Please Enjoy the Following Sample

- This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.
- This sample is for **perusal only** and may not be used for performance purposes.
- You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.
- We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.



For more information about licensing or purchasing a play or musical, please visit our websites

www.samuelfrench.com

www.samuelfrench-london.co.uk

Jack and the Beanstalk

by Charles Ludlam

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUELFRENCH.COM

Copyright © 1989 by the Estate of Charles Ludlam

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that *JACK AND THE BEANSTALK* is subject to a Licensing Fee. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. In its present form the play is dedicated to the reading public only.

The amateur and professional live stage performance rights to *JACK AND THE BEANSTALK* are controlled exclusively by Samuel French, Inc., and licensing arrangements and performance licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur Licensing Fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a licensing quotation and a performance license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Licensing Fees are payable one week before the opening performance of the play to Samuel French, Inc., at 45 W. 25th Street, New York, NY 10010.

Licensing Fee of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged.

Stock/professional licensing fees quoted upon application to Samuel French, Inc.

For all other rights than those stipulated above, apply to: Fitelson, Lasky, Aslan & Couture, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10176, (212) 586-4700, ATTN: Jerold Couture

Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured in writing from Samuel French, Inc.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play: "Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French, Inc."

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

ISBN 978-0-573-69869-9 Printed in U.S.A. #12631

No one shall commit or authorize any act or omission by which the copyright of, or the right to copyright, this play may be impaired.

No one shall make any changes in this play for the purpose of production.

Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised in their own interests to apply to Samuel French, Inc., for written permission before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre.

No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play and their licensing agent, Samuel French, Inc., against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of *JACK AND THE BEANSTALK must* give credit to the Author of the Play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for the purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production. The name of the Author *must* appear on a separate line on which no other name appears, immediately following the title and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent of the size of the title type.

CHARACTERS

JACK

MOTHER

COW

EX-BUTCHER

MAN-IN-THE-MOON

GIANTESS

GIANT

GOOSE

HARP

PEASANTS

AUTHOR'S NOTES

To be played in one act without intermission. The duration of the performance should not exceed forty-five minutes.

Scene One
The tenement apartment of Jack and his Mother, Mrs. Beanstalk

(The style should be socialist realism. **MRS. BEANSTALK** *is vacuuming.* **JACK** *comes in from school.)*

JACK. Hi, Mother, I'm home from school. I'd like some milk and cookies.

MOTHER. *(shutting off the Electrolux with her foot)* All that lazy boy ever thinks about about is milk and cookies. *(weeping)* Oh Jack, I'm so sad. We have no money for milk and cookies. We can't even afford meat.

JACK. Don't cry, Mother.

MOTHER. We need money to live, Jack. Unless we get some you will have to quit school.

JACK. Hooray!

MOTHER. And work!

JACK. No, no, not work. Please Mother, anything but work! *(running away)*

MOTHER. Oh Jack, when are you going to grow up and get some sense?

JACK. Does one go with the other?

MOTHER. It seems we have no choice but to sell Bossie, our pet cow.

*(***BOSSIE THE COW** *enters.)*

JACK. But who will we sell him to?

MOTHER. Jack, I don't know what they're teaching you in that school. Cows are hers, not hims.

JACK. Whose?

MOTHER. Hers. Not hims but hers.

JACK. *(looking around for the "her")* Hers?

MOTHER. Him is a bull.

JACK. Who is a bull, Mother?

MOTHER. Him is a bull! Him is a bull!

JACK. *(spinning around to see where the "him" is)* Him? Mother, sit down. I think you're delirious with hunger. Let's get back to Bossie. To whom should I sell him?

MOTHER. To the *(spelling)* B-U-T-C-H-E-R.

JACK. To the B-U-T-C-H-E-R?

MOTHER. Yes, to the B-U-T-C-H-E-R.

JACK. But, Mother, that spells *butcher*!

*(***BOSSIE***, who has been trying to figure out what B-U-T-C-H-E-R spells, suddenly starts mooing with fear.)*

MOTHER. Oh Jack, now you've spilled the beans. I didn't want Bossie to know.

BOSSIE. *(very frightened)* Moo.

JACK. But Mother, I can't sell Bossie. I promise I'll give up milk and cookies.

MOTHER. But Jack, we must pay the rent too or be thrown out in the street. I'm afraid there's no choice but to sell Bossie.

JACK. Please don't make me take him out and sell him! Please don't make me take him out!

MOTHER. Why not, Jack?

JACK. This is a five-flight walk-up.

MOTHER. Don't be a lazy boy! Off with you, now. Get the best price you can and hurry home with the money.

JACK. All right, if there's no choice. Come along Bossie old boy.

BOSSIE. *(plaintively)* Moo.

Scene Two
The street

EX-BUTCHER. Say boy, that's a nice-looking cow you've got there.

JACK. My name is Jack, sir.

EX-BUTCHER. Jack, I'd like to buy your cow.

JACK. You want to buy Bossie? Would you give him a good home?

EX-BUTCHER. Yes, I promise to take good care of her.

JACK. And you wouldn't grind him up for sausages in a machine?

EX-BUTCHER. No, I wouldn't.

JACK. Then you're not a butcher, sir?

EX-BUTCHER. Not anymore. I used to be a butcher who cut up animals to make meat. But now I'm so sorry that I just want to take a cow home as a pet and lavish all the good things in life on her.

JACK. Oh, would you, sir? Would you?

EX-BUTCHER. Yes, I would.

JACK. That's great! How much money do you have?

EX-BUTCHER. Well, I haven't got any money, Jack. Ever since I gave up butchering, I haven't had much money. But I could give you these beans.

JACK. Beans?

EX-BUTCHER. Soybeans. They have just as much protein as meat. They don't take up as much room. And you don't have to eat your pets! *(He strokes* **BOSSIE**.*)*

BOSSIE. *(beaming contentedly)* Moo.

JACK. You want me to sell Bossie for a handful of beans?

EX-BUTCHER. These beans are magic, I tell you.

JACK. Well, I'd rather see Bossie live out a long happy life giving us milk for years than grinding her up for sausages that can be eaten in one day. I'd take the beans.

EX-BUTCHER. You'll never regret it.

JACK. Good-bye, sit. Bye-bye, Bossie!

BOSSIE. Moo.

EX-BUTCHER. Good-bye, Jack. Tell your mother that if she pressure-cooks them, don't salt until after they're done or they don't get soft.

Scene Three
Back at the tenement

JACK. Mother, I'm home. And I sold Bossie.

MOTHER. *(turning off the vacuum cleaner with her foot)* That's good, Jack. How much did you get for her?

JACK. And listen to this, Mother. I sold her to an ex-butcher who wanted to give her a good home.

MOTHER. Why, that's wonderful, Jack. How much did he give you?

JACK. Well, he…er…

MOTHER. Come, tell me quickly, Jack. How much money did he give you?

JACK. He didn't give me any money.

MOTHER. WHAT?

JACK. He gave me these beans. *(shows her the beans)*

MOTHER. BEANS?

JACK. He said they were very healthy.

MOTHER. BEANS?

JACK. And he said that if you use the pressure cooker…

MOTHER. Oh, Jack, how could you be so stupid?

JACK. But Mother, he said they were magic.

MOTHER. *(laughing)* I don't know whether to cry or laugh. You've thrown away our only hope for food. Just as I throw these worthless beans out of the window. *(fits the action to the words)*

JACK. No, Mother, don't throw them away.

MOTHER. Too late.

JACK. Mother, now *you've* spilled the beans!

MOTHER. Now we'll both go to our beds without supper. I suppose we deserve it. We've both been behaving like naughty children. Good night, Jack. Brush your teeth and try to get some sleep. Tomorrow we must look for work.

(They both go to sleep. And while they sleep the beanstalk begins to grow slowly up past the roof of the house, all the way up to the sky.)

Scene Four

JACK. *(waking and looking out of the window)* Mother, Mother, come quickly!

MOTHER. *(waking)* What is it, Jack?

JACK. Look where you threw the beans. The beanstalk has grown up past the rooftops.

MOTHER. *(amazed)* Why, Jack, it reaches up to the sky!

JACK. Good-bye, Mother. I'm going to seek my fortune.

MOTHER. Where are you going?

JACK. I'm going to climb the beanstalk and see where it leads.

MOTHER. Oh Jack, be careful.

JACK. Don't worry, Mother. It must lead somewhere.

MOTHER. *(calling after him)* Jack, Jack, don't climb too high. You might get dizzy and fall.

JACK. I'm sure I won't fall if I don't look down, Mother. *(calling back)* Good-bye! Good-bye!

*(***MOTHER** *fades from view behind a scrim. The tenement sinks down until it is out of sight. The crescent moon descends like a swing, holding the* **MAN-IN-THE-MOON**.*)*

Scene Five

JACK. Who are you?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON. I'm the Man-in-the-Moon.

JACK. You mean I've climbed so far that I've climbed past the moon?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON. *(shining a flashlight on* **JACK**) Let me have a better look at you in my moonbeam. Why, you're a little boy!

JACK. Yes, I am.

BOSSIE. *(jumps over the moon)* Moo.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON. What on earth was that?

BOSSIE. Moo.

JACK. That's Bossie. He must be the cow that jumped over the moon.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON, JACK, & BOSSIE. *(sing)*

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE
THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE,
THE COW JUMPED THE OVER THE MOON;
THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED
TO SEE SUCH FUN
AND THE DISH RAN AWAY WITH THE SPOON.

JACK. *(waving at* **COW**) Hi, Bossie!

BOSSIE. *(exiting)* Moo!

JACK. No wonder meat prices are so high.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON. I don't understand why the government spends billions of dollars to put men on the moon when anyone can jump over the moon.

JACK. How can anyone jump over the moon?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON. When it is reflected in a puddle.

JACK. This conversation is getting moonotonous.

(The **MAN-IN-THE-MOON** *sings a medley of songs with "moon" in the title as* **JACK** *climbs past him.* Lots of glitter falls on* **JACK**.*)*

What's this stuff?

---

*Please see Music Use Note on Page 3.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON. Stardust. *(A shot rings out.)* Duck!

(A comet flies past.)

JACK. A shooting star!

MAN-IN-THE-MOON. You're a pretty smart, kid. You're so bright I'll bet your mother calls you "Sonny."

JACK. So long! *(begins to climb out of sight)*

MAN-IN-THE-MOON. Say wait a minute, kid. Do you know where you're going?

JACK. Not exactly. I'm just climbing the beanstalk.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON. Do you know where it leads?

JACK. No, sir. But it must lead somewhere. *(begins climbing again)*

MAN-IN-THE-MOON. Wait a minute. Not so fast. This here is a very high beanstalk. Did you hear what I said? *Very* high. And your fazoolas might kazule your flapdoodles. Now pay attention kid 'cause I don't want to say this twice. Did you hear what I said? I don't want to say this twice.

JACK. Yes, Mr. Moonman.

MAN-IN-THE-MOON. At the top of this beanstalk you will find a great castle.

JACK. Where did it come from?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON. It grew up out of the mud just like the beanstalk, In this castle lives a terrible giant named Fazool. Years ago during the Great Depression, Fazool hired my people to build his castle for him and he promised to pay them a lot of money for building it. Everyone was very happy to help because they thought of the money he had promised and of all the things they could do with the money to make their lives better. But then when it came time to pay the men and women who built the castle a terrible thing happened.

JACK. He refused to pay them?

MAN-IN-THE-MOON. Oh, no, he paid all right. He knew he couldn't get away with not paying the builders because they would tear his castle down even faster than they had built it up.

Hungry for More?

This is a Sample of the Script

Buy the **full script** and explore other titles

www.samuelfrench.com

www.samuelfrench-london.co.uk



[Breaking Character]
An Online Resource for Theatre Makers

Follow Us On twitter

Find us on Facebook

Titles are subject to availability depending on your territory.