

SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an excerpt - an appetiser, if you will - from a full Samuel French title.

This sample is just for you to try out, and it can't be used for performance, downloaded, printed or distributed in any way.

Take it for a whirl and see if it tickles your fancy!

For more information about licensing this or other shows, or to browse thousands more plays and theatre books to buy please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.co.uk

or, in the US www.samuelfrench.com

The Adventures of a Bear Called Paddington

A Play for Children

Adapted by Alfred Bradley from
the stories by Michael Bond

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



SAMUELFRENCH.COM
SAMUELFRENCH-LONDON.CO.UK

Copyright © 1974 by Alfred Bradley and Michael Bond
Copyright © 1987 revised version by Alfred Bradley and Michael Bond
All Rights Reserved

THE ADVENTURES OF A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-05035-0

www.SamuelFrench.com

www.SamuelFrench-London.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Info@SamuelFrench.com

1-866-598-8449

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE

Plays@SamuelFrench-London.co.uk

020-7255-4302/01

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French, depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *THE ADVENTURES OF A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON* may not be licensed by Samuel French in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Samuel French office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *THE ADVENTURES OF A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to Samuel French before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged.

The professional rights in this play are controlled by The Agency, www.theagency.co.uk

No one shall make any changes in this title for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title, or part of this title, to any social media websites.

Cover illustration by Peggy Fortnum from *Paddington Abroad* by Michael Bond published by William Collins Sons and Co. Ltd and Houghton Mifflin Co. Illustration copyright © 1961 by Peggy Fortnum and William Collins Sons and Co Ltd, and © 1972 by Peggy Fortnum. Reprinted by permission of William Collins Sons and Co Ltd and Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON

CHARACTERS

The Narrator

Henry Brown

Mary Brown, his wife

Judy, their daughter

Jonathan, their son

Mrs Bird, their housekeeper

Mr Gruber, an antique dealer

Mr Curry, a peppery neighbour

Paddington

and

Bert, a station porter

Fred, a man with a refreshment trolley

Miss Block, a member of the Arts Society

Mervyn Scrape, RA, the Arts Society President

Flo, who looks after the launderette

Nurse Kay

Sir Archibald, a surgeon

(The smaller parts may be doubled by two men and two women)

Voices of: a disc jockey, an announcer, Simon

ACT I	Scene 1	Part of Paddington Station
	Scene 2	32 Windsor Gardens
	Scene 3	The sitting-room
	Scene 4	Mr Gruber's antique shop
	Scene 5	The sitting-room
	Scene 6	The sitting-room

ACT II	Scene 1	The sitting-room
	Scene 2	The launderette
	Scene 3	The sitting-room
	Scene 4	A hospital room
	Scene 5	The kitchen
	Scene 6	Part of Paddington Station

SONGS

The lyrics for the songs were written by Bert Chappell, Brenda Johnson and Alfred Bradley and the music by Bert Chappell.

The Paddington Bear Song Book, containing all the songs in this play, can be obtained from Southern Music Publishing Co Ltd, 8 Denmark Street, London WC2 8LT or from Samuel French Ltd.

ACT I

- | | | |
|---|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 | Going Home | Judy, Mrs Brown and Company |
| 2 | Judy's Lullaby | Judy |
| 3 | Mr Curry's Grumbling Song | Mr Curry |
| 4 | Marmalade Song | Judy and Company |
| 5 | Paddington Bear Song | Company |

ACT II

- | | | |
|---|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 6 | Mr Gruber's Cocoa Samba | Mr Gruber and Company |
| 7 | Cherry Cake For Tea | Nurse and Sir Archibald |
| 8 | Paddington Bear Song | Company |

Although Paddington's adventures make up a full-length play lasting about two hours, each episode is a complete story in itself and may be performed as a one-act play. Alternatively it is possible to link several episodes together omitting those which require more elaborate technical resources. Each adventure is introduced by a short scene at the Browns' house to give time for the next setting to be moved into position.

Paddington's costume is important. He should wear a duffel coat and hat at all times. Wellington boots are optional. He carries his belongings in a battered old leather suitcase which has the words WANTED ON VOYAGE painted on the outside. The Peggy Fortnum illustrations in the novels come nearest to capturing his essential character: polite, well-meaning, a strong sense of right and wrong, interested in all that goes on around him.

A percussionist equipped with a wide range of accessories will emphasize falls and bumps, point Paddington's "hard stare", help to bridge the scenes and generally add to the fun.

In this revised edition of *The Adventures Of A Bear Called Paddington* a Narrator speaks Paddington's words for him, thus enabling the part of Paddington to be played by a child or adult, wearing a full face mask.

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Samuel French, against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees. Please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

ACT I

A frontcloth of part of Paddington Station

Paddington is sitting on a luggage trolley concealed behind a pile of mailbags and parcels

The Narrator enters

Narrator Hello. Hello everybody. Are you all ready to hear a story? Right! Mr and Mrs Brown first met Paddington on this railway platform. The Browns had come here to meet their daughter, Judy, who was coming home from school for the holidays . . . Ah, here they are.

Mr Brown enters, closely followed by his wife

Mr Brown Well, Mary, after all that rushing about, we're here early.

Mrs Brown What's the time now, Henry?

Mr Brown It's just a quarter-past four and Judy's train doesn't arrive until half-past.

Mrs Brown Are you sure?

Mr Brown Absolutely sure.

Mrs Brown I'll just go and check which platform . . .

Mrs Brown goes off

Left to himself, Mr Brown strolls around the platform. Paddington, hidden behind the parcels pops up like a jack-in-the-box and quickly down again. Mr Brown can't believe his eyes, he stares for a moment and turns away. He turns round just in time to see Paddington pop up and down again

Mrs Brown comes back

It's platform five. And you're quite right, the train doesn't arrive until half-past four.

Mr Brown Mary, you won't believe this, but I've just seen a bear.

Mrs Brown A what?

Mr Brown A bear.

Mrs Brown A bear? On Paddington Station? Don't be silly, Henry. There can't be.

Mr Brown But there is. I distinctly saw it. Over there . . . behind those parcels. (*He points to the trolley*) It was wearing a funny kind of hat. Come and see for yourself.

Mrs Brown (*humouring him*) Very well, dear. (*She goes to the trolley and peers behind the parcels*) Why, Henry, I believe you're right after all. It is a bear!

Paddington stands up suddenly. He is wearing a duffel coat, a bush hat with a wide brim and has a large luggage-label round his neck

Narrator Seeing that something was expected of it, the bear politely raised its hat. "Good-afternoon", it said in a small clear voice.

Mr Brown Er . . . good-afternoon.

Narrator The bear looked at them for a moment. "Can I help you?" he said.

Mr Brown Well . . . no. Er, not really. As a matter of fact we were wondering if we could help you.

Mrs Brown (*examining him closely*) You're a very unusual bear.

Narrator The bear puffed out his chest. "I'm a very *rare* sort of bear," he said, "there aren't many of us left where I come from."

Mrs Brown And where is that?

Paddington looks round carefully to make sure that he isn't overheard

Narrator "Darkest Peru," he said. "I'm not really supposed to be here at all. I'm a stowaway!"

Mr Brown (*after a furtive look*) A stowaway?

Narrator "Yes," said the bear. "I emigrated. I used to live with my Aunt Lucy, but she had to go into the Home For Retired Bears in Lima."

Mr Brown You don't mean to say you've come all the way over here by yourself?

Mrs Brown Whatever did you do for food? You must be starving.

Paddington opens his suitcase and brings out a jar of marmalade

Narrator "I ate marmalade," he said, rather proudly. "Bears like marmalade. And I lived in a lifeboat."

Mrs Brown Henry, what does it say on his label?

Mr Brown (*reading it*) "Please look after this bear. Thank you."

Mrs Brown Oh, Henry, what shall we do? We can't just leave him here. Couldn't he come and stay with us for a few days?

Mr Brown But Mary, dear, we can't take him . . . not just like that. After all . . .

Mrs Brown After all what? He'd be company for Jonathan and Judy. They'd never forgive us if they knew you'd left him here.

Mr Brown It all seems highly irregular (*Turning to Paddington*) Would you like to come and stay with us? That is, if you've nothing else planned?

Narrator (*overjoyed*) "Oooh, yes, please. I should like that very much," said the bear.

Mrs Brown Well, that's settled then. And you can have marmalade for breakfast every morning . . .

Narrator The bear could hardly believe his ears. "Every morning," he said, "I only had it on special occasions at home. Marmalade's very expensive in Darkest Peru."

Mrs Brown Then you shall have it every morning—starting tomorrow.

Narrator "Will it cost a lot of money?" asked the bear. "You see I haven't very much money."

Mrs Brown Of course not. We shall expect you to be one of the family shan't we, Henry?

Mr Brown (*doubtfully*) Er . . . of course. By the way, if you *are* coming home with us you'd better know our names. This is Mrs Brown . . .

Mrs Brown How d'you do . . .

Mr Brown . . . and I'm Mr Brown.

Paddington raises his hat twice

Narrator "I haven't really got a name," said the bear, "only a Peruvian one which no-one can understand."

Mrs Brown Then we'd better give you an English one. It'll make things so much easier. (*Thinking hard*) Now what shall we call you? I mean what do you call a bear you find on Paddington Station? (*The audience will tell her*) Paddington, what a good idea! We found you on Paddington Station, so that's what we'll call you . . . Paddington.

Narrator "Paddington . . . Paddington . . . Padding-ton." The bear tried it out several times. "It seems a very *long* name."

Mr Brown It's quite distinguished. Yes, I like Paddington as a name. Paddington it shall be.

Mrs Brown Good. Oh! Look at the time. Paddington, I have to meet our daughter Judy off the train. I'm sure you must be thirsty after your long journey, so while I'm away Mr Brown will get you something to drink.

Narrator Paddington licked his lips. He was very thirsty.

Mrs Brown And for goodness sake, Henry, when you get a moment, take that label off his neck. It makes him look like a parcel.

Narrator Paddington didn't much like the thought of looking like a parcel. On the other hand . . .

Mrs Brown We don't want someone to post you, do we?

Paddington shakes his head vigorously

Mrs Brown exits, almost bumping into the man pushing the refreshment trolley

Mr Brown (*removing the label*) There we are. Now I can get you something to drink.

He hands the label to Paddington who puts it in his suitcase

Trolley Man What would you like? Tea or coffee?

Narrator "Cocoa, please," said Paddington.

Trolley Man (*put out*) We haven't got any cocoa.

Narrator "But you asked me what I would like . . ." began Paddington.

Trolley Man I asked you what you would like, *tea or coffee?*

Mr Brown (*hastily, trying to avoid an argument*) Perhaps you'd like a cold drink?

Trolley Man Cold drinks, yes. Would you like lemonade or orangeade?

Narrator "Yes, please," said Paddington.

Mr Brown (*before the man loses his temper*) I think an orange juice would be a good idea—and a cup of tea for me, please.

The Trolley Man serves them

Mr Brown And perhaps you'd like a cake, Paddington?

Paddington nods, very pleased

Trolley Man Cream and chocolate or cream and jam?

Narrator "Thank you very much," said Paddington.

Mr Brown We'd better have one of each.

The Trolley Man puts them on a plate. Mr Brown pays him

How's that to be going on with?

Narrator Paddington's eyes glistened. "It's very nice, thank you," he said, "but it's rather hard drinking out of a beaker."

Mr Brown Perhaps you'd like a straw? (*He takes one from the trolley and puts it into Paddington's beaker*)

Paddington blows through the straw and makes a noisy bubbling sound

(*Quickly*) I'd better pour it into a saucer for you. It's not really done in the best circles, but I'm sure no-one will mind just this once.

Narrator "I'm glad I emigrated," said Paddington. "Do you think anyone would mind if I stood on the trolley to eat?"

Paddington climbs up on to the rail of the refreshment trolley which tilts suddenly. He lets go and it shoots across the platform bumping into a portly gentleman who pushes it back with a gesture of annoyance. It bangs into Paddington, knocking him off balance. As he flails around he upsets a tray of plastic beakers which the Trolley Man is holding, scattering them in all directions. Trying to steady himself he knocks Mr Brown's tea out of his hand, all over the Trolley Man, slips over and ends up sprawled on the platform. As Mr Brown bends to help him up Paddington staggers to his feet. They collide and Paddington's cream cake ends up plastered all over Mr Brown's face

Mrs Brown returns with Judy, both carrying the usual end-of-term luggage

Mrs Brown Henry? Henry, whatever are you doing to that poor bear? Look at him! He's covered all over with jam and cream.

Mr Brown He's covered in jam and cream! What about me? (*He begins to tidy up the debris*)

Judy (*clapping her hands*) Is he really going to stay with us?

Mr Brown I'm not too sure at the moment . . .

Judy Oh, he *must*! (*To Paddington*) What's your name?

Narrator "Er . . . oh, dear," said Paddington. "I think I've forgotten . . ."

Paddington looks to the audience for help

Audience PADDINGTON!

Narrator "That's it. Paddington. How do you do."

Paddington shakes hands with Judy

Mr Brown Perhaps we'd better go. (*He picks up Judy's suitcase*) Are we all ready?

Judy Come along, Paddington.

Mrs Brown You go ahead, Judy. We'll meet Jonathan and catch you up.

Judy Are you ready, Paddington?

Paddington nods. He picks up his suitcase and puts the remains of the cakes in it. The cake wrapping sticks to his paws and he licks it happily

We'll go straight home and you can have a nice hot bath. Then you can tell me all about South America, I'm sure you must have had lots of wonderful adventures.

Narrator "I have," said Paddington. "Things are always happening to me. I'm that sort of bear."

Mr Brown (*to his wife*) I hope we haven't bitten off more than we can chew.

Trolley Man Well, if you have, you'll just have to grin and *bear* it. (*He laughs loudly at his own joke*)

Paddington gives the man a hard stare. This can be pointed with an audible effect of some kind. The man reacts and his laughter dies away

Sorry, sir. Very sorry indeed.

The Trolley Man goes off

Judy Gosh! Where did you learn to do that?

Narrator "My Aunt Lucy taught me," said Paddington. "She said it might come in useful one day."

Mr Brown Do you often do it?

Narrator "Only on special occasions," said Paddington darkly, "or when I have an emergency."

Judy We'd better get you home . . . before you have another one.

Judy goes into her song

Song 1. Going Home

	Going home
Mrs Brown	That's nice
Judy	Going home
Judy	} Though you liked it in Peru
Mrs Brown	
	We think you'll be happy here
	Don't you?
Judy	It's time that we were
	Going home
Judy	} It's time that we were
Mrs Brown	
	Going home

All We think it will be great fun
 To live with a bear with a name like Paddington
 He's as happy as can be
 It's nice for a bear to be with a family
 What adventures lie in store
 There's no knowing
 We can count on plenty more
 Now we're
 Going home
 We're glad we met you here today
 And we'd like to hear you say
 That you'll stay
 Then it's time that we were going home
 Yes? It's time that we were going home
 It's time that we were going home.

The frontcloth rises and we see number 32 Windsor Gardens. Judy and Paddington walk up to the front door

Judy Here we are. (*She knocks at the door*) Now you are going to meet Mrs Bird.

Narrator "Mrs Bird?"

Judy Yes. She looks after us. She's a bit fierce sometimes, but she doesn't really mean it. I'm sure you'll like her.

Narrator (*nervously*) "I'm sure I shall, if you say so," said Paddington, "but will she like me?"

The door opens and Mrs Bird appears

Mrs Bird Goodness gracious you've arrived already. I suppose you'll be wanting tea?

Judy Hello, Mrs Bird, it's nice to see you again.

Mrs Bird (*seeing Paddington*) Mercy me. Whatever have you got there?

Judy It's not a what, Mrs Bird. It's a bear. His name's Paddington. He comes from Darkest Peru.

Paddington raises his hat

Mrs Bird Darkest Peru? . . . Well, he has good manners, I'll say that for him.

Judy He's going to stay with us.

Mrs Bird Going to *stay* with us? For how long?

Judy I don't know. I suppose it depends on *things*.

They follow Mrs Bird into the house

Mrs Bird Mercy me. I wish you'd told me he was coming. I haven't put clean sheets in the spare room or anything.

Narrator "It's all right, Mrs Bird," said Paddington, "I'm sure I shall be very comfortable on the floor."

Paddington shakes hands with her. When he lets go, we see that the left-over cake wrapper is sticking to her hand. She tries in vain to get it off, and finally it sticks to her other hand

Judy Let me help, Mrs Bird. (*She takes it from her but then finds that it is glued to her own hand*) Paddington, would you like to shake hands with me?

Paddington nods. They shake hands and the paper is transferred to Paddington's paw

At this moment Mr and Mrs Brown arrive with Jonathan

Mr Brown Well, it didn't take us long to catch you up.

Judy Hello, Jonathan. Oh, you haven't met Paddington yet, have you.

Paddington, this is my brother Jonathan.

Jonathan Gosh! How do you do.

Narrator "Very well, thank you," said Paddington. "I think."

Paddington shakes hands with Jonathan, who collects the sticky paper. Attempting to remove it, Mr and Mrs Brown get involved too. Eventually it gets back to Jonathan

Mrs Bird It's good to have you home, Master Jonathan.

Jonathan It's good to *be* home, Mrs Bird.

He shakes her hand and she finds that the sticky paper has come back to her once again

Narrator "Shall I take it, Mrs Bird?"

Mrs Bird (*firmly*) No, thank you. I'll wash it off myself.

Narrator "I'm afraid I had an accident with a cake. It's left me a bit sticky."

Mrs Bird I think a good hot bath will do you the world of good.

Judy (*confidentially*) She doesn't mind really. In fact I think she rather likes you.

Mrs Bird Where was it you said you'd come from? Peru?

Narrator "That's right," said Paddington, "*Darkest* Peru."

Mrs Bird Oh! Then I expect you like marmalade. I'd better get some more from the grocer.

Mrs Bird goes into the back of the house

Judy (*happily*) There you are! What did I tell you? She *does* like you.

Narrator "Fancy her knowing that I like marmalade," said Paddington.

Judy Mrs Bird knows everything about everything.

Mrs Brown Now, Judy, you'd better show Paddington his room while Jonathan gets unpacked.

Mr Brown And while that's going on, I'll spend a few moments on my painting. (*He moves to an easel in the corner of the room and prepares to paint*)

Judy (*explaining to Paddington*) It's for a competition.

Jonathan Do you think you'll win a prize this time, Dad?

Mrs Brown No-one will be more surprised than your father if he does. He's never won a prize yet.

Mrs Brown goes to the back of the house followed by Jonathan

Jonathan (as he exits) Maybe this time you'll be lucky.

Judy Come on, Paddington, and I'll show you your room.

They go upstairs. The Lights come on upstairs

I hope you like it. It used to be mine when I was small.

They reach the landing

There's a shower in there so you can have a good clean up. My room is further along. (She opens the bedroom door) Here we are.

Paddington is very pleased with what he sees

This is a chest of drawers for all of your things. Just pull the drawers out when you need them.

Paddington opens his suitcase

Narrator "It's very kind of you," said Paddington, "but I haven't got very much."

He holds up a jar

Judy What's that?

Narrator "A jar of marmalade. And that's my scrapbook, and my alarm clock."

Judy (looking at a photograph) And who is that?

Narrator "That's a picture of my Aunt Lucy. She had it taken just before she went into the Home for Retired Bears."

Judy She looks very nice. And very wise.

Narrator "Oh, she is," said Paddington.

Judy (briskly) Well, I'm going to leave you now so that you can have a shower. You'll find two taps, one marked hot and one marked cold. There's plenty of soap and a clean towel. Oh, and a brush so that you can scrub your back.

Narrator Paddington thought it all sounded very complicated. He would much rather have just sat in a puddle!

Judy And don't forget to wash your ears. They look awfully black. (She goes out and down the stairs)

Narrator (indignantly) "They're meant to be black," Paddington called after her. What was it Judy had said? Just pull out the drawers when you need them.

Paddington pulls the handles of the first drawer, which to his surprise comes completely out. He puts his belongings into the empty space it leaves. When everything is put safely away, he decides to have his shower. He goes through the door into the shower cubicle and draws the curtain. A moment later he opens the curtain again and looks out

Narrator "It's all wet! It's a good thing I've got my hat!"

Paddington pulls his hat firmly down over his ears and goes back inside the shower, pulling the curtain behind him

As the shower spray begins the Lights dim and come up on Mr and Mrs Brown and Jonathan

Judy joins them in the sitting-room

Mr Brown I hope we're doing the right thing.

Mrs Brown Well, we can hardly turn him out now. It wouldn't be fair.

Mr Brown Well, we'll have to see what Mrs Bird has to say about it first.

Jonathan Good old dad!

The door opens and Mrs Bird enters the sitting-room carrying a tray of tea things. She pauses and looks at their expectant faces

Judy Now's your chance to ask her.

Mrs Bird I suppose you want to tell me you've decided to keep that young Paddington.

Judy May we, Mrs Bird? *Please.* I'm sure he'll be very good.

Mrs Bird Humph! *(She puts the tray on the table)* I must say he looks the sort of bear who means well.

Mr Brown Then you don't mind, Mrs Bird?

Mrs Bird No. No, I don't mind at all. I've always had a soft spot for bears myself. It'll be nice to have one about the house.

Mrs Brown By the way, where is Paddington?

Judy Oh, he's all right. He's just having a shower.

All Oh? Good. That's all right. *(etc.)*

Mrs Bird exits

A noisy bubbling sound. The Lights come up on the shower. Paddington has blocked up the waste hole with a flannel and foaming water is beginning to overflow. Steam rises from all around. He is singing to himself, oblivious of the mess he is causing. The water is up to his chest and rising. Mr Brown is seated underneath with his painting and some drops fall on his head

Mr Brown That's funny. I could have sworn I felt a drop of water.

Mrs Brown Don't be silly, Henry. How could you?

Mr Brown *(another drop lands on his head)* It's happened again!

Jonathan *(looking up and seeing what is happening)* Crumbs! Water!

Judy Oh, gosh! The shower!

Jonathan Come on!

Mr Brown Where are you two going?

Judy Oh—*(pretending to be casual)*—just upstairs to see how Paddington's getting on. *(She bundles Jonathan out of the room and up the stairs)* Hurry!

Mrs Brown *(taking out the tea tray)* What was all that about, I wonder?

Mr Brown *(following her)* I suppose they're excited at having a bear about the house . . .

They go into the kitchen

Judy (*reaching the shower*) Are you all right, Paddington?

Narrator “Help! Help!” shouted Paddington. “Please come in, I think I’m going to drown!”

Jonathan pulls the shower curtain open

Judy Oh, dear! Get the water out.

Jonathan There! (*He pulls out Paddington’s flannel*) Didn’t you know you’d got the flannel over the plug hole?

Narrator “The water kept running away,” said Paddington.

Jonathan It’s meant to. That’s the whole idea of a shower. Wow! (*Impressed*) Fancy making all this mess.

Judy You just dry yourself properly or you’ll catch cold. You’d better give me your hat and I’ll put it in the airing cupboard to dry out.

Narrator “I’d rather you didn’t,” Paddington said firmly. “I don’t like to be without it. It’s my special bush hat.”

Judy Oh, come along, Paddington. (*Taking him to his room*) Now that you’re clean, will you tell us about yourself and how you came to emigrate?

Narrator Paddington’s adventure in the shower didn’t seem to have done him any harm. He clambered into bed, and put his paws behind his head. He liked an audience, especially when he was warm and the world seemed such a nice place. He began his story. “I was brought up in Darkest Peru by my Aunt Lucy.”

Jonathan Your Aunt Lucy?

Narrator “Yes,” said Paddington, “she’s the one who lives in the Home for Retired Bears in (*snore*)—ima . . .”

Jonathan In SNORE-ima? Where’s that?

Narrator “It’s in Peru.” (*Snore*) “*Darkest Peru.*”

Judy Paddington!

He gives a longer snore

Oh dear!

Jonathan It looks as if we’ll have to wait until tomorrow for the rest of the story.

Judy I expect he’s had a tiring day—what with one thing and another. (*She tucks him up into bed and sings*)

Song 2. Judy’s Lullaby

Now he’s sleeping
Safe in our keeping
We’ve got our very own Paddington Bear
Drowsing, yawning
Sound asleep till morning
We must all look after this bear.
What an unusual situation
Finding a bear on a railway station

What an astonishing thing for a bear to do
Stowing away in a lifeboat from Darkest Peru
Soundly sleeping
Safe in our keeping
We've got our very own Paddington Bear
So children, please look after this bear.

The Lights dim

Narrator The following morning, Paddington was very surprised when he woke up and found himself in bed.

An alarm clock rings. Paddington stirs. He pulls the blankets over his head so that his feet stick out of the bottom of the bed. He wiggles his toes then turns around under the bedclothes and sticks his head out of the wrong end of the bed. He yawns, gets up and opens the curtains. The sun streams in

Mr and Mrs Brown and Jonathan are finishing breakfast. Mr Brown puts down the morning paper

Mr Brown Pass the marmalade, please, Mary.

Mrs Brown Would you mind having jam instead? There isn't much marmalade left and I'm sure Paddington will want some when he comes down to breakfast.

Mr Brown Yes, of course. *(He returns to his paper)*

Mrs Brown I think I'd better get Mrs Bird to order a seven-pound tin.

Narrator For a moment, Paddington couldn't remember where he was. "I must have been dreaming," he said to himself. "I thought I was found on a railway station and brought to live with a family at number thirty-two Windsor Gardens. Except I can't remember the name of the station . . ." *(The audience tells him)* "Paddington! It wasn't a dream after all!" *(He sniffs the air appreciatively)* "And that's another thing that isn't a dream. I can smell breakfast."

Paddington opens the bedroom door and comes downstairs backwards. Judy runs upstairs and collides with him

Judy Good-morning, Paddington. Are you coming or going?

Mrs Brown Good-morning, Paddington.

Narrator "Good-morning, everyone," said Paddington.

Mr Brown Did you sleep well?

Narrator "Oh, yes. Very well, thank you," said Paddington.

Mrs Brown You'd better sit down and have your breakfast.

Narrator It was the first time Paddington had had an English breakfast and he soon found it wasn't as easy as it looked. First of all he had trouble with the grapefruit. Every time he pressed it with his spoon a long stream of juice shot up and hit him in the eye, which was very painful. And all the time he was worried because the bacon and eggs were getting cold. Then there was the question of the marmalade. He wanted to leave room for the marmalade. In the end he decided that it would be much better if he mixed everything up on one plate.

Judy You're the stickiest bear imaginable.

Narrator "That was very good marmalade," said Paddington. "Even chunkier than I used to get in Darkest Peru . . ."

Judy Mrs Bird buys it in the market. She said she would get some for you.

Jonathan Talking of Mrs Bird, I'd better go and finish unpacking—otherwise she'll be after me.

Judy Gosh, yes. I've still got masses. What would you like to do, Paddington?

Narrator "I haven't got very much to unpack," said Paddington. (*Brightly*) "Perhaps I could go and buy a frame for Aunt Lucy's photograph. Then I could hang it up."

Jonathan I bet you'd get one in Mr Gruber's antique shop. He's got everything.

Mrs Brown Do you think it's a good idea to let Paddington go out all by himself on his first morning?

Judy It's only just around the corner.

Jonathan It's not far enough for anything to go wrong. You can't miss it . . . look for the sign saying Portobello Road. Mr Gruber's shop's on the left going down.

Paddington gets up to leave

Mrs Brown Well, don't be too long. And mind you go carefully.

Mrs Brown goes out. Mr Brown exits

Jonathan (*calling after Paddington as he leaves*) You can borrow my roller skates if you like. Then you'll be twice as quick.

Judy Oh, Jonathan. Really! (*She goes upstairs*) He's only got paws.

Jonathan (*following her*) It was just a joke.

Paddington goes towards the front door

Mrs Bird comes in to clear the table

Mrs Bird And what are your plans for today, Paddington?

Narrator "I'm going shopping," said Paddington. "In the Portobello Road."

Mrs Bird You'd better hurry along then. It gets very busy on market days. I'd get my skates on if I were you.

She goes out with the breakfast things

Narrator "Get my skates on," repeated Paddington. "That's what Jonathan said." He sees some skates lying in the porch and decides to try them on.

Paddington puts one on his left paw, then stands on his right one and tries to push off with the left. When this fails he puts the other skate on his right paw. He stands up on both skates looking very pleased with himself

Narrator “Paws on wheels! I like this,” said Paddington.

He falls over

“I think.”

He stands up

“Perhaps I’ve got them on the wrong paws,” he thought.

He has another go, but this time he puts them on his front paws and heads off down the road on all fours

Mr Curry enters reading his morning newspaper and as they collide he is knocked off balance

Mr Curry What’s going on? Why don’t you look where you’re going?

Paddington raises his hat politely

Narrator “I’m sorry Mr——”

Mr Curry Curry’s the name.

Narrator “I’m very sorry, Mr Curry,” said Paddington. “Can I help you up?”

He tries to help Mr Curry to his feet, but at the crucial moment he steps on one of the skates and they end up on the pavement again

Mr Curry Bear! What are you doing, bear? (*He peers hard at Paddington*)
Who are you anyway?

Narrator “I’m Paddington.”

Paddington looks round to make sure he can’t be heard then puts his mouth close to Mr Curry’s ear

“I come from Darkest Peru, but Mr and Mrs Brown are letting me stay at number thirty-two Windsor Gardens.”

Mr Curry Number thirty-two? But that’s next door to me. Nobody’s asked my permission. I’ve a good mind to . . . (*He breaks off and feels his ear. He removes something from it*) Ugh! What’s this?

Paddington peers at it. Touches it with his paw and then tastes it

Narrator “I think it’s a marmalade chunk, Mr Curry,” said Paddington.
“Some of Mrs Bird’s special. I expect it got left on at breakfast. It must have fallen in your ear by mistake.”

Mr Curry A marmalade chunk? In my ear? Pah! You may be staying next door, bear, but if you know what’s good for you, you’ll stay out of my sight from now on. (*He stands up, stamps his foot angrily, steps on the roller skates and falls over again*)

Paddington exits hurriedly

Mr Curry turns and glares at the audience as he stands and goes into his song

Song 3. Mr Curry's Grumbling Song

So you think that bears are most amusing creatures
 Well, they may be when they're in their proper place
 But I'd rather do hard labour
 Than have *that* one for a neighbour
 It's a scandal. It's not *right*. It's a disgrace.
 I think it most improper!
 A bear like that should be inside a zoo.
 A man like me won't wear it
 I refuse to grin and bear it
 For I don't like bears
 Do you?

Audience

YES.

Mr Curry

Oh, I don't like bears

I don't like bears

Nasty little rare bears from Peru

I don't like bears, I don't like bears, I don't like bears

Do you?

Audience

YES.

Mr Curry

It really shouldn't be allowed to happen

Surely decent people will agree?

It's absolutely awful

And it should be made unlawful

For a bear like that to make a fool of me.

It's quite absurd. It's shocking.

Surely there is *something* I can do.

A man like me won't wear it

I refuse to grin and bear it

For I don't like bears

Do you?

Audience

YES.

Mr Curry

Oh, I don't like bears

I don't like bears

Nasty little rare bears from Peru

I don't like bears, I don't like bears, I don't like bears

Do you?

Audience

YES.

*Mr Gruber's antique shop in the Portobello Road**He is cleaning an oil painting when Paddington arrives***Mr Gruber** Good-morning. Can I help you?**Narrator** "I'm not sure," said Paddington. And he told Mr Gruber all about himself and the Brown family and how he wanted to find a frame for Aunt Lucy's photograph.**Mr Gruber** I must find something special for you. Here you are ... (*He hands Paddington a frame*) Slightly damaged in one corner, but it's very good otherwise. It's yours for twenty pence.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a license to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.samuelfrench.co.uk

or, in the US www.samuelfrench.com

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and enjoy other theatre-related larks, do follow us on our spangley social media channels.



Samuel French London



SamuelFrenchLtd