

# Fee, Fie, Fo, Fum!

by Andrew Richardson

(with Anthony Roberts)

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## Scene 1 - Jack and his Mother

[JACK is lying under a duvet, Stage L.]

### Have You Heard The Story?

( ☉ Track 1 / 20 )

ALL (or solo/duet)

HAVE YOU HEARD THE STORY  
ABOUT A BOY CALLED JACK?  
HE CLIMBED UP A BEANSTALK  
AND DID NOT LOOK BACK,  
EVEN THOUGH THERE WERE GIANTS IN THE CLOUDS.

(+ Group 1)

HE WAS IN A PICKLE  
WHEN HE SOLD HIS COW FOR BEANS.  
HE THOUGHT THAT THEY WERE MAGICAL  
BUT HIS MOTHER WAS NOT PLEASED,

(+ Group 2)

SO SHE THREW THEM OUT THE WINDOW.  
BUT WHAT SHE DIDN'T KNOW  
WAS THAT THEY WOULD

(+ Group 3)

GROW AND

(+ Group 4)

GROW AND

(+ Group 5)

GROW AND GROW...

(All)

GROW INTO A BEANSTALK  
ABOUT A HUNDRED METRES HIGH,  
AND JACK WOULD BRAVELY CLIMB IT  
'TIL HE REACHED THE SKY.

WALK A MEAN WALK, TALK A MEAN TALK.  
NOW IT'S TIME TO CLIMB THE BEANSTALK!

(x2)

HAVE YOU HEARD THE STORY... (etc.)

Chorus L.

GIANTS IN THE CLOUDS

(x4)

Chorus R.

GIANTS IN THE CLOUDS

(x4)

Flinging action on 'threw'.

On 'they', point to floor, then  
track upwards to 'grow'.

Open hands.  
Stretch up with one arm.

Walk on the spot.

Overhead arm sweeps.

NARRATOR(s)

**Time to begin, so just sit back,  
We'd like you to meet our hero Jack.**

**He lives on a farm with his dear old mum.  
They're poor as can be, which is not much fun.**

**Jack does his chores every single day,  
He sweeps the barn and he stacks the hay.**

**Though he must work 'til his back is sore,  
His mum keeps nagging: 'Jack! Do more!'**

**There's the alarm, ringing loud and clear.  
Time to get up, Jack! Can't you hear?**

**Alarm Clock (Sfx)**

**( ☉ Track 39 )**

*[Enter MOTHER, Stage R.]*

MOTHER:

Jack! It's 4:30! Time to get up and do your chores!

*[Exit MOTHER, Stage R.]*

**Getting Up At 4:30**

**( ☉ Track 2 / 21 )**

**Jack** GETTING UP AT 4:30 ISN'T EASY  
'COS I'M HARDLY FEELING BRIGHT AND BREEZY.  
MY HAIR'S A MESS, GOT SLEEP IN MY EYES.  
THE SUN'S NOT EVEN STARTED TO RISE.  
OH, OH, OH, OH, IT'S HARD TO ENDURE.  
MY BREATH IS FOUL, IT SMELLS LIKE MANURE!

Touch hair, rub eye.  
Holding nose.

**Group** *(fanning noses)* Phwoar!  
**Jack** *(holding stomach)* AND NOW I FEEL A LITTLE QUEASY...  
GETTING UP AT 4:30 ISN'T EASY.

*[Enter MOTHER with broom.]*

**Mother** Jack? That cow isn't gonna milk itself, you know!

*[JACK stretches, yawns, puts on shoes, etc.  
MOTHER sweeps, Stage R.]*

**All** GETTING UP AT 4:30 ISN'T EASY  
'COS I'M HARDLY FEELING BRIGHT AND BREEZY.  
MY HAIR'S A MESS, GOT SLEEP IN MY EYES.  
THE SUN'S NOT EVEN STARTED TO RISE.  
OH, OH, OH, OH, IT'S HARD TO ENDURE.  
MY BREATH IS FOUL, IT SMELLS LIKE MANURE!

As above.

**Group** *(fanning noses)* Phwoar!  
**All** AND NOW I FEEL A LITTLE QUEASY...  
GETTING UP AT 4:30 ISN'T EASY.

*[JACK goes to D/stage C., complaining.]*

**Jack** Work, work, work... I never get a lie-in!

*[JACK walks over to MOTHER.]*

MOTHER Finally, you're dressed! (*leans broom against the wall*)  
JACK (*sleepily*) Morning Mum! (*big loud yawn*)  
MOTHER (*fanning nose in disgust*) Phwoarr! Your breath is awful!  
JACK I know... If only we could afford mouthwash!

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### **OPTIONAL - The toothbrush chase**

[*MOTHER gets jumbo toothbrush and brandishes it.*]

MOTHER Come on! Open up! (*lunges at JACK*)

JACK (*darts away*) Leave me alone!

[*MOTHER chases after JACK, but he is much quicker and she has to pause to catch her breath; JACK doesn't notice and runs into the back of her. MOTHER chases JACK in the other direction, then pauses for another break. JACK runs in a circle round his MOTHER; she gives up, exhausted.*]

MOTHER I'm too long in the tooth for this.

[*'Bad joke' DRUM sting, ALL groan.*]

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MOTHER Well come on – chop-chop! There's work to be done.

JACK Aw Mum, do I have to?

MOTHER Yep, you do.

JACK But it's so early! Couldn't I have a day off – just this once?

MOTHER Absolutely not! We can't afford days off.

[*JACK folds arms and adopts sulky pose.*]

Besides, you've got to fix that hole in the barn roof!

JACK But I'm afraid of heights.

MOTHER Afraid of heights? Since when?

JACK Since forever! When I'm too high up, my legs turn to jelly...  
(*legs start shaking*) my tummy does back flips... (*clutches his belly*)  
...and I get all dizzy! (*spins comically, falls down*)

[*As MOTHER speaks JACK gets up again.*]

MOTHER Don't be daft! It's not a fear of heights you've got, it's a fear of falling!  
(*shooing him away*) Go on, you'll be fine.

JACK (*stomping off angrily*) It's not fair.

[Exit JACK Stage L., and MOTHER Stage R.]

**It's A Hard Life (incidental)**

( ☉ Track 3 / 22 )

NARRATOR(s)      **Poor old Jack's having such a hard time.**  
**Despite his fear of heights, that roof he must climb!**

But **look over there!** Who's **approaching us now?**  
It's **Brewster the Rooster and Daisy the Cow!**

**Scene 2 - Down On The Farm**

[Enter DAISY Stage L. & BREWSTER Stage R., clucking to himself. They meet Centre Stage.]

DAISY                      Morning, Brewster. How are you this morning?

BREWSTER                (*crowing*) Pucahh! Fine thanks, Daisy. Unlike poor Jack and his mother. (*shaking head sadly*) Paaaaaahhh puc-puc-puc.

DAISY                      Yes, poor Jack. He looks washed out. Speaking of which, the rain came into the barn last night - I got soaked!

BREWSTER                (*disapproving*) Orrhhh, puc, puc, puc. That hole in the roof needs mending.

DAISY                      Jack gets the ladder out, but he never climbs up it!

BREWSTER                Poor boy. Such an awful fear of heights... (*shaking head and clucking quietly*) Paahh puc-puc-puc-puc.

DAISY                      (*nodding*) Yes. And his poor mother's terrified of going bankrupt.

BREWSTER                If only they could win the lottery...

DAISY                      Laid any golden eggs recently?

BREWSTER                (*open handed 'wing-flap'*) Pucahh! Don't be daft! Roosters don't lay eggs! Besides, you're hardly pulling your weight. How long since you made a decent buc-buc-bucket of milk? (*hands on hips*) Pucahh?

DAISY                      (*open hands*) What do you expect? I'm too anxious about the farm!

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**OPTIONAL - 'Why did the chicken cross the road?' joke**

[HORACE enters, Stage R.]

HORACE                    Morning Neighhhhhbours! (*starts coughing*)

[Goes to stand between DAISY & BREWSTER.]

HORACE Oh dear... *(coughs some more)* I'm ever so... hoarse! Ha-ha-horse?  
*(laughing)* Neigh-hay-hay-hay-hay!

*['Bad Joke' DRUM sting, ALL groan.]*

BREWSTER Don't give up the day job, Horace.

DAISY Talking of which, I hope your day job is going better than ours.

HORACE Yours not going well, Daisy?

DAISY *(shaking her head)* I'm really worried. I'm not making enough milk.  
 And Brewster's still not laid any eggs.

HORACE That's because he's a rooster!

BREWSTER *(nodding head rapidly)* Puc-puc-puc-puc-puc. I did tell her...

HORACE Roosters don't lay eggs...  
*[BREWSTER clucks and nods in agreement.]*  
 ...only hens lay eggs.

DAISY *(to BREWSTER)* Where's your hen then?  
*[BREWSTER switches to tragic mode, walking to Stage L.]*

BREWSTER *(tragically)* Pucahh! I wish you hadn't asked that...

DAISY *(alarmed)* Why?  
*[BREWSTER takes out a huge hanky and twists it in his fingers.]*

BREWSTER Oh my precious little chicken... *(clucks tragically)* Pucahh! Pucahh!  
*[BREWSTER rejoins DAISY.]*

DAISY What happened?

BREWSTER *(sadly)* One day she just left.

DAISY & HORACE Oh dear!  
*[HORACE joins DAISY & BREWSTER.]*

BREWSTER She said 'Brewster, I'm off!' And then... *(sadly)* Pucahh...

DAISY & HORACE And then...?

BREWSTER *(tragically)* And then... she crossed the road! I haven't seen her since.

DAISY & HORACE Oh! But why did your precious chicken cross the road?  
*[BREWSTER wipes 'beak' with arm, making noisy slurping sound.]*

BREWSTER *(tearfully high-pitched)* She wanted to get to the other side.  
*['Bad Joke' DRUM sting, ALL groan.]*

[HORACE & DAISY go to Stage L., rolling eyes and shaking heads in response to the bad joke. Meanwhile, MOTHER enters Stage R., stands tapping her foot while BREWSTER speaks.]

BREWSTER (tragically) Pucaahh... I shouldn't have put all my eggs in one basket.

['Bad Joke' DRUM sting, ALL groan. HORACE & DAISY face-palm, then HORACE wanders to Stage R.]

[Enter MOTHER, R., if optional scene was omitted.]

MOTHER Brewster, aren't you forgetting something?

BREWSTER (happily) Ah yes! I've got a job to do.

[BREWSTER goes to Downstage C., where he crows. If not already on, HORACE also enters - and MOTHER goes to join him. As BREWSTER sings, JACK strolls on. As JACK sings, PIGS & SHEEP stroll on to stand upstage.]

### Down On The Farm

( ☉ Track 4 / 23 )

**Brewster** TIME TO GIVE THE 5 O'CLOCK ALARM.  
IT'S ANOTHER MORNING ON THE FARM.

**Jack** (hands on hips) TIME FOR ME TO EARN MY KEEP AND PLAY MY PART.  
(open hands) SO MUCH TO DO I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START.

[SHEEP & PIGS walk downstage to sing. BREWSTER goes to join HORACE. MOTHER goes to get milking bucket, R.]

**Sheep & Pigs** MAYBE YOU SHOULD START WITH GOOD OL' DAISY.  
SHE'S BEEN A LITTLE LAZY FOR A WEEK OR TWO.

**Jack** I'M SICK AND TIRED OF WAITING  
FOR HER TO START LACTATING!

**Sheep & Pigs** BETTER FIND ANOTHER JOB TO DO.

[SHEEP & PIGS walk back upstage.]

**All** YOU'VE GOT TO  
PLANT THE SEEDS AND PULL THE WEEDS  
AND FEED ALL THE CHICKENS.  
LIVIN' ON A FARM IS QUITE SLIM PICKIN'S.  
TIME TO MUCK THE PIGS OUT.  
IF ONLY YOU COULD GET OUT  
OF CLEANING UP THE HAY AND PIGGY DO,  
DOO, DO-DOO, DOO, DOO!

**Pigs** Oink, oink, oink!      **Sheep** Yee-hah!

**Chorus L.** JUST KEEP CALM AND CUT THE CORN.

**Chorus R.** A FARMER'S WORK IS NEVER DONE.

**Chorus L.** THERE'S A JOB FOR EVERYONE.

**Chorus R.** SHEAR THE SHEEP AND SPIN THE YARN.

**Chorus L.** PACK AND STACK AND FILL THE BARN.

**All** IT'S A HARD LIFE  
DOWN ON THE FARM.

Actions for 'plant',  
'pull' and 'feed'.  
Open hands.  
Shovelling action  
throughout.

HORACE & DAISY  
do a little dance,  
returning to R. & L.  
respectively by the  
end of the verse.  
Mop brows.

[MOTHER re-enters, R., gives JACK the milking stool and bucket.]