

Stories  Stage

Script

MRS. PICASSO'S
POLLIWOG

A Mystery

Written and Illustrated
by George Ulrich

Script adapted by Marcia Trimble



MRS. PICASSO'S POLLIWOG

CHARACTERS:

*Narrators: (Fly-on-the-wall family...
Francesca, François, Franny, Fritzi,
Francine, Freddy)*

Mrs. Picasso

Mr. Petsky, the pet store owner

Poochie, the dog

Pickles, the cat

Mr. Tweety, the bird

Polly, the polliwog

Polly, the frog

Francesca: Hello, François.

François: Hi, Francesca.

Francesca: Mrs. Picasso sure loves pets.

François: I like her little dog named Poochie.

Poochie: (wagging his tail and barking) Woof, woof!

Francesca: I love her fat orange cat named Pickles.

Pickles: (purring) Meow, meow.

François: I like her small yellow bird named Mr. Tweety, too.

Mr. Tweety: (twittering/hopping around his cage) Tweet, tweet.

Francesca: I like the way Mrs. Picasso hums a tune, every morning, as she spoons dog food into a bowl for Poochie... (Mrs. Picasso hums 'Clair de lune').

Poochie: (wagging his tail and barking) Woof, woof!

François: ...and as she pours kibbles into a bowl for Pickles...

Pickles: (purring) Meow, meow.

Francesca: ...and as she sprinkles bird seed into a little bowl for Mr. Tweety, too.

Mr. Tweety: (twittering/hopping around his cage) Tweet, tweet.

François: Mrs. Picasso loves her pets...

Francesca: and they all live happily together in her little apartment in Paris.

Mrs. Picasso: It is such a beautiful day. I'll just put on my shawl and take a walk down the street to the pet store. (enters pet store) Hello, Mr. Petsky, I am going to buy a pet today.

Mr. Petsky: (smiling) Good morning, Mrs. Picasso. Would you like a nice puppy?

Mrs. Picasso: No, thank you, Mr. Petsky. I already have a dog named Poochie and everybody knows that puppies grow up to be dogs.

Mr. Petsky: (thinking) How about a nice kitten?

Mrs. Picasso: No, thank you. I already have a cat named Pickles and everyone knows that kittens grow up to be cats.

Mr. Petsky: (scratching his head thoughtfully) Well, then, how about a bird?

Mrs. Picasso: (frowning) No, thank you. I already have a bird named Mr. Tweety. Could you show me something different?

Mr. Petsky: Aha!

Francine: (at the side) Freddy, look at Mr. Petsky's big smile.

Freddy: Mr. Petsky IS smiling broadly as he reaches under the counter. Look! He's placing a large glass bowl full of water on the countertop. Francine, wait! Mrs. Picasso is peering into the bowl. Listen.

Mrs. Picasso: What is the small green creature swimming in the water? With the round head, long wide tail, small oval mouth, and two big eyes. Swimming around and around in the bowl without making a sound. (delighted) What is this creature? Is it a fish?

Mr. Petsky: No, Mrs. Picasso. It is a polliwog.

Mrs. Picasso: A polliwog, Mr. Petsky? I don't have one of those.

Francine: Freddy, look! Can you see Mr. Petsky wrapping up the bowl...with the polliwog in it?!

Freddy: That's so Mrs. Picasso can carefully carry it home.

François: (in Mrs. Picasso's apartment) Francesca, listen! I hear Mrs. Picasso opening the door to her little apartment. Francesca: Look, she's unwrapping a bowl...

François: and she carefully places it on the table...

Francesca: and gathers her pets around her.

Mrs. Picasso: Poochie, Pickles, and Mr. Tweety, I would like you to meet the newest member of our family. She is a polliwog and I shall name her Polly.

Poochie: (wagging his tail and barking) Woof, woof!

Pickles: (purring) Meow, meow.

Mr. Tweety: (twittering/hopping around his cage) Tweet, tweet.

Mrs. Picasso: Look. Polly swims around and around and doesn't make a sound.

François: Every day, Poochie lies at

Mrs. Picasso's feet and chews on a bone while she knits or reads the newspaper.

Poochie: (wagging his tail and barking) Woof, woof!

Francesca: Every day, Pickles purrs on Mrs. Picasso's lap.

Pickles: (purring) Meow, meow.

François: Every day, Mr. Tweety sings in his cage on the piano.

Mr. Tweety: (twittering/hopping around his cage) Tweet, tweet.

Francesca: And every day, Polly swims around and around in her glass bowl and doesn't make a sound.

Fritzi: (A few days later...from a distance) Oh, hi, Franny Fly, how's Mrs. Picasso's polliwog this morning?

Franny: Hi yourself, Fritzi Fly. Mrs. Picasso is so happy with her polliwog. It's already some days since she brought it home.

Fritzi: Mrs. Picasso is awake very early this morning.

Franny: And as always she pulls on her robe and slippers, but she walks very sleepily into the kitchen this morning.

Fritzi: But as always she spoons dog food into a bowl for Poochie.

Poochie: (wagging his tail and barking) Woof, woof!

Franny: And as always she pours kibbles into a bowl for Pickles...

Pickles: (purring) Meow, meow.

Fritzi: And...as always, humming a little tune, she walks into the living room and

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sprinkles bird seed into a little bowl for Mr. Tweety.

Mr. Tweety: (twittering/hopping around his cage) Tweet, tweet!

Franny: And just as always, Mrs. Picasso picks up the little can of polliwog food and begins to sprinkle some of it onto the water in Polly's bowl.

Fritzi: But look, suddenly, not just as always, her eyes widen as she peers into the bowl.

Franny: And not just as always, she wipes her glasses on the sleeve of her robe and looks more closely.

Mrs. Picasso: (peering in the bowl) Polly's bowl is empty! There is no doubt about it. Polly is gone! Oh, dear! (bends down on her knees and looks under the table, then under the chair, then under the sofa) Polly isn't there! Polly isn't anywhere! (getting slowly to her feet) What is that strange sound?

Polly, the frog: Ribid!

Mrs. Picasso: I'll just tip-toe down the hall to the bathroom and look inside. Ever so carefully.

Polly, the frog: Ribid!

Mrs. Picasso: I'm sure the strange sound is coming from the bathtub. I'll just peer over the edge of the bathtub. Ever so carefully. (peers) Oh, my!

Fritzi: And what does she see?

Franny: There, in a puddle of water sits a little green frog.

Fritzi: And as Mrs. Picasso watches, the little green frog opens its mouth.

Polly, the frog: Ribid!

Mrs. Picasso: Oh dear! (with a tear in her voice and a tear trickling down her cheek). This frog must have eaten poor Polly. I will take it to the pet store. Mr. Petsky will know what to do.

Franny: Why does Mrs. Picasso hurry to the kitchen?

Fritzi: To find a jar. And carefully, she punches holes in the lid...and returns to the bathroom.

Franny: And look how gently she picks up the little green frog and places it in the jar.

Polly, the frog: Ribid!

Fritzi: Mrs. Picasso carefully screws on the lid, too.

Franny: Look how quickly she puts on her shawl...

Fritzi: and hurries out the door with the frog in the jar.

Franny: I can't wait for Francine and Freddy to tell us what happens at the pet store.

Mrs. Picasso: (crying to herself as she scurries down the street to Mr. Petsky's store) Oh, dear! Oh, dear! (opening the door to Mr. Petsky's store and walking up to Mr. Petsky looking up from behind the counter) Oh, Mr. Petsky. (sniffing) Something terrible has happened. (placing the jar on the counter) Polly, the polliwog, has disappeared and I think that this little green frog has eaten her up.

Mr. Petsky: (peering through his glasses at the frog in the jar and then looking at Mrs. Picasso with a smile) You know that puppies grow up to be dogs.

(Mrs. Picasso nods with a snuffle) And you know that kittens grow up to be cats. (Mrs. Picasso nods again and dabs at her eyes with her handkerchief) Polly, the polliwog, has become Polly, the frog!

Francine: (at the pet store) Uh-oh, Freddy! Mrs. Picasso looks at Mr. Petsky with a frown.

Freddy: And she looks down at the little green frog.

Francine: Mrs. Picasso smi-le-s. (drag out the word 'smile')

Freddy: And now she and Mr. Petsky laugh and laugh until tears roll down their cheeks.

Polly, the frog: Ribid!

Francine: Freddie, look! Mrs. Picasso hurries out of the pet store with Polly the frog.

Freddy: Franny and Fritz will tell us what happens at Mrs. Picasso's little apartment.

Francine: Or maybe François and Francesca.

Francesca: François, I hear Mrs. Picasso opening the door to her little apartment.

François: She's hurrying in...

Francesca: and look, François, she's gathering her pets around her.

François: Hmmm! She opens a jar...

Francesca: and places a little green frog on the table.

Mrs. Picasso: Poochie, Pickles, Mr. Tweety, I'd like you to meet the newest member of our family, Polly, the frog!

Polly, the frog: Ribid!

Poochie: (barking and wagging his tail) Woof, woof!

Pickles: (purring) Meow, meow.

Mr. Tweety: (chirping and flapping his wings) Tweet, tweet.

Polly, the frog: (croaking and taking a little hop) Ribid!

François: And they all live happily together...

Francesca: in Mrs. Picasso's little apartment in Paris.