

A Fish Named Glub

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Grade Level: K-4

Characters (12 Parts): Narrator 1, Narrator 2, Glub (the fish), Evelyn (little girl), Jenny (Evelyn's mother), An angry lady, Foster (Cook), Pete, Doug, and Bernice (customers), Ma (Mrs. Willikers, Foster's mother), and the whole class.

Narrator 1: Fish. Fish In Bowl.

Glub: Who Am I?

Evelyn: Glub! Glub, Glub!

Jenny (Evelyn's Mom): Evelyn, Come Finish your biscuit. Leave that poor fish alone.

Glub: Ok, I am Glub, all alone.

Narrator 2: Glub in a bowl. All Alone.

Glub: Where do I come from?

Angry Lady (Miss Willikers): Foster G. Willikers! Where on earth did that fish come from?

Foster: Don't holler, Sis. It came from the big guy upstairs. Whatsisname in apartment 2B. He must have made tracks past midnight. He left the fish.

Angry Lady (Miss Willikers): Honestly, I can't leave you alone for a minute.

- Glub:** Oh, I come from the big guy upstairs. Whatsisname.
- Narrator 1:** Glub in bowl, all alone. Far From Home.
- Glub:** What do I need?
- Pete:** Hey, Foster, Your Fish needs fish food. Otherwise he'll keel over.
- Doug:** And clean water, otherwise he's a goner.
- Bernice:** And better light, otherwise he'll scare himself into the grave.
- Foster:** (*Moaning*) Alright, alright.
- Glub:** Alright, alright.
- Narrator 2:** Glub in bowl, all alone, far from home, well-fed and, *phew*, still not dead.
- Glub:** What is a home?
- Jenny:** Hi foster! Still time to get a piece of pie in this joint?
- Foster:** For my two favorite customers? Anytime Jenny!
- Jenny:** Hear that, Evelyn? Foster thinks we're special!
- Narrator 1:** Foster blushes red as a sundae cherry.
- Glub:** Ah. Home is where the heart lives.
- Narrator 1:** Glub in bowl, all alone, but understanding home. Well-fed, not dead and still not quite in bed.

- Foster:** Hey, fish. Can't sleep either?
- Glub:** I am Glub.
- Narrator 2:** *Shake, Shake, Shake.* Food falls from the sky.
- Foster:** I've been working his diner my whole life, but I wanted to be a sailor when I was a kid. Did you know that fish? That was my dream, to sail the seven seas.
- Narrator 1:** Glub shakes his head. This was news to him.
- Foster:** You and me, fish, were kind of alike, huh? People see us all the time, but they don't know us.
- Glub:** We live in a glass house.
- Narrator 2:** Glub in bowl, all alone, with no real home.
- Narrator 1:** Glub swims up. Glub swims down. Right then left, round and round.
- Glub:** What do I *do*?
- Evelyn:** Bubbles!
- Jenny:** Hey, Foster, that fish of yours is a miracle and a half. This is the happiest I've seen my baby girl in ages.
- Glub:** Indeed, I am Glub, maker of Bubbles.
- Narrator 2:** Glub in bowl, all alone, but now with skills to hone.
- Narrator 1:** Small bubbles and big bubbles, huge bubbles, too. Long bubbles, short bubbles, yellow, red, blue.

Foster: Hey, fish, you sure don't sleep much.

Glub: I am Glub. Maker of bubbles.

Foster: I can't stop thinking of Jenny. She's a peach. Evelyn, too. Poor thing. I bet she misses her dad. So many lonely people, huh, fish?

Glub: And Fish.

Narrator 2: Glub in bowl, all alone, Confused and concerned.

Glub: Where do I belong?

Angry Lady (Miss Willikers): There, see, Ma? Just like I told you.

Ma (Mrs. Willikers): Foster G. Willikers. A fish in the diner? Your father would not have approved.

Foster: Aw, MA, not you too.

Ma (Mrs. Willikers): No ifs, and or buts. I'm throwing that fish out - NOW!

Narrator 1: SPLASH!!!

Narrator 2: A hand crashes from the sky. Glub swims right. Glub dekes left. Glub swims up. Glub ducks down.

Customers (the Class): Have a heart, Miss Willikers! It's Just a fish!!

Glub: Just a fish?

Pete: Hey, look at that! The water is rippling like crazy!

Bernice: Check out the bubbles!

Pete: It's a picture.

Bernice: It's a portrait!

Ma (Mrs. Willikers): Why, it's... it's...it's Gerald B. Willikers, my long-departed husband, looking as handsome as ever. How I miss him so.
Thank you, fish.

Glub: Wow. Did I do that?

Narrator 1: Glub in bowl - busy, but still alone. Fingers touch water, then dreams are shown.

Pete: The fish is right. I have always wanted to be a dancer!

Doug: It's true. I do miss my old home on the prairies.

Bernice: Outta the way, boys. This gal is going back to school.

Customers (the Class): My turn! My turn!

Glub: oh, my, oh, my!

Narrator 2: Glub in bowl, alone and weary. Full of dreams but not so cheery.

Foster: Hey, fish. I guess everyone is happier now because of you.

Glub: I am Glub. I make bubbles, just bubbles.

Foster: Oh, well. Maybe happiness is like the flu. Some people catch it and some people don't.

Jenny: Hey, Foster. Aren't you going to have a turn?

Foster: Nah

Jenny: Come on. I'll do it too.

Evelyn: Me, me, me.

Jenny: All of us, on the count of three. One... Two... Three!

Narrator 1: And there they were, all three finding happiness aboard a ship,
sailing away.

Customers (the Class): The end

