



Narrator 2: She walked right in without even bothering to knock. On the dining room table were three inviting bowls of porridge.

Goldilocks: "I don't mind if I do,"

Narrator 3: said Goldilocks, helping herself to the biggest bowl.

Goldilocks: "Pootie!"

Narrator 1: cried Goldilocks. And she spat it out.

Narrator 2: Next she tasted the porridge in the medium-sized bowl. But that porridge was much too cold.

Narrator 3: Then Goldilocks tasted the porridge in the little bowl, and it was just right—neither too hot nor too cold. In fact she liked it so much that she gobbled it all up.

Narrator 1: Feeling full and satisfied Goldilocks thought it would be great fun to have a look around. Right away she noticed a lot of course brown fur everywhere.

Goldilocks: "They must have kitties,"

Narrator 2: she said. In the parlor there were three chairs.

Goldilocks: "I don't mind if I do,"

Narrator 3: she said, climbing into the biggest one. But the biggest chair was much too hard, and she just couldn't get comfortable.

Narrator 1: Next she sat in the medium-sized chair. But that chair was much too soft. (And she thought she might never get out of it.)

Narrator 2: Then Goldilocks sat in the little chair, and that was just right—neither too hard nor too soft. In fact she liked it so much that she rocked and rocked until the chair fell completely to pieces!

Narrator 3: Now all that rocking left Goldilocks quite tuckered out.

Goldilocks: "I could take a little snooze,"

Narrator 1: she said. So she went to look for a comfy place to nap. Upstairs were three beds.

Goldilocks: "I don't mind if I do,"

Narrator 2: said Goldilocks. And she got into the biggest one. But the head of the biggest bed was much too high.

Narrator 3: Next she tried the medium-sized bed. But the head of that bed was much too low.

Narrator 1: Then Goldilocks tried the little bed, and it was just right. Soon she was all nice and cozy and sound asleep. She did not hear the bears come home.

Narrator 3: The three bears were mighty hungry. But when they went in for breakfast, they could scarcely believe their eyes!

Papa Bear: "Somebody has been in my porridge!"

Narrator 1: said Papa Bear.

Mama Bear: "Somebody has been in my porridge!"

Narrator 2: said Mama Bear.

Baby Bear: "Somebody has been in my porridge, and eaten it all up!"

Narrator 3: said Baby Bear.

Narrator 1: In the parlor the three bears were in for another little surprise.

Papa Bear: "Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"

Narrator 2: said Papa Bear.

Mama Bear: "Somebody has been sitting in my chair,"

Narrator 3: said Mama Bear.

Baby Bear: "Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and broken it to smithereens!"

Narrator 1: said Baby Bear.

Narrator 2: The three bears went upstairs on tiptoe (not knowing what they would discover). At first everything seemed fine. But then Papa Bear lay down on his big brass bed.

Papa Bear: "Somebody has been lying in my bed!"

Narrator 3: he cried. And he was not amused.

Mama Bear: "Egads! Somebody has been lying in my bed!"

Narrator 1: cried Mama Bear.

Baby Bear: "Look! Somebody has been lying in my bed. And she's still there!"

Narrator 2: cried Baby Bear.

Papa Bear: "Now see here!"

Narrator 3: roared Papa Bear. Goldilocks woke up with a start. And her eyes nearly popped out of her head. But before the bears could demand a proper explanation, Goldilocks was out of bed, out the window, and on her way home.

Baby Bear: "Who was that annoying little girl?"

Narrator 1: asked Baby Bear.

Mama Bear: "I have no idea,"

Narrator 2: said Mama Bear.

Mama Bear: "But I hope we never see her again."

Narrator 3: And they never did.

Scripted by Jill Jauquet