

Comedy/Drama

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THE BEANSTALK

By Tara Meddaugh

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Jack is a boy of about 14. He is on a very large beanstalk leading to the clouds. He speaks to a black crow.

JACK

Don't poke my eyes out! I'm not one of those sisters! I'm not—wait! Don't leave! I'm sorry—I'm getting a little, I'm a little anxious up here. By myself. But don't leave. I don't know if you can tell, but, I-I-I'm kind of a little bit stuck up here, and...I don't want to be alone.

(pause)

See, I didn't...really...think that I'd make it this far up. Although, I've always been a bit of a climber. When I was nine months old, my mom found me sitting on top of the brown cow in the barn one morning. I never considered myself afraid of heights before, but, it's not really the climbing up that scares me. It's the getting down, Black Crow...It seemed so easy getting here—just put one foot on the branch then another and...Oh, I've tried going down already. I put my foot on a branch, but it's slippery now. See? It's like the sludge at the bottom of the pig trough. And you do not want be climbing down from the clouds on pig sludge! I'd fly off and land down there in a broken bone pile. And, then everyone would just say, "Well, that's Jack. He doesn't know how to climb down, poor slow boy."

(pause)

And I guess they'd be right.

(pause)

But see, this morning—this morning, everything was different! For the first time, I actually did feel smart. There was nothing in the ground—nothing at all, and then suddenly, this morning, this giant creation—is there! For me. From me! I look at it, and instead of running away, or calling for my mom or asking someone else about it...I do something myself. For once. I do what I know I'm good at...I...climb it. And it makes me feel powerful and strong and, and, smart. And I like that feeling. So I keep on going, because the feeling keeps on going. And I don't want it to stop!

(pause)

But now I'm here. And the feeling has stopped. And I don't feel very smart. Because a smart person would know how to get down.

(pause)

But...there might be one other way...

(pause)

See, I'm starting to hear voices. And not like voices in my head. I haven't turned silly yet. These are low voices. Booming voices, in the distance. A low rumble, like a bull when he sees his mate. So the idea, Black Crow, is just to...keep...climbing...up. And maybe there's

someone up there, one of the voices, who can help me, who can show me how to get down and no one in town will ever have to know I asked for help. So see? I've got it thought out now. At least a step, right? So. I guess maybe I'll see you up there.

(starts going up)

It really doesn't feel like sludge when you're going up the stalk.

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