

A Reader's Theater Script for
Rebel McKenzie
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Readers:

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Mama

Lynette

Rebel

Rudy

Narrator 1: All Rebel McKenzie ever wanted to be was a paleontologist. She was even daring enough to try to run away to make it to a real dig at the *Ice Age Kid's Dig and Safari* in Saltville, Virginia.

Narrator 2: She attempted to run away wearing a week's worth of clothes and some flimsy shoes. Bad idea! The flimsy shoes gave her blisters making it hard to walk. The prisoner she stopped to talk to on a chain gang ended her attempt. The prison guard caught her and escorted her back to her mother.

Narrator 1: As you may suspect, her mother was not happy at all. She shrieked when she saw Rebel's blood-caked tennis shoes. Her blisters had popped and she had gravel embedded in her feet. The doctor had to prescribe a special ointment and antibiotics.

Narrator 2: About a week later, she woke up to a familiar voice, her sister Lynette, speaking with her mother.

Mama: She pulled this stunt just to get attention.

Lynette: I never caused you half the trouble Rebel does, and you threatened to send *me* to reform school. Maybe Rebel needs a dose of reform school.

Narrator 1: Rebel didn't like what her sister was saying so she limped into the living room.

Rebel: (snidely) When did you get here?

Lynette: Day before yesterday, nice to see you too.

Mama: Lynette's back for good. She's renting in Grandview Estates.

Rebel: Really? Great. I guess. But where's Chuck going to race his monster truck? I thought that's why you left Frog Level in the first place.

Lynette: (changing the subject) Rebel, say hi to Rudy. It's been donkey's years since you saw him last. (to Rudy) You're a big boy now, aren't you, Poopsy Poodle?

Rebel: Hey Rudy. How old are you? Fifteen? Sixteen?

Rudy: Aw, Rebel. I'm only seven. (pronounced as "seven")

Narrator 2: Trying to get back on topic, Rebel turns her attention to Lynette and asks her...

Rebel: Where's Chuck?

Lynette: Last I heard, still in Alabama.

Rudy: (interjects excitedly) Daddy's racing Mud Hog this weekend.

Lynette: (annoyed) Just like he does every weekend. I'm tired of playing second fiddle to a truck on growth hormones. So I packed up Rudy and came back to Virginia.

Mama: What are your plans?

Lynette: I enrolled in Dot's Pink Palace Beauty Academy. Everybody says I'm good with hair. (determined attitude) I have to stand on my own two feet since I can't put no depends in Chuck. I have to think of Rudy.

Mama: Beauty school is fine, but it won't put bread on the table.

Lynette: I also got a job as a shampoo girl. But I can't leave Rudy all day while I'm at school in the morning and Hair Magic in the afternoons. (turns to speak to Rebel) That's where you come in, Rebel.

Rebel: (suspiciously) Me?

Lynette: A lady a few mobile homes down keeps an eye on the neighborhood kids, but she's not a full-time babysitter. I need you to live with us this summer and watch Rudy.

Mama: (interjects) Rebel's too young.

Lynette: She's twelve! It's time she takes some responsibility, let her work.

Mama: I don't know, Rebel's young for her age.

Rebel: (defensively) I am not! Don't I have a say in this?

Mama: No. I'll call your daddy and see what he thinks.

Rebel: (trying to take advantage of the situation) How much will you pay me?

Lynette: (bluntly) Nothing. I can't afford it.

Rebel: (exasperated) I'm not going to work for nothing! That's slavery!

Mama: Okay, Rebel, your daddy says you can go. Lynette, make sure that she uses that cream and changes her bandages.

Rebel: (desperately) I'm not going!

Mama: You are going. Your sister needs you.

Narrator 1: At this point Rebel sees no solution but to go with her sister. Her mother seems too eager to get Rebel out of the house by slapping clothes into a bag and practically pushing her out the door, but then leaned into the car to kiss her cheek.

Mama: Behave now, Rebel. Your daddy and I will miss you.

Rebel: Don't worry, Mama.

Narrator 2: They headed out of town. Grandview Estates was anything but grand. When Rebel referred to it as a trailer park, her sister quickly corrected her.

Lynette: Don't say trailer park, we live in a mobile home community.

Rebel: Pardon *moi*.

Narrator 1: Trapped in a mobile home with her prissy sister who may be worse than her own mom, babysitting a seven year old for free, and NOT going to a paleontology dig was not how Rebel had wanted to spend her summer.

Narrator 2: Can things get any worse? Add a bully, an old woman named Miss Odenia, a beauty pageant and more craziness. Will Rebel ever make it to the paleontology dig?

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