

READERS' THEATER

Readers' theater offers students an opportunity for interpretive oral reading as they use voices, facial expressions, and hand gestures to interpret characters in stories. Readers' theater builds readers' confidence, brings stories to life through performance, animates content areas, and improves reading ability, comprehension, and oral reading skills. Whether they are in the cast or in the audience, children often enjoy being part of readers' theater. Readers' theater scripts are easy to create from Skippyjon Jones books because of the narrative text. The following is a readers' theater script from *Skippyjon Jones: Lost in Spice*.

Skippyjon Jones: Lost in Spice

by Judy Schachner
Adapted for Readers' Theater

CAST:

- Narrator
- Skippyjon Jones
- Mama Junebug Jones
- Jilly Boo Jones
- Jezebel Jones
- Ju-Ju Bee Jones
- Poquito Tito
- Don Diego
- Martian-ito



Narrator: Skippyjon Jones was **NUTS** about Mars because it was a **RED** planet.

Skippyjon Jones: I love **RED**,
That's what I said,
And I must-y put some rust-y
In my big-boy bed!

Narrator: When he stopped bouncing, Skippyjon Jones went to join his Mama and sisters in the kitchen.

Jilly Boo Jones: We're making Tuna Poodle casserole.

Mama Junebug Jones: Tuna *Noodle* casserole. A poodle is a dog and we don't eat dogs.

Jezebel: Skippyjon thinks he's a dog.

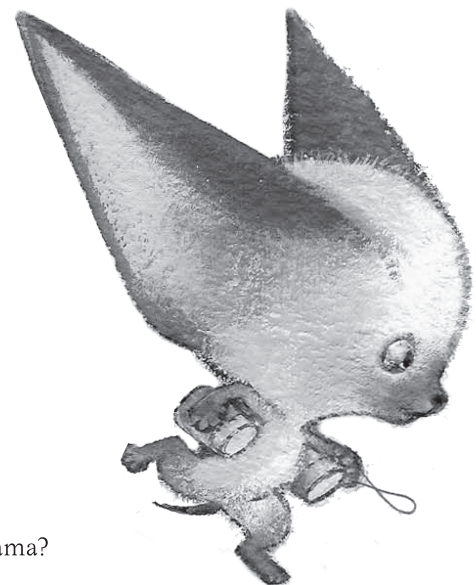
Ju-Ju Bee: He thinks he's a *chi-wow-wow*.

Jezebel: Because his ears are too big for his head.

Mama Junebug Jones: That's enough! Pinky Pie's ears are just fine.

Skippyjon Jones: May I please borrow your bottles of red spice, Mama?

Mama Junebug Jones: Yes, you may. But you better not be *thinking* of doing any **sprinkling**, or **tasting**, **pasting**, or **wasting** if you know what is good for you.



Narrator: Skippyjon Jones went to his bedroom and began bouncing and pouncing and rocketing in the rusty red dust.

Skippyjon Jones: Oh, I'm Skippyjon Jones,
And I'm in a big race
To be the first dog
To bounce into space.

“aaaah-cah-
CHOOEY!”



Narrator: Then a bit of spice tickled his nose and . . .

Skippyjon Jones: *(sneezes)* aaaah-cah-**CHOOEY!!!**

Narrator: Skippyjon Jones suddenly saw his reflection in the mirror.

Skippyjon Jones: Holy **HOT** Tamales! What's up with that doggie in the mirror? You are not a Siamese cat, dude. You are a weck-ed **RED Chihuahua!**

Narrator: And quicker than you can say “jumping jacks on Jupiter,” the kitty boy found his mask and cape, a mirror, a marble, and his sock monkey. He stuffed these things into his space suit, which looked a lot like a snow suit, and sang in a *muy muy* soft voice.

Skippyjon Jones: My name is Skippito Friskito *(clap-clap)*
And I think there are Martian perritos. *(clap-clap)*
Some say the green creatures
Share all of my features
I hope it's not just fable-itos *(clap-clap)*

Narrator: Soon, Skippyjon was all suited up and ready for liftoff. The astronaut-ito took one small step into his closet for Chihuahuas and one giant leap into the universe for Los Chimichangos. He was well into his orbit when a comet covered in crazies cruised by.

Skippyjon Jones: *(yelling)* **Who goes there?**

Poquito Tito: Martian!

Skippyjon Jones: Martian Who?

Poquito Tito: Martian to your closet and get us some *frijoles*, dude.

Skippyjon Jones: Poquito Tito! Is that **YOU** *amigo*?



Poquito Tito: Sí, it is all of us, Los Chimichangos. We are going to build a chili *polvo* pipeline from Mars to Earth, puppito.

Skippyjon Jones: Not the chili powder pipeline!

Poquito Tito: ¡Exactamente!

Skippyjon Jones: ¿Por qué?

Don Diego: Because, *amigo*, the chili powder on Mars is *muy caliente* and it will keep us very warm *en el invierno*.

Narrator: Then off they zoomed. The cuckoo comet and the kitty boy made it to Mars with a soft landing.

Don Diego: No offense, *poco coco*, but why the suit *de la nieve*?

Skippyjon Jones: It's not a **SNOW** suit, it's a **SPACE** suit.

Poquito Tito: Dude, you don't need a space suit up here. You need a **SPICE** suit. Mars is covered in the chili powder, *chico!*

Poquito Tito & Chili-roo, chili-ree, chili-rito (*clap-clap*)

Don Diego: It's a wag of the tail for Skippito (*clap-clap*)
For there's nothing as nice
As a roll in hot spice
In the light of the Martian moon-itos (*clap-clap*)

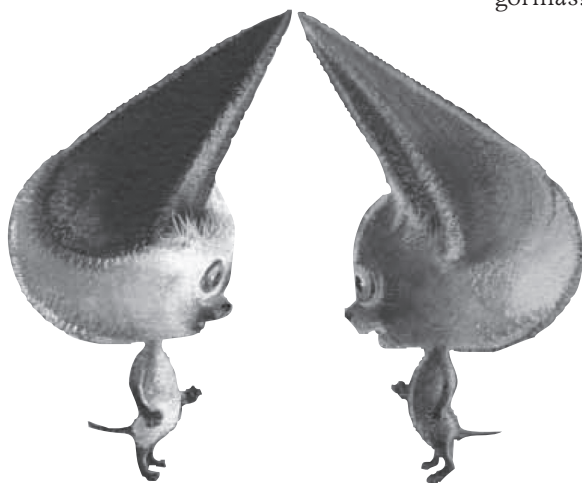
Narrator: But a roll in the *rojo* should have been a no-no because quicker than you can say "monkeys making meatballs," Skippito rolled in the opposite direction from his pipeline *poochitos*. When he stopped, the astronaut-ito was so *calor* under the collar that he had to take off his space suit.

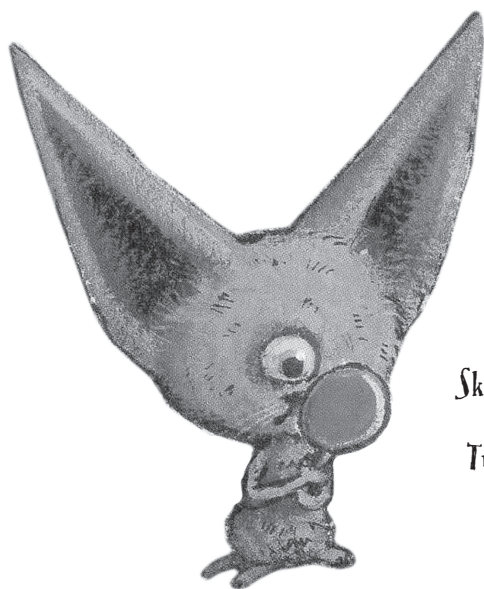
Skippyjon Jones: (*yelling*) Mooo-chaaaaaaa-chos! Uh-oh. I'm lost in spice. (*looks around*). Holy green gorillas! (*he sees the Martian*). It's a Martian-ito. Dude. Your ears are too big for you head. And your head is too big for your body.

Martian: Dude! Your ears are too big for *your* head.
And your head is too big for *your* body.

Skippyjon & Martian: (*said together*) You are not a Martian.

Skippyjon Jones: I know I'm not a Martian, dude. I am a Chihuahua. Just like you!





Narrator: To prove his point, Skippito pulled out the little *rojo* mirror and held it so that both their faces showed. Soon, kitty boy wanted to find his *amigos* but the Martian wanted to just stare at his image in the mirror. So Skippito took off and in less time than it takes to tickle a termite, he found his cuckoo-ritos inside a crater, afraid of the men from Mars they have spied.

Skippyjon, Poquito: Knock, knock. Who goes there?

Tito & Don Diego: *Verde* Martians everywhere!
Slurping sloppy ice-green cones,
Speeding in the spicy zones.
Mossy Martians on the move,
What do they think they have to prove?
We did not come here for a fight.
We want to build, we will not bite!

Narrator: Then Skippito saw that the Martians had all of his stuff.

Skippyjon Jones: **MONKEY!** That's my sock monkey!

Narrator: Skippito picked up his monkey's paw but the Martian pulled it the other way. It was a tug-o-monk-ito! But soon the Martian let go and kitty boy went flying, hurtling headfirst back to Earth and out through his closet door.

Mama Junebug Jones: **Skippyjon Jones!** What on earth are you doing?

Skippyjon Jones: I didn't do anything on Earth, Mama. I did everything on Mars.

Narrator: Later that night as Skippyjon looked at the starry sky he began to bounce.

Skippyjon Jones: Oh, I'm Skippyjon Jones,
and I like my red jammies,
'cuz they're made from the wool
of green Martian lambies.

Mama Junebug Jones: Stop bouncing Pinky Pie.
Just go to sleep.

Narrator: And that's exactly what he did.

