

## Fractured Fairy Tales – Vol II

### *Jack and the Beanstalk - excerpt*

- NARRATOR: Once upon a time, there was a poor widow who lived in a tiny house with her only son, a boy named Jack.
- WIDOW: The two of them were very poor, having only one possession in the world – a large black cow.
- JACK: ...who they called Milky-White! (*Jack is a cross between Pee Wee Herman and Keanu Reeves*)
- WIDOW: (*pause*) Jack was never very good at colors.
- NARRATOR: And all they had to live on was the milk the cow gave every morning, which they took to the market and sold. But one morning Milky-White gave no milk, and they didn't know what to do.
- WIDOW: What shall we do, what shall we do?
- JACK: Don't worry, mother, I'll go and get a job!
- WIDOW: Yeah, good luck with that. I mean, "We've tried that before, and nobody would take you." There's only one solution: you must sell Milky-White and with the money, we can start a shop, or do some day trading or something.
- JACK: But Milky White is like one of the family! It would be like selling me!
- WIDOW: No, the cow is more valuable and cheaper to feed.
- JACK: All right, mother. I see your point. Say, it's market day today – let me go off to the market and see if I can fetch a good price for her.
- NARRATOR: So he took the cow's halter in his hand, and off he started. He hadn't gone far when he met a funny-looking bearded man, who said to him
- BEAN MAN: Good morning, Jack. (*he's wearing a cheesy black beard*)

JACK: Good morning to you...man with the strange beard... *(a cardboard cutout of a thought balloon appears over Jack's head saying "I wonder how he knew my name..." )*

BEAN MAN: Where are you off to?

JACK: I'm going to market to sell our cow.

BEAN MAN: Ya don't say...well say, she's a good looking cow, so I don't mind doing a swap with you -- your cow for these very special beans.

JACK: Shut up! *(as in "That's all you want is the cow?Wow!")*

BEAN MAN: That's right. What's more, these aren't just any beans – these are magic beans. If you plant them overnight, by morning the stalks will grow right up to the sky.

JACK: Really? Wait – are you pulling my leg?

BEAN MAN: Not even pulling your toe. I *guarantee* these beans to be magic – if they're not, you can have your cow back.

JACK: Done!

NARRATOR: And so Jack gave the man his cow and headed back home to tell his mother his most excellent news.

WIDOW: Back already, Jack? Well ,I see you haven't got Milky-White, so you must have sold her. How much did you get for her?

JACK: You'll never guess.

WIDOW: Five pounds? Ten? Fifteen? No, it can't be twenty.

JACK: I told you you'd never guess. What do you say about these?! *(he shows her the beans)* They're magical. Plant them overnight and --

WIDOW: Beans? You DOLT!. That cow was worth more than anything we owned, and you sold her for peanuts!

JACK: You mean beans.

WIDOW: Argh! Give me those *(and she grabs beans from his palm, then tosses them out the window)*. There, there are your stinking beans.

Good luck to them. Now go to bed. Thanks to you, there's nothing to eat in the house – I hope you're very happy!

NARRATOR: So Jack went upstairs to his little room in the attic, and he was very sad.

JACK: Maybe I should have held out for some corn....

NARRATOR: And at last he dropped off to sleep. (*Jack snores*)