# Easy Skits for the Small School

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All Is Well – Christmas Play
Adapted by Jeannie Costopoulos
Age Level: Grades 2-6
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This story is a children’s book. There are 7 speaking parts with the narrator, and as many neighbors as needed for each student to have a part. This is a modern story, so students will wear ordinary clothes as will fit their part.

Props needed: Bag of groceries, letter with the words “Past Due” in red, wagon, assorted treasures for the wagon including a box of Christmas things, egg carton, can opener, and a coffee can, wheelchair, bathrobe, box of Cheerios, small table and chair on the stage that can be easily removed. A special ornament will need to be made that says “All is well” on one side, and “For unto us a Child is born” on the other side. Sound effects: knocking, honking.

Characters: Narrator, Ruth (mother), Daniel, Abby Duvall the plumber’s wife, Mr. Patrick, Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. Dumbrowski, various neighbors.

(Daniel is sitting at a small table on the stage. Ruth is in the back of the auditorium.)

Narrator: “It was July—there was no snow, no tinsel, no Christmas trees or carolers singing “Silent Night.” It was summer, and the sun was hot. The folks in Daniel’s neighborhood were busy with their lives. They were cranky from the heat. No one was thinking about Christmas.”

(Ruth appears carrying a bag or sack of groceries. She walks slowly, a sad look on her face, toward the stage as the Narrator speaks.)

Narrator: “Ruth, Daniel’s mom, didn’t want to think about Christmas either. Her husband, a kind man who loved her and Daniel, had died almost a year ago. So their last Christmas was not a happy time. Christmas had only reminded Ruth and Daniel of how lonely they were. So, Ruth had left thoughts of Christmas far behind—except for three little words she’d heard at Christmas time so long ago: All is Well. She liked to say them often, whenever trouble came, whenever she felt sad. For some reason, those three little words brought her hope and lifted her spirits.”

Daniel (looking in the bag of groceries): “Mom, didn’t you buy any Cheerios?”

Ruth: “No, but look at it this way: We saved money, and I didn’t have to carry as much stuff home. I didn’t have to carry Cheerios, or ice cream, or popcorn, or dish soap either. Just feel how light this grocery bag is!”

Daniel: “Yeah, nice and light, and easy to carry!” (Quiet pause, putting away groceries)

Ruth: “So all is well, right?”

Daniel (whispers): “All is well.”

Ruth: “That’s the stuff! And besides, it won’t be long before I get a raise at work, and we’ll have a little more money around here.”

Daniel: “Then you can go back to nursing school?”

Ruth: “Well, no. I’ll still have to work to pay the bills.”

Daniel: “I could sell stuff!”

Ruth: Honey, we’ve already sold everything that isn’t nailed down.”
(Short pause.)

**Ruth:** “Did we get any mail?”

**Daniel:** “I put it on the counter.”

(Ruth picks up an envelope and frowns.)

**Daniel:** “What is it, Mom?”

**Ruth:** “It’s... well..., it’s a letter from Mr. Baynes, the man who owns this house.”

**Daniel:** “Uh-oh. Is he mad?”

**Ruth:** “Well, he wants money again, or we will have to move out.”

**Narrator:** “Daniel thought of the old house they lived in. It creaked when they walked, leaked when it rained, and the old toilet was noisy.”

**Daniel:** “Is that so bad?”

**Ruth** *(setting the letter down, smiling bravely)*: “Oh, don’t worry. We will make it somehow.”

**Daniel:** “So can I?”

**Ruth:** “Can you what?”

**Daniel:** “Sell stuff?”

**Ruth:** “Yes, Daniel.”

**Narrator:** “Very early the next morning, the neighbors could hear the rumble and squeak of Daniel’s wagon. He was going from house to house, timidly knocking at every door.”

**Daniel** *(knocking on the door)*: “Hi. I’m Daniel Preston from down the street. I’m selling stuff.”

**Abby Duvall** *(wearing a bathrobe)*: “You’re selling stuff?” Looks like junk to me!”

**Daniel:** “Yes, but it’s good junk. Look at this.”

**Abby Duvall:** “A coffee can?”

**Daniel:** “You can keep things in it. Look, it’s so shiny on the bottom you can see yourself.”

**Abby Duvall** *(laughing)*: “I don’t need any more empty cans around here.”

**Daniel** *(opening a large box full of old Christmas ornaments and things)*: “How about some Christmas ornaments?”

**Abby Duvall:** “In July?”

**Daniel:** “You can use them later, can’t you?”

**Abby Duvall** *(yawning sleepily)*: “No, I don’t want to think about Christmas. I have enough problems.”

**Daniel:** “Don’t you want to buy anything?”

**Abby Duvall:** “Not today, kid.” *(Closes the door.)*

**Narrator** *(as Daniel pretends to knock on other doors)*: “The rest of the morning didn’t go much better. It seemed all the neighbors had plenty of junk already. And they had no time to talk to a little boy selling more of it.”
Daniel (stopping and bowing his head): “Dear God, you just gotta help me sell something. I don’t want Mom to be sad.”

Narrator (Honking sound in background): “Look, it was old Mr. Patrick in his old red truck. He liked kids, and always let Daniel and his friends cross his yard to get to the woods. Daniel waved hello because friendly Mr. Patrick always waved back. This time he stopped and rolled down his window.”

Mr. Patrick: “Hi there, Daniel!”
Daniel: “Hi, Mr. Patrick.”

Mr. Patrick: “What do you have in the wagon?”
Daniel: “I’m selling special stuff today. Want to take a look?”

Mr. Patrick (parks truck): “Let’s have a look-see.”
Daniel: “I’ve got a shiny coffee can or a nice egg carton. Or how about this can opener?”

Mr. Patrick: “What’s in the box?”
Daniel: “Oh, that’s Christmas stuff. I guess it’s the wrong time of year. Nobody wants to buy it now.”

Mr. Patrick: “Ehhh… Let me see it.”

(Daniel opens the box to show shiny old Christmas ornaments. Mr. Patrick carefully picks up each piece, and holds it up so the audience can see it. If needed, he can name the different ornaments like he is talking to himself. He does not hold up the special ornament.)

Mr. Patrick: “Why are you selling all these things, Daniel?”
Daniel: “So we don’t have to move, and so Mom can go back to nursing school like she’s always wanted.”

Mr. Patrick: “I see. I’ll give you ten dollars for the whole box.”

Daniel (speechless)

Mr. Patrick (putting 10 dollars in Daniel’s hand): “Merry Christmas!”
Daniel: “Ten dollars! Wait until I show Mom!”

Narrator: “Daniel ran home as fast as he could with his ten dollar bill. He threw open the old front door that wobbled. He ran across the old floor that creaked, and found his mom on the old couch that sagged.”

Daniel (holding up the ten dollar bill): “Mom, look! Now we don’t have to move, and you can go back to nursing school!”

Ruth (tries to sound cheerful, but with a sad voice): “Oh, Daniel! That’s wonderful!”
Daniel: “What’s the matter, Mom?”
Ruth: “Oh, nothing. We are doing great, and you are really being helpful. Ten dollars! Wow!”

Daniel (sitting down sadly beside his mom, staring in her face): “Mom, tell me how come.”
Ruth: “How come what?”
Daniel: “How come all is well? You always used to tell me how come, every Christmas. Remember?”
Ruth: “Well, of course, I remember. It’s because…” (Ruth sits there and does not say a word.)
(Knocking sound. Mr. Patrick is standing outside Mrs. Lloyd’s door. She opens the door in a wheelchair.)

**Mr. Patrick**: “Hello, Doris. And how are you today?”

**Mrs. Lloyd (with a tired, I-don't-really-feel-good smile)**: “I’m okay, I guess.”

**Mr. Patrick**: “I suppose you have had a visit from little Daniel selling his special treasures?”

**Mrs. Lloyd**: “Sure did. But I am afraid I did not buy anything.”

**Mr. Patrick**: “Well, Doris, I did buy something for you.” (Takes an ornament out of his pocket and puts it in her hand.)

**Mrs. Lloyd (holding it close to her heart)**: “You bought this from Daniel?”

**Mr. Patrick**: “Oh, yes.”

**Mrs. Lloyd**: “How could he possibly sell it?”

**Mr. Patrick**: “So his mother won’t have to move out of their house.”

**Mrs. Lloyd gasps.**

**Mr. Patrick**: “I may need your help, Doris. May I call on you later? I have many other stops to make today.”

**Mrs. Lloyd (looking at the treasure in her hand)**: “Please do.”

**Narrator**: “That night, Daniel lay in bed unable to sleep. When his mother felt sad, he felt sad. And when ten dollars could not cheer her up, he felt even worse. When his eyes finally close, he felt more than sad. He felt afraid. The next morning, he sat in the empty kitchen eating the very last of the Cheerios. (Daniel comes on stage and sits at the table looking at an empty Cheerios box.) He kept saying those same three words to himself: “All is well... all is well.” And he asked himself, “How come all is well?” He thought of Mr. Patrick and the ten dollars. Then he remembered what Mr. Patrick said when he put the ten dollars in his hand: “Merry Christmas.”

**Daniel (Gasp, drops his spoon, eyes grow wide, and runs out the door)**: “Oh, no!”

**Ruth**: “Daniel, Daniel! Where are you going?” (Daniel runs off the stage, then comes back on the opposite side if possible.)

**Daniel (knocking on door, Mr. Patrick opens it)**: “Mr. Patrick, please. I need to buy back one of those Christmas things. It was a little dangly thing on a string, and it had glittery letters on it.”

**Mr. Patrick**: “The little clay one?”

**Daniel**: “That’s it!”

**Mr. Patrick**: “Oh, Daniel, I’m so sorry, but I don’t have it anymore.”

**Daniel**: “You don’t have it?”

**Mr. Patrick**: “I gave it to Mrs. Lloyd. She hasn’t been feeling well lately and I thought it might make her happy. So I gave it to her.”

**Daniel (without saying anything, runs off and knocks on another door)**: “Mrs. Lloyd! Mrs. Lloyd!” (No answer.) “Mrs. Lloyd, please!” (Starts to cry.) Please, Mrs. Lloyd, I need to get it back!”
Narrator: “But Mrs. Lloyd was not at home. Daniel stood alone on her front porch with no one to hear his cries. He finally returned home to their little, creaking, leaking house with the bare walls and the peeling paint. His mother was waiting, sitting on the couch. She had no words, only open arms; so he climbed onto the couch and rested his head on her shoulder.”

Ruth (in a soft, almost whisper): “Don’t worry, all is well.”

Daniel (tearful): “I thought I remembered. I wanted to show you how come all is well.”

Ruth (like a prayer, better if recorded so her lips aren’t moving): “Oh dear God, if You’ve given up on us, if You don’t care about us anymore, then let me know right now because I can’t go on as if You do care.” (Sits quietly holding Daniel for a long time. After a long pause, a tapping at the door.)

Mr. Patrick (from off stage, or outside the door): “Hello? Anybody home?”

Ruth and Daniel jump up from the couch, Ruth: “Mr. Patrick! Come in!”

(The door swings open, and a loud and happy cheer greets Daniel and Ruth. All the neighbors are out on the front porch. Mrs. Lloyd is behind them all in a wheelchair.)

Neighbors: “Merry Christmas!”

Narrator: “Ruth and Daniel could not believe what they saw. Mr. Patrick wasn’t alone on their front porch. The Smiths were there, and so were the Dumbrowskis with the funny accents. And Mr. Ketcham, who carved wood, and Mr. and Mrs. Peringer from the big green house with the windmill were there too. And the Buxtons, who had that big white dog, and some other people Daniel didn’t even know were there. But they were neighbors, every one of them. Daniel had seen their faces because he had knocked on all their doors.”

Mr. Patrick (holding out a shoebox): “We got together and brought you a little something.” (Takes the lid off the shoebox.) “We don’t want you to have to move. We like having you here.” (Ruth gasps with her hand over her mouth and begins to cry. Mr. Patrick holds the shoebox down so Daniel can see into it. It’s full of money.)

Daniel (eyes bugging out): “Now we can pay Mr. Baynes!”

Mr. Patrick: “That’s right, Daniel. Oh! And there is someone here to see you!”

(The neighbors part to let Mrs. Lloyd come through the crowd in the wheelchair.)

Mrs. Lloyd: “Hello, Daniel. I’m sorry I was not home. I was at a very important meeting.” (Looking around.) “A meeting with all these wonderful people.” (Reaches into her purse and brings out a small object.) “I believe you were looking for this?”

Daniel (taking ornament and showing Ruth): “Mom! It’s back!”

Ruth (taking ornament and feeling it): “Daniel, where did you find this?”

Daniel: “It was in a box with some other Christmas stuff. I accidentally sold it to Mr. Patrick, and then he gave it to Mrs. Lloyd.”

Mrs. Lloyd: “And I am feeling so much better today!”

Mr. Dumbrowski: “We all are!”
Daniel (hugging Ruth): “Now do you remember, Mom?”

Ruth (in a soft but clear voice): “Yes, I remember. Your dad made this ornament when you were only three years old. Then you painted it. It may be a funny shape, and the colors may be faded, but the message is still there. ‘All is well.’”

Daniel: “Turn it over, Mom! Turn it over!”

Ruth (still in the soft clear voice, reading): “For unto us a Child is born.”

Daniel: “All is well, huh, Mom?”

Ruth (folding her fingers around the ornament): “Yes, son, all it well.”

Narrator: “Now that she remembered how come ‘All is well,’ Ruth knew she and Daniel would be all right. She could joyfully tell Daniel once again that our lives are like a story. And God is the Grand Storyteller, who knows the happy ending of the story from the very beginning. She could tell Daniel about a stable in Bethlehem so long ago. There God came to earth as a baby so he could be a part of our story. And He came to stay with us until our story is completed His way, in His name, and for His glory. And that’s how come ‘All is well.’ Remember?”

Adapted from “All is Well, The Miracle of Christmas in July” by Frank Peretti, c. 2002.
Whenever possible, I read the original book to the students before we look at it as a play or skit.
This skit was done with 6 students for our Spring Program. The teacher was the narrator. It can be altered for more monkeys if needed, and a student could be the narrator.

**Characters:**
- **Narrator:**
- **Peddler:**
- **Monkeys:** At least one per color of cap. Could have two monkeys per cap color, depending on your number of actors/actresses and staging abilities.

**Costumes:** Peddler needs to wear something that looks old-fashioned, such as an old vest, bolo tie, or long-sleeved shirt. He has a dressed-up peasant look. He begins with a stack of caps on his head. They are stacked on top of whatever hat you have available. We used a black fedora type hat. The monkeys were allowed to wear what they wanted, but you could have the monkeys wear brown or black.

**Staging:** Set up a stage using artificial trees from home and around the church. Use other green plants to fill in around the base of the trees and across the front of the stage. Make a divider at the back of the stage for the monkeys to hide behind. Choir risers or chairs can be used behind the divider so the monkeys can squat down behind the divider. It is important that they are not seen until they stand up. When the monkeys stand up, it provides the illusion that they are up in the trees. Position the monkeys so that when they do stand up, they can be seen above the trees.

**Caps:** Caps may be purchased inexpensively from Wal-Mart or Oriental Trading. I altered the story based on the colors I was able to find. Each child selected which color he/she wanted, or we drew names.

**CAPS FOR SALE**

**Narrator:** Once there was a peddler who sold caps. But he was not like an ordinary peddler carrying his wares on his back. He carried them on top of his head. First he had on his own felt hat, then a bunch of purple caps, then a bunch of pink caps, then a bunch of blue caps, then a bunch of green caps, and on the very top a bunch of red caps. He walked up and down the streets, (peddler walks back and forth on the stage) holding himself very straight so as to not upset his caps. As he went along he called,

**Peddler:** "Caps! Caps for sale! Fifty cents a cap!"

**Narrator:** One morning he couldn't sell any caps. He walked up the street and he walked down the street calling,

**Peddler:** "Caps! Caps for sale! Fifty cents a cap!"

But nobody wanted any caps that morning. Nobody even wanted a red cap. He began to feel very hungry, but he had no money for lunch. (Peddler checks his pockets, pulls them out, and they are empty.)

**Peddler:** "Hmmm...I think I'll go for a walk in the country."

**Narrator:** And he walked out of town—slowly, slowly, so as not to upset his caps. He walked and walked for a long time until he came to a great big tree. (Peddler walks back and forth across the stage several times.)

**Peddler:** "That's a nice place for a rest."

**Narrator:** And he sat down very slowly under the tree and leaned back little by little against the tree trunk so as to not disturb the caps on his head. (Peddler sits down carefully and leans back very slowly.)

Then he put up his hand to feel if they were straight—first his own felt hat, then the purple caps, then the pink caps, then the blue caps, then the green caps, then the red caps on the very top. They were all there.
So he went to sleep. He slept for a very long time. (While the peddler is sleeping, the monkeys sneak around the divider and one by one steal all his caps. They return to their spots and stand up this time.) He slept and he slept and he slept. When he woke up he was refreshed and rested. (Peddler stretches and yawns loudly.) But before standing up he felt with his hand to make sure his caps were in the right place. All he felt was his own felt hat!

He looked to the right of him. No caps.
He looked to the left of him. No caps.
He looked in back of him. No caps.
He looked behind the tree. No caps.
The he looked up into the tree. And what do you think he saw???

On every branch sat a monkey. On every monkey was a purple, pink, blue, green, or red cap!
The peddler looked at the monkeys. (Puts his hands on his hips.)
The monkeys looked at the peddler.
He didn’t know what to do. Finally he spoke to them.

**Peddler, shaking finger:** “You monkeys, you,” he said, shaking a finger at them, “you give me back my caps.

But the monkeys only shook their fingers back at him and said,

**Monkeys, copying peddler:** “Tsz, tsz, tsz.”

This made the peddler angry, so he shook both hands at them and said,

**Peddler, shaking both hands:** “You monkeys, you! You give me back my caps.”

But the monkeys only shook both their hands back at him and said,

**Monkeys, copying peddler:** “Tsz, tsz, tsz.”

Now he felt quite angry. He stamped his foot, and he said,

**Peddler, stamping foot:** “You monkeys, you! You’d better give me back my caps!”

But the monkeys only stamped their feet back at him and said,

**Monkeys, copying peddler:** “Tsz, tsz, tsz.”

By this time the peddler was really very, very angry. He stamped both his feet and shouted,

**Peddler, stamping both feet:** “You monkeys, you! You must give me back my caps!”

But the monkeys only stamped both their feet back at him and said,

**Monkeys, copying peddler:** “Tsz, tsz, tsz.”

At last he became so angry that he pulled off his own cap, threw it on the ground, and began to walk away. (Peddler, pulling off cap and throwing it on the ground)

But then, each monkey pulled off his cap... And all the purple caps, and all the pink caps, and all the blue caps, and all the green caps, and all red caps came flying down out of the tree.
So the peddler picked up his caps and put them back on his head—First his own felt hat, then the purple caps, then the pink caps, then the blue caps, then the green caps, then the red caps on the very top. And slowly, slowly, he walked back to town calling,

**Peddler, walking away:** “Caps! Caps for sale! Fifty cents a cap!”

From “Caps For Sale” by Esphyr Slobodkina, c. 1940, 1947, renewed 1968
A Reading Rainbow book
Whenever possible, I read the original book to the students before we look at it as a play or skit.
This was used for Children’s Story as part of our Christmas Sabbath. We used puppets for most of the animals. We had an inn keeper, Mary, and Joseph dressed in Bible Costumes. We had an old stuffed donkey that a student carried as the donkey. The children who were animals were sitting in spots near the front so when it was their turn, they could come up and sit beside the previous animal.

Characters:  Narrator, Kind Ox, Old Dog, Stray Cat, Small Mouse, Tired Donkey, Mary, Joseph, Innkeeper.

**Narrator:** It was a cold winter’s night. Kind Ox lay in his stable, close to the side of the inn. Old Dog came by. He stopped and looked into the stable.

**Old Dog:** “I need somewhere to rest.”

**Kind Ox:** “Come inside. There’s always room for a little one here.”

Old Dog came in and lay down in the straw. He nestled close to Kind Ox, sharing the warmth of his stable. Stray Cat peered in. She saw Old Dog and she stopped. Stray Cat arched her back and her fur bristled. (Cat yowls/meows)

**Old Dog:** “I’ll not chase you.”

**Kind Ox:** “Come inside, there’s always room for a little one here.”

Stray Cat came into the stable. She curled up in the straw, close to the friends she had found, purring and twitching her tail. Small Mouse stopped at the door of the stable. She saw Stray Cat and she quivered with fear. (Student with mouse puppet shaking the puppet.)

**Stray Cat:** “You’re safe here—I won’t harm you.”

**Kind Ox:** “Come inside, there’s always room for a little one here.”

Small Mouse scurried in. She nestled down warm in the straw, in the peace of the stable. (Mary, Joseph, and Tired Donkey start walking down the aisle.) Then Tired Donkey came. Joseph led him along. Mary rode on Tired Donkey’s back. Joseph was cold and Mary was weary, but there was no room at the inn.

(Wait while Mary and Joseph go to the innkeeper, pretend to knock, he shakes his head.)

**Innkeeper:** “No, no room here. No room at all.”

**Mary:** “Where will my baby be born?”

**Kind Ox (calling):** “Come inside, there’s always room for a little one here.”

Tired Donkey brought Mary into the stable. Joseph made her a warm bed in the straw, to save her from the cold of the night. And so Jesus was born with the animals around Him. **(Lift each animal)** Kind Ox, Old Dog, Stray Cat, Small Mouse, and Tired Donkey all welcomed Him to the warmth of their stable.

Adapted from “Room for a Little One, A Christmas Tale” by Martin Waddell, c. 2004

Whenever possible, I read the original book to the students before we look at it as a play or skit.
Why Didn’t You Say So? – Skit
Performed with Grades 1-3
Adapted by Jeannie Costopoulos
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Characters and Costume suggestions
Narrator—Dressed up nicely
Little John—boy with a cap
Man raking leaves—holding rake, man’s shirt
3 Girls on skates—little frilly skirts
Ice Cream Woman—white shirt/lab coat, sun visor hat
Man in park reading newspaper—suit jacket and hat
Old woman feeding birds— wig, kerchief, shawl, dress
Service Station Man—cap

Props—Newspaper, bell for the ice cream woman, chairs or park bench, skates if you have them, bottled water with red food coloring in it. For this performance, we used little staging, just costumes and the imagination.

Narrator: Willie was gone! Little John looked under the picnic table. He looked inside the garage. He called and whistled.

Little John: “I wonder where Willie went?”

Narrator: Nobody knew. Not his mother. Not his father, who was the man they called Big John because he was bigger than Little John. His mother said, “You go look for Willie.” Little John went walking, walking, until he came to a man raking lemon leaves.

Little John: “Have you seen Willie?”

Man with rake: “What does he look like?”

Little John: “He is mostly brown.”

Man with rake: “No, I haven’t seen him.”

Narrator: The man went on raking leaves. Little John passed the lemon grove. Trees and more trees, row upon row. But no Willie. Soon he saw three girls, all with pigtails, all roller blading in a driveway.

Little John (calling): “Have you seen Willie?”

Girl: “What does he look like?”

Little John: “He is mostly brown. And he has a long tail with white on it.”

All the girls (together): “Oh, no! We haven’t seen Willie.”

Narrator: Little John kept on walking. It wasn’t long before he saw the ice cream woman in her truck.

Little John (calling): “Hello! Have you seen Willie?”

Ice Cream Woman: “Chocolate, strawberry, and peach.”

Little John: “No, no! I don’t want ice cream. I want Willie. Have you seen him?”

Ice Cream Woman: “Oh, no.” (ringing bell)

Little John: “Are you sure? You don’t even know what he looks like!”

Ice Cream Woman: “Well, what does he look like?”

Little John: “He is mostly brown. And he has a long tail with white on it. And he has one blue eye and one brown eye.”

Ice Cream Woman: “I haven’t seen Willie.”

Narrator: She drove away, ringing her bell….. Little John kept walking, walking. Pretty soon he came to a little park. There he sat down on a bench, next to a man reading a newspaper. Little John cleared his throat.
(Man looks over the top of his newspaper.)

**Man with news** (booming voice): “Yes?”

**Little John:** “Have you seen Willie?”

**Man with news:** “Willie who?”

**Little John:** “Just Willie.”

**Man with news:** “Doesn’t he have a last name?”

**Little John:** “I don’t think so.”

**Man with news:** “Then I guess you’ll never find him.” (Puts the newspaper back up.)

**Narrator:** Little John kept on walking until he came to a small house among tall trees. An old lady with a red kerchief on her head was feeding the birds.

**Little John:** “Hello! Have you seen Willie?”

**Old lady:** “Willie, Willie? (pause) What does Willie look like?”

**Little John:** “He’s mostly brown. And he has a long tail with white on it. One blue eye and one brown eye. And he is this tall.”

(Plays out hand and measures.)

**Old lady:** “Oh my goodness, no! I haven’t seen him.” (Shakes your head sadly.)

**Narrator:** Little John’s feet dragged. Where, oh where had Willie gone? There was one more place to go, to the service station. If Willie wasn’t here, then he was gone for good.

**Service Station man:** Pretends to put gas in a car.

**Little John:** “Have you seen Willie?”

**Service Station man:** “What does Willie look like?”

**Little John:** “He’s mostly brown. And he has a long tail with white on it. One blue eye and one brown eye. About this tall, and he has a red collar.”

**Service Station man:** “Nope, I haven’t seen Willie. I haven’t seen him at all.”

**Narrator:** So that was that. Little John turned toward home. Willie, Willie, where are you? He wondered. When Little John came to the small house among tall trees, the old lady who had been feeding birds poked her head out of the window.

**Old lady (calling):** “Did you find your pony?”

**Little John:** “Pony! I’m not looking for a pony! I’m looking for my dog!”

**Old lady:** “Your dog? I declare! Why didn’t you say so?”

**Narrator:** In the park, the man was still reading the newspaper.

**Man with news** (loudly): “Willie who? Willie who?”

**Little John:** “Just Willie.”

**Narrator:** Little John kept on walking. Pretty soon he saw the ice cream truck. The ice cream woman stopped.

**Ice Cream Woman:** “Did you find your goat?”

**Little John:** “My goat! I’m not looking for a goat. I’m looking for my dog!”
Ice Cream Woman: “Your dog! Why in the world didn’t you say so?” (Rings her bell and goes on.)

Narrator: When Little John passed the girls with roller blades, they were sitting under a tree, sipping strawberry sodas.

Girls: “Did you find your squirrel?”

Little John: “My squirrel! I’m not looking for a squirrel, I’m looking for my D-O-G.”

Girls (laughing): “Well, Why didn’t you say so?”

Narrator: Finally Little John was back where he’d started. The man raking leaves was still there.

Man with rake: “Did you find your cat?

Little John (loudly): “My cat! I’m not looking for a cat. I am looking for my D-O-G.”

Man with rake (leaning on it): “A dog! A D-O-G. Well! Why didn’t you say so? Is he brown with a long tail with white on it? With one blue eye and one brown eye. And this tall, and wearing a red collar.

Little John (shouting): “Yes! That’s Willie!”

Man with rake: “Oh? I found a dog like that and I put him in my garage.”

Little John: “Well, why didn’t you say so?”

Man with rake: “You didn’t ask.”

From “Well! Why Didn’t You Say So?” by Jo Anne Wold, c. 1975
Also in the Life Reading Series, Level 8
Whenever possible, I read the original book to the students before we look at it as a play or skit.