

# **Junie B. Jones Is Not A Crook**

A play by Allison Gregory

Adapted from the book series  
by Barbara Park

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Draft 9.21.16

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**CAST:** 7 Actors (with doubling); 4 women, 3 men

Junie B. Jones

Grace/Pink Fluffy Girl

Lucille/Grouchy Typing Lady/Choir

Mrs./Mother/Parrot

Meanie Jim/Mitten Crook/Grandpa Frank Miller/Choir

Handsome Warren/Live Fireman/Choir

Ricardo/Principal/Lucille's Grandpa/Choir

## **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.

## **Time**

Today, and a couple of days after that.

**ACT ONE****SCENE ONE: NO GOOD REASON**

The Playground.

(A single pool of light reveals JUNIE B. down stage. She wears a pouffy winter jacket and has her hands in her pockets. Her hair is frizzled and uneven-- and mostly covered by an over-sized 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.

JUNIE B.

Yes.

(As Junie B. describes the following scenario, LUCILLE'S FAMILY enter upstage: LUCILLE dresses and primps as LUCILLE'S GRANDPA grandly leads the PARROT – which proceeds to bite her Grandpa, and then flies at Lucille, dive-bombing her hair. Grandpa panics and attempts to dial 911 -- 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. (cont'd)

(intensely)

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.

(LUCILLE'S FAMILY exits.)

But guess what? If you wear a big bow nobody can even tell the difference.

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!

JUNIE B. (cont'd)

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. reveals her hands 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. and GRACE clap appreciatively.)

JUNIE B. & GRACE

Lucille!

JUNIE B.

(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 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.)

JUNIE B. (cont'd)

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.)

GRACE (cont'd)

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.)

JUNIE B. (cont'd)

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

(Grace and Junie B. gallop a circle around Warren, shoo-ing 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, startled, 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?

(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

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 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 TWO: 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.

MRS.

Oooh, they are soft, Junie B. Be sure and put them in your jacket pockets so they won't get lost, okay?

(Junie B. skips to her seat.)

JUNIE B.

(to herself)

Yeah, only I'm not even going to lose them. I am going to wear them right on my hands. The whole livelong day. 'Cause I love these guys, that's why.

(She taps LUCILLE on the back.)

Hello. How are you today? I have fur hands. See them, Lucille? See my hands of fur?

(flying her hands around)

This is what fur hands look like when they're flying in the air.

(waving "hello")

This is what fur hands look like when they're waving hello.

LUCILLE

You're being annoying.

(Junie B. turns and smiles at RICARDO behind her.)

JUNIE B.

I have fur hands, Ricardo. See them? See my fur hands?

(tapping him on the head)

This is what fur hands look like when they're tapping you on your head.

RICARDO

Can you tap on my head at recess, Junie B? I'm doing my letters.

JIM

Quit bothering everyone, Looney Jones!

(Junie B. gets up from her seat, skips over to Grace's chair and tickles her under the chin.)

JUNIE B.

Hello, how are you? This is what fur hands look like when they're tickling you under your chin.

(Mrs. takes Junie B. by the mittened hand and marches her back to her own seat.)

JUNIE B. (cont'd)

This is how fur hands look when they're marching to my seat.

MRS.

Sit.

(Junie B. sits. Mrs. holds out her hands.)

Mittens.

(The other students respond. Junie B. reluctantly extends her hands; Mrs. pulls the mittens off.)

JUNIE B.

(unhappily to herself)

That is how fur hands look when they're no longer in my possession.

(She droops her head and covers up with her arms.)

MRS.

You can have your mittens back at recess.

(Junie B. looks up and stares hard at the clock. Time passes v-e-r-y s-l-o-w-l-y; the ticks get loud and echo-y. Junie B. dies a slow death. She recovers. She taps her fingers. She does several loud breaths.)

LUCILLE

Junie B. keeps tapping her fingers and making loud breaths! And I can't even concentrate on my work!

MRS.

Junie B., please stop tapping and making breaths.

JUNIE B.

Want to be friends again, Lucille? Huh? Want to be friends like we used to be? That would be nice of us, don't you think?

LUCILLE

No. You only want to be friends so you can steal my new boyfriend.

JUNIE B.

Yeah, only how can I even steal him, Lucille? 'Cause you are way beautifuller than me. Remember that? Remember how beautifuller than me you are? Plus, I am not even a stealer.

(Lucille considers this, fluffs her flouncy skirt, and delicately extends her foot.)

LUCILLE

See my new lacy socks? Eight dollars and fifty cents...not including tax.

JUNIE B.

Wowie-wow-wow. Those are some fancy feet you have there, madam!  
(thrusting her leg out)

See, Lucille? See mine? They are very sagging and droopy. That's because last night me and my dog Tickle played tug-of-war with those things. And he got drooly on them.

LUCILLE

Eew.

JUNIE B.

I know they are eew.

(Junie B. secretly shows Lucille a spot on her head -- which MEANIE JIM overhears.)

JUNIE B. (cont'd)

And see Lucille? I even have a baldy spot on my head! And so that is why I have to wear this dumb bow.

LUCILLE

Ick.

MEANIE JIM

That is really ick!

JUNIE B.

Please turn around your big fat stinky head.

MRS.

Junie B., no more talking!

MEANIE JIM

Ha ha on you!

(Junie B. growls at Jim; she immediately turns and talks to Lucille.)

JUNIE B.

That's what I've been trying to tell you, Lucille. So how can I even steal your boyfriend?

MEANIE JIM

Hey Ricardo, did you know Junie B. is a baldy?

RICARDO

Cool.

MEANIE JIM

She has a baldy spot right on her big head!

RICARDO

Can I see your baldy spot, Junie B?

JUNIE B.

I am not a baldy!

(She runs over to Jim.)

JUNIE B. (cont'd)

I told you to turn your fatty head around, Meanie Jim!

(Meanie Jim refuses, so Junie B. turns it around for him.)

MRS.

JUNIE B. JONES, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

JUNIE B.

I am turning around his fatty head.

MRS.

WE DO NOT TOUCH OUR FRIEND'S FATTY HEADS IN THIS CLASS!

(MRS. realizes her error as soon as it leaves her mouth.)

MRS. (cont'd)

Go. Sit. Down.

(JUNIE B. quickly takes her seat while Mrs. recovers.)

JUNIE B.

Now we are friends again! Right, Lucille? Right? And so now you can introduce me to Handsome Warren. 'Cause I won't even steal that guy.

LUCILLE

(fluffing her dress)

I don't know...I'll think about it. And really Junie B., that bow has to go.

(Junie B. jumps up on her chair.)

JUNIE B.

Grace! Hey Grace! Lucille said she'll think about it!

(MRS. rushes over to Junie B. and grabs hold of her by the straps of her jumper.)

JUNIE B. (cont'd)

I was afraid it was you.

How are you today?

I am fine. Except I don't actually have my mittens.

So I will just be on my way now.

(Junie B. steps down off her chair.)

MRS.

Never ever stand up in your chair, Junie B. You could fall off and break something!

JIM

Yeah. She could break the floor with her hard bald head!

(Junie B. makes a fist at Jim.)

JUNIE B.

Plus also I could break your whole entire bean brain!

JIM

I'd like to see you try, Baldy B. Jones!

JUNIE B.

Don't call me that!

MRS.

Honestly, the two of you. Don't you know fighting is not nice?

JUNIE B.

Perfect. 'Cause neither is Meanie Jim.

(Mrs. resolutely seats Junie B. in her chair.)

MRS.

Now stay in your seat young lady. Do you understand? And no more name-calling.

(MRS. goes to her desk.)

JIM

(whisper)

Yeah, Baldy B. Jones.

JUNIE B.

(whisper)

You're just trying to get my goat. But I don't even have a goat. So hah, the joke is on you!

MRS.

Not. Another. Word.

(Junie B. mimes zipping her mouth shut, tapes it, and puts a lock on it. When Mrs walks away, she unlocks, untapes, and unzips her mouth.)

JUNIE B.

(to Audience)

After that, I stayed in my chair very good. And I did my work. I did my spelling. And my arithmetic. And my printing. Also, I drew a sausage patty on my arm. Only that wasn't even an assignment. That is called working on your own.

(MRS. claps her hands.)

MRS.

Okay, everyone. It's time for recess. Line up at the door.

(All the kids race to line up.)

And please...let's be ladies and gentlemen about it.

JUNIE B.

(to Audience)

Ladies and gentlemen means No Trampling Thy Neighbor. It is a Ten Commandments, I think.

(She rushes up to Mrs., hopping and jumping around.)

OH BOY! OH BOY! OH BOY! 'CAUSE NOW I CAN HAVE MY MITTENS BACK!  
RIGHT, MRS.? RIGHT?

(Mrs. hands the mittens over to Junie B., who proceeds to rub them against her own face.)

JUNIE B. (cont'd)

It's good to be with you again.

MRS.

Please get in line, Junie B.

(Junie B. gets in line behind Lucille.)

JUNIE B.

Now you're gonna introduce me. Right, Lucille? Now I'm gonna get to meet that handsome boy.

(Grace joins them in line.)

Grace! Grace! Guess what? Lucille is going to introduce us to Handsome Warren!

LUCILLE

No, Junie B. I said I'll think about it. THAT'S ALL.

(The bell rings and they all take hands and skip out to recess.)

SCENE THREE: HORSES

The Playground.

(JUNIE B., GRACE, and LUCILLE play horses. Junie B. is wearing her furry mittens. They prance in a choreographed parade, neighing and going through their paces as if in a show arena. GRACE and LUCILLE pass RICARDO as he approaches Junie B.)

RICARDO

I heard a rumor, Junie B. Is it true?

JUNIE B.

Ricardo. It's been fun being your girlfriend. But I think it's time we started chasing other people.

RICARDO

Does this mean...it's over?

JUNIE B.

(patting him on the shoulder)

Sorry, Rick, it's just not working out. But we can still be friends.

(He ponders this, then nods. JUNIE B. resumes being a horse with GRACE and LUCILLE. They toss their heads and snort, gallop and jump around the stage. After a moment Junie B. unzips her jacket.)

Whew! I am going to die from heat perspiration.

(She trots over to the side of the stage and removes her jacket -- and her mittens.)

I will pile my jacket and my furry mittens in a careful pile, just for now.

(Handsome Warren enters.)

LUCILLE

THERE HE IS!

(JUNIE B. tosses her mittens offstage and hurries back toward the others. LUCILLE rushes over to HANDSOME WARREN, pulls him by the hand and points as she speaks.)

LUCILLE (cont'd)

That is Grace. And that is Junie B. Jones.

(Handsome Warren waves, friendly. Junie B.'s hands shoot up to cover her baldy spot.)

HANDSOME WARREN

I like your high tops.

GRACE

They're my fast shoes.

(Grace demonstrates, running circles around him. He nods, approving.)

LUCILLE

Do you like this dress, Warren? My nanna bought it for me, she said it's precious.

(She does a whirly twirl for him.)

I am learning ballroom dancing at my expensive dance school. Wouldn't you love to see me dance? Wouldn't you, Warren?

HANDSOME WARREN

Sure.

(Junie B. moves nearer to Handsome Warren. She covers her eyes, then peeks through her fingers.)

JUNIE B.

Peekaboo! I see you.

(She starts laughing. She keeps on laughing. She laughs and laughs, she can't stop.)

She falls on the ground, rolling and laughing.  
Handsome Warren backs away from her.)

HANDSOME WARREN

(not unkindly)

What a nutball.

(WARREN runs offstage. Lucille and Grace watch him go; Junie B. remains laying on the ground, confused.)

LUCILLE

Didn't you love him, Junie B.? Wasn't he so handsome? He was even handsomer up close, don't you think? He was nice, too. Wasn't he nice?

GRACE

He said he liked my high tops.

LUCILLE

He said he like my dress.

JUNIE B.

He said I was a nutball.

(LUCILLE twirls all around.)

LUCILLE

Not me. He didn't say I was a nutball. That's because he loves me!

(GRACE jumps high in the air.)

GRACE

Me too!

LUCILLE

Silly Grace. Look at me for goodness sake, I'm precious! And when you're precious, boys automatically love you.

GRACE

He loves me, too!

(LUCILLE stops twirling and crosses her arms.)

LUCILLE

No Grace. He does not love you, too. He only loves me. 'Cause I saw him first. And you're not allowed to steal him away, remember?

(GRACE crosses her arms.)

GRACE

I'm not stealing him away, Lucille. He just automatically loves me on his own. And there's nothing I can do about it.

JUNIE B.

How come he said I was a nutball, do you think? Why did he have to say that dumb thing?

LUCILLE

Tell her, Junie B! Tell Grace she can't steal my boyfriend!

JUNIE B.

I am not a nutball. Am I? Am I a nutball? I am not a nutball.

(Grace and Lucille lean in face-to-face, over Junie B.)

GRACE

I can love anybody I want to, Lucille!

LUCILLE

No, you cannot, Grace!

GRACE

Yes, I can too, Lucille!

(Junie B. taps them on the knees.)

JUNIE B.

How many think I'm a nutball? Raise your hand.

(The bell rings. GRACE and LUCILLE gallop offstage. Junie B. goes to retrieve her things as HANDSOME WARREN appears in a pin spot.)

HANDSOME WARREN

What a nutball.

JUNIE B.

I tried to hurry up to get my stuff.

HANDSOME WARREN

A nutball.

JUNIE B.

Except I couldn't stop thinking about being a nutball.

HANDSOME WARREN

Nutball!

JUNIE B.

AAAH!

(HANDSOME WARREN disappears. JUNIE B. looks around.)

JUNIE B. (cont'd)

Only guess what? I saw something very terrible, that's what. And it's called HEY! SOMEBODY STOLED MY MITTENS!

(She runs in panicked circles, hollering.)

911! 911! 911! SOMEBODY STOLED THEM! SOMEBODY STOLED MY MITTENS!

(MRS. enters.)

JUNIE B. (cont'd)

They stole them, Mrs.! They stole my mittens! 911!

MRS.

Who, Junie B.? Who stole them?

JUNIE B.

A stealer, that's who! A stealer stole them! And so what kind of school is this? 'Cause I didn't even know there was crooks at this place!

MRS.

Calm down, Junie B. Please lower your voice.

JUNIE B.

Yeah, only I can't even calm it down that good. 'Cause I am heartsick, that's why.

(to Audience)

Heartsick is the grown-up word for when your heart is sick.

(to Mrs.)

Now all I have left is my dumb attractive jacket.

(Mrs. picks up the jacket.)

MRS.

You and I are going to the office.

JUNIE B.

No, Mrs.! I'm not allowed to go there! Mother said if I get sended to the office one more time, I will get grounded, young lady.

(to Audience)

Grounded, young lady is when I have to stay on my own ground. Plus, also I can go on the rug.

MRS.

I'm not taking you to the principal's office to punish you, Junie B. I'm taking you to find your mittens.

(Junie B. gasps.)

JUNIE B.

(shocked)

Principal? Principal stoled my mittens?

MRS.

No, Junie B. He didn't steal your mittens. The office is where the Lost and Found is located.

#### SCENE FOUR: LOST AND FOUND

JUNIE B.

After that, Mrs. took my hand and we hurried up to the office. There is a grouchy typing lady at that place. I am not fond of her.

(Grouchy TYPING LADY is at a small desk, just outside a closed door that says PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. She rarely looks up, and never stops typing.)

MRS.

Junie B. needs to look through the Lost and Found. Please send her back to class when she's finished. No hurry.

(Mrs. smiles at Junie B. and exits. Grouchy Typing Lady glares at Junie B.)

JUNIE B.

(nervously)

Yeah, only I'm not even bad today. Somebody stoled my mittens. And that is the end of my tale.

(Grouchy Typing Lady silently watches Junie B., who wipes her brow and shifts nervously.)

JUNIE B. (cont'd)

Whew...it's warmish in here, isn't it? Sweat is coming on my head.

(The door opens to reveal PRINCIPAL.)

Principal! Look! Look! It's me! It's Junie B. Jones! My mittens got stoled on the playground! And so Mrs. brought me here to get them! So just hand them over and I will be on my way...no questions asked.

(Principal gives her a look. GROUCHY TYPING LADY retrieves a large box. PRINCIPAL points to the box.)

PRINCIPAL

This is the Lost and Found, Junie B. Anytime that someone finds something that's been lost, they bring it here. And we put it in this box.

JUNIE B.

How come? How come they bring it here instead of taking it home? 'Cause one time I found a nickel in the street. And Daddy said I could put it in my bank. 'Cause finding isn't the same thing as stealing. Right, Principal? Finding is a lucky duck.

PRINCIPAL

(chuckling)

Well, losing a nickel isn't really a big deal. But when someone loses something personal--like mittens, for instance--well, that's a very big deal.

JUNIE B.

'Specially if they got stoled by a crook.

PRINCIPAL

We don't know that, Junie B. We don't know that they got stoled. Stolen. And so if someone finds the mittens, they can bring them to the Lost and Found, and the owner can get them back. And that makes everyone happy, Junie B.

JUNIE B.

(to Audience)

Sometimes Principal doesn't understand children at all.

(Principal points to a sign taped on the side of the box.)

PRINCIPAL

See this? This is a poem the third grade wrote about the Lost and Found. It says:

"If you find stuff, bring it in.  
All day long, you'll wear a grin."

(He smiles at Junie B.)

JUNIE B.

Yeah, only here's the problem. I didn't lose my mittens. They got stoled on purpose. And so no one will bring them in and wear a grin, probably.

PRINCIPAL

Well, you never know, Junie B. Why don't you look in there and see?

(He opens the box. Junie gasps.)

JUNIE B.

These are the wonderfulest items I ever saw!

(digging through the box)

Sweaters! Sweatshirts! Baseball caps! And gloves! And balls!

PRINCIPAL

Yes, there are a lot of--

JUNIE B.

Sunglasses! A lunchbox! And a watch with Mickey Mouse on it!

(spying a particular treasure)

OOOOOH! I ALWAYS WANTED ONE OF THESE!

(She pulls out a teddy bear backpack and quickly puts it on. She skips around the office.)

How does it look back there?

(Principal runs after her, removing the backpack and returning it to the box.)

PRINCIPAL

We're looking for your mittens, remember?

JUNIE B.

(glum)

Oh, yeah...my mittens.

(She looks through the box.)

JUNIE B. (cont'd)

They're not here. My mittens are gone forever and ever, I think.

(She does a sad sigh and picks up the teddy backpack again.)

Maybe I will take this instead. 'Cause this teddy backpack will ease my pain, I believe.

PRINCIPAL

No, Junie B.

JUNIE B.

How come? 'Cause the owner doesn't even want it anymore, I bet. Her mother already bought her a new teddy backpack, probably. And so this one is just going to go to waste.

(Principal walks Junie B. away from the box and turns her to the door.)

PRINCIPAL

Come back tomorrow and look for your mittens again.

(Junie B. instantly circles back to the box.)

JUNIE B.

Yeah, only I just remembered something. I used to have a teddy backpack just like that one, maybe. Only then I lost it, probably. And so I better take that one home with me. Or else my mother might be mad.

(Principal turns her to the door.)

PRINCIPAL

Good-bye, Junie B.

(Light out on Principal's office.)

JUNIE B.

(to Audience)

"Good-bye" means no teddy backpack.

(She begins the arduous journey)

And so I had to walk all the long way from Principal's office to Room Nine.

I had to stop at the water fountain. Or else I might not make it.

I puckered up my lips. And I sucked the water in.

(demonstrating)

I didn't even put my mouth on the spout. 'Cause there's lip dirt on that thing of course. That's when I saw something very wonderful down there.

(Junie B. picks up a glittering pen.)

Hey! It's one of those pens that writes four different colors!

(writing on her hand)

Wowie wow wow! I love this thing!

I push the red button and I can scribble red scribble.

And I push the green button and I can scribble green scribble. And I push the blue button and I can scribble blue scribble. Plus also I push the black button and scribble black scribble. This pen makes scribbling a pleasure!

(And just as wonderfully, JUNIE B. is instantly surrounded by large blank pages that descend as if by providence. "The Pen of Many Colors" music plays as she dances and leaps between pages, writing and drawing with abandon and intent, filling the pages with distinctive scribblings.)

DREAM GRACE, LUCILLE, RICARDO, WARREN,  
and JIM enter.)

DREAM GRACE

What is that?

JUNIE B.

Why a horse on a Ferris wheel of course, Grace. Also, a corn dog.

DREAM LUCILLE

Oh la la, what an artiste. You are a real Pistachio, Junie B.!

JUNIE B.

And this one is my baby brother Ollie. And my Mom and Dad. And that big blue dot is me. It's my blue period.

DREAM RICARDO

What about this awesome drawing?

JUNIE B.

That is a bowl of oatmeal in a tornado by a waterfall. And that is my dog Tickle.

DREAM RICARDO

Hey, I had oatmeal for breakfast!

DREAM JIM

You are the talentedest person at this school, Junie B!

JUNIE B.

And you are the nicest person at this school, Jim!

JIM

Draw something else!

JUNIE B.

Who would like me to draw something else? Please raise your hands.

GRACE

Lucille, draw Lucille, Junie B!

LUCILLE

Who wouldn't want to draw me?

DREAM WARREN

I wish I could draw as good as you. Also I wish you were my girlfriend, Junie B. That's what I really, really, really wish. Only I am too shy probably to say that in front of you. Plus Grace and Lucille are a little bit pushy. So I will just think it in my handsome head for now.

DREAM HANDSOME WARREN smiles at Junie B.  
She holds up her gleaming pen.

JUNIE B.

I love this wonderful pen! It is like magic, I tell you!

DREAM PRINCIPAL appears in a bright, heavenly light.

## DREAM PRINCIPAL

When someone loses something personal, that's a very big deal, Junie B.

## JUNIE B.

Yeah, I know it is. Only I didn't even steal this thing. So I think I will just be on my way.

(ANGELIC CHOIR enters and sings.)

## ANGELIC CHOIR

IF YOU FIND STUFF  
BRING IT IN  
ALL DAY LONG  
YOU'LL WEAR A GRIN

## DREAM PRINCIPAL

If someone finds something, they can bring it back to the Lost and Found, and that makes everyone happy.

Happy.

Happy.

Happy.

(DREAM PRINCIPAL fades.)

## JUNIE B.

Hmmm. Maybe Principal is a little mixed up about this. I'm pretty sure I will be happier if I keep it.

(The Pen of Many Colors music plays as DREAM GROUCHY TYPING LADY enters, carrying the Lost and Found box. She points to the pen and then indicates the box-- but instead of putting the pen in the box, Junie B. draws a huge "I [heart] You" that appears overhead. DREAM PRINCIPAL nods his approval, then he and GROUCHY TYPING LADY skip offstage together. Music fades; lights restore.)

## JUNIE B. (cont'd)

Yay! Yay! Hooray! And here's another thing I am thinking. I am thinking whoever owned this pen didn't even take good care of it. So I will give it a good home. And so what can be a gooder deed than that? Plus this even makes sense. 'Cause first I got my mittens stoled.

(MORE)

JUNIE B. (cont'd)

And then I couldn't have the teddy backpack. And so keeping this pen is fair and square.

I just thought of a different poem all of a sudden! And it is called Finders keepers, losers weepers!

Finders keepers, losers weepers! Finders keepers, losers weepers!

(GOSPEL CHOIR enters, singing and dancing.  
Junie B. joins in.)

GOSPEL CHOIR

Finder's Keepers

Losers Weepers

Finder's Keepers

Loser's Weepers

Finder's Keepers

Loser's Weepers

Oh oh yeah

(call and response)

Finder's -- Finders!

Keepers -- Keepers!

Losers -- Losers!

Weepers -- Weepers!

(etc.)

(The GOSPEL CHOIR exits.)

JUNIE B.

See? Everybody says that. And so Finders keepers is really the rule, I bet!

(She puts the pen in her pocket and skips off to Room Nine.)

### SCENE FIVE: NOT A NUTBALL

Room Nine.

JUNIE B.

(to Audience)

I kept my hand in my pocket the whole rest of the day. I didn't want people to see. Or else they might tattletale to Mrs. and she would make me take it to the Lost and Found.

I behaved myself very good. 'Cause I didn't want to 'tract 'tention, that's why.