

# Huckle Buckle Beanstalk: A Readers' Theater in 4 Voices

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## VOICES:



Narrator



Little Sister Stacey



Big Brother Steve



Mom

When you see  you know it is time for ACTION! You do not read the words out loud. You just follow the directions.

## Prologue:



It was a dark day.

A drizzly day.

A drowsy, lousy, inside day.

A **bad** day for playing four-square in the street.

A **bad** day for playing frozen tag in the backyard.

A **bad** day for playing Jacks in the driveway.

But a **good** day for playing HUCKLE BUCKLE BEANSTALK in the house.



Point to the sign.



### Rules For Huckle Buckle Beanstalk

Player 1: Hide the bean

Player 2: Find the bean

Knowing the **rules** for Huckle Buckle Beanstalk was **easy**.

Finding a **place** to hide the bean from my big brother was **hard**.

After all, **Steve** was perfect at **everything**.

**Steve** had found **every** bean I had **ever** hidden

in Huckle Buckle History!

Until today.

Today **I** had a feeling.

Today **I** had a plan

Today **I** had exactly 30 seconds

to hide the bean in my perfect place

and turn a **lousy** day into a **lucky** one.

## *Act 1*



...17, 18, 19, 20...



Steve covered his eyes  
And he called out his numbers,  
As fast as a person could possibly shout.  
Already at 20? I had to get going,

I dug through my pocket and pulled the bean out.  
My hands were both wiggling.  
My knees were both wobbling.  
My thoughts were all racing around in my mind.



28...29...



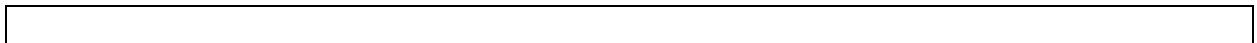
I buried my treasure!  
And put that small bean someplace too hard to find.



*Stacey pretends to put the bean in her nose.*



**30!!!!!!**





Steve uncovers his eyes.



Steve searched in all the usual places...  
A blue tiara, a schoolhouse chair.  
He searched under piles of Lincoln Log lumber,  
And all the bright bobbles and bands for my hair.  
He searched under cubes from my Don't Break the Ice game,  
He searched through the tools from my red nurse's kit.  
He searched under fasteners on my Dressy Bessy,  
But my perfect brother would not say, "I quit!"

He searched once again  
Through the cans of old Play-Doh.  
He searched through the toes of my shiny church shoes.  
He searched through my jewelry,  
My records,  
My scrapbook.  
But my perfect brother did NOT want to lose!



Are you sure it is here?  
In this room? In this space?



I am sure it is here.  
It is still in its place.



But I know how you think.  
And I know how you play!



But you **don't** know the spot  
I have chosen today!



Well, I guess I **don't** know  
All your thoughts or your choice,  
But I **do** know there's something  
That's wrong with your voice!



With my voice? Are you sure?  
It's not just that you're losing?



**YES, I KNOW SOMETHING's WRONG!**  
And I **THINK** it's your **CHOOSING!**



My **choosing** is perfect!  
Your **losing** is too!  
And **finally** there's something  
I get to show **YOU!**



Stacey pretends to get the bean out by covering her nose and wiggling her finger. She changes her face to show she is really scared!



## *Act 2*

I snorted.  
I sniffed.  
I pulled down.  
I pushed in.  
I tried plugging,  
And tugging,  
And lifting my chin.

I slid up on the left side,  
Then back down the right.  
But the bean was still stuck,  
And the space was too tight!

I hopped twice on one foot,  
And I stood on my head.  
I jumped on the mattress  
Of my Princess bed.

I crumbled.  
I tumbled.  
I fell to the floor.  
And when I looked up...

It was **MOM** at the door.



**STEVE!!!**



Steve could make his own bed  
With no bumps, lumps, or wrinkles,  
Steve could frost his own cookies  
With a REAL knife and sprinkles.

Steve could pour his own milk.  
Steve could comb his own hair.  
But not even Steve  
Could outlast our mom's glare!



So, what's going on here?  
I heard all that noise!  
And look at that RUG-  
It is covered in toys!



We were just having fun...  
We were playing a game.



Does this fun have some rules?  
Does this fun have a name?



Huckle Buckle Beanstalk!  
We've played it before.



That game doesn't end  
With a mess on the floor!



But, MOM!  
The BIG problem

Is not what you **SEE!**  
The problem is something  
That's hidden in **ME!**



Hidden in **YOU?**  
Well, what does **THAT** mean?



It means it is **STUCK...**  
**And the IT is our BEAN!**



Oh, Stacey. Calm down!  
You do not have to **SHOUT!**



**IT IS STUCK IN MY NOSE**

**AND I CAN'T GET IT OUT!**

*Act 3*



The **tweezers**.



The **tweezers**?!



The **tweezers**??!!

I cried.



*Steve gets the scary tweezers from a drawer  
and hands them to Mom.*



Now stop all that sobbing.

I'm going **INSIDE**...



Mom poked in each curve,  
In each passage, each ridge.  
She poked on the boogies,

And woogies,

And bridge.

She poked through each tunnel,  
She poked through each space.  
But all she could see

Was the **PAIN** on my face.



Steve, get the flashlight!  
I think it's downstairs.



The red or the black one?



**STEEEEVE!**  
Nobody cares!!!



Steve walks down steep stairs on the other side of the stage.  
He stops. He examines the flashlights on the dusty bench.  
He tries the black one, but the batteries don't work.  
He tries the red one. It works!  
He smiles!  
Steve climbs back up the steep stairs while Stacey is imagining the worst.  
Steve sniffls and sneezes on his way back across the stage.



My heart- it was **PACING**.  
My mind- it was **RACING**.  
My body was **QUAKING** and **SHAKING** and **BRACING**.

Would that bean stay up there?

Would it sprout?

Would it grow?

Would a beanstalk poke out

Where my nose used to blow?

Would its flowers and powers

Reach down for new roots?

Would my body be covered  
With new vines and shoots?



Snap out of it, Stacey!  
Lie down on your back.  
Let's get the bean rolling  
And get this on track.



This flashlight is dusty,  
But I'll keep it steady.



Now, Stacey,  
Hold STILL!



**WAIT!!!**  
**I'm not READY!!!**



It began as a tickle.  
It changed to an itch.

It grew to a tingle

That triggered a twitch.

It paused for a moment,

Became a hard freeze,

Then this **LITTLE** feeling ...

Became a **BIG SNEEZE!**



**AAAAA-CHOOOOOOOO!!!**



The sneeze shot a missile!  
The sneeze launched a rocket!  
The bean was a spark  
That was leaving a socket!  
It arched way up high,  
Then it curved down below...  
Right to the spot  
It was destined to go.



The bean lands in Steve's hands.



**HUCKLE BUCKLE BEANSTALK!**



**Steve and Stacey change the sign  
to show the new rules.**



### **NEW Rules For Huckle Buckle Beanstalk**

**Player 1: Hide the bean (But NOT in your nose!)**

**Player 2: Find the bean**