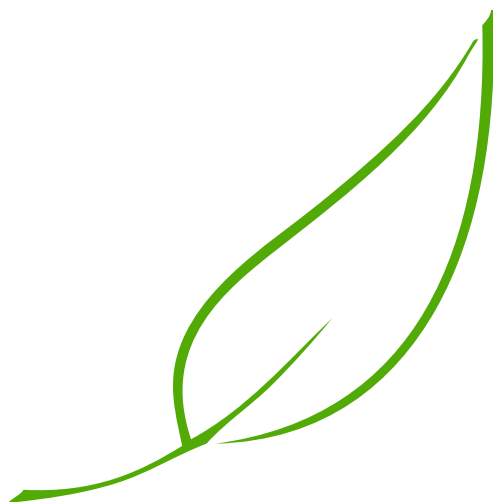


THE STORYTELLERS

by Ken Bradbury



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THE STORYTELLERS**by Ken Bradbury***4 Characters: (1m, 3f)**Miss Markham, Bruno, Ty-Anne, Regina*

MISS MARKHAM: Good morning, boys and girls! This is the day we've all been waiting for! National Reading Day in Our Schools! Remember that I promised you we'd have some very, very special guests at our school today? Yes! I've invited three wonderful people from our community to tell you stories! Isn't that wonderful? You see, they will each tell you a fairy tale and I'd like to introduce them right now! First ... this is Ty-Anne Matthews, a first grader at our own elementary school! Take a bow, Ty-Anne! *(Ty-Anne shyly comes forward and bows, thumb in her mouth)* Thumb out of your mouth, dear. And this is Bruno Greasragi, the man who changes people's oil down at the truck stop. Bruno?

BRUNO: *(taking a step forward and bowing)* Yo.

MISS MARKHAM: And finally, Regina Queensley, the owner of the British Bed, Breakfast and Bagels Tea Shop. Miss Queensley?

REGINA: *(a step forward, formally, and with a British accent)* Charmed, I'm sure.

MISS MARKHAM: So, storytellers? What stories did you prepare to tell us today?

TY-ANNE: I'm gonna do Goldilocks and the Three Bears.

MISS MARKHAM: Wonderful!

BRUNO: Uh ...

MISS MARKHAM: Yes, Bruno?

BRUNO: Dat's da one I was gonna do.

MISS MARKHAM: Oh, my.

REGINA: Pardon me, but I'm an expert on that story and I've been practicing it for weeks.

MISS MARKHAM: You all planned to tell about Goldilocks and the Three Bears?

TY-ANNE: Uh-huh.

BRUNO: Yo.

REGINA: Most assuredly.

MISS MARKHAM: Oh, my. We seem to have a problem. You all planned to tell the same story.

REGINA: It's simple. You two will have to change stories.

TY-ANNE: It's the only one I know.

BRUNO: Me too.

MISS MARKHAM: Dear me. I think we have a problem. Look ... I know ... perhaps if each of you could perform just a bit of the story? Could we do that? ... Please.

TY-ANNE: It's the only one I know.

BRUNO: Me too.

REGINA: How dreadful. I suppose so.

MISS MARKHAM: Good! Let's begin! Now pay attention, boys and girls! Ty-Anne, would you like to begin?

TY-ANNE: (*in her stumbling way with much fidgeting*) Well okay.

There was like three bears, you know ... and they were hairy and stuff ... and they had stuff runnin' from their noses and ...

MISS MARKHAM: Uh ... Bruno! Perhaps you'd like to take over.

BRUNO: Where'd she leave off?

REGINA: ... runny noses.

BRUNO: Oh. Well, dese bears was really, really big ... and they didn't have good 9-5 jobs. Dey just sorta cruised around da forest waitin' for some chick to

MISS MARKHAM: Uh! ... Regina? If you'd like to continue?

REGINA: I'll try. Let's get right to Goldilocks, shall we? The girl was rather lower class, but had aspirations to make something of herself in society, so she finished charm school and went on a walk in the woods. She wore a smart three-piece, tailored suit by Armani and ...

MISS MARKHAM: Uh ... Ty-Anne?

REGINA: What's wrong?

MISS MARKHAM: Nothing! Nothing! I just thought Ty-Anne might be done talking about nasal congestion. Ty-Anne?

TY-ANNE: And the bears noses was runnin' so bad that it was drippin' down in their fur and gettin' in their porridge and

...

MISS MARKHAM: Wait! Wait! Bruno? If you'd like to take over?

BRUNO: Sure thing. So dis Goldi chick was cruisin' da forest in a Chevy Suburban, 4-wheel drive and dual overhead cams and she ran smack into dis cabin full of bears. I mean "Whack!" But da bears weren't home. (*looking at Ty-Anne*) Dey was out

gettin' sinus medicine. ... and ...

MISS MARKHAM: Uh ... Regina?

REGINA: Well, the crash completely ruined her Louis Vuitton blue shoes and I mean the girl was just a wreck! There she was,

miles from a good manicure or health spa, and she chipped one

of her fingernails when ...

MISS MARKHAM: Wait! Wait! Ty-Anne?

TY-ANNE: I'm lost. Where are we?

REGINA: Bruno's on the grease rack, I'm at the Gap, and your bears are messing up the furniture.

TY-ANNE: Oh.

MISS MARKHAM: Go on, Ty-Anne.

TY-ANNE: So these bears was really fuzzy and stuff, you know? But they was nice bears, you know? And so, you know ...

MISS MARKHAM: Yes, we know. Bruno.

BRUNO: So Goldi got an estimate of like two thousand bucks for the crushed fenders and another five hundred for gettin' the bear droppings off the rear ...

MISS MARKHAM: Wait! Wait! Perhaps you'd like to continue, Regina?

REGINA: I'd be charmed, thank you. So Miss Locks stepped out of her wrecked Suburban and knocked on the door. I mean these bears were crude. They had no maid, no doorman ... nothing! So the girl went inside looking for some tea and crumpets.



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