

A Reader's Theater adaptation of Jody Feldman's *The Gollywhopper Games*

by Dorcas Hand

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©*The Gollywhopper Games* by Jody Feldman; Greenwillow Books, 2008.

**Characters**

Gil

Man

Guy

Announcer

Crowd = all narrators

Woman

Gil's parents = Narrators 1 & 2

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Narrator 3

Narrator 4

Narrator 5

Narrator 1: If Gil Goodson was to have a chance, any chance at all, he would have to run faster than he was running right now.

Narrator 2: Run. Away from University Stadium, packed with throngs of contestants who'd suddenly appeared from nowhere to get in line.

Narrator 3: Run, blinking back the sweat, pushing the lawnmower he wished he could abandon on the street.

Narrator 4: Run, past the lawn he'd just taken valuable time to cut because Mrs. Hempstead really believed the national TV networks might show here boring street.

Gil: What are the chances of that happening?

Narrator 5: About as much chance as, as ... as what? As Gil had of winning the Gollywhopper Games. One chance in 25,000 – if he could still get a ticket.

Narrator 3: Gil had been planning this day since last summer, ever since Golly Toy and Game Company announced the Gollywhopper Games.

Narrator 1: With Gil's foolproof plan, he wouldn't have to buy zillions of toys and games to find one of the 500 instant winner tickets. He wouldn't need to send in tons of entries, hoping his name might be drawn from millions and millions of others to win one of the 30,000 tickets in that sweepstakes.

Narrator 2: Gil lived eight blocks from University Stadium. He only needed to be one of the first 4500 kids when the line opened at 11 AM today. The plan was to stand in line with his duffel and sleeping bag just outside the no-enter zone and storm the stadium at the front of the crowd.

Narrator 4: He'd planned it all, except for yesterday's monsoon that kept him from mowing Mrs. Hempstead's lawn. Mrs. Hempstead had prepaid him – double – to make her lawn perfect by this morning. With the money already in the bank, Gil was stuck finishing the job.

Narrator 3: Gil rammed the lawnmower into the splintered shed behind their pea-sized house then he jammed the key into the back-door lock. Inside, he grabbed a scrap of paper from the kitchen drawer and pulled out a pen.

Gil's note (Narrator 1): Thursday, 11 AM. Finally going to the stadium. Look for me.

Narrator 2: Gil raced to the front door, reached for the duffel, the sleeping bag and ... He raced back to University Stadium.

Gil: Are you at the end of the line?

Man: Not any more, son.

Narrator 1: Gil turned away, but felt a tap on his shoulder. A guy with a Golly badge handed him a yellow card.

Gil: What's this?

Guy: It's not a ticket, but guard it with your life. If you lose it, you might as well go to then of the line. The first person has number one, and you've got... Well, look at your own number. The first 4500 have guaranteed tickets tomorrow morning, and I've heard maybe a thousand more will get in.

Narrator 5: Gil looked at his yellow card. #5,915. No! No! If he could somehow get in, he might still be disqualified. It was, after all, Golly Toy and Game Company that had had his father arrested!

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen! Boys and Girls! It's a Gollywhopper Day. All contestants and their guardians must be in line in five minutes. A team of Gollywhopper representatives will lead you to a registration area where we will issue the remaining tickets.

Narrator 2: Gil's parents were ready. Gil rolled up his sleeping bag and retied his duffel.

Announcer: Please take a place in line. Our computers will scan your cards. We have room for some of you.

Crowd: How many? How many?

Narrator 3: The woman scanned his card. A green light flashed.

Woman: You're in.

Gil: I'm in!

Narrator 4: The woman handed him a set of rules, a souvenir ticket, and a numbered square, like the kind Olympic runners wear.

Gil's parents: Go get 'em. Try your best. Have fun. Don't take any wooden nickels.

Narrator 1: Inside, they waited a few minutes. Then four men in green Golly vests took their places around the stage, precisely spaced as the four main compass points.

Narrator 2: Simultaneously each grabbed the end of an upright roll of orange construction fencing that had been secured to the field. Each man marched straight ahead toward the seats, up through the aisles, pulling the netting and clamping it to posts every four rows until they reached the very top.

Narrator 3: Ladies and gentlemen. Boys and girls. It's what the world's been waiting for. The Golly! Whopper! Games! Are you ready?

Narrator 4: Exactly what are the Gollywhopper Games? To find out, read the book. See Gil play the game and work to rescue his father's reputation.

Narrator 5: It's fun. It's funny. It's exciting. Don't wait for the movie – we don't even know that there could be a movie, so definitely don't wait that long!