUDIENCE.

THE SQUIRE: I say. Not too keen on this running about stuff, don't you know? Fleshcreep. More money. Jill. Out in a storm. Flash, bang, oh dear, gone. She's my only child and well... I love her. She doesn't know of course. Wouldn't like it. Did you see her? Which way? I'll look.

THE SQUIRE EXITS IN THE SAME DIRECTION
AS THE OTHERS.

DAISY THE COW RUNS ACROSS THE STAGE AND
EXITS, FOLLOWED BY FLESHCREEP AS IF
CHASING DAISY. FLESHCREEP STOPS TO
ADDRESS THE AUDIENCE.

FLESHCREEP: Ahh haa ha ha! Was that a boo? (POINTING TO A PERSON IN THE AUDIENCE.) You! When you come back after the interval your seat will have been fitted with a very noisy whoopee cushion.

Now shut your booing and listen. Oi! Listen. Did anyone see a magical cow come this way? You can talk to me. I won't tell anyone. Promise. Ahh haa ha ha! That cow is worth millions. Blunderbore, my giant, wants it for his own.

He likes interesting presents. Particularly ones that are magical. He's already got a chicken that lays golden eggs. Yes, solid gold eggs come out of it's... er... eggie exit.

He's also got a magical harp. Solid gold it is. It plays any tune you like.

And now I'm going to get him that magic cow. It continually squirts milk to order. It's price is beyond money. I will get it for my master. Ahh haa ha ha.

FAIRY LADY ENTERS LIGHTLY WAVING HER WAND.

FAIRY LADY: Are you bullying everyone again my cringe-worthy friend? You're like a toad in a washing machine. Round and round then whizz... ending up in the fruit bowl. Just leave my people alone. Take your horrible carcass back to the giant. We don't want you down here.

FLESHCREEP: Oh yes you do.

FAIRY LADY: Oh no we don't.

FLESHCREEP: Nobody wants you either. You're just a nuisance in a frilly frock.

FAIRY LADY: I think you'll find they want me more than an ugly snark on a dumpling like you.

FLESHCREEP: They may not like me, but what I do is for their own good. Oh yes it is. Ahh haa ha ha.

FAIRY LADY: How did you work that one out?

FLESHCREEP: Well look at it this way. If I wasn't here, giant Blunderbore would simply kill everyone. So in some ways I should be thought off as a hero.

FAIRY LADY: A nasty, lying, conniving, dirty rotten, smelly non hero.

FLESHCREEP: Smelly? I'll have you know I doused myself in toilet water before I came out.

FAIRY LADY: Perhaps you should have flushed it first.

FLESHCREEP: Without me, there would be no people in this town at all

VANDERTOP AND WATERBOTTOM ENTER.

VANDERTOP: Hi Gang.

WATERBOTTOM: (IF AUDIENCE SHOUT.) What! See, they don't like me. They're shouting.

VANDERTOP: No, I asked them too. They're giving you love.

WATERBOTTOM: I thought it was more (SHOUTING.) "Hide your bottom".

VANDERTOP: Thank you everyone. He appreciates it really.

WATERBOTTOM: Oh no I don't.

VANDERTOP: Oh yes you do.

FLESHCREEP: And who would you two be?

WATERBOTTOM: I'm no one.

VANDERTOP: We work on the farm doing all sorts of stuff.

WATERBOTTOM: Mainly poop. Poop poop poop poop.

VANDERTOP: And who are you?

FLESHCREEP: What! Who am I? Who am I?

VANDERTOP: Oh poor thing. (TO AUDIENCE.) Ladies and gentlemen, can you help? He doesn't know who he is.

FLESHCREEP: You idiot. Of course I know who I am. Everyone knows who I am.

VANDERTOP: Clearly not.

FLESHCREEP: I am the famous Flashcreep. Henchman to the Giant. We are going to take over your little land and then on and on until we rule the world. Ahh haa ha ha!

FAIRY LADY: Take no notice darlings. He loves a good rant.

VANDERTOP GETS OUT A PHONE.

VANDERTOP: Fleshcreep eh? Hang on, I'll look you up.

WATERBOTTOM: I don't come up on social media searches either. So you're a Billy no mates, like me.

FAIRY LADY: Today you have to be on the socials, or you're left in ping-pong land.

FLESHCREEP: What! I must be there. Look. I'm me. I'm here. In person.

VANDERTOP AND WATERBOTTOM SHAKE THEIR HEADS.

VANDERTOP: Not good enough matey.

FAIRY LADY: Have you looked me up?

VANDERTOP: Oh yes. Everyone says good things about you.

FLESHCREEP: How can she be there when I, the vilest person in the universe, doesn't get a look in?

FAIRY LADY: Dinosaur.

FLESHCREEP: What?

FAIRY LADY: No internet presence? You're just a dino babes.

FLESHCREEP: How dare you. I'll have you know I'm a respected, fully signed up, free car park member of the National Trust.

VANDERTOP: Would you like us to do you a profile?

FLESHCREEP: Of course I would. I need to be known for my badness. Ahh haa ha ha!

WATERBOTTOM: Actually I'm thinking of going bad myself. I haven't decided yet. The trouble is that I have an irrational fear of giants. It's called Fee-Fi-Phobia.

VANDERTOP: (TO FLESHCREEP.) Let's start with your general appearance and how you come over to your public.

FLESHCREEP: They love me.

VANDERTOP: Let's ask then. (TO AUDIENCE.) Give me a round of applause if you love Fleshcreep, or a boo if you're not sure.

FLESHCREEP: (NOTICING AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) I'll get you all for this. Spoiling my media life before I even get one. It won't be long before I come down there and poke everyone up the doo-dah. Yes, the doo-dah. Really hard.

VANDERTOP: Actually a bad review like this can be good.

FLESHCREEP: I don't want to be good.

VANDERTOP: No, I mean that the socials love a nasty character. They'd probably be over the moon for someone as horrible as you.

FAIRY LADY: Just a weenie moment. Are you saying that they like evil people best?

WATERBOTTOM: That's why I don't bother.

VANDERTOP: A good example. Politicians. Bad, but we still vote for them.

FAIRY LADY: I see what you mean.

VANDERTOP: What sort of emoji would you like.

FLESHCREEP: A what? How much do they cost?

VANDERTOP: They're free.

FLESHCREEP: Then I'll have the biggest one you've got.

VANDERTOP: Have you got any followers?

FLESHCREEP: Oh I can soon get some of those. (SHOUTING INTO WINGS.) Come out here if you want some free ice cream.

THE CHORUS RUSH ON CHEERING AND LOOKING EXCITED.

FLESHCREEP: That should do for a start.

VANDERTOP: Now you need to invent a little dance.

FLESHCREEP: A dance?.

VANDERTOP: A funny little jiggy about dance that everyone can copy.

FAIRY LADY: Oh I one hundred and twenty one percent want to see this.

Musical Number: Fleshcreep and the chorus.

Suggestion: (Just a small section.) The Birdie Song - The Tweets

Note: Flashcreep dances a few steps on his own and the chorus follow. Fairy Lady could join in or just stand aside laughing. Vandertop and Waterbottom video the whole thing.

VANDERTOP: Great! We'll post that and see what followers you get.

FLESHCREEP: I'll get millions. Ahh haa ha ha!

FAIRY LADY: No chance.

VANDERTOP, WATERBOTTOM AND FAIRY LADY
EXIT.

FLESHCREEP: (SHOUTING AT THE CHORUS.) Scram or I'll feed you all
to the giant.

THE CHORUS EXIT IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

FLESHCREEP: Now all I need is to find that old cow.

FLASHCREEP EXITS.

DAME TROTT ENTERS BY MARCHING IN. SHE
IS WEARING A FULL LENGTH NUDE BODY SUIT
WITH "FIG LEAVES" (OR SIMILAR) COVERING
HER PRIVATE AREAS. ON HER BACK IS A
RUCKSACK WHICH HAS METAL CUTLERY HANGING
ALL OVER IT, PLUS A COUPLE OF TIN MUGS
AND SAUCEPANS. (ANYTHING THAT WILL
CLANK TOGETHER AS SHE MOVES.) PLUS BIG
WALKING BOOTS.

DAME TROTT: Did someone mention my name?

FIELDING EXPLODES ONTO THE STAGE.

FIELDING: Squeeeeeeeeeeeek! Whoo hoo hoo! What! (SUDDENLY
STOPPING AND LOOKING STUNNED) I certainly didn't
expect that.

FIELDING EXITS AT A SHOCKED RUN.

DAME TROTT: (TO AUDIENCE.) I know, I know. It's a bit of a
shock to see such beauty in (INSERT TOWN HERE.) isn't
it darlings?

In a few moments lovies, my family members will come
amongst you with sponsorship buckets. Please give
generously. You'll be sponsoring me for my twenty
four hour nudie rudie naked hike challenge, all with
no clothes on. Just wearing this rucksack, plus
these huge clonky leather boots and a pair of knee
length support stockings.

We've got to make some money somehow you see. I've
already trimmed everything to the bare minimum.
Everything upstairs and everything downstairs. Yes,
hold that thought for a moment darlings. Also I am
ready for close scrutiny by the press. They will
obviously want access to all areas. Even the ones
that made the late Mr Trott say "I can't eat that."

The money I raise from this will go towards feeding a
local starving family that has fallen on hard times.

JACK ENTERS.

JACK: What a nice thing to do mother? Do I know this
starving family?

DAME TROTT: Shush! (STAGE WHISPER.) It's us you idiot. We've
got no cash left. The giant's taken it all.
(RETURNING TO NORMAL.) Yes ladies and gentlemen.
Please give generously for this cause as the family
will go bust. "Bust" get it? Please yourself.

JACK: You can't do that mother. That's cheating the
public.

DAME TROTT: Don't worry. They're use to being cheated. They brought tickets to this show didn't they?

JACK: Yes, but there must be some other way.

DAME TROTT: (SNIFFING OBVIOUSLY.) Just a moment son of mine. Can I smell chips?

JACK: No.

DAME TROTT: I can. Chips. Have you got a bag of chips secreted about your personage?

JACK: Nope.

DAME TROTT: Vinegar. That's what it is.

JACK: Might be.

DAME TROTT: Why do you smell of vinegar?

JACK: Is there some other way we can make money.

DAME TROTT: Don't change the subject. Chips. Wait a soggy wet wipe moment. We could *sell* chips. Although it smells like you've already started.

JACK: There must be something else we can sell.

DAME TROTT: Darling it's already come down to this. (MOTIONING TO HER NUDITY.) Me making a spectacle of myself on an Eastenders day. People expect this sort of thing during Coronation Street, but not on... Wait! What day is it? Have I gone off all unnecessarily?

JACK: Mother there must be something better.

DAME TROTT: Just what are you insinuation?

JACK: Something else. Can't we sell something else?

DAME TROTT: It's getting so bad that I'm even having to wash my pants in the dishwasher.

We've already sold most of our things at the (LOCAL NAME) car boot sale.

JACK: What else have we got?

DAME TROTT: From where your standing I would think you can see most of what I've got.

JACK: Mother! We've got Daisy our magical cow.

DAME TROTT: Sell Daisy? We can't sell Daisy.

JACK: Certainly not.

DAME TROTT: Certainly not... But...

JACK: Obviously she is worth millions and selling her would get us out of debt but...

DAME TROTT: Plus there would be enough cash for a cruise around the world on a seven star shiny white ship with hunky waiters fawning over our every whim and feeding us grapes as we lay back on velvet couches while body builders rub baby oil all over us and slide against our...

JACK: Mother!

DAME TROTT: What! Oh! Was I dreaming?

JACK: Mother, we can't sell Daisy.

DAME TROTT: She's all we have.

JACK: Then it will just have to be Daisy.

DAME TROTT: I'm not sure we should.

JACK: No you're right. We shouldn't.

DAME TROTT: No.

JACK: No. We really shouldn't.

DAME TROTT: Call her then.

JACK: I can't tell her mother. It will be better coming from you.

DAME TROTT: Me! No. It really should be you. She likes you.

JACK: She likes you too mother.

DAME TROTT: She won't after this.

JACK: We'll do it together then.

DAME TROTT: Yes, good idea. Together. That's it. We'll do it together. (CALLING.) Daisy. Oh Daisy. Jack's got something to tell you.

JACK: Jack's not got... Me? Not me! We agreed.

DAME TROTT: Did we? Oh yes. Together.

Daisy. Here darling. Leave Mr Fanshaw to squirt his own yogurt for a moment and pop over here.

DAISY THE COW ENTERS.

JACK: Daisy. Mother and I have something important to tell you. Haven't we mother?

DAME TROTT: Yes, we have. Oh look, is that the time? Err... I'm getting cold standing here like this and I've just remembered. Must dash. I have a... er... bunion that needs feeding.

DAME TROTT EXITS AT SPEED AS JACK WATCHES ON, LOOKING ANNOYED.

DAISY THE COW: Can I smell chips Mr Jack?

JACK: No.

DAISY THE COW: It's chips.

JACK: It isn't. Look Daisy. We need to have a serious chat.

DAISY THE COW: Oh dear Mr Jack! Is it about Mrs Spray and the double cream extravaganza.

JACK: I don't know anything about...

DAISY THE COW: Then it'll be about little Frankie pulling my udders.

JACK: Did he. The little...

DAISY THE COW: Or is it about Doctor Davenport and the slippery floor? Because that was a bad miscalculation of the trajectory to the jug.

JACK: No it's not that.

DAISY THE COW: Is it about the...

JACK: We're letting you go.

DAISY THE COW: I bet it's about the... Pardon?

JACK: Letting you go.

DAISY THE COW: I don't want to go Mr Jack. So why are you letting me?

JACK: Daisy, we're selling you.

DAISY THE COW: Ha ha! You and your little jokes Mr Jack.

JACK: We can't afford to keep you any longer Daisy and mother has decided that she needs to sell you.

DAISY THE COW: But you can't.

JACK: We have to. We need the money.

DAISY THE COW: But I'm family Mr Jack.

FIELDING ENTERS WITH A VIOLIN. UNDER THIS NEXT SECTION HE MIMES TO THE MUSIC OF "HEARTS AND FLOWERS" (BY ALPHONS CZIBULKA).

DAISY THE COW: (CRYING.) Whaaaaaaaaah. Oh Mr Jack. Whaaaaaaaaah.

JACK: (HUDDLING WITH DAISY.) Whaaaaaaaaah.

DAISY THE COW: Whaaaaaaaaah.

JACK: Whaaaaaaaaah.

DAISY THE COW: Whaaaaaaaaah.

JACK: What are you crying for?

DAISY THE COW: I'm not crying Mr Jack. Whaaaaaaaaah.

JACK: Nor am I. Whaaaaaaaaah.

DAISY THE COW: Will I be sold on Amazon?

JACK: We wouldn't send you to the jungle.

DAISY THE COW: Ebay?

JACK: I don't even know where that is.

DAISY THE COW: Where will you sell me Mr Jack?

JACK: Probably the local livestock market.

DAISY THE COW: What! With all those sheep, pigs and cows?

JACK: Daisy, you're a cow.

DAISY THE COW: And Mr Jack you're a pig.

JACK: No Daisy, you really are a cow.

DAISY THE COW: Oh!

JACK: We should probably get your stuff packed up and ready to go. It'll have to be soon.

JACK AND DAISY THE COW EXIT AS FIELDING
STOPS PLAYING AND COMES FORWARD. THE
TABS CLOSE BEHIND HIM.

END SCENE.

SCENE 2: ON THE WAY TO MARKET

FIELDING: Whoo hoo hoo! He he he! Yer shouldn't laff should yer? Actually yes yes yes, yer should. It's good for yer. Oh yes it is. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh yes it is. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

I fink we should all 'ave a bit of a laugh. Wanna do it wiff me? Is yer ready?

FIELDING SHOULD NOW TRY TO GET THE AUDIENCE TO FOLLOW AND REPEAT.

FIELDING: Try this. He he he!... Come on, he he he. Ha ha ha!... Now like Father Christmas, Ho ho ho... Yuck yuck yuck...

You're brill you lot. Now all the ladies is gonna do a big high titter. Ready girls? (FIELDING DOES A LONG LAUGH AND TRIES TO GET THE LADIES TO JOIN IN.) Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Now the boys. A deep one, right down in yer boots lads. Ready boys? Go! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Kids. It's your go. Ha ha he he ha ha he he.

Let's see who can laugh best. Boys against girls. All together. Go!

THE SQUIRE ENTERS.

THE SQUIRE: What's going on here? That laughing? Party? Is it? Yes, party. Cucumber sandwiches? Crust cut off? Nanny made those. Jelly. Oh yes, red jelly. You know. What! Fairy cakes. Pink. Yes pink icing. Little silver balls. Broke your teeth. Is it... you know... a party?

FIELDING: We's just laughing.

THE SQUIRE: About what?

FIELDING: Just fer fun. You wanna 'ave a go?

THE SQUIRE: Me? Laugh? Haven't laughed for... er... Nothing to... well you know... about that long.

FIELDING: Come on then I'll start. Yer just joins in when yer fancy.

FIELDING AND THE SQUIRE START LAUGHING AT EACH OTHER AND GRADUALLY BUILD TO A VERY RAUCOUS LAUGH.

THE SQUIRE: That was... well... Fantastic. Can we... Funny. Laugh. What! Do it again?

FIELDING: No time. We's gotta get on with the panto.

THE SQUIRE: Panto? What eh? Pantomime? Are you in one? You know... A thing... pantomime?

FIELDING: So be you.

THE SQUIRE: Wait, wait. You're a... One of... Yes. A mouse?

FIELDING: Fielding. I be a field mouse.

THE SQUIRE: Tall. You're tall for...

FIELDING: Pantomime.

THE SQUIRE: Oh. Panto? I see. Yes.

FIELDING: Yeah.

Musical number: Fielding and the Squire.

Suggestion: (Show me the way to) Amerillo - Tony Christie.

THE SQUIRE: I'm going now. Confused. Mouse. Pantomime. Probably a you know... Cheese... Dream thing. Gorgonzola. Mouse. Ha!

THE SQUIRE EXITS AS JACK AND JILL ENTER.
JILL SEES FIELDING AND STARTS TO SCREAM.

JILL: (SCREAMING.) Mouse. Mouse. A chair. A chair. Quick.

JACK: Chair?

JILL: Yes a chair. The mouse.

FIELDING RUSHES INTO THE WINGS AND
RETURNS WITH A CHAIR.

JILL: (TO FIELDING.) Thank you.

JILL STANDS THE CHAIRS AND FIELDING
STANDS IN FRONT LOOKING AT HER.

JACK: How is that helping?

JILL: Mouse. It's a mouse. Girls always stand on chairs.

FIELDING: Squeeeeeeeeeeeek!

JILL: It's squeaking Jack! It's squeaking. Do something. Do something.

FIELDING: Can I smell chips?

JACK: No.

JILL: Now it's talking. Do something Jack. Do something.

FIELDING: Vinegar?

JACK: Maybe.

JILL: Jack stop talking to it. It's a mouse.

FIELDING: You'se want me to leave?

JACK: Actually yes. If you wouldn't mind.

FIELDING: Okay. (TO JILL IN PASSING.) Whoo hoo hoo! He he he! Yer dint expect that did yer?

FIELDING EXITS AT A RUN. JILL STAYS ON
THE CHAIR.

JACK: Are you going to get down. (SHE DOESN'T.)

JILL: Well you were no use were you? "If you wouldn't mind." You don't say "If you wouldn't mind" to a rat.

JACK: Mouse. A field-mouse actually.

JILL: You could have been all masterful and manly but no. Perhaps have chased it or something, not "If you wouldn't mind". This is not what I expect in a man. You'll have to shape up if you're going to marry me. My father's a squire and he...

JACK: Marry?

JILL: Yes. We're already almost engaged.

JACK: When did that happen?

JILL: When you forced me to do that thing with that vinegar and brown paper...

JACK: Forced you?

JILL: Get me down.

JACK HELPS JILL DOWN FROM THE CHAIR.

JACK: Forced you?

JILL: I'm off to see my Father and I'll expect you to have asked him before I get there

JILL STORMS OFF. JACK STAYS. DAISY THE COW ENTERS CARRYING A LARGE SUITCASE COVERED IN "COW PATTERN".

JACK: I think I'm getting married.

DAISY THE COW: Married Mr Jack? I didn't know you were even engaged.

JACK: Nor did I.

DAISY THE COW: I'm ready Mr Jack.

JACK: It's for the best.

DAISY THE COW: Who's best?

JACK: We all love you Daisy. Most of the audience are missing you already.

DAISY THE COW: Oh no they're not.

JACK: Oh yes they are.

DAISY THE COW: Don't make it any worse Mr Jack.

JACK: Shall we be off to the livestock market.

DAISY THE COW: Well actually Mr Jack. I've got a better idea.

DAISY THE COW PLACES THE SUITCASE ON THE CHAIR AND OPENS THE LID. INSIDE IS A SIGN THAT SAY...

"MAGICAL COW FOR SALE. £1.000.000 AND A PACKET OF HOBNOBS."

JACK: That's genius Daisy. But do you think we'll get anyone going past here who has an odd million?

DAISY THE COW: Well you never know do you Mr Jack? The very next person to pass could be Mr Elon Musk.

JACK: I'm not sure he comes to (NAME OF THEATRE TOWN OR VILLAGE) very much.

FLESHCREEP ENTERS WEARING A HOODED CLOAK WHICH CONCEALS HIM.

FLESHCREEP: (SHOWING HIS FACE TO AUDIENCE, BUT NOT TO JACK.) Ahh haa ha ha. It's me. Say nothing.

DAISY THE COW: This could be him Mr Jack.

JACK: Excuse me Sir.

FLESHCREEP: Are you selling chips?

JACK: No.

DAISY THE COW: There's a faint smell of...

JACK: No.

FLESHCREEP: (FAKING SURPRISE A SEEING THE SIGN.) Hello! What is this? A cow for sale.

DAISY THE COW: But not to him Mr Jack. I don't like the look of him.

JACK: Daisy, we can't be choosy. We have to sell you today or we'll not be able to pay the giant.

DAISY THE COW: But Mr Jack...

FLESHCREEP: (SNAPPING.) Is the old cow for sale or not?

DAISY THE COW: Not so much of the old.

JACK: (TO AUDIENCE.) What do you think. Should I sell Daisy to this nice gentleman?

DAISY THE COW: Oh no he shouldn't.

JACK: Oh yes I should. What does everyone think?

FLESHCREEP: I'll give the old cow a fantastic home. She'll love it.

DAISY THE COW: I won't.

JACK: Do you have the asking price? One million pounds?

FLESHCREEP: I do. But wait! I have something far better than money. Much more than gold. Worth more than going on Love Island. Take a look at these.

FLESHCREEP PULLS OUT A POUCH AND SHOWS JACK (AND DAISY) THE CONTENTS.

JACK: Beans?

DAISY THE COW: Beans make me fart.

FLESHCREEP: Not just ordinary beans. These are *magical* beans.

DAISY THE COW: Magical farts?

FLESHCREEP: In exchange for your *magical* cow.

DAISY THE COW: Don't sell me to this man Mr Jack. (KNEELING TO BEG.) Don't sell me Mr Jack. Don't sell me. (TO AUDIENCE.) What do you think he should do?

JACK: These beans. The magic. What exactly do they do?

DAISY THE COW: Magical beans just mean magical farts Mr Jack.

FLESHCREEP: Actually it's up to you what they do. Indeed it is said that whosoever plants them and waters them with... er... personal water...

JACK: Personal water?

DAISY THE COW: He means...

JACK: I know what he means.

FLESHCREEP: ...personal water, will have all their wishes granted.

JACK: (TO AUDIENCE.) What do you think? Shall I swap Daisy for these magical beans?

FLESHCREEP: They know nothing.

JACK: I'll have all my wishes granted?

FLESHCREEP: Each and every one.

JACK: (EXCITED.) Then I'll take them. I'll take them all.

DAISY THE COW: It's a scam Mr Jack. Magic is not real.

FLESHCREEP: Said the magical cow.

DAISY THE COW: Ah but...

JACK: All of my wishes?

FLESHCREEP: Whoever waters them. Here. Take them. (HE PASSES OVER THE BAG.) Ahh haa ha ha!

DAISY THE COW: But Mr Jack.

JACK: I'm sorry Daisy. We need lots of luck and Mr Musk here seems quite genuine. We'll buy you back once our dreams come true and we are so rich that we can fly into space.

DAISY THE COW: Not that cow jumped over the moon scam?

FLESHCREEP: Well done young Sir. I will take her to her new home. Come on you old cow.

DAISY THE COW: Not so much of the "old" please.

DAISY CLOSSES HER SUITCASE AND FLESHCREEP AND DAISY EXIT. TABS OPEN ONTO THE NEXT SCENE.

END SCENE.

SCENE 3: OUTSIDE DAME TROTT'S DAIRY.

JACK: Wow! Magical beans. I can have everything I always dreamed about. Wait 'till I tell Mother.

DAME TROTT ENTERS.

DAME TROTT: Tell me what?

JACK: Mother, I've sold Daisy. We put up a sign saying "For sale. One million pounds..."

DAME TROTT: A million?

JACK: ... and I sold her almost immediately.

DAME TROTT: Jack! You got one million pounds? I hope you didn't take a cheque?

JACK: No mother. I'm not that silly.

DAME TROTT: Oh no! You didn't take a credit card did you boy?

JACK: No mother.

DAME TROTT: PayPal?

JACK: No mother.

DAME TROTT: Cash? You took cash? We have a million pounds in cash.

JACK: No mother. Something much better than a million pounds in cash.

DAME TROTT: What can be better than a million pounds in cash?

JACK: (PROUDLY HOLDING UP THE CLOSED BAG OF BEANS.) These.

DAME TROTT: Diamonds? We've got diamonds?

JACK: No mother. Better.

DAME TROTT: What's better than... The crown jewels? They wouldn't fit in there. No? I give up. Let me look. (TAKING BAG AND OPENING IT. LOOKING SHOCKED, THEN LOOKING AROUND.) Where are the cameras? It's a TV stunt isn't it? No? You're playing tricks on your mother and trying to get famous on that tick-tock-clock thing.

JACK: No mother.

DAME TROTT: Beans? Jack, these are beans. The only thing they are good for is making you...

JACK: We've already covered that.

DAME TROTT: Beans? Windy pop beans? No money? Okay enough. This is not funny now. (POINTING TO AUDIENCE.) Even they're not laughing.

JACK: They never were.

DAME TROTT: Jack! Where's the money?

JACK: Mother these are *real* magical beans. Mr Musk said so. You plant them and water them. Then all your wishes come true.

DAME TROTT: Even the wish about me and (NAME OF LOCAL DIGNITARY.)?

This is rubbish Jack and you know it. You've sold the only valuable thing we have for a bag of windy pop beans. How can we expect to pay the bills with windy pop beans? Jack I'm disappointed in you. Even more disappointed than when you came last in the egg and spoon race during that Gay Gordons reunion.

JACK: Why don't we plant them Mother and see what happens.

DAME TROTT: Nothing's going to happen is it son? Nothing. You might as well chuck them on the compost heap.

JACK: They might grow well there.

DAME TROTT: (MIMICKING.) They might grow well there. No Jack they are not going to grow. You know it, I know it, even that bloke in the audience with the ridiculous beard knows it. Tip them on the heap and forget about them. If we're lucky they might grow into something we can at least eat next spring.

JACK TIPS THE BEANS OUT OF THE POUCH
ONTO THE "COMPOST HEAP" (WHERE THE
BEANSTALK WILL GROW.)

JACK: Now we have to water them.

DAME TROTT: I'll get the watering can.

JACK: No mother. The man said... er... personal water.

DAME TROTT: Personal water? What does that even mean?

JACK: Personal mother. Our own water.

DAME TROTT: From the water butt?

JACK: Personal.

DAME TROTT: What? You mean... personal. From...?

JACK: From down under.

DAME TROTT: Australian water?

JACK: Personal.

DAME TROTT: Personal? You don't mean... What I chose to do with my personal water is, well... personal.

JACK: Mother, I think we have to wee on the beans.

DAME TROTT: We can't eat beans that have been... (STARTING TO DO AN OVER THE TOP RETCHING NOISE WITH FACE TO MATCH.) Ugggggh. Ugggggh. Ugggggh!

JACK: Leave it to me. I'll do it mother.

DAME TROTT: Then if we do get magic it'll be just your magic. I'm not taking the chance. I need wishes too.

JACK: But...

DAME TROTT: Right! We'll both do it. Together. But we need some cover. I know darling, why don't we sing a song.

DAME TROTT:

The town's people always come in when there's a song to sing. We can do the watering while they cover us. Where are you boys and girls?

THE CHORUS ENTER TO JOIN IN WITH THE SONG. TO START WITH THE CHORUS ARE BEHIND THE MAIN TWO AND EVENTUALLY JACK AN DAME TROTT "DISSOLVE" THROUGH THE CHORUS TO BE HIDDEN AT THE BACK.

Musical number: The Chorus.

Suggestion: Can't Stop The Feeling - Justin Timberlake.

AT THE END OF THE SONG, DAME TROTT REAPPEARS THROUGH THE CHORUS WITHOUT JACK.

DAME TROTT: Why that was lovely boys and girls. Why it was so lovely I'm not sure, but the lady in the front row wearing that hat, loved it. Oh, just a moment. That's your hair isn't it? Who's head grew that for you?

Has anyone seen Jack?

THE CHORUS MOTION THAT HE IS STILL AT THE BACK.

DAME TROTT: Are you there son.

JACK: Nearly finished Mother.

DAME TROTT: What's taking you so long?

JACK: It was that extra cup of coffee I had earlier. Once you start, you just have...

DAME TROTT: Too much information boy. Too much information. (TO CHORUS.) Let me see him boys and girls.

THE CHORUS EXIT IN ALL DIRECTIONS AND REVEAL JACK STANDING BY THE COMPOST HEAP.

DAME TROTT: Well the beans have been watered with our... you know. What happens next?

JACK: I don't know. He didn't say.

DAME TROTT: Give them a poke.

JACK: I'm not putting my fingers in that mess.

DAME TROTT: Okay, give them a whack with a stick.

JACK: There's an old cricket bat in the big barn.

DAME TROTT: That will have them stumped. Ha! Stumped! Did you see what I did there?

JACK: Actually Mother I would think plants need a little time to grow. Perhaps we're rushing this.

DAME TROTT: Tea. Let's go and have tea. And crumpets. I find everything seems better after a bit of crumpet.

JACK AND DAME TROTT EXIT AS FAIRY LADY ENTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

FAIRY LADY: Oh deary me. I expect you've guessed by now. Those are just normal beans. There's zilch-oo chance they're going to blazzoom out. Unless of course, some kind of magic happens. Let's try this. (WAVING WAND.) "Let's be nifty, make it swifty."

FIELDING THE MOUSE ENTERS AS IF CREATED BY MAGIC.

FIELDING: Squeeeeeeeeeeeek! Whoo hoo hoo! He he he! Yer dint expect that did yer?

FAIRY LADY: No I certainly didn't expect that young Field'ie. I must get this wand checked.

FIELDING: Wot yer doing? Can I 'elp yer?

FAIRY LADY: Indeed you can little mousy-wousy person. Go and stand by the beans and tell me if anything happens.

FIELDING: (SALUTING.) Aye aye captain.

FIELDING GOES TO LOOK AT THE BEANS ON THE COMPOST HEAP.

FAIRY LADY: (WAVING WAND.) "Swing down low, to make it grow."

FIELDING: Nothing.

FAIRY LADY: "Spin the cup, so it goes up."

FIELDING: Nothing.

FAIRY LADY: Watch out. Here comes the big one. "Do your magic, to the cabbage".

FIELDING: Ooooo! Ooooo! One of dem's moving. Scary.

FAIRY LADY: Stand back young Fielding and watch the magic happen.

A LARGE BEANSTALK GROWS OUT OF THE COMPOST HEAP.

FIELDING: (JUMPING AROUND EXCITEDLY AS IT GROWS.) Whoooooooo! Whoop whoop whoop. Look at it, look at it, look at it.. Magic, magic. I can see the magic. Wow, it's going all the way up to the clouds. Whoa, whoa, whoa. (FIELDING CAN AD-LIB, CONTINUE THE EXCITEMENT UNTIL THE BEANSTALK IS AT FULL HEIGHT.)

FAIRY LADY: Yer dint expect that did yer?

FIELDING: Oi!

FAIRY LADY: There. You wanted magic'ie bits and there it is. A beany-stalky thing all the way to the giant's castle in the sky.

FIELDING: You ain't getting me up there.

FAIRY LADY: It's not for you my little rodent'ie friend. It's for someone brave.

FIELDING: I cans be brave.

FAIRY LADY: I wonder who it will be.

FAIRY LADY EXITS AS JACK ENTERS.

JACK: Wow! Look at that. The magic worked. The beans grew just like I said they would.

FIELDING: I'm gonna climb it.

JACK: You? You're just a mouse.

FIELDING: That be mouse'ist.

JACK: Mouse'ist?

FIELDING: You're woke.

JILL: (SPEAKING AS ENTERING.) Well! You said you had a big one, but I thought you were boasting.

JACK: Not at all. Look, it goes right up into the sky.

FIELDING: It go right up to der gates of der giant's castle.

JILL: Kill it Jack.

JACK: What?

JILL: Kill it. The mouse. The speaking mouse.

FIELDING: I'm 'ear to 'elp yer.

JILL: Kill it Jack.

FIELDING: This beanstalk be a way of getting to the giant. He's the one you should be killing.

JILL: Kill the mouse Jack.

JACK: I'd rather not you know.

JILL: (MIMICKING.) "I'd rather not you know." "If you wouldn't mind."

FIELDING: You'se could always kill der giant?

JACK: I could but I don't have anything to kill him with.

FAIRY LADY: (ENTERING WITH A LARGE "MAGICAL" SWORD.) Taa-daa. That's where I come in. Use this.

JILL: And you are...?

FAIRY LADY: I am the magic fairy lady who is going to help you finally get this village out of the grip of evil. Climb the beanstalk Jack and deal with the giant.

JILL: Hold on. I'll have you know that we're nearly married...

JACK: So!

JILL: ... so I give him his orders now, not you.

JACK: What orders?

JILL: If you're a real man Jack, you'll climb that beanstalk, kill the giant, bring down all those kidnapped children, then come back and sort me out.

JACK: But...

FAIRY LADY: Do it Jack.

FIELDING: Yeah, does it Jack boy.

JACK: (TO AUDIENCE.) What do you think I should do?
Should I climb the beanstalk and kill the giant?
(AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no I shouldn't. (AUDIENCE
RESPONSE.) Oh no I shouldn't.

THE CHORUS AND OTHER CAST MEMBERS ENTER
TO HELP WITH THE RESPONSES.)

CHORUS: Oh yes you should.

JACK: Okay then. I'll do it. Wish me luck.

JACK GRABS THE MAGIC SWORD, WAVING IT
AROUND LIKE A LIGHT SABRE, THEN CLIMBS
THE BEANSTALK. HE GETS HALFWAY, LOOKING
BACK SMILING. ENJOYING THE ATTENTION.

GIANT: (OFF, WITH ECHOING VOICE.) 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.

JACK STARTS TO COME BACK DOWN.

JACK: I'm not so sure that this is a good idea.

JILL: You'll go and kill that giant Jack, to show that
you're a man.

JACK: I'm not sure I want to be a man.

JILL: Do it for *me* Jack. Do it for love. The love of
little white kittens, the love of fluffy pointy
hatted gonks, the love of non-brewed condiments, the
love of... er... sorry, that's it. I've run out.

DAME TROTT, VANDERTOP, WATERBOTTOM AND
THE SQUIRE ENTER.

DAME TROTT: Go get our Daisy back.

WATERBOTTOM: That's what happens when you mix a good pooie
compost.

JACK: (LOOKING BRAVE.) I'll do it. By the hairs on my
bath brush, I'll do it. Go Jack, go Jack, go Jack...
Go me.

Musical Number: The Full Cast.

Suggestion: One More Time - Daft Punk.

JACK FULLY CLIMBS THE BEANSTALK WITH THE
CAST CHEERING HIM ON FROM BELOW.

END SCENE.

INTERVAL.

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