

GRANDPA FOR SALE
by Dotti Enderle and Vicki Sansum

Adapted for Readers Theater by Dotti Enderle
from her book published by Flashlight Press 2007
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<http://flashlightpress.com/grandpaforsale.html>

Genre: Humor
Theme: The value of family
Readers: 5
Reader Ages: 7-12
Length: 5 minutes

Reader #1 - Narrator
Reader #2 - Lizzie
Reader #3 - Mrs. Larchmont (Mrs. L.)
Reader #4 - Grandpa
Reader #5 - Giselle

Narrator: At Oldman's Antiques, Lizzie dusted the lamps, the books, the clocks, and the spindly tables. She even dusted the bald spot on Grandpa's head as he snoozed on a Louis XVI settee.

Grandpa: [makes snoring noises]

Narrator: The tiny bell over the door tinkled as a woman breezed in. Her pink stole and suit matched the miniature poodle in her arms. Lizzie had never seen anyone with hair so tall! The woman peered at Lizzie through rhinestone glasses.

Mrs. L.: You seem quite young to be running such an establishment.

Lizzie: I'm watching the store until my mother comes back.

Narrator: After all, she was quite capable of running such an establishment – for ten minutes anyway.

Mrs. L.: I'm Mrs. Bradley Larchmont the Third, and this is Giselle.

Giselle: Yip! Yip!

Mrs. L.: If you don't mind, I'd like to browse.

Narrator: Lizzie certainly didn't mind. That's all anyone ever did in Oldman's Antiques. Mrs. Larchmont inspected each item with a gloved hand.

Mrs. L.: I'll take this, and this, and I simply can't live without this.

Narrator: She glanced down at the Louis XVI settee.

Mrs. L.: Oh, my stars! Look at this! I don't think I've ever seen one for sale. How much?

Narrator: Lizzie checked the price tag.

Lizzie: Five hundred dollars.

Mrs. L.: What a bargain! Does he come with a set of teeth?

Lizzie: Teeth?

Mrs. L.: Yes. He's not wearing any.

Lizzie: The settee?

Mrs. L.: No. I have a dozen of those at home already. How much for *this* charming antique?

Grandpa: [snores]

Lizzie: But he's my grandpa!

Mrs. L.: In that case, you must know how much he's worth.

Lizzie: But he's not for sale.

Mrs. L.: Nonsense, my dear. Everyone has a price. I'll give you five hundred dollars for him.

Lizzie: Five hundred dollars?

Narrator: For five hundred dollars, Lizzie could buy the treehouse she'd always wanted. She could start her own club and be President. She'd be the most popular girl in the neighborhood.

Grandpa: [snores]

Narrator: But what good would a treehouse be without Grandpa there to help her build it?

Lizzie: No, thank you. I can't take five hundred dollars for Grandpa.

Giselle: Yip! Yip!

Mrs. L.: Okay. One thousand.

Lizzie: One thousand dollars!

Narrator: With that much money Lizzie could buy a small boat and sail out on the lake any time she wanted. She could lay back and float lazily along, or look for the mysterious monster that lurked on the bottom.

Grandpa: [snores]

Narrator: But what good would a boat be without Grandpa there to steer and fish and sing sailor songs?

Lizzie: Sorry, no.

Mrs. L.: So you want to bargain, do you?

Giselle: Yip! Yip!

Mrs. L.: Very well. Five thousand dollars.

Lizzie: Wow!

Narrator: Lizzie pictured herself in her very own Lavender Dream Bedroom Set. The lace curtains would match the ruffled canopy on the bed, and she'd have her very own dressing table. To sleep in that room would be like dreaming on a fluffy marshmallow.

Grandpa: [snores]

Narrator: But what good would a fancy bedroom be without Grandpa there to tuck her in and tell her bedtime stories?

Lizzie: No deal.

Mrs. L.: Ten thousand.

Giselle: Yip! Yip!

Narrator: Ten thousand dollars! Wouldn't that buy an entire ice cream shop with every frozen flavor ever invented? And sprinkles? And chocolate chips? And hot fudge! Lizzie could have an ice cream shop with lots of customers who'd actually buy something! Selling ice cream would certainly be more fun than dusting antiques.

Grandpa: [snores]

Narrator: But how much fun would it be without Grandpa there to make his super-duper tremendous stupendous ice cream sundae deluxe? Lizzie shook her head.

Lizzie: No.

Mrs. L.: No?

Giselle: [growls]

Mrs. L.: Fifty...thousand...dollars, and that's my final offer.

Narrator: Lizzie's knees wobbled. She felt woozy. With that much money she could build an amusement park with the loopiest roller coaster ever, and her friends could ride for free any time they wanted. Lizzie dwelled on this vision for a full minute.

Grandpa: [snores]

Narrator: But what good would an amusement park be without Grandpa there to scream the loudest?

Lizzie: Mrs. Larchmont, not everyone has a price, and not everything is for sale.

Mrs. L.: Well, if I can't buy everything I want, then I won't buy anything at all!

Giselle: Yip! Yip!

Narrator: And she swept out the door in a furious huff. Lizzie kissed Grandpa gently, then walked over to the cash register. Smiling, she pushed the big red button. Ding!

Lizzie: No sale!