

Jack & the Big Stork

A Narrator enters, taking up a position to one side of the performance area. They are also the prompt.

SCENE ONE - The Farm

SONG 1: On the Farm - The Farm Workers.

Group 1. Down on the farm we start this fairy fable.
Group 2. Harvesting wheat for bread upon your table.
Group 1. Down on the land the work we do enables
Both. Us to see real good times!

Group 1. Work and no play makes us a dull collective,
Group 2. So we have fun, fun, fun and work respective
Group 1. When you see life from our unique perspective
Both. You'll have a real good time!

All. Life on the farm is good,
Best in the neighbourhood.
Life on the farm is the finest around.
Breathing the country air,
Takes away all your care.
We get our pleasures down here on the ground!

Group 1. Down on the farm we live with one another
Group 2. Families work away, that one's my brother.
Group 1. Father is making hay all day with mother,
Both. All in a normal day!

Group 1. Down on the farm we feel a real connection
Group 2. Sending the fruit and veg in your direction
Group 1. Sun on our faces gives us good complexion
Both. We want to stay this way!

All. Life on the farm is good,
Best in the neighbourhood.
Life on the farm is the finest around.
Breathing the country air,
Takes away all your care.
We get our pleasures down here on the ground!

Dance break

Group 1. Down on the farm we start this fairy fable.
Group 2. Harvesting wheat for bread upon your table.
Group 1. Down on the land the work we do enables
Both. Us to see real good times!

All. Life on the farm is good,
Best in the neighbourhood.
Life on the farm is the finest around.
Breathing the country air,
Takes away all your care.
We get our pleasures down here on the ground!
We get our pleasures down here on the ground!
NOTHING IS GROWING DOWN HERE ON THE GROUND!

Farm workers enter placing empty baskets around the performance area. They pretend to dig but as the song continues they realise that there is nothing in the ground. Towards the end of the song they begin to scratch their heads and look puzzled.

Narrator. A long time ago, we don't know where,
Lived a young boy in his mother's care.
His name was Jack and he was quite stupid,
He did nothing all day except wait for Cupid.

He was supposed to work for his mother, the Dame,
Dame Trot was her unfortunate name.
But Jack did nothing, he could barely dress,
Even his sister thought him a mess.

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The farm they had was falling down.
The food they sold nearly poisoned the town.
But Dame Trot she worked as hard as she could,
She hoped her young son would turn out to be good.

The Narrator exits and Jack enters day dreaming. He trips up over a large basket, and ends up with his head stuck in a smaller basket. His mother enters after him, the formidable Dame Trot.

Dame Trot. Hello everyone, my name's Dame Trot. What's my name?

Audience. Dame Trot!

Dame Trot. Oh you are are good audience. Now, where was I? Oh yes. I'm a single woman, poor me. I was tragically widowed when I lost my husband.

Audience. Aah.

Dame Trot. I'm poorer than that.

Audience. Aah!

Simon Silage. I bet you'd be able to find him again if he wanted you to.

Dame Trot. We'll have less of that from you Simon Silage. Anyway, as I was saying I'm a single parent looking for a new man in my life (*pointing at an audience member*) and it could be you... (*She spots Jack struggling to get the basket off his head*)... Oh... and this is my son, Jack. He's well, how shall I put this, one slab short of a patio if you know what I mean. (*Jack stands and with a huge effort finally manages to get the basket off his head. He stands panting for breath*).

Simon Silage & Tania Turnip. His name is Jack, and he's not very bright.
He was dropped on his head and he's never been right.
He's in love with the milkmaid, a beautiful thing.
But he's far too shy, to say anything.

Jack. Hey up, less of that you lot. Oh hello mum, what are you doing here?

Dame Trot. I've come to check on the harvest. It's going to be a cold, hard winter this year. (*She suddenly realises that all the baskets are empty*) Jack, where are all the vegetables?

Jack. Oh yes, I was going to tell you about that. Well you see last summer I had all the seeds and I planted them. Then I suddenly had this great idea.

Dame Trot. (*Horrified*) Oh no!

Jack. Well the prince of our land likes to talk to his plants to make them grow, so I thought I'd sing to our crops to make them grow.

Dame Trot. (*Horrified*) Oh no!

Jack. Now my singing works on animals, always calms the livestock down, but it seems to have killed all the plants

Dame Trot. (*Horrified*) Oh no!!

Jill enters.

Jill. Well Mother, has it been a good harvest this...? (*She notices all the empty baskets*) Oh dear, I take it you left the planting to my vastly, intelligent brother here.

Dame Trot. (*Sobbing and blowing her nose loudly into a large hanky*) Oh what are we going to do; we have no food and no money to pay the workers?

At this, Simon, Tania and the farm workers look shocked, then annoyed. They all exit mumbling.

Jill. Well that's torn it. How are we to survive through the winter? We have no food and no money.

Dame Trot. We're going to have to sell Esmeralda.

Jill exits to fetch Mary Milkmaid and Esmeralda.