

Jack, Mysterious Man
Sondheim & Lapine

Ask the tree,
And you shall have your wish.

CINDERELLA:

Shiver and quiver, little tree.
Silver and gold throw down on me.
A gold-and-silver dress and fancy slippers drop
from the tree.
I'm off to get my wish.

*Cinderella picks up the clothes and dashes off. Jack
is walking through the woods. He leads Milky-
White. He stops.*

Start

JACK: Quiet. Silence everywhere, Milky-White. Not to my
liking . . .

Pause. Music fades out.

MYSTERIOUS MAN (Steps from behind a tree): Hello, Jack.

JACK: How did you know my name?!

MYSTERIOUS MAN: When first I appear I seem mysterious. But
when explained, I am nothing serious.

JACK: Say that again.

MYSTERIOUS MAN: On your way to market? You might have
been there long ago. Taking your time, Jack?

JACK: No, sir.

MYSTERIOUS MAN: Is that the truth?

JACK: Well, you see, now I'm resting—

MYSTERIOUS MAN: How much are you asking for the animal?

JACK: No less than five pounds, sir.

MYSTERIOUS MAN: Oh now, Jack. Why such a sum?

JACK: My mother told me—

MYSTERIOUS MAN: Your mother? A boy your age? Why you'd be
lucky to exchange her for a sack of beans.

JACK: Well, I—

*Before Jack can respond, the Mysterious Man has
disappeared.*

Come along, Milky-White. There are spirits here . . .
(He exits)

F. Wilson