

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.

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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.