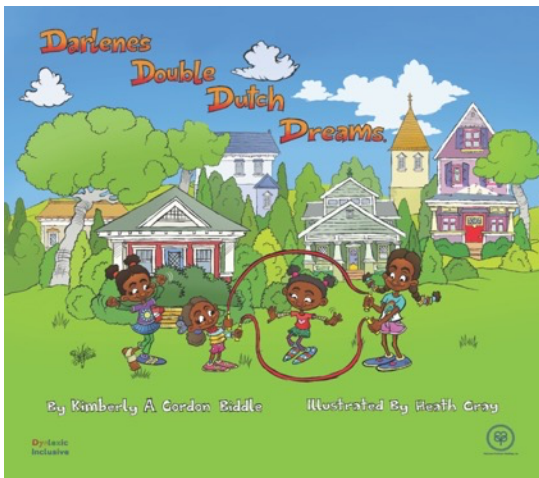


Darlene's Double Dutch Dreams

Readers Theater Script by Marcie Colleen



Read aloud *Darlene's Double Dutch Dreams* by Kimberly A. Gordon Biddle, illustrated by Heath Gray. Then, hand out a set of photocopied scripts to the class. Assign individual parts, the remaining children will be the Chorus. For the first run-through, children will simply read their role aloud. Once all readers are

comfortable with their parts, a second reading can include props and costumes, if desired.

This script was created by Marcie Colleen, a former teacher with a BA in English Education from Oswego State and a MA in Educational Theater from NYU.

Marcie can often be found writing books of her own at home in San Diego, CA. Visit her at www.thisismarciecolleen.com.

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Roles:

Chorus

Darlene

Loretta

Venesha

Trina

Mom

Chorus: Whoosh, whoosh.

Darlene: The beat and wind of the ropes are music to my ears. I am Darlene. My sisters...

Loretta: Loretta

Venesha: and Venesha

Darlene: and I are practicing double Dutch for the local contest that we win every year.

Darlene, Loretta,
and Venesha: This year is different, 'cause this year we're jumping for our mom.

Chorus: Venesha always jumps while Loretta and Darlene twirl.

Darlene: My hands move and dance in time to the beat, but my feet don't have rhythm. When I jump double Dutch, my feet weave a tangled web of ropes.

Darlene, Loretta,
and Venesha: For the contests, we always twirl and jump to the music of a chant.

All: Double Dutch, double Dutch,
other teams are not too much!
We're the winners every year!

Watch us jump, and you will cheer!”

Chorus: Whoosh, whoosh. Jump, jump!

Venesha: Venesha hops and jumps, never missing the beat.

Trina: Time for dinner!

Darlene, Loretta,
and Venesha: Trina, our big sister.

Trina: You’ve been at it all day. There are three more days until the big contest.

Darlene: After dinner, Venesha, Loretta, and I go upstairs to Mom’s bed to kiss her goodnight.

Venesha: Venesha is always the star.

Loretta: Loretta is always the baby.

Darlene: And me, Darlene, well, I’m just me.

Chorus: That night, like every night in her dreams, Darlene jumps double Dutch instead of twirling the ropes.

Darlene: I move and dance to my own chant.

Chorus: Take a hop, take a jump; take a sweet sugar lump! Take a jump, take a hop; find a rhythm; don't stop!

Darlene and Loretta: As the sun rises, Venesha says...

Venesha: C'mon, let's practice for the contest. The day is moving fast.

Trina: Sure, two more days. Practice, practice.

Darlene: Loretta and I grab the ropes and begin turning.

Chorus: Whoosh, whoosh.

All: Double Dutch, double Dutch, other teams—

Venesha: Ouch!

Loretta: Venesha trips and grabs her ankle.

Darlene: I gasp.

Trina: Are you okay, Venesha? The contest is in two days. What are you gonna do? No one can jump like you.

Darlene: Trina wraps Venesha's ankle.

Loretta: Loretta and Darlene stare wide-eyed at each other,

Darlene: and then Loretta points to me. I shake my head. I only jump in my dreams. Venesha, you're a fierce jumper. You'll heal in no time.

Loretta: Trina, twirl the ropes, and Darlene, you jump.

Darlene: I'm too scared.

Loretta: But, Trina barely knows our routines.

Darlene: But, I can't. I only jump at night in my dreams; in the day my feet don't have rhythm.

Venesha: Darlene put the music, rhythm, and twirl of your dreams into your feet. I can't jump or twirl rope on one foot.

Loretta: We can't lose the double Dutch contest this year.

Darlene: Trina and Loretta twirl while I jump and Venesha cheers.

All: Double Dutch, double Dutch...

Darlene: I fall.

Venesha: You can do this. Please try.

Trina: Yes, you can. Please try again and jump like Venesha.

All: Double Dutch, double Dutch, other teams—

Darlene: I fall. I run inside to see Mom.

Mom: She is resting in bed. Reaching down to hug her, Darlene cries

Darlene: Love you, mom, but I can't do this.

Mom: Mom smiles and says, "You can do this, Darlene."

Darlene: Soon my sisters join me in Mom's room.

Trina: Let Mom rest. We have to find a way to win the contest and we only have one more day.

Darlene: In the kitchen, we pick straws to see who will jump in the big contest. I get the short straw.

Venesha: It's you.

Trina: You twirl really well, just use that rhythm and jump.

Loretta: C'mon. I believe in you, sis. Just try again.

Darlene: I can't. I just can't. Besides, that's Venesha's chant, and I have my own.

Chorus: Darlene runs to her bedroom. Tears fall. Her head hangs low.

Darlene: We have to win. Mom needs us.

Chorus: That night, Darlene looks at all the family trophies, even Mom's. Then she wriggles down into her bed and pulls up the covers.

Darlene: I jump double Dutch in my same dream.

Chorus: Take a hop, take a jump; take a sweet sugar lump! Take a jump, take a hop; find a rhythm; don't stop!

Darlene: The next morning I wake my sisters up early. "Let's do what Mom taught us. I'll jump to the chant in my dreams. Let me jump to that.

All: Take a hop, take a jump; take a sweet sugar lump! Take a jump, take a hop; find a rhythm; don't stop!

Darlene: I jump that day for hours, not falling, not even once.

Sisters: We twirl and cheer.

Darlene: Can I do this tomorrow? I jump in my dreams that night, my feet dancing.

Chorus: Take a hop, take a jump; take a sweet sugar lump! Take a jump, take a hop; find a rhythm; don't stop!

Darlene: The next morning Dad brings Mom to the contest in her wheelchair.

Sisters: Let's do this for Mom!

Darlene: I jump from one level of the contest to the next. My feet find their rhythm.

Sisters: We proceed until we win the prize, all judges marking 10.

All: You did it!

Darlene: No, we did it for Mom. My double Dutch dreams came true, and my feet found their rhythm in the light of day.

All: Let's go get Mom's new wheels.

THE END