

Stories **on** Stage

Script

**Malinda Martha
and Her Skipping Stones**
(Script adapted from the story)

Written by Marcia Trimble

Illustrated by Susi Grell



Malinda Martha and Her Skipping Stones

Characters:

Skipper, the flat smooth stone

Rocky, the kerplunker stone (Narrators 1 and 2)

Malinda Martha

Mommy

Daddy

Skipper and Rocky: (sing it or say it)

The Skipping Stones Song;

*“Find a stone along the shore
lying on the seaweed floor.*

*Flick your wrist and just like that,
skip the stone that is smooth and flat.*

Make it skim and skip and spin.

Skip 1-2-3 the stone that is thin.

Watch the rings as they fade away.

Then skip some more if there’s time to play.

*Could be that skipping again
will end up in a skip of 8-9-10.”*

Rocky: Hi, Skipper!

Skipper: Hi, Rocky. I didn’t see you at first. It’s such a misty morning.

Rocky: The end of August, you know.

Skipper: Oh dear, that means Malinda Martha’s vacation is almost over. I wish August would last a little longer.

Rocky: Look! Malinda Martha is looking out her cottage window...

Malinda Martha: Oh! Mommy is jogging back from the beach with a pocketful of something!

Rocky: No wonder Malinda Martha runs out of the cottage. I’d be curious to see what’s in Mommy’s pocket, too.

Skipper: Wow! Mommy is pulling out a fistful of flat stones. Does that satisfy your curiosity?

Rocky: Flat smooth stones like you, Skipper. Listen!

Mommy: Malinda Martha, I found you some perfect skipping stones, stones that won’t go kerplunk!

Malinda Martha: I can hear stones going kerplunk.

Mommy: You have imagination.

Rocky: I wonder if she’s thinking of kerplunkers like me.

Skipper: Don’t worry. You know Daddy’s voice will drown out the kerplunks in her head.

Daddy: Blueberry pancakes! Come and get’m while they’re hot.

Mommy: Let’s drop the pocketful of stones into your sandpail and make a beeline for Daddy’s tower of pancakes.

Malinda Martha: Mmmmm!

Skipper: If I weren’t a stone I’d be tempted.

Rocky: Well, you’re as round and smooth as a pancake. You’d be a great skipper.

Skipper: Maybe someday. For now, I’ll let my smooth flat cousins do the skipping.

Rocky: Say, do pancakes melt in your mouth? Already, Malinda Martha is grabbing her sandpail of flat stones and heading for the steep steps to the beach.

Malinda Martha: Mommy! Daddy! I’ll race you to the beach.

Skipper: I think I’m smelling the sea myself when Malinda Martha breathes in the salt air and scoops sand into her pail for her sand castle.

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Rocky: I wonder what she's going to do with the stones.

Skipper: Ah! She creates faces in the sand with her stones.

Rocky: I can imagine being one of the stones on her sand faces. Just right for a kerplunker like me.

Malinda Martha: Mommy! Daddy! It's fun to create faces in the sand with my stones. See my sand faces.

Daddy: You're an artist.

Mommy: You're good at creating with sand and stones.

Malinda Martha: I can trim the tower of my sandcastle with a crown of stones... and raise a seaweed flag on the highest tower.

Rocky: I once dreamed that I was shining on the crown on a sand castle.

Skipper: You're a great dreamer, Kerplunker. Wow, Malinda Martha has forgotten about skipping the stones.

Mommy: It's time to go in from the sun.

Skipper: Notice how Malinda Martha glances over her shoulder to see her kingdom in the sand one more time... as she heads back to the cottage... for quahog chowder, Portuguese rolls, and blueberry pie.

Rocky: I wouldn't want to leave MY kingdom in the sand. But...for blueberry pie...

Skipper: In your dreams!

Rocky: It is a lunch to dream about.

Skipper: With some old-fashioned after-lunch games .

Malinda Martha: Where are the pieces to my puzzle? I'm sure I stuffed them in my backpack. I stuff them in my backpack every summer.

Rocky: Malinda Martha found me in one of the nooks and crannies of her backpack, IN MY DREAM!

Skipper: Well, Malinda Martha finds her puzzle pieces and after lunch she plays with her puzzle. And Mommy and Daddy play backgammon and checkers.

Rocky: In the meantime...the tide creeps in...and slithers onto the shore.

Skipper: So, when Malinda Martha runs to the beach to see her kingdom in the sand, she finds a flat moat and a pile of stones.

Rocky: And her heart goes kerplunk. I know what that feels like.

Malinda Martha: Oh, no, my sand castle and my sand faces are gone. But my skipping stones are still here! Mommy called the stones "the perfect skipping stones. Stones that would not go kerplunk!"

Skipper: Wow, Malinda Martha hasn't forgotten about the skipping stones after all. Look! She reaches down and picks up the flattest stone in the pile. She rubs the cool, smooth stone in her palm.

Malinda Martha: (pleads) Please, please don't go kerplunk.

Rocky: How could a flat smooth stone ever go kerpunk?

Skipper: Well, with a flick of her wrist, Malinda Martha sends the stone skimming across the water. She watches it skip...1...2...3 times.

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Malinda Martha: Did you see that?
It skipped! It didn't go kerplunk!

Mommy: Wow! You created lots of rings
on the water.

Daddy: (booms out) That's GREAT! I bet
you can do it again.

Rocky: So Malinda Martha picks up
another flat stone...and another...and
another...and skips the perfect skipping
stones.

Malinda Martha: Did you see? FIVE
SKIPS! And look at the rings! They ripple!

Mommy: ...and spread out!

Daddy: ...and steal away!

Skipper: Imagine the rings stealing far
away to a kingdom in the sea. That's
what Malinda Martha imagines, as she
skips along, clapping a jingle...

Malinda Martha: Skipping stones,
skipping stones, flat and thin,
skipping stones, skipping stones,
skip and spin.

Skipping stones, skipping stones,
skip one, two, three.

Skipping stones, skipping stones,
spin rings on the sea.

(beaming) Tomorrow I'm going to
collect some more perfect skipping
stones...to skim 'n skip 'n spin shapes
that shimmer.

Rocky: Wow, the sounds skip over her
tongue!

Malinda Martha: Skippin' stones spin
shapes that shimmer!

Mommy: No more kerplunks!

Skipper: Did you hear that, Kerplunker?
No more kerplunks.

Rocky: And their voices mingle with
the calls of Nantucket Harbor...
the washing of the waves, the cry of
the gulls, and the distant horn signaling
the arrival of the ferry...

Skipper: on a late afternoon...at the end
of August...at the end of summer.

Stories **on** Stage

Script
and word list

The Smiling Stone

(Script adapted from the story)

Written by Marcia Trimble
Illustrated by Susan Arciero

