

Jack Trot:

Jack: Thanks for dancing with me, guys. I needed something fun to cheer me up. (*Noticing the audience*) Hello you lot! I'm Jack Trot and I live here in Merryhale with my Mum, my brother and our cow, Daisy. Talking of Mum, she said she'd meet me here but knowing my luck, she'll just want to have a go at me for something. (*Seeing someone off DSL*) I hope this isn't her coming now!

Jack turns SR and is looking for somewhere to hide as Jill enters DSL.

Jill: Jack?

Jack: You're not my Mum! Princess Jill!

Jill: Captain Obvious!

Jack: (awkwardly, flustered) Hiiii...

Jill: (with a laugh) And what have I told you? You don't need to call me Princess Jill. Just 'Jill' is fine.

Jack: Alright Just Jill. I mean, alright...Jill.

Jill: There's no need to be nervous just because my Dad's the King. He's just 'Dad' to me.

Jack: Sorry. I know, I'm just easily intimidated.

Jill: Well, chill. Dad might be a bit old-fashioned but he's not going to chop off your head for talking to me!

Jack: (nervously, suddenly alert) Wait, is he allowed to do that?

Jill: (blasé) Well, technically, yes. But he hasn't done it recently. (*Sensing his nervousness, to change the subject*) How are you, anyway?

Jack: I was doing okay until you mentioned... (*he motions cutting off head*)! I just have this feeling that something big is coming but I can't work out what it is. I've been having some really weird dreams recently too. Last night I dreamt I wrote The Lord of the Rings. Then I realised I was just Tolkien in my sleep.

Jill: You're probably just worried about the Giant. But as long as Dad keeps paying the rent we'll be okay. Anyway, I suppose I better go. Dad's coming into town to make a royal announcement so I'd better go play the part of First Daughter. (*To reassure him, ruffles his hair*) And it's nothing to do with chopping off your head! (*As she heads DSR*) I'll find you after, okay?

Jack: I'll see you later...

She has gone.

...Jill.

He looks after her longingly and then 'Milkshake' (Kelis) starts playing. Dotty Trot enters DSL, driving a milk float onto the stage.

Dotty: (Noticing Jack) Hello love!

Jack: Hi Mum. How are you finding the new delivery van?

Dotty: Oh it's such a nice drive! I did just get stopped by the police though.

Jack: The police? Oh no, what did they say?

Dotty: He accused me of going 60 miles per hour.

Jack: And what did you say?

Dotty: I said, 'That's ridiculous. How could I have been doing 60 miles per hour. I've only been driving for 10 minutes!'

Jack rolls his eyes.

Jack: So where are you going?

Dotty: I'll be heading back to the farm shortly. Could you give me a hand milking Daisy later?

Jack: Go on then!

Dotty: Now get along and try to stay out of trouble, love. I don't want to hear you've been upsetting the neighbours with your hair-brained plans to kill the Giant again. *(to the audience)* He just keeps building all these wacky new *contractions*!

Jack: Well, don't you *want* the Giant killed?

Dotty: Of course I do. But Mrs Smith hasn't been the same since the dynamite 'incident'... Look, I just don't want you getting hurt in the process.

Jack: I'll be fine, Mum. Anyway, I'll meet you back home, yeah?

Dotty: Thanks, love. See you later.

Jack: Bye boys and girls!