

THE BEANSTALK

A monologue by Tara Meddaugh

Edited from the 10-minute play, The Beanstalk

Jack has climbed a beanstalk but now, up in the clouds, he misses his home life more and more. He begins to question his decision to climb this large strange plant, and worries how he will ever get down. 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....