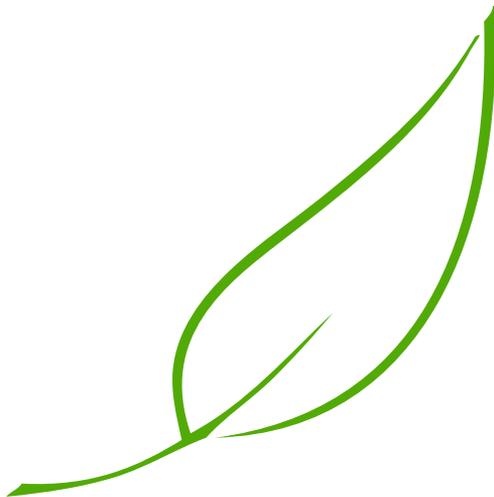


FEE FI FO FLUB

by Ken Bradbury



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(Jack backs in, followed by his angry Mother.)

JACK: Come on, Mom! Gimme a break! Please!

MOTHER: I can't believe you!

JACK: But Mom ...

MOTHER: What a stupid thing to do!

JACK: I thought it was a good idea, Mom!

MOTHER: A bean! A stupid bean! You traded our only cow for a stupid bean?!! Are you out of your mind?

JACK: It seemed ... I don't know ... it seemed like the thing to do!

MOTHER: We had one cow. Count 'em, Jack! One! One cow for milk and cheese and butter and fertilizer ... and You! You traded her for a bean? What kind of idiot are you?

JACK: I'm just a kid, Mom! Gimme a break!

MOTHER: Your father. You're just like your father is what you are. Looney, irresponsible ...

JACK: Dumb.

MOTHER: Dumb. *(crying)* Oh what are we to do, Jack? You've ruined us! We shall starve! We shall starve? *crying, she exits by turning her back to the audience)*

JACK: *(after she's gone)* Man. It's been a rotten day so far.

NARRATOR: Poor Jack didn't know what to do.

JACK: Who are you?

NARRATOR: I'm the narrator. Just ignore me.

JACK: What are you doing here?

NARRATOR: I'm helping you tell the story.

JACK: Says who?

NARRATOR: You want to argue? Watch this. Jack suddenly had a terrible cramp in his stomach.

JACK: *(bends over in pain)* Ouch!

NARRATOR: A splitting headache!

JACK: *(grabbing his head)* Owwww!

NARRATOR: And ingrown toenails.

JACK: (*falls to the floor and grabs his foot in pain*) Stop it!
Stop it!

NARRATOR: You got the idea?

JACK: I got it! I got it!

MOTHER: (*turning*) What's all the noise?

JACK: It's the narrator.

MOTHER: Oh. (*looks at Jack*) Get up off the floor, Jack.
(*points to Narrator.*) We've got company

NARRATOR: Jack was suddenly healed!

JACK: (*jumps up*) Halleluiah!

NARRATOR: And while his poor mother cried herself to sleep that night ... (*Mom wails offstage*) ... Jack crept out into the back yard and planted his bean in the ground.

JACK: I'd rather eat it.

NARRATOR: He suddenly began to itch all over!

JACK: (*itching*) Stop! Stop! I'll plant it! I'll plant it! (*digs with his hands*)

NARRATOR: The itching disappeared and Jack planted his bean.

JACK: (*mumbling*) I still think it's a stupid ...

NARRATOR: The itch came back!

JACK: (*itching*) Great idea! Great idea!

NARRATOR: So Jack went to bed that night, listening to the sounds of his mother's crying. (*Mother wails again as Jack turns to exit*) But during the night, the most amazing thing happened ...

MOTHER: (*turning*) Jack got a brain?

JACK: (*turning*) Mom!

NARRATOR: No! (*they both stare at the narrator then turn away from the audience*) The bean began to grow ... and grow ... and grow ... And when Jack woke up ...

JACK: (*turning*) Wow!

MOTHER: (*turning*) Holy garbanzo beans! Look at that thing! What is it?

JACK: It's my bean, Mom!

NARRATOR: ... said Jack.

MOTHER: (*indicating the Narrator*) Who is she, again?

JACK: Don't mess with her, Mom.

NARRATOR: Jack decided to climb the beanstalk.

JACK: Are you crazy? That thing's a mile high!

MOTHER: Oh, go ahead, Jack. We don't have anything for lunch anyway.

NARRATOR: And Jack began to climb.

JACK: (*climbing the imaginary stalk, fearfully*) I hate heights.

NARRATOR: He climbed and climbed and climbed ...

JACK: (*terrified*) Mom!!!!!!

MOTHER: Can you see WalMart from there?

JACK: Mom!!!!!!

NARRATOR: And when he reached the top, he couldn't believe his eyes!

JACK: (*shuts eyes as mother turns her back*) That's because I'm afraid to open them.

NARRATOR: He opened his eyes ... (*he does, carefully*) ... and saw ...

JACK: A castle!

MOTHER: (*turning forward*) A what?

NARRATOR: But his Mother could no longer hear him.

MOTHER: Oh. (*turns away*)

NARRATOR: It was the castle of a ferocious giant!

JACK: Oh, shoot.

JIM: (*his back to the audience*) Fee Fi Fo Fum! I smell the blood of a kid who's dumb!

JACK: Is he talking about me?

NARRATOR: You see another idiot?

JIM: Who's there? I said, "Who's there?"

JACK: Uh ... it is I! Jack! The scared and stupid.

NARRATOR: The giant got closer!

JIM: (*stomping his feet as if walking*) I am getting closer!

NARRATOR: And closer!

JIM: And closer!

JACK: Oh, no! (*closes his eyes*)

NARRATOR: And then Jack opened his eyes to see ...

JACK: (*opens eyes*) A giant?

JIM: I am the ferocious giant!

JACK: No, you're not.



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