



**THE
BEANSTALK
AND
JACK**

"I don't want any beans," said Jack. "I'm sick of beans."

"You come in here right now and eat some of these beans, and then you take a bag a' beans down to Farmer Brown's store and trade it in for some Gummy Balls and a pack a' Lucky Smokes for your poor old mother."

At this Jack ran screaming from the house, holding his head in his hands. His mother called out after him, "Run! Run, boy!"

Jack's mother was driving him crazy. God, she was so petty. Gummy Balls and Lucky Smokes. That was about the extent of her ambition and desire. Occasionally, she mentioned how nice it would be to take a trip to Disneyland or to win the lottery but other than that she was completely lacking in vision, in Jack's estimation.

Boiling over with pent-up frustration, Jack ran straight across the yard toward the old well, a thousand thoughts buzzing around his brain. He thought of all the people in the community. Most of them were small-minded and short-sighted. They didn't give a damn for anybody but themselves. They were stingy and greedy. There was nobody to respect, nobody to look up to. Throwing his head in over the side of the well, Jack let out a scream.

But in the echo, deep from the depths of the well, he heard words he had not spoken.

"Happy Jack, Happy Jack, Happy Jack," answered the well.

Dumbfounded, Jack screamed again into the well. And again the echo, "Happy Jack, Happy Jack, Happy Jack."

It was a confused and slightly frightened Jack who walked away from the well a moment later, scratching his head. What did it mean? He was not happy. He was not happy at all. No. In fact, he really wanted to be living in another kind of world, a world where people had something to work for and something to live for.

In fact, most of the time Jack was sad.

Scene 3. The Beanstalk.

