

Too Much Cheese

Four Dreams and a Nightmare

The set needs to have a breakfast table and chairs and an area that is Jo's bedroom where the dreams take place. The bedroom area has a bed, pillows, cushions, soft toys and a bedside light.

Scene 1 Sunday evening

Jo and Rufus the Dog enter the bedroom. They are both cleaning their teeth.

Jo: Rufus.

Rufus: Rufus?

Jo: What are you doing? *(Rufus holds up the toothbrush)* Yes I can see you're cleaning your teeth. But you're a dog, not a human.

Rufus: *(looking puzzled)* Huh?

(Meanwhile ... Mum and Gran are sitting round the table in the other room.)

Mum: *(calling)* Jo? Have you cleaned your teeth?

Jo: *(calling)* Yes Mum.

Mum: *(calling)* Is Rufus in there with you?

Rufus: *(calling)* Rufus!

Mum: *(calling)* Put that light out soon. It's school tomorrow.

Gran: That child should go to bed at a reasonable time.

Mum: Mum. It's only 8.30.

Gran: When I was their age, I was in bed by 7.

Mum: How are you getting on with choosing your lottery numbers?

Gran: I have a foolproof method. You take the ages of the 6 most successful people in Britain, and those are the lottery numbers. Success breeds success. How old is *(famous footballer)*?

Mum: I don't know. I've got more important things to worry about. *(Starts reading her dieting book)*

(Meanwhile ... Jo and Rufus are sitting/lying on or against the bed reading books or magazines.)

Jo: Rufus?

Rufus: Rufus?

Jo: Want some cheese?

- Rufus:** *(with disgust)* Cheeeese?
- Jo:** I got some from the fridge. But we'll have to be quiet because Gran says you should never eat cheese before you go to bed.
- Gran:** *(to Mum)* You should never eat cheese before you go to bed.
- Mum:** What?
- Gran:** It gives you nightmares. How old is *(member of the Royal family)*?
- Jo:** *(eating cheese)* Mmm. I love cheese.
- Rufus:** *(trying it but a bit doubtful)* Err...
- Jo:** Yum yum.
- Mum:** *(calling)* Turn your light off now Jo.
- Jo:** *(quickly finishing the cheese)* OK!
- Rufus:** *(holding up toothbrush)* Hmm?
- Jo:** Oh, for goodness sake, Rufus. You're worse than my mother.

(They clean their teeth again. Jo turns out the light – they fall asleep.)

Dream 1:

Song/Dance A Song About Cheese

Ooh. Cheese, cheese, cheese, cheese, cheese, cheese, cheese.

Cheese, cheese, cheese:
 Food of my dreams, dreams, dreams.
 Cheese, cheese, food of my dreams.
 An homage to fromage, the cream of the cream. Singing ...
 Cheese, cheese, cheese:
 Food of my dreams, dreams, dreams.
 Cheese, cheese, tasting supreme.
 An homage to fromage, the cream of the cream.

Round as a football and big as you need 'em,
 Bring on the cheese that is ready to feed 'em.
 Red as the flag of the country that breeds 'em:
 Netherlands' wonderful, colourful EDAM!

Oozing with flavour, we think you'll agree
 This is the one for the cheese bourgeoisie.
 Wait till it's ripe, then you'll cut it and see:
 Voila from France comes the soft-hearted BRIE. Singing ...

Cheese, cheese, cheese: