Summer Reading Club 2013 Reader’s Theater Scripts

Created by the Edmonton Public Library

# If You Tell a Kid About SRC…

**PERSON ONE: If you tell a kid about the Summer Reading Club, they’re going to come to the library.**

**PERSON TWO: WAIT! If they come to the library they’re going to get a library card.**

**PERSON ONE: True. If a kid comes to the library they’re going to get a library card. And you should, they’re awesome!**

**PERSON TWO: WAIT! Library cards lead to books – the most dangerous weapons in the world.**

**PERSON ONE: True. If a kid gets a library card, they’re probably going to borrow books.**

**PERSON TWO: WAIT! Aren’t you listening? Books are DANGEROUS. We can’t let these kids read books.**

**PERSON ONE: What? Of course we can let these kids read books. That’s why we’re here – to promote the Summer *Reading* Club.**

**PERSON TWO: WAIT! We’re promoting reading on these visits? I thought we were talking about entering a draw to win a Nintendo 3DS.**

**PERSON ONE: True. But they have to read in order to be entered to win.**

**PERSON TWO: WAIT! Do the police know we’re talking to *kids* about *reading?***

**PERSON ONE: Affirmative. The police are definitely aware that the public library promotes reading.**

**PERSON TWO: WAIT! Am I going to get arrested for telling kids about books?**

**PERSON ONE: Nope. Books are perfectly and totally legal.**

**PERSON TWO: But there are so many books – stories about pirates (pirates are criminals!) and books about gross science experiments -my mother would not be happy!**

**PERSON ONE: True. There’s pretty much a book for everything. And there’s stuff that’s a lot worse than pirates and science experiments.**

**PERSON TWO: I know. You won’t believe the stuff you can find on the library’s shelves. That’s why I’m a bit worried about these kids coming to the library and taking stuff out. I mean, what if they find the DVDs, and CDS, or the videogames.**

**PERSON ONE: I hope they do find all of that stuff. It’s free for them to borrow and it’s a ton of entertainment. There’s even a cool database called Freegal where you can download 3 free songs a week and keep them forever in your music library.**

**PERSON TWO: Now I KNOW that’s not legal.**

**PERSON ONE: Nope. Totally legal. I encourage you all to try it out.**

**PERSON TWO: WAIT! Are you sure we can’t get arrested for telling kids about this stuff?**

**PERSON ONE: Positive.**

**PERSON TWO: I would not do well in jail. I require at least two pudding cups a day and I don’t think pudding cups are a staple of a jail lunch.**

**PERSON ONE: Probably not, but you don’t need to worry about it. All totally legal. And free. Make sure you get a library card if you don’t already have one – there’s great stuff at all of library branches! You can even eat at the library.**

**PERSON TWO: Even pudding cups.**

**PERSON ONE: Even pudding cups.**

# 

# Fortunately, Unfortunately

**PERSON ONE: Unfortunately, I forgot to bring another book. So I guess we’re done here.**

**PERSON TWO: Fortunately, I remembered to bring lots of books, because I know you’re kind of goofy.**

**PERSON ONE: Unfortunately, I don’t respond well to being called goofy and I stole all of your books. (*Grabs books away*)**

**PERSON TWO: Fortunately, I’m not afraid of you and I can just reach over and take them back. (*Gently takes back books*)**

**PERSON ONE: Unfortunately, I used my Jedi mind trick and stole your ability to read.**

**PERSON TWO: Fortunately, your Jedi mind trick doesn’t work. Because YOU. ARE. NOT. A. JEDI.**

**PERSON ONE: Unfortunately, you are right. But I can still try.**

**PERSON TWO: Fortunately, you can. And do. Which, in this case, I’m not sure is such a good thing.**

**PERSON ONE: Unfortunately, it is a good thing. A great thing. Trying is super important. As is stealing books away from you. Hah! (*Steals books again)***

**PERSON TWO: (*snaps fingers in PERSON ONE’s face*) Fortunately, you’re easily distracted and it’s easy to steal them back.**

**PERSON ONE: (*jazz hands in front of PERSON TWO*) Unfortunately, you’re easily distracted as well.**

**PERSON TWO: (*moves bag away from PERSON ONE*) Fortunately, I’m not.**

**PERSON ONE: Unfortunately, I forgot what we were talking about. Jazz hands. They’re so awesome.**

**PERSON TWO: Fortunately, there are few occasions that call for jazz hands.**

**PERSON ONE: Unfortunately, you have no taste. As I said, jazz hands are awesome. And unfortunately, now I’m mad at you and I’m going to pout.**

**PERSON TWO: Fortunately, I think we should keep talking about the Summer Reading Club because it’s pretty awesome and has tons of great prizes these kids could win.**

**PERSON ONE: Fortunately, I agree!**

# Get Lost in a Good Book: from Amazingly Easy Puppet Plays by Dee Anderson

**(*Child stands in front of a book and looks as if reading it.*)**

**CHILD: Books are the best vacation ever. I can travel all over the world by**

**MONSTER: (*enters looks at Child, laughs, and then addresses the audience)* Get ready to hear some screams, because I’m going to scare that kid silly.**

**(*Monster tiptoes toward Child. Child sits absorbed in book. Monster stands right behind Child and growls. Child turns page. Monster puts its mouth next to Child’s ear and growls. Child turns page.***

**MONSTER: (*taps Child)* Hey, you!**

**CHILD: Ouch! What do you want?**

**MONSTER: Don’t you know me?**

**CHILD: How could I? You haven’t told me.**

**MONSTER: But you know what I am, don’t you?**

**CHILD: Sure. You’re a big, ugly, monster.**

**MONSTER: If you know I’m a monster, you must know what I want.**

**CHILD: Well, I don’t. Why don’t you just tell me.**

**MONSTER: I want to do what monsters always do: SCARE YOU!**

**CHILD: Get lost.**

**MONSTER: What did you say?**

**CHILD: Get lost…in a book!**

**MONSTER: Are you trying to insult me?**

**CHILD: No. I’m giving you advice. It’s fun to get lost in a book.**

**MONSTER: How can I do that?**

**CHILD: Go to the library, check out some books and start reading. Pretty soon you’ll find yourself doing new things and going new places.**

**MONSTER: I hope I don’t get carsick.**

**CHILD: Don’t worry. You won’t be going by car.**

**MONSTER: You mean I have to go in a plane. Oh dear. Flying makes me nervous.**

**CHILD: No, you won’t be going by plane. You go in your imagination.**

**MONSTER: I don’t think I have an imagination. Is that like a helicopter or submarine?**

**CHILD: No. Imagination means pretending. When you read, you pretend to be the characters in the book. You go where they go and share their adventures with them.**

**MONSTER: Wow! Reading sounds very exciting.**

**CHILD: It is! Your imagination gets lost in the story until you’re so wrapped up in the book, you’re not aware of anything else. You can’t hear your mother calling you or your brother playing video games or…**

**MONSTER: A monster sneaking up behind you without your even knowing, right!**

**CHILD: Right!**

**MONSTER: You must have been wrapped up in a good book when I tried to scare you.**

**CHILD: I was. I was riding in a hot air balloon headed for power lines and had to save myself from sizzling on the wires.**

**MONSTER: How thrilling. I want to get lost in a book, too.**

**CHILD: Try this one. (*Passes book)* Creatures from another planet will pick you up in their spaceship and take you into outer space.**

**MONSTER: Oh boy! I can’t wait to get there. Good-bye. (*Takes book and runs off stage)***

**CHILD: Isn’t that nice. A monster reading books. Wonders never cease.**

# Goldilocks and Just One Bear: Based on the book by Leigh Hodkinson

**PERSON ONE: Once upon a time, there was this bear. One minute, he was strolling in the woods, all happy-go-lucky…The next minute, he didn’t have a crumb-of-a-clue where he was. He was on completely lost bear.**

**The bear didn’t much like this place. Too many bright lights and not enough twigs. Too much loud honking and beeping and not nearly enough owl hooting.**

**The bear was also a teeny bit scared, and his furry legs were slightly wobbly.**

**The bear decided to pop into Snooty Towers to get away from the terrible racket.**

**But the revolving door at Snooty Towers made the bear dizzy, and being dizzy with wobbly legs was bad news.**

**What the bear needed was a little rest. A little rest somewhere would definitely make things right. (*Rides up elevator, flip board)***

**The bear peeked through a door and thought how very pleasant it was in this apartment. No nasty noise, just the place for a little rest.**

**All that whoosy traveling was certainly a hungry business, so before his little rest, a little porridge seemed like a good idea…**

**(*Fishbowl)***

**PERSON TWO: This porridge is too soggy.**

**PERSON ONE: Because it’s a fishbowl.**

**(*Cat food)***

**PERSON TWO: This porridge is too crunchy.**

**PERSON ONE: Because it’s cat food.**

**(*Toast on counter)***

**PERSON TWO: This porridge is a bit on the dry side, but it’s better than nothing.**

**PERSON ONE: It’s just toast. Now the bear was ready for his little rest.**

**PERSON TWO: This chair is too ouchy.**

**PERSON ONE: A cactus is ouchy if you sit on it.**

**PERSON TWO: This chair is too noisy.**

**PERSON ONE: Cats do not like to be sat on.**

**PERSON TWO: This chair is just right!**

**PERSON ONE: Beanbag chairs. Made. Of. Awesome.**

**PERSON ONE: A little rest is nice, but what the bear needed to really feel like himself again was a good old-fashioned nap in a comfy bed.**

**PERSON TWO: *(bathtub)* This bed is too frothy.**

**PERSON ONE: Bathtubs are not for naps. Very dangerous.**

**PERSON TWO: (*pink bed)* This bed is too pink.**

**PERSON ONE: Boy bears do not sleep in pink beds.**

**PERSON TWO: (*baby bed)* This bed is just right.**

**PERSON ONE: And soon he nodded off. The bear dreamed of crunching through leaves.**

**The bear dreamed of puttering around in his slippers. The bear dreamed of a voice shouting very, very loudly.**

**PERSON ONE: The daddy person said**

**PERSON TWO: “Somebody has been eating from my fishbowl.”**

**PERSON ONE: The mommy person said**

**PERSON TWO: “Somebody has been eating my dear little Pumpkin’s kitty nibbles!”**

**PERSON ONE: The little boy said**

**PERSON TWO: “And somebody has been eating my toast. And they’ve eating it all up!”**

**PERSON ONE: Unfortunately, the bear was not dreaming at all. He was wide awake and back in real life again.**

**PERSON ONE: The daddy person said**

**PERSON TWO: “Somebody has squished my cactus!”**

**PERSON ONE: The mommy person said,**

**PERSON TWO: “Somebody has upset my dear little Pumpkin.”**

**PERSON ONE: The little person said**

**PERSON TWO: “And somebody has popped my beanbag chair!”**

**PERSON ONE: But that wasn’t all… The daddy person said**

**PERSON TWO: “Somebody has been sleeping in my bath!”**

**PERSON ONE: The mommy person said:**

**PERSON TWO: “Somebody has been sleeping in my bed.”**

**PERSON TWO: “Shhh!” whispered the little person. “I think somebody is sleeping in MY bed right now!”**

**PERSON ONE: The bear peeked from under the covers to see a daddy person, a mommy person, and a little person standing right there.**

**The bear thought that the mommy person looked ever so slightly familiar. And the mommy person thought that…gobbling other people’s breakfast, breaking other people’s stuff, and snoozing in other people’s beds seemed ever so slightly familiar, too. And it was!**

**PERSON TWO: “Baby bear?” said the mommy person.**

**PERSON TWO: “Goldilocks?” said the bear.**

**PERSON ONE: They hadn’t seen each other in ages! Goldilocks asked Baby Bear if he wanted some porridge.**

**The bear nodded.**

**SO Goldilocks cooked up a BIG bowl and plunked it in front of him.**

**It was not too hot.**

**It was not too cold.**

**It was JUST right.**

**It made the bear almost forget about that once-upon-a-time when Goldilocks had behaved so badly.**

**This little bear would never dream of doing anything like that.**

**And although it had been good to see Goldilocks living so happily ever after with those charming people, the bear decided it was time to go back home to the woods.**

# Let’s Do Nothing: Based on the book by Tony Fucile

**PERSON ONE: What are we going to do now?**

**PERSON TWO: I don’t know.**

**PERSON ONE: You didn’t bring anything else?**

**PERSON TWO: Nope. I thought you would.**

**PERSON ONE: But we have so much more time with these kids.**

**PERSON TWO: I have an idea.**

**PERSON ONE: Great. I’m glad one of us thought of something.**

**PERSON TWO: Let’s stop talking for five seconds.**

**PERSON ONE: Alright.**

***Silence***

**PERSON TWO: I don’t think this is working. Silence isn’t interesting.**

**PERSON ONE: But…doing nothing *is* interesting.**

**TOGETHER: Let’s do nothing!**

**PERSON TWO: How do we do nothing?**

**PERSON ONE: Let’s not move. Not an inch. Not a fraction of an inch. Zero movement. NOTHING.**

**PERSON TWO: Got it. Let’s pretend we’re a couple of statues in the park doing nothing.**

***PERSON TWO starts swatting imaginary birds.***

**PERSON ONE: What are you doing?**

**PERSON TWO: Shooing pigeons.**

**PERSON ONE: Shooing pigeons is NOT doing nothing. Let’s try again. Uh…let’s imagine we’re in a quiet grove in the middle of an old forest. We’ll be two giant redwood trees. You can do that.**

**PERSON TWO: I CAN do that! (*PERSON TWO hops up and down on one foot.)***

**PERSON ONE: What are you doing?**

**PERSON TWO: A dog just peed on my foot!**

**PERSON ONE: There’s no dog here.**

**PERSON TWO: I know that. It happened in my imagination.**

**PERSON ONE: Let’s try again. You know the Empire State building? You are now the Empire State building. Tall. Heavy. You’ve been standing still for years and years. No silly pigeon or puny dog could rattle the likes of you, O Majestic Empire State building. Can you do it, Sir?**

**PERSON TWO: Yeah, I can!**

**PERSON ONE: How’s it going?**

**PERSON TWO: I am majestically fantastic…oh. Uh-oh. Ahhh! Help!**

**PERSON ONE: What? What’s happening?**

**PERSON TWO: It’s King Kong. He’s climbing me!**

**PERSON ONE: New plan. I’m going to make you King of the Nothing Do-ers. There. Don’t move. Can’t even blink.**

**PERSON TWO: But my eyes are burning.**

**PERSON ONE: Then close them.**

**PERSON TWO: But that’s not doing nothing.**

**PERSON ONE: That’s it! We figured it out. People have had it wrong for hundreds and thousands of years. There is NO WAY to do nothing! You, me, your eyes…we can NEVER do nothing.**

**PERSON TWO: This is big. Really big. You know what we have to do now, don’tcha?**

**PERSON ONE: Yep.**

**TOGETHER: Let’s do SOMETHING!**

# Mission Ziffoid: Based on the book by Michael Rosen

**Person 1: “Guess What? My brother has a spaceship with four mega-blast booster rockets.”**

**Person 2: “Wow! That’s good.”**

**Person 1: “No, that’s bad. On the way to Mars, the spaceship exploded into a million pieces.”**

**Person 2: “Gosh! That’s bad.”**

**Person 1: “No, he escaped in his ejector seat.”**

**Person 2: “That’s good.”**

**Person 1: No! That’s bad. He crash-landed on Ziffoid, a weird planet zillions of miles away.”**

**Person 2: “Wow! That’s bad.”**

**Person 1: “No, he landed on some nice soft stuff and wasn’t hurt at all.”**

**Person 2: “That’s good.”**

**Person 1: “No! That’s bad. The nice soft stuff was a family of aliens.”**

**Person 2: “Ugh! That’s bad.”**

**Person 1: “Oh no, that’s good. The aliens thought he’d come to play soccer with them.”**

**Person 2: “That’s good.”**

**Person 1: “No! That’s bad. My brother was the ball.”**

**Person 2: “Yikes! That is bad.”**

**Person 1: “No! That’s good… they kicked him into their spaceship.”**

**Person 2: “Is that good?”**

**Person 1: “No, that’s bad. The aliens followed him inside.”**

**Person 2: “Oh, that’s bad.”**

**Person 1: “No, that’s good. They said he could use their spaceship to fly home.”**

**Person 2: “That is good”**

**Person 1: “No, No, No! That is bad.”**

**Person 2: “Why?”**

**Person 1: “Because… Guess what?”**

**Person 2: (shrugs shoulders like not knowing what to say)**

**Person 1: “The ALIENS came with HIM!”**

# Musical Selection

**With songs from the book *Sipping Spiders Through a Straw* by Kelly DiPucchio**

**PERSON ONE: I had such a great weekend. I built an awesome fort, I watched a soccer game, and I ate about two tons of chocolate. Did you have a great weekend?**

**PERSON TWO: Yes. Yes I did.**

**PERSON ONE: What did you do?**

**PERSON TWO: I worked on my music.**

**PERSON ONE: Your music? Like composing?**

**PERSON TWO: Composing, singing – basically I discovered I’m a musical genius.**

**PERSON ONE: Interesting. Can we hear one of your songs?**

**PERSON TWO: You want to hear one of my songs? One of my stellar creative visions of musical excellence?**

**PERSON ONE: Yes. Especially with a lead in like that.**

**PERSON TWO: But I don’t have a tuba to accompany me.**

**PERSON ONE: You compose tuba music?**

**PERSON TWO: Yes. It is the height of sophistication.**

**PERSON ONE: We can image the tuba part. Right guys?**

**PERSON TWO: I’m so excited to perform for you. I don’t like happy songs, so you’ll notice these are all dark and scary. This song is called Blow, Blow Your Nose. (*tune: Row Row Row Your Boat)***

***Blow, blow, blow your nose. Sick and stuffy ghost. Pick it, poke it, pull it out, and spread it on your toast.***

**PERSON ONE: That is truly disgusting. You spent your whole break coming up with that.**

**PERSON TWO: Yup. That’s the first of many.**

**PERSON ONE: But the tune isn’t original. I’m pretty sure that’s Row Row Row Your Boat.**

**PERSON TWO: It is not! Take that back! I spent a lot of time coming up with that melody.**

**PERSON ONE: Alright, alright. I take it back. So-ree! What’s another one of your, what did you call it, stellar creative visions of musical excellence.**

**PERSON TWO: This one goes out to that special guy made of other special guys, Frankenstein. It’s called My Delicious Frankenstein. (*Tune: Oh My Darling Clementine)***

***In a kitchen, in a castle***

***Filled with mold and turpentine.***

***Lived a baker, monster maker,***

***And her true love, Frankenstein.***

***Oh my crispy, oh my crunchy.***

***Oh my frosted Frankenstein.***

***You’re so yummy in my tummy.***

***My delicious Frankenstein.***

**PERSON ONE: That’s also a very disturbing song. Are you sure you came up with that melody?**

**PERSON TWO: Absolutely. I was having my afternoon snack of graham crackers with pickle relish and peanut butter when it just popped into my head.**

**PERSON ONE: Pickle relish and peanut butter? That explains the lyrics.**

**PERSON TWO: I have one more song I’d really like to share. It’s my favorite.**

**PERSON ONE: This we’ve got to hear. Share away.**

**PERSON TWO: This next song is called Creepy Creepy Little Jar. (*Tune: Twinkle Twinkle Little Star)***

***Creepy, creepy little jar***

***How I wonder what you are.***

***Up upon that shelf so high. Like a pickled, shriveled guy. Creepy, creepy little jar – you can stay just where you are.***

**PERSON ONE: Please tell me that’s not a true story.**

**PERSON TWO: I could *tell* you that…**

**PERSON ONE: Maybe with the tuba your songs would be**

**PERSON TWO: They’ve been collected into a book, you know.**

**PERSON ONE: Really?**

**PERSON TWO: Yup. I think I have a copy. Here it is.**

**PERSON ONE: That doesn’t have your name on it. It says Kelly DiPucchio.**

**PERSON TWO: That’s a small editorial mistake.**

**PERSON ONE: Thanks for sharing. Maybe we should go back to reading some books. We can talk about this later.**

# Once Upon a Royal Superbaby: Based on the book by Kevin O’Malley

**PERSON TWO: Once again, we decided to work on a story together. This time it’s about a king and a queen. I wrote this…**

**PERSON ONE: *Sigh.* Here she goes again…**

**PERSON TWO: Once upon a time there was this really awesome king. He was seriously strong and good looking. He had a cool motorcycle and a giant laser sword. He rocked.**

**PERSON ONE: He rocked - what a surprise.**

**PERSON TWO: Everybody in the kingdom loved the dude because he was really smart, and whenever there was trouble he handled it - no problem. Like one time when this dragon showed up, the king raced out of the castle on his chopper and put a whuppin’ on the beast.**

**PERSON ONE: I’ll tell the story from here, bub. Once upon a time there was a beautiful queen named Tenderheart. She was so graceful and charming and smart that everybody wanted to marry her. One day she agreed to marry this guy. I forget his name.**

**PERSON TWO: What?**

**PERSON ONE: (shrugs) Together they bought a castle. They painted walls and picked out curtains and pillows together when they went shopping. Queen Tenderheart and her king were the perfect couple.**

**PERSON TWO: C’mon. Does this dude even have a laser? Lame!**

**PERSON ONE: Oh, he had a laser. But then he traded it in for a hammer so he could fix stuff around the castle.**

**PERSON TWO: What!?! No way he did that!**

**PERSON ONE: Queen Tenderheart decided to have a baby. The king agreed to change all the diapers. The queen named their son Sweet Piper, and he was the most beautiful baby the world had ever seen. The queen sang songs to him and taught him all the wisdom of the ages.**

**PERSON TWO: You can’t be serious.**

**PERSON ONE: Sweet Piper also had a great and wonderful gift – he could speak to birds. Many times the queen would go to the nursery and find her dear baby singing songs with the little birds that flew in the window.**

**PERSON TWO: Talking to birds? That’s not a superpower.**

**PERSON ONE: Superpower? I never said the baby had superpowers!**

**PERSON TWO: Oh yeah. Royal babies always have superpowers. Just wait until Will and Kate have their kid. I bet that kid has x-ray vision.**

**PERSON ONE: You are so delusional.**

**PERSON TWO: The king nixed the name Sweet Piper and changed it to Strong Viper. He taught the baby cool wrestling moves, and all the babies at the day-care center thought he was awesome. The king even bought the baby a chopper and sunglasses.**

**PERSON ONE: Babies can’t ride motorcycles.**

**PERSON TWO: You don’t know what you’re talking about. Back to the story. Whenever there was trouble, Strong Viper would fly to the rescue. Using his awesome mighty juice bottle, he’d squirt bad guys in the face.**

**PERSON ONE: No he didn’t.**

**PERSON TWO: But when he needed extra power, he’d drink some juice so he would get seriously huge muscles.**

**PERSON ONE: Huge muscles on a baby? That’s disgusting.**

**PERSON TWO: Disgusting, but useful.**

**PERSON ONE: No way. Their baby was beautiful with normal muscles. This is what really happened.**

**PERSON TWO: I can’t hear you!**

**PERSON ONE: One day a terrible thing happened. An evil wizard kidnapped the king and queen and brought them far, far away to a dark tower that was guarded by a gigantic Cyclops. Sweet Piper (PERSON TWO: STRONG VIPER) asked all the birds in the kingdom to search for his parents. They flew off, and a few days later a brave and beautiful bird returned to the nursery. It told Sweet Piper (PERSON TWO: STRONG VIPER) all about the wizard’s tower.**

**PERSON TWO: You know, the king could just beat up the Cyclops. He has superpowers, too.**

**PERSON ONE: No. Royal baby superpowers only last until your five. Work with me here.**

**PERSON TWO: Right. Until age five.**

**PERSON ONE: Sweet Piper (PERSON TWO: STRONG VIPER) raced to the stables and jumped on the back of his mother’s beautiful unicorn, Harmony. They raced through the starry night to rescue the king and queen.**

**PERSON TWO: The unicorn was a robot with lasers, right.**

**PERSON ONE: Sure. A laser-eyed robot unicorn. The unicorn told all the animals in the forest to help them, and together they beat the Cyclops and freed the king and queen. The End.**

**PERSON TWO: Nope. Not the end. This is what really happened. Strong Viper (PERSON ONE: SWEET PIPER) leaped through the window of the tower. The Cyclops and the baby faced off in a death match. They fought all over the tower. The Cyclops screamed, “I will crush you!” But Strong Viper had a different plan.**

**PERSON ONE: Wait, wait. I’ve got the ending. Just when it looked really bad for Sweet Piper, a flock of birds flew in the window and distracted the Cyclops.**

**PERSON TWO: Oooh, that’s good. Strong Viper took a giant swig of his bottle. He grew very big and squirted the Cyclops in the eye. And the blinded monster fell into a huge lava pit.**

**PERSON ONE: Excellent.**

**PERSON TWO: Strong Viper and his parents leaped from the tower onto the robot unicorn’s back.**

**PERSON ONE: With the help of the birds of the forest, he brought them safely home.**

**PERSON TWO: But the queen changes all the diapers.**

**PERSON ONE: They both change Sweet Piper’s diapers.**

**PERSON TWO: I think the baby’s real name is Sweet Viper. Agreed.**

**PERSON ONE: Agreed. And they all lived happily ever after.**

**PERSON TWO: Until the day the laser-eyed robot unicorn’s circuitry turned evil.**

**PERSON ONE: We’ll save that for next time.**

# 

# That’s Good! That’s Bad!

**based on the book by Margery Cuyler**

**PERSON ONE: One day a little boy named Bartholomew went to the zoo with his mother and father. They bought him a shiny red balloon. It lifted him high up into the sky!**

**PERSON TWO: Oh, that’s good.**

**PERSON ONE: No, that’s bad. The balloon drifted for miles and miles until it came to a hot, steamy jungle. It broke on a branch of tall, prickly tree.**

**PERSON TWO: Oh, that’s bad.**

**PERSON ONE: No, that’s good! Bartholomew fell into a muddy river. Then he climbed up onto a roly-poly hippopotamus and rode it to shore - Giddyap!**

**PERSON TWO: Oh, that’s good.**

**PERSON ONE: No, that’s bad. Ten noisy baboons were squabbling in the grass by the river. They chased Bartholomew up a tree until he was out of breath!**

**PERSON TWO: Oh, that’s bad.**

**PERSON ONE: No, that’s good! The baboons wanted to play swing the vine with him - what fun! Bartholomew grabbed the vine and swung out of their reach - weeee!**

**PERSON TWO: Oh, that’s good.**

**PERSON ONE: No, that’s bad! The vine was actually a big, scary snake that wiggled and jiggled and hissed!**

**PERSON TWO: Oh, that’s bad.**

**PERSON ONE: No, that’s good! The little boy lost his grip and landed on the back of a giraffe!**

**PERSON TWO: Oh, that’s good.**

**PERSON ONE: No, that’s bad! The giraffe leaned over to drink some swampy water. Bartholomew slid down its neck and fell into some quicksand next to an elephant.**

**PERSON TWO: Oh, that’s bad.**

**PERSON ONE: No, that’s good! The elephant grabbed Bartholomew with its trunk and lifted him up, up, up onto its shoulders.**

**PERSON TWO: Oh, that’s good.**

**PERSON ONE: No, that’s bad! The elephant thumped bumpily along to a grassy plain where it stopped to feed. The little boy climbed down its trunk and woke up a very scary, very fierce lion snoring in the grass.**

**PERSON TWO: Oh, that’s bad.**

**PERSON ONE: No, that’s good! When the lion saw Bartholomew, it purred and licked the little boy’s face!**

**PERSON TWO: Oh, that’s good.**

**PERSON ONE: No, that’s bad. Bartholomew got all wet and sticky with lion spit, and ran even deeper into the jungle. It was as dark as night and the little boy was afraid. He sat down and started to cry.**

**PERSON TWO: Oh, that’s bad.**

**PERSON ONE: No, that’s good! His tears made such a big puddle that a stork came along to have a drink. Then it picked up Bartholomew with its beak.**

**PERSON TWO: Is that good?**

**PERSON ONE: Of course not! The stork flew him across the dark, windy sky. Poor Bartholomew thought he would never see his parents again.**

**PERSON TWO: Oh, that’s bad.**

**PERSON ONE: No, that’s good! The stork knew where it was going. It took Bartholomew back to the zoo and dropped him into his parent’s arms. His mother and father were so happy to see him and they gave him a big hug and a big kiss.**

**PERSON TWO: Well that has to be good. .. doesn’t it?**

**PERSON ONE: Nope. Not good at all.**

**PERSON TWO: Why not!?!**

**PERSON ONE: Because that’s great!**

# The Coffin adapted from the book *Velcome* by Kevin O’Malley

**PERSON ONE: My first story takes place on a quiet little street. Not very far from where YOU (*point to a student*) live. A young man, very much like YOU (*point to a student*) was returning home from soccer practice one evening. A fall wind was whipping through the trees. It seemed to call the boy’s name: Fre-die…Fre-die. Fre-die. Fre-Die. Fre-Die. Fre-die. Fre-Die**

**PERSON TWO: We get the picture. The wind was calling Fre-die.**

**PERSON ONE: So that’s clear then.**

**PERSON TWO: Perfectly.**

**PERSON ONE: As Freddie walked home he passed a graveyard. A cold chill ran down his spine. Suddenly Freddie heard a bumping sound behind him. He turned to see a coffin. It was following him up the road. Freddie walked a little faster. The coffin bumped a little faster. The wind started to make this sound. Woooo, whoooo, woooo, whoooo.**

**PERSON TWO: We get it the wind was making a whoo-ing sound.**

**PERSON ONE: Freddie started to run…the coffin followed, getting closer and closer. Freddie raced to his house and slammed the door behind him. He could hear the coffin bumping at the door. The bumping got louder and louder until suddenly… (Long dramatic pause)**

**PERSON TWO: What! What happened?**

**PERSON ONE: The coffin came crashing through the door. Freddie raced up the steps…the coffin went bumping along right after him…**

**He ran to his room and got a small box. He raced back to the stairs. The coffin got closer…and closer!**

**PERSON TWO: What happens? Does the coffin swallow him up? Does a monster jump out of the coffin and eat him. You’ve GOT to tell me what happens.**

**PERSON ONE: Freddie took a cough drop out of the box and threw it at the coffin and…the coffin stopped.**

**PERSON TWO: Cough drop. Coffin…coughing. I get it. Very funny.**

**PERSON ONE: I saw you. You were scared, weren’t you? Maybe I should lighten things up with a riddle.**

**PERSON TWO: Good idea.**

**PERSON ONE: What’s grosser than gross? ANSWER: Eating a bowl of rice and the last piece crawls out. Forgive me if I made you laugh. Let’s get back talking about Summer Reading Club.**