

## *Clementine*

by Sara Pennypacker  
illustrated by Marla Frazee

(Arranged for Readers' Theater by CYRM Committee Members, for classroom use only.)

Characters:	Narrator 1	Narrator 2	Narrator 3	Narrator 4
	Narrator 5	Narrator 6	Narrator 7	Narrator 8
	Narrator 9	Narrator 10	Narrator 11	Clementine
	Dad	Margaret's Mother	Brother	

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Narrator 1: Her parents took her hands and brought her out to the dining room.

Narrator 2: And there was Clementine's best friend Margaret and her mother, and Mitchell with Clementine's brother on his shoulders, all looking at Clementine.

Narrator 3: Clementine scrubbed her face to make sure there weren't any tears left, even though she did *not* care what Mitchell thought because he's *not* Clementine's boyfriend.

Brother: Prize!

Narrator 4: Everyone else yelled:

All: Surprise!

Narrator 5: Then they all stepped out of the way so Clementine could see the dining room table.

Narrator 6: On the table was a cake, all right. But it didn't say *Good-bye and Good Riddance, Clementine*. She was afraid her parents wanted to get rid of her so they could have the 'good' child left, her brother.

Narrator 7: The cake said: *Good-bye and Good Riddance!* above a thousand frosting pigeons and then under that it said *Thank You, Clementine-Hero of the Great Pigeon War!* She had helped her dad get the pigeons to feed at the back of the apartment instead of the front of the apartment where they were making a mess.

Narrator 8: Oh.

Narrator 9: Clementine asked her parents:

Clementine: Well, what about the, “One’s all we need” thing? What about that?

Narrator 10: Clementine’s Mom and Dad smiled really, really big then.

Dad: Wait right here, Sport.

Narrator 11: Her Dad went into the hall and came back with a big box.

Dad: Open it up.

Narrator 1: So she did. And do you know what was in there?

Narrator 2: A kitten! I am not kidding you.

Dad: There was only one left. And we told them, “One is all we need.”

Narrator 3: Clementine lifted the kitten out of the box and took him into the bathroom to get him a name. Right away she found the most exquisite word. She held him up to her cheek and told him his name and he started to purr, which filled up a space in her ears that had been empty since her last cat Polka Dottie died.

Narrator 4: When she came back out of the bathroom, she saw Margaret wanting to touch her kitten and Clementine saw Margaret tell her hands to be quiet about touching the kitten because the kitten was Clementine’s and he was new.

Narrator 5: Clementine wanted to say, *the rule is no touching my kitten because it’s the rule.* But she didn’t. Instead her mouth opened up and said:

Clementine: Want to pat Moisturizer, Margaret?

Narrator 6: Which was a very big surprise, let me tell you.

Mom: We know it's not the same as having Polka Dottie back...

Dad: He's different....

Clementine: I know. He's perfect.

Narrator 7: Then she looked up and saw that *everything else* was perfect, too:

Narrator 8: Her mother in her overalls, her comedian father, her brother who didn't get stuck with a fruit name, Margaret in her Margaret hat, Mitchell slicing the Clementine-the-Hero cake, and her not-from-a-magazine apartment.

Narrator 9: So when Margaret's mother came over and said:

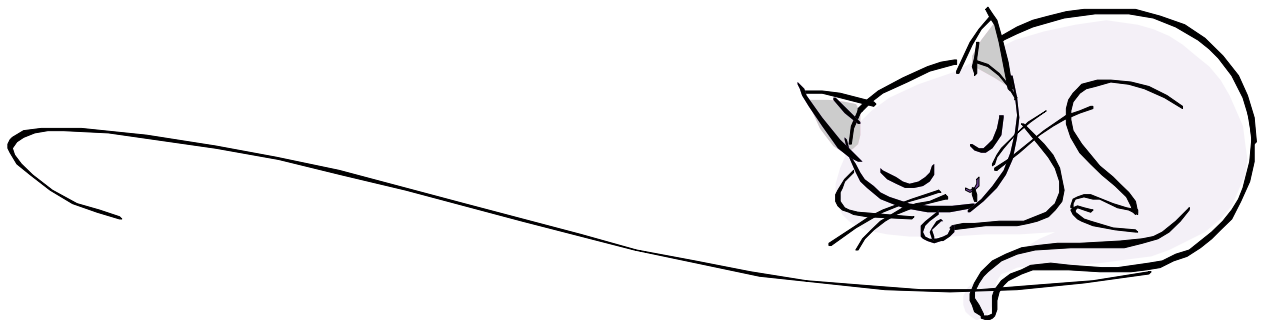
Margaret's Mother: Tomorrow after school I'm taking both you girls to my hairdresser to fix up those haircuts.

Narrator 10: They both had cut their hair with scissors without their Moms' help. Clementine almost said, "No thanks!" because she didn't want to change a single thing.

Narrator 11: But Margaret's Mother was smiling at Clementine and that looked perfect, too, so she smiled back and said:

Clementine: Great!

Narrator 1: And then Clementine passed out the cake and she was extremely polite because she served everyone else a slice first and then at the very end she took one. Two. Okay, fine.

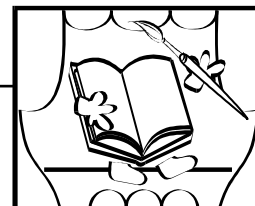


# Readers' Theater

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## ***Phineas L. MacGuire...Erupts!***

by Frances O'Roark Dowell



(Arranged for Readers' Theater by CYRM Committee Members, for classroom use only.)

Characters:	Narrator 1	Narrator 2	Narrator 3	Narrator 4
	Narrator 5	Narrator 6	Narrator 7	Mrs. Tuttle
	Brandon Woo	Stacey Windham	Mira Ligotta	Lori Birch
	Phineas	Aretha	Mr. Reid	

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Narrator 1: The art supply closet was completely empty.

Narrator 2: Normally you would have seen about two million things. Stacks of drawing paper, construction paper, tracing paper, and colored squares of felt.

Narrator 3: A whole shelf of paint and an army of paintbrushes. Pipe cleaners, Popsicle sticks, toothpicks, and a big plastic bag of clay that Mrs. Tuttle was always telling us not to let get dried out or else it would just be a big plastic bag of brick.

Mrs. Tuttle: What in the world? Where did all my art supplies go?

Narrator 4: Brandon Woo picked something up off of the floor and handed it to Mrs. Tuttle.

Brandon Woo : Here's the paintbrush that fell out.

Narrator 5: Mrs. Tuttle stared at the paintbrush like if she looked at it hard enough, it might tell her what in the world was going on. After a minute she shook her head, closed the art supply closet door and headed to the principal's office.

Mrs. Tuttle: Okay, sports fans, I'm going to make a quick check at the principal's office to see if any other mysterious disappearing acts have been reported this morning. Talk quietly among yourselves until I get back. Absolutely no hanky-panky.

Stacey Windham: It's a ghost!

Narrator 6: She sounded like she was the world's biggest expert on supernatural happenings in art supply closets.

Stacey Windham: What else could it be? Besides, my sister was in this classroom last year, and she said that somebody died in here a long time ago.

Mira Ligotta: It was, like, five years ago. My neighbor who's in eighth grade told me about it once.

Narrator 7: How'd they die?

Narrator 1: People all around the class were scootching their desks closer to Stacey and Mira.

Narrator 2: Lori Birch, who you could tell did not like Mira taking center stage next to Stacey, leaned into the circle of desks.

Lori Birch: Their babysitter? She put poison in their tuna fish sandwich. Nobody knew what was going on. The class came back from lunch, and this kid just fell down and died.

Mira Ligotta: It wasn't their babysitter. It was their stepmom.

Narrator 3: Lori rolled her eyes.

Lori Birch: Whatever.

Phineas: I looked around the room. Some kids were definitely starting to look like they were having second thoughts about eating lunch that day. Then I saw Aretha. You could tell she didn't believe a word of what was being said.

Aretha: So if I go online and do a search about a poisoned kid dying at Woodbrook Elementary School, I'll be able to find all the details?

Stacey Windham: They kept it a big secret so that the school wouldn't get sued.

Phineas: Why would the school get sued if somebody's babysitter poisoned a student? It's not the school's fault.

Stacey Windham: I'm sorry Mac. I didn't know you were a lawyer with all sorts of legal facts in your brain.

Aretha: Mac is just using logic which is more than I can say for you people.

Narrator 4: Just then Mrs. Tuttle burst back into the room.

Mrs. Tuttle: Mystery solved! Well almost solved anyway.

Narrator 5: She walked to the front of the class.

Mrs. Tuttle: It turns out that when Mr. Reid was cleaning the room last night, he noticed paint dripping from the closet. When he opened the doors, sure enough, several paint jars had been overturned and had spilled—which means some of you aren't putting the lids back on tightly enough, by the way. So anyway, he took everything out to clean the closet, and then he took the stuff downstairs to get the paint off.

Phineas: How did the paint get spilled in the first place?

Narrator 6: Phineas was an expert at spilling stuff, but he couldn't figure what could have knocked the paint jars over while they were still in the closet.

Mrs. Tuttle: Hmmmmm. I'm not sure. Maybe someone was playing back there and bumped into the cabinet?

Narrator 7: Everyone turned and looked. The cabinet looked pretty sturdy. It would take more than a kid bumping into it to shake it.

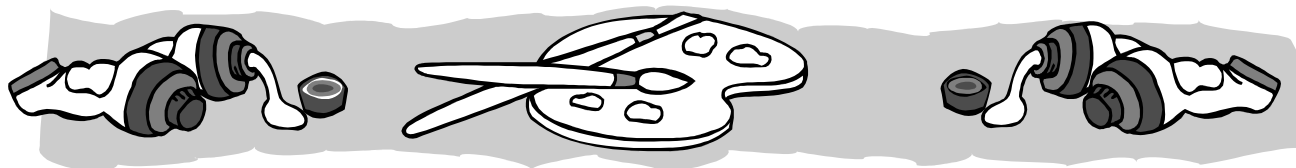
Stacey Windham: The ghost did it! How obvious can it be?

Aretha: What's obvious is that you have peanut butter for brains! There must be some logical explanation. Something in that closet spilled that paint, and something is making that thumping noise.

Mrs. Tuttle: I'll tell you what; I will give extra credit to the person who can solve this mystery. Plus this frog.

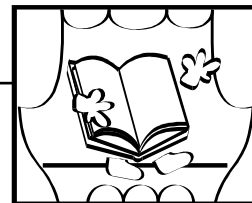
Narrator 1: She had taken a yellow frog out of the frog jar and began pulling its leg.

- Aretha: We'll need to see the stuff from the art supply closet. That might give us some clues.
- Stacey Windham: You'll only make the ghost mad! He'll probably come over to your house to haunt you.
- Narrator 2: Aretha ignored her. Mrs. Tuttle said that anyone who was interested in solving the mystery could go to Mr. Reid, the custodian's room at lunchtime and examine the evidence. We could also spend as much time as we wanted looking inside the art supply closet.
- Narrator 3: When lunchtime rolled around, Phineas, Aretha, and a few other kids went to Mr. Reid's room in the school basement. He was in there eating a turkey sandwich and reading the sports page.
- Narrator 4: We told him why we were there, and he led us to a table with all of Mrs. Tuttle's art supplies.
- Mr. Reid: I wasn't able to save all the paper. But everything else is cleaned up. In fact, when you're done examining it, you can take it back to Mrs. Tuttle's classroom.
- Narrator 5: Phineas picked up a paint jar and looked at it carefully. Could gases have built up inside it and caused it to explode all over the closet?
- Narrator 6: But what would explain the noises in the closet even after all the art supplies had been moved out of it?
- Aretha: Mr. Reid? Do you still have the paper you couldn't save?
- Narrator 7: Mr. Reid led her to a big trash can in the corner of the basement.
- Phineas: You know how sometimes people talk about a light going off in their head? I've never actually had that happen to me, but sometimes I get this feeling that's almost like electricity. This happens when a big idea practically knocks me over. I knew exactly why Aretha wanted to look at that paper.



# Readers' Theater

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## *Sheep*

by Valerie Hobbs

(Arranged for Readers' Theater by CYRM Committee Members, for classroom use only.)

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Characters: Narrator 1    Narrator 2    Narrator 3    Narrator 4    Narrator 5  
                  Narrator 6    Narrator 7    Luke (the boy)    Jack (a border collie)

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Narrator 1:            It was the last day of Adoption Week.

Jack:                    I crawled out from under my porch, glad to leave the noisy rats behind. Nosing my way toward the home, I thought long and hard about Luke. He acted as if he didn't care if he got adopted or not.

Narrator 2:            Jack thought that Luke was afraid to show how much it meant to him. Then he could say it didn't matter when Luke didn't get picked.

Narrator 3:            Luke didn't know how to change his ways, and so he probably wouldn't. Something had to happen to show the parent people what a good boy he was, and how much he needed them.

Jack:                    I thought and thought, and finally hit upon a plan. I wasn't sure it would work, but it was worth a try. Something told me it was Luke's last chance.

Narrator 4:            All that worrying and planning had made Jack wander off course. He was late. Hurrying across the parking lot, he never noticed the old pickup parked there that belonged to potential parent people.

Jack:                    Once again I stationed myself under the window.

Narrator 5:            The boys were in their line, hands held out so that the old gray guy could check them. Some boys had to leave the room to wash up again.

Narrator 6:            Jack watched Luke slump out. Luke came back, wiping his hands down his pants, and went to the end of the line.



Narrator 7: The parent people came in, two by two. They all looked like pretty good catches to Jack. Well fed. A little bit lonely but happy looking.

Narrator 1: And what do you know: the last ones in were the perfect parents, the same pretty lady and the man with the haystack hair.

Jack: Luke had another chance, if only he would grab it!

Narrator 2: The gray guy gave his speech, the boys laughed when they were supposed to, and then the shaking hands stuff started.

Narrator 3: Luke went down the line dragging his feet, sticking out his hand each time as if he didn't mean to do it.

Jack: I waited until he was one boy away from the haystack guy, until he reached to shake the haystack guy's hand, then I barked.

Narrator 4: Jack barked loud!

Narrator 5: Everybody turned to look!

Narrator 6: The gray guy's glasses slid down his nose.

Luke: Jack! Hey, look out the window!

Jack: And then I began doing my flips that Billy of Billy's Big Happy Circus had taught me. Flip, flip, flip. Past the window and back again, flip, flip, flip.

Narrator 7: The window flew up. Luke stuck out his head.

Luke: Jack! That is so funny! I didn't know you could do that!

Jack: Luke was laughing, laughing so hard I had to flip a couple more times.

Narrator 1: The pretty lady and the haystack man had come to the window, too. They were smiling, watching Luke watching Jack.

Luke: That's my dog! His name is Jack!

Narrator 2: Luke never did let go of the pretty lady's hand. Katrin her name is. He pulled her down the hall, out the door, and introduced her to Jack.

Narrator 3: She knelt to pet Jack, one-handed. Luke still had hold of the other one.

Narrator 4: It wasn't long before Luke and Jack were in the pickup with the parent people. Luke sat in the front with his new folks, Jack in the back where the wind ruffled his fur and he could watch the long road disappearing behind them.

Jack: We drove up to a little house and a barn, and the first thing I smelled was sheep. Sheep! I hopped out and began rounding up the herd. All six of them. Yeah, I know only six, but in no time they were the best-trained, most well-behaved sheep in the whole world. Don't ask me how I know, I just know.

Narrator 5: Olaf and Katrin, the folks, are just getting things going. Couple hundred acres is all. That's not much for a sheep ranch, but it's a start. More work for Jack once the silly things are up and running, but that's his job.

Narrator 6: Luke likes his new school, and he does his best to make Katrin and Olaf proud. He can read now and, boy, can he draw! Trees and sheep and trains and just about everything.

Jack: He even drew a picture of me. He had to tell me it was me, but Katrin said it was a very handsome likeness and put a frame around it. It's hanging right there, over our bed.

Narrator 7: Jack doesn't dream about the sheep anymore, which is just as well. Sheep in the daytime, sheep at night. A fella wouldn't get any rest. But one night Jack dreamed about the Goat Man.

Jack K: Just like The Goat Man said in my dream: Life's not so hard to figure out. A fellow's got to know he made a difference. That he used his noodle to make things a little better.

Narrator 1: Outside the window the moon was just a sliver, a wink in the dark sky.

