



Stories on Stage

Scripts

(adapted from the stories)

by Marcia Trimble

*Script Titles:

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Hello Sun

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Malinda Martha Meets Mariposa (also available in My Activity Book)

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Stories **on** Stage

Script

Witchy's Turned Around House

(Script adapted from the story)

Written by Marcia Trimble
Illustrated by Chad Cameron



Witchy's Turned Around House

Characters:

Whizzer and Whizzy (The Whizz Kids...

Narrators 1 and 2)

Westerly Whyly

Witchy

Keeper of Records

Whizzer: Westerly Whyly was born to ask why.

Whizzy: His first word wasn't Mom, but Why-Mom.

Whizzer: His second word wasn't Dad, but Why-Dad.

Whizzy: As Whyly grew, his curiosity grew. He could get curious over just about anything, and he was very curious about a house on the island where he lived.

Whizzer: Whyly had known since he was old enough to know, that the house had turned around.

Whizzy: There was the version about a storm damaging the house and the owners switching the porch and dining room to opposite sides when they fixed the foundation.

Whizzer: But that version didn't satisfy Whyly.

Whizzy: Of course it was the Dow's house, but it was nicknamed Witchy's Turned Around House.

Whizzer: And the Dow's grandchildren insisted that Witchy had turned the house around. Folks said the Witchy version was a myth.

Whizzy: Was it a myth or not?

Whizzer: A little imagination, which Whyly had a lot more than a little of, told Whyly that it didn't matter. Witchy

was cool, and one thing he did know. Surprisingly enough, he was getting tired of asking, "Why did the house turn around?"

Whizzy: And then it didn't matter at all because HE WAS THERE.

Whyly: Hey, Witchy, your lab is cool. Your cauldron is huge. And your powders and juices are soooo green.

Witchy: Oh, hi, Whyly. I'm fixing my brew for the annual spinning contest. I'm under deadline pressure. What can I spin before the stroke of midnight? Spinning webs or yarns won't win me a listing in the Witches' Book of Records. Any witch can spin webs or yarns.

Whyly: Maybe if you peer into your brew hard enough, you'll get an idea.

Witchy: Ooooooooooooooh! The Dow's summerhouse out at Wauwinet stands alone between Nantucket Harbor and the Atlantic Ocean...perfect for spinning, except for one missing ingredient. It is far from town...far from children's laughter.

Whyly: Well, stir your brew with all your might and wail some sort of spell.

Witchy: Wait a minute. Let me get into this. Okay! Brew stormy weather...without a sliver of shine...Brew winds that blow the spinning sign, spreading laughter with every gust. Children's laughter is a must to spin the house between the ocean and the harbor. Brew winds that blow laughter from Nantucket Town to Witchy's cauldron in Wauwinet. Blow children's laughter in the mix...and whirl it, and swirl it, and spin it. Hurry! Quick as a mouse. Poof! Spin the Dow's house!

Witchy's Turned Around House

Whyly: Am I hearing the rumble of thunder and wow! is that a flash of lightning? Uh, oh! The rain is beating down on the Dow's house.

Witchy: Lightning is streaking across my eyes, too. Whoops! My spoon slipped out of my fingers.

Whyly: No wonder. It's dripping with your mixture of powders and juices. Is the brew supposed to bubble up and boil over like that?

Witchy: Ooooh, it's my spoon. It dropped into the brew.

Whyly: What kind of spell was that anyway? Maybe you need more experience to pull off such a creative idea. Oh, no! You're in big trouble now. The bank on the ocean side of the house is pulling away. The windows are breaking and the house is filling up with sand. You're in really big trouble.

Witchy: FANGLE DANGLE STOP! Wait. Wait. Give me another chance. I'll chant the spell again.

Whyly: Grab your broomstick handle and stir the brew again. You'll get a great stir with that. And come on, chant your spell.

Witchy: Well, here goes. MAKE THE HOUSE NEW. MAKE THE SPELL BE EVER TRUE!

Whyly: Wow! The house is sliding down the bank toward the harbor. And I can't believe it. Pilings are springing up under the house...and wow, the foundation is closing around it.

Witchy: I'm impressed myself, if I do say so.

Whyly: You are so lucky. Even the wind is blowing your way. Look at that. The wind is blowing the glass into smooth sheets, and new shingles are covering the house. As good as new!

Witchy: WOWIE WHIZZY WHEW!

Whyly: You can thank your trusty broom for the great stir.

Witchy: I'll just broom over to the house and give it a little sweep. That's the least I can do.

Whyly: You're not thinking of removing all the evidence, by any chance, are you?

Witchy: Evidence or no evidence, I can't win the spinning contest without spinning something.

Whyly: Well, try some more wailing. Anything!

Witchy: Okay. Send wind that spreads laughter with every gust. Children's laughter is a must. Send wind with children's laughter in it. Make the wind blow from Town to Wauwinet. Hurry! Quick as a mouse. Poof! Spin the Dow's house!

Whyly: Wait a minute. Do you see that sailboat blowing ashore? And who are those children jumping out of the boat? Hey. They're parading by the Dow's house. I'd say we're in for some serious merrymaking. Listen up. Do you hear what I hear? They're blowing laughter into the wind. If your spell has the least bit of oomph left, their laughter will bounce right off the harbor, and follow you back to your cauldron AND breeze into your brew.

Witchy: Ohhh. Something is tickling my nose. Ooooooooooh...kachoo!

Witchy's Turned Around House

Whyly: All RIIGHT! The house is spinning around...exactly at the stroke of midnight. Can you imagine that! The porch and the dinner table switched sides. There's no question about it. You've got the winning spin! And you'll be in the Witches' Book of Records to prove it. And no one will ever know how you really got the winning spin.

Witchy: You might just as well stick around for my award ceremony. The Keeper of Records is granting me three lucky charms. Listen to this.

Keeper of Records: 1.Trying once is nice...2. Extra nice is trying twice... to mix a brew that spins a house that was never haunted...and 3. To make it loved and wanted...with a porch free from the westerlies that blow with vigor and vim when daylight grows dim, and a table for dining with no beachcombers peering in. Witchy has the winning spin!

Whyly: Your medals are really cool.

Witchy: I can hardly wait to see my name in the Witches' Book of Records. Shining in the moonlight. Say, Westerly Whyly, thank you for helping me get the winning spin.

Whizzer: And, poof, Witchy was gone.

Whizzy: But, it was unlikely that Whyly's heart would forget Witchy anytime soon.

Whizzer: As time went by, Whyly no longer asked why the house turned around.

Whizzy: And as more time went by, Whyly noticed that more and more

people were calling him Westerly.

Whizzer: As to whether the Witchy story was a myth, it didn't really matter, because Westerly Whyly was satisfied.

Whizzy: At least until the day he noticed a flyer posted by the Tourist Bureau that said...Witchy's Turned Around House. Tours by moonlight. Witchy was pictured on the flyer wearing her medals.

Whyly: GREAT MEDALS! Maybe I WILL go on a tour one of these moonlight nights. Maybe I'll see Witchy's name in the Witches' Book of Records. Shining in the moonlight.

Whizzer: Westerly was almost certain that he had caught Witchy winking at him. He smiled back, just in case.

Witchy: Welcome! I'm Witchy. I will be your guide tonight. I will take you for a ride that you will never forget. I will tell you about the brew that...ooooooooooooh... turned a house...kachoo...around!

Whizzy: It's been told that Witchy always sneezes...

Whizzer: and then revs up her broom buggy for the tour.

Stories  Stage

Script

Hello Sun

A True African Travel Tale
(Script adapted from the story)

Written by Marcia Trimble
Illustrated by Susan Arciero



Hello Sun

Characters:

Zeb

Malinda Martha

Clicky, the camera

*Mama Simba, cubs, lioness, and tourists
(all these are optional...can be imagined)*

Zeb: Hello. Hello. I'm Zabron Elias, the safari guide from the He He tribe of southern Tanzania. But everyone calls me Zeb.

Malinda Martha: Hi, Zeb.

Zeb: Good morning, Malinda Martha. Are you ready for today's game drive?

Malinda Martha: I just have to tuck Clicky in my backpack.

Clicky: It sure is bouncy in Malinda Martha's backpack. I bet the Landrover is bound for a game drive in the Ngorongoro Crater. I can hardly wait. After all, I have the greatest eye in the land. Hurry, hurry, Malinda Martha. Give me light. Lend me a hand. Get me out of this backpack.

Zeb: Look at old Mama Simba lying by the side of the road basking in the sun. She doesn't even see our Landrover pulling to a stop.

Malinda Martha: She's asleep to the world.

Clicky: But thanks to Mama Simba, I'm out of the backpack...helping Malinda Martha snap a picture.

Zeb: (pointing) Look! Look! I see something moving in the grasses.

Malinda Martha: Clicky, it's time to use your zoom lens. There's something almost hidden in the grasses fifty yards away.

Clicky: Point away, Malinda Martha. I can click my shutter as long as you feed me. I'll soon be hungry for that extra film in your backpack.

Malinda Martha: Look, a lion cub!

Zeb: Only a week old.

Clicky: Wow, all the grasses are in my viewing range now. I can see everything. I like my wide angle.

Malinda Martha: Another head is popping up...and another! Clicky, let's zoom in on the cubs snuggling up to Mama Simba to nurse.

Clicky: This feels great, if I do say so... counting the seconds, grabbing light, focusing, maximizing my depth of field, capturing images...living up to my potential. Good morning, sun. I see you finally decided to shine. You know I have the greatest eye in the land. Give me light. Lend me a hand. I record memories for my fun. I'm ready for the cubs to run. Again, I say, good morning, sun.

Malinda Martha: There are so many Landrovers charging up. Look at the tourists peering through their binoculars and clicking their shutters. Their point-and-shoot cameras don't zoom like Clicky's.

Zeb: The engines on the Landrovers turn on and off, off and on, and away they go. Hardly stopping to take a breath.

Malinda Martha: How can the tourists just ride on? It's too exciting to drive on now.

Zeb: Well, Malinda Martha, we won't drive on. We'll watch. We'll wait.

Malinda Martha: Look! Look, Zeb!
A lioness from the pride is coming up
the road.

Zeb: At a slow steady pace.

Malinda Martha: Clicky, you can zoom
in on the cubs as they pop up out of
the grasses to follow the lioness.
One...two...three...four. FOUR CUBS!

Clicky: My shutter is getting a real
workout. I'm having a busy day.
Well, hello, noonday sun. You know
I have the greatest eye in the land.
Give me light. Lend me a hand.
I record memories for my fun. I'm ready
for the cubs to run. Hello, noonday
sun.

Malinda Martha: Look, Zeb, Mama
Simba and her cubs are running to
the brook at the side of the road.

Zeb: No wonder the road is filling up
with Landrovers. But as you can see,
Mama Simba and her cubs ignore
the tourists and their clicking shutters.

Malinda Martha: They're so cool.

Zeb: The cubs are thirsty. See how
they drink from the brook. They'll follow
Mama Simba and the other lioness up
the road for a couple of miles...
before they cut across the grasslands
to the stream. Mama Simba will find
a fresh wildebeest kill for dinner
so she can produce fresh milk
for her cubs.

Zeb: The lion pride is walking on across
the grasslands, so it's time to turn
the Landrover around.

Clicky: Wow, the lion pride is even out
of MY range.

Malinda Martha: I'll just tuck Clicky
and his record of the day safely away
in my backpack.

Clicky: And I'll snuggle with the images
I've captured for Malinda Martha's photo
album...images for her to share with her
friends at home...images that she will
always hold in her heart. Goodbye sun...
You know I have the greatest eye in the
land. Thank you for giving me light and
lending me a hand so I can record
memories for my fun. But for now,
I'll rest my eye, as day is done.
Goodbye, sun.

Stories **on** Stage

Script

Jonah's Riddle

(Script adapted from the story)

Written by Marcia Trimble

Illustrated by George Ulrich



Jonah's Riddle

Characters:

Paloma

Narrator

Papa, the storyteller

Jonah, the Islander

Sid, the sailor

Cowboy (plays the part of Papa when he was younger.)

Sydney (joins the cast for her important line at the end of the story)

Paloma: Papa, tell me the story of Jonah's riddle. PLEASE...just the way you always tell it.

Narrator: Paloma puts Papa's sea shell to her ear and Papa begins...just as always.

Papa, the storyteller: ONCE UPON A TIME...a cowboy was listening to the wind whispering on the prairie...and as his mare Calliope trotted along, he sang with the wind. (Note: you will find the song on the Jonah's Riddle CD.)

*"I have a horse to ride...
a bunk for lyin' on my side...
spurs to keep Calliope ridin'
far n' wide...
a hat to shade my eyes
from the prairie sun...
and stars to guide me home
when day is done."*

Papa, the storyteller: The cowboy smiled a smile of satisfaction as he sang.

Narrator: Paloma imagines that she is trotting along with her mare, Apple Loo, singing with the wind and smiling a smile of satisfaction as she sings.

Paloma: Tell the part about the sea.

Narrator: Papa goes on...

Papa, the storyteller: The cowboy smiled and sang as he rode his horse far n' wide...until one day...Calliope galloped as far as the sea, and the cowboy saw an ocean sunset and met a sailor named Sid. The cowboy tipped his hat that shaded his eyes from the prairie sun...and his eyes twinkled like the prairie stars that guided him home when day was done. He told Sid about listening to the wind whispering on the prairie...but Sid was not listening to the cowboy. He was listening to the song of the sea.

Paloma: Did Sid sing the song of the sea to the cowboy?

Narrator: Paloma always asks the same question...and Papa always gives the same answer.

Papa, the storyteller: Sid told the cowboy that he could hear the song of the sea if he listened to the shell...carefully. So...the cowboy put the shell to his ear and listened carefully.

Narrator: Paloma puts the shell to her ear and imagines the cowboy listening...carefully...until Papa's voice hushes the song of the sea.

Papa, the storyteller: Calliope neighed, but the cowboy was not listening to Calliope. He was listening to the song of the sea. The cowboy forgot about ridin' his horse far 'n wide...and Calliope trotted back to the barn on the prairie alone...while the cowboy gave up prairie stars for ocean sunsets.

Paloma: I like the part of the story about Jonah.

Papa, the storyteller: I'm coming to that. Sid and the cowboy sailed with the rhythm of the sea beneath their feet until one day...they anchored in the cove of a faraway island...and an islander named Jonah welcomed them ashore. (Note: Jonah waves them ashore.) The cowboy told Jonah about putting the shell to his ear and Sid talked about listening to the song of the sea.

Narrator: Jonah sighs.

Jonah: (sighs)

Sid, the sailor, and the cowboy: Why do you sigh, Jonah? We have sailed with the rhythm of the sea beneath our feet. We have listened to the song of the sea!

Jonah: Ah! Always, the waves lap a lullaby and a shell sings the song of the sea. But your song sleeps in your imaginations...mute as a mermaid...lulled to sleep in a coral cave. Your song is destined to a fate such as befalls a tree toppled in a deserted forest.

Cowboy: What is the fate of a tree that topples in a deserted forest?

Jonah: (sighs) Is there a plop if a coconut drops in an empty grove? Is the milk of a coconut sweet if no one tastes it?

Sid, the sailor: You talk in riddles.

Jonah: (laughs) Then...enough cajolery. I'll tell you a secret...my secret of 'wholery'. A storyteller trills the words and taps a beat. A listener catches the call...high or low...and hears the roll...fast or slow...loud...or soft 'n sweet. Ah! A storyteller who sings like a bird can soothe a listener with every word. Sing your

song of the sea. Save it from the silence that can befall a tree.

Narrator: As Sid and the cowboy sail away from the island, they rave about Jonah's riddle. They race the boat home to share the songs humming in their heads...to find someone to listen to the stories that have come to them from the wind and the sea...to make them come alive...make them whole.

Paloma: Did they forget about Calliope?

Narrator: Paloma wants Papa to get on with the story about the cowboy. And Papa's eyes light up...he likes this part of the story, too.

Papa, the storyteller: Just as Sid and the cowboy were pulling the sailboat into the dock, Calliope galloped down to the shore. And the cowboy called out, "Whoa there, Calliope! You nearly took the wind out of my sails!" (Note: Papa uses the young cowboy's voice for the cowboy's line.) Since the cowboy still had his spurs to keep Calliope ridin' far 'n wide...he headed back to his bunkhouse on the prairie. Clippity cloppin' along, the cowboy smiled and sang with the wind.

(As Papa is remembering his adventure, he sings the song in the young cowboy's voice. Tune: 'The Muffin Man'.)

*"Oh, I have met a riddleman,
a riddleman, a riddleman,
Oh, I have met a riddleman...
who lives far out to sea.
Oh, yes, I know the riddleman,
the riddleman, the riddleman.
Oh, yes, I know the riddleman...
'n his riddle of the tree."*

Jonah's Riddle

Papa, the storyteller: To this day,
the cowboy listens to the wind whispering
on the prairie...as he rides Calliope
far 'n wide...but he shares his song
with a cowgirl riding at his side...
as he tips his hat that shades
his eyes from the prairie sun and
the cowgirl listens to his stories
when day is done.

Narrator: Papa's eyes twinkle like
the prairie stars as he thinks of Paloma,
the cowgirl, riding at his side.

Paloma: And to this day, Sid puts
his shell to his ear and listens to the song
of the sea.

Narrator: Paloma remembers the end
of the story exactly.

Paloma: But a girl named Sydney stands
at Sid's side, listening to his stories...
carefully. And they will live ever after,
happily!

Narrator: That's how Paloma thinks
every story SHOULD end.

Papa, the storyteller: Hang on
a minute. Nowadays, when Calliope
gallops as far as the sea...Sid and
the cowboy meet and listen to each
other's stories...make them come alive...
make them whole...and Sid and the
cowboy share a smile of satisfaction.

Paloma: (chimes in, with a little laugh)
AND...they will live happily ever after!
Loo and I like to ride along with you
and Calliope to see Sid and Sydney.
Sydney and I listen to each other's
stories, and laugh, and share a smile
of satisfaction, too. (Note: Sydney and
Paloma share a smile and some simple
lines.)

Sydney: I like listening to your stories,
Paloma.

Paloma: I like your stories, too, Sydney.

Narrator: Paloma puts Papa's shell to
her ear and listens to the song of the
sea.

Stories  Stage

Script

Serendipity Says

To Know Me Is To Love Me

(Script adapted from the story)

Written by Marcia Trimble

Illustrated by Susi Grell



Serendipity Says To Know Me Is To Love Me

Characters:

Seahorse

Mermaid (the message maid)

Malinda Martha

Old Sol (the sun)

Serendipity

Old Methodical (old man-in-the-moon)

Daddy

Mother

Seahorse: Hi, Mermaid. I've been waiting for you. Are you delivering any messages today?

Mermaid: Hi, Seahorse. Have you heard that Serendipity won the SEA CREATURES AWARD this year?

Seahorse: What did he do?

Mermaid: Come with me, Seahorse. There's a summer cottage on Nantucket Island where you can hear the story for yourself. Doc Johnson rents out his cottage for the summer and kids leave their favorite books behind on the treasure shelf for new kids to find.

Malinda Martha: These old books at "Doc's Box" smell of the sea. It's as if the sea breezes of summer scent their pages. There must be some treasures somewhere between the covers of these books.

Seahorse: Ah ha! Malinda Martha spots a sea serpent ON the cover of one of the books.

Malinda Martha: Wow! Who are you? You look like a treasure waiting to be discovered. It's like you can hardly wait for a whiff of salt air. Ser-en-dip-i-ty. (she sounds out the word slowly) Serendipity, you have a very long

name, and a very long TAIL...and I bet there's a short TALE about you in this book. (she giggles)

Mermaid: See. Malinda Martha giggles as her eyes slither into his very short TALE.

Seahorse: Looks like Serendipity has one vote already.

Mermaid: Serendipity is actually waiting for a child to get him out of a BIG predicament. You're too young to know about the spell. Listen. One day a long time ago, Old Sol, the sun, cast a topsy turvy spell on a sea serpent (are you getting the picture?) and the man-in-the-moon.

Old Sol: Old Methodical, old man-in-the-moon, how dare you slip between me, Old Sol, the sun, AND the earth AND block my rays AND cast a shadow that turns day into night.

Old Methodical: You don't have to get all hot and bothered, Old Sol. I was just following the laws of nature.

Old Sol: Everyone wants MY light. And I don't see you appealing the law.

Old Methodical: I should never have told you that my greatest joy is my power to rule the tides. Now you're just using that against me. You think you can punish me by taking my power to rule the tides away from me. I'll just take a long nap.

Mermaid: Alas! Too bad for Old Methodical. There's competition. Old Sol spies Serendipity, the sea serpent, frolicking in the waves.

Old Sol: You can sleep for a long time, Old Methodical. I see the perfect

Serendipity Says To Know Me Is To Love Me

specimen for this job. Strong back, wavy body, long tail with just the right spring in it. And a name that's a match for Old Methodical any day.

Seahorse: So...Old Sol turns Serendipity into a servant of the sea, right?

Mermaid: Right. Old Sol turns Serendipity into a tidal serpent. Old Methodical has been sleeping ever since, while Serendipity rises and falls, and rises and falls.

Serendipity: I'm tired of slithering so far up onto the shore. Twice every day is just twice too much. And stones are hardly part of my diet.

Malinda Martha: (gets involved in the story) I don't blame you for sputtering and spitting out the stones, Serendipity.

Serendipity: Groan. The sand sticks to the top of my mouth. I just can't go on swallowing sand sculptures anymore.

Malinda Martha: Isn't it fun to swish the beach with your tail and scatter sea life along the shore? As you slip away?

Serendipity: It's not like frolicking in the waves. I yearn for the time when I can return to my kingdom at the bottom of the sea...when I can swim with my grand-sea serpents once more. I'm waiting for a child to break the spell... a child who loves me and understands me.

Seahorse: Wow, that's heart rending.

Mermaid: All night, Malinda Martha dreams about Serendipity...imagining that she is the child...and in the morning, she runs to the beach with images of Serendipity still in her head. But she gets distracted by the stones for a while.

She picks up flat wet stones that glisten like gems in the sunlight and sends them skimming across the water.

Seahorse: Wow, Malinda Martha is really good at skipping stones.

Mermaid: She likes to watch the stones skip and spin shapes that shimmer...and spread out...and steal away. It brings her thought back to Serendipity. She pretends the stones are stealing away to Serendipity's kingdom in the sea. She gets into playing a game with her parents.

Malinda Martha: Serendipity must be out.

Daddy: Serendipity rises and falls with the tick of the clock.

Malinda Martha: He slithers toward my castle as if he can't stop...not even at my wall of flat rock.

Mother: Serendipity doesn't really like stones.

Malinda Martha: Hear his cries and his moans! He's not very well 'cause he's caught in that spell. Who will break the spell?

Daddy: Time will tell. Time will tell.

Malinda Martha: I like playing the Serendipity game. I want to break the spell. I hope Serendipity left a clue.

Daddy: You can't look for Serendipity but he can look for you.

Mother: He comes when you're not looking, but you'll know when he comes.

Malinda Martha: But I want to understand him. I want to look for clues. Look! Serendipity scatters sea life along the shore. Sea shells and starfish and seaweed move in and out.

Serendipity Says To Know Me Is To Love Me

Mother: A clue wouldn't move in and out.

Malinda Martha: Serendipity spits out stones, stones to skip, and stones that splash...and tumble...and toss about.

Daddy: A clue wouldn't tumble and toss about!

Malinda Martha: Serendipity swishes the beach with his tail. He leaves smooth sand...but...sand patterns change.

I know! A clue wouldn't change! Serendipity swallows sand sculptures! Like my sand castle. (she sighs) Maybe Serendipity swallowed the clue.

Daddy: You can't look for clues. You can't look for Serendipity.

Malinda Martha: Then I'll look for the key to his kingdom. (she giggles at that idea!) I've got it! I'll send Serendipity a letter in a bottle. I'll tell him about my discovery.

Malinda Martha: (Reads THE LETTER THAT WAS SENT IN A BOTTLE)

Dear Serendipity,

*Over and over I build by **hand** many kingdoms in the **sand**. And no matter how often you turn my kingdoms to **goo**, I create more kingdoms for you to **chew**. I make rings on the harbor by skipping stones that are **flat**. I keep on creating. I'm telling you **that**. I don't mind if you leave a mound on the beach or if the rings on the sea fade away...'cause I've discovered that creating is here to **stay**.*

I love you.

P.S. I want to break your spell, but I can't look for you. Please look for me.

Mermaid: It's the last day of summer

vacation, time to pack up for the 8 p.m. ferry crossing. No more walks along the beach. No more summer sunsets. No more skipping stones. No more Serendipity game.

Seahorse: But I bet Malinda Martha is still thinking about Serendipity.

Malinda Martha: Maybe I will send Serendipity another letter in a bottle next summer. But I still hope that Serendipity will look for me. I'll just run to the sand to find one smooth flat stone to slip in my backpack...I want to take home a piece of summer.

Mermaid: Malinda Martha can't help herself, glancing out at the waves and imagining that her bottle is drifting far away to a kingdom in the sea. Whoops! She sees a bottle floating toward her!

Malinda Martha: Oh, no! My bottle's floating back.

Seahorse: I'd grab the bottle and pull out the cork.

Mermaid: Me too, Seahorse.

Malinda Martha: Something is in the bottle!

Mermaid: See, she does grab the bottle and pull out the cork.

Seahorse: And she's unrolling the paper and gazing at the message. I want to hear this.

Malinda Martha: The message is for me! (reads message)

CONGRATULATIONS!

SERENDIPITY AWARD

*FOR UNDERSTANDING YOU CAN'T
LOOK FOR SERENDIPITY!*

P.S. Thanks for breaking the spell.

Serendipity Says To Know Me Is To Love Me

Wishing you many fortunate discoveries when you're not looking for them...when you're looking for something else!

LOVE, Serendipity

Keep your eyes open...discoveries may be hiding...

Malinda Martha: Daddy, Daddy, look at my starfish. My name is on it. (She bursts into a smile!)

Malinda Martha: I lost my castle and I lost my rings. I was looking for a way to save those things when it dawned on me...I can't lose creativity. Then...I was looking for a skipping stone to save when a bottle with a message washed ashore upon a wave. Keep your eyes open, the message said. Discoveries may be hiding on the path ahead. I was looking for a stone...but I found something else instead. Wow! It was just like Daddy said it would be. Serendipity crept up on me.

Seahorse: Wow! Rhymes roll through her head like waves rolling onto the beach.

Malinda Martha: (skips along, clapping a jingle) Serendipity, Serendipity, I'm not looking. I'm not looking. I'm not looking for a clue. I can never look for you. I'll be looking for something else when you come into view.

Seahorse: Makes me feel like skipping.

Mermaid: A skipping seahorse. I'd like to see that. But listen, Daddy's talking.

Daddy: Guess what! Old Sol has set Serendipity free, and in gratitude for his service has decreed that Serendipity's spirit will be known henceforth as 'the

surprises that happen when you're not looking for them, when you're looking for something else'...and in Serendipity's honor will be named after him!

Seahorse: Did you see Daddy wink?

Mermaid: Wait, there's more.

Daddy: And...that is why the fortunate discoveries that you make when you aren't looking for them are called 'serendipity'!

Mermaid: Daddy's a good myth maker. And...from that day to this, Serendipity has been known in his kingdom at the bottom of the sea as 'the sea serpent with a special name and an endearing spirit.'

Seahorse: And guess what. Old Methodical is awake.

Mermaid: How do you know?

Seahorse: 'Cause the tides are on schedule again.

Mermaid: And Serendipity is swimming free!

Seahorse: AND Serendipity really deserves the SEA CREATURES OF THE YEAR award.

Stories **on** Stage

Script

**Malinda Martha
and Her Skipping Stones**
(Script adapted from the story)

Written by Marcia Trimble

Illustrated by Susi Grell



Malinda Martha and Her Skipping Stones

Characters:

Skipper, the flat smooth stone

Rocky, the kerplunker stone (Narrators 1 and 2)

Malinda Martha

Mommy

Daddy

Skipper and Rocky: (sing it or say it)

The Skipping Stones Song;

*“Find a stone along the shore
lying on the seaweed floor.*

*Flick your wrist and just like that,
skip the stone that is smooth and flat.*

Make it skim and skip and spin.

Skip 1-2-3 the stone that is thin.

Watch the rings as they fade away.

Then skip some more if there’s time to play.

*Could be that skipping again
will end up in a skip of 8-9-10.”*

Rocky: Hi, Skipper!

Skipper: Hi, Rocky. I didn’t see you at first. It’s such a misty morning.

Rocky: The end of August, you know.

Skipper: Oh dear, that means Malinda Martha’s vacation is almost over. I wish August would last a little longer.

Rocky: Look! Malinda Martha is looking out her cottage window...

Malinda Martha: Oh! Mommy is jogging back from the beach with a pocketful of something!

Rocky: No wonder Malinda Martha runs out of the cottage. I’d be curious to see what’s in Mommy’s pocket, too.

Skipper: Wow! Mommy is pulling out a fistful of flat stones. Does that satisfy your curiosity?

Rocky: Flat smooth stones like you, Skipper. Listen!

Mommy: Malinda Martha, I found you some perfect skipping stones, stones that won’t go kerplunk!

Malinda Martha: I can hear stones going kerplunk.

Mommy: You have imagination.

Rocky: I wonder if she’s thinking of kerplunkers like me.

Skipper: Don’t worry. You know Daddy’s voice will drown out the kerplunks in her head.

Daddy: Blueberry pancakes! Come and get’m while they’re hot.

Mommy: Let’s drop the pocketful of stones into your sandpail and make a beeline for Daddy’s tower of pancakes.

Malinda Martha: Mmmmm!

Skipper: If I weren’t a stone I’d be tempted.

Rocky: Well, you’re as round and smooth as a pancake. You’d be a great skipper.

Skipper: Maybe someday. For now, I’ll let my smooth flat cousins do the skipping.

Rocky: Say, do pancakes melt in your mouth? Already, Malinda Martha is grabbing her sandpail of flat stones and heading for the steep steps to the beach.

Malinda Martha: Mommy! Daddy! I’ll race you to the beach.

Skipper: I think I’m smelling the sea myself when Malinda Martha breathes in the salt air and scoops sand into her pail for her sand castle.

Malinda Martha and Her Skipping Stones

Rocky: I wonder what she's going to do with the stones.

Skipper: Ah! She creates faces in the sand with her stones.

Rocky: I can imagine being one of the stones on her sand faces. Just right for a kerplunker like me.

Malinda Martha: Mommy! Daddy! It's fun to create faces in the sand with my stones. See my sand faces.

Daddy: You're an artist.

Mommy: You're good at creating with sand and stones.

Malinda Martha: I can trim the tower of my sandcastle with a crown of stones... and raise a seaweed flag on the highest tower.

Rocky: I once dreamed that I was shining on the crown on a sand castle.

Skipper: You're a great dreamer, Kerplunker. Wow, Malinda Martha has forgotten about skipping the stones.

Mommy: It's time to go in from the sun.

Skipper: Notice how Malinda Martha glances over her shoulder to see her kingdom in the sand one more time... as she heads back to the cottage... for quahog chowder, Portuguese rolls, and blueberry pie.

Rocky: I wouldn't want to leave MY kingdom in the sand. But...for blueberry pie...

Skipper: In your dreams!

Rocky: It is a lunch to dream about.

Skipper: With some old-fashioned after-lunch games .

Malinda Martha: Where are the pieces to my puzzle? I'm sure I stuffed them in my backpack. I stuff them in my backpack every summer.

Rocky: Malinda Martha found me in one of the nooks and crannies of her backpack, IN MY DREAM!

Skipper: Well, Malinda Martha finds her puzzle pieces and after lunch she plays with her puzzle. And Mommy and Daddy play backgammon and checkers.

Rocky: In the meantime...the tide creeps in...and slithers onto the shore.

Skipper: So, when Malinda Martha runs to the beach to see her kingdom in the sand, she finds a flat moat and a pile of stones.

Rocky: And her heart goes kerplunk. I know what that feels like.

Malinda Martha: Oh, no, my sand castle and my sand faces are gone. But my skipping stones are still here! Mommy called the stones "the perfect skipping stones. Stones that would not go kerplunk!"

Skipper: Wow, Malinda Martha hasn't forgotten about the skipping stones after all. Look! She reaches down and picks up the flattest stone in the pile. She rubs the cool, smooth stone in her palm.

Malinda Martha: (pleads) Please, please don't go kerplunk.

Rocky: How could a flat smooth stone ever go kerpunk?

Skipper: Well, with a flick of her wrist, Malinda Martha sends the stone skimming across the water. She watches it skip...1...2...3 times.

Malinda Martha and Her Skipping Stones

Malinda Martha: Did you see that?
It skipped! It didn't go kerplunk!

Mommy: Wow! You created lots of rings
on the water.

Daddy: (booms out) That's GREAT! I bet
you can do it again.

Rocky: So Malinda Martha picks up
another flat stone...and another...and
another...and skips the perfect skipping
stones.

Malinda Martha: Did you see? FIVE
SKIPS! And look at the rings! They ripple!

Mommy: ...and spread out!

Daddy: ...and steal away!

Skipper: Imagine the rings stealing far
away to a kingdom in the sea. That's
what Malinda Martha imagines, as she
skips along, clapping a jingle...

Malinda Martha: Skipping stones,
skipping stones, flat and thin,
skipping stones, skipping stones,
skip and spin.

Skipping stones, skipping stones,
skip one, two, three.

Skipping stones, skipping stones,
spin rings on the sea.

(beaming) Tomorrow I'm going to
collect some more perfect skipping
stones...to skim 'n skip 'n spin shapes
that shimmer.

Rocky: Wow, the sounds skip over her
tongue!

Malinda Martha: Skippin' stones spin
shapes that shimmer!

Mommy: No more kerplunks!

Skipper: Did you hear that, Kerplunker?
No more kerplunks.

Rocky: And their voices mingle with
the calls of Nantucket Harbor...
the washing of the waves, the cry of
the gulls, and the distant horn signaling
the arrival of the ferry...

Skipper: on a late afternoon...at the end
of August...at the end of summer.

Stories  Stage

Script
and word list

The Smiling Stone

(Script adapted from the story)

Written by Marcia Trimble
Illustrated by Susan Arciero



The Smiling Stone

Characters:

Gilly Gull (Narrator 1)

Jilly Gull (Narrator 2)

Little Girl

Smiling Stone (wee tiny stone)

Timothy

Bird

Dog

Cat

Gilly Gull: A wee tiny stone lies on the beach...

Jilly Gull: smiling up at the sun...

Gilly Gull: smiles till the day is done.

Little Girl: Hello, Smiling Stone. I will take you to my sandcastle.

Smiling Stone: Now I'm a smiling ornament!

Little Girl: The day is almost done, Smiling Stone. It's time to go home. Thank you for decorating my sandcastle. Bye bye, wee tiny stone.

Smiling Stone: Bye, Little Girl. The day is done and now I will dream of a journey that will take me all the way around Nantucket Island.

Jilly Gull: A wee tiny stone lies on the path...

Gilly Gull: smiling at a passerby...

Jilly Gull: smiles a great big "hi."

Timothy: Smiling Stone, will you go fishing with me? You can help me catch fish.

Smiling Stone: I'll go to the fishing dock, Timothy. But you know that smiling is what I do best.

Timothy: Then you can be a smiling sinker on my fishing line, Smiling Stone.

Smiling Stone: Even the fish smile back at me.

Timothy: You're a great smiling sinker, Smiling Stone.

Gilly Gull: A wee tiny stone lies under a branch...

Jilly Gull: smiling up at the tree...

Gilly Gull: smiles up at Timothy.

Timothy: Let's bike to my favorite climbing tree, Smiling Stone.

Smiling Stone: Timothy, you're a good friend to take me along. When you smile down at me from the tree, I'm not sure if your smile matches mine or my smile matches yours.

Timothy: Smiling Stone, I do know that I can feel my smile stretch from ear to ear.

Jilly Gull: A wee tiny stone flies by the pond...

Gilly Gull: smiling up at the bird...

Jilly Gull: smiles as if chirping a word.

Smiling Stone: Wee tiny bird, I was so busy smiling at Timothy, I didn't see you coming along.

Bird: Fly with me, Smiling Stone.

Smiling Stone: Flying over a pond with you makes me smile all over, Mr. Bird.

Bird: That must be why I hear your smile speaking to me like it's chirping a word.

Gilly Gull: A wee tiny stone lies in the garden...

Jilly Gull: smiling up at the rose...

Gilly Gull: smiles from its head to its toes.

Smiling Stone: Why, Mr. Bird, I see that you've flown to your rose garden to meet Mrs. Bird. Your surprise makes Mrs. Bird smile, Mr. Bird.

Bird: Mrs. Bird's smile is as sweet as the roses in the garden, Smiling Stone.

Smiling Stone: Hello, Mrs. Bird. Your roses make me smile, too.

Jilly Gull: A wee tiny stone lies by the doghouse...

Gilly Gull: smiling up at the dog...

Jilly Gull: smiles right through the morning fog.

Smiling Stone: Why, Big Black Dog, I was smiling so hard at the roses in Mrs. Bird's garden that I didn't see you coming along behind the gate.

Dog: I'm the friendly dog of the garden. Will you come and sit by my doghouse, Smiling Stone?

Smiling Stone: I'd be honored to sit by your doghouse, Mr. Dog.

Dog: Your smile is rubbing off on me, Smiling Stone.

Smiling Stone: You are MY SMILING friend, Mr. Dog. You even smile in your sleep.

Gilly Gull: A wee tiny stone lies by the gate...

Jilly Gull: smiling up at the cat...

Gilly Gull: smiles at the child giving a pat.

Smiling Stone: Why, Orange Cat, I was smiling so joyfully at my smiling friend, Mr. Dog, that I didn't see you coming around the corner of the doghouse.

Cat: Little Girl misses you, Smiling Stone. Please come and smile with Little Girl and me.

Smiling Stone: What a big smile you have, Orange Cat. Happy dreams, Mr. Dog. Cat needs me now. And Little Girl needs me.

Jilly Gull: The child giving the pat looks at the wee tiny stone...

Gilly Gull: smiles a smile of her own...

Jilly Gull: and tips her hat.

Little Girl: I tip my hat to you, Smiling Stone.

Smiling Stone: What a big smile you have, Little Girl. A smile of your own. The smile on YOUR face is yours to give, Little Girl.

Little Girl: Then my smile is for you, Smiling Stone, and for Timothy.

Timothy: Little Girl's smile matches yours, Smiling Stone. And now you are making me smile again, too.

Little Girl: Timothy's smile matches yours AND mine, Smiling Stone.

Smiling Stone: A smile brightens the world day or night. (Note: Smiling Stone turns to the audience.) And YOUR smile casts forever a beam of light.

Use the Word List on the next page to help early readers learn to read this play. Suggestion: Make learning word cards from the words in the Word List.

The Smiling Stone

Word List

A...	do	hear	Mrs.	stone/Stone
a/A	dock	Hello	must	stretch
again	Dog	help	my/MY	sun
all	doghouse	her	N...	sure
almost	done	hi	Nantucket	surprise
along	down	his	needs	sweet
and/And	dream	home	next	T...
AND	dreams	honored	night	take
are	E...	I...	not	Thank
around	ear	I	now/Now	that/That
as	even/Even	I'd	O...	the/The
at	F...	if	of	then/Then
B...	face	I'll	off	thing
back	favorite	I'm	on	through
be	feel	in	or	till
beach	fish	is	Orange	time
beam	fishing	Island	ornament	Timothy
behind	flies	its	over	Timothy's
best	flown	it's/It's	own	tiny
big/Big	Fly	J...	P...	tip
bike	Flying	Jilly	passerby	tips
bird/Bird	fog	journey	pat	to
Bird's	for	joyfully	path	toes
Black	forever	K...	Please	too
branch	friend	knew	pond	tree
brightens	friendly	know	R...	U...
busy	from	L...	right	under
But	G...	Let's	rose	up
by	garden	lies	roses	W...
Bye	gate	light	rubbing	was
C...	Gilly	like	S...	wee
can	Girl	line	sandcastle	what/What
casts	Girl's	Little	see	when/When
cat/Cat	give	looks	sinker	why/Why
catch	giving	M...	sit	will/Will
child	go	make	sleep	with
chirping	great	makes	smile	word
climbing	Gull	making	smiled	world
come	H...	matches	smiles	Y...
coming	Happy	me	smiling	you/You
corner	hard	meet	Smiling	your/Your
D...	hat	mine	SMILING	YOUR
day	have	misses	so	You're
decorating	He	morning	speaking	yours
didn't	head	Mr.		you've

Stories  Stage

Script

A Name for Kitty

(Script adapted from the story)

Written by Marcia Trimble

Illustrated by Gloria Lapuyade



A Name for Kitty

Characters:

Marimba, a little girl

Sal, the pet shop owner

Xylo, a little boy

Malinda Martha

Narrator

Mother

Kitty

Marimba: Uncle Sal, Uncle Sal.
Is Malinda Martha coming to the pet shop today? I want to show her the new litter of kittens.

Sal: She usually comes with her Mother on Saturday morning to get pet food for big dog Duffy. You know that Malinda Martha loves to come to the pet shop.

Xylo: I hope they come before Music World opens. Mom said we can't be late for our music lessons.

Sal: Here they come. As usual, I see that Malinda Martha is running. She always runs inside to explore the sights and sounds of the day. Shhh! The bell on the door is jingling.

Marimba: I like the welcome jingle.

Marimba, Xylo: (speak together)
Hi, Malinda Martha!

Sal: Welcome, welcome.

Malinda Martha: Hi, Marimba. Hi, Xylo. Hi, Sal. Here's my shopping list. We need pet food for Duffy. He likes lamb and rice, and milk bones. And Mother says he can have a new chew toy, too.

Sal: Well, I'll just hold on to this shopping list for a minute while you look around with Marimba and Xylo. I know how much you like to investigate.

Malinda Martha: (to Marimba and Xylo) Do you hear that tiny meow? Let's investigate.

Narrator: Sal winks at Marimba and Xylo, hinting that they should let Malinda make her own discovery.

Malinda Martha: Oh! Look at the kittens. A little black and white kitten. Oh, Mother, may I take Kitty home?

Mother: We'll see, Malinda Martha. We'll see.

Xylo: (whispers to Malinda Martha) Your Mother is so nice. Don't worry. Everything will work out.

Marimba: Music World must be open by now. Mom said we can't be late for our music lessons. See you later, Alligator.

Malinda Martha: In a while, Crocodile. (Note: Mother and Malinda Martha drive away in the car.) Mother, we're driving off with all that food for big dog Duffy...but without the black and white kitten.

Mother: Kitty would need all your attention from the first minute you leave the pet shop. We have a lot of errands to do.

Malinda Martha: I'll never stop thinking about Kitty. If only I can see Kitty again.

Narrator: Malinda Martha hopes that Mother will have a change of heart. Malinda Martha wriggles and squirms at every stop sign on the way home. She doesn't say a word. But her heart is pounding, go, go, go. One minute her heart is pounding and the next minute her heart is skipping a beat. Mother HAS had a change of heart.

Malinda Martha runs inside the pet shop. She runs to the black and white kitten.

Malinda Martha: Kitty, Kitty, you're waiting...all alone.

Narrator: And then her heart beats faster with joy.

Malinda Martha: Oh, Kitty, you waited! You waited for me!

Sal: I can set Kitty up in style...cans of soft food, vitamins, a pillow, and toys. What do you think?

Malinda Martha: Kitty can lie on the pillow on the way home. And he'll need a name tag!

Narrator: Malinda Martha, Mother, and Kitty head home.

Malinda Martha: Purry Kitty, you sure do purr a lot on your soft pillow. I can hardly wait to tell Xylo he was right.

Narrator: Kitty plays in Malinda Martha's room...safe from big dog Duffy. And Malinda Martha tries out a different name for Kitty every day.

Malinda Martha: You zoom around the room like a spaceship. You're a ball of energy. You can be Cosmo for one whole day. But sometimes you jump up on the counter and freeze in your tracks, like when the flower vase shattered. Maybe you should be Catastrophe. I don't think Shadow fits you at all because you're afraid of your own shadow on the wall. I'm tempted to call you Cybercat, for the time I caught you playing with the mouse on the cyber-mat. But I know that's not your kind of mouse. You're not a cybercat. Patches isn't a good match, either. Even if you

do take a catnap in your catnip patch. If only you could tell me your own little bit. Would you choose Blackbeard as the perfect fit?

Kitty: Meow. Meow.

Malinda Martha: Are you saying, "I'm a landlubber, I am. Just call me Sam." Kitty, you'll have to grow into a name that fits.

Narrator: In time, Kitty does grow up.

Malinda Martha: Oh Kitty, you're so... independent. I guess you'll always be cautious of big dog Duffy, though...but you climb trees and walk on the roof. You're a field cat, too, and a cat who comes to dinner...as the perfect gentle cat you've become. Oh, Kitty, you have grown into a name that fits. You've grown into Sammy Sophisticat. But I bet you will always answer to just plain SAMMY, the name that sticks like glue. I like having your name tag with Sammy on it, on my backpack, along with Duffy's name tag. Every kitty should have a particular name AND a sensible everyday name like yours. I remember when I thought you meowed your name to me a long time ago before you grew up. It's like you really chose your own name.

Kitty: Meow.

Stories  Stage

Script

P. Hermit Claims a Castle

(Script adapted from the story)

Written by Marcia Trimble

Illustrated by George Ulrich



P. Hermit Claims a Castle

Characters:

Hermit Crab

Barnacle (Narrator 1)

Anemone, the sea flower (Narrator 2)

Peter Paget (nonspeaking part)

Seagull (Narrator 3)

Prince Hermit Crab

Leopard Tortoise

Painted Turtle

Box Turtle

Green Sea Turtle (nonspeaking part)

Baby Turtle (hatchling)

Hermit Crab: Is that an empty turban... with a pearl on the top? I'll crawl a little closer.

Barnacle: Hermit crawls closer to inspect the silver turban...when...a hand scoops him out of the tidepool...and drops him into a sandpail.

Anemone: Peter Paget's hand!

Barnacle: Tucked in his shell, Hermit pretends he is clinging to the pail...

Seagull: but when Peter Paget is not looking...Hermit crawls up the side...tumbles out...and lands on a rock. Ah! I have a bird's eye view! Hermit is so dazed from the blow to his shell, he can only cling to the rock...and hide. Hermit grins a starry-eyed grin.

Prince Hermit: Why, I have landed in a sea of shells...shells fit for a prince. I will claim a shell for my kingdom in the sea. I will claim this olive shell with gold outlines and a thick wall. But for what end? Ah! For my castle, of course!

Leopard tortoise: I beg your pardon. This shell is occupied. I am looking for dry rough ground for my stumpy legs to walk on.

Seagull: The tortoise shows the Prince that he can withdraw his head and legs and tail into his shell.

Prince Hermit: What a showoff! You can hide inside your suit of armor but you will always have to carry the same shell on your back. One shell is not enough for me. I will claim this shell with red edges for my castle.

Painted Turtle: I beg your pardon. This shell is occupied. I have walked and walked and I am on my way to a freshwater pond to use my webbed feet for swimming.

Prince Hermit: You can walk and swim all you want and show off your suit of armor, too. But you will always carry the same shell on your back. One shell is not enough for me. I will claim this shell with a yellow and orange turret for my castle.

Box Turtle: I beg your pardon. This high dome is occupied. I am on my way to the woods. Come and eat strawberries with me.

Prince Hermit: Thank you, but I do not eat strawberries...you will always eat strawberries and show off your suit of armor, too. But you will always carry the same shell on your back. One shell is not enough for me.

Seagull: Hermit crawls to the sand.

Prince Hermit: Is that a shell drifting out of the sea? It is moving too fast to be unoccupied. It must be the green sea turtle. I guess it's because he can't withdraw into his shell that he has to play so hard to get.

P. Hermit Claims a Castle

Seagull: And before Hermit can call out for a ride to the ocean, the green sea turtle races away, using his paddlelike flippers.

Prince Hermit: The green sea turtle will always carry the same shell on his back. One shell is not enough for me. If only I could get back to my tidepool and find a silver turban with a pearl on the top!

Seagull: Hermit sees a turtle digging its way out of a hole in the sand. He crawls upon the newborn turtle.

Hermit Crab: Little hatchling, will you take me to my tidepool?

Baby Turtle: Come along with me, I am going to the sea. I must crawl to the water before the birds and mammals flock to the beach to eat me. I must swim while it is dark so the birds will not swoop into the water and attack me.

Seagull: A wave washes over the hatchling...and tosses Hermit into the sea.

Hermit Crab: I'm not imagining it... I'm surfing a wave.

Barnacle: It's Hermit. The wave has washed him into the tidepool...and linked him back into the food chain.

Anemone: Hermit looks at a sea snail.

Hermit Crab: If I choose the sea snail, I might latch onto a feast.

Barnacle: Hermit looks at a seashell.

Hermit Crab: I can choose from all the seashells in the tidepool after high tide. Ah! Is that an empty turban...with a pearl on the top?

Anemone: Hermit crawls closer to inspect the silver turban...

Barnacle: twists out of his old shell...

Anemone: backs up into the spiral staircase of the empty turret...

Barnacle: and raises the drawbridge with his claws.

Hermit Crab: This shell fits just right. A castle fit for a prince. For now this is the home for me.

Anemone: And P. Hermit Crab snuggles into his silver turban with the pearl on the top...

Barnacle: and drifts off...to sleep.

Stories **on** Stage



Script
Moonbeams for Moonster

A play for All Seasons

Script adapted from
Moonbeams for Santa

(Written by Marcia Trimble, Illustrated by Sid Bingham)

Dedicated to
the Astronauts of the Challenger and Columbia space shuttle missions,
heroes who gave their lives for the exploration of space.



Moonbeams for Moonster

Characters:

Little Dipper

Moonster

Little Bear

Narrator 1, 2, and 3

Gibbous Moonface

Dipper: Hi, Moonster. Moon Day is almost here. Are you ready to celebrate the day man first walked on the moon?

Moonster: Hi, Dipper. Hi, Bear. I polished my Moon Mobile for my Moon Day flight.

Bear: It's really cool that you won the contest for your idea on How To Celebrate Neil Armstrong's 'first giant step for mankind.'

Dipper: Something ordinary AND something old-fashioned! Fly to the Moonstop Cafe by Moon Mobile... for moon rock souvenirs for kids, Moms, and Pops.

Bear: If I had been a judge, I would have voted for your idea.

Dipper: You didn't ask for much to pull off such a great trip.

Moonster: One Moon Mobile and some old fashioned moonlight.

Bear: Moonster, you have an old-fashioned streak.

Moonster: The Computer Age is ordinary. I can just see old-fashioned moonlight glowing on my computer-guided Moon Mobile.

Dipper: That WOULD be cool.

Moonster: Wow! I can hardly believe that I'll be making the Moon Day flight to commemorate the Apollo 11 landing on the moon. Excuse me, I have to double check my check list.

Moon Mobile. CHECK.

Moonster, that's me. CHECK.

A big empty moon pack. CHECK.

Media messages. CHECK.

Moonlight. NOT CHECKED? I guess it's hard to get something old-fashioned in this high-tech world. I have to know if Moon Day moon is ready to glow.

Narrator 1: The judges sprinkle Moonster with wisdom, and wish him a safe trip. And Moonster speeds away in his Moon Mobile.

Narrator 2: Moonster maneuvers his moon mobile into the moon stop and calls out through his radio transmitter.

Moonster: Old Gibbous Moonface, what's the moonlight forecast for a Moonster on-the-go? Will you be shining for my flight? Will you please wait until I get home before you turn out your light? And...do YOU have a Moon Day wish, Gibbous?

Gibbous: I'm just a humpy bumpy moon sittin' in the sky, stuck with this shadow I wear. I need more glow. I need more flair. Earthlings don't ooh and aah over my slumpy shape. Their eyes look up but never linger on my moonscape. Look at me...more than half but less than full...waxing 'n waning, waxing 'n waning.

Moonster: You can't sit around complaining, Old Moon Day Moon... better tell me your wish.

Gibbous: Oh, Moonster, I wish I could hide my lopsided side. A round moon face is the style, year after year. FULL MOON shines from ear to ear. I want to change these phases of mine. That's it. That's my wish. I want more shine. So what do you say, Moonster? Will you

polish my shadow?

Moonster: What! Shrink your shadow! More shine will phase you right out as you orbit the earth...WITHOUT A DOUBT! Your humpy bumpy shape is Y-O-U.

Narrator 3: Gibbous hears Moonster shout.

Moonster: Polishing your shadow would make FULL MOON grin. I wouldn't be able to stop him from phasing right in. Listen, humpy bumpy Gibbous. As you travel 'round the earth, you play a double role. Without YOUR phases I couldn't meet my goal. I depend on you to shine on the chimney tops of all the houses where I must deliver moon rocks to kids and Moms and Pops. And I expect you to WANE...in time to guide me home to New Moonster Lane. I'm not counting on FULL or QUARTER or CRESCENT or NEW. The moon face I'm counting on, GIBBOUS, is YOU! You should know how much your shine is worth, Old Moon Day Moon, as you tag along with Earth, taking turns at lighting places with your team of eight moon faces. FULL MOON gets ONE turn to shine. But you get TWO. So...Gibbous, why are you so blue?

Narrator 1: Thinking about finding a gift for Gibbous is filling Moonster with pleasure...like digging for treasure. But first, he must unearth a bucket of mirth...to pour on a moonful of tears...his biggest challenge in all of his 13 years.

Narrator 2: Moonster opens the moon chest and rummages around in its electrical nest. And as the chest turns

its gears, tubas oompah in his ears.

Narrator 3: It is the Moon Day Parade marching down 5th Avenue. Crowds are lined up along with a TV camera crew.

Narrator 1: Could it be a dream that THE MOON ON PARADE is this year's Moon Day theme?

Moonster: Gibbous, it's a parade. The phases of the moon are displayed by kids in costume. The kids are rolling along side by side...like a moon moving along on its monthly ride. FULL MOON skates by the crowd just ONCE...but Gibbous skates by twice...to be precise. Now FULL MOON is bowing almost down to his toe. The crowd is cheering as he shows off his glow. But wait! FULL MOON's moment of glory dims. Gibbous is showing off his shine and the Moon Day crowd is cheering all along the line. But what is that voice booming so loud? Well, if it isn't a Dad jumping up in the crowd, shouting above all the applause, clapping for the Gibbous skaters... BECAUSE...the two Gibbous kids who shine equally are the stars of this Dad's family tree. The crowd loves those two kids rolling together below because they love YOU, Gibbous, don't you know?

Narrator 2: As soon as all of their cheers have dried Gibbous's tears, Moonster fills his Moon pack with moon rocks, and maneuvers his Moon Mobile toward his goal.

Moonster: Will you light my way, Gibbous? Will you play your role?

Narrator 3: Gibbous wishes and wishes

Moonbeams for Moonster

with all of his light.

Gibbous: I wish I may. I wish I might... grant the wish you wish tonight.

Narrator 1: And his wish, sparkling like a firefly, turns into a moon byte flashing across the sky. (Note: Moon byte: A message. To Moonster. Wish-come-true.)

Narrator 2: One WAXING moonlit eve to light the chimney tops. One WANING moonlit eve to light your flight home to New Moonster Lane. From Gibbous.

Narrator 3: Gibbous has waxed almost to the max when a light flashes back across the sky...like a shooting star, a thank you from Moonster from the brightest quasar. (Note: Kwa' sar: a heavenly object which emits a powerful blue light and radio waves.)

Narrator 1: Gibbous's wish for more shine is about to come true...

Narrator 2: as the quasar's light strikes his moon gate and flashes right on through.

Narrator 3: And now, with his glow hidden inside, warming his toes, Gibbous glistens like a shower of moon bows.

Narrator 1: Moonster's voice booms out, from afar.

Moonster: G-I-B-B-O-U-S, listen, wherever you are. Thanks to your light, my moon rocks tumbled down all the right chimney tops. Now I can swing my moon pack like a tether and fly as light as a feather when I wave 'Happy Moon Day' to all of my fans. Time flies...On with the plans! (I can hardly wait to SEE the sign for New Moonster Lane, named after ME).

Gibbous: I wish that FULL MOON

would get on with his reign. I can hardly wait to wear my shadow...to wane.

Moonster: I'll be waiting at the moon stop, as planned, picking out special souvenirs for Mom and Pop Moonster, at the Moonlighting Stand.

Narrator 2: Gibbous gleams one more gleam before waxing from sight, flashing the last bit of glow with his own inner light.

Gibbous: I'm not a humpy bumpy moon that complains. I'm the brightest moon that waxes AND wanes. Because I'm so good in my double role... Moonster counts on ME to help meet his goal. I could be a show-off with all of my flair but with moonbeams inside I don't need earthlings to stare. Best of all, I now know that the light beamed from Moonster fired up the moon shine that was already mine... but was hiding in there.

Narrator 3: From now on, Gibbous would stick with his shadow and take turns with his team. He had gotten more than he'd wished for...his own inner glow and TWO turns to beam.

Narrator 1: Gibbous would shine for every Moon Day encore...forevermore.

Gibbous: Until Moon Day rolls around again, Moonster, take care. With flair, Gibbous.

Narrator 2: On July 20, 1969, Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin, Jr. landed their Apollo 11 lunar module on the moon's surface, got out, and stepped on the moon...

Narrator 3: And discovered that stories about a moon made of green cheese are truly fairy tales!

Stories  Stage

Script

Peppy's Shadow

(Script adapted from the story)

With optional show within a show,
featuring punch-out shadow puppets.

Written by Marcia Trimble

Illustrated by Will Pellegrini



Peppy's Shadow

Characters:

Lupe, the girl in charge of Peppy

Peppy, the puppy

Bird (Pajaro): Narrator 1

Parrot (Papagayo): Narrator 2

Pepito, the shadow puppet

Diva

Propmaster

Stagehand

Costume Designer

Sound Designer

Set Designer

Director

Wolf

Peppo, the puppetmaster

Wolf puppeteer & puppet (optional)

Children (for sound effects)

Cat

Lupe: Peppy! Peppy, wait for me!

Bird: Peppy bounds through the stage door...into a magical world of light and shadows. (optional: Shadow puppet show. SHOW WITHIN A SHOW. Set up a shadow puppet stage with a sign, Magical World of Light and Shadows.)

Parrot: And Peppy plays backstage while Pepito, the shadow puppet, tap dances...and does tricks on his trapeze.

Pepito: If only I had a partner who would be my friend. Wow! Visions of a shadow partner are dancing in my head. (optional: Shadow puppet show. Peppo handles the Pepito punch-out puppet. Pepito character actor voice.)

Bird: While Pepito dances...Peppy chases the Diva's cat.

Diva: Oops!

Cat: Meow.

Parrot: Peppy tips over the propbasket.

Propmaster: Oops!

Bird: Peppy dumps her dogfood.

Stagehand: Oops!

Parrot: Peppy chews on slippers and shoes.

Costume designer: Oops!

Bird: Peppy barks at me, Bird!

Sound designer: Oops!

Parrot: Peppy pulls the stuffing out of the chair.

Set designer: Oops!

Bird: Peppy stops. What is "oops"?

Parrot: The Diva walks by and sings a tune Peppy has heard before.

Diva: Peppy, sit. Good girl.

(Peppy sits, just looking at the cat.)

Cat: Meow.

Propmaster: Peppy, come.

Bird: Peppy walks past the propbasket without even looking at it.

Propmaster: Good puppy.

Stagehand: Peppy, down.

Parrot: Peppy slips down beside her dogfood dish.

Stagehand: Good dog.

Bird: Peppy licks the costume designer but never the shoes.

Costume designer: Good Peppy.

Parrot: Peppy sleeps near the birdcage but she ignores the bird. The sound designer pats Peppy's head.

Bird: Lucky Bird! Peppy snuggles in the chair but she doesn't sniff the stuffing. The set designer pats her back.

Parrot: Peppy wags her tail alot but she misses chasing the cat...and chewing shoes...and barking at the bird.

(Lupe pets Peppy.)

Bird: Peppy notices patterns of light on the floor. She stares at the shadows jiggling on the rug. She jumps at the shadows moving on the wall.

Parrot: Peppy chases the shadow of her tail. She spins 'round and 'round... until...she spins right into the shadow box. (optional: Shadow puppet show. Peppo spins the Peppy punch-out puppet into the shadow box.)

Bird: Pepito turns a cartwheel right over Peppy's shadow, pirouettes, and takes his bow. (optional: Shadow puppet show. Peppo handles the Pepito and Peppy punch-out puppets.)

Parrot: The children clap and cheer.

Children: (sound effects: Clap and cheer.)

Bird: But what is that? Another shadow on the screen! An intruder? A robber? A wolf? (optional: Shadow puppet show. Wolf puppeteer handles Wolf shadow puppet.)

Parrot: Peppy CHASES the shadow... (optional: Peppo handles Peppy punch-out puppet.)

Bird: ...and GNAWS at the leg of the shadow... (optional: Peppo handles Peppy punch-out puppet.)

Parrot: ...and CHEWS on the shadow's shoe. (optional: Peppo handles Peppy punch-out puppet.)

Diva: Oolala.

Stagehand: Oolala.

Costume designer: Oolala.

Bird: Peppy barks at the shadow, too. (optional: Peppo handles Peppy punch-out puppet.)

Sound designer: Oolala.

Parrot: Peppy pulls and pulls. (optional: Shadow puppet show. Peppo handles the Peppy punch-out puppet outside, OR Peppy character actor returns wearing Peppy mask.)

Set designer: Oolala.

Bird: The children laugh and clap...

Children: (sound effects: Clap and laugh.)

Bird: until...Peppy pulls the shadow right out of the shadow box. (optional: Peppo handles the Peppy punch-out puppet outside, OR Peppy character actor returns wearing Peppy mask.)

Director: Well, if it isn't the big bad not-so-scary wolf! (optional: Shadow puppet show. Wolf character actor appears outside, wearing wolf image mask.)

Wolf: Have you seen the three little pigs by any chance? (slightly embarrassed) or Red Riding Hood? (optional: Shadow puppet show. Wolf character actor wearing wolf image mask speaks these lines.)

Director: Oops, wrong story.

Wolf: SOR...RY! (optional: Shadow puppet show. Wolf character actor wearing wolf image mask speaks this line.)

Parrot: The wolf speaks with enough 'attitude' to keep from overly humbling himself.

Bird: A wolf must maintain his image...

Peppy's Shadow

Parrot: ...and he sidesteps to stage right...and disappears into the wings. (optional: Shadow puppet show. Wolf character actor, wearing wolf image mask, disappears into the wings.)

Director: Good exit.

Bird: The director runs over to Peppy. (optional: Shadow puppet show. Peppy character actor returns wearing Peppy mask.)

Director: Good Peppy. You saved Pepito. You saved the show.

Peppo, the puppetmaster: Good girl.

Lupe: You're an angel, Peppylita. Oolala! GOOD GIRL for chasing...and gnawing...and chewing...and barking...and pulling. Oolala for the magic of light and shadows!

Parrot: Pepito dances around Peppy... and pats her nose. (optional: Shadow puppet show. Peppo handles Pepito punch-out puppet, outside the shadow puppet stage.)

Bird: Pepito smiles his cardboard boy smile. (optional: Shadow puppet show. Peppo handles Pepito and Peppy punch-out puppets holding hands OR Peppo handles Pepito punch-out puppet, and the Peppy character actor, wearing Peppy mask behind shadow stage, touches hands with Pepito.)

Pepito: I have found a partner...and a friend. (optional: Shadow puppet show. Peppo handles Pepito and Peppy punch-out puppets OR Peppo handles Pepito punch-out puppet AND Pepito, the puppet, and Peppy character actor, hold hands for this line. Pepito character actor is the voice.)

Lupe: Peppy, it's between shows. Let's go outside for a walk. (walking along) Peppy, you walk with an air of satisfaction. You walk in your own shadow!

Cat: (follows) Meow.

Peppy: (yodels) Oolala!

Cast: ON WITH THE SHOW!

Stories  Stage

Script

MRS. PICASSO'S
POLIWOOD

A Mystery

Written and Illustrated
by George Ulrich

Script adapted by Marcia Trimble



MRS. PICASSO'S POLLIWOG

CHARACTERS:

*Narrators: (Fly-on-the-wall family...
Francesca, François, Franny, Fritz,
Francine, Freddy)*

Mrs. Picasso

Mr. Petsky, the pet store owner

Poochie, the dog

Pickles, the cat

Mr. Tweety, the bird

Polly, the polliwog

Polly, the frog

Francesca: Hello, François.

François: Hi, Francesca.

Francesca: Mrs. Picasso sure loves pets.

François: I like her little dog named Poochie.

Poochie: (wagging his tail and barking) Woof, woof!

Francesca: I love her fat orange cat named Pickles.

Pickles: (purring) Meow, meow.

François: I like her small yellow bird named Mr. Tweety, too.

Mr. Tweety: (twittering/hopping around his cage) Tweet, tweet.

Francesca: I like the way Mrs. Picasso hums a tune, every morning, as she spoons dog food into a bowl for Poochie... (Mrs. Picasso hums 'Clair de lune').

Poochie: (wagging his tail and barking) Woof, woof!

François: ...and as she pours kibbles into a bowl for Pickles...

Pickles: (purring) Meow, meow.

Francesca: ...and as she sprinkles bird seed into a little bowl for Mr. Tweety, too.

Mr. Tweety: (twittering/hopping around his cage) Tweet, tweet.

François: Mrs. Picasso loves her pets...

Francesca: and they all live happily together in her little apartment in Paris.

Mrs. Picasso: It is such a beautiful day. I'll just put on my shawl and take a walk down the street to the pet store. (enters pet store) Hello, Mr. Petsky, I am going to buy a pet today.

Mr. Petsky: (smiling) Good morning, Mrs. Picasso. Would you like a nice puppy?

Mrs. Picasso: No, thank you, Mr. Petsky. I already have a dog named Poochie and everybody knows that puppies grow up to be dogs.

Mr. Petsky: (thinking) How about a nice kitten?

Mrs. Picasso: No, thank you. I already have a cat named Pickles and everyone knows that kittens grow up to be cats.

Mr. Petsky: (scratching his head thoughtfully) Well, then, how about a bird?

Mrs. Picasso: (frowning) No, thank you. I already have a bird named Mr. Tweety. Could you show me something different?

Mr. Petsky: Aha!

Francine: (at the side) Freddy, look at Mr. Petsky's big smile.

Freddy: Mr. Petsky IS smiling broadly as he reaches under the counter. Look! He's placing a large glass bowl full of water on the countertop. Francine, wait! Mrs. Picasso is peering into the bowl. Listen.

Mrs. Picasso: What is the small green creature swimming in the water? With the round head, long wide tail, small oval mouth, and two big eyes. Swimming around and around in the bowl without making a sound. (delighted) What is this creature? Is it a fish?

Mr. Petsky: No, Mrs. Picasso. It is a polliwog.

Mrs. Picasso: A polliwog, Mr. Petsky? I don't have one of those.

Francine: Freddy, look! Can you see Mr. Petsky wrapping up the bowl...with the polliwog in it?!

Freddy: That's so Mrs. Picasso can carefully carry it home.

François: (in Mrs. Picasso's apartment) Francesca, listen! I hear Mrs. Picasso opening the door to her little apartment. Francesca: Look, she's unwrapping a bowl...

François: and she carefully places it on the table...

Francesca: and gathers her pets around her.

Mrs. Picasso: Poochie, Pickles, and Mr. Tweety, I would like you to meet the newest member of our family. She is a polliwog and I shall name her Polly.

Poochie: (wagging his tail and barking) Woof, woof!

Pickles: (purring) Meow, meow.

Mr. Tweety: (twittering/hopping around his cage) Tweet, tweet.

Mrs. Picasso: Look. Polly swims around and around and doesn't make a sound.

François: Every day, Poochie lies at

Mrs. Picasso's feet and chews on a bone while she knits or reads the newspaper.

Poochie: (wagging his tail and barking) Woof, woof!

Francesca: Every day, Pickles purrs on Mrs. Picasso's lap.

Pickles: (purring) Meow, meow.

François: Every day, Mr. Tweety sings in his cage on the piano.

Mr. Tweety: (twittering/hopping around his cage) Tweet, tweet.

Francesca: And every day, Polly swims around and around in her glass bowl and doesn't make a sound.

Fritzi: (A few days later...from a distance) Oh, hi, Franny Fly, how's Mrs. Picasso's polliwog this morning?

Franny: Hi yourself, Fritzi Fly. Mrs. Picasso is so happy with her polliwog. It's already some days since she brought it home.

Fritzi: Mrs. Picasso is awake very early this morning.

Franny: And as always she pulls on her robe and slippers, but she walks very sleepily into the kitchen this morning.

Fritzi: But as always she spoons dog food into a bowl for Poochie.

Poochie: (wagging his tail and barking) Woof, woof!

Franny: And as always she pours kibbles into a bowl for Pickles...

Pickles: (purring) Meow, meow.

Fritzi: And...as always, humming a little tune, she walks into the living room and

MRS. PICASSO'S POLLIWOG

sprinkles bird seed into a little bowl for Mr. Tweety.

Mr. Tweety: (twittering/hopping around his cage) Tweet, tweet!

Franny: And just as always, Mrs. Picasso picks up the little can of polliwog food and begins to sprinkle some of it onto the water in Polly's bowl.

Fritzi: But look, suddenly, not just as always, her eyes widen as she peers into the bowl.

Franny: And not just as always, she wipes her glasses on the sleeve of her robe and looks more closely.

Mrs. Picasso: (peering in the bowl) Polly's bowl is empty! There is no doubt about it. Polly is gone! Oh, dear! (bends down on her knees and looks under the table, then under the chair, then under the sofa) Polly isn't there! Polly isn't anywhere! (getting slowly to her feet) What is that strange sound?

Polly, the frog: Ribid!

Mrs. Picasso: I'll just tip-toe down the hall to the bathroom and look inside. Ever so carefully.

Polly, the frog: Ribid!

Mrs. Picasso: I'm sure the strange sound is coming from the bathtub. I'll just peer over the edge of the bathtub. Ever so carefully. (peers) Oh, my!

Fritzi: And what does she see?

Franny: There, in a puddle of water sits a little green frog.

Fritzi: And as Mrs. Picasso watches, the little green frog opens its mouth.

Polly, the frog: Ribid!

Mrs. Picasso: Oh dear! (with a tear in her voice and a tear trickling down her cheek). This frog must have eaten poor Polly. I will take it to the pet store. Mr. Petsky will know what to do.

Franny: Why does Mrs. Picasso hurry to the kitchen?

Fritzi: To find a jar. And carefully, she punches holes in the lid...and returns to the bathroom.

Franny: And look how gently she picks up the little green frog and places it in the jar.

Polly, the frog: Ribid!

Fritzi: Mrs. Picasso carefully screws on the lid, too.

Franny: Look how quickly she puts on her shawl...

Fritzi: and hurries out the door with the frog in the jar.

Franny: I can't wait for Francine and Freddy to tell us what happens at the pet store.

Mrs. Picasso: (crying to herself as she scurries down the street to Mr. Petsky's store) Oh, dear! Oh, dear! (opening the door to Mr. Petsky's store and walking up to Mr. Petsky looking up from behind the counter) Oh, Mr. Petsky. (sniffing) Something terrible has happened. (placing the jar on the counter) Polly, the polliwog, has disappeared and I think that this little green frog has eaten her up.

Mr. Petsky: (peering through his glasses at the frog in the jar and then looking at Mrs. Picasso with a smile) You know that puppies grow up to be dogs.

(Mrs. Picasso nods with a sniffle) And you know that kittens grow up to be cats. (Mrs. Picasso nods again and dabs at her eyes with her handkerchief) Polly, the polliwog, has become Polly, the frog!

Francine: (at the pet store) Uh-oh, Freddy! Mrs. Picasso looks at Mr. Petsky with a frown.

Freddy: And she looks down at the little green frog.

Francine: Mrs. Picasso smi-le-s. (drag out the word 'smile')

Freddy: And now she and Mr. Petsky laugh and laugh until tears roll down their cheeks.

Polly, the frog: Ribid!

Francine: Freddie, look! Mrs. Picasso hurries out of the pet store with Polly the frog.

Freddy: Franny and Fritz will tell us what happens at Mrs. Picasso's little apartment.

Francine: Or maybe François and Francesca.

Francesca: François, I hear Mrs. Picasso opening the door to her little apartment.

François: She's hurrying in...

Francesca: and look, François, she's gathering her pets around her.

François: Hmmm! She opens a jar...

Francesca: and places a little green frog on the table.

Mrs. Picasso: Poochie, Pickles, Mr. Tweety, I'd like you to meet the newest member of our family, Polly, the frog!

Polly, the frog: Ribid!

Poochie: (barking and wagging his tail) Woof, woof!

Pickles: (purring) Meow, meow.

Mr. Tweety: (chirping and flapping his wings) Tweet, tweet.

Polly, the frog: (croaking and taking a little hop) Ribid!

François: And they all live happily together...

Francesca: in Mrs. Picasso's little apartment in Paris.

Stories  Stage

Script

Flower Green

A Flower for All Seasons

(Script adapted from the story)

Written by Marcia Trimble

Illustrated by Jill Dubin



Characters:

Bluebird (Narrator 1)

Honeybee (Narrator 2)

Flower Green

Fairy Godmother

Flower Onlooker

Daffy Dill

Tulip Bulb

Lily White

Daisy Dandy

Rosie Rosa

Poppy Petal

Pansy Bloom

Mary Gold

Sally Sunflower

Leafy Green

Butterflies 1 and 2 from far away

Flowerettes

New Sprout

Bluebird: Once upon a time, I dropped a seed in a magical garden. The Garden of the Dancing Flowers.

Honeybee: Oh, Bluebird, did you know a tiny sprout sprang up from the seed. Her name is Flower Green.

Bluebird: Honeybee, I always imagined that something wonderful would happen. I carefully chose a magical garden for that seed.

Flower Green: (speaks proudly)
I'm Flower Green, a flower for all seasons.

Honeybee: When Flower Green was still a young sprout, warmed by the smile of the sun but still mostly green, her fairy godmother gave her some magical gifts.

Fairy Godmother: Flower Green, it's time for you to think of your future. It's time for you to have a pair of magic slippers.

And I can't resist giving you a bag of magic coins...and some magic crayons. After all, you are my favorite sprout and I have great plans for you.

Flower Green: Oh, thank you, Fairy Godmother. I have always dreamed of becoming a Garden Performer. Thank you for the magic slippers and the bag of magic coins and the magic crayons.

Bluebird: Of course a Fairy Godmother would choose the perfect gifts.

Honeybee: And...as Flower Green was growing up, flowers sprouted from everywhere to watch her perform.

Flower Onlooker: Oh, look at Flower Green juggle her magic coins while she dances in her stretchy magic slippers.

Bluebird: A little bird that flies in the Garden of the Dancing Flowers told me about the day Flower Green was dancing in a dewdrop.

Flower Green: I love to dance in the dewdrops. It is so refreshing. I pretend that I am a Flowerette with my own chorus line of flowers dancing in my shadow.

Honeybee: Did you hear that as Flower Green was dancing in one of the dewdrops, her magic crayons created the Flowerettes of her dreams...in another dewdrop...and another...and another. But the dewdrops melted before the crayons could rub in the colors of the rainbow.

Bluebird: Little Bird told me that Flower Green spied the Flowerettes...looking for the magic of life.

Flower Green: Oh, my magic crayons have created the Flowerettes of my dreams! But they are so pale. One Flowerette looks the same as another. I must sprinkle them with the colors of the rainbow...but for this task I will need help.

Bluebird: Little Bird told me about Flower Green's wonderful plan to give a party.

Flower Green: I know what I'll do. I'll have a party and invite my friends to bring their rainbow of colors to share.

Honeybee: I can just picture the invitation.

– A Party –
Bring Something of Your Own...
Bring Your Nectar to Sprinkle
on the Flowerettes
From, Flower

Bluebird: I was so curious about Little Bird's stories, I did a little flying around for a bird's eye view of my own...I just happened to be flying by when Daffy Dill received her invitation.

Daffy Dill: I'm so excited. I just love nectar parties. I will wear my yellow party dress.

Honeybee: And I did a little buzzing around for a view of MY own. Tulip Bulb and Lily White were excited to receive their invitations, too. All of Flower Green's friends were excited.

Tulip Bulb: Lily, I can hardly wait for Flower Green's nectar party. I can hardly wait to share my nectar with the Flowerettes.

Lily White: Me too, Tulip. I've been saving my lily nectar for something

special.

Daisy Dandy: Rosie Rosa, are you going to Flower Green's party?

Rosie Rosa: I would never miss a nectar party. Oh, I have the perfect nectar for the Flowerettes, Daisy Dandy. I'll sprinkle a lot of fragrance.

Poppy Petal: Pansy Bloom, what are you taking to Flower Green's party?

Pansy Bloom: What do you think, Poppy Petal? I'm taking something of my own and some pansy nectar to sprinkle on the Flowerettes.

Honeybee: Sally Sunflower flashed a big smile when she opened her petals to receive her invitation.

Mary Gold: Sally Sunflower, you look so happy today. You must be thinking about Flower Green's party.

Sally Sunflower: Mary Gold, I am excited to help the Flowerettes. My petals are already open.

Bluebird: On the day of the party, I flew over the Garden of the Dancing Flowers just in time to see Flower Green's brother, Leafy Green, delivering the greenery.

Leafy Green: Delivery! Delivery! Greenery for Flower Green's party.

Bluebird: And butterflies fluttered by, delivering nectar from far away.

Butterfly 1 from far away:
Nectar from Belle Bluebell...
a flower from far away.
Belle wishes the Flowerettes
many sprinkles of blue.

Butterfly 2 from far away: Nectar from Violetta Violet...a flower from far away.

Flower Green

Violetta wishes the Flowerettes many sprinkles of violet.

Bluebird: Finally, Flower Green's friends arrived.

Flower Green: Hello. Hello. Welcome to my party. Thank you for coming.

Bluebird: Flower Green showered her friends with leaf tags from Leafy's greenery.

Flower Green: Please share your special nectar with your favorite Flowerette.

Honeybee: You didn't notice me buzz by just in time to see each of Flower Green's guests sprinkle a Flowerette with nectar.

Bluebird: Wasn't it amazing to see each Flowerette burst into one of the colors of the rainbow!

Flower Green: A shower of colors and fragrances is spilling into the garden.

Flowerettes: Look at us. All sprinkled with fragrances and the colors of the rainbow.

Daisy Dandy: Rosie, you sprayed the most fragrance, just like you promised.

Rosie Rosa: From now on, rosie Flowerettes will be my specialty.

Mary Gold: Sally Sunflower, you flashed the sunniest smile.

Sally Sunflower: The Flowerettes made me feel like smiling.

Bluebird: I'm glad I had a bird's eye view of the party.

Honeybee: I'm glad Flower Green and the Flowerettes danced until dawn. They dazzled me as much as the guests. I wasn't even sleepy.

Bluebird: I felt like Flower Green and her troupe were waving good-bye to me at dawn, too.

Flower Green: (waves and calls to her friends) Take home your uniqueness but share and blend with others as you have this night, for that is the magic of life.

Honeybee: Did you catch the Flowerettes beaming the whole spectrum of light!

Bluebird: I can believe that Flower Green danced happily ever after with the new sprouts...

Honeybee: warmed by the sun.

Bluebird: and sprinkled with the colors of the rainbow...

Honeybee: but still mostly green.

New Sprout: (speaking for all the new sprouts) Flower Green, Flower Green, we love the Garden of the Dancing Flowers.

Flower Green: New Sprouts, New Sprouts, welcome to the garden of the world.

Stories  Stage

Script

Malinda Martha Meets
Mariposa

Written by Marcia Trimble

Illustrated by John Lund



Malinda Martha Meets Mariposa

Characters:

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Bee narrator

Border text narrators 1-9

Sunflowers

Malinda Martha

Hummingbird

Ladybug

Snail

Grasshopper

Mole

Squirrel

Caterpillar

Mariposa

Miss Claus

Narrator 1: It is September 8th. Summer vacation is over. Malinda Martha is back at school, sitting at her desk in her classroom. Her teacher, Miss Claus, has given the class a writing assignment on "Summer Vacation." Malinda Martha is thinking.

Narrator 2: Malinda Martha smiles. The faces of her sunflowers are brushing against her cheek.

Sunflowers: (*whisper to her*) Thank you for planting us when we were little seeds and watering us until we could peek through the ground and drink showers of sunlight and grow toward the sky.

Narrator 2: Malinda Martha's eyes open wide...a curtain of sunflower faces is falling before her. Her backyard is bursting into a stage!

Narrator 1: All of a sudden Malinda Martha is the producer-director of a summertime show at her backyard

theater. Auditions are starting.

Bee narrator: A hummingbird hovers over the stage.

Malinda Martha: Will you fly back and hum for the star of the show?

Bee narrator: A ladybug flies by.

Malinda Martha: Your talent is feeding on mealy bugs and aphids and spidermites. There is no role for you. Fly away, ladybug.

Bee narrator: A snail crawls onto the stage.

Malinda Martha: There is no role for pests. Crawl away!

Bee narrator: A grasshopper hops onto the stage.

Malinda Martha: Go lay your eggs along the roadside. Hop away, grasshopper.

Bee narrator: A mole runs onto the stage.

Malinda Martha: Your talent is eating bugs and earthworms. You are good at eating larvae...and roots of plants, too. You need a set designed with a tunnel or an underground runway. There is no role for digging. This is not the show for you. Run away, mole.

Bee narrator: A ground squirrel scurries onto the stage.

Malinda Martha: You cannot burrow into the show. Go find a tree to climb, with roots and bark to gnaw, and nuts and fruit to nibble on. There is no role for you. Scurry away, squirrel.

Bee narrator: (*During this line Malinda Martha is posting a sign...Cast List for A STAR IS BORN. MARIPOSA.*)

Malinda Martha Meets Mariposa

A butterfly flutters by and drops a speck on the leaf of a plant...and Mariposa makes her debut as a wee tiny pale-green egg clinging to the fuzzy underside of a tasty milkweed leaf...

Border text narrator 1: ...Waiting to become a Butterfly.

Narrator 2: ACT I, EGG

Bee narrator: (*Caterpillar acts out the line*) A tiny caterpillar hatches from the wee tiny pale-green egg...

Border text narrator 2: ...that was clinging to the fuzzy underside of the tasty milkweed leaf...

Border text narrator 1: ...Waiting to become a Butterfly.

Narrator 2: Act II, LARVA

Bee narrator: (*Caterpillar acts out the line*) A tiny caterpillar eats its transparent shell...

Border text narrator 3: ...as soon as it hatches from the wee tiny pale green egg...

Border text narrator 2: that was clinging to the fuzzy underside of the tasty milkweed leaf...

Border text narrator 1: Waiting to become a Butterfly.

Bee narrator: (*Caterpillar and hummingbird act out the line*) The caterpillar munches on the milkweed leaves to the hum of the hummingbird...

Border text narrator 4: ...after eating its transparent shell...

Border text narrator 3: as soon as it hatched from the wee tiny pale-green egg...

Border text narrator 2: ...that was clinging to the fuzzy underside of the tasty milkweed leaf...

Border text narrator 1: Waiting to become a Butterfly.

Bee narrator: (*Caterpillar acts out the line*) The caterpillar munches its way across the leafy stage...performing the leading role in ACT III, an eating machine.

Bee narrator: (*Hummingbird, ladybug, snail, grasshopper, mole, and squirrel run in and sit*) The caterpillar munches...and grows...and sheds...and stretches...over and over again until it molts five times. (*The cast runs in from backstage...just as the caterpillar is wriggling out of its old tight skin.*)

Malinda Martha: (*Clapping while caterpillar acts out the line*) Good timing! The speck has grown as big as my thumb...(optional: munching on the milkweed leaves after eating its transparent shell as soon as it hatched from the wee tiny pale-green egg that was clinging to the fuzzy underside of the tasty milkweed leaf)...Waiting to become a Butterfly.

Bee Narrator: (*Caterpillar acts out the line*) The caterpillar bows low, hanging upside down from the stem of the milkweed leaf...

Border text narrator 6: ...having grown to full size stretching and wriggling out of its old tight skin...

Border text narrator 5: munching on milkweed leaves...

Border text narrator 4: ...after eating its transparent shell...

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Border text narrator 3: ...as soon as it hatched from the wee tiny egg...

Border text narrator 2: ...that was clinging to the fuzzy underside of the tasty milkweed leaf...

Border text narrator 1: Waiting to become a Butterfly.

Snail and Hummingbird: (*Caterpillar acts out the line*) Look at the clever caterpillar!

Ladybug: (*a little laugh*) See its larval skin shrivel up from its head to its tail and fall off.

Grasshopper: It doesn't have any new skin this time.

Squirrel: It looks like limey-green chewing gum...

Mole: ...painted with a splurge of gold dots.

Malinda Martha: (*bragging*) It's a magician! Did you see how it slipped out of its skin without falling off the stem? Look at the pupa! The soft cover is drying and hardening. The dots are coming out of nowhere. Look how the shiny green chrysalis is shimmering... (*optional: as it hangs upside down from the stem of a milkweed leaf attached to the silken thread it made with the sticky liquid from its spinneret, growing to full size, stretching and wriggling out of its old tight skin, munching on milkweed leaves after eating its transparent shell, as soon as it hatched from the wee tiny pale-green egg that was clinging to the fuzzy underside of the tasty milkweed leaf*)...Waiting to become a Butterfly.

Bee narrator: The curtain closes at the end of ACT III. The caterpillar

disappears inside its private dressing room, leaving the cast in suspense, having to wait...during a long intermission...

Border text narrator 9: ...while the pupa shimmers from its splurge of gold dots,...

Border text narrator 8: ...changing from the caterpillar hanging upside down from the stem of a milkweed leaf...

Border text narrator 7: ...attached to the silken thread it made with the sticky liquid from its spinneret,...

Border text narrator 6: ...growing to full size, stretching and wriggling, out of its old tight skin,...

Border text narrator 5: ...munching on milkweed leaves...

Border text narrator 4: ...after eating its transparent shell...

Border text narrator 3: as soon as it hatched from the wee tiny pale-green egg...

Border text narrator 2: ...that was clinging to the fuzzy underside of the milkweed leaf...

Border text narrator 1: ...Waiting to become a Butterfly.

Narrator 2: ACT IV, ADULT

Bee narrator: On the twelfth day of camping out and observing, Malinda Martha and the cast notice a change.

Cast: (*Hummingbird, ladybug, snail, grasshopper, mole, and squirrel speak...Mariposa acts out the line*) Look, the chrysalis turned from limey to gray green...and it's becoming

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transparent. See the orange-and-black wings. Look, the pupa's splitting open! See the head! And the legs!

Malinda Martha: (*Mariposa acts out the line*) The butterfly is pulling free from the shell. A STAR IS BORN! Meet Mariposa, the Monarch butterfly!

Bee narrator: (*Malinda Martha and the cast watch and Mariposa acts out the lines*) Malinda Martha and the cast watch the finale. They glue their eyes to Mariposa's wet, crumpled, black-veined wings and see them expand as she prepares to flutter away.

Cast: (*shouts*) Encore!

Bee narrator: (*Mariposa and the cast act out the lines*) Mariposa shows off her wings, trimmed with white-spotted edges as she glides over the milkweed plant. Malinda Martha and the cast applaud and wave goodbye as she floats off the stage to sip the sweet nectar in the flowers and begin the migration south to her overwintering site.

Cast: Safe journey, Mariposa!

Malinda Martha: Safe journey! Fly to your overwintering site so that one day, one of your great-great-grandchildren will fly to California...to Pacific Grove...to the eucalyptus trees in the Monarch Grove Sanctuary.

Bee narrator: Malinda Martha is celebrating this miracle of metamorphosis with the cast... (*Malinda Martha and the cast hold their awards: Best Actor...Caterpillar, Best Sound Effect...Hummingbird, Best Director...Malinda Martha, Miracle of*

Metamorphosis Lifetime Award... Mariposa).

Narrator 2: ...when Miss Claus's voice interrupts the thoughts fluttering through Malinda Martha's head and jolts her back to the classroom.

Miss Claus: Time to share your stories! Who will go first?

Malinda Martha: (*with a sigh*) If only a Monarch had left an egg in my backyard, there would be so much to tell. But... next summer...Mariposa's great-great-grand butterfly-child might fly the last leg of the return trip to Boise and flutter over the milkweed plant in my backyard... so there could be a wee tiny pale-green egg clinging to the fuzzy underside of a milkweed leaf...Waiting to become a Butterfly.

Malinda Martha: (*raises her hand, speaks with self-confidence*) Miss Claus, I'd like to go first.

Narrator 1: (*pause*) What Malinda Martha told is open to your own imagination. But...meanwhile, there are a few facts that won't be guesswork, and I'd say our great audience will know all the answers. We'd like to conclude by offering you a little Jeopardy game. Category? Butterflies, no less! A vocabulary lesson. Remember, please answer by asking a QUESTION.

Narrator 1 holds a question card.

Narrator 2 holds an answer card.

Narrator 1: What is larva?

Narrator 2: Is it...caterpillar?

Narrator 1: What is pupa?

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Narrator 2: Is it...resting stage?

Narrator 1: What is molted?

Narrator 2: Is it...shed its skin?

Narrator 1: What is spinneret?

Narrator 2: Is it...silken thread maker?

Narrator 1: What is chrysalis?

Narrator 2: Is it...protective shell?

Narrator 1: What is metamorphosis?

Narrator 2: Is it...change in form?

Narrator 1: Now will you please join the cast of Mariposa in thanking the people who have sought protection for the Monarch through legislation, found private funding for volunteers to tag the traveling Monarchs, and encouraged the creation of ecological preserves and tourist paths.

Narrator 2: And especially the people who are seeking to save the habitats of the Monarch, both east and west of the Rockies, so they can continue to make their magical migrations to their overwintering sites, forevermore.

Narrator 1 and 2: Thank you for being a great audience.

Sing it or say it!



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