

Scene Three

The scene is a kitchen. Seated at the dining table are the Three Bears. Also in the kitchen is Mrs Riding-Hood, Rebecca and Violet's mother. She is preparing food. Baby bear is playing with a toy police car.

Mrs Riding-Hood: I'm terribly sorry. I don't know where Rebecca and Violet have got to. They should have been home ages ago.

Mummy Bear: It's a worry isn't it? You just don't know what your children are up to when they're out of your sight.

Baby Bear: Nee-nah nee-nah nee-nah.

Daddy Bear: Shh! At least you know that you've got good kids.

Mrs Riding-Hood: Well, they can be a bit of a nuisance at times.

Baby Bear: Nee-nah nee-nah nee-nah.

Mummy Bear: Shh! But at least they're not like that disgraceful child who broke into our cottage last summer.

Mrs Riding-Hood: What happened?

Daddy Bear: This blinking kid walks into our house while we are out having a lovely walk with Baby Bear here...

Baby Bear: Nee-nah nee-nah nee-nah.

Daddy Bear: Shh! And then she only goes and scoffs our breakfast, breaks Baby Bear's high chair and, prepare yourself for a shock. (*Pause.*) Messes up the beds!!

Mrs Riding-Hood: How dreadful! What happened to her?

Baby Bear: She's doing porridge. Nee-nah nee-nah nee-nah.

Mummy Bear: Of course I blame the schools. Gangs of smelly, unwashed hooligans terrorising the corridors.

Daddy Bear: You'd think the teachers would do something about it.

Mummy Bear: I was talking about the teachers.

Rebecca and Violet burst in.

Rebecca: Sorry we're late Mum.

Violet: It's her fault. She made us go the long way home so that we could talk to the little piggies.

Rebecca: Hah! That's a lie! They're your friends. And we only went because you ran off before I could stop you.

Mrs Riding-Hood: Children, children. Calm down and say hello to our guests.

Rebecca and Violet: Hello Mr Bear. Hello Mrs Bear. Hello Baby Bear.

Mummy Bear and Daddy Bear: Hello girls.

Mummy Bear: Have you been looking after your sister, Red?

Rebecca: My name's not Red, it's Rebecca. She's the one that's named after a sappy colour (*points to Violet*).

Mrs Riding-Hood: Don't talk to Mrs Bear like that! You used to like being called Red.

Rebecca: Well I don't now. And I hate having to look after her. She's always getting me into trouble.

Violet: *(Gets frog out of pocket.)* You don't have to look after me any more. Mr Froggy will look after me, won't you Mr Froggy? *(She makes the frog nod.)*

Mrs Riding-Hood: Sit down, the pair of you.

Daddy Bear: We've brought you a message from your Grandmother. She says don't bother coming round tomorrow because she's going bungee jumping with her friends from the Eighty-Not-Out Club.

Rebecca: But she's eighty-six!

Mrs Riding-Hood: Don't be such a stick-in-the-mud. If my mother wants to have some fun then let her.

Violet: What's bungee jumping?

Rebecca: It's where people jump off high bridges tied to a bit of knicker elastic.

Violet: Granny's got lots of knicker elastic. I've seen the size of her knickers!

Mrs Riding-Hood: Violet!

Violet: Well I have!

Mummy Bear: We've got to be off now. We only popped in to pass on the message. She said if you take her groceries round at the weekend that will be fine.

Rebecca: OK.

Three bears: Bye!

Rebecca & Violet & Mrs Riding-Hood: Bye!

Mrs Riding-Hood: So how are the little pigs?

Rebecca: Oh, they're fine. They've just bought some land in the forest where they're going to build their new homes.

Mrs Riding-Hood: That'll be nice.

Rebecca: Yeah. Arnie is making his house out of straw, Sylvester is making his out of sticks and Jean-Claude is using bricks.

Mrs Riding-Hood: Have they gone mad? You can't make houses out of sticks and straw!

Violet: It's mental and friendly!

Rebecca: That's environmentally friendly. Really Violet, you're so thick.

Violet: Huh!

Mrs Riding-Hood: Even so, it doesn't sound very safe.

Rebecca: Oh, they can look after themselves. They've been working out. (*Does pumping iron actions.*)

Mrs Riding-Hood: I hope you're right.