

Goldilocks and the Magic Porridge

Act 1 Prologue

*(in front of curtain -
big story book in spotlight centre stage.
Book opens.
Enter Narrator - 'reads' from book)*

NARRATOR: Once upon a time there was a little golden-haired girl called Goldilocks

(Enter Goldilocks, skipping to and fro in front of the curtain)

who skipped through the forest making friends with the rabbits and the squirrels, and talking to the flowers and the trees, and sometimes singing silly little songs about what she might find 'round the next corner'.

But in her spare time she transformed herself into Secret Agent G

(Exit Goldilocks to put on Agent G outfit)

a fearless warrior in the ongoing battle against evil, wherever and whenever it appeared.

*(Enter Goldilocks to Mission Impossible style theme music.
Exit Narrator - with book?
Spotlight gets in G's eyes and she puts on dark glasses.
Now the scene is in Waverley Station.
train noises, announcements in background.
phone kiosk and bank machine.)*

(G. goes to bank machine, puts card in and gets a piece of paper out [note this will have to be worked by someone standing behind the curtain].)

G *(reads aloud from piece of paper):*

'Welcome, Agent G. Please answer the third phone from the right in the main station concourse.'

(G. walks round stage, the phone rings and she picks up and speaks into it)

G:

OK. The second taxi that comes along, and the driver will give me the Walkman. Understood.

*(G. goes to flats and comes back with a Walkman.
She stands centre stage and holds Walkman in front of her before pressing 'Play')*

NARRATOR *(offstage):*

Agent G, on the way back from a previous mission, some of our agents stumbled across a situation in a small forest village in Askedal. They need backup there, and pronto. If you buy the third copy of the Beano from the pile in WH Smith here in the station, you'll find that the so-called free gift attached to the front cover is in fact a detailed map of the location in question.

G:

Couldn't you just have e-mailed it to me?

NARRATOR:

We've found that the most secure way of sending information to our agents is on the cover of the Beano, in one of those plastic pockets that no-one can get open.

G:

Well, how am I supposed to open it then?

NARRATOR:

Just use your government-issue combined letter-opener and gadget for getting stones out of horses' hooves. And stop arguing! There isn't time, and anyway this is a pre-recorded message so I can't hear you.

G:

Yeah, right.

NARRATOR:

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to rendezvous with Agents W and T. You will identify yourself with the following question - 'What are bigwigs doing at the open market?' to which the other agents will reply - 'Buying honeycombs!' This tape will self-destruct in five seconds.

(G. yelps and throws Walkman offstage - sound of explosion and smoke)

G:

Third copy of the Beano - Bigwigs with honeycombs.... Askedal! Here I come!

(Exit G. - theme to be written)

(Enter Narrator)

NARRATOR:

So Agent G set off on her unknown mission.

Meanwhile, somewhere in the forests of Askedal, three lumberjacks were making themselves unpopular with the locals.

END OF PROLOGUE

Act 1 Scene 1

(in the forests of Askedal)

(3 pigs are chopping down trees and singing the 'I Hate Trees' song.)

ALL:

Trees, trees, I hate trees
Chop them down, it's such a breeze
Chop like this, chop like that
Till the forest's completely flat.

(Arabella takes a break from chopping)

ARABELLA:

Why are we doing this again, Napoleon?

(Nelson and Napoleon stop chopping trees to listen)

NELSON:

Don't be stupid, Arabella. Anyone can see we're clearing space to build a casino.

NAPOLEON:

Come on, you two. I told you what the plan is. This is just the preliminary tree-felling operation. Once those nasty old trees are all gone, we'll build some houses for ourselves to live in while we work on the biggest and best casino this side of Ottenby.

ARABELLA AND NELSON: Oh.

(They start chopping at the trees again and sing the next verse)

ALL:

Trees, trees, I hate trees

Swing the shoulders and bend the knees
Chop like this, chop like that
Till the forest's completely flat.

(Enter Forest Ranger as song finishes)

(Pigs stop felling)

FOREST RANGER *(crossly)*:

Oi! You! What are you doing to my trees? You can't just come along and chop down trees when you feel like it, you know! If everyone did that, there wouldn't be any trees! And if there weren't any trees, there wouldn't be a forest. And I wouldn't be a Forest Ranger.

NAPOLEON *(confronts Forest Ranger)*:

Forest Ranger, eh? Where's your ID then?

FOREST RANGER:

I don't have to carry ID. Everybody knows me. Where's your tree-felling permit signed by Prince Invincible, then?

NAPOLEON:

We don't need no tree-felling permit signed by no Prince Invincible.

FOREST RANGER:

Oh, no? Why's that then?

NAPOLEON:

(a) because we ain't felling trees just because we 'feel like it' and (b) because Prince Invincible ain't around here no more.

FOREST RANGER:

Yes, I know His Highness isn't around here AT THE MOMENT, because he's gone off to rescue a princess from a dragon, but his authority is still here and I still look after the forest on his behalf.

(Pigs exchange glances)

NAPOLEON:

He ain't never coming back, you know. He's deserted you.

ARABELLA:

Yeah - the dragon's eaten him, ha ha.

FOREST RANGER:

Nonsense, he'll be back any day now. And once he's back you'll be in VERY SERIOUS TROUBLE.

NAPOLEON:

Well, you don't have to deal with us now, then, do you? You can just sit back and relax and wait for the prince to return and save the day.

NELSON:

And maybe you can let us get on with our tree-felling.

(Pigs start felling again)

FOREST RANGER:

How dare you? In Prince Invincible's absence it's my duty to make sure this forest is protected, so get on your way right now before I call the police!

NELSON:

What, both of them?

(Pigs laugh)

ARABELLA:

Oh, I'm so scared!

NAPOLEON *(trying to look friendly and failing):*

Look, how about we just sit down and have a few drinks and talk this over like civilised pigs....

(He puts arm round Forest Ranger's shoulder and they sit down on a log)

Nelson! A drink for Ms Ranger!

FOREST RANGER:

Well, I could certainly do with a drink. I've been walking around all day in the heat without so much as a sip of water.

(Nelson brings drink bottle to Forest Ranger, who holds it up and looks at it)

FOREST RANGER:

What's this? It's the colour of porridge!

(Pigs exchange glances)

NAPOLEON:

It's just a trick of the light, Ms Ranger. This is the purest spring water, as sold by Tesco's in Ottenby.

(Forest Ranger lifts bottle, undoes cap and smells it)

FOREST RANGER:

Well, it even smells like porridge.

NELSON:

No, that's just the smell of sawdust from the trees.

FOREST RANGER:

I've never noticed sawdust smelling like porridge.

ARABELLA:

It's the trees here. They're - um - porridge trees.

(Nelson kicks her - but not too hard)

FOREST RANGER *(giving them a suspicious look but drinking anyway):*

Mmm, that isn't at all bad.

(yawns)

What were we talking about? What was I saying?

NAPOLEON:

You were wishing us luck with our little venture.

FOREST RANGER:

Yes, that's it. Luck.

(has another slurp of water)

Here, wasn't it to do with cutting down those trees?

NAPOLEON:

You just said fine, go ahead. Chop down all the trees you want - you said.

FOREST RANGER:
Did I really say that?

NAPOLEON (*moves close to Forest Ranger*):
Does it really matter what we're doing? After all, Prince Invincible will be back soon and he'll take care of everything. You don't need to concern yourself with us.
(*pause*)
Why don't you go and have a lie down? You look tired.

FOREST RANGER:
I suppose I might. It's none of my concern. And I have been working too hard lately. I might have a little nap.

(*gets to feet with difficulty. Pigs help her up*)

NELSON:
You do that, Ms Ranger.

(*Exit Forest Ranger stumbling and weaving. Pigs start to look annoyed*)

NAPOLEON:
Hmph! I thought the Boss said we wouldn't have no trouble from the locals.

ARABELLA:
Well, never mind all that, are we chopping down trees or are we chopping down trees?

(*Pigs start work again.*)

ALL:
Trees, trees, I hate trees
Swing the shoulders and bend the knees
Chop like this, chop like that
Till the forest's completely flat.

CURTAIN
END OF SCENE 1

(*Enter Narrator in front of curtain with a flipchart*)

NARRATOR:
You may have noticed a reference in that scene to Prince Invincible, so I'd better say a few words about him.
You may take notes if you wish.

(*turns over 1st page of flipchart. Pic of Prince I.*)

Prince Invincible was stunningly handsome and fabulously rich and unbelievably brave. He owned all the land as far as the eye could see.

(*turns over 2nd page of flipchart to reveal map*)

His hobby was fighting dragons.

(*turns over next page - pic of dragon breathing fire*)

And he was so successful at killing dragons that you never saw a dragon in the forest of Askedal. He also spent so much time on his hobby that you never saw him in the forest of Askedal either.
But the villagers didn't care about that.... they didn't care much about anything.

(turns over next page to reveal pic of villagers slumped around)

So the village was a sleepy little place - until that fateful day when Agent G. came along.....

(exit Narrator with flipchart)

Act 1 Scene 2

*(in the village - there's a market stall and some cottages in the background.
Two villagers are on stage - one looking after the stall and one browsing on it.
Two policemen - Sergeant Sludge and PC World - sitting on a bench.
Wolf watching from side of stage, lurking among the trees in a big dark coat)*

*(Enter Goldilocks, looking around her.
She talks to herself - loudly)*

GOLDILOCKS:

What was the question again? 'What are bigwigs doing on the open market?' Answer - 'buying honeycombs'.

(shakes her head)

Where do they get those ridiculous code words?

(shrugs shoulders)

Oh well, at least it won't get mixed up with anything that's at all likely to happen.

VILLAGER 1 *(behind stall):*

Honeycombs! Get your honeycombs here! All wigs welcome, big or otherwise.

*(Enter 2 Bigwigs - people in big wigs.
They go to the stall and buy honeycombs)*

G:

(without looking at the stall)

I'd better try this out or I'll never find the other agents.

(goes up to PC World)

Excuse me - what are bigwigs doing at the open market?

PC WORLD:

(waving arm to indicate bigwigs buying honeycombs)

Buying honeycombs, of course - isn't it obvious?

G:

(looking at stall for the first time)

No, not those bigwigs. Not real bigwigs. I'm talking metaphorical bigwigs here. What are metaphorical bigwigs doing at an entirely imaginary open market?

(Exit bigwigs with honeycombs.

PC World looks terrified and turns to Sergeant Sludge)

PC WORLD:

Sergeant Sludge! There's a girl here trying to befuddle my brain!

SGT SLUDGE *(to G.):*

Well, that's not going to take long. What are you going to do for the rest of the day?.... Run along and stop wasting police time.

G:
Police? What kind of police are you?

SGT SLUDGE:
The Askedal constabulary, and proud of it. I'm Sergeant Sludge, third in command, and this is Police Constable World.

PC WORLD:
Fourth in command!

SERGEANT SLUDGE:
Because there's only four of us..... And you are?

G:
They call me Goldilocks.

(snatch of Goldilocks theme tune)

PC WORLD:
Why's that then?

(Everyone ignores him)
(Wolf starts to tiptoe around, looking even more suspicious)

G (to Sgt Sludge):
Listen, have you seen any suspicious characters around here lately?

SGT SLUDGE:
Suspicious? Here? Does this look like the kind of place where suspicious characters would hang around? This is just a sleepy little village in the woods. And it's under the special protection of Prince Invincible.

PC WORLD:
And his trusted team of law-enforcing machines!

G:
Who's that then?

PC WORLD AND SGT SLUDGE:
That's us!

(G. suppresses a laugh)

PC WORLD:
And our trusty police dog, Pascoe.

SGT SLUDGE:
He's highly trained to sniff out people who smell like criminals.

PC WORLD (fiercely):
So people who wear Calvin Klein Criminal Cologne had just better watch out!

(G. steps backwards)

SGT SLUDGE:
Where is old Pascoe, anyway?

PC WORLD:
Oh, he'll be on the trail of some dangerous criminal mastermind, Sarge.

(Enter Pascoe the dog at back of stage looking furtive. Policemen and G. don't notice him)

SGT SLUDGE:

Yes, he'll be tracking down some poacher or thief or gangster.

PC WORLD (nods):

Hmmm, he's a good dog.

(Pascoe suddenly grabs a string of sausages from the market stall and runs round to front of stage with them.)

VILLAGER 1:

You bad dog! Just wait till I catch you!

(comes out from behind market stall)

(Policemen and G. suddenly see Pascoe.)

PC WORLD:

Hello, Pascoe - where did you get those?

(Pascoe runs off stage)

VILLAGER 1 (comes up to policemen):

Oi! That dog of yours has run off with my sausages. What are you going to do about it?

(stands with hands on hips looking indignant)

SGT SLUDGE:

OK, PC World, I'll go that way -

(points to his left)

PC WORLD:

OK, Sarge, and you go this way.

(points to his right)

(They start running towards each other, stop and look confused)

SGT SLUDGE:

Eh? What? That's not right. You go that way -

(points to his left)

PC WORLD:

And I'll go this way.

(points to his right)

VILLAGER 1 (very cross):

One of you go one way!

G:

Sergeant Sludge, you go that way and PC World that way.

(points them both in different directions)

(Pascoe, Sgt Sludge and PC World go to and fro across the back of the stage, in and out of the wings and flats etc, without catching up.

The wolf is still there but keeps out of the way.

G. stands at the front and talks)

G:

No wonder they've got problems here if this is how the law enforcement agency works. The sooner I make contact with the other agents the better!

(Pascoe hides under market stall. Policemen creep up on it from either side. They dive for the dog and knock the stall over. Pascoe runs off.

Villager 1 jumps up and down in a rage)

VILLAGER 1:

Now look what you've done! I might as well pack up for the day. And you useless pair can help me.

(Villager 1, PC World and Sgt Sludge pick up stall and contents and take offstage. Meanwhile, the Wolf comes up to G.)

WOLF:

Aren't you going to ask me about the Bigwigs?

G:

The Bigwigs?

WOLF:

Haven't you got a question about the Bigwigs that you feel you have to ask?

G:

Are we talking about the real Bigwigs or the metaphorical Bigwigs?

WOLF:

Ah, who are we to distinguish between the real and metaphorical at the end of the day - when all's said and done?

G:

Look, are you a secret agent or aren't you?

WOLF:

Oh, yes, that I am. And I can tell you in confidence that what the bigwigs are doing at the open market is buying honeycombs. You must be Agent G. Delighted to meet you. Agent W, at your service.

(bows low)

G:

If you're Agent W, which I assume stands for Wolf - though I didn't know any of our agents were wolves - then where's Agent T?

WOLF:

Oh, come now, haven't you any experience of the multi-species nature of the special services?.... There's a bit of a problem with Agent T at the moment, I'm afraid. We're on our own.

G:

What problem?

WOLF:

That's not important right now. Our first priority is to deal with the pig situation. It seems to me we have reached a critical phase. That's why I asked for help. I hope you can -

(Enter Forest Ranger)

FOREST RANGER (sleepily):

Have you seen PC World and Sergeant Sludge? I know there was something I wanted to tell them but I've forgotten what it was.

(Enter Pascoe with a notebook. He goes up to Forest Ranger and stands with pencil poised.)

FOREST RANGER:

Ah, Pascoe! I see you're ready to spring into action, even if these two good-for-nothing policemen aren't. You'd better take notes for them.

*(Pascoe nods and points to notebook.
Forest Ranger clears throat.
Pause)*

FOREST RANGER:

What was I going to say again? There was some crime I needed to have investigated.

WOLF:

Was it by any chance something to do with three little pigs?

FOREST RANGER:

Yes! That's it! Three pigs, chopping down porridge trees, causing a disturbance.... behaviour likely to cause a breach of the -

(Pascoe nibbles the sausages he stole earlier)
um - sausages. Are you writing this down, Pascoe?

(Pascoe nods and scribbles furiously)

WOLF:

I thought so.

(to Goldilocks)

That's our cue to go and sort them out.

G:

But I still don't understand what all this is about!

WOLF:

No time to explain. Speed is of the essence.

(Exit Wolf and Goldilocks)

FOREST RANGER:

We must do something, I suppose. But maybe tomorrow would be soon enough.

(Enter PC World and Sergeant Sludge)

FOREST RANGER:

There you are! Where have you been? Your dog makes a better policeman than either of you.

(Pascoe nods vigorously)

SERGEANT SLUDGE:

We've been -

FOREST RANGER:

I don't want to hear any excuses! At least, not just now when I'm so sleepy (yawns). Pascoe's got a crime for you to investigate. Show them your notebook, Pascoe.

(PC World takes notebook, he and Sergeant Sludge read the notes)

PC WORLD:

Porridge trees, eh? That'll be one of these new-fangled species the Prince has brought back from a quest - destroying our native wildlife, using up the ozone layer, causing global warming and catastrophic environmental disaster... I shouldn't wonder.

SERGEANT SLUDGE:

(To PC World) Shut up.

(to Forest Ranger) So you want us to investigate this crime right away?

FOREST RANGER:

Preferably right away.....

SERGEANT SLUDGE:

But won't Prince Invincible take care of it when he gets back?

PC WORLD:

O'course he will, Sarge. It's no use us humble coppers getting wound up about it.

FOREST RANGER:

I suppose you're right. It can all wait - it's been a long long day after all.....

(PC World, Sergeant Sludge and Forest Ranger sing verse 1 of Procrastination Song, joined by Villager 1, Bigwigs etc for verse 2)

Procrastination song:

People get wrinkled and grey
Doing it all today
Working their lives away
No time at all to play.

Don't get so wound up, mate
Things will just have to wait
You won't get in a state
When you procrastinate.

**CURTAIN
END OF SCENE 2**

(Note: there's a story/mime sequence between scenes 2 and 3, in front of the curtain while the scene change takes place)

*(Narrator brings chair and book on to front of stage and arranges chair.
Narrator sits down and opens book.)*

NARRATOR:

Once upon a time there were 3 little pigs and they all wanted to build houses for themselves. So they set off into the world looking for stuff to build houses with.

(Enter 3 little pigs with bundles on sticks. They walk across the front of stage (at ground level, just in front of the audience) and up on to the stage.)

The first little pig decided to build his house with straw.

(first pig mimes building house with straw)

It seemed like a good idea at the time.

(first pig mimes standing proudly in front of straw house)

The second pig built his house with sticks.

(second pig mimes building house with sticks)

It took a bit longer, but he wasn't going anywhere.

(second pig mimes standing proudly outside stick house)

The third pig knew that to cash in on the property boom he would have to build a good solid house. He built his out of bricks.

(third pig mimes building brick house - a lot more effort than the others)

It was featured in Ideal Home magazine and in several lifestyle programmes on digital tv. But all this media frenzy attracted an unwelcome visitor.

(Enter Wolf at front looking sinister)

It was the big bad wolf. Look out, little pigs! He's coming to get you!

*(Pigs mime hiding in their houses - they put their hands up to represent the house walls.
Music - 'Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?'.
Wolf looks fed up.)*

(Wolf approaches first 'house')

NARRATOR:

The first house the wolf came to was the one made of straw.
After a bit of pointless negotiation, the wolf decided to blow the house down.
So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house down.

(Wolf mimes huffing and puffing and blowing house down, first pig runs to next house)

Then he moved on to the stick house, which was slightly more challenging but not much. He huffed and he puffed and - well, you get the idea.

(Wolf mimes huffing and puffing and blowing house down, first and second pigs run to 'brick house')

Then he turned his attention to the house built with bricks.

(Wolf moves on to 'house' 3)

He could see that this would be more difficult, so he made another fruitless attempt at negotiation. The pigs assured him that not even by the hair on their chinny-chin-chins would they let him in.

*(Pigs all shake heads.
Wolf takes deep breath)*

So he huffed and he puffed
(Wolf huffs and puffs)
And he huffed and he puffed
(Wolf huffs and puffs)
And he huffed and he puffed
(Wolf huffs and puffs)
But the house didn't fall down.
And by that time a member of the local constabulary - and his dog -

(Enter PC World and Pascoe)

- had arrived on the scene and arrested the wolf for damage to property.

*(PC World handcuffs Wolf and takes him away.
Music: 'Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?'
Pigs dance round in a circle holding hands.)*

And they all lived happily ever after.

(Narrator, closes book, narrows eyes and looks sternly at audience.)

NARRATOR:

That's what they'd like you to think.

The true story was very different indeed.

For a start, the pigs were systematically destroying the native woodland under the command of their evil boss, a shadowy figure known only as Daddy Bear, and the Wolf, far from being big and bad, was actually quite a normal sized secret agent and a nice bloke once you got to know him.

Now, watch in astonishment as the truth is revealed....

*(Narrator exits taking chair and book with him.
Curtains open.)*

Act 1 Scene 3

(In the forests of Askedal

3 pigs on stage finishing off their houses.

Arabella has used straw, Nelson has used sticks, Napoleon has used bricks. Napoleon goes inside his house which is much bigger than the others.

Arabella is discontentedly prodding the straw of her house - really just an improvised shelter in the shape of a tent, made of bundles of straw)

NELSON *(looking at Napoleon's house):*

Hey, Napoleon, how come you've got all the bricks when I've got lumbered with all this - er - lumber?

ARABELLA:

Just think yourself lucky you haven't had to work with straw. I've got hay fever you know.

NELSON:

Yes, but straw doesn't let the rain in like sticks do. I'm having to wear my sou'wester in bed.

ARABELLA:

Bed! You're lucky to have a bed. I've just got a pile of straw under the roof of straw between the walls made of straw....

(Arabella sneezes dramatically)

It makes me sneeze just talking about it.

NELSON:

At least you're not kept awake by woodpeckers pecking at the walls of your house.

(Napoleon comes out of his house looking well-groomed, carrying a pot of tile grout)

NAPOLEON:

So, are we nearly finished our houses? I've just got the jacuzzi to tile and then I'll be done.

NELSON:

We were just saying how strange it was that you ended up with all the bricks.

ARABELLA:

Yes, I thought the Boss said we had to share out the materials equally.

NAPOLEON:

Ah, but some pigs are more equal than others.

Anyway, Arabella, you'll be nice and cosy with all your straw round you, and Nelson, you'll be nice and cool in the middle of summer with the healthy breeze blowing through the gaps in between your sticks.

NELSON:

(nodding)

Hmmm. That makes sense to me.

ARABELLA:

When you said we were going to build our own houses, I was thinking 'minimalist' and 'clean white lines' and 'Feng Shui'. But this place looks like a pig-sty!

(goes into her house and slams door to the best of her ability)

NAPOLEON:

(shakes head)

I don't think Arabella's buying into the team spirit, somehow.

NELSON:

Well, I think it'll be ok. When does the Boss want the casino ready?

NAPOLEON:

Its projected opening date is 2007 so probably nobody will notice if it slips back to say 2011 or so. Of course, the Boss still has a bit of fund-raising to do. And we've got a lot of tree-felling to do. The Boss wants 1,000 hectares cleared to make room for the whole casino complex.

You'd best rest up for now. When I've had a quick soak in my jacuzzi, we can get back to tree-felling.

NELSON:

Yeah - I hate trees.

(Nelson goes into his house.

Napoleon goes into his house. We hear splashing water, Napoleon singing in bath and see bubbles)

(Enter Goldilocks and the Wolf)

G:

So these three little pigs have come along and cut down a few trees and built themselves little houses. What's so bad about that?

WOLF:

We have reason to believe that these three little pigs are working for -

(pause for effect)

- Daddy Bear!

G:

Who's this Daddy Bear?

WOLF:

He's Mr Big - he's the Bearfather! - he's the Big Daddy of all the gangsters in Askedal!

(Wolf sings Daddy Bear rap - Goldilocks joins in and they dance)

Daddy Bear rap:

His name's Daddy Bear
He's the Bearfather
He's Mister Big
And I would much rather

Not meet him in the woods
On a dark dark night
'Cos that Daddy Bear
Fights a mean old fight.

WOLF:

So you see, those innocent looking little houses are the tip of a very large iceberg of evil!

G:

Why doesn't this Prince Invincible do something about it then? If he's so invincible.

WOLF:

Because he's far away, protecting this forest from dragons.

G:

I haven't seen any dragons around here.

WOLF:

There you are, you see, he's doing a good job.

G:

Well, he doesn't sound like a very good prince to me. He's away chasing mythical creatures while his kingdom's in danger.

WOLF:

It isn't in danger any more now that we're on the case.

G:

So - what are we going to do about these three little pigs? Why don't you lure them out here and I can take them out with my martial arts skills?

WOLF:

No, no, no, we've got to be more subtle than that. I was thinking of approaching the matter in more of a huffing and puffing and blowing their houses down way.

G:

Huffing and puffing? That won't work, will it?

WOLF:

That's what wolves traditionally do in this kind of situation.

G:

I thought wolves traditionally dressed up as grannies and hid in people's beds.

WOLF:

All right, there are two things that wolves traditionally do: one is to dress up as people's grannies and the other is to huff and puff and blow pigs' houses down. In this particular situation I'm going for the latter.

G:

OK, you know best. Where do we start?

(They consider the three houses)

WOLF *(points to straw house):*

We'd better go for that one first. But first we need to negotiate with them.

(picks up megaphone)

Little pig, little pig, your house is surrounded. Let us in!

ARABELLA *(leans out of house):*

Not by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin!

(goes back in)

WOLF:

What's that supposed to mean?

ARABELLA *(leans out again):*

I don't know, it just sounded good at the time.

(goes back in)

WOLF:

If you do not surrender immediately, I will have no option but to huff and puff and blow your house down!

ARABELLA (*leans out again*):
Do your worst, dog-breath!
(*goes back in*)

WOLF (*to Goldilocks*):
Stand aside, Agent G, this is a job for a trained wolf.
(*drops megaphone.*
takes deep breath)
I'll huff (*huffs*)
And I'll puff (*puffs*)
And I'll blow your house down!

(*straw house falls down.*
Arabella scurries out with a little scream and goes into Nelson's wooden house)

NELSON:
Gerout, you've got your own house.

ARABELLA:
No, I haven't - not any more.

WOLF (*brushes paws together*):
One down, two to go.
(*picks up megaphone and points it at wooden house*)
Middle-sized pig, your house is surrounded! Let us in!

NELSON (*leans out*):
I'm not middle-sized, am I? Am I middle-sized, Arabella?

(*Wolf sighs impatiently*)

ARABELLA:
What about the hair on your chinny-chin-chin, Nelson?

NELSON:
What are you talking about, chinny-chin-chin?

ARABELLA (*shouts to Wolf*):
He won't let you in. Not by the hair on his chinny-chin-chin.

G:
Fine, then the Wolf'll just have to huff and puff and blow your house down.

ARABELLA:
Fine!

G:
Fine!

WOLF:
Well, if you've quite finished....

(*puts down megaphone, takes deep breath*)

I'll huff (*huffs*)
And I'll puff (*puffs*)
And I'll blow your house down.
(*Wooden house falls down.*
Arabella and Nelson shriek and run to Napoleon's brick house)

NAPOLEON:

Oi! Don't you know any better than to burst in while I'm in my jacuzzi?

ARABELLA:

You don't understand!

NELSON:

There's a big bad wolf out there and he's just blow down both our houses!

NAPOLEON:

Ho ho ho! I'd like to see him try and blow down this house.

ARABELLA:

If you'd let us take our share of the bricks, none of this would have happened.

NAPOLEON:

But then I wouldn't have had enough to build my amphitheatre out the back!

WOLF (through megaphone again):

Excuse me! This is an important announcement for all pigs! Your house is surrounded. Let us in!

NELSON, NAPOLEON AND ARABELLA:

Not by the hairs on our chinny-chin-chins!

WOLF:

Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!

NELSON:

Suits us!

ARABELLA:

Just try it!

WOLF (puts down megaphone and takes deep breath):

I'll huff (*huffs*)

And I'll puff (*puffs*)

And I'll blow your house down.

(nothing happens, Wolf picks up megaphone and uses that to huff and puff through)

I'll huff (*huffs*)

And I'll puff (*puffs*)

And I'll blow your house down.

(nothing happens)

G:

Do you want me to kick the door down?

WOLF:

Do you mean to say you can kick doors down? Why didn't you tell me before?

G:

You didn't ask. But it does happen to be my speciality and I do happen to have a whole wall of certificates in it. I got a distinction in breaking into bears' houses and eating their porridge.

WOLF:

Ah, now I understand why you've been sent here. By all means kick the door down. We'll take these evil pigs in and put them behind bars where they belong.

(G. kicks door of brick house in. She goes in and searches the house, looking out windows etc. Wolf stands by door)

G (*coming out of house*):
They've gone.

WOLF:
What do you mean, gone? They can't have!

G:
They have gone.

WOLF:
Ah, they must be cleverer than I thought. They've made an escape tunnel. They're probably even now reporting back to Daddy Bear, and when he finds out about this, there'll be trouble.

(repeat of Daddy Bear rap - Wolf and Goldilocks both singing and dancing)

Daddy Bear rap:
His name's Daddy Bear
He's the Bearfather
He's Mister Big
And I would much rather

Not meet him in the woods
On a dark dark night
'Cos that Daddy Bear
Fights a mean old fight.

CURTAIN END OF SCENE 3

Act 1 Scene 4

*(The police station - in front of curtain.
Troll in cell looking mysterious - in sombrero and poncho. Sombrero down over his eyes at first.
PC World practising putting into wastebasket.
Sgt Sludge asleep with feet on desk.
Pascoe on the phone and making notes in a notebook.
Pascoe puts the receiver down and exits.
Sound of police siren going away into distance.
Short pause.
PC World carries on putting.
Police siren comes closer again.
Screech of brakes.
Enter Pascoe with pizza box.)*

PC WORLD:
Hey, sarge! Wake up! Wake up! It's urgent!

SGT SLUDGE (*wakes up with a start – his feet crash to the floor*):
What? What is it? Murders? Riots? Whatever it is, I'll be right there.
(grabs hat, puts it on)

PC WORLD (*takes pizza box from Pascoe and holds it out*):
Here it is, sarge! It's double pepperoni with pineapple and mushrooms.

(Pascoe barks)

SGT SLUDGE:
Double pepperoni with pineapple and mushrooms? That's the last time we let Pascoe choose.

(They cluster round the box on the desk and start to eat the pizza.)

Troll tips hat back, sniffs the air)

TROLL:

I'm so hungry, I could eat a whole goat.

(They all turn and stare at him)

SGT SLUDGE:

Give him a bit of your pizza, PC World.

TROLL:

Is there any goat on the pizza?

(PC World looks at his pizza with a growing sense of unease)

PC WORLD:

I certainly hope not!

TROLL:

Pah! Where I come from, a meal isn't a meal unless it has some goat in it – and I'm not happy unless I have some goat in me! None of this new-fangled rubbish with fancy foreign things in it. Give me a good goat steak any day of the week.

SGT SLUDGE:

Can't you shut up?

TROLL:

I'm already shut up and that's the problem. We trolls can't stand being caged –
(rattles bars of cell)
We were born to roam free, seeking out bridges to lurk under and goats to eat!

PC WORLD:

If you don't want to be caged, then you shouldn't go around being a troll.

TROLL:

What's wrong with being a troll? If it wasn't for trolls, there would be goats roaming around terrorising people, lounging at street corners smoking, butting people into streams....

SGT SLUDGE:

I think we've heard enough about goats for the time being. Anyway, trolls are big and ugly and nobody likes them.

TROLL:

All right – be like that! Don't expect me to help if this place gets over-run with goats. I'll just sit here and sulk.

(Troll puts hat back over eyes and slumps behind the bars)

(Telephone rings.)

Pascoe picks it up and barks into it.

Pascoe passes phone to Sgt Sludge)

SGT SLUDGE:

Askedal Police Station. Nathaniel Sludge speaking..... Three vicious WHAT are on their way? Is this a wind-up?.... What wanted poster?

(to PC World)

Have we had any new wanted posters faxed through this week?

(PC World scrabbles around under pizza box and finds a crumpled wanted poster. He holds it

up. There's a picture of 3 goats on it)

PC WORLD:

This one, sarge? The one with the – GOATS – on it?

SGT SLUDGE *(talking on phone):*

Three goats. Highly dangerous gangsters – coming here? Today? Stop repeating everything you say?... OK.

PC WORLD:

(reading from poster)

The Gruff Brothers.... Look, Sarge, it says here 'highly dangerous gangsters'. Wanted on fifteen counts of illegally crossing bridges and suspected of being in league with a criminal mastermind.

TROLL:

(suddenly springing up and rattling bars again)

I knew it! Goats! You'll have to let me out now.

(Pascoe barks)

SGT SLUDGE:

(still on phone)

Wait a minute! I can't hear myself think!... 'Must be stopped at all costs?' Well, don't you worry, we'll stop them. We'll have them under control before you can say 'bigwigs with honeycombs'.

(Hangs up)

TROLL:

Not without my help, you won't.

SGT SLUDGE:

It'll be a dark day for the Askedal force when they have to rely on a troll.

TROLL:

It's already a dark day for you. Look at you - lazing around eating pizza when your whole way of life could be under threat from the goats.

(Pascoe yawns, puts paws over ears, goes to sleep)

PC WORLD:

Can't we let him out, Sarge? He's really getting on my nerves.

SGT SLUDGE:

Well, I suppose we could put him under an anti-social behaviour order, and let him out on condition he doesn't go near the village and frighten people. And he reports to one of us every half hour.

(to troll)

Do you think you could keep to those conditions?

TROLL:

Easy peasy. You can trust me. You can trust Honest Jack Troll.

SGT SLUDGE:

I sincerely hope so.

(to PC World)

All right then, let him out.

*(PC World gets keys - on big ring - and unlocks cell.
Troll comes out stretching.
Troll stretches up and grabs PC World and Sgt Sludge and pushes them into the cell, grabs keys, locks cell before they have time to work out what he's doing)*

PC WORLD:

That's not fair! Let us out!

SGT SLUDGE:

I thought we could trust you.

TROLL:

Never trust a promise from a troll. Didn't your mother ever tell you that?

(Troll leaves keys on desk and exits at a run)

SGT SLUDGE:

That's another fine mess you've got us into!

PC WORLD:

Don't worry, Sarge, we'll get Pascoe to let us out.
Pascoe! Here, boy!

(Pascoe carries on sleeping.

Sgt Sludge and PC World keep calling to him until the lights go down and they all exit)

END OF SCENE 4

Act 1 Scene 5

(In the village.

Enter G. and the Wolf)

G:

But why can't we just follow the three little pigs down the tunnel?

WOLF:

Because it leads to the Three Bears' house. Believe me, we don't want to go there without reinforcements. I think it's time we liberated Agent T. from the confines of Askedal police station. I know exactly what we need to do - and all we need is hydraulic lifting gear, a Star Trek style teleportation device, a sieve and a lawnmower covered in foil.

(Troll enters quietly behind them without being seen)

G:

Well, I can see the point of the other things, but what about the sieve?

WOLF:

You wear the sieve on your head and hold on to the lawn-mower, and then teleport yourself into the police station, say something in an alien language -

G:

Would Klingon do?... TlhIngan Mah!

WOLF:

Perfect... And while the police force are distracted, I use the lifting gear to lift the roof off and get Agent T. out.

G:

Wow! That sounds great! Do we have all the stuff we need?

WOLF:

Ah, well, there's a slight problem with that. We don't have a sieve.

TROLL:

Do you want to borrow mine?

(G. turns and stares at him but Wolf doesn't)

WOLF:

Yes, OK, Agent T. We'll borrow your sieve and then use it to get Agent T. out of - wait a minute!

(Wolf turns round)

Agent T! How did you get out?

TROLL:

With no help from you whatsoever.

WOLF:

Yes, well... Oh, I'm forgetting my manners. Agent G, Agent T. Agent T, Agent G, and so on. And so forth.

G:

(staring at Troll)

You're Agent T? But you're a -

TROLL:

Yes, I'm a troll, fol de rol. And so on. And I'm a very thirsty troll at the moment after spending all that time in a cell.

WOLF:

Care for a Lucozade?

TROLL:

Haven't you got any goat's blood?

(Wolf hands him and G. a bottle of Lucozade each)

G:

Yuck! How disgusting is that?

(They all drink Lucozade)

TROLL:

(drinking)

Lucozade's the next best thing.

WOLF:

If only more people in this town would drink Lucozade, there'd be a lot less procrastination.

(Anti-Procrastination song and dance.

Wolf starts off, Troll and G. join in)

They'd be dancing in the streets
They'd be jumping up and down.
Every person that you'd meet
Would be dashing round the town.

They'd be dancing in formation
They would really make the grade
There'd be no procrastination

If they all drank Lucozade.

TROLL:

So - let's go eat us some goat!

G:

Eeugh! What are you talking about?

TROLL:

Didn't I tell you? The Gruff brothers are on their way.

WOLF:

The Gruff brothers? Oh, no! I thought we'd seen the last of them that time you tied their beards together and hurled them off Mount Ottenby.

G:

That wasn't a very nice thing to do, now was it?

TROLL:

The Gruff brothers aren't very nice goats. Daddy Bear hires them in whenever he wants some muscle. But don't worry, goats is my speciality.

(grins nastily)

I hide under bridges, wait for them to come along, and then - Wham!

G:

You don't mean you play them all Wham songs?

TROLL:

No, I eat them.

G:

Whew, that's a relief.

(Enter Forest Ranger, looking as if she's just woken up)

F.R. (to Troll):

How did you get out of the cell?

TROLL:

I called my lawyer. He's a Troll Rights activist.

F.R.:

Troll Rights? There's no such thing!

TROLL:

Well, your two policemen seemed to think there was. I was granted bail and they released me immediately.

F.R.:

Hmm. Where are the two policemen?

(offstage: 'Help!' 'Help!' sounds faintly in the distance)

TROLL:

(shrugs shoulders)

Dunno. I suppose they must be off fearlessly fighting crime or something. Arresting snails for being slimy and living in shells. Locking up wood sprites for being ethereal and living in the woods.

(faint 'Help!' sounds offstage again)

F.R. (*listening*):

I think I'd better go to the police station and make sure everything's OK.

(Exit F.R.)

TROLL:

Quick, we'd better get out of here before she finds them.

WOLF:

What do you mean, before she finds them?

TROLL:

Nothing, I didn't mean anything. Come on, we'd better head for the bridge half a mile upstream - and hope we get there before the Gruffs do!

(Exit all to anti-procrastination music)

CURTAIN

END OF SCENE 5

(Enter Narrator in front of curtain with a pointing stick)

NARRATOR:

And so we leave our three intrepid heroes as they head for their biggest challenge yet - confronting the notorious Gruff brothers.

But I expect you're wondering what happened to the three little pigs after they escaped down their secret tunnel. Well, the answer is that they're heading for the Three Bears' house to report back to their boss, Daddy Bear - remember him?

His name's Daddy Bear, he's the Bearfather.....

So, without further ado -

(Someone throws a hat on stage with a note in it. Narrator picks up hat and finds note in it)

NARRATOR:

What's this?

(reads note, looks confused)

(crossly)

Well! I don't know! Expecting me to put in extra bits at the drop of a hat.

(kicks hat offstage crossly)

I'll be talking to the Union of Pantomime Narrators about this.

(to audience)

Somebody - naming no names - *(cough)* Sheila *(cough)* - thinks that you won't understand the next scene unless I explain something to you. So here goes.

(clears throat)

How to tell the difference between a pig and a bear.

Few people know that pigs and bears actually look identical apart from their ears and their noses. In a dim light you can easily mistake one for another. So let's have a look at a pig.

(Enter a pig.

Pigs stands centre stage without moving or laughing.

Narrator points at pig's ears.)

First, the ears. They're pink and they stand up and then fold over at the top. They're wrinkly and crinkly and a bit untidy-looking, hence the expression 'I've made a right pig's ear out of this' - an expression that some people around here are all too familiar with.

The pig also has a snout

(points to pig's snout)

which I think you'll all agree looks ridiculous.

(Pig bursts into tears and runs off)

So that was a pig. I wonder if we've got any bears around here.

(Narrator searches round a bit - eventually a bear enters. It's the same person as the pig with different ears and nose. Bear stands centre stage trying not to laugh)

NARRATOR:

Ah, here's one. And you'll notice it looks very similar to the pig. But the bear has silly little ears for its massive bulk

(points to bear's ears. Bear starts to look fierce)

and a funny little black nose.

(pokes bear's nose with stick and makes a silly noise then looks back at the note.

Bear starts to move menacingly towards Narrator)

NARRATOR *(reading from note):*

Bears can be quite fierce if you poke them with a stick, hence the stage direction 'Exit pursued by a bear'. What?

BEAR *(looming over Narrator):* Grrrr.

NARRATOR:

Aaaagh!

(Exit pursued by a bear)

Act 1 Scene 6

(In the Three Bears' house.

It's a dark spooky interior a bit like a cave but with one or two hi-tech effects and some smoke.

Mummy Bear is cooking magic porridge.

Baby Bear is 'helping'. Daddy Bear is sitting in a swivel chair with his back to the audience.

They sing the Magic Porridge song.

After verse 1, Daddy Bear spins round in swivel chair to face audience and joins in with song.

At end of song, Daddy Bear stands up and tastes the porridge.)

DADDY BEAR:

Too hot!

(Mummy Bear turns down cooker dial)

DADDY BEAR *(tastes porridge again):*

Too cold!

(Mummy Bear turns up cooker dial)

DADDY BEAR *(tastes porridge again):*

Just right.

BABY BEAR:

Want some magic porridge!

MUMMY BEAR:

It's not for babies.

BABY BEAR:

Want some, want some, want some!

(starts to scream) Want it now!

DADDY BEAR *(leans down to talk to Baby Bear):*

Oh, no, you don't. That magic porridge is some namby-pamby stuff with syrup in it that we're

making for our guest. We're having real bears' porridge that glues the sides of your stomach together on a cold winter's morning.
(holds up packet of eg Scots porage oats)

BABY BEAR *(thinks for a minute)*:
Want some magic porridge!

MUMMY BEAR:
No, dear, it's infused with magical properties from the fronds of the moonlight grabweed that may cause extreme drowsiness - you wouldn't like it.

(Pause. Baby Bear thinks)

DADDY BEAR *(looking out the window)*:
I hope those pigs are getting on with the building work. I can't wait to sit in my luxury penthouse atop the Askedal casino complex, sipping a nice drop of mead and looking out over my empire.

MUMMY BEAR:
I can't wait until we have all this lovely money so I can go and get myself permed. You are still planning to put a hairdressers in this casino complex, aren't you?

DADDY BEAR:
Yes, yes, there'll be a hairdressers.
(shudders)
(paces up and down)
Maybe I should have kept a closer eye on those pigs. Knowing them, something could have gone wrong by now.

MUMMY BEAR:
Oh, come on, what could have gone wrong? Besides, you're the boss, you don't need to be out there in the cold working. Why don't you go and take the magic porridge to our guest? He might be starting to wake up now.

DADDY BEAR:
Maybe I should have given them more bricks.....

MUMMY BEAR:
Never mind that, just take the porridge to our guest.

*(Mummy Bear ladles porridge into bowl, gives bowl to Daddy Bear.
Exit Daddy Bear with porridge.
Baby Bear tries to follow but Mummy Bear stops him.)*

MUMMY BEAR:
No, you can't go in there, that's where Daddy Bear keeps our guest. Just play with your teddy.

*(Baby Bear picks up teddy and bangs it up and down on the floor)
(Knock at door.
Enter Napoleon and Nelson Pig)*

MUMMY BEAR:
Oh, it's you two. I thought you were meant to be working fourteen hour shifts. And where's that really ugly friend of yours?

NAPOLEON:
Ugly friend - ha ha ha.
(laughs nervously)
Oh, you mean Arabella? She's round the back parking the bike.

MUMMY BEAR:

Hmph! I'm sure Daddy Bear will have something to say to you about skiving off work in the middle of the day. I'll be back - don't touch anything.

*(Exit Mummy Bear.
Baby Bear watches Napoleon and Nelson in a scary way)*

NAPOLEON *(in high squeaky voice imitating Mummy Bear):*
All right, we won't touch anything.

(in normal voice to Nelson)
This is all your fault, Nelson. If you'd wolf-proofed your house none of this would have happened.

NELSON:
Don't tell Daddy Bear that - he'll kill me!

NAPOLEON:
Well, you should have thought of that before you used sticks for your house. Sticks! I ask you!

(Nelson goes up to Baby Bear and tries to pat him on the hand)

NELSON: Nice baby!

(Baby Bear grabs Nelson's hand and tries to bite it)

NELSON:
Aaargh! He's a vampire bear. I'm going to wait outside. You can deal with Daddy Bear.

NAPOLEON:
No, wait!

(Exit Nelson)

*(Napoleon shifts uneasily from one foot to another while Baby Bear stares at him unblinkingly.
Pause.
Enter Arabella Pig)*

NAPOLEON *(trying to hide behind Arabella):*
What's the matter with this baby bear? There's something funny about him.

ARABELLA *(looking at Baby Bear):*
You don't say! Where are the others?

NAPOLEON:
We haven't seen him yet.

ARABELLA:
Him? Oh, Daddy Bear.

*(starts to look round the room.
Finds the plasma plate and touches it.)*

NAPOLEON:
Don't touch that!

ARABELLA:
Oh, Napoleon, you're not scared of Daddy Bear, are you? Surely you don't think he's going to be cross with you for making such a mess of things?

NAPOLEON:
We're all equally responsible for what happened.

ARABELLA:

But some are more equal than others, aren't they, Napoleon?

(Enter Daddy Bear looking big and menacing)

DADDY BEAR:

What's all this, Napoleon? Why aren't you getting on with my casino?

ARABELLA:

Because he's made a mess of things, haven't you, Napoleon?

NAPOLEON:

Er-um-er. It was Nelson's fault.

DADDY BEAR:

Your astonishingly ugly little friend Nelson? - but how could it be his fault? You're supposed to be in charge.

NAPOLEON:

He didn't tell me there was a big bad wolf around.

DADDY BEAR:

So now it's the big bad wolf's fault, is it? I suppose I'd better talk to Nelson and see if I can get at the truth. And if this big bad wolf turns out to be a red herring, I'll be very cross. And when I'm very cross, I do violent unpredictable things. So you'd just better hope that doesn't happen.

Where is that unbelievably ugly pig?

(Napoleon points to where Nelson exited.)

Exit Daddy Bear to go and talk to Nelson.

They are heard shouting at each other offstage)

DADDY BEAR:

What's all this about a big bad wolf? Is there any such animal?

NELSON:

Yes, of course - he was enormous and terrifying.

DADDY BEAR:

More terrifying than me?

NELSON:

Of course not, your bearship.

DADDY BEAR:

More enormous than Mummy Bear?

NELSON:

Yes - no - don't know!

DADDY BEAR:

You don't know? There isn't any big, bad wolf, is there? You three incompetents have made the whole thing up!

NELSON:

No! We haven't!

DADDY BEAR:

Just you come in here with me, so I can hear all the versions of this wolf story.

NELSON:

No! I can't!

DADDY BEAR:

And why not?

NELSON:

It's a little bit complicated.

ARABELLA (*on stage while arguing continues offstage more quietly*):

I've had enough of this. I'm going to see if they've got a Gothic colour scheme designed by Lawrence Llewellyn Bowen in their dining room.

NAPOLEON:

You can't just go poking about in their house. And you can't leave me in here with him.

(points to Baby Bear)

(Arabella takes no notice and exits)

(Enter Daddy Bear)

DADDY BEAR:

I thought you said your workforce were reliable? Nelson Pig just handed in his notice.

NAPOLEON:

What? He quit?

DADDY BEAR:

He said he never wanted to see you again and he was getting the next plane to Ottenby to fulfil his lifelong dream of setting up a charitable foundation aimed at rescuing homeless dragons.

NAPOLEON:

Did he really say that?

DADDY BEAR:

More or less. That means you and your fancy woman will be working twenty hour days to get my casino built. By the way, where is your fancy woman?

(Argument starts offstage. Shouting is heard. Daddy Bear and Napoleon stop talking and listen)

MUMMY BEAR:

What do you think you're doing through here?

ARABELLA:

Where did you buy that lampshade? It's just so - vintage.

MUMMY BEAR:

Never mind the lampshade - get out of here!

ARABELLA:

Sorry.... Ooh - is that an IKEA shelf unit? Did you put it together yourself?

(offstage crash sound effect)

Whoops! Sorry.

MUMMY BEAR:

That took five hours to put together.... No! Don't touch that!

(another crash offstage)

ARABELLA:

Sorry, I'm sure.
Aaargh! What are you doing?
Get away from me!
No, not the window!
Aaaaagh!

(crash, shortly followed by a distant splash)
(Enter Mummy Bear, dusting hands together)

MUMMY BEAR:
Well! I don't think we'll be seeing her again.

(Baby Bear looks out window, laughs and points.)
Daddy Bear looks out window)

DADDY BEAR:
She's climbing out of the pond.

BABY BEAR:
All wet! All wet!

DADDY BEAR:
She's run off into the woods!

(Daddy Bear turns to Napoleon, smiling nastily)

You promised me the most reliable builders in Askedal. I'm very disappointed, Napoleon, and when I'm very disappointed, I get very cross. And when I'm very cross, I do violent unpredictable things....

NAPOLEON:
It's not my fault if you scare my workforce away.

(moment of tension - they glare at each other.)
Then Daddy Bear turns away, sits in swivel chair)

DADDY BEAR:
It's lucky for you we already have reinforcements on the way. You have one more chance, Napoleon. The Gruffs are on their way. I was going to use them for general intimidation of the populace, but it looks as if they're going to have to turn their hooves to building work. If anything goes wrong, I'll hold you personally responsible.

NAPOLEON:
No problem, Daddy Bear. I won't let you down this time.

CURTAIN
END OF SCENE 6

(Enter Narrator.
Possible repeat of Daddy Bear rap.
announcement of interval)

END OF ACT 1!!!!!!!!!!!!

INTERVAL

Act 2

(prologue in front of curtain.)

NARRATOR: *(improvised humorous 'welcome back' speech)*

Now you've already seen how the public was deceived about the story of the three little pigs. Our next fearless expose is about the myth of the three Billy Goats Gruff.

(cue 'Panorama' theme)

Here's how the traditional story goes.
The Three Billy Goats Gruff lived in a field beside a stream.

(Enter 3 goats who lounge around in the field)

In between growing goatee beards, acting the goat, wearing goat-tails, designing their own goat of arms, and giving their fence a goat of paint, they liked to gorge themselves on all the grass they could find.

After a while, the grass in their own field was wearing a bit thin, and they started to cast longing glances at the lush green meadow at the other side of the stream.

Now, to get to the other side of the stream they had to cross a bridge that was both rickety and rackety. For some reason they decided to go across one at a time, leaving intervals of roughly a minute between each crossing.

Little Billy Goat Gruff went first, and reliable sources say he went trip-trap-trip-trap over the rickety rackety bridge.

(Goat 1 mimes crossing bridge)

(enter troll)

Suddenly - so the story goes - a huge ugly troll jumped up

(troll jumps up in front of goat)

from under the bridge and with a certain amount of fol-de-roling he made certain threats, to wit he threatened to eat Little Billy Goat Gruff for his evening meal.

(troll makes threatening gestures)

Little Billy Goat Gruff raised the objection that his older brother Middle Billy Goat Gruff was bigger and tastier than him, and would be along in a minute, so the troll let Little Billy Goat Gruff prance on his way.

(Little BGG prances on his way.

Troll hides again.)

Then the whole performance was repeated with Middle Sized Billy Goat Gruff

(Middle sized BGG walks over bridge)

Trip-trap rickety-rackety - troll jumped up - fol de rol -

(troll jumps up in front of goat)

and in the true spirit of family, Middle Sized Billy Goat Gruff pointed out that his older brother Great Big Billy Goat Gruff was even bigger and tastier than him, and would make a much more satisfying evening meal for a hungry troll. Reluctantly the troll, who was by this time completely ravenous, let Middle Sized Billy Goat Gruff prance on his way, safe in the knowledge that a real feast was on its way.

(Middle sized BGG prances on way.

Troll hides again)

Then

(roll of drums)

Great Big Billy Goat Gruff came along

(Great Big BGG starts to cross bridge)

and it was quite a different story.
It was Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp. *(cue eastern music)*

Well, not really.
When the troll jumped up at Great Big Billy Goat Gruff,

(troll jumps up in front of goat)

not only did the troll not eat Great Big Billy Goat Gruff for supper, but Great Big Billy Goat Gruff butted the troll into the river.

(exit troll)

So the 3 Billy Goats Gruff gorged themselves in the lush green meadow and the troll was never seen again.

(Narrator looks sternly at audience)

For some reason that is the version that has gone down in history. Which just goes to show that some people won't let the facts stand in the way of a nice feel-good story about the value of having older brothers who are bigger and tougher than you. The version you're about to see is what really happened that fateful day when the notorious Gruffs marched through the forest of Askedal and were intercepted by Agents G, W and T.

(Exit Narrator as curtain opens)

Act 2 Scene 1

*(at a bridge somewhere in the forest of Askedal.
Enter Goldilocks, Wolf and Troll)*

G:
I hope the goats haven't crossed the bridge already.

(Troll runs around sniffing the ground and trees)

TROLL:
No! I can safely say that no goat has passed this way for the last 11 months, 15 days, 12 hours and 6 minutes. And even then, it was only a kid.

WOLF:
How can you tell that?

TROLL:
I've got a very sensitive nose. It gets upset when you slag it off.

WOLF:
I'm not surprised people comment adversely on it. It isn't the most distinguished nose I've ever seen.

TROLL:
(sniffs)
Look, you've upset it now!

G:
What's the plan, then?

TROLL:
We have to marinate the goats for a few days before we cook them. So I suggest we fill this hollow in the ground with wine vinegar and just throw them straight in there.

WOLF:

We weren't given this task so you could indulge yourself in goat cuisine, Agent T. Our first priority is to stop them.

G:

Yes, that's what I meant. How are we going to stop them getting from that side of the bridge to this side of the bridge?
Or could I just kick it down?

(gets ready to kick down bridge)

WOLF:

No, stop! This bridge was reinforced with steel girders after the great rickety-rackety bridge disaster of '73. You'll break your foot.
I know exactly what we have to do, and all we need is a ten ton weight, a series of trip-wires, a jar of Ottenby Rock and a Higher maths certificate.

G:

(doubtfully)

Well, I can see the point of the Higher maths certificate and the jar of Ottenby Rock, but what about the ten ton weight?

TROLL:

Don't tell me, let me guess - you dangle the Higher maths certificate from a wire above the goats' heads and while they're gazing at it in admiration, they fall over the ten ton weight and a piece of Ottenby Rock just happens to jump out of the jar and get stuck in their throats?

WOLF:

Have you been reading my book of cunning plans?

TROLL *(listening hard and sniffing air):*

Here they come! Get into position!

WOLF:

We haven't established our final plan yet.

(Goats start singing offstage)

TROLL:

Never mind final plans, I'll get under the bridge and you two hide behind those trees.

(disappears behind bridge.

We hear marching hooves now as well as singing getting closer.

Wolf and G. look at each other, shrug shoulders and 'hide' behind trees - but still visible to audience.

Enter 3 goats - Gruffelia, Gruffona and Gruffanwy - singing and marching.

They stop just before they get to the bridge, and have a conversation.)

GRUFFELIA:

Ew, that's not a real nice bridge.

GRUFFONA:

There's so got to be a warty great troll hiding under it.

GRUFFANWY:

Like - duh - of course there is.

GRUFFELIA:

Yeah, I mean - hello, it's a rickety rackety bridge. It doesn't take rocket science to work out there must be a troll.

GRUFFONA:

What do you think, girls, shall we turn round and go home?

GRUFFANWY:

No way, Gruffona, doesn't the song say 'we're not afraid of that old troll'?

GRUFFELIA:

I'm so not going to walk back through that forest again on those heels. Look, this one's got, like, huge scratches on it already, and I just know if I have to walk much further they'll be, like, totally ruined.

GRUFFONA:

You know, it really gets my goat when that happens.

GRUFFANWY:

You have got to be kidding.

(goats all cluster round Gruffelia, looking at the heel.

They don't notice Wolf and G. talking to each other at the other side of the stage)

G (coming out of hiding place and speaking to Wolf):

Those are the notorious Gruff brothers? Daddy Bear's hired muscle?

WOLF:

Hmm, looks like they've sent the sisters instead. The Gruff brothers are notorious for being unreliable.

G (moving forward):

I could take them all out with one hand tied behind my back!

WOLF (pulling her back):

No! They're more dangerous than they look.

G:

But they've got cheerleaders' pompons!

WOLF:

Those innocent-looking cheerleaders' pompons could well hide explosive devices, poison darts or even weapons of mass destruction.

(Wolf and G. hide again)

GRUFFELIA:

Are we gonna cross this bridge or are we gonna cross this bridge? Daddy Bear's like, totally depending on us.

GRUFFONA:

Yeah, but what's he expect us to do exactly?

GRUFFANWY:

Hello, you read that last text, didn't you? The one that said we were gonna have to do the building work on the casino?

GRUFFELIA:

I don't know about this, Gruffanwy. We're trained roulette cheerleaders, we don't do building.

GRUFFONA:

And what about my nails?

GRUFFANWY:

Goats don't have nails, Gruffona.

GRUFFELIA:

Duh.

GRUFFONA:

That bridge is like, totally going to fall down and we are so going to land in the water.

GRUFFANWY:

OK, so we go one at a time.

(Gruffelia leads the others in a cheer-leaders' chant, they do 'high fives' and then Gruffanwy goes first across the bridge. Halfway across, she turns and waves to the other goats. Troll jumps up looking fierce.)

TROLL:

I'm the guardian of this bridge and I'm going to kill all goats who come across it.

GRUFFANWY:

Oh, puh-lease, that's so predictable.

TROLL:

Predictable? So what?

GRUFFANWY:

What if I told you that I wasn't a goat at all, but a very rare form of mountain sheep threatened with extinction? If you kill me you'll be like, so breaking the rules about wildlife conservation.

TROLL:

I'm on the run from the law already. If I had a brain, I'd be dangerous.

GRUFFANWY *(sweeping him aside and walking on):*

Well, you haven't, and you're not, so stand aside.

(Wolf comes out of hiding and steps in front of Gruffanwy)

WOLF *(smiling unpleasantly):*

I have, and I am.

GRUFFANWY:

There can't be a wolf here as well as a troll - that's cheating! I'm outa here!

(Gruffanwy runs back over the bridge and past the others, calling to them as she goes)

GRUFFANWY:

That's it, you can go trotting on through wolf-infested forests all you like, but I have an appointment with my orthodontist. Bye.

(Gruffanwy waves to the other goats and exits)

(Wolf hides again)

GRUFFELIA:

What's up with her?

(Gruffona shrugs.

Gruffelia and Gruffona do cheerleaders' chant and high-fives again.

Gruffelia sets off across the bridge.

Troll jumps up.)

TROLL:

I'm a troll and I've got a cooking pot with your name on it.

GRUFFELIA:

Oh, that is so cool, I've always wanted my name on some kitchen accessories. Does it have a matching ladle?

TROLL:

Er - um, don't know, I'll have a look.

(goes behind bridge and comes back with decorated glasses)

TROLL:

No, but it does come with a delightful set of decorated glasses.

GRUFFELIA:

I think I'll pass on that. Too bad.

(Gruffelia walks past troll who looks indignant and puts glasses away. Goldilocks jumps out in front of Gruffelia)

G:

Going somewhere, Ms Gruff?

GRUFFELIA:

Who are you?

G:

The name's G. Agent G.

(Goldilocks does complicated-looking martial arts-style manoeuvres really quickly, and Gruffelia runs back over the bridge)

GRUFFELIA (to Gruffona):

You're on your own now, sister. I've got to go and see my chiropractor.

(Exit Gruffelia.

Gruffona does half-hearted solo cheerleader's chant, then sets off across bridge.

Troll jumps up.)

TROLL:

I'm a troll, and basically you won't get across this bridge, so don't even think about it.

GRUFFONA:

Oh, yeah? I just so happen to be the holder of the Margaret Thatcher award for butting trolls into rivers.

TROLL:

Aaargh! No goat gets the better of me -

(Gruffona butts Troll into river - he disappears behind bridge)

GRUFFONA:

This one does.

(Goldilocks comes out and points 'downstream')

G:

He's floating downstream! Quick, we'll have to get him out!

WOLF:

This way! We can catch up with him in the shallows near the mill.

(Exit Wolf and G. in 'downstream' direction)

GRUFFONA:

Trolls zero, goats one. A victory for goats everywhere.

(Exit Gruffona, doing marching song on her own.)

CURTAIN

END OF ACT 2 SCENE 1

ACT 2 SCENE 2

(in front of curtain)

(Troll lies on floor in front of stage.

Enter Pascoe running for stick followed by Sgt Sludge. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony plays in the background.)

SGT SLUDGE:

This is the life, eh, Pascoe? How lovely it is to be out in the country air with nothing to worry about - no sounds of crime being committed, just the rushing of the stream and the twittering of the birds. No stench of evil or pollution, just the delicate scent of dew-drenched ferns. No sign of vandalism or litter, a place entirely untouched by humans, just the trees waving gently in the breeze and the warty old troll floating in the water.

What?

(Sgt Sludge comes to front of stage and peers down at troll. So does Pascoe.)

Pascoe - fetch!

(Pascoe barks and rushes down to troll and pulls him up on stage where he lies very still. Pascoe starts to give troll first aid)

SGT SLUDGE:

'Honest' Jack Troll, you're under arrest for violation of an ASBO. You do not have to say anything, but it may harm your defence -

(Pascoe barks)

You're right, Pascoe, we need backup. I'll go and get PC World. You stay on guard.

(Exit Sgt Sludge. Pascoe carries on with the first aid.

Enter Goldilocks and Wolf.

Wolf sees Troll and rushes forward)

WOLF:

Agent T!

(to Pascoe)

Is he all right?

(Pascoe shakes head.

Everyone looks solemn.)

This is indeed a tragic day for the special services. He was a fine agent, an inspirational goat specialist, a brave leader of men and wolves, and most of all, a very loyal friend. Goodbye, Agent T., you shall be missed by all who knew you.

(Pause. Pascoe and G. in floods of tears by now.

Troll suddenly snores very loudly. They all turn and look at him.

He turns over in his sleep to get more comfortable.)

WOLF:

(jumps on troll and shakes him by shoulders)

You stupid warty great troll! What do you think you're doing taking a nap when we're supposed to be protecting the forests of Askedal!

*(Troll groans but doesn't wake up.
Pascoe barks.
Wolf shakes Troll again)*

G:
He's not dead!

WOLF:
No, he's just being very, very lazy. Wake up, you worthless lump!

G:
(going up to Troll and speaking in his ear):
There's fresh goat supreme for supper!
(waits)
Well, he's obviously very deeply asleep and he's not putting it on.

WOLF
(walking away and pacing about crossly):
Why did this have to happen now? We can't afford to be a man down!

G:
Why should he fall asleep just because he was in the river? You'd think it would wake him up!

(Wolf and G look at each other)

WOLF:
Unless....

G:
Unless the river water is.....

WOLF:
Unless the river water is contaminated -

G:
Unless the river water is contaminated with some kind of -

WOLF:
Unless the river water is contaminated with some kind of sleeping potion!

G:
Sleeping potion! Yes! That explains why the villagers are so sleepy all the time and why they can't be bothered facing up to the threats that are lurking on their own doorsteps!

WOLF:
Yes, the river's where they get all their water from. But we're not affected -

G:
Because we only drink Lucozade!

(quick burst of Anti-Procrastination song and dance)

WOLF:
Well, who do we know that's evil enough to pollute the river water with a sleeping potion without a thought for the environmental and social consequences of his actions?

G:
George Bush?

WOLF:
Yes, but who would be evil enough and clever enough and who lives in or around the forest

of Askedal?

G:

You mean - Daddy Bear?

(Wolf nods solemnly)

G:

Let's go and kick his - door down.

WOLF:

No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

We need evidence of his involvement in this evil scheme. A sample of whatever sleeping potion he's using should suffice. We need to use stealth. We need to approach his house under cover of darkness. The night is our friend. *(howls)*

G:

What about Agent T?

WOLF:

I think on a stealth mission he'd be more of a hindrance than a help. Leave him be.

(Wolf and G start to exit, but G runs back and pours some Lucozade into T's mouth)

G:

Here, Agent T, this should wake you up.

(Exit G and Wolf)

(Troll starts to wake up with a lot of spluttering.)

Enter Sgt Sludge and PC World at a run. Sgt Sludge is out of breath)

SGT SLUDGE:

There's the scoundrel, PC World. Now's our chance to put him back behind bars.

TROLL *(coughing and spluttering):*

This just isn't my day, is it?

(PC World moves cautiously towards Troll)

PC WORLD:

Quiet, you. We won't be taken in by any more of your shady tricks - right, Sarge?

SGT SLUDGE *(nodding):*

Right, PC World.

TROLL:

No tricks, the game's up.

(holds hands in front of him ready for handcuffs)

I'll come quietly.

SGT SLUDGE:

I'm not taking any risks this time. Put on the handcuffs, PC World.

(PC World takes out handcuffs and puts one on himself)

SGT SLUDGE:

On him, not on yourself! Here, give me those.

(Sgt Sludge comes forward and puts hand out.)

Troll grabs Sgt's hand and puts other handcuff on it)

SGT SLUDGE (to PC World):

Now look what you've done, you idiot! Where's the key?

PC WORLD:

No problem, Sarge - here it is.

(PC World takes out key and holds it up.

Troll grabs it and throws it in river. Sgt Sludge doesn't notice)

PC WORLD (quietly to Pascoe):

Pascoe, fetch!

(Pascoe barks and stands still. Troll falls on ground laughing)

SGT SLUDGE:

What's he got to fetch?

PC WORLD:

Ummm - is there a spare key for the handcuffs?

SGT SLUDGE (tries to put hands to head but can't):

Oh, no! I can't even put my hands to my head in despair!

(Pascoe gets out spare set of handcuffs and puts them on troll as he is still on ground laughing.

Pascoe barks and salutes Sgt Sludge)

SGT SLUDGE AND PC WORLD:

Good dog, Pascoe!

(Pascoe pulls troll to his feet)

SGT SLUDGE:

Let's take in the prisoner.

PC WORLD:

And he won't be getting out for a very long time!

(Pascoe and troll lead the way off the stage, Troll winks at audience.

PC World and Sgt Sludge follow)

(Music: Policeman's Lot)

END OF ACT 2 SCENE 2

(Enter Narrator)

NARRATOR:

Before the next scene, I've been asked to warn you that it will not be suitable for people of a nervous disposition, since it takes place in a dark forest at night. And people who are afraid of spiders might like to consider hiding under their seats at this point. I'll tell you when it's safe to come out.

(reads from piece of paper)

The CYC Board of Pantomime Censors have issued the following advisory statement: this scene contains two occurrences of extreme spider-related peril and at least one unbelievably pointless joke.

You have been warned! Watch this scene at your own risk!

Is that enough stalling now?

(Narrator witters on a bit if necessary)

(curtains open)

ACT 2 SCENE 3

(in the dark forest at night.)

(Napoleon and Gruffona are on stage. Napoleon is chopping down trees again while Gruffona refreshes her make-up.

Music: Trees, trees..

Napoleon notices Gruffona isn't helping, and stops what he's doing, leans on axe)

NAPOLEON:

Come on, Gruffona, give us a hand.

GRUFFONA:

Hello, goats don't have hands, Napoleon.

NAPOLEON:

Gimme a break, Gruffona, our jobs are both on the line if we ain't got this casino finished in time. It's bad enough having to work eighteen hour shifts without having to carry a passenger.

GRUFFONA *(looking in mirror):*

Oh, no! That's awful!

NAPOLEON:

Yes, it is awful. I'm going to be in deep trouble with Daddy Bear.

GRUFFONA:

I wasn't talking to you. I meant it's awful I've smudged my mascara.

NAPOLEON:

Ha! That's the least of our worries! Daddy Bear does violent unpredictable things when he's very cross. And being disappointed makes him very cross. So by applying simple logic that even you can understand, we can deduce that if we disappoint him by not getting his casino finished, then things won't be looking too good for either of us.

GRUFFONA *(shrugging shoulders):*

Whatever.

(wanders round stage)

(Enter Forest Ranger)

F.R. *(to Gruffona):*

Aha! I thought I saw lights through the trees. What's going on here then?

GRUFFONA:

Talk to the pig 'cos the goat ain't listening.

F.R. *(to Napoleon):*

Are you cutting down trees again?

NAPOLEON:

Nope, I'm waiting for a bus.

F.R.:

There won't be one along here any time soon. The nearest bus route is the 22 and that only goes to Ocean Terminal.

NAPOLEON:

I'll remember that next time. Would you care for a drink of water now you're here?

F.R.:

That's very kind of you, but I don't really want to hang around here myself.

GRUFFONA:
Why's that then?

F.R.:
Haven't you heard of the legendary giant spider that is said to roam this part of the forest at night?

NAPOLEON:
Of course we've heard of it. But it's just a legend. That means somebody with nothing better to do made it up, and a lot of people too stupid to know any better believe in it.

F.R.:
I thought so too at first, but sometimes on a still night you hear echoing through the undergrowth the distinctive sound of eight articulated legs tapping away on the forest floor as it scurries from twilit treetop to gnarled stump searching for its prey - incidentally, its favourite meal is pig, washed down with a little goat.

NAPOLEON:
That's ridiculous. For you to hear its footsteps, it would have to be -

*(spider appears behind FR.
Napoleon's voice goes squeaky)*

Absolutely enormous!

GRUFFONA *(points at spider):*
Totally massive!

F.R.:
Well, that's what the legends say. Of course, it wouldn't worry me if I met it. I'm highly trained in dealing with giant spiders. But you two should watch out - you shouldn't be around here late at night.

NAPOLEON:
I bet you'd be scared if you met it - say you turned round and it was right behind you.

GRUFFONA:
Yeah, you'd be like - 'Aaagh! what a huge spider! Can someone get me a huge glass and card and get that thing out of here?'

F.R.:
No, no, I'd be completely fearless! I'd laugh in the face of danger, go right up to it, look it straight in the eye

(turns to look over shoulder)

and say 'Aaaaaaah'.

(exit FR at a run. Spider also disappears behind side curtain for the moment)

GRUFFONA:
Hey, I guess it's not a legend then!

NAPOLEON:
It's right in the middle of the casino site. We can't work under those conditions.

GRUFFONA:
Suits me.
(carries on with make-up)

NAPOLEON:
That's it! I've had enough! I'm going to see Daddy Bear right now and I'm going to tell him

exactly what I think.

GRUFFONA:

Won't he do something violent and unpredictable if you tell him exactly what you think?

NAPOLEON:

Two can play at that game! We pigs can be unpredictable too, you know.

(takes Gruffona's make-up kit and throws it offstage)

See? That was unpredictable, wasn't it?

(Exit Napoleon)

(Exit Gruffona, reciting Incey-Wincey Spider)

(Enter Wolf and Goldilocks)

GOLDILOCKS:

Oh, look, what's that light disappearing in the trees?

(points towards direction Napoleon and Gruffona disappeared in)

WOLF:

I expect it's just a will'o'the wisp.

G:

So - what's your plan for getting into the bears' house?

WOLF:

We'll need to get our hands on some false eyebrows, a set of conservatory blinds, an electric toothbrush and a piece of carrot cake.

G:

I can understand the set of conservatory blinds and the piece of carrot cake, but where does the electric toothbrush fit into this little scheme?

WOLF:

Isn't it obvious? I dress up as someone's granny using the false eyebrows, then I leave the carrot cake on the three bears' doorstep. When one of them comes out and eats it, they'll need to brush their teeth, and you happen to be a passing electric-toothbrush salesperson. But what they don't know is that using the electric toothbrush activates the conservatory blinds which snap down on them from above the door.

G:

This must be your best plan ever! And that's really saying something about your previous plans.

WOLF:

But we can't use that plan because we haven't got a piece of carrot cake.

G:

We'll think of something.

WOLF:

Our only danger is if we bump into the legendary enormous spider that's rumoured to live in this part of the woods.

(Wolf shudders)

G:

What's the matter, don't you like spiders?

WOLF:

It's not that I don't like them exactly.

(shudders again)

It's a purely physical thing - some sort of allergic reaction.

(Spider starts to appear behind Wolf. G sees it)

Whenever I see one I get this irresistible urge to go 'Aaaaaah' and run away.

(sees G's expression)

What's wrong?

G:

Don't look behind you.

WOLF:

Why not? Is there a huge spider there or something?

(laughs)

G:

Just do exactly as I say. Close your eyes and take three big steps forward.

WOLF:

What's going on?

G:

I'm afraid that's classified information. Just do it.

(Wolf closes eyes and takes 3 steps forward.)

G:

Take my hand - don't open your eyes!

(Wolf takes G's hand)

WOLF:

So - I'm guessing we probably have a spider situation.

G:

Current evidence suggests that we do....

(they walk around spider.)

Lift your foot now.

(Wolf lifts foot over spider's leg)

WOLF:

I don't like this.

G:

Just keep your eyes shut and you'll be fine.

(They carry on walking round the spider)

WOLF:

This tree has really big roots, hasn't it?

G:

Er - yes, right.

(They go past the spider and are about to exit when wolf opens eyes, looks back and sees spider)

WOLF:

Aaaaaah!

(runs offstage)
(exit Goldilocks)

CURTAIN
END OF ACT 2 SCENE 3

(Enter Narrator)

NARRATOR:

And so the two brave agents courageously made their way through the dark forest on their stealth mission to the Three Bears' House.

NARRATOR *(continued)*

Tonight's shaping up to be the ultimate battle between goodies and baddies. In the goodies' corner, outnumbered but determined, we have Agent G.

(Enter Goldilocks, spotlight on her.
She takes a bow and the Narrator continues)

A graduate of the Royal Scottish Academy of Spying and Espionage, this little golden-haired girl is not as fragile as she looks. Trained to demolish arms factories with a single kick - in her spare time Agent G enjoys eating porridge, sitting in chairs that are too small for her and testing beds until she finds one that's just right.

(Exit G.)

Also in the goodies' corner we have Agent W.

(Enter Wolf)

A veteran secret agent of more than 132 missions, Agent W has age and experience on his side. He also has a huge wardrobe of grannies' clothes - oh, I see he's brought some along.

(Wolf holds up grannies' clothes to audience)

Agents G and W look like being a fearsome combination.

(Exit Wolf)

But will they be up for the challenge of the baddies?
First up for the baddies we have Napoleon Pig!

(Enter Napoleon)

Napoleon was once the leader of a little band known as the three little pigs, of which he's the only one who hasn't yet fled in terror. Many years ago he led an uprising of farm animals, but he doesn't like to speak about it - mainly because of the copyright laws.

(Napoleon takes a bow and exits)

Also on the baddies' team we have Gruffona Gruff.

(Enter Gruffona)

One of the notorious Gruff family, gangsters to the aristocracy, Gruffona likes to practise cheerleading and her ambition is to work towards world peace, but I'm not sure how butting trolls into streams fits in with this.

(Gruffona takes a bow and exits)

And now we come to the real heavyweights in the baddies' corner.

(Enter 3 bears)

There's Baby Bear, Mummy Bear and - Mr Big - the Bearfather himself - Daddy Bear!

(3 bears wave to their supporters)

Together the three bears weigh enough to break a set of scales. And we're not talking about perspex bathroom scales here, we're talking industrial-strength scales. And they're bad enough to get into very serious trouble. But you'd have to catch them first.

(Exit 3 bears)

That's it for the baddies.
And as you can see, the odds are rather stacked against the goodies.
So - who's one false eyebrow short of a grannie?
Who's bitten off more magic porridge than they can chew?
One of our teams will emerge victorious.
The other will leave with nothing.
Let the final showdown begin!

(Exit Narrator)

Curtains open.

Act 2 Scene 4

*(three bears' house.
Three bears on stage - Daddy Bear in swivel chair.
When the curtains open he swivels to face audience and laughs in an evil way.)*

MUMMY BEAR:

Don't do that, you'll frighten Baby Bear.

(Baby Bear laughs in the same evil way as Daddy Bear)

DADDY BEAR:

Very soon now, the whole of Askedal will be in the grip of my casino empire. People will flock from miles around just so they can lose all their money to me - and I'll be fabulously rich!

MUMMY BEAR:

But we're already fabulously rich, dear.

DADDY BEAR:

We'll be supercalifragally rich. The common people down there - they don't need money. They wouldn't appreciate it if they got it. Besides, they never have enough to buy anything like a submarine - whereas we have ours moored at the bottom of the stairs. And if the townspeople surrender what little money they have to us, we can get it gold-plated.

(evil laugh again.

Baby Bear copies again)

MUMMY BEAR:

Aha...ha ha.. No, I just can't do that evil laugh the way you can.

DADDY BEAR:

We get it from our forebears.

MUMMY BEAR (confused):

Four bears? But there are only three of us.

(Knock at door)

MUMMY BEAR:

Who's that at this hour?

*(Mummy Bear opens door.
Enter Gruffona and Napoleon.
Daddy Bear sighs)*

DADDY BEAR:

What is it this time?

You're spending more time here than you are out there working.

NAPOLEON:

We've had enough! Working eighteen hour shifts in the freezing cold and rain is one thing, but being expected to work round a giant spider is something else.

GRUFFONA:

And the rain's so totally ruining my blusher.

DADDY BEAR *(gets to his feet in a rage):*

Blusher! Giant spider! When I was a young bear, we had much worse things to worry about. I had to go down the mines for 25 - 26 hours a day. I never saw daylight for years at a time.... I had to work really hard to get where I am today, and you come in here complaining about blushers and giant spiders.

MUMMY BEAR:

You never worked down a mine! You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth and you've been cheating your way to the top for as long as I've known you.

DADDY BEAR:

All right, all right, never mind that.

(to Gruffona and Napoleon)

It's tough at the top, you know. None of this prancing around the forest re-doing your make-up, it's sitting in here getting paperwork done that's a real hard day's work.

NAPOLEON:

Ha! Why don't you go out into that forest and chop down trees and deal with angry locals and risk being eaten by giant spiders, and have your house blown down by wolves?

GRUFFONA:

Hello, and, like, getting hassled by warty old trolls.

DADDY BEAR:

You think I have it easier than you?

GRUFFONA:

Sure.

NAPOLEON:

It's us getting your casino built so you can make money out of it. We ain't afraid of hard work.

DADDY BEAR:

You don't know the meaning of the word!

(Daddy Bear and Napoleon confront each other)

NAPOLEON:

I'd like to see you go out there and work around that giant spider!

DADDY BEAR:

I could build fifteen casinos in the time it's taken you to get this far. Fifteen casinos all with luxury penthouse apartments and swimming pools.

MUMMY BEAR:
And hairdressers!

BABY BEAR:
And bouncy castles!

NAPOLEON:
Oh yeah?

DADDY BEAR:
Yeah! And I'm going to go and start right now. Come on, Mummy Bear.

MUMMY BEAR:
Come on, Baby Bear.

GRUFFONA:
Where are you guys going?

DADDY BEAR:
We're going to build the casino ourselves. And you two, Napoleon and Gruffona, can be in charge of planning, organisation, human resources, finance, accounting, publicity, security, roulette rigging, catering, smuggling and all the other tasks I used to do - since you think we have such an easy time of it up here at the top!

NAPOLEON:
But -

DADDY BEAR:
If you get it wrong we'll be having roast goat garnished with pork sausages for tea. Good luck.

*(Exit 3 bears.
Napoleon and Gruffona are stunned.)*

NAPOLEON:
Well, here we are.

GRUFFONA:
In charge.

NAPOLEON:
I've always wanted to rise to the top of a big corporation.
(sits on swivel chair)

GRUFFONA:
I've always wanted to have lots of money.
(touches plasma plate)

NAPOLEON:
(swivelling about)
My name's Daddy Bear
And I'm the Bearfather.
Napoleon, do this, do that. Wrong again Napoleon, stand in the corner. Napoleon, go out and do all the hard work while I sit here swivelling around on my little swivel chair, feeling like I'm the one getting things done. I'm so big - I'm so clever - I'm a prince among bears!

GRUFFONA:
Shouldn't you be doing some of this planning and organisation stuff? Like, it would be so cool to plan a totally massive jewel robbery or something?

NAPOLEON *(picking up some papers):*
There ain't half a lot of papers here. Maybe Daddy Bear is as busy as he says he is after all.
(looks more closely at papers)

Hang on a minute, what's this? There's nothing to do with the casino here at all, it's just games of noughts and crosses. And it looks as if Daddy Bear's been playing against himself. And he's been cheating!

(Napoleon throws the papers on the floor)

GRUFFONA:

Isn't that a casino plan there?

(points to one of the papers)

NAPOLEON:

(picks up paper and reads from it)

'Casino complex project. List of tasks. 1. Pigs chop down trees. 2. Pigs build houses. 3. Pigs chop down some more trees. 4. Pigs build casino. 5. Pigs mysteriously disappear.

(in shocked voice) 6. Bacon sandwiches all round.

(Gruffona laughs)

NAPOLEON:

Ow!

GRUFFONA:

What's wrong?

NAPOLEON:

It's a paper cut! I just cut myself on this bit of paper! Ow! Ow! Ow!

GRUFFONA:

Don't be such a piglet. You know what? I think we should just hightail it outta here with all the cash we can lay our hands on.

NAPOLEON:

Ow! Ow! Ow!

Good idea. You go and look for Daddy Bear's wallet. It's bound to be so enormous you can't miss it.

(Gruffona searches for wallet. At last she finds it under the rug.)

GRUFFONA:

Gotcha!

(She tries to pick it up but it's so heavy it hurts her arm)

Ow! There's so much money in here I totally can't lift it! I've busted my arm! Ow! Ow! Ow!

NAPOLEON:

Ow! My finger!

GRUFFONA:

I can see what Daddy Bear means. It sure is tough at the top.

(Napoleon nods.

Knock at door)

GRUFFONA (nursing bad arm):

I'll get it.

(goes to door area.)

WOLF:(just offstage, in 'granny' voice)

Did you get the envelope I left for donations to the Save the Elves Foundation? Only I come round about this time every year and Mrs Bear is so kind, she always puts something in the envelope for me - not like some people who pretend not to have seen it.

GRUFFONA:

Save the Elves Foundation?

WOLF:

It's terribly sad, they've all gone sailing into the west - they're in the autumn of their years and they can't afford the property prices around here any more. That's the state pension for you.

GRUFFONA:

That's, like, their problem, isn't it? We're not giving them anything.

NAPOLEON:

Who's that at the door?

GRUFFONA:

Oh, just some old granny collecting for the Elves.

NAPOLEON:

We haven't got any elves around here, so tell her to go away.

WOLF:

Oh, but I need to get the envelope back for recycling if you're not going to contribute. Couldn't you just have a look for it?

GRUFFONA *(sighs):*

Wait here.

(to Napoleon)

Have you seen an envelope anywhere, Napoleon?

(They both start rummaging around, backs to 'door'.

Enter G. and Wolf who sneak up and overpower Gruffona and Napoleon.

Wolf 'shoots' them with stun gun.

They slump to the floor gracefully at one side of stage.)

G:

What was that?

WOLF:

It's a special trick passed down through generations of wolves. You take a stun gun and shoot them with it. We'll have to be quick, the effect doesn't last long.

G:

But where are the bears?

WOLF:

That's another reason for being quick.

I'll watch for them coming back while you look for the sleeping potion.

(Wolf watches at 'door' while G. searches among bottles etc, finds 3 bowls of porridge)

G:

I can't see anything that looks like a sleeping potion - just these three bowls of porridge. I suppose I might as well test them.

(tries porridge from 1st bowl)

Ow! That's too hot.

(tries second bowl)

Eugh! Cold porridge.

(tries third bowl)

Mmm, this isn't bad.

(yawns) Oh, dear, I think I've found the sleeping potion.

WOLF:

Of course! Magic sleeping porridge! That's how it's done. They must have been pouring it into

the stream all along.

If we take a sample of this back to headquarters it should be enough to nail Daddy Bear once and for all. Plus I got to dress up as someone's granny. This is turning into a really good day.

G:

I think I'd better sit down for a minute. My head's spinning.

(sits on swivel chair. It moves)

Oh! I don't like this one - it moves.

(sits on hard chair, knocking cushion off it)

Hm. This is a bit too hard.

(sits on small chair and it breaks)

Oh, no!

(Wolf goes to porridge to get a sample of it)

WOLF:

I can't wait to get this analysed.

G:

I can't wait to go and have a lie down.

Is there a bed in here anywhere?

(Exit G to rest of house)

(Wolf looks round)

WOLF:

Agent G?

(sighs)

I suppose she's gone to try on Mummy Bear's wardrobe or something. These young agents - no concentration.

(shakes head)

No focus at all.

(Enter G.)

G:

Agent W. - I think you should come and have a look in here. I found a bed but there was someone in it already.

WOLF:

Who? One of the bears?

G:

No, not one of the bears. Just come and have a look.

Wow, I need some Lucozade!

(G drinks lucozade and exits, Wolf exits)

(Enter 3 Bears. They don't see Napoleon and Gruffona at first)

MUMMY BEAR:

Baby Bear, you'll have to learn that if you're working on a building site it's not good practice to go back for your teddy bear.

BABY BEAR:

Teddy!
(goes and picks up teddy)

DADDY BEAR *(looking round at porridge and chairs):*
What's been going on here?

(goes to porridge bowls)
Who's been eating this magic porridge?

(Mummy Bear goes to porridge bowls)

MUMMY BEAR:
And who's been eating this magic porridge?

(Baby Bear goes to porridge bowls, turns the last one upside down)

BABY BEAR:
All gone magic porridge!

DADDY BEAR: Great, we're not going to have enough to pour in the stream now.

MUMMY BEAR:
Let's sit down and work out what to do.

(They go to the chairs)

DADDY BEAR:
Who's been swivelling in my chair?

MUMMY BEAR:
And who's knocked the cushion off my chair?

BABY BEAR:
My chair's broken!
(starts to scream)

MUMMY BEAR:
Daddy Bear can mend it.
(Baby Bear stops screaming)

(Daddy Bear finds Napoleon and Gruffona)

DADDY BEAR:
Who's been stunnning a goat and a pig and left them on my living room carpet?

*(Enter G. and Wolf supporting a sleeping Prince Invincible.
They put him on floor and say a few lines before they see the bears)*

G:
What do you think he was doing in there?

WOLF:
Not much, by the look of it.

G:
But who is he?

WOLF:
At a guess, I'd say -

(Bears interrupt at this point and G and Wolf turn to face them)

DADDY BEAR:

Leave him be! He's our prisoner!

(Wolf tries stunning bears but it doesn't work)

DADDY BEAR:

Your stun guns won't work on us, Agent W.

(bears stand looking threatening)

Oh, no, we bears are much too tough for that. We were born to rule - and that's what we're going to do - unlike that weakling over there.

(points to Prince Invincible)

WOLF:

But that's Prince Invincible, ruler of Askedal, slayer of dragons, incredibly handsome, an all-round cool person.

G *(looks critically at Prince I.):*

He's not that handsome.

DADDY BEAR:

It was too easy to capture him that fine spring day when his mind was full of dragons. He hadn't even noticed us corrupting the very fabric of Askedal society around him. We didn't have to take him prisoner and keep him asleep all this time, but it made everything a lot easier.

MUMMY BEAR:

Er - dear, why are you telling them all this?

DADDY BEAR:

I just want them to be clear that the real threat doesn't come from dragons but from the enslavement that my casino brings. And that they're powerless to prevent it. Because it's all completely legal, above board and in accordance with government policy.

G:

Apart from the mass poisoning, kidnapping and intimidation, you mean.

DADDY BEAR:

Haven't you noticed, nobody cares about that sort of thing any more?

G:

We care about it.

DADDY BEAR:

But what can you do about it? You can't even wake him up.

WOLF:

Oh, yes, we can, because we've got - Lucozade!

(gets out bottle of Lucozade and brandishes it.)

Keep them busy, G, while I administer this to Prince Invincible.

DADDY BEAR:

No!

(rushes forward.

Mummy Bear and Baby Bear rush forward.

G. fights them off with a devastatingly well choreographed martial arts sequence while Wolf feeds Prince I. with Lucozade.

Napoleon and Gruffona wake up.)

GRUFFONA:

Oh, my head! What's going on?

NAPOLEON:

It's a fight, and I know whose side I'm on now, after all that's happened.

GRUFFONA:

Whose side would that be?

NAPOLEON:

Any side that doesn't have Daddy Bear on it.

(They rush into the fight, restrain Mummy Bear and Baby Bear, G still fighting Daddy Bear)

G:

Hurry up, Agent W., I can't hold him off much longer!

(Prince I. wakes up, stands up looking heroic, draws sword, steps forward.)

PRINCE I. (to Daddy Bear):

I say, you're the jolly old bear who jolly well kidnapped me! Take that, you scoundrel!
(holds sword to Daddy Bear's throat)

DADDY BEAR:

You can't prove a thing.

WOLF (takes out porridge sample and hands to Prince I.):

I think you'll find this explains everything.

PRINCE I:

Oh, yes, this is the jolly old porridge used to keep me asleep all this time.
Whenever I came near the surface of my sleep, she came in with more of that frightful stuff.
(points to Mummy Bear)

MUMMY BEAR:

It wasn't me, it was my evil twin.

PRINCE I:

Silence! And that baby kept biting my ear.

(Baby Bear throws teddy at Prince I.)

NAPOLEON:

On behalf of myself and my goat friend, I would like to apologise for being led astray by those three. It won't happen again, your Magnificent Invincibility.

GRUFFONA:

Like, what he said.

PRINCE I:

All right, fine, be off with you.

(Exit Napoleon and Gruffona)

PRINCE I (to 3 bears):

As for you, you're all banished from the Forest of Askedal in perpetuity. You have one hour to collect your possessions and leave.

(to Baby Bear)

And don't forget your teddy.

DADDY BEAR:

But what about my casino complex?

PRINCE I:

It will crumble, as all evil empires are bound to do in the end. Now go and pack up your belongings.

(exit bears to 'rest of house')

(Prince I. turns to G. and Wolf)

PRINCE I:

I and my people owe you pair a tremendous debt of gratitude. And yet I don't even know who you are.

G:

The name's G. Agent G., Your Highness.

WOLF:

I'm Agent W., your Highness. And I don't dress like this all the time.

G:

We're part of a secret organisation and we're not allowed to tell you what it is.

WOLF:

But we're on the side of whatever is good and right wherever we go.

G:

Our next mission's going to involve liberating a jolly old bearded fellow in a red and white suit from a chimney.

PRINCE I:

Before you go, old chaps, I'd like you to come with me to the village. I have to jolly well explain to my subjects what's been going on, and jolly well reassure them that everything is back to normal.

Prince Invincible rides again!

G:

Do you have a horse?

PRINCE I:

No, but that sounds jolly good, don't you think?

CURTAIN

END OF ACT 2 SCENE 4!!!!

(Prince I walks through curtain as it closes ready for finale)

FINALE

(the following characters enter at sides:

Sgt Sludge, Pascoe, Villager 1, Napoleon and Gruffona, G. and Wolf.

Music - fanfare.

All say things like 'It's the Prince', 'He's back', 'It's Prince Invincible' through the first few bars before breaking into the Prince Invincible song)

Prince Invincible Song

PRINCE I *(in centre stage, speaking to all + audience):*

My loyal subjects - I stand before you today as a man who has spent the past months as a prisoner of three ruthless bears intent on world domination, who kept me subdued using a fiendish concoction of magic sleeping porridge - the very same porridge that you yourselves

were not so long ago drinking in the water of the jolly old stream.

(All gasp)

While I was sleeping, I dreamed that I was fighting the biggest ugliest dragon I had ever seen. And all the while behind my back, my kingdom was falling apart. It was only thanks to the efforts of these two - errrm - creatures -

(G. looks cross)

that the bears were defeated and I was restored to my former glory.

So let's have three cheers for those two fine agents known only as G and W.

Hip hip hooray.

Hip hip hooray.

Hip hip hooray.

(all join in the 'hoorays')

(Enter Narrator at front with a book)

NARRATOR:

And so the sleepy - but not too sleepy - little village in the forest of Askedal was saved from the evil schemes of Daddy Bear. And the tale of Goldilocks and the Magic Porridge was over. But as for Agents G. and W. - they would go on battling against the baddies of the world for a long time to come.

The End.

CURTAIN CALL

FINAL SONGS

THE END!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!