

# JACK & THE BEANSTALK

by Michele L. Vacca

*(Based on the traditional English folk tale.)*

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by Michele L. Vacca/1970, 1971

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CHARACTERS:

JACK

MOTHER

CLARABELLE, their cow

HAROLD H. FAIRDEAL, alias ZEKE, THE SNEAK, the wandering gypsy.

TYRONE, THE TYRANNICAL, a giant.

TILLIE, his wife.

EGGBERTA, the Giant's golden goose.

BRUNHILDE, the Giant's magic harp.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK PRODUCTION NOTES:

CHARACTERS AND SPECIAL COSTUMES:

JACK – a boy between the ages of twelve and sixteen. He is a well-intentioned young man, though lazy. As his mother says, “You’re a good son, but you’re a dreamer.”

MOTHER – a woman in her thirties or forties. She has tried very hard to make do with very little. She loves Jack, but finds him difficult to understand.

CLARABELLE – a cow – can be played by either a man or a woman. Clarabelle understands Jack’s dreams, but she also understands Mother’s practical views. Her costume can be simply made from a commercial jumpsuit pattern. Clarabelle should also have a tail, a head piece with cow ears, and makeup to match the colors of the costume.

HAROLD H. FAIRDEAL – (often played by the same actor who plays Eggberta.) A gypsy peddler of extremely questionable honesty.

TYRONE, THE GIANT – age is not as important as height and a strong voice for this role. Tyrone is not terribly intelligent, but his bark turns out to be much worse than his bite. To add height to an already tall actor, built-up boots will add four to eight or more inches. Tyrone also should have padded shoulders, and possibly a wig.

TILLIE – a woman of no particular age, though she should be pretty and petite. She is very kind and sweet, though absent-minded and tolerant of Tyrone’s temper. However, she is strong enough to eventually assert herself.

EGGBERTA, THE GOLDEN GOOSE – usually and most effectively played by a man, using a falsetto voice. Eggberta is loud, vain, and bossy. Her saving grace is a sense of humor. Eggberta’s costume is basically a mid-thigh length tunic with long sleeves and a high neck. The bottom edge should be very wide so that stiff tubing or wiring can be run through a closed seam, creating a bell shape. Cover the costume with yellow feathers. Add a feather-covered hood and a beak, swim flippers on the feet and yellow tights and gloves.

BRUNHILDE, THE MAGIC HARP – beautiful, conceited, and a terrible singer. Her costume should be a long graceful gown, perhaps in the ancient Grecian style. Attached to one of her sleeves and running down to the hem of her dress there should be golden strings representing her harp strings.

#### SETTINGS:

ACT I – Trees, flowers, the exterior of a rustic cottage. Also an area to indicate the road to town. ACT II – Tyrone’s castle; a large table, an oversized chair and other chairs, columns, a nest for Eggberta, and baskets of golden eggs, a music stand and chair for Brunhilde, and lots of prop food. ACT III – The same as Act I.

THE BEANSTALK can be rigged by a simple pulley system, which can be operated manually by the crew, or by any other available mechanical means. A rope ladder made to look like a beanstalk – leaves, green color, etc., can also be utilized

There should be a backstage microphone available for Tyrone’s voice-overs.

OPTIONS: Acts II and III may be run together into one act, if desired. See pp. 41-42 in the script. For a more “streamlined” production, the entire dream sequence on pages 42 thru 48 may be entirely eliminated.

The use of music, live or taped, greatly enhances the production of this play.

# JACK And The BEANSTALK

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## ACT I

(MUSIC. THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE SEVERAL HUNDRED YEARS AGO. A SMALL COTTAGE, WHERE JACK AND HIS MOTHER LIVE, POOR BUT NEAT AND CLEAN. A FEW TREES, AND THE ROAD INTO TOWN IS NEARBY. A SMALL GARDEN AREA NEAR THE HOUSE, AND A FEW FLOWERS GROWING. AS THE ACT OPENS, THE STAGE IS DESERTED, AND PEACEFUL, ALMOST DREAMY MUSIC IS HEARD. AFTER A MOMENT, CLARABELLE, THE COW, ENTERS. CLARABELLE IS A RATHER SPECIAL COW. SHE CAN TALK, BUT SHE ONLY TALKS TO JACK. JACK’S MOTHER THINKS CLARABELLE IS JUST AN ORDINARY COW, BECAUSE WHENEVER SHE IS NEARBY, CLARABELLE “MOOS” JUST LIKE ANY OTHER COW. BUT WHENEVER JACK AND CLARABELLE ARE ALONE, CLARABELLE STANDS UPRIGHT AND CONVERSES JUST LIKE A HUMAN BEING. AT THIS POINT CLARABELLE WALKS ON STAGE SADLY AND SLOWLY. SHE LOOKS AROUND, NOTICING THAT THERE IS NO ONE ELSE ON STAGE WITH HER. SHE THEN SITS ON A CONVENIENT ROCK OR STUMP AND SPEAKS TO THE AUDIENCE.)

CLARABELLE:(SIGHS.) Oh, my. (SIGHS.) Oh, my, my, my. (SIGHS AGAIN.) Oh, my, my, my, my – (GREETS AUDIENCE.) Good day, all of you. My name is Clarabelle. Clarabelle, the Cow. Clarabelle is a nice name for a cow. I like the name Clarabelle myself. It suits me. It wouldn’t suit just anybody, but it suits me. Well, as I was saying, I’m Clarabelle Cow, and I can talk. I belong to Jack and his Mother. We all live here. Jack and his

mother are very nice people, and they're very good to me. In fact they treat me just like one of the family. Especially Jack. He's a good boy, and he takes good care of me and his mother. Except sometimes. Sometimes he forgets. He likes to daydream a lot, and sometimes he forgets to feed me. Or do his chores. But he's always very sorry when he forgets. And Jack's mother worries all the time. She worries about being poor. Not that she minds being poor, she just worries sometimes about where to find the money to buy food. I know she's worried right now. There's no money left. Not one penny. That worries me. I'm afraid she's going to decide to sell me. Me! Clarabelle! Her beautiful cow! But I'm the only thing left to sell. If she must, she must. Of course, I'd be happier if she didn't sell me. Jack would be very lonely. He likes to talk to me. I'm the only one who doesn't laugh at him. Ah, me. Poor Jack. (SIGHS.) Oh, my. Poor Clarabelle. (SIGHS.) Oh, my, my, my, my, my, my.

JACK: (OFF.) Clarabelle! Where are you? Clarabelle!

CLARABELLE: Here's Jack now. By the way, Jack is the only one who knows I can talk. Besides, all of you, that is.

JACK: (ENTERS. JACK IS A PLEASANT LOOKING BOY, AND KIND-HEARTED. HE ALWAYS MEANS WELL, BUT NEVER QUITE MANAGES TO DO THINGS RIGHT. HE TRIES TO MAKE THE SIMPLEST TASK INTO AN ADVENTURE, AND FREQUENTLY HIS OVERACTIVE IMAGINATION LEADS HIM INTO UNINTENTIONED MISCHIEF. HE IS VERGING ON YOUNG MANHOOD, AND HIS HEAD IS FULL OF DREAMS AND GREAT PLANS OF MAKING FORTUNES, ALL OF WHICH ARE TOTALLY IMPRACTICAL FOR A BOY IN HIS ECONOMIC POSITION, AND SO ON.) Clarabelle! I've been looking for you. I closed my eyes for just a moment, and you were gone. Where have you been?

CLARABELLE: I've been here all the time. I've been thinking. Someone has to do some thinking around here.

JACK: Clarabelle, that's not fair. I think, too. I think about lots of things.

CLARABELLE: Do you ever think about chopping the firewood?

JACK: Well, no.

CLARABELLE: Do you ever think about weeding the garden?

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JACK: Well, no.  
CLARABELLE: Do you ever think about taking a job?  
JACK: Well –  
CLARABELLE: Do you ever think about the fact that your mother has no gold left?  
JACK: Well –  
CLARABELLE: Well, I do. And I'm worried. Aren't you?  
JACK: No.  
CLARABELLE: No???? Why not?  
JACK: I'm going out into the world and make our fortune.  
CLARABELLE: You always say that.  
JACK: This time I mean it. We'll be rich. Imagine, Clarabelle. Bags and bags of gold and silver and jewels.  
CLARABELLE: I'd rather have grass. Lots of grass to eat.  
JACK: Golden grass!  
CLARABELLE: Golden grass?  
JACK: Certainly! That's what rich cows eat.  
CLARABELLE: It is? Hmm. Golden grass. I wouldn't mind trying it.  
JACK: And, of course, you'd have your own servants to bring your golden grass to you.  
CLARABELLE: Go on. Go on.  
JACK: And you'd have a special stable with silver straw to sleep on.  
CLARABELLE: Silver straw?  
JACK: And your servants would all bow to you, and say, "Oh, Great Clarabelle. Your wish is Our Command!"  
CLARABELLE: I think I'd like that. I've always felt I was meant for a better life than this.  
JACK: Me, too.  
CLARABELLE: When are you going out into the world?  
JACK: Soon, Clarabelle. Any day now.  
CLARABELLE: Well, I hope it's soon. Because – (SIGHS.)  
JACK: Because what?  
CLARABELLE: Your mother may have to sell me very soon.  
JACK: What? Sell you? Never! She'd sell me first!  
CLARABELLE: I doubt it, Jack. After all, you are her son. She wouldn't sell you, no matter how angry she was. She'd sell me. Besides, she could get a better price for a cow than for a boy.  
JACK: (SIGHS.) I suppose.  
CLARABELLE: We must face the tragic truth. (THEY SIT DEJECTEDLY FOR A MOMENT.)

JACK: That settles it! Tomorrow I'm going to seek our fortune!

CLARABELLE: Tomorrow may be too late.

JACK: (ENTHUSED OVER HIS PLANS.) I'll set out early in the morning! Well, not too early. And I'll slay a few dragons, rescue a princess or two, capture a band of robbers, and fight some battles. Then I'll have lunch. After lunch I'll –

CLARABELLE: I'll go with you!

MOTHER: (OFF.) Jack! Jack? Where are you? Jack?

JACK: Uh-oh. (TO CLARABELLE.) Shhh! Here's Mother.

(CLARABELLE GETS DOWN ON ALL FOURS, PREPARED TO BEHAVE LIKE AN ORDINARY COW.)

MOTHER (ENTERS.) Jack! There you are, good-for-nothing! Why aren't you working in the garden?

JACK: Well, you see, Mother –

MOTHER: Oh, Jack, why don't you obey me? What am I going to do with you? I work so hard to take care of you and Clarabelle, and you do nothing to help me.

JACK: I know, Mother, I'm sorry. Mother? I have a surprise for you.

MOTHER: What is it, son?

JACK: Sit down over there, and I'll tell you about it. There. (SHE IS SEATED.) It all happened this morning, when I was in the forest. I was walking along the path, trying to find branches for firewood, when suddenly – out of nowhere – there was a flash of light and a crash of thunder!! And a wonderful genie appeared!

MOTHER: (WITH A LAUGH.) Oh, Jack –

CLARABELLE: Moooo! (WOW!)

JACK: – The genie spoke in a voice like the thunder – and he said: “Oh, Jack, whatsoever you wish, even if it be all the riches of the kingdom, I will grant unto you! Speak, Oh, Master!” And what do you think I told him? What?

MOTHER: Tell me!

CLARABELLE: Moooo! (Right!)

JACK: I said: “Oh, Genie, thank you very much, but I don't want the riches. I wish for just one thing.” “Speak, Oh, Master!” He said. And I said: “Let me have a bouquet of the most beautiful flowers in the whole world. I want to

give them to a very special lady.” And the genie said: “It is done, Oh, Master.” Then he disappeared. And in my hands I found these flowers! Here, Mother. They’re for you.

MOTHER: (WITH A LAUGH.) Thank you, Jack. You always tell the most wonderful stories.

CLARABELLE:(AGREES.) Moo-moo.

MOTHER: If only you would spend a little of your time doing your work, instead of thinking of these stories to tell me, then –

JACK: I know, Mother. I’ll try to do better.

MOTHER: You always say you’ll try, Jack, but tomorrow will be just the same. You’ll forget to sweep the steps, bring the firewood, the cooking water, feed Clarabelle –

CLARABELLE:MOOOOOOOOOOOO! (It’s about time someone thought of that!)

MOTHER: (TO JACK.) Did you forget to feed Clarabelle today?

JACK: I – that is – I – yes, Mother.

CLARABELLE:MOOOOOO!

MOTHER: Oh, Jack, how could you? We may be poor, but we will always share what we have with Clarabelle, as long as she’s with us.

CLARABELLE:Mooo? (Huh?)

JACK: As long as she’s with us?

MOTHER: Every day there’s less and less for all of us. I don’t know what to do.

JACK: Don’t worry, Mother. I’m going away tomorrow to seek our fortune.

MOTHER: Oh, Jack, that’s just what your father said. He said he was going to make his fortune and build me a palace. Oh, Jack, you mustn’t go away. You’re a dreamer just like your father. You’re a good son, but you’re a dreamer.

JACK: No, you wait and see, Mother. I’ll find us a fortune. I promise.

CLARABELLE:(AGREES.) Moo!

JACK: Clarabelle’s going with me.

MOTHER: Oh, Jack, stop dreaming. You’re only a boy, and your place is here – with me. As for Clarabelle – (SHE CANNOT GO ON.)

CLARABELLE:Moooooo?

MOTHER: Jack, have you thought any more about taking the job the baker offered you?

JACK: Oh, Mother, I don’t want to be baker’s apprentice.



MOTHER: Why not? It's a perfectly good job. I'm tired of hearing the neighbors say that you're a good-for-nothing. What can I say to them? It's true! (ALMOST IN TEARS.)

JACK: But, Mother, how can I waste away my life baking bread?

MOTHER: And how can you waste away your life making up stories?

JACK: But Mother –

MOTHER: I can't take care of you forever, Jack. We've come to the point where you'll have to help me, or I'm afraid that Clarabelle – (AGAIN SHE CANNOT GO ON.)

JACK: That Clarabelle – what? Mother, answer me! Please!

MOTHER: You think about the job again, Jack. Please, son. It's for your own good. Believe me.

JACK: Don't cry any more, Mother. I'll think about it again.

MOTHER: Good boy. I'll start supper.

JACK: Good! I'm hungry.

MOTHER: Yes, I know. I hope we have enough food. (SHE GOES INTO THE HOUSE.)

JACK: Ummmm! Supper!

CLARABELLE: (SADLY.) Moooooooooooo.

JACK: (TO CLARABELLE.) You can talk now, Clarabelle. She's gone into the house.

CLARABELLE: There's nothing to talk about.

JACK: I know! Let's pretend that –

CLARABELLE: Pretend! Pretend! Always pretend! Jack, don't you see? You've got to do something, or –

JACK: Or what?

CLARABELLE: Or you'll have to sell me.

JACK: No! Never! Clarabelle, I'd protect you against anything or anybody! Let's pretend you're a beautiful princess –

CLARABELLE: Me? A princess?

JACK: It's only pretend. And I'm the famous knight in shining armor, who's going to save you from the mean old, ugly purple and green, one-eyed dragon!

CLARABELLE: Ick!

JACK: You sit over there. Here's Mother's handkerchief. Now, you pretend that you're the princess, locked in the tower – a thousand feet off the ground! Go on!

CLARABELLE: Oh, all right. (TAKES A POSE, BEGINS TO SPEAK IN A MELODRAMATIC FALSETTO VOICE.) Ohhh-boo-hoo-hoo! Is there no one who will save a poor helpless little princess? Ohh-boo-hoo-hoo!

JACK: (IMITATES A TRUMPET.) Ta-ta! It is I! Boris the

Brave! I will save you, beautiful Princess!

CLARABELLE: Ohhhhhh! At last! Rescue is at hand. Sir Boris the  
Brave! You must save me!

JACK: And so I will, lovely lady.

CLARABELLE: (GIGGLES.) Ohhhhhh!

JACK: Hark!

CLARABELLE: Hark?

JACK: Brave knights always say – hark!

CLARABELLE: Oh.

JACK: Hark! The mean old ugly, purple and green, one-eyed  
dragon approaches!

CLARABELLE: Ohhh! Save me!

JACK: Hark, dragon! I challenge you to battle! Grrr! Take that!  
And that . . .

CLARABELLE: Oh, Sir Boris, you are so brave!

JACK: (FIGHTING AN IMAGINARY BATTLE WITH AN  
IMAGINARY SWORD.) Take that! And that! – Agh!

(AS JACK IS FIGHTING THE IMAGINARY DRAGON,  
MOTHER RETURNS AND SEES HIM PLAYING  
AGAIN.)

MOTHER: Jack! What are you doing?

CLARABELLE: Moo-Moo. (Uh-oh.)

JACK: (GUILTILY.) I was just – um – that is – I – Oh, mother,  
I'm sorry.

MOTHER: Always pretending! Always playing games! Can't you  
help me even once in a while? You know I need some  
firewood! And you still haven't fed Clarabelle, have you?

JACK: No, Mother.

MOTHER: Jack, I've made up my mind.

JACK: About what, Mother?

MOTHER: Jack, there isn't a crumb of food in the house.

CLARABELLE: (MOANS.) Mooooo!

MOTHER: So I'm afraid that I have some bad news for both of you.

JACK: What news?

CLARABELLE: Moo-moo-moo. (HERE IT COMES.)

MOTHER: You must understand, Jack, that I don't want to do this,  
but we have no choice.

JACK: Tell me, Mother! -

MOTHER: Jack, Clarabelle must be sold!

JACK: Sold!

CLARABELLE:MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!  
(CLARABELLE STARTS TO STAGGER, AS  
THOUGH SHE WERE ABOUT TO FAINT. JACK  
STEADIES HER.)

MOTHER: Yes. Sold. You must take her to market today.

JACK: Oh, no, Mother! Not today! What about tomorrow? Or  
next week? Oh, we can't sell her! Clarabelle is like one  
of the family!

CLARABELLE:MOO-Moo!

JACK: Oh, Mother, please don't sell her. Please!

MOTHER: Jack, we must. We have no money, and no food for  
ourselves, or Clarabelle. You wouldn't want her to starve,  
would you?

CLARABELLE:(MOANS.) Moooooowoooo!

JACK: (TO MOTHER.) Of course not. But Clarabelle is my best  
friend. I'd be so lonely without her. Who would I play  
with? Who could I talk to?

MOTHER: I know you're very fond of Clarabelle, and so am I, but  
talking to her is just pretend. And you know it. Clarabelle  
can't talk to you.

CLARABELLE:MOO-MOO-MOO! (I can too!)

JACK: (TO CLARABELLE.) Shhh! (TO MOTHER.) She talks  
to me in her own way, Mother.

MOTHER: Of course she does, dear. Still we must sell her.

JACK: But – Clarabelle and I understand each other!

CLARABELLE:(AGREES.) MOO!

MOTHER: Oh, nonsense, Jack. Clarabelle is only a cow.

CLARABELLE:(GREATLY INSULTED.) MOO!!!!

MOTHER: Now, Jack, you must take Clarabelle to market.

JACK: Oh, Mother, please, don't sell her! I'll take the job! I'll  
do anything! Please! Mother! Let me have one more  
chance. I'll do better. I promise!

MOTHER: (GENTLY.) Jack, son, it's too late for you to change your  
mind. We need to have some gold now. By the time you  
started on a job, poor Clarabelle would starve. And so  
would we. I'm sorry. I know this saddens you, but for  
Clarabelle's sake, and for ours, we have no choice.  
(GOES TO CLARABELLE.) Good-bye, Clarabelle.  
You've been a good cow. (SHE PATS CLARABELLE  
ON THE HEAD, AND THEN PULLS JACK A SHORT  
DISTANCE AWAY.) Jack, you must try to sell  
Clarabelle for a good price. You'd better go now, before

it's too dark. Be careful. Don't talk to strangers. Come right home after you sell her. (TO CLARABELLE.) Be brave, Clarabelle.

CLARABELLE:(BRAVELY.) MOO!

MOTHER: Good girl.

JACK: (VERY SAD.) Clarabelle, let's go.

CLARABELLE:(MOANS.) Mooooooooo!

MOTHER: (CALLS TO THEM AS THEY GO.) Good-bye!

(JACK WAVES SADLY.)

MOTHER: (TO HERSELF AS THEY DISAPPEAR.) Poor Jack. It's not his fault he's a dreamer. If only he'd help me! I didn't want this to happen. Poor Jack. (SHE GOES INTO THE HOUSE.)

(THE STAGE IS EMPTY. THE ROAD TO MARKET . GYPSY MUSIC IN THE BACKGROUND. HAROLD H. FAIRDEAL, ALIAS ZEKE THE SNEAK, ENTERS. HE IS A TALENTED CON ARTIST, TRAVELING SALESMAN, FORTUNETELLER, ETC. WHEN HE FINALLY NOTICES THE AUDIENCE, HE TURNS ON HIS CHARM FULL BLAST, SINCE THEY ARE POTENTIAL SUCKERS, THAT IS, CUSTOMERS. EVERYTHING HE SAYS SOUNDS LIKE A SALES PITCH, AND HE ENJOYS HIS LIFE VERY MUCH. HE CARRIES A LARGE BAG FULL OF ODDS AND ENDS, WHICH HE TRIES TO SELL.)

HAROLD: (HUMMING TO HIMSELF, ALONG WITH THE BACKGROUND MUSIC.)

– END OF 1<sup>ST</sup> E-MAIL SEGMENT –

**THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE 2<sup>ND</sup> E-MAIL  
SEGMENT WHICH STARTS WITH THE  
BEGINNING OF ACT II.**

(There are 19 pages in the Act I and 28 pages in Act II.)

## ACT II

(SETTING: THE GIANT'S PLACE IN THE CLOUDS. MYSTERIOUS LIGHTS AND MUSIC. EVERYTHING GLITTERS AND SPARKLES. FLUFFY CLOUDS ARE PLACED ON THE STAGE, AND THE TIP OF THE BEANSTALK POINTS THROUGH THEM. JACK APPEARS AMONG THE CLOUDS BY THE TOP OF THE BEANSTALK. HE LOOKS CONFUSED AND EXCITED BY HIS ADVENTURE. HE BEGINS TO EXPLORE.)

JACK: What a strange place. Where am I? This doesn't look like the moon. Look at the clouds! I didn't know clouds sparkled like that. (LOOKS AROUND.) Everything sparkles! The gypsy was right. (LOOKS DOWN.) And I can see our house! And the road into town! I wish Clarabelle could see this. (STARTS WALKING.) I could have lots of adventures in a place like this! (SEES GIANT'S ABODE.) What a strange looking house. I wonder who lives there. (STARTS TO APPROACH HOUSE.) Maybe an enchanted princess lives there, and I could rescue her! Or maybe a terrible dragon lives there. (LOOKS AROUND THE HOUSE.) Everything's so big. Ummmm, look at all the food. It's so quiet around here. Maybe no one lives here at all.

TILLIE: (OFF.) Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear.

JACK: Someone's coming! I'll hide. (HIDES AMONG SOME CLOUDS.)

TILLIE: (ENTERS. SHE IS A VERY PRETTY, BUT ABSENT-MINDED WOMAN. ALTHOUGH SHE'S BEEN MARRIED TO THE GIANT FOR A LONG TIME, SHE STILL MANAGES TO DO ALMOST EVERYTHING WRONG. SHE ALWAYS MISPLACES IMPORTANT THINGS, AND DROPS DISHES, AND FORGETS WHERE SHE'S GOING, AND WHAT SHE'S DOING.) Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear. Where is that Harp? And where is that Goose? Oh, dear, oh, dear.

(SHE LOOKS ALL AROUND, AND OUT THE DOOR AND WINDOWS.) And where is he? I don't see him. Late again. He's late again. (SHE CONSTANTLY PACES AND FLUTTERS BACK AND FORTH.) Oh, my, what can I do? The supper will be ruined again. And he'll be very angry. Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear. Where's the food? Where did I put the food? Oh, dear! Did I lose the food again? Where is it? (FINDS IT ON THE TABLE.) Oh! There it is! I wonder if he'll like it? What if he doesn't? Oh, dear! What if he hates it? What can I do? He'll be so angry! And it's terrible when he's angry. Terrible. Oh, my, oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear. (SHE PACES.)

JACK: (TO HIMSELF.) What does she mean? Who is she? I wonder who could be so terrible? I think I'll just listen for a while. (HE HIDES AGAIN.)

(AT THIS POINT THE GOOSE AND THE HARP ENTER. THE GOOSE CRINGES EVERY TIME THE HARP STRIKES A BAD NOTE, WHICH IS QUITE FREQUENTLY. THE HARP, BRUNHILDE, IS LOVELY TO LOOK AT, IMPOSSIBLE TO GET ALONG WITH, AND TORTURE TO HEAR. EGGBERTA, THE GOLDEN GOOSE, IS ALMOST AS CONCEITED AS THE HARP, BUT SHE AT LEAST HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR. THEY ARE CONSTANTLY ARGUING AND COMPETING WITH EACH OTHER.)

BRUNHILDE: La! La! La! La!

EGGBERTA: (TO HARP.) Oh, "la," yourself!

BRUNHILDE: Stupid!

EGGBERTA: Stupid yourself!

TILLIE: (AS THEY ENTER, STARTLED, SHE DROPS THE DISHES IN HER HANDS.) Oh, my! Oh, dear! I'm always dropping things!

EGGBERTA: (MOCKS HER.) "Oh, my!" "Oh, dear!"

BRUNHILDE: (SINGS.) Oh, my! Oh, dear!

TILLIE: (TO THEM.) Where have you been? Where? Oh, dear! Where were you?

EGGBERTA: Out.

BRUNHILDE: (SINGS.) Out. Out. Out, out, out.

TILLIE: (LOOKING UNDER THE TABLE NOW.) Oh, dear, now where did I put the bread? Tyrone will be furious! That's the third time this week I've lost the bread. (LOOKING EVERYWHERE.) I can never remember where I put the bread. Oh, my. Oh, dear, oh, dear.

EGGBERTA: (TO TILLIE.) Be quiet.

TILLIE: But I've lost the bread again, Eggberta. Tyrone will be so angry.

EGGBERTA: (TRYING TO SHOUT OVER BRUNHILDE'S VOCALIZING.) He's always angry. (STOMPING AROUND IN A FIT OF TEMPERAMENT.) Angry. Angry. Angry. It's very upsetting for me. How can I lay golden eggs, when he's bellowing all the time? Bellow. Bellow. Scream. Shout. Yell. It's more than I can stand, I'll tell you that, right now, Bellow. Scream.

BRUNHILDE: (SINGS LOUDLY.) Bellow!! Scream!

EGGBERTA: You stop that, you harpy!

BRUNHILDE: (LOUDER.) Bellow! Scream! Bellow!!

EGGBERTA: Ugh!

TILLIE: (DROPPING A CUP.) Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

EGGBERTA: Now, what?

TILLIE: Oh, why did I drop that cup? Why?

EGGBERTA: You tell me. Why did you drop that cup?

BRUNHILDE: (SINGS.) Why did you drop that cup?

EGGBERTA: Quiet! You stupid harp!

BRUNHILDE: I am not stupid. I am an artiste.

EGGBERTA: Huh!

BRUNHILDE: Huh, yourself, you dumb goose!

EGGBERTA: (TO TILLIE, WHO IS RUSHING AROUND THEM WITH A BROOM ON ONE HAND.) What do you think you're doing with that broom?

TILLIE: (STILL RUSHING AROUND.) What broom?

EGGBERTA: The one in your hand. (TO BRUNHILDE.) What broom, she says.

BRUNHILDE: (TO EGG.) What do you expect? She has no talent – the way we do.

TILLIE: (STARING AT THE BROOM.) Now I wonder why I wanted that broom?

EGGBERTA: (MOCKING HER.) "Now I wonder why I wanted that broom?"

TILLIE: I can't remember why I wanted a broom. (TO EGG.) Do you know why I wanted the broom? Now, why did I want

the broom? (SHE TRIES TO PUZZLE IT OUT.)

BRUNHILDE: (SINGS.) Broom! Broom! Broom, broom, broom!

TILLIE: Oh, dear! (SHE FINALLY THROWS THE BROOM OUT THE DOOR, SO THAT IT LANDS IN THE CLOUDS.) Oh, dear!

BRUNHILDE: (VOCALIZING.) La! La! Mi! Mi! LAAA!

TILLIE: (INTERRUPTS HER.) Brunhilde, dear?

BRUNHILDE: (STOPS SINGING.) What do you want?

TILLIE: Brunhilde, dear, I really feel that you are a great artist, and I think you're in wonderful voice today, and –

BRUNHILDE: Go on. Go – on.

EGGBERTA: Ugh!

TILLIE: – But do you think you could play a little more softly?

BRUNHILDE: NO!

EGGBERTA: You'd better!

BRUNHILDE: Well, I won't. So there. I have to vocalize. You know that. Tyrone will want me to play for him tonight. So I have to be in good voice.

EGGBERTA: You're never in good voice.

BRUNHILDE: Oh, be quiet, and lay some golden eggs. That's all you're good for.

EGGBERTA: I'd like to see you lay a golden egg, harpy.

BRUNHILDE: My name is Brunhilde. And I couldn't be bothered with your old golden eggs.

EGGBERTA: Oh, you couldn't, huh? Well, what do you suppose pays for your food around here? And those singing lessons of yours?

BRUNHILDE: (IGNORING HIM.) LA! LA! LA!

EGGBERTA: Stupid Harp!

TILLIE: Eggberta, dear.

EGGBERTA: NOW what?

TILLIE: (TIMIDLY.) Perhaps you should lay a few golden eggs, dear. Tyrone did say he wanted you to fill both of the baskets, while he was gone today.

EGGBERTA: Who asked you?

TILLIE: Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear! (GOES BACK TO HER DISHES.)

EGGBERTA: (TO TILLIE.) It's bad enough taking orders from Him. I don't need you to tell me what to do.

BRUNHILDE: Mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-MI!

EGGBERTA: Besides, how can I concentrate with all that going on? I'm tired of laying golden eggs. Sick and tired. I need a



vacation.

BRUNHILDE: Well, I'm tired, too. I'm wasted here. A talent like mine. I should be singing for the whole universe! No one appreciates me here.

EGGBERTA: Well, I certainly don't.

TILLIE: (DASHING OVER TO PREVENT A BATTLE.) Now, now, now, now. Please, don't argue.

EGGBERTA: We'll argue if we want.

BRUNHILDE: That's right. So there.

TILLIE: Oh, dear, well, all right. If you want to argue, I suppose I don't mind, but sometimes, oh, dear!

BRUNHILDE: LA! LA! LA!

TILLIE: (DROPPING PLATES.) Oh, dear! Now I dropped the plates. Oh, dear. My poor plates.

BRUNHILDE: La! LAAAA!

EGGBERTA: Agh! That note! It made me lay an egg!

BRUNHILDE: Want me to play it again?

EGGBERTA: You'd better not, you loud-mouthed harpy!

BRUNHILDE: I will!

EGGBERTA: You won't!

BRUNHILDE: I will!

EGGBERTA: Not if I break your strings!

BRUNHILDE: I'll play that note, if I want to!

EGGBERTA: I'll throw an egg at you!

BRUNHILDE: La! LAAAA!

EGGBERTA: Agh! Another one! Watch out, harpy! (STARTS TO THROW AN EGG AT BRUNHILDE.) Ready?

BRUNHILDE: Oh, all right, I'll stop. Can't you take a joke?

EGGBERTA: Ha. Ha. Ha.

BRUNHILDE: (SINGS.) HA! HA! HA!

TILLIE; (GOING TO THE OVEN.) I'll just go over here and see

—

EGGBERTA: (TO TILLIE.) What do you think you're doing?

TILLIE: I-I-I-I was just going to – to – to check the food

EGGBERTA: Why?

TILLIE: I-I-I-I don't know.

EGGBERTA: Did you find the bread yet?

TILLIE: Oh, dear, no. No, I didn't. Oh, dear, oh, my, oh, my, my.

BRUNHILDE: (SINGS.) Bread! Bread! Who's got the bread?

TILLIE: (TO BRUNHILDE AND EGGBERTA.) Please don't mention the bread to Tyrone.

EGGBERTA: Why not?

BRUNHILDE: (SINGS.) Why not!

TILLIE: Maybe he'll forget all about it. You won't say anything, will you?

EGGBERTA: Maybe we will.

BRUNHILDE: And maybe we won't.

TILLIE: (SIGHS.) Oh, dear. (SHE GOES TO THE DOOR.) I'm going to see if –

EGGBERTA: Where are you going?

TILLIE: I'm going to see if Tyrone is on his way home.

BRUNHILDE: (SINGS.) Home! Home! He's coming home!

EGGBERTA: (TO BRUNHILDE.) Quiet!

BRUNHILDE: (SINGS.) No, no. No, no, no.

TILLIE: (AT THE DOOR.) I'm going outside. (SHE TURNS TO GO.)

EGGBERTA: WATCH OUT!

TILLIE: (STUMBLES.) What? Where? Oh, my!

EGGBERTA: (LAUGHS.) Clumsy!

BRUNHILDE: (SINGS.) Clumsy! Clumsy!

TILLIE: Oh, dear. I'm – I'm just going outside for a minute. (STUMBLES OUT THE DOOR.)

EGGBERTA: See you soon, Tillie! (EGG AND BRUNHILDE LAUGH.)

TILLIE: (OUTSIDE THE DOOR.) What could be keeping him? (SHE PACES BACK AND FORTH, LOOKING FOR TYRONE.) He's usually home by now. And hungry. Bellowing for his supper. Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear. (SHE CROSSES BACK AND FORTH, BACK AND FORTH, UNTIL JACK COMES UP BEHIND HER.)

JACK: Excuse me –

TILLIE: (SCREAMS VERY LOUDLY, TRIES TO RUN AWAY OR HIDE.) Oh – my! Oh, my goodness! Oh! Why, you're just a boy! What are you doing here? How did you get here? Oh, dear! Go away! Hurry! Oh, my!

JACK: (WITH A SLIGHT BOW.) My name is Jack.

TILLIE: Shhh! Not so loud!

JACK: (WHISPERS.) My name is Jack.

TILLIE: What are you doing here?? Oh, dear, oh, dear! You're from the Earth, aren't you?

JACK: Yes, I am. But why –

TILLIE: Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear. It's very dangerous for a boy from the Earth to be here.

JACK: It is? Good!

TILLIE: Shhhh! You don't know what you're saying.

JACK: Oh, yes, I do. I came here for adventures!

TILLIE: Oh, dear! You'd better go home now, boy. Go away!  
Shoo!

JACK: It's too late to go home now.

TILLIE: My husband will be home any moment. And he'll do something terrible to you! Oh, dear! I just know he will!

JACK: I'll go home tomorrow. I promise. But since I've come all this way, I have to see what's here. Don't you understand? And it's so late, and I'm very hungry. Do you think you could spare me a crust of bread?

TILLIE: Oh! Oh, dear! Don't mention bread to me! Well, perhaps I could find you something. Be very quiet. Shhh! Follow me. (STARTS TO LEAD HIM TO THE HOUSE, BOTH ON TIPTOE.) Shhhh!

JACK: Shhhh!

TILLIE: (AS THEY REACH THE DOOR.) Wait here. (SHE TIPTOES INSIDE, TO PEEK AT THE GOOSE AND THE HARP, WHO ARE BOTH DOZING FOR A FEW MINUTES.) Boy! Shh! You can come inside, now. Be quiet. (SHE STUMBLES.) Oh, dear! (SHE MOTIONS JACK INSIDE.)

JACK: (TIPTOES INSIDE, ENJOYING THE ADVENTURE.)  
Where's the food?

TILLIE: Shhhh!

JACK: (LOOKING AROUND THE HOUSE.) Ummm!  
(POINTS TO THE FOOD.) Could I have some of that?

TILLIE: Oh, no, oh, dear, oh, my, no. That's for Tyrone!

JACK: (EXPLORING, FINDS THE GOLDEN EGGS.) Look!  
Gold! Golden eggs!

TILLIE: Shhhh! (TRIES TO HIDE HIM BEHIND HER.) ALL OF A SUDDEN THERE IS LOUD MUSIC, THUNDER, AND SOME STRANGE LIGHTS. THE GIANT IS RETURNING. A LOUD VOICE IS HEARD.)

TYRONE: (OFF.) FEE! FIE! FOE! FUM!

TILLIE: Oh, no! Oh, dear! My husband! I have to hide you somewhere! Up the chimney? No, no, no. The closet? No, we don't have a closet! Oh, dear! In the oven? Oh, dear, no! I know! Here, under this table! And be quiet!  
Shhhh!

JACK: (HIDING UNDER THE TABLE.) Shhhhh!

TILLIE: Oh, my! Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!  
TYRONE: (APPROACHING.)

– END OF THE TWO E-MAIL  
SEGMENTS –

There are 50 pages in the complete *ON STAGE!*  
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.