

Stageplay Readers' Theater (Turning Reading Into Acting)
Tales of Imagination Calvin's Adventure at the
Stretch-A-Book Club Tales of

Marcia Trimble

Based on:
Calvin's Sequel and P. Hermit Claims a Castle

c. 2012

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Cast of Characters

: Calvin's Adventure at the
Stretch-A-Book Club

: Calvin and His Shadow

Librarian: Mrs. Knowly

: Tom Techie

: P. Hermit

: Tidepool Cops

: Leopard Tortoise

: Painted Turtle

: Box Turtle

: Stretch-e-Robot

Scene

Library, Outside the tidepool

Time

Daytime

ACT I

Scene 1

CALVIN AND HIS SHADOW

(attached papercut shadow)

(Calvin is playing with his shadow.
Skipping and singing or humming.)

Ah ha ha, Oh ho ho, sunny day or dull,

Copycat, copycat, copycat, copycat, you're original.

Ah ha ha, Oh ho ho, oh so happily,

Ever-ever-happily be.

Ever so happily, happily, happily... we'll ever afterly
be.

(((Phone rings)))

(Calvin receives a text on his
iPhone, from Mrs. Knowly.)

CALVIN:

Oh, Shadow, it's a text from Mrs. Knowly at the
library. The computers are down. Missed
Stretch-e-Robot's email.

CALVIN TEXTS BACK.

What is the problem with the computers?

MRS. KNOWLY TEXTS AGAIN IN RESPONSE.

It's not a power outage. Tom Techie is upgrading the
software. He will explain later. But I can't print out
Stretch-e's script. Our guests from Tidepool Cops are
arriving any minute for today's Stretch-A-Book Club
meeting.

CALVIN TEXTS BACK.

Not to worry. Tell Tom Techie I will get you copies of
the script on my computer and be right over.

SHADOW (WHISPERS)

Will you be back before the sun goes down?

CALVIN

Don't worry, I'll be back before the sun goes down.
((his shadow gives him a hug and he
hurries to the library.))

LIBRARY

(CONTINUED)

CALVIN

Hi Mrs. Knowly. What's happening, Tom?

TOM TECHIE

It was getting too complicated to send Google's account wizard the required cell phone number or land line in return for a verification code to prove every library patron is a human. Can you believe, they flagged Mrs. Knowly's Fairy Tale Club.

CALVIN

But Mrs. Knowly is only a sorceress par excellence, she has no wizard DNA at all.

TOM TECHIE

Right, it's the guy creating the account that is a wizard. It's an anti-spammer technique. The automated Google return call on the land line couldn't navigate the old library equipment. So I have to update the software. I heard that a lot of libraries like LinkCat software but I'm sticking to Google.

CALVIN

OK, if you say so. You're Tom Techie. Mrs. Knowly, here are the scripts.

MRS. KNOWLY

(guests rush in. 3 kids to play the turtles; leopard tortoise, painted turtle, box turtle, Calvin plays P. Hermit)

TIDEPPOOL COPS

Hello, we're the Tidepool Cops.

MRS. KNOWLY

I'm Mrs. Knowly. Thanks for coming. You're right on time.

CALVIN

And I'm Calvin.

TIDEPPOOL COPS

Hello Calvin. We heard that somebody here needs a tide pool cop.

MRS. KNOWLY

You'll see. First, we have a short meeting of the Stretch-a-Book Club. But not to worry, we do need a tide pool cop. Will you please help us turn reading into acting.

(Tidepool cops nod all together.)

MRS. KNOWLY

The author created a play from the book, P. Hermit Claims a Castle. Let's do the scene that takes place after P. Hermit is scooped out of his tidepool, crawls out of a sandpail, and lands on a rock.

TIDEPOOL COPS.

We can guess why you need us.

PRINCE HERMIT (READ BY CALVIN)

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.

MRS. KNOWLY: (PRAISE)

I like your turtle voice.

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.

MRS. KNOWLY

I like the punch in your One shell line. You're dramatic.

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.

MRS. KNOWLY

I like your painted turtle voice. And you looked up at P. Hermit while you were reading.

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.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. KNOWLY

Great Box Turtle. I like the punch in your occupied line.

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.

MRS. KNOWLY

I like the way you turned reading into acting.

CALVIN

But what happens to P. Hermit?

MRS. KNOWLY

I think you'll be glad to know that a newly hatched sea turtle takes P. Hermit back to the sea.

TIDEPOOL COPS

Does P. Hermit find an empty turban with a pearl on the top?

MRS. KNOWLY

Can you guess? He twists out of his old shell, and backs into his new shell. This shell fits just right.

TIDEPOOL COPS

We're guessing that it's a castle fit for a prince.

MRS. KNOWLY

P. Hermit says, For now this is the home for me. And he snuggles into his silver turban with the pearl on the top...and drifts off...to sleep. You can imagine, every time a new hermit crab comes to the tidepool, P. Hermit tells his story and brags about this new shell. He really loves his turban with the pearl on the top.

CALVIN

It could happen...in your imagination.

MRS. KNOWLY (TO TIDEPOOL COPS)

Are you ready?

TIDEPOOL COPS

We're ready.

SONG. (CHOREOGRAPHY OPTIONAL)

I'm Hermit. P. Hermit. Prince Hermit is my name.

I'm especial-ly tame 'cause I'm a hermit crab.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SONG. (CHOREOGRAPHY OPTIONAL) (cont'd)

I'm the crab you mustn't grab.

My house is a turban. It's not in Zanzibar or anywhere urban.

Don't be disburbin' me in the sea...where I am free.

That's the rule of the tidepool.

Don't even knock when I'm taking a walk in my turban with my pearl on the top.

Please...be my tidepool cop. Please...be my tidepool cop.

TIDEPOOL COPS

We'll be your tidepool cops. (everyone claps)

CALVIN

I promised Shadow I'd be back before the sun goes down. It was fun meeting the Tidepool Cops.

KIDS FROM TIDEPOOL COPS

We have to get back to Tidepool Cops.com and get our next assignment. It was fun being P. Hermit's Tidepool Cops.

MRS. KNOWLY

Oh Tom has the computer up just in time to say hi and good bye to Stretch-e.

STRETCH-E: (ROBOTIC-LY)

Hello hello, stretch a book with me.

We belong together like ABC.

Start with a book and end with a bow or two.

Did Mrs. Knowly give you your cue?

CALVIN

She did, she did.

TIDEPOOL COP KIDS

It was fun turning reading into acting.

STRETCH-E

Tell your friends to come anytime. We're here to build confidence and competent speaking. Right Mrs. Knowly? (Mrs. Knowly nods.)

Stretch-a-Book at a glance Is read sing act dance.

CALVIN

AND meeting friends. (They all bow to Stretch-e and Run off stage.)

CALVIN AND HIS SHADOW (SKIP AND SING)

Ah ha ha, Oh ho ho, sunny day or dull,

Copycat, copycat, copycat, copycat, you're original.

Ah ha ha, Oh ho ho, oh so happily,

Ever-ever-happily be.

Ever so happily, happily, happily... we'll ever afterly be.

CHOREOGRAPHY (SKETCHES ON WWW.IMAGES-PRESS.COM,
DIALOGUE/LYRICS LINK BELOW CD LABEL IMAGE)

Hermit's Song Twist and bounce pincer dance I'm Hermit,
P. Hermit. Prince Hermit is my name. I'm especially
tame...

(For first four measures, move head from side to side, face forward.) 'cause I'm a hermit crab. I'm a crab you musn't grab. (Then, keep moving head from side to side, add entire body wiggling [twist and bounce] side to side in synch with the head movements. Curl arms down in front of body, fingers/hands like pinchers on a crab, opening and closing)

My house is a turban. It's not in Zanzabar. or anywhere urban. Don't be disturbin' me in the sea where I am free...

(Put arms up above head, fingers/hands still like pinchers opening/ closing, body still wiggling [twist and bounce] back and forth with head.) That's the rule of the tidepool. (left hand on hip, right hand in a finger shake) Don't even knock (stop shaking finger, but keep it up and still. Then...shake head as if saying "no.")

when I'm taking a walk

(Walk two steps right.) in my turban
(Walk two steps left.) with my pearl on top (On the word "top", put hands on top of head. Shake head left to right, as in the beginning.)

Please be my tidepool cop. (Resume crab movements, as in beginning,

down low first.) Please be my tidepool cop. (Make crab movements with arms above head.) Yeeeahhh! (Everyone says...) Illustration © Will Pellegrini