

A Readers' Theater Adaptation of Charise Mericle Harper's *Just Grace*

By Lori Alexander

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Characters:

Just Grace
Sammy Stringer
Narrator 1
Narrator 2
Narrator 3
Miss Lois

Approximately 4 minutes.

Narrator 1: This script comes from the novel, *Just Grace*, by Charise Mericle Harper.

Narrator 2: It is a delightful story about a young girl, Grace; her best friend, Mimi; her cat, Crinkles; and the four Graces in her class at school. The story also includes a boy named Sammy Springer, who is very disgusting; and the really cool French lady who lives in Grace's basement, Augustine Dupre.

Narrator 3: Grace begins her story with all the things she did NOT get to be.

Grace: I did not get to be the helper to Mister Magic the Magician at my very own sixth birthday party because Sammy Stringer spit purple grape juice all over my special shirt with a big six on it.

Sammy Stringer: I didn't do it on purpose.

Narrator 1: Grace just knew that spitting is pretty much an on-purpose thing.

Narrator 2: She finds it almost impossible to forgive someone for something done on purpose, even if it was almost three years ago.

Grace: I did not get to be a singing and dancing corncob in the Thanksgiving play because I was the only girl tall enough to fit into the tree costume who didn't cry real boo-hoo baby tears when she was asked to be a tree.

Narrator 3: She was a great tree even though she didn't get to say anything and Mr. Franks kept whispering to her to stop moving her arms around so much.

Sammy: He didn't think it should be a windy day.

Grace: I did not get to be in the talent night at school and show off the photos I took with my new camera because I was sick with the stomach flu and was throwing up.

Sammy: I got an honorable mention green ribbon for my paintings of dog poop...

Narrator 2: ...which is totally unbelievable and gross!

Grace: But the **biggest** I-did-not-get-to-be of my life, ever, happened right at school in front of everybody in the whole third grade class.

Narrator 3: She did not get to be called Grace,

Narrator 2: ...which is an okay thing if your name is Tania or Ruth or Jordan.....

Narrator 1:... but totally 100 percent unfair if your name is Grace,

Grace: ...which mine is.

Sammy: There are four girls named Grace in our class.

Miss Lois: We had to do something about that. It was too confusing with all those Graces.

Narrator 2: Grace Wallace was named Grace W.,

Narrator 1: Grace Francis was called Grace F.,

Narrator 3: and Grace Landowski was called Grace L.

Grace: I asked if I could be just Grace.

Miss Lois: Perfect. We'll call you **JUST GRACE.**

Grace: And that's how it happened that I have the stupidest name in the whole class!!

Sammy: Or maybe even the whole entire world!!

Narrator 2: A fascinating thing about Grace her a teeny tiny superpower.

Narrator 3: It's not a jump-over-buildings, see-through-people's-clothes, or lift-a-train-over-your-head kind of superpower.

Grace: My power is that I can always tell when someone is unhappy.

Narrator 1: The bad thing about that power is that she always tries to make the sad person feel better—

Narrator 2: ...even when she should probably leave it alone and not do anything at all.

Grace: A superhero has to help people in trouble.

Narrator 3: She can't just change into a regular I'm-not-going-to-do-anything-to-help-someone-else type of person....

Narrator 1: ...even if she wanted to.

Narrator 2: Mrs. Luther, Grace's neighbor, is sad.

Narrator 3: Her cat, Crinkles, her best friend in the whole world, is afraid of her.

Grace: Mrs. Luther is so sad about this that she cries real tears almost every single night.

Narrator 2: Crinkles is such a lovable cat.

Narrator 1: If you had the love of such a great cat, it would for sure make you feel sad not to have it anymore.

Narrator 2: To find out how Grace uses her superpower to help Mrs. Luther, read *Just Grace* by Charise Mericle Harper.