Goldilocks and the Three Bears

Or

Keep Your Paws to Yourself

A Pyramid Play by Kathy Pingel

A Pyramid Play

This play was written to accommodate a variety of acting skills. In theatre classes, there is a predictable

pyramid of abilities, especially if there is a span of grade levels in the cast.

There are usually two or three actors who are already completely comfortable on stage, four or five who

demonstrate an ability to respond well to direction, and several more who are in need a positive first experience in a group or chorus.

The Owl is the Narrator. In this play, the narrator is the energetic thread who both moves the story along and keeps the others on track. It should be played by a very capable performer who is both

animated and can skillfully direct the action if younger ones need prompting. If no one in the cast can handle the responsibility, it can easily be played by the instructor.

TIER ONE roles are for young performers who are capable of projecting, animating, learning and remembering blocking, and memorizing lines.

TIER TWO roles are for young performers who have demonstrated they can be directed. In other words, they may not have all the skills of those in Tier One but can be taught. These performers should be

capable of memorizing lines and have a good attitude about working on basic acting skills. Those who the instructor identifies as having great personalities but who still need to work on acting discipline

can be cast in these roles.

TIER THREE roles are for more inexperienced young actors who do best with call/response, singing and other group-related performance techniques. The purpose of the group is both instructive and to build

confidence. Tier Three performers are active throughout the play. They also have the opportunity

to observe the other tiers and learn by imitating. If an actor is not yet comfortable with reading, the Tier Three roles are written with a great deal of repetition and can be taught by rote.

CAST TIER ONE TIER TWO TIER THREE

Narrator/Teacher: Owl Goldilocks Door The Forest (4-5)

Mama Bear Stairs (One or a group)

Baby Bear

Papa Bear

Lamp

Stove

Owl. Once upon a time . . .

Forest. Long, long ago

Owl. In the deep, dark forest . . .

Forest. That’s us!

Owl. Lived three brown bears.

***The Cottage consists of Lamp, Door, Stove and Stairs****.*

***This means Lamp speaks alone and as a Cottage chorus member as well****.* ***The same for Door, Stove and Stairs.***

Cottage. Shh! They’re asleep.

Owl. In a cozy, quaint cottage.

Cottage. Pleased to meet you.

Door. I’m the door. I keep out the cold.

Stove. I’m the stove. I turn up the heat!

Lamp. I’m the lamp. I shine in the dark.

Stairs. I’m/We’re the stairs. Hey, it’s a living.

Owl. Early one morning. . .

Forest. Before the sun came up . . .

Cottage. Mama Bear came downstairs.

Stairs. Ow, ow, ow, ow.

Lamp. She turned on the lamp.

Mama. Good morning, Cottage.

Cottage. Good morning.

Door. She opened the door.

Mama. Good morning, world.

Forest. Good morning!

Mama. I’m going to make breakfast.

Stove. She always makes porridge. Time to turn up the heat! Come and get it!

Owl. Papa Bear doesn’t have to be called twice for breakfast.

Stairs. Ow, ow, ow, ow.

Mama. Good morning, Papa Bear.

Papa. Good morning. What’s that I smell?

Mama. Porridge. Baby Bear, are you coming or not?

Owl. Baby Bear sometimes has to be called twice, but he loves breakfast.

Stairs. Ow, ow, ow, ow.

Mama. Good morning, Baby Bear.

Baby. Good morning! What’s for breakfast?

Mama. Porridge.

Papa. Nothing smells better!

Baby. Nothing tastes better!

Mama. Nothing’s better for you . . .

All. Than a hot bowl of porridge.

Forest. (Inhales deeply, then:) Ahhh!

Mama Bear. (As if toasting) Cheers!

Papa Bear. Too hot!

Baby Bear. Ouch!

Owl. The porridge was too hot to eat.

All. Oh, no!

Mama. Never fear. We’ll take a walk while the porridge cools.

Owl. So the bears left the cottage for a short walk in the forest.

Forest. Goody!

Stove. Thank goodness they turned off the stove.

Lamp. And the lamp.

Door. And, they left the door wide open.

Cottage. Silly bears.

Owl. Not long after the bears left for their walk in the forest, a small girl appeared.

Forest. Her name was Goldilocks.

Cottage. This doesn’t look good.

Goldi. Tra-la-la. What’s this? A cozy, quaint cottage!

Cottage. Pleased to meet you.

Goldi. Right here in the forest.

Forest. That’s us!

Owl. Goldilocks stood outside the door and called out.

Goldi. Yoo-hoo! Anyone home?

Door. No!

Goldi. Anyone at all?

Lamp. No!

Goldi. Not one single creature?

Stove & Stairs. No!

Goldi. Are you sure?

All. Yes!

Goldi. Well, there’s only one way to find out. I’ll just go inside.

Everyone sings; the song stops her temporarily.

All. Keep your paws to yourself.

Keep your paws to yourself.

If you don’t own it

Then leave it alone, it

Ain’t yours, child.

It ain’t yours.

Goldi. Just this once wouldn’t hurt.

Owl. And she walked through the wide-open door.

Goldi. I’ll just shut this door so the flies don’t get in. And, look, someone left the lamp on. I’ll just turn it off.

Lamp. Well, I never!

Goldi. And here’s a lovely, hot breakfast.

Stove. Which, by the way, is not yours!

Goldi. Well, I’m hungry. Yes, I am. (Smells.) It smells delicious. I wonder if I’ll like it? There’s only one way to find out!

All. Keep your paws to yourself

Keep your paws to yourself.

If you don’t own it

Then leave it alone, it

Ain’t yours, child.

It ain’t yours.

Goldi. Just this once wouldn’t hurt.

Stove. She sat down to the table and took a bite from Papa Bear’s bowl.

Goldi. Clearly, this is too hot.

Lamp. And then from Mama Bear’s bowl

Goldi. And this is too hot.

Stairs. And then she tried Baby Bear’s porridge.

Goldi. But, this one, ummmmmm, this one is just right.

Owl. And she gobbled it down.

Stove. Turkeys gobble.

Forest. But she’s a pig.

Goldi. That was very good. Now, I really must be going.

Forest. I’ll say.

Goldi. But, before I do, I should rest my weary feet.

Cottage. Oh, brother.

Goldi. Lucky me. Here are three chairs. Are they as comfortable as they look? There’s only one way to find out!

All. Keep your paws to yourself

Keep your paws to yourself.

If you don’t own it

Then leave it alone, it

Ain’t yours, child.

It ain’t yours.

Goldi. Just this once wouldn’t hurt.

Lamp. So she sat in Papa Bear’s chair.

Goldi. Clearly, this is too hard.

Stove. And then sank down into Mama Bear’s chair.

Goldi. And this is too soft.

Door. And then sat in Baby Bear’s teeny tiny rocking chair.

Goldi. But this one, ummmmmm, this one is just right.

Stairs. And she plopped down.

All. Crash!

Owl. She broke Baby Bear’s chair into pieces.

Goldi. Maybe that wasn’t such a good idea after all.

Lamp. Well, I never! She’s not too bright.

Goldi. I do believe I hurt myself. Of course, the best thing for it would be to lie down. I wonder if there are beds upstairs?

Stairs. I don’t like the sound of this!

Goldi. There’s only one way to find out!

All. Keep your paws to yourself

Keep your paws to yourself.

If you don’t own it

Then leave it alone, it

Ain’t yours, child.

It ain’t yours.

Goldi. Just this once wouldn’t hurt.

Owl. And she trotted right up the stairs.

Stairs. Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow!

Goldi. Voila, here they are!

Door. What’s she doing?

Lamp. I can’t see? Stove?

Stove. I can’t see either. Stairs?

Stairs. Sorry!

Owl. If I could just fly up into a tree.

Forest. Come on up!

Owl. So I flew and perched on a branch. This is better.

Forest. You’re welcome.

Owl. She tried out Papa Bear’s bed.

Goldi. Clearly, this one is too hard.

Owl. Then Mama Bear’s bed.

Goldi. And this one is too soft. But, this one, ummmmmm, this one is just right.

Owl. And she fell asleep.

Stove. Upstairs?

Stairs. In our house?

Lamp. Well, I never!

Owl. Just then, the three bears could be seen coming through the forest.

Forest. Here they come! Here they come!

Mama. I’m just sure I left the door open and the lamp on.

Papa. You worry too much.

Baby. Is the porridge cool by now?

Mama. Surely, it is.

Owl. As they reached the front door, Papa said:

Papa. See, the door was shut.

Owl. But then they opened the door.

Door. You won’t like what you see in here.

Papa Bear. And the lamp was turned off.

Lamp. I’m the least of your troubles.

Mama. Hmmmmm. That’s strange.

Papa. Someone’s been eating my porridge.

Stove. It’s about time you noticed!

Forest. Word!

Mama. And someone’s been eating my porridge.

Baby. Someone’s been eating my porridge, and it’s all gone!

Owl. Then, they walked into the living room.

Mama. Hmmm. That’s very strange.

Papa. Someone’s been sitting in my chair.

Stairs. It’s about time you noticed!

Forest. Word!

Mama. And someone’s been sitting in my chair.

Baby. Someone’s been sitting in my chair, and broke it all

to pieces.

Mama. Hmmmm. That’s very, very strange, indeed.

Papa. What do we do now?

All. Check upstairs!

Owl. Which is what they did.

Stairs. They’re all coming up! At the same time! OW, OW, OW, OW, OW!

Papa. Someone’s been sleeping in my bed.

Mama. And someone’s been sleeping in my bed.

Baby. Someone’s been sleeping in my bed and there she is!

All. Well, I never!

Owl. Goldilocks woke up saw three bears looking down at her.

Goldi. Three bears! Oh, no! I shouldn’t be here! I’m in big

trouble.

Owl. At the end of the story, many different things can happen.

Papa. Goldilocks could be eaten.

Mama. Or at least roughed up a bit.

Door. Or, she could escape out the open door.

Goldi. That’s the ending I like.

Forest. Take a vote! Take a vote!

All ad lib, arguing a different ending.

Goldi. While they’re doing that, I’ll just slip out the door.

Owl. But the forest had something to say about that.

Forest. Hold on a minute.

Owl. Before you escape completely, tell us, did you learn anything?

Goldi. Oh, yes. I like porridge. Chairs break easily. The littlest beds are the comfiest. But most

importantly I learned:

All. Keep your paws to yourself

Keep your paws to yourself.

If you don’t own it

Then leave it alone, it

Ain’t yours, child.

It ain’t yours.

Forest. The end!