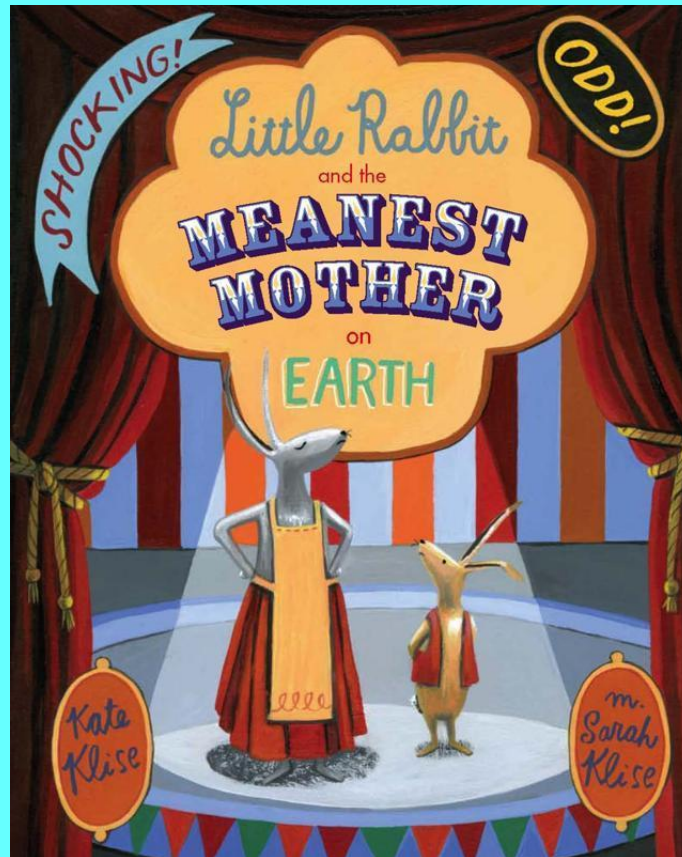


A Readers Theater Script for *Little Rabbit and the Meanest Mother on Earth*

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Hey kids, let's put on a play! Here's a fun class project that's perfect for Mother's Day--or any day at all! Simply choose 12 children (or adults) to play the following roles.

Characters:

Narrators 1, 2, 3, and 4

Little Rabbit

Mother Rabbit

Ringmaster

Mother Kangaroo
Young Kangaroo
Owl
Skunk
Moose

Narrator 1: Little Rabbit was playing in his messy room when he heard the sound of drums beating far away.

Narrator 2: He knew it could mean only one thing.

Little Rabbit: The circus is in town! The circus is in town!

Narrator 3: He watched as the performers paraded past his playroom window.

Narrator 4: Little Rabbit found his mother reading in the living room.

Little Rabbit: Can I go to the circus?

Mother Rabbit: If your playroom is clean.

Little Rabbit: I'll clean my playroom tomorrow.

Mother Rabbit: I'd like you to clean your playroom now, and then you may go to the circus.

Narrator 1: So Little Rabbit started to clean.

He began by pushing a moldy old experiment under his desk.

Narrator 2: Then he tried to tidy up his collection of sticks and rocks.

Narrator 3: But somehow his playroom seemed to get messier, not neater.

Little Rabbit (kicking a stack of toys): It's hopeless. I'll never get my playroom clean in time to go to the circus.

Mother Rabbit: No circus for you today Little Rabbit.

Little Rabbit (yelling): I never get to do anything fun! It's not fair! You're so mean! I'm . . . It's . . . You're

Narrator 4: But Little Rabbit was too angry to continue.

Narrator 1: Then he had an idea. He climbed out his playroom window and found the ringmaster.

Little Rabbit: I'd like to join the circus.

Ringmaster: What's your act, your specialty, your claim to fame?

Little Rabbit: Well, I have the Meanest Mother on Earth.

Ringmaster: Is that so? If you can sell one hundred tickets to see her, you're in tonight's show.

Narrator 2: *Why not*, thought Little Rabbit.

Little Rabbit (in a loud voice): Come see the Meanest Mother on Earth! She has two heads, and she uses them to think up mean ways to punish the small and the innocent.

Mother Kangaroo: Really? I find that hard to believe.

Young Kangaroo (in a little voice): I can believe it.

Little Rabbit: Come to the circus and see for yourselves!

Narrator 3: And Little Rabbit sold his first two tickets.

Narrator 4: But he needed to sell 98 more.

Little Rabbit (in a louder voice): Are you brave enough to witness the Meanest Mother on Earth? She has two heads and green teeth.

Owl: She sounds terrifying.

Little Rabbit: She *is* terrifying! And ferocious, too. Why, if you just look at her the wrong way, she'll chop off your tail and eat it in one

bite.

Skunk: Oh, I have to see that! One ticket, please.

Little Rabbit (in his loudest voice): The Meanest Mother on Earth is appearing tonight! Don't miss your chance to see this Mysterious Marvel of a Maternal Monstrosity!

Narrator 1: By six o'clock, Little Rabbi had sold one hundred tickets.

Ringmaster: Good work. Now get ready. You're on in one hour.

Narrator 2: Little Rabbit raced home and crawled back in his playroom window.

Narrator 3: He found Mother Rabbit cleaning her room.

Little Rabbit: I have a big surprise for you!

Mother Rabbit: You cleaned your playroom?

Little Rabbit: Even better than that, but it's a secret.

Narrator 4: Little Rabbit tied a blindfold around Mother Rabbit's eyes and led her to the circus.

Narrator 1: When they arrived, the ringmaster

was already introducing them.

Ringmaster (dramatically): And now, for our final act of the evening, I present to you the Amazing Little Rabbit and the Meanest Mother on Earth.

[A moment of silence]

Owl: What's so terrifying about her?

Young Kangaroo: You said she had two heads?

Skunk: Her teeth are no greener than mine. I want my money back.

Moose: Me, too!

Narrator 2: And with that, the moose threw a peanut at Little Rabbit. Soon all the animals were throwing peanuts.

Mother Rabbit: Wait! I'll show you all something guaranteed to terrify.

Little Rabbit: You will?

Mother Rabbit: Yes! Follow me!

Narrator 3: Mother Rabbit led the animals back to the Rabbits' house.

Mother Rabbit: Welcome to the Messiest Room on Earth. Stinky socks! Dirty rocks! An

Emporium of Odiferous Oddities! You won't believe your eyes or your nose.

Skunk: This is shocking.

Moose: Unbelievable.

Mother Rabbit: After you conclude your tour of the Messiest Room on Earth, you may take anything you like as a souvenir. In fact, take two. Or three.

Narrator 4: It was almost midnight when the animals left.

Little Rabbit: Next time, I'll clean my playroom myself.

Mother Rabbit (very firmly): Yes, you will. I have no doubt about that.

Narrator 1: That night Mother Rabbit let Little Rabbit sleep in his playroom under a homemade circus tent.

Little Rabbit: I'm . . . It's . . . You're not really . . .

Narrator 2: But he was too sleepy to finish.

Mother Rabbit. I know I'm not the Meanest Mother on Earth. I'm the luckiest.

