

NOT JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

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FADE IN:

INT.

SCENE 1

Day. A kitchen. Jack is sitting at a table with his head in his hands. His mother is fussing around the kitchen, cleaning. She goes to the fridge and opens the door and smells inside. Then takes out a carton of milk and smells it, recoiling.

MOTHER

Ugh! The milk's off again.

JACK

Uh -huh.

MOTHER

(flicking switches)

Oh No. Looks like the fridge has had it this time.

JACK

Uh-huh.

MOTHER

I said the fridge has finally broken. Everything's ruined. Don't you care?

JACK

I'm bored.

MOTHER

Well, go and clean your room. Or better still, help me clean out this fridge.

JACK
I'm not that bored.

Mother slams the fridge door and throws down her duster.

MOTHER

Look, Jack, I'm sick and tired
of you lazing around. Go and do
something useful. Here...

she rummages in her apron

...take this pound and go and get
some milk from the shop. Though how
I'm going to keep it cool is beyond
me.

Jack sits up, stretching.

JACK (whining)

Do I have to? Can I get some
sweets?

MOTHER

I doubt there's enough, and I
don't have any more money until
Wednesday.

Jack slumps on the table. Mother picks up her duster and flips
it around Jack's ears.

MOTHER

Go on, off you go. Two pints
we need. Otherwise you'll be
moaning in the morning when there's
no milk for your cereal. And I've
no milk for my cup of tea.

Jack drags himself up and slouches off SR.

MOTHER

(Calling) And come straight
back, no hanging around on street
corners.

JACK
(OS) Yeah! I know.

Mother goes to the fridge and holds her nose.

MOTHER

I suppose I'd better get started. What a waste. This is all I need.

FADE IN. INT.

SCENE TWO.

Inside Shop.

Jack is browsing inside the shop. He picks up things and puts them down.

JACK

Now, let's see. If milk is 82 pence that leaves me...er...about...well just less than 20 pence.

(counting on his fingers)

JACK

yes, eighteen pence. So I could get crisps, or a bar of chocolate, or maybe chewing gum. Decisions, decisions.

Jack turns and sees the lottery sign. He studies it.

JACK

Hmm. Now, there's a thought. I could buy a lottery ticket. But then I wouldn't get any sweets. Worse still, mother won't get her milk. That won't go down well. But all the same, I could win a million pounds. Then I could buy a sweet factory if I wanted.

(laughing).

JACK

Wouldn't that be good.

Jack goes over to the sweets, then back to the lottery several times.

JACK

Sweets and Milk. Lottery.
Mother's anger. Decisions,
decisions. I don't know what to do.

He goes over to the fridge and takes out a carton of milk. Then goes to the sweets and picks up a bar of chocolate.

JACK

I suppose I'd better do as mother
said. Now, the milk is 82 pence and
the chocolate is 18 pence, so that
makes...

(counts on fingers)

JACK

...a pound!

He goes to the checkout and hands over the milk and chocolate and offers his pound.

SHOPGIRL

That's a pound and a penny.

JACK

It can't be.

(counts on fingers)

JACK

82 pence add 18 pence is...a pound.

SHOPGIRL

Milk's gone up.

JACK

Hey?

SHOPGIRL

Went up this morning by a penny. So
it's a pound and a penny.

JACK

(checking his pockets) I haven't got a penny.

SHOPGIRL

Then you'll have to put the
chocolate back on the shelf.

JACK:

(thinking) er...I'll have a lottery
ticket instead.

INT.

SCENE 3

In the kitchen. Mother is cleaning out the fridge. Enter Jack
SR.

MOTHER

Ahh, Jack. I thought I heard
you coming. I've put a bucket of
water outside, can you stand the
milk in that. Should keep it cool
for a while, and it's going to be
a cold night.

Jack stands still and Mother turns to look at him.

MOTHER

Where's the milk? Don't tell me
they've sold out? It's really not
good enough, they're really
cutting down on their stock these
days. They ran out of bread last
week.

JACK

Nah!

MOTHER

Oh well, can't be helped. Give me
my pound back then.

Jack is fingering a piece of paper. He hands it sheepishly to
Mother.

MOTHER

What's this?

JACK

Erm...lottery ticket.

MOTHER

What?

JACK

Look, before you go off on one, it's
a lottery ticket. I got this
feeling, right? Felt I should get
a lottery ticket. Think me luck's
in. This one's a winner.

Mother stares at him, then shakes her fist at him.

MOTHER

You fool! You mean to tell me you
didn't buy any milk, and you spent
my last pound on a lottery ticket?

JACK

Yep. Don't get in a state. I know
it weren't what you were expecting,
but I'm telling you, we're gonna
win.

Mother screws up the ticket and throws it on the floor in disgust.

MOTHER

I give up with you, Jack, I really
do.

She sits at the table and puts her head in her hands.

MOTHER

(sobbing) I just can't take
any more. All this scrimping and
saving. Now the fridge is bust. And

you, Jack, you're just
so...hopeless.

Jack picks up the lottery ticket from the floor and shoves it
in his pocket. He goes over to the table and sits beside Mother.

JACK

Don't get upset, now. It'll be
alright. You wait 'til I check
those numbers tonight.

SCENE 4.

INT.

Evening. Jack is in the kitchen, sitting at the table and
watching the television. He is checking the numbers on the
lottery ticket.

JACK

Here we go. This is it. 7. Yes! 15.
Er...Yes! Come on, come on. This is
going to change our lives. Come on
33. Oh. 27. Yes! And... make it 33,
make it 33...here it is. 33! Yes,!
I've got five numbers, I've got
five numbers. I've won the lottery.

Jack gets up and dances a little jig, waving the lottery ticket
in the air.

JACK

(chanting) I'm a millionaire. I'm
a millionaire.

Enter Mother SL.

MOTHER

Jack, what on earth is all the
noise?

Jack dances over, grabs Mother and twirls her around.

JACK

I've won the lottery. I told you I
would. I told you.

MOTHER

What? I don't believe it. Give me that ticket and let me have a look.

Mother takes the ticket and goes over to the television and compares the numbers.

MOTHER

Jack, you stupid boy. You've only got four numbers?

Jack stops dancing.

JACK

Huh?

MOTHER

Look, 7, 15, 27 and 33. That's four numbers, Jack. Four numbers. You have to have five to win the lottery. You stupid boy.

Mother stalks off SL. Jack starts to follow her, then stops.

JACK

(calling) But you can still win with four numbers, can't you? Huh? Even if it's a tenner, that's still good, isn't it? I'll take it to the shop and check it. Shall I?

Jack walks back CS, examining the ticket.

JACK

I'm sure it's worth something.

Jack exits SL

SCENE 5

INT. Day. Jack enters the kitchen, dancing and twirling. Mother is cleaning the table. He dances over to her and grabs her hands and pulls her away, attempting to get her to dance with him.

MOTHER

For goodness sake, Jack. Will you stop all this. I've just about had enough.

Jack continues to smile and dance, letting go of her and dancing around her.

MOTHER

Jack. What's got into you? Have you been drinking?

Jack laughs and takes her hands and leads her to the table. They both sit down.

JACK

I told you I'd sort it.

MOTHER

Sort what? Jack, you talk in riddles sometimes. Still, that must be the most exercise you've had in a while, all that dancing! Now what is going on?

JACK

I won.

MOTHER

Won what?

JACK

The lottery, mother. I won the lottery.

MOTHER

But you only had four numbers. I checked them myself.

JACK

I know. I didn't win THE lottery. Not THE lottery. But I won something.

MOTHER

Are you sure, Jack? 'Cos you know
how you get things mixed up
sometimes.

JACK

Yes, I'm absolutely sure.

MOTHER

(clapping her hands together) How
much, Jack? How much did you win?
Ten pounds? Twenty Pounds?

JACK

(shaking his head) No. More.

MOTHER

More? What more than twenty pounds?
Fifty? Fifty pounds, Jack?

JACK

More.

MOTHER

How much more?

JACK

Loads more.

MOTHER: Loads?

JACK

Yep.

Mother stands up and begins to walk up and down excitedly.

MOTHER

Loads more? What, a hundred? A
hundred pounds?

JACK

(standing) Five Hundred Pounds!

They hug.

MOTHER

I can't believe it. Five Hundred Pounds. Oh, Jack. I'm sorry I doubted you. This is wonderful. All our problems are solved.

JACK

Yep. And I've bought something special with the money.

MOTHER

Er...what did you say?

JACK

I said I bought something special with the money.

MOTHER

Jack, please tell me you haven't gone and spent the money.

Jack goes and puts his arm around her, drawing her to CS.

JACK

But you'll be so pleased, mother. You'll never have sour milk again.

MOTHER

Oh, Jack, you've gone and bought me a fridge. Oh, you are a good boy.

JACK

Not quite, but better.

MOTHER

Better than a fridge? What could be better than a fridge...hold on...Jack, you've bought a fridge-freezer, haven't you? A fridge-freezer! I've never had one before. I can bake and freeze pies and cakes. Oh, Jack. I'm so happy.

JACK

It's outside.

MOTHER

Outside? You've got it already?

Jack takes her hand and takes her to the window SL

JACK

It's better than a fridge freezer,
mother. Come and look outside.

(pause)

MOTHER

Jack, why is there a cow in the
garden?

END