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Dramatic Publishing

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK



BY
CHARLOTTE B. CHORPENNING

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

One of the classics of the children's theatre.

Fairy tale. Adapted by Charlotte B. Chorpensing. Cast: 7m., 7w., with option for extras. This play is full of magic. From the first act, when the beanstalk grows up in full view of the audience, miracles begin to happen right before your eyes. Up in the giant's house, above the clouds, Jack is nearly caught in a breathtaking chase over the stage and escapes only with the help of the giant's wife. Then as Jack climbs toward home, there is a beautiful and magnificent scene on the beanstalk, where the man in the moon tests his courage. Jack proves his mettle by finding a way not only to rescue the giant's wife, but also to save his own mother from Rafe Heywood's greedy schemes. And when he finally chops down the beanstalk—with the giant on it—the audience is jubilant. *Three sets. Peasant costumes.*

Code: J48

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(Chorpensing)



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by

CHARLOTTE B. CHORPENNING



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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(JACK AND THE BEANSTALK)

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Jack and the Beanstalk

C A S T

(in the order of their appearance)

MAN IN THE MOON

FRIHOL, the Magic Maker

JACK

BOSSY, his cow

WIDOW BESS, his mother

RAFE HEYWOOD

NICHOLAS

JOAN

OLD TYB

GAVIN

ANNOT

GIANT'S WIFE

GIANT

HARP

ACT ONE

SCENE 1. On the beanstalk, between earth and sky.

SCENE 2. The garden, in front of Widow Bess' house

ACT TWO

SCENE 1. The Giant's kitchen

SCENE 2. On the beanstalk, between earth and sky

SCENE 3. The Giant's kitchen

ACT THREE

SCENE 1. The garden, in front of Widow Bess' house

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The first production of this play was given in 1933 by the Goodman Memorial Theatre, in Chicago, Illinois, under the direction of Charlotte B. Chorpensing.

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

The SCENE is the beanstalk, in the moonlight, MAN IN THE MOON, humming, FRIHOL comes down. (the beanstalk.)

MOON: Hello! Why, there's the maker of magic.

FRIHOL: Hello, hello. You're the Man in the Moon. Do you know they don't believe in you, down on earth?

MOON: (laughing, little silver tinkle) Well, I believe in myself. That's the important thing.

FRIHOL: Oh, but think of the fun they lose by not believing in us.

MOON: What are you doing in that great beanpod?

FRIHOL: I'm bringing something about.

MOON: You're always bringing something about.

FRIHOL: Things don't come about easily. It takes a lot of time and trouble.

MOON: What are you trying to do now?

FRIHOL: I want to find someone down on earth to take my magic things away from the giant who lives up there.

MOON: What magic things?

FRIHOL: A magic harp and a hen that lays golden eggs. He makes bad use of them.

MOON: Where will you find an earth-man brave enough and strong enough to do that?

FRIHOL: I came to ask you where to look. You shine on every spot on earth at one time or another.

MOON: Did you ever notice a little boy down there, called Jack?

FRIHOL: No.

MOON: I peeped into his window last night. I could hear his thoughts scurrying and scampering around in his head. Try him.

FRIHOL: First I must find out if he is fit to be trusted with them. You see, the hen will give him all the gold he wants. The harp will do what he says no matter what it is. He could do great good with them, or as much harm as the giant.

MOON: How can you tell whether he can be trusted?

FRIHOL: I will test him. He must be kind to man and beast. He must dare to believe in something new and different. He must stand up for what he believes, even if they laugh at him.

MOON: And be brave to fight that giant up there! And quick to think what to do? Try Jack.

FRIHOL: Beanstalk roots in the brown, brown earth, beanstalk leaves, in the rain and the dew, looking down on the face of the sun. Have you magic enough for a handful of beans, that will grow at the touch of the soil on earth, so a boy called Jack can climb to the sky and bring my things from the Giant?

MOON: Try him.

FRIHOL: G dbye. First, I must see if he can believe in my beans.

MOON: I will be watching.

COW: (far away) Mo-o-o

JACK: (off) Wait a minute, bossy cow. It's getting daylight.

COW: Mo-o-

Jack and the Beanstalk

ACT ONE

SCENE 2

The scene is the garden in front of Widow Bess's house. It is a small house of peasant type. Stage right, and across the back, a stone wall, with a gate opening onto a street or common, near the upper corner. Left, the cottage, with a practical door and a small doorstep. Below it, a stone well, with curb broad enough for sitting.

A rough bench stands against the wall, left. A garden table, with stools on either side, is left of center. This table is rigged for magic lights.

The curtain rises on the cow, stretching over the fence, and Jack stretched full length on the back wall, dreamily waiting for his mother to appear. The cow moos pitifully, and as Jack pays no heed, grows more insistent. Jack finally looks up with a laugh, leaps down, runs to the well, catches up a pail of water, and runs across to offer her a drink. The cow refuses, tossing her head.

JACK: Oh, you're not thirsty! You're hungry.

COW (*agreeing sadly*): Moo-oo.

JACK: Poor Bossy! It's terrible to be hungry. I'm hungry too.

COW (*sympathetic*): Moo! Moo!

JACK: Mother will be home soon. She'll bring us something to eat.

COW (*delighted*): Moo-oo!

JACK: You must be a very grateful cow, and give us lots of milk. Just to get us something to eat, Mother's gone to sell the thing she cares most about in all the world, except you and me.

COW (*questioning*): Mooooo-oo?

JACK: Don't you know what it is? I t'sF ather 'fid d l d. t 'tse v er y l ast of the things f atherlef twhen he died .I tmad eMother c r yo think of selling it. But she had to sell it—or sel ly o u.

COW (*alarmed and protesting vigorously*): Moo! Moo-oo!

JACK (*laughing and throwing his arms around her*): We couldn't sell you, could we, Bossy?

COW (*emphatic, tossing her head*): Moo! Moo-oo-oo! (*The Widow enters through the gate, carrying the fiddle. She pauses to look sadly at Jack as he pets the cow, then goes on toward the cottage, wiping her eyes. Jack turns and sees her.*)

JACK: Mother! . . . Why, you've bro ughtback the fid d l e.

WIDOW: Nobody wanted it. No o ne could p lay it l ik e our f a ther .

JACK (*crestfallen*): Oh! Then you didn't bring anything to eat.

WIDOW: Yes I did. I brought you an oatcake and some cheese.

JACK: Hurrah! (*He seizes the parcel she holds out to him, and takes a famished bite. Then he stops.*) Where's yours, Mother?

WIDOW: I don't want any, son.

JACK: You said that at breakfast.

WIDOW: Eat, lad.

JACK: I'll leave you a piece.

COW: Moo-oo . . . (*Jack starts to give the cow a bite, but is checked by a sudden thought.*)

JACK: Mother! . . . Where did you get the money to buy this cake?

WIDOW: Never mind now, Jack. Eat it.

JACK: (*frightened, insisting*): Where did you, Mother? Where did you get the money?

WIDOW: I'll tell you when you finish eating.

JACK: You've sold Bossy-cow!

WIDOW: There, there now.

JACK: (*throwing down the food*): I don't want it! I don't want it!

WIDOW: Be a man, Jack. Think of poor Bossy-cow. She's hungry. We have nothing for her to eat. We have no money to buy anything. It's cruel to let her go hungry. I have sold her to the richest man in town. He can give her all the hay and meal she needs.

JACK: The richest man in town?

WIDOW: Yes.

JACK: That's Rafe Heywood. He's cruel to his beasts. He flogs his donkey! He kicks his dog! He shan't have Bossy-cow! He'll club her. He'll prod her with his pitchfork, the way he did his poor sick horse. (*He rushes to throw his arms around the cow.*) He shan't have you! He shan't have you!

COW: (*appealingly*): Moo-oo. Moo-oo.

WIDOW (*drawing Jack away*): S-h-h. Come inside, lad. Rafe Heywood may come for her in a minute. There, there now. Hush, Jack. Hush, lad. Come. (*She leads him in, protesting and sobbing. As they disappear, Frihol appears outside the wall, seemingly leaping out of the ground. He is dressed in green and brown. His cap is the shape of a bean leaf, twisted around his head. The bottom of his tunic has points like the tips of bean leaves. He is radiant, and almost seems to grow taller as one looks at him. He looks about with an air of secrecy, then leaps over the wall into the garden. The cow lows at him very softly.*)

FRIHOL (*crossing to stroke the cow*): What's the matter, old girl? You look worried.

COW: Moo-oo-oo-oo!

FRIHOL: Oh, I see! And you don't want to be sold?

COW: Moo! Moo!

FRIHOL: What's the matter with Rafe Heywood? He's rich enough to feed you better than Jack.

COW: Moo—oo—oo!

FRIHOL: Oh, he's that kind, is he? Well, rest easy, old fellow. He shan't have you.

COW (*excitedly bobbing her horns toward the gate*): Moo! Moo-moo! Moo-moo! Moo! (*Rafe Heywood enters. He is an arrogant man, pretentiously dressed.*)

RAFE: Hey! What are you doing with my cow?

FRIHOL (*suddenly assuming the look and bearing of a frail old man*): I didn't know it was your cow, sir.

RAFE (*thrusting him away roughly*): I've just come to finish paying for it. Let it alone.

COW (*threateningly*): Moo-oo-oo-oo!

RAFE: Back, there! Back! (*The cow tosses her head and lowers her horns. Rafe jumps back, but blusters to cover up his cowardice.*) Ugly, are you? Show me your horns, will you? Wait till you are snug tied up in my barn.

FRIHOL: Kind sir, I have a request to make of you.

RAFE: If you want money, be off. I've no money to waste on beggars. And if you want work, be off too. I want strong men. I can't have shaking carcasses around my place. You'd eat more than you were worth.

FRIHOL: Nay, good sir. All I want is this cow.

RAFE: H'mmm. What will you pay for her?

FRIHOL (*piercing him with his keen glance*): What price are you giving the Widow?

RAFE: That's no business of yours. How much money have you?

FRIHOL: I have no money, sir. But I have some wonderful beans that are better than coin.

RAFE: Beans! For money? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! (*A group of villagers going by pause at the sound of his mirth, and draw near the gate.*)

NICHOLAS: What's the joke, Rafe Heywood?

RAFE: This old crack-wit wants to use beans for money!

JOAN: With Rafe Heywood? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! (*They all laugh, in an effort to flatter the richest man in town.*)

FRIHOL (*holding out the beans*): They are more beautiful than money. (*Another burst of laughter.*)

RAFE: Beautiful! Bah! Get along, old fool!

FRIHOL: Look, dame! Look, Master! See all the little stripes and sprinkles of color in them!

NICHOLAS (*shoving him away roughly*): Crazy!

FRIHOL: Here are dots like violets and peach bloom in the spring. And lines as green as grass in summertime. And white, as shining as new snow at Christmas. See, here's the brown of the earth and the blue of the sky all the year around! Give me the cow for mv

beans. They are worth all the gold in the world.

OLD TYB (*who has edged forward to look at the beans*): Hear the simpleton! His silly snow at Christmas time! Beans with colors in them worth more than gold!

FRIHOL: It's true, Dame. They have wonders in them.

OLD TYB (*sneering*): Aye! There's a man in the moon!

FRIHOL: Aye! How did you know that?

OLD TYB: My granny told me before I cut my teeth. And the stars are out all day! She told me that, too. Ha, ha!

FRIHOL: Aye! They're all shining up there now . . . if you could only see them.

OLD TYB: Ninny! Mooncalf!

RAFE: Get the old loon out of my way!

GAVIN: Hey, gaffer, get along!

JOAN: March, or we'll cuff you soundly!

RAFE: Drive him out of town!

NICHOLAS (*striking him so that he falls*): Off with you, addlepate! Get your crazy headpiece out of our sight!

FRIHOL: My beans! Spare me! You spill my beans! Masters, dames, have mercy! My beautiful beans! (*Jack has entered at the sound of the tumult, closely followed by his mother.*)

RAFE: Give the fool a taste of your cudgel, Nicholas.

NICHOLAS (*currying favor*): Aye, Rafe Heywood. Aye, sir . . . Stir your stumps, old one, or I'll warm the soles of your feet with this.

JACK (*leaping between Nicholas and Erihol*): Leave him alone!

NICHOLAS: Out of my way!

JACK: Drop your cudgel then! You shan't strike him!

NICHOLAS: We'll see.

JACK: You're a coward, to flog an old man!

RAFE: Suppose Rafe Heywood told him to?

JACK: He shan't do it!

RAFE: Then you shall do it yourself. Here, ancient! This young cockerel will practice his cudgel on you.

FRIHOL: Pity, young sir.

JACK: Don't be afraid.

RAFE: Give the old lack-wit ten stout blows.

JACK: No. I won't!

RAFE: You won't, eh?

JACK: No!

RAFE (*seizing his arm and twisting it*): Now—will you do what Rafe Heywood says?

JACK: I won't hurt him!

RAFE: There's not a boy in this town—nor man either—can say "I won't" to Rafe Heywood, and not be sorry for it. Give me that cudgel.

WIDOW (*in distress*): Nay, sir, hold your hand, I pray you! He's but a lad! Jack, Jack! Why do you anger good Rafe Heywood so?

JACK: He's wicked! I hate him! I told you not to sell Bossy to him! He'll hurt her!

RAFE: So, young spitfire! So you've a liking for the cow I've just bought. In, Dame, and we'll count out the money for her. (*The Widow goes into the cottage with Rafe. There is an instant's pause, everyone feeling the relief from Rafe's presence.*)

GAVIN: Well, ancient, if you know what's good for you, you'll be off before Rafe Heywood comes out of there.

FRIHOL (*struggling to get up*): My knees fail under me.

JACK (*assisting him*): Sit on the well-curb there.

ANNOT: Come on, Nicholas. There's fine dancing on the green.

NICHOLAS: I'll dance a jig with you, Annot, and be back again before Rafe Heywood finishes with the Widow. (*Nicholas and Annot skip off, hand in hand.*)

JOAN: Aye, that's safe. Rafe Heywood takes his time about a bargain.

GAVIN: He never lets a penny slip through his fingers through haste or hurry.

OLD TYB: Magic beans! Ha, ha, ha, ha! (*The villagers, one by one, disappear, and Jack runs to the cow.*)

JACK: Never mind, Bossy. I won't leave you with him long. I'll earn pennies and buy you back again.

FRIHOL (*who has been watching him throughout with delight*): I'll buy your cow.

JACK: You? Have you money?

FRIHOL: I have what is better than money. See? (*He spreads the beans on the table.*)

JACK: Oh-h! What beautiful beans! How smooth they are! What shining colors! Oh, I like them!

FRIHOL: Take them, and let me have your cow.

JACK: Oh, I want them, but I can't give you Bossy for them. We have nothing to eat. You can't buy bread with these few beans.

FRIHOL (*telling a secret*): Yes, you can.

JACK: The baker wants three pennies for one little loaf.

FRIHOL: The beans will bring you pennies, and silver pieces, and gold.

JACK: Enough to buy butter for our bread, like Rafe Heywood?

FRIHOL: Enough to buy anything you want.

JACK: Oh! Could I have a cake as big as that?

FRIHOL: You can have anything you imagine in your mind.

JACK: Oh-h!

FRIHOL: Now tell me. What would you like?

JACK: I'd like butter on our bread every day. And apples, and grapes. And greens for Mother, like the lettuce and carrots they set for the king. Oh yes! I'd like a gown for Mother! Silk, like a queen's, and

blue as the sky! And music—something that makes its own music, to make Mother laugh, the way she did when Father used to play his fiddle.

FRIHOL: You can have them all, for your cow. The beans will bring them to you.

JACK: These?

FRIHOL: They're magic.

JACK: Oh! But Mother says there isn't any magic.

FRIHOL: You know better.

JACK: Do you believe in magic?

FRIHOL: Watch! (*He goes to the table on which the beans are spread out, moves his hands over them mysteriously. His movements have the lines of a growing plant.*)

Beans who lay in the brown, brown earth,

Beans who looked in the face of the sun,

Beans who drank of the rain and the dew,

Have you magic enough for a blue silk gown, for a boy to give his mother?

(*A brilliant blue light glows on his outstretched hand and mysterious face. Jack appears to see and handle the blue silk gown.*)

JACK: O-h-h!

FRIHOL: Have you magic for garden greens, that a mother may eat like a king? (*A green light.*)

JACK (*softly*): Mother! See the carrots—and lettuce!

FRIHOL: Have you magic for red, red apples? And grapes. (*A red light. Jack pantomimes the eating of apples and grapes.*)

JACK: M-m-m-m! And music?

FRIHOL: And music, to make a lonely woman laugh? (*There is utter stillness, and then faint but clear chords of a harp. Jack gets slowly to his feet, rapt. When the music ceases, he leaps toward the cottage door.*)

JACK: Mother! . . . Rafe Heywood!

FRIHOL (*reaching him in one bound*): They don't believe in it! Keep them away!

JACK: But I can't sell Bossy unless they say I may. Rafe Heywood's giving money to Mother for her now.

FRIHOL: You can give Rafe Heywood double his money, back again.

JACK (*tempted*): Oh-h-h.

FRIHOL: And I'd be good to Bossy-cow.

JACK: And Rafe Heywood will kick her and flog her.

FRIHOL: I'll give her fresh green grass the whole year round, and the finest meal. And I'll brush her coat till it shines like silk. We like each other, don't we?

COW (*assenting, friendly*): Moo-oo!

JACK (*throwing his arms around Bossy*): Good-bye, Bossy. Good-bye.

Take her quickly, before Rafe Heywood comes out of the house.
FRIHOL: Pick up the beans before I go. Be sure to believe in them.

JACK (*Jack turns to pick up the beans, but stops*): What shall I say to get the money? You didn't tell me the charm. (*Getting no answer, he turns back, but both Frihol and the cow are gone.*) Where are you? Where did you go? (*He runs about, looking over the wall, down the street. He vaults the wall where the cow stood, calling:*) Where are you? I don't know the charm! I don't know how to get the money! (*He returns to the table, looking down at the beans.*) What if they shouldn't work! (*He makes passes over them, as nearly like those of Frihol as he can.*) Please give me the money to pay Rafe Heywood. (*Nothing happens. He stares at the beans in terror.*) They don't work! (*He gathers them up and puts them on the ground.*) I know! (*He makes a circle around the beans, then chants in imitation of Frihol.*)

Beans who lay in the brown, brown earth,
Beans who looked in the face of the sun,
Beans who drank of the rain and the dew,
Give me the money to pay Rafe Heywood.

(*Nothing happens.*) Suppose it only works for him? Oh dear . . . what will Mother say? (*Rafe and the Widow enter. Jack snatches up the beans and sinks onto the bench waiting for the lightning to strike.*)

RAFE: Well, you've got the money now. The cow's mine.

WIDOW: Jack will drive her home for you, won't you, son?

RAFE: Well, speak up! Why, where's your cow gone? Go fetch her!

WIDOW: Why, where is she, Jack?

JACK: She's gone.

RAFE: I can see that for myself. Where?

JACK: I sold her.

RAFE (*shouting*): What?

JACK (*standing up to him*): I sold her.

RAFE: That cow was mine. Your mother sold her to me.

JACK: I sold her first.

RAFE: You stole her from me! You're a thief!

JACK: I'm not a thief! (*Crosses to Mother.*) Mother, I sold Bossy to a kind old man, who paid much more for her than Rafe Heywood did. And I'll pay Rafe Heywood back every penny.

WIDOW: Then count the money into his hand. Quickly.

JACK: I have to get it, first.

WIDOW: Jack! Surely you didn't let him take the cow away without leaving you the money!

JACK: Oh no! He left me these.

WIDOW: Beans!

RAFE: Ha, ha, ha! The old fool played his trick on the booby!

JACK: They're magic.

WIDOW: Oh, Jack!

JACK: They are, Mother. I can get all the money I want from these.

WIDOW (*coming down to door step*): God-a-mercy! The lad has lost his wits!

JACK: No, I haven't, Mother. They are magic. Only he went without telling me the charm. (*The villagers have been stopping by to listen, and now guffaw with derision.*) I'll find out the charm, Mother.

WIDOW: There's no such thing as magic, my poor boy.

JACK: He showed me magic! I don't know what to say to get the money, but I know that these beans are magic!

WIDOW: Oh, Jack, Jack! What have you done? Here is your money, Rafe Heywood. The cow is gone.

RAFE: I don't want the money. I'll have the cow, or I'll put this young rogue in jail.

WIDOW: He meant no harm, sir.

RAFE: He'll learn not to meddle with Rafe Heywood. Step along, thief.

WIDOW: Nay, sir, he'll behave. He's all I have in the world. Take the money and leave me my poor lad!

RAFE (*taking the money bag from her outstretched hand*): Where are the pennies I gave you in the market place, to bind the bargain?

WIDOW: I spent them for food.

RAFE: Sol! Spent my money and stole my cow! No! I want full value for the cow, and a pretty sum besides, to buy this thieving rascal out of jail.

WIDOW: I have no sum of money.

RAFE: What have you left to sell?

WIDOW: Nothing except the roof over my head. Will you take my cottage, and let the boy go free?

RAFE: It is not enough . . . I'll take your land and cottage and everything on it.

WIDOW: You are a hard man.

JACK: Where will we sleep?

RAFE: That's not my affair.

JACK: Mother can't sleep on the road, like a gypsy.

RAFE: You should have thought of that before you stole my cow. Well, Widow? Is the house mine, or shall I march this imp to jail?

WIDOW: Take the cottage, and let my boy alone.

RAFE: And the land?

WIDOW: And the land.

RAFE: And everything on it?

WIDOW: And everything on it. If it must be.

RAFE: Done! Which of you will be witnesses to this bargain for me? (*The villagers fairly fall over themselves in their eagerness to oblige Rafe.*)

ANNOT: I will! I, Rafe Heywood!

NICHOLAS: Nay, let me! 'Tis a man's place!

JOAN (*thrusting Annot aside*): I make a good witness, sir. I forget nothing!

GAVIN: I'll be proud to witness a bargain for Rafe Heywood.

OLD TYB: It's my right, sir. I'm the oldest.

RAFE: Well, Widow, here are five good witnesses to our bargain.

GAVIN: She'll never dare to break a bargain made before us all.

WIDOW: I do not break bargains. My word binds me more fast than a hundred bargains.

RAFE: Here are the points of our bargain. To make up for the price of the cow her son stole from me, and sold for a handful of beans, the Widow gives me certain things. One, this cottage. Two, everything in her cottage. Three, all her land.

WIDOW: Oh, sir, leave me that little strip over the wall to work, that we may keep from starving.

RAFE: Go out and beg to keep yourselves from starving. It is all your land, or no bargain at all!

WIDOW: Very well.

RAFE: You hear. All five of you. The Widow gives me all the land on both sides of the wall, and everything that stands or grows on it. Do you consent to that, Widow?

WIDOW: I consent.

RAFE: This week, I must go to the cattle fair in the next town. This day next week, I will come to take possession. Be ready to go away at once. Keep the bargain well in mind, neighbors. Lose no point of it. (*He goes out, followed by the neighbors, gabbling incoherent flattery of him. "You have made a fine bargain, sir," etc.*)

OLD TYB (*as a parting shot*): Magic beans! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

WIDOW: Oh, Jack, Jack! See what you have done to us. (*She flings herself down at the table and bursts into tears.*)

JACK: Don't cry, Mother. Rafe Heywood shan't have our cottage. I'll find the charm. There's a whole week to find it. Mother, don't cry! Oh, what shall I do? (*He takes out the beans and looks at them desperately.*) Beans . . . beans . . . magic beans . . .

WIDOW: Beans! Beans! Beans! Jack, be still. I can't bear the word!

JACK: I'm trying to find the charm, Mother. Lift up your head, so I can put them where the old man had them.

WIDOW (*flinging the beans over the wall*): Take them out of my sight, the foolish things!

JACK (*running to look after them*): Oh, where did they go? Where are they? They're gone! Mother! My beans are gone!

WIDOW: Good riddance of them.

JACK: They're magic, and you threw them away!

WIDOW: Don't say such foolish things. How could a handful of beans be magic? *(She sinks onto the well-curb in despair.)*

JACK: They are magic! I know they are! I know it! I know it!

(Jack flings himself on the bench, sobbing faintly. The same harp music that we heard earlier in the scene is heard now. A bean tendril comes wavering up above the wall, and grows upward, its leaves getting stouter and stouter. Both Jack and his mother lift their heads to hear the music, then slowly look around. Jack sees it first.) It's the music . . . Mother! Look! It's growing! It came from my beans!

WIDOW: God-a-mercy! It's magic, sure enough! Come into the house!

JACK: It will give me money to pay Rafe Heywood!

WIDOW: Keep away from it, lad.

JACK *(at the foot of it)*: It will lead me to the money.

WIDOW: It's going clean above the clouds!

JACK: It's pointing up! The money will be up there!

WIDOW: Jack! What are you doing?

JACK: I'm going up! *(He springs to the bean stalk. He has no need to climb, as the growth of the bean stalk carries him up.)*

WIDOW: No, son! Don't think of such a thing! . . . Jack!

JACK: I'm not afraid. Goodbye, Mother! I'm going for the money.

WIDOW *(as Jack goes higher and higher)*: Jack! . . . Jack! . . . Jack!

CURTAIN