

## PART 1. PROLOGUE.

**Show cloth. MUSIC. Enter EDENA R.**

EDENA. Welcome to our tale of Jack from the dairy,  
My name's Edena, the eco fairy.  
I tend the soil and watch out for what grows -

**(PYRO. SLIMEBALL jumps on L.)**

SLIME. You lay on the muck and then hold your nose!  
Slimeball's the name, I'm known all over town!

EDENA. **(indicating smoke)** I wish you'd keep your emissions down!

SLIME. Winge, winge, winge - **(to AUDIENCE)** let's hear your hisses  
and boos!

**(AUDIENCE respond.)**

Thank you, thank you; I knew just who you'd choose.  
I serve the wicked Giant Blunderbore -  
Of whom you'll all be hearing rather more -  
She's just the mucky farmers' fairy friend!

EDENA. But I'll see you off to a sticky end!  
**(to AUDIENCE)** And now let's hear your very best cheers!

**(AUDIENCE respond.)**

SLIME. Oh, belt up!

EDENA. Thank you all so much, my dears!

SLIME. One little cheer and you start to crow.

EDENA. Quite why you're here I really don't know,  
Down on the earth *my* magic is stronger.

SLIME. **(producing wand)** But this time around, my wand it is longer!

EDENA. Slimeball, again you fall into the soup.  
As once again, you've got magical droop!

**(Waves her wand, MUSIC STING. SLIMEBALL'S wand collapses.)**

SLIME. I suppose you think that's very funny.

EDENA. To see your face I'd've paid good money!

SLIME. I'm very glad, 'cos you'll see it again,  
I'll get my own back to the power of ten!  
You and your old fashioned, quaint country ways,  
I'll break you all in a matter of days! (**Exits L.**)

EDENA. Oh, dear, he really does sound rather cross.  
He'll just have to learn that he's not the boss!  
But now it's time to meet up with our Jack,  
And don't worry dears; I'll sort out the flak. (**Exits R.**)

**(BLACKOUT and raise cloth or tabs.)**

#### SCENE 4.

The Road to Market. Front cloth or tabs.

**SLIMEBALL revealed.**

SLIME. Hello again! (**AUDIENCE reaction.**) Look, all this booing is all very fine - but we could be such friends! We could! Or, my name's not Sidney Slimeball...! Well, it's not actually. But I'll let you into a bit of a secret, shall I? (**Regardless of response.**) Alright, I will. Jack'll be here soon with that ugly old cow of his – and of course we all hope that he gets a really good price for her – don't we? (**AUDIENCE reaction.**) So, that's why I'm going to offer him this bag of solid gold pieces. The only problem is – they'll just be boring old beans by the time he gets home! (**AUDIENCE reaction.**) Oh, belt up! (**Looks off.**) Look, here he comes. Time for my amazing transformation! (**Produces flat tweed cap.**)  
This magic cap is just my size,  
And will my slimy self disguise,  
Poor Jack won't see that I am me,  
And so, will sell his cow, Daisee!  
I love a rhyme. (**Puts cap on.**)

(**JACK enters leading DAISY.**)

JACK. Nearly there, Daisy. It can't be much further. Are you very tired?

(**DAISY nods.**)

SLIME. Hello, young sir. I can't help noticing that you have with you - a cow.

(**DAISY shuffles back towards JACK.**)

Nervy, isn't she?

JACK. Oh, don't worry. She's just a bit shy, that's all.

SLIME. What a coincidence! I've been looking for a shy cow all day.

JACK. Really?

SLIME. Especially one that's so pretty and so-o-oo beautiful.

(**DAISY is delighted and bashes SLIMEBALL playfully with her head.**)

Ow! Clumsy old – I mean, nice cow! Is she for sale?

**(DAISY retreats to JACK.)**

JACK. Well, I was going to market to get the very best price.

SLIME. Then look no further. How would a nice big bag of gold suit you?  
**(Offers bag of gold.)**

JACK. **(looking inside)** Wow! That's a fortune!

SLIME. Enough to please your Mum?

JACK. How did you know? **(To Audience)** Do you think I should sell her, boys and girls? **(Audience Response.)** But there's ever such a lot of gold in here - are you sure I shouldn't sell her?  
**(Audience Response.)**

SLIME. **(with a gesture that transfixes JACK)**  
Just cut the chat and consider the gold,  
You get the cash and the cow gets –

JACK. Sold! **(Comes out of trance.)**

DAISY. **(desperately shaking head)** Moo!

SLIME. It's a bargain then!

JACK. I'm sorry, Daisy. I hate having to do this...

DAISY. **(Hangs her head.)**

JACK. But I hope you'll be very, very happy in your new home.

SLIME. **(taking the halter)** Of course she will.

JACK. Bye, bye Daisy. **(Exits.)**

SLIME. **(watching him go)** Bye, bye. Bysie, bysie. **(To AUDIENCE.)**  
How's that for a result? One in the eye for Edena. **(Covering DAISY'S ears.)** And a nice bit of steak for Blunderbore!  
**(Probable reaction. SLIMEBALL sees something off.)** Now shut your traps, because someone's coming. **(Looking into wing.)** It's the Princess – and she's running away from a tree! I'll tie up Daisy over here and wait to see what's what. **(Goes off pulling a reluctant DAISY.)**

**(The PRINCESS enters followed by TRUMPET, still disguised as a tree. She stops abruptly. TRUMPET freezes.)**

PRINCESS. Trumpet, will you stop following me!