

Jack
and the
Beanstalk



Hungarian Intro

Jack and the Beanstalk

Narrator: A long time ago there lived a boy called Jack. His father was bedridden and very sick. His mother was a good soul who was always very busy. She wasn't sure how she could afford to live anymore because their cow Milky-White stopped making milk. She was in despair.

Jack's mother: What shall we do? What shall we do? (sobbing)

Jack: Cheer up! I'll go and get some work somewhere.

Jack's mother: You've tried that before Jack and nobody would keep you. We must sell Milky-White and live on the money. It is no use crying over spilt milk!

Jack: Yes, we can sell Milky White and we will be richer than ever!

Jack's mother: Nothing less than £10!

Jack: £10 indeed.

Narrator: Just like that Jack set off to the market with Milky-White in tow. He had decided he would try to get twenty pounds for the cow and his mother would be so happy. As Jack lead Milky-White through the market, he stumbled across a little old man.

Little old man: Good morning Jack!

Narrator: Jack took another glance. "How does he know my name?" thought Jack. Jack turned to face the little old man.

Little old man: Where may you be going?

Jack: I am going to the market to sell Milky-White. I am going to make a good bargain too!

Little old man: So you will! So you will! You look the chap for it. What about 5 beans for Milky-White? Here they are, so give us Milky-White.

Narrator: Jack was so flabbergasted he stood with his mouth open as if the beans would just fly in.

Jack: My Milky-White for five common beans. Not if I know it!

Little old man: But they aren't common beans, if you plant these overnight by the morning they will have grown right up into the sky. If they haven't meet me here tomorrow and you shall have Milky-White back again.

Narrator: With that Jack took the beans and handed Milky-White over to the little old man. As he trudged home he wondered about what the sky would be like if he ever got there. As he reached home, his mother was waiting anxiously at the gate.

Jack's mother: What a long time you've been! How much did you get for her?

Narrator: Jack held out the beans triumphantly.

Jack: There. That is what I got for her and a jolly good bargain too!

Jack's mother: What! What have you done?

Jack: They are magic beans. If you plant them overnight, by morning they grow right up into the sky.

Narrator: Jack's mother had lost her temper. She snatched the beans from Jack and threw them out of the window.

Jack's mother: Go to bed now!

Handwritten: Hurray interruption
Narrator: The next morning Jack woke up to a greenish glow in his room. He stared out the window. It was covered with a curtain of leaves. He was out of bed in a trice and before you knew it he was climbing up the beanstalk. Up and up and up he climbed. As he reached the top he saw a tall shining white house. On the doorstep stood a great big woman with a black porridge-pot in her hand. Now Jack was very hungry!

Jack: Good-morning, I wonder if you could give me some breakfast?

Giant's wife: Breakfast? If it is breakfast you want, it is breakfast you'll be! My man will be home any moment and there is nothing he likes better than a fat boy grilled on toast.

Jack: I'd be fatter if I had my breakfast!

Narrator: The great big woman chuckled and invited him in to have some porridge. Jack had hardly finished his great big bowl of porridge when the whole house began to shake. The lady's husband was coming home!

Giant's wife: Into the oven with you!

Narrator: Jack clambered into the oven. He could see the giant stride in through a little peephole. The giant was huge.

Giant: 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.

Giant's wife: Don't be silly! It is the bones of the little boy you had for supper that I am boiling down for soup. Come and eat your breakfast.

Narrator: The giant sat down and ate his breakfast. Then he pulled out three big bags of gold. The giant started counting each piece of shining gold. He began to nod off and at last he began to snore. His snoring was so loud that the whole house shook. Jack took his chance. He nipped out of the oven seizing one of the bags of gold and crept away. He came to the beanstalk and flung the bag of gold down before climbing down himself. His mother was out in the garden picking up little pieces of gold from the grass.

Jack's mother: Laws-a-mercy me! Where have you been? It's been raining gold!

Jack: No it hasn't. I climbed up...

Narrator: Jack turned to look back at the beanstalk, but it had disappeared. He knew it was real magic. After that they lived happily on the gold pieces for a long time, until the gold coins ran out. That night Jack went to bed very hungry and fell straight to sleep. The next morning Jack woke up to a greenish glow in his room. He stared out the window. It was covered with a curtain of leaves. He was out of bed in a trice and before you knew it he was climbing up the beanstalk. Up and up and up he climbed. As he reached the top he saw the tall shining white house. On the doorstep stood the great big woman with a black porridge-pot in her hand. Now Jack was very hungry!

Jack: I've come to ask you for some breakfast as I've had no supper.

Giant's wife: Go away bad boy! Last time a whole bag of gold went missing! I think you are the same boy.

Jack: Maybe I am, maybe I'm not. I'll tell you the truth once I have had my breakfast.

Narrator: The great big woman chuckled and invited him in to have some porridge. Jack had hardly finished his great big bowl of porridge when the whole house began to shake. The lady's husband was coming home!

Giant's wife: Into the oven with you!

Narrator: Jack clambered into the oven. He could see the giant stride in through the little peephole. The giant was still huge.

Giant: 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.

Giant's wife: Twaddle! It is only the bones of the boy you had last week that I have put into the pig bucket! Come and eat your breakfast.

Narrator: The giant sat down and ate his breakfast. When he was done he fetched his hen.

Giant: Lay!

Narrator: The hen promptly laid a beautiful golden egg! Jack couldn't believe his eyes. He began to nod off and at last he began to snore. His snoring was so loud that the whole house shook. Jack took his chance. He nipped out of the oven and seized the hen and crept away. Unfortunately the hen cackled loudly and the Giant woke up. Jack had a very good head start, so by the time the Giant reached the doorstep, Jack was already clambering down the beanstalk. As he reached the garden he showed the hen to his mother. She was very pleased. Jack wondered if he could find something besides money in the sky. So that night he refused dinner and went to bed hungry. Lo and behold! The next morning Jack woke up to a greenish glow in his room. He stared out the window. It was covered with a curtain of leaves. He was out of bed in a trice and before you knew it he was climbing up the beanstalk. Up and up and up he climbed. As he reached the top he saw the tall shining white house. But this time he knew better than to ask for breakfast so he waited for the great big lady to turn her back and he slipped in and hid amongst the copper as he knew they would check the oven first. Then the house began to shake! The giant was coming home,

Giant: 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.

Giant's wife: Well I declare, so do I! It will be that horrid boy who stole the bag of gold and the hen. If so, he's hid in the oven!

Narrator: When she opened the oven door Jack was nowhere to be seen.

Giant: 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.

Narrator: The giant began searching the cupboards and shelves for Jack. But he couldn't find him so he sat down to eat his breakfast. When he was finished, he fetched his magic harp.

Giant: Sing!

Hangover
in the
copper

Narrator: The harp began to sing. It sang so beautifully Jack forgot to be frightened, and eventually the giant began to not off, but he didn't snore this time. Jack crept out from behind the copper and laid hands on the harp. However the harp had begun to cry out.

Harp: Master! Master!

Narrator: The giant jumped up and the race began. Jack was nimble but the giant's stride was twice as long. Jack turned and twisted his way to the beanstalk. Jack flung himself onto the beanstalk with the harp in tow crying, "Master! Master!" Suddenly there was a lurch as the giant had flung himself onto the beanstalk. Jack flew down the beanstalk.

Jack: Mother! Mother! Bring me an axe! Quickly!

Narrator: As luck would have it Jack's mother was in the garden chopping wood. Jack flung the harp to his mother and seized the axe. He gave a great chop to the beanstalk. The beanstalk came toppling down, giant and all. After that everyone was quite happy. They had gold and some to spare! And when Jack's bedridden father was dull Jack brought out the magic harp to play beautiful music to him. Jack began to wonder. The last bean hasn't grown yet. He thought aloud.

Jack: I wonder if it will ever grow. And what little child will climb up its beanstalk into the sky? And what will that child find? Goody me!

