

Playstage

Junior

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GOLDIE LOCKS ON!



It's a tale of home invasion on a grand scale!

Written by
Paul Cockcroft



GOLDIE Locks On

Cast (in order of appearance)

BABY Bear

MUMMY Bear

DADDY Bear

GOLDIE

CINDERELLA

PRINCE

FIRST PIG

SECOND PIG

THIRD PIG

WOLF

RED Riding Hood

GOLDIE's MUM

GOLDIE's DAD

13 speaking parts. Doubling is not possible.

Running time approximately an hour (if the frantic pace is kept up). This could be extended if appropriate songs/dances were added.

GOLDIE LOCKS ON

ACT ONE

Home of the Three Bears. Large bed with three sleeping occupants, only shapes under the covers as the foot of the bed is downstage. (SEE PRODUCTION NOTES) They are DADDY Bear, MUMMY Bear and BABY Bear. BABY Bear is in the middle. Three distinct snoring sounds – high pitched [MUMMY Bear], even higher pitched [BABY Bear] and Low pitched [DADDY Bear]. There is a period of musical interplay between them. Gradually the snoring subsides. Silence.

BABY (*sits up and sees audience*)

DAD! Mum!

MUMMY (*sits up, yawns, stretches*)

Is that my darling's voice?

(DADDY Bear sits up. All three stare at the audience, open mouthed.)

BABY

Mummy...I'm frightened...

DADDY

What the...?

MUMMY

Who are this lot?

DADDY

They weren't here when we went to sleep...

(All three BEARS rise and go downstage to stare at the audience)

DADDY

They're a funny looking lot aren't they?

MUMMY

Really ugly...

DADDY

No fur...ears on the side of their heads...and the faces...

BABY

Scary...

MUMMY

I think I know what they are...

DADDY

Yeah?

MUMMY

I've read about this sort of thing...

DADDY

Really?

MUMMY

Yes...I think they're called...humans...

DADDY

What mans?

MUMMY

Hu...humans...

BABY

Weird...

DADDY

And?

MUMMY

They live in houses...and they eat and drink and all that...just like us.

BABY

Mummy...Mummy...why are they staring at us? Just staring.

MUMMY

I don't know darling.

BABY

And some of them are scratching or picking their noses.

MUMMY

Disgusting! Come on darling. I don't want you to have to look at such things.

BABY

Some of them are laughing.

DADDY

Now *that* is scary.

MUMMY

Let's not look at them.

DADDY

Maybe they're not real.

MUMMY

Real?

DADDY

Yeah...maybe we're like...dreaming, you know.

MUMMY

More like a nightmare.

DADDY

Let's go back to sleep.

MUMMY

Oh...I don't know if I can...with this lot...just staring at us.

BABY

But if we close our eyes...don't they just...go away?

DADDY (*long pause*)

I'll let your mother explain that...

MUMMY

Er...

DADDY

Let's go back to bed...

BABY

Close our eyes...

MUMMY

And sleep?

DADDY

Yes.

MUMMY

And you think this lot will just...go away?

DADDY

Well...

BABY

Mummy...make them go away!

DADDY

Let's try it...can't do any harm.

MUMMY

And if it doesn't work?

DADDY

Well (*long pause*) we can always eat them...

(The three return to bed, positions as before. Wait. The musical snoring returns. Curtain closes. Enter GOLDIE from the back of the auditorium.)

GOLDIE (*calling*)

Hello...I mean help...yeah like...What? I mean yeah...I'm here...I'm like lost...you know...I've like...lost...my sheep (*pause*) Oh no...wait... that's a different story isn't it? I mean like...yeah...help...

(She approaches an audience member)

GOLDIE

Oh hello...hi...I'm like...Goldie...you know...Goldie... and I'm like lost...in this wood...Can you help me?

(She approaches another audience member)

GOLDIE

Uh...hello...you're not a bear are you? Cos I've heard that there are like lots of bears in these woods...You're not a bear are you?

(GOLDIE makes her way to the stage, pausing to ask audience members for help, guidance, questions as to where she is, how she can find her way home, are you a bear etc. Eventually she reaches the stage. She ascends the stage and sits on the edge.)

GOLDIE

Ooh, that's better! At least I can see from up here. Shall I tell you a bit about myself? *(pause)* Well I'm going to anyway. So...like...I'm Goldie...and I like...went for a walk...you know...had to do that because my Dad was just like going on at me. Tidy your room. Don't leave that mess. Don't talk to your mother like that and of course...the old favourite...you're not leaving this house dressed like that, you look like a character in a fairy story! Really. He's so old fashioned. So boring. Then he started going on about the woods being a dangerous place! That there were all sorts of unsavoury characters out there...that's you lot by the way...and bears. Bears...of course... lots of bears...really! He treats me like a child! I've never even seen a bear...so anyway...I thought...I'm out of here and I just ran and ran...but now I'm a bit...like...lost you know...and hungry...and tired...and a just a little bit...like...frightened...you know *(long pause)*. Anyway! Hanging about here, like, isn't going to solve the problem is it? Maybe I will meet a bear? That would be fun! See ya!

(GOLDIE exits through the curtain. House lights down. Curtain opens to show inside of The Three BEAR'S cottage. A door up right. A window up centre. The window is ajar. Table and three chairs down left. Three bowls of different sizes are on the table. Three easy chairs of different sizes along the right wall. Each has a large cushion on the seat. The three BEARS are sitting in the chairs.)

MUMMY

You were right...it was a dream.

BABY

Scary!

DADDY

Yes - nothing as horrible as that lot could exist in real life.

MUMMY

But then...

DADDY

Yes?

MUMMY

If it was just a dream...?

DADDY

Yes?

MUMMY

How come we all had the *exact same* dream?

DADDY

I...I...

BABY

Scary!

DADDY

Let's not think about that.

MUMMY

No?

DADDY

No. Thinking too hard is bad for us...unless of course it's just thinking about breakfast.

MUMMY

I see.

BABY

Porridge.

MUMMY

OK...it's already out.

(All three rise and sit round the table. They look at the porridge in the bowls. They look at the audience. They look at each other.)

BABY

Mummy?

MUMMY

Yes?

BABY

Why?

MUMMY

Why what?

BABY

Why do we have to have porridge...every morning...when it's so...

DADDY

Horrible.

MUMMY

Horrible?

BABY

Yes...it's always too hot.

DADDY

Or too cold.

BABY

Or too salty.

DADDY

Or just plain...too...

BABY

Yucky.

MUMMY

Well...you ungrateful pair! Here I am...slaving over a hot stove...

BABY

But couldn't you make something that was...

DADDY

Nice?

MUMMY

Nice? But it's...it's...tradition!

BABY

What's ition?

MUMMY

Trad...tradition...It's what bears have in the morning.

DADDY

Why?

MUMMY (*losing patience*)

Alright then, Daddy Bear. Have you got a better idea?

(DADDY Bear stares into the distance)

DADDY

Why don't I treat us all to breakfast at a cafe?

MUMMY

Great idea!

BABY

Whoopee!

(All three BEARS exit through the door. Pause. GOLDIE appears at the window. She peers through.)

GOLDIE

Hello...hi...anybody there?

(GOLDIE puts her hand through to open the window wide. She climbs in, looks around.)

GOLDIE

Wow! This looks cosy. I wonder who lives here? Nice furniture...table set for dinner...come to think of it...I am a bit peckish. What have we got here?

(GOLDIE sits in the largest of the chairs at the table)

Wow! Somebody must have a big bum. This chair's ginormous! Mm...what's in the bowl? *(She peers at it)* Oh...yeugh...what is that? I can't begin to explain! It's as if somebody just...I don't know...blew their nose into it! And believe you me, they had a really bad cold. *(pause)* What about the others?

(GOLDIE walks round the table, peering into the other two bowls)

Yeugh again! The same stuff, just not as much of it. Why would anyone put *that* on the table?

(GOLDIE sits in the largest armchair)

Ouch! What's that?

(GOLDIE leaps up and pulls from under the cushion – a pipe, one very large sock, a mobile phone, a magazine with pictures of bears in swimming costumes and the headline “Phwoar”)

Who the?

(GOLDIE drops these items on the floor. She sits on the middle sized chair but leaps up straight away)

There's something, like, sticking in me!

(GOLDIE pulls from under the cushion a large knitting needle, balls of wool, a tablet computer and an enormous bra)

I...I...don't know what to say! Hardly dare sit on the last chair...

(GOLDIE drops these items on the floor. She tries the smallest chair but it is too small to get into. From under the cushion she produces a teddy, a toy car, a used nappy and another bowl of porridge)

Yeugh! I don't believe this! What sort of house is this?

(GOLDIE drops these items on the floor. A loud knock at the door)

Yikes! Must hide...must be the pipe smoking, wool knitting, nappy wearing occupier...with an enormous cold...yikes!

(GOLDIE hides under the table. A louder knock)

I expect they'll go away eventually...

(Three very loud knocks and a voice)

CINDERS *(offstage)*

Hello...anybody there?

GOLDIE

Hang on...why would anybody knock at their *own* door?

CINDERS *(offstage)*

Hello...anybody there? Help me...please...

GOLDIE

Oh well. I guess I'd better answer it.

(GOLDIE rises, goes to door and opens it wide. CINDERELLA runs in. Ignoring GOLDIE, she stands centre stage, shaking. She is wearing her ball gown and only one shoe.)