

# Jock and the Beanstalk by Tom Hitchcock

## SAMPLE SCRIPT

### Cast

Fatty mc'Butterpants: Local lord of the Highlands

Dame Minnie Mac

Ben: Son of Minnie Mac and Hero

Nevis: Stupid son of Dame Minnie Mac

Don Curlyeone

Consigliere

Felice

Lucio

Jane

Rebecca

Sebastian

Charles

Giant

*The curtains open to reveal a picturesque Scottish highlands view, with a wooden lodge to one side. Dame Minnie Mac enters playing the bagpipes. She stops to take a breath whilst the music carries on, then realises she has made a mistake.*

Minnie Mac: Oh hoots mon. I apologise for my small hiccup there, did'ney think anyone was watching. My names Dame Minnie Mac, I live up here in the highlands, it's a wild and lonely place you understand. The life is tough, but so are the women! I have my two bonnie boys who live here with me, Ben and Nevis. Oh they're lovely wee things. They help me with all the jobs up here. You see we run a dairy; milking cows left right and centre we are. Up to our elbows in semi skimmed milk, oh I long for a drop of full fat. Unfortunately we have fallen on hard times. *(Audience react with 'Ahhhh')* It's sadder than that. *(Audience react again with 'Ahhh')* Lord Mc Butterpants has crippled the village with his evil ways and drained everyone dry. If we don't make some money soon we will have to sell our cow, if we sell our cow then we might as well jack it all in.

*Ben and Nevis enter*

Ben: Jack what in mum?

Minnie Mac: Everything!

Nevis: She needs her pills again.

Minnie Mac: No I don't, I've just been telling the boys and girls all about our financial problems.

Nevis: Financial problems?

Minnie Mac: *(To Audience)* He's not very bright, as you can see, one in every family: two in mine.

Ben: She means money problems, the dairy has no money. Isn't that right mum?

Minnie Mac: Correct. And as such, if we can't get enough money to keep us going then we will have to sell up, and move down south.

Ben: I don't want to go down south

Nevis: I hate the English, with their tomato ketchup on everything. No batter in sight.

Minnie Mac: They can't help it, least they still contribute to our country, could have been worse for us if we were independent!

Ben: Anyone have any plans for saving our lively hood?

Nevis: I'm all out of ideas.

Minnie Mac: Not surprising is it.

Ben: We must diversify, how about opening a bakery?

Minnie Mac: Where will we get the eggs from to do the baking?

Nevis: We can buy them?

Minnie Mac: What with? Thin air?

Ben: Sale or return?

Nevis: Sale or return on eggs? And you call me stupid!

Ben: Why don't you think of something then!

Nevis: I'm trying to, but you keep disturbing my thought process. *(Nevis starts to think really hard)*

Ben: Sorry boys and girls, may be here a while, why he thinks.

Minnie Mac: Don't burst a blood vessel dear.

Nevis: Quiet, I'm trying to think.

Minnie Mac: If that's your thinking face I'd hate to see your decision making face.

(SFX Light Bulb clicking on)

Nevis: Ouch!

Ben: What?

Nevis: My idea just came to me.

Ben: Well... go on then?

Nevis: What?

Minnie Mac: Explain what it is

Nevis: Explain what, what is?

Ben: Your idea!

Minnie Mac: Give me strength, it's no wonder we're going under.

Nevis: My plan is this: Folk lore tells us that Giants have lots of gold, because they ransacked the villages of old. So, what we need to do is find a giants layer, creep in and steal his gold.

Minnie Mac: I don't condone theft, even if we are in a muddle.

Nevis: It's not theft mum, because it used to belong to us, well our ancestors, so in theory we are taking back what is rightfully ours.

Minnie Mac: I see what you're saying.

Nevis: Once we have the gold, we can then pay off our debts and live like kings on the rest of the gold, Fifi can have the best straw to dine on in all the highlands.

Ben: It's a good plan, although there is one drawback.

Nevis: And what is that Mr Cynical?

Ben: We haven't seen or heard from a giant for over a hundred years, they're all dead you cluts!

Nevis: Well, if they were around it would have been a good idea wouldn't it!

Ben: (*Sarcastically*) Oh yes, absolutely! Just risk your life getting to a giants layer in the clouds, then ransack his home and leave without being spotted and squashed and having your bones ground to make his bread.

Nevis: He would give you a warning though before he squished you

Minnie Mac: What?

Nevis: Fee fi Foe Thumb, I smell the blood of a scots man!

Ben: You idiot.

Nevis: If I heard it I'd run a mile.

Minnie Mac: You wouldn't have a chance; he'd have grabbed you before he finished saying "fee"

Nevis: Oh no he wouldn't

Minnie Mac: Oh yes he would

Nevis: Oh no he wouldn't

Ben: Oh yes he would

Nevis: Oh no he wouldn't

Ben: Oh yes he would.

Minnie Mac: Quiet please, this isn't getting us anywhere. The bottom line is we have no plan, therefore we may have to hit our last resort.

Ben: What sell Nevis?

Minnie Mac: No, sell FiFi! B

en/Nevis: You can't do that mum. She's our best cow, the best milker in the Highlands.

Minnie Mac: She's our only cow and the only milker in the Highland; all the other dairies sold their cows to the English.

Ben: We can't sell her mum.

Minnie Mac: We can't live on nothing either! Look, I'll be fair, the market isn't until Thursday, so that's two days for one of us to come up with a plan to save our lively hood.

Ben: Leave it to us mum, we'll come up with something. Come on Nevis, let's get our thinking caps on. Bye everyone.

*Curtains close behind them. End of scene one.*

Scene Two

Minnie Mac: Bye boys, be good. I hope you think of something, I really do. Oh they are good boys, full of spirit and good will; unfortunately I don't think it will do any good this time. Oh what am I to do? (*She starts to wail*) I know a mother should remain strong and never break, but right now I am rock bottom.

*Enter Lord Mc Butterpants.*

Mc Butterpants: Ahh, I love the dulcet sounds of the poor weeping in the morning! I am filthy rich and loving it, the Highlands are the place to live if you want to prove your wealth! Ahh Dame Minnie Mac, my favourite dairy farm owner, bad day?

Minnie Mac: As if you really need to ask that question.

Mc Butterpants: Such hostility on a beautiful morning Mrs Mac. Tut tut. That's bad form. So what's troubling you?

Minnie Mac: You really know how to put the knife in don't you. Well, if you want me to tell you I shall. For some time now I have had a huge thorn in my backside. This thorn has taken on the shape of taxes, brought on by a certain lord of the Highlands, who deems it necessary to drain every business dry to line his bulging pockets!

Mc Butterpants: That's not true, other things bulge out to!

Minnie Mac: If they do, then it hasn't made an impression!

Mc Butterpants: How dare you madam!

Minnie Mac: How dare I? Oh very much my Lord. However, you are interrupting my story, so I shall carry on. It would appear that the Lord is set on draining the highlands dry and stopping at nothing till he owns everything and everyone. Well I am now penny less and facing the toughest decision of my life.

Mc Butterpants: Which is? Minnie Mac: Selling the cow

Mc Butterpants: Worn out and wrinkly with a sagging bottom. No, you won't get much for yourself I'm afraid, not even on Ebay.

Minnie Mac: Cheek, I meant the cow we own: FiFi.

Mc Butterpants: You might get a few quid for her. Out of interest, how are you to run a dairy farm without any cows?

Minnie Mac: I wouldn't!

Mc Butterpants: History has taught us that cows produce milk, a dairy farm sells milk, and ergo the two go together Mrs Mac. Can't exactly milk a chicken!

Minnie Mac: No need to be sarcastic, I do realise that. However, in light of the local populous, we would move to friendlier places, where they don't rip you off.

Mc Butterpants: Don't forget there's a tax for moving.

Minnie Mac: You lot would tax the air we breathe if you could!

Mc Butterpants: I'm working on it! Oh nearly forgot, just before I go, this is for you.

Minnie Mac: What is it?

Mc Butterpants: Your latest bill and eviction notice.

Minnie Mac: Eviction notice? But surely you need to know that I can't pay before you can issue that!

Minnie Mac: call it a hunch which resulted in foresight.

*Mc Butterpants exits laughing.*

Minnie Mac: Oh boys and girls, what am I to do? A new bill for ten thousand pounds in unpaid back taxes! A tax for walking, a tax for talking. Oh there's nothing for it, FiFi will have to be sold.

*She exits. End of scene two.*

Scene Three The Mafia's lair.

*A high backed chair sits centre stage, a desk in front of it and a small leather chair to the right. The room is decorated in what appears to be an oak panel motif. The theme from "The Godfather" plays; the song plays for as long as possible in the background. The lights come up on stage to reveal a man sat in the small leather chair. He waits patiently. A door is heard creaking open slowly. The Consigliere enters*

Consigliere: The Don will be here in a moment, he asks of you to pour you both a drink. The scotch is in the cupboard.

*Felice rises from the leather bound chair and pours two glasses of scotch. Don Curlyeone enters, he is dressed in a fine suit jacket, shirt and Tie but with a kilt.*

Don Curlyeone: Many greetings Felice. To what do I owe this pleasure?

Felice: Don Curlyeone, I bid you great respect for seeing me at such short notice (*He kisses his hand*). Godfather, I have some urgent news which I wish to reveal to you. If we both invest wisely, then we can both prosper.

Don Curlyeone: I am listening Felice.

Felice: My informers tell me that the Challisio family are pulling out and heading to warmer climes, they are keen to keep you on side, both personal and business, and bid their respect to you; ill health of their Don is what drives them to their new homes.

Don Curlyeone: I shall get my Consigliere to send them my respects and blessings

Felice: The greater news is; the Calzolaio family are making moves in the Highlands.

Don Curlyeone: What sort of moves?

Felice: They are planning on moving their entire organization in the next two days. Apparently there is a rush for new business in the Highlands. Lord Mc Butterpants is taking claim over many businesses, so the Calzolaio family are hoping to make their claim on the land and businesses, that way they would control the north.

Don Curlyeone: How did you come by this information?

Felice: The mole – Lucio,

Don Curlyeone: And you trust him?

Felice: Whole heartedly Godfather.

Don Curlyeone: In that case we must act fast.

*Don Curlyeone stands, he walks to the door and motions for the Consigliere to enter, he does so.*

Don Curlyeone: What I am about to say does not go beyond these four walls, do you understand. *(Felice and the Consigliere nod in agreement)* Good, now as your Godfather, I have your complete trust. Felice, you need to get a two or three of your best men ready to leave in two hours, pack light but bring the heavy goods. Consigliere, make the necessary arrangements for our travel, and inform the other families to take care of our business here whilst we are gone.

*A knock on the door is heard.*

Don Curlyeone: Enter

*Lucio enters*

Lucio: Godfather, forgive me for interrupting your meeting like this, but you should be the first to hear it. The Calzolaio family are making their move to the Highlands.

Felice: The Godfather has already been informed Lucio.

Lucio: Forgive me for repeating Godfather, but the second part of my message is the most important. The word is they have found the last giant alive in the clouds above the Highlands. The Giant Igor!

Don Curlyeone: Igor has been dead for a hundred years, so legend tells. What makes you so sure they have found his layer?

Lucio: This. *(He places a solid gold egg on his desk).*

Don Curlyeone: *(He studies it)* Genuine. Lucio, good work! Consiglieri, Keep this safe. Igor's gold is meant to be the largest horde in all the land, he has the goose that lays the golden eggs amongst other things. Felice, we must move quickly. The Calzoliao family must not reach the giants layer before we do. Whatever you must do, do it! Go now, we meet in two hours.

*Lucio, Felice and Consiglieri get up to go, they kiss Don Curlyeone's hand as they leave, saying "Godfather". The Don takes his seat and sips his drink. The Godfather theme tune plays again. The lights slowly fade down on the scene.*

*Curtains close*

Scene Four

*Enter Dame Minnie Mac dressed in a cooks outfit,  
Audience laugh.*

Minnie Mac: What? I thought I had least make an effort to save our livelihood, so yes I followed Ben's idea of going in to the baking business. I managed to get some eggs from Gate Farm, would you believe it, the owner was so nice to me, gave them on a sale or return. Couldn't believe my luck, neither could he when I gave him a big kiss on the lips. In fact he chased me out of the farm yard, mind you I wasn't hard to catch, if you get my meaning! *(Gives a little titter and a girlish squeal)* Oh and he was strong! Who would have thought a lonely egg farmer would be as strong as that. He picked me up in one mighty swoop and carted me off to the chicken shed. I thought to myself, ooo I'm in luck here! He sat me on a perch and I said to myself, this is different, but I kind of like it. I wondered what he was going to do next. Could this be my countryside version of fifty shades of grey? It wasn't until he told me to keep the eggs warm and he shut the door that I realised it wasn't going to be the ultimate fantasy; I was really disappointed. Well, least I still got the eggs for free.

*Nevis enters wearing a chief's outfit*

Nevis: Mum, have I got to dress up like this?

Minnie Mac: Oh you look wonderful dear.

Nevis: I look stupid!

Minnie Mac: Oh no you don't dear.



Nevis: Oh yes I do.

Minnie Mac: Oh no you don't dear

Nevis: Oh yes I do

Minnie Mac: Oh no you don't dear

Nevis: Oh yes I do!

Minnie Mac: I am your mother and you certainly don't look stupid. You look very sweet. You never know this could be the making of you!

Nevis: I thought we were gonna make cakes?

Minnie Mac: we are dear.

Nevis: Then why did you say 'this could be the making of you!' I don't want to watch that!

Minnie Mac: Nevis! Don't be crude; Besides We didn't have video cameras in those days.

Nevis: MUM!

Minnie Mac: You started it! Don't mess with the golden oldies! Your father did, look where it got him! (*Pointing downwards*)

Nevis: You put him in the cellar?

Minnie Mac: No you fool, I mean he died.

Nevis: So he's not in the cellar?

Minnie Mac: No he is in the cemetery

Nevis: What's he doing there?

Minnie Mac: Eternal sleep.

Nevis: Wouldn't a bed be more comfy for him?

Minnie Mac: A bed?

Nevis: Yeah a bed, got to be more comfy than a damp old cemetery.

Minnie Mac: (*To audience*) I can't believe my ears! I do apologise about my son's stupidity. (*To Nevis*) My dear child your father is dead! He is buried in the cemetery and has been there for 10 years.

Nevis: My father's dead! (*He faints*)

*Ben enters*

Minnie Mac: one down, one to go.

Ben: Hello mum. Everything alright? What's up with Nevis?

Minnie Mac: He's fainted at the news that your father is dead.

Ben: Oh, right; thought he would have known that, considering he was at the funeral!

Minnie Mac: We got his head examined one time you know, didn't find much, just a peanut rattling around in there, he gets that from your father's side.

Ben: And what do we get from your side then?

Minnie Mac: You get my brains, and he got my looks.

Ben: I'm good looking too you know! What are you going to do with him then?

Minnie Mac: Not sure, I could get him stuffed? Put on the mantel piece, what do you think?

Ben: Mum, be serious.

Minnie Mac: I am! Have you come up with a plan to save us yet?

Ben: No, nothing. You?

Minnie Mac: I've managed to secure us some eggs to bake with, so I had best get cracking!

Ben: Oh very funny!

Minnie Mac: Eggsactly!

Ben: Mum, that's just a free range too far.

Minnie Mac: Oooo, get you Mr eggstraordinary!

Ben: Omellette smarter than you think!

Minnie Mac: I'm b-egging you to stop this silliness it's egghausting.

Ben: That's all yolks!

Minnie Mac: Are you going to help me bake or what?

Ben: Alright I will.

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