

# Even Talking Frogs Forget Their Lines

Selected scenes from 8 plays and adaptations for age 8 to 13

by J.R. Jaquish

for classroom, workshop, scout troop, home and drama club readings and performance



## Scenes from:

The Frog Prince and the Princess Brat

Harry Potter and the Obnoxious Voice

Don't Look in the Lake

The Wizard of Oz

The Spoiled Baloney Man

Fairy Tales on the Mars Frontier

Dr. Frankenstreudel's Lemon Fresh Laboratory of Horrors

Pippsi Longknickers

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**Entire scripts and royalty information at: [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com) .**

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**NOTES to TEACHERS:** These scenes have been performed by young children, but may be difficult to read at first. This is theater -- Do not bog down the "show" by having beginning readers sound out each word, syllable by syllable as if this is a reading circle. The teacher should assign parts, have each actor mark their lines, and then follow along as the teacher or experienced actors read the scene aloud and expressively to the group. Then the children should spend a few minutes practicing alone or with a teacher spot checking until they can read their own lines smoothly. Then and only then, when they are ready, have the whole "cast" read it aloud together for the first glorious run-through as a group.

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Excerpt from **The Frog Prince and the Princess Brat**  
by Jeannette Jaquish ©2002  
See the script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

**3 CHARACTERS:** Cupcake the Dog, Princess Conceita, The Frog

***Excerpt from SCENE 1: THE FROG IN THE POND***

*(As Curtain opens, Princess sits on shore playing with ball. Cupcake snuggles next to her. In the pond is a splash pot that sprays the audience when the Frog hops in or out of the pond.)*

CUPCAKE: Once upon a time, when people talked in rhyme,  
In the kingdom lived a creature charming and sublime,  
A beautiful coquette, a blushing violet,  
Beloved by all, the Royal Princess..... Conceita's favorite pet!!! ... Me! *(frolics)*

CONCEITA: Oooh, does Cupcake want a scratch? She/He just might.  
*(scratches pet's ears, CUPCAKE leans towards the scratch and falls over, feet up.)*

CUPCAKE: Oooooohhhhhh.... a little to the right. *(kicking leg in unbearable pleasure)*

CUPCAKE: *(head upside down)* Besides her favorite pet, ME, to bring her joy, *(rolls upright)*  
Princess Conceita also had a favorite toy: *(gestures with paw toward ball)*  
A beautiful, bright, crystalline ball,  
She throws it up high, to catch on the fall.  
She gazes, fascinated by its sparkling rays,  
She always brings it out here on warm and sunny days...  
Along with ME, but, of course, that goes without saying, *(lie down)*  
And I lie here thinking, "That's a funny way of playing."  
If I had a ball I'd chew on it and bat it, *(acting out)*  
I'd bury it and dig it up and snarl and growl at it...  
I'd sneak up on it sloooowly, POUNCE and give it a slap!  
I'd run around in circles... *(yawn)* and then I'd take a nap.....ZZZZZZZZZZ.....

CONCEITA: *(to the tune of "Scarborough Fair")*  
Sparkle, sparkle in the sunlight,  
Look in you deep,  
Visions take flight;

Sparkle, sparkle in the moonlight  
Haunting my dreams,  
In beauty all night;

*(PRINCESS drops the ball into the pond -- Frog puppeteer splashes from hidden pot of water.)*

CONCEITA: My ball! My beautiful crystalline ball!  
The water is so deep, and it is so small!  
*(Reaches hand down into water, pulls it back.)*  
And cold, like ice, and so dark it's black,

It's gone forever. (*waaahhhh!*) I'll never get it back. *Sob sob sob....*

FROG (*voice*): What's up, buttercup? Drop your little toy?  
Don't cry, pumpkin pie! I'm your rescue boy!

CONCEITA: Who did speak? (*looks around*)

FROG: Yo! Pretty thing! (*pops out of water -Splash!*)

CONCEITA: (*sees him, starts whacking him with her flowers or parasol or something*)  
Eeeeeek!  
A horrible, slimy, disgusting frog!  
Get away!! Get lost!! Go back to your bog!

FROG: Relax! Ya little battle-axe... I bring no danger,  
But, OW! it's good, cause ya should, OUCH! stay clear of a stranger;  
(*PRINCESS stops whacking him.*)  
But I heard ya crying,  
Like someone's dying,  
So gimme the song of what's wrong, without all the anger!

CONCEITA: (*sits, sniffing*) I dropped my ball (*starts sobbing again*) into the water.

FROG: And for that you's wailing to the Holy Fawtter??!! (*meaning the Pope, The Holy Father*)

CONCEITA: (*mad*) I want it back! It's my favorite toy!

FROG: Then shout Hallelujah! I'm your boy!

CONCEITA: (*idea*) You're a frog! You can swim!

FROG: (*to audience*) Me thinks this princess is a little bit dim.  
Listen sister, I'll give you a hand...

PRINCESS (*stands, points*): Fetch my ball! That's a command!

FROG: Keep your crown on, Princess,  
How's about a deal instead?

CONCEITA: Fetch my ball! Or I'll chop off your head!

FROG: (*to audience*) It's no mystery why some kings go insane,  
If they've got a princess like this royal pain.  
I'll be back, little cranberry,  
Fast as a sneeze,  
As soon as I hear those two little words:  
Puh - lease!

CONCEITA: (*making face of distaste*) Please? Please????? I'm a princess! I don't say please!

I say, "Do this," "Do that," and "To the dungeon," of course,  
I say, "Peel me a grape!" and "Saddle my horse!"

(*silence, she sits*)

Come back, Froggy.

(*silence*)

Nice little, Froggy?

(*silence*)

(*MAD!*) Oooooh!!!! (*whisper*) Please?

FROG (*voice*): I can't hear you.

PRINCESS (*deadpan*): Please.

FROG (*voice*): Did you say "cheese"?

PRINCESS (*screaming*): I SAID "PLEASE"!!!!

FROG: (*tugs on her skirt so she sits*)

Thank you and good day,  
Forgive my warts, I know they're a mess,  
I'll just sit on your lap,  
Don't mind, do ya, Princess?

PRINCESS (*gritted teeth*): I said, "please," dear little Froggett.

FROG: (*rummaging in her pockets*) Got any tarts in one o' these pockets?

CONCEITA: (*pushing him off, jumping up*) I said "please" like you insisted, you ambitious amphibian!

FROG: Cool your heels, sister, or we'll have to begin again.

(*PRINCESS sits.*)

I don't' mean to bug you,  
I ain't no insect,  
But before I does ya a favor,  
I gots to do ya a check,

Cause if youse can't stand,  
To be near me at all,  
It won't do me no good,  
To be fetching yer ball

CONCEITA: What do you mean?

FROG: Ask your good mum, the Queen,  
I'm cursed by a witch, to be a frog is my fate,  
Unless I find me a princess to share her pillow and plate,

An' let me ride in her pocket until three days hence,  
An' then with a smooch, turn me back to a prince.

CONCEITA: A prince??? You!!! A prince??!!  
*(Laughs hysterically for a long time)*  
A prince? Not likely. Talking like that?  
If you were ever a human,  
You held out a beggar's hat.

FROG: You's saying my pro-nun-skiation  
Ain't very dapper?  
You try talking with a mouth,  
Shaped like a clapper,

And I got no real lips,  
Tongue like a rubber band,  
Eating flies makes me hoarse...

CONCEITA: Yuck!

FROG Aww, you don't understand,  
But I don't need your pity,  
Just three days, that's all  
Pillow, plate and pocket. Promise?  
And I'll fetch you that ball.

CONCEITA: *(crossing her fingers so frog can't see)*  
Sure, I promise, that doesn't sound hard at all,  
You dive in the water and fetch me my ball,  
And for three days I'll share my pillow, plate and pocket.

FROG: It's a deal, sister! Now I'm off like a rocket!  
*(Dives into pond. Splash!)*

*(PRINCESS looks, leaning closer and closer to pond. FROG pops up startling her, so she tumbles backwards pantalooned legs in the air. PRINCESS grabs the ball from the FROG's mouth.)*

CONCEITA: And I'm not saying thank you! *(EXITS)*

FROG: Nor even toodle-oo;  
But I'll be saying hello,  
Before tea time is through. *(Splash!)*

CUPCAKE *(waking, yawning)* Eeeek!  
My princess is gone! She left me alone!  
For the wild beasts to pounce on and chew to the bone,  
What does it mean? She loves me no more?  
I must lick her and scratch her and piddle the floor! *(EXITS)*

See the script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

## Excerpt from Harry Potter and the Obnoxious Voice

a parody by Jeannette Jaquish

of the “Harry Potter” book series by J.K. Rowling and the movies based on the books.

**5 or 6 CHARACTERS:** Harry Potter, Dobbie, Winky, Hermione, Ron, Uncle Dursley-1 line

### ***Excerpt from* SCENE 1: HOUSE ELVES VISIT**

*(Harry Potter’s bedroom. Bed, chairs, shoes on floor.)*

UNCLE VERNON *(voice offstage)* I’ve had enough of your back talk, Boy!  
*(Big arms shove HARRY through the door and pull it shut.)*

HARRY *(trying to open locked door)* Let me out! You let me out!  
*(Movement from under a bedspread and a cloak draped on a chair.)*  
What is it? Who’s there! *(Another stirring. Terrified HARRY runs to door.)*

HARRY *(beating on the door)* Uncle Vernon, I’m sorry! Please let me out, pretty please.  
Pretty, pretty please! *(He turns, faces front. As the creatures rise, he squeals:)* Eeeeeek!

*(DOBBIE & WINKY throw off coverings. Winky is dizzy and carries a bottle of butterbeer.)*

DOBBIE *(excited and lovingly)* Harry Potter! It is your friends Winky and Dobbie. Harry Potter does not need to scream like a frightened little girl.

WINKY *(imitating Harry)* Eeeek! *(twirls and flops down)*

HARRY You startled me. Can’t you knock?

DOBBIE Dobbie is sorry. Dobbie will pour red ants into his ears for punishment. But Dobbie has a message.

HARRY What?

DOBBIE Harry Potter must not go back to Hogwarts!

HARRY POTTER Oh, not this AGAIN!!! I’ve told you over and over, Dobbie. I must go back to Hogwarts! Learning magic is my life!

DOBBIE Learning magic??? No! No! Harry Potter must not make another movie!

HARRY What?

DOBBIE Harry Potter is getting too old for his character. *(squirms)* He... He.... He...

WINKY *(hollers)* Looks ridiculous!

HARRY What??? I look ridiculous? You think I look ridiculous?

DOBBIE It's not your fault, Harry Potter. It's... It's.. Aaaaah! *(beats on his own head)*

HARRY Dobbie! Stop it. *(grabs Dobbie's wrists)*

WINKY It's nothing! He does it all the time.

HARRY Dobbie! Dobbie! Tell me what's wrong!

DOBBIE Dobbie almost spoke ill of his master! *(grabs a shoe from floor and hits self)*  
Bad Dobbie! Bad Dobbie!

WINKY *(imitating )* Bad Dobbie! Bad Dobbie!

*(HARRY yanks shoe away. DOBBIE runs and grabs a chair or large object raises it to hit himself.)*

DOBBIE Bigger punishment!

HARRY Stop it Dobbie! *(Yanks big object away. Dobbie holds his head moaning.)*  
Your master? Do you mean the Malfoys? But they aren't your masters anymore.  
Remember? Draco's dad gave you that dirty sock and it set you free!

WINKY *(laughs, saunters to Harry's bed or chair)*  
Ha ha! Dobbie told me that story. That sock sounds disgusting!

DOBBIE *(looks at Harry)* Dobbie has another master. A higher master. Dobbie will never be free. None of us will. *(Starts sobbing, terrified.)*

WINKY *(sits swaying)* Covered in snake slobber and blood. Disgusting! He still wears it.

HARRY What? Who is this higher master?

WINKY Never washes it. Stinky! *(falls back, snores)*

HARRY She needs to lay off the butterbeer. Dobbie, it's OK. Calm down. Tell me: Who is the higher master?

DOBBIE NO! Dobbie must not name the higher master! The higher master can kill any of us!

*(Through the window or from behind or under the bed, ENTER Ron & Hermione in dirty jackets and bloody bandages.)*

RON Psst! Harry!

WINKY Eeeek! *(falls off bed and runs to opposite side from them. As she runs her bottle splashes audience. DOBBIE hides behind Harry, peeking out.)*

HARRY Ron! Hermione! How did you get here? Did your dad magic another Muggle car?

RON No, Mum would never let him. Says it's too dangerous if Fred or George or I get ahold of it.



HARRY So how did you get here?

RON We hitch-hiked 80 miles. Got robbed twice and beaten up once. Escaped a car wreck by crawling out the shattered windshield before it exploded, and hid for 3 days in a septic tank while a motorcycle gang looked for us, but never used magic!

HERMIONE (*proudly*) I wouldn't let him! I'm not getting expelled!

HARRY Wow! How did you get up to my window?

HERMIONE Shimmied up your aunt's climbing roses. (*they show red spotted hands*)

RON Got some bloody sharp thorns on them.

HARRY (*looks closely*) Oh, that's awful!!! If you tore any of them down she'll have a fit.

HERMIONE (*mad, crosses past him*) Thanks for the sympathy, Harry. (*sees Winky*) Ooooh! House elves!

WINKY I'm off duty! Bandage your own bloody hands!  
(*HERMIONE runs back, feelings hurt*)

DOBBIE (*scampers to them*) Friends of Harry Potter! Do not let him make another movie!

(*RON & HERMIONE look at each other conspiratorially.*)

RON Well that would make at least one of us the star.

HERMIONE (*sternly*) And the other the co-star.

RON There are rumors about who gets killed in Book 6... It could be anyone.... (*they look at Harry*)

HARRY Unless Neville Longbottom fulfills the prophecy! Then he'd be the star!

RON Yeah, 6 pages before the end.

HERMIONE Oh, never mind! You have to make another movie Harry.

RON Yeah! I get a girlfriend in the next one.

HERMIONE Bleahh! Pages of you and Lavender snogging. That'll be a good time to visit the snack bar.

HARRY Stop arguing! Did you come to rescue me or not?

RON (*sarcastic*) Oh, yeah, Harry. Your situation looks really desperate. Two house elves to take care of you.

HARRY They're just visiting!

HERMIONE Your own room, a bed, clean clothes, meals. I haven't touched a pillow for a week.

RON Mind if we rest our starved and infected bodies for a minute or two before carrying you off?

HARRY Oh, sorry guys, sure, take a load off.

RON Hmmmm.... house elves. Say, Harry, ask your little friends if they'd apparate us to my house. They could do it easy.

HARRY Good idea! Dobbie, Winky, would you do me a favor and apparate me and my friends to the Burrow?

DOBBIE If Harry Potter promises not to make another movie...

HARRY I can't do that, Dobbie.

RON *(goes to him)* Hey Dobbie. My house is real messy. You could get in some good floor scrubblings.

DOBBIE *(skips to him excited)* Ooooh.. Scrubbing??

HERMIONE Yeah! And the sink was full of dirty dishes when we left. I bet they're still there!

WINKY *(skips to her)* Ooooooh! Dirty dishes? With baked on crust?

WINKY & DOBBIE Baked on crust!!!  
*(DOBBIE & WINKY dance ring-around-the-rosie style.)*

RON *(to Hermione)* I thought you hated the enslavement of house elves. SPEW???

HERMIONE *(angry whisper)* It's just a trick, Ron! That motorcycle gang is still mad about you wrecking all their bikes, remember?

RON Oh, yeah. Hey, Dobbie! Whisk us home and I'll try to convince Harry to go into dinner theater or something.

HERMIONE Or puppets!

DOBBIE *(thinking)* Ohhh.... Dobbie will do it! Winky?

WINKY All right! I got nothing else to do.

DOBBIE Take our hands. *(They all hold hands.)* Apparate!

ALL *(EXIT)* Aaaaahhh.....

*BLACKOUT - FLASH!*

See the script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

Excerpt from *"Don't Look in the Lake"*

by Jeannette Jaquish

**7 CHARACTERS:** Ricky & Penny: cool sarcastic kids, Vicky & Andrew: Goody-two shoes kids, Mean Counselor, Happy Counselor, Creepy Janitor- one line

Excerpts from

**SCENE 2 - ARTS & CRAFTS**

*(ANDREW & VICKY, RICKY & PENNY sit at a long table.*

*A recycle tub of milk jugs, newspaper, plastic bags and other trash sits in the background.*

*CREEPY JANITOR 'mops' in the background.)*

VICKY & ANDREW *(singing)* - Hm hm N-G-0, Hm hm N-G-0, Hm hm N-G-0, and Bingo was his name-O!

PENNY & RICKY - Stop! Stop the singing! Please!

RICKY - We've been sitting here for over an hour! Are you sure this is Arts & Crafts?

PENNY *(reading something written inside her arm)* Yes! Cabin 13 at 10am. Just what my schedule says. My mom's going to kill me when she sees I have a tattoo.

RICKY *(reading his arm)* At least you can read yours. Mine's all scabby.

ANDREW *(looking at his arm, excited)* Oooh! I've got Owl Pellets later.

VICKY - Lucky!

RICKY - Probably for lunch.

ANDREW - Yummy!

HAPPY COUNSELOR *(ENTERS)* - Hello Happy Campers!

ANDREW & VICKY - Hello Counselor Joy (or Joey)!

RICKY - Where are the other campers?

MEAN COUNSELOR *(ENTERING with a chain and a rake or hoe)* Got any more campers talking without raising their hands? We need more workers to hoe the tobacco field!

HAPPY COUNSELOR - No! Sorry! They're all being very good and are very excited about making jewelry out of recycled materials for their mothers or 2nd fathers.

MEAN COUNSELOR - Drat. *(EXITS)*

HAPPY COUNSELOR - So, let's get to work making pretty things! *(Dumps tub of recyclables on table)*

PENNY - Do we have scissors or glue?

HAPPY COUNSELOR - I'm sorry, little girl, we don't allow campers to use scissors or glue or staples or paper or pencils or crayons, since the Camper Uprising of 1974. Bloody mess.

JANITOR *(slams mop on table)*- Wore out 9 mops.

RICKY - No scissors? How are we to cut these milk jugs and cardboard boxes?

PENNY - How are we supposed to stick things together without tape or glue?

MEAN COUNSELOR *(poking head in)* - Anyone talking without raising their hands?

RICKY & PENNY: We're fine!

*(Ricky starts using teeth to rip a milk jug. Penny starts spitting on things to glue them together. Vicky & Andrew are happily holding up things imagining how to put them together.)*

ANDREW (*ring finger through milk jug handle*)- Counselor Joy! Look at the beautiful ring I'm making for my mother.

VICKY - Oh, you are a brilliant designer! I'm going to make my mother a milk jug ring too! And a plastic bag bow for her hair!

ANDREW - This is fun! I love camp!

*(Ricky & Penny look at them with disgust.)*

HAPPY COUNSELOR - Oops! Look at the clock! It's story-telling time. Gather round me in a circle while Leviticus cleans up for the next group.

*(CREEPY JANITOR immediately swings mop, gleefully knocking everything onto the floor and will whack it offstage, then go back to quiet weird cleaning.)*

HAPPY COUNSELOR (*loudly to be heard over Janitor's banging*) - Gather round so all of you can see me. Find a comfy spot on the floor

*(They sit in a semicircle facing the audience with HAPPY COUNSELOR center. First Penny sits, and Andrew sits next to her, then she rudely gets up and goes to sit on opposite side next to Ricky. Andrew looks sad and Vicky sits next to him with a high five.)*

HAPPY - OK. Now quiet listening please. Shhhhh! (*expressively*) Squirmy Squirrel knew winter was coming and he needed to prepare for the cold months ahead...

MEAN COUNSELOR (*ENTERING*) - Joy! Joy! You have an urgent phone call from your Mother!

HAPPY COUNSELOR - Oh my goodness! What is it?

MEAN COUNSELOR - Your hamster died.

HAPPY COUNSELOR - Oh! (*bursts into tears and EXITS*) Hammy! Not again!

MEAN COUNSELOR (*evilly, taking Happy's place*)- Guess I'll have to tell your story now. Squirmy Squirrel also knew that it was very dangerous to come down out of the trees after dark because something not-very-nice lived in the lake and crawled out when the sun went down.

ANDREW - Ooooh! Ooooh! Was it the Loch Ness Monster?

MEAN COUNSELOR - Better. Many years ago, when Camp PickaScab still had fresh paint, and typhoid-tainted milk in clear glass bottles, there was a camper girl named Debbie who didn't follow the rules. She didn't want to share her camp-store money with the counselors. She didn't want to sign the pre-written letters to home. And she didn't want to stay in her bunk at night. Do you know what she did? (*No answer*) I just told you, you little numbskulls.

VICKY - (*raising hand, showing off the answer*) She got out of her bunk?

MEAN COUNSELOR - Yessss! She went walking in the woods.... and fell in the lake.... and drowned!

RICKY (*sarcastically*) - How do you "fall in" the lake? It has a beach. You can't just "fall in".

MEAN COUNSELOR (*grabbing him by the collar and pulls face to face*) - How do you *think* she fell in?

RICKY - Oh.

MEAN COUNSELOR (*releases him*) - So, ever since then, when a camper goes off on their own at night, Drowned Debbie, rises out of the water and follows them dripping seaweed. Her eyes are as deep as gopher holes, and her nails are as long as steak knives. She catches them and drags them into the lake and they are never seen again.

HAPPY COUNSELOR (*ENTERING*) - My hamster didn't die! I just called home!

MEAN COUNSELOR - Oh, sorry! Must have been a wrong number. (*EXITS*)

HAPPY COUNSELOR - Ooopsie! Look at the clock! Time for poetry writing! Into your chairs.

ANDREW & VICKY - Yes!

RICKY & PENNY- Nooooo!

*(Janitor smacks kids with mop. They get into chairs. HAPPY sets toilet paper roll on table and with a little push, un-rolls it across the table, then hands out little paint brushes.)*

PENNY - We're writing on toilet paper?

RICKY - With water color brushes?

HAPPY COUNSELOR - And spit! So you don't get hurt! Now write something poetic and timeless because you will be reading this in front of tonight's campfire ceremony and it will be videotaped for the parents.

PENNY & RICKY - NOOOOO!

ANDREW & VICKY - Yay!!!

MEAN COUNSELOR *(ENTERING crabby)* Vicky! It's time for your ballet lesson.

VICKY Oh, goody! *(to the other kids)* Because I'm an advanced camper. *(to HAPPY COUNSELOR)* I'll write my poem during meditation. *(EXITS)*

RICKY - Meditation???

MEAN COUNSELOR *(leans over to him)* - Boys do sweat lodge instead. *(EXIT)*

RICKY - Sweat lodge????????

HAPPY COUNSELOR - Ooopsie! I'm on beverage duty! Excuse me while I go make a big vat of grape Kool-aid. Keep writing. *(EXIT)*

*(JANITOR cleans other side of stage, ignores them.)*

RICKY - This camp is terrible!

PENNY - I hate it!

ANDREW - How can you say that? It challenges the mind and dazzles the senses.

RICKY - I tried using the pay phone to call home. It wants 40 Canadian quarters!

PENNY - I saw a trash can full of campers' letters to home. I read some of them. Do you know that last week they had to dissect a possum for arts and crafts?

ANDREW - That sounds very educationable!

RICKY - We've got to escape. *(to Penny)* Do you want to go with me?

PENNY - Yes! We could sneak out after bedtime!

ANDREW - Are you out of your mind???. Didn't you hear the story about Drowned Debbie? She'll crawl out of the lake and drag you back in!

RICKY - That's made up!

PENNY - It's just a story they tell to scare campers so they don't escape.

ANDREW - Oh! It's fiction!

RICKY - Yeah..... It's fiction.

ANDREW - Oh, I like fiction. Have you read the Boxcar Children series?

PENNY - *(tricking him, very sweetly)* I have. I love it. Wasn't that great how they made shelves out of fence planks? Hey! Wanna come with us tonight? We might find a boxcar of our own, and we can fix it up.

ANDREW - Oooh! Oooh! That sounds like fun! Let's meet at the slaughterhouse at 11pm.

See the script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

1<sup>st</sup> Excerpt from “The Wizard of Oz”

by Frank L. Baum, adapted for stage by Jeannette Jaquish ©2011

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**11 Characters:**

**ARRIVING AT THE EMERALD CITY GATES:**

GATEKEEPER All right, All right! Welcome to the Emerald City! State your business!

DOROTHY AND PALS We want to see the Wizard!

GATEKEEPER The Wizard? Preposterous! Who do you think you are! Doesn't matter who you are.

Nobody sees the Great Oz! *(slams window)*

DOROTHY *(ding ding ding)* Please sir. *(He opens window)* Glinda, the Good Witch of the North sent me!

GATEKEEPER Ha! Tell it to the tabloids.

SCARECROW Look! Look at her feet!

GATEKEEPER Her feet? Why? Is she a hobbit? Aaack! Ruby Slippers! Are you a Witch?

TIN MAN No she killed a witch! The Witch of the East!

LION Smooshed her with a house! Sploosh! *(claps hands in Gatekeeper's face)* Just like that!

SCARECROW And Glinda gave her the Witch's shoes.

GATEKEEPER What??? That's the little girl who killed Munchkinland's Witch???

*(Voices from behind him:)*

E1 Killed Munchkinland's Witch? Let them in!

GATEKEEPER Now, now, I'm the Gatekeeper, and no one enters without my OK! The Great Oz has decreed it!

E1 They we'll go out!

*(Emerald City Residents come out thru gate.)*

E2 Are you Dorothy who killed the Wicked Witch of the East!

DOROTHY Yes.

E3 It's all over the news! How did you do it?

DOROTHY It was an accident. My house fell on her.

E4 Oh, she is so humble! Listen to her!

DOROTHY Awww.. it really was an accident.

E5 What were you wearing?

DOROTHY Uh,.... this?

E5 Oh, dear. What a shame. Why don't you visit my shop?...

E1 *(to E5)* Oh be quiet! She's a hero! *(To Dorothy)* The Great Oz will certainly want to meet you!

E2 Do you have a fan club? Is this Toto? Does he?

DOROTHY No! Neither of us do

E3 I'll start one for both of you! And be its first member!

E4 I'm second!

E5 Third! Third! I'm third!

GATEKEEPER Enough! Enough! We have a process for visitors and immigrants and refugees.

Why do you think we have a gate and a gatekeeper and rules and things??!

*(Others quiet down.)*

Ahem! Please state your business in coming to Oz.

DOROTHY We're here to see the Wizard.

We are asking for a brain for the Scarecrow, a heart for the Tin Man, Courage for the Lion, and a way back home to Kansas for me.

GATEKEEPER That's a lot to ask for –

E1, 2, 3, 4, 5 Awwww!

GATEKEEPER Even for a national hero such as yourself. The Great and Powerful Oz doesn't have time for visitors! And tourists. You should come back later. Years later.

WITCH'S VOICE Eeeheeheeheehee!

LION *(panicking)* Aaaack!

E1,2,3,4,5 *(pointing to rear of audience)* It's the OTHER WICKED WITCH!

LION *(pointing)* Up in the sky!!! I told you the sky was dangerous!

E1 She's flying on her broom!

E3 And it's on fire! Hurray!

E5 No! She's writing something in smoke.

LION Oh, what's it say? What's it say? I can't look! If it's about me, don't tell me! (*covers face*)

ALL READ: (*sounding out and reading tilting from left to right,*) Surrender Dorothy or die! (*Return! read L to R*) signed W. W. W.

E1 (*yelling*) Surrender Dorothy? We'll never surrender Dorothy!

VOICE OF THE WITCH Surrender Dorothy or your pretty little Emerald City will be a pile of green dust!

(*TERROR!*)

E2 Tell the Wizard the Witch is threatening the City!

GATEKEEPER The Wizard of Oz is Great and All Knowing! He doesn't need to be told. But I'll let them in for their safety.

(*As EMERALD CITIZENS go in gate EXITING:*)

E3 About time!

E4 You just wait until the next election, Gatekeeper!

GATEKEEPER I'm appointed!

E5 Time for a Recall petition!

GATEKEEPER Oh, Shut up!

(*DOROTHY & PALS go in Gate, EXITING.*)

LION Oh was it something about me? I told you not to tell me but now I have to know!

DOROTHY, TIN MAN, SCARECROW (*EXITING*)*adlib* No it wasn't about you. It was just about Dorothy. Don't worry.

LION'S VOICE BACKSTAGE I don't believe you! That's just what you'd say if it WAS about me.



Excerpt from *The Spoiled Baloney Man*

by Jeannette Jaquish ©2009  
Script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

**5 CHARACTERS:** Old Man, Old Lady, Girl, Boy, Baloney Man

*(The Spoiled Baloney Man was created in a microwave by the forgetful Old Lady and Old Man. He has terrorized the neighborhood and left to find more playmates.)*

FROG: Chill out, people! The putrid dude is gone!

GIRL, BOY, L.O. MAN & LADY: Gone???? Gone!!!!

GIRL: But where?

L.O. MAN : Who cares? The government can deal with him now. What do you think we pay taxes for?

L.O. LADY: Oh, but, darling our house still reeks. We can't live in this stink!

L.O. MAN: Better burn it.

L.O. LADY : I'll get the car out of the garage. I hope the windows were rolled up.

BOY: I hope my family will move to another state. They just HAVE to!

*(HORSE (and any extra animals) run in from audience rear, chased by BALONEY MAN. People scatter to back and side of stage, watching in horror.)*

BALONEY MAN: I've run away from a Little Old Lady and a Little Old Man and a girl and a boy and I can run away from you, too, I can I can!

HORSE: Can't run.... can't breathe.... I'm comin' home, Nelly! *(Drops dead with feet in air.)*

BALONEY MAN: *(dancing on horse)* Run run run as fast as you can! Oh, darn! He's not playing anymore. Wake up! Giddy-up, pony! Pooie! Who will chase me now? *(sees people)* Well, hello!

L.O. MAN: Play dead!  
*(PEOPLE play dead with legs in the air like the Horse.)*

BALONEY MAN: Oh! Poopadoople! *(bouncing on each person; they gag as he lands on them)* Everybody is too tired. Hmmmm.... well, I'll just take a nap over there in the warm sun and work on my taint.  
*(EXITS singing)* I'm too sexy for my bread, too sexy for my bread, my bread is dead....

*(PEOPLE get up, approach dead HORSE)*

GIRL: Poor sweet horsey.

*(PEOPLE drag HORSE offstage while saying lines, then return.)*

L.O.MAN: At least he can't smell anymore. The whole neighborhood stinks. Needs a Super Fund Toxic Cleanup.

BOY: Or three feet of cement.

L.O. LADY: Don't they make horses into baloney?

GIRL, BOY, L.O. MAN & LADY: Aaaack!

L.O. MAN: Dang it! Another vicious stinkin' circle of life domino effect!

GIRL: Will it never end???

BOY: Someone has to stop the Spoiled Baloney Man!

L.O. MAN: You volunteering, big guy?

*(BOY & GIRL come at OLD MAN accusingly)*

BOY: You walked to school in a blizzard!

GIRL: You fought in World War 1 and 2 and Korea!

BOY & GIRL: You stop him!

L.O. MAN: Oh! Sure! You knocked the knees out of my blast him to bits idea before, but nobody has the guts to take charge themselves!

L.O. LADY: Oh, Amos! Don't be such a grouch!

BOY: Where'd this Baloney Guy come from anyway?? Someone made him!

GIRL: And someone let him rot!

L.O. LADY: *(nervous that the kids will discover she made him)*

What's done is done! We have to work together. So shut up!  
*(She tries to hustle OLD MAN offstage.)*

L.O. MAN: Hey! I was watching Matlock. And I never even got my snack!

GIRL: You never got your snack! YOU NEVER GOT YOUR SNACK! *(to BOY)* Do you know what that means.

BOY: It's time for snack?

GIRL: No Stupid! THEY created him! *(to OLD FOLKS)* Didn't you?

BOY: Boy! Grown-ups mess up everything!

See the script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

## Excerpt from Fairy Tales on the Mars Frontier

by Jeannette Jaquish ©2000

Script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

**10 CHARACTERS:** Grandma, Grandkids: Tethys & Callisto, Piper, Council Lady, Council Man, Scientist, Child, Farmer, Mayor.

### ***Excerpt from The Pied Piper of Promises scene:***

*(Grandma tells story to Tethys & Callisto at side of stage, while story is acted out on the rest of the stage. Earlier in the story, a Purple Plague is absorbing the oxygen of the Mars colony. )*

**GRANDMA: There was no way to save their town. With the last of their will to live, the people abandoned their tools and gathered their children, but as they stumbled towards the airlock of the city, a ship appeared in the sky, buzzed the dome and skidded to a landing.**

*(Pied Piper ENTERs from rear of audience holding ship up around her like an innertube. She leaps over crawling Townies, lands the ship on the stage and jumps out, kicks stuff out of her way and cartwheels across the stage. Struts and performs acrobatics or dance. Townies will crawl back and around her to stand along rear of stage watching her pitifully. )*

**GRANDMA: It was an Earthwoman, still rippling with the muscles from her triple gravity home planet. But even though her muscles were big, her lungs were small, and she used her oxygen tank even inside the pressure dome of the town. She stood up straight and tall:**

**GRANDMA & PIED PIPER: I am the Pied Piper.**

**GRANDMA: Said the strange person.**

**CALLISTO: How come the Pied Piper doesn't bring any pie??**

**GRANDMA: Hmmmmmmm...**

**TETHYS: Grandma, what does "Pied" mean in Pied Piper?**

**GRANDMA: Pied means clothes covered in patches of two or more colors. Do you want me to continue the story?**

**TETHYS & CALLISTO: Yes, please.**

**GRANDMA & PIPER: I am the Pied Piper!!**

**GRANDMA: Said the strange person.**

*(Piper will dance and stride through these lines until she is downstage at side.)*

**PIPER: Gather 'round my friends,  
Though you think you're at your ends**

Your survival now depends,  
On my technology!

I'm a Jack of all trades  
I've been thrown a few parades  
*(to audience)* Been inside a few stockades.  
I'm the best you'll ever see!

*(Townies run to stand downstage at the level of Piper, in this order: Farmer, Mayor, Child, Scientist, Council Man, Council Lady, Piper)*

COUNCIL LADY: Can you stop the purple plague??

PIPER: Stand back and be amazed!

COUNCIL MAN: I don't know about this piper..

SCIENTIST: She is weird

CHILD: And very hyper!

MAYOR: Council folk, what do we know? *(crossing below townies to stand between them and Piper)*

About this gaudy snake oil Joe?

FARMER: Great Zubrin! *(Zoo-brin)* What is there to lose??  
There's purple slime inside our shoes!

MAYOR: Take the job, please cleanse our town.

PIPER: Not so quick, I've been around.  
The mark of a successful entrepreneur,  
Is deals in writing with a signature!

*(Council Man & Lady and MAYOR whisper.)*

MAYOR: Here is the contract with official seal.  
If you kill the plague, here's the deal:  
All the money in the coffer,

COUNCIL MAN: That's all we have.....

COUNCIL LADY: Will you take our offer?

PIPER: *(inspects contract)* Agreed! *(Marches across stage causing Townies to jump out of her way.)* Now elbow room so I can start. *(sniffs air)*  
Phewww!!! This place smells like a stinky ol' ..*(Council Lady clears her throat)* ... liverwurst tart.

FARMER: We dare not get our hopes up, to have them dashed once more.

SCIENTIST: If something happens, tell me. I'll be thinking on the floor.

*(PIPER faces audience at front of stage and pantomimes adjusting dials on a wall and on her body equipment. Sound FX.)*

**GRANDMA: The Pied Piper calibrated her pipes so that they would remotely control the life support functions all around the town. And then she began.**

*(Piper skips in big circles, people try to follow but gasp for breath at first, then gain their breath.*

*Sound FX gradually changes from discord to harmony.)*

**GRANDMA: The Pied Piper skipped down the streets and through the parks, into the greenhouses and through each and every home. Her music triggered the heaters and coolers, the vacuum and pressure pumps, the humidifiers and dryers, and the carbon dioxide and oxygen levels in just the right sequence to disrupt the life cycle of the fungus. The purple infestation died, dried up and powdered away! The people rejoiced!**

MAYOR: The air is fresh, fill up your noses!

COUNCIL LADY: The children can run, their cheeks are like roses!

COUNCIL MAN: I can breathe! I can breathe! Never again,  
Will I forget how precious is oxygen!

*(People rejoice and pick up stuff on stage, "putting it away" into offstage box or at edge of stage. They toss the stuff joyfully to each other or form hand to hand brigades. Sweep up purple fungus litter, dump into trash can, laughing. Piper taps foot impatiently, looks at watch.)*

**GRANDMA: The people breathed in life and vigor for the first time in months.**

CHILD: Daddy swing me! It's sunny and breezing!

FARMER: The flowers are blooming. Bumper crop next season!

SCIENTIST: Just a random event, an environmental hiccup!

COUNCIL LADY: I knew we'd succeed if we never gave up!

**The celebration went on. The Piper packed up her equipment as she waited for the party to settle down, but even after loading all her gear onto her ship, and checking the oil, no one had approached her to make payment.**

*(Piper grabs Mayor's arm and pantomimes asking for money. Mayor tags Townies and they assemble at front of stage.)*

**GRANDMA: Finally she found the mayor and asked for what was promised. The mayor gathered the council in a secret meeting.**

MAYOR: This eccentric piping Earthling did cure our dying town,  
And we did promise her all our money, even wrote it down.

SCIENTIST: But what she did was so simple, we could have done it on our own,  
If we had just had the air to think, the concepts are well known.

COUNCIL LADY: If we give our entire budget, how will we run the town?  
Fund the library? Buy new seed? Beam the satellite down?

COUNCIL MAN: For just a few minutes labor, should she get so much in pay?  
We won't be re-elected, if we give it all away!

SCIENTIST: And if the plague does come back, we now know what to do.  
We don't need that Piper any more. Just give her the shoe. (*pantomime kicking*)

GRANDMA: **So the mayor summoned the Piper.... handed her a check and read a proclamation.**

MAYOR: We've chosen the highest union scale, and multiplied it by one fifth of an hour.

COUNCIL MAN: We are proud to name after you, our town's official flower.

COUNCIL LADY: Here's a key to the city. Please take it as you go.  
The children sing of you in poetry, I thought you'd like to know.

PIPER: (*crumpling check*) This contract says that I'm to get ALL the town's wealth.  
For destroying the deadly fungus, and saving the town's health!  
A promise is a promise! A deal is a deal!

MAYOR: What can you do about it? You'd better accept what's real.

SCIENTIST: We've recalibrated our environmental inputs, so,  
Your pipes cannot control them. Take your cardboard key and go!

**End of Excerpt - See the script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)**

## Excerpt from **Dr. Frankenstreudel's Lemon Fresh Laboratory of Horrors**

by Jeannette Jaquish ©1998, 2008

Script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

**4 CHARACTERS:** Alexis/Alex, Winston, Petunia, Ned/Neddie

### **Excerpt from SCENE 4: DUNGEON**

*(CURTAIN OPENS)*

*(Alexis/Alex has escaped from Dr. Frankenstreudel and his/her assistant Eyegore (a burly male with a housewife's brain). She stumbles into the dungeon.*

*From stage L to R: Ned, Petunia, and Winston are in cages with hinges on stage right. Alexis runs in from upstage left, stumbling, behind them. Dim light with more light on cages and in front of cages.)*

NED: Someone's here!

PETUNIA: Which one?

WINSTON: The footsteps are light. It's not Eyegore.

WINSTON, NED AND PETUNIA: *(terrified)* Then it's the doctor!!!

*(THE KIDS panic, scurrying in their tiny cages.)*

WINSTON: Don't take me! I've been sick! Throwing up! Take Petunia, she's been eating my food that I can't eat!

PETUNIA: Winston's a liar! He's been grabbing my food. I'm so starved my hair's falling out and I'm covered with sores! Take him.

NED: And I've got the measles and a runny nose and the bibliconic play-glue!

ALEXIS: *(stepping downstage of cages)*

What are you hollering about? Be quiet!

PETUNIA: Who are you??

ALEXIS: Who are YOU? Wait. *(walks across looking at each cage. Stops other side of cages.)*

Don't you all go to my school??

NED: Yeah, I know you. You're Alexis. You won the school spelling bee. I'm Ned, this is my sister Petunia and that's Winston.

ALEXIS: *(who cares?)* Whatever. Yeah, I remember you all. You're in that class for kids who don't do their homework. And, let me guess. You all flunked the doctor's job examination.

PETUNIA: Rub our noses in it why don't you?

ALEXIS: And that's how you wound up in these cages. *(laughs)*

WINSTON: And what did being a smart aleck do for you?

ALEXIS: Oh. *(pauses, touching head)* Good point.

PETUNIA: So get us out!!!

NED: Please???

ALEXIS: Well, ok. Since Ned said please. Oh! *(laughs)* Look at this!

W, P & N: What???

ALEXIS: *(laughing)* These are sliding bolts. You could have opened them yourselves just by tipping your cages. Like this!

*(ALEXIS tips over cages one by one, so they fall hinge side and doors fall open. (Have pillows inside for kids to fall against.). ALEXIS laughs as the kids crawl out and painfully unbend.)*

ALEXIS: See! Physics in action!

*(NED runs to kick her.)*

NED: I'll show you fizz kicks in action.

ALEXIS: Ow! Ow! Why are you kicking me??

*(ALEXIS backs away U-turning towards downstage right, passing in front of laughing kids.)*

NED: *(kicking)* That's for being a big jerk.

ALEXIS: But I rescued you!

NED: *(still kicking)* So? You're a big rescue jerk! You're a 911 nightmare!!

PETUNIA: *(pulling Ned away)* Stop it, Ned. That's wrong.  
Go for the kneecaps! *(kicks ALEXIS' knee)*

ALEXIS: OW!!! *(rubs knee)*

PETUNIA: So how did you get down here anyway?

ALEXIS: I ran away from the doc and her devoted monster and wound up here.

WINSTON: Well, they'll certainly look here soon. Let's cut the gab and get out.

ALEXIS: Do you know the way out???

WINSTON: No. Come on.

*(PETUNIA AND NED follow WINSTON. ALEXIS pauses confused.)*

ALEXIS: OH!?!? So we just march off into who knows where???. Hey! Wait for me!

*(ALL EXIT Stage Left) (CURTAIN CLOSSES) See the script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)*



Excerpt from *Pippisi Longknickers*

by Jeannette Jaquish ©2009

Script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)

**5 CHARACTERS:** Pippisi, Cheyenne, Cody, Professor Banana-Monkey, Sir Horace-Horse

***Excerpt from SCENE 4: Making Cookies***

*(Pippisi has learned how to enlarge a recipe.)*

PIPPISI: *(thrusting bags and spoons)*

Cody, you do the 28 cups of sugar and

Cheyenne, you do the....*(writing her calculations in flour on the table...)*

... 32 cups of flour!

*(CODY and CHEYENNE scoop.)*

*(PIPPISI wanders right reading in cook book, then EXITS to pantry.)*

PROF. BANANA *(to horse)*: It's about time you showed up. I can't conduct this culinary lesson alone. Fetch me a rubber spatula!

SIR HORACE: Culinary lesson?? This??

What do you call it? Julia Child goes Neanderthal?

Cooking with dandruff?

Get more fiber with monkey hair?

PIPPISI's voice: Next we'll need.....16 eggs.

*(Eggs fly out.)*

One!

*(CHEYENNE drops cup to catch egg.)*

SIR HORACE: Incoming!!!

*(Prof B. hides under table. Sir H. gallops to right.)*

CHEYENNE: Cody!!!

*(Cody drops cup and both catch flying eggs. Bowls fall off their heads.)*

PIPPISI: --2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8...

*(as Pippisi throws & counts:)* CODY & CHEYENNE: Pippisi! Pippisi! Stop!

PIPPISI: *(poking head back in)* Oops, I'm sorry. Did I make you lose count?

*(PIPPISI carries apron full of eggs to table and pours them out. Kids scramble to catch eggs as they roll away. PROF B. emerges, returns to spot beside PIPPSI at back of table.*

*PIPPISI clears throat and pretends to be Julia Child. Holds up the only 2 raw eggs.)*

PIPPISI *(aristocratic accent)*: Some say it takes a bit of finesse to properly separate an egg.

Poppycock!

*(Cracks eggs together, then crushes them, one in each hand so they drip into bowl.)*

It takes no strength at all!

*(hold up eggshells.)*

Save the whites! You'll need them later!

*(toss into another empty bowl. Immediately wipe egg off of hands onto paper towel.)*

*[After scene, one adult stagehand must have responsibility of cleaning up egg mess. After scene, Pippi must wash hands with soap to avoid salmonella contamination. But don't freak out; fresh raw egg won't hurt you.]*

*( PROF. BANANA picks up eggs.)*

CHEYENNE: *(grabs eggs)* No, Professor Banana! Would you like me to crack the rest of the eggs, Pippi?

*(PROF. BANANA takes over scooping.)*

SIR HORACE: *(snorting in bowl)* Needs alfalfa.

PIPPSI: *(reading in cookbook)* Hmm, oh, darn! I see a problem.

CODY *(looking around)*: Health code violation?

PIPPSI: No. We still need to add 2 gallons of mesquite honey, 12 pounds of pinion *(pin-yun)* nuts, 2 quarts of butter and 8 cups of ginger, cinnamon and cloves.

CHEYENNE: Are you missing some ingredients?

PIPPSI: No. Our bowl isn't big enough.

CODY & CHEYENNE: Oh.

PIPPSI: Not by a long shot.

CODY: *(exasperated)* Well, this all comes from jumping into a big idea without thinking first!

PIPPSI: Bathtub!!

CHEYENNE: Don't you want to clean up this mess before taking a bath?

PIPPSI: We'll mix the cookie dough in the bathtub! *(grabs big bowl and runs behind shower curtain around bathtub. Sound of pouring.)*

CODY: How dreadful!

CHEYENNE: In the bathtub! Where you take baths!! *(loud whisper)* Naked!

PIPPSI: Bring the eggs, butter and honey and take off your shoes!

CODY: Yee-haw!

CHEYENNE: Ai Chihuahua! (I Chee-wawa!)

*(they grab ingredients and EXIT. Their shoes, then socks fly out. Sticky mud schlorp sounds)*

SIR HORACE: How crude. Wallowing like pigs.

PROF. BANANA: And not inviting us. The two of us have more feet than the three of them.

CHEYENNE's voice: Ooooooh! It's squishy!

CODY's voice: Pippi, where will you roll out the dough?

PIPPSI's voice: The floor.

CODY's voice: Is it clean?

PIPPSI's voice: As clean as the bathtub.

CODY's voice: Cheyenne! Get your gooey foot out of my face!... Hey! That tastes good!

*(CLOSE CURTAIN)*

See the script at [www.theaterfunscripts.com](http://www.theaterfunscripts.com)