

**PERUSAL SCRIPT**

# **JACK AND THE CHOC'LIT MILK COW**

The Folk/Rock/Rap/Bluegrass Family Musical

Book & Lyrics by  
**Hana Roth Seavey**

Music by  
**John Henry Sheridan**



Leicester Bay Theatricals

NEWPORT, MAINE

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**ORDER #3381a**

**LIST OF MUSICAL NUMBERS:**

**MUSICAL #1 & #2 — THE JACK RAP 1 & 2—** *Rappers*

**MUSICAL # 3 — THE HARP'S PROLOGUE —** *Harp*

**MUSICAL #4 — MY SON JACK —** *Mother*

**MUSICAL #5 & 5a — NO HONEYCOMB FOR THEE —** *Jack, Mother/ Mother*

**MUSICAL #6 — JACK RAP 3 —** *Rappers*

**MUSICAL#7 — THE HARP'S REPRISE I—** *Harp*

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**MUSICAL #9 — THE NEGOTIATION RECITATIVE —** *Sorcerer, Jack*

**MUSICAL #10 — JACK RAP 4 —** *Rappers*

**MUSICAL #11 — THE CHOC'LIT' MILK COW —** *Jack, Sorcerer, Children*

**MUSICAL #12 — JACK RAP 5—** *Rappers*

**MUSICAL #13 — THE MOTHER'S LAMENT BLUES —** *Mother*

**MUSICAL #14 — THE MAGIC IN OUR LIVES/OUR WORKADAY LIVES —** *Jack and Mother*

**MUSICAL #15 — JACK RAP 6 —** *Rappers*

**MUSICAL #16 — HARP REPRISE II —** *Harp*

**MUSICAL #17 — BEAN GOUAMBA —** *Rappers*

**MUSICAL #18 — ALL IS GONE —** *Mother*

**MUSICAL #19 — CHICKENFEED —** *Jack*

**MUSICAL #20 — PASS THE CABBAGE, PASS THE EGGS —** *Dairywoman, Farmer, Baker, Butcher, Merchants*

**MUSICAL #21 — ENOUGH IS ENOUGH —** *Mother, Jack*

**MUSICAL #22 — MY MAN'S DINNER —** *Giant's Wife*

**MUSICAL #23 — THE GIANT'S TRIUMPH —** *Giant, Wife*

**MUSICAL #24 — A SUMMERNIGHT'S LULLABY —** *Harp, Giant,*

**MUSICAL#25 — GOLD GOUAMBA —** *Merchants*

**MUSICAL #26 — SOMETHING IS MISSING! —** *Sorcerer, Harp*

**MUSICAL #27 — Beans and Boys Underscore —** *Sorcerer*

**MUSICAL#28 — JACK RAP7—** *Rappers*

**MUSICAL #29 — THE MOTHER'S LAMENT BLUES (reprise) —** *Mother*

**MUSICAL #30 — HARP UNDERSCORE**

**MUSICAL #31 — A SUMMERNIGHT'S LULLABY (reprise) — Harp**

**MUSICAL #32 — JACK RAP 7 — Rappers**

**MUSICAL #33 — UNBEATABLE — Jack, Mother, Harp, Rappers, Sorcerer**

**MUSICAL # 34 — BOWS**

Approximate running time: 1 hour, 20 minutes.

Minimum cast: six actors (in order of appearance)

**GIANT (WAYFARER, SORCERER)**

**RAPPERS (HEN, MERCHANTS/FARMERS/DAIRYWOMAN, BUTCHER) (Actors using masks.)**

**HARP**

**MOTHER**

**JACK**

**GIANT'S WIFE**

Note: RAPPERS (four Actors, NYC production)

Note: Cast size to expand or minimize: The RAPPER(S), include child Actors, change Actors for each Rap; EVANDER, the ANNUAL MANUAL, a HUMAN CHAIN BEAN STALK (NYC production). Puppetry: the GIANT (NYC production), BESSIE, a roll-on sturdy cut-out or puppet, the HEN, a puppet. The RAPPER group can be played by a solo actor.

Music: Piano vocal lead sheets. Lyric sheets upon request.

Tin cans, spoons, a washboard, an upside-down pail or bucket, hand-clapping or thigh-slapping by the RAPPERS as percussion instruments, suitable for the Appalachian roots and music of the story.

Character Descriptions in Order of Appearance:

**GIANT:** A greasy and gross OGRE. Carnivorous.

**RAPPERS, MERCHANTS, CHORUS**

The RAPPERS are always cool. As the MERCHANTS, they are always greedy.

**HARP:** HALF-GIRL, HALF-HARP. A young girl before enchantment, innocent and ethereal, has a sense of mischief and good sense of herself. Physical limitations inhibit movement. The physical harp of her costume must have the capacity to detach. (Left arm extended on wooden bar, strings from the bar gathered and fastened to the velcro'd ankle band of the Actor.)

**JACK:** Early teen, immature, happy-go-lucky, sunny, no mean bones in Jack's body. Approaching adult

empowerment, still very attached to his MOTHER He dreams impractical dreams for himself and his cow. His FATHER, his hero, was killed when he was very young. His manners reflect the Blue Mountain folk hero Jack, polite, underestimated and unexpectedly shrewd: a winner.

Note: JACK'S story is well represented by Joseph Campbell's The Hero's Adventure. (The Joseph Campbell interviews with Bill Moyers for PBS are available in libraries, and on YouTube.)

**MOTHER:** Woman on the young side of motherhood, whose life expectations were thwarted by the Giant's one blow. JACK means everything to her, but she's unprepared to deal with a burgeoning adolescent ego. She keeps her sense of humor with him though aghast at his dangerous daring.

**SORCERER:** WIZARD of great age and experience, forgetful, wise, kindly, wry who focuses on JACK as deserving of his talents. He has animals about him since they communicate well, and guards the latest edition of the Annual Manual for Sorcerers, etc., keeper of age-old secrets.

**WIFE:** Venal woman who partakes of the GIANT'S catches and booty, serving him in exchange for protection. Cleverer than her husband, she wears one face to the world another to the Giant and smolders with jealousy of the HARP.

**BESSIE:** Moos, bumps, pushes, or butts, as communication with JACK. A good pet but no longer a productive dairy cow and therefore, practically speaking, not an asset to the FAMILY.

**THE HEN:** Stubborn, knows whom she likes and whom she doesn't.

**EVANDER THE LIZARD:** Suggested: hidden in the Sorcerer's costume, he pops out of the Annual Manual.

**JACK AND THE CHOC'LIT MILK COW** Book and Lyrics by Hana Roth Seavey Music by John Henry Sheridan. **75 mins. Flexible cast of at least 13 players including doubling.** Jack - the wildly underestimated teen who avenges his father, crushes the infamous Ogre, and brings the family riches back home - re-invented! JACK AND THE CHOCOLATE MILK COW reaches out interactively to every child and every generation in the audience. The classic Appalachian tale, scored by John Henry Sheridan in folk rock, bluegrass, and rap has never been so deeply-felt, so exuberantly funny, so danceable, and so touched by magic! Premiered at the Looking Glass Theatre, NYC. **Order #3381**

Bios:

**HANA ROTH SEAVEY** Actor (Wynn Handman, American Place Theatre). Mime (Alvin and Mark Epstein, Solomon Yakim, Étienne deCroux). Network t.v. guest. Four traveling one-woman clown/circus/musical/magic shows: I'LL BE THE CIRCUS (created with Yuri Belov, former Director of Clowning, Moscow State Circus, music by Burt Schuman and Barry Soloway), CLOWNCAPADES, PARK PEEPL (NY Is Book Country, Barnes and Noble), HANABELLE'S HOLIDAY MAGIC (Citicorps Center, NYC). Musical Theatre: Aaron Frankel (WRITING THE BROADWAY MUSICAL), David Spencer. JACK! (score by John Henry Sheridan): premier production (Kate Marks, Looking Glass Theatre, NYC). Currently Hana writes book and lyrics for an adult musical comedy, UNDER HER HAT! (score by Tor Ingar Jakobsen). BA, Brooklyn College, MA, NYU. Clowning: Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Clown College. Mime: Fulbright Scholar, Paris, France. Dramatist Guild, ASCAP, League of Professional Theatre Women (LPTW Board Member)

**JOHN HENRY SHERIDAN** Heavy metal rocker, contributing songwriter in genres of heavy metal, rock,

pop, blues, jazz, and folk. Released: five original full-length albums, several singles. Scored independent musicals, JACK AND THE CHOCOLATE MILK COW, collaborator Hana Roth Seavey, and PAINTING THE WIND, collaborator Paul Kaplan. Currently creating kid-friendly rock/pop songs and music videos. Guitar teacher specializing in his single string guitar technique; self-published: three original songbooks for beginners, featuring his TAB Method: 'Single String Songs Vol. 1', 'Single String Halloween Songs', and 'Single String Exercise-Songs - Curious Creatures', adopted and applied at schools throughout the USA. John wishes to use his talents as a positive global influence in the worlds of creative expression and music, empowering people to actively and enjoyably pursue their passion for guitar and to express their energies in beneficial and healthy ways. BA, Brooklyn College Conservatory of Music Composition

# JACK AND THE CHOC'LIT MILK COW

## ACT ONE

***PROLOGUE*** — *Before the curtain rises, the sound of large pounding footsteps is heard.*

**GIANT:** *(chanted)*

FE...FI...FO...FUM... I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

BE HE ALIVE OR BE HE DEAD,

I'LL GRIND HIS BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD.

*(Optional:)*

FE...FI...FO...FUM... IF CAUGHT BY ME,

YER TIME HAS COME.

BE YE THICKSET OR BE YE THIN,

I'LL MASH THE FLESH BENEATH YER SKIN.

*(Optional:)*

FE...FI...FO...FUM, I TURN THE CORNER,

COMES DOOM TO SOME.

BE HE ASLEEP OR BE HE UP,

FROM HIS SKULL TONIGHT I SUP.

*(Footsteps die away. Sequence can be shortened or repeated as needed. Enter RAPPERS.)*

### MUSICAL #1 — JACK RAP 1

**RAPPERS:**

FE...FI...FO...FUM... THAT GIANT,

HE'S AS NUM-YUM AS THEY COME.

O FE...O FI...O ME...O MY,

THIS TALE'S AS TRUE AS APPLE PIE.

**Scene 1** — *The curtain opens on the garden in front of JACK'S and the MOTHER'S house. Suggested: set of stairs or one or two ladders. Fairytale time: 16th to 18th century.*

## MUSICAL #2 — JACK RAP 2

### RAPPERS:

IT'S COOL T' USE OLD TALES AS TOOLS,  
RES-PECT HIS-TO-RY, IN-SPECT MYS-TE-RY.  
HERE'S THE STORY OF, ALLEGORY OF,  
JACK, WHO LOST HIS DAD IN A SNEAK ATTACK.

*(RAPPERS walk into the AUDIENCE.)*

LONG AGO, SOME BAD DUDE GOT HIS KICKS.  
LEFT JACK'S MOMMA IN A SORRY FIX,

*(RAPPERS climb back onstage.)*

NO GOLD, NO HARP, NO EGGS, NO HEN,  
LET'S TELL IT, TELL IT LIKE IT WAS BACK THEN.

*(Enter the MOTHER with her tub of wash. The HARP appears high up, in a different place. A clothesline stretches across the stage, between ladders.)*

## MUSICAL#3 — THE HARP'S PROLOGUE

### HARP:

I SEE A FARM FAR FROM A CITY,  
I HEAR TALES OF GREED AND PITY,  
A SAD WIFE O'ERCOME WITH WOE,  
A CHILD WHO'S READY TO GO,  
ALMOST GROWN UP, BARELY CONTAINED,

HE'S NOT A BOY, NOT A MAN, HE'S...

**MOTHER:** My son Jack, so scatterbrained!

*(SHE whacks a piece of laundry. Enter JACK and BESSIE. BESSIE moos. JACK bangs a pail and his stool together.)*

**JACK:** A'right, a'right, it's Bessie, the Queen of Acrobat Cows! Aye then, Bessie, here I come!

*(BESSIE bends, and JACK jumps onto her back. SHE moos happily and gives JACK a piggy-back ride shaking her cowbell.)*

Jump on a crack, break your mother's back.

*(HE slides off, laughing. Sound effect: a low and distant rumbling.)*

**MOTHER:** Rain to come! Not a minute to dry these clothes. Clothes!

*(SHE twists a piece, and hangs it.)*

Rags! No golden eggs, no food, no seeds for the farm, no Harp to play a song. Are you milking the cow, Jack?

**JACK:** We're troubadors, Ma. Jack, the Twirling Acrobat, with his Fabulous Dancing Cow!

**MOTHER:** Troubadors! Bessie's a cow. Milk the cow!

#### **MUSICAL #4 — MY SON JACK**

**MOTHER:**

MY SON JACK, BLABBETY BLAB

PLANS TO ASTOUND EV'RYONE.

MY SON JACK, YAPPETY YAP,

BUILDS DAYDREAMS 'ROUND ANYONE.

TROUBADOR AND COW, WHAT'S HE THINKING OR NOW?

WHAT CAN HE HAVE ON HIS MIND?

WHY CAN'T HE SEE WHAT I SEE---

MY SON JACK, HE'S SURE ONE OF A KIND.

MY SON JACK, YACKETY YACK,  
TRIES TO ASTOUND EVEN HIS MUM.  
MY SON JACK, QUACKETY QUACK,  
CLACKETY CLACK, MY SON JACK.

*(Another growl of thunder. SHE halts, then goes on with her work. JACK milks BESSIE.)*

**JACK:** If I had red leather acrobat boots, ye'd never throw me off, Bess.

*(A sharp flicker of lightning, then thunder.)*

**MOTHER:** Are you finished, Jack? How much milk?

*(Peering down.)*

Quarter-of-a-bucket! Like yesterday and the day before. We have to do something!

**JACK:** Let's make cheese, Ma. Like we used to! Mmmm, with elderberry pie.

**MOTHER:** Hah! The no-crust, no-honey, no-egg elderberry pie!

*(JACK climbs up a step or two.)*

**JACK:** What a recipe, Ma! Take my hand.

*(HE mimes, dances, and uses ladders or steps, and the MOTHER, for turns. SHE laughs. Their dance enters the AUDIENCE.)*

## **MUSICAL #5a — NO HONEYCOMB FOR THEE**

**JACK:**

ONE, TWO, THREE,  
I'LL CLIMB A TREE,  
TO RAID THE HIVE OF THE HONEY BEE,  
WH-OOPS. SHE STINGS! BUH-UH-UHZZZ-ZING,  
NO HONEYCOMB FOR THIS BOY!  
NO HONEYCOMB FOR ME.

**MOTHER:**

NO HONEYCOMB FOR THEE, CHILD,

NO HONEYCOMB FOR THEE!

**JACK:**

AT THE COOP, NO EGGS TO SCOOP,

ONLY LOTS OF CHICKEN POOP.

NO EGG 'R CHICK, JUST YUCKY OLD ICK—

NO HONEYCOMB FOR THIS BOY!

NO HONEYCOMB FOR ME.

**MOTHER:** NO HONEYCOMB FOR THEE, CHILD,

NO HONEYCOMB FOR ME.

**JACK/MOTHER:**

NO CIN'MON, NO CLOVES.

NO BUTTER 'R HOT STEAMED ROLLS.

NO FISHCAKES, NO MEATS, NO SUGAR, NO TREATS.

A COOKIE OR BISCUIT?

**MOTHER:**

HA! FERGIT IT,

**JACK/MOTHER:**

NO HONEYCOMB FOR ME,

NO HONEYCOMB FOR THEE, MA!/CHILD!

*(THEY dance.)*

NO HONEYCOMB FOR ME.

NO HONEYCOMB FOR THEE.

*(Loud thunder and lightning. A cloaked WAYFARER stops and addresses JACK and the MOTHER.)*

**WAYFARER:** Ye better hie ye inside, lady and youngster, hie ye agin' the rain, and drink yer choc'lit milk, like they do in the city.

**JACK:** Choc'lit milk?

**WAYFARER:** Aye. All the rage in the big city, drinking choc'lit milk at choc'lit rest'rants. Make yerself some choc'lit drink, hot or cold, and ye'll make yer fortune. You'll be rich, rich, rich!

*(Exit WAYFARER. )*

**JACK:** Choc'lit milk—hmmmm.

*(MOTHER mimes rain beginning to fall, dashing for her clothesline, peeling off clothes and throwing them into the tub. JACK begins to lead BESSIE under the shelter of the house.)*

### **MUSICAL #5b — NO HONEYCOMB FOR THEE**

**MOTHER:**

WHAT DO YOU SEE, JACK, WHAT DO YOU SEE?

NOTHING'S HERE FOR YOU AND ME,

LIFE'S TOO HARD, TOO MUCH A MESS,

JACK, IT'S TIME, WE MUST SELL BESS!

'R NO HONEYCOMB FOR YOU, CHILD,

AND NO HONEYCOMB FOR ME.

*(Enter RAPPERS.)*

### **MUSICAL #6 — JACK RAP 3**

**RAPPERS:**

JACK BOY, WHAT YOUR MOMMA SAYS IS TRUE---

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR YOU TO DO.

CHOC'LIT MILK'S JUST A DREAM FOR HER AND YOU.

SELL BESS, BABY, SELL HER.

*(JACK to the children in the AUDIENCE.)*

**JACK:** Ooooo. Chocolate milk. What'cha think?

*(FADE TO BLACKOUT)*

**Scene 2** — Marketplace booths and stalls. MERCHANTS, played by the RAPPERS, are buzzing about caring for their goods. Enter JACK, leading BESSIE.

**JACK:** The Market, Bess. Don't be down-hearted.

*(JACK and BESSIE walk up to the DAIRYWOMAN.)*

**DAIRYWOMAN:** Y' mean to tell me, ha, ha, that ye're trying to sell me, me, with my herd of seven cows, a cow that can't supply a good gallon a day? Fie!

*(SHE makes a dismissive gesture. JACK moves on to another MERCHANT.)*

**BAKER:** Get that dirty cow away from my pies and cookies, boy. You'll spoil my breadcrumbs.

*(JACK leads BESSIE to the FARMER, WHO takes JACK familiarly around the shoulders.)*

**FARMER:** I'm an ordinary farmer, lad. Does she lay down a big load of cowplop? Cow patties? Fer fertilizer.

*(S/HE guffaws. JACK again moves on, to the last MERCHANT.)*

**BUTCHER:** Peddling yer cow? Here, let me look at 'er. Hmmm-m-m-m-m. Lean. Too lean. Feed 'er up and bring 'er back in a month. We'll butcher 'er, and ye can have the leather for a set of prime boots. Me, for the prime meat, ye, for the prime boots.

*(The BUTCHER explodes with laughter. JACK recoils.)*

**JACK:** Boots! Bessie's leather! What am I doing? What am I doing? Selling Bess to a butcher! She's a milk cow!

*(JACK turns and pulls BESS away, sings to the tune of NO HONEYCOMB FOR ME.)*

MAYBE IT'S TRUE THAT LIFE'S A MESS,

*(Flash of lightning, and loud rumble of thunder. The MERCHANTS look up, suddenly cringing, thrusting up arms, shielding heads or faces. JACK turns and faces upstage, delivering his last line with his back to the AUDIENCE.)*

But I ain't afraid, and I won't sell Bess.

**(BLACKOUT)**

**Scene 3** — *The next morning. The HARP is spotlighted on high. The SORCER is onstage walking in the country, his nose in a book.*

### MUSICAL #7 — THE HARP'S REPRISE I

**HARP:**

JACK DID HIS BEST TO HEED,  
BUT FAILED THO' TRYING TO SUCCEED.  
RETURNING SADDENED FROM THE FAIR,  
HE MEETS A SORC'RER HALFWAY THERE,  
MIGHTY MAGICIAN OF HIGH DEGREE,  
MARVELOUS MIRACLES CAN HE DECREE,  
With practice!

*(Close spot on the HARP. The SORCERER scans down a page with finger-pointing. The SORCERER, being ancient, sometimes speaks in Middle or Old English.)*

**SORCERER:** Beans, beans, boys, boys...

### MUSICAL #8 — BEANS AND BOYS

**SORCERER:**

TAKE BEANS AND BOYS, PLUS A COW.  
AH. AHA! I'VE GOT IT NOW,  
BESHREW ME! I'VE FOUND THE SPELL  
IN THE ANNUAL MANUAL FOR MAGICIANS,  
SORCERERS, CONJURERS, AND SUCH.  
THIS WILL DO, DO VERY WELL,

DOESN'T TAKE MUCH,  
A STRAIGHTFORWARD TOUCH.  
THE GOOD FELLOWS IT HELPS,  
THE BAD IT VEXES,  
BY MERLIN! WHAT A HEX 'TIS.

Listen to this—

*(HE descends into the AUDIENCE, sings to various CHILDREN.)*

TAKE THREE GAWSIE ESCULENT BEANS,  
HUMECT 'EM IN THREE GOAFS

That's an empty tube. Like paper towels or toilet paper This is a verrry old book, it speaks Middle English. The way it was spoken a loooong time ago.

LET 'EM DEMERSAL LIKE FUCOID,

What the heck d'ye think that means? Soak them, you think? Yes, soak 'em!

ELUTE 'EM, DILUTE 'EM,

LET 'EM IMMUTE INTO GLORIOUS, ICH(K)ORIOUS COLORS,

ICH(K)ORIOUS, BEFORE YOUR VERY EYE!

ICH(K)ORIOUS, GLORIOUS, NOT THE LEAST LABORIOUS,

*(HE climbs back on stage.)*

BEFORE YOUR VERY EYE!

EXPRESS THE WORD, THOUGH ABSURD,

IMPRESS THE SNIP, LET 'ER RIP!

GAD! IT'S A PIP.

EXPRESS THE WORD, THOUGH ABSURD,

IMPRESS THE SNIP, LET 'ER RIP!

GAD! IT'S A PIP.

PIP! WHAT A TRIP!

SOAK! WHAT A STROKE!

TAKE BOY AND BEANS. BEANS AND BOY.

ADD ONE COW AND WOW!

IT'LL WORK, AND HOW!

POW, POW, POW! POW, POW!

*(HE claps the book shut as JACK enters tugging on BESSIE, walking backwards.)*

**JACK:** Oooooe, Bess, come along, come along home.

*(HE bumps into the SORCERER.)*

**SORCERER:** Hello, Jack.

**JACK:** Pardon, Sir, I didn't see thee. How did you know my name?

*(A lizard pops out of the SORCERER'S robes or the Manual, a hand puppet .)*

**SORCERER:** Everyone knows you, Jack, or they will. This is Evander.

**JACK:** Evander? A lizard?

**SORCERER:** Evander. For my grandfather. They resemble each other. What have you got?

**JACK:** Our very fine cow, Bessie.

**SORCERER:** Ah, Bessie. An excellent animal.

**JACK:** That she is. She gives---gives gallons of milk.

**SORCERER:** Does she? Gallons?

**JACK:** Or quarts. Quarts and quarts. On a bad day.

**SORCERER:** Ah, yes. Quarts. At two quarts to the gallon. Well, well. Is she old? Oh, my—

*(The SORCERER squirms, EVANDER wiggles, JACK laughs.)*

**JACK:** Bessie old? Young. And lean. He's your pet?

**SORCERER:** Yes---all it takes is a little magic touch. Let him smell you.

*(JACK reaches slowly. The SORCERER extends his arm.)*

**JACK:** Don't be jealous, Bessie.

*(HE strokes EVANDER. BESSIE butts HIM.)*

**MUSICAL #9 — THE NEGOTIATION RECITATIVE**

**SORCERER:**

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING BESS?

**JACK:**

HOME, BEFORE THE BUTCHER BUYS HER.

**SORCERER:**

YOU'D SELL YOUR FAMOUS BESS?

**JACK:**

NO I WON'T. I WOULDN'T, UNLESS...

SOMEONE SPECIAL,

SOMEONE FRESH, WILL TRY HER.

SOMEONE KINDLY, VERY KIND, WILL BUY HER.

**SORCERER:**

AT A SPECIAL PRICE.

**JACK:**

NOT A PENNY LESS.

*(HE gestures to show HE means money.)*

WE NEED SEEDS FOR OUR FARM, FINE SIR,

Good seeds. Pa told Ma to teach me that.

GOOD SEEDS TO SOW WITH THIS ARM, FINE SIR,

AND WITH THE SOWIN' AND THE SEEDIN', GOD BLESS,

AND THE HOEIN' AND THE WEEDIN', GOD BLESS,

NO TIME FOR BESS SUNRISE TO SUNDOWN,

NO SENSE BRINGIN' SPOILED MILK TO TOWN,

**JACK/SORCERER:**

WITH THE QUARTS AND THE QUARTS,  
THE GALLONS, MY GOSH YES. YES.

**JACK:** I might let her go.

**SORCERER:** Seeds. Seeds. Your Ma wants good seeds. Let's see what I have.

*(HE reaches into his robes and takes out a pitcher of water and three large beans. Enter RAPPERS.)*

You know, I'm getting thirsty. Seeds! Or, beans.

*(This part of the Rap is spoken while the SORCERER shows his three beans and proceeds with the magic trick. The RAPPERS give HIM three tall clear glasses, HE drops a bean into each, and adds water; they burst into different-colored liquids.)\**

**MUSICAL #10 — JACK RAP 4**

**RAPPERS:**

THE MAGICIAN, THIS OLD GUY, JACK'S ALLY—  
HE'S A PRESTIDIGITATOR.

*(\*Preset a drop of each color of food coloring at the bottom of each glass; the water poured in will 'magically' turn into colors).*

**SORCERER:** Lirp! Grape juice! Red. Lirp! Orange juice! Orange. Lirp! Lemonade! Yellow.

**JACK:** Lirp?

**SORCERER:** Lirp.

*(The SORCERER holds out a bag of beans to JACK. JACK takes a deep breath, takes the bag, thrusts BESSIE'S halter into the SORCERER'S hands, hugs BESSIE. SHE begins to exit with the SORCERER, JACK walks in the opposite direction. Halts.)*

**JACK:** Wait! Sir, I don't see any chocolaty brown beans. Are there any chocolate beans?

**SORCERER:** Chocolate beans? What an idea!

**MUSICAL #11 — THE CHOC'LIT MILK COW**

**SORCERER:** *[CHANTED]*

CACAO BEANS, Y'KNOW,  
COME FROM FAR-OFF MEXICO.

**JACK:** To feed to Bess to make chocolate milk! Bess, the first chocolate milk cow!

**SORCERER:** *[CHANTED]*

YOU COULD DO WORSE...  
FILL YOUR PURSE...  
WHAT ELSE CAN A COW DO  
THAT HELPS YOUR MA AND YOU...  
AFTER ALL...

**JACK:** *[CHANTED]*

AFTER ALL..

*(JACK speaks to CHILDREN in the AUDIENCE.)*

*(SUNG)* COWS CAN'T FLY. COWS FLY? CAN COWS FLY TO THE SKY?

**CHILDREN:**

NO.

*(JACK coaches the CHILDREN to answer 'No' after each of his 'No's'.)*

**JACK:**

**CHILDREN:**

CAN COWS EVER ASK WHY?

NO.

CAN COWS PLAY A GUITAR?

NO.

CAN COWS SIT WHERE YOU ARE?

NO.

CAN COWS SING A NICE TUNE?

NO.

NOT EVEN A SMALL LITTLE TUNE?

NO.

WHAT ABOUT A LOU-OU-OU-OU-OU-TUNE?

*(HE encourages the CHILDREN to become louder.)*

**CHILDREN:**

NO. NO. NO. NO.

**JACK:**

WHAT ABOUT A SOF-OFT-OFT-OFT TUNE?

*(HE encourages a stage whisper.)*

**CHILDREN:**

NO. NO. NO. NO.

**JACK:**

HOW ABOUT A HIGH-IGH-IGH-IGH HIGH NOTE?

*(HE models it. The CHILDREN sing with HIM on the high and low notes.)*

**CHILDREN:**

NO-O-O-O-O.

**JACK:**

WHAT ABOUT A LO-OW-OW-OW LOW NOTE?

**CHILDREN:**

NO-O-O-O-O.

**JACK:**

CAN COWS DO A DANCE?

**CHILDREN:**

NO!

CAN COWS WEAR PANTS?

NO!

CAN COWS HOP?

NO!

CAN COWS POP?

*HE makes a popping sound, finger in cheek.)*

NO!

CAN COWS RIDE A BIKE?

NO.

CAN COWS CLIMB 'R' HIKE?

NO.

CAN COWS RUN FAST?

NO!

CAN COWS EAT GRASS?                      NO.

NO?! YES!!

**CHILDREN:**

YES!

**JACK:** But the choc'lit milk, sir, the choc'lit milk! Sir, a master magician like you can surely get Bess to do more than moo! Choclit milk! From my Bessie.

CHOC'LIT MILK,

FLOWS LIKE SILK

NEAT AS A COW'S SWEET MOO,

CHOC'LIT MILK, CHOC'LIT MILK,

BESSIE'S TREAT FOR MA, AND...

*(Gesturing towards the CHILDREN.)*

YOU!

**JACK:** Oh! So I did.

*(Looking like he might cry.)*

Fare thee well, sir.

*(Exit JACK.)*

Farewell, Jack. Choclit beans, ehhhh? Brown. A deep color. Intriguing. Export choc'lt beans, a wonderful idea for Mexico this century. Mexico! I should visit!

*(Exit SORCERER.)*

## **MUSICAL #12 — JACK RAP 5**

**RAPPERS:**

THIS OLD GUY, JACK'S ALLY, HE'S A PRESTIDIGITATOR,

ORCHESTRATOR, GENERATOR,

THIS SORCERER GENT, NO ACCIDENT,

THE MAN'S AN OPERATOR.

HE'S THE ZIG, JACK'S THE ZAG,

HE'S THE FIREWORKS, JACK'S THE FLAG.

HE'S THE FINEST, GENUINEST, VALENTINEST,

4TH OF JULY, 4TH OF JULY, 4TH OF JULY.

**Scene 4** — *The garden. Lights up on the MOTHER and JACK, facing EACH OTHER. The tub of water is reset onstage. The MOTHER is staring at JACK'S hand.*

**MOTHER:** Beans?!?

**JACK:** Seeds. Magic seeds, or...

*(Mumbling.)*

...beans. I tried, Ma. The sorcerer is the only one who would buy her and keep her alive. Our lives are going to change like magic.

*(The beans leap out of his hands. HE tries to retrieve them as they bounce around the floor. The MOTHER stands aghast.)*

**MOTHER:** Nay, Jack, nay. Our cow! For beans?

### **MUSICAL #13 — THE MOTHER'S LAMENT BLUES**

IT'S BITTER TO HAVE DONE YOUR BEST,  
IT'S BITTER TO HAVE WORKED WITH NO REST.  
I HAVE TRIED, I HAVE TRIED,  
TO PROVIDE, TO PROVIDE.  
HOW CLOSE TO MAD D'YE HAVE TO BE  
TO FIND A BIT OF GOD'S MERCY?  
IT'S BITTER TO SEND YOUR ONE SON OUT  
TO SELL HIS FRIEND OR DO WITHOUT,

TO TRADE IT ALL FOR A DECENT MEAL  
TO A MAN WHO'LL TRICK, A MAN WHO'LL STEAL—  
HOW CLOSE TO MAD D'YE HAVE TO BE  
TO FIND A BIT OF GOD'S MERCY?  
WITH LITTLE BUT LOVE TO GIVE MY SON,  
I RAISED HIM SIMPLY, AND I'M UNDONE  
TO THINK THAT SIMPLE RAISING  
HAS RAISED A SIMPLETON.  
I'VE NOTHING LEFT, AND I'M TURNING MEAN,  
I'VE NOTHING LEFT---HAS HEAVEN SEEN?  
WE'VE NO FOOD, NO CLOTHES, AND NOW  
JACK IS HOME WITHOUT THE COW.  
HOW MAD, HOW MAD, HOW MAD D'YE HAVE TO BE  
TO FIND A BIT OF GOD'S MERCY?

Sorcerer! Magic seeds! The magic in our lives died a long time ago, Jack. To think you haven't noticed!

**JACK:** I did. I did notice.

#### **MUSICAL #14 — THE MAGIC IN OUR LIVES/OUR WORKADAY LIVES**

**JACK:**

WE NEED SEEDS FOR THIS FARM, MOTHER,  
GOOD SEEDS TO SOW WITH THIS ARM, MOTHER,  
FATHER WOULD WANT YOU TO YIELD, MA.  
FATHER WOULD SAY, "PLANT THIS FIELD," MA,  
HE WOULD USE ANY CHARM  
TO GROW OURSELVES AWAY FROM HARM,

BACK T' THE MAGIC IN OUR LIVES. IN OUR LIVES.

**MOTHER:**

THE MAGIC BETWEEN US, JACK DIDN'T  
COME FROM BEANS, JACK, DIDN'T COME  
FROM SOME OLD TRICKSTER WHO'S  
NOT WHAT HE SEEMS.  
WE WERE JUST SHARING EACH OTHER,  
AND YOU, BACK IN OUR WORKADAY LIVES

**JACK:**

YE'D LIKE THE OLD MAN IF YE'D MET HIM,  
IT REALLY MAKES ME SAD  
Y' DON'T GET HIM.  
LISTEN, PUT THE BEANS IN THE EARTH, MA,  
PLANT 'EM AND SEE WHAT THEY'RE WORTH, MA,  
LET THE BEANS HELP US HEAL,  
HELP US FEEL OUR WAY BACK  
TO THE MAGIC IN OUR LIVES.  
THE MAGIC IN OUR LIVES.

**MOTHER:**

IT WASN'T UNIQUE, LOVE,  
IT WAS NOTHING TO SPEAK OF,  
NO GRAND MYSTIQUE, LOVE,  
DIDN'T SHAKE UP THE WORLD,  
NOTHING OUTSTANDING  
JUST HANDING HIM HIS LUNCH,  
OR A TOOL, IN OUR WORKADAY LIVES.  
WAS IT SPECIAL? WAS IT IDEAL?

WE THOUGHT IT WAS, WE THOUGHT IT WAS REAL.

AND NOW...THREE BEANS FOR A MEAL.

**JACK:** They're not for eating, Ma. The sorcerer said you would know what to do. Please. Pa wanted this for us. Can you think of that, think the magic is real?

**MOTHER:** I? I can't believe in magic, in what disappears in a breath. These are just...beans. I'll try to sleep now and feed us what I can in the morning. As for these—

*(SHE throws them away.)*

---that's what I can do with them.

*(SHE picks up the tub and throws the water out after the beans, unwittingly watering them.)*

All unreal.

*(Exit MOTHER.)*

**JACK:** She watered them!

*(Enter RAPPERS.)*

## **MUSICAL #15 — JACK RAP 6**

### **RAPPERS:**

DON'T DISPUTE HIM, DON'T REFUTE HIM,

DON'T DISDAIN HIM,

DON'T RESTRAIN HIM,

DON'T DISMISS HIM,

DON'T DARE DIS HIM,

OUR SNAPPY CRACKER-JACK.

*(Fade to **BLACKOUT**)*

**Scene 5** — *The moon rises. While the HARP sings, the RAPPERS carry a sprout in front of the sleeping JACK, and pull the beanstalk onstage. Suggested: a fabric tube with leaves, controlled by the RAPPERS*

*and/or fishing line and hung on different levels of the stairs, ladders, or chairs. The RAPPERS continue to lead the chant while unfurling leaves and vines and arranging for the beanstalk to climb up the stairs or ladder before leading offstage at an upward angle.*

**MUSICAL#16 — HARP REPRISE II**

**HARP:**

WHEN THIRSTY SEEDS DRINK THEIR SHARE,  
N MOONLIGHT'S GLOW AND COOL NIGHT AIR,  
A SEED MAY GROW TO BE  
FAR FAR TALLER THAN ANY TREE.

**MUSICAL #17 — BEAN GOUAMBA**

**RAPPERS:**

BEAN GOUAMBA. BEAN GOUAMBA. BEAN GOUAMBA. BEANS!  
BEANS.

*(Drumbeat. Handclap.)*

BEANS.

*(Repeat.)*

BEANS.

*(Repeat.)*

BEAN GOUAMBA. BEAN GOUAMBA. BEAN GOUAMBA. BEANS!

*(Repeat as needed.)*

AIII-EEE BEANS!

*(Drumbeat. Handclap. The stalk is full grown.)*

**Scene 6** — Moonlight gives way to sunshine. JACK awakens. A basket of mushrooms lies nearby. JACK stretches and babbles.)

**JACK:** Bess. Time to milk her. Ah! I sold her.

*(HE puts his head in his hands.)*

Ma thinks I was tricked---was I? Was the old man a sneak?

*(HE asks the CHILDREN in the AUDIENCE.)*

Was he?

*(HE sees the basket.)*

Ah, mushrooms.

*(HE eats.)*

Where is she?

*(HE turns to look around him, sees the stalk, drops the bowl.)*

The beans! Holy cow! The beans!

*(HE looks up into the branches and leaves, touches the stalk as HE walks around it, craning his neck upward.)*

A single night. They were magic! Where's the end of it? Why did the sorcerer give me a weird plant? Magic, it must be magic.

*(HE puts one foot onto a leaf, and grasps another, higher one. The MOTHER hurries in with a bucket.)*

**MOTHER:** What is it!---What happened in our garden?

**JACK:** Look, look---a beanstalk as high as the sky! I'm going to find out what's at the end.

*(The MOTHER drops the bucket and runs to JACK.)*

**MOTHER:** Stop.

*(As HE takes a step up.)*

**JACK:** I can climb it easy, Ma.

*(SHE takes hold of him and pulls.)*

**MOTHER:** Stop. You can't. The Giant's lair is up there.

*(HE turns to stare at HER, and comes down.)*

**JACK:** The Giant who killed Father?

**MOTHER:** Yes, yes. That Giant. Yes.

*(JACK digs in his metaphoric heels.)*

**JACK:** I'm going. He won't get me. Those were magic beans. I'm supposed to go up there.

*(HE again grabs leaves, and swings both feet up. Roaring thunder. The stage and the beanstalk tremble. JACK falls. The MOTHER helps HIM up and at the same time holds HIM back.)*

**MOTHER:** Jack, Jack, the Giant. He's moving.

**JACK:** That's a thunderstorm, not a giant. They pass, Ma. You know they pass.

**MOTHER:** Jack, look up. There's no storm. The skies are clear. He's coming. I can tell.

**JACK:** I can face 'im. Creepy monster that he is.

**MOTHER:** Your head's in a cloud.

**JACK:** The old man sent this vine for us. I'm fine, Ma, don't fuss. You watered the beans, and the beanstalk grew. I'll come back.

*(There is a drawn-out roaring. JACK nearly falls out of the beanstalk, but hangs on.)*

## **MUSICAL #18 — ALL IS GONE**

**MOTHER:**

I KNOW HIS STEP, I KNOW HIS SMELL,  
THE BLOODY OGRE COME TO FEAST,  
YOU'D THINK SUCH SIN WOULD COME FROM HELL,  
IT COMES FROM SKIES WHEN ALL SEEMS WELL.  
ON DAYS LIKE THESE WITH SUNNY SKIES,  
LITTLE WHITE CLOUDS FLOATING BY,  
THEN ALL IS GONE, ALL IS GONE.  
WHAT COULD HE DO, POOR JOHN, HE TRIED,  
HE GRASPED HIS PITCHFORK, FACED THE BEAST,

HIS FINAL WORDS BEFORE HE DIED—  
"TAKE JACK AND RUN, GO STRAIGHT INSIDE."  
ON DAYS LIKE THIS WITH SUNNY SKIES,  
LITTLE WHITE CLOUDS FLOATING BY,  
THEN ALL IS GONE, ALL IS GONE.  
HE TOOK YOUR FATHER, HE TOOK MY HARP,  
HE STOLE OUR HEN AND ALL OUR GOLD,  
HE LEFT ME BEANS TO RAISE YOU ON,  
COME BACK TO ME, DON'T CLIMB THE STALK,  
EACH FOOTSTEP MAKES MY FEARS INCREASE,  
HE'LL HUNT YOU DOWN LIKE A SWOOPING HAWK,  
DON'T BE HIS MOUSE. STAY HERE, WE'LL TALK.  
ANOTHER DAY OF SUNNY SKIES,  
LITTLE WHITE CLOUDS FLOATING BY,  
AND YOU'LL BE GONE, YOU'LL BE GONE.

**JACK:** Ma, stop shaking the beanstalk. He's the mouse, and I'm the hawk!

*(JACK directs his voice to the top of the beanstalk.)*

Wait for me, you monster! I'm Jack, Jack! I'm my father's son, and I'm coming back. Ain't you hungry?

**(FADEOUT)**

**INTERMISSION**

**22 MORE PAGES TO THE END.**