

# **GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS**

**by Nigel Holmes**

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# CAST LIST

For nine actors, plus ensemble and/or dancers

- THE MAYOR: Pompous and self important. Blustery but not too bright. Always wears an impressive braided hat.
- COUNT NASTNIC: The villain. A nasty bear trainer. Evil. A ringmaster style outfit but perhaps in black. Carries a riding whip that can be cracked on his boots.
- DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Dame. Mother of Goldilocks.
- GOLDILOCKS: Young teenage girl.
- BAIR-I-AM: Teenage bear. Rapper. Walks and talks with a swagger. Costume should not be a "normal" bear, but something like a fur coat and brightly coloured trainers. Or a hoody with bear ears and face makeup to look like a bear. Lots of large gold chains. A face make-up rather than a full head.
- ELMEENA: Woodland Nymph with a twiggy wand.
- PEA: Naughty school kid. Perhaps an old style school uniform.
- MUMMY BEAR: Homely. Not a full skin type bear costume. Perhaps fur suit with kitchen apron etc. A bear face make-up rather than a full head,
- DADDY BEAR: Slow and laid-back. Corduroy trousers or bib style overalls. A bear face make-up rather than a full head.

**ACT I: SCENE 1: THE VILLAGE GREEN.**

A TYPICAL PANTOMIME GREEN IN MID SUMMER. IT IS THE DAY OF THE VILLAGE FAYRE SO PEOPLE ARE DRESSED LIGHTLY AND BRIGHTLY. TENTS, STALLS AND BUNTING ARE EVERYWHERE.

THE CHORUS ARE SINGING AND DANCING.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: The villagers and chorus.*

*SUGGESTION: Dance Monkey - Tones and I.*

THE MAYOR STEPS FORWARD AND MOUNTS THE ROSTRUM (IF AVAILABLE).

THE MAYOR: Well hello, hello, hello. Can you all hear me?

VILLAGERS: No! (GIGGLING TO THEMSELVES.)

THE MAYOR: What? Ah! (SPEAKING LOUDER.) Can you hear me now?

VILLAGERS: No! (GIGGLING.)

THE MAYOR: (SHOUTING.) CAN... YOU... HEAR... ME... NOW?

VILLAGERS: No! (LAUGHING OUT LOUD.)

THE MAYOR: Oh yes you can.

VILLAGERS: Oh no we can't.

THE MAYOR: (LOOKING INTO AUDIENCE.) What about my gorgeous friends down here? Can you hear me?

THE VILLAGERS ENCOURAGE THE AUDIENCE TO SO "NO" BY SHAKING THEIR HEADS AND GESTURING BEHIND THE MAYOR'S BACK.

VILLAGERS: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no we can't.

THE MAYOR: Oh yes you can.

VILLAGERS: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no we can't.

THE MAYOR: Oh yes you... Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait a silly minute. If you can't hear me then how can you reply to... Oh okay... It's a joke, isn't it? Do you take me for a fool?

VILLAGERS: Oh yes we do.

THE MAYOR: I'll have you know, I'm impotent - I mean important. (POINTING TO HAT.) Look, look, look. They gave me an important hat.

Well, be that as it may... With all the dignitary and pomp associated with my special hat, I declare this... er... whatever it is... open.

VILLAGERS: Hooray! (CHEERING.)

COUNT NASTNIC (THE BEAR TRAINER) ENTERS BY PUSHING THROUGH THE CROWDS. HE IS CARRYING A WHIP.

COUNT NASTNIC: Out of my way you imbeciles. It's escaped.

THE MAYOR: Oh dear dear dear. Has it?

COUNT NASTNIC: Escaped.

THE MAYOR: Oh no! *Oh no!* OH NO!

COUNT NASTNIC: It came this way.

THE MAYOR: Are you sure?

COUNT NASTNIC: Did you see it?

THE MAYOR: Certainly not? I mean, look, I hate to be a silly Billy willy and all that but what is this "it" that's escaped?

COUNT NASTNIC: Who's asking?

THE MAYOR: Me? The Mayor. (POINTING TO HAT.) Look, look, look.

COUNT NASTNIC: Ha! A daft hat?

THE MAYOR: An important hat. A very, very, very important hat.

COUNT NASTNIC: It's covered in bird poo?

THE MAYOR: Bird poo? No, no, no, my man. I'll have you know that this is not bird poo. It's only the important braiding of authority. Plus it gives me free entry to Snotty's World of Slime.

COUNT NASTNIC: So where is it?

THE MAYOR: What, Snotty's World of Slime? Turn left down the (LOCAL ROAD NUMBER) and you'll find...

COUNT NASTNIC: Not the slime place. My dancing bear.

THE MAYOR: Dancing eh? Strictly and all that? A bear?

COUNT NASTNIC: Come on! We have a tent at this stupid fayre thing of yours. I make the bear dance and people throw money. And now it's escaped.

THE MAYOR: (INCREASING PANIC IN VOICE.) Escaped? Here? Here! What here? On the green? Around here. A bear? A BEAR? A BEAR!

COUNT NASTNIC: Broke out of it's chains. When I find it I'll...

THE MAYOR: (WITH MORE PANIC.) A big hairy scary, vicious, chain breaking bear? With sharp teeth and pointy claws? Is it wild?

COUNT NASTNIC: You'd be wild if you hadn't been fed.

THE MAYOR: Hungry? A hungry wild bear? I think I might go and see... err... be... err... somewhere else. (EXITING AT SPEED.)

COUNT NASTNIC: (TO VILLAGERS.) And who are you looking at? There's a wild bear on the lose. Hungry bears like to eat humans. Ahh haa ha ha! (CRACKS WHIP.)

THE VILLAGERS LOOK SCARED AND EXIT IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

COUNT NASTNIC: (TO AUDIENCE.) Well look at you. Not sure if you know me? I am Count Nastnic. The best bear trainer in the world. Well certainly in (NAME OF VENUE TOWN). Ahh haa ha ha! (CRACKS WHIP.)

Did someone just boo me? Do it again and I'll set my bear on you.

(ASIDE.) Well I would if it hadn't escaped.

And look at you lot. Sitting there waiting to be entertained. We'll there'll be no entertainment now will there? My dancing bear has escaped. When I capture it I'll make sure it never runs off again. I'll chain it up and show it my whip. Ahh haa ha ha! (CRACKS WHIP.)

Hah! Animal huggers all of you. Yes, you look exactly like a load of manby-pamby softy-wafty kissy-wissy animal huggers.

You should be like me. Count Nastnic. The best bear trainer in the world. Ahh haa ha ha! (CRACKS WHIP.)

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: (ENTERING.) Hello sweetie. Well look at you. Should you be out during the hours of daylight? You seem angry.

COUNT NASTNIC: Angry? I'll give you angry. I am Count Nastnic.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Count Nasty Knickers?

COUNT NASTNIC: Nastnic!

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Right! Count Nasty Knickers.

COUNT NASTNIC: It's "Nic". Like "Stealing", "Pinching".

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Pinching are they? Your knickers? You should have bought a bigger size.

COUNT NASTNIC: I am Count Nastnic.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: You've told us that already sweetie.

COUNT NASTNIC: The best bear trainer in the country.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: If a slightly annoyed one.

COUNT NASTNIC: Count Nastnic. Remember that name and squirm. Ahh haa ha ha! (CRACKS WHIP AND LOOKING INTO AUDIENCE AS HE EXITS.) Shut it!

COUNT NASTNIC EXITS WITH A FLOURISH.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Goodness me. What an angry person. He should take up a hobby. I recently took up blindfold archery. Yes archery wearing a blindfold. You don't know what you're missing.

How are you sweeties? You all look nice. Do you like my frock? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) You'll have to speak up a little. I said, do you like my frock? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) That's better sweeties. Half price in the summer sale at Lidl. You never know what you're going to get in the "Middle of Lidl" do you? You know, the central aisle. Last week I popped in for a pack of loo rolls and came out with a mixed assortment of 100 chromium ball bearings.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS:

I took them home and left them on the side but Granny started taking them thinking they were her heart pills. That was all fine until she passed wind and shot the cat.

It's all so fast in supermarkets nowadays isn't it? Whoosh, whoosh, beep, beep, shove it in your bag for life.

And that's another thing. This bag for life business? I mean how do they know how long your life is going to be? My bag for life's already got a rip in it so I might be gone by this time next week.

Do you think that issuing those bags is a bit like fortune telling? They look at you when you come in and say "She's not going to last too long. Give her one of the thin ones"?

And what if you pop your clogs before your bag for life has worn out? Can you leave it to your children? Can they get a discount when they take it back? Like "She died early but her bag for life has got two more years to run". Can I exchange it for a Walnut Whip?

Here's a shopping tip for you sweeties. Never wear a green T-shirt in Asda. I'm covering Donna's shift on Sunday.

I'm sorry. I haven't introduced myself. I'm Daphne Delicious. Beautiful, worldly wise and just 25. Marital status - Single but looking. And currently I'm looking at you in the front row lover. (WINKING AT MAN IN AUDIENCE.) Single you see. Yes, I lost my husband last year. (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE TO SAY "AHH!") It was worse than that. (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Thank you for your slightly lukewarm concern. As I was saying... I lost my husband last year. I found him again in Sainsbury's car park. (OR LOCAL SUPERMARKET).

We only had one child. I found what caused it and stitched up the hole in the front of his pyjamas.

So it's just me and my ravishing daughter Goldilocks.

GOLDILOCKS: (ENTERING.) Did you call me, Mummy?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: This is my first born. Goldilocks. As you can see, she gets her looks from her Mother. Say hello to the nice people.

GOLDILOCKS: (TO AUDIENCE.) Hello everyone. (TO DAME.) Have you heard Mummy? The performing bear.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Bare! Who's performing bare. Not her behind the counter in the butchers shop again? She always seems attracted to a local sausages you know. I went in there last week and pointed to those little chipolatas. "Too thin" she says. (MOCKING VOICE.) "I likes mine a bit thicker with more meat" she says. Well. You don't expect that sort of thing when all you want is to put a little something between your baps do you?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS:

(TO AUDIENCE.) Sorry, was that an innuendo. I can't stand innuendo in a script. If I see one I whip it out immediately.

GOLDILOCKS:

Mother, I was meaning the performing bear. The one that was supposed to be dancing at the village fayre.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS:

Oh *that* bear. For a moment I thought you meant... I've met him you know. That trainer man. Nasty sort. Type of man who does noisy back trouser pops, then blames it on the gerbil.

GOLDILOCKS:

That poor bear Mummy. It was horrible. Chained up against his will. We shouldn't be doing that to wild animals. They have a right to a life too.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS:

(ASIDE TO AUDIENCE.) Watch out, my daughter's off on her vegan eco-warrior thing again. And while we're on the subject of animals. We were, weren't we? I mean don't you think it odd that sharks don't know that cows exist.

GOLDILOCKS:

Mother, why should we have to put up with people treating wild animals as if...

DAPHNE DELICIOUS:

Wait a minute. Did you say the bear has gone missing? What do you mean it's gone missing?

GOLDILOCKS:

It escaped from it's chains. And now it's missing.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS:

Missing. Oh dear! Roaming around here you say? A wild bear? Hmmm... er... Perhaps I'd better go then. I'm not scared. It's just that... er... I've left the back door open and one thing you don't want is a wild bear rummaging through your personal fancy goods, do you? (EXITING LOOKING WORRIED.)

GOLDILOCKS:

Mummy, I don't think we... She's gone. (TO AUDIENCE.) I don't think we need to worry. It's a trained bear and used to humans, so it shouldn't be too scary. It will probably be more frightened of us.

I guess I should follow her home and make sure she's alright. Look out for a dancing bear while I've gone. See you later. (EXITS.)

BAIR-I-AM ENTERS AT THE BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM AND MAKES HIS WAY TO THE STAGE DURING THE NEXT DIALOGUE. A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF AD-LIB WILL BE NEEDED AS THE BEAR WALKS TO THE STAGE GREETING AND INTERACTING WITH THE AUDIENCE AS HE GOES.

BAIR-I-AM:

Yoh! Like yowza! Look at you cats. Yoh! Give me some skin brother. Like how yer all doin'? Yowza, yow, wow man. You ain't kidding me. Like Doh! You is looking good girl. Like you an' me, we is cool as ice. Yoh, my man. What's up? High five me girl.

(REACHING STAGE.) How yer all doo'ing? Yow! Let me hear you say "Yow!" (POSSIBLE AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Like, come on guys. Let me hear you say "Yow!" (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Yow! (TRY TO SET UP A PING PONG RESPONSE TO EACH NOISE.) Yow! - Yoh! - Yowza - Hey! - Whoo! - Was'up! - Sweeeeet!

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Bair-i-am.*

*SUGGESTION: I Gotta Feeling - Black Eyed Peas.*

BAIR-I-AM: Hey man, you guys is cool. Like, not too keen on the way some of you oldies be dressed but...

My name is Bair-i-am. Yeah, DJ Air.

Like, I just escaped them chains man. Chains of repression, you know what I saying? All I ever wanna do is jive to the sounds, but that shimmying got me mixed up with a bad crowd. When I say "bad" I don't mean "good-bad" I mean "BAD-bad". Like bad vibes.

This Count cat told me he dug my dancing. He said a cool bear like me should be doing a world tour. Yow! What he conveniently forgets to tell me is that the gigs would be at small town fayres and he'd be taking all the bread. He promised me chains. I thinking, some cool gold round my neck like, but he put chains on my legs and a huge padlock.

But like, hey man, yow! I did the Houdini thing and broke on out'a there.

Now I gotta find my way home. My family. Like, they's out there somewhere. Just a sniff of home. Like, follow the poo trail. See, us bears do - hey - you know what - we do our daily stuff in the woods right? So you'se just have to find the right doo-doo and like, follow the poo-poo.

(SNIFFING THE AIR.) This way I think. Yow!  
(FOLLOWING THE TRAIL WITH HIS NOSE AS HE EXITS.)

THE VILLAGERS ENTER FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: The Villagers and Chorus.*

*SUGGESTION: Can't Stop The Feeling - Justine Timberlake.*

AT THE END OF THE SONG, PEA COMES FORWARD OUT OF THE CROWD.

PEA: Hi-ya gang. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) I said, hi-ya gang. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Much better. My name's Pea. I'm a bit of a nut. Get it? Pea-nut? Oh dear, sorry.

I'm the youngest of a family of three. That's because my mum and dad are much older than me.

Do you know what I've just done? Well of course you don't. I haven't told you yet have I? I've put custard in my teacher's wellies.

I know. How great is that? Who would like to put custard in their teachers wellies? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no you wouldn't. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no you wouldn't. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

Yellow it was. Bright yellow. She put her feet in and this custard went everywhere. Spluuuuuurge! All out the sides. Like a custard fountain. Spluuuuuurge! She was walking around making squelching noises. (DEMONSTRATING.) Splurp, splurp, splurp, splurp.



AT THIS POINT A TEACHER WEARING WELLIES  
(WITH YELLOW ROUND THE TOP) BREAKS  
THROUGH THE VILLAGERS.

PEA: Oh no, it's Miss.

PEA AND THE TEACHER CHASE AROUND THE  
STAGE IN AND OUT OF THE VILLAGERS. THE  
TEACHER EVENTUALLY GIVES UP AND EXITS,  
PEA RETURNS TO THE FRONT AND THE  
VILLAGERS EXIT.

PEA: Phew, that was close. How did she know it was me?

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Pea.*

*SUGGESTION: Naughty - from the musical Matilda.*

PEA: Hey kids! Say! Do you want to be in my gang?  
(AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Come on guys. Who wants to be  
in my gang? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Okay, so to join  
you up, we have to do the secret initiation ceremony  
thing. Here's what you have to do to join my gang,  
but hey, don't tell the adults. We turn round three  
times, then you have to put one hand on your head and  
repeat the gangs secret promise. It's so secret that  
Mums and Dads must never be told.

So all you Mums and Dads, put your fingers in your  
ears. Come on now, fingers in your ears and no  
listening.

Are you ready kids? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) I said are  
you ready kids? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Here we go  
then. All you kids who want to be in my gang, stand  
up. Turn round once... Twice... Three times. Now  
put one hand on your head and repeat this after me.  
I want to join Pea's gang. Now you say it.  
(AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) I will do everything that Pea  
says. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) If Pea ever asks I will  
even sit in a bath... (AUDIENCE RESPONSE) ...of  
cold green slippery slimy stuff that came from a  
dragon's nose. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

Well done everyone. Sit down now. You are all  
members of my gang. You can tell your Mums and Dads  
they can listen again.

THE MAYOR ENTERS CARRYING A STRANGE  
LOOKING SMALL BOX WITH MAGICAL SYMBOLS  
ON IT. (IT SHOULD BE LARGE ENOUGH TO BE  
SEEN BUT CAN STILL BE EASILY HELD.)

THE MAYOR: Hello, hello, hello young Pea. Look after this for a  
me will you?

PEA: What is it?

THE MAYOR: A rather important box.

PEA: I can see that. What's in it

THE MAYOR: Ah. That's a secret. A very *important* secret.  
That's why they gave it to me.

PEA: Because you can keep a secret?

THE MAYOR: No. Because... I'm *important*. Look, look, look, I have the hat (PASSING OVER THE BOX.) Don't let anyone steal it.

PEA: I won't.

THE MAYOR: And don't let anyone touch what's inside.

PEA: Why.

THE MAYOR: Well... The legend says...

PEA: There's a legend. My gang love legends don't we gang?

THE MAYOR: Indeed, indeed, indeed. The legend says... (CLEARING THROAT.) Er, hum... If fingers do but touch yee windle, a bassonk will begin to dwindle. Younger mangler will drop a hip, and worried he shall feel the snip

PEA: What does all that mean?

THE MAYOR: Well no one is actually sure but they think it means one of two things.

PEA: One of two things?

THE MAYOR: Yes, yes, yes. Number one. The legend says that if anyone touches what's in the box, the sky will darken and fall on their head. The world will then be sucked into a black hole called Hugo.

PEA: Hugo? No! Oh my goodness, the sky will darken and fall? That sounds bad. What about number two?

THE MAYOR: The legend says, number two. A small innocent child in a blonde wig and pyjamas will suddenly appear from nowhere. He will dance until he is about to drop. Then finally opening the box, he will do the splits over the contents.

PEA: The splits over the contents?

THE MAYOR: Yes, yes, yes. It also says that ignoring the pain, he will dance off into the moonlit night, taking all those who believe, with him.

Personally I think it's more likely to be number one, the sky falling in. So take care of it will you? The future of the universe may depend on you.

PEA LOOKS SHOCKED. THE MAYOR EXITS.

PEA: Oh my goodness gang. This is exciting isn't it? A secret legend. What do you think is in it? Shall I have a look? But I shouldn't look if it's a secret, should I? Shall I look? Shall I? I might set off the sky falling down. Well perhaps just a little look. (PEA LIFTS UP THE CORNER AND LOOKS INSIDE - THEN PULLS BACK SUDDENLY AS IF HIT BY A BAD SMELL.)

Pwaaaaahhhh! I didn't expect that. And there's lots of it. What do you think it is gang? Shout out if you know what it is.

COUNT NASTNIC ENTERS.

COUNT NASTNIC: Hello cutie little schoolboy. What's all this noise.

PEA: My gang think they know what's in this box.

COUNT NASTNIC: And what *is* in the box?

PEA: It's a secret.

COUNT NASTNIC: A secret. (GOING CHILDISH.) Oh goody gumdrops. I like secrets. Show me. (BACK TO NORMAL AND AGGRESSIVE.) Show me.

PEA: Should I show him? What do you think gang?

COUNT NASTNIC: Imbeciles.

COUNT NASTNIC SUDDENLY GRABS AND OPENS THE BOX AND SEEMS VERY SURPRISED. HE REPLACES THE COVER CAREFULLY, WHILE TRYING TO APPEAR UN-PHASED, AND GIVES IT BACK.

COUNT NASTNIC: Interesting. A clue to the whereabouts of my escaped bear perhaps. Where did you get this?

PEA: There. (POINTING TO WHERE THE MAYOR PASSED IT OVER.)

COUNT NASTNIC: There? What do you mean "there"? Say what you mean, idiot. You mean my bear went there? That way? Right! I'll find it and drag it back. It won't want to run away again. (SCOWLING AT THE AUDIENCE.) Shut up. You know nothing. See! Ahh haa ha ha. (CRACKS WHIP AND EXITS.)

PEA: Right gang, what am I going to do with this? Tell you what. I'll leave it over here. (PUTTING BOX TO THE SIDE OF THE PROSCENIUM ARCH SO THAT IT IS ON VIEW AT ALL TIMES.) And here's a job for everyone in my gang. If you see anyone go near it then shout out for me. Shout "Peeeee" and I'll come running.

Shall we have a practice? I'll pretend to be someone else and when I go near the box, you shout "Peeeee". Ready, here I go. (APPROACHES BOX IN A VERY OBVIOUS WAY - AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Well done gang, but not really loud enough. Try again. (REPEATS THE ACTION - AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Well done. I think I'll hear that.

I must go now. I've got to walk my parrot. See you later gang.

PEA EXITS. BAIR-I-AM ENTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

BAIR-I-AM: Yowza! It's me. Bair-i-am. Going home. Well, looking for my home. (SNIFFING.) Whoa my nose. It's wafting me like nice. I can sniff something yellow. Almost gold.

GOLDILOCKS ENTERS AND THEY SEE EACH OTHER.

BAIR-I-AM: Well look'y you girl! Like, yow! You cute.

GOLDILOCKS: Excuse me. Are you the missing bear?

BAIR-I-AM: (RAPPING.) Bair-i-am. At your service Mam. You look so glam. And you ain't ran. So... P'raps I am.

GOLDILOCKS: A rapping bear.

BAIR-I-AM: Don't yer know it. And I show it. Who you are...  
er... it?

GOLDILOCKS: I'm Goldilocks.

BAIR-I-AM: Goldilocks?

GOLDILOCKS: On account of my... well you get the picture. Are  
you the bear who just escape that evil trainer man?

BAIR-I-AM: I bet he's like, real mad.

GOLDILOCKS: He's looking everywhere for you.

BAIR-I-AM: Well sis', I ain't been found yet. An' I ain't doing  
a 180 for no one.

GOLDILOCKS: People say you escaped because you didn't want to  
dance. People say you're wild.

BAIR-I-AM: Wild? I was livid. He made me dance that oldie  
junk. Them waltz and quickstep moves. He thinks  
it's what people want.

GOLDILOCKS: Not me. I never want to do that stuff.

BAIR-I-AM: You wanna move and groove sister?

GOLDILOCKS: You bet.

THEY JOIN TOGETHER TO DANCE AND SING.

DURING THE SONG THEY MOVE ON TO THE  
APRON AND THE TABS CLOSE BEHIND THEM  
READY FOR THE NEXT SCENE.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Goldilocks (perhaps with Bair-i-am as a duet).*

*SUGGESTION: Call Me Maybe - Carly Rae Jepsen.*

**END SCENE.**

**SCENE 2. ON THE WAY TO THE WOODS**

PLAYED ON THE APRON IN FRONT OF THE  
TABS.

BAIR-I-AM: You is sooooo cool sister.

GOLDILOCKS: You is cool yourself Mr Bair-i-am.

BAIR-I-AM: Jus' call me "Air" for short.

GOLDILOCKS: Air it is. So what's happening Air?

BAIR-I-AM: I be sniffin' out where I live. Like, my REAL home. With my Mum and Pop.

GOLDILOCKS: Can't you remember where you came from?

BAIR-I-AM: Well like, there was trees. Like, quite a lot of trees. A small forest. Birds singing them sweet tunes. All us animals joining in.

GOLDILOCKS: And you were living in a cave or a hollow tree?

BAIR-I-AM: Hey girl! You kidding me? Do you see me sleepin' down some muddy hole? Like, that's so old time. Heck no! Us bears have moved on. Mum and Pop get us a nice little cottage in a clearing. Like, they got electric and everything... They even get Sky.

GOLDILOCKS: Sky?

BAIR-I-AM: Sweet! Mind you, their broadband can be mighty slow.

GOLDILOCKS: Then can't you just Zoom your parents to direct you home?

BAIR-I-AM: Like, no. They old. They don't understand that on line social media junk. When you ever saw an old bear on Instagram or TikTok? An' anyway, that bad guy. He took my phone.

GOLDILOCKS: So just go to the woods and see what you can find. Will you be able to recognise where you used to live?

BAIR-I-AM: Sure will.

GOLDILOCKS: Are you hungry?

BAIR-I-AM: Why, is there a Mac-ie D's about here?

GOLDILOCKS: Burgers? Don't you eat berries?

BAIR-I-AM: Berries???!!! I'm a bear. Ain't you noticed?

GOLDILOCKS: I'm a vegan.

BAIR-I-AM: A vegan? What's that? Some new invention to save the dinosaurs?

GOLDILOCKS: I don't eat meat or anything that comes from an animal.

BAIR-I-AM: Like, no bacon bap with brown sauce?

GOLDILOCKS: No.

BAIR-I-AM: Like, no soft boiled egg an' dippy soldiers?

GOLDILOCKS: Of course not.

BAIR-I-AM: Like, no chicken nuggets with that colonel's gloop stuck to it.

GOLDILOCKS: Certainly not.

BAIR-I-AM: Like..... Aggggh! No Chocolate?

GOLDILOCKS: Chocolate doesn't come from an animal. It's a bean.

BAIR-I-AM: Phew, that was close! So what you eat Gold?

GOLDILOCKS: Vegetables, pulses, nuts, leaves.

BAIR-I-AM: Leaves! You eat leaves? I wouldn't eat leaves. You never know where they bin. I use those really big ones to wipe my... Like, let's just call it nature's natural loo roll.

GOLDILOCKS: I'm not sure I can help you if you keep eating animals. How much meat do you eat?

BAIR-I-AM: Well... Like, see that guy down there? (TO AUDIENCE MEMBER.) How much you weigh man? (WAITING FOR ANSWER.) Yep. About him.

GOLDILOCKS: Whoa wait! You eat about his weight in meat. I thought bears ate honey and marmalade sandwiches. Don't you pick berries from bushes?

BAIR-I-AM: Where you been livin' girl. Ain't you seen us in Waitrose? We's them hairy folk in anoraks who look like they got beards and fuzzy hair. That's us. The Bears. We in there man. Like, you think we savages or something? I love an occasional Prince Charles organic avocado.

Changing the subject, like, (POINTING TO THE SECRET BOX.) you seen that?

GOLDILOCKS: I'm not sure we should touch it.

THEY GO OVER TO THE SECRET BOX AND  
HOPEFULLY THE AUDIENCE WILL START  
CALLING FOR PEA.

BAIR-I-AM: (TO AUDIENCE.) Hey guys! What's with the noise? (LIFTING THE LID ON THE BOX.) Yow! That's real neat. (PUTTING THE BOX BACK.)

Hey, look I'd better be somewhere. Later!

BAIR-I-AM EXITS AT SPEED.

PEA ENTERS RUNNING.

PEA: Hi-ya gang. Who's touching my box? Oh Goldilocks. (TO AUDIENCE.) Thanks gang. Well remembered.

GOLDILOCKS: Is this yours Pea?

PEA: Well, sort of yes... and... sort of no.

GOLDILOCKS: What is it?

PEA: Have you looked inside?

GOLDILOCKS: I haven't, but my friend Air did.

PEA: Your friend "Air"?

GOLDILOCKS: He's a bear.

PEA: What do you mean "He's a bear"? Not that missing dancing bear.

GOLDILOCKS: They chained him up.

PEA: Well they would. He's a bear.

GOLDILOCKS: All animals deserve our love.

PEA: He's a bear.

GOLDILOCKS: We should treat all animals equally.

PEA: He's a bear.

GOLDILOCKS: We live in one world and...

PEA: *HE.. IS.. A.. BEAR.* A wild bear. He'll kill you. He'll rip your head off while dancing on your alfalfa beans. He'll lick your brains out like a lollipop. And poke his fingers in your eye sockets. And use your head like a bowling ball. And turn your legs into golf clubs. And use your ribs like a xylophone to play Baby Shark, do do do-do do-do.

GOLDILOCKS: Not if he likes you.

PEA: "Not if he likes you!" How can you possibly know if he's going to like you?

GOLDILOCKS: He told me.

PEA: He told you? You spoke to him, this bear? In bear language. Like growl, growl, growl, growl, growl?

GOLDILOCKS: He speaks English.

PEA: He speaks Engl... What?

GOLDILOCKS: He told me about his mother and father and where he lives. Their home is a little cottage in the woods. They have every modern facility. Even Sky TV.

PEA: Bears with Sky TV? Obviously! And in this dream of yours, was he riding a unicorn while being chased by a Pokemon? And did he tell you next weeks lottery numbers?

GOLDILOCKS: Of course not. That would be ridiculous.

PEA: And having a conversation with a bear isn't?

GOLDILOCKS: I'm going to see if I can find his home. Are the woods through here?

THE TABS START TO OPEN ONTO THE WOODS SCENERY. GOLDILOCKS AND PEA WALK THROUGH THEM TO BE GREETED BY DAPHNE DELICIOUS.

**END SCENE.**

**SCENE 3. THE WOODS.**

GOLDILOCKS AND PEA WALK INTO THE SCENE THROUGH THE TABS OPENING FROM THE LAST SCENE. DAPHNE DELICIOUS IS ALREADY LOOKING SLIGHTLY FURTIVE.

GOLDILOCKS: Mother! How did you get here?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Oh, you know... er... The usual way. Actually I think I'm turning into Wonder Woman. I wonder where I left my keys, I wonder where I put my purse, I wonder where my money went.

GOLDILOCKS: But Mother, what are you doing here?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Who me? Errr... yes. I'm er... yes... Having a picnic in the woods. Yes, that's it. I'm having a picnic.

GOLDILOCKS: A picnic? On your own?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Oh, it's the best way. At least no one else can gobble your mustard and cress sandwiches.

GOLDILOCKS: Good point.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Yes I know, I know. Don't you just love those mustardy ones and those cress-erdy ones? You don't want them pinched do you? Everybody at the picnic will be after them and suddenly you won't have any for yourself. So, yes... that's why I'm having a picnic in the woods. On my own.

PEA: Then where's your picnic basket?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Ah!... Yes... Well... That can be explained. I think. You see, I was walking along this forest path, when a group of, er... ninja hedgehogs dressed in Lincoln green swung out of the trees and took everything.

PEA: Ninja hedgehogs? Do hedgehogs like fairy cakes?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Oh they can't get enough of them.

PEA: Cucumber sandwiches?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Oh yes. But with mayonnaise not salad cream.

GOLDILOCKS: You're making this up aren't you Mother?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: How did you guess?

GOLDILOCKS: Mother, what are you really doing here?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Looking for that escaped bear sweetie. There's a reward. I'm going to capture him and claim the goodies.

GOLDILOCKS: You can't send him back to be a slave.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: But there's a reward. Count Nasty-knickers, is offering a hundred packets of hob knobs, plus a voucher for as much as you can eat at (NAME OF LOCAL CAFE/RESTAURANT/PUB.)

GOLDILOCKS: For Air?



PEA: She thinks that's his name. Air.

GOLDILOCKS: Short for Bair-i-am. He's a rapper and lives in a little cottage in the woods with his parents.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: He's a what? And lives where? (TO PEA.) Is it you who's been telling her all this nonsense?

PEA: She met him. She spoke to him.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: This air bear? You spoke to him? In words? With your mouth?

GOLDILOCKS: Mother, I really did meet him. He's going home. When we find his cottage I'll introduce you.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Then I can claim Mr Nasty-knickers' reward.

GOLDILOCKS: Mother, we're going to help him. Not send him back.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: In that case we'd better start looking for clues.

PEA: Right! I'll go this way.

GOLDILOCKS: And I'll go that way.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: And I'll stay here in case he comes past. Meet back here in five minutes.

GOLDILOCKS AND PEA EXIT IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: I often have to wonder what made my daughter a vegan. I guess it might have been my cooking. The other week I made a stew with a little bit of ginger. Shame actually, as she really loved that cat.

(NOTICING SHE IS ON HER OWN.) Wait! What am I doing? I'm not so sure I like this anymore. This reminds me of that episode of Dr Who where they all go off in separate directions and one by one they each get eaten by a slippery pink space monster from the planet Zignog.

(PANICKING.) Don't panic, don't panic. I'm fine. I'm fine... No I'm not. What am I saying? I'm just a defenseless young woman of 29... Well okay 32... and a half, who... What!... Who has been left at the mercy of all the creatures of the woods. I might swoon over in a faint if approached by anything rough and unsavory, or slightly sweaty... with hair.

I don't really have training for this sort of thing you know. I was trained as a lollipop lady, but I just made everyone cross.

Get it? Lollipop lady? Cross? Oh well.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Daphne Delicious.*

*SUGGESTION: This Is Me - Keale Settle.*

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Thank you. You are too kind. Although a little bit more if you've got it? Okay... getting back to the plot...

If I do come across this air bear, what am I going to do? It'll be me who gets eaten alive. And I don't like being eaten alive.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS:

Last time I was eaten alive was when...? Well... I've never actually been eaten alive, but you know what I mean? (TO SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE.) You wouldn't want to be eaten alive sweetie would you? Oh well, from that expression, I may have been barking up the wrong tree.

Anyway here I am, a dainty young thing, alone in a spooky forest, with a wild bear on the loose. All we need now is for a woodland nymph to jump out from behind a bush and we'd have the full set.

ELMEENA, QUEEN OF THE WOODLAND NYMPHS  
POPS UP FROM BEHIND A BUSH.

ELMEENA: Hello!

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: (JUMPING.) Whoa! (RUNNING AROUND IN A PANIC.) Whoa my uncle Henry. Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa...

ELMEENA: Be there some problem?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Some problem? Yes there be some problem. If you shoot out of the bushes like a gherkin in a blender asking someone with a weak pair of bloomers if there's a problem, then there could easily be an accident.

ELMEENA: I just be here to help.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Help with what exactly? My heart attack? Who are you anyway?

ELMEENA: My name be Elmeena. I be the Queen of the wood nymphs.

A CHORUS OF WOOD NYMPHS ENTER AND DO A  
MAGICAL DANCE. THIS COULD BE A CHANCE  
TO USE ANY SMALL CHILDREN (PANTO BABES)  
IN A "MAGICAL" WOODLAND DANCE.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Dance by the woodland folk. (Daphne Delicious might be tempted to join in.)*

*SUGGESTION: Blinding Lights - The Weeknd.*

AT THE END OF THE DANCE ELMEENA  
APPROACHES DAPHNE DELICIOUS AGAIN.

ELMEENA: You be calling us from our secret place, meaning three magical wishes has to be granted.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Magical wishes?

ELMEENA: Three.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Okay let me think. One thing for certain, (GIGGLING) I wish you hadn't frightened me.

ALL THE WOOD NYMPHS EXIT IN ALL  
DIRECTIONS AND ELMEENA GOES BACK TO HER  
BUSH.

ELMEENA: (FROM BUSH - AS IF TICKING OFF THE LIST.) Wish one.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: What? Wait! No hold on. Where are you going? That was just a joke.

ELMEENA: Wood nymphs not do jokes.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Obviously. But it was more of a passing comment. That wasn't a real wish. (GIGGLING.) Actually I now wish I hadn't said it.

ELMEENA: (FROM BUSH.) Wish two.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Wait! No! Joke! A joke.

ELMEENA: Wood nymphs not do jokes.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Okay look, can you come back out here and we'll start all over again?

ELMEENA: If that be your wish.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Of course it is.

ELMEENA: (COMING BACK FROM THE BUSH.) That be it then. Three wishes granted.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: What! No hold on. We haven't started yet. Don't I have to close my eyes and wish silently in my head?

ELMEENA: You can be doing it any way you likes.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Right, let's start again then. My first *real* wish is a date with Idris Elba.

ELMEENA: Sorry! No longer possible.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Busy is he? Then try David Beckham?

ELMEENA: No wishes be left to be had.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: But you said I'd got three.

ELMEENA: Three you be having.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: No, you see... I started again.

ELMEENA: I didn't.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Johnny Depp?

ELMEENA: No.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Hugh Jackman?

ELMEENA: No.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Zac Efron?

ELMEENA: Your wishes be already used.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: George Clooney, Gary Barlow, Brad Pitt? At a push there's that bloke who works behind the bar down the pub (OR LOCAL QUOTE).

ELMEENA: Perhaps my help be available other ways. Why be you in my woods?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: I be me in your woods because... I'm in the woods to win a few packets of hob knobs and a voucher for as much as you can eat at (NAME OF LOCAL CAFE/RESTAURANT/PUB.)

Right! I forgot. Wood nymphs don't do jokes. Serious face on Daphne. I'm looking for a family of bears.

ELMEENA: Why be that not what you said?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: I was frighten. You see... You jumped out at me and I am just a defenseless young woman of 29... (TO AUDIENCE.) Don't you lot start.

ELMEENA: The bears be living over there at the end of that trail.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: (LOOKING OFF.) Hang on. That trail with that little cottage in the distance. It wasn't there before.

ELMEENA: Magic. Believe and it be happening.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: I still believe in Idris Elba.

ELMEENA: The cottage.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: The cottage. I'll go to the cottage.

ELMEENA: I be clearing the path that you be treading and you be finding that you seek at the end.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: George Clooney?

ELMEENA: The cottage of the bears.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Shame.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS EXITS.

ELMEENA WAVES HER WAND AND BAIR-I-AM ENTERS WITH A SWAGGER.

BAIR-I-AM: Yow! Like, how yow, the big brown cow, did I get here now?

ELMEENA: You be looked for.

BAIR-I-AM: Wait, I be like, one mile over there, then zoooooom, I be one mile over here.

ELMEENA: Woodland magic. Someone be looking for you.

BAIR-I-AM: Looking for me? Like, some talent scout for TV? Not that nasty animal trainer dude?

ELMEENA: No, it be a woman that the audience not believe is 29.

BAIR-I-AM: Like, I'm not dancing for no flash dudes again. What does she want?

ELMEENA: To find your home be what she wants.

BAIR-I-AM: Sweet. But like, why? I need to be there first.

ELMEENA: I can help.

BAIR-I-AM: Cool sister. Slap me some skin.

ELMEENA: Your home be there. (POINTING INTO AUDIENCE.)

BAIR-I-AM: Say whoa! But no. My nose tells me that home is like, over there. (POINTING TO WHERE DAME DAPHNE EXITED.)

ELMEENA: I be changing the direction of path.

BAIR-I-AM: Hey! Magical magic? You just moved those trees and greeny bits?

ELMEENA: You be correct. 29 year lady may go round the circle a while.

BAIR-I-AM: Mum and Pop? Like, will they be there?

ELMEENA: They have food on the table waiting for you.

BAIR-I-AM: Cool! Oh no! Wait! Not porridge?

ELMEENA: Thick warm comforting porridge.

BAIR-I-AM: Porridge with like... Lumps?

ELMEENA: Always.

BAIR-I-AM: Man, I hate those chewy lumps. Like, gray wallpaper paste

ELMEENA: It be only way she knows.

BAIR-I-AM: Oh well. Then I guess if Mum makes it, then sweet. It's gonna be the best.

ELMEENA: Always.

BAIR-I-AM: Cool! I go this way right?

ELMEENA: Follow the path.

BAIR-I-AM: (EXITING INTO AUDIENCE AD-LIBING AS HE GOES.) Yowza! Yoh, my man. What's up? High five me girl. How yer all doo'ing? Yow! Let me hear you say "Yow!" Yow! Like wow! Look at you cats. Yoh! Give me some skin brother. You ain't kidding me. You is all looking good.

AS BAIR-I-AM EXITS ELMEENA WAVES HER WAND AND COUNT NASTNIC ENTERS LOOKING ABOUT.

COUNT NASTNIC: What godforsaken place is this?

ELMEENA: It be my home?

COUNT NASTNIC: Well your home is rubbish. Who are you anyway?

ELMEENA: I be Elmeena. Queen of the wood nymphs.

COUNT NASTNIC: Queen of the... You're kidding me. (LOOKING INTO AUDIENCE.) And are you the Queen of all these ugly people?

Who started booing me? Was it you? I bet it was you. There are things I can do to make your life a misery you know, so take care. You will not get the better of the world famous Count Nastnic. Ahh haa ha ha. (CRACKS WHIP.)

ELMEENA: Count Nasty-knickers?

COUNT NASTNIC: No! NO! Not knickers. Nast NIC!

ELMEENA: Exactly.

COUNT NASTNIC: Have you seen my bear?

ELMEENA: He be *your* bear?

COUNT NASTNIC: Of course he's *my* bear. I, Count Nastnic, own him. And *my* bear dances to *my* tune.

ELMEENA: You think you be owning this bear?

COUNT NASTNIC: I found him. I captured him. He's mine.

ELMEENA: I be sending him back to his home to join his parents.

COUNT NASTNIC: Wait! He has parents? A mummy and daddy bear? You mean there are two more bears to capture and make dance? If I can capture all three I'll make a fortune. People will pay vast sums of money to watch *three* bears dance. I'll be the richest bear trainer in the world. Ahh haa ha ha. (CRACKS WHIP.)

Which way did my bear go?

ELMEENA: That be the path. (POINTING TO WHERE SHE SENT DAPHNE DELICIOUS.)

COUNT NASTNIC: Then watch me rope and train three wild bears. No one can stop me. Ahh haa ha ha! (CRACKS WHIP.)

ELMEENA: We can't wait.

THE WOODLAND NYMPHS ENTER FOR THE SONG.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Count Nastnic (and the woodland people).*

*SUGGESTION: Bad Guys - from Bugsy Malone (Change from us/we to me)*

COUNT NASTNIC: (TO AUDIENCE.) You can't help liking me can you? I might be evil, but you like me a little bit, don't you? Oh yes you do. (AUDIENCE REACTION.) Secretly you all want to be me. Well there can only be one of me, so get used to it losers. Ahh haa ha ha! (CRACKS WHIP.)

COUNT NASTNIC EXITS IN THE SAME DIRECTION AS DAPHNE DELICIOUS.

ELMEENA SUDDENLY SEES THE SECRET BOX AND GOES TOWARDS IT. THE REST OF THE WOOD NYMPHS FOLLOW AND CROWD ROUND HER.

ELMEENA: What be this? My magic not be in control of it. (LOOKING INTO AUDIENCE.) What is the noise you be making?

PEA: (ENTERING AT SPEED.) Hi-ya gang. I knew you wouldn't let me down. Who's touching my property?

PEA PUSHES HIS WAY THROUGH THE GROUP OF WOOD NYMPHS.

ELMEENA: Be this yours little boy? What magic be here?

PEA: It's top secret. Only known to my gang.

ELMEENA: (POINTING TO AUDIENCE.) Do you know these people?

PEA: Oh yeah! Some of them are in my gang. Stand up my gang. Shout "Hello Elmeena". (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

ELMEENA: By all things green. How do they be knowing my name?

PEA: Magic.

ELMEENA: This be some very strong magic.

PEA: My gang can do magic and mind reading. (TO ELMEENA.)  
Let's try them out. My gang will read your mind.  
Give me a number between 1 and 20.

ELMEENA: 36.

PEA: 36? Okay! Now let's see if my gang can mind read  
your number. Ask your woodland people to close their  
eyes and think of 36, then project it with their  
minds towards my gang. Ready gang, when I say go,  
shout out the number Elmeena's people have in their  
mind. Ready, GO! (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

ALL OF THE WOODLAND NYMPHS LOOK  
SURPRISED.

ELMEENA: Amazing. How did they be doing that?

PEA: It was easy because so many of you were projecting  
the number. So to make it even more difficult, let's  
do it with just one mind. You on your own. And this  
time we'll choose a colour. Give me a random colour.

ELMEENA: They will never mind read this one. I be choosing  
orange.

PEA: Orange, right. Hold that colour in your mind and  
think about it hard. Okay gang, when I say "Go",  
shout out the colour she is holding in her mind.  
Ready, GO! (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

THE NYMPHS LOOK SURPRISED AND AMAZED.

ELMEENA: Can they be mind reading if I be thinking of an  
animal?

PEA: My gang can mind read anything.

ELMEENA: So I be thinking of an animal and see if they be  
getting it. I be thinking of an elephant.

PEA: Hold a picture of an elephant in your mind and ask my  
gang a question about it.

ELMEENA: Does the animal I be thinking of have four legs?  
(AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) That's fantastic. Does the  
animal be having a tail? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) How  
do they know this? Tell me what be my animal?  
(AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

THE NYMPHS ALL LOOK SURPRISED.

PEA: There you are. Magic. My gang can read your mind.  
Thank you gang. Sit down now.

THE WOODLAND NYMPH CHORUS EXIT IN ALL  
DIRECTIONS.

ELMEENA: Be you able to do this mind reading magic yourself?

PEA: I certainly can. Let me show you.

PEA GOES TO WINGS AND COLLECTS A LARGE  
ENVELOPE WITH A CARD INSIDE.

PEA: Ladies and Gentlemen, printed on the card inside this envelope is a product that I already know will be chosen.

ELMEENA: That be impossible.

PEA: Point to any person in the audience and get them to give you the name of any a product from the vast range available in (LOCAL SUPERMARKET). Remember that I already have it printed on this card so it is impossible to cheat.

ELMEENA: (TO AN AUDIENCE MEMBER.) Please lady/gentleman. Be shouting out any product from a supermarket. Make it be really hard.

AT THIS POINT A PRODUCT WILL BE CHOSEN AND SHOUTED OUT. THIS IS THEN REPEATED BY ELMEENA AND PEA TO CONFIRM.

PEA: I will now reveal that I already knew what would be chosen. It is already printed on the card inside this envelope. The product I knew you would choose was ....

PEA OPENS THE ENVELOPE AND TAKES OUT A LARGE AND VERY VISIBLE CARD. THE CARD SHOWS A ENLARGED SUPERMARKET BAR CODE.

PEA: Yes... Your product choice was correct. As you can see, it was (NAME OF PRODUCT CHOSEN.)

PEA'S MOBILE PHONE RINGS. ELMEENA LOOKS SHOCKED AT THE NOISE.

ELMEENA: What magic be this? Your clothing be making a noise.

PEA: Oh it's mine. (TAKING PHONE FROM POCKET.) It's the mayor. (SPEAKING INTO PHONE.) Yes Mr Mayor. I still have the box. Yes Mr Mayor, I have not told anyone what's in it. Yes Mr Mayor, it's quite safe. I have my secret gang looking after it for you. Yes, we can trust them not to tell anyone. (TO AUDIENCE.) You won't tell anyone will you? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) The Mayor says "Oh yes you will". (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) (INTO PHONE) Mr Mayor, my gang say "Oh no they wont." (LISTENING AND THEN TO AUDIENCE.) The Mayer says "Oh yes you will". (AUDIENCE RESPONSE. THEN INTO PHONE.) Did you hear that Mr Mayor. You are safe with my gang looking after it for you. Yeeees. I will tell them. Yeeees. I know what you mean. Noooo. I will not tell anyone. Bye Mr Mayor. Bye. (TO ELMEENA.) That was the Mayor.

ELMEENA: (POINTING TO PHONE.) He's in there? How be you able to carry him in that small box in your hand? This be strong magic?

PEA: Yes, magic. Actually I have millions of people inside this small box. I can speak to anyone. It's the web.

ELMEENA: A web? Spiders? A spiders web? You be speaking to spiders?

PEA: It's hard to explain. Look, I'd better go. As long as the Mayor's secret box is being looked after then everything is okay. (TO AUDIENCE.) Bye gang. (EXITS.)



ELMEENA: Mind reading and talking to spiders. Whatever be next? (EXITS.)

MUMMY BEAR POKES HER HEAD AROUND THE SCENERY (OR PROSCENIUM ARCH) PAUSING FOR A MOMENT AND GIVING THE AUDIENCE A WAVE..

MUMMY BEAR: This looks like the place.

DADDY BEAR: (OFF.) I don't like it.

MUMMY BEAR: (ENTERING CARRYING A LARGE NOTE/MAP.) Yes, this is the place.

DADDY BEAR: (OFF.) I don't like it.

MUMMY BEAR: It's a lovely place.

DADDY BEAR: (ENTERING CAUTIOUSLY.) I don't like it.

MUMMY BEAR: Yes, I'm right. This is the place. (SHOWING NOTE/MAP.) Look, it's marked here.

DADDY BEAR: I don't...

MUMMY BEAR: On the map. Here! The invitation said to come here.

DADDY BEAR: Was I invited? They don't normally invite me. Only I don't want to be here if I wasn't invited. I never get invited.

MUMMY BEAR: Yes of course you were invited. Both of us. The invitation said both of us.

DADDY BEAR: Not me?

MUMMY BEAR: Yes you. Look I'll read it again for you. (READING FROM THE NOTE/MAP.) Dear Mr and Mrs Bear.

DADDY BEAR: See. I wasn't invited.

MUMMY BEAR: Of course you were. It says *Mister* Bear.

DADDY BEAR: My dad was Mr Bear as well. Perhaps it was him they invited.

MUMMY BEAR: No listen. This *is* you, you silly bear. Mr Bear. You!

DADDY BEAR: Well if you're sure.

MUMMY BEAR: Of course I'm sure. (READING.) Dear Mr, that's you, and Mrs, that's me, Bear. You have won first prize in a competition...

DADDY BEAR: What competition?

MUMMY BEAR: ...in a competition. Your stunning prize...

DADDY BEAR: I don't like being stunned.

MUMMY BEAR: ...your stunning prize must be collected in person at the location shown on this map.

DADDY BEAR: I still don't think I was invited.

MUMMY BEAR: Please be at the place shown on the map before nightfall to collect your stunning prize.

DADDY BEAR: See, I'm not invited.

MUMMY BEAR: (GETTING ANNOYED.) Look! It says here in small print, both Mr and Mrs Bear are invited.

DADDY BEAR: It doesn't say that does it?

MUMMY BEAR: What if it doesn't? We're here now and we deserve this prize.

DADDY BEAR: What competition did we enter?

MUMMY BEAR: I can't remember.

DADDY BEAR: Who signed the letter?

MUMMY BEAR: Stop asking questions. (LOOKING AT PAPER.) It's signed by someone called Count Nastnic. Animal trainer to royalty. There! See! There's royalty involved. And he's a proper Count.

DADDY BEAR: That's quite dangerous to say when there are children present.

COUNT NASTNIC ENTERS.

COUNT NASTNIC: Ahh haa ha ha! So you got my invitation?

DADDY BEAR: I wasn't invited.

MUMMY BEAR: Stop saying that. You're embarrassing me in front of this Count.

DADDY BEAR: What prize did we win?

COUNT NASTNIC: (ANNOUNCING IN A GAME SHOW HOST WAY.) Congratulations Mr and Mrs Bear, who have come all the way from your home deep in the woods. You have won today's fantabulous top, life changing prize.

DADDY BEAR: I don't want to change my life.

MUMMY BEAR: Keep quiet.

COUNT NASTNIC: Not only will this fantabulous prize change your life, it will make you famous in all corners of the county.

DADDY BEAR: I don't want to be famous.

MUMMY BEAR: Quiet.

COUNT NASTNIC: This prize is sooooo special that it involves many overnight stays in towns across the region.

MUMMY BEAR: Ooooh daddy. Overnight stays.

DADDY BEAR: I don't...

MUMMY BEAR: Quiet.

COUNT NASTNIC: It also includes dancing and in front of crowned heads of state.

MUMMY BEAR: Ooooh daddy. Dancing in front of Kings.

DADDY BEAR: I don't...

MUMMY BEAR: Quiet.

COUNT NASTNIC: This prize is fully inclusive. For three bears. Mummy Bear, Daddy Bear and Baby Bear.

MUMMY BEAR: Ooooh daddy. Fully inclusive.

DADDY BEAR: We don't...

MUMMY BEAR: Quiet. We'll just take it for the two of us thank you.

COUNT NASTNIC: Sorry! We are not able to split the prize. This fantabulous prize is for three bears only. Terms and conditions apply.

DADDY BEAR: Baby bear is not...

MUMMY BEAR: Quiet.

COUNT NASTNIC: You will need to find him if this fantabulous prize is going to be yours.

DADDY BEAR: We don't know where...

MUMMY BEAR: Quiet. Let me think.

COUNT NASTNIC: Mr and Mrs Bear, to win this star prize, you have exactly 24 hours to become a whole family of three bears. Your time starts... Now!

Ahh haa ha ha! (CRACKS WHIP WHICH MAKES THE BEARS JUMP.)

COUNT NASTNIC EXITS.

DADDY BEAR: Are you sure we entered this competition?

MUMMY BEAR: Even if we didn't enter. We've won. The Count says it's a fantabulous prize. But the only way we can claim it is if we find baby bear.

DADDY BEAR: Well I don't think...

MUMMY BEAR: No, you don't think. Listen. We could be posh. Traveling around the area. Dancing in front of royalty. It's like a dream.

DADDY BEAR: Last night I had a dream that I was dreaming. And I was.

MUMMY BEAR: This is like a dream come true. Dreams never come true for Bears like us, but this one is going to.

DADDY BEAR: My dream didn't come true.

MUMMY BEAR: What dream?

DADDY BEAR: The one about the lady band, Little Mix Bears. They covered me in honey and...

MUMMY BEAR: Yes, yes.

DADDY BEAR: That's what I said, yes yes, but...

MUMMY BEAR: We have to find baby. Where do you think he went?

DADDY BEAR: Well... I said to him "Are you going out?" and he said "Yes, out". "What just out" I said "or really out, out". And he said "Yes, out out, not just out".

MUMMY BEAR: Then when he goes "out out", where does he go?

DADDY BEAR: Just out.

MUMMY BEAR: I know what will get him back. Our special song.

DADDY BEAR: Do we have to?

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Mummy and Daddy Bear (joined by Bair-i-am).*

*SUGGESTION: The Bear Necessities - From Jungle Book.*

DURING THE SONG THE TWO BEARS WALK FORWARD TO ALLOW THE TABS TO CLOSE BEHIND THEM.

**CLOSE TABS.**

**END**

**SCENE 4. ON THE WAY TO THE COTTAGE.**

PLAYED ON THE APRON.

THE TABS ARE CLOSING AS MUMMY AND DADDY BEAR WALK FORWARD SINGING THE SONG FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

TOWARDS THE END OF THE SONG THEY ARE JOINED BY BAIR-I-AM WHO MIGHT SING THE LAST VERSE WITH THEM.

BAIR-I-AM: Yoh Mummy-kins. Yoh Dadddy-kins. Like, I tuned in to them sounds and followed the vibes through the green stuff. Then like, here we all are.

MUMMY BEAR: Where have you been. Your Father and I were worried sick.

DADDY BEAR: Were we?

MUMMY BEAR: Girls? Were there girls? I bet there's a girl bear behind this.

DADDY BEAR: Actually there are some good looking bears in the forest.

MUMMY BEAR: Quiet, while I tell him off. Wait a moment. How would you know about girl bears?

BAIR-I-AM: Aren't you please to see me?

DADDY BEAR: Your Mother is always...

MUMMY BEAR: What? Always what?

BAIR-I-AM: Nothing's changed then.

MUMMY BEAR: We love you son, but where did you go?

BAIR-I-AM: I was like, abducted.

MUMMY BEAR: Oh no. He was abducted. By aliens wanting your brain? Did they do experiments on you? Did they probe your intimate places?

BAIR-I-AM: Like, no. It was some bad man.

MUMMY BEAR: I've heard about this stuff. I bet you were uploaded. Nobody want's to be loaded-up do they? On that social meteor thing. Have you been messing about on Instant-Granny again? Or that Titter?

BAIR-I-AM: Hey no. Like, this very bad dude grabbed me and like, turned me into this fairground sideshow. He dragged me around the county and like, made me dance to his tunes.

MUMMY BEAR: Wait a moment! Did he happen to be a Count?

BAIR-I-AM: Yea Mumma! How'd you know?

MUMMY BEAR: Just asking for a friend. Could his name be something like Count Nasty Knickers?

BAIR-I-AM: Right on.

MUMMY BEAR: Then you'd better come home with us right away. He's on your trail.

DADDY BEAR: He want's to sign us up as well.  
MUMMY BEAR: But we were too clever...  
DADDY BEAR: Were we?  
MUMMY BEAR: We were too clever and saw through his game.  
DADDY BEAR: Did we?  
MUMMY BEAR: Yes we did.  
DADDY BEAR: Whatever you say my sweet.  
MUMMY BEAR: He's coming back here later for all three of us.  
BAIR-I-AM: Like, to be dancing bears?  
DADDY BEAR: I can't dance.  
MUMMY BEAR: We saw that just now.  
BAIR-I-AM: That dude's gonna chain you to a post and, like, drag you around to strut your funky stuff for money.  
DADDY BEAR: He's not getting my funky stuff.  
BAIR-I-AM: You've never had any funk.  
DADDY BEAR: I don't like it.  
MUMMY BEAR: None of us like it.  
DADDY BEAR: Well I don't like it the most.  
BAIR-I-AM: Okay Mumma, like, point us at the cottage.  
DADDY BEAR: I still don't like it.  
MUMMY BEAR: I have everything ready for your return. I even made some fresh porridge.  
BAIR-I-AM: Without lumps?  
DADDY BEAR: Don't get your hopes up.

THEY ALL EXIT.

GOLDDILOCKS AND DAME ENTER.

GOLDDILOCKS: I'm sure I heard music somewhere around here.  
DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Was it him from that Welsh place? Tom Jones the pelvis? (SINGING.) "The Clean Bean Glass of Home." I never did understand that song. What on earth is Bean Glass?  
GOLDDILOCKS: Mother it's Green.  
DAPHNE DELICIOUS: The green bean glass? That even more silly.  
GOLDDILOCKS: Green green grass. It's about his home village.  
DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Then why's he spent all those years singing about his lawn? It's not a problem if it's green. Bits of our's is always brown where the dog does...  
GOLDDILOCKS: Mother it's just a song.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: An odd thing happened on our lawn last week. There was an army of small slimy creatures standing to attention in the middle of it. Then I realised that I'd mixed up the slug pellets with the Viagra.

GOLDDILOCKS: Mother did you hear a song just now?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Well music of some sort. And forgive me if I'm wrong, but what you're saying is that anywhere in a forest where there's music, there has to be a bear?

GOLDDILOCKS: If you put it like that, maybe not. But I thought I heard bears singing.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Singing about green bean grass.

GOLDDILOCKS: No Mother. That was you.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: I've not been singing plant based songs.

GOLDDILOCKS: Can we just forget that?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: How can we? You're a vegan.

GOLDDILOCKS: This conversation has gone off in a totally odd direction.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: You started it with your song about a lawn of runner beans.

GOLDDILOCKS: Mother, can't we just look around for bear footprints of something?

THEY BOTH START TO LOOK AROUND THE FLOOR FOR FOOTPRINTS. GOLDDILOCKS FINDS A TRAIL.

GOLDDILOCKS: Look Mother. I think this is it. It goes this way.

GOLDDILOCKS EXITS FOLLOWING THE TRAIL.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS IS STILL LOOKING AND SPOTS THE SECRET BOX.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: What's this?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS PICKS UP THE BOX AND EXAMINES IT. WITH ANY LUCK THE AUDIENCE WILL BE SHOUTING FOR PEA.

PEA ENTERS AT SPEED.

PEA: Hi-ya gang. Thanks for shouting out. Who's been touching my secret box.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS QUICKLY HIDES THE BOX BEHIND HER BACK.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: What secret box?

PEA: Have you seen it? (TO AUDIENCE.) Did anyone see where it went? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Behind us? Are you saying it's behind us?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Behind us? We'd better have a look.

THEY BOTH TURN TO FACE AWAY FROM THE AUDIENCE AND DAPHNE STILL HAS THE BOX BEHIND HER WHICH NOW COMES INTO THE FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE.

THEY RETURN TO THE FRONT AND DAPHNE KEEPS THE BOX BEHIND HER.

PEA: The secret box isn't there. Does anyone know where it is? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) We've already looked behind us.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Let's look again.

THEY BOTH TURN AWAY FROM THE AUDIENCE AGAIN AND THE BOX COMES INTO VIEW AS DAPHNE IS STILL HOLDING IT BEHIND HER.

THEY RETURN TO THE FRONT WITH THE BOX HIDDEN AGAIN.

*NOTE: This routine could be played a couple more times depending on the response of the audience. (But don't over do it.)*

ON THE LAST TIME THEY TURN BACK, DAPHNE DELICIOUS BRINGS THE BOX TO THE FRONT OF HER SO THAT WHEN THEY FACE THE AUDIENCE IT IS FULLY VISIBLE BUT SHE DOESN'T IMMEDIATELY ACKNOWLEDGE IT'S THERE.

PEA: It's not behind us. We've looked.

PEA SPOTS THE BOX HELD IN VIEW BY DAPHNE.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: What? How did that get there?

PEA: That's the secret box entrusted to me by the Mayor. You haven't released what's inside have you?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: No. Why, what's inside the secret box? (SHE GOES TO OPEN THE BOX.)

PEA: A secret.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: You can tell me. I can keep a secret. No one is listening.

PEA: (CONSPIRATORIALLY.) Well, legend says... If fingers do but touch yee windle, a bassonk will begin to dwindle. Younger mangler will drop a hip, and worried he shall feel the snip

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Really! But I might have already touched "yee windle".

PEA: Has the bassonk started to dwindle?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: I have no idea what you're talking about.

PEA: Well if someone touches it, one of two things will happen.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Oh no!

PEA: Oh yes.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: What are the two things?



PEA: Number one. The legend says that the sky will darken and fall on their head. The world will then be sucked into a black hole called Hugo.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: We certainly wouldn't want that.

PEA: Or number two. A small innocent child in a blonde wig and pyjamas will suddenly appear from nowhere. He will dance, then he will do the splits over the contents of the box then dance off into the night.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: So what *is* inside the box.

PEA: The legend doesn't say.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: (TO AUDIENCE.) Shall I look? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

PEA: Oh no she shouldn't.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Oh yes I should.

PEA: Why don't we put the box back and we'll return it to the Mayor later.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Shame!

THEY RETURN THE BOX TO IT'S ORIGINAL PLACE.

PEA: I certainly don't want you to touch it after what happened during the exploding jam puff incident.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: That wasn't my fault. If the vicar hadn't been passing at exactly that moment, Mrs Haverstock would still have her impressive overhang.

PEA: I think we should get out of here.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: So do I.

BOTH EXIT.

**END SCENE.**

**SCENE 5. THE THREE BEAR'S COTTAGE.**

THIS IS ONE ROOM WHICH CONTAINS A TABLE  
AND CHAIRS AND THREE BEDS.

AS THE TABS OPEN, GOLDDILOCKS ENTERS.

GOLDDILOCKS: This must be it. The home of the three bears. Mummy bear, Daddy bear and my new friend Air. (SHE LOOKS AROUND WHILE SPEAKING.) Yes, it is. Look at these things. So cute. It's just as I imagined it.

And there's three bowls of porridge on the table. I knew they'd be vegans. (LOOKING CLOSE.) It looks a bit lumpy, but perhaps they like it that way. Let's have a taste.

(TRYING THE FIRST BOWL.) Oh that's hot. I nearly burnt my mouth.

(TRYING THE SECOND BOWL.) Oh that's too cold.

(TRYING THE THIRD BOWL.) Now this one is just right. (SHE EATS IT.)

*NOTE: This next sequence could be done using chairs or stools. Depending on your space. Change the script to read "Stools" instead of "Chairs" if needed.*

GOLDDILOCKS: Oh I love their furniture. Three chairs for three bears.

(TRYING THE FIRST CHAIR.) This one seems very big. And not very comfortable.

(TRYING THE SECOND CHAIR.) Well this one is a little better but still not quite right.

(TRYING THE THIRD CHAIR.) Look at this cute little one. I wonder if I can fit.

(THE CHAIR COLLAPSES UNDER HER.) Oh no. Look what I've done. (YAWNING.) Oooooooh! I feel really tied. Perhaps they won't mind if I have a little nap while I wait for them to come back.

(SHE SITS ON THE FIRST BED.) This mattress is too hard. I don't think I'd be able to sleep on this.

(SITTING ON SECOND BED.) This one is too soft. I'm sinking right into it.

(SITTING ON THIRD BED.) Now this little bed is just right. Exactly how I like it. (STRETCHING AND YAWNING.) Oooooooh! I'm feeling really sleepy after all that running around in the forest.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Goldilocks.*

*SUGGESTION: Beneath Your Beautiful - Labrinth.*

AT THE END OF THE SONG GOLDDILOCKS  
STRETCHES AND YAWNS BEFORE LAYING DOWN  
AND DRIFTING OFF TO SLEEP.

THE THREE BEARS ENTER.

BAIR-I-AM: Yo! Like, man, it's so good to be home. It's like nothing has changed.

DADDY BEAR: There's new wallpaper in the downstairs loo.

BAIR-I-AM: Cool.

DADDY BEAR: The old stuff was stained.

MUMMY BEAR: Yes, and who stained it?

BAIR-I-AM: Mum, dad. I'm home. This is so fab.

MUMMY BEAR: It's good to have you back Son. I've made porridge.

DADDY BEAR: (SARCASTICALLY.) Oh goody.

MUMMY BEAR: This one's mine. This one's Daddy's.

DADDY BEAR: (SARCASTICALLY.) Mmmmmmmmmmm!

MUMMY BEAR: And this one's for you. Wait a Quaker Oats moment. Someone's been eating my porridge.

DADDY BEAR: Look, someone's started eating my porridge, but couldn't face any more.

BAIR-I-AM: Like yoh! Some dude's been eating my porridge, and hey, eaten every chunky scrap.

DADDY BEAR: (SARCASTICALLY.) Lucky you.

MUMMY BEAR: Wait! Someone's been sitting in my chair.

DADDY BEAR: Someone's been sitting in my chair.

BAIR-I-AM: Yo, likewise Mum and Daddy-kins. Some dude's landed in my chair and like flopped right through it.

MUMMY BEAR: Oh no! Your poor little chair has been broken. That was a family heirloom.

DADDY BEAR: It was a family throw-out.

MUMMY BEAR: We were only out for five minutes and we've been visited by a herd of huge elephants.

DADDY BEAR: As opposed to the normal elephants that live here.

MUMMY BEAR: Pardon!

DADDY BEAR: Oh no! Someone's been sleeping in my bed.

MUMMY BEAR: Why would someone ever want to sleep with you?

DADDY BEAR: (POINTING TO BED.) Look!

MUMMY BEAR: Have you been inviting bears back from Tinder?

DADDY BEAR: Look! Look at your bed.

MUMMY BEAR: What's happening? Someone's been sleeping in my bed.

BAIR-I-AM: Yowza yowser guys. Some dude-ett's crashed in my bed, and like, she's still here.

MUMMY BEAR: Come away son. Your too young to know about inter species relationships.

MUMMY BEAR: When you're old enough I'll get your father to give you the bears and the bees talk.

DADDY BEAR: Who me?

BAIR-I-AM: No mummy-kins. I know this girl.

MUMMY BEAR: You know her! You've only been away from the family a short while and already you've been...

BAIR-I-AM: Not like that like. This dude-ett is called Goldilocks. She helped me this morning.

MUMMY BEAR: Daddy! Wake her up.

DADDY BEAR: Who me?

MUMMY BEAR: Yes you. You're the boss around here.

DADDY BEAR: When did that happen?

MUMMY BEAR: Give her a shake.

DADDY BEAR: She might have fleas.

MUMMY BEAR: Then make a loud noise with something. And please... Not from any part of your body.

BAIR-I-AM AND DADDY BEAR GRAB A COUPLE OF SAUCEPANS AND WOODEN SPOONS. THEY START BEATING THEM IN TIME.

BAIR-I-AM: Cool daddy-kins. Like, you got rhythm.

THEY START TO SING (BADLY) A SNIPPET FROM "THE TEDDY BEAR'S PICNIC."

BEARS TOGETHER: (SINGING.) At six o'clock their mummies and daddies will take them home to bed...

DAPHNE DELICIOUS BURSTS IN.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: (SINGING LOUDLY WITH A BIG DRAWN OUT FINISH.) ... Because they're tired little teddy bears.

BAIR-I-AM: Like woah, three yesses! You're through to the next round.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Unhand my child you hairy bear'y people. Stand back and don't grizzle at her.

MUMMY BEAR: Grizzle?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Yes, don't grizzle. Isn't that right? You're a grizzly bear. You grizzle.

MUMMY BEAR: Who exactly are you?

DADDY BEAR: I've never grizzled.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: I am the mother of the child you are currently terrifying out of her whits. Look, she was so frightened she passed out.

MUMMY BEAR: She's asleep.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Oh!

BAIR-I-AM: In my sack.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: In his bed? Why is my poor, young, innocent, helpless, stunningly-attractive-like-her-mother, daughter, in your son's bed?

MUMMY BEAR: We have no idea.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Someone wake her up then. (SHAKING GOLDDILOCKS AWAKE.)

GOLDDILOCKS: Where am I? Hello Mummy. Oh look, three bears. Hello Air.

BAIR-I-AM: Hey girl.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: What is a child of mine doing in a bed belonging to a rapping bear?

DADDY BEAR: Now there's a sentence you don't hear every day.

COUNT NASTNIC BURSTS IN.

COUNT NASTNIC: Ahh haa ha ha! Caught! All three of you. You're mine. (TO AUDIENCE.) Did someone boo me. Take care. I've Googled everyone of you and know where you live. Ahh haa ha ha!

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: And who would you be?

COUNT NASTNIC: I am Count Nastnic. Ahh haa ha ha. (CRACKING WHIP.)

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Count Nasty Knickers? Yah ha ha. Swoosh! (MIMING WHIP CRACK.)

COUNT NASTNIC: (ANNOYED.) Count Nastnic! Why can't anyone get it right? I am Count Nastnic the most feared bear trainer in the world. And I, Count Nastnic, have captured ALL three bears.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Just ignore him.

MUMMY BEAR: Has anyone noticed this strange box?

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Don't touch it. We could all end up in Blackpool.

GOLDDILOCKS: A *black hole* Mother.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: Same thing.

MUMMY BEAR: But it's in my house. I need to know what it is.

AS SHE GOES TOWARDS THE MAGIC BOX IT IS HOPEFUL THAT THE AUDIENCE WILL START SHOUTING FOR PEA.

PEA BURSTS IN.

PEA: Hi-yer gang. Thank you. Okay, who's touching my box?

EACH CHARACTER POINTS TO A DIFFERENT PERSON IN TURN.

DAPHNE DELICIOUS: It was him (or her).

MUMMY BEAR: It was him (or her).

DADDY BEAR: It was him (or her).

GOLDDILOCKS: It was him (or her).

COUNT NASTNIC: It was him (or her).  
BAIR-I-AM: Like, it wasn't me dude.  
PEA: Well seeing that you're all here. A bit of  
friendliness might be good.

THEY ALL LINE UP TO SING A SONG. THE  
CHORUS AND THE MAYOR ENTER AS THE SONG  
PROGRESSES, BRINGING EVERYONE ON STAGE  
FOR THE BIG INTERVAL NUMBER.

*Musical number: All the cast.*

*SUGGESTION: This is the Greatest Show - From the Greatest Showman.*

**END SCENE.**

**INTERVAL.**

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