

Audition Pieces

Poison Ivy and Fairy Beansprout

(Front of Tabs)

(Special FX - Flash bang DSL. Sound FX - Thunder)

(Poison Ivy appears DSL)

Poison Ivy: I'd like to say you're welcome, but it simply isn't true!
For I'm the evil baddie, the one you hiss and boo!
My name is Poison Ivy, a Witch of mighty power!
Take fright pathetic mortals as on your knees you cower!
I hate this rotten kingdom, so peaceful and compliant,
But things will change with my new friend, a gruesome, great, big Giant!
Blunderbore has an appetite for tasty human flesh,
And here I see some morsels that are young and plump and fresh!
Oh! Look at this one here! Don't hide I'm trying to talk to you!
I think you'd make a tasty snack, perhaps a barbecue!

(Special FX - Flash bang DSR. Sound FX - Good Fairy sound)

(Fairy appears DSR)

Fairy: Stop right there you horrid Witch, I think we've heard enough!
I've listened to your nasty plan and now I'm getting tough!
It's time to stop your tyranny, no more to steal and pillage,
For I'm the Fairy Guardian of this delightful village.
I am the protector of all things fair and green,
No genetic crops for me, my dears, that's really not my scene!

Poison Ivy: And neither is this! This is my scene!

Fairy: Oh no, it's not!

Poison Ivy: Oh yes it is!

(Repeat ad lib, encouraging audience participation!)

Poison Ivy: Oh look don't start all that!

I couldn't give a hubble-bubble.

Go, before I cause you trouble!

Fairy: I shall stop your wicked plan, I stand here all defiant,

I'll drive you off, you evil Witch, and your beastly Giant!

Poison Ivy: Don't make me laugh! What you alone? You'll never last the course!

Just stick to 'Gardener's World' or, even better, to 'Ground Force'!

You know we can't be beaten with just your garden magic...

Fairy: ... She's right you know, it's just not fair, the situation's tragic!

I need the help of a hero bold to save them from being eaten...

Poison Ivy: ... And looking round there's no-one here! Ha! Ha! You know you're beaten!

Fairy: You think you can take over, with the kingdom on the skids,

How dare you be so horrid to the mums and dads and kids?

Poison Ivy: Oh! Do be still! The Giant, he adores kids, that's no joke!

His favourite; kiddie burgers served with a diet coke!

I go for now but I'll make sure you have a rotten time,

You'll all be part digested when we close this pantomime!

(Poison Ivy exits DSL.)

(Sound FX - Thunder)

Fairy: Don't worry boys and girls, my fairy magic will shine through.

I'll find a hero, brave and bold, strong, upright and true,

There is a lad I think of, a dreamer so they say,
But with just the sort of courage to help us win the day!
Let's start our tale, and just for you, a scene that's not too scary,

Dame Trott

(The Dame enters from the Cottage in a state of partial undress)

Dame: Go on, clear off! Can't a lady complete her toilet in peace and quiet?

Villager 4: Don't you mean toilette?

Dame: I know what I mean!

Villager 5: Why have you got your curlers in?

Dame: I am beautifying myself for a special occasion, the Royal visit. Don't I look heavenly?

Villager 5: Like nothing on earth!

Villager 6: But do you really need the mudpack?

Dame: I'm not wearing a mud pack! My complexion doesn't need any artificial enhancements! Do you know my face has been likened to Cleopatra?

Villager 6: Yes, 2000 years after they buried her!

Villager 7: That's an interesting frock Dame Trott...

Dame: Do you like it, it's an antique, over 100 years old...

Villager 7: Really? Did you make it yourself then?

Villager 8: I've seen a better dressed salad!

Dame: Haven't you lot got anything better to do than make my morning a misery? Have you no pity? I'm trying to make myself look alluring so that I can win the King over with my charms and good looks and hope he doesn't ask for the rent I owe him! **(To the Audience.)** But why we should have to pay rent for this cottage in the first place beats me! The walls are so thin that every time I peel an onion the people next door start crying. Still it does have running water; every time it rains! It's not as though we don't try to raise the money! We are often down the market trying to sell our dairy produce. I was down there yesterday but it was so busy! The crowds! Isn't it dreadful girls? I was pushed from the front

(Suitable percussion effect)

Dame: pushed from the back

(Suitable percussion effect)

Dame: pushed from the sides

(Suitable percussion effect)

Dame: I'm going again tomorrow! Well the one thing about being poor, at least it's cheap! And just look at the help I get! **(Indicating Dozy Den.)** Well, he's not all there poor lad. If I gave him a penny for his thoughts I'd get change! And as for my son Jack, he's just an idle dreamer! He's so lazy even his nose doesn't run! His dad was just the same. He was about as useless as a chocolate teapot. Still at least for 20 years my husband and I were the happiest people on earth. Then we met! Jack does try, but he never seems to hold down a proper job, always with his head in the clouds. He started an oven ready dough company, but that was just a half-baked scheme...!

AND...

Act One Scene Five Inside Dame Trott's Cottage

(The Villagers are milling about the interior of Dame Trott's Cottage, carrying catalogues and inspecting various objects on tables, which are up for auction later. There is also an auction stand with block and gavel. The Dame is supervising the crowd with Buttercup)

SONG 5

Dame: (To the Audience.) Oh, hello you lot. I'm still looking for ways to get my rent money so I've decided to auction some things in the cottage. (To a Villager who is being careless with a vase.) Oi! Careful how you handle that vase! It's a genuine Ming!

Villager 1: Dame Trott, how can you tell if it's a Ming?

(The Dame goes over to the Villager with the vase. She flicks the lip of the vase;)

(Sound FX - a tuneful "MING!")

Dame: Anyway, that boy of mine Jack and Dozy Den are supposed to be helping me, I don't know where they've got to. How am I supposed to run an auction and keep an eye on the contents of my cottage whilst the village folk are prodding with my personals! (Audience reaction.) Ooh, you mucky lot!

(Dozy Den enters, he is dressed as David Dickinson from Hit [?!] TV Show 'Bargain Hunt')

Dozy Den: Dozy Den, Dozy Den!

Audience: Time to wakey, wakey then!

Dozy Den: Hi ya! Dozy Dennis Dickinson here, for another session of jolly banter and searching for grubby old antiques (noticing the Dame) and it looks like we've found her!

Dame: Why you cheeky monkey... (She cuffs his head)

Dozy Den: Careful, Dame Trott, this fake tan smears easily! Now, let's see how the teams are doing. (Dozy Den approaches a pair of Villagers, and puts his arms around their shoulders.) Now then, my loves. We gave you a bag of turnips and some horseshoes earlier today to barter for some Antique Bargains! What have you found?

Villager 2: Well, we weren't too sure... but we've decided to go for these, Den. (They proffer a carton of French fries)

Dozy Den: And what are these fascinating objects?

Villager 3: They seem to be small sticks of fried potato.

Dozy Den: Well I don't know what they'll go for, but I think they'll be as cheap as chips! (Dozy Den then goes over to another pair of Villagers.) Now I've heard that you've found something really special.

Villager 4: That's right, Den. We thought we'd look around for the oldest thing we could find.

Dozy Den: Sometimes that can pay off, bargain hunters. What did you spot, then?

Villager 5: We looked everywhere, Den, until finally we realised that for pure historical value the oldest things around here are all the jokes in Act One.

Dozy Den: A bold statement, team, especially as you haven't heard Act Two yet. (To the Audience.) An interesting choice, but will it do well? Let's find out!

(The Dame moves to the auction stand and bangs a gavel)

Dame: Good morning, villagers, and welcome to Dame Trott's household auction. I have put all I have on display, and invited you to examine it closely. As soon as my son Jack shows up to help me we will begin. Thank you. (Dame moves from the stand over to Dozy Den.) Have you seen Jack? He knows he's supposed to be helping me!

(This is a good point to plug any raffle or draw that you might be holding. The Dame can invite Dozy Den to mention the prizes, how to get tickets and who the money is going to. You can then continue...)

Dame: Oh, where is Jack? When I get hold of him I'll cuff his ear!

Dozy Den: His ear?

Dame: Is he? Where?

Dozy Den: Never mind. I think he was looking for some wealthier people to come to your auction. After all I don't think any of the villagers are well off at the moment.

Dame: Oh, well, that's not so bad then. I wonder who he'll find? Someone wealthy, someone affluent...

(Jack enters with the King, the Prime Minister and Princess Rose)

Dame: ... someone that'll take it all back off me when the auction is over! Come here, you blockhead!

(The Dame drags Jack off to the corner, and silently ticks him off whilst the next interchange goes on. The King approaches Dozy Den)

King: What ho, good fellow! I see the Dame is trying her best to get the rent together! Just thought I'd see how it goes, but now I'm here there are a few items I'm interested in.

Dozy Den: Oh yes, your Majesticals? Which items in particular?

King: Well, will this antique globe go for a good price?

Dozy Den: I imagine so; it means the world to her!

Princess: And have you read this book? It looks interesting; "A Complete History of Super Glue".

Dozy Den: I can honestly say I couldn't put it down!

King: Excellent, excellent. Prime Minister, mark these items down in the catalogue.

(The Dame pushes Jack towards some items, and takes her place on the stand)

Dame: I think it's about time to make a start... Let's see, er... Jack, hold up something and we'll try to sell it... er... I don't really know how to do these things...

Dozy Den: Would you like a hand, Dame Trott? I've seen a few auctions before and I know how they work!

Dame: Oh, would you Den? You'd be ever so kind!

Dozy Den: No problem, dear Dame. Off you shuffle, then! **(Dozy Den takes the stand. He picks up his gavel, and looks around.)** Lot One, then, and...

(Dozy Den then continues his speech in the style of a cattle market auctioneer, which is a lot of loud unintelligible mumbling, pointing, hand gestures, winking. The Dame looks perplexed. Finally, Dozy Den bangs down the gavel. This could be improvised; the following section in italics is for guidance only!)

Dozy Den: Eyes down looking for lot number one and.... **(speaking very fast)** ahhh one one one **(starts miming motorbike and making the one round like a rev of an engine)** one one one two two two two ah three three three three four four **(starts miming a Star Wars light sabre and making the four sound a bit like a lightsabre noise!)**, four got a four five five five I hear five five now six is it six six six yes six seven seven eight now all at eight eight I have, nine nine nine nine ten ten ten ten tennnnnnn the hills are alive.... with the sound of going, going, gone! **(Bangs gavel down on own hand.)** Ow!

Dame: I'm not sure what happened, then!

Jack: I think Den just sold his gavel.

(A Villager walks up to Dozy Den, and takes the gavel. Dozy Den is confused. The Dame marches back up to the stand and retakes her place. During this next section Jack will hold up the item on offer)

Dame: Oooh, never trust a comedy link-man to do a Dame's work. I'll take it from here, Den. Right, ladies and gentlemen. First up is this lovely left-handed coat hanger. What am I bid?

(There is an auction bit here in a proper style of raising bids. This can be improvised, with the Dame simply making-up daft items and values being bid, pointing around the stage and audience. The Villagers simply raise hands and catalogues randomly. Until the Dame declares a winner. The following section in italics is for guidance only.)

Dame: Looking for bids from the floor. Where shall I start? A potato, I see a potato, turnip, a turnip, I see three carrots there, three carrots now, a cabbage, a cabbage, **(in the audience)** I see 2 grapefruit. **(Pause.)** Could you do your blouse up madam? Thanks. Right just one a cabbage, I see four carrots, five carrots, I see a bag of carrots... **(Bangs gavel.)** Sold! Sold to the man at the back for a bag of carrots. Lot number two, ladies and gentlemen, will be... **(checking the list)**... a bag of carrots! What do I see? I see a potato, a

potato, a turnip, large suede, a large suede, **(into the audience)** another large cabbage... oh, sorry sir just adjusting your wig? I do apologise. Four potatoes, five eggs, five eggs, six eggs, six eggs and a Tom Jones portrait. Sold to the miserable looking woman at the back for six eggs and a signed portrait of Tom Jones. Next on the list, lot number three then, is... half a dozen eggs. **(Stuffing the Tom Jones portrait inside her dress.)**

Villager 6: What about the Tom Jones portrait?

Dame: Never you mind about the Tom Jones Portrait! Now, six eggs. Can we start again please, start with a turnip, a turnip, I have a turnip, large suede, large suede, **(pulling out scrap of paper)** I have this written bid for some Oil of Ulay and a jar of Preparation H... Sorry, that's my shopping list. Large parsnip, large parsnip, two large parsnips, a left handed coathanger, sold! Sold to the hairy-looking gentleman at the back for a left-handed coathanger! Thank you very much ladies and gentlemen, that concludes this afternoon's auction.... Thanks for coming.

(The Villagers exit.)

Dame: Well, how much have we made?

Jack: Hang on, I'm counting... well, with buyer's premiums, seller's premiums, sales tax, VAT and miscellaneous expenses we've earned... half a signed Tom Jones poster.

Dame: Oh dear! Is it normal for a person to just take half a Tom Jones poster away from an auction like this?

Dozy Den: It's not unusual!

P. M.: Well Dame Trott, it looks like you might not be able to pay your rent after all. Still, looking on the bright side, now you've sold some of your stuff you don't have so much to carry when you move out!

King: How many eviction notices do we need to hand out today, Prime Minister?

P. M.: I've got the Trott's! **(He pulls out an eviction notice from his bag)**

King: Your medical ailments are of no concern to me. I said you were hogging the Fig Newtons on the... **(Seeing the notice and realising.)**... Oh! I see!

Dame: Jack, there's nothing else for it! You'll have to take our beloved Buttercup to market immediately! If not sooner! Get the best possible price for her and bring it back to me so we can keep a roof over our heads!

Jack: **(Sadly.)** I understand, mother. I'll take Buttercup to market straight away.

(He exits with Buttercup, sobbing.)

(Sound FX - Plaintive Moo!)

(Princess Rose follows them)

Dame: **(Starting to weep softly.)** Oh my poor boy. **(To the Prime Minister.)** Now see where your greed has gotten us! Jack will never smile again!

P. M.: **(Starting to cry as well.)** It's not my fault! I'm only working under orders from HIM! **(Pointing to the King)**

Dozy Den

Act One Scene Five Inside Dame Trott's Cottage

(The Villagers are milling about the interior of Dame Trott's Cottage, carrying catalogues and inspecting various objects on tables, which are up for auction later. There is also an auction stand with block and gavel. The Dame is supervising the crowd with Buttercup)

SONG 5

Dame: (To the Audience.) Oh, hello you lot. I'm still looking for ways to get my rent money so I've decided to auction some things in the cottage. (To a Villager who is being careless with a vase.) Oi! Careful how you handle that vase! It's a genuine Ming!

Villager 1: Dame Trott, how can you tell if it's a Ming?

(The Dame goes over to the Villager with the vase. She flicks the lip of the vase;)

(Sound FX - a tuneful "MING!")

Dame: Anyway, that boy of mine Jack and Dozy Den are supposed to be helping me, I don't know where they've got to. How am I supposed to run an auction and keep an eye on the contents of my cottage whilst the village folk are prodding with my personals! (Audience reaction.) Ooh, you mucky lot!

(Dozy Den enters, he is dressed as David Dickinson from Hit [?!] TV Show 'Bargain Hunt')

Dozy Den: Dozy Den, Dozy Den!

Audience: Time to wakey, wakey then!

Dozy Den: Hi ya! Dozy Dennis Dickinson here, for another session of jolly banter and searching for grubby old antiques (noticing the Dame) and it looks like we've found her!

Dame: Why you cheeky monkey... (She cuffs his head)

Dozy Den: Careful, Dame Trott, this fake tan smears easily! Now, let's see how the teams are doing. (Dozy Den approaches a pair of Villagers, and puts his arms around their shoulders.) Now then, my loves. We gave you a bag of turnips and some horseshoes earlier today to barter for some Antique Bargains! What have you found?

Villager 2: Well, we weren't too sure... but we've decided to go for these, Den. (They proffer a carton of French fries)

Dozy Den: And what are these fascinating objects?

Villager 3: They seem to be small sticks of fried potato.

Dozy Den: Well I don't know what they'll go for, but I think they'll be as cheap as chips! (Dozy Den then goes over to another pair of Villagers.) Now I've heard that you've found something really special.

Villager 4: That's right, Den. We thought we'd look around for the oldest thing we could find.

Dozy Den: Sometimes that can pay off, bargain hunters. What did you spot, then?

Villager 5: We looked everywhere, Den, until finally we realised that for pure historical value the oldest things around here are all the jokes in Act One.

Dozy Den: A bold statement, team, especially as you haven't heard Act Two yet. (To the Audience.) An interesting choice, but will it do well? Let's find out!

(The Dame moves to the auction stand and bangs a gavel)

Dame: Good morning, villagers, and welcome to Dame Trott's household auction. I have put all I have on display, and invited you to examine it closely. As soon as my son Jack

shows up to help me we will begin. Thank you. **(Dame moves from the stand over to Dozy Den.)** Have you seen Jack? He knows he's supposed to be helping me!
(This is a good point to plug any raffle or draw that you might be holding. The Dame can invite Dozy Den to mention the prizes, how to get tickets and who the money is going to. You can then continue...)

Dame: Oh, where is Jack? When I get hold of him I'll cuff his ear!

Dozy Den: His ear?

Dame: Is he? Where?

Dozy Den: Never mind. I think he was looking for some wealthier people to come to your auction. After all I don't think any of the villagers are well off at the moment.

Dame: Oh, well, that's not so bad then. I wonder who he'll find? Someone wealthy, someone affluent...

(Jack enters with the King, the Prime Minister and Princess Rose)

Dame: ... someone that'll take it all back off me when the auction is over! Come here, you blockhead!

(The Dame drags Jack off to the corner, and silently ticks him off whilst the next interchange goes on. The King approaches Dozy Den)

King: What ho, good fellow! I see the Dame is trying her best to get the rent together! Just thought I'd see how it goes, but now I'm here there are a few items I'm interested in.

Dozy Den: Oh yes, your Majesticals? Which items in particular?

King: Well, will this antique globe go for a good price?

Dozy Den: I imagine so; it means the world to her!

Princess: And have you read this book? It looks interesting; "A Complete History of Super Glue".

Dozy Den: I can honestly say I couldn't put it down!

King: Excellent, excellent. Prime Minister, mark these items down in the catalogue.

(The Dame pushes Jack towards some items, and takes her place on the stand)

Dame: I think it's about time to make a start... Let's see, er... Jack, hold up something and we'll try to sell it... er... I don't really know how to do these things...

Dozy Den: Would you like a hand, Dame Trot? I've seen a few auctions before and I know how they work!

Dame: Oh, would you Den? You'd be ever so kind!

Dozy Den: No problem, dear Dame. Off you shuffle, then! **(Dozy Den takes the stand. He picks up his gavel, and looks around.)** Lot One, then, and...

(Dozy Den then continues his speech in the style of a cattle market auctioneer, which is a lot of loud unintelligible mumbling, pointing, hand gestures, winking. The Dame looks perplexed. Finally, Dozy Den bangs down the gavel. This could be improvised; the following section in italics is for guidance only!)

Dozy Den: Eyes down looking for lot number one and.... **(speaking very fast)** ahhh one one one **(starts miming motorbike and making the one round like a rev of an engine)** one one one two two two two ah three three three three four four **(starts miming a Star Wars light sabre and making the four sound a bit like a lighsabre noise!)**, four got a four five five five I hear five five now six is it six six six yes six seven seven eight now all at eight eight I have, nine nine nine nine ten ten ten ten tennnnnnn the hills are alive.... with the sound of going, going, gone! **(Bangs gavel down on own hand.)** Ow!

Dame: I'm not sure what happened, then!

Jack: I think Den just sold his gavel.

(A Villager walks up to Dozy Den, and takes the gavel. Dozy Den is confused. The Dame marches back up to the stand and retakes her place. During this next section Jack will hold up the item on offer)

Dame: Oooh, never trust a comedy link-man to do a Dame's work. I'll take it from here, Den. Right, ladies and gentlemen. First up is this lovely left-handed coat hanger. What am I bid?

(There is an auction bit here in a proper style of raising bids. This can be improvised, with the Dame simply making-up daft items and values being bid, pointing around the stage and audience. The Villagers simply raise hands and catalogues randomly. Until the Dame declares a winner. The following section in italics is for guidance only.)

Dame: Looking for bids from the floor. Where shall I start? A potato, I see a potato, turnip, a turnip, I see three carrots there, three carrots now, a cabbage, a cabbage, **(in the audience)** I see 2 grapefruit. **(Pause.)** Could you do your blouse up madam? Thanks. Right just one a cabbage, I see four carrots, five carrots, I see a bag of carrots... **(Bangs gavel.)** Sold! Sold to the man at the back for a bag of carrots. Lot number two, ladies and gentlemen, will be... **(checking the list)**... a bag of carrots! What do I see? I see a potato, a potato, a turnip, large suede, a large suede, **(into the audience)** another large cabbage... oh, sorry sir just adjusting your wig? I do apologise. Four potatoes, five eggs, five eggs, six eggs, six eggs and a Tom Jones portrait. Sold to the miserable looking woman at the back for six eggs and a signed portrait of Tom Jones. Next on the list, lot number three then, is... half a dozen eggs. **(Stuffing the Tom Jones portrait inside her dress.)**

Villager 6: What about the Tom Jones portrait?

Dame: Never you mind about the Tom Jones Portrait! Now, six eggs. Can we start again please, start with a turnip, a turnip, I have a turnip, large suede, large suede, **(pulling out scrap of paper)** I have this written bid for some Oil of Ulay and a jar of Preparation H... Sorry, that's my shopping list. Large parsnip, large parsnip, two large parsnips, a left handed coathanger, sold! Sold to the hairy-looking gentleman at the back for a left-handed coathanger! Thank you very much ladies and gentlemen, that concludes this afternoon's auction.... Thanks for coming.

(The Villagers exit.)

Dame: Well, how much have we made?

Jack: Hang on, I'm counting... well, with buyer's premiums, seller's premiums, sales tax, VAT and miscellaneous expenses we've earned... half a signed Tom Jones poster.

Dame: Oh dear! Is it normal for a person to just take half a Tom Jones poster away from an auction like this?

Dozy Den: It's not unusual!

P. M.: Well Dame Trott, it looks like you might not be able to pay your rent after all. Still, looking on the bright side, now you've sold some of your stuff you don't have so much to carry when you move out!

King: How many eviction notices do we need to hand out today, Prime Minister?

P. M.: I've got the Trott's! **(He pulls out an eviction notice from his bag)**

King: Your medical ailments are of no concern to me. I said you were hogging the Fig Newtons on the... **(Seeing the notice and realising.)**... Oh! I see!

Dame: Jack, there's nothing else for it! You'll have to take our beloved Buttercup to market immediately! If not sooner! Get the best possible price for her and bring it back to me so we can keep a roof over our heads!

Jack: **(Sadly.)** I understand, mother. I'll take Buttercup to market straight away.

(He exits with Buttercup, sobbing.)

(Sound FX - Plaintive Moo!)

(Princess Rose follows them)

Dame: **(Starting to weep softly.)** Oh my poor boy. **(To the Prime Minister.)** Now see where your greed has gotten us! Jack will never smile again!

P. M.: **(Starting to cry as well.)** It's not my fault! I'm only working under orders from HIM! **(Pointing to the King)**

Jack – Plus Song

Act One, Scene Two: On The Edge Of The Village

(Front of Cloth: The Village outskirts. There is a prop tree DSR. Jack enters. He scuffs his footwear a little as though fed up.)

Jack: It's not fair. Everyone says that I'm lazy, especially my mother, but its not that I don't want to earn a living. I just know that I'm not here to do some boring everyday menial work. I keep imagining all kinds of things; adventure, excitement, riches, and I'm sure that destiny has bigger plans for me! I thought that joining the circus might have been the start of a new life but when I said I could do a better job than the human cannonball, I was fired!

Princess: **(From offstage right.)** Jack? Is that you?

Jack: Eh? Who's that? **(To the tree.)** Was that you talking? Finally! A talking tree, growing here for many years until it can finally reveal to me the quest I was born to undertake! **(Standing heroically.)** Speak, mighty oak, tell me what fate has in store!

Princess: **(Enters DSR, staring at Jack with bemusement.)** Are you alright, Jack? Talking to the plants? I thought it was only my cousin Charles that did that!

Jack: Oh, Princess Rose, it was you. I thought that my destiny had finally found me.

Princess: **(Mysteriously.)** Maybe she has!

Jack: What?

Princess: Oh, nothing. Daddy is still making his way around the village, so I thought I'd just have a wander around and see if anything interesting was happening.

Jack: Not around here I'm afraid, Princess. Nothing exciting ever happens. The most kerfuffle round here is mother's bath night.

Princess: What's so disturbing about that?

Jack: Well, the cottage is quite small so she has to drag the tin bath into the front garden, next to Buttercup's shed.

Princess: What about the awful smell?

Jack: Buttercup doesn't seem't seem to mind!

Princess: Well anyway, I hope daddy raises enough money to pay the Giant. The Kingdom's in serious trouble. All of our heroes have gone, the troops at the castle are no use and daddy's soldiering days are long gone.

Jack: What's about the Knights? I thought the King had a round tables-worth!

Princess: But when it came to the crunch they weren't able to help. Not one of them!

Jack: What about Sir Amic?

Princess: Went to pieces!

Jack: Sir Render?

Princess: Gave up without a fight!

Jack: Sir Veillance?

Princess: Couldn't find the Giant! Look, have you got many more of these?

Jack: Three more pages, I'm afraid.

Princess: Then can we just assume that none of the Knights are any good to us?

Jack: Fair enough!

Princess: We've either got to come up with the money in a hurry or find a champion to stand up to that nasty, evil bully of a Giant.

Jack: Maybe... Maybe... I could be that champion! Perhaps that is what I was meant for!

Princess: **(Laughing.)** Oh Jack, you are funny sometimes!

Jack: What do you mean?

Princess: You becoming the champion of the Kingdom? You have lots of ideas and ambitions but you never do anything with them. You're a dreamer, Jack. Not a do-er. Have you considered working for the Council?

Jack: I'm hurt that you don't believe in me, Princess. I can do great things, I just need the chance. I will find the Giant, and I'll tell him what he can do with his demands. I will henceforth be known as... **(posing heroically)** 'Jack the Giant Killer'!

Princess: You do make me laugh. Alright, 'Champion Jack', if you can defeat the Giant then my father will make you... a Knight of the Jacuzzi!

Jack: What's that?

Princess: It's just a bit posher than a Knight of the Bath. And with your new-found status, you would be in a position to propose marriage to any girl you wished...

Jack: **(Looking directly at the Princess.)** Any girl?

Princess: **(Looking coyly at Jack.)** I would say so.

Jack: **(Taking a step towards her.)** But supposing she said no?

Princess: **(Taking a step towards him.)** A girl would have to be a fool to turn down the Champion of an entire Kingdom...

Jack: **(Taking another step towards her.)** And would she object to a would-be hero stealing a little kiss?

Princess: **(Taking another step towards him.)** I don't think she would mind at all.
(They are standing together as close as a slow-dance starting position)

Jack: **(Destroying the moment.)** Sorry, I just need to check... We are talking about you and me here, aren't we?

Princess: **(Sighs.)** Yes Jack. Let's hope you don't need to rely on keen insight to defeat the Giant!

SONG 3

Princess: I'd better get back to my father. We need to head back to the castle. Good luck 'Champion Jack'. I'm relying on you to save us all!
(She kisses her hand and touches his forehead. She exits, leaving Jack in a dazed state)

Jack: This is it! What I was meant to be! I'll defeat the Giant, become a hero and marry the Princess!
(The Dame can be heard shouting in the distance)

Dame: **(Offstage.)** Jack! Where are you, you useless lump? He's about as easy to find as a decent song on a Gareth Gates album!

Jack: **(Snapping out of his daydream.)** I suppose I'd better go and see what mother wants first. How are we going to pay the rent? We have no money and nothing to sell. All we have is Buttercup, and her milk won't fetch enough. But maybe I can beat the Giant and fix everything! I'm going to tell mother that I've solved all our problems! See you later!
(Jack runs offstage)
(Blackout)

AND...

Act One, Scene Six: On The Way To Market

(Front of cloth: The Village outskirts)
(Special FX - Flash bang DSL. Sound FX - Thunder)
(Poison Ivy appears DSL)
Poison Ivy: The Trott's now cannot pay the rent

All their money they have spent!
Their only hope, to sell their cow!
I think I hear them coming now!
I will trick that foolish lad,
And steal the cow, yes aren't I bad?
She'll make a good gift for my chief
And he will dine on fresh roast beef!
Won't that make a nice surprise?
But first my face, I must disguise!

(Poison Ivy exits DSL to don her disguise.)

(Sound FX - Thunder)

(Jack, leading Buttercup, wanders sadly onto the stage DSR)

Jack: Ah Buttercup, who would have thought we'd come to this, eh? I thought we'd be together for heifer. The first time we laid eyes on each udder, you were such a mooving sight. You were so tiny and shivering, and I knew you were Friesian, so I wrapped you in my jersey! Oh I will miss you - we've had some great times together...

SONG 6

Jack: Anyway, we don't have time for games or singing, we have to get to market.
(They start moving across the stage and Poison Ivy enters DSL in heavy disguise - a cloak, hat and false nose, or she could remove a false nose if she was wearing one previously!

Buttercup gives a wildly comic double-take and hides behind Jack)

Jack: Don't be silly Buttercup, it's just a harmless old woman, isn't it boys and girls?

(Poison Ivy makes threatening gestures at the Audience to try and get them to play along)

Poison Ivy: Yes, that's just what I am, dear boy. I'm a harmless old woman who went to the market to try and find a nice cow to um... become a famous moo-vie star.

Jack: And did you find one?

Poison Ivy: **(Looking pointedly behind her before replying.)** No. Which means I'm still looking for one!

Jack: Oh well, best of luck for next time...

(Jack makes to move past her, but Poison Ivy grabs his arm)

Poison Ivy: I can't help noticing that you have a fine juicy cow there, young man.

Jack: Juicy?

Poison Ivy: I meant beautiful.

Jack: Oh yes, but I'm taking Buttercup to sell at the market, so I'm afraid she can't come and be a film star. **(Jack starts to lead Buttercup off SL)**

Poison Ivy: Could I buy her?

(Jack and Buttercup turn back to face Poison Ivy. Jack with a huge car salesman type grin in place)

Jack: Certainly Madam, this wonderful cow can be yours today at a very reasonable price. She's in excellent condition, having only had one careful owner...

Poison Ivy: Really?

Jack: Yes, the others were all very careless. She produces both semi-skimmed and whole milk and does a gallon of milk to each square metre of grass. Very economical. She even comes with one year's M. O. T.

Poison Ivy: M. O. T.?

Jack: Milk on Tap.

Poison Ivy: She sounds like just the cow I'm looking for. How much are you asking for?

Jack: **(To Audience.)** What do you think? Should I sell her to this nice old lady? Or should I wait till I get to the market?

(Frenzied Audience reaction!)

Jack: (To Poison Ivy) How much will you give me?

Poison Ivy: A whole bagful.

Jack: A whole bagful! That's enough to pay the rent and have some left over!

(Buttercup is nudging him from behind)

Jack: What is it, Buttercup?

(She whispers in his ear)

Jack: Oh, good point. (To Poison Ivy.) Buttercup says... I mean, I'd like to know what's in the bag first. Is it gold?

(Poison Ivy draws a bag from inside her cloak and peers into it. Jack leans forward to try and catch a peek, but she pulls it back)

Poison Ivy: Oh no, it's better than that!

Jack: Better than gold? Wow! Is it diamonds?

Poison Ivy: No, better than that!

Jack: Better than diamonds... Erm... rubies? Pearls? [insert latest kid's collectible]

Poison Ivy: You'll never guess. It's beans.

Jack: No! Oh my goodness, really? You've got a bag full of... **(realising)** Beans?!

(He turns to go.)

Poison Ivy: Magic beans.

Jack: **(Jack turns back slowly, his eyes wide.)** What?

Poison Ivy: Oh yes I have here a bag of magic beans, beans with the power to make your dreams come true.

Jack: Make my dreams come true? **(He's almost in a trance)**

Poison Ivy: So will you sell me your cow for my bag of magic beans?

(Audience reaction, but Jack moves slowly to hand Buttercup's halter to Poison Ivy and take the bag from her. Buttercup is quaking)

Poison Ivy: Now run along home and tell your family the good news, there's a good boy.

Jack: The good news, yes. Magic bean! **(He rushes off in a euphoric mood DSR.)**

(Sound FX - Plaintive moo!)

(Poison Ivy throws off the cloak and disguise.)

(Sound FX - Thunder)

Poison Ivy: Ha! Ha! Ha! And won't they be surprised when they find out those are just ordinary beans, bought at the market for one copper piece! What a deal! You'll make a nice meal for the Giant, my beauty!

(Princess Rose has entered DSR during this speech)

Princess: You evil old crone! You swindled Jack to feed Buttercup to the Giant! I'll fetch the palace guard to deal with you! **(She turns to leave)**

Poison Ivy: No you won't! **(She makes a magical gesture.)**

(Sound FX - Evil Magic spell.)

Princess plus song

Act One, Scene Two: On The Edge Of The Village

(Front of Cloth: The Village outskirts. There is a prop tree DSR. Jack enters. He scuffs his footwear a little as though fed up.)

Jack: It's not fair. Everyone says that I'm lazy, especially my mother, but its not that I don't want to earn a living. I just know that I'm not here to do some boring everyday menial work. I keep imagining all kinds of things; adventure, excitement, riches, and I'm sure that destiny has bigger plans for me! I thought that joining the circus might have been the start of a new life but when I said I could do a better job than the human cannonball, I was fired!

Princess: (From offstage right.) Jack? Is that you?

Jack: Eh? Who's that? (To the tree.) Was that you talking? Finally! A talking tree, growing here for many years until it can finally reveal to me the quest I was born to undertake! (Standing heroically.) Speak, mighty oak, tell me what fate has in store!

Princess: (Enters DSR, staring at Jack with bemusement.) Are you alright, Jack? Talking to the plants? I thought it was only my cousin Charles that did that!

Jack: Oh, Princess Rose, it was you. I thought that my destiny had finally found me.

Princess: (Mysteriously.) Maybe she has!

Jack: What?

Princess: Oh, nothing. Daddy is still making his way around the village, so I thought I'd just have a wander around and see if anything interesting was happening.

Jack: Not around here I'm afraid, Princess. Nothing exciting ever happens. The most kerfuffle round here is mother's bath night.

Princess: What's so disturbing about that?

Jack: Well, the cottage is quite small so she has to drag the tin bath into the front garden, next to Buttercup's shed.

Princess: What about the awful smell?

Jack: Buttercup doesn't seem't seem to mind!

Princess: Well anyway, I hope daddy raises enough money to pay the Giant. The Kingdom's in serious trouble. All of our heroes have gone, the troops at the castle are no use and daddy's soldiering days are long gone.

Jack: What's about the Knights? I thought the King had a round tables-worth!

Princess: But when it came to the crunch they weren't able to help. Not one of them!

Jack: What about Sir Amic?

Princess: Went to pieces!

Jack: Sir Render?

Princess: Gave up without a fight!

Jack: Sir Veillance?

Princess: Couldn't find the Giant! Look, have you got many more of these?

Jack: Three more pages, I'm afraid.

Princess: Then can we just assume that none of the Knights are any good to us?

Jack: Fair enough!

Princess: We've either got to come up with the money in a hurry or find a champion to stand up to that nasty, evil bully of a Giant.

Jack: Maybe... Maybe... I could be that champion! Perhaps that is what I was meant for!

Princess: (Laughing.) Oh Jack, you are funny sometimes!

Jack: What do you mean?

Princess: You becoming the champion of the Kingdom? You have lots of ideas and ambitions but you never do anything with them. You're a dreamer, Jack. Not a do-er. Have you considered working for the Council?

Jack: I'm hurt that you don't believe in me, Princess. I can do great things, I just need the chance. I will find the Giant, and I'll tell him what he can do with his demands. I will henceforth be known as... **(posing heroically)** 'Jack the Giant Killer'!

Princess: You do make me laugh. Alright, 'Champion Jack', if you can defeat the Giant then my father will make you... a Knight of the Jacuzzi!

Jack: What's that?

Princess: It's just a bit posher than a Knight of the Bath. And with your new-found status, you would be in a position to propose marriage to any girl you wished...

Jack: **(Looking directly at the Princess.)** Any girl?

Princess: **(Looking coyly at Jack.)** I would say so.

Jack: **(Taking a step towards her.)** But supposing she said no?

Princess: **(Taking a step towards him.)** A girl would have to be a fool to turn down the Champion of an entire Kingdom...

Jack: **(Taking another step towards her.)** And would she object to a would-be hero stealing a little kiss?

Princess: **(Taking another step towards him.)** I don't think she would mind at all.
(They are standing together as close as a slow-dance starting position)

Jack: **(Destroying the moment.)** Sorry, I just need to check... We are talking about you and me here, aren't we?

Princess: **(Sighs.)** Yes Jack. Let's hope you don't need to rely on keen insight to defeat the Giant!

SONG 3

Princess: I'd better get back to my father. We need to head back to the castle. Good luck 'Champion Jack'. I'm relying on you to save us all!
(She kisses her hand and touches his forehead. She exits, leaving Jack in a dazed state)

Jack: This is it! What I was meant to be! I'll defeat the Giant, become a hero and marry the Princess!
(The Dame can be heard shouting in the distance)

Dame: **(Offstage.)** Jack! Where are you, you useless lump? He's about as easy to find as a decent song on a Gareth Gates album!

Jack: **(Snapping out of his daydream.)** I suppose I'd better go and see what mother wants first. How are we going to pay the rent? We have no money and nothing to sell. All we have is Buttercup, and her milk won't fetch enough. But maybe I can beat the Giant and fix everything! I'm going to tell mother that I've solved all our problems! See you later!
(Jack runs offstage)
(Blackout)

King

Act One, Scene Four: On The Edge Of The Village

(Front of Cloth: The Village outskirts. The same prop tree as used in Act 1 Scene 2 is DSR. The King and Prime Minister enter from opposite sides and meet centre stage)

King: Any luck? Where's the money?

P. M.: I'm afraid I didn't get any.

King: Oh! This is desperate! We really need that rent. I'll tell you a secret

(They both look furtively offstage and back to centre)

King: The kingdom is flat broke.

P. M.: What about the money in that new safe in the treasury?

King: Stolen.

P. M.: I thought it was burglar-proof.

King: No, just proof we had a burglar!

P. M.: I did have an idea though. How about a tax on colds? We could call it a 'congestion charge'!

King: I've never heard of anything so ridiculous! Well, don't worry, I've found a way to save 700 gold pieces a year.

P. M.: 700 Gold pieces? That's equal to my salary!

King: It is your salary. I've discovered you're not working hard enough to earn it.

P. M.: Oh, but I am Sire, I swear it!

King: Oh no you're not! **(Reaction from Audience?)** Let me show you. **(He walks over to a prop tree, opens a catch and a flap on the front of the tree folds down to reveal a blackboard.)** How many days are there in a year?

P. M.: Three hundred and sixty five.

(The King writes this on the board. He will continue to add figures to the board during the following discussion and can ask the Audience to help with the calculations)

King: And how many hours do you work each day?

P. M.: Eight.

King: That's about one third of a day, so three hundred and sixty five divided by three is ... er ... one hundred and twenty one point six. We'll knock off the point six to allow you the time you spend on the toilet, so that makes it one hundred and twenty one days at work.

P. M.: See? That's a lot of work.

King: Aha, but we're not done yet. You don't work on Saturdays and Sundays, do you?

P. M.: No.

King: And how many of those are there each year?

P. M.: Fifty two Saturdays and fifty two Sundays.

King: Which makes one hundred and four in total. One hundred and twenty one minus one hundred and four makes?

P. M.: Seventeen. Well, I mean, that's not bad, is it?

King: Of course not. But do you have a holiday?

P. M.: Oh yes. Every year I spend two weeks larging it up in Ibiza, party island in the sun!

(Sound FX - Rave music.)

(The Prime Minister does violent trance-style dance moves. He continues dancing even after the music has stopped)

King: then?
(Interrupting him.) Quite! So that's another fourteen days you're not working,
P. M.: Er... Yes? But that leaves three.
King: You don't work on Christmas Day?
P. M.: No.
King: Boxing Day?
P. M.: **(Hopelessly now.)** No.
King: Easter?
P. M.: **(Utterly resigned to the obvious outcome.)** No.
King: Which is why I won't be paying you this year.
P. M.: Well, you can't argue with the maths.
(Both Exit.)
(Blackout)

PM

Act One, Scene Four: On The Edge Of The Village

(Front of Cloth: The Village outskirts. The same prop tree as used in Act 1 Scene 2 is DSR. The King and Prime Minister enter from opposite sides and meet centre stage)

King: Any luck? Where's the money?

P. M.: I'm afraid I didn't get any.

King: Oh! This is desperate! We really need that rent. I'll tell you a secret

(They both look furtively offstage and back to centre)

King: The kingdom is flat broke.

P. M.: What about the money in that new safe in the treasury?

King: Stolen.

P. M.: I thought it was burglar-proof.

King: No, just proof we had a burglar!

P. M.: I did have an idea though. How about a tax on colds? We could call it a 'congestion charge'!

King: I've never heard of anything so ridiculous! Well, don't worry, I've found a way to save 700 gold pieces a year.

P. M.: 700 Gold pieces? That's equal to my salary!

King: It is your salary. I've discovered you're not working hard enough to earn it.

P. M.: Oh, but I am Sire, I swear it!

King: Oh no you're not! **(Reaction from Audience?)** Let me show you. **(He walks over to a prop tree, opens a catch and a flap on the front of the tree folds down to reveal a blackboard.)** How many days are there in a year?

P. M.: Three hundred and sixty five.

(The King writes this on the board. He will continue to add figures to the board during the following discussion and can ask the Audience to help with the calculations)

King: And how many hours do you work each day?

P. M.: Eight.

King: That's about one third of a day, so three hundred and sixty five divided by three is ... er ... one hundred and twenty one point six. We'll knock off the point six to allow you the time you spend on the toilet, so that makes it one hundred and twenty one days at work.

P. M.: See? That's a lot of work.

King: Aha, but we're not done yet. You don't work on Saturdays and Sundays, do you?

P. M.: No.

King: And how many of those are there each year?

P. M.: Fifty two Saturdays and fifty two Sundays.

King: Which makes one hundred and four in total. One hundred and twenty one minus one hundred and four makes?

P. M.: Seventeen. Well, I mean, that's not bad, is it?

King: Of course not. But do you have a holiday?

P. M.: Oh yes. Every year I spend two weeks larging it up in Ibiza, party island in the sun!

(Sound FX - Rave music.)

(The Prime Minister does violent trance-style dance moves. He continues dancing even after the music has stopped)

King: then?
(Interrupting him.) Quite! So that's another fourteen days you're not working,
P. M.: Er... Yes? But that leaves three.
King: You don't work on Christmas Day?
P. M.: No.
King: Boxing Day?
P. M.: **(Hopelessly now.)** No.
King: Easter?
P. M.: **(Utterly resigned to the obvious outcome.)** No.
King: Which is why I won't be paying you this year.
P. M.: Well, you can't argue with the maths.
(Both Exit.)
(Blackout)

Housekeeper

Act Two, Scene Three: The Giant's Kitchen

(The setting is a kitchen with oversized furniture and accessories. There is a large kitchen table and a giant chair and a giant Oven. The scene opens with a collection of the Slaves cleaning the Kitchen and performing chores under the Housekeeper's direction with the Guards keeping watch)

SONG 9

Housekeeper: (to the Chorus.) Right go on, clear off and leave me to get my cooking done in peace.

(The Slaves and Guards exit.)

Housekeeper: (Noticing the audience.) Oh hello you lot! Where did you spring from? You'd better not be found here by the Giant or he'll eat you all up! Worse still he'll imprison you and force you to work for him like us here! I'm his housekeeper! A horrible job, but what choice do I have. I've been here for years. I was happily minding my own business down there and one day got grabbed by that horrid Witch and ended up here. I lost my little boy and haven't seen him since...

Jack: Pssst!

Housekeeper: I haven't touched a drop!

(Jack creeps onto the stage)

Jack: No! Over here!

Housekeeper: Who on earth are you? Where did you spring from?

Jack: My name is Jack Trott. I've just climbed a giant beanstalk from the world below!

Housekeeper: You've just finished off a bottle of whiskey you mean! I've never heard such nonsense. What are you doing here?

Jack: I am here on a quest with my family and all these friends here! (Indicates the Audience)

Housekeeper: You're in terrible danger. The Giant will gobble you up without a moment's thought. Particularly you children! The Giant hates children; he'll have a fit if he finds you here!

Jack: Oh! What should we do!

Housekeeper: I tell you what, the Giant is rather short sighted so he might not be able to see you... but he might hear you or smell you. The best thing to do is pretend you are mice. Can you all squeak?

(Interaction with the Audience as they rehearse it)

Housekeeper: That's not good enough! You've got to do it spontaneously - don't just squeak when you're squoken to! You there, squeak up! Are you a man or a mouse? Alright, I think that's the best we can do.

Jack: I'm not so sure. Let's pretend I'm the giant.

(He runs offstage and strides back on)

Jack: Fee Fi Fo Fum, I've got a great big hairy bum!

(Interaction with the Audience as they try it out!)

Housekeeper: So what are you hoping to do here, if you don't get eaten by the giant?

Jack: I've come to rescue my cow, Buttercup and the Princess Rose from the Giant's clutches.

Housekeeper: Well, I haven't seen any cow or Princess round here yet young lad.

Jack: They have to be here, and I will rescue them. No Giant is going to turn my dearest love into a light snack! I'll find them and we'll all get away. You've been here for a while, what's the best way to escape?

Housekeeper: We've tried escaping but it's useless! I once knotted a string of sheets together and threw them out of the window... should have tied them to something first!

(Sound FX -thunderous booming footsteps approaching)

Housekeeper: He's coming! He can't find you here or he'll eat you whole!

Jack: What shall I do?

Housekeeper: About 40 miles an hour but he'll still catch you! Come on you'd better hide!

Jack: Where?

Housekeeper: In here! **(To the audience.)** And the rest of you keep quiet!

(Jack hides in the oven as the Giant enters with 2 terrified Slaves)

Giant: Fee Fi fo Fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman!

Housekeeper: Don't be so over dramatic master, that's just the smell of your dinner cooking. I've prepared a special treat tonight

Giant: What is it? Shepherds pie, with real shepherds?

Housekeeper: No, Tubby custard, with real Tellytubbies!

(Hopefully Audience reaction / noise. The Giant reacts)

Giant: What was that noise? Are there intruders here? Be they alive or be they dead, I'll grind their bones to make my bread!

Housekeeper: Not in my kitchen you won't! Just calm down, it's only the mice.

Giant: Mice?

Housekeeper: Listen you can hear them! **(Silently encourages the Audience to squeak)**

Giant: Hmmm! Very well. Where is my food?

Housekeeper: Almost ready!

Giant: Slave! Come here!

Giant

Housekeeper: He's coming! He can't find you here or he'll eat you whole!

Jack: What shall I do?

Housekeeper: About 40 miles an hour but he'll still catch you! Come on you'd better hide!

Jack: Where?

Housekeeper: In here! **(To the audience.)** And the rest of you keep quiet!
(Jack hides in the oven as the Giant enters with 2 terrified Slaves)

Giant: Fee Fi fo Fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman!

Housekeeper: Don't be so over dramatic master, that's just the smell of your dinner cooking.
I've prepared a special treat tonight

Giant: What is it? Shepherds pie, with real shepherds?

Housekeeper: No, Tubby custard, with real Tellytubbies!
(Hopefully Audience reaction / noise. The Giant reacts)

Giant: What was that noise? Are there intruders here? Be they alive or be they dead,
I'll grind their bones to make my bread!

Housekeeper: Not in my kitchen you won't! Just calm down, it's only the mice.

Giant: Mice?

Housekeeper: Listen you can hear them! **(Silently encourages the Audience to squeak)**

Giant: Hmmm! Very well. Where is my food?

Housekeeper: Almost ready!

Giant: Slave! Come here!

Slave 1: You called Master?

Giant: Of course I called! I'm thirsty! Bring me wine!

Slave 1: Yes your Giantship. **(Slave 1 exits)**

Giant: And you! **(To the second Slave)**

Slave 2: Yes Master?

Giant: Where is my hen that lays golden eggs? Fetch it this instance!

Slave 2: At once your hugeness! **(Slave 2 exits)**

(The Slaves return very quickly bearing a giant cup of wine and the magic hen)

Giant: Lay for me!
(Sound FX - Clucking hen.)
(The hen does not lay)

Giant: LAY FOR ME! Or we'll have roast chicken for dinner!
(Sound FX - Panicky clucking followed by a pop!)

Giant: I want to hear music! Bring me my harp!
(Slave 1 rushes off and returns quickly with the magic Harp)

Giant: Leave me!
(The Slaves exit)

Giant: Harp! I want entertainment! Play me something soothing and restful!

Harp: All right your giant ship, how about "Another one Bites the Dust" [insert something topical that is really not soothing and restful here!]

Giant: I said soothing and restful! I want something like Mozart's Harp concerto in C Minor...

Harp: But [inserted song above] is the only thing I can play!

Giant: Unless you play me Mozart's Harp concerto in C Minor, I'll strangle you with your own strings. Now, get on with it.

Harp: All right! All right! But I'll be talking to the musician's union in the morning!
(Sound FX - Harp music)

(The Giant falls asleep. The Harp also sends itself to sleep. The Housekeeper quietly opens the oven to let Jack escape. Jack sneaks up to the Giant. He carefully takes a sack of gold from the Giant's belt. He also picks up the magic hen.)

Jack: Not enough hands for everything - still, I can come back for the Harp later!

(Jack exits with the hen and gold. Enter Poison Ivy leading Princess Rose and Buttercup in chains.)

(Sound FX - Thunder)

Poison Ivy: Blunderbore... I have brought you some delectable titbits to nibble upon!

Giant: **(Waking up and seeing them)** What is that pathetic looking creature?

Poison Ivy: It's a cow.

Giant: I told you before I hate roast beef! I find the horns get stuck in my teeth!

(Sound FX - Quacking)

Giant: What was that?

Poison Ivy: It was the cow, sir.

Giant: A cow? Quacking?

Princess: She thinks she's a duck. She's mad.

Giant: A mad cow? I'm not eating that!

Poison Ivy: It's a trick, your giantness!

Giant: Lock them up. I will feast on them later!

Princess: You just wait until my father and Jack catch up with you, then you'll be geography!

Poison Ivy: Don't you mean History?

Princess: Don't try and change the subject!

Giant: Enough! I wish to sleep and when I wake I expect a royal banquet! Ha. Ha, ha!

(Princess Rose and Buttercup react in terror!)

(Blackout)