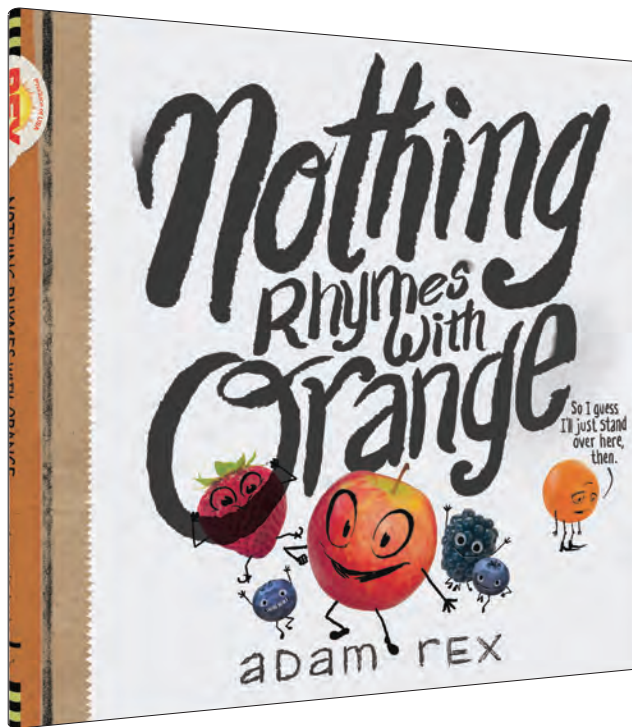


READERS THEATER SCRIPT



Nothing Rhymes With Orange

adam rex

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We all know nothing rhymes with orange. But how does that make Orange feel? Well, left out! When a parade of fruit gets together to sing a song about how wonderful they are—and the song happens to rhyme—Orange can't help but feel like it's impossible for him to ever fit in. But when one particularly intuitive Apple notices how Orange is feeling, the entire English language begins to become a bit more inclusive.

In this **READERS THEATER SCRIPT**, students have the opportunity to experience the invigorating rhythm and rhyme of Adam Rex's prose on a new level. Everyone is invited!



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

ADAM REX is the author and illustrator of many beloved picture books and novels, including the New York Times bestseller *Frankenstein Makes a Sandwich*, and has worked with the likes of Jon Scieszka, Mac Barnett, Jeff Kinney, and Neil Gaiman. He lives in Tucson, Arizona.

READERS THEATER SCRIPT

READERS



Banana
Pear
Kiwi
Grape

Quince
Plum
Apple
Orange

ALL BUT

ORANGE: NOTHING Rhymes With....

ORANGE: *Orange!*

BANANA: Who wouldn't travel anywhere

PEAR: to get an apple or a pear?

KIWI: And if a chum hands you a Plum,

GRAPE: be fair and share that tasty treat!

QUINCE: Hit the beach in your cabana

PLUM: with a peach or a banana.

ORANGE: Hey, are you guys going to need me for this book?

APPLE: And these grapes are wearing capes because they're SUPER good to eat.

[Orange waves one hand.]

ORANGE: Just wanted to let you know I'm available in case something comes up.

ALL BUT

ORANGE: FRUIT! [Everyone except Orange claps, stomps, stomps.] They're healthy, happy, colorful, and cute!

ORANGE: I'll be back here if you need me.

BANANA: It isn't very big



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PEAR: but still I think you'd dig a fig.

[Orange crosses arms.]

ORANGE: I mean, I know nothing rhymes with me, but—

KIWI: And the kiwi may be peewee

GRAPE: but it packs a pucker punch!

[Grape punches the air.]

[Orange steps back.]

ORANGE: Whoops, hello.

QUINCE: If you aren't a fan of cantaloupe

PLUM: then feed it to an antelope...

[Orange tilts head.]

ORANGE: Well, that was a little forced.

APPLE: And this quince wants to convince you that he's really good for lunch.

ORANGE: This what?

ALL BUT

ORANGE: FRUIT! [Everyone except Orange claps, stomps, claps, claps.] They're healthy, happy, colorful, and cute!

ORANGE: Quince?

ALL BUT

ORANGE: You can keep them in a bowl or in a boot—FRUIT!

[Orange begins to walk offstage]

ORANGE: ...I don't even know what that is.

BANANA: I think cherries are "the berries"

PEAR: and a lychee is just peachy.

KIWI: *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*



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GRAPE: is a book by Friedrich Nietzsche.

ORANGE: What?!

ALL BUT

ORANGE: FRUCHT! [Everyone except Orange stomps, claps, claps.] They're healthy, happy, colorful, and cute!

ORANGE: I don't see why he's in this poem and I'm not...

ALL BUT

ORANGE: The banana thinks he'd look good in a suit! Nothing fits him so the argument is moot! FRUIT!

QUINCE: If a pear gets lost at night

PLUM: and meets a wolf, who takes a bite...

ORANGE: Whoa.

APPLE: then does that pear become a Pearwolf

BANANA: when the moon is full and bright?

ORANGE: This book's sorta gone off the rails.

BANANA: Will the apple have to grapple

PEAR: With this pear with fangs and hair?

ORANGE: I'm glad I'm not a part of it.

KIWI: No, a grape dressed in a cape

GRAPE: flies by to tie him to a chair.

ORANGE: Oh, who am I kidding...this book is amazing.

ALL BUT

ORANGE: FRUIT! [Everyone except Orange snaps fingers.] They're healthy, happy, colorful, and cute!

ORANGE: Happens every time...

QUINCE: The date is on a date and things are going pretty great.



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ORANGE: me and kumquat: always ignored.

PLUM: Here's a twist: at party-time, I like a little slice of lime!

ORANGE: That's not really much of a twist.

APPLE: The yam is looking glam, and the jam band's making jam.

ORANGE: Looks like fun.

BANANA: While the berries joke with honeydew, like people who are funny do.

ORANGE: Waitaminute—yams aren't fruit!

PEAR: The kumquat and the currant felt left out until they weren't.

ORANGE: Oh are you kidding me?

KIWI: The cantaloupe and mango can't elope, but they can tango.

ORANGE: I'm just gonna hang out on the next page.

APPLE: But the fruit are feeling rotten, 'cause there's someone they've forgotten.

[Apple taps Orange on the shoulder. Everyone crowds around.]

APPLE: It's the Orange. He's really smorange. There's no one quite as smorange as Orange.

[Orange wrings hands.]

ORANGE: ...Smorange? What...what does it mean?

[Apple gets down on one knee.]

APPLE: It means totally awesome in every way.

[All readers face the front.]

ALL: FRUIT! [Everyone including Orange claps, stomps, stomps, stomps.] Brute coot flute hoot jute loot newt root toot! FRUITFRUITFRUITFRUITFRUITFRUITFRUITFRUITFRUIT!

ORANGE: SMORANGE!

