Acting Edition

JUNIE B. JONES IS NOT A CROOK

BY ALLISON GREGORY

<EDITION>

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Playscripts

Junie B. Jones Is Not a Crook

A COMEDY BY Allison Gregory

Based on the books *Junie B. Jones Is Not a Crook*
and *Junie B. Jones Loves Handsome Warren*
by Barbara Park



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For Richard, and for Dave, who is with Barbara.

Cast of Characters

Actor #1
JUNIE B. JONES

Actor #2
GRACE / PINK FLUFFY GIRL

Actor #3
LUCILLE / GROUCHY TYPING LADY / CHOIR

Actor #4
MRS. / MOTHER / PARROT

Actor #5
JIM / MITTEN CROOK / GRAMPA FRANK MILLER / CHOIR

Actor #6
HANDSOME WARREN / LIVE FIREMAN / CHOIR

Actor #7
RICARDO / PRINCIPAL / LUCILLE'S GRANDPA / CHOIR

Time

Today, and a couple of days after that.

Set

The play takes place in several different locations—a kindergarten classroom; a school playground; a dining room; Junie B.'s bedroom; the principal's office. Each location should be furnished with specificity and restraint, keeping the action moving and our imaginations working. This play never stops.

Acknowledgements

All production groups performing this play are required to include the following credits on the title page of every program:

Junie B. Jones Is Not A Crook by Allison Gregory
based on the books *Junie B. Jones Is Not A Crook* and
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Junie B. Jones Is Not a Crook, Childsplay, Tempe, Arizona (2016)

JUNIE B. JONES IS NOT A CROOK
by Allison Gregory

ADAPTED FROM THE BOOK SERIES BY BARBARA PARK

Scene 1: No Good Reason

(The playground.)

(A single pool of light reveals JUNIE B. *downstage. She wears a poofy winter jacket and has her hands in her pockets. Her hair is frizzled and uneven—and mostly covered by an oversized bow.)*

JUNIE B. My name is Junie B. Jones. The B stands for Beatrice. Except I don't like Beatrice. I just like B and that's all.
I am in the grade of kindergarten. My room is named Room Nine. I have two bestest friends at that place. One of them is Grace.

*(*GRACE *runs onstage and waves at* JUNIE B.*)*

She has my favorite kind of hair. It is called automatically curly. Also she has pink high-tops. And fast feet.

*(*GRACE *runs offstage zippity quick.)*

That Grace is the fastest runner in all of kindergarten. She wins me at all of our races. I am a good sport about it. Except for sometimes I call her the name of Cheater Pants.

*(*GRACE *runs onstage, a little out of breath.)*

GRACE. I can't find her, Junie B. I can't find Lucille.

JUNIE B. *(To audience:)* Lucille is my other bestest friend.

GRACE. Maybe she's just late. Or else maybe something went wrong at her house.

(As JUNIE B. *describes them in the following speech,* LUCILLE'S FAMILY *enters upstage:* LUCILLE *dresses and primps as* LUCILLE'S GRANDPA *grandly leads the* PARROT—*which proceeds to bite* LUCILLE'S GRANDPA, *and then flies at* LUCILLE, *dive-bombing her hair again and again.* LUCILLE'S GRANDPA *panics and attempts to dial 911 when suddenly a real* LIVE FIREMAN *bursts onto the scene dragging a firehose and an axe.* GRANDPA *hands him a pair of scissors.* LIVE FIREMAN *swiftly snips* LUCILLE's *locks, freeing the offending* PARROT *and saving the day and* LUCILLE's *perfect hair.)*

JUNIE B. *(Intensely:)* Yes. Maybe her grampa brought a parrot to her house. And Lucille was getting dressed for school. And then the parrot flew into her room. And he got all tangled up in her hair. And so her grampa had to call 911. And a real live fireman came to her house. And he cut the parrot out of her hair with scissors. Only that left a teeny baldy spot. But guess what? If you wear a big bow nobody can even tell the difference.

*(*LUCILLE'S FAMILY *exits.)*

GRACE. Did that really happen?

*(*JUNIE B. *adjusts her bow.)*

JUNIE B. Yeah, only pretend I didn't even tell you that.
Here is a story for you. It is called "Once upon a Time My Grandfather Named Frank Miller Went to the Store and He Bought Me Some Mittens."
Once upon a time my grandfather named Frank Miller went to the store and he bought me some mittens. They are made out of black furry fur. And guess what? It was not even my birthday! Or Christmas! Or Valentine's Day! Plus the mittens were not even on sale! Grampa Miller just bought them for no good reason! And that is the bestest reason I ever heard of!
That's how come I love that guy very much.
Plus also he can skip.
The end.
I like that story a real lot. 'Cause guess why?

GRACE. Why, Junie B.?

*(*JUNIE B. *pulls her hands out of her pockets and what do you know—she is wearing black furry mittens.)*

JUNIE B. I didn't even make it up, that's why! That adventure actually happened to me! My grampa Miller really did buy me mittens for no good reason! And they are gorgeous, I tell you!

GRACE. Ooo, they are gorgeous and furry!

JUNIE B. When I first put them on, I got filled with glee. *(To audience:)* Glee is when you run. And jump. And skip. And laugh. And clap. And dance on top of the dining room table.
Then your mother takes you down from the table. And she carries you to your room for a time-out. Time-outs kill the glee. *(To* GRACE*:)* I'm wearing my new mittens with my attractive winter jacket, Grace. It isn't actually cold out only who even cares? 'Cause this outfit looks very beautiful together.

*(*LUCILLE *enters. She fluffs her dress and twirls.)*

JUNIE B. LUCILLE! LUCILLE! *(To audience:)* Lucille is way beautifuller than me. That's because her nanna buys her fancy dresses. Plus also she has lacey socks with ribbons on them.

LUCILLE. When I grow up I'm going to marry an expensive prince. And I will even let you and Grace sweep my castle and wear my raggedy used-up gowns.

JUNIE B. *(To audience, earnest:)* Lucille is a regular saint.

*(*LUCILLE *points at* JUNIE B.'s *head.)*

LUCILLE. Ick. What's with the bow?

JUNIE B. *(Misdirection, holding up her hands:)* LOOK AT MY GORGEOUS NEW MITTENS! SEE THEM? THEY ARE MADE OUT OF BLACK FURRY FUR!

*(*LUCILLE *pets the gloves as she speaks.)*

LUCILLE. My family has lots of fur. My mother has a fur cape. And my aunt has a fur jacket. And my uncle has a fur hat. Plus my nanna just bought a brand-new mink coat. Only she can't wear it outside the house. Or else people will throw paint on her.

JUNIE B. Why, Lucille? Why will people throw paint on your nanna?

LUCILLE. Don't you know anything, Junie B. Jones? It's because people who love furry animals don't like them being made into coats for nannas.

*(*LUCILLE *fluffs her dress and exits with* GRACE. JUNIE B. *lets out a big breath.)*

JUNIE B. *(To audience:)* I feel relief in me. 'Cause I'm not even a nanna, that's why. And besides, my mittens aren't even made out of real furry animals. They are made out of fake furry animals. And those kind don't even count.
(Waving her furry hands:) LOOK, EVERYBODY! LOOK AT MY NEW MITTENS! MY GRAMPA FRANK MILLER BOUGHT THEM FOR NO GOOD REASON! *(Raising a furry hand:)* HOW MANY CHILDREN SEE THESE LOVELY THINGS? RAISE YOUR HANDS.

*(*GRACE *trots onstage.)*

GRACE. Horses, Junie B.!

JUNIE B. Me and that Grace and Lucille play horses together before school. Horses is when you gallop. And trot. And snort.

*(*JUNIE B. *and* GRACE *gallop and trot and snort.)*

Only where is Lucille? *(Stopping:)* Darn it. Now we can't play horses that good. 'Cause two horses isn't as fun as three horses.

GRACE. I SEE HER! I SEE LUCILLE!

(They both look offstage.)

HEY! SOMEBODY'S CHASING HER, JUNIE B.! WHO IS THAT BOY? WHO IS THAT STRANGER BOY WHO IS CHASING LUCILLE?

JUNIE B. *(Squinting:)* IT IS AN EVIL STRANGER BOY, GRACE! AND SO NOW YOU AND ME WILL HAVE TO SAVE HER!

*(*LUCILLE *runs on, followed by* HANDSOME WARREN. JUNIE B. *waves her arms in big circles.)*

Come on, Grace! Let's go! Let's go save Lucille!

*(*GRACE *and* JUNIE B. *gallop a circle around* HANDSOME WARREN, *shooing their arms at him.)*

GRACE & JUNIE B. GO AWAY, BOY!

GRACE. GO AWAY AND LEAVE LUCILLE ALONE!

JUNIE B. YES! OR I WILL TELL PRINCIPAL ON YOU! 'CAUSE ME AND HIM ARE PERSONAL FRIENDS. AND HE WILL POUND YOUR HEAD!

*(*HANDSOME WARREN, *frightened, runs offstage.)*

GRACE & JUNIE B. HURRAY! HURRAY! WE SAVED LUCILLE FROM THE EVIL STRANGER BOY!

*(*LUCILLE *fumes at* JUNIE B. *and* GRACE.*)*

LUCILLE. WHY DID YOU DO THAT? WHY DID YOU CHASE THAT BOY AWAY? NOW YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING!

JUNIE B. But. We saved you from the evil stranger boy.

LUCILLE. He is not an evil stranger boy, Junie B.! He's a new kid in Room Eight. And his name is Warren. And he's the handsomest boy I ever saw. He's been in a TV commercial before!

GRACE. He has? *(Standing up on her tippy-toes looking offstage:)* Where did he go? I didn't even get a good look at him.

JUNIE B. Me too. I didn't get a good look at him, too. Is he handsome like a movie star?

GRACE. *(Pointing offstage:)* THERE HE IS! THERE HE IS! HE'S OVER THERE UNDER THAT TREE! SEE HIM, JUNIE B.? SEE HIM?

JUNIE B. He is handsome like a movie star! Wowie-wow-wow! What a chunk! I would like him for my new boyfriend, I think.

LUCILLE. No! Don't say that, Junie B.! He can't be your boyfriend. He can only be my boyfriend. 'Cause I saw him first.

JUNIE B. Yeah, only here's the problem, Lucille. Me and Grace didn't even get a crack at him yet.

GRACE. Yeah. We definitely need a crack at him.

JUNIE B. And so now you have to introduce us.

LUCILLE. No, no, no! You want to steal him away from me! Plus, you already have a boyfriend. Remember, Junie B.? You already have Ricardo! Remember?

*(*JUNIE B. *glances offstage in the direction of* HANDSOME WARREN.*)*

JUNIE B. Yeah, only I think I may be ready to move on.

LUCILLE. That's not even fair!

*(*JUNIE B. *speaks to audience. We see* LUCILLE *silently act out the following:)*

JUNIE B. That's when Lucille's face got boiling mad.
And she stomped her angry feet.
And she said the words:

LUCILLE. You're not my friend today.

JUNIE B. Only then the bell rang for school. And I zoomed to Room Nine like a speeding rocket. 'Cause guess why?
More people to show my mittens to! That's why!

Scene 2: Fur Hands

(Room Nine.)

(A colorful kindergarten classroom. The other children find their seats as JUNIE B. *pets herself with her furry mittens.)*

MRS. Find your seats, everyone.

JUNIE B. My teacher's name is Mrs.
She has another name, too. But I just like Mrs. and that's all.

MRS. Junie B.?

*(*JUNIE B. *approaches* MRS. *with furry hands outstretched.)*

JUNIE B. I have fur hands. Feel them, Mrs.

(She rubs her mittens on MRS.'s *face.)*

Feel how soft they are.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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