

**A Reader's Theater Script for**  
**The Boy Who Cried Lunch Monitor**

Adapted from "The Boy Who Cried Lunch Monitor," a chapter in *The Fabled Fourth Graders of Aesop Elementary School*, written by Candace Fleming, Schwartz & Wade, 2007. (For grades 2-5.)

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ROLES: Narrator 1, Narrator 2, Narrator 3, Narrator 4, Narrator 5, Mrs. Bunz, Lenny, Jackie, Victoria, Calvin, Melvin, Students

**NOTE:** If you want everyone in your class to have a role, expand the number of narrators. One child can be Narrator 1 on pages 1 and 2, and another can be Narrator 1 on pages 3 and 4, and so on. You could have 12 narrators this way. The role of Students can be played by the remaining children. They act as a sort of chorus. When you compare the script to the original chapter, you'll note that the many children have been consolidated into 5 roles, to make sure they everybody gets a decent amount of lines.

**NARRATOR 1:** The fourth grade class at Aesop Elementary School had a reputation among all the teachers for being —

**NARRATOR 2:** Precocious.

**NARRATOR 3:** High energy.

**NARRATOR 4:** Robust.

**NARRATOR 5:** Because Mrs. Bertha Bunz, the lunchroom monitor, wasn't a teacher, she felt free to speak the truth.

**MRS. BUNZ:** Humph! Those kids are just plain naughty!

**NARRATOR 1:** Mrs. Bunz ruled Aesop Elementary's lunchroom with an iron fist.

**LENNY:** No kid dared blow bubbles in his milk, or slurp her spaghetti, or stick a straw up his nose. If one of them did . . .

**MRS. BUNZ:** *(bellowing into her bullhorn)* **LUNCHROOM INFRACTION! Five minutes . . . on the WALL!**

**JACKIE:** On the wall. Those three words stuck fear into the heart of every student at Aesop Elementary.

**STUDENTS:** *(Students hug arms and shiver and shudder)* **On the wall. Oooooohhhhhh.**

**VICTORIA:** On the wall. It was Mrs. Bunz's favorite punishment. A form of torture so horrible that anyone who endured it never again left his bread crusts uneaten, or chewed with her mouth open.

**NARRATOR 2:** Still, at the beginning of every school year, there was always one kid foolish enough to tangle with . . .

**STUDENTS:** **BIG BAD BUNZ.**

**CALVIN:** *(hollering)* **You know what I'm having for lunch?**

**NARRATOR 3:** Before anyone could warn her, she would open her mouth wide so all could see the gob of half-chewed baloney with mustard and pickle relish on pumpernickel lurking inside.

**CALVIN:** *(opens mouth wide)* **SEAFOOD!**

**MRS. BUNZ:** *(bellowing into her bullhorn)* **LUNCHROOM INFRACTION! Five minutes . . . on the WALL!**

**STUDENTS:** **On the wall. Oooooohhhhhh.** *(Students hug arms and shiver and shudder)*

**MRS. BUNZ:** *(bellowing into her bullhorn)* **I think you have something to say to your classmates!**

**CALVIN:** *(looks bewildered)* Huh?

**MRS. BUNZ:** *(bellowing into her bullhorn)* **An apology. You owe us all an apology!**

**NARRATOR 4:** No one could bear to watch.

**NARRATOR 5:** One hundred elementary school students would quickly look down at their carrot sticks or stare at their apple slices.

**CALVIN:** *(looks embarrassed, stammers)* I . . . I don't understand.

**NARRATOR 1:** That was when Mrs. Bunz would pull the note card, yellowed with age and wrinkled from much use, from her pocket.

**MRS. BUNZ:** Read it.

**CALVIN:** *(in a quivering voice)* I apologize for my rudeness and promise to use my best table manners the next time I sit down to lunch.

**MRS. BUNZ:** Thank you.

**NARRATOR 2:** Then she'd walk away, leaving the kid to simmer in her own embarrassment for five minutes . . .

**NARRATORS:** **ON THE WALL.**

**CALVIN:** *(puts arm straight out against wall, palms back, a mortified look on his face)*

**STUDENTS:** **On the wall. Oooooohhhhhh.** *(Students hug arms and shiver and shudder)*

**NARRATOR 3:** No wonder the children in Aesop's Elementary's lunchroom sat up straight, ate in silence, and cleaned up all their trash.

**MRS. BUNZ:** Lunchtime isn't about enjoyment. It's about discipline, and maintaining order.

**NARRATOR 4:** There was an emergency in the school and Mrs. Bunz was called to help with her bullhorn.

**MRS. BUNZ:** I'm on my way! (*stomps out*)

**NARRATOR 5:** Left unmonitored, the students sat in silence for a moment. Then . . .

**NARRATOR 1:** Lenny glanced furtively around the lunchroom. He took a big swig of his Mr. Fizz and . . .

**LENNY:** **B-U-U-U-R-P!**

**NARRATORS 1-5:** The doors of restraint were belched wide open.

**JACKIE:** **Hey, Calvin. Catch my Cheesy Puffs.** (*tosses one in Calvin's open mouth*)

**CALVIN:** (*catches Cheesy Puff and chews it*) Good throw, Jackie!

**VICTORIA:** Watch me put a pretzel stick up my nose!

**STUDENTS:** (*laugh and yell and gargle their chocolate milk*)

**NARRATOR 2:** The only fourth grader not laughing or talking or joining in the fun was Melvin Moody.

**NARRATOR 3:** Melvin was used to not joining in. He was used to not being part of the group.

**NARRATOR 4:** Somehow, in Mr. Jupiter's class, Melvin always managed to blurt out the wrong thing, or pick his nose when someone was looking, or fumble the ball at recess and lose the championship kickball game.

**NARRATOR 5:** Now Melvin was suddenly seized with an uncontrollable urge.

**MELVIN:** (*leaps up, cups hands around mouth*) **LUNCH MONITOR! LUNCH MONITOR!**

**LENNY:** **Uh, oh!**

**JACKIE:** Victoria, get that pretzel stick out of your nose!

**VICTORIA:** Whoops!

**NARRATORS 1-5:** Fear swept through the room.

**STUDENTS:** *(sit up straight, fix their hair, fold hands)*

**NARRATOR 1:** A minute passed.

**NARRATOR 2-3:** Then another.

**NARRATORS 1-5:** And another.

**VICTORIA:** She's not coming.

**LENNY:** *(to Melvin, angrily)* You did it! You ruined the fun!

**JACKIE:** BOOOO!

**CALVIN:** *(sticks out tongue at Melvin)*

**NARRATOR 1:** Someone threw a banana peel.

**NARRATOR 2-3:** It hit Melvin on the back of the head.

**NARRATORS 1-5:** And Melvin loved it!

**MELVIN:** *(to audience, proudly)* I'm the center of attention!

**NARRATOR 1:** Melvin felt like a celebrity.

**VICTORIA:** There's that kid from the lunchroom.

**MELVIN:** I'm somebody!

**LENNY:** What a loser.

**JACKIE:** What's his name again?

**STUDENTS:** *(shrug and shake their heads)*

**NARRATOR 2:** The next day, Mrs. Bunz got a phone call in the office.

**MRS. BUNZ:** Tell them I'm busy. What? It's from my mother, the

marine? She's calling from boot camp? All right. I'm coming. *(stalks out)*

**VICTORIA:** Hey everyone, watch me squeeze all the cream filling out of my cupcakes.

**LENNY:** Let's have a cookie race down the table.

**JACKIE:** *(in sports announcer voice)* And the Oreo takes the lead. Followed by Hydrox and Girl Scout . . .

**STUDENTS:** *(laugh and yell and blow straw covers in the air)*

**MELVIN:** *(leaps up, cups hands around mouth)* **LUNCH MONITOR! LUNCH MONITOR!**

**LENNY:** Quick! Stuff the cookies in your mouth!

**STUDENTS:** *(sit up straight, fix their hair, fold hands)*

**NARRATOR 3:** Flushed and panting, everyone braced themselves for . . . nothing!

**CALVIN:** Not again! What's your problem, kid?

**MELVIN:** *(proud, grinning)* They're all talking about and recognizing ME! I am **SOMEBODY!**

**NARRATOR 4:** Fame was fleeting.

**NARRATOR 5:** By the middle of the following week, Melvin was as forgotten as last month's vocabulary words.

**NARRATOR 1:** Then, during lunch . . .

**NARRATORS 1-5: CRASH!**

**NARRATOR 2:** It was the secretary, Mrs. Shorthand, who had been standing on a swivel chair and hanging a sign in the hallway.

**NARRATORS 1-5: MAYDAY!**

**MRS. BUNZ:** I'm on my way! I'm coming, Mrs. Shorthand! *(runs out)*

**JACKIE:** Hey, everyone. Let's play Flick Your Peas!

**STUDENTS:** *(laugh and yell and flick their peas)*

**MELVIN:** *(to audience)* Oh, no. Here comes Mrs. Bunz. *(leaps up, cups hands around mouth)* **LUNCH MONITOR! LUNCH MONITOR!**

**LENNY:** Yeah, right!

**MRS. BUNZ:** *(starts coming back to lunchroom)*

**MELVIN:** *(hops up and down)* **LUNCH MONITOR! LUNCH MONITOR!**

**MRS. BUNZ:** *(gets closer)*

**CALVIN:** Knock it off, kid. Nobody believes you.

**NARRATOR 3:** Mrs. Bunz pushed on the wide swinging cafeteria doors.

**NARRATOR 4:** Panicked and desperate, Melvin leaped onto a table.

**MELVIN:** *(hops up and down, waving his arms)* **LUNCH MONITOR! LUNCH MONITOR!**

**NARRATOR 5:** His behavior finally grabbed their attention.

**STUDENTS:** **HUH?** *(All swivel to gape at Melvin.)*

**MRS. BUNZ:** *(bursts into lunchroom, bellowing through her bullhorn)* **LUNCHROOM INFRACTION!**

**MELVIN:** *(hops up and down, waving his arms)* **LUNCH MONITOR! LUNCH MONITOR!**

**MRS. BUNZ:** Unbelievable! I'm gone just a few minutes and look how you behave! Melvin Moody, that's five minutes . . . **ON THE WALL!**

**STUDENTS:**            **On the wall. Oooooohhhhhh.** (*Students hug arms and shiver and shudder*)

**MELVIN:**            (*puts arm straight out against wall, palms back, a mortified look on his face*)

**NARRATORS 1-5: MORAL.**

**EVERYONE:**        (*shake fingers at Melvin*) **LIARS ARE NOT BELIEVED  
EVEN WHEN THEY TELL THE TRUTH.**

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Judy Freeman ([www.JudyReadsBooks.com](http://www.JudyReadsBooks.com)) is a well-known consultant, writer, and speaker on children's literature, and the author of *Books Kids Will Sit Still For 3* (Libraries Unlimited, 2006) and *Once Upon a Time!: Using Storytelling, Creative Drama, and Reader's Theater with Children in Grades PreK-6* (2007).