

Jack Orf The Beanstalk

Adult Panto

www.bespoke-scripts.com



bespokescripts@gmail.com



Bespoke scripts

Characters:

Dame Nora Titz-Orf
Jack Orf (needs to be ginger)
Daisy the cow
Squire Paddy Bra
Wanda Bra
Blonde
Fairy
Expert
Crotchrot
Giant

Scenes: Act 1

Scene 1: Morning in the hovel
Scene 2: Market day
Scene 3: "Magic" beans
Scene 4: The sky is the limit
Scene 5: Land of the giant
Scene 6: Back in the hovel

Scenes: Act 2

Scene 1: Gold? What gold?
Scene 2: Back in the hovel yet again
Scene 3: Again with the beanstalk, already. And a cow
Scene 4: Back in the hovel yet again? This is getting ridiculous now

ACT ONE

Scene 1: Morning in the hovel

MUSIC CUE: “Oh What a Beautiful Morning” sung badly by Dame **(off)**

SFX CUE: Cock crowing

SFX CUE: Shotgun & squawk

Stagehand **(off)**: Oww, shit! That hurt!

LIGHTING CUE: morning is breaking through the window

Bed in centre stage; there is a sleeping figure under the covers who seems to be “pleasuring” himself

Dame: **(off)** JAAACK!!! Jack Orf!!!

MUSIC CUE: music ends with

SFX CUE: needle dragging across record

Jack sits bolt upright in the bed

Jack: **(to audience)** What the hell does she think I’m doing?

Dame: Your cock says it’s “wakey, wakey, hands off snakey” time again

Jack: Holy Jesus H tossing Christ... mum! I was just getting to the best bit of my dream and you ruin it AGAIN, screaming like a mad banshee on heat.

Enter Dame

Dame: Yes I know, you dirty little bastard. Dreaming your sick little fantasies and creaming your bed, AGAIN... double creaming no doubt! See, I can bitch too you know. Just you get up... I mean out... of your pit and stand those sheets against the wall so I can wash them later

Jack: But mum, there’s people watching me **(pointing to the audience & gurning sleazily)**

Dame: **(turning to audience)** How long have you lot been there? Sneaking in and getting off on watching my lad tossing off. You should be ashamed

[BUSINESS] Dame questions a couple of audience members

Dame: Well don’t you dare complain or you’ll be sorry. Just like I am right now performing in this crock again. At least I know the end is in sight...

Jack: No, I had the covers pulled up, they didn’t see anything... this time **(wiping his hands on his pyjamas)**

Dame: Enough! This lot have seen it all before

Jack: Not mine they haven’t

Dame: Get up... NOW! Time for your daily fact. Do you know there are 27 bones in your hand?

Jack: I had 28... before you interrupted me

Jack gets out of bed. There is a stiffy bulge in the pyjamas

Dame: Oh my lord!

Jack: But you told me to get up...

Dame: Not like that. Get rid of it!!

The bulge/balloon is popped and the stiffy drops out of sight. Jack shows pain etc

Dame: Thank goodness that is sorted. Now to make the bed

Jack and Dame pick up the rigid sheet with a stiffy bulge and stand it up against the backdrop

Jack: Look, a fitted sheet. Oh, I wish we had more bedclothes

Dame: Trust me son, so do I. So do I. Oh, I love Dick

Jack: Mum! Behave, that was last year's show

Dame: I know. I just thought I'd let everyone know.

Jack: Why are we so poor, mum?

Dame: Oh, we're into the panto proper now are we? It's like this. I was a lovely young girl, once I was...

[BUSINESS]

Dame: Oh sod off the lot of you. You know nothing, you with your gyros, vapes and tattoos. I was badly let down

Jack: Me too **(rubbing the missing bulge)** Can we get on with the story now?

Dame: At least we aren't so poor that we have to share a bed

BOTH: Uurrrggghhhh

Dame: At least YOU don't have to share a bed with Daisy

Enter Daisy the cow

Daisy: Moo

Jack: Piss off you old ham...

Dame: Beef

Daisy: **(offended)** moo!

Jack: What?

Dame: Cows are beef, not ham

Daisy: **(offended)** moo!

Jack: Shitting hell, all this mooing; here mum... what goes "ooooh"

Dame: I don't know Jack, what goes "ooooh"?

Jack: A cow with no lips

Daisy deposits a bottle of milk and storms off

Dame: Dick.

Jack: We know what you like

Dame: No, you've upset her now

Jack: At least we can still afford bottles. Here we've forgotten something

Dame: **(checking underwear)** I don't think so?

Jack: Yes we have. It's a panto and his lot don't know who we are yet

Dame: Oh, you're right. Go on then

Jack: Well, that was Daisy

Dame: Who is a cow

Jack: That's harsh, but true. At least she has a sensible name, doesn't she mum? Eh?

Dame: Piss off and get on with it you dick

Jack: No mum, I just said... he's in the other panto with the pussies... I mean the cats. Anyway, this is my mum, Nora, which isn't quite your full name, is it mum?

Dame: Oy, you shit. Mother had a very difficult time when I was a baby. I was very precocious

Jack: And toothy. So my mum's name is Nora...

Dame: ... and being one of **[your town]**'s oldest and most respected families, the Titz-Orf family...

Jack: ... her full name is... Nora Titz-Orf. Poor granny, she was never the same after having you chewing on her...

Dame: ... you just wouldn't let it lie, well then... Jack...

Jack: ... no, mum... don't

Dame: Why is that Jack, or should I say... Jack Orf. Oh yes, another one of the **[your town]** Jack Orfs

[BUSINESS]

Jack: You're a real shit-house, mum. Did you know that?

Dame: Actually no, but the Shit-Houses do live next door. Real classy our street

Jack: We also have some audience interaction as well

Dame: Oh yes, it's panto. You lot love a bit of interaction, don't you?

[BUSINESS]

Dame: Whenever this Jack Orf comes **(looking back at the bed-sheet)** on stage, you need to welcome him with something nice

Jack: I'll say "evening all" and you reply...

Dame: ...twat

Jack: No, mum, no... you're spoiling it

Dame: Yes, but it's something that even these simpletons will be able to remember after they drain the bar in the interval

Jack: Go on then, I suppose it's only for one night

Dame: Unless you happen to see him in **(local supermarket)**, then you can call him "twat" then,

too

Jack goes off sadly

Dame: You know, we call him “foreskin”. Yes, because he’s nowhere to be found when things get hard

Jack re-enters sadly

Jack: Evening all

[BUSINESS]

Dame: Oh, you can do better than that

[BUSINESS]

Jack: I hate you

Dame: And now for the sweeties Jack. Don’t forget them

Jack: I’m not as enthusiastic now for some reason

Dame: Go on you sad-act, they’ve paid good money for this

Once again Jack goes off and returns with a big jar of sweets

Jack: These are for someone I haven’t yet met, but by the predictable magic of panto I’m bound to fall instantly in love with them of course. So, if anybody goes near them I want you to shout out “leave those bastard sweets alone you moron, they are for some floozy that Jack fancies and they’ll only rot your teeth, which of course you will deserve because we’ve all allowed NHS dentistry to collapse on its arse and nobody cares”. Can you do that for me? Let’s practice

Jack exits and returns to pretend to steal the sweets

[BUSINESS]

Jack: Well, that was shit. Let’s try “gerroff ‘em, dickhead”

[BUSINESS]

Jack: Better

Behind his back, Daisy comes on and steals the sweets without Jack noticing

Dame: Oh Jack, something is missing

Jack: Not from you, you seem to have something extra down your frock

Dame: Well, it does explain the funny looks in the dressing room. No dear, your sweeties have gone walkies

Jack: Daisy, come back here and give me those chocolates, or it’s the burger factory for you

Jack exits and returns with the sweeties

Jack: And next time get your own sweets.

Daisy returns and leaves a tray of milk

Jack: And what the hell is that? A tray of milk?

Dame: I think you’ll find it’s Milk Tray, dear

TASTER

SCRIPT

we've got enough milk here for a week or two. If you can't get a good price from the curry houses and kebab shops in town then it's the knacker man for her

Daisy starts to cry and nearly collapses in shock

Jack: Alright mum, but don't put all of the work onto poor old Daisy will you?

Dame: Not to worry, I'm going back into my old profession. It fed us while you were growing up and I reckon I still have the talent even now. Times are hard, but so are the customers. It's back on the street corner for me and earning flat on my back.

Jack: Try all fours. They won't recognise you then and you're more likely to get business. You could always try oral sex

Dame: You mean talk about a shag?

Jack: No. You know **(doing some actions)** down and dirty, a meal for two with a hairy view

Dame: Oh, that! I remember the first time I did oral sex. Ooh, it was lovely and I never stopped, that year; I called it the summer of 69

Jack: Get on with it!

Dame: Well, I didn't need telling twice. Oh, good idea, son; if they're that pissed they'll never notice it's me and I should get at least £20.50 tonight if they can stand the smell

Jack: £20.50 mum, who'll pay the 50p?

Dame: All of them, as usual

MUSIC CUE: "She Works Hard for the Money": Dame as she gets (un)dressed for work and uses plenty of perfume/bleach etc

Jack dances Daisy off stage during the song

Jack re-enters

Jack: Oh mum... I love what you've done with your hair.

(pause while Dame simpers a bit at the flattery)

How do you get it to come out of your nose like that?

Dame: Little shit. Well, how do I look?

Jack: **(appearing confused)** With your eyes, usually. Why?

Dame: Twat

LIGHTS

Scene 2: Market Day

Jack is leading Daisy to market

Jack: Hello everyone!

[BUSINESS]

Jack: Bastards

Daisy: Moo

Jack: I know Daisy, on with the plot... but we're broke. No money, no future and we have to do something

Daisy: Moo

Jack: Yes, but we can't afford to feed ourselves, let alone a dumb cow who shits everywhere

Daisy: Moo

Jack: I know, but she is my mother

Daisy: Moo
Jack: Well yes, but I have got used to the smell
Daisy: Moo
Jack: Oh come on, she doesn't even like grass
Daisy: Moo
Jack: Don't worry, I will find you a nice new owner
Daisy: Moo
Jack: Someone who will look after you
Daisy: Moo
Jack: For more than a day, yes. Maybe someone with a curry shop
Daisy: Moo
Jack: You don't like curry? Well, I don't exactly see that being a problem, all things considered
Daisy: Moo?
Jack: I am going to miss you, Daisy. You are lovely after all

Song: Windmills of your Mind (adapted)

Jack: Good, here we are at the market. Time to see what I can get for a lovely old cow
Daisy: Moo, moo, moo
Jack: True, it should be more than mum'll earn

Enter Squire Bra and Wanda Bra, far side from Jack & Daisy

Squire: Come along daughter, we have to get our business done before lunchtime. Did you see that single man at the foodstall? Just buying one tomato, one mushroom and a slice of bread
Wanda: Is that how you knew he was single?
Squire: No, not for that. It's because he was a right ugly bastard. And that woman with her breasts out, feeding her child, for heaven's sake. Utterly disgusting!
Wanda: Oh daddy, you awful silly sausage. It's the most wonderful, beautiful, natural thing in the world for a woman to feed her baby like that.
Squire: That maybe so, but it was a bag of crisps!
Wanda: I'm tired daddy. All we've done is walk this way and that and that way and this, looking at cows
Squire: Look here Wanda; it's our livelihood, slaughtering them. Farmers are getting wise to it and are making it very difficult to take advantage of them like we used to. Young cows are too expensive, so old milkers are the order of the day. People only want cheap, crap food now; cow, horse, roadkill, old folk... it's all the same to them when it comes to a bargain lasagna
Wanda: Daddy, there's an old cow now, look

Enter Dame

Dame: Christ I feel rough after last night
Squire: **(Offering his hip-flask)** Hair of the dog?
Dame: **(picking at her teeth)** No, just a pube. **(pause)** Yoo-hoo, Jack!! You forgot your

sandwiches!

Squire: Which cow did you mean, Wanda?

Wanda: The old milker

Squire: Exactly. Which one?

Jack: But I thought we couldn't afford dinner?

Dame: We can't. This is just a piece of wood in a wrapper. I got it at a petrol station. Ginsters or something, it says here. We can't have all and sundry thinking we are poor

Daisy: Moo

Dame: That's enough from you Daisy. We still have some horseradish left, so watch it

Daisy: Moo

Jack tests his sandwiches by banging them against something hard, trying to bite into them etc while Squire and Wanda talk

Squire: Now then, remember the drill, let me be the good cop and you be the bad cop; they'll never expect a pretty little thing like you to be mean

Wanda: **(aside)** sexist prick

Squire: Pardon, my dear?

Wanda: Er, I said they, er... must be pretty thick... daddy

Squire: Oh yes. Absolutely. C'mon then and remember, be nice!

Wanda: Twat... I mean... er, nice hat!

They saunter over to the Orfs

Squire: Good morrow peasants. It's nice out

Jack: Is it? I'd better get mine out then...

Dame: Who are you, mister?

Squire: Allow me to introduce myself; I am Squire Bra... Squire Paddy Bra

TASTER

SCRIPT

udder fondling look at Daisy

Wanda: **(looking towards Dame)** She's not that bad for an old cow, but a bit scrawny

Dame: Oi, watch it, you slag

Jack: She's lovely and far too good to sell cheaply

Dame: That's better

Squire: She is certainly lovely and **you seem to have** taken really good care of her

Jack: Oh, people love giving you, I mean her a good seeing to, don't they mum. Even though we are really, really poor and starving

Dame: You and your speech impediment **again**; he means she comes before we do. She's our priority. She has produced many, many wonderful calves

During the next, Dame gets offended and checks herself out too

Wanda: Not surprised by that saggy **udder**. No doubt sucked dry

Dame: What?

Daisy: Moo!!!

Wanda: And bow legs. Bandy as a bandy thing and couldn't stop a pig in an alleyway
Dame: I know... last night was very busy
Jack: But we don't have pigs. Or an alleyway?
Wanda: I'm not sure we want this old thing
Dame: I had a good night, last night and I'll have you know that Daisy's a wonderful milker too.
Jack: Oh yes. Every morning I always get my semi thanks to our Daisy

Everyone looks at Jack's crotch. Daisy seems embarrassed

Dame: She never complains and it doesn't affect her yield either
Daisy: Moo
Squire: It'd be worth having her for that alone
Daisy: **(indignantly)** Moo!
Dame: You couldn't afford her. She's too special; **(secretly to Jack)** I'm going now, I have another "client" waiting, so make sure you don't just give it... I mean her... away

Exit Dame

Jack: "Don't give it away"... unlike you... okay mum
Wanda: No, I can't see us having a use for her
Squire: But what about my semi?
Jack: She gives a lovely full cream service too you know and a happy ending, but only on my birthday. That's what mum always says. Oh yes, she's a very versatile and generous cow is our Daisy
Wanda: I'll tell you what; we'll do you a favour and take her off your hands **(starting to lead Daisy away)**
Jack: Mum said not to give her away **(pulling her back again)**
Squire: We wouldn't do that to you my boy. Of course not **(pulling Daisy off again)**
Wanda: Oh dear, we didn't bank on taking such an old cow, so we can't give you money...
Jack: But, but... but, but
Squire: No, we have something better than money. We'll swap her for this crocodile
Jack: Crocodile?

Wanda positions a box with "crocodile" written in large letters in front of Squire

Wanda: Yes, this crocodile
Squire: And it has a very special talent, you know...
Jack: Talent, I know?
Squire: Yes, you repetitive twat, talent you know
Jack: What does it do?
Squire: **(undoing his flies, behind the box)** What does it do? This is a very special crocodile. You see, what it does is "pleasure" its owner
Jack: Pleasure its owner?
Squire: Yes
Wanda: Yes

Jack: Yes?

Squire & Wanda: Yes!

Jack: Oh!

Squire: What you do is insert your little chappie into the box, like this... and when you whack the crocodile...

Jack: That's a new name for it. Now?

Wanda: No, in a while!

Jack: Not later?

Wanda: No... in a while... it's a crocodile!!

Jack: Oh!

Squire: And then it sucks in and... **(Squire whacks the crocodile)**

SFX cue: sucking and gobbling sound

Squire: **(going cross eyed and knock-kneed)** Yes, yes, yes!!!

Jack: Oh, oh, oh

Squire: Would you like a go?

Jack: I, erm, umm, err...

Squire: **(to audience)** Would anybody like a go?

From the back of the auditorium

Lady: I will dearie, but you don't have to hit me on the head

Squire: I think I'll give that a miss.

Jack: Not for me thank you. Maybe later

Squire: Later? We don't have an alligator? In that case, what you need then is these blue pills

Produces some blue pills

Scene 3: “Magic” beans

Evening at the Orf’s house

Dame is sweeping up

Dame: He’s late. At this rate we’ll be eating milk and grass pudding tonight. I do hope that he got a good price for poor old Daisy, at least she’s gone to a better place and I don’t mean
[LOCAL POSH TOWN]

Enter Jack

Jack: Evening all

[BUSINESS]

Dame: Where have you been?

Jack: I’m upset at having to sell poor Daisy, so I took my time. I even gave away my sandwiches

Dame: Needs must, go on then, what did you get?

Jack: You see, it’s like this mum...

Dame: I hope it’s better than last time, when you bought that dog off the blacksmith

Jack: It wasn't my fault he made a bolt for the door

Dame: Go on then you idiot, what about Daisy?

Jack: Well, you see they didn't want her...

Dame: Of course they did. They were just playing you for a mug. Trust you; Murphy's law...what can go wrong, will go wrong.

Jack: Don't you mean Cole's Law?

Dame: What's Cole's Law?

Jack: Thinly sliced cabbage

Dame: You twat

Jack: No, they are lovely people and they really care about Daisy

Dame: I'll say it again... twat. They were doing the good cop, bad cop routine, didn't you see that

Jack: No? I didn't see any uniforms, but there's these blue...

Dame: Uniforms? Blue... blue... blue what, blue who? What are you trying to tell me? Blue what?

Jack: Well you see...

Dame: If you brought home some bloody useless beans again...

Jack: No, nothing like that. I got some drugs

Dame: **(Dame gets out her drugs kit and puts a rubber tourniquet around her arm during this)** Drugs, stash? Charlie? Skank? Ganja? Joss Ackland's spunky backpack? What you got boy? Gimme, gimme

Jack: Pills mum. Prescription only

Dame: Prescription onl... really? **(throwing away the drugs kit)** Are you shitting me? What the hell...

Jack: These blue pills

He shows her the pills

Dame: Viagra? WHAT? You mean that...

Jack: They told me it will make me tough, or...

Dame: You mean hard?

Jack: That's it

Dame: I need a stiff drink, a bit of the hard stuff. Let's have a look, at least tell me they're genuine ones... **(she checks them out)** I can't make it out? What's that then? **(reading like a year 1 child)** Sildenafil?

Jack: Yes. These are special rare ones

Dame: Oh fuck, here we go...

Jack: Yes, these are for the more relaxed gentleman. They are the rare and genuine "Mydixafloppin"

Dame: Funny name... mydixafloppin? You, you, you. I'll... you utter, utter twat. You're not my son

Dame takes the pills and throws them away into the vegetable plot

Dame: How could you? They can go in the compost heap with that wilted old beanstalk that conveniently just happens to be there for the plot. We're about to be evicted, we've nothing to eat and you've pissed away our only asset; oh poor Daisy. Those bastards will sell her to the knacker-man. The next time we see her, no doubt she'll be in some pitta bread or dog-food cans. All we've got to drink is the last of her milk and then we're screwed.

Jack: Well, you are, most nights

Dame: Not like that you nob-head. We could have sold her to the knacker-man for real money, not some twatting pills

Jack: What's up? Why did you throw them away into the compost heap with that wilted old beanstalk that just happens to be there for the plot?

Oh, I'll never be tough now... or hard... not even a morning semi!

Dame: Oh piss off you hopeless idiot. That's it, the grass and milk are mine now. You can go more hungry than I already am

Jack: Mum, I'm so, so hungry. What's that film where they ate each other?

Dame: It was "Deep Throat", but I'm not THAT hungry!

Dame storms off, muttering...

Dame: Waste of bloody time. Blue pills didn't work for his old man, no chance they'll work for him either the utter, utter, utter twat

Exit Dame

Jack: Bollocks. I'm really hungry now. I'll go and look in what was the cow field for one of those nice green pizzas that Daisy left us

Exit Jack, sadly... egging on the audience

Enter Fairy SR, swigging from the gin bottle

Fairy: Wah-hey! Every panto needs a fairy! It's rhyme time!!

Poor old Jack, the cow was wasted

TASTER SCRIPT

Scene 4: The sky is the limit

LIGHTING CUE: slowly come up as dawn breaks

There is a large beanstalk with big blue veins and two massive beans at the base

Jack awakes

Jack: My mouth tastes like a shit-smugglers backpack. Bloody cheap pizzas. Evening all!

[BUSINESS]

Jack: You know, I had a weird dream last night and now my arse really hurts... and my pants are missing. Well, like mother, like son

Enter Dame

Dame: Did I hear you say “evening all”? It’s morning, son... **(she notices the beanstalk)**
WHAT THE BASTARD HELL IS THAT THING?

Jack: Just the remains of my pizza. It was too much and the flies wouldn’t leave it alone

Dame: No, not that... **(pointing)** **THAT**

Jack looks back and falls over in surprise. He stays on his back, looking up the beanstalk

Jack: Wow! It’s erect. And my pants are way up there, on its tip!

Dame looks up too

Dame: Well, so they are. How the bloody hell did it get that big? **(going a bit wobbly)** It’s very erect and proud looking. What have you been doing to that poor vegetable?

Jack: What?

Dame: I was talking to the beanstalk!

Jack: Here, it must have been those Mydixafloppin pills you threw on here last night. It’s grown

Dame: I can see that. Oh, I say!

Jack: I’ll have you know that this jolly green giant severely assaulted my unnecessaries in the night. It was a funny dream, and not all bad

He walks uncomfortably around the beanstalk and knocks on the trunk

Dame: Painful was it? Well, know what you should have done **(to the audience)** don’t we boys and girls? Ask my friend here

blonde girl appears from the wings

Girl: That’s right y’all.... just gotta hawk tuah, an’ spit on that thang!

Blonde girl exits

Jack: Who is that? Mum, this beanstalk is ever so hard. Harder than anything I’ve ever seen before

Dame also knocks on the trunk

Dame: Oh my, I feel a bit faint and unnecessary now. Oh, it reminds me of your poor, dear father... if only

She strokes it fondly

Jack: Which one?

Dame: The one you don’t take after. The father of your twin half-sister

Jack: Twin half-sister? You mentioned her before. You mean she has a different father?

Dame: No. She was just attacked by a shark... half-sister, get it? Oh never mind

Jack: Eh? You said dad was the only one you'd been with?

Dame: That's right, he was the only one. All of the others were nines and tens. Anyway, it's going up all the way into the clouds; I wonder where it ends?

Jack: At the top. Lucky we didn't put a bin liner over it, they aren't stretchy enough for this

Dame: Yup, just like your dad. He had the same trouble; I wish

Jack: Eh?

Dame: Right then, you need to make amends for your cock-up

Jack: You mean this cock-up?

Dame: Giving poor old Daisy away for some blue pills indeed. This beanstalk probably won't see the day out before it gets all spent and flaccid, so get your arse up there and find out where it goes!

Jack: Like you don't know? I know where it went last night... oh my poor arse...

Dame: **(to audience)** Don't you just hate it when your kids get all whiny? Annoying little shits, aren't they?

[BUSINESS]

Jack: But muuum!

Dame: Go on then. What?

Jack: Er... I don't know. You normally just shout and clip me 'round the ear at this point

Dame: Well, you're bigger than me now and I've only just washed my hands, so off you go. Get up there

Jack: But I haven't found a girl I like yet and these chocolates will go off if we leave them

Dame: Go off? What shall we do? Shall we share them out?

[BUSINESS]

TASTER

Crotchrot: No, don't you go womansplaining! Just don't touch anything. Bloody women, I can never find anything when they've "tidied up"

Fairy: Shut it, or you'll have more than fairy magic to contend with. I'm looking for a man...

Crotchrot: ... I can tell...

Fairy: ... and I followed one up this here strange, bell-ended beanstalk. So where is he?

Crotchrot: Phew, you had me worried there for a bit. I don't bloody well know

Fairy: And why aren't you surprised to see a bloody great bell-ended beanstalk in the middle of your living room?

Crotchrot: It's a magical kingdom if you don't mind

Fairy: No I don't mind, but it's definitely a beanstalk

Crotchrot: Really?

Fairy: Alright then, why aren't you surprised to see a bloody great bell-ended beanstalk in the middle of your magical kingdom?

Crotchrot: Because it's magical of course

Fairy: The size of that thing, I bet it's bloody magical. Six inches... like hell. Well if you don't know, then I'll just have to find him myself

COPIED

Exit Fairy, swigging gin

Crotchrot: A man, eh? Must be after the gold, bloody thieving bastard; must be from [**posh part of town**] If there's an intruder he'd better be careful, as my boss, the Giant, is always hungry and looking for snacks to crunch and grind into bread. I know it sounds like balls, but it is yet another stupid panto tradition

Exit Crotchrot

Jack comes out of hiding

Jack: Holy shit... gold and a flying fairy feminist! I don't like the sound of that giant though. We could do with some gold; I could buy back Daisy. I'll have a look around, it must be here somewhere. Tell me if you see any gold, will you?

[BUSINESS]

Jack: Jeez, you lot. We haven't even had the interval and you're drunk. It won't be long, don't worry; well actually do worry because those yummy chocolates you ate? Yummy Exlax, so good luck queueing... especially the women!

Giant: **(off)** FEE-FI-FO-FUM! I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISH MAN: BE HE ALIVE, OR BE HE DEAD, I'LL GRIND HIS BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD.

Jack: Yikes! Bugger looking for that gold. That's a giant, I'm off!! I'm not going to be made into ginger bread

Jack escapes back down the beanstalk

Giant: **(off)** CROTCHROT, WHERE ARE YOU? COME HERE NOW! AND BRING MY GLASSES, I CAN'T SEE A BLOODY THING. MY GOLD, MY PRECIOUS GOLD!

Enter Crotchrot

Crotchrot: Yes master I heard you, I'm on the case your giantness, sir! **(aside)** Moody great bastard, always angry; miserable short-sighted git

Scene 6: Back in the hovel

Dame is on stage at the base of the beanstalk, waiting impatiently

There is a door to one side, with the Squire behind it

Dame: Where is that boy?

SFX CUE: yelling etc as Jack falls down the beanstalk. Increasing “aaaaarrrrgghhh” sound

Dame: Here he comes now

SFX CUE: crashing & tinkling

Enter Jack, dishevelled

Jack: Evening all!

[BUSINESS]

Dame: So tell me Jack, what was up there?

Jack: It was incredible mum.

Dame: **(wistfully looking up)** It looks it

Jack: Up above the clouds there's this magical kingdom, just like a big living room and the beanstalk was growing erect, rigid and proud right in the middle of it

Dame: **(wobbily)** Steady on son, I'll come over all unnecessary and reminiscent again at this rate, oh I do miss your father

Jack: Mum!

Dame: It's alright. I have my memories. Anyway, what did you bring back... Jack?

Jack: There was loads of gold up there...

Dame: Where is it then?

Jack: I told you, it's up there...

Dame: You mean you left it behind? You lot are right... he really is a twat!

Jack: But there was also a big, scary giant who Fee-fi-fo-fummed me

Dame: No wonder your eyes are watering. Did he go in dry? Giants always feel like they do

Blonde: **(looking in)** Remember... Hawk tuah, 'an spit on that thang!

Dame: Does she really need to keep doing that?

Blonde: Yup, sure do, if'n y'all want to keep yer man!

Blonde exits

Jack: So I ...

Dame: ... legged it like a fat bloke from a salad bar?

Jack: Yes

Dame: Was that the doorbell?

Jack: It should be...

They look to the wings

SFX CUE: knock at the door

Dame: That reminds me; here's a good one. Knock, knock

Jack: Who's there?

Dame: Grandad... oh bollocks, stop the funeral! Anyway, carrying on... who can that be?

Jack: Could be anybody?

Dame opens door, the Squire is there

Squire: Yes?

TASTER SCRIPT

TASTER

these **(handing him the banana)** and you can eat that later

They both struggle to their feet, with Wanda and Jack's help

Squire: When you've quite finished, we demand a refund

Dame & Jack: A refund!?

Squire &

Wanda: A refund!

Jack: A refund indeed. You can...

Dame: ... sod right off

Jack: And what do you mean the knacker-man? What have you done to poor old Daisy?

Squire: We call her Lassie Meaty Chunks, now.

Jack: **(to audience)** other brands of dog food are available

Wanda: We weighed her in for scrap value and daddy wants his pills back

Dame goes to faint again, but Squire dodges leaving Dame to hit the floor

SCRIPT

Squire: Not that I need them... and you can stop that bullshit right now; if you'd been properly upset, you wouldn't have been so... so... tumescent just now

Dame: You can't blame a girl for trying, mister **(she tries to outrageously flirt with him, taking the banana, peeling and eating it, keeping eye contact)** or should that be "big boy"?

Squire: It takes one to know one, anyway I haven't taken my medicine, have I?

Dame fluffs & stutters

Jack: Well you can't have 'em. We've used them.

Squire: What do you mean, used them? **(looking Dame up and down)** Although that would explain one thing

Dame: Perhaps I was just pleased to see you?

Jack: Over here. **(pointing to the beanstalk)** We, I mean mum, threw them away last night

Dame: And just look what's happened. We should be compensated for this, it's stressing my foundations **(replacing the empty banana skin)**

Squire: I can see your point

Dame: **(coyly)** Cheeky, but my dress is a little tight though

Squire: Well, Daisy's dead and gone

Jack: Aww

[BUSINESS]

TASTER

SCREENT

Squire squirms, embarrassed

Dame: Oh, it reminds me of your poor, dear father...

Jack: Mum!

Dame: Yes, dirty bastard. He was an expert too. In everything, especially mansplaining

Squire: Oh dear, I bet you don't even know what mansplaining is; well my dear, me explain it to you...

Wanda &
Dame: We know!

Jack: So, you're an expert? What at?

Expert: Everything. I built a time machine once, you know

Jack: A time machine?

Expert: Yes, it was really difficult too. That's four hours I'm definitely getting back. Now, let me see this so called bean... **(peeps through curtains and notices the beanstalk)** oh...

stalk... oh my... oh I say... golly!

Squire: Well? You're the expert, we need more than that. What is it?

Expert: It's a beanstalk

Dame: No shit, Sherlock!

Expert: And a fucking huge one at that. **(holds out hand)** That'll be £300 please

Squire: Wh... wh... wha... what the...

Wanda: ... hell...

Squire: ... do we do with it?

Expert: Love it, cherish it, stroke it... and pay me my fee

Jack: Climb it...

Expert: ...climb it? Climb it!

(Dame whacks Jack)

Dame: **(To Jack)** Shut up you tosser, they'll find the gold! **(to Squire)** Jack'll go with you; he's been up already

Jack: What? **(the idea dawns on him)** Oh... yes... of course I will. I'll show you the way!

Dame: Just you make sure the giant fee-fi-fo-fums the Squire **(handing him a lube tube)** and make sure he uses that, I can't stand screaming

Squire: **(to Expert)** If you expect to be paid, you're bloody coming too. Bloody

INTERVAL

ACT TWO

Scene 1: Gold? What gold?

Fairy enters, in front of curtains; still pissed

Fairy: Back here we are, after the break
Time to find out whether gold they will take
I bet that they will, having plenty of time (it's Act 2 you see)
And I'm sorry to you all for **such a shit rhyme**

Fairy exits

Dame enters

Dame: Jack and the others have been gone since the interval **(pointing into the audience)** I bet
he found the bar prices to be very reasonable, with delicious snacks as well. Here they
come, the stragglers... **come on you dipsoes...** I see the dodgy chocolates worked; look
out, you've got some loo paper under your shoe, love. Don't stick to the chair either **(or
whatever suits)**

Jack enters

Jack: Did I miss anything?

Dame: Only cheap drinks and some worried looking people queueing for the loo, I saw one man
on the roof, threatening to toss himself off

Jack: What did you do?

Dame: I just gave him a hand. Anyway, get off with you, it's time to finish this load of bollocks

Jack exits through curtains, followed by the Dame

Curtains open

LIGHTS UP

Enter Jack, Expert, Squire and Wanda

Squire: Well, that was a hard climb

Expert: We only came on from the wings?

Wanda: Shush, that lot out there won't notice after the cheap booze in the interval

Jack: Evening all!

[BUSINESS]

Giant: **(off)** CROTCHROT!

TASTER SCRIPT

Jack: Jesus, you really are bad at this, aren't you?

Giant: **(off)** WHAT THE HELL IS THAT NOISE? DO WE HAVE VISITORS? I HAVEN'T EVEN WASHED MY HAIR. COME HERE, CROTCHROT AND BRING THE TIMOTEI AND HEAD & CONDITIONER; I LOOK A RIGHT SIGHT. AND REMEMBER TO CLEAN UP ALL THAT GOOSE-SHIT TOO

Exit Crotchrot, grumbling

They come out of hiding

Jack: I told you all to shush. We were nearly caught then, weren't we?

[BUSINESS]

Squire: With this much gold lying around, there's bound to be more riches here. I reckon this giant fella must be paid almost as much as a hospital chief executive

All: Wow! Really rich

Squire: Or a bloody Expert

Expert: Well if you want my opinion...

Squire: No I bloody well don't, it'll cost me ANOTHER £300! Come on then, follow me

Exit all SL, looking/searching

Enter Crotchrot SR, carrying a huge hairbrush and the golden goose

Crotchrot: Bloody giant dandruff; and as for you, you excessive shitting machine, STOP IT!

Exit Crotchrot SL, grumbling

Enter all SR, still searching. Wanda is holding a large, golden egg

Squire: It's all a bit grim up here. Just big furniture and goose-shit

Wanda: And this **(holding up the egg)**

Expert: Well, I'm no expert...

Squire: What?!?

Expert: I meant to say... while I am an expert on beanstalks and you will have to pay me you tight-ar-se... I don't know much about goose-shit, BUT shouldn't goose-shit be mostly green?

All: **(variously nod and agree)**

Expert: And yet, we keep finding bizarrely golden goose-shit... which must mean...

Jack: ... that somebody is going around painting the goose-shit gold!

Wanda: YES!

Expert: No, you div. It means that there is a magic goose and it is shitting gold

TASTER SCRIPT

Scene 2: Back in the hovel yet again

Dame enters, sweeping the floor

Enter fairy

Fairy: Hold on there folks, it's time for a rhyme
But my gin's nearly gone
And I don't have the time

Fairy exits

Dame: Who the bloody hell was that? Nice rhyme though

Fairy: **(off)** ta, love

Enter Jack, Expert, Squire and Wanda

Dame keeps sweeping until she speaks

Jack: That was tiring. Up and down and down and up, phew!

Expert: Eh? We came in from the wings... we never climbed...

Squire: Shush you tit. We've covered this just now, **(in a loud whisper)** they're too thick and drunk to notice!

Expert: Don't you call me a tit, you tit!

Squire: Don't you "tit" me, tit!!

They face up to each other

Expert: I'll call you anything I like... TIT!!

Squire: No you sodding won't... TIT!!

Expert: I sodding well will. Especially as you haven't paid my titting bill yet... you bloody great tit!!

They continue to posture

Wanda: Jack, are you a keen ornithologist by any chance?

Jack: Er... no, why?

Wanda: It looks like we have a couple of great tits right here

Dame: **(getting in between them)** Boys, boys, boys. There's no need for such nonsense **(to audience)** and YOU lot can stop tittering too.

[BUSINESS]

Jack: Strewth, mum. They really are getting into the spirit of panto, aren't they?

Dame: It's just a community service to keep 'em off the streets and out of care. Anyway,

TASTER SCRIPT

Dame: There you go, my lovely Mr Beanstalk. It can happen to anybody, can't it. Not a beany, flopsy-wopsy now, are we? Follow me... follow me to heaven and back

As they exit

Jack: Are you an expert in everything?

Expert: Oh yes. That'll be £300...

Jack: Oh piss off

Expert: Can't blame a fellow for trying

Dame: That's just what his dad used to say

Jack: Mum!!

Exit all

Scene 3: Again with the beanstalk, already. And a cow

In the Giant's home

LIGHTING CUE: A bit darker

Enter Fairy

Fairy: Hee, hee... a giant... HIC!

Fairy staggers off

Enter Dame, Jack, Expert, Squire and Wanda

Dame: Is that it? All it takes to climb the beanstalk?

Squire: **(aside)** Hush; we don't want the audience to realise we're doing the show on the cheap
(to all, louder) Oh yes, right hard it was, and yet we are so fit that we are fresh as a daisy

Dame: Poor Daisy! **(a little sob)**

Jack: It's got ever so dark now, do you think we're going to be alright?

Wanda: Perfectly.

Expert: Unless there are any ghosts of course

Dame: Ghosts?

Expert: That's right, spiritual shades of the recently departed who are awaiting elevation to a better place. Restless souls who...

Wanda: ... shut the fuck up...

Expert: Oh, alright; that'll be...

Wanda: ... and you're not charging us a penny for THAT, either

Squire: Well said, dear. Worse than those bloody bankers. Now then, I think that we'd better take a careful look around. Come on

They look around

MUSIC CUE: spooky-looking-around music

Jack: What a waste of time, but it did sound spooky

Squire: You tit... this is the traditional bit of the panto for more fun interaction... oh look, they're sobering up already, that one's even stopped drooling

Expert: You can stop that tit shit again, or I'll add interest

Squire: Not you, you tit. I was talking to that idiot, not this idiot... I mean not you

Expert: Oh, that's alright then

Dame: It's known as the "ghosties and ghoulies" bit. Or the "it's behind you" bit.

Jack: And we all know that you prefer the ghoulies in front of you mum

They all mumble agreement, including Dame

Dame: In front, behind; I don't mind, just another day in the orifice

Jack: You mean office?

Dame: Oh yes! That too

Expert: Well, I can see your point

All: We've done that joke!

Squire: I want us to be safe, so we're on the lookout for ghosties as well as ghoulies...

Dame: Ooh...goolies!

Dame goes a bit wibbly at the thought of goolies

Squire: Steady now. Never mind the ghoulies, the goldies... I mean gold... can wait. Come on, let's have the music, then

MUSIC CUE: Gangnam Style

Dame: What the hell was that? We want music that puts fear into any man

MUSIC CUE: Wedding March

TASTER SCRIPT

TASTER SCRIPT

Jack: I think I'm in love

Wanda: **(producing a large carrot)** I have this and I've only used it once.

Jack: **(looking inappropriately at Wanda)** Awww. I was going to eat that later, but now it'll

taste all carroty

Dame: Never mind that. We should get ready for some cookery. Bring on the extras!

A table with mixing bowl and accessories is brought on

They put on aprons

Expert: This looks as if it might get messy

They all look knowingly to the audience

All: Oh yes, it might!

Dame: Right then, I'll start. We have the mixing bowl, wooden spoons and flour. Any eggs?

Jack: You haven't. Not at your age

Dame: Piss off! Anyway, Wanda should have plenty

Wanda: **(looking coyly at Jack)** Oh I couldn't possibly; I'm saving them for "Mr Right"

Dame: We had a golden goose egg earlier, we could make Millionaire Shortbread

Expert: Bugger off, that egg's mine

Wanda: How about a cake in a mug? You don't need eggs for that, just yeast

Dame: And I have plenty of that

Jack: People always say that you're Marmite. It explains the smell

Squire: But what about the flour... and cream, now that Daisy has gone to a better place

Jack: You mean ASDA?

Dame: Cream? Cream? I have an idea, come over here Wanda

They approach the engorged top of the beanstalk

Dame: Remember how we re-invigorated this here beanstalk earlier?

Wanda: Yes?

Dame takes out a huge piece of kitchen towel and a huge bottle of lube

Dame: Well... perhaps if we... completed the job? Finished it off as it were?

As Wanda is almost sick...

All: Nooo!!!

Squire: You must be...

Jack: ... fucking...

Expert: ... joking!

Dame: Well! You can't blame a girl for trying. I once helped Paul Hollywood with his Spotted Dick

They are all nearly sick this time

Squire: We will just have to go hungry, you filthy tart

Dame: That's another delicacy of mine

The kitchen accessories are taken off stage

Giant: **(off)** FEE-FI-FO-FUM! I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISH MAN: BE HE ALIVE, OR BE HE DEAD, I'LL GRIND HIS BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD. CROTCHROT! COME HERE NOW!!

Expert: This would be a very good time to be Welsh

Squire: And you can't say that every day

TASTER SCRIPT

TASTER SCRIPT

SFX CUE: Sound of heavy footfalls

They all try to hide behind one another, passing the goose around as they go.

Giant: (off) FEE-FI-FO-FUM!

Enter Giant. He is a small man, clearly speaking into a megaphone/voice changer. He wears a huge codpiece

Giant: NOW YOU WILL SEE THE MIGHTINESS AND TERROR OF ME, THE GIANT!

Dame: Where? Where's this giant then?

Giant: BEFORE YOU!! PEASANT!!

They all look around, confused. Dame looks over, around and behind the giant

Giant kicks Dame on the shin and waves the megaphone in her face

Giant: Down here. Oi, here...down here

He jumps up and down for attention

Dame: Here, let's have a go with that

Dame takes the voice changer

FEE-FI-FO-FUM!! I SAY, **THIS IS FUN** INNIT? **(she sings)** "AAAAAND NOWWWW, THE END IS NEAR! AND SO I FACE, THE FINAL CURTAIN!"

Crotchrot: What the... all this time you've had me running around, you short-arse

Crotchrot hits the giant over the head with the goose

Giant: Get off, you horrid person. Have you never heard of "small man syndrome"?

Crotchrot: What about the "grind your bones to make my bread" syndrome?

Giant: I need the fibre to keep me regular, what with all of the food a giant needs to eat

Crotchrot: Do you have any idea how difficult it is to cook all of that food for you? Filling those huge pots and pans with acres of corn, flocks of animals

Giant: Herd

Crotchrot: Of course I've heard of animals. Not to mention the volume of wine you demand. Every damn day

Giant: It's not so easy for me you know. The amount of laxatives I need to flush it all through before it solidifies and the state of that bog too; by the way, has anybody seen my special chocolates? I'm feeling a bit bloated

Jack: Well you see, it's like this. We gave them away

Giant: I beg your pardon? What do you mean "gave them away"?

Jack: Gave them away. They were just sitting around and so we gave them away. To this lot out there and they do appear to be very effective

Wanda: Oh yes. She **(pointing into the audience)** even left a horrid trail behind her. And she was humming **(sings)** "Total Eclipse of the Shart"

They all shudder at the thought

Giant: Come on then, own up. Which one of you called me a little squirt?

Squire: I did. what of it?

Giant: Stop it

Squire: Is that it? Just “stop it”?

Giant: Yes. Stop it and stop it right now! It’s very hurtful and a bit sizeist too

Squire: Well how was I meant to know that you actually are a little squirt? You sounded bigger

Giant: I was compensating

Dame: **(she reaches and grabs the codpiece and peers in, rummages around, retrieves a mobile phone, then 2 sprouts that she throws into the audience and finally a small chipolata sausage that she sniffs and then eats)** So I see

Jack: Why not just buy a sports car, like any normal, little, inadequate squirt?

Giant: Oh, a sports car, eh? Well that would be good except for one inconvenient fact

Jack: What’s that?

Giant: Because **(whacking Jack with the goose)** this is the olden days and they haven’t been invented yet, that’s why

All: Oh!

Squire: We need to steal all of your gold now, Mr so-called Giant

Giant: You’ll have to fight me for it, come on...bring it on **(handing the goose to Crotchrot)**

Squire: You lot get the gold and I’ll hold him off

The others go around picking up all of the gold they can find as the Giant and Squire face off and have a pathetic hand-slappy fight.

Crotchrot hides in the corner as Dame drags the goose from his grip

The fight ends with Squire stamping on Giant’s foot

Giant: Ow!! That’s not fair... it hurt!

Squire: Come on you lot, back down the beanstalk. We’ve got it all

Jack: And I’ve scraped up the golden goose shit, too

TASTER SCRIPT

He then starts to chuck it onto the audience, before running off, tasting it and shouting:

Giant: Mmmm, yummy cream!

Curtains and musical interlude

“World’s Dirtiest Song”

Scene 4: Back in the hovel yet again? This is getting ridiculous now

Fairy enters in front of the curtains, ~~mumbles some~~ drunken gibberish, staggers behind the curtains shouting “weeee” and we hear a loud thump as she collapses out of sight

Curtains open

Squire, Dame, Wanda, Jack & Expert enter as if they have just climbed down the beanstalk

Dame: Do you think they’ll fall for “we’ve just climbed a long way down this huge beanstalk” again?

Squire: Bound to, look at them

Expert: Well, in my opinion...

All: SHUT UP!!

Expert: Moody buggers

Jack: The giant and that creepy sod are bound to come after us

Dame: We didn’t get them that excited

Squire: I think he means they’ll follow us

Giant: **(off)** FEE-FI-FO-FUM! I’M SLIDING DOWN THIS, TO LAND ON MY BUM!

Crotchrot: **(entering)** well be careful or you’ll land on my head and I’m not in the mood

Wanda: What are we going to do?

Squire: I don’t know, but we’d better think of something as it’s nearly the end of the story and the bar’s about to open

Jack: I’ll use my chopper

TASSTER

Crotchrot collapses into the wings

All: Hooray!

Jack: And Wanda and me are in love and want to get married, even though I gave away her chocolates

Wanda: What? You did what, you cheap bastard? Screw you, I'm off. You tit

Squire: Hold it there you opinionated, spoilt brat. This is the end of the panto and so we need a wedding. Anyway, he's your brother, so you can't marry him. This isn't **[your town]** you know

All: Yes it is!

SCRIPT

TASTER SCRIPT

Squire: Daisy! My darling!! (**going down on bended knee**) We shall be so happy together!! Say something, my love...

Daisy: WOOF!!!

LIGHTS

CURTAIN

Finale: No More Fucks To Give

THE END