IT'S ELEMENTARY, TOO!

TWELVE SHORT PLAYS FOR LOWER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ACTORS

---

by Nicole B. Adkins, Nushin Arbabzadah,
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Stacey Lane, Anne Negri and Lojo Simon

Curated by Nicole B. Adkins and Jonathan Dorf

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FOREWORD

Since its publication in 2018, ***It's Elementary!*** has made its way to numerous stages and countless upper elementary classrooms. We have been delighted by the feedback we have received from teachers and students who have produced and engaged with these plays, but we often heard something like "this is helpful—but we need more!" or "is there anything for the younger performers?" To you, we say, thank you for your investment and your patience…the wait is over!

The time has come to spotlight our younger elementary theatre-makers! This carefully crafted second volume, filled with plays by award-winning playwrights who share our dedication to providing meaningful content with age-appropriate performance opportunities for young people, is designed for the K-2 set. It includes interest-driven themes and topics aligned with school and at-home learning, such as nature, folk and fairy tales, as well as empathy, teamwork and other important social skills. From birthday parties to lost balloons, from making new friends to being OK with being different, this collection is sprinkled throughout with plenty of silliness and opportunities for joyful play, as well as stories and ideas to inspire further discussion.

Young people deserve scripts that excite them and help them fall in love with theatre and the imaginative worlds it creates! At the same time, we know their teachers need plays that are flexible enough to work on stage and in the classroom, that fit a range of needs and abilities, and that offer a mix of large and flexible-sized casts with choral, participatory opportunities and smaller cast shows with more challenging roles for burgeoning thespians.

Whatever the size, experience or gender breakdown of your group, you'll find good options—and in a wide array of styles and genres—for your classroom, for performance and anything in between. You may even find a few scripts that could work for upper elementary groups as well.

Whether you're already a fan of ***It's Elementary!*** or you're new to the series, we're confident that you're going to love ***It's Elementary, Too!***

—Nicole B. Adkins and Jonathan Dorf

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ABOUT THE COLLECTION

These plays may be performed individually or grouped in any combination to create a show of the desired length and performed as ***It's Elementary, Too!*** To do every play in the collection requires 16+ performers (though if one excludes ***The Lion and Mamma Mouse***, only 11 performers are needed). For smaller groups, however, it's possible to perform more than half of the plays with casts of 8 or fewer. If each role is played by a different actor, there are opportunities for over 100 performers.

Plays may occasionally include [bracketed] dialogue which may be substituted for the original dialogue as needed.

THE BEST BALLOON

by Annie Harrison Elliott

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BOY

GIRL

SUN

CLOUD

BIRD

BEAR

SNAKE

CHORUS OF 3+ FOREST ANIMALS (SQUIRREL, FOX, etc.)

SETTING

A forest.

NOTES

All roles are designed to be gender-flexible. Feel free to reverse the GIRL and BOY characters, or to change the roles to GIRL and GIRL or BOY and BOY.

SPECIAL THANKS

To Nicole Blair Adkins.

DEDICATION

For Morgan and John.

(A CHORUS of forest animals enter. We hear an orchestra of sounds created by the forest animals. Students in the Chorus may select their own animal such as fox, squirrel, etc. The animal characters remain on stage for the duration of the play and speak all Chorus lines, which should be assigned variously. Slashes "/" indicate potential line breaks that may be assigned to different Chorus members. Chorus speaks directly to the audience. BOY enters center stage holding a balloon tied to a string.)

CHORUS: The boy is on his way home/from a birthday party/with the *best* balloon—

BOY: You are the best balloon I've ever seen…

(He looks up at it, admiringly, and with joy.)

CHORUS: As the boy's heart fills with joy/ the sun comes out/on cue.

(SUN enters, dancing on tip toes and twirling.)

SUN: Shining brightly, shining brightly, shining brightly...

(Sun watches the Boy's loosening grip on the balloon as he enjoys her rays.)

Don't forget. Hold on tightly!

CHORUS: But the little boy let go—

BOY: Noooooooo! My balloon! Come back!

(The boy reaches for his balloon, but it's too late. He wraps his arms around himself for comfort.)

CHORUS: As the boy's heart fills with gloom/a rain cloud appears/on cue.

(CLOUD enters while dancing.)

CLOUD: Circling slowly, circling slowly, circling slowly...

(Cloud bumps the Sun out of the way.)

SUN: Hey! You took my spot.

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BOY: My best balloon is gone. I'll never feel happy again!

(Cloud is pleased. Sun looks sad. BIRD enters, hopping on one foot.)

BIRD: Tweet. Tweet. Tweeeeeet. Tweet! Tweet.

BOY: I wish I could fly like you, bird. Then I could reach my balloon.

BIRD: Tweet. Tweet.

(Bird flies away.)

BOY: *(Speaks to Chorus animals:)* Hey, maybe if I ask nicely, that bird will catch my balloon way up in the sky and bring it back to me. Then I'd feel happy again!

(Chorus responds. Boy sets out after Bird.)

Bird! Come back.

(Boy exits, following Bird into a forest. Sun and Cloud exit. The Chorus of Animals participate in their animal business such as hiding nuts for winter, etc. Bird re-enters, picking berries from a nearby bush, and eating them. Bird flies away. BEAR enters.)

BEAR: *(Singing to himself:)* My berries are ripe! Gonna make a pie! Oh, I can't wait!

(Pause.)

Who picked the berries off my berry bush?

(Boy enters.)

Was it you?

BOY: Me?

BEAR: Did *you* pick the berries off my berry bush?

BOY: No.

BEAR: Oh.

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BOY: Have you seen a red bird go by, hopping on one foot?

BEAR: No.

BOY: Oh.

BEAR: I'm sorry if I seem glum. I worked hard planting berries all winter so they'd grow in the spring. And now they're gone.

BOY: I lost something, too.

BEAR: What?

BOY: The best balloon I ever saw.

BEAR: That does sound like a special balloon.

BOY: It was. I'm sorry about your berries.

BEAR: I'm sorry about your balloon. I just don't know how I'll cheer up again—

BOY: When I'm feeling low, sometimes taking a nap helps. I curl up in a blanket and read about something exciting—

BEAR: I do enjoy a good hibernation—I suppose I could get cozy in my cave.

BOY: That will make you feel happy again.

BEAR: But what will you do?

BOY: What do you mean?

BEAR: To feel better.

BOY: I will find that bird. They will fly up into the sky and bring my balloon back to me. Then I will feel happy again.

(We hear a Tweet. Tweet. Tweet.)

BEAR: It's coming from that way—

BOY: Goodbye Bear!

BEAR: Goodbye Boy!

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(Bear exits to his cave. Bird enters, chirping.)

BIRD: Tweet. Tweet. Tweet. Tweet.

BOY: Bird! Have you seen my balloon?

BIRD: The one flying high up in the sky?

BOY: Yes. That must be it—

BIRD: I've seen it—

BOY: You are the only one who can reach it way up there—can you bring it back to me?

BIRD: Tweet. Tweet. Tweet. Tweet.

(The Bird hops on one foot, then flies away.)

BOY: Wait!

(Boy runs offstage in pursuit of Bird. Chorus reacts. SNAKE enters.)

SNAKE: Slithering slowly. Slithering slowly. Slithering slowly—

(Boy enters, out of breath. Chorus reacts.)

BOY: Excuse me, snake? Have you seen my balloon?

SNAKE: Can't say I have—

BOY: Have you seen a little bird hopping on one foot?

SNAKE: Can't say I have—

BOY: You seem sad. Is everything okay?

SNAKE: I've lost something—

BOY: Me too! My balloon.

SNAKE: My skin.

BOY: Your *skin*?

SNAKE: I woke up this morning to find it had peeled off—

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BOY: Oh.

SNAKE: Quite alarming, really.

BOY: Yes.

SNAKE: I don't feel quite like myself now.

BOY: I understand.

SNAKE: My slithering feels slower because of these new scales—

BOY: It feels different.

SNAKE: It makes me feel a little—

BOY: Sad.

SNAKE: Yes.

BOY: Sometimes—when I wake up in the morning and find I've grown taller, I feel a little sad.

SNAKE: You do?

BOY: Just for a minute. But then I think of something good that comes from growing taller. Now that my arms are longer, I can reach a jar of peanut butter on the highest shelf!

SNAKE: I am less slick and slippery now…less likely to fall off rocks…

BOY: Exactly!

SNAKE: I'm starting to feel better. Thank you.

BOY: You're welcome.

SNAKE: But how will you feel better? About your lost balloon?

BOY: I will find that bird. He will fly up into the sky and bring my balloon back to me. Then I will feel happy again.

(We hear Bird tweeting.)

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WHY RABBIT'S NOSE TWITCHES

by Sandra Fenichel Asher

CAST OF CHARACTERS

STORYTELLER(S)

FROG

RABBIT

ROOSTER

SNAKE

MONKEY

TIGER

FOREST CREATURES

All characters may be played as any gender, though roosters are male by definition. All other character pronouns may be changed as needed.

SETTING

Long ago. A forest in Burma.

PRODUCTION NOTES

This script is arranged for Readers' Theatre presentation, but full production is possible. For a larger cast, lines assigned to STORYTELLER and FOREST CREATURES may be divided up among any number of actors. Extras may also be used to create the world of the play through music, a forest soundscape, movement, dance, and other imaginative interpretations. For a smaller cast, STORYTELLER can take on FOREST CREATURE lines and one or more of the animal characters as well.

(At rise: A bamboo forest in Burma. All [STORYTELLER, FROG, RABBIT, ROOSTER, SNAKE, MONKEY, TIGER and any other FOREST CREATURES] enter. For a reading, this may simply entail actors walking in a line to their assigned places. For a full production, actors may enter one at time, moving into position in character. Once in place, they may continue to mime actions appropriate to their species and the story. Tiger, for instance, might stride onstage with strength and dignity, then yawn, stretch, and lie down for a nap.)

STORYTELLER: In the forest—

FOREST CREATURES: Where the bamboo grows—

STORYTELLER: Many creatures thought Rabbit was the wisest animal of all.

ROOSTER: Rabbit is always quiet.

SNAKE: Rabbit is always thinking.

MONKEY: All that thinking has made Rabbit wise.

FOREST CREATURES: Smart! Bright! Quick! Clever!

RABBIT: Oh, my!

STORYTELLER: This made Frog jealous.

FROG: I will play a trick on Rabbit. Then we'll see how smart she is.

STORYTELLER: Frog hid behind a large rock.

FOREST CREATURES: Shhhh! Shhhh! Shhhh!

STORYTELLER: Frog waited for Rabbit.

FOREST CREATURES: Shhh! We hear her. Shhh! We see her. Shhh! Here she comes.

STORYTELLER: At last, Rabbit hopped by the large rock.

FOREST CREATURES: Hop! Hop! Hop! Hop!

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STORYTELLER: Out jumped Frog!

FROG: RRRRR-RIBBIT, RABBIT!

STORYTELLER: Rabbit was surprised.

RABBIT: Oh, my!

STORYTELLER: She leaped high into the air.

FOREST CREATURES: WHOOSH!

STORYTELLER: And she landed on a pumpkin.

FOREST CREATURES: SQUISH!

STORYTELLER: The pumpkin burst open.

FOREST CREATURES: SPLASH! SPLATTER! SPLAT!

STORYTELLER: Seeds flew everywhere. One hit Rooster in the eye.

ROOSTER: Cock-a-doodle-doo!

STORYTELLER: Rooster was surprised.

ROOSTER: Cock-a-doodle-DON'T!

STORYTELLER: Rooster tried to run away. But he couldn't see where he was going. He tripped and fell on top of Snake.

SNAKE: SSSSSSSSS!

STORYTELLER: Snake was surprised.

SNAKE: SSSSSSSS!

STORYTELLER: She slithered out from underneath Rooster and up, up, up into a bamboo tree.

SNAKE: SSSSSSSSS!

STORYTELLER: Monkey was surprised.

MONKEY: Chee-chee-chee-chee-chee!

STORYTELLER: He dropped his banana.

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MONKEY: Chee-chee-chee-chee-chee!

STORYTELLER: It fell down, down, down until it landed right on Tiger's head.

FOREST CREATURES: PLOP!

STORYTELLER: Tiger was surprised.

TIGER: GRRRRRRR! Who dares to wake me from my morning nap? GRRRRRR!

STORYTELLER: The other animals tried to run.

FOREST CREATURES: Rrrribbit! Sssssssss! Cock-a-doodle-doo! Chee-chee-chee-chee-chee!

STORYTELLER: They tried to hide.

RABBIT: Oh, my!

STORYTELLER: But Tiger caught Monkey by the tail.

MONKEY: Chee-chee-chee-chee-chee!

TIGER: Were you the one who woke me from my nap, Monkey?

STORYTELLER: Monkey was afraid.

MONKEY: It wasn't me. It's not my fault. Snake slithered into my tree.

FOREST CREATURES: Snake slithered. Snake did. We all heard. We all saw.

STORYTELLER: Tiger pulled Snake from her hiding place.

SNAKE: Sssssssssss!

TIGER: So, Snake, it was you who woke me from my nap.

STORYTELLER: Snake was afraid.

SNAKE: It wasn't me. It's not my fault. Rooster tripped and fell on me.

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FOREST CREATURES: Rooster tripped. Rooster did. We all heard. We all saw.

STORYTELLER: Tiger had no trouble catching Rooster.

ROOSTER: Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-DON'T!

TIGER: Why did you wake me from my nap, Rooster?

STORYTELLER: Rooster was afraid.

ROOSTER: It wasn't me. It's not my fault. Rabbit hopped onto a pumpkin and a seed hit me in the eye.

FOREST CREATURES: Rabbit hopped. Rabbit did. We all heard. We all saw.

STORYTELLER: Tiger called Rabbit to her.

RABBIT: Oh, my!

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HARLEY THE HORSE

by Laura King

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MS. MCDONALD, the lone teacher.

HARLEY, a horse of a different color.

BAILEY, busy as a bee.

DEVON, lazy as a dog.

BRYCE, hungry as a bear.

MARLOW, stubborn as a mule.

KASEY and KELLY, playful as kittens.

OPTIONAL ENSEMBLE OF STUDENTS

All characters (including Ms. McDonald) may be of any gender. Feel free to update the pronouns in the text as needed.

SETTING

An elementary school classroom.

(Lights up on a classroom. Students are seated at desks. MS. MCDONALD stands at the front of the room. A school bell rings.)

MS. MCDONALD: Settle down, children. Let's see who's here this morning. Bailey?

(BAILEY jumps up and down in seat.)

BAILEY: Here, here, here.

MS. MCDONALD: One here is fine, Bailey.

BAILEY: Sorry, Ms. McDonald, but I'm ready to get going. There's so much to do.

MS. MCDONALD: Do you mind if I finish taking attendance?

BAILEY: Right, right, right.

(DEVON, who has been napping, lifts head from desk.)

DEVON: Be quiet, Bailey. I'm trying to nap.

MS. MCDONALD: I see Devon is here.

(Devon drops head back on desk.)

Physically at least.

(BRYCE holds stomach.)

BRYCE: Is it lunch time yet?

MS. MCDONALD: I'm still taking attendance—or at least trying to.

(Devon lifts head up again.)

DEVON: Did someone say lunch?

(MARLOW scowls at Devon.)

MARLOW: Go back to sleep.

(Devon drops head on desk again. KASEY and KELLY look up from the cat's cradle game they are playing with yarn.)

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KASEY: If it's lunch time, you know what that means.

KELLY: That it's almost—

KASEY & KELLY: *(Intensely excited:)* RECESS!

(All the students cheer. Several stand up. If an ensemble of students is used, several students can excitedly move to the classroom door.)

MS. MCDONALD: Sit down! It's not almost recess. It's not even almost lunch.

(Any students who have moved to the door can return to their seats ad libbing [e.g. "Oh, man." "I thought it was recess." "Will this day ever be over?"])

I haven't finished taking attendance!

MARLOW: *(Folding arms:)* What's the holdup?

MS. MCDONALD: It's a zoo in here.

MARLOW: And whose fault is that?

MS. MCDONALD: Right now, it's yours.

MARLOW: As my mother always says, "We'll have to agree to disagree."

MS. MCDONALD: You're making *me* disagreeable.

MARLOW: I agree.

MS. MCDONALD: Harley? Is Harley here?

(HARLEY throws head back and whinnies like a horse. Everyone stares at Harley.)

Harley?

(Harley bucks head around and nickers like a horse. Everyone keeps staring. Kasey and Kelly giggle.)

BAILEY: Are you okay?

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DEVON: *(Waking up:)* What's happening?

MARLOW: Harley's gone haywire.

MS. MCDONALD: Harley, do you plan on being this disruptive all day?

HARLEY: *(As a horse:)* Neigh.

MS. MCDONALD: Good, because we have a lot to do.

BAILEY: That's right! We've got reading and social studies and PE.

DEVON: And naptime.

BRYCE: And lunch.

KASEY & KELLY: And RECESS!

(If an ensemble of students is used, the same students who moved to the classroom door previously can make this move again while ad libbing [e.g., "Finally." "It's about time." "Longest morning ever!"] Ms. McDonald can then order them back to their seats.)

MARLOW: *(Folding arms:)* I'm not doing any of that.

MS. MCDONALD: Then we'll start with math. Who can tell me what twelve minus eight is? Bailey?

BAILEY: Six?

MS. MCDONALD: Devon?

DEVON: Five.

MS. MCDONALD: Bryce?

BRYCE: Twenty.

MARLOW: Twenty?!

(Kasey and Kelly giggle.)

MS. MCDONALD: Harley?

(Harley pads foot four times on the ground. Ms. McDonald sighs.)

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Harley, please answer the question.

(Harley again pads the floor four times.)

This is silly. What if I came to school and pretended to be an animal?

BAILEY: What animal would you be?

BRYCE: An owl. They're really smart.

DEVON: You should be a hippo. They're happy.

MARLOW: Or a mouse because you like things quiet.

BAILEY: Tell us, Ms. McDonald.

MS. MCDONALD: *(Sarcastically:)* A lone wolf at the mercy of a pack of wild animals.

(The ensemble of students can make various wild animal noises.)

Enough!

MARLOW: Suit yourself.

MS. MCDONALD: What would suit me is if someone, anyone, would tell me what twelve minus eight equals.

(Harley once more pads the floor four times.)

Harley!

BAILEY: *(Counting on fingers:)* Wait. That's right! It's four! Harley got it right!

(The students cheer.)

MS. MCDONALD: Fine. Let's move along. Several of you had trouble on the last test with listing the vowels.

BAILEY: Oh, I know the vowels! I know them! A, E, I, O…

MS. MCDONALD: And?

BRYCE: Y is a vowel sometimes.

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MS. MCDONALD: But there's one more. Does anyone know?

(Harley takes a piece of paper off his/her desk and holds it up for Ms. McDonald to see. The paper has a U-shaped horseshoe on it.)

BAILEY: It's U. That's the last vowel! U!

(The students cheer. Ms. McDonald is irritated.)

MS. MCDONALD: All right, if you all are so interested in animals, answer this: What is a male deer called?

(The students look at each other to see who knows the answer. Harley starts to buck head.)

BAILEY: What are you trying to say, Harley?

BRYCE: Flick?

DEVON: Twitch?

KASEY & KELLY: Jerk?

MARLOW: Jerk?!

MS. MCDONALD: Maybe if Harley used words, it would be easier.

(Harley bucks back legs.)

BAILEY: Oh, I know. I know. It's buck!

(The students cheer.)

MS. MCDONALD: This is ridiculous! Harley, I insist that you stop pretending to be a horse.

HARLEY: *(As a horse:)* Neighhhhhhh.

(Harley takes off galloping around the room. The students cheer Harley on.)

MS. MCDONALD: Harley, return to your seat immediately!

(Harley squeals and continues to gallop. The students continue to cheer.)

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HARLEY: *(As a horse:)* REEEE, REEEE, REEEE.

MS. MCDONALD: Stop horsing around!

HARLEY: *(As a horse:)* REEEE, REEEE, REEEE.

(Ms. McDonald takes a mirror [maybe a compact] out of her desk and holds it up in front of Harley.)

MS. MCDONALD: You're a human, not a horse! Look!

(Harley looks in the mirror and freezes. The jig is up. Harley looks at the other students, who are staring at Harley. Harley sadly walks back as a human to their desk and sits.)

That's better. Now we can really get some work done. Take out a piece of paper and begin to write the alphabet, underlining the vowels.

(Ms. McDonald returns to her desk. She looks into the mirror to fix her hair.)

BAILEY: *(Whispering:)* Harley, are you okay?

(Harley shrugs.)

DEVON: *(Whispering:)* I liked you as a horse. Don't know where you got the energy, but I liked it.

KASEY & KELLY: Me too!

(The other students shush Kasey and Kelly.)

BRYCE: *(Whispering:)* And what's the big deal? You weren't hurting anybody.

BAILEY: *(Whispering:)* You even got the answers right.

MARLOW: *(Whispering:)* Grownups are always trying to make us act a certain way. It's not fair.

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THE LESSER OF TWO WEEVILS

by Nicole B. Adkins

CAST OF CHARACTERS

WORMLY, an earthworm.

SQUIRMAL, another earthworm.

CHEEKACHEE, a chickadee searching for breakfast and a nest.

PHEE-BEE, another chickadee searching for breakfast and a nest.

NUTSY, a grumpy old squirrel.

LARVALEE, an acorn weevil larva.

LARVALOO, another acorn weevil larva.

The earthworms and larvae could be double-cast.

PRODUCTION NOTES

The oak tree setting could be as simple or elaborate as the producing company wishes. Levels of some kind would be nice, so that the squirrel and birds could look down on the worms and leaves. Additional non-speaking roles as needed could include various forest creatures and/or an ensemble of students creating/depicting the natural elements such as the tree and the acorn. Two squirrels (a younger Nutsy and his rival) could be added to help act out Nutsy's story.

(Lights up on an oak tree with a nice, inviting branch just right for a bird's nest. Grass and leaves below. WORMLY and SQUIRMAL, two earthworms, are in the leaves having breakfast.)

WORMLY: Nothing like a wilty, rotting oak leaf in the morning!

SQUIRMAL: I prefer a nice beech leaf, pre-chewed by a caterpillar. But this will do.

(CHEEKACHEE, a chickadee, flies in.)

CHEEKACHEE: Chicka-chicka-dee! Breakfast for me! A beetle, a berry, or better yet a worm—love the yummy, juicy way they squirm!

WORMLY: Quick, Squirmal, into our holes!

SQUIRMAL: Off we slither, Wormly!

(Wormly and Squirmal quickly disappear. Cheekachee flies after them, just missing their wormy ends.)

CHEEKACHEE: Cheeeeep shot! Away they got!

(Cheekachee looks around for something else to eat and notices the tree.)

Oooh! Look at that tree. Just right for a nest for me! Now to gather some sticks and bits for a cozy fit!

(Cheekachee flies away. PHEE-BEE, another chickadee, enters, also looking for breakfast. Phee-Bee also notices the tree.)

PHEE-BEE: Cheer-up! What a find! Just the place I've had in mind! Now to gather some sticks and bits for a cozy fit!

(Phee-Bee exits. Cheekachee enters with some sticks and bits. They begin placing these on the branch. Phee-Bee enters with their own sticks and bits, sees Cheekachee.)

Chicka-dee-chicka-chicka-CHEEK! This is my home, dullbeak!

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Who do you think you are! Scram! Fly far!

CHEEKACHEE: Well! That's a twig in the eye all right! You looking for a fight? This is my home, fair and square, found it myself and I won't share!

PHEE-BEE: A fight you want, a fight you've got! This is my home—you can't say it's not!

(The birds circle each other doing the chickadee gargle call [Google this; it's fun.] NUTSY, a grumpy old squirrel, enters.)

NUTSY: Hey! Hey! Whaddaya think you're doing, disturbing my day! I was just enjoying a nice bouquet of tree flowers when you two jibber-jabs started your cheeping and chattering! This is a quiet, peaceful neighbor-wood. We'll be having no chickadee battles in my tree!

(Nutsy's firm tone quiets the two birds.)

CHEEKACHEE: I apologize for this...squealer, this nest-stealer!

PHEE-BEE: Cheep! Chicka-chew-why I oughtta wing-flap you!

NUTSY: Enough! I'm gonna' tell you two young flappersnappers a story about—an old friend of mine. Once, long ago, there was... *(Dramatically:)* A HUGE *acorn.*

(The two birds groan.)

CHEEKACHEE: But I have to make my nest—

PHEE-BEE: You fly off—that will be best—

NUTSY: Chh-chh-chh. You will both stop your flapping and hear me out. Hmmm, now... Ah yes. Remember it like it was yesterday. Once, long ago, there was... *(Dramatically:)* A HUGE *acorn.*

CHEEKACHEE: *(Mutters:)* You already said that bit...

PHEE-BEE: Hush, nit-wit.

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NUTSY: And inside this acorn lived two weevil larvae.

(LARVALEE and LARVALOO enter, crouching under an acorn shell.)

LARVALEE: My mom, a beee-autiful brown beetle, an acorn weevil, to be precise, laid me in this acorn when I was a tiny egg, to keep me nice and safe until I could eat my way out of the acorn in the spring.

LARVALOO: *My* mother, a glorious brown beetle of the same genus and species, laid *me* in this acorn *first*, for the same reason!

LARVALEE: Actually, *I* was here first, and, like, there's only enough acorn meat for one of us, so, get!

LARVALOO: You crawl out and find your own acorn!

LARVALEE: You crawl out!

LARVALOO: No, you!

(They begin wrestling.)

LARVALEE: May the Greatest Weevil Larva *win!*

LARVALOO: Me, obviously!

(They wrestle and wrestle and the acorn rolls about. Maybe two more SQUIRRELS enter to act out the rest of Nutsy's story.)

NUTSY: Well. They got the acorn rocking and knocking with their larva-wrestling, which captured the attention of—a coupla other squirrels I once knew. And the nut looked so delectable that both squirrels decided to go for it. At the *same time!* They were so focused on the acorn that they didn't even look where they were going. They ran right into each other—bam! Got knocked clean out. The nut fell outta the tree, and that was that.

(Larvalee and Larvaloo roll offstage.)

LARVAE: Oh noooo…

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NUTSY: When the two squirrels woke up, the acorn was nowhere to be seen, so they went their separate ways.

(Nutsy wipes their eyes with a paw. Or a leaf. Or, you know, a tiny squirrel handkerchief.)

Always did wonder what happened to that nut. I mean...my friend wondered. But I'll tell you this, yung'uns—I never did bother to argue much after that. I mean my friend didn't.

(Both Chickadees stare at Nutsy, ready for more.)

CHEEKACHEE: So...who won?

PHEE-BEE: Larva Two or Larva One?

NUTSY: Nobody won, featherheads! That's the point!

(Nutsy storms off, fuming.)

CHEEKACHEE: That was a good story!

PHEE-BEE: A tale of weevil glory!

CHEEKACHEE: Who'd have thought that we'd agree.

PHEE-BEE: I thought you were my enemy.

CHEEKACHEE: Cheeka-chee! It's come to me!

PHEE-BEE: What if we were to—

CHEEKACHEE: Share this tree?

PHEE-BEE: A nest for you and a nest for me.

CHEEKACHEE: Could it be? A tree with two chickadees?

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THE JUMPING GIRAFFE OF THE SAVANNAH

by Jeffery S. Jenkins

CAST OF CHARACTERS

TIMMON, a young giraffe (any gender) born with a noticeably short neck.

ADEDE, juvenile grasshopper (any gender) who has an injured leg and can't jump.

KUMME, Canine pup (any gender). They can't see very well and wears eyeglasses to help them see. The eyeglasses do not help them much.

CHORUS, 3-15 or as many actors as needed to play:
TREES
GRASS
ROCK
GIRAFFES
FROGS

SETTING

The African Savannah. A grassy area near some tall Acacia trees or other trees with large leaves. Just after the sun greets the savannah and a little giraffe wakes hungry.

NOTE

All roles in the play can be played by actors playing the characters or actors with puppets or a combination of both. The savannah with its trees and grasses can be accomplished by using the chorus to portray the trees, grasses and rocks or with shadow puppets or simple projections. I envision this as gender

neutral. When a gender pronoun is mentioned in the stage directions it can be changed to a gender-neutral pronoun or to the pronoun(s) preferred by the actor playing the character. Regarding the chorus, they will always be present and transform throughout becoming whatever they need to be at the time.

DEDICATION

For Micah, a fearless and kind soul.

(The African savannah. A grassy area near a small group of TREES. The leaves are very high, and those below have been picked clean by the adult giraffes in the herd. A calf, TIMMON, walks out of the tall GRASS. He is noticeably different from other giraffes, as he has a very short neck.)

TIMMON: I'm hungry!

(Timmon tries stretching his neck to the leaves. The Trees stretch their branches taller into the air. He can't reach. He tries to jump but fails.)

(Frustrated:) Why is my neck so short? I can't reach the leaves! *(Calling:)* Mom, where are you? Mom always says, "It's too dangerous out there. You need to stay here where it's safe." *(Beat.)* She never lets me do anything. *(Thinking:)* What if I wander off a little? She'll never know.

(The Trees transform into a ROCK. Timmon creeps toward the Rock.)

No danger behind this rock. *(Looking:)* What about the grass over there?

(The Rock transforms into tall Grass and moves with the wind. Timmon creeps toward the Grass and hides behind it. After a few moments…)

There's no danger behind the grass. *(Hears a noise:)* Yikes! Someone's coming.

(Timmon hides! Enter KUMME, a dog with nose to the ground. Kumme is wearing a backpack and eyeglasses. Timmon watches from behind the Grass.)

KUMME: I know it's around here, somewhere. *(Sniffing the ground:)* Not here…nor here or…nope, not over here either. Keep sniffing. Yes, must keep sniffing. *(Pause.)* Wait a minute.

(Finally, something that smells familiar and perhaps wonderful. Kumme spends some time investigating this spot of interest.)

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Dig, dig, dig... It's got to be here. Nose, don't fail me now. *(Discovers:)* Only one little piece of old fruit. Nose, have you been fibbing again?

(Kumme thinks a moment. Looking up, notices the tree is full of wonderful, ripe fruit. Some Grass transforms into a Tree.)

Bingo. Let's get those lovely fruits in the tree.

(Kumme reaches into the larger pocket of the backpack and retrieves a pair of gym shoes. Kumme puts the shoes on and begins to jump.)

A little higher. Bounce!

(Kumme launches higher and is able to grab some of the fruit from the tree.)

That should do it.

(Kumme places the fruit within the backpack. Kumme then unties the shoes, taking them off and places them within the larger pocket of the backpack. At last Kumme puts the backpack on and heads toward home.)

TIMMON: Whoa! I'm glad that scary dog didn't find me.

(Timmon continues to hide behind the Grass. A moment. As he emerges from the Grass, enter a herd of young GIRAFFES.)

GIRAFFE #1: Who are you hiding from?

TIMMON: Err…no one. I thought I lost my ball in the grass. *(Looking around:)* Don't see it here.

GIRAFFE #2: We're going from tree to tree to find the best leaves to eat.

GIRAFFE #1: *(Looking in the trees:)* There aren't any good tasting leaves in those trees.

TIMMON: Can I come?

GIRAFFE #2: No. The leaves we're looking for are way up high.

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You've got a short neck.

GIRAFFE #1: You'd never be able to reach the leaves. Short neck.

TIMMON: Stop it.

GIRAFFES: *(Chanting:)* Short neck, short neck.

(The Giraffes run away in search of leaves in high trees. After a moment, we hear a voice speak to Timmon. It is ADEDE, sitting in the Grass hiding.)

ADEDE: I heard what those giraffes said. Not very nice.

TIMMON: Who said that? Show yourself!

(Adede moves to the front of the Grass so we can see him.)

Yikes! I thought you might be a big dog. *(Acting like a dog:)* You're only a grasshopper.

ADEDE: Dogs scare me. I don't like them.

TIMMON: My mom said dogs are mean. *(Pause.)* I'm hungry. Do you know where to find food?

ADEDE: How about this lovely grass. *(Munching on a piece:)* It's so delicious.

TIMMON: Yuck! Grass gives me a stomachache. I only like leaves.

(The Grass transforms into Trees. Adede notices the leaves.)

ADEDE: There are some leaves right up there in the trees.

TIMMON: I can't reach because…they're too high up. My mom told me to stay here while she searches for food. But I am starving now!

ADEDE: The leaves don't seem to be very high up in the tree. Maybe you should try.

TIMMON: They're so high no giraffe could reach them. But,

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you're a grasshopper. You can jump up and get all the leaves and make them fall down.

(Adede shows Timmon his leg, which has bandages on it.)

ADEDE: I've hurt my leg and can't jump. *(Pause.)* I see you have really long legs. Can you jump?

TIMMON: My legs are long but I don't know how to jump.

(The Trees transform into a group of FROGS. They hop about.)

Are frogs good at jumping?

ADEDE: They are good jumpers.

FROG #1: Good? We're way better at jumping than grasshoppers.

ADEDE: *(To Timmon:)* This is a long-running argument between frogs and grasshoppers. *(Beat.)* Grasshoppers are better because we can jump higher and farther.

FROG #2: Prove it. Let's have a jumping contest.

FROGS: *(Chanting:)* Jumping contest, jumping contest.

TIMMON: Adede can't jump because he has a hurt leg.

(Adede shows the Frogs his injured leg.)

FROG #2: I guess we win unless you'd like to try, giraffe.

ADEDE: *(To the Frogs:)* Since you're so good at jumping, can you show Timmon how to jump?

FROGS: Watch this.

(Frogs begin jumping. Timmon tries to jump but can't.)

FROG #2: You have a short neck and you don't know how to jump. *(Laughing:)* Short neck can't jump. *(Frogs chanting:)* Short neck.

ADEDE: That's not nice. Stop teasing.

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(Adede has an idea. Hiding behind the Grass he "barks.")

FROGS: What was that?

TIMMON: That was a dog barking. We'd better hide!

(Timmon and the Frogs look around nervously. Adede, still hiding, barks like a dog. Timmon looks for a place to hide.)

TIMMON: *(Pointing:)* I hear the dogs. They must be behind that tree.

FROGS: We don't like dogs. They eat frogs.

(Adede comes out of hiding.)

ADEDE: There must be a whole pack coming this way, and those dogs sound hungry!

(Frightened, the Frogs hop away. As they leave, the Frogs transform into the Grass. Adede laughs.)

That was me.

TIMMON: Wait, what? *(A moment.)* Oh, so funny pretending to be a dog. You're really smart.

ADEDE: You have to be smart when you're small.

TIMMON: I'm not sure I would've thought of that.

ADEDE: I bet you're good at a lot of things.

TIMMON: Wish it was jumping. *(Beat.)* I'm so hungry. I need to find a shorter tree so I can reach the leaves.

ADEDE: Didn't you say your mother wants you to stay here till she gets back?

TIMMON: I want to try to find my own food. We'll be back before my mom notices we're gone.

ADEDE: I don't think leaving is a good idea. Maybe we should head back home.

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TIMMON: *(Convincing:)* I know where the tastiest leaves are. Come on!

(Timmon and Adede walk by the tall Grass. Enter Kumme. He can't see well and bumps into Timmon. Kumme's glasses fall off.)

Hey, you knocked me down! *(Realizing Kumme is a dog:)* It's a dog!

(Timmon and Adede hide from Kumme.)

ADEDE: *(To Timmon:)* See what happens when you don't stay put?

(Kumme crouches down and feels around on the ground for his glasses.)

KUMME: I heard your barking. Please don't hide.

(Timmon peeks out from the grass.)

ADEDE: Stay hidden.

TIMMON: *(To Kumme:)* You must be mean because you knocked me down.

KUMME: I didn't mean to knock you down, honest. I don't see very well.

(Kumme looks around but can't see Timmon and Adede.)

Please come out. Can you help me find my glasses?

TIMMON: My mom said when I see one dog, there are more because you run in packs.

KUMME: I'm always alone. The other dogs call me "four eyes" and don't want to play with me. *(Feeling around for the glasses:)* I'm sorry I bumped you. Please come out.

TIMMON: *(To Adede:)* Maybe he's telling the truth. It's not his fault he can't see well.

ADEDE: If you say so, but you better be ready to run.

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(Timmon cautiously picks up Kumme's glasses and puts them on Kumme's face.)

TIMMON: Hey, I've seen you before. *(Beat.)* You really scared us.

ADEDE: *(To Kumme:)* Promise not to hurt us?

KUMME: I wouldn't hurt you. *(Beat.)* Will you promise to play nice?

TIMMON: We promise—right, Adede?

ADEDE: Yes. *(Bowing:)* I'm Adede the grasshopper. Nice to meet you.

KUMME: My name is Kumme. Nice to meet you.

TIMMON: I'm Timmon. It's nice to meet you too.

(The Grass transforms into Trees.)

KUMME: What game are you playing?

TIMMON: We're not playing a game. We're hungry and looking for food.

(Kumme reaches for his backpack, opens it and retrieves a piece of fruit.)

What's that?

KUMME: It's a piece of fruit. I don't like what dogs normally eat, so I found something else.

TIMMON: *(Looking at the fruit:)* Giraffes don't eat fruit. I bet I won't like it.

KUMME: How do you know until you try it? *(Gives the fruit to Timmon.)* It's okay.

TIMMON: *(Looks at the fruit. Tries it.)* This is pretty good. *(Eats more.)* Do you want some, Adede?

ADEDE: No, thank you.

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TIMMON: *(To Kumme:)* I'm really hungry for leaves, but I can't jump up high to reach them.

KUMME: *(To Timmon:)* I notice you have long legs. I bet you'd be able to leap really high.

TIMMON: I don't know how to jump.

KUMME: Why don't you give it a try.

(Timmon tries to jump and fails. Frustrated, Timmon sits. Kumme reaches into his backpack and pulls out gym shoes, giving the shoes to Timmon.)

TIMMON: Whoa! I saw you wear these. What are they?

KUMME: My grandfather gave me these special gym shoes. I couldn't jump well and he told me the shoes would help. Why don't you try them?

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SPINNING

by Nushin Arbabzadah

CAST OF CHARACTERS

LILI, a new girl on her first day of school in America. Age between 5 to 8 years old.

BELLA, Lili's cousin. Age between 5 to 8 years old.

EMMA, a popular girl. Age between 5 to 8 years old.

ANNA, friend of Emma & Bella. Age between 5 to 8 years old.

CHLOE, friend of Emma & Bella. Age between 5 to 8 years old.

SOPHIE, friend of Emma & Bella. Age between 5 to 8 years old.

DEDICATION

For my friends, Vesna & Banafsheh.

(Morning break on a schoolyard. Five girls [BELLA, EMMA, ANNA, CHLOE and SOPHIE] in a clique are talking excitedly and turning their heads towards LILI. Lili is the new girl. She is alone and watching the girls from a distance. Lili is dressed differently from the other girls and looks different. Bella, who has the same hair color as Lili, leaves the clique and talks to Lili.)

BELLA: Can you do a twirl?

LILI: What's a twirl?

(Chloe, Sophie & Anna approach Lili and Bella. Emma watches them from a distance.)

I don't understand.

CHLOE: You don't understand English?

LILI: I don't understand the word.

SOPHIE: What word?

BELLA: Twirl.

CHLOE: Twirl! That's easy. Look at me.

(Chloe does a twirl.)

SOPHIE: You turn round and round and round, look.

(Sophie spins until dizzy.)

You spin!

BELLA: Everyone does it. Do it!

LILI: No.

SOPHIE: Why not?

ANNA: Lili said no.

CHLOE: Because she is scared. The new girl is scared. That's so babyish.

LILI: I'm not scared.

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ANNA: Yes, you are scared.

LILI: I am never scared. Never! Even the eagle-owl didn't scare me.

CHLOE: What's an eagle-owl?

LILI: We always played on the streets back home. I was never scared.

BELLA: If you are not scared, then why don't you spin?

LILI: I don't want to spin! I don't want to spin! Why should I spin? Why?

ANNA: Lily says why.

CHLOE: She says why.

SOPHIE: She needs to know why.

CHLOE: Why? Why? Why?

BELLA: No one asks why. Everyone just does it.

LILI: My mother says always ask why. I listen to my mother. Back home everyone listens to their mother.

BELLA: Because of Emma.

LILI: Who is Emma?

BELLA: Emma is my friend.

LILI: She's your friend but not my friend.

BELLA: If Emma likes you, everyone will like you.

ANNA: Emma likes making new friends. But she has to be sure first.

CHLOE: Look, Lili, Emma is looking at you.

SOPHIE: Emma is waiting.

BELLA: Now is your chance. Spin, twirl, turn…

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LILI: Why doesn't she talk? Can't she speak straight from her liver?

ANNA: She said liver. That's so funny.

BELLA: Don't say liver. Don't speak like that.

LILI: Why not? You speak like that. We speak like that.

BELLA: We speak like that at home. We don't speak like that at school.

LILI: But I don't want to spin.

SOPHIE: Emma lives in the biggest house. Where do you live?

LILI: I don't live in a big house.

CHLOE: Emma has a dog. What do you have?

LILI: I don't have a dog.

ANNA: There's a huge trampoline in Emma's house.

SOPHIE: Huge, big, like this.

CHLOE*: (Running around to show how big the trampoline is:)* It's massive.

BELLA: Emma is waiting. Spin, Lili, turn. Then you can jump on the trampoline.

ANNA: And she has a swing.

LILI: Emma, Emma!!

BELLA: No, don't call her. She doesn't know you.

LILI: Emma, Emma, come here, please.

EMMA: *(Approaches Lili:)* Bella says you are her cousin. She says you are new to America. She says you miss your cherry tree back home.

LILI: Back home, the moon came down the sky. You could almost touch it with your hands.

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CHLOE: Emma says the new girl is Bella's cousin and she misses her cherry tree!

ANNA: I didn't know they were cousins.

SOPHIE: That's why Bella knows how they speak at home.

ANNA: They look the same. That's so funny.

CHLOE: Emma knew all the time they were cousins!

SOPHIE: She was the only who knew.

CHLOE: Now we all know!

LILI: Bella was born here. I wasn't. Bella is my cousin.

BELLA: Emma, tell Lili it's true.

LILI: What's true?

BELLA: Tell her that you want to see.

SOPHIE: Bella was born in America. Lili is new.

(Sophie spins.)

Lili, look, it's easy.

ANNA: It's so much fun.

(Anna joins Sophie in spinning.)

BELLA: Everybody can do it.

LILI: Why don't you do it?

EMMA: Bella did it on her first day.

SOPHIE: Bella turned round and round and round until she got dizzy.

ANNA: Bella spins fast. Like this. Look!

CHLOE: Bella's shoe came off. She was so fast.

SOPHIE: Emma watched Bella.

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ANNA: Emma said yes, yes, yes.

CHLOE: Emma said come to my house, jump on my trampoline, play on my swing.

ANNA: Emma said Bella, be my friend.

CHLOE: She said we can all be awesome together.

SOPHIE: Lili, if you spin fast, you can jump on the trampoline. It's in Emma's house.

LILI: Is that true, Emma? If I spin, you let me jump on the trampoline?

EMMA: No!

SOPHIE: Emma said no!

EMMA: Maybe.

CHLOE: Emma said maybe.

ANNA: Emma is joking. Emma is playing. She's joking and playing.

EMMA: It's true. I was joking. I was playing. Yes, Lili, it's true.

CHLOE: Emma said yes.

SOPHIE: She said yes!

ANNA: Yes, yes, yes!

LILI: Okay. If I get on the trampoline, maybe I'll spin.

ANNA: We want to see.

SOPHIE: Stand where we can see.

BELLA: Stand where Emma can see.

EMMA: Over here. Two steps from me.

BELLA: Don't wait, Lili. Spin, come on, spin!

LILI: If I spin, you'll let me on the trampoline?

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EMMA: And on the swing.

LILI: The swing, too?

EMMA: And you'll meet my dog.

ANNA: She's very cute. She runs like this.

(Anna shows how the dog runs.)

She says woof, woof, woof.

LILI: You swear? It's true?

EMMA: I swear.

LILI: By the soul of your dead grandmother?

EMMA: My dead grandma? That's funny.

BELLA: Lili, I said don't speak like that. You are so embarrassing.

LILI: Okay. Watch me.

(Lili comes forward and prepares for a twirl.)

BELLA: Watch her, Emma. Watch her.

(Lili spins. As she spins, a large rip in her tights becomes visible for all to see.)

CHLOE: She's got a rip. Lili's got a rip.

ANNA: It's a tear, a huge hole.

SOPHIE: Oh no, oh no, oh no!

LILI: Look at me. I am spinning. I love it, I love it, I love it. Oh I love it so much!

BELLA: Lili, stop! Stop it! Stop it now!

LILI: No. I love it, I love it, I love it!!

SOPHIE: Oh no! Oh no!

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BELLA: *(Physically stops Lili:)* I said stop it. Everyone can see. Stop it.

LILI: First you say spin. Then you say stop. You are crazy!

(She pushes Bella.)

BELLA: You are crazy!

(She shakes Lili, and pulls at Lili's arm. Lili pushes Bella away.)

LILI: Why are you so mean? You hurt me!

BELLA: You have a huge rip. Everyone can see. They all can see.

LILI: *(Notices the rip for the first time:)* Oh!

EMMA: Lili, how did you do it?

LILI: How did I do it?

EMMA: The rip. It looks so cool.

LILI: You like it?

EMMA: My sister wears one like that.

ANNA: Emma's sister is the coolest girl.

SOPHIE: Emma's sister is so cool. She's 12. She's a grown-up.

EMMA: Can you show me how you ripped it, Lili?

LILI: It's easy.

EMMA: What are you doing this weekend, Lili?

LILI: I don't know.

EMMA: Come to my house.

LILI: To show you how to rip the tights?

EMMA: Yes. And to meet my dog. Her name is Persky.

LILI: I had a dog, but she was a street dog. She couldn't come to America.

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EMMA: You can play with my dog.

CHLOE: Emma invited Lili to her house.

SOPHIE: Emma said play with my dog.

EMMA: We can jump on the trampoline.

ANNA: Can I come, too?

CHLOE: Me too, please.

SOPHIE: I want to come. I'll bring cookies. Mom's yummy cookies.

EMMA: Lili, what do you think?

LILI: Yes, Anna, Chloe, Sophie, you are all invited.

ANNA: Yay!! Trampoline and cookies…

SOPHIE: Cookies and sugar!

CHLOE: And Persky, the dog!!! Thank you, Emma. Thank you, Lili.

ANNA: Yes, thank you, Emma, thank you Lili!

SOPHIE: Thank you Lili, thank you Emma!

LILI: But what about Bella?

ANNA: Yes, what about Bella?

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PLUM LUCK

by Lojo Simon

CAST OF CHARACTERS

RIVER, a hearing child.

ANTS, non-speaking roles for multiple actors.

FROG

CAT

DOG

GONE FISHIN', a Spanish-speaking child.

WREN, a child with a disability.

Characters are not gender-specific and may be played by actors of any gender. Pronouns in the script merely serve as placeholders and may be changed without permission according to production casting. Diverse casting is encouraged.

SETTING

Outdoors, where we see a very tall plum tree with a single plum high in the branches. Optional set pieces might include grass, a pond, bushes and flowers that both serve the story and help guide young actors in basic blocking. Set need not be realistic. A production also could be staged outdoors.

NOTES

Originally written for 1 day/1 play, a project of Write Local. Play Global. in celebration of ASSITEJ World Day of Theatre for Youth and Children.

(RIVER sleeps on a picnic blanket under a plum tree. Next to him is a large picnic basket filled with food. A line of ANTS enters. The first comes across River's picnic basket. The others follow. They line up. The ant closest to the basket picks up various food items, one at a time, and hands them down the line, where, on the other end, the food is carried off to the ants' nest. In no time at all, the picnic basket is empty. The last ant eats some food, leaving a trail of crumbs behind. River wakes to discover his empty basket. River follows the trail of crumbs, but the ants are gone. River spies a ripe plum high in the tree.)

RIVER: A plum!

(FROG enters.)

FROG: Ribbit. Ribbit.

RIVER: Hello, Frog.

FROG: Ribbit.

RIVER: I wonder, can you tell me how to get that plum?

FROG: Ribbit.

RIVER: I'm very hungry.

FROG: Croak. Ribbit.

(Frog jumps. River looks on. Frog jumps again.)

RIVER: Oh, I see! I can jump to get the plum.

(River jumps.)

FROG: Ribbit.

(River jumps.)

RIVER: Ribbit.

(Frog jumps three times. River jumps three times.)

Ribbit, ribbit, ribbit.

FROG: Croak.

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(No matter how high River jumps, he can't reach the plum.)

RIVER: I'll never jump high enough to reach the plum. But thank you for trying to help me.

FROG: Croak.

(CAT enters. Frog jumps away toward a pond to escape the cat.)

RIVER: Excuse me, Cat, maybe you can help me.

(Cat rubs up against River's legs.)

CAT: Meow.

RIVER: I'm trying to get that plum.

(Cat circles round River's legs. Cat purrs.)

CAT: Meow.

(Cat licks her paws. River licks his hand.)

RIVER: Meow.

(Cat purrs. Cat stretches her front paws on the tree trunk.)

Oh, I see. I can stretch to get the plum.

(River stretches his arms high as he can on the tree trunk…)

Meow.

(…but no matter how much he stretches he can't reach the plum.)

I'll never stretch high enough to reach the plum. But thank you for trying to help me.

CAT: Meow.

(DOG enters. Dog carries a Frisbee. Cat runs away to hide from the dog.)

RIVER: Hey there, Doggie.

DOG: Woof.

RIVER: Got a Frisbee, have you?

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(Dog drops the Frisbee at River's feet.)

DOG: Woof woof.

(Dog runs around, eager to play.)

RIVER: I'd play with you if I could, but I'm very hungry.

DOG: Woof woof.

RIVER: I'm trying to get that plum up there.

DOG: Woof woof woof.

(Dog picks up Frisbee and runs around.)

RIVER: That's a great idea! I'll throw the Frisbee to knock down the plum!

(River throws the Frisbee at the plum but misses.)

Woof.

(Dog retrieves the Frisbee. River throws it again but misses.)

Woof. Woof.

(Dog retrieves it.)

DOG: Woof. Woof woof.

(River throws it again but misses.)

RIVER: Woof.

(Dog retrieves it. This is fun for the dog, but the plum remains out of reach.)

I'll never throw the Frisbee high enough to reach the plum. But thank you for trying to help me.

DOG: Woof.

(Dog runs off with the Frisbee and finds a place to quiet place to lie down and rest. GONE FISHIN' enters carrying a fishing pole.)

RIVER: Oh, hello! Are you going fishing in the pond?

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GONE FISHIN': Que?

RIVER: I saw your fishing pole, and I was wondering—

GONE FISHIN': No hablo ingles.

(Gone Fishin' walks past the tree toward a nearby pond.)

RIVER: Wait! Can you help me get that plum up there?

(River points to the plum. Gone Fishin' looks up, considers the problem and hands River the fishing pole.)

That's a long fishing pole. Maybe I can use it to knock down the plum.

(River tries to reach the plum. The pole is too short. Gone Fishin' takes a turn trying to reach the plum.)

GONE FISHIN': Oomph.

RIVER: Ooomph.

(No matter how much they try, neither can reach the plum.)

I'll never reach high enough to get that plum. But thank you for trying to help me.

(Gone Fishin' walks toward the pond, stops, sits and checks his fishing gear. River checks his picnic basket. It is still empty.)

Everyone tried to help me. The frog jumped. The cat stretched. The dog shared the Frisbee, and the kid going fishing shared the fishing pole. But nothing worked. I'm still hungry. How can I get that plum?

(WREN appears high in the tree. From their hiding places, Frog, Cat, Dog and Gone Fishin' shout to River.)

FROG: Ribbit!

CAT: Meow!

DOG: Woof!

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GONE FISHIN': ¡Mira!

(River looks up and sees Wren. River waves to her.)

RIVER: Hello up there!

(Wren waves.)

Have you been up there all along?

(Wren shrugs and smiles.)

I've been so busy down here, I didn't see you. I've been trying to get that plum.

(Wren points to the plum.)

Can you reach it?

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LITTLE BUNNY FOO FOO

by Stacey Lane

CAST OF CHARACTERS

SWISS

BABY SWISS

COLBY

PEPPER JACK

ASIAGO

GORGONZOLA

PARMESAN

RICOTTA

BRIE

SHARP CHEDDAR

PROVOLONE

MOZZARELLA

BIG CHEESE

LITTLE BUNNY FOO FOO

SETTING

A field. May be a bare stage.

CASTING NOTES

All characters are mice, except Little Bunny Foo Foo. All roles are gender neutral.

For a smaller cast, the following parts may be combined into one character:

SWISS and BRIE

SHARP CHEDDAR, COLBY and PARMESAN

GORGONZOLA and PEPPER JACK

ASIAGO and RICOTTA

MOZZARELLA and PROVOLONE

For a larger cast, more field mice may be added. In addition to the group lines and actions, these particular mice may be bopped on the head at key moments to give each performer time in the spotlight. The additional mice should be named GOUDA, FETA, BLUE, MUENSTER, MARBLE JACK, CAMEMBERT, HAVARTI, LIMBURGER, COTTAGE, STILTON, GRUYÈRE, ROQUEFORT and other cheese types.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Little Bunny Foo Foo premiered at Multi-Arts in Amherst, Massachusetts on July 8, 2016. Directed by Catalina Arrubla, the cast was as follows:

SWISS……...Lily Wilcox
BABY SWISS……...Stella Porth
COLBY……...Abby Addison
PEPPER JACK……..Tovah Woldorf
ASIAGO……...Johanna Lucien
GORGONZOLA……..Tovah Woldorf
PARMESAN……..Abby Addison
RICOTTA……Johanna Lucien
BRIE……...Mackenzie Burch
SHARP CHEDDAR……..Anika Theis
PROVOLONE……Hattie Holabird
MOZZARELLA……...…...Jonas Theis
BIG CHEESE……Maggie Snyder
LITTLE BUNNY FOO FOO……Leo Witham

DEDICATION

To my grandparents, Carl and Delores Dresbach, whose love and devotion to each other and our family inspire me every single day.

SPECIAL THANKS TO

Mark Ramquist and Bellevue Christian School, Andy Falter and Actors' Theatre of Columbus, and Joshua Fardon, Patricia Mario and Tuesdays@9 Chicago.

(A field. BABY SWISS, COLBY, PEPPER JACK, ASIAGO, GORGONZOLA, PARMESAN, RICOTTA, BRIE, SHARP CHEDDAR, PROVOLONE and other FIELD MICE are lying on the ground, holding their heads and moaning and groaning. SWISS runs in, panicked.)

SWISS: Where's my tiny mousekin?

(Swiss rushes over to Baby Swiss.)

Oh dear. Let me look at your noggin.

BABY SWISS: It's just a little bump from a little bonk. No big deal.

SWISS: No big deal?! This deal is very, very big, little mousey. What kind of beast would bop a baby?!

BABY SWISS: I'm not a baby.

SWISS: You're my one and only baby, and that is why I told you to never, never, never leave the hole.

BABY SWISS: But I am a field mouse, not a stay-hidden-in-a-hole mouse. Plus, I thought maybe I could help.

SWISS: You're too little to help. You hide. Do you hear me? Hide!

COLBY: Can you keep it down? My head hurts.

PEPPER JACK: All of our heads hurt.

ASIAGO: And my tummy hurts. I'm soooooo hungry.

PEPPER JACK: We're all hungry.

GORGONZOLA: I still can't believe you harebrained mice agreed to give all our cheese to that vermin.

RICOTTA: That *vermin* happens to be my big cousin, and my totally trustworthy cousin is in town as we squeak, trading that cheese for the solution to all our problems.

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PARMESAN: Oh, our buddy's bound to come back with something marvelous.

BABY SWISS: Like a magic potion.

BRIE: Or an inescapable trap.

ASIAGO: Or a gigantic giant.

(MOZZARELLA hurries in, followed by a sauntering BIG CHEESE.)

SHARP CHEDDAR: Or just another mouse.

MOZZARELLA: My good friends, I return with good news.

GORGONZOLA: Welcome back. You missed a lot of bops.

MOZZARELLA: That's why I left.

SWISS: That's why we should all leave.

MOZZARELLA: No. No. Fear not. Our days of being bopped are finally over. I went into town, and I looked around, and I found—

BIG CHEESE: Allow me. Your small friend tells me that you're being bullied by a big beast. Well, I've got the answer to your predicament.

ALL FIELD MICE: What is it?

BIG CHEESE: Me! Yes, I am the hero you seek.

MOZZARELLA: Just wait until you hear about all of the incredible things this marvelous mouse claims to have done.

BIG CHEESE: Your wait is over.

(Big Cheese pulls out cheese.)

Do you see this piece of cheese?

ALL FIELD MICE: Yeah.

ASIAGO: Yummmmmm.

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BIG CHEESE: I got it out of a mousetrap.

ALL FIELD MICE: Ooooooooooh.

BIG CHEESE: A mousetrap that was balancing between an alligator's open jaws.

ALL FIELD MICE BUT SHARP CHEDDAR: Ooooooooooh.

BIG CHEESE: And that alligator was surrounded by electric eels.

ALL FIELD MICE BUT SHARP CHEDDAR: Ooooooooooh.

SHARP CHEDDAR: Who would put a mousetrap in a gator's mouth?

BIG CHEESE: You are missing the point, pal. Do you know how many elephants I've scared the pants off of?

PEPPER JACK: Elephants don't wear pants.

BIG CHEESE: That was a rhetorical hyperbole, but certainly you get my meaning.

ASIAGO: Uhhhhhh, no.

BIG CHEESE: Rodents, rest assured it was a sizeable number of elephants and they were quite, quite scared. So, my cheese-eating chums, what is the nature of your problem: snakes, owls, tigers or something more supernatural—dragons, ogres, monsters?

ALL FIELD MICE: Little Bunny Foo Foo.

BIG CHEESE: Little what who who?

ALL FIELD MICE: Little Bunny Foo Foo.

(Big Cheese laughs uncontrollably.)

BRIE: What's so funny?

BIG CHEESE: (*To Mozzarella:*) You led me all the way here with promises of more cheese to defeat someone called Little Bunny

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Foo Foo?

MOZZARELLA: I thought if I told you that terrifying name, you'd be too afraid to come.

BIG CHEESE: Afraid? Do you know who I am? Why, I've pulled a thorn out of a lion's paw.

ALL FIELD MICE: Ooooooooooh.

SWISS: That was you?

BIG CHEESE: Of course. Every story that you've ever heard where a mouse did something amazing, you should just assume that mouse was me.

PROVOLONE: You're even the mouse who—

BIG CHEESE: Yes! It was me who put a bell on a cat.

ALL FIELD MICE BUT SHARP CHEDDAR: Ooooooooooh.

SHARP CHEDDAR: Why would you put a bell on a cat?

BIG CHEESE: So you can hear it coming and run away, of course. But who'd want to run away from someone called Little Bunny Foo Foo? Absolutely no one. That's who.

PARMESAN: We all want to run from our foe, Foo Foo.

BIG CHEESE: You have wasted my precious time. I bid you adieu.

PROVOLONE: You don't know what we're going through.

PEPPER JACK: Little Bunny Foo Foo is cuckoo.

COLBY: It's true.

BRIE: Foo Foo has caused quite a hullabaloo.

BABY SWISS: Foo Foo gave me this boo boo.

BIG CHEESE: And I could defeat Foo Foo while wearing a tutu.

BABY SWISS: I'll get one for you.

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(Baby Swiss runs off.)

BIG CHEESE: All this silly rhyming makes it hard to take you seriously.

SWISS: Trust me. We are as serious as can be.

BIG CHEESE: Rabbits are shy, skittish animals. They are scared of their own shadows.

RICOTTA: Not this one.

BIG CHEESE: Besides, bunnies are vegetarians. You should only be scared of a rabbit if you are lettuce.

MOZZARELLA: So what's the plan?

BIG CHEESE: Plan? I don't need a plan to scare away a small rabbit. Maybe I'll just say, "Little Bunny Foo Foo—*(Jumps and shouts:)* Boo!"

ALL FIELD MICE BUT BABY SWISS: Awwwwhhh!

GORGONZOLA: My head. My aching head.

(Baby Swiss sprints back in, out of breath and carrying a tutu. Baby Swiss gives the tutu to Big Cheese.)

BABY SWISS: Here ya go.

BIG CHEESE: What? Why did you—

BABY SWISS: You said you needed a tutu to defeat Foo Foo.

BIG CHEESE: You're clearly too young to understand sarcasm.

BABY SWISS: Oh, so then you can't defeat Foo Foo while wearing this tutu?

BIG CHEESE: I can defeat anybody while wearing anything. Give me that.

(Big Cheese puts on the tutu.)

LITTLE BUNNY FOO FOO: *(Off:)* Yoo-hoo, Foo Foo is going to

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bop you.

BABY SWISS: Boo hoo.

ALL FIELD MICE: Awwwwhhh!

(All Field Mice run for their lives.)

BIG CHEESE: And the rabbit rhymes too? This is ridiculous.

(LITTLE BUNNY FOO FOO hops in, carrying a bat.)

Wow. Little Bunny Foo Foo is not little at all. Little Bunny Foo Foo is huge.

RICOTTA: When you're a mouse, most things are.

(Little Bunny Foo Foo bops a mouse on the head with the bat. The mouse cries out and falls down.)

BIG CHEESE: Whoa! What was that? You didn't warn me that this bunny has a bat!

(Little Bunny Foo Foo bops Gorgonzola. Gorgonzola crashes to the ground.)

GORGONZOLA: My head! It feels like it's been split in half.

BIG CHEESE: Is anything broken? Here. Let me help you up, old timer.

GORGONZOLA: No. Go away. If I get up, Foo Foo will just bop me again.

BIG CHEESE: Ohhhh.

(Big Cheese dives to the ground, head in hands, pretending to have already been bopped. Little Bunny Foo Foo turns and sees this.)

LITTLE BUNNY FOO FOO: Hey you. Wait your turn. I haven't bopped you yet. What's with the tutu? What are you supposed to be—some kind of woodland sprite with magical powers or something?

BIG CHEESE: Um, yes. Exactly that.

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(Big Cheese picks up a twig off the ground and sticks the cheese on it to make a magic wand. Standing up and speaking in a magical fairy voice:)

Yes. I am the good fairy called…um, well…my name is unimportant, but what is important is that I am a fairy, and I am good, and you are being a bad, bad bunny.

LITTLE BUNNY FOO FOO: So? What are you going to do about it, short stuff?

BIG CHEESE: (*Waving the wand and chanting:)* Little Bunny Foo Foo, I don't want to see you scooping up the field mice and bopping them on the head. I'll give you three chances, and if you don't behave, I will turn you into a goon!

(Little Bunny Foo Foo bops Big Cheese. Big Cheese spins around and falls down.)

LITTLE BUNNY FOO FOO: Chance one done.

(Little Bunny Foo Foo hops away to bop more mice.)

BABY SWISS: You're really going to turn Foo Foo into goo?! So cool.

BIG CHEESE: No.

BABY SWISS: But you just said—

BIG CHEESE: I said "goon." Not "goo."

PEPPER JACK: You should have said "goo." It rhymes.

BIG CHEESE: "Goon" was the first thing that came to my mind. Why does everything have to rhyme all the time? Aww, now you've got me doing it. This is what comes of getting hit on the head too many times.

COLBY: Threatening to turn Foo Foo into goo would have been way scarier.

BABY SWISS: Poof! Now you're nothing but a glob of goo on

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the bottom of my shoe.

BIG CHEESE: Well, I probably won't have to turn anybody into anything because I gave Foo Foo three chances.

(Little Bunny Foo Foo bops another mouse. The mouse groans and falls.)

BRIE: There's just no stopping that bopping.

MOZZARELLA: Come on. Do something. You told me you were a fearless hero. I gave you all our cheese.

BIG CHEESE: *(Standing back up:)* Little Bunny Foo Foo, I don't want to see you scooping up the field mice and bopping them on the head. This is your second chance.

LITTLE BUNNY FOO FOO: Double bop!

(Little Bunny Foo Foo bops Big Cheese on the head twice. Big Cheese collapses.)

BIG CHEESE: Rats!

PEPPER JACK: I don't think your plan is working.

BIG CHEESE: No, no. It looks like Foo Foo is learning a lesson.

(Little Bunny Foo Foo bops another mouse. The mouse squeaks and falls.)

MOZZARELLA: I think you've given Foo Foo enough chances.

PROVOLONE: Foo Foo has bopped just about every mouse around.

BABY SWISS: Ooh! I can't wait to see you turn Foo Foo into a goon. It's going to be great.

BIG CHEESE: *(Standing up and waving the wand:)* Little Bunny Foo Foo, enough already with bopping mice. This is your third chance.

LITTLE BUNNY FOO FOO: I'll bop 'til you drop!

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(Little Bunny Foo Foo bops Big Cheese. Big Cheese crashes to the ground.)

BIG CHEESE: Ohhhh, I'm seeing stars.

BABY SWISS: It's goon time.

BIG CHEESE: *(Struggling to stand back up, waving the wand:)* Little Bunny Foo Foo, I'll give you eleven more chances.

MOZZARELLA: Wait! What? No!

PARMESAN: Now!

PEPPER JACK: Do it now.

BRIE: Come on.

RICOTTA: What are you waiting for?

BABY SWISS: Goon Foo Foo.

(All Field Mice stand up and circle Little Bunny Foo Foo, chanting.)

ALL FIELD MICE: Goon! Goon! Goon!

LITTLE BUNNY FOO FOO: What's a goon anyway?

BIG CHEESE: If you don't know, then maybe you already are one. My work here is done.

LITTLE BUNNY FOO FOO: But mine's not. Bop!

(Little Bunny Foo Foo bops Big Cheese. Big Cheese falls.)

SWISS: Do the spell! Save the day.

ALL FIELD MICE: Yah!

BIG CHEESE: (*Waving the wand:)* Um, hare today, goon tomorrow.

GORGONZOLA: Huh. Now that's a really bad pun if I've ever heard one.

(All Field Mice and Little Bunny Foo Foo wait expectantly.)

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BRIE: I don't think the spell worked.

LITTLE BUNNY FOO FOO: Well, there's only one way to find out.

(Little Bunny Foo Foo rapidly bops many mice.)

Oh yeah. I still got my bop. Hey you, the wimp with the wand.

(Big Cheese shoves the wand at Baby Swiss, putting hands up with mock innocence.)

Hope your head's ready because here comes my biggest bop, guaranteed to make you plop.

MOZZARELLA: So what's the new plan?

BIG CHEESE: The new plan is…RUN!

(Big Cheese runs away.)

PARMESAN: And there goes our hero.

BABY SWISS: And there goes my tutu.

RICOTTA: We're doomed!

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SUPER SLEUTH SAM
AND THE SHINY BAG MONSTER

by Nicole B. Adkins

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JODY, elementary school student.

CLEO, a timid clown "Jack-in-the-Box" (or "Jill-in-the-Box") toy.

RUDOLFO, or RUDOLFA, a teddy bear.

BIT-BOT, an organized robot alarm clock.

EDWINA, or EDWIN, a baby doll.

RUBY, or ROCKY, a very intelligent Rubik's Cube.

CRASH, a race car.

DINY, a plastic dinosaur.

TOY CHORUS, the above seven toys, plus 0-10+, any gender, toys! Stuffed animals, dolls, whatever kinds the producing company wants to have; the greater the variety the better.

SETTING

Present day in the evening. Jody's bedroom. Her bed is unmade, and there are clothes, books, etc. all over the floor. Toy costumes and set can be as simple or elaborate as desired.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Any gender can play any role. Names may be changed as noted above to fit the cast.

"/" inside a line means that the line can be distributed amongst the chorus members as indicated.

(Lights up on TOY CHORUS, playing in Jody's room. There are clothes, papers, books, toys... all over the floor. Toy Chorus members are dressed as toys and stuffed animals. They should include CLEO, a jack-in-the-box toy; RULDOLFO, a teddy bear; BIT-BOT, a robot alarm clock; EDWINA, a baby doll; RUBY, a Rubik's Cube; DINY, a plastic dinosaur; and CRASH, a race car. The toys are playing! Yelling! Singing! Throwing balls! Running around! JODY, an elementary school student, enters at a run.)

JODY: Quick! Mom said "*for the last time, clean up that mess*!"

TOY CHORUS: *(Variously:)* We're playing right now! / It's not a mess! / Five more minutes! / We do not like stress!

JODY: I know, I know! We've got everything right where we like it! But she says we have 10 minutes, or else –

BIT-BOT: Biiiiiing! Setting alarms! 10 minutes!

JODY: She's coming in with... (*Dramatic pause:*) THE BAG!

TOY CHORUS: *(All but Rudolfo look at each other, worried but confused:)* "The bag"?

JODY: It happened to Erica once.

RUDOLFO: I was there. It was awful.

DINY: Oh no! What *is it*?

RUDOLFO: Jody and Erica's mom puts everything on the floor into a big plastic bag...never to be seen again!

TOY CHORUS: *(Gasps:)* Oh no!!! That's terrifying!

RUDOLFO: Lost my tail to the bag.

JODY: *(Scary story:)* Her room was never the same... It's been "SPOTLESS" ever since.

(Cleo hides his head. Crash, driving in circles, accidentally crashes into Cleo.)

CLEO: *(Popping out:)* Ouch!

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CRASH: Oops, sorry. I'm a mess! I'll probably be the first to go!

(Cleo hides again.)

DINY: What will we *do*??

RUBY: I know what to do. *(With resolve:)* We clean. We have to!

EDWINA: *(Cries:)* Waaaah.... Mama!

JODY: *(Takes a deep breath, reassuring herself:)* Ruby's right. We can do this, everybody! We *can* do this...

TOY CHORUS: I'm not sure! / Do you really think so? / I think it's impossible! / I just don't know!

JODY: The question is...

EVERYBODY: HOW?

BIT-BOT: Biiing! Eight minutes, toys!

(They panic, running in circles.)

TOY CHORUS & JODY: Aaaaahhhhhh!

CRASH: The bag is coming! The bag is coming!

EDWINA: Waaaahh....

JODY: If only Super Sleuth Sam were here. *She'd* know what to do. She always knows what to do.

ALL TOYS: Super Sleuth Sam! *(Singing a little theme song:)* Duh, duh, duh, duuuuuhhh!

JODY: Wait—that's it!

CLEO: *(Timid, popping out then hiding again:)* We could definitely use some superpowers right now.

JODY: Quick! Cape and magnifying glass, please!

TOY CHORUS: Umm...

(They all look around. They have no idea where those might be.)

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RUBY: This might be harder than we thought.

JODY: We can't do this without her. And *she* isn't *her* without her tools. We have to find them!

TOY CHORUS: On the double! / That's the trick! / We can do it! / Find them quick!

RUDOLFO: Toys! Forward march!

(They all begin looking for Jody's cape and magnifying glass. They pick things up and look under them, then set them back down. They look in silly places. Nothing.)

CLEO: *(Pops into his box and out again:)* Nothing in here.

DINY: Oooh, lookie what I found!

(They all look, excited. Diny holds up an object – not the cape.)

I think it's a fossil!

JODY: That's a moldy granola bar.

DINY: Ew.

(Diny gingerly puts it back where he found it. They all go back to looking, making things even messier than before.)

RUDOLFO: *(Looking under the bed:)* Maybe it's in this dark cave...

(He comes out holding a dirty sock, or maybe underpants.)

Grrrrrr. Nope.

(Edwina looks under her blankie but gets distracted playing peek-a-boo.)

EDWINA: Peek-a-boo! Peek-a-boo! Look at me, Mama! Peek-a–

BIT-BOT: Biiing! Six minutes!

TOY CHORUS: Aaaaahhhhh!

CRASH: *(Driving in circles:)* The bag is coming! The bag is

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coming!

EDWINA: Waahh! I want my mama!

JODY: It's no use. They are nowhere to be found! Ok, I kinda have to admit—

RUDOLFO: THIS PLACE IS A MESS!

JODY: And I think we've made it worse.

DINY: We're lost!

CRASH: What does The Bag *look* like, Rudolfo?

RUDOLFO: Grr... Black and shiny like...the mouth of a monster!

TOY CHORUS: AHHHHHHH!

EDWINA: No like monsers! Waaah!!!

BIT-BOT: Beep! Beep! Beep!

RUBY: Everybody! Don't give up. We can solve this puzzle. I know we can!

JODY: Ruby's right. Keep looking, everybody...

DINY: *(Holding up a book:)* Look what I found!

RUBY: A book about dinosaurs?

DINY: Oh. I thought it said "*Organiza-saurs*." I hoped they could help us clean up.

BIT-BOT: Biiiing! Five—

CLEO: Don't even say it!

BIT-BOT: —minutes.

CRASH: THE SHINY BAG MONSTER IS COMING!

TOY CHORUS: AHHHHHHHHH!

EDWINA: Waaaaahhhh!

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BIT-BOT: Beep! Beep! Beep!

RUBY: *(Maybe turning her own color squares:)* Leave no square unturned!

TOY CHORUS: Not over there! / Could it be back here? / Where could it be? / Oh dear, oh dear!

BIT-BOT: Biiiing! Four minutes!

TOY CHORUS: Aaaaahhhh!!

EDWINA: Waaah....

JODY: *(Defeated:)* Nothing.

CLEO: *(Popping out then back in again:)* Nada.

CRASH: Zip.

DINY: Zilch.

RUDOLFO: Grr... Where could they be?

JODY: It's really bugging me!

RUBY: Bugs... bugs... Ants!

TOY CHORUS: Huh?

JODY: Ruby! You're a genius! The last time Super Sleuth Sam solved a mystery, we were on a picnic!

DINY: Oh yeah! She figured out what the sneaky ants had done!

EDWINA: Little buggies!

RUBY: Her magnifying glass is probably in the picnic basket.

JODY: *(Dejected:)* Packed away in the *garage*.

BIT-BOT: Biiiing! Three minutes!

TOY CHORUS: Aaaahhhhhh! Oh noooooo!

EDWINA: Waaaah.... Mama! Mama!

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CRASH: I'll miss you all so much when THE SHINY BAG MONSTER EATS US ALL UP!

CLEO: We've had some amazing times together.

RUBY: Remember the cookie?

TOY CHORUS: Huh??

RUBY: At the picnic! The ants stole that *whole entire* chocolate chip cookie?

JODY: Yeah—that's what Super Sleuth Sam figured out—how they stole the cookie.

TOY CHORUS: Crumb by crumb. / Chip by chip.

DINY: So strong, like eensy-weensy little dinosaurs.

JODY: That's how they build their anthills too, you know. Grain by grain... GUYS—

BIT-BOT: Biiing!! Two minutes!

JODY: We can do this!

RUDOLFO: Grrr! Toys UNITE!

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THE LION AND MAMMA MOUSE

by Tommy Jamerson

CAST OF CHARACTERS

NARRATOR 1

NARRATOR 2

NARRATOR 3

MAMMA MOUSE

PAPA MOUSE

BABY MOUSE

GRANDPA MOUSE

LION

THE HUNTER

ELEPHANT

BIRD

MONKEY

GIRAFFE

SLOTH

THE JUNGLE SPIRITS (if necessary, may double as THE ELEPHANT, BIRD, MONKEY, GIRAFFE, and SLOTH)

Characters may be of any gender. Feel free to change their pronouns accordingly.

SETTING

A far-off jungle.

SPECIAL THANKS

To Mr. Kellner, who settles for nothing but the best.

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(Lights rise on a mighty jungle—a jungle that has been assembled courtesy of the JUNGLE SPIRITS. Children playing the Jungle Spirits should be dressed in various shades of green and brown, and covered in vines. They hold large, oversized leaves that they can rustle. Maybe one Jungle Spirit even has a stuffed snake draped over their shoulders. NARRATORS 1, 2 and 3, dressed in explorer outfits, enter.)

NARRATOR 1: Once, long ago,

NARRATOR 2: And very far away,

NARRATOR 3: There was a jungle where there lived…

NARRATORS 1, 2 & 3: A family of mice.

(Lights rise on all members of the MOUSE FAMILY—MAMMA MOUSE, PAPA MOUSE, BABY MOUSE and GRANDPA MOUSE.)

NARRATOR 1: There was a Mamma Mouse—

MAMMA: Hello there!

NARRATOR 2: A Papa Mouse—

PAPA: Hiya!

NARRATOR 3: A Baby Mouse—

(Baby loudly sucks on a pacifier a la Maggie Simpson and gives a thumbs up.)

NARRATOR 1: And a Grandpa Mouse.

GRANDPA: Nice to meet you.

(Shakes fist.)

Now get off my lawn, dagnabbit!

NARRATOR 2: One day, the Mouse family was scurrying through the jungle,

NARRATOR 3: Happily going about their business,

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(The Mouse family begins to walk in place as the Jungle Spirits dance around them, giving the illusion of movement.)

NARRATOR 1: When out of the blue they heard a mighty—

LION: *(Off:)* RRRRROOOOAAAARRRR!!!!

(The entire stage shakes.)

NARRATOR 2: Suddenly, the Lion, the king of the jungle, appeared!

(A ferocious LION leaps onstage—a crown upon his mane. Perhaps his entrance is aided by a ta-da. A few of the Jungle Spirits hold up signs that read "Applause." Lion encourages the audience to do so.)

NARRATOR 3: The mice were terrified—

MOUSE FAMILY: Ahhh!

NARRATOR 1: As was the jungle!

JUNGLE SPIRITS: AHHHHHHH!

(The Jungle Spirits rustle their leaves loudly!)

NARRATOR 2: The mice ran as fast as they could to get away!

(Mamma and Papa Mouse begin to run offstage. Grandpa, using his cane, tries to escape as well. Lion grabs onto the tip of Baby's tail, causing her to run in place, unable to escape.)

GRANDPA: Slow down! Grandpa can't move that fast!

NARRATOR 3: They were almost home free when Papa realized something!

PAPA: Oh no! The baby!

(Mamma and Papa see Baby in Lion's clutches.)

MAMMA: We've got to do something!

(Mamma scurries right up to Lion, who is currently shaking salt and pepper on Baby.)

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Your Majesty, please let go of our baby! Please! Please!!

LION: Hey! Wait your turn! I'll eat you and the rest of your family once I'm done with this little appetizer.

(Lion pulls out a large fork and knife.)

Over the teeth, past the gums, look out mousey, here I come.

NARRATOR 1: Just as Lion was about to take his first bite—Mamma got an idea!

(A Jungle Spirit places a lightbulb over her head as a dinging sound is heard.)

MAMMA: Wait a minute! Stop! You can't eat this mouse!

LION: And why's that?

MAMMA: Because a lion as important as you shouldn't waste his time with something as silly as a mouse.

LION: I shouldn't?

MAMMA: We're not worthy of you.

LION: You're not?

PAPA & GRANDPA: We're not?

MAMMA: No.

LION: *(Looks over at Baby:)* Now that I look at you, you do look like empty calories.

MAMMA: Exactly. Not only that, but if you decide to spare us…maybe someday we could return the favor.

LION: I'm sorry, what? Did you say…"return the favor"? Why that has got to be one of the…funniest things I've ever heard!

(He laughs loudly.)

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I mean it—that's really, really funny! You're saying that one day YOU, a teeny, tiny mouse, will be able to help ME, a big, massive—not to mention handsome—LION?!!

(Lion, the Jungle Spirits, and even the Narrators laugh at this.)

I wouldn't normally do this, but you caught in me a good mood. Here. She's yours.

(He releases Baby's tail. Mamma and Baby embrace.)

MAMMA: Thank you, Your Majesty! Thank you!

(Mamma brushes some of the salt and pepper off Baby. ELEPHANT enters, sniffing flowers, happily going about their business.)

LION: Just as well. I'm in the mood for something meatier, something like—

(Lion sniffs the air, turns, and spies Elephant.)

Something like an elephant.

ELEPHANT: *(To the Jungle Spirits:)* Um, did he just say elephant?

(The Jungle Spirits nod their heads "yes.")

Excuse me.

(Elephant exits in a hurry.)

Somebody! Help meeeeeeeee!

(Lion and the Mouse Family watch Elephant exit. A beat passes.)

LION: Over the teeth, past the gums, look out elephant, here I come! RRROOOAAARRR!!!

(Lion, fork and knife still in paw, runs offstage. Papa and Grandpa approach Mamma.)

PAPA: That was a very brave thing you did, Mamma.

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MAMMA: Oh please. Any one of us would've done the same, right?

GRANDPA: Not me.

MAMMA: I'm just glad that everyone's okay and nobody got hurt!

ELEPHANT: *(Off:)* Ah! He's after me! He's after me! AHHHHH!

PAPA: *(Completely ignoring Elephant:)* Come on, everybody. Let's go home!

(The Mouse family exits.)

NARRATOR 2: A few hours later, Lion had forgotten all about his encounter with the Mouse family,

NARRATOR 3: And the Mouse family tried to not think about the Lion.

NARRATOR 1: What they didn't know was that deep in the jungle,

NARRATOR 2: A hunter had set—

NARRATORS 1, 2, & 3: A trap!!

(A HUNTER enters, laughs wickedly, and places a snack on the ground—perhaps a comically large chicken leg—that has a string attached to it. Attached to the other end of the string is a net that is held in the air by the Jungle Spirits.)

HUNTER: *(To audience:)* Shhhh.

(The Hunter exits, laughing again.)

NARRATOR 3: And a little while later, who should find himself near the hunter's trap?

NARRATOR 1: Why, none other than the king of beasts himself.

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(Lion enters, still starving.)

LION: That rotten Elephant. I didn't even lay a paw on them, and they hit me with their trunk and ran away! How rude. Ohhhhh. I'm so hungry! And it's not as if food is just going to magically appear—

(Lion's words are cut short as he looks over at the giant chicken leg. A heavenly choir is heard as light radiates off the food.)

Don't mind if I do!

(He grabs the leg and attempts to put it in his mouth, but soon realizes it's attached to something.)

Hey, what's the big idea? It seems like it's stuck on something!

(He yanks, and tugs, until at last:)

Got it!

(He gives it one final, and massive, yank when – BAMO! – a net falls on top of him – thanks in part to the Jungle Spirits.)

What? A net?! Oh no!! Help! Somebody, HELP!! HELP!!! Oh now what do I do?

NARRATOR 2: Poor, poor Lion. Word of his capture traveled through the jungle…

(The Jungle Spirits turn and gossip to one another, whispering in each other's ears.)

NARRATOR 3: Until finally…

(More whispering between Spirits.)

NARRATOR 1: It reached…

(More whispering.)

NARRATOR 2: The tiny ears of…

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(Lights rise on the Mouse family. One of the Jungle Spirits – perhaps the one with the stuffed snake – gossips into Baby's ear. Baby turns around and tugs on Mamma's tail.)

MAMMA: Yes, Baby? What is it?

(Baby takes out her pacifier and whispers into Mamma's ear. Papa and Grandpa enter.)

Oh no!

PAPA: What's wrong, Mamma?

MAMMA: Lion! He's trapped in a hunter's net, and if nobody helps him, he could be killed!

GRANDPA: Are you serious?

MAMMA: I am!

PAPA & GRANDPA: Hurray!

(They lock arms and dance around in circles!)

MAMMA: You two are terrible! Yes, Lion may be rude, but I made a promise and I intend to keep it!

(She exits.)

PAPA: *(Sighs:)* She's right. A promise is a promise. *(Exiting:)* Hey! Wait for me!

GRANDPA: Suckers. Nothing on this earth could convince me to go help him. Right, Baby?

(Baby, loudly sucking on her pacifier, points in the direction that Papa and Mamma went.)

Fine. But I'll never understand this generation.

NARRATOR 3: As the Mouse family scurried through the jungle…

(The Mouse family re-enters and again walks in-place.)

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NARRATOR 1: and asked every animal they ran into to help save Lion.

(The animals – BIRD, MONKEY, GIRAFFE and SLOTH – enter.)

NARRATOR 2: They asked Bird,

BIRD: *(Making a squawking sound:)* I won't help him, but TOU-can!

NARRATOR 3: Monkey,

MONKEY: You think I'm bananas?! No way!

NARRATOR: 1: Giraffe,

GIRAFFE: *(With a touch of sass:)* Girl, please! That Lion is a pain in the neck!

NARRATOR 2: And even Sloth.

SLOTH: *(As slowly as possible:)* Nnnnnnooooooooooooooooo…

(Perhaps Sloth even exits while still saying "oooooo.")

NARRATOR 3: At last they came upon the Lion.

(Lights rise on Lion, who is still trapped under the net, sobbing loudly.)

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A PORTAL TO FAIRY TALE KINGDOM

by Anne Negri

CAST OF CHARACTERS

VICTORIA

BEN

QUEEN

KING

HEAD GUARD

GUARD #1

GUARD #2

GINGERBREAD MAN

HANSEL

GRETEL

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

GOLDILOCKS

CINDERELLA

SNOW WHITE

PRINCE

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

PINOCCHIO

JACK BEANSTALK

JACK SPRAT

JACK BE NIMBLE

JACK (& JILL)

Feel free to cast additional guards, and to divide the original guards' dialogue according to the needs of your production.

Productions are encouraged to cast without regard to gender or race, and to cast performers of diverse abilities.

(VICTORIA, the older sister, is waiting impatiently for her younger brother, BEN. It's nighttime and Victoria is wearing her pajamas. She is holding an extremely large book called Fairy Tales.*)*

VICTORIA: BEN!!! BEN!!! Hurry up!

(Beat.)

Are you ready for your bedtime story?

(Ben enters in his pajamas.)

BEN: I don't need you to read to me anymore, Victoria.

VICTORIA: But I read to you every night.

BEN: I can read by myself.

VICTORIA: I know you can. It's just...remember how Grandma used to read us bedtime stories?

BEN: She was the best storyteller.

VICTORIA: The way she did all the different voices! Grandma always said reading together was the most fun because...

VICTORIA & BEN: "Your imaginations can play together!"

(Beat.)

VICTORIA: But that's OK. I get it. You're all grown up now.

(Victoria turns slowly and sadly to put the book away.)

BEN: Victoria! *(Sighs:)* Maybe just one last story.

VICTORIA: Just one more! Next time you can read by yourself, all alone, and I'll just read by myself, all alone.

BEN: Fine.

VICTORIA: I'm going to open the book up to a random page and see what story we get.

(Victoria and Ben sit and open the huge book together.)

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Whoa! What's with this page?

BEN: It's blank! Why's there a blank page in the middle of the book?

VICTORIA: Look! There's a spot.

(Beat.)

It's getting bigger!

(Victoria and Ben both peek out of the hole in the book.)

BEN: What's in there?

VICTORIA: I can't see anything clearly.

(The hole continues to grow larger, big enough for Victoria and Ben to crawl though!)

VICTORIA & BEN: Let's go!

(They begin walking around the new land inside of the book. The HEAD GUARD enters.)

HEAD GUARD: HALT! Who are you? And what are you doing here?

BEN: Hi! Nice to meet you.

HEAD GUARD: I repeat, who are you and what are you doing here?

VICTORIA: *(Pulls Ben back:)* Don't mind us! We'll just go back the way we came.

(Head Guard snaps his fingers twice.)

GUARD #1: *(Pops up:)* Not so fast!

GUARD #2: *(Pops up:)* Hold it right there!

HEAD GUARD: You two are trespassing!

BEN: *(Looks to Victoria:)* What's that?

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VICTORIA: *(Whispers to Ben:)* I guess we aren't allowed to be here. *(To Guards:)* Whoopsie! We didn't mean to do that.

GUARD #1: We're taking you two in. THEY can decide what to do with you.

BEN: Who's *they*?

GUARD #2: The King and Queen, of course.

(The Guards lead Victoria and Ben to a palace, where the KING and QUEEN are both pacing around their thrones.)

HEAD GUARD: Your Majesties! We found these two strange children wandering around the Royal Grounds.

VICTORIA: I'm Victoria and this is Ben. Where we came from is kinda hard to explain because we're not really sure what happened.

BEN: We think we fell inside of our fairy tale book!

QUEEN: *(Gasps:)* Could it be them?

KING: Do you think? The ones we've been waiting for?!

QUEEN: Get out the scroll. Read it!

(The Queen snaps her fingers. Head Guard #1 takes out an old piece of rolled paper and hands it to the King. The King unrolls it and begins to read.)

KING: "Someday, when Fairy Tale Land is in grave danger—"

(Beat.)

—as it is right now…

QUEEN: Terrible problems, terrible problems! Look! A huge hole in the sky!

VICTORIA: *(Looks to Ben uncomfortably:)* Oh! Uh... How did that get there?

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KING: Ahem! I was reading the scroll. "…two children, a boy and a girl who claim they fell through a story book, will come to Fairy Tale Land, and they will be the only hope for survival. They must bring you the following:"

QUEEN: Listen carefully!

KING: "A lock of golden hair, the crown of a prince, a wooden shoe, a bag of magic beans, and a gingerbread man."

BEN: How will those things fix your problems?

VICTORIA: Can they patch a sky hole?

QUEEN: Precisely. The hair will weave the sky closed, the jewels in the crown will reflect the beautiful light, the wooden shoe will stamp everything into place, and the magic beans will magically bring everything back together.

BEN: What about the Gingerbread Man?

QUEEN: Well, he's just a nuisance that finally needs catching.

KING: And gingerbread is also a delicious treat!

QUEEN: Please save Fairy Tale Land!

KING: Will you help us?

(Victoria and Ben look to each other.)

VICTORIA & BEN: Let's go!

HEAD GUARD: If you ever need our help, all you have to do is SNAP...

(Snaps fingers.)

GUARD #1: YOUR...

(Snaps fingers.)

GUARD #2: FINGERS!

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(Snaps fingers. The King and Queen exit with the Guards. Victoria and Ben stand alone.)

BEN: Where do we start?

(An offstage laugh is heard.)

VICTORIA: What was that?

(GINGERBREAD MAN jumps out and sticks his tongue out at them.)

BEN: Is that…?

GINGERBREAD MAN: Run, run, as fast as you can, you can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread Man!

(Victoria and Ben chase after the Gingerbread Man. HANSEL and GRETEL enter. Victoria and Ben hide out of sight.)

GRETEL: We are absolutely, completely lost!

HANSEL: It's OK, Gretel. Calm down. Just breathe.

GRETEL: I know. I know. I just wish your plan would've worked.

HANSEL: If those greedy little forest creatures hadn't eaten my crumbs, we'd be home right now.

GRETEL: *(Sighs:)* Do you have any breadcrumbs left? I'm starving.

HANSEL: Just a few. Here.

(Hands her a little bag of bread crumbs.)

GRETEL: Thanks, Hansel.

(GOLDILOCKS and LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD enter.)

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Well, I was chased by a wolf who tried to eat me!

GOLDILOCKS: Well, I was chased by three angry bears!

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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Well, my wolf had big, sharp claws and long, scary teeth!

GOLDILOCKS: Well, the three bears had huge claws and scary teeth too!

GRETEL: Are you two still arguing over which one had a more dangerous animal chasing after you?

(Victoria and Ben come out of hiding.)

VICTORIA: *(To Goldilocks:)* Excuse me. Would you say that your hair is golden?

GOLDILOCKS: *(Laughs:)* It better be…my name is Goldilocks after all.

BEN: Would you mind giving us a lock of your hair?

GOLDILOCKS: My hair is so beautiful, people are always asking me. I already have some of my hair pre-cut.

(Goldilocks takes out three little baggies of her hair.)

Which one do you want?

BEN: Hmmm... *(Takes one:)* This one is just right.

(Off: Laughter. Gingerbread Man runs past.)

GINGERBREAD MAN: Run, run, as fast as you can, you can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread Man!

(Gingerbread Man exits.)

VICTORIA: Thanks, Goldy! C'mon, Ben!

BEN: Get that cookie!

(Victoria and Ben run offstage. A PRINCE enters and begins sinking in quicksand. CINDERELLA and SNOW WHITE enter chatting. They notice the Prince and run to help him. Cinderella pulls on one of the Prince's arms and Snow White pulls on his other arm. They both let go at the same time and fall down.)

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CINDERELLA: I can't pull anymore, I'm exhausted!

SNOW WHITE: Me too!

PRINCE: Oh, please, Cinderella, Snow White, please don't let the quicksand take me! I beg you!

CINDERELLA: We've been trying, Prince! Look at me! My hair is a mess and I already lost one of my glass slippers in there.

SNOW WHITE: And that apple I was saving for a snack fell in too!

CINDERELLA: I just don't think we're strong enough.

SNOW WHITE: Maybe your stepsisters would help us?

CINDERELLA: Yeah, right.

(Victoria and Ben enter.)

PRINCE: Look! Helpers! They'll help! Won't you help?

CINDERELLA: Will you two help us pull the Prince out of this muck?

BEN: How did you get stuck in there?

PRINCE: I was looking up at a tower at a beautiful maiden with long, long hair. I wasn't looking where I was going and…here I am!

VICTORIA: Nice crown. *(Looks at Ben:)* Sure, we'll help!

(Victoria and Ben help Cinderella and Snow White pull. They start pulling in opposite directions.)

Pull in the same direction!

(They pull the Prince out of the quicksand.)

PRINCE: Thank you, thanks to all of you. How can I ever repay you?

CINDERELLA: I'll take a new ballgown!

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SNOW WHITE: An apple for me, please!

VICTORIA: May we have your crown? We need to it save Fairy Tale Land.

PRINCE: Of course—anything for those who saved my life!

(Prince gives them his crown.)

BEN: Vic, do you smell that?

VICTORIA: What?

(Sniffs the air.)

BEN: Smells like ginger!

(Gingerbread Man runs across the stage.)

GINGERBREAD MAN: You'll never catch me!

(Gingerbread Man exits. Victoria and Ben chase the Gingerbread Man, but they are stopped by RUMPELSTILTSKIN who is arguing with PINOCCHIO.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: No, no, no! No one can pass by me, puppet!

PINOCCHIO: But I'm not a puppet, I'm a real boy.

BEN: *(Whispers to Victoria:)* Look! Pinocchio has wooden shoes—we need to get one.

VICTORIA: *(To Rumpelstiltskin:)* Excuse us, may we pass by you? We need to talk to Pinocchio.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: No, no, no! This is my land, and no one moves unless I say so.

PINOCCHIO: But I need to get home. Gepetto is going to be very worried.

VICTORIA: Alright sir, what can we do to pass?

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RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Hmm… I have three very difficult questions for you. If you can answer ALL THREE— *(Giggles, aside to audience:)* not likely—then you may all pass!

BEN: We're ready!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: We shall see about that. The first question: Can you guess my name?

PINOCCHIO: It's Rumpelstiltskin! He already told me before you kids got here!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Rats! Alright, alright, question NUMBER TWO! What is…two plus two? *(Giggles to audience:)* They'll never get this one!

PINOCCHIO: Ooh, that's a hard one. I don't know.

BEN: Easy! It's four. Two plus two is four!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: What?! How did you…? You kids are smarter than I thought, but you'll never get my last question. Why did the chicken cross the road?

VICTORIA: I know, I know! Because he wanted to get to the other side!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Ah! NO! NO! NO! NO! I can't believe this is happening to me!

(Rumpelstiltskin stomps, pouts, and crosses his arms across his chest.)

Fine. Go ahead! I don't even care!

(Rumpelstiltskin exits in a huff.)

PINOCCHIO: Oh, thank you, thank you! I never would have gotten those last two questions. Thank you so much. How can I repay you?

VICTORIA: Could we have one of your wooden shoes?

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BEN: We need it to save Fairy Tale Land!

PINOCCHIO: Sure! I'll just have Gepetto make me another one when I get home.

(Pinocchio takes off one of his wooden shoes and gives it to Victoria and Ben. An offstage laugh is heard. Gingerbread Man enters.)

GINGERBREAD MAN: Run, run as fast as you can, you can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread Man!

(Ben chases Gingerbread Man offstage.)

VICTORIA: Thanks, Pinocchio!

PINOCCHIO: Good luck!

(Ben runs onstage, out of breath.)

BEN: We're never going to catch that Gingerbread Man… He's too fast.

VICTORIA: We'll get him, don't worry. What else do we need to find?

BEN: We have a lock of golden hair, the crown of a prince, and a wooden shoe. We still need the bag of magic beans.

(Four JACKS [BEANSTALK, SPRAT, BE NIMBLE, JACK (& JILL)] enter in a row.)

VICTORIA: Who do you think they are?

BEN: I don't know.

VICTORIA: Hi, I'm Victoria and this is my brother, Ben.

JACK BEANSTALK: Hi, I'm Jack.

JACK SPRAT: Hi, I'm Jack.

JACK BE NIMBLE: Hi, I'm Jack.

JACK (& JILL): Hi, I'm Jack.

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(They all look at each other in utter confusion.)

JACK BEANSTALK: What? We can't all be Jack!

JACK SPRAT: I am!

JACK (& JILL): I'm Jack too!

JACK BE NIMBLE: I've been Jack my whole life!

BEN: Whoa! This is getting confusing.

VICTORIA: How are we supposed to know which one of you is the real Jack?

JACK BE NIMBLE: I'm the real Jack and I can prove it! Watch this!

(Jack Be Nimble takes a candlestick out of his bag, sets it in the middle of the stage, takes a running leap over the candlestick and lands triumphantly.)

VICTORIA: You're Jack Be Nimble!

(Jack Be Nimble exits.)

JACK SPRAT: I'm the real Jack! Look!

(Jack Sprat takes out a brown paper bag and takes a carrot from it and starts eating the carrot.)

BEN: *(Scratches his head:)* I don't get it? Which Jack is he?

VICTORIA: JACK SPRAT! We read that story! Don't you remember? "Jack Sprat could eat no fat and his wife could eat no lean…"

BEN & VICTORIA: "And so betwixt the two of them, they licked the platter clean!"

(Jack Sprat exits.)

JACK (& JILL): But what about me? I'm a real Jack too! Come here. Feel this bump on my head!

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(Jack [& Jill] takes Victoria's hand and makes her feel the bump on his head.)

VICTORIA: Wow! That's a big bump.

BEN: Jack and Jill!

JACK (& JILL): That's my sister!

(Jack [& Jill] exits.)

JACK BEANSTALK: Me too, me too, me too! I'm Jack!

VICTORIA: *(Sigh:)* Another Jack.

JACK BEANSTALK: I'm a special Jack, because I have some magical beans! I traded them for my old cow, and I can't wait to take them home to show my mother.

BEN: Magic beans!

VICTORIA: Can we have them?

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WHAT A DAY!

by Sandra Fenichel Asher

CAST OF CHARACTERS

FIRST NARRATOR
SECOND NARRATOR
THIRD NARRATOR
FROGGIE
RABBIT
UNCLE FROG
AUNT FROG
GRANDPA FROG
FROG COUSINS
FIRST CHORUS
SECOND CHORUS
THIRD CHORUS

PRODUCTION NOTE

What A Day! is arranged here as a Readers Theater presentation. The actors may sit or stand in a straight line, holding their scripts and reading their parts directly out to the audience. The Narrator lines may be divided among fewer or more actors, as desired. Chorus and Frog Cousins' lines also may be delivered by as few or as many actors as desired.

There are other possibilities, depending on the needs and abilities of the cast. The Narrator lines, for instance, may all be read by an adult, which helps "cue" younger children moving from moment to moment in the story.

For a more difficult challenge, the action can be staged, with the Narrators and Chorus stationary, but Froggie, Rabbit and the party guests moving from Froggie's home to Rabbit's house to the party as the dialogue indicates. In this case, it's best to have the designated areas preset at the start of the show, so that time is not wasted rearranging cumbersome set pieces. Party attendees and members of the Chorus might be used to help Froggie assemble his costume, stage, costume and programs as quickly and efficiently as possible.

It's also possible to have all of the dialogue memorized, but a younger or less experienced cast might appreciate having the Narrator and Chorus lines read while the other lines are delivered from memory by the appropriate characters.

FIRST NARRATOR: Froggie slept in his own special place.

SECOND NARRATOR: At the edge of the pond.

FIRST CHORUS: Splish-splash.

SECOND CHORUS: Ribbit-ribbit.

THIRD CHORUS: Tweet-tweet.

THIRD NARRATOR: It fit him perfectly.

FIRST NARRATOR: With just the right amount of pebbles and mud.

SECOND NARRATOR: Leaves and twigs.

THIRD NARRATOR: Quiet and cool.

FIRST NARRATOR: It was a fine place to sleep

SECOND NARRATOR: And Froggie liked it.

THIRD NARRATOR: But one morning, he woke up early.

FROGGIE: Today's the day!

FIRST NARRATOR: He croaked.

SECOND NARRATOR: And hopped down the road.

THIRD NARRATOR: As fast as he could go.

FIRST CHORUS: Plinkety-plonkity-plinkity-plonkity.

FIRST NARRATOR: Singing his favorite song.

FROGGIE & FIRST CHORUS: BAH-RUMMM-TAH-RUMMMM.

FROGGIE & SECOND CHORUS: BAH-RUMMM-TAHTAH-TUMMMM.

FROGGIE & THIRD CHORUS: BAH-RUMMM-TAH-TUMMM-TAH.

FROGGIE & ALL THREE CHORUSES: RUMMM-TAH-TAH-

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TUMMMM!

FIRST NARRATOR: Froggie woke up his best friend, Rabbit.

FROGGIE: *(To RABBIT:)* Today's the day!

SECOND NARRATOR: He croaked.

THIRD NARRATOR: And on he hopped.

(Rabbit follows Froggie to the party.)

FIRST CHORUS: Plinkety-plonkity-plinkity-plonkity.

FIRST NARRATOR: Singing his favorite song.

FROGGIE & FIRST CHORUS: BAH-RUMMM-TAH-RUMMMM.

FROGGIE & SECOND CHORUS: BAH-RUMMM-TAHTAH-TUMMMM.

FROGGIE & THIRD CHORUS: BAH-RUMMM-TAH-TUMMM-TAH.

FROGGIE & ALL THREE CHORUSES: RUMMM-TAH-TAH-TUMMMM!

(GRANDPA FROG, UNCLE FROG, AUNT FROG and FROG COUSINS assemble for the party.)

FIRST NARRATOR: At last, Froggie got where he was going.

(Froggie and Rabbit arrive at the party.)

SECOND NARRATOR: A banner fluttered above his head.

FROG COUSINS: HAPPY BIRTHDAY, GRANDPA!

THIRD NARRATOR: Big frogs and little frogs scurried about.

FIRST NARRATOR: Hanging decorations.

SECOND NARRATOR: Fixing refreshments.

THIRD NARRATOR: And preparing party hats.

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FROGGIE: I'm here to sing for Grandpa!

SECOND NARRATOR: Froggie announced.

FROGGIE: Today's the day!

UNCLE FROG: Most certainly is.

THIRD NARRATOR: Said an uncle.

UNCLE FROG: But you're way too early.

AUNT FROG: Slow down, Froggie.

FROGGIE: Can't!

FIRST NARRATOR: Froggie said.

FROGGIE: I need a costume!

FIRST CHORUS: And rippety-wrappety, rippety-wrap—

FIRST NARRATOR: He made one just like that.

FROGGIE: I need a stage!

SECOND NARRATOR: Froggie said.

SECOND CHORUS: And whackity-whompity, whackity-whomp—

SECOND NARRATOR: He built one, just like that.

FROGGIE: I need programs!

THIRD NARRATOR: Froggie said.

THIRD CHORUS: And scribblety-scratchity, scribblety-scratch—

THIRD NARRATOR: He wrote some, just like that.

RABBIT: I think you need a break, Froggie.

FIRST NARRATOR: Rabbit said.

SECOND NARRATOR: But it was too late.

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THIRD NARRATOR: The rest of the family was gathering.

FIRST NARRATOR: Frogs from near greeted frogs from far.

UNCLE FROG: With hugs.

AUNT FROG: Decorations.

FROG COUSINS: Refreshments.

GRANDPA FROG: And party hats.

SECOND NARRATOR: Presents and more presents piled up.

THIRD NARRATOR: And then Froggie gave his gift to Grandpa.

FIRST NARRATOR: He passed out programs.

SECOND NARRATOR: Zipped up his costume.

THIRD NARRATOR: Hopped onstage.

FIRST NARRATOR: And sang his favorite song.

SECOND NARRATOR: Louder and clearer than ever before.

(The next four lines are sung with gusto:)

FROGGIE & FIRST CHORUS: BAH-RUMMM-TAH-RUMMMM.

FROGGIE & SECOND CHORUS: BAH-RUMMM-TAHTAH-TUMMMM.

FROGGIE & THIRD CHORUS: BAH-RUMMM-TAH-TUMMM-TAH.

FROGGIE & ALL THREE CHORUSES: RUMMM-TAH-TAH-TUMMMM!

THIRD NARRATOR: So much applause!

(Grandpa Frog, Uncle Frog, Aunt Frog and Frog Cousins clap their hands.)

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FIRST NARRATOR: So many cheers!

GRANDPA FROG, UNCLE FROG, AUNT FROG & FROG COUSINS: HOORAY!

FROGGIE & RABBIT: What a party!

GRANDPA FROG, UNCLE FROG, AUNT FROG & FROG COUSINS: What a day!

SECOND NARRATOR: And then, it was over.

THIRD NARRATOR: Time for big frogs to pack everything up.

FIRST NARRATOR: Time for little frogs to say goodbye to Grandpa.

FROG COUSINS: Goodbye, Grandpa.

GRANDPA FROG: Goodbye, little frogs.

SECOND NARRATOR: Time for Rabbit to say goodnight to Froggie.

RABBIT: Goodnight, Froggie.

FROGGIE: No! Wait! Stop!

FIRST NARRATOR: Froggie croaked.

THIRD NARRATOR: Oh, how he wished the party could go on and on and on!

FROGGIE: Don't want it to be over!

FIRST NARRATOR: He cried.

(The sung lines are once again performed with gusto:)

FROGGIE: What a party! What a day! BAH-RUMMMM-TAH-RUMMM.

GRANDPA FROG: But, Froggie, it's late.

FROGGIE: Don't want to say goodbye! BAH-RUMMMM-

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TAH-RUMMM.

AUNT FROG: But, Froggie, we're tired.

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