

# A Walk Before Breakfast

By Vicki Riba Koestler



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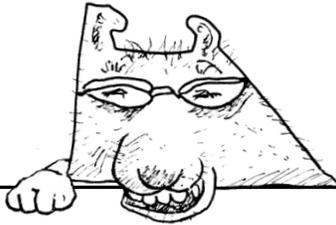
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## About the Author...

Vicki Riba Koestler has produced several plays including the full-lengths *We Gather Together* and *Epsilon Precious (The Play About the Cat)* and the one-acts *Googling Fin*, *Snedekker's*, *Bad Move*, *Minna Kwasnik's Stupid Blouse*, *That Time at Black Lake*, and *In the Gardens of Eden*. Several other of her plays have had staged readings and placed in competitions. Her short play *Orange Sunset* was published in the volume *Stage This! Too*. Vicki's personal essays have appeared in *The New York Times*, *Child* magazine, *New Jersey Monthly*, and *The Record* of northern New Jersey, among other places. She has also co-authored two books with self-help author Gary Null: *Choosing Joy* and *The Baby Boomer's Guide to Getting it Right the Second Time Around*. A native of New York City, Vicki now lives in Alexandria, Virginia.



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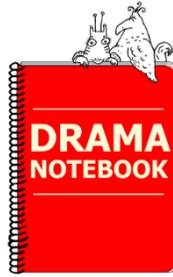
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## About the play...

*A Walk Before Breakfast* is a comedy with all your favorite fairy tale characters! Papa Bear thinks his middle-school-aged son has "an attitude." Worse, he considers him lazy and uninterested in learning. But when the Bear family takes a walk in the woods, the bear formerly known as Baby Bear offers assistance to several storybook characters along the way and Papa Bear has to revise his opinion. A hilarious comedy for kids and teens!



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## **CHARACTERS (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE):**

**BABY BEAR**—he isn't actually a baby, but a somewhat awkward pre-teen

**PAPA BEAR**

**MAMA BEAR**

**SNOW WHITE**

**SLEEPING BEAUTY**

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

**HAPPY**, a Dwarf (*the dwarves may be played by boys or girls*)

**SLEEPY**, a Dwarf

**DOPEY**, a Dwarf

**SNEEZY**, a Dwarf

**BASHFUL**, a Dwarf

**GRETEL**

**HANSEL**

**GOLDBLOCKS**



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*A beautiful morning in beautiful woods. There's a winding trail and perhaps a few rocks to sit on. Birds tweet sweetly as MAMA BEAR and PAPA BEAR enjoy a walk down the trail. BABY BEAR is with them, but he's bored.*

**BABY BEAR**

Can we go home now?

**PAPA BEAR**

Why would you want to go home? We've been walking all of five minutes.

**BABY BEAR**

That's why.

**MAMA BEAR**

Surely you can walk for more than five minutes, Baby Bear.

**PAPA BEAR**

Yeah—man up!

**BABY BEAR**

*Bear* up. We're bears.

**PAPA BEAR**

Don't be a wise guy.

*(ALL walk on for a few seconds)*

**BABY BEAR**

This is lame.

**PAPA BEAR**

Hey! Never say that! Don't you know that lameness is a sign of extreme vulnerability in a wild animal? It's nothing to make light of. You'd better watch your mouth.

**BABY BEAR**

Whatev.

**MAMA BEAR**

*(cheery, looking to make peace)* All I know is—I think it's great to get out of the house, into the fresh air. I hate that cooped-up feeling.

**BABY BEAR**

It didn't seem to bother you the six months we were hibernating.

**PAPA BEAR**

Don't be snarky to your mother. And by the way, bears don't *do* snark.

**BABY BEAR**

What do bears do?

**PAPA BEAR**

Shock and awe.

*(BABY BEAR attempts to shock and awe MAMA BEAR with a growl and a display of claws)*

**PAPA BEAR**

But not directed at your own mama! Where is your brain, Baby Bear?

**BABY BEAR**

In my head, which will soon be on an analyst's couch cause of all the damage you've done to it by giving me that stupid name! Baby Bear! I'm practically a teenager!

**MAMA BEAR**

I guess we just got carried away when you were born—you were so cute! A fuzzy-wuzzy, cutie-tootie, little baby teddy—

**BABY BEAR**

*(mortified, overlapping previous line)* No! Make it stop!

**MAMA BEAR**

Well, you *were* cute, Baby. *(to PAPA BEAR—)* And he still is, isn't he, Papa Bear?

**PAPA BEAR**

Yeah, but now he's got an attitude.

**BABY BEAR**

I can't help it if I don't want to go on this dumb walk.

**PAPA BEAR**

Well, you're going on it, so deal. A walk is good exercise. Besides, we had to let the porridge cool.

**BABY BEAR**

*(sotto voce)* I hate porridge.

**PAPA BEAR**

What did you say?

**BABY BEAR**

I hate porridge. It's lumpy and yucky. All the other cubs get to eat corn flakes and Honey Nut Cheerios.

**PAPA BEAR**

If all the other cubs jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge, would you do that too?

**BABY BEAR**

Probably. *(Pause)* What's the Brooklyn Bridge?

**PAPA BEAR**

*(dismissive)* Oh, it's like a beaver dam....only higher...and with traffic.

**MAMA BEAR**

Never mind all that. Let's just enjoy this beautiful morning.

**BABY BEAR**

*(dramatically enjoys sunshine for a nanosecond)* Okay, did it. Can I go home now?

**PAPA BEAR**

Cut the backtalk and walk.

**BABY BEAR**

Okay, okay. Chillax.

*(BABY BEAR puts earbuds connected to a music source into his ears and bops as ALL continue walking)*

**MAMA BEAR**

*(stopping, suddenly dismayed)* Oh my gosh.

**PAPA BEAR**

What.

**MAMA BEAR**

I don't remember if I checked the stove before we left.

**PAPA BEAR**

You did. I saw you. It was after you poured the porridge into the three bowls—the great big bowl, the medium-sized bowl, and the wee little bowl. And after you set the spoons beside them—the great big spoon, the medium spoon, and the wee little spoon. We decided to go out, and that's when you checked the stove. On the way out, I locked the door—so you don't have to worry about that either.

**MAMA BEAR**

Oh good...and the windows? You locked the windows too?

**PAPA BEAR**

Nope—left them open, for the air. But I don't think there's anything to worry about, Mama Bear.

**MAMA BEAR**

Well, I hope not. It's just that I heard this thing on the news...something about a burglar who's been active in this part of the woods.

**BABY BEAR**

*(intrigued, taking out his earbuds)* A burglar? Around here?

**MAMA BEAR**

Yes...they said it was a female...blond...

**PAPA BEAR**

What species?

**MAMA BEAR**

I didn't catch that.

**BABY BEAR**

Well, blond—couldn't be a bear.

**PAPA BEAR**

Unless it's a polar bear.

**BABY BEAR**

*(snorts)* Yeah, right. There's a whole lotta snow around here.

**PAPA BEAR**

Enough with the snark!

**BABY BEAR**

Maybe it's an albino squirrel...or maybe a skunk—they have those blond streaks. *(happy)* Maybe she's breaking into our house right now and smelling up the whole place!

*(MAMA BEAR and PAPA BEAR look askance at BABY BEAR)*

**BABY BEAR**

Or at least stealing the porridge....Then we could eat corn flakes or Honey Nut—

**MAMA BEAR**

Well, that's the strange thing. They said this burglar doesn't actually steal anything from the places she breaks into. She just tries out different pieces of furniture and different foods and then criticizes them. "Too hot," "too cold," "too big," "too small," "too hard," "too soft," that sort of thing.

**PAPA BEAR**

You mean she just breaks in and makes catty remarks?

**MAMA BEAR**

Yeah.

**BABY BEAR**

Maybe she's a cat. A cat burglar! I think we should go back and check.

**PAPA BEAR**

Oh, there's no one breaking into our house. You just want to go back so you can goof off, and raid the honey jars, and do screens. But that's not happening, buddy.

**BABY BEAR**

Fine. When we get back and see a bobcat's clawed her way through your stamp collection, don't blame me.

**PAPA BEAR**

Bears don't collect stamps.

**BABY BEAR**

Whatev.

**MAMA BEAR**

They don't even send letters.

**BABY BEAR**

*(snorts)* Yeah, like *anybody* does any more.

**PAPA BEAR**

Look. I have just about had it with your sarcasm.

**BABY BEAR**

I was only trying to make a point.

**PAPA BEAR**

Yes, but in that nasty, know-it-all tone...when you know nothing...Nothing! *(muttering—)* Cubs these days!

**MAMA BEAR**

It's just a phase, Papa Bear. He'll outgrow it.

**PAPA BEAR**

I don't know. Maybe if you hadn't coddled him so much...buying him that "wee little chair," and that "wee little bed," that wee little this, and that wee little that...No wonder he's growing up to be such a *weenie!*

**MAMA BEAR**

That's right, blame the mother. It's always the mother's fault.

**BABY BEAR**

*(sotto voce)* Gee, I just love this quality family time.

**PAPA BEAR**

What'd you say?

**BABY BEAR**

I said...I knew this walk was a bad idea.

**PAPA BEAR**

Well, you know what I have to say to that?

**BABY BEAR**

What.

*(PAPA BEAR growls, assuming a threatening stance directed at BABY BEAR, who gets scared and withdraws to the periphery)*

**MAMA BEAR**

Bruno! Cool it with the shock and awe. He's only a cub!

*(The BEARS, now estranged from one another, sulk in separate spaces, perhaps sitting on rocks. But they are soon distracted by the entrance of three characters. PRINCE PLEASANT is being fought over by SNOW WHITE and SLEEPING BEAUTY who pull at his clothes from opposite sides in their attempts to lay claim to him. SNOW WHITE and SLEEPING BEAUTY are disheveled, in the manner of people who have just awakened from a long sleep.)*

**SNOW WHITE**

He's mine! I kissed him first.

**SLEEPING BEAUTY**

You didn't kiss *him*—he kissed *you*.

**SNOW WHITE**

Proves my point. He's mine.

**SLEEPING BEAUTY**

Nope. Soon after he kissed you, he kissed *me*, which proves *my* point—you weren't satisfactory, so he had to find somebody better—*me*. Q.E.D.—he's mine!

**SNOW WHITE**

Dream on, sister! Mine!

**SLEEPING BEAUTY**

What part of *mine* don't you understand?

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

Girls! Girls!

**SLEEPING BEAUTY**

Hey—don't call me 'girl'. I've been sleeping for a hundred years, so I'm thinking I'm a woman by now.

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

Sorry. No offense.

**PAPA BEAR**

Uh...what's going on?

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

They both want me.

**MAMA BEAR**

*(celebrity-struck, to PAPA BEAR)* Oh my gosh—do you know who that is? That's Prince Charming!

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

Actually, he's my brother. I'm not quite charming, I'm afraid, but I'm pleasant enough. They call me Prince Pleasant.

**PAPA BEAR**

How did you wind up in this fix?

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

I guess it all started when I woke up this morning and turned on CCNN—the Castle and Cottage News Network—and I heard that there was a blond, female burglar prowling around these parts.

**MAMA BEAR**

Oh right, I heard that too.

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

I figured I'd go looking around the neighborhood to see if I could catch her. Do a good deed—giving-back-to-the-community kind of thing. So I'm walking along in the woods, *(re SNOW WHITE—)* when I see this gir—*(corrects himself)* uh, woman—

**SNOW WHITE**

You can call *me* a girl—I'm not a century old.

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

—when I see this person lying perfectly still in this kind of big glass box. She looked trapped. I went and opened the box, and she was so beautiful...I...I admit it was without consent...but I kissed her. As if by magic she came alive...and got up...

**SNOW WHITE**

*(remembering, dreamy)* And we started to fall in love!

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

I guess we *were* hitting it off pretty well as we walked through the woods getting to know each other. But then we came upon an old castle practically hidden by overgrown briars and brambles. And outside the highest castle tower was a sign that said, "SLEEPING PRINCESS INSIDE. LONG-TERM SLUMBER—DO NOT DISTURB."

**SNOW WHITE**

So genius here had to go disturb.

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

Well, I figured I was maybe on a roll and could perhaps help the poor gir—woman—wake up. So long story short, I cut through the briars and brambles, accessed the tower, climbed to the top, she was in there sleeping—there was, weirdly, some kind of yarn-spinning device... Anyway—cut to the chase—I kissed her.

**SNOW WHITE**

*(disgusted)* And the rest is history.

*(SNOW WHITE and SLEEPING BEAUTY continue to tug on PRINCE's clothing)*

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

I could really use some help getting out of this situation.

**SLEEPING BEAUTY**

*(still waking up)* I could really use a cup of coffee. Does anyone know if they've invented Starbucks yet?

**BABY BEAR**

*(stepping forward)* No, but I think I know how you can all solve your problem.

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

Super! I'm afraid we haven't met.

**BABY BEAR**

I'm Ba...*(corrects himself)* I'm the Bear Formerly Known as Baby Bear.

**SNOW WHITE**

*(patting BABY BEAR's head)* Aw, he's cute.

**SLEEPING BEAUTY**

*(to PRINCE)* Oh, she's just trying to impress you with her motherhood potential. She's about as maternal as a viper.

**SNOW WHITE**

I'll have you know I've been taking care of seven little—!

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

People! Let's hear what the bear has to say.

**BABY BEAR**

The problem is simple: Two princesses plus one prince equals misery. But two princesses plus *two* princes equals happiness. So all you need to live happily ever after is one more prince. And I know where you can find one.

**SNOW WHITE, SLEEPING BEAUTY, PRINCE**

You do? Where?

**BABY BEAR**

Over there. *(pointing)* Down through the woods, there's a pond. And in that pond, there's a whole lot of frogs. And frogs...well...everyone knows that when a princess kisses a frog, there's a good chance he'll turn into a prince. I'd estimate that by the time you've kissed, oh, maybe nine, ten frogs, you'll have yourselves another prince.

**SNOW WHITE**

Well, okay...but no way am *I* kissing any frogs. Let *her* do it.

**SLEEPING BEAUTY**

Are you kidding me? That's disgusting!

**BABY BEAR**

Uh, why don't you just take turns?

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

Good idea, Bear Formerly Known as Baby Bear. Come on, let's do it.

*(SLEEPING BEAUTY and SNOW WHITE grudgingly assent, and, still adhering to the PRINCE, they exit with him)*

**MAMA BEAR**

*(impressed)* Wow, Baby Bear, that was—

*(ALL are distracted as five DWARVES march in, singing "Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, a-searching we will go..." When they come to a halt—)*

**HAPPY**

Excuse me, have you seen our housekeeper?

**PAPA BEAR**

You are..?

**HAPPY**

Happy.

**SLEEPY**

Sleepy.

**DOPEY**

Dopey.

**SNEEZY**

Sneezy. (*sneezes*)

**MAMA BEAR**

Gesundheit.

**BASHFUL**

Bashful.

**ALL DWARVES**

We're dwarves.

**SLEEPY**

And about our housekeeper...

**DOPEY**

She seems to have wandered off.

**SNEEZY**

Have you seen her? (*sneezes*)

**MAMA BEAR**

Gesundheit.

**PAPA BEAR**

What does your housekeeper look like?

**WHICHEVER DWARF IS THE SHORTEST**

(*reaching up, on tippy-toe*) About yay high.

**HAPPY**

Lips as red as roses.

**BASHFUL**

Hair as black as ebony.

**DOPEY**

Skin as white as snow.

**BABY BEAR**

We've seen her!

**PAPA BEAR**

Yes—she went that-a-way with a prince and a gir—woman—who'd been sleeping for a hundred years.

**BABY BEAR**

They went to look for frogs.

**DWARVES**

Huh?

**BABY BEAR**

It's complicated.

**SNEEZY**

Well, thanks for the info. *(to DWARVES)* Come on, guys, let's go get her. *(sneezes)*

**MAMA BEAR**

Gesundheit.

**BABY BEAR**

Wait a minute. Aren't there supposed to be seven of you? There's only five. Where are the other two?

**HAPPY**

Grumpy and Doc stayed back at the cottage, to guard it. We heard there was a burglar around who breaks into people's houses and makes cutting remarks about the furnishings. We don't need anyone carping about our beds being too small or too messy. We know they're small—duh—it's 'cause we're dwarves!

**SLEEPY**

Yeah, and we know they're messy—that's why we're looking for our housekeeper—to make our beds!

**PAPA BEAR**

Hmmm...you know, even if you find her, I don't know if it'll do you much good. I get the impression she's looking to enter into a different kind of domestic arrangement.

*(DWARVES grumble. Pause)*

**BABY BEAR**

So, uh, why don't you guys make your own beds?

**HAPPY**

It's too hard—the blanket, the bottom sheet, the top sheet. Do you know how hard it is for little guys like ourselves to line up the top sheet just so and then smooth it out and then fold it just so over the top edge of the blanket? Fuhgeddaboutit—it's a nightmare.

**BABY BEAR**

But...but...you don't have to do all that anymore. They've been saying for a few years now that a top sheet isn't really necessary. You can still be considered a good housekeeper if your bed doesn't have a top sheet. *We* certainly don't use one when we hibernate.

*(MAMA BEAR and PAPA BEAR nod their heads to validate this.)*

**BASHFUL**

You sure about this?

**BABY BEAR**

Absolutely. It's the Middle Ages already—why should we have to stick with the old ways?

**SLEEPY**

Well, this certainly casts a new light on things.

**DOPEY**

Yeah, it's almost like it's the Enlightenment. Let's go home and make our own beds.

*(DWARVES ad-lib good-byes and march out. As they exit—)*

**BABY BEAR**

Bye, Happy...Sleepy...

**MAMA BEAR**

Dopey...Sneezy...

*(SNEEZY sneezes)*

**MAMA BEAR / PAPA BEAR**

Gesundheit. / Bashful.

**BABY BEAR**

Good luck with the beds! *(Pause. BABY BEAR looks in the direction of the pond, then enters the woods, scanning)* So they must've kissed a lot of frogs by now. I wonder if they're heading back. *(He notices something on the ground)* Whoa.

**PAPA BEAR**

You see them? They got another prince?

**BABY BEAR**

No, it's not that. There's something on the ground—a trail of bread crumbs!

**MAMA BEAR**

Don't eat them. They'll have dirt on them.

**PAPA BEAR**

*(getting hungry)* Hmm...they white or rye?

**BABY BEAR**

You don't understand—this means trouble! I've gotta do something!

**MAMA BEAR**

What're you talking about, Baby?

**BABY BEAR**

I know who left these crumbs—Hansel and Gretel.

**PAPA BEAR**

Hanslangretle? What species is he?

**BABY BEAR**

*(fast—it's urgent)* Human—and there's two of them—small!

**PAPA BEAR**

More dwarves?

**BABY BEAR**

No, cubs—I mean little children. They're in terrible danger!

**MAMA BEAR**

Because..?

**BABY BEAR**

I met them last week—okay?—when I was out playing in the woods. They told me about their situation... *(referencing crumbs—)* which has now gotten more dire.

**PAPA BEAR**

Cause they lost a little bread?

**BABY BEAR**

No! Listen! You know that old cottage over in the next valley?

*(PAPA BEAR and MAMA BEAR draw a blank)*

**BABY BEAR**

Well, there *is* one—trust me. And in that old cottage live Hansel and Gretel, with their father, an old wood-cutter.

**PAPA BEAR**

Is everything in the next valley old?

**BABY BEAR**

*(hitting his forehead with his paw)* Da-ad!—everything in this whole woods is old—it's a primeval forest! But this is serious.

**PAPA BEAR**

Okay. Go on.

**BABY BEAR**

These kids live with their father and their stepmother. And she's a real b... *(he censors himself)* 'B'.

**MAMA BEAR**

I thought you said this family was human. Now they're bees?

**BABY BEAR**

No! They are! I mean human! It's just that—I meant—this stepmother is a real...she's like a witch. And she hates Hansel and Gretel. Every day she makes them go out into the forest to look for firewood, with only a crust of bread for nourishment. She's hoping they'll get lost and never return. But these kids are smart. As they walk, they leave a trail of bread crumbs so they'll be able to find their way back home.

**PAPA BEAR**

So what's the problem? Just leave the crumbs there and—

**BABY BEAR**

The problem is—this is a fresh trail—left today—and it looks like they're now heading right in the direction of that witch's house!

**MAMA BEAR**

Huh? That would be in the direction of their own cottage.

**BABY BEAR**

No!—not the stepmother—she only *seems* like a witch. I mean the *real* witch—the one who built that gingerbread extravaganza over behind the pine-covered mountain...You *do* know that gingerbread extravaganza behind the piney mountain...the one held together with gumdrops, and marshmallows, and peanut brittle...with the gaudy candy cane fence?

*(MAMA BEAR and PAPA BEAR draw a blank; BABY BEAR hits his forehead with his paw)*

**BABY BEAR**

You people—I mean animals—have got to get out more.

**MAMA BEAR**

But we do go on walks in the woods practically every day we have porridge.

**BABY BEAR**

Yeah, but you stay on the beaten track. I go into the actual woods...anyway, this house behind the piney mountain—it's like a McMansion on a sugar high. I've gone up to it to sniff the gingerbread, but no way would I eat as much as one gumdrop from that thing. 'Cause I suspect it's a trap—a trap for young creatures that the witch wants to fatten up and then eat! And Hansel and Gretel are heading right toward it! I've gotta go save them!

**PAPA BEAR**

How do you plan to do that, Baby Bear?

**BABY BEAR**

Shock and awe. *(He demonstrates.)*

**PAPA BEAR**

Wow, son—I was wrong. I thought you were naive...lazy...a smart-aleck. But now I see I was mistaken. I mean, even though you love sweet things, you were savvy enough not to eat from that suspicious sugary house. I thought you were doing nothing but screens all day, but in reality, you've been exploring your environment, learning survival skills, and having actual face time with other youngsters. Plus the advice you gave to the prince and those women—and to the dwarves too—it was very wise. Not wise-guy-ish—just wise. And the way you're willing to take on a witch to protect the innocent? That's courage! I'm proud of you, son—you have a good heart, and a good head on your shoulders...although...do bears even have shoulders?

**BABY BEAR**

I don't know, but thanks, Dad...*(starting for the woods—)* Catch you later—gotta go.

*(As BABY BEAR heads off in the direction of the bread crumbs, he bumps into HANSEL and GRETEL who are entering.)*

**BABY BEAR**

Hansel! Gretel! I was just on my way to rescue you!

**GRETEL**

Oh gee, thanks, Baby Bear, but she already did.

**BABY BEAR**

Who already did?

*(GOLDILOCKS enters from same direction)*

**GRETEL / HANSEL**

*(pointing at GOLDILOCKS)* She did.

*(Now PRINCE PLEASANT, SNOW WHITE, and SLEEPING BEAUTY enter, tired, from the direction of the pond. SNOW WHITE and SLEEPING BEAUTY are no longer adhering to the PRINCE.)*

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

*(approaching GOLDBLOCKS)* Gadzooks!—you’re the one they were talking about on CCNN—the blond burglar! You’re under arrest—I’m making a citizen’s arrest! *(puffs himself up—)* No, actually, I meant a royal arrest!

*(He takes hold of GOLDBLOCKS, or produces handcuffs.)*

**PAPA BEAR**

Hey—by the way—where’s the other prince?

**SNOW WHITE**

Oh, we decided not to do that frog thing.

**SLEEPING BEAUTY**

Yeah, when we got to the pond, she and I realized we aren’t at a place in our lives where marriage really makes sense. So...I’m aiming for law school. That’ll help me when I sue that malevolent fairy who put me out for a hundred years.

**SNOW WHITE**

I’m planning to open a yoga studio.

**BABY BEAR / MAMA BEAR**

Cool.

**PRINCE PLEASANT**

Now can I arrest her?

**GRETEL**

Oh, please don’t!

**HANSEL**

She saved our lives!

**GRETEL**

Yes, she got there just in time! Broke in and told that awful witch that the peanut brittle on her house was too hard...

**HANSEL**

...and that the marshmallows were too soft...

**GRETEL**

...and that, in fact, nothing in her house was just right.

**HANSEL**

The woman was so stung by the criticism that it took her a moment to get over it—and that's when we made our escape!

**MAMA BEAR**

Well, that's wonderful, children. (*now to GOLDILOCKS*) But still—why would a young girl like you be breaking into people's homes and making catty remarks?

**GOLDILOCKS**

Oh, I never meant anything by it! You see, my family, like many in these woods these days, is having a hard time making ends meet. So my parents decided to turn our cottage into a bed-and-breakfast, and they sent me out to get design ideas—to see what works, what doesn't work—in, like, home furnishings, and menu items. I was merely thinking out loud. I never meant anyone any harm!

*(PRINCE PLEASANT, convinced, unhands GOLDILOCKS)*

**PAPA BEAR**

Uh...just wondering...This morning...we left our house around a quarter to eight....Have you already broken into it?

**GOLDILOCKS**

Dunno....What does your house look like?

**MAMA BEAR**

It's a large one-bedroom? Mid-century modern?

**BABY BEAR**

Fifteenth-century.

**PAPA BEAR**

Three of everything in three different sizes? Great-big?...Medium?...And wee-little?

**GOLDILOCKS**

Oh my gosh—yes—that was the first house I hit! I am so sorry!

**MAMA BEAR**

Don't worry about it....Really.

**GOLDILOCKS**

Yes, but I broke the wee little chair! I am so, so—

**BABY BEAR**

Really—don't worry—it was time.

**PAPA BEAR**

*(proudly drawing BABY BEAR to him)* Indeed it was....And now it's time for our breakfast. I do believe the porridge has cooled....Say, why don't you all come over for breakfast?

**MAMA BEAR**

Yes, I'm sure we can stretch the porridge.

**BABY BEAR**

Plus we've got some corn flakes. Don't we, Mama Bear?

**MAMA BEAR**

We do. And, you know, I think we may even have some Honey Nut Cheerios stored away.

*(ALL are enthused)*

**GOLDILOCKS**

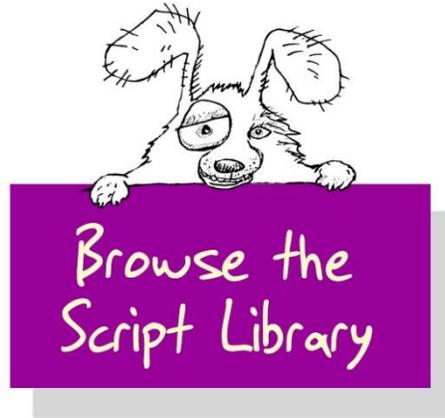
Oh boy! Let's go! That sounds *just right!*

*(GOLDILOCKS runs to join BABY BEAR under PAPA BEAR's protective arm; HANSEL and GRETEL join MAMA BEAR.)*

**CURTAIN**



Need another script?



Have a play to share?

