

Readers Theatre Scripts



Reader's theater is often defined by what it is not -- no memorizing, no props, no costumes, no sets. All this makes reader's theater easy! Readers Theatre is much like storytelling – you leave the imagination to the audience.

Reader's Theater involves children in oral reading through reading parts in scripts. Unlike traditional theatre, the emphasis is on oral expression of the part. Readers Theater is "theatre of the imagination". It involves children in understanding their world, creating their own scripts, reading aloud, performing with a purpose, and bringing enjoyment to both themselves and their audiences.¹

Almost any story can be scripted for reader's theater, but some are easier and work better than others. In general, look for stories that are simple and lively, with lots of dialog or action, and with not too many scenes or characters.

This section has a variety of Readers Theatre scripts. They range from grade 1 – 6. All of these scripts were downloaded from the following websites:

<http://www.aaronshep.com/rt>

This website has extensive information on Readers Theatre: what it is; tips for scripting and performing; free scripts and a list of resources.

<http://scriptsforschools.com>

On this site you can purchase scripts. However, there are also free scripts and tips for Readers Theatre.

¹ Adapted from "Readers Theatre in Elementary Classroom" and "Strategies for Reading: Readers Theatre in the Middle School" by Lois Walker.



Readers Theatre Scripts

<http://www.readerstheatre.ecsd.net/collection.htm>

This is a large collection of short scripts—many of them rhymes—for Kindergarten to Grade 3 students.

<http://bms.westport.k12.ct.us/mccormick/rt/RTHOME.htm>

This site describes Readers Theatre, gives tips on how to adapt scripts, and provides scripts and a list of reference books.

<http://www.lisablau.com/scriptomonth.html>

This website provides a free script every month. It also has an archive of past scripts of the month.

<http://www.surfcitydelux.com/readerstheater/index.html>

This website has lots of great scripts for all ages!

Other on-line resources

<http://www.readingonline.org/electronic/carrick/>

This website provides general information about Readers Theatre, procedures for implementing it, additional classroom applications, and assessment. It also provides links to other Readers Theatre websites.

<http://www.quesn.meq.gouv.qc.ca/schools/bchs/rtheatre/sample.htm>

This website has some simple tips for creating scripts with students.

<http://www.literacyconnections.com/ReadersTheater.html>

This website gives an extensive list of resources for Readers Theatre.



Resources

Here is a short list of resources to help you implement Readers Theatre:

Dixon, N., Davies, A. & Politano, C. (1996). *Learning with Readers Theatre: Building Connections*. Winnipeg, Canada: Peguis.

(Neill Dixon is the head of Readers Theatre International. Anne Davies used to work for Yellowknife Education District #1.)

Sloyer, S. (1982). *Readers Theatre: Story Dramatization in the Classroom*. Urbana, Illinois: National Council of Teachers of English.

Sloyer, S. (2003). *From the Page to the Stage: The Educators complete guide to Readers Theatre*. Libraries Unlimited.

Coger, L. I. & White, M. R. (1982). *Readers Theatre Handbook: A Dramatic Approach to Literature*. Glenview, Illinois: Scott, Foresman.

Shepard, A. (1993). *Stories on Stage: Scripts for Reader's Theater*. New York: H. W. Wilson.1993.

Bauer, C. F. (1987). *Presenting Reader's Theater: Plays and Poems to Read Aloud*. New York: H.W. Wilson.

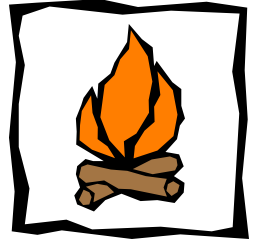
Sierra, J. (1996). *Multicultural Folktales for the Feltboard and Readers' Theater*. Greenwood Publishing Group Inc.

Fredericks, A.D. & Stoner, A. A. (1993). *Frantic Frogs and Other Frankly Fractured Folktales for Readers Theatre*. Libraries Unlimited.

Fredericks, A.D. & Stoner, A. A. (2000). *Silly Salamanders and Other Slightly Stupid Stuff for Readers Theatre*. Libraries Unlimited.



FIRE! FIRE!



Roles: All, Reader 1, Reader 2, Reader 3, Reader 4

- All:** Fire! Fire!
- Reader 1:** said Mrs. McGuire.
- All:** Where? Where?
- Reader 2:** said Mrs. Bear.
- All:** Down! Down!
- Reader 3:** said Mrs. Brown.
- All:** Help! Help!
- Reader 4:** said Mrs. Kelp.
- All:** Here I come,
- Reader 1:** said Mrs. Plumb.
- All:** Water! Water!
- Reader 2:** said Mrs. Votter.



Readers Theatre Scripts

All: Well, I declare!

Reader 3: said Mrs. Wear.

All: Oh, help, come and save us!

Reader 4: cried Mrs. Davis.

All: As she fell down the stairs
With a sack of potatoes.



Come Hippopotamus

Roles: Reader 1, All, Reader 2, Reader 3

Reader 1 Come hippopotamus

All HIP HIP HIP! HIP HIP HIP!

Reader 2 What an enormous face you have!

Reader 3 What an enormous lip!

Reader 1 Can't you come and play a bit?

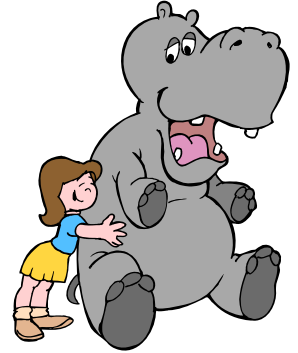
All Dance! Dance!

Reader 2 And hop!

Reader 3 And skip?

Reader 1 Come hippopotamus

All HIP HIP HIP! HIP HIP HIP!



Count Again

Roles: Reader 1, Reader 2



Reader 1: One, one.

Reader 2: One, one.

Both: This will be fun!

Reader 1: Two, two,

Reader 2: Two, two.

Both: Touch your shoe.

Reader 1: Three, three,

Reader 2: Three, three,

Both: Bend your knee.

Reader 1: Four, four,

Reader 2: Four, four,

Both: Lie on the floor.

Reader 1: Five, five,

Reader 2: Five, five,

Both: Take a dive!

Reader 1: Six, six,



Readers Theatre Scripts

Reader 2: Six, six,

Both: I'm in a fix!

Reader 1: Seven, seven,

Reader 2: Seven, seven,

Both: Stretch up to heaven.

Reader 1: Eight, eight,

Reader 2: Eight, eight,

Both: Stand up straight.

Reader 1: Nine, nine,

Reader 2: Nine, nine,

Both: March in a line.

Reader 1: Ten, ten,

Reader 2: Ten, ten,

Both: Try again!



Readers Theatre Scripts

Reader 3 Where have you been?

Old Mouse I've been all through the house,

Reader 4 Said little old mouse.

All Squeak-eak-eak-eak-eak.



Five Little Bear Cubs

Roles: Reader 1, Reader 2



Reader 1 Five little bear cubs eating an apple core.

Reader 2 One had a sore tummy and then there were four.

Reader 1 Four little bear cubs climbing in a tree.

Reader 2 One fell out and then there were three.

Reader 1 Three little bear cubs playing peek-a-boo.

Reader 2 One was afraid, and then there were two.

Reader 1 Two little bear cubs sitting in the sun.

Reader 2 One ran away and then there was one.

Reader 1 One little bear cub sitting all alone.

Reader 2 He saw his Mommy, and then he ran home.



Grizzly

Roles: Reader 1, Reader 2, Reader 3



Reader 1 Grizzly bear, where have you been?

Reader 2 Over the mountains,

Reader 3 Such things I've seen!

Reader 1 Grizzly bear, what have you done?

Reader 2 Eaten blueberries

Reader 3 Made ripe by the sun.

Reader 1 Grizzly bear, what have you found?

Reader 2 Ice-cold spring water

Reader 3 Deep from the ground.

Reader 1 Grizzly bear, what do you dream?

Reader 2 Sweet tasting salmon

Reader 3 Swimming upstream.

Reader 1 Grizzly bear, where do you creep?

Reader 2 Into my dark cave

Reader 3 Alone, let me sleep



Honey Bears



Roles: reader 1, reader 2

Reader 1 This little honey bear was playing peek-a-boo

Reader 2 Here is another. Now there are two.

Reader 1 Two little honey bears said let's climb a tree.

Reader 2 Up came another. Now there are three.

Reader 1 Three little honey bears said I wish there were
some more.

Reader 2 Along came another. Now there are four.

Reader 1 Four little honey bears said let's find a beehive.

Reader 2 Here comes another. Now there are five.

Reader 1 Five little honey bears climbed up that tree.

Reader 2 Two fell down, now there are three.

Reader 1 Three little honey bears said let's climb some more

Reader 2 Back came another one. Now there are four.

Reader 1 Four little honey bears said let's go to the zoo.



Readers Theatre Scripts

Reader 2 Two of them went, that left just two.

Reader 1 Two little honey bears said we've had our fun.

Reader 2 They both went home and now there are none.



Polar Bear

Roles: Reader 1, Reader 2



Reader 1 Brrr! Brrr! Polar bear,
Living on the ice.

Reader 2 Your bright, white furry coat
Keeps you warm and nice.

Reader 1 Brrr! Brrr! Polar bear,
Swimming in the sea.

Reader 2 In the freezing waters
You're as happy as can be!



Wiggling Puppies

Roles: reader 1, reader 2



Reader 1 One little puppy, one

Reader 2 Wiggled his tail and had wiggling fun.

Reader 1 Two little puppies, two

Reader 2 Wiggled their bodies as puppies do.

Reader 1 Three little puppies three

Reader 2 Wiggled their noses happily.

Reader 1 Four little puppies, four

Reader 2 Wiggled their shoulders and wiggled some more.

Reader 1 Five little puppies fat and round,

Reader 2 Wiggled their ears when they heard a sound.



Mabel Murple by Sheree Fitch

Roles: Reader 1, Reader 2

Reader 1 Mabel Murple's house was purple

Reader 2 So was Mabel's hair

Reader 1 Mabel Murple's cat was purple

Reader 2 Purple everywhere.

Reader 1 Mabel Murple's bike was purple

Reader 2 So were Mabel's ears

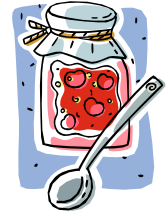
Reader 1 And when Mabel Murple cried

Reader 2 She cried terrible purple tears.



Gooseberry Jam by Eve Merriam

Roles: Reader 1, Reader 2, Reader 3



Reader 1: Gooseberry,

Reader 2: Juice berry

Reader 3: Loose berry jam.

Reader 1: Spread it on crackers

Reader 2: Spread it on bread,

Reader 3: Try not to spread it onto your head.

Reader 1: Gooseberry,

Reader 2: Juice berry,

Reader 3: Loose berry jam.

Reader 1: No matter how neatly

Reader 2: You try to bite in,

Reader 3: It runs like a river down to your chin.

Reader 1: Gooseberry,



Readers Theatre Scripts

Reader 2: Juice berry,

Reader 3: Loose berry jam.



Peanut Butter

Roles: Reader 1, Reader 2



Reader 1 Peanut butter, peanut butter,

Reader 2 Jelly, jelly

Reader 1 Peanut butter, peanut butter,

Reader 2 Jelly, jelly

Reader 1 First you take the peanuts and you

Reader 2 Crush them, crush them.

Reader 1 First you take the peanuts and you

Reader 2 Crush them, crush them.

Reader 1 Then you take the grapes and you

Reader 2 Smash them, smash them.

Reader 1 Then you take the grapes and you

Reader 2 Smash them, smash them.



Readers Theatre Scripts

Reader 1 Then you take the bread and you

Reader 2 Spread it, spread it.

Reader 1 Then you take the bread and you

Reader 2 Spread it, spread it.

Reader 1 Then you take the sandwich and you

Reader 2 Eat it, eat it.

Reader 1 Then you take the sandwich and you

Reader 2 Eat it, eat it.

Reader 1 Peanut butter, peanut butter,

Reader 2 Jelly, jelly.

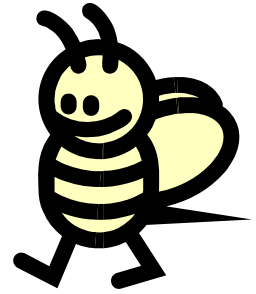
Reader 1 Peanut butter, peanut butter,

Reader 2 Jelly, jelly.



Bumble Bee, Bumble Bee

Roles: reader 1, reader 2



Reader 1 Bumble Bee, Bumble Bee,

Reader 2 Buzzing all around.

Reader 1 Bumble Bee, Bumble Bee,

Reader 2 Buzzing on the ground.

Reader 1 Bumble Bee, Bumble Bee,

Reader 2 Buzzing up so high.

Reader 1 Bumble Bee, Bumble Bee,

Reader 2 Buzzing in the sky.

Reader 1 Bumble Bee, Bumble Bee,

Reader 2 Buzzing past your toes.

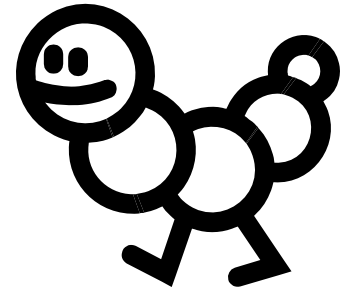
Reader 1 Bumble Bee, Bumble Bee,

Reader 2 Buzzing on your nose.



Wiggle Worm

Roles: reader 1, reader 2



Reader 1 Do you always have to wiggle?

Reader 2 Do you always have to squirm?

Reader 1 You wiggle and jiggle, like a regular wiggle worm.

Reader 2 You wiggle in your chair, and wiggle in your bed.

Reader 1 And wiggle with your legs, and you wiggle with your head.

Reader 2 You wiggle with your hands, and you wiggle with your feet.

Reader 1 You wiggle when you're playing and you wiggle when you eat.

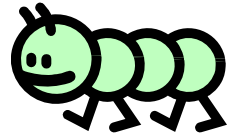
Reader 2 I guess you're made to wiggle,

Reader 1 And I guess you're made to squirm.

Reader 2 You wiggle and you jiggle just like a wiggle worm.



The Very Hungry Caterpillar by Eric Carle



Roles: Reader 1, Reader 2, Reader 3, Reader 4 Reader 5

- Reader 1** In the light of the moon a little egg lay on a leaf.
- Reader 2** One Sunday morning the warm sun cam up...
- Reader 3** and POP, out of the egg came a tiny, very hungry caterpillar.
- Reader 1** He started looking for some food.
- Reader 2** On Monday he ate through one apple. But he was still hungry.
- Reader 4** On Tuesday he ate through two pears, but he was still hungry.
- Reader 5** On Wednesday he ate through three plums, but he was still hungry.
- Reader 3** On Thursday he ate through four strawberries, but he was still hungry.
- Reader 5** On Friday he ate through five oranges, but he was still hungry.



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Reader 1** On Saturday he ate through one piece of chocolate cake,
- Reader 3** One ice-cream cone,
- Reader 4** One pickle,
- Reader 2** One slice of Swiss cheese,
- Reader 5** One slice of salami,
- Reader 3** One lollipop,
- Reader 4** One piece of cherry pie,
- Reader 5** One sausage,
- Reader 1** One cupcake,
- Reader 4** And one slice of watermelon.
- Reader 5** That night he had a stomach ache!
- Reader 6** The next day was Sunday again.
- Reader 2** The caterpillar ate through one nice leaf, and after that he felt better.



Readers Theatre Scripts

Reader 5 Now he wasn't hungry anymore--and he wasn't a little caterpillar anymore.

Reader 3 He was a big fat caterpillar.

Reader 1 He built a small house,

Reader 2 Called a cocoon,

Reader 1 Around himself.

Reader 3 He stayed inside for more than two weeks.

Reader 5 Then he nibbled a hole in the cocoon, pushed his way out and...

Reader 4 He became a beautiful butterfly!



Polar Bears



Roles: Reader 1, Reader 2, Reader 3, Reader 4

- Reader 1** Good morning! We are here to tell you all about some amazing animals that live in the cold and snow.
- All** We're here to tell you about polar bears!
- Reader 2** Polar bears hunt seals and other animals for food.
- Reader 3** Polar bears have thick, white fur. Their fur and layers of fat protect them from the cold. A polar bear's white fur serves as camouflage when hunting.
- Reader 4** A male polar bear weighs about 1,000 pounds and measures between 8 to 11 feet.
- Reader 1** Polar bears have a keen sense of smell. They can smell food as much as 10 miles away!
- Reader 2** Polar bears are excellent swimmers. They use their strong front legs like paddles.
- Reader 3** Polar bears are also good climbers.



Readers Theatre Scripts

Reader 4 Mother polar bears take very good care of their cubs. A mother polar bear will teach her cubs how to hunt. She will also teach them how to protect themselves from danger.

Reader 1 Most polar bear cubs stay with their mothers until they are two years old.

Reader 4 Polar bears dig a den for themselves in the snow. They will live in the den during the winter months.

Reader 3 We hope that you have enjoyed learning about polar bears.

All The end!



The Lion and the Mouse A Fable by Aesop

A Reader's Theatre script by Lisa Blau



Roles: Narrator 1, Narrator 2, Narrator 3, Lion, Mouse



Narrator 2 Long, long ago a lion was sound asleep. A little mouse was scampering through the tall grass on his way home.

Narrator 3 The little mouse ran past the lion but alas, as he ran he fell and he let out a very loud...

Mouse SQUEAK!.

Narrator 2 The lion woke up from his nap and roared...

Lion Who is this who spoils my slumber? I do not like to be awakened in this way.

Narrator 3 The lion looked down and saw the little mouse.

Lion Well, well, well! I have found myself an afternoon snack!

Mouse Oh please, mighty lion. Do not eat me. Perhaps someday I can pay you back. Please let me go.



Readers Theatre Scripts

Lion Ha! How could someone so tiny help a brave and mighty lion like me? Be off with you then.

Mouse Thank you, mighty lion. And remember my words to be true...Someday I may be able to help you.

Narrator 1 Not long after the mouse was set free by the lion, he heard a terrible noise that echoed through the forest.

Mouse That sounds like the lion. He may need my help.

Narrator 2 The mouse ran off and found the lion, caught in the hunters' ropes.

Mouse Oh, mighty lion. Do not roar and make such noise. The hunters will come for you. Let me help you.

Lion How can you help me, you are so very small and I am so very big and strong?

Narrator 1 The little mouse did not answer. He was too busy chewing through the ropes with his tiny, sharp teeth.



Readers Theatre Scripts

Narrator 3 Soon the lion was free. Before he ran away to hide from the hunters he stopped and said...

Lion Little mouse you have kept your word. You helped me when I needed you the most. You have proven to be a good and loyal friend.

Narrator 1 And from that day forth the lion and mouse were always the very best of friends.



Frog or Toad? by Patricia A. Lynch



Roles: Narrator, Frog(s), Toad(s)

Narrator 1 Frog or Toad? By Patricia A. Lynch



Frogs & Toads A frog and a toad look alike. Some things about them are the same. Some things are different.

Frogs Frogs lay their eggs in water. They lay a lot of eggs. Hundreds and hundreds at one time. The eggs float near the top of the water.

Toads Toads lay their eggs in water, too. They also lay a lot of eggs. But the toad eggs look like long strings.

Frogs Frog tadpoles hatch from the frog eggs. The tadpoles have tails, but they do not have legs.

Toads Toad tadpoles hatch from the toad eggs. These tadpoles also have tails and do not have legs.

Frogs Soon the frog tadpoles have legs. The tadpoles' tails soon shrink up and fall off. These tadpoles will be frogs.



Readers Theatre Scripts

Toads Soon the toad tadpoles have legs, too. The tadpoles' tails also fall off. But these tadpoles will be toads.

Frogs The frogs stay near water as adults. Frogs need to be near water.

Toads The toads live on land. They do not need to be near water anymore.

Frogs You can tell a frog from a toad. Look at the frog. A frog has smooth, wet skin.

Toads Look at the toad. A toad has dry skin. There are lots of bumps on its skin.

Frogs Look at the frog. It can make a sound in its throat. Croak! Croak!

Toads Look at the toad. It can also make a sound in its throat, too. Nee-deep! Nee-deep!

Frogs & Toads Now you know how frogs and toads are the same.

Narrator And you also know how frogs and toads are different.



The Fourth Little Pig by Teresa Celsi

Roles: Narrator, Pig 1, Narrator 2, Pig 2, Sister Pig, Narrator 2, Pig 3

Narrator 1 A long time ago, there were three little pigs with homes made of bricks and of straw and of twigs. A big bad wolf tried to catch them one day, by huffing and puffing two houses away. Pig one and Pig two then needed to flee, so they ran off to stay at the house of Pig three. They bolted the windows and locked the front door.

Pig 1 We won't go outside-not anymore!

Narrator 2 They stayed in that house at the top of the hill and those three silly pigs would be hiding there still. If their sister, the bold and daring Pig four, hadn't stopped by to visit and knocked on the door.

Pig 2 Go away wolf! Get away from our door!

Sister Pig I'm no wolf, I'm your sister Pig four.

Narrator 3 The door opened a crack, then it opened up wide.



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Pig 3** Get in; there are bad wolves outside!
- Sister Pig** Oh Pooh, there are no wolves in sight.
- Pig 1** Yes there are!
- Narrator 3** They said as they slammed the door tight.
- Pig 2** Keep still, Now everyone hide!
- Sister Pig** Why hide? You should all go outside. You can't spend your whole life just sitting and shaking. There are places to see and things to be making. You could build a canoe or go out and buy fudge.
- Narrator 1** But despite her suggestions, the boys would not budge.
- Pig 3** Keep that door shut!
- Narrator 2** The three brothers cried.
- Pig 1** We're safe in here, Sisters. We won't go outside.
- Sister Pig** You're hopeless!



Readers Theatre Scripts

Narrator 3 Cried the sisters with a frown. Then she huffed and puffed and she blew...

Narrator 1 Their...

Narrator 2 House...

Narrator 3 DOWN!

Narrator 1 As soon as the dust had started to clear, Sister Pig said...

Sister Pig You see, there are no wolves out here.

Narrator 2 The boys peeked over what was left of their wall. There were no wolves in sight-no wolves at all!

Pigs Hooray! Yippee! How happy are we! For the wolves are all gone, and now we are free! We won't spend our lives just sitting and shaking. There are places to see and things to be making!

Narrator 3 The boys got some fudge, then they built a canoe. Then they climbed up a mountain, enjoying their view.

Narrator 1 And as for their sister, the daring Pig four...



Readers Theatre Scripts

Narrator 2 She traveled. She knows there are worlds to explore...

Narrator 3 If only you're willing to open the door.



Santa Knows About Rudolph's Nose



Roles: Santa Clause; 6 Elves; Rudolph

Scene: Santa sitting in an easy chair by fireplace reading newspaper. It is Christmas Eve.

Elf 1 *(Comes running to where Santa is sitting and breathlessly says:)* Oh Santa, come here. Bad news I must tell. Rudolph's nose is all frozen. Not a thing can he smell!

Elf 2 *(Running in as other elf exits.)* Hey Santa, listen here, while sad news I tell you. Poor Rudolph's nose is cold and it's turning all blue.

Elf 3 *(Hurrying in as 2nd elf leaves.)* Oh Santa, I've come to tell of Rudolph's plight. He has a cold in his nose that has put out his light!

Elf 4 *(Follows 3rd, etc.)* Santa, Oh Santa! I'm sorry to tell. Rudolph's nose is all warm and he doesn't feel well!

Elf 5 *(Same as above)* There's something I must say, but I'd really rather not. You see, poor Rudolph has a nose that's very hot!

Elf 6 *(Same)* Santa, please come! See Rudolph's burned nose! It's all black like charcoal, not red like a rose!



Readers Theatre Scripts

After all elves have entered, spoken their parts and left, then Rudolph comes in and Santa holds up his hand to keep him from speaking.

Santa *(While Rudolph hangs his head)* No! Don't say anything, but please let me guess. Your friends were all lying, so you've come to confess. I knew all the time that it was only a plot. For how could your nose be both cold and hot?

Rudolph Well you see, Santa Claus, I was feeling quite low, and decided on our trip I didn't want to go. But now I've learned a lesson. The truth is always best. It could have saved me from this embarrassing mess!

Santa pats Rudolph on the head. Rudolph smiles and scampers off stage.



Smelly Socks based on the book by Robert Munsch

This book is about Tina Fabian from the Katlodeeche First Nation in Hay River.



Roles: Narrator, Tina, Mom, Grandfather, Tina's friend, a Passer-by

Tina Mom, look at my socks. They're really old. I want some new ones.

Narrator So her mother took her to the only store in town.

Tina This store only has black socks. They're ugly. Mom, can we go across the river and get some really good socks?

Mom Tina, we can't drive across the river because there is no bridge here. It's a long, long, long way to the bridge and besides we don't have a car!

Narrator So Tina went to her grandfather.

Tina Grandpa, can you please take me across the river in your boat? I want to buy some really good socks.

Grandfather Tina, the motor is not working on the boat.

Tina Row! We can row! I will row and you can sit in the back of the boat.

Grandfather You will row?

Tina YES! Rowing is easy.



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Narrator** So Tina got in the boat and rowed slowly.
- All** SPLASH, SPLASH, SPLASH
- Narrator** The boat went in slow circles.
- All** SWISH! SWISH! SWISH!
- Narrator** Tina rowed fast.
- All** SPLASH, SPLASH, SPLASH, SPLASH, SPLASH.
- Narrator** The boat went in fast circles.
- All** SWISH, SWISH, SWISH, SWISH, SWISH!
- Tina** This boat has forgotten how to row.
- Grandfather** OK, Tina. You sit in the back and tell me what to do.
- Tina** Left, left, right. That's great, grandpa, you rowed all the way across the river. Now we just have to walk all the way through town to the big sock store.
- Narrator** Tina tried on millions and millions of socks.
- Tina** Too big! Too little! Too blue! Too pink! I'm never going to find a pair I like.
- Grandfather** Here, Tina. Look at these red, yellow, and green socks. Try these on.
- Tina** Wow! These are perfect! We'll take these ones, grandpa.



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Narrator** On the way back, the boat sort of remembered how to row. And even though Tina rowed round and round and round, they still got to the other side.
- Tina** Look, mom! Grandpa rowed me all the way across the river to get these socks. Look at them! Socks! Socks! Wonderful socks! These are the best socks I have ever seen. I am NEVER going to take them off.
- Mom** Never?
- Tina** NNNNNNNNEVER!
- Mom** Uh-oh!
- Narrator** So Tina wore her socks for a long time.
- All** She wore them for . . . one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten whole days.
- Mom** Tina, I know you love these socks. Just let me wash them really quick. They will start to SMELL if you don't get them washed.
- Tina** No way, mom. Socks! Socks! Wonderful socks! I am NEVER, NEVER going to take them off.
- Narrator** Tina wore her socks for ten more days. Her friends at school were disgusted!
- All** Phew, Tina! What a smell! Change your socks!
- Tina** No way. Socks! Wonderful socks! I am NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER going to take them off.



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Narrator** Tina wore her socks for ten more days. It was awful! A whole flock of Canada geese dropped right out of the sky. Two moose fell over. Ducks, raccoons, and squirrels fell over. Finally, even a skunk fell over from the smell. Tina's friends decided it was time to do something about it.
- All** BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM!
- Tina's friend** Tina, open the door.
- Tina** Hi, guys. What's up?
- Tina's friend** Phew! What a smell! Your socks are disgusting, Tina. We're going to take you to the river and we're going to wash them.
- Narrator** They held their noses, and they held Tina. They took off her socks and started to wash them.
- All** SCRUB, SCRUB, SCRUB, SCRUB, SCRUB!
- Fish** Phew! We better get out of here! Let's float up to the top of the river where the air is fresh and act like we're dead.
- Narrator** Said all the fish in the river.
- All** SCRUB, SCRUB, SCRUB, SCRUB, SCRUB!
- Beavers** Phew! We better get out of here! Let's go and live with Tina's grandfather.
- Narrator** Said all the beavers in the river.
- All** SCRUB, SCRUB, SCRUB, SCRUB, SCRUB!



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Passer-by** Phew! How come the river smells like dirty socks?
- Narrator** Said a passer-by.
- Tina's friend** OK, Tina. Here are your socks. Finally, they're clean.
- Tina** Wow! They LOOK nicer when they are clean. Wow! They SMELL nicer when they are clean. They FEEL nicer when they are clean. I'm going to wear clean socks from now on.
- Narrator** The beavers ran back to the river. The Canada geese got up off the ground and flew away. The fish decided that they were not dead after all, and jumped and splashed in the river.
- Tina** Mom, look at my nice, clean socks. I think it would be very nice if you took me to town to get me a nice new red, yellow, and green shirt.
- Mom** Promise to wash it, Tina?
- Tina** No. If I wait long enough, the kids at school will wash it for me!



Readers Theatre Scripts

The BFG by Roald Dahl

Adapted for reader's theatre from The BFG, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1982 (Puffin, 1984).

Roles: Narrator 1, Narrator 2, BFG, Sophie

Narrator 1 Imagine late one night you couldn't sleep, so you got out of bed and looked out the window, and there you saw a giant!

Narrator 2 That's what happened to a little girl named Sophie. There across the street was a giant, with a long, thin trumpet and a large suitcase.

Narrator 1 Then the giant saw Sophie. Sophie jumped back into bed and under the covers. But the giant reached through the window and grabbed her!

Narrator 2 Then he ran all night, until they reached his enormous cave...in *Giant Country*.

BFG *(to himself, speaking of Sophie)* Now, what has us got here?

Narrator 1 The Giant put the trembling Sophie on the table.

Sophie *(to herself)* Now he really is going to eat me.

Narrator 2 Sophie thought.

Narrator 1 The Giant stared hard at Sophie. He had truly enormous ears. Each one was as big as the wheel of a truck.

BFG *(grins widely)* I is hungry!



Readers Theatre Scripts

Narrator 1 He grinned, showing massive square teeth.

Sophie *P-please* don't eat me!

BFG (*stares at her in surprise, then bellows with laughter*) Just because I is a giant, you think I is a man-gobbling cannybull! *Me* gobbling up human beans! This I never! All the *other* giants is gobbling them up every *night*, but not me! I is the Big Friendly Giant! I is the BFG! What is *your* name?

Sophie My name is Sophie.

Narrator 2 Sophie said, hardly daring to believe the good news she had just heard.

Sophie But if you are so nice and friendly, then why did you snatch me from my bed and run *away* with me?

BFG Because you *saw* me. I cannot possibly allow *anyone* to be *seeing* me and staying at home! The first thing you would be doing, you would be scuddling around yodeling the news that you were actually *seeing* a giant, and then people would be coming rushing and bushing after me and they would be catching me and putting me into the zoo with all those squiggling hippodumplings and crocadowndillies!

Narrator 2 Sophie knew that what the Giant said was true. If any person reported actually having seen a giant, there would most certainly be a terrific hullabaloo. For a few moments, the cave was silent.

Sophie May I ask you a question?

BFG Shoot away.

Sophie Would you please tell me what you were doing in our village last night? Why were you poking that long



Readers Theatre Scripts

trumpet thing into those kids' bedroom and then blowing through it? And that *suitcase* you were carrying. What on earth was *that* all about?

BFG If you is really wanting to know what I am doing in your village, I is blowing a dream into the bedroom of those children.

Sophie *Blowing a dream?* What do you mean?

BFG I is a dream-blowing giant. When all the other giants is galloping off to swollop human beans, I is scuddling away to blow dreams into the bedrooms of sleeping children. *Nice* dreams. *Lovely golden* dreams. Dreams that is giving the dreamers a happy time!

Sophie (*skeptically*) Now, hang on a minute. Where do you *get* these dreams?

BFG I collect them.

Narrator 1 The BFG waved an arm at all the rows and rows of bottles on the shelves.

BFG I has *billions* of them.

Sophie You can't *collect* a dream. A dream isn't something you can catch *hold* of.

BFG (*offended*) You is never going to understand about it. That is why is not wishing to *tell* you.

Sophie Oh, *please* tell me! I *will* understand! Tell me how you collect dreams!

Narrator 1 The BFG settled himself comfortably in his chair.



Readers Theatre Scripts

BFG Dreams is very mysterious things. They is floating around in the air like little wispy-misty bubbles. And all the time they is searching for sleeping people.

Sophie Can you *see* them?

BFG Never to begin with.

Sophie Then how do you *catch* them?

BFG A dream, as it goes whiffling through the night air, is making a tiny little buzzing-humming noise. But this little buzzy-hum is so silvery soft, it is impossible for a human bean to be hearing it.

Sophie Can *you* hear it?

Narrator 1 The BFG pointed up at his enormous truck-wheel ears.

BFG Is you seeing these?

Sophie (*giggles*) How could I *miss* them?

BFG These ears maybe is looking a bit propsposterous to you, but they is very extra-usual ears indeed. They is allowing me to hear absolutely every single twiddly little thing.

Sophie You mean you can hear things *I* can't hear?

BFG You is *deaf as a dumpling* compared with me! I is hearing the footsteps of a ladybug as she goes walking across a leaf.

Sophie Honestly?

Narrator 2 Sophie was beginning to be impressed.



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Sophie** What *else* can you hear?
- BFG** I can hear plants and trees.
- Sophie** Do *they* talk?
- BFG** They is not exactly talking. But they is making noises. For instance, if I come along and I is picking a lovely flower, if I is twisting the stem of the flower till it breaks, then the plant is screaming. I can hear it screaming, very clear.
- Sophie** How *awful!*
- BFG** It is the same with trees as with flowers. If I is chopping an axe into the trunk of a big tree, I is hearing a terrible sound coming from inside the heart of the tree.
- Sophie** What sort of sound?
- BFG** A soft moaning sound. It is like the sound an old man is making when he is dying slowly.
- Sophie** (*skeptically again*) Is that really true?
- BFG** (*offended again*) You think I is *swizzfiggling* you?
- Sophie** It *is* rather hard to believe!
- BFG** Then I is stopping right here! I is not wishing to be called a fibster!
- Sophie** Oh, no! I'm not calling you anything! I *believe* you. I do, really! Please go on!
- Narrator 1** The BFG regarded her gravely with his huge eyes.



Readers Theatre Scripts

BFG I hope you will forgive me if I tell you that human beans is thinking they is very clever, but they is *not*. They is nearly all of them notmuchers and squeakpips!

Sophie (*very offended*) I beg your pardon.

BFG The matter with human beans is that they is absolutely refusing to believe in anything unless they is actually seeing it right in front of their own schnozzles.

Narrator 2 She had offended him, she could see that.

Sophie Please forgive me and go on. Tell me how you catch the dreams.

Narrator 1 The BFG gave her a long hard stare. Then he said,

BFG The same way you is catching butterflyflies. With a net.

Narrator 1 He reached out and picked up a pole. It was about thirty feet long, and there was a net on the end.

BFG Here is the dream-catcher. Every morning, I is going out and snitching new dreams to put in my bottles.

Narrator 1 The BFG put down the pole. Then he picked Sophie off the table and stood her on the palm of one of his huge hands. He carried her towards the shelves.

BFG These are some of the *good* dreams. The "phizzwizards." Every dream is having its special label on the bottle, so I can find it in a hurry.

Sophie Would you hold me closer so I can read them?

Narrator 2 Sophie started to read the labels.



Readers Theatre Scripts

Sophie "I is inventing a car that runs on toothpaste." "I is able to make the elektrik lites go on and off just by wishing it."
"I is only an eight-year-old little boy but I is growing a splendid bushy beard and all the other boys is jealous." "I has a pet bee that makes rock & roll musik when it flies.
"I is abel to jump out of any high window and flote down safely." I *like* that dream.

BFG Of *course* you like it. It is a phizzwizard! It's a ringbeller! It's whoppsy! This will be giving some little tottler a very happy night when I is blowing it in. Look in the jar carefully, and I think you will be *seeing* this dream.

Narrator 2 Sophie peered into the jar, and there, sure enough, she saw the faint translucent outline of something about the size of a hen's egg. There was just a touch of color in it, a pale sea-green, soft and shimmering and very beautiful. There it lay, quite peaceful, but pulsing gently, as though it were breathing.

Sophie It's moving! It's alive!

BFG Of *course* it's alive.

Sophie What will you feed it?

BFG It is not needing any food.

Sophie Everything *alive* needs food. Even trees and plants!

BFG (*firmly*) A *dream* is not needing *anything*. If it is a good one, it is waiting peaceably forever, until it is released and allowed to do its job.

Narrator 2 Sophie was silent. This extraordinary giant was disturbing her ideas. He seemed to be leading her towards mysteries that were beyond her understanding.



Readers Theatre Scripts

BFG You is a lovely little girl, but please remember that you is not exactly Miss Knoweverything. Dreams is very mystical things. Human beans is not understanding them. (*gazes into a bottle*) At all



Pippi Goes to School by Astrid Lindgren

Roles: Narrator 1, Narrator 2, Pippi, Tommy, Annika, Teacher, (Students)

Note: *Villekulla* is pronounced "VIL-luh-KOO-luh." *Annika* is pronounced "AH-nik-kuh."

Narrator 1 In a little town in Sweden, there was a tumbledown house called Villa Villekulla. And in this house lived a girl with carrot-colored pigtails and shoes twice as long as her feet.

Narrator 2 This was no *ordinary* girl. She was the strongest girl in the world, and her name was Pippi Longstocking.

Narrator 1 Pippi lived there all by herself—except for a monkey named Mr. Nilsson and a horse on the porch. There was no one to tell her what to do, so Pippi did just what she liked.

Narrator 2 One of the things Pippi liked best was to play with her friends Tommy and Annika. And more than anything in the world, Tommy and Annika liked to play with Pippi. Of course, Tommy and Annika had to go to school.

Annika (*to Tommy*) If only Pippi would go too, how much fun we could have!

Narrator 1 They decided to try to persuade her. One afternoon in Pippi's kitchen, Tommy said,

Tommy You can't imagine what a nice teacher we have.

Annika If you only knew what fun it is in school! I'd *die* if I couldn't go to school.



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Narrator 2** Pippi sat soaking her feet in a tub. She said nothing, but just wiggled her toes so the water splashed around everywhere.
- Tommy** You don't have to stay so long. Just until two o'clock.
- Annika** Yes, and besides, we get Christmas vacation and Easter vacation and summer vacation.
- Narrator 1** Suddenly, Pippi poured all the water out on the kitchen floor.
- Pippi** It is absolutely unfair! I won't stand for it!
- Tommy** What's the matter?
- Pippi** In four months, it will be Christmas, and then *you'll* have Christmas vacation! But what'll *I* get? No Christmas vacation—not even the tiniest bit of one. Something will have to be done about that. Tomorrow morning, I'll begin school!
- Annika** Hurray!
- Tommy** We'll wait for you outside our gate at eight o'clock.
- Pippi** Oh, no, I can't begin as early as that! And besides, I'm going to *ride* to school.
- Narrator 2** And ride she did!
- Narrator 1** The next day, at exactly ten o'clock, Pippi lifted her horse off the porch. Then she galloped wildly through the town.
- Narrator 2** When she reached the schoolyard, she jumped off the horse, tied him to a tree, and burst into the schoolroom.
- Pippi** Hi there! Did I get here in time for pluttification?



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Narrator 1** Tommy and Annika had told their teacher that Pippi was coming. She had decided to do all she could to make Pippi happy in school.
- Teacher** Welcome to school, Pippi. I hope you will enjoy yourself here and learn a great deal.
- Pippi** Yes, and I hope I'll get some Christmas vacation. That is the reason I've come. It's only fair, you know.
- Teacher** If you would first tell me your whole name, I'll register you in school.
- Pippi** My name is Pippilotta Delicatessa Windowshade Mackrelmint Efraim's Daughter Longstocking, daughter of Captain Efraim Longstocking, formerly the Terror of the Sea, now a cannibal king. Pippi is really only a nickname, because Papa thought Pippilotta was too long to say.
- Teacher** Well, then, we shall call you Pippi, too. But now suppose we test you a little and see what you know. Pippi, can you tell me what seven and five are?
- Pippi** (*shocked*) Well, if you don't know that yourself, I'm certainly not going to tell you!
- Other children** (*gasp*)
- Narrator 2** All the children stared at Pippi in horror.
- Teacher** (*gently*) Pippi, we don't answer that way in school.
- Pippi** (*sincerely*) I beg your pardon. I didn't know that. I won't do it again.
- Teacher** No, let us hope not. And now I will tell you that seven and five are twelve.



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Pippi** See that! You knew it yourself! So why are you asking?
- Narrator 1** The teacher decided to act as if nothing had happened.
- Teacher** Well, now, Pippi, how much do you think eight and four are?
- Pippi** Oh, about sixty-seven.
- Teacher** Of course not! Eight and four are twelve!
- Pippi** Well now, really, that is carrying things too far! You just said that *seven and five* are twelve. There should be some rhyme and reason to things, even in school!
- Narrator 2** The teacher decided there was no point trying to teach Pippi any more arithmetic.
- Teacher** Tommy, if Lisa has seven apples and Axel has nine apples, how many apples do they have together?
- Pippi** Yes, you tell her, Tommy, and tell me too, if Lisa gets a stomach-ache and Axel gets *more* of a stomach-ache, whose fault *is* it, and where did they get those apples in the first place?
- Narrator 1** The teacher decided to give up on arithmetic altogether.
- Teacher** (*getting frustrated*) Pippi, maybe you would prefer to learn reading. Here is a picture of a wild goat called an ibex. And the letter you see in front of the ibex is called "i".
- Pippi** *That I'll never believe.* I think it looks exactly like a straight line with a little fly speck over it. But what I'd really like to know is, what does the *ibex* have to do with the *fly* speck?
- Narrator 2** The teacher took out another card.



Readers Theatre Scripts

Teacher (*trying to stay calm*) And here is a picture of a snake, with the letter "s".

Pippi Speaking of snakes, I'll never ever forget the time I had a fight with a huge snake in India. (*acting out her story*) You can't imagine what a dreadful snake it was—fourteen yards long and mad as a hornet—and every day he ate up five Indians and then two little children for dessert, and one time he came and wanted *me* for dessert, and he wound himself around me—*uhhh!*—but I've been around a bit, I said, and hit him in the head, *bang!*, and then he hissed *uiuiuiuiuiuiuiuiwitch*, and then I hit him again, and *bingo!* he was dead, and indeed, so *that* is the letter "s"—most remarkable!

Narrator 1 The teacher's patience had come to an end.

Teacher Children, go outside so I can talk to Pippi alone.

Other children (*go out*)

Narrator 2 When Pippi and the teacher were by themselves, Pippi came over to her.

Pippi You know what? It was lots of fun to come to school to find out what it's like. But I don't think I want to come anymore—Christmas vacation or *no* Christmas vacation. There are altogether too many apples and ibexes and snakes and things like that. It makes me dizzy in the head. I hope you won't be upset, Teacher.

Teacher I certainly *am* upset, Pippi, but I'm upset that you won't behave properly! Any child who acts as badly as you do wouldn't be allowed to come to school no matter *how* much she wanted to!

Pippi (*astonished, almost starting to cry*) Have I behaved badly? Goodness, I didn't know that. You understand, Teacher, don't



Readers Theatre Scripts

you, that when you have a mother who's an angel in Heaven and a father who's a cannibal king, you don't know just *how* to behave in school, with all the apples and ibexes.

Teacher (*calming down*) I understand, Pippi. I'm not annoyed anymore. Maybe you can come back to school when you're a little older.

Pippi (*happily*) I think you are awfully nice, Teacher. And here is something for you.

Narrator 1 Pippi took from her pocket a lovely gold watch.

Teacher Pippi, I can't possibly accept such a valuable gift!

Pippi But you *have* to take it! Otherwise, I'll come back tomorrow, and you wouldn't like *that*, would you?

Narrator 2 Then Pippi rushed out to the schoolyard and jumped on her horse. All the children waved goodbye.

Pippi (*waving and riding off*) So long, kids. I won't be back for awhile. But always remember how many apples Axel had — or you'll be sorry!



The True Story of the Three Little Pigs by
Jon Scieszka

Roles: Narrator 1, Narrator 2, Narrator 3, Narrator 4,
Narrator 5, Narrator 6, Pig 2, Pig 3, Wolf

- Wolf** Everybody knows the story of the Three Little Pigs. Or at least they think they do. But I'll let you in on a little secret. Nobody knows the real story, because nobody has ever heard my side of the story. I'm the Wolf. Alexander T. Wolf. You can call me A1.
- Narrator 1** No one knows just how this whole big bad wolf thing got started, but it's all wrong.
- Narrator 2** Maybe it's because wolves eat cute little animals like bunnies and sheep and pigs. That's just the way they are. If cheeseburgers were cute, folks would probably think people were big and bad, too.
- Narrator 1** But the whole big bad thing is all wrong.
- Narrator 2** The real story is about a sneeze and a cup of sugar.
- Narrator 3** Way back in Once Upon a Time, our friend, the wolf, was making a birthday cake for his dear granny.
- Narrator 4** He had a terrible sneezing cold.
- Narrator 5** He had ran out of sugar.
- Narrator 6** So he walked down the street to ask his neighbor for a cup of sugar.



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Narrator 1** Now this neighbor was a pig.
- Narrator 2** And he wasn't too bright, either.
- Narrator 3** He had built his whole house out of straw.
- Narrator 4** Can you believe it? Who in his right mind would build a house of straw?
- Narrator 5** So of course the minute the wolf knocked on the door, it fell right in and he didn't want to just walk into someone else's house.
- Narrator 6** So he called.
- Wolf** Little Pig, ... Little Pig, are you in?
- Narrator 1** No answer.
- Narrator 2** He was just about to go home without the cup of sugar for his dear old granny's birthday cake.
- Narrator 3** That's when his nose started to itch.
- Narrator 4** He felt a sneeze coming on.
- Narrators 1-2-3-4-5-6** (TOGETHER) Well, he huffed. And he snuffed.
- Narrator 1** And he sneezed a great sneeze.
- Narrator 2** And you know what? That whole darn straw house fell down. And right in the middle of the pile of straw was the First Little Pig-dead as a doornail.



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Narrator 3** He had been home the whole time.
- Narrator 4** It seemed like a shame to leave a perfectly good ham dinner lying there in the straw. So the wolf ate it up.
- Narrator 5** Think of it as a big cheeseburger just lying there.
- Narrator 6** He was feeling a little better. But he still didn't have his cup of sugar.
- Narrator 1** So he went to the next neighbor's house.
- Narrator 2** This neighbor was the First Little Pig's brother. He was a little smarter, but not much. He had built his house of sticks.
- Narrator 3** He rang the bell on the stick house.
- Narrator 4** Nobody answered.
- Narrator 5** He called:
- Wolf** Mr. Pig, ... Mr. Pig, are you in?
- Narrator 6** He yelled back:
- 2nd Pig** Go away wolf. You can't come in. I'm shaving the hairs on my chinny chin chin.
- Narrator 1** He had grabbed the doorknob when he felt another sneeze coming on.
- Narrators 1-2-3-4-5-6** He huffed. And he snuffed.



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Narrator 2** And he tried to cover his mouth, but he sneezed a great sneeze.
- Narrator 3** And you're not going to believe it, but this guy's house fell down just like his brother's.
- Narrator 4** When the dust cleared, there was the second Little Pig -- dead as a doornail.
- Wolf** Wolf's honor!
- Narrator 5** Now you know food will spoil if you leave it out in the open.
- Narrator 6** So the wolf did the only thing there was to do. He had dinner again.
- Narrator 1** Think of it as a second helping.
- Narrator 2** He was getting awfully full. But his cold was feeling a little better.
- Narrator 3** And he still didn't have that cup of sugar for his dear old granny's birthday cake.
- Narrator 4** So the wolf went to the next house. This guy was the First and Second Little Pigs' brother.
- Narrator 5** He must have been the brains of the family. He had built his house of bricks.
- Narrator 6** The wolf knocked on the brick house. No answer.
- Wolf** Mr. Pig, . . . Mr. Pig, are you in?



Readers Theatre Scripts

Narrator 1 And do you know what that rude little porker answered?

3rd Pig Get out of here, Wolf. Don't bother me again.

Narrator 2 Talk about impolite!

Narrator 3 He probably had a whole sackful of sugar.

Narrator 4 And he wouldn't give the wolf even one little cup for his dear, sweet old granny's birthday cake.

Narrator 5 What a pig!

Narrator 6 The wolf was just about to go home and maybe make a nice birthday card instead of a cake, when he felt his cold coming on.

Narrators 1-2-3-4-5-6 He huffed. And he snuffed. And he sneezed once again.

Narrator 1 Then the Third Little Pig yelled:

3rd Pig And your old granny can sit on a pin!

Narrator 2 The wolf was usually a pretty calm fellow. But when he heard somebody talk about his dear, sweet old granny like that, he went a little crazy.

Narrator 3 When the cops drove up, of course he was trying to break down this Pig's door. And the whole time the wolf was huffing and puffing and sneezing and making a real scene.

Narrator 4 The rest, as they say, is history.



Readers Theatre Scripts

Narrator 5 The news reporters found out about the two pigs he had for dinner.

Narrator 6 They figured a sick guy going to borrow a cup of sugar didn't sound very exciting.

Narrator 3 So they jazzed up the story with all that "huff and puff" and "blow your house down" stuff.

Narrator 4 And they made him the Big Bad Wolf.

Narrator 5 That's it.

Narrator 6 The real story.

Wolf I WAS FRAMED!

Narrators 1-2-3-4-5-6 But maybe you could loan him a cup of sugar.



Little Scarface by Aaron Shepard

Roles: Narrators 1–4, Little Scarface, Sister, Father, Patient One, Hidden One, Boy, Young Man, Old Woman, Young Woman

Note

This tale comes from the Mi'kmaq (or Micmac) tribe of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, Canada. Two picture books of other versions are *Sootface: An Ojibwa Cinderella Story*, retold by Robert D. San Souci, illustrated by Daniel San Souci, Delacorte, New York, 1994; and *The Rough-Face Girl*, retold by Rafe Martin, illustrated by David Shannon, Putnam, New York, 1992.

Narrator 1 A long time ago, in a village by a lake, there lived a great hunter who was invisible. He was called the Hidden One. It was known that any young woman who could see him would become his bride.

Narrator 4 Many were the hopeful young women who visited his wigwam at the far end of the village. Each was tested by the hunter's sister, who was called the Patient One. But years passed, and none succeeded.

Narrator 2 In the same village lived two sisters who had lost their mother. The younger sister had a good heart, but the older one was jealous and cruel.

Narrator 3 While their father was out hunting, the older sister would torment the younger one, holding her down and burning her arms and face with sticks from the fire. Then she would tell her,

Sister Don't you dare tell our father, or next time will be worse!



Readers Theatre Scripts

Narrator 1 When the father came home, he would ask in dismay,

Father Why is she burnt again?

Narrator 4 The older sister would answer,

Sister The stupid, clumsy thing! She was playing with the fire, just like you told her not to!

Narrator 2 The father would turn to the younger.

Father (*incredulously*) Is this true?

Narrator 3 But she only bit her lip and said nothing.

Narrator 1 After a while she had so many scars, she was called Little Scarface. She lost her long braids too, when her sister singed them off.

Narrator 4 And she had to go barefoot and wear rags, for her sister would not allow her any animal skins to make moccasins or new clothes.

Narrator 2 Of course, the sister made up all different reasons to tell their father.

Narrator 3 And he would shake his head in sorrow and disappointment.

Narrator 1 One day, the older sister put on her finest clothes and many shiny strings of shell beads. She asked Little Scarface,

Sister Do you know what *I'm* doing? *I'm* going to marry the *Hidden One*. Of course, that's something *you* could never *dream* of.

Narrator 4 Little Scarface bowed her head.



Readers Theatre Scripts

Narrator 2 When the older sister reached the wigwam at the edge of the village, she was greeted by the sister of the hunter. The Patient One told her,

Patient One You are welcome. My brother will return soon from the hunt. Come help me prepare the evening meal.

Narrator 3 The two of them worked awhile, till the sun was nearly down. Then the Patient One led the young woman to the lake.

Narrator 1 She pointed along the shore.

Patient One (*pointing past the sister*) My brother comes. Do you see him?

Narrator 4 The young woman saw no one, but she had decided to pretend.

Sister Of course. (*pointing*) There he is now!

Narrator 2 The eyes of the Patient One narrowed.

Patient One (*suspiciously*) And what is his shoulder strap?

Sister A strip of rawhide.

Narrator 3 said the young woman, thinking it a safe guess.

Narrator 1 The Patient One frowned.

Patient One Let us return to the wigwam.

Narrator 4 They had just finished making the meal when a deep voice said,

Hidden One Greetings, my sister.

Narrator 2 The young woman jumped in surprise.



Readers Theatre Scripts

Narrator 3 She stared at the entrance but saw no one.

Patient One Greetings, my brother.

Narrator 1 As the young woman watched with wide eyes, a moccasin appeared in mid-air and dropped to the floor, followed by another.

Narrator 4 A moment later, bits of food were rising from a birch-bark tray near the fire and vanishing into an invisible mouth.

Narrator 2 The young woman turned to the Patient One.

Sister (*cheerily*) When will our wedding take place?

Patient One (*turning on her angrily*) What wedding? Do you think my brother would marry a liar and a fool?

Narrator 3 The young woman ran crying from the wigwam.

Narrator 1 All the next morning she stayed in bed, weeping and sobbing.

Narrator 4 Then Little Scarface came to her.

Little Scarface (*softly*) Sister, let me have skins to make moccasins and new clothes. It is my turn to visit the Hidden One.

Sister (*screaming*) How dare you!

Narrator 2 The sister jumped up and slapped Little Scarface, knocking her to the floor.

Sister Are you so *stupid* to think you can do what I *couldn't*? Even if you *saw* him, do you think he'd marry a pathetic thing like *you*?

Narrator 3 She sank back to the bed in tears.



Readers Theatre Scripts

Narrator 1 Little Scarface sat huddled for a long time, listening to her sister howl and sob. Then she rose and said again,

Little Scarface *(still softly)* It is my turn to visit the Hidden One.

Narrator 4 Her sister stopped crying and stared in amazement.

Narrator 2 Little Scarface went to her father's chest and took out an old pair of moccasins. She put them on her own small feet.

Narrator 3 Then she went out into the woods. She chose a birch tree and carefully stripped off the bark in a single sheet. From this she made a suit of clothes, which she put on in place of her rags. Then she started back through the village.

Boy *(pointing)* Look at Little Scarface!

Narrator 1 yelled a boy.

Boy She's dressed like a tree!

Young Man Hey, Little Scarface!

Narrator 4 a young man called.

Young Man Are those moccasins big enough for you?

Old Woman I don't believe it!

Narrator 2 an old woman said.

Old Woman She's on her way to the Hidden One!

Young Woman Oh, Little Scarface,

Narrator 3 called a young woman,



Readers Theatre Scripts

Young Woman did you burn yourself and cut off your hair to look pretty for him?

Narrator 1 Ignoring their taunts and laughter, Little Scarface walked on till she reached the wigwam at the village edge.

Narrator 4 The Patient One regarded the young woman with surprise but told her,

Patient One You are welcome.

Narrator 2 Little Scarface helped prepare the evening meal. When the sun was nearly down, the Patient One led her to the lake. She told her,

Patient One (*pointing*) My brother comes. Do you see him?

Narrator 3 Little Scarface gazed along the shore.

Little Scarface (*looking hard*) I'm not sure. . . .

Narrator 1 Then her eyes lit in wonder.

Little Scarface Yes, I see him! But how can there *be* such a one?

Narrator 4 The Patient One looked at her curiously.

Patient One What is his shoulder strap?

Little Scarface His shoulder strap is . . . is the Rainbow!

Narrator 2 The Patient One's eyes grew wide.

Patient One And his bowstring?

Little Scarface His bowstring is . . . the Milky Way!

Narrator 3 The Patient One smiled.



Readers Theatre Scripts

Patient One Let us return.

Narrator 1 When they reached the wigwam, the Patient One took the strange clothes off Little Scarface and washed her with water from a special jar.

Narrator 4 The young woman's scars disappeared, leaving her skin shining and smooth.

Narrator 2 A magic comb made the young woman's hair grow quickly to her waist, ready for braiding.

Narrator 3 Then the Patient One opened a chest and took out a beautiful wedding outfit. Little Scarface had just put it on when a deep voice said,

Hidden One Greetings, my sister.

Narrator 1 Little Scarface turned to the entrance and stared at the magnificent young hunter.

Narrator 4 As their eyes met, she saw the surprise in his.

Patient One (*smiling*) Greetings, my brother. You are discovered!

Narrator 2 The Hidden One walked over to Little Scarface and took her hands in his.

Hidden One (*with deep feeling*) For years I have waited to find a woman of pure heart and brave spirit. Only such a one could see me. And now you shall be my bride.

Narrator 3 So they were married.

Narrator 1 And from then on, Little Scarface had a *new* name—

Narrator 4 The Lovely One.



Readers Theatre Scripts

Narrator 2 For she too had been hidden,

Narrator 3 and now was hidden no more.



The Frog Prince Continue by Jon Scieszka *Scripted by Jill Jauquet*

Roles: Narrator 1, Narrator 2, Narrator 3, Narrator 4, Narrator 5,
Prince, Princess, Witch 1, Witch 2, Witch 3, Fairy Godmother



Narrator 1 THE FROG PRINCE CONTINUED

Narrator 2 The Princess kissed the frog. He turned into a prince. And they lived happily ever after...



Narrator 3 Well, let's just say they lived sort of happily for a long time. Okay, so they weren't so happy. In fact, they were miserable.

Princess "Stop sticking your tongue out like that,"

Narrator 4 nagged the Princess.

Prince "How come you never want to go down to the pond anymore?"

Narrator 5 whined the Prince.

Narrator 1 The Prince and Princess were so unhappy. They didn't know what to do.

Princess "I would prefer that you not hop around on the furniture,"

Narrator 2 said the Princess.



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Princess** "And it might be nice if you got out of the castle once in a while to slay a dragon or giant or whatever."
- Narrator 3** The Prince didn't feel like going out and slaying anything. He just felt like running away. But then he reread his book. And it said right there at the end of the story: "They lived happily ever after. The End." So he stayed in the castle and drove the Princess crazy.
- Narrator 4** Then one day, the Princess threw a perfectly awful fit.
- Princess** "First you keep me awake all night with your horrible, croaking snore. Now I find a lily pad in your pocket. I can't believe I actually kissed your slimy frog lips. Sometimes I think we would both be better off if you were still a frog."
- Narrator 5** That's when the idea hit him. The Prince thought.
- Prince** "Still a frog...Yes! That's it!"
- Narrator 1** And he ran off into the forest, looking for a witch who could turn him back into a frog. The Prince hadn't gone far when he ran into just the person he was looking for.
- Prince** "Miss Witch, Miss Witch. Excuse me, Miss Witch. I wonder if you could help me?"
- Witch 1** "Say, you're not looking for a princess to kiss are you?"
- Narrator 2** asked the witch.



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Prince** "Oh, no. I've already been kissed. I'm the Frog Prince. Actually, I was hoping you could turn me back into a frog."
- Witch 1** "Are you sure you're not looking for a beautiful sleeping princess to kiss and wake up?"
- Prince** "No, no- I'm the Frog Prince."
- Witch 1** "That's funny. You don't look like a frog. Well no matter. If you're a prince, you're a prince. And I'll have to cast a nasty spell on you. I can't have any princes waking up Sleeping Beauty before the hundred years are up.²
- Narrator 3** The Prince didn't stick around to see which nasty spell the witch had in mind. He ran deeper into the forest until he came to a tiny cottage where he saw another lady who might help him.
- Prince** "Miss Witch, Miss Witch. Excuse me, Miss Witch. I wonder if you could help me. I'm a prince and"
- Witch 2** "Eh? What did you say? Prince?"
- Narrator 4** croaked the witch.
- Prince** "No. I mean, yes. I mean, no, I'm not the prince looking for Sleeping Beauty. But, yes, I'm the Frog Prince. And I'm looking for a member of your profession who can turn me back into a frog so I can live happily ever after."



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Witch 2** "Frog Prince, you say? That's funny. I thought frogs were little green guys with webbed feet. Well, no matter. If you're a prince, you're a prince. And I can't have any princes rescuing Snow White. Here- eat the rest of this apple."
- Narrator 5** The Prince, who knew his fairy tales (and knew a poisoned apple when he saw one), didn't even stay to say, "No, thank you." He turned and ran deeper into the forest. Soon he came to a strange-looking house with a witch outside.
- Prince** "Ahem. Miss Witch, Miss Witch. Excuse me, Miss Witch. I wonder if you could help me? I'm the Frog- "
- Witch 3** "If you're a frog, I'm the King of France,"
- Narrator 1** said the witch.
- Prince** "No, I'm not a frog. I'm the Frog Prince. But I need a witch to turn me back into a frog so I can live happily ever after can you do it?"
- Narrator 2** said the Prince in one long breath. The witch eyed the Prince and licked her rather plump lips.
- Witch 3** "Why, of course, dearie. Come right in. Maybe I can fit you in for lunch."



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Narrator 3** The Prince stopped on the slightly gummy steps. Something about this house seemed very familiar. He broke off a corner of the windowsill and tasted it. Gingerbread.
- Prince** "I hope you don't mind my asking, Miss Witch. But do you happen to know any children by the name of Hansel and Gretel?"
- Witch 3** "Why yes, Prince darling, I do. I'm expecting them for dinner."
- Narrator 4** The Prince, who, as we said before, knew his fairy tales, ran as fast as he could deeper into the forest. Soon he was completely lost.
- Narrator 5** He saw someone standing next to a tree. The Prince walked up to her, hoping she wasn't a witch, for he'd quite had his fill of witches.
- Prince** "Madam. I am the Frog Prince. Could you help me?"
- Fairy Godmother** "Gosh, do you need it!"
- Narrator 1** said the Fairy Godmother.
- Fairy Godmother** "You are the worst-looking frog I've ever seen."
- Prince** "I am not a frog. I am the Frog Prince,"
- Narrator 2** said the Prince, getting a little annoyed.



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Prince** "And I need someone to turn me back into a frog so I can live happily ever after."
- Fairy Godmother** "Well, I'm on my way to see a girl in the village about going to a ball, but I suppose I could give it a try. I've never done frogs before, you know."
- Narrator 3** And with that the Fairy Godmother waved her magic wand, and turned the Prince into a beautiful...carriage. The Prince couldn't believe his rotten luck. The sun went down. The forest got spookier. And the Prince became more and more frightened.
- Prince** "Oh what an idiot I've been. I could be sitting at home with the Princess, living happily ever after. But instead, I'm stuck here in the middle of this stupid forest, turned into a stupid carriage. Now I'll probably just rot and fall apart and live unhappily ever after."
- Narrator 4** The Prince thought these terrible, frightening kinds of thoughts (and a few worse- too awful to tell), until far away in the village, the clock struck midnight. The carriage instantly turned back into his former Prince self, and ran by the light of the moon until he was safe inside his own castle.
- Princess** "Where have you been? I've been worried sick. You're seven hours late. Your dinner is cold. Your clothes are a mess."



Readers Theatre Scripts

- Narrator 5** The Prince looked at the Princess who had believed him when no one else in the world had, the Princess who had actually kissed his slimy frog lips. The Princess who loved him.
- Narrator 1** The Prince kissed the Princess.
- Narrator 2** They both turned into frogs.
- Narrator 3** And they hopped off happily ever after.
- Princess** Then End.



Readers Theatre Scripts

