JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

Condensed score

for narrator and orchestra

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text by Suzan McKenzie

Listen, my friends, and I'll tell you a story full of bravery, adventure, and magic!







There once was a very poor boy named Jack who lived with his mother. All they owned was a white cow. But a morning came when the cow gave no milk, and Jack's mother said they must sell her.



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Sadly, Jack put a halter on the cow and started off. On the road he met a man who made him a surprising offer. "Where are you going, Jack?" he asked. And Jack replied, "I am taking this cow to market."



"Ah, I see," said the man thoughtfully. "What would you say if I offered to trade something for your cow that is better than money?" "Go on!" Jack replied. "What's more important to a poor family!"



The man reached out and dropped five beans in Jack's hand. "I will give you these five beans for your cow." "Wouldn't you just like it," Jack laughed. "Five beans for a cow!" Jack ran home with the beans tight in his fist.



"Mother, look what I got for the cow," he said, dropping the beans in her hand.



"Five old beans?" she cried. "But, Mother, these are special. The man who gave them to me said they are magic!"



Jack's mother was furious. "You foolish, foolish boy! There is no such thing as a magic bean,"



she shouted. "These bean are as worthless as you!"



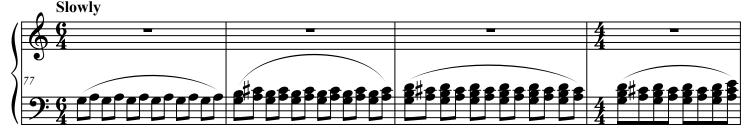


With those words, she threw the beans out the window. And that night, Jack and his mother went hungry.

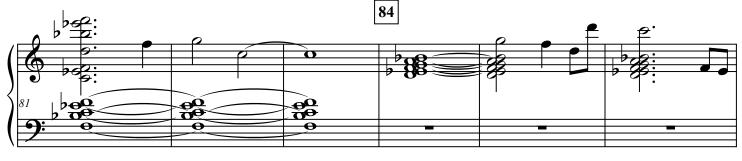




In the garden, as moonlight touched the seeds, tiny roots burst forth and worked their way down into the rich soil. Little stems reached up into the night air. Tiny green leaves opened to the sky. The night passed and roots and stems grew stronger...deeper...taller....reaching in all directions.



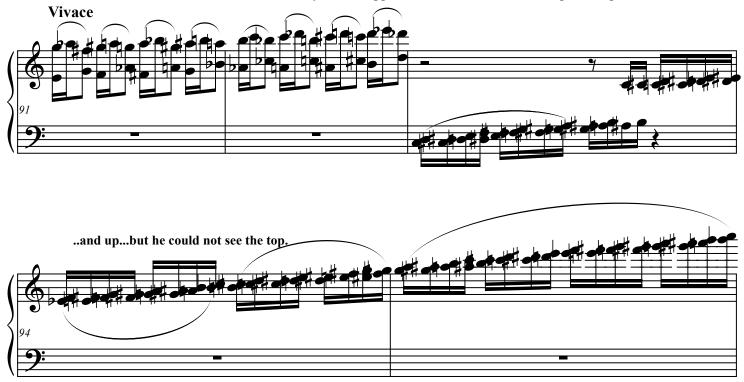
Leaves grew as broad as dinner plates, casting shadows far below. In the morning, Jack woke to find a strange green and gold light in his room. He looked out the window at the garden where his mother had thrown the beans, and rising from the ground was a beanstalk with a stem as thick as a tree trunk.



Thick roots ran in all directions, bumping up under the house so the chimney leaned at a crooked angle.



Jack scrambled out of bed and dashed into the yard. He tipped his head back and looked up...and up.

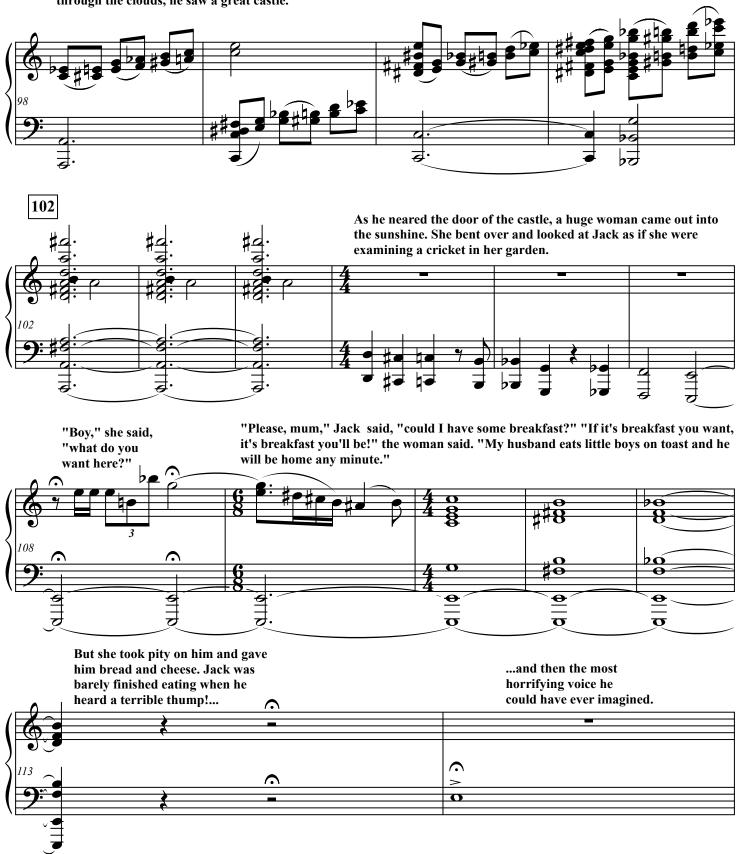


Wondering where the beanstalk would lead, Jack set his foot on the lowest wide leaf, grabbed the stout branches and began to climb.

Moderately



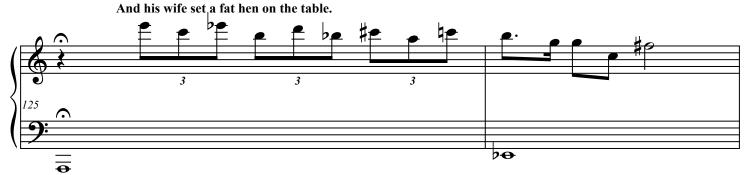
Higher and higher, past the clouds, he climbed through the green branches. Soon he was so high he could no longer see the ground, but in the distance, through the clouds, he saw a great castle.





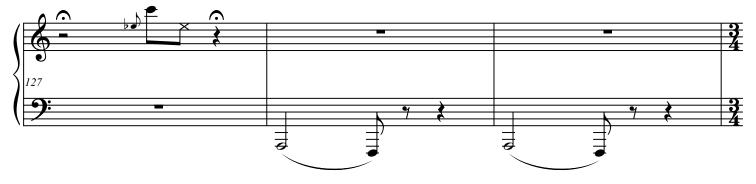


When he had finished eating, he called out, "Wife, bring me my hen."



"Lay," the giant said, and the hen laid a golden egg.

He gave the hen a pat, put his head on the table and was soon snoring.

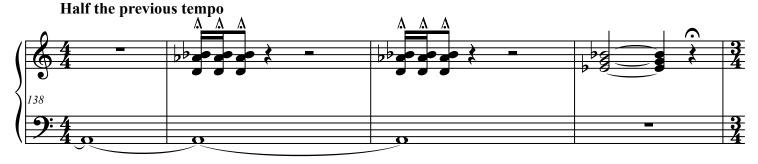


Quick as a rabbit, Jack grabbed the hen and ran out of the castle and down the road toward the top of the beanstalk.





When he reached the ground, his m other began to scold him but, all in a rush, Jack told her about the castle and the woman and the giant and the hen who laid golden eggs. His mother was overjoyed.



The next morning Jack started up the beanstalk once more, climbing higher and higher to the giant's castle. He slipped into the kitchen and hid just as the giant came home. Then...he heard the voice again.

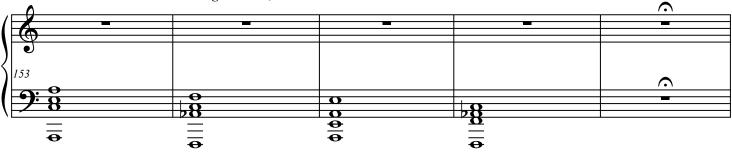


"FEE, FI, FO, FUM, I smell the blood of an Englishman, be he alive or be he dead, I'll grind his bones to make my bread!"



"No, husband," his wife answered. "It must be the boys you had for dinner." When the giant finished his breakfast, he called out, "Wife, bring me my bags of coins." And the woman put two huge leather sacks on the table...one filled with gold coins, the other with silver.

The giant counted his money then fell fast asleep.



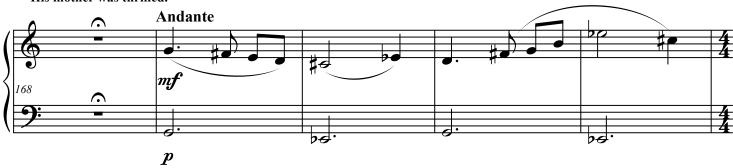
Quick as a flash, Jack grabbed the bags and ran for the beanstalk.





"Mother, look!" he cried, and dropped the coins on the table His mother was thrilled.

Early in the morning, Jack climbed up the beanstalk again. He was barely out of sight in the kitchen when the giant came in.



"FEE, 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!"

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"FEE, 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!"

"No boy today, my husband," his wife replied. When he finished his breakfast the giant said, "Wife, bring me my magic harp." And the woman set a golden harp on the table. "Play!" commanded the giant. And all by itself, the harp began to play the most beautiful music Jack had ever heard.



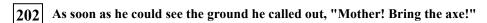




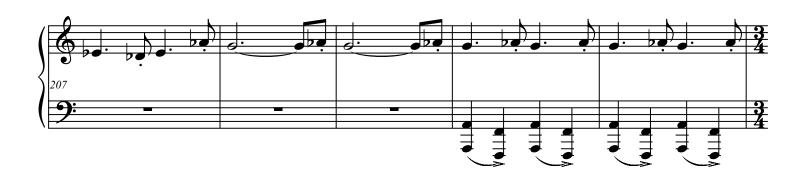
Carrying the harp, which was still calling out for the giant, Jack ran for the beanstalk and began slipping and sliding



down the branches.









The second his foot touched the ground, his mother handed him the axe and he chopped frantically at the beanstalk!





The giant was halfway down when the trunk snapped and he fell with the vine, never to rise again!







As Jack's mother had been wrong about the beans being worthless, she was wrong about her son, as well. As the vine withered, a fairly appeared and told Jack a story of his kind, generous and wealthy father.



Long ago, the giant had robbed him and taken his life, and cast a spell on Jack and his mother leaving them destitute. With his heroic and gallant spirit, Jack had broken the spell and proved himself worthy. Forever after, Jack was a faithful, loving, and dutiful son. He eventually married a beautiful princess...



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