



MURRAY J. RIVETTE

A wacky adaptation of the children's classic tale

Norman Maine Publishing

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

2

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"ALL OF US WOLVES LOOK ALIKE.
IT'S THE FUR COAT."

—WOLF

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

CHILDREN'S COMEDY. All Goldie's parents want her to do is to stay at home and watch TV, but Goldie, an independent, outdoorsy girl, would rather spend time playing in the forest. One day while venturing forth into the woods, Goldie meets Little Red Riding Hood, a wolf, and three bears and invites them all over for dinner. But who should happen to appear unexpectedly? Goldie's cousin, Carlton Weston, who just happens to be an avid hunter of both bears and wolves. After Goldie convinces Carlton that the wolf and bears are friendly, Carlton puts down his shotgun, and proceeds to engage the bears in an "intelligent" conversation. You see, it turns out that Carlton has a hidden talent—he's fluent in several bear dialects including grizzly, panda, polar, koala, and gummi, to name just a few. But the evening goes too smoothly, and the bears and Carlton decide to stay the entire winter!

Performance Time: Approximately 50-60 minutes.

CHARACTERS

(4 m, 5 f, 2 flexible)

NARRATOR: A bit of a poet.

GOLDIE: Outdoorsy girl who likes to play in the forest.

MAMA: Goldie's mother.

PAPA: Goldie's father.

CARLTON WESTON: Avid hunter; can speak 14 different animal languages and several bear dialects.

WOLF: He's not big or bad at all.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: On the lookout for her grandmother.

MAMA BEAR: Makes some mean porridge.

PAPA BEAR: Prefers Mama Bear's cooking to Goldie's omeletes.

BABY BEAR: Takes a giant pacifier out of his mouth each time he speaks and then puts it back in.

GRANDMOTHER: Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother; searching for an assisted-care living facility in Florida.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Scene 1: Goldie's house.

Scene 2: Woods.

Scene 3: Bear's cottage.

Scene 4: Bear's cottage, later that same morning.

Scene 5: Woods, later that day.

Scene 6: Outside Goldie's house, that evening.

Scene 7: Outside Goldie's house, after dinner.

PROPS

3 Chairs (small, medium,
large)

Kitchen table

Parasol

Foam club

Large cooking pot

3 Bowls (small, medium,
large)

Giant pacifier

3 Spoons

3 Beds (small, medium,
large)

Trumpet

3 Plates (small, medium,
large)

Shawl

Toy shotgun

Picnic table

Suitcase

SCENE 1

(AT RISE: Goldie's house. Mama and Papa are seated at a small table. Narrator enters.)

NARRATOR: Open up the book of fairy tales, turn through
all the pages,
It's there, for you, the story of Goldie...a story for the
ages.
A beautiful young girl, in search of truth and love,
She finds it in Mother Nature, on the land and in the skies
above.

(Goldie enters.)

GOLDIE: Hey, that's me he's talking about! And it's true...I *do*
love Mother Nature. I love everything about it...the trees,
the earth, the rivers, lakes and oceans, the blue skies above
my head, the creatures of the forest...I love everything!
Except for this one little gray squirrel that bit me! Never try
to take a nut away from a hungry squirrel! Oh, how I wish
that my mama and my papa also felt the same way about
Mother Nature as I do.

MAMA: Oh, Papa! I wish our Goldie would stay at home
more instead of wandering around in the forest, looking
for...looking for...who knows what?

PAPA: I know what! She's looking for trouble! She thinks
that all the creatures in the world are her friends and that
she can go anywhere and do anything! She needs to be
more careful. It's not nice to fool with Mother Nature.

MAMA: Well, Papa, she is very independent.

PAPA: Independent...shmindependent! That's how young
girls get into trouble...wandering around strange and
dangerous places like the forest! With all those wild

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

8

animals...and poisonous plants...and insurance salesman everywhere!

MAMA: But that's how we met...don't you remember? *You* were selling insurance then.

PAPA: Well...things were a lot different then. The forest was peaceful and quiet. And I sold Whole Life Policies, not like today...so much bad stuff out there nowadays...traffic, noise, bad people, bad animals, Term Insurance... Why can't she stay at home more?

MAMA: She gets bored so easily.

PAPA/MAMA: Kids!

MAMA: But she loves the trees...

PAPA: They're diseased...

MAMA: The earth...

PAPA: Loaded with contaminants...

MAMA: The rivers, lakes and oceans...

PAPA: They're all polluted...

MAMA: The blue skies...

PAPA: Nothing but smog...

MAMA: And the creatures of the forest...

PAPA: Full of ticks, parasites...and there's gray squirrels in there, too!

MAMA: *(Sighs.)* I guess you're right.

PAPA/MAMA: Kids!

GOLDIE: Parents! You know, if it were up to my parents, I'd have to stay at home all the time, read, watch TV, and do my homework. I'd never get out of the house to do anything. I would be bored out of my gourd! And I like to explore different places and things! Meet new people...try new ideas! Boy, parents!

NARRATOR: But sit back and relax now...

Our story's about to begin,

Goldie and her parents must see eye-to-eye;

Otherwise, neither can win. *(Exits.)*

MAMA: Goldie! Sweetheart!

GOLDIE: Yes, Mama?

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

9

MAMA: What are you doing, sweetheart?

GOLDIE: Nothing, Mama...just being bored.

PAPA: Goldie, you should speak with respect to your Mama.

GOLDIE: Yes, Papa. I'm sorry, Mama.

MAMA: Never mind. Why don't you read or watch TV or do your homework?

GOLDIE: *(To audience.)* What did I tell you? Can there be anything more boring than that?

PAPA: Why don't you go clean out the birdcage? That should keep you busy for a little while.

GOLDIE: Clean the—? *(Sarcastic.)* Gee, I can't think of anything more exciting than that! I wonder what section of the newspaper is on the bottom of the cage. Maybe it's the funny papers! Oh, goodie!

MAMA: All right, all right, Goldie, go out, go out. You won't be happy until you put me in my grave!

PAPA: Kids! Shame on you, Goldie!

GOLDIE: I'm sorry, Mama...Papa...it's just that I love the great outdoors. I hate being cooped up inside the house with so little to do.

MAMA/PAPA: So go already!

(Goldie exits.)

MAMA: She's so headstrong.

PAPA: I hope she'll be all right all alone in the woods.

MAMA: Don't worry, Papa. She'll be fine. All the animals love her...except that one nutty squirrel. All the other animals will watch over her.

PAPA: Even so, there's also wolves out there...and bears! *(Yells out door.)* Be careful, Goldie! *(To Mama.)* There she goes again...our little girl.

MAMA: Yes, there she goes...into the woods.

PAPA: Into the woods.

MAMA: Stephen Sondheim would be very proud of her. *(Big sigh.)* I wish. *(Blackout.)*

SCENE 2

(AT RISE: Woods. Narrator enters.)

NARRATOR: It's a lovely day to be out in the air,
There's no clouds in the sky, and the weather's fair.
Our Goldie is having such fun,
On this lovely day, out in the soft, warm sun.

(Narrator exits. Goldie enters, carrying a parasol.)

GOLDIE: Oh, it's such a beautiful day! I just love the
forest...the trees, the flowers, the animals...

(Wolf runs in.)

WOLF: Animal? Did someone call for an animal? Your
prayers are answered, short stuff! Here I am! One hunk of
beautiful animal at your service. *(Does bodybuilder pose.)*

GOLDIE: Oh...oh! Oh, my goodness, you're a wolf!

*(She hits the Wolf with her parasol. Every time she hits him, she
chases him around stage.)*

WOLF: *(Wolf wards off blows.)* Ugh...hey, cut it out! Stop with
the hitting already! Oooh, you're giving me such a
headache! Hey, you're hurting me here! Ow! *(She stops.)*
Yeah...okay. Okay, so I'm a wolf. The name used to be
Wolfberg before I changed it! Oy! What's in a name? A
wolf by any other name is still a wolf. Alright already! So
what?

GOLDIE: So what? What do you mean "so what?"

WOLF: Like I said, "So what?" Boy, that hurt. I got a
concussion for sure! Also maybe even a big contusion...or

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

11

whiplash at the very least! Don't hit me anymore! You sure do know how to hit with that thing! Are you on steroids?
GOLDIE: No, I'm *not* on steroids! But I'll beat you senseless, you big, bad wolf!

(Wolf clutches heart.)

WOLF: Ooooooh, that hurt even more than the beating. I am cut to the quick! Bad? Me? Nah! You must have me confused with some other wolf.

GOLDIE: No, you're the big, bad wolf. I recognize you!

WOLF: Hey, come on. All of us wolves look alike. It's the fur coat.

GOLDIE: Fur coat? You're wearing a fur coat? Shame on you. I'm an Animal Rights Activist and you shouldn't be wearing fur!

(Goldie hits him again.)

WOLF: Stop! Stop! Hey, kiddo, cut it out! I have no choice...remember? I'm an animal! *(She continues to hit him.)*
Okay. Okay! Stop! It's not real...okay? It's not real! It's an outfit I bought at the Gap *[or another department store]*...it's fake fur!

(Goldie stops hitting him.)

GOLDIE: Fake fur? Oh, then that's all right.

WOLF: *(Aside.)* This little kid is crazy! Her elevator does not go up to the top floor!

GOLDIE: Well, fake fur or not, you're still bad.

WOLF: No, no, no. You must be thinking of my Uncle Wilfred Wolf. He's the one who huffed and puffed and blew down the houses of the three little pigs. That wasn't me...honest!

GOLDIE: It wasn't?

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

12

WOLF: Nope, I should say not. I am a law-abiding citizen of the forest.

GOLDIE: Well...in that case...I'm sorry.

WOLF: Apology accepted. My name's Walter...Wally.

GOLDIE: Pleased to meet you, Walter Wally.

WOLF: No, no. Just Walter. Or Wally.

GOLDIE: Okay, I'm pleased to meet you Justwalterorwally.

WOLF: No...I didn't mean—

GOLDIE: Yes?

(Pause.)

WOLF: Never mind.

GOLDIE: My name is Goldie Locks.

WOLF: Goldie? Locks? But your hair isn't—

GOLDIE: I know, I know. My father is color blind and he named me. Originally, he wanted "Fred," but Mama talked him out of it. So...Justwalterorwally, what are you doing out here in the woods?

WOLF: I live here...check it out... *(Does a model's turn.)*
Animal? Remember?

GOLDIE: *(Suspiciously.)* Oh, yeah. Hey, are you sure—?

WOLF: Fake fur! Fake fur!

GOLDIE: Oh, all right.

WOLF: Listen, you haven't by any chance seen...Little Red Riding Hood wandering around here, have you? I can't seem to find her.

GOLDIE: Oh, I'm sure she'll be around. It's a holiday and she always brings a basket of goodies to her grandmother on holidays.

WOLF: Goodies? Oh, goody, goody!

GOLDIE: Hey, wait a minute! Little Red Riding Hood? She's in a different story. Are you in the wrong story? This is *my* story..."Goldie and the Botheresome Bears."

(Wolf, scared, screams and hides behind Goldie.)

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

15

WOLF: Ahhh! Bears? Where? Where?

GOLDIE: Calm down...no bears...no bears. That's just the name of the story!

WOLF: Oh, phew! You really had me going on that one!

GOLDIE: I'm sorry. I certainly didn't mean to frighten you.

Hey, wait a gosh-darn minute there, Justwalterorwally.

WOLF: What? What?

GOLDIE: I know the Little Red Riding Hood story. And you're a *bad* wolf!

(Goldilocks hits him again.)

WOLF: No, no, no. Wait...please! Let me explain!

(Goldie stops hitting.)

GOLDIE: Well, it better be good. 'Cause I remember in that story that you go to her Grandma's house and you eat her up and wait for Little Red Riding Hood to get there and you try to eat her up too, but a hunter comes just in time and shoots you stone dead! Bang! Blam! Kaput!

WOLF: Well, yes...

(Goldie hits him again.)

GOLDIE: I knew it! I knew it!

WOLF: Hold it! *(Goldie stops hitting.)* What I'm trying to tell you is that I've reformed. I don't eat meat of any kind anymore! Honest! Ever since Mad Cow Disease, I'm a vegetarian!

GOLDIE: Don't bring religion into this! You're bad, bad, bad!

(Goldie hits him repeatedly.)

WOLF: No, no, no! *(Goldie stops hitting.)* Vegetarian just means that I eat only vegetables! Vegetables! Carrots, peas,

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

14

cauliflower. I had to quit with the meat diet...too much cholesterol.

GOLDIE: Well, Willy...

WOLF: Not Willy...Wally!

GOLDIE: Willy, Wally, what's the difference? Besides, with that fur coat you look Wooly.

WOLF: With all the hitting you gave me, I'm beginning to feel woozy! *(To audience, like Groucho Marx.)* If I were a coyote, I'd be Wiley! *(To Goldie.)* Look, I don't mean any harm, so I'll just be on my way. So long...slugger.

GOLDIE: So long...Wooly Willy Wiley Justwalterorwally.

(Pause.)

WOLF: Whatever! I'm gonna go home and take an Excedrin!
(Exits.)

GOLDIE: Boy, am I glad he's gone! I'm still not too sure about him.

(Little Red enters carrying a large foam club. She looks around furtively.)

RED: Hi!

GOLDIE: Hi! Who are you?

RED: I'm Little Red –

GOLDIE: Riding Hood! Oh, yeah!

RED: Right! And who are you?

GOLDIE: My name is Goldie –

RED: Locks! Oh, sure. I know all about you!

GOLDIE: You do?

RED: Sure. You're on your way –

GOLDIE: Into the forest –

RED: To be with Mother –

GOLDIE: Nature. Yep, that's right.

RED: I knew that.

GOLDIE: And you're heading to your Grand –

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

15

RED: Mother's house to bring her—

GOLDIE: All sorts of goodies.

RED: Right. But...if you're Goldie Locks, then how come your hair—?

GOLDIE: I know, I know. It's a long story, but color blindness runs in the family. So how are things—

RED: Going with me?

GOLDIE: Yeah.

RED: Pretty good. And how are things—

GOLDIE: Going with me?

RED: Yeah...

GOLDIE: Couldn't be—

RED: Better?

GOLDIE: Hey. I like you. You and I seem to know—

RED: Exactly what the other one is going—

RED/GOLDIE: To say.

GOLDIE: Right! Hey, what are you doing in my story? You still have one of your own, don't you?

RED: Oh, sure, but I was just passing through and I heard rumors that the wolf from my story kind of jumped into your story by mistake.

GOLDIE: As a matter of fact, I heard those rumors, too. So what's the club for?

RED: Hey, if I see that wolf around here, he's gonna get clobbered!

GOLDIE: Well, I wish you luck, but I hope you don't encounter Justwalterorwally.

RED: Who?

GOLDIE: Justwalterorwally...he's the wolf I met—

RED: What? You already ran into the wolf?

(Red looks around for Wolf.)

GOLDIE: Well, yes, but I'm pretty sure that Justwalterorwally wasn't the one you're looking for.

RED: What makes you so sure?

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

16

GOLDIE: Well, for one, he seemed so nice.

RED: Yeah, yeah, yeah...he does that all the time. He gets you to thinking that he's a nice guy, and then...wham!

GOLDIE: Wham?

RED: Yeah...wham! He sneaks up behind you, hits you over the head with a big club, and then roasts your sweet flesh over an open fire!

GOLDIE: Yuck! That doesn't sound very neighborly. *(Thoughtfully.)* But...hmmm...sweet flesh roasting on an open fire...that kind of reminds me of a Christmas song.

RED: It's no Christmas song, believe me, and he's no Santa Claus! And like you said, it's *not* very neighborly. But if I see him again, I got a club, too! And I'm gonna clobber him good!

GOLDIE: Good for you. Oh, wait a minute! I remember now! He *did* ask for you.

RED: See? What did I tell you? Don't you read?

GOLDIE: Well, yes...sometimes. Especially Harry Potter books!

RED: If you remember my story, I go to my Grandmother's house and he's there, and he's already eaten Granny, and he's about to gobble me up, too, but a huntsman comes in and saves the day. He takes a double-barreled shotgun and kills the wolf...blam!...and then he cuts and slices him up into tiny little pieces and there's a whole bloody mess with wolf parts and guts here, and wolf parts and guts there, so that there's nothing left of him at all...and it's really too horrible and disgusting and awful to even mention!

GOLDIE: *(Looking sickly.)* Yeah...thanks. I'm sure glad...that you didn't...mention it. I think it's just a tad too late. Oh, dear. Gee, I sure hope the wolf wasn't an organ donor! Well, I've gotta be going. I think I'll just find some place to go lay down for a few minutes. Bye, Red. *(Exits.)*

RED: Bye, Goldie, I'll see you around. Ah, well. Off to grandmother's house. *(As she exits.)* Oh, Wolfie! Come out, come out, wherever you are! Yoo-hoo. Little Red has a nice

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

17

surprise for you! (*Whacks leg with club.*) I'm gonna get you,
sucka!

(*Blackout.*)

SCENE 3

(AT RISE: Bears' cottage. Papa and Baby Bear are seated. Mama Bear has a large pot of porridge. Narrator enters.)

NARRATOR: If Red meets the wolf, I pity him so,
She's gonna clobber him for real!
Meanwhile, at the cottage of the bear family,
Everyone was ready for their breakfast meal.

(Narrator exits. Mama Bear pours porridge into smaller bowls on table.)

MAMA BEAR: *(To Papa Bear.)* There you go.

PAPA BEAR: Oh, boy! Porridge! My favorite breakfast!
(Takes spoonful. Jumps up and down, screaming in pain.) Ow,
ow, ow! Hot, hot, hot! *(Pause.)* Almost perfect, Mama! But
not quite. Listen, whattaya say that we take our usual
morning jog and let the porridge cool off.

MAMA BEAR: Hmm. Maybe I did make the porridge a
little too hot. I'm sorry, Papa.

PAPA BEAR: I bet it's that new microwave oven. I think I
ought to take it back to the store and get another one.

*(Baby Bear takes a giant pacifier out of his mouth each time he speaks
and then puts it back in.)*

BABY BEAR: Yeah...nother one!

MAMA BEAR: Well, maybe that's the answer...but we'll have
to let our porridge cool before we can eat it.

PAPA BEAR: Why don't we take a nice little stroll in the
woods and give it time to cool?

BABY BEAR: Yeah...cool!

MAMA BEAR: All right. Off we go.

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

19

PAPA BEAR: Off we go.

BABY BEAR: Yeah...go! Hey, can we go to Burger King [*or a local restaurant*] for a Croissanwich [*or another breakfast item*] instead of having porridge this morning?

MAMA BEAR/PAPA BEAR: No!

BABY BEAR: Sheesh!

MAMA BEAR: And tomorrow, we can all go to the fair at that lovely little town, Lilith.

PAPA BEAR: I bet I can win a stuffed human at the fair!

BABY BEAR: Me for the cotton candy!

PAPA BEAR: Be patient, that's tomorrow.

BABY BEAR: Yes, Papa.

(All three exit. Goldie enters.)

GOLDIE: Oh, what a lovely little cottage! I don't remember ever seeing it before. Of course, I've never been to this part of the woods before, so that might explain it. It looks as if it might be one of those Habitat for Humanity homes. How lovely! Hello? Anyone home? Hello? Ding, dong! Avon calling! Huh, no one seems to be here. Oh, porridge! I love porridge! That's my favorite breakfast...except for bacon and eggs...and sausage and pancakes...and cinnamon buns and milk...but after those, porridge is definitely my favorite! *(Checks bowl 1.)* Oh, that's too hot! *(Checks bowl 2.)* Wow! That's too hot, too! *(Checks bowl 3.)* Oh, boy! Just right! Now, where shall I sit? *(Checks chair 1.)* No good...too high. *(Checks chair 2.)* Nope! Much too wide! *(Checks chair 3.)* Ooooooh...that's so comfy. *(Eats porridge.)* Yummy! *(Yawns.)* Goodness, I'm so tired. All that walking and now a full tummy. Maybe I'll just take a little nap. Ah, here's three beds. *(Checks bed 1.)* Ugh! No good! Much too hard! *(Checks bed 2.)* Oh, dear! Much too soft. *(Checks bed 3.)* Ahhhhh! Now that's what I call comfort. Feels just like a Beautyrest!

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

20

(Falls asleep immediately, snoring very loudly. Bears enter.)

MAMA BEAR: Oh, what a lovely day for a walk. That was so nice. And so short.

PAPA BEAR: Yes, it was. A lovely, short walk on a beautiful day.

BABY BEAR: Yeah...bootiful day!

MAMA BEAR: Well, let's have our breakfast, shall we? Uh, oh. Someone's been messing with my porridge!

PAPA BEAR: Hey! Someone's been putting their paws in my porridge, too!

BABY BEAR: Yeah...mine, too! And the evil villain has totally scarfed down my porridge! How despicable!

MAMA BEAR/PAPA BEAR: What?

BABY BEAR: Yeah...my porridge, too!

MAMA BEAR: It sounded as if you...

PAPA BEAR: You heard it, too...?

BABY BEAR: Yeah...okay, so you heard it, too.

MAMA BEAR: I must have imagined that Baby was talking...with *big* words! Like..."despicable"!

PAPA BEAR: No, I know what I heard. He was!

BABY BEAR: Okay, guys, so now you know I don't talk baby talk all the time. So? I know lots of big words. Psoriasis, eczema, dermatitis...what's the big deal?

MAMA BEAR: Well, no big deal, really...

PAPA BEAR: No, no big deal, really...but you shouldn't make those rash statements.

BABY BEAR: Look, just because I'm a baby, I'm supposed to talk baby talk? Ridiculous! Don't stereotype me, please!

MAMA BEAR/PAPA BEAR: Sorry!

BABY BEAR: Heck, I'm even smart enough and old enough to join the Army.

MAMA BEAR: That's ridiculous!

BABY BEAR: No, it isn't!

PAPA BEAR: Yes, it is! You're much too young!

BABY BEAR: Oh, really? Too young? Not for the infant-ry!

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

21

PAPA BEAR: That's foolish...hey, someone's been sitting in my chair!

MAMA BEAR: And mine, too!

BABY BEAR: And mine is definitely no exception to this mysterious occurrence!

PAPA BEAR: Someone's been messing up my bed!

MAMA BEAR: Mine too!

BABY BEAR: Guess what, folks! She's right here, sleeping in *my* bed!

MAMA BEAR/PAPA BEAR: What?!

BABY BEAR: Mama, Papa...just what part of that didn't you understand? I said, "She's *sleeping* in my bed"!

(Goldie wakes up with the shouting.)

GOLDIE: Hey, hey, what's all the noise? I'm trying to catch 40 winks here! Boy, what nerve!

PAPA BEAR/MAMA BEAR/BABY BEAR: Well, excuuuuuuse us!

GOLDIE: Well, all right, but...oh, my goodness! You're bears!

MAMA BEAR: How very observant of you. You got us. You took just one look and made us immediately!

PAPA BEAR: You are sure one sharp cookie, kiddo!

BABY BEAR: Yeah, a regular Finestyne!

MAMA BEAR: That's Einstein.

BABY BEAR: Whatever.

GOLDIE: I am *so* sorry! Look, I didn't mean any harm...I was just out for a walk in the woods—

MAMA BEAR: And you thought you'd just walk in and eat our breakfast...?

PAPA BEAR: And use my personal chair...?

BABY BEAR: And sack out in my comfy little bed?

GOLDIE: Well, as a matter of fact...yes. But I didn't mean to harm anything, believe me! Look, I've got a wonderful idea. Let me make you a fabulous breakfast to make up for my bad manners, and then afterward, you can all come over to

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

22

my house. We can have a nice visit, and I'm sure my folks would just love to have you for dinner.

MAMA BEAR: Ohmigosh! Did you hear that? She wants her mother to roast us! For her dinner!

PAPA BEAR/BABY BEAR: (*Scream.*) Aaaaagh!

GOLDIE: No, no, no!

MAMA BEAR: No, no, no? You mean she'll boil us?

PAPA BEAR/BABY BEAR: (*Scream.*) Aaaaagh!

GOLDIE: No, no, no! What I mean is we'll have you over *for* dinner...as our *guests*!

MAMA BEAR: Not as your meal?

GOLDIE: Oh, absolutely not! Mama loves to make a big fuss over company. You'll love her cooking.

PAPA BEAR: Well, that sounds wonderful. We'll do it!

GOLDIE: Terrific! Now, let me get started with your breakfast...let's see what we've got here...

(*Blackout.*)

SCENE 4

(AT RISE: *The Bear's cottage, later that same morning. Goldie cooking at stove.*)

GOLDIE: So what do you do for excitement way out here in the woods?

MAMA BEAR: Oh, there's a great movie theater just a couple of miles away.

PAPA BEAR: Yeah, we go there a lot.

BABY BEAR: (*Takes out pacifier.*) Yep, lots and lots. (*Replaces pacifier.*)

GOLDIE: What kind of movies do you like? Comedies? Dramas? Action?

MAMA BEAR: Actually, we're very partial to Disney films...

PAPA BEAR: There always seem to be lots of animals in them.

BABY BEAR: Lots and lots of animals.

MAMA BEAR: My favorite was Disney's "Bear Country."

PAPA BEAR: And I love baseball, so my favorite was "The Bad News Bears."

BABY BEAR: And I love music, so my favorite was "My Bear Lady."

GOLDIE: That was "*fair*"!

BABY BEAR: Fair? Heck, I thought the movie was excellent!

GOLDIE: No...that's not what I...never mind. So, you like music?

BABY BEAR: I sure do. Someday I'd like to become a professional trumpet player. (*Gets trumpet.*)

GOLDIE: No bears are trumpet players—only humans are trumpet players.

BABY BEAR: Oh, yeah? How about Bunny Bear-igan?

GOLDIE: That's BER-igan—not BEAR-igan. And besides, he's a human.

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

24

BABY BEAR: Human? With a name like Bunny? You've got to be kidding. I found this old trumpet, and I want to practice to become the very best!

(Blows loud blast on trumpet. Everyone holds their ears.)

ALL: Aaaaargh!

MAMA BEAR: That's about enough.

PAPA BEAR: Yes, please put up the trumpet. I think it's almost time for breakfast.

GOLDIE: Yep, everything's ready. I made you a very special omelet. It's got eggs, Brussels sprouts, rutabagas, a little limburger cheese for some extra zing, and a few cloves of garlic. *(She serves three plates to Bears.)* Here you go. *(Pause.)* Listen, if you'll excuse me, I better get going on home. I need to let my folks know that we're having company for dinner. Just take the main path out of the woods, heading east, and you'll see my house. It's the purple one with the bright yellow shutters, right alongside the big lake.

PAPA BEAR: I know exactly where it is.

MAMA BEAR: Papa, maybe Goldie should leave us a map with the directions?

PAPA BEAR: Please! I'm a guy! I don't need no directions!

GOLDIE: Okay, so I'll see you there around 6-ish. Bye. *(Exits.)*

MAMA BEAR: Have you tasted this omelet yet?

PAPA BEAR: I'm not sure I want to. Did you hear her tell us what's in it?

MAMA BEAR: Frankly, it didn't sound too appetizing.

BABY BEAR: Not appetizing at all.

PAPA BEAR: Well, since she went to the trouble of making it and all, I think we should at least taste it.

(All three taste omelet and immediately spit it out on their plates.)

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

25

MAMA BEAR: Oh, dear! That's awful! It's worse than dog food!

PAPA BEAR: I agree! It's even worse than cat food!

BABY BEAR: I want something!

MAMA BEAR: What would you like, dear?

BABY BEAR: A stomach pump!

PAPA BEAR: I'm going for the Maalox!

MAMA BEAR: I'm right behind you!

BABY BEAR: Me, too!

(All three exit. Blackout.)

SCENE 5

(AT RISE: Woods, later that same day. As Goldie strolls along, Little Red, her Granny, and the Wolf enter, arm in arm.)

GOLDIE: Ohmigosh! Little Red! It's Justwalterorwally, the wolf! Watch out!

RED: Oh, Goldie, it's okay. I was so wrong about the wolf.

(Red hugs Wolf.)

GRANNY: Absolutely. He's a fine gentleman. Hey, big guy!

(Granny hugs Wolf.)

WOLF: Aw, shucks, it was nuthin'.

(Wolf hugs them both back.)

RED: All this time, I thought he'd eaten my dear granny, too, but she had just gone on vacation and was in South Florida checking out assisted-care living facilities.

GRANNY: That's right. And this beautiful wolf has been delightful!

RED: He's a terrific host. And he even made us lunch. He made blintzes with sour cream and other terrific goodies for us to enjoy.

GRANNY: And I think I've already put on about three pounds from this rascal's fine cuisine!

GOLDIE: Well, I'm still not too sure about him after what you told me.

WOLF: Hey, come on...give me a break.

RED: Yeah, give him a break!

GRANNY: Right! All he needs is a break.

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

27

WOLF: And, Goldie, to show you that my heart's in the right place, I'm having Little Red and Granny for dinner on Saturday... Wait! Hold it! Let me rephrase that! I'm having them *over* for dinner on Saturday! I would like you to come, too. I'll make a delicious quiche for all of you.

GOLDIE: Aww, that is so sweet! Hey, tell you what. Why don't you all come over to my house this evening and have a barbeque with me and my mama and papa?

RED: Sounds good to me.

GRANNY: Lead me to the goodies!

WOLF: Uh...me, too?

GOLDIE: Of course, Justwalterorwally.

WOLF: Wonderful! I'm in!

GOLDIE: I better get on home and let my mama know that you're all coming for dinner.

WOLF: I think I'll run home first. I could use a sweater. It's getting chilly out here.

GOLDIE: Oh, Justwalterorwally, here, take my shawl. It's such a lovely day, and I feel very comfortable. *(Gives shawl to Wolf; he puts it around his shoulders.)* Okay, guys. I'll see you all later at the house. Around 6-ish, okay? Bye, all.

WOLF: Wait, wait! Before you go...group hug! *(All four hug.)* Who loves ya, baby?

GOLDIE: That was so nice! I'll see you all later at the house. Bye. *(Exits.)*

RED/GRANNY/WOLF: Okay, Goldie. See you later. Bye.

RED: *(Teasing.)* Hey, Wolf, you look so cute in Goldie's shawl!

WOLF: Thanks a lot!

RED: Granny and I are going to take off, too. I have a couple of errands to run before dinnertime.

WOLF: Okay, see you later.

(Granny and Red exit. Carlton enters, carrying shotgun.)

CARLTON: Doggone it, I thought I saw a wolf come by here... *(Wolf puts Goldie's shawl over head as disguise.)* ...and if I find

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

28

him, I'm going to shoot him dead! Always remember, folks:
"Guns don't kill people; wolves kill people."

WOLF: (*Aside, to kids in the audience. Adlibs.*) He doesn't know
me too well, kids. I would never kill anyone! (*Etc.*)

(*Hunter comes up behind Wolf and scares him.*)

CARLTON: Excuse me! Have you seen a wolf around here?

(*Wolf jumps up.*)

WOLF: (*Frightened, in a high-pitched voice.*) Ahhh...n...n...no.

CARLTON: Could've sworn there was one around here.
(*Checks out Wolf's coat.*) Fur coat, huh? What is it? Wolf
skin?

WOLF: Uhh...yes. That's right. It's wolf skin.

CARLTON: Fake fur. Yep, it's fake. I can tell the real thing
and this is a fake—and a bad one at that. Hey, fuzzy face, I
think I might be able to help you with that worn-out thing.
How would you like to go hunting with me this weekend?

WOLF: Excuse me, but I don't even know your name.

CARLTON: My name is Carlton Weston.

WOLF: Sounds like fun, Mr. Weston. What are you hunting
for?

CARLTON: Wolves, of course.

WOLF: Whoa, really?

CARLTON: Sure. I'll get you a real nice fur to replace that
moth-eaten piece of junk you're wearing. You'll have to get
rid of those funny gloves, though. You need to have your
trigger finger ready to shoot one of those shifty rascals.

WOLF: Aren't wolves hard to find?

CARLTON: Not for me, they're not. Why, I can smell a wolf a
mile away! I have a keen sense of smell—the best! (*Sniffs
loudly.*)

WOLF: Well, in my opinion, you really do smell!

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

29

CARLTON: You bet your life, Groucho! *(Pause.)* And you know what I hate worse than wolves?

WOLF: No, not real—

CARLTON: Apes! That's what I hate worse than wolves...apes!

WOLF: Really? Is that a fact?

CARLTON: Yes, it *is* a fact! I saw this movie once where apes took over the entire world. Can you imagine that? A planet of apes?

WOLF: No, not real—

CARLTON: It makes me sick just to think about it.

WOLF: Oh, I can understand that. I hate bears the most. I am deathly afraid of bears.

CARLTON: I have no problem with bears.

WOLF: You don't?

CARLTON: Nope. *(Raises gun and aims.)* Just one good shot...*blam!* Right between the eyes. No problem!

WOLF: Yeah. I see what you mean. Blam! No problem.

CARLTON: Same as with wolves...and nasty old rabbits! Blam! *(Pause.)* Well, I'll see you around. Watch out for wolves! *(Exits.)*

WOLF: Boy, that was a close one. Thank heavens for Goldie's shawl! Well, home I go.

(Exits. Blackout.)

SCENE 6

(AT RISE: Outside Goldie's house, that evening. Goldie, Mama and Papa are sitting at picnic table.)

MAMA: Goldie, sweetheart, I don't mean to put a crimp in your plans, but you should have come home earlier and let me know that you invited people over for dinner tonight. I've also invited your cousin, Carlton, and he's on his way, too. What do you think, Papa?

PAPA: Well, as I've always said, "The more the merrier!"

MAMA: You're right. We should always be generous to all our neighbors. I'm sure Cousin Carlton won't mind if other people are here. He's usually all alone up in those woods.

GOLDIE: Oh, I haven't seen Cousin Carlton in such a long time. What's he been up to lately?

PAPA: From what I hear, your cousin has become the most feared hunter in these woods.

GOLDIE: You don't say?

MAMA: Oh, yes.

GOLDIE: What does he hunt? Rabbits?

PAPA: Oh, no! Mostly wolves, I hear. An occasional bear, too. Listen, I'm going in to get things ready. It looks like it might rain. *(Exits.)*

GOLDIE: Oh dear, oh dear!

MAMA: Goldie, you look so pale. Is something wrong?

GOLDIE: Well...you see...I invited...Little Red...

MAMA: That's fine.

GOLDIE: And her granny...

MAMA: That's fine.

GOLDIE: And Justwalterowally...

MAMA: That's fi— Wait a minute! Who's Justwalterorwally?

GOLDIE: Oh, just a very nice wolf I met in the—

MAMA: A *what?*

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

31

GOLDIE: A wolf. But he's very nice and very friendly.

MAMA: Well, okay, if you say so, but remember, Cousin Carlton is going to be here, and I don't know how he'll take kindly to having a wolf here.

GOLDIE: He'll just have to live with it, that's all. This is our house, and we can have anyone here we want.

(Little Red and Wolf enter.)

RED: Hi, everyone! I hope we're in time for the barbeque! Granny will be here in a few minutes. She's a little slow, so we came on ahead.

(Papa enters.)

PAPA: Oh, no! A wolf!

GOLDIE: It's okay, Papa...like I just told Mama, he's very friendly...*very!*

MAMA: I don't know about this.

GOLDIE: It's okay, he's Justwalterorwally. And he's very friendly.

PAPA: But he's a wolf.

RED: Yes, he is. But he's a very good wolf. I'll vouch for him.

WOLF: Thank you, Little Red. *(To Mama and Papa.)* I wouldn't harm a soul! Honest! Just ask Little Red's granny!

GOLDIE: That's right. They've become very friendly, too. Gee, I hope when Cousin Carlton gets here...

(Carlton enters, carrying a shotgun.)

CARLTON: What's this about Cousin Carlton...? Hey, it's a wolf! Everyone stand back! I'll just blow away this awful creature! *(Points gun at Wolf.)* Do you feel lucky, punk? Go ahead, make my day! Like I've always said: Guns don't kill people...wolves kill people.

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

32

WOLF: That's not true! I've never killed anyone in my whole life!

CARLTON: Oh, yeah? What about Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother?

WOLF: What about her grandmother?

CARLTON: You killed her, that's what about her!

WOLF: I did no such thing.

CARLTON: You most certainly did, and now I'm going to kill you!

(Granny enters.)

GRANNY: Hold it! What's all this talk about killing?

CARLTON: I'm gonna kill this wolf!

GRANNY: You're gonna kill this wolf? Over my dead body!

CARLTON: That can be easily arranged, lady! Who are you anyway?

GRANNY: I'm Little Red's granny, that's who I am!

CARLTON: But you can't be! She's dead! Are you sure that's who you are?

GRANNY: Do I look like Jessica Simpson *[or another famous person]* to you?

CARLTON: Well, no...but...

WOLF: You were going to kill me because you thought I killed Little Red's grandmother?

CARLTON: Absolutely.

WOLF: Well, as you can plainly see, Little Red's granny is alive and well.

GRANNY: Yep, I'm alive and kicking.

CARLTON: I can see that...if you are who you say you are. You were gone for a long time, and I just assumed...

GRANNY: Well, of course I'm who I say I am! I'm Little Red's granny! I was on vacation, you ninny! *(Hits him on the arm.)* I went to Florida to check it out because I'm retiring after this winter. Can't stand the cold weather anymore!

CARLTON: So you went to Florida on vacation?

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

35

GRANNY: Right! I got a brochure from an assisted-care living facility in South Florida, and I went down there to check it out!

CARLTON: I didn't know that.

RED: I didn't know it either, which is why I thought something had happened to her. She was renting a place while she checked out the area, and then she came back home after about two months. Frankly, she said she'd rather be dead than live there.

CARLTON: *(To Wolf.)* Are you sure you've never killed anyone?

WOLF: Of course I haven't. I'm a firm believer of Moses and the Ten Commandments. I agree with all them thou-shalt-nots.

CARLTON: Moses and the Ten Commandments, huh? There's kind of a soft spot in my heart for him, too!

WOLF: And I would never eat a person anyway – too much cholesterol.

CARLTON: Well, the whole thing looked awfully suspicious to me!

RED: Hey, mister, just trust us. This wolf is a sweetheart!

CARLTON: I guess...if you say so. *(Puts gun on table.)*

GRANNY: Yes, we do say so! And he's a great cook, too! The three of us had lunch together, and he made blintzes and all kinds of goodies for us. Lots of them.

GOLDIE: Say, Papa, maybe Justwalterorwally can give you a hand with the cooking...

(Three Bears enter.)

PAPA BEAR: Hello, everyone!

MAMA BEAR: I hope we're not too late.

(Baby Bear takes pacifier from mouth.)

BABY BEAR: Not late. *(Puts pacifier back.)*

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

34

LITTLE RED/GRANNY/WOLF/MAMA/PAPA: *(Scream.)*
Aaaaaaaaah!

(Little Red jumps in Granny's arms, Mama jumps in Papa's arms, Wolf jumps in Carlton's arms.)

GOLDIE: Hey, everyone...don't be afraid! It's okay...

CARLTON: Of course it's okay, I'm here! All right, everybody, stand back. *(Everyone gets down.)* Let me handle this. I speak 14 different animal languages, and I speak bear fluently.

GOLDIE: But Cousin Carlton—

CARLTON: It's all right, Goldie. I've been trained to handle this type of situation. I'm a professional interpreter and negotiator.

GOLDIE: But Cousin Carlton—

CARLTON: Hush! Just stand back and watch me in action. *(To Papa Bear, shouting in his face.)* You have the right to remain silent! But don't try to get away with clamming up! I want answers, kapish? Where are you from, fella?

PAPA BEAR: *(Answers all of Carlton's questions sarcastically.)*
Excuse me?

CARLTON: *(To Others.)* Hmmm. I think he must speak a slightly different dialect. Maybe he doesn't quite understand what I'm saying. I'll have to try one of the other dialects.

GOLDIE: But Cousin Carlton—

(Others cannot believe Carlton's ridiculous behavior.)

CARLTON: Goldie, please. There's so many known dialects—there's brown bear, black bear, honey bear, Kodiak bear, grizzly bear, panda bear, polar bear, koala bear, gummi bear, Chicago Bear, and U-C-L-A Bruin! But don't you worry, I'll get through to him somehow. I'll keep it very

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

35

simple. *(To Papa Bear, shouting in his face.)* I said...where you from?

PAPA BEAR: We live in the South section of the woods.

CARLTON: *(To others.)* He says they live in the South section of the woods.

GOLDIE: Cousin Carlton, we can understand —

CARLTON: No, I'm afraid you *don't* understand! This can be very tricky. Now, please be quiet. I need 100 percent cooperation on your part! Let me do the talking!

GOLDIE: *(Exasperated.)* Okay, okay!

CARLTON: Fine. Now just sit there quietly. *(She sits.)* Thank you. *(To Papa Bear, shouting in his face.)* So, you're from the South?

PAPA BEAR: Yes.

CARLTON: *(To others.)* Yes, he's from the South. *(To Papa Bear, shouting in his face.)* What is your name?

PAPA BEAR: My name is Bear.

CARLTON: *(To others.)* He says his name is Bear. *(To Papa Bear.)* Do you have a second name?

PAPA BEAR: Yes.

CARLTON: *(To others.)* He says he has a second name. *(To Papa Bear.)* What is your second name? And don't tell me it's Teddy!

PAPA BEAR: Claws.

CARLTON: *(To others.)* He says his second name is Claws. *(To Papa Bear.)* So your *full* name is Bear Claws?

PAPA BEAR: Yes.

CARLTON: *(To others.)* He says his full name is Bear Claws. *(To Papa Bear.)* What kind of name is that?

PAPA BEAR: Danish.

CARLTON: *(To others.)* He says his name is Danish. *(To Papa Bear.)* Well, buster, you don't look a bit like a Denmarkian!

GOLDIE: Dane.

CARLTON: What?

GOLDIE: He doesn't look like a Dane.

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

36

CARLTON: Well, of course he doesn't look like a Dane. A *Dane* is a big *dog*! He looks like a big *bear*! Dane, duh! Get real, Goldie!

GOLDIE: Cousin Carlton, the Danish are called Danes...not Denmarkians!

CARLTON: (*Sarcastic.*) Yeah, right! They call their people "dogs"? I think not! (*Aside.*) What are they teaching these kids in school today? Danes, geez!

GOLDIE: Cousin Carlton?

CARLTON: Yes?

GOLDIE: I *invited* Papa Bear, Mama Bear and Baby Bear to the house for a barbecue.

CARLTON: Oh, really? Well, let me double check. (*To Papa Bear.*) Why are you here?

PAPA BEAR: Well, Goldie invited us...

CARLTON: (*To Others.*) Okay, that checks. He says you did invite him...

PAPA BEAR: For a barbecue...

CARLTON: Aha!

PAPA BEAR: So we thought we'd kill a couple of hours –

CARLTON: I knew it! (*To others.*) He says they're here to *kill*! Everybody just stay where you are, and someone – slowly, very slowly – hand me my gun.

GOLDIE: Wait! Hold it! No guns! Cousin Carlton, the bears are here at my invitation and they are going to kill some *time* with us.

CARLTON: Are you sure about that, Goldie?

GOLDIE: I am positive!

CARLTON: Oh. (*Pause.*) All right, then. I'll let you handle this from here on. (*Stage whisper to Goldie.*) You're lucky I was able to get through to them, even with their strange dialect.

GOLDIE: Yes. We're very lucky.

(*Mama takes Goldie aside.*)

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

37

MAMA: Goldie, you've invited six people— Hold it. Make that two people and four animals to dinner. I hope that the animals don't eat *like* animals, because I'll have just enough to go around. I hope no one asks for seconds.

GOLDIE: Don't worry, Mama, we'll be okay. If I have to make a run to the market, I'll go.

MAMA: That's okay for you to say, but don't forget that I'm on a meager monthly allowance.

GOLDIE: Mama, you get \$20,000 a month from Grandpa's trust fund, and when I turn 18 in two weeks, we get 5 million dollars.

MAMA: All right, so I might have to stretch it a little. Don't forget, I've been putting away one dollar every week for your college.

GOLDIE: Thank you, Mama. I love you.

MAMA: And I love you, too, sweetheart. Just give me a little warning next time. I don't think my heart could stand another wolf or bear in my house.

GOLDIE: I'm really sorry about that, Mama, but it kind of happened so suddenly, and we do want to be neighborly, don't we?

MAMA: You sound just like your Papa now. But you're right. We do want to be neighborly.

PAPA: Hey, everyone, it looked as if there might be a little shower, so I set up everything in the dining room. If you're hungry, now's the time to come and get it. *(Exits.)*

PAPA BEAR: I could eat a horse!

MAMA BEAR: Papa! Don't be so rude! You'll eat whatever they've prepared!

PAPA BEAR: I know. I was just using an expression!

MAMA: All right then. Let's go in.

BABY BEAR: Yeah...let's eat!

(Three Bears exit.)

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

38

CARLTON: Don't worry, Goldie, I'll keep my eye on them.
(*Exits.*)

GOLDIE: Cousin Carlton, that's not really necessary...oh,
never mind. He's got his mind set.

GRANNY: All right, let's go in and eat. I'm watching my
weight, but I sure could use a nosh!

RED: You don't have to worry about that, Granny. You look
terrific!

GRANNY: Why, thank you, dear.

(*Granny and Red exit.*)

WOLF: I guess I'll join the crowd. But I *won't* eat a horse! I
wouldn't want to catch a "colt"! Ha! (*Exits.*)

GOLDIE: Okay, Justwalterorwally. Enjoy yourself. Come on,
Mama, let's go inside, too. (*Exits.*)

MAMA: I'm already ahead of you, dear! (*Exits. Blackout.*)

SCENE 7

(AT RISE: Outside Goldie's House, after dinner. Wolf enters, followed closely by Carlton.)

WOLF: Boy, that was one great meal! Mmm, mmm! Corn on the cob, coleslaw, biscuits, grits –

CARLTON: Right. Listen, Wolf –

WOLF: Wally.

CARLTON: Wally?

WOLF: That's my name. Actually, it's Walter, but I go by Wally.

CARLTON: Wally, huh? Okay, Wally, I got your number. You don't fool me!

WOLF: I'm not sure I understand. What do you mean by that?

CARLTON: I heard you telling people at the dinner table that you were a vegetarian.

WOLF: That's right, I am. Ever since Mad Cow –

CARLTON: Oh, come on, now! Do you really think I'm that gullible?

WOLF: What's wrong?

CARLTON: You're no animal doctor.

WOLF: I never said I was.

CARLTON: Oh, yeah? You kept saying that you were a vegetarian. "I'm a vegetarian, I'm a vegetarian." We all heard you say it, so don't deny it.

(Goldie enters.)

GOLDIE: Are you boys getting along okay out here?

WOLF: Well, I for one am very confused.

GOLDIE: What's the matter?

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

40

CARLTON: You really want to know what the matter is, Goldie?

GOLDIE: Yes, I'd really like to know.

CARLTON: Okay, your friend here...

WOLF: Wally...

CARLTON: Wally. He's a phony, that's what the matter is! He keeps insisting that he's a vegetarian.

GOLDIE: What's wrong with that?

WOLF: Yes, I'm curious, too. What's wrong with that?

CARLTON: You are *no* animal doctor!

GOLDIE: Cousin Carlton, an animal doctor is a *veterinarian*. A *vegetarian* is a person—or an animal, in this case—who eats only vegetables.

WOLF: Right! And I'm a vegetarian!

(Pause.)

CARLTON: Oh. Never mind. *(Exits back into the house.)*

WOLF: Goldie, I hope you won't be upset by my saying so, but I don't think that your Cousin Carlton's flag runs all the way up the flagpole!

GOLDIE: I have to agree, Justwalterorwally. You can choose your friends, but you can't choose your relatives. But he means well.

WOLF: I know, I know! *(Loud blast from trumpet is heard offstage.)* Good heavens, what was that?

GOLDIE: That was probably Baby Bear playing his trumpet. He wants to be a professional trumpet player when he grows up.

WOLF: But bears can't be trumpet players. You have to be a human to be a trumpet player!

GOLDIE: I know, but you can't tell him that.

(Mama enters, carrying suitcase.)

MAMA: Goldie, did you hear that awful noise?

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

41

GOLDIE: Yes, Mama, Baby Bear is practicing to become a professional trumpet player.

MAMA: And he says he's going to practice that thing here. They say that they love it here, the house and all, and from what I gather from their conversation, the bears are planning on staying the whole winter with us!

GOLDIE: Oh, I guess they've decided to hibernate in our house.

MAMA: In our house, huh? Where did you say their house was?

GOLDIE: Right around the corner from the Big Woods by the little brook. Why?

MAMA: I got news for you. (*Shouts into house.*) Come on, Papa...we're leaving! (*To Goldie.*) We'll be staying at a Holiday Inn Express [*or insert name of another hotel*] tonight, and then tomorrow we're moving into the bear's cottage! Oh, those bears – they are so bothersome!

(*Papa enters.*)

PAPA: What's the matter, Mama? And why the suitcase?

MAMA: Didn't you hear that horrible noise?

PAPA: Sure I did. So what?

MAMA: The little kid – the bear – is practicing to become a professional trumpet player.

PAPA: I knew that.

MAMA: And they're also planning on staying the whole winter with us.

PAPA: *That...* I didn't know! What's in the suitcase?

MAMA: Everything we'll need to stay away from home for the entire season. We're going to hibernate, too!

PAPA: Where are we going?

MAMA: Tonight, it's a Holiday Inn Express [*or insert the name of another hotel*] and then tomorrow, we're moving into the bear's cottage, since it's going to be empty for the entire time! If they're staying *here*, we're going *there*!

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

42

PAPA: I'm with you, Mama! Just lead the way!

(Mama and Papa exit. Papa Bear enters.)

PAPA BEAR: I don't understand what you're saying, Carlton.
You've lost me.

(Carlton enters.)

CARLTON: All I said was that I didn't think you were a very
patriotic person...Bear.

PAPA BEAR: But I am. I'm a true-blooded American.

CARLTON: Then why are you even considering leaving
America?

PAPA BEAR: I never said I was leaving America.

CARLTON: Oh, yes, you did! I distinctly heard you say you
were going into hibernation.

PAPA BEAR: Okay, what's wrong with that?

CARLTON: What's wrong with America?

PAPA BEAR: Nothing's wrong with America.

CARLTON: But you're leaving it!

PAPA BEAR: No, I'm not!

CARLTON: Oh, really? Let me remind you of the Pledge of
the Legions, which originated way back in Ancient Rome
with the Roman Legions of Caesar's time.

(Pause. Goldie enters.)

PAPA BEAR: Are you kidding me?

CARLTON: I would never kid about anything as sacred as the
Pledge of the Legions!

PAPA BEAR: It's not the Pledge of the Legions—

CARLTON: The heck it isn't! "I Pledge the Legions to the flag
of the United States of America, and to the Republic for
which it stands, one nation, under God, invisible, with liver
trees and justice for all."

GOLDIE AND THE BOTHERSOME BEARS

45

PAPA BEAR: Hey, that's not how it goes!

CARLTON: Oh, yes it does!

GOLDIE: Cousin Carlton, I'm afraid that you're wrong again.

In the first place, it's "I pledge allegiance" *not* "the Legions."

It has nothing to do with ancient Rome. And it's "one nation, under God, indivisible" *not* "invisible"!

CARLTON: Excuse me, but can you see God?

GOLDIE: No, no one can see God.

CARLTON: Aha! Then if you can't see him, he's invisible!

GOLDIE: Cousin Carlton, I'm not going to argue with you,

but I think you better look it up to be sure. "Indivisible" means that no one can tear our nation apart. And there are no "liver trees"! The word is "liberty."

CARLTON: Even so, why does Papa Bear want to leave America?

PAPA BEAR: I don't!

CARLTON: Then what's all this talk about some hiber-nation?

PAPA BEAR: Carlton, "hibernation" is what they call the thing that we bears do all winter long. It just means that we sleep the entire winter.

CARLTON: You sleep the entire winter season? Impossible!

PAPA BEAR: No, it isn't!

CARLTON: Yes, it is! No one can go that long without a potty break! Hey, I gotta get up every two hours, and that's year-round, not only in the winter!

PAPA BEAR: Carlton...

CARLTON: Yes?

(Pause.)

PAPA BEAR: Never mind. I'm going back inside for a nap.

[End of Freeview]