

A Reader's Theater Script for
Spy Camp
Written by Stuart Gibbs
Script Adaptation by Mary Pettit, TBA Committee Member

Readers:

Narrator 1	Narrator 2	Narrator 3
Woodchuck	Warren	Jawa
Chip	Claire	Zoe
Ben	Alexander	

Narrator 1: Ben Ripley, spy camper and hero of our story, is in trouble! SPYDER, an evil enemy organization, is after him! Let's look in on the action:

Narrator 2: Woodchuck and Ben weren't the only ones who set off from spy camp that morning. An entire busload of students rolled out the gates.

Narrator 3: In part, this was to cover Ben's evacuation: Just in case SPYDER was tailing Ben, at some point Woodchuck and Ben planned to surreptitiously slip off the bus, which would then continue on with everyone else on board serving as decoys.

Narrator 1: The bus was heading way off the grid.

Narrator 2: Two and a half hours after leaving camp, the campers' bus was chugging up a narrow track carved into the edge of a steep mountain with a precipitous ravine dropping away below.

Woodchuck: The first key to survival is teamwork. Suppose this road were to collapse right now and our bus were to plummet into the ravine . . .

Warren: Is that a possibility?

Woodchuck: Certainly. Now imagine: The bus plunges into the river. The wreckage is

hideous. The carnage is terrible. But a few of you manage to escape. What is the first thing you do?

Jawa: Call nine-one-one and have the wilderness patrol come rescue us.

Woodchuck: Er, let's assume there's no phones. What do you do to survive?

Warren: Eat the dead people!

Narrator 3: Everyone on the bus glared at him, disgusted.

Warren: What? We're going to need protein.

Chip: [ignoring Warren] We start down the river. That will lead us to civilization.

Claire: You don't just head off into the wilderness! That's dangerous.

Chip: Well, what are we supposed to do? Just stay in the bottom of the ravine and starve to death?

Warren: We wouldn't starve. There'll be plenty of fresh people...

Zoe: Dude. Drop the whole cannibal thing.

Claire: You don't leave the site of an accident. When help comes that's where they're going to look.

Woodchuck: If this were a true survival situation, we would not have time or energy to waste. The first thing you do in a life-or-death situation is figure out how to work together.

Jawa: Why is it safer to stay with the wreck than to head to civilization?

Woodchuck: Survival is like a chess game. You have to think several steps ahead. Once you analyze everything, you choose the course with the least risk.

Narrator 1: While Woodchuck had been speaking, Ben had been looking forward. The driver was watching him. Ben kept his gaze fixed on the mirror above the bus driver's head.

Narrator 2: The driver's eyes flicked up again, locking with Ben's. They were ice blue.

Ben only knew one man with eyes that color: Alexander Hale, the CIA's most revered spy.

Narrator 3: Alexander returned his gaze to the road ahead and steered them around a hairpin turn. A large trestle bridge that looked at least a century old came into view. It spanned the steep gorge only a few hundred yards ahead.

Zoe: Oh no! Tell me we're not going over that!

Woodchuck: No need to worry. It's perfectly safe.

Narrator 1: Ben scurried up the aisle to the front of the bus to get to the driver's seat.

Ben: Alexander? What are you doing here?

Alexander: Getting you to your destination safely. If SPYDER comes after you, you're going to need someone with my skills to protect you.

Ben: The whole idea was for you to stop them *before* they came after me!

Alexander: Benjamin, relax. You're in good hands here. SPYDER isn't going to be any trouble at all.

Narrator 2: At which point, SPYDER attacked.

Narrator 3: What happens next to Ben and all the kids on the bus? Read *Spy Camp* by Stuart Gibbs to find out!

THE END

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