

PART 1. PROLOGUE.

Show cloth. MUSIC. Enter EDENA R.

EDENA. Welcome to our tale of Jack from the dairy,
My name's Edena, the eco fairy.
I tend the soil and watch out for what grows -

(PYRO. SLIMEBALL jumps on L.)

SLIME. You lay on the muck and then hold your nose!
Slimeball's the name, I'm known all over town!

EDENA. **(indicating smoke)** I wish you'd keep your emissions down!

SLIME. Winge, winge, winge - **(to AUDIENCE)** let's hear your hisses and boos!

(AUDIENCE respond.)

Thank you, thank you; I knew just who you'd choose.
I serve the wicked Giant Blunderbore -
Of whom you'll all be hearing rather more -
She's just the mucky farmers' fairy friend!

EDENA. But I'll see you off to a sticky end!
(to AUDIENCE) And now let's hear your very best cheers!

(AUDIENCE respond.)

SLIME. Oh, belt up!

EDENA. Thank you all so much, my dears!

SLIME. One little cheer and you start to crow.

EDENA. Quite why you're here I really don't know,
Down on the earth *my* magic is stronger.

SLIME. **(producing wand)** But this time around, my wand it is longer!

EDENA. Slimeball, again you fall into the soup.
As once again, you've got magical droop!

(Waves her wand, MUSIC STING. SLIMEBALL'S wand collapses.)

SLIME. I suppose you think that's very funny.

EDENA. To see your face I'd've paid good money!

SLIME. I'm very glad, 'cos you'll see it again,
I'll get my own back to the power of ten!
You and your old fashioned, quaint country ways,
I'll break you all in a matter of days! **(Exits L.)**

EDENA. Oh, dear, he really does sound rather cross.
He'll just have to learn that he's not the boss!
But now it's time to meet up with our Jack,
And don't worry dears; I'll sort out the flak. (**Exits R.**)

(BLACKOUT and raise cloth or tabs.)

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TRUMPET. (**whimpering**) No, Your Majesty.

KING. Now look everybody, I'm here today to give you some good news.

(**ALL cheer.**)

And some bad news.

(**ALL moan.**)

The good news is that we have finally paid all the Giant tax!

(**ALL cheer.**)

The bad news is that in an unprecedented gesture of badwill, the Giant has decided to double the tax –

ALL. Double it!?

(**General consternation.**)

KING. And will be sending his wicked henchman, Slimeball, to oversee payment!

(**More consternation. PYRO. SLIMEBALL leaps on. All scream.**
KING hides behind TRUMPET.)

SLIME. You said it Daddy!

PRINCESS. Don't call him Daddy!

KING. No, no that's quite alright – Mister, er - Slimeball?

SLIME. That's me, but don't you worry, Granddad, the Giant's a reasonable man. He'll give you time.

KING. Really?

SLIME. You've got half an hour.

ALL. HALF AN HOUR!!!

SLIME. Thirty minutes. And if the money isn't handed over on time –

KING. Yes?

SLIME. The Giant's going to marry the Princess.

ALL. Marry the Princess!

JACK. But he can't just marry the Princess!

SLIME. Says who? Have you seen the size of him?

JACK. I don't care how big he is!

SLIME. Got a soft spot for her yourself, have you?

PRINCESS. Don't answer him, Jack!

SLIME. Jack is it? Well, I'll remember that. In the meantime, see if you can come up with the money. And don't try any funny business. Not unless you want to get eaten. All that fee fi fo fum stuff. It gives me the creeps just thinking about it! Now, let's have a nice big boo and I'll be on my way! (**AUDIENCE reaction.**) Thank you! I'll see you all in – (**Checks his watch.**) twenty-nine minutes! (**Exits.**)

CHORUS. (**Excitedly**) Marry the Princess! Double the Giant tax! Etc.

KING. Silence! We'll have to double the taxes! Trumpet, see to it straight away! A new tax to be paid immediately!

PRINCESS. But we can't, father, it's not possible.

KING. But we must!

JACK. We could fight him!

CHORUS. Fight him!!!

KING. Fight the Giant! Did you say *fight the Giant*? I'd sooner eat my own socks!

PRINCESS. Or, maybe you'd prefer to have him as a son in law?

KING. But it's not safe, he'd eat us!

JACK. We've never tried!

KING. I don't want to try being eaten!!

PRINCESS. Well, I think Jack's right!

KING. Jack! Jack! What are you doing on first name terms with commoners anyway? Who is this Jack?

TRUMPET. Dame Trot's boy, Your Majesty.

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The CHORUS enter in panic. The Giant's back! / He wants to marry the Princess! Etc.)

JACK. (entering) You see, everybody! We've got to fight him now!

DAME. Don't be ridiculous, Jack! Think of your poor old Mum!

GIANT. (off) Put 'em up! **(Roars with laughter.)**

(The KING runs on and is mobbed by the CHORUS.)

CHORUS. He's back, Your Majesty, tell him we need more time!

KING. We just need a little more time, Your Giantship –

GIANT. I WANT THE PRINCESS NOW!!

(PYRO. SLIMEBALL jumps on. ALL recoil.)

SLIME. Nice to see you all again so soon! You see, there's no keeping a good giant down. **(Off into the wing.)** Get down, big boy, get down!

(The GIANT chuckles with anticipation.)

SLIME. **(to KING)** That'll be one Princess if you please. Or else we'll lay your whole kingdom to waste and marry her anyway.

KING. We, um, er... We can't find her –

SLIME. No fibs now. You're not losing a daughter - you're gaining a son!

JACK. Never! **(Rushes at SLIMEBALL. He is restrained by the DAME and SIMON.)**

GIANT. **(off)** Start turning 'em to stone, Slimeball!

PRINCESS. **(running on)** I'm here!

KING &
JACK. Demelza!

PRINCESS. It's no use. I'll have to marry the Giant. Don't turn anyone to stone!

SLIME. Result!! Now there's a girlie with sense in her head.

(EDENA enters.)

EDENA. She may have sense, but she won't be wed.

SLIME. Edena!

EDENA. That's me. Now, no one panic.
I took my time, but then I'm organic.

SLIME. Now –

EDENA. Just shut up, keep still and don't fidget. **(Raises wand.)**
Or one wave of this and your boss is a midget.

SLIME. But –

EDENA. Off you go now - no Princess, no tax,
Or I'll use my magic, up to the max!

SLIME. Alright, alright. No need to get shirty.
But just remember, we like to play dirty.

(SLIMEBALL exits and the GIANT recedes, grumbling.)

ALL. Hooray!

KING. I say, well done! Can we sound the all clear?

EDNA. I reckon they're beat, so why not, my dear.

KING. Let's all celebrate in a special way!

JACK. Let's make today a public holiday!

PRINCESS. I'm up for a dance –

DAME. And a bit of a jig!

KING. You're up for a - ?

EDENA. Dance! Go on, who gives a fig!

(EDENA exits with KING. Celebratory NUMBER. BLACKOUT.)