JUNIE B. JONES: TOOTHLESS WONDER
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For Ruby, who laughed the hardest and the best

JUNIE B. JONES: TOOTHLESS WONDER premiered at the Magik Theatre (Anthony Runfola, Artistic Director) in San Antonio, Texas, on May 14, 2022. It was directed by Jenny Lavery, the scenic design was by Sandra Lopez, the lighting design was by Brandon Rosen, the sound design was by Blake Addyson, the costume design was by Holly Windingstad, and the stage manager was Rebecca Lynn Dose. The cast was as follows:

JUNIE B. JONES ..... Rosa Gardner
MAY/MOM ..... Alyssa Cavazos
GRACE/MS. CHRIS/GRANDMA MILLER ..... Alaia Brown
MR. SCARY/
GRAMPA MILLER/TOOTH WITCH ..... Jon Gentry
WILLIAM/PRINCIPAL/TOOTH WITCH ..... Lorenzo Mireles
JIM/DAD ..... Michael Salinas
PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER/
OFFICE LADY/TOOTH WITCH ..... Venny Mortimer
JUNIE B. UNDERSTUDY ..... Amy Abrigo

CHARACTERS

Actor #1
Junie B. Jones

Actor #2
May/Mom

Actor #3
Grace/Miss Chris/Grandma Miller

Actor #4
Mr. Scary/Grampa Miller/Tooth Witch 3

Actor #5
William/Principal/Tooth Witch 2

Actor #6
Jim/Dad

Actor #7
Paulie Allen Puffer/Tooth Witch 1/Office Lady

CASTING NOTES

The show can also be performed without doubling, with a cast of up to seventeen actors.

Actor #4 and Actor #6's roles can also be split up as:

Actor #4
Mr. Scary/Dad

Actor #6
Jim/Grampa Miller/Tooth Witch 3

SET

The play takes place in several locales: a first-grade classroom, the school playground, Junie B.'s bedroom, the family room, the Miller's bathroom, and in Junie B.'s mind. Sets should be minimal, illustrative, and functional; scenes should begin and end with as little transition as possible, letting the play gather power and speed, just like Junie B.

TIME

Today, tonight, tomorrow, and the next day.

JUNIE B. JONES: TOOTHLESS WONDER

Scene 1: Prizes

Room One. A pin spot on Junie B. with her journal.

JUNIE B. Dear first-grade journal,
Today we are having a speaker in Room One. She is going to tell us all about recycling. Recycling is when you wash your trash, I believe Mr. Scary said to write in our journals till the speaker gets here. Only I don't even feel like writing today. Because I have a loose tooth, that's why. It has been loose for a very long time.

She demonstrates with her mouth wide open, expressively utilizing her tongue and fingers.

Only no matter how hard I wiggle it, it still won't come out. And that thing is driving me crazy!
Also, every time I write in this journal I have to look up words in the dumb dictionary. Spelling is not a breeze I tell you. That is all I feel like writing in this thing today. And I mean it.
From Junie B.
(Playing with that tooth again.) Ow, that hurt! You dumb bunny tooth!

May, seated near Junie B., chimes in.

MAY. You shouldn't say *dumb bunny*, Junie Jones. *Dumb bunny* is not a nice word.

JUNIE B. Oh, really? Well, thank you for telling me that, dumb bunny May.

MAY. DON'T SAY THAT WORD, I TOLD YOU!

MR. SCARY. Problem back there?

MAY. Yes, Mr. Scary! There's *always* a problem back here. And her name is Junie Jones!

JUNIE B. *B.,* May! Junie *B.* Jones. *B.*, *B.*, *B.*, *B.* You're always forgetting my B.!

MR. SCARY. *Please*, girls. Can we just have one morning without any spats?

JUNIE B. But I didn't even *spat*, Mr. Scary. My mother doesn't let me spat. Not even on the sidewalk.

She rushes up to Mr. Scary.

Plus I have a loose tooth. Would you like to see it, Mr. Scary? Huh? Would you?

She doesn't wait for his reply, wiggling the tooth for all she's worth.

See it? See how loose it is? It is a loosey goosey, isn't it?

MR. SCARY. Wow. It really is loose, Junie B. And it's a *top* tooth, too. Losing a top tooth is the best.

JUNIE B. Is it? How come it's the best, Mr. Scary?

MAY. Yeah Mr. Scary, how come?

JUNIE B. Because last year I lost a bottom tooth. And I didn't actually get a kick out of it.

MR. SCARY. Ah, but when you lose a *top* tooth, your smile looks really cute. And when your new tooth comes in, you'll start looking like a *big* kid.

JUNIE B. *(Gasping.)* A big kid? Really? I'm going to look like a big kid?

MR. SCARY. Sure you are. I'll show you what I mean.
(To other students.) Class? Does anyone in here have their big top teeth yet? If so, please raise your hand.

The students look at each other.

Really? No kidding? No one in our class has lost a top front tooth, huh? Well, congratulations Junie B. Jones. It looks like you're going to be the first person in Room One with a big top tooth!

JUNIE B. Thank you!

MAY. *(Huffy.)* Big deal. What's so special about losing a top tooth?

Everyone in our whole room is going to lose their top teeth, Junie Jones. It's not like you're the only one, you know.

JUNIE B. Yes, May. I know I'm not the *only* one. But I am the *first* one. And the first one is the winner. So ha on you.

MAY. Well, if you're the winner, then where's your prize? Huh, Junie Jones? I don't see a prize. Do you?

JIM. I don't see anything, just Looney B. Jones.

Junie B. taps Mr. Scary on the shoulder.

JUNIE B. Okay, here's the thing. The children are wondering where's my prize for being the tooth winner. And so how would you like to handle this situation?

MR. SCARY. Well. The truth is, there *aren't* any prizes. I wasn't exactly running a contest, you know.

JUNIE B. Yes I know. But I bet you could still come up with a little something to make me happy. I bet there's something in your desk drawer, probably. Teachers always have good stuff in their desk drawers, right? And so why don't we take a little look-see?

Mr. Scary reluctantly opens his desk drawer. Junie B. eyes the contents like it's buried treasure.

Whoa! Is that a stapler I see there? A stapler would be good, don't you think? I could really pound that thing, I bet.
And so if you'll just hand it over, I will be on my way.

MR. SCARY. No, Junie B. No stapler.

JUNIE B. Hey! Hold the phone! Is that Tums I'm looking at? Yes! Yes! It *is* Tums, Mr. Scary! You've got Tums just like my Grampa Miller! And so I bet you suffer from gas and bloating. Am I correct?

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. My dad has that! My dad has gas and bloating! He says just wait I will get it too. I think it's contagious.

Mr. Scary closes the drawer. He quickly cuts a malformed star from construction paper and tapes it to Junie B.'s shirt.

MR. SCARY. There. That's your prize for your tooth, okay? You get to wear a star for being the winner. Now please go back to your seat.

JUNIE B. *(Quietly.)* Yeah, only I don't actually think this is your best work.

MR. SCARY. *(Pointing.)* Please. Sit.

JUNIE B. Mr. Scary is not having a good morning, I think.

Junie B. attempts a swagger with the pitiful star.

Well, well, well. What do you know…a *prize*.

May huffs and turns away.

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. Hey, where's Warren? That's Warren's spot but where is Warren?

WILLIAM. Maybe he has a cold. I have a cold! My mom says I always have a cold. Also I am allergic to everything.

He sneezes, then pulls a wad of Kleenex from his pocket.

MAY. Warren moved into a new house. I saw the moving van take him away.

JUNIE B. Warren moved?

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. Wasn't he your boyfriend, Junie B.?

JUNIE B. Oh well!

Miss Chris enters, all smiles and positive energy.

MR. SCARY. Students, we have a special guest today. Let's give a Room One welcome to our speaker, Miss Chris. Good morning, Miss Chris!

The students clap.

MISS CHRIS. Hi, hi, hi. I'm so excited to be here! Who knows what I'm going to talk about today?

May's hand shoots up.

MAY. I know, I know!

MISS CHRIS. Yes.

MAY. Recycling.

MISS CHRIS. You're right!

MAY. My name is May. Like the month before June.

MISS CHRIS. Okay, great! And who knows what recycling is?

May's hand shoots up.

MAY. Ooo, I know!

MISS CHRIS. You again!

MAY. Recycling is when someone throws away cans and bottles

and then you dig around the smelly garbage to get the cans and bottles so you can drink from them again.

MISS CHRIS. Okay. Well actually I'll be talking about how we clean and sanitize recycling products. Does anyone know—

MAY. Ooh ooh, I know, I know! Pick me!

MISS CHRIS. I haven't asked the question, May. Why don't we give someone else a turn?

MAY. It's not my fault that I am smarter than everyone else in the class. My mommy says it's hereditary. I just can't help it, I was born this way.

JUNIE B. *(Quietly.)* Is having a big mouth hereditary? 'Cause I think you were borned that way, too.

MAY. Nice try, Junie Jones. But I am not going to let you bring me down today. My mommy says I can choose to ignore you. And that is exactly what I am doing.

JUNIE B. Huh. Is that so?

MAY. Yes it is so. I am ignoring you right now.

JUNIE B. Yeah, but if you're ignoring me how come you keep answering me, May?

MAY. I'm not listening to you, Junie Jones!

JUNIE B. You're not?

MAY. NO I'M NOT! I'M IGNORING YOU!

MR. SCARY. That's enough. Let's use our quiet voices, please.

JUNIE B. *(Loud whisper.)* Are you still ignoring me, May?

MAY. *(Loud whisper.) Yes.*

JUNIE B. Okay. Just checking.

MISS CHRIS. Now, who can tell me why recycling is important? Anyone but May?

The students raise their hands; Miss Chris points to William.

WILLIAM. Recycling is important. Because. Can I go to the bathroom?

MR. SCARY. It's almost recess, William. Can you hold it till recess?

WILLIAM. I think so. Maybe. No.

Mr. Scary hands William a hall pass as he runs offstage.

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. *(Raising his hand.)* Recycling is very important because waste has a negative impact on the natural environment.

MISS CHRIS. My goodness! That's correct!

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. Recycling helps to reduce the pollution caused by waste.

MISS CHRIS. Well aren't you—

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. Recycling reduces the need for raw materials so that the rainforests can be preserved. Recycling—

MR. SCARY. Alright, that's enough information, Paulie Allen. Thank you.

JUNIE B. I think Paulie Allen Puffer is a Wikipedia!

MISS CHRIS. Did you know you can earn money by collecting used cans and bottles?

JUNIE B. No kidding?

MISS CHRIS. *(Displaying a sticker.)* Before I leave I'm going to give each of you my favorite sticker! This is Dan Dan the Soda Can. See what it says here? "Recycling Makes Cents." It makes "cents" because you can earn *money* just for turning in a bottle! And it makes "sense" because it's good for the environment! Get it?

STUDENTS. Wow! / Money for trash! / I get it, I get it!

MISS CHRIS. Instead of throwing something in the garbage, recycle it! And remember—

MISS CHRIS/STUDENTS. "Recycling Makes Cents."

MISS CHRIS. Bye-bye!

Miss Chris exits.

JUNIE B. Wowie-wow-wow, *two* prizes in one day. I am really winning.

MAY. Everyone got a sticker. It's not a prize when *everyone* gets one.

JUNIE B. *(Holding two stickers.)* How about if I got *an extra* sticker? Huh, May? Is it a prize then?

MAY. Mr. Scary! Junie Jones got an extra sticker! And that's not fair!

JUNIE B. It's not my fault that I'm luckier than everyone else in the class, May.

MR. SCARY. Why don't you give me the extra sticker, Junie B. Then it will be fair and square.

MAY. That's right. Fair and square, Junie Jones!

JUNIE B. *(Quietly.)* Big-mouth May.

William reenters.

MR. SCARY. Listen up, class. Today is a special day—

JUNIE B. Because I won two prizes?

MR. SCARY. *Because* today is someone's *birthday*.

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. Hey, it's *my* birthday too! What do you know?

MR. SCARY. Actually, Paulie Allen, that's what I'm talking about.

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. But I already know it's my birthday. 'Cause it happens every year at about this same time.

MR. SCARY. Yes. But the other children may not—

STUDENTS. It's Paulie Allen Puffer's birthday! It's Paulie Allen Puffer's birthday!

The other children jump up, high-fiving Paulie Allen Puffer, hooting, etc.

MR. SCARY. Class, everyone! Please take your seats.

Mr. Scary takes a deep breath.

JUNIE B. Mr. Scary is having a breakup, I believe.

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. Did my mom bring cupcakes, Mr. Scary? 'Cause she said she was going to bring chocolate cupcakes and chocolate ice cream and chocolate milk.

JUNIE B. She is a chocolate nut, I think.

Grace nods in agreement.

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. Did she, Mr. Scary?

Mr. Scary reveals a tray with little cupcakes, ice cream, and cups of chocolate milk.

MR. SCARY. Yes, she did.

STUDENTS. Whoa.

MR. SCARY. Now, before we—

Too late. The students are onto the goodies like locust on a new harvest. It is chocolate chaos, with gobbling, licking, stuffing, and slurping—and much joy and laughter. Mr. Scary gives up on being the cake police and retreats to his desk to eat.

JUNIE B. *(Between mouthfuls.)* "B" is the bestest letter. 'Cause it also stands for birthday cake! When I have *my* birthday party, I am going to bring cake and milk, too. Plus also I might bring a beanie wienie casserole. 'Cause that will be a nice change of pace, I think.

Junie B. skips around Grace with her two cupcakes.

And guess what, Grace? I don't even care if today you sit by the window instead of me, on the bus. 'Cause eating all this cake made me in a happy mood.

GRACE. Me, too. Eating this cake made me in a happy mood, too.

JUNIE B. Yeah, only you can't be as happy as me. 'Cause I had two cakes. And you just had one.

GRACE. That is being greedy, Junie B.

JUNIE B. It's okay, Grace. Don't be upset. 'Cause when I have my birthday, I will invite you to my house. And you can have two cakes, too.

GRACE. Oh boy!

JUNIE B. I know it is *oh boy*. Plus also you will get your very own paper cup with M&M's in it.

GRACE. Oooo! I *love* M&M's.

JUNIE B. Me too. I love M&M's too. And here's *another* good thing, Grace. When you come to my party, you will get your very own party hat. Plus also we will play that game where you shout Bingo. Only I keep on forgetting the name of that one.

JIM. *(Loudly.)* BINGO! Its name is BINGO! What a ding-dong! Who would even want to come to a dopey party like yours?

JUNIE B. I'm not even talking to you, Jim!

JIM. At *my* house I have *cool* birthday parties. Like last year my party was named Clowning Around. And we had two clowns from the circus. And they made balloon animals and did magic tricks.

JUNIE B. So? I don't even *like* clowns. Clowns are not normal people. Plus my very own grampa, Frank Miller, can make balloon animals, too. Except for they all look like wiener dogs. Only he's working on it.

JIM. *(Ignoring her.) This* year my party is named Old MacDonald's Farm. And a real farmer is bringing a petting zoo right to my front yard. And he's going to bring a lamb, and a goat, and a donkey, and some rabbits!

STUDENTS. Awesome! / Really? / Cool!

JIM. And he's also bringing a real live pony for us to ride!

JUNIE B. Yeah, well too bad for you. 'Cause I saw all about ponies on the Discovery Channel. And ponies buck you off their backs. And then they stomple you into the ground and kill you to death. And so I wouldn't even come to your stupid dumb party in a jillion billion years.

JIM. Good! I'm glad! 'Cause my birthday is Saturday! And I'm bringing invitations to every single person in Room One! Only *not* to you! You're the *only one* in the whole class I'm not bringing an invitation to! So there! *(Right in her face.)* HAH!

Jim runs back to his seat, leaving Junie B. stranded.

JUNIE B. Something has gone a little bit wrong here, I think.

She goes over to Jim and taps on his head. He wheels around to face her.

JIM. What do you want?

JUNIE B. Yeah, only here's the thing. I didn't actually know you were having a party on Saturday. And so, good news…I think I can make it.

JIM. No! You're not coming! Now go away!

He spins away from her. She taps on his head again, a little more intensely.

Quit tapping on my head!

JUNIE B. Yeah, only I was just kidding about the ponies. They hardly even stomple you probably.

JIM. I don't care! Stop bothering me!

JUNIE B. *(Smoothing his hair.)* Love your hair today.

Jim swats her away.

JIM. Get away from me!

JUNIE B. Did I mention that my top tooth is a loosey goosey? *(Pushing it with her tongue.)* See?

JIM. You're not coming to my party! And that's final!

Jim turns from her. Junie B. crumbles a little; Grace pats her on the shoulder.

GRACE. It's okay, Junie B. Don't worry. I'll save you some M&M's.

The school bell rings.

JUNIE B. Just then a big lump got into my throat.
A big lump is what comes before crying. 'Cause I think I really would have enjoyed myself at that thing.

Scene 2: Slumping

JUNIE B. I walked home from the bus stop very slumping. Very slumping is when your shoulders are sad. And your head can't hold up that good.

Junie B.'s house. Grandma Miller sits in a rocking chair, rocking Baby Ollie to sleep.

GRANDMA MILLER. Looks like someone had a rough day.

JUNIE B. *(Sighing.)* You don't know the half of it, Helen.

GRANDMA MILLER. *(Friendly.)* I'm sorry, honey. Don't call me Helen.

JUNIE B. *(To audience.)* Grandma Miller babysits me and my baby brother Ollie. I love him a real lot. Except I wish he didn't live at my actual house.

Junie B. tries to sit on Grandma Miller's lap.

GRANDMA MILLER. Hold your horses, Junie B. You almost sat on Ollie.

JUNIE B. Yeah, only I need to rock very bad. On account of a mean boy is having a birthday party on Saturday. And he is inviting everyone in Room One. Only not me. I'm the *only one* who's not going.

GRANDMA MILLER. Children can be so cruel. Just wait till I put the baby to bed. And then you and I can talk about it, okay? Wait right there.

Grandma Miller rises and exits with the baby. Junie B. paces, sits, stands, buries her face in a pillow.

JUNIE B. *(Muffled.)* Aaaaaaagh! Here is all the stuff I hate. First, I hate that meanie Jim. Then I hate clowns. And Old MacDonald had a farmer. Plus I hate rabbits. And donkeys. And ponies. And guess what else? We didn't actually need a baby at this house. Only no one even consulted me.

Grandma Miller enters. Junie B. ducks her head under the pillow.

GRANDMA MILLER. Ollie finally went to sleep. Junie B.?

Silence.

I called your mother and told her what happened at school.

JUNIE B. And so she can fix it? Can I go to the birthday party now?

GRANDMA MILLER. Your mother is going to talk to you about it when she gets home. Meanwhile, why don't you and I have a little fun. What kind of story would you like to hear?

Junie B. thinks, then:

JUNIE B. I would like to hear a story about a little girl who doesn't get invited to a meanie boy's birthday. And so she sneaks to his house. And she lets a wild pony out of the barn. And then it stomples the boy into a flattie pancake. And all the children pour maple syrup on that guy. And they eat him for breakfast.

Grandma Miller is momentarily unable to speak, then:

GRANDMA MILLER. You've got to stop worrying about that boy's party. He's just trying to ruffle your feathers.

JUNIE B. Feathers? I don't have feathers, Grandma. Unless Mother and Daddy got me a bird. Did they get me a bird, Grandma? Are you hiding the bird somewhere in this house? What color is it? Where is the bird?

GRANDMA MILLER. Junie B., there's no—

JUNIE B. Hey! I just thought of something, Grandma! You and me can invite all the children to my house. And then I can have my

very own birthday party on Saturday! I will call it come and pet my bird! And everyone in Room One will come to my party! And they won't go to that meanie Jim's!

Mother enters, after a long day at the office.

Mother! Mother! Guess what? I am having my very own birthday party on Saturday! And all of Room One is going to be here. And they can pet my new bird. And wiggle my loose tooth. Only not that Jim I hate! He is the *only one* not coming! So ha ha on him!

MOTHER. *(Turning to Grandma.)* What bird—?

GRANDMA MILLER. Just remembered I left the iron on.

Grandma Miller quickly exits. Junie B. tugs on Mother's arm.

JUNIE B. Come on, Mother! We have to go to the store and buy my invitations! Plus also we have to pick up the beanie wienies!

MOTHER. *(Sympathetic.)* Listen to me, Junie B. I know Jim hurt your feelings today. But you can't have your birthday party on Saturday. Your birthday isn't till June, remember? That's why we named you "Junie." But June is still months away.

JUNIE B. I know June is months away. And so that is how come I am moving my birthday sooner. 'Cause months away will be too late.

MOTHER. I'm afraid you don't understand, honey. You just can't *change* the day you were born. No one can. It's impossible.

JUNIE B. *(Loud whisper.)* Yeah, only here's a little secret…nobody in Room One even knows when my birthday is. So I think we can pull it off.

MOTHER. Sorry kiddo. No can do.

JUNIE B. Yes! Yes can do! 'Cause I *have* to have my birthday on Saturday! Or else I will be the *only one* who is not going to that meanie Jim's. And that is the saddest story I ever even heard of.

Mother hugs Junie B.

MOTHER. I'm sorry.

Mother exits. Phone rings.

JUNIE B. *(To audience.)* More bad news. Grandma Miller called. There's no bird.

Scene 3: Moving

Next morning, Junie B.'s bedroom.

Junie B. is still in bed, fiddling with her loose tooth.

MOTHER. *(Offstage.)* TIME FOR BREAKFAST. YOU DON'T WANT TO BE LATE FOR SCHOOL.

Junie B. pulls the covers over her head and moans. Daddy enters.

DADDY. Didn't you hear your mother, Junie B.? It's time to eat.

JUNIE B. Yeah, only I'm not even hungry. Plus also I'm moving today.

Mother enters.

DADDY. You're moving, huh? And exactly where will you be going?

Junie B. shrugs her shoulders.

JUNIE B. Somewhere not here, that's where.

MOTHER. This is still about Jim's birthday party, isn't it? You're still worried about not getting an invitation.

JUNIE B. No. On account of I'm not even going to that school anymore. On account of I'm moving today.

MOTHER. You know, Junie B., Jim is only doing this to hurt your feelings. He just wants to get a reaction from you, that's all.

DADDY. And when someone is trying to hurt your feelings, there's only one way to get back at them.

MOTHER. You have to pretend you don't care. You have to pretend you don't even *want* to go to that party. Because if you pretend you don't want to go, it will take all the fun out of it for him.

DADDY. You can do that, can't you? You're the best little pretender in the entire *world.*

JUNIE B. Hey! I just figured out where I can move to! It's called It's a Small World After All. And it's at Disneyland!

During this Mother pulls Daddy aside; they quickly confer and Daddy exits, texting.

It's where all those puppet kids keep on singing that same song over

and over and over again. That would be a happy place to live, don't you think?

MOTHER. Why don't you get dressed for school, Junie B.

Junie B. ducks back under the covers.

You can wear that new skirt and top you got from Grandma.

JUNIE B. *(Muffled.)* Yeah, only guess what? I'm not even wearing school clothes today. On account of I'm moving. And so I have to wear moving-man clothes.

Mother pulls the covers off.

MOTHER. You're not moving, Junie B. You're going to school, and that's final.

JUNIE B. I *can't* go to school, Mother.

MOTHER. Running away from your problems never solves anything.

JUNIE B. Yeah, only I'm not even running. I'm calling U-Haul. And those guys will drive me.

Mother's cell phone rings.

MOTHER. Oh, look who's calling, it's Grampa. Junie B., could you please talk to Grampa?

Junie B. sighs and takes the phone. Grampa Miller appears on the phone in another part of the stage.

JUNIE B. H'lo, Grampa.

GRAMPA MILLER. Hello yourself, little girl. What'cha up to this morning?

JUNIE B. I'm moving today.

GRAMPA MILLER. Moving? Oh no! You *can't* be moving! If you move, then you won't be able to come over to my house on Saturday!

JUNIE B. *(To audience.)* This conversation smells fishy.
(On phone.) Yeah, only how come you want me to come to your house? And how come it has to be on Saturday?

GRAMPA MILLER. Because Saturday's the day I do my work around here, remember? You're still my little helper, aren't you?

JUNIE B. *(To audience.)* Sometimes I help Grampa fix stuff. It is called odd jobs, I think.

(On phone.) Are you doin' odd jobs? Is that why you want me to come there?

GRAMPA MILLER. Sure I'm doin' odd jobs. But I can't do them without my helper, can I? You're the one who wears the tool belt, aren't you?

JUNIE B. Your tool belt is the bestest thing I love!

GRAMPA MILLER. I know!

JUNIE B. On account of it has a jillion tools hanging off of that thing. Plus it wraps around me two whole times. And I don't even cave in.

GRAMPA MILLER. You haven't even heard the best part yet. *(Whispering.)* Guess what I'm going to be fixing?

JUNIE B. *(Whispering.)* What?

GRAMPA MILLER. *(Whispering.)* We can't let Grandma hear or *she'll* want to be my helper, instead of you. Ready?

JUNIE B. *(Whispering.)* Ready.

GRAMPA MILLER. Okay. I'm going to be fixing the upstairs *toilet.*

A lovely toilet appears in a pool of light, all shiny and ready for flushing. Beautiful harp music plays.

JUNIE B. Are you gonna take the lid off the top, Grampa?! Are you gonna keep flushing it and flushing it? And are you gonna watch all the water go out of that thing?

GRAMPA MILLER. Sure I am! Of course I am! That's half the fun of fixing the toilet! Right?

JUNIE B. Right! Plus also I love that big ball that floats on the top.

GRAMPA MILLER. Me too! And so I can count on you, can't I? You and I have a date on Saturday, right?

JUNIE B. *(To audience.)* Fixin' the upstairs toilet is a dream come true, I tell you!

She suddenly deflates, remembering her dire circumstances.

Yeah, only I think there's something you forgot, Grampa.

GRAMPA MILLER. What? What did I forget, little girl?

JUNIE B. You forgot that I'm moving today.

Mother rolls her eyes, and takes the phone from Junie B. Light out on Grampa Miller.

Scene 4: Party Pooper

The school playground. William, Paulie Allen Puffer, and Grace stand in a row; Junie B. moves down the row, mouth open, demonstrating to each kid how far she can bend her loose tooth.

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. Wow, Junie B. That thing is hanging by a thread.

JUNIE B. *(Wiggling her tooth.)* It oesn't ewen urt to oo this.

WILLIAM. *(Covering his eyes.)* Ew ew ew! I can't look!

GRACE. Don't be a crybaby, William.

JUNIE B. *(To audience.)* William is the scarediest cat I know.

GRACE. You're going to look cool when that tooth finally comes out, Junie B.

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. I just hope you don't look like my toothless Uncle Lou. My toothless Uncle Lou never brushed or flossed. And then all his teeth fell out.

William covers his mouth and runs offstage screaming.

(Shrugging.) Well, it's not like he's *totally* toothless. He still has one bottom tooth left. It's kind of yellow. But it still can bite an apple.

GRACE. Gross.

JUNIE B. What if I look like toothless Uncle Lou?

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. *(Patting her shoulder.)* Don't worry. You won't…probably.

May runs onstage, squealing with excitement.

MAY. JUNIE JONES! HEY JUNIE JONES!

She waves a card in Junie B.'s face.

Look what Jim gave *me*! An invitation to his *birthday party* on Saturday! It's just like he said! He's going to have a petting zoo there!

Junie B. covers her ears with her hands and closes her eyes.

JUNIE B. *(Singing loudly.)* LA LA LA LA LA!
I CAN'T HEARRR YOU!
I CAN'T HEARRR YOU!

YOU'RE NOT E-VEN BOTHERING MEEEEE!

MAY. You are a cuckoo bird.

Jim runs on and hands each kid an invitation—except Junie B.

JIM. COME TO MY PARTY! COME TO MY PARTY!

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER/GRACE/MAY. Wow, cool / This sounds fun / I can't wait!

JIM. Hey Goonie B. Jones.

JUNIE B. *(Eager.)* Me? Yes Jim? You want to talk to me?

JIM. Yeah. Have you seen William?

Junie B.'s face drops. William enters; Jim rushes to him with an invitation.

COME TO MY PARTY!

Jim, Paulie Allen Puffer, and May run off together. William remains, drawing chalk hearts on the ground.

JUNIE B. Darn it. That Jim is so mean. Everyone got an invitation but me. Even Crybaby William.

GRACE. Sorry Junie B.

JUNIE B. Crybaby William will probably be too scared to pet the petting zoo. He is even scared of a teeny flea, I think. *(Jumping up.)* Grace—I just got a great idea in my head! And it is called Hey! Maybe I can take William's invitation away from him. 'Cause he won't even chase me, probably. And so then I will have my very own invitation!

GRACE. No, Junie B. That is not a great idea. Let's go play.

Grace runs off.

JUNIE B. William can just get another invitation from that Jim. And then *everybody* will get to go to the party! Including me!

Junie B. crouches, circling William. She moves faster, faster, buzzing around him zippity quick. William plays along, spinning in dizzying circles.

Junie B. makes her bold move, buzzing loudly into his face like a massive killer bumblebee—then grabbing the invitation

and zooming away. William is at first confused, then upset, then runs offstage.

I did it! I did it! I got an invitation! And more good news: William's invitation doesn't even have his name on it!

The bell rings. May runs onstage.

MAY. Didn't you hear the bell, Junie Jones?

JUNIE B. Guess what, May? I got my very own invitation to Jim's birthday party!

MAY. How—? How did *you* get an invitation?

JUNIE B. None of your beeswax, May. *(Coveting the card.)* My very own invitation. I'm going to put my name on it when I get to Room One.

Mr. Scary enters, followed by a sniffling William—who points at her. Junie B. skips past William.

Hello. How are you today? Goodbye.

Mr. Scary reaches out and stops her.

MR. SCARY. Junie B., did you take something that belonged to William?

JUNIE B. No. 'Cause his name wasn't even on it. And so that means it is for anybody, I think.

MR. SCARY. Was William *holding* an invitation? And did you snatch it out of his hands? And then did you run away from him?

JUNIE B. I was a buzzing bee. BZZZZZZZZZZ. BZzz. Z.

Mr. Scary holds out his hand.

MR. SCARY. May I have it, please?

Junie B. rocks back and forth.

JUNIE B. It mighta got lost, possibly.

MR. SCARY. I want the invitation you took from William. *Now.*

Junie B. reluctantly reaches into her pocket.

JUNIE B. *(Grim.)* Good news, I found it.

MR. SCARY. Give it. To. William.

She hands William the card.

JUNIE B. Here. Mr. Stinkyhead Tattletale Boy.

(To audience.) That's when Mr. Scary's eyes got real mad. And he said That's enough. No more recess today. Do you understand young lady? And I had to Keep My Hands To Myself.
Except I could still wiggle my loose tooth.

The students line up excitedly.

JIM. I can't wait till Saturday. I can't wait till my birthday party!

GRACE. Me too. 'Cause there's a petting zoo!

WILLIAM. Me too. Except don't make me pet the animals.

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. It's going to be so fun!

MAY. There's going to be cake! And ice cream! And presents!

JUNIE B. Whoop-de-doo.

GRACE. Sorry you're not invited, Junie B.

WILLIAM. Maybe your tooth will come out while you're not at the party.

The students exit—except Junie B.

JUNIE B. Yeah. Only what if I look like Uncle Lou?
And then all of Room One starts making fun of me? And they form a circle around me and they laugh and skip and throw fruit? And I have to sit by myself. All alone. And toothless.

Scene 5: Bad Dreaming

Junie B.'s bedroom.

JUNIE B. *(To audience.)* At bedtime that night I couldn't even sleep very good. 'Cause I kept wiggling my loose tooth. And 'cause I kept thinking about that meanie Jim's birthday. And how everybody was going to that party. Only not me. I was the *only one*. Plus I'm the *only one* to lose a top tooth. In *all* of Room One.

Junie B. hears the sound of a joyful marching band and jumps out of bed.

The students enter on a fantastic float: an enormous decorated birthday cake.

Jim pops out of the top, dressed as a cowboy, twirling a lasso rope.

William, Grace, and Paulie Allen Puffer carry balloons, blow kazoos, do paddle boards, throw confetti.

Junie B. tries to join in, but there's no room for her.

May enters, carrying a fluffy lamb.

Is that a real live lamb, May?

DREAM MAY. Of course, silly head. Isn't it the cutest thing you've ever seen? It's like holding a warm marshmallow.

JUNIE B. Can I hold it, May? Huh? Can I please hold the lamb?

MAY. No Junie Jones! You're not invited!

Grace skips past with two cupcakes.

JUNIE B. Grace! Grace! You're my bestest friend, right?

DREAM GRACE. Ew. I can't look at you while I'm eating.

JUNIE B. Is that birthday cake?

DREAM GRACE. I get to eat two cakes! Sorry, Junie B.!

Grace skips away. Jim tosses his lasso and growls in a demon voice.

DREAM JIM. You can't hold the lamb. You can't play fun games, or eat all the M&M's you want, or get the piece of cake with the flowers made of frosting! 'Cause you're not invited to my party Junie B. Jones. And you're the only one! Hah hah!

Junie B. starts to protest.

DREAM WILLIAM. *(Pointing.)* Hey, look! Her teeth are all gone!

DREAM MAY. Junie Jones has a hole in her mouth!

DREAM WILLIAM. Ew ew ew!

DREAM PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. She's a freako, just like my Uncle Lou!

DREAM JIM. HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

They pelt Junie B. with fruit.

The students parade off, leaving Junie B. all alone in bed onstage.

JUNIE B. I wish wish wish I wasn't the *only one*.
Plus also I wish I wasn't the first one.
And so why can't my dumb tooth just stay in my mouth a little longer? That's what I would like to know.
Well, maybe if you didn't wiggle it, it would get tight again, Junie B. Did you ever think of that? Huh? Did you?
(Big gasp.) I just *did* think of that!

Daddy enters, carrying Baby Ollie.

DADDY. You still awake, Pumpkin?

JUNIE B. I know what to do about my tooth! I know what to do about my tooth!

DADDY. Hold your horses. Ollie is a little fussy right now.

Daddy bounces the baby, patting his back.

JUNIE B. Why does Ollie always have drool on him, Daddy? Plus also he is slobbering and chewing on his arm.
(To audience.) Ollie will not be popular in school, probably.

DADDY. He's drooling and fussy because he's getting his teeth soon. They're about to come in, and it's a little uncomfortable. Now, what were you saying about your tooth?

JUNIE B. I will be the first person in Room One to lose a top front tooth. Only who wants to look like toothless Uncle Lou? And so hurray, hurray! I decided not to lose my tooth after all!

DADDY. You're not going to lose your tooth, huh? Do you really think you can do that, Pumpkin?

JUNIE B. All I have to do is not wiggle it anymore. And then it will get real tight in my mouth again. I am *sure* of it!
(Quickly checking.) Yup! I can feel it—it's tighter already!
(Opening her mouth wide.) ee it? ee ow ight ih's geh-ing?

Daddy peers in her mouth.

DADDY. Gee, I don't know. It still looks pretty *loose* to me.

Daddy reaches out to check her tooth—but Junie B. snaps her mouth shut.

JUNIE B.
No! No no no!
Oh no. Oh no! OH NO!

DADDY.
OW! You bit me!

She spits her tooth into her hand.

You knocked my tooth out!

DADDY. No, Junie B. Your tooth came out when you bit down on my finger.

JUNIE B. I LOOK LIKE UNCLE LOU! HELP! HELP! HELP! I LOOK LIKE UNCLE LOU! 911, MY TOOTH'S KNOCKED OUT! MY TOOTH'S KNOCKED OUT!

Mother rushes in with a paper cup of water.

MOTHER. Calm down. Everything is alright.

JUNIE B. Everything is *not* alright.

MOTHER. Rinse and spit, Junie B.

Junie B. swishes and spits water back in the cup.

JUNIE B. My spit water turned *pink*!

MOTHER. It's just a little bit of blood.

JUNIE B. BLOOD! BLOOD! THERE'S BLOOD IN MY SPIT!
DADDY. *Please*, Junie B. Just stop the screeching. You're upsetting your baby brother.

Daddy exits with Baby Ollie.

MOTHER. It's stopped bleeding.

JUNIE B. Whew! That was a close one. I was almost out of blood.
MOTHER. Well, let's have a look.

She sets Junie B. in front of a mirror. Junie B. squeezes her eyes shut.

Aren't you going to look? It looks cute, Junie B. It really does.

Junie B. takes a deep breath, opens her mouth, opens her eyes—then quickly shuts her mouth.

What's wrong?

JUNIE B. I look like a freako! I don't want to look at myself again. I don't, I don't, I don't. And I mean it.

She sniffles.

MOTHER. I want you to listen to me. I would never lie to you, Junie B. You look every bit as good without your tooth as you did with it. Your new smile is wonderful.

JUNIE B. No, no, no!

MOTHER. You didn't even give it a chance, honey. You really need to look at it again. You'll love your new smile.

Junie B. takes a big breath and takes the mirror.

JUNIE B. I'm only doing this to be nice.

MOTHER. Thank you. You're very kind.

Junie B. looks in the mirror; she slowly does a shy smile. She morphs her smile into a funny face; then a sad face; then a scary face; then a glam face; then a confused face; then a stormy face; then a surprised face.

So, how do you think you look?

JUNIE B. I think I look fascinating.

Daddy enters.

I can't wait to take my tooth to school for Show-and-Tell! The children are going to love this thing.

DADDY. I'm not sure you should take your tooth to school.
MOTHER. No, Junie B. That's *definitely* not a good idea. And besides, you won't even have your tooth on Monday, remember? You have to leave it for the tooth fairy tonight.

JUNIE B. *(To audience.)* Just then, my skin got chill bumps. And flutterlies came in my stomach and sweaty came on my head.

(To Mother.) Yeah, only what if I don't want to leave my tooth for the fairy, Mother? What if I just want to take it to Show-and-Tell, and that's all?

MOTHER. No Show-and-Tell. Taking a tooth to Show-and-Tell is—

DADDY. Disgusting.

JUNIE B. No it isn't. 'Cause one time Jim brought a shark's tooth.
MOTHER. No, Junie B.

JUNIE B. Plus another time, May brought her grandmother's dentures. And she even let us put those in our mouths.

DADDY. No Junie B.

JUNIE B. Maybe I could just give my shiny tooth to that meanie Jim. And then he would invite me to his birthday party, possibly.

DADDY. You're not taking your tooth to school.

MOTHER. It's going to be fun to put it under your pillow. I remember when I was a little girl, I couldn't *wait* to wake up in the morning and find out how much money the tooth fairy had left me.

DADDY. Who wouldn't be excited about something like that?

JUNIE B. *(Conspiratorial.)* Yeah, only I know stuff about the fairy. I know the *truth.*

MOTHER. You know the truth?

JUNIE B. I know the *exact* truth, Mother. 'Cause Paulie Allen Puffer told me the whole entire story.

DADDY. What story?

Paulie Allen Puffer appears, intensely sharing this official information.

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. The fairy isn't *real.*

JUNIE B. *(To Mother and Daddy.)* The tooth fairy is just *pretend.*

MOTHER/DADDY. No!

JUNIE B./PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. *Yes.*

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. I learned it from my big brother. The tooth fairy isn't a fairy at all. It's actually a teensy little tooth witch.

MOTHER. A tooth *witch*?

JUNIE B. Shhh! We have to talk soft.

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. If the tooth witch hears anyone telling its secret, it flies into their room at night. And pinches their cheeks. And pulls their hair.

DADDY. Oh no.

Mother covers her mouth, stifling a laugh.

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. My brother even *saw* the tooth witch.

DADDY. Oh my.

JUNIE B. I know, it is *oh my*. And that is not even the worstest part. 'Cause the witch walked right under his pillow. And carried out his tooth. And then chomped a big bite out of it. Just like it was a little tooth apple.

PAULIE ALLEN PUFFER. It's true.

Mother turns away, hiding her laughter. Junie B. pats her shoulder.

JUNIE B. Mother's taking it harder than I thought.

Paulie Allen Puffer disappears.

DADDY. There's no such thing as a tooth witch, Junie B. I promise you there isn't. Paulie Allen Puffer's brother just made that up to scare Paulie Allen.

JUNIE B. No, Daddy. No. It's not made up, I know it isn't. 'Cause the tooth witch makes *way* more sense than a fairy.

DADDY. Why does a witch make more sense than a fairy?

JUNIE B. *Because* the tooth witch likes to *chomp* the teeth. But the tooth fairy doesn't do anything with the teeth at all, and so why would it even pay money for them? It doesn't make sense.

DADDY. I'm sure the tooth fairy must do something special with the teeth, Junie B.

JUNIE B. Like what? What does the fairy do with the teeth?

Mother looks at Daddy.

MOTHER. Do you hear Ollie crying?

DADDY. Definitely.

MOTHER. We better go check.

DADDY. Night Junie B.!

Mother and Daddy quickly exit.

JUNIE B. *(To audience.)* That night, I did not put my tooth under my pillow. Because what do you know. The fairy still did not make sense.

Junie B. lays in bed, alert. Smoke and lightning fill the stage as the tooth witches fly into the room—looking like a cross between an evil sorcerer and a miner, ready to do their dirty tooth-witch work. They obviously eat cookies and candy bars and drink soda, their faces smeared with sugar and chocolate—or is that dirt and coal? They turn on their handy headlamps and approach their prey.

Junie B. cowers in fear as one of the witches pinches her

cheek; another one pulls her hair and the third one looks under her pillow.

There is no tooth—so the Witches get busy trying to find it, flitting about, excavating, illuminating high and low. Nothing is safe, no toy or stuffed animal sacred, as they rifle through her room.

Then, they turn to Junie B.

TOOTH WITCH 1. You, Junie B., first grader! It's time.

JUNIE B. Who are you? What do you want?

TOOTH WITCH 2. Who do you think we are? We're tooth fairies.

TOOTH WITCHES 1/3. Yeah, yeah.

JUNIE B. Really? How come you don't even look like a fairy*?*

TOOTH WITCH 1. The tooth, Junie B. Where is it?

TOOTH WITCH 3. Give it to us.

TOOTH WITCH 2. Come on, we don't have all night.

JUNIE B. Yeah only I know why you want my tooth. That's why I'm not giving it to you, *tooth witches*!

The witches snarl.

TOOTH WITCH 3. Do what we say or your goose is cooked.

JUNIE B. I don't even have a goose, so ha!

TOOTH WITCH 1. Then we'll pry another tooth right out of your big mouth. With these pliers.

The witches produce giant pliers.

JUNIE B. No no no!

Junie B. gasps and covers her mouth. The witches surround her, snarling. She jumps on top of her bed.

Wait—here it is.

She pulls the tooth out of her sock hiding place. Lightning strike.

TOOTH WITCH 3. Yum, there's the tasty tooth.

TOOTH WITCH 2. That's a beaut.

TOOTH WITCH 1. I can't wait to chomp on that chewy morsel. Give it here.

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!



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