

A Reader's Theater Script for
The Day the Crayons Quit
Written by Drew Daywalt
Illustrated by Oliver Jeffers
Script Adaptation by Aimée van Heyst, TBA Committee Member

Readers:

Narrator	Red Crayon	Purple Crayon
Beige Crayon	Gray Crayon	White Crayon
Black Crayon	Green Crayon	Yellow Crayon
Orange Crayon	Blue Crayon	Pink Crayon
Peach Crayon		

Narrator: One day in class, Duncan went to take out his crayons and found a stack of letters with his name on them.

Red Crayon:

Hey Duncan,

It's me, RED Crayon. WE NEED to talk. You make me work harder than any of your other crayons. All year long I wear myself out coloring FIRE ENGINES, Apples, strawberries and EVERYTHING ELSE that's RED. I even work on Holidays!

I have to color all the SANTas at CHRIStmAs and aLL the HEArts on Valentine's day! I NEED A REST!

Your overworked friend,
RED Crayon.

Purple Crayon:

Dear Duncan,
All right, LISTEN.

I love that I'm your favorite crayon for grapes, dragons, and wizard's hats, but it makes me

crazy that so much of my gorgeous color goes outside the lines. If you DON'T START COLORING INSIDE the lines soon ... I'm going to COMPLETELY LOSE IT.

Your very neat friend,
Purple Crayon

Beige Crayon:

Dear Duncan,

I'm tired of being called "light brown" or "Dark tan" because I am neither. I am BEIGE and I am proud. I'm also tired of being second place to Mr. Brown Crayon. It's not fair that Brown gets all the bears, ponies and puppies while the only things I get are turkey dinners (if I'm lucky) and wheat, and let's be honest—when was the last time you saw a kid excited about coloring wheat?

Your BEIGE friend,
Beige Crayon

Gray Crayon:

Duncan,

GRAY Crayon here. You're KILLING ME! I know you love Elephants And I know that elephants are gray... but that's a LOT of space to color in all by myself.

And don't even get me started on your rhinos, hippos and HUMPBACK WHALES... you know how tired I am after handling one of those big things? such BIG animals... baby penguins are gray, you know. So are very tiny rocks. Pebbles. How about one of those once in a while to give me a break?

Your very tired friend,
Gray Crayon

White Crayon:

Dear Duncan,

You color with me, but why? most of the time I'm the same color as the page you are using me on—WHITE. If I didn't have a black outline, you wouldn't even know I was THERE! I'm not even in the rainbow. I'm only used to color SNOW or to fill in empty space between other things. And it leaves me feeling... well... empty. We need to talk.

Your empty friend,
White Crayon

Black Crayon:

Hi, Duncan,

I HATE being used to draw the outline of things... .. things that are colored in by other colors, all of which think they're brighter than me! It's NOT FAIR when you use me to draw a nice beach ball and then fill in the colors of the ball with ALL THE OTHER CRAYONS. How about a BLACK Beach ball sometime? Is that too much to ask?

Your Friend,
Black Crayon

Green Crayon:

Dear Duncan,

As Green Crayon, I am writing for two reasons. One is to say that I like my workloads of crocodiles, trees, dinosaurs, and frogs. I have no problem and wish to congratulate you on a very successful "coloring things Green" career so far.

The second reason I write is for my friends, Yellow Crayon and Orange Crayon, who are no longer speaking to each other. Both crayons feel THEY should be the color of the sun. Please settle this soon because they're driving the rest of us CRAZY!

Your happy friend,
Green Crayon

Yellow Crayon:

Dear Duncan,

Yellow Crayon here. I need you to tell orange crayon that I am the color of the sun. I would tell him but we are no longer speaking. And I can PROVE I'm the color of the sun too! Last Tuesday, you used me to color in the sun on your "HAPPY FARM" coloring book. In case you've forgotten, it's on page 7. You CAN'T MISS me. I'm shining down brilliantly on a field of YELLOW corn!

Your pal (and the true color of the sun),
Yellow Crayon

Orange Crayon:

Dear Duncan,

I see Yellow Crayon already talked to you, the BIG WHINER. Anyway, could you please tell Mr. Tattletale that he IS NOT the color of the sun? I would, but we are no longer speaking. We both know that I am clearly the color of the SUN because, on Thursday, you used me to color the sun on BOTH the “monkey island” and the “Meet the Zookeeper” pages in your “DAY AT THE ZOO” coloring book. Orange you glad I’m here? Ha!

Your pal (and the real color of the sun),
Orange Crayon

Blue Crayon:

Dear DUNCAN,

It has been great being your FAVORITE color this PAST Year. And the Year before THAT!

I have really enjoyed all those OCEANS, LAKES, Rivers, raindrops, rain CLOUDS and CLEAR skies.

But the BAD NEWS is that I am so short and stubby, I can’t even see over the railing in the CRAYON BOX anymore! I need a BREAK!

Your very stubby friend.
Blue Crayon

Pink Crayon:

Duncan,

Okay, LISTEN HERE, KID! You have not used me ONCE in the past year.

It’s because you think I am a GIRLS’ color, isn’t it? Speaking of which, please tell your little sister I said thank you for using me to color in her “LITTLE PRINCESS” coloring book. I think she did a fabulous job of staying inside the lines!

Now, back to us. Could you PLEASE use me sometime to color the occasional PINK DINOSAUR or MONSTER or COWBOY? Goodness knows they could use a splash of color.

Your unused friend,
Pink Crayon

Peach Crayon:

It's me, PEACH CRAYON. WHY did you peel off my paper wrapping?? Now I'm NAKED and too embarrassed to leave the crayon box.

I don't even have any underwear! How would You like to go to school naked? I need some clothes. HELP!

Your naked friend,
PEACH Crayon

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