

A Reader's Theater Script for
Lester's Dreadful Sweaters
Written and Illustrated by K.G. Campbell
Script Adaptation by Betty Potter, TBA Committee Member

Readers:

Narrator	Lester	Cousin Clara
Mother	Father	Clown(s)

Narrator: Meet Lester, a very precise boy living a well-organized life. Lester combs his hair just so, measures his socks to make sure they are pulled up evenly and keeps alphabetized lists of things. When he learned Cousin Clara's cottage was consumed by a crocodile, he added crocodiles to his list of "Suspicious Stuff Starting with C."

Lester: (primly, with disapproval) Cottages aren't meant for munching.

Mother: (to father) Cousin Clara is your cousin. She should come here to stay.

Father: She isn't MY cousin, she's your cousin!

Mother: No, she's not, but I suppose it doesn't matter. She is coming to stay anyway.

Narrator: At first, everything went well enough. Cousin Clara was little and frilly and all she did was sit and knit.

Cousin Clara: Clickety click, clickety click. I made you a sweater Lester.

Lester: How kind...

Narrator: ...and then Lester saw it. It was DREADFUL--shriveled and saggy with holes where it shouldn't and none where it should. It was YELLOW with PURPLE pom poms!

Mother: Say thank you Lester.

Lester: (quietly) Thank you.

Father: He'll wear it to school.

Narrator: Lester's day did not go well. Later that day, the sweater had a mysterious accident in the laundry.

Cousin Clara: Not to worry...Clickety click, clickety click.

Narrator: The next morning there was another GHASTLY sweater. This one was pink and dotted with oddly placed upside-down pockets.

Mother and Father: Don't you look handsome!

Narrator: Lester's day went even worse than the day before. The sweater was found in the yard, inexplicably shredded by the lawn mower.

Cousin Clara: Never mind...Clickety click, clickety click.

Narrator: When Lester was forced to wear a sweater that looked like a chicken costume to a birthday party, he said...

Lester: (discouraged) I'm doomed to a life of dreadful sweaters.

Narrator: The guests thought he was with the clowns.

Lester: (primly, with disapproval) I don't approve of clowns.

Clown(s): (pinching noses and honking)

Lester: (primly, with disapproval) Noses are not for honking.

Clown(s): We LOVE your sweater! The feathers and feet are super cute!

Lester: (hopefully) Would you like one of your own?

Narrator: Upon seeing Cousin Clara's collection of sweaters, the clowns went nuts!

Clown(s): So *stylish*, So *fresh*, So *inspired!!!* Can you make more?

Narrator: On the spot, Cousin Clara was offered a job knitting clown costumes. Since it DID NOT involve crocodiles and DID include a fanciful caravan to live in, Clara packed up her knitting and accepted the offer.

And when Lester discovered a honking clown nose and a truly gruesome maroon sweater with itchy, ill-fitting bits with bells after everyone was gone, he DID NOT put it in the garbage.

Lester: Just in case I ever become a clown...

All: (with a bow) The End

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