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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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jack AND THE GIANT

MUSICAL. Ma is sick of making stew out of old shoes, wash rags, and garden gloves, but Jack won't sell the family's cow, Bossy. Fed up, Ma and Pa send Jack to the fair to sell Bossy so the family can eat a decent meal for once. When Jack meets up with a butcher, a glue maker, and a leather salesman at the fair, he can't bring himself to sell poor Bossy. But then Jack encounters a peddler who promises to launch Bossy's career in show business as a singing, dancing show cow. Jack believes in Bossy's talent and trades her for some magic beans and 10 percent of Bossy's show biz earnings. Angry that Jack brought back beans instead of money, Ma throws the beans out the window, where a giant beanstalk grows. The next day, Jack and his pet cat and dog climb the beanstalk and reach the city of Cloud People. The friendly Cloud People take Jack to the Giant's castle, where he meets a magic harp that can sing, a hen that lays golden eggs, a clock that talks, and a pair of shoes that dance. Jack even encounters the Giant, whose reputation proves taller than his stature! Your audience will love this play's lively, original songs.

Performance Time: Approximately 75-90 minutes.

CHARACTERS

(3 M, 2 F, 21 flexible, extras)
(Flexible cast 40+. Doubling possible.)

JACK: Loves to tell stories and make up rhymes.
MA: Jack's mother; can cook up a good shoe stew.
PA: Jack's father; loves creamed corn.
DOGGIE: Jack's pet dog.
KITTY: Jack's pet cat.
BOSSY: Skinny cow who wants a career in show business.
GIANT: "Giant" who lives in a castle in the center of Cloud City; small or short in stature.
CUMULUS: Mayor of Cloud City.
NIMBUS: Nimbus cloud.
STRATUS: Stratus cloud.
DREAM CLOUD: Smallest cloud; dreamy and optimistic.
WISPY CLOUD: Wispy cloud.
PUFFY: Puffy cloud.
FLUFFY: Fluffy cloud.
MAGIC HEN: Hen that lays golden eggs.
MAGIC HARP: Harp that can sing.
MAGIC CLOCK: Talking clock.
BUTCHER: Wants to buy Bossy and make her into steaks; carries an ax.
LEATHER SALESPERSON: Wants to buy Bossy for her hide; sells wallets, handbags, and luggage;
GLUE MAKER: Wants to buy bossy and make her into glue.
PEDDLER: Wants to buy Bossy and make her into a show cow.
GUARD 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8: Guard the Giant's treasures.
TOWNSPERSON 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10
GIANT'S MOTHER: Voice only.
SMALL KID
EXTRAS: As Townspeople, Clouds, Cowmoora Crew, Fairgoers, and Kids.

SONGS

"Imagination" (Jack/Ma/Pa)
"It's Easy, Bossy" (Jack/Bossy)
"At the Fair" (Fairgoer 1, Fairgoers)
"Magical Beans" (Peddler, Jack, Kitty, Doggie, Bossy)
"Magical Beans" Reprise (Jack, Kitty, Doggie)
"Cloud City" (Clouds)
"Magic Things Song" (Hen, Harp, Clock, Kitty, Doggie)
"Guards Song" (Guards)
"He's Big and He's Mean" (Guards)
"I Like Those Shoes" (Kitty/Doggie)
"Chop It Down" (Townspeople)
"Imagination" Reprise (Jack/Giant)
"Magic Things Song" Reprise (Hen, Harp, Clock, Kitty,
Doggie)
Finale (Company)

SET

Ma and Pa's Cabin: A rundown old shack with a stove, a table, and three chairs.

Bossy's Barn: The barn can have a window. **Note:** For simpler staging, light can be projected onto the stage floor suggesting a full moon or the full moon can be a projection on a scrim.

Giant's Chambers: There is a large table and/or other furniture.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Scene 1: Ma and Pa's cabin.

Scene 2: Outside Bossy's barn; can be a bare stage.

Scene 3: Fairgrounds.

Scene 4: Ma and Pa's cabin, a short time later.

Scene 5: Bossy's barn, that evening.

Scene 6: Barn/Cloud City, the next morning.

Scene 7: Giant's chambers.

Scene 8: Ma and Pa's cabin, three days later.

Scene 9: Cloud City, moments later.

Scene 10: Ma and Pa's cabin.

PROPS

Pair of old leather shoes, for Pa	Misc. theater props, costume pieces
Cooking pot	Posters/signs from traveling theater shows
Pair of old leather shoes, for Jack	Small antique box with stars, moons, and other zodiac symbols on it.
Carving knife	Box of beans
Wash rag	Beanstalk
Meat cleaver	Magic shoes
Misc leather goods	2 Umbrellas
Wallets	Microphone
Hats	Cameras, for Cowmoora Crew
Luggage	Bag of money
Large knife or some other tool	
Hatchet	
Cart on wheels	

SPECIAL EFFECTS

Full moon (Light can be projected onto the stage floor suggesting a full moon or the full moon can be a projection on a scrim.)

Beanstalk (Should be a structure that can actually be climbed on.)

Rooster crowing

Beanstalk growing (Can be a vine attached to a fishing wire.)

Rain

Thunder

Storm

Loud crash of thunder

Sound of an angry crowd

"So if you imagine a wonderful life
like Jack, my worthy friend,
you'll make the best of all situations
and have a happy end."

SCENE 1

(Overture. AT RISE: Inside Ma and Pa's cabin, a rundown old shack with a stove, a table, and three chairs. Pa is sitting at the table. Ma is standing near the door.)

MA: *(Calls out the door.)* Jack! Jack! Where are you Jack? Come back, Jack! *(To Pa.)* Oh, that lazy dreamer. Where is he? He's probably jawin' with that worthless ol' Bossy, his pet cow.

PA: Ma, would you fetch me my pipe? Since we ran out of all our money, I don't have no more tabaccy to smoke, but I like to chew on the stem.

MA: It ain't good for you, Pa, and, besides, I can't move with this terrible back of mine. Why don't you go get it your own lazy self? Where's Jack? I ain't seen him all mornin'. I'm certain he's off dreamin' somewhere or talking to himself, puttin' that overactive imagination of his to no good use.

PA: Jack's out in the garden looking for somethin' to eat. And, Ma, you know, I ain't lazy in the least. My back hurts worse than yours does. Why, my back hurts worse than a caterpillar on a cactus leaf.

MA: Cactus don't have leaves.

PA: Oh. What is it that makes our backs so sore all the time, Ma?

MA: It must come from your side of the family.

PA: But we ain't related.

MA: What do ya mean? We're married, ain't we?

PA: Oh. Say, Ma, what's for dinner? Food?

MA: *(Bursts out laughing.)* Pa, you are a caution! *(Mocking him.)* "What's for dinner? Food?" That's a hot one! Oh, you're clever! *(Suddenly serious.)* There ain't no food 'cause there ain't no money! There ain't no dinner lessn' that fool dreamer boy of ours finds something out in that worthless

garden we planted. He oughta be thinkin' about takin' his pet cow to the butcher so we can have some meat.

PA: There hasn't been anything growing in that garden since the spring of '97.

MA: That's why we should eat the cow! Jack's a fool, I tell you! We need some meat!

PA: I like meat. *(Thinks.)* I like creamed corn better. But, Ma, don't go callin' our son Jack a fool. I like Jack. He tells me stories.

MA: Pa, you know I love Jack. He's my own flesh and blood. But I worry about him. He works hard, and he's got nice manners, unlike his Pa. *(She swipes Pa's feet off the table.)* But he spends all his time telling stories and talking about the silliest and strangest of things sometimes. He's always talkin' to the animals like they can understand him. And, occasionally, he talks in rhyme. *(Imitating Jack.)* "Take the cow down to the middle of town" or "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." It ain't natural. Will he ever learn a trade or make his way in the world?

PA: Don't we have any more chickens to eat?

MA: Nope.

PA: Ducks?

MA: Nope.

PA: Escargot?

MA: Nope. We don't got no escargot. It looks like we'll just have to eat your other shoe tonight.

(Ma tries to take off one of Pa's shoes.)

PA: Oh, phooey. I'm still tryin' to digest last night's shoe. Leather gives me gas. *(Quietly belches.)*

MA: *(Rolling her eyes, then sounding irritated.)* Excuse you, Pa! Lord, everything gives you gas. Where is Jack?

(Jack enters, cheerfully.)

JACK: Here I am, Ma! Hey, Ma, why do you think birds can fly and we can't?

MA: Because we don't have wings.

JACK: *(Thinks.)* Hmm. But if pigs had wings –

PA: *(To Ma.)* I want to eat real food. I like creamed-corn casserole, but I'd settle for a steak. That's why I say we ought to eat that old cow Jack is so fond of.

JACK: Pa! What are you talking about? How can you say that?! Bossy is my friend. There is no way on earth I could eat Bossy! I'd rather eat my shoe!

(Ma reaches into her cooking pot and pulls out one of Jack's shoes.)

MA: *(Holding up Jack's shoe.)* Boy, are you gonna love tonight's dinner! *(Puts the shoe back in the pot.)*

JACK: Besides, Bossy gives us milk.

MA: *(Stirring the shoe in the pot.)* She does? Then why haven't we had any milk for weeks now?

JACK: *(Speaks in rhyme.)*

Bossy will get well

It's just a dry spell.

PA: I'd say Bossy was as dry as cornflake on a Tuesday.

MA: That don't make any sense, Pa. Bossy needs food herself first so she can make milk. If you won't eat her, then maybe we could sell her. She may fetch a decent price over to the Village Fair. Come on, sit down, and let's think about it while we have chow. *(Stirring the pot.)* You know, I think I'm getting the hang of cooking shoe.

JACK: Shoe? I hate shoe! It tastes like glue! Oh, Ma and Pa, can you imagine if we had money? Why, if we had money, I'd go to school and learn to read and write, and then someday, I'd make more money and then we could buy all the food we want! Then I'd sail away to Africa and live among the animals, and you and Pa would live in a big castle, and I'd invent a machine to fly in the sky and –

MA: Jack, enough foolish talk. We need money now.

PA: I know what you mean, Jack. If we had enough money to buy food, I'd buy me a whole mess of creamed corn. I love creamed corn. I'd make creamed-corn casserole, scrambled creamed corn, and creamed-corn pie. I'd buy a hundred and two cans of creamed corn. I'd fill up a tub and swim in it. I'd wash my hair in it. I'd drink it for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and in-between meal snacks, I'd —

MA: Pa! Knock it off! *(To Jack.)* Son, you must get your wild imagination from your pa. But, Jack, we can't eat imagination.

PA: It gives me gas.

(Song: "Imagination.")

MA: *(Sings.)* Look at you, my dear little Jack
 I've always wanted more for you than this old rundown shack
 I've always hoped that you'd grow up and somehow get away
 From this squalor, from this dump, from this horrible existence

JACK: *(Sings.)* I can see that our lives will be much better
 I close my eyes and picture us with fine and fancy clothes
 I picture all of us around a table full of food
 Bowls of steaming soup and bread

MA: *(Sings.)* Oh it's all just in your head

JACK: *(Sings.)* Imagination, I open up my mind
 Imagination, I look and I can find
 A special place, a wondrous world beyond compare
 I know that there's a better life out there

PA: *(Sings.)* There you go, with your fool-hearted scheming
 Your head's all mixed up, you're always daydreaming
 We can't afford those costly things that you've been dreaming of

Fancy ribbons, fancy bows.

MA: *(Sings.)* Fancy hats and fancy clothes

JACK: *(Sings.)* Imagination, I open up my mind
 Imagination, I look and I can find
 A special place, a wondrous world beyond compare
 I know that there's a better life out there

MA/PA: *(Sing.)* Jack, you're just crazy, it's all in your head
 You just can't imagine things and hope you'll be well fed
 Get your head out of the clouds, stop wasting time and
 energy
 It's not likely that you'll ever see what you imagine life will
 be

Jack: <i>(Sings.)</i>	MA/PA: <i>(Sing.)</i>
I can see that our future will be bright	Oh Jack, my boy
I dream about a place that's full of color,	
Full of light	You're such a dreamer
I hear the lovely music and I hear the	
sounds of laughter	
Oh life will be so grand	Oh you just don't understand
Imagination,	Jack, you're just crazy,
I open up my mind	It's all in your head
Imagination,	You just can't imagine things
I look and I can find	And hope you'll be well fed
A special place, a wondrous world	Get your head out of the clouds
Beyond compare	Stop wasting time and energy
I know that there's a	It's not likely that you'll
Better life out there	Ever find your dream
Yes, I know that there's a better life	You'll never find a
Better life out there.	Better life out there.

MA: Shoe's done! *(She lifts it out of the pot and places it on the table.)* Pa, would you do the honors?

PA: Surely. *(They all bow their head to say grace.)* Dear Lord,
 please help us to get our next meal, and please don't make it
 somethin' I'm wearin'.

JACK/MA: Amen!

(Jack, Ma, and Pa freeze. Kitty and Doggie enter from the main aisle of the theatre, preferably. They are running, chasing, hissing, barking, and screeching. Note: Kitty and Doggie do a choreographed, acrobatic kind of tumble routine whenever they fight and square off.)

DOGGIE: *(To Kitty.)* One of these times, I'd like to sink my teeth into that furry hide of yours!

KITTY: *(Swipes at Doggie with her paw.)* You couldn't get close enough!

DOGGIE: Hey, I thought we agreed no knives.

KITTY: I don't know what I like about you the least...the fact that you are a dog, or the fact that you smell like one. Hissssss!

DOGGIE: *(Growls.)* Why is it you felines always gotta get personal? It's so catty! *(Barks.)* Why, if it weren't for Jack I'd—

KITTY: *(When Kitty speaks Jack's name it sounds like meowing.)* Oh, Jeeeeeack, Jeeeeeack, I do love Jeeeeeack. He scratches me sometimes.

DOGGIE: Yeah, me too. *(When Doggie speaks Jack's name, it sounds like he is barking.)* Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack is my best friend. Only he thinks you and I are best friends. Can you imagine? You and me friends?

KITTY: Ha! That's a laugh.

DOGGIE: I don't have the heart to tell him that we're mortal enemies.

KITTY: *(Hisses at him then sighs.)* Me, either. *(She extends her paw to Doggie.)* I'll pretend to like you if you pretend to like me.

(Doggie and Kitty hesitantly shake paws and then give each other a little growl and hiss.)

DOGGIE: Hey! Something smells like cooking.

KITTY: I smell hungry things, too. Let's investigate.

DOGGIE: I hope it's shoe!

(The humans unfreeze. Ma serves the shoe. Pa carves the shoe like a turkey and passes out a piece to each family member. They all begin to chew very laboriously.)

PA: *(To Jack.)* Sounds like them animules of yours is fightin' again, Jack. *(To Ma.)* Hey, this shoe is real tender, Ma.

JACK: Oh, they're not fighting. That's how Kitty and Doggie play. They're best friends.

(Kitty and Doggie sneak under the table. Jack is just about to sneak them a bite.)

MA: Jack! Don't think you're gonna waste our vittles on no animules! They can fend for themselves.

JACK: But, Ma, Kitty and Doggie are hungry.

MA: Then you gotta do as I say and sell Bossy.

JACK: No! I couldn't. Bossy is my other best friend.

MA: But, Jack, think of it. With the money, we could buy some food for us and for Kitty and Doggie.

(Jack looks at Kitty and Doggie's hungry faces and then at Pa eating a big mouthful of shoe. Jack slowly nods his head yes.)

JACK: I suppose you're right.

MA: *(Sending him off.)* You'll have to take Bossy down to the fair today. You'd better hurry so you can get an early start. Go straight to the fair and don't dawdle. Don't talk to nobody unless they're going to give you a good price for Bossy. And for pity sake, don't ask whoever you sell her to what they're gonna do with her. That's their business once they buy her. But most important, be sure to trade only for cold hard cash and get a good price. She should fetch at least a dollar.

JACK: *(Speaking rapidly.)* Yes, Ma, but I still think there is another way we can make money. Why, just imagine if I were owner of a large dairy farm. Of course, I'd have to become an apprentice first, but then I could learn everything there is about dairy farms, like how to make the cows produce more milk. I could hire a hundred or more people

to milk my cows. I could even hire people to sell the milk at the fair —

MA: Jack, stop! Now git! You can take Doggie and Kitty with you fer company, if ya like. *(Jack exits.)* Oh, my achin' back! *(To Ma.)* That boy has too much imagination.

PA: Hey, Ma! Speakin' of imagination, what's got six legs and clucks like a chicken?

MA: Who cares!

(Blackout.)

SCENE 2

(AT RISE: Bossy's barn. Jack, Kitty, and Doggie are on their way to the barn.)

JACK: What am I going to tell Bossy?

DOGGIE: Jack! Jack, Jack! Jack, Jack! I know, Jack, you could pretend you sold her and then keep her hidden!

KITTY: Yeeeees, what about that, Jeeeeeeack?

JACK: No. They'd soon find out.

DOGGIE: Oh, Jack, Jack, Jack! I know Jack! We could disguise her. We could dress her up like a tree!

KITTY: Yeeeees, what about that, Jeeeeeeack?

JACK: No. That would seem very suspicious since there are no trees nearby.

DOGGIE: Oh. *(Running in a circle around Jack.)* Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack! I know, Jack! We could fix up the barn, and we could put on a show! Everyone would come, and we could charge lots of money...and, and, and, and —

JACK: That's a splendid idea, Doggie, but I don't think — *(He gets an idea.)* Hey, wait! You've given me an idea.

(Speaking in rhyme.) "Though Bossy's my good friend,
Her fate is doomed, I know.

We'll make her think we're selling her,
To star her in a show!"

(Shrugs.) At least it might make it easier on her feelings.
(They arrive at the barn. Bossy enters.) Bossy!

BOSSY: Moo-moo, Jack. I was just taking a little cow nap.
Say, did you bring me any straw today?

JACK: No, I'm sorry, Bossy.

BOSSY: Oh, moo. I didn't expect you would. I guess I'll go back to sleep.

JACK: Wait a minute, Bossy. Me and Kitty and Doggie were just trying to think of ways we could make some money so

that we could have food, and Doggie reminded me of just how talented you were.

DOGGIE: I did?

KITTY: He did?

BOSSY: He did?

JACK: You did. And I thought that maybe you could star in a show!

BOSSY: Mmmme?

JACK: Yes!

BOSSY: What makes you think I'm-mooo talented?

JACK: Oh, you know. Remember, before you dried up, the way that you used to swing your tail to and fro when I would milk you?

BOSSY: *(Starting to swing her tail.)* I didn't think you noticed...

JACK: And the way you moo! Why, it's pure moosic!

BOSSY: *(Sings discordantly while the others hold their ears.)* Moo-moo, moo-moo, moo-mooooooo.

JACK: See! The only thing we need is a uh-uh-uh a producer.

BOSSY/KITTY/DOGGIE: What's a producer?

JACK: Somebody to help pay for all the costumes and sets and lights and things we'll need for you to star in a show.

BOSSY: Wow! Me...in my very own moooooosical. But, Jack, are you sure I can do it? I don't know. I never thought I could do anything except give milk, and now I can't even do that. Are you sure that I can dance?

(Song: "It's Easy, Bossy." As Jack sings, he does a small soft-shoe step.)

JACK: *(Sings.)* It's easy, Bossy, if you give yourself a chance

It's easy, Bossy. Anyone can dance

With a shuffle to the left and a shuffle to the right

You'll be dancin' all day and dancin' all night!

Now hop up twice and hop right back

Dancin' is fun when you're dancin' with Jack

(Spoken. To Bossy.) Come on!

(Jack repeats the above verse and Bossy dances with him.)

JACK: *(Spoken.)* Gee, Bossy, you really are talented.

BOSSY: I want to take my act on the road. Let's get going to the fair.

JACK: Okay, come on. *(As they start to exit, they encounter Ma and Pa.)* Hey, Ma! Hey, Pa! We're on our way!

MA: *(Waves at Jack.)* So long, Jack! Remember, sell the cow for a good price. When ya gets home, I'll have some nice hot... *(She thinks for a second and then pulls out a washrag.)* ...washrag stew waitin' for ya. *(Waves goodbye with the rag. Blackout.)*

SCENE 3

(AT RISE: *The fairgrounds. Fairgoers are bustling about. Song: "At the Fair."*)

FAIRGOER GROUP 1: (*Sings.*)

Behold the sounds, the joyful sounds, the sounds of music,
sounds of children,
Sounds of merriment and laughter everywhere.
Hear the flutes and hear the cymbals, hear the singing and
the playing,
Hear the wonderful sounds of people meeting people
greeting people...

ALL FAIRGOERS: (*Sing Chorus I.*)

The fair, at the fair
There's so many things to see and do
At the fair, at the fair
Come along with us, we welcome you
All the sights and sounds and colors beyond compare
You will want to stay all day at the fair.

FAIRGOER GROUP 2: (*Sing.*)

Behold the smells, the glorious smells of all the different
kinds of foods,
Of all the freshly baked confections in the air.
Just smell the slowly roasted mutton as it turns upon the
spit,
Smell the rolls and smell the biscuits, all the wonderful
types of flavors...

ALL FAIRGOERS: (*Sing Chorus I.*)

The fair, at the fair
There's so many things to see and do
At the fair, at the fair
Come along with us, we welcome you
All the sights and sounds and colors beyond compare
You will want to stay all day at the fair.

FAIRGOER GROUP 3: *(Sing.)*

You can purchase bows and ribbons,
Finest linen oh so rare
There is so much to delight in
You will want to stay all day, yes, you'll dance the day
away...

ALL FAIRGOERS: *(Break into two groups. Sing.)*

Chorus I:

At the fair, at the fair
There's so many things to see and do
At the fair, at the fair
Come along with us, we welcome you
All the sights and sounds and colors
Beyond compare
You will want to stay all day at the fair.

Chorus II:

Come and join us, come and join us
Things to see, things to do
Come and join us, come and join us
Come with us, we welcome you
Come with us, we welcome you
Want to stay at the fair.

FAIRGOER GROUP 4: *(Sing.)*

Taste the breads and taste the puddings, taste the tarts and
cakes and pies,
Try the mulligan stew with scallions if you dare.
Sip a flask of autumn cider as you chose what food to try
Taste the jellies and the jams, all the marvelous mountains of
marmalade...

ALL FAIRGOERS: *(Sing.)*

Come and join us, come and join us
Things to see, things to do
Come and join us, come and join us
Come with us, we welcome you
Come with us, we welcome you
Want to stay at the fair.

FAIRGOER GROUP 5: *(Sing.)*

Come and taste our pies and pastry,
Guaranteed to make you smile
Once you've tried our food so tasty
We guarantee you'll want to stay, you'll want to stay
forever...

(Dance break.)

FAIRGOER GROUP 6: *(Sing.)*

See the jugglers and the gypsies, see the clowns and fools
and jesters
See the colorful outfits that the dancers wear.
See the children in their costumes as they dance around the
maypole
See the smiles on people's faces, all those beaming smiling
faces...

FAIRGOING KIDS: *(Sing.)*

At the fair, At the fair
At the fair you'll see so many things to do
At the fair, At the fair
Come along with us, come along we welcome you
All the sights and sounds beyond compare
You will want to stay at the fair

ALL: *(Break into two groups. Sing.)*

At the fair, at the fair	Come and join us, come and join us
There's so many things to see and do	Things to see, things to do
At the fair, at the fair	Come and join us, come and join us
Come along with us, we welcome you	Come with us, we welcome you
All the sights and sounds and colors	
Beyond compare	Beyond compare
You will want to stay all day, you will	You will want to stay,
Dance the day away	Dance away
You will want to stay all day	You will want to stay all day
At the fair	At the fair

(Play off "The Fair.")

JACK: I don't even need my imagination to see that this is a
most wondrous place!

BUTCHER: Say, son, where you goin' with that prime cut?

JACK: Huh? Who, me?

BUTCHER: Yeah, you. Where you headed with the ground
round? You lookin' to sell?

JACK: Well, actually we were—

*(Butcher walks around Bossy, inspecting her. He then pulls Jack
aside.)*

BUTCHER: I pay top dollar for prime grade A. Let's see, she's a little on the lean side, but we could probably get a quarter-pounder and a couple of Happy Meals out of her. I'll give you ten.

JACK: Ten cents?

BUTCHER: No, kid. Ten dollars.

(Jack almost faints, and Doggie and Kitty catch him.)

DOGGIE: Jack, Jack, Jack, are you okay?

JACK: Well, gee, I don't know. I was hoping to sell Bossy to a vegetarian who would take care of her.

BUTCHER: *(Raising a meat cleaver.)* Oh, I'll take care of her.

(Jack runs back to Bossy.)

BOSSY: Jack, is he going to be my producer? Oh, Jack, you're so good to me. I don't know how I could ever repay you for starting me off on my career as a show cow like this.

JACK: *(Guilty.)* Well, I don't know...

BOSSY: *(Indicating Butcher.)* He looks intelligent and kind and...

JACK: Yes, but...but...he's going to...I mean he's...he knows nothing of the...the...the artistic temperament!

BOSSY/KITTY/DOGGIE: The artistic what?

JACK: Oh, just something a good producer should have. I'll be right back. *(He approaches the Butcher.)* I'm sorry, but she's not for sale.

BUTCHER: Suit yourself, kid.

JACK: *(To others.)* Come on, friends.

(Skipping and dancing across the stage, the Kids sing "At the Fair" as Jack, Bossy, Kitty, and Doggie travel on. The foursome arrives at a leather shop or cart. The Leather Salesperson hails them.)

LEATHER SALESPERSON: (*Calls.*) Leather goods! Wallets! Hats! Luggage of all kinds! (*Sees Jack.*) Hey, kid, come here. I noticed you were traveling with a personage of the bovine persuasion.

JACK: Huh?

LEATHER SALESPERSON: The cow, kid.

JACK: Oh, you mean Bossy? Well, she's my friend.

LEATHER SALESPERSON: I can see that, and euphemistically speaking, I'd say she was a little on the emaciated side.

JACK: Huh?

LEATHER SALESPERSON: She's rather skinny.

JACK: Yes, well, none of us have had anything to eat for quite sometime.

LEATHER SALESPERSON: And you were thinking about offering her services to someone for a little remuneration.

JACK: Huh?

LEATHER SALESPERSON: You want to sell her.

JACK: Shush! I don't want her to hear.

LEATHER SALESPERSON: No problem. Come here. Now, I'll tell you what I'm prepared to do. It makes no never mind to me how skinny she is. I don't even care if she gives milk. But I like the look of her upholstery.

JACK: Upholstery?

LEATHER SALESPERSON: Her hide! What do you think I make all my wares with? Leather is made from cowhide. I make wallets, luggage, hats...

JACK: Well, I was really hoping I'd sell her to someone who would take care of her.

LEATHER SALESPERSON (*Holds up a big knife or some other tool.*) Oh, I'll take care of her...

(Jack crosses back to Bossy.)

BOSSY: Is he going to be my producer, Jack?

JACK: No, he wanted too much money. He'll only pay ten percent of what you earn.

BOSSY: Oh, Jack, I love the way you are watching out for my financial future. You're so good to me.

(Skipping and dancing across the stage, the Children sing "At the Fair" as Jack, Bossy, Doggie, and Kitty travel on. Jack and friends come across the Glue Maker.)

GLUE MAKER: Whoa! Hold on there, folks! Do I see what I see? *(Indicating Bossy.)* What a hooper! *(He circles Bossy.)* Look at the size of those hooves! They're stupendous! *(Bossy begins to show off her hooves.)* Those are the most beautiful hooves I have ever seen!

JACK: Gee, thanks. And she can sure put them to good use. Right, Bossy? Show the man how you can dance!

(Bossy dances a short can-can of sorts.)

GLUE MAKER: Why it's pheenoomeenu! Those are the most sensational hooves I have ever known! They're superior, they're fantastic, and they're making me crazy! I must have them! I'll give you 50 dollars for them.

JACK: Bossy, do you hear that? He wants you! He really wants you!

GLUE MAKER: No, kid, not her. Just her hooves. *(He pulls out a knife or a hatchet.)* I'm the Glue Maker, and I can make an entire barrel of glue with those hooves!

(Bossy gives a loud frightened "moo" as the Glue Maker chases her around with Jack, Doggie, and Kitty in pursuit. They are chased offstage. While skipping and dancing across the stage, the Children sing "At the Fair" for the third and final time. Jack, Bossy, Kitty, and Doggie enter, having escaped the Glue Maker.)

BOSSY: Oh, Jack, I'm glad we escaped the Glue Maker. You know, I think he was much too aggressive to be my producer.

DOGGIE/KITTY: What will we do now, Jack?

JACK: I don't know. It's getting late, and I'm not sure we'll ever find anyone to buy Bossy at the fair.

(Jack, Doggie, Kitty, and Bossy are just about to leave when the Peddler enters. The Peddler is pushing a cart displaying a variety of costume pieces, theater props, posters, and signs from traveling shows.)

PEDDLER: *(To Jack.)* Hey...psst...mister...

JACK: Who, me?

PEDDLER: Yes, you. I was noticing you were singing and dancing, and I was feeling the temperature rise in my artistic temperament, so to speak.

JACK: Huh?

PEDDLER: I could see you had some talent, kid, and I was wondering if you were in show biz.

JACK: Show biz?

PEDDLER: You know...show biz, entertainment, the theater!

JACK: Oh, me? No. *(Still dejected, he moves on. He suddenly turns back.)* But wait! My friend Bossy is!

PEDDLER: Bossy?

JACK: Yeah Bossy, my prize cow.

PEDDLER: Is that right? Hmm, a show cow, eh? I don't know...who ever heard of a show cow? Then again...it's a new angle. Then again...people might think I was crazy. Then again...12 psychiatrists can't be all wrong. Then again...I'm always looking for a new angle. Then again...I haven't had a winning show in 17 years. So, kid, can she act?

JACK: Can she act? Why she's an *udderly* amazing actress!

(Jack points to Bossy, and she strikes a dramatic pose.)

BOSSY: To moo or not to moo...

PEDDLER: Can she dance?

JACK: Can she dance?!

(Jack points to Bossy, and she does a short dance. Song: "It's Easy, Bossy" reprise.)

PEDDLER: Oh, a hooper, eh? Can she sing?

JACK: Can she sing?!

(Jack points at Bossy, and she sings a rather odd-sounding off-key song like "Moon River" sung in "moos" instead of words.)

PEDDLER: Two out of three ain't bad. Tell you what, kid, I'll sign her up.

JACK/BOSSY/DOGGIE/KITTY: Hooray!

JACK: What will you pay?

PEDDLER: I suppose you are expecting financial compensation.

JACK: No, just a little money.

PEDDLER: My friend, it happens that I have fallen on hard times. But, I am willing to sign Bossy up for a mere ten percent of all her earnings. And in good faith, I have these I offer as collateral. *(Peddler holds out a small antique box with stars and moons and zodiac symbols on it.)*

JACK: What is it?

PEDDLER: Inside, there are the most mystical, most marvelous, most magical—

(Peddler hands Jack the box. Jack opens it and looks.)

JACK: Beans? Oh, I'm afraid my ma and pa wouldn't like these. Beans give my pa indigestion, and Ma said I should get real cash money.

PEDDLER: Ah, but your mother didn't know about the power of these...

(Song: "Magical Beans." Sings.)
These are not just ordinary beans
They're special beans, you know
If you let your imagination guide you
You'll be amazed at how they grow

In the light of a moon that's full,
When a cloud overhead passes by,
Close your eyes, raise your arms up high,
Flap your wings and pretend to fly.
Turn around, pull your hair,
Make a wish, say a prayer,
Then go skippy, skippy, skippy everywhere.
And they'll grow to the farthest reaches of your dreams
'Cause they're mysterious, mystical, marvelous, magical
beans

ALL: *(Sing.)* In the light of a moon that's full,
When a cloud overhead passes by,
Close your eyes, raise your arms up high,
Flap your wings and pretend to fly.
Turn around, pull your hair,
Make a wish, say a prayer,

PEDDLER: *(Sings.)* Then go skippy, skippy, skippy
everywhere

OTHERS: *(Sing. Repeat.)* Skippy, skippy, skippy everywhere.

PEDDLER: *(Sings.)* Skippy, skippy, skippy everywhere.

OTHERS: *(Sing. Repeat.)* Skippy, skippy, skippy everywhere.

PEDDLER: *(Sings. Slower.)*

And they'll grow to the farthest reaches of your dreams
'Cause they're mysterious

OTHERS: *(Sing.)* Mysterious.

PEDDLER: *(Sings.)* Mystical.

OTHERS: *(Sing.)* Mystical.

PEDDLER: *(Sings.)* Marvelous.

OTHERS: *(Sing.)* Marvelous.

PEDDLER: *(Sings.)* Magical.

ALL: (*Sing.*) Magical beans.

JACK: (*Spoken.*) Wow, thanks! This is terrific! Well, Bossy, I guess this is goodbye. I'm going to miss you.

BOSSY: Don't worry, Jack. I'll be back, and I'll bring lots of real money cash, and you can see my show.

(*Jack, Kitty, and Doggie hug and say goodbye to Bossy.*)

JACK: Thanks for the magic beans! So long! Come on, Kitty and Doggie. We better be getting back. Ma and Pa will be wondering where we are.

(*Jack, Kitty, and Doggie exit. Blackout.*)

SCENE 4

(AT RISE: Inside Ma and Pa's cabin. Jack enters.)

JACK: Ma! Pa! I'm back from the fair!

MA: Jack! Welcome back, Son!

PA: I knew you could do it Jack! What did you bring us? Did you bring me some creamed corn? I love creamed corn. I love it smeared all over toast, or fried up nice and tender with parmesan cheese on top. I love creamed corn on the barbecue, and creamed corn just plain baked in the oven. I'd love to just take that creamed corn and rub it all over my face and —

(Ma smacks Pa with her hand or something.)

MA: Pa! Knock it off, you old coot! Jack didn't bring back no food. He brought back cash so we can go to the market and buy food.

PA: Can we buy creamed corn?

MA: Maybe. Well, Jack, how much of a price did Bossy fetch?

JACK: *(Sheepishly.)* Well, I, uh, that is, I didn't, well, I sort of got...instead, I got these... *(He holds out the box of beans.)*

MA/PA: *(Shout.)* What!? No money!?

JACK: But look! They're really fantastic. They're magic beans! *(He opens the box.)*

MA/PA: *(Shout.)* Beans!?

PA: Beans give me gas!

(Ma falls to her knees weeping.)

MA: Oh, my dear goodness, my son's an idiot. He went and traded his best friend, the cow — our only hope of surviving this terrible hunger — for a box of worthless beans.

JACK: But, Ma, they're not worthless. If you use your imagination, and plant them in the light of a full moon, and let's see...you pull your hair...and then you...um...you go skippy, skippy, skippy, and then... (*Ma and Pa are looking at him like he is mad.*) Well, you need to use your imagination.

MA/PA: (*Shout.*) We don't have imagination! We got hunger!

MA: (*To Jack.*) Give me those beans, and we'll cook them anyway.

PA: But them beans will give me more gas than a truckload of penguins.

MA: Pa, that makes no sense. Jack, we need to eat, so fork over the legumes.

JACK: But, Ma...

MA: Jack, give me the beans.

(Jack and Ma struggle and the box goes flying.)

MA: Now look what you did! You spilled the beans! They've all flown out the window. Now there's nothing. You've sold your friend Bossy for nothing. For that, you can go to bed without your supper!

PA: But, Ma...

MA: Now, Pa, he deliberately disobeyed me.

PA: But, Ma!

MA: No buts.

PA: But, Ma, we don't have any supper!

MA: Oh, yeah. Well, why don't I cook up your old pair of garden gloves?

PA: Do you think they'll give me gas?

MA: Everything gives you gas.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 5

(Inside Bossy's barn, that evening. The stage is dark except for the light of a full moon that shows through the window. Note: This doesn't have to be a real window but could be a projection of light onto the stage floor suggesting a full moon, or the full moon can be a projection on a scrim of a large yellow circle. Jack is sleeping with Doggie and Kitty. Kitty wakes up and stretches.)

KITTY: Doggie, wake up. Look at the moon. Isn't it beautiful? I thought moons like that made you sit up and howl.

(Doggie wakes up.)

DOGGIE: Not particularly. Wait a minute! A full moon? Say, didn't that peddler at the fair say something about a full moon and those beans? Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack! Wake up, Jack, Jack, Jack!

JACK: What is it, Doggie? I was dreaming that I was sitting in a room full of apples, and pears, and cheese, and cake.

DOGGIE: Jack, Jack, Jack! There's a full moon!

KITTY: Yeeees, Jeeeeack, it's full! Remeeeeember what the peddler said? The beeeees, Jeeeeack, the beeeees!

JACK: Why, yes, of course...now let's see...

(Song: "Magical Beans" reprise. Sings.)

In the light of a moon that's full,
When a cloud overhead passes by,
Close your eyes, raise your arms up high,
Flap your wings and pretend to fly.

(Spoken.) Umm, what else? Oh, yes...

(Sings.) Turn around, pull your hair,
Make a wish, say a prayer,"

(He forgets the next part. Spoken.) Oh, now what was it?

(Sings.) Go jumpy, jumpy, jumpy.

(Spoken.) No, that's not it.

(He begins to repeat the song and sings it faster.)

In the light of a moon that's full,
 When a cloud overhead passes by,
 Close your eyes, raise your arms up high,
 Flap your wings and pretend to fly.
 Then go...then go...

Hoppy, hoppy, hoppy..."

(Spoken.) No, that's not right...oh, now what was it?

(He repeats the song again and sings it even faster.)

In the light of a moon that's full,
 When a cloud overhead passes by,
 Close your eyes, raise your arms up high,
 Flap your wings and pretend to fly.

And go...and go...

(To audience. Spoken.) Do you know what it is? *(Hopefully, the audience will tell him. If not, he will remember anyway!)* Yes!

Now I remember.

(Sings.) "Then go skippy, skippy, skippy, skippy
 everywhere!"

(Jack, Kitty, and Doggie sing the whole song once again, dancing very fast. They repeat the "skippy, skippy" part until they tire and fall asleep. As they stretch and yawn, the beanstalk grows. Fade to black as the beanstalk grows upward.)

SCENE 6

(AT RISE: Bossy's barn, the next morning. A rooster crows. Jack, Doggie, and Kitty awake to find the beanstalk fully grown.)

DOGGIE: Jack, Jack, Jack! Kitty, Kitty, Kitty! Wake up! *(Jack and Kitty adlib surprised reactions.)* What do we do now, Jack? Shall we chop it down and cook it for supper? *(He runs to take a bite of the beanstalk.)* Eeewwwyuck! Maybe it would taste better cooked.

(Song: "Cloud City." Music starts.)

JACK: Hey, listen! *(They stop and cock their heads.)* Don't you hear it? There's a kind of music. I hear it coming from up there. *(He gestures up toward the sky above the stalk. Demonstrates.)* Maybe if I just grab a hold here, and pull here, and...come on, Doggie. Come on, Kitty. Follow me.

(Jack, Kitty, and Doggie begin to "ascend" the beanstalk. The lights fade to black just before they reach the top of the stalk. Clouds enter. They are wearing big puffy white costumes.)

CLOUDS: *(Sing.)* Welcome to the City of Clouds
 Welcome to the city of Cumulus and Cirrus
 Welcome to the City of Clouds

We're awf'ly glad you stopped by to see and hear us

CLOUD 1: *(Sings.)* We don't get many guests here, we may seem a little shy,

CLOUD 2: *(Sings.)* But you are very welcome to our city in the sky

CLOUDS: *(Sing.)* Welcome to the City of Clouds
 Welcome to the city of Cumulus and Cirrus
 Welcome to the City of Clouds

We're awf'ly glad you stopped by to see and hear us

CLOUD 3: *(Sings.)* We don't get many guests here, we may
seem a little stuffy

CLOUD 4: *(Sings.)* But we don't often meet folks who aren't
round and white and fluffy

CLOUDS: *(Sing.)* Welcome to the City of Clouds

Welcome to the city of Cumulus and Cirrus

Welcome to the City of Clouds

We're awf'ly glad you stopped by to see and hear us

CLOUD 5: *(Sings.)* As you can see, we're pretty mild, we're
not so very frightening

CLOUD 6: *(Sings.)* But now and then, if we get riled, we
generate thunder and lightning

(Music change, lighting change, attitude change.)

CLOUDS: *(Sing.)* We roll about, we toss about

We tumble over and under

We roll about, we toss about

We tumble over and under

We roll about, we toss about

We tumble over and under

We roll about, we toss about

We tumble over and under

(Calm after the storm.)

But mostly, we like to just delicately drift here and there

But mostly we like to just gently float in the air

Just gently float in the air

Welcome to the City of Clouds

Welcome to the city of Cumulus and Cirrus

Welcome to the City of Clouds

We're awf'ly glad you stopped by to see and hear us

Welcome, welcome, welcome.

CUMULUS: *(Spoken.)* Welcome to Cloud City. I am
Cumulus, the mayor of Cloud City.

NIMBUS: And I am Nimbus. Oh, welcome, welcome, welcome.

CUMULUS: Silence! Some of us are quite agitated about your arrival because we have had no visitors here in over a hundred years. The last to come was a magician and—

STRATUS: Oh, yes, the magician! He was the one who brought the treasures, the magic harp, and the magic shoes and—

CUMULUS: Be still! We must say no more about ourselves before we find out about them. *(To Jack.)* Tell us, please, before we allow you admittance to our fair city...who are you, and why have you come? Be you friend, or be you foe?

JACK: I am Jack, good sir, and these are my friends Kitty and Doggie. We have come because my family is very poor and I traded my cow for some magic beans, and when we planted them, this beanstalk grew, and we climbed it all night to come here in hopes of finding our fortune.

DREAM CLOUD: That's so romantic!

WISPY CLOUD: What an adventure!

PUFFY: Find your fortune! What fun!

(All Clouds join in excitedly.)

CUMULUS: *(To Clouds.)* That's enough! I am Cumulus, mayor of Cloud City, and I shall decide. Now, Jack, it is lucky you came in search of adventure and fortune, for as you can see, we clouds adore fun and adventure. The beans you found must have come from a powerful magician, indeed. The last visitor we had was also a powerful magician who came with magical gifts to bestow upon us. Wonderful treasures. However, they were all stolen away by the giant.

JACK: Giant?

NIMBUS: Yes, a terrible giant who lives in a castle in the center of Cloud City not far from here.

DREAM CLOUD: But I don't think he's mean. I think he's nice.

STRATUS: Be quiet, Dream Cloud. He's a wicked giant who took all the treasures the magician had meant for us. He keeps them in his castle and never lets them out.

DREAM CLOUD: But I still don't think he's mean. I think he's nice.

CUMULUS: Dream Cloud, hush! We never bother the giant, and he never bothers us. We would love to see our magical treasures free someday. It would take someone with a good deal of imagination to fool the giant and retrieve the magical creatures. Your reward would be great.

FLUFFY: Oh, Jack, will you do it?

WISPY: Do you have an imagination?

PUFFY: Jack, please say yes!

JACK: Oh, yes. My ma is always telling me I have too much imagination.

CLOUDS: Hooray!

CUMULUS: We'll take you as far as we can to the castle wall, and then we can even get you inside through a secret passage we know. But, once inside, you are on your own. Jack, will you go?

JACK: How do I get to the castle?

(Clouds adlib their joy, "hooray," "yippee," etc. Blackout. "Cloud City" play off.)

SCENE 7

(AT RISE: The Giant's chambers. The Magic Hen, the Magic Harp, the Magic Clock, and the Magic Shoes are lamenting their fate. Note: the Magic Shoes are a pair of costume shoes that are worn by others to make them dance.)

HARP: Aye, me...what a long, boring, dreary, dull, tedious, monotonous day.

HEN: You can say that again.

HARP: Aye, me....what a long, boring, dreary, dull, tedious, monotonous day.

HEN: You can say that again.

HARP: Aye, me –

(Hen claps her hand over Harp's mouth. Clock wakes up.)

CLOCK: Oh tick-tock-tick, I feel like I've been sleeping forever.

HEN: Sometimes, I actually wish the Giant would come and visit us more often instead of just once a day for his supper—even though he is mean and has no imagination. What time is it, Clock? Will the Giant be here soon?

CLOCK: I have no idea what time it is. Tick-tock. The Giant has wound my mainspring too tight. Tick-tock-tick. You can't understand the pain and frustration. Tock. He's never even once asked me the time. Tick-tock. I was made to announce the time on the hour with my beautiful voice like no other clock in the world. Tick-tock. Yet, I haven't been set correctly for years. I have lost track of time. It just ticks me off! Oh, tick-tock-tick.

HEN: Humph! I am supposed to be laying beautiful golden eggs. I am able to produce three or four a day. Instead, the giant comes and plucks out my feathers to put in his cap! It's disgusting and barbaric! Soon, I'll have a bald behind.

CLOCK: And you've seen what he does with the magic shoes...he throws them about and tries to hit the poor little mice. They smash against the walls and crash to the floor.

HEN: Yeah, they were made so that anyone who wears them is magically able to dance! And now they're getting all scuffed up. The Giant has never even tried them on. He simply has no imagination.

HARP: My friends, we are all suffering at the hands of the giant. I, myself, would like to lay down and die for the sadness I feel. Our benefactor, the powerful magician, created me to vocalize. When I pluck my strings, I am able to sing glorious melodies and harmonies. I can warble tunes to rival the birds themselves. However, none of our special magical talents can be used until we meet someone with a good amount of imagination.

(Jack enters with Kitty and Doggie.)

JACK: Excuse me. *(Hen, Clock, and Harp adlib, "Oh, dear!" "Lookout!" "Who is it?!" etc.)* I'm sorry. I didn't mean to frighten you.

HEN: Who are you? How did you get in here?

JACK: My name is Jack and these are my friends Kitty and Doggie. The Cloud People brought us here in hopes of bringing you back to them. *(Hen, Clock, and Harp adlib, "Oh, yes!" "Oh, goodness," "Wonderful," etc.)* The Cloud People told me you were magical creatures. What do you do?

HARP: I'm afraid mums the word around here. We can only perform our magic for those who have a lot of imagination.

JACK: My ma says I have too much imagination!

HARP: Is that so? Well, what do you imagine I do?

JACK: Let me see...if I were to play your strings, I would imagine that you would make a nice sound.

HARP: Yes, that's the obvious assumption.

JACK: Oh, not just an ordinary nice sound...but an extraordinary, wonderful, beautiful sound, like the voice of an angel.

HARP: And...?

JACK: And you can even play your own strings!

HARP: *(Flattered.)* Why, yes, I can!

CLOCK: *(To Jack.)* What do you imagine I can do?

JACK: Well, I couldn't imagine anything about you... *(They are disappointed for a moment.)* ...except that perhaps I could imagine that when you are set to the correct time, people don't have to look at you to see what time it is. Instead, you announce the time in a stupendous voice like a royal courtier at a grand ball.

(Hen, Clock, and Harp adlib excitement for Jack's correct imagining.)

HEN: *(In Jack's face.)* Oh, yeah...and what about me? What do you think I do? I bet you can't guess my magic!

JACK: Oh, that's simple! You are a hen. You can lay eggs, which would be quite a miracle in my home. *(They all look disappointed because he hasn't got it yet and he sees this.)* But not just plain old eggs that you eat but...fabulous eggs...of pure gold!

(Hen, Clock, and Harp shout hooray. Song: "Magic Things Song.")

HEN: *(Sings.)* I'm a hen that lays a golden egg
I grunt and I squeeze and it rolls right down my leg
It's a pretty nifty trick and for that I'm beholdin'
I'm the only one I know that lays an egg that is golden
Guh-runt, guh-runt, guh-runt, guh-runt

HARP: *(Sings.)* Lovely little melodies I play upon my strings
Melodies so lovely you can hear the angels sing
I pluck and I strum each lovely little note
And beautiful music comes forth from my throat

Ah...

CLOCK: *(Sings.)* I may appear to you to be an ordinary clock
But I have a special talent which may give you quite a shock
When it is your desire to know the time of day
I will speak the time out loud, in a strong voice I will say,
One, One thirty, two, four

(Kitty and Doggie try on the magic and do a soft-shoe. Hen, Clock, Harp, Kitty, and Doggie sing chorus. End of song.)

JACK: *(Spoken.)* Oh, Kitty and Doggie, aren't they wonderful?

KITTY: Yeeees, Jeeeeack. And so are you, Doggie. I never
knew you were such a good dancer.

DOGGIE: Aw shucks, neither did I.

JACK: I can see why the Cloud People want you to come
home. Come on, let's go.

HARP: There's just one little thing.

CLOCK: Little thing?

HEN: Don't you mean a big thing?

HARP: Yes, a rather enormously big and giant thing.

JACK: If you mean the Giant who lives in this castle, the
Cloud People told us about him and we're not afraid.

HEN: That's fine. But how are you going to get us out? The
Giant may come here any minute for his supper.

JACK: Oh, we know a secret passage. It's right this way...

(Song: "Guards' Song." Music begins. Guards enter.)

CLOCK: Oh, tick-tock! It's the Giant's guards. Quick, hide!

GUARDS: *(Sing.)* Fee, fee, fie, foe, fum

Fee, fee, fie, foe, fum

Fee, fie, foe, fee,

Foe, fee, foe, fie

Fee, fee, fie, foe, fum

Fee, fee, fie, foe, fum

Fee, fee, fie, foe, fum
Fee, fie, foe, fee,
Foe, fee, foe, fie
Fee, fee, fie, foe, fum

(Like Keystone Cops, the Guards are bumbling and do slapstick physical humor. Hen, Harp, and Clock freeze. Kitty and Doggie hide under the table or behind furniture.)

GUARD 1: In here. I am sure it came from in here.

GUARD 2: *(Yawning.)* I didn't hear anything.

GUARD 3: You were asleep.

GUARD 4: He's always asleep!

(Guard 5 picks up the magic shoes.)

GUARD 5: What are these?

GUARD 1: Those are the Giant's toys, although he never plays with them.

GUARD 2: They look like fun!

(Guard 2 starts to play with the Clock. Guard 3 pokes around at the Harp.)

GUARD 1: Knock it off! Do you know what would happen if the Giant caught you playing with his toys? Why, he'd clap you in irons!

GUARD 2: No! *(He lets go of the Clock.)*

GUARD 1: He'd hang you from the rafters!

GUARD 3: No! *(He backs away from the Harp.)*

GUARD 1: And for dessert, there would be no more apple surprise!

(Guards fall to their knees.)

GUARDS: Oh, save us!

GUARD 2: *(To Guard 1.)* Say...how do you know he's so tough? Have you ever seen him?

GUARD 1: No, but I've heard his frightful voice.

(Song: "He's Big and He's Mean.")

GUARD 1: *(Sings.)*

He's got a terrible voice of a thousand dragons,
Screaming in the night for a feast of blood.

GUARD 2: *(Sings.)*

And his shadow's the size of a mountain of monsters,
Filling up the skies like a fearful flood

GUARD 3: *(Sings.)*

When he stomps his feet the whole earth trembles
When he bellows and roars the trees fall down

GUARD 4: *(Sings.)*

One single sweep of his powerful hand
Could annihilate an entire town

GUARDS: *(Sing.)*

He's big and he's mean and he hates little children
Yes, he eats them whole with butter on his bread
He's a nasty old giant and you don't want to cross him
If you make him angry, you'll end up dead
If you make him mad, you'll end up dead

GUARD 5: *(Sings.)*

He's a terrible giant and he hates little children
And he's not very fond of women or men

GUARD 6: *(Sings.)*

He grabs little kids and takes them from their parents
They'll never see their mommies or their daddies again

GUARD 7: *(Sings.)*

He grinds up the bones of the little children
And mixes them with flour to make his bread

GUARD 8: *(Sings.)*

He's a horrible giant, and you better avoid him
If he ever catches you, you'll wind up dead

GUARDS: *(Sing.)*

He's big and he's mean and he hates little children
Yes, he eats them whole with butter on his bread
He's a nasty old giant and you don't want to cross him
If you make him angry, you'll end up dead
If you make him mad, you'll end up dead.

GUARD 2: Yeah? Well, I ain't afraid of him no matter what you guys say. In fact, the next time I hear him coming, I'm going to walk right up to him and look him straight in the eye and I'm going to say –

(Suddenly, they hear the voice of the Giant approaching. Guard 2 shrieks and hides behind the others. We see a huge shadow across the back of the stage, which makes it look like the Giant is standing in a doorway.)

GIANT: Fee, Fie, Fo, Fum

I smell the blood of an Englishman
Be he alive or be he dead
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.

(To Guards.) Hmmmm...did any of you see anything unusual?
(Guards adlib "No, not me," "Nothing at all," etc.) Too bad. I was really hungry for some Englishman. Are you sure?

GUARD 1: That's why we came in here, your highness, because we thought we heard something. But we have found nothing out of the ordinary.

GIANT: I don't believe it! I still smell something! Someone soon will meet their doom! Hurry, Guards, and search the room! Search the entire castle!

(The Guards begin looking everywhere. While they are looking, Jack signals for Hen, Clock, Harp, Doggie, and Kitty to follow him. The Guards almost catch them and a chase ensues. Guard/Magic Things Chase music is heard. During the chase, there are times when the Giant's shadow and voice appear. The Guards almost catch the Clock.)

CLOCK: *(Nervous, frightened. To Guards.)* Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick.

GUARD 2: Hold it, Clock! We have ways of making you tock!

(Other Guards almost capture Jack, Kitty, and Doggie, but the Hen sings a lullaby, which lulls the Guards to sleep. Jack, Kitty, Doggie exit down the beanstalk. The Giant's shadow looms again in the doorway of the chambers.)

GIANT: *(To Guards.)* Have you found them? Gagged and bound them?

GUARD 1: We lost them, your royal giantness. They have escaped. We think those Cloud People had something to do with it.

GIANT: What!?! Cloud People?! Those little meddlers! This can mean only one thing. As sure as you're born, we'll have a storm! Round up all the Cloud People and...

(Song: "Guard/Cloud Rumble." Sing.)

Bash them and thrash them,

Smash and crash them!

Throw them low and throw them high

Make them wail and make them cry

Make them suffer for their blunder

Make them rain and make them thunder!

(This excites the Guards. They join in the chant and begin to dance around.)

GUARDS: *(Sing.)*

Bash them and thrash them,

Smash and crash them!

Throw them low and throw them high

Make them wail and make them cry

GIANT: (*Spoken.*) Oh, and by the way, for dessert tonight you will surmise, there will be no apple surprise! (*Guards moan.*)
Now go get those Cloud People and make me a big storm!

GUARDS: (*Sing.*)

Bash them and thrash them,
Smash and crash them!
Throw them low and throw them high
Make them wail and make them cry

(The Guards rush and stumble about and chase down the Cloud People. They begin a "dance" of rolling and pushing the Clouds about, which makes rain and thunder sounds. Note: To create a storm effect, there should be a mix of movement, vocals, lighting, and sound. Fade to blackout.)

[END OF FREEVIEW]