



Ramona and Beezus

Trouble is brewing at the Quimby household. Could Ramona be to blame . . . again?



ADAPTED BY ALEXIS BURLING FROM THE SCREENPLAY BY LAURIE CRAIG AND NICK PUSTAY,
BASED ON THE NOVELS BY BEVERLY CLEARY

CHARACTERS

Announcers 1, 2

* Narrators 1, 2, 3, 4

* **Ramona:** 9-year-old girl

Mom: Mrs. Quimby

* **Dad:** Mr. Quimby

Howie: Ramona's best friend

Beezus: Ramona's 15-year-old sister

Susan: Ramona's classmate

Mrs. Meacham: Ramona's teacher

Mother of Triplets: a possible homebuyer

Triplet Boy: a red-haired freckled boy

**Indicates large speaking role*

INTRODUCTION

Announcer 1: Introducing Ramona Quimby, the spunky 9-year-old from the eight-book series by celebrated author Beverly Cleary!

Announcer 2: Ramona is also one of the most famous characters in kids' books.



Announcer 1: There was a terrific movie about her and her family that came out in theaters this summer.

Announcer 2: . . . and now there's this *Storyworks* play!



(left to right) Ramona lip-syncs to her favorite tune; Beezus and Ramona overhear some dreadful news; Ramona and Howie horse around on the playground at school; Ramona and Howie are up to their ears in soapy suds.

SCENE 1

(at the Quimby home on Klickitat Street in Portland, Oregon)

Narrator 1: A very dirty Ramona sprints home after falling SPLAT in a pile of mud during recess. She stops off at the mailbox.

Narrator 2: Pulling out a pile of mail, she panics at the sight of two yellow envelopes: report cards!

Narrator 3: Tiptoeing into the house, she quickly slips her envelope inside the freezer. Luckily, her mom is busy looking at **architectural** drawings spread out on the kitchen table.

Ramona (excitedly): Mom! When the construction workers come tomorrow, could they build us an elevator? Oooh!





SCENE 2

Narrator 2: The next day, there's a huge hole in the side of the Quimbys' house.

Narrator 3: Ramona and Howie are jumping from the inside of the house to the outside, and back again.

Howie: I wish we had a hole in our house!

Mom (exasperated): Ramona, let's cut a deal. If you settle down for a few hours, I'll see if Dad can take us out to dinner.

Howie: Woohoo! Macaroni Joe's!

Narrator 4: Mr. Quimby's car pulls into the driveway.

Narrator 1: Ramona rushes over to give her father her usual piggy-back hug.

Dad (exhausted): Do me a favor, Peanut. Get Beezus and go outside. I need a moment to talk to your mom.

Mom (offstage): . . . how could they do that after all these years?

And what about a pool?

Mom (stifling laughter): Don't think that's in the budget, honey.

Narrator 4: As Beezus enters the kitchen, a car pulls into the driveway. Both girls run to the door as their father walks in, whistling.

Dad: How are my beautiful girls?

Ramona: Did'ja crunch all the numbers, Dad?

Dad: You bet I did, Pickle. *(He grabs a yellow envelope from the stack of mail.)* What's this?

Narrator 1: He tears open the envelope. Beezus, of course, got all A's.

Dad: So . . . Ramona? If Beezus got her report card . . .

Narrator 2: Ramona retrieves the report card she buried under some frozen dinners.

Dad (reading from the letter): "Ramona is a bright young student . . . but lacks focus, often daydreams . . . and has very little respect for the rules of grammar . . . or rules in general."

Ramona (stammering): Well, Mrs. Meacham's no fun.

Narrator 3: Beezus snorts, trying not to laugh.

Ramona: Butt out, Beezus!

Narrator 4: Ramona pounds the table in frustration. Her little sister, Roberta, giggles and copies her, spilling peas everywhere.

Mom: Ramona, behave! You know how Roberta likes to copy you.

Ramona: Well, maybe she should copy Beezus, then, because Beezus is so perfect!

Narrator 1: Ramona storms out of the room.



Ramona and Beezus race to meet their dad when he returns home.



Ramona and her dad work on “the longest picture in the world.”

Dad (*offstage*): We knew there might be layoffs.

Mom (*offstage*): But how can we afford this?

What if we have to sell the house?

Narrator 2: The sisters look at each other worriedly.

Ramona: We can’t move. This is *our* house. What are we going to do?

Beezus: I don’t know, but something tells me we’re not going to Macaroni Joe’s.

SCENE 3

Narrator 3: Weeks pass. Mr. Quimby has dozens of interviews. But he still can’t find a job.

Narrator 4: And everything continues to go wrong for Ramona.

Narrator 1: She accidentally cracks a raw egg over her head on Picture Day at school.

Narrator 2: She does a project for Mrs. Meacham about the hole in her house but gets accused of making it up.

Narrator 3: And then she throws up in class, and her dad has to cancel an interview to stay home with her.

Dad: We’re not going to let a few bad days get us down, Ramona. Let’s do something really original! (*He takes out a large roll of paper and some paints.*) Let’s draw the longest picture in the world. You know, I studied art back in the day . . .

Ramona: Why didn’t you continue it? Did you get a bad report card?

Dad: No, Beezus came along. And I took the best job I could at the time.

Ramona: And then . . . I came along?

Dad: That’s right.

Narrator 4: Ramona frowns.

Dad: And then Roberta. But I wouldn’t change a thing. You girls make my life colorful.

Narrator 1: They continue drawing for hours. It’s the most **content** Ramona has felt in ages. Her dad too.



Ramona presents her mural to a roomful of amazed classmates.

SCENE 4

(Glenwood Elementary, Mrs. Meacham’s class)

Narrator 2: Ramona and Mrs. Meacham unroll the mural that Ramona and her dad created.

Narrator 3: The class stares awestruck at the drawing of the neighborhood.

Ramona: Since my last report had some . . . er . . . holes in it, Mrs. Meacham gave me a do-over. So, may I present to you, the longest picture in the world!

Susan: What about the paintings in those big churches in Europe? Those are longer.

Mrs. Meacham (sternly): Susan, you may save your comments for later. Ramona, continue.

Ramona: My dad made this with me. He could have been an artist when he was younger, but he decided to be my dad. You really need to see it close-up, so . . .

Narrator 4: The kids get out of their seats to look at it. They are floored.

Narrator 1: Mrs. Meacham nods in approval.

Narrator 2: Ramona smiles, very relieved.

SCENE 5

(at the Quimby home)

Narrator 3: Ramona’s good mood doesn’t last

for long. She comes home to find out her dad accepted a job—all the way across the state.

Narrator 4: The next morning, there’s a “For Sale” sign planted on their front lawn.

Narrator 1: And clumps of strangers are milling around her house.



A loud crrACK is heard as Ramona falls through the attic floor.

Narrator 2: Ramona discovers a trio of freckle-faced boys bouncing on her bed.

Ramona (*furiously*): Hey! You don't live here YET!

Narrator 3: Flustered, she runs to hide in the attic.

(*Suddenly, a loud crrrrrACK is heard. Ramona's eyes go wide.*)

Narrator 4: A mob of people rush into the house, just in time to see Ramona's legs dangling from a hole in the ceiling.

Mother of Triplets: Is she OK?

Triplet Boy: I saw her underpants!

Narrator 1: The phone rings.

Beezus (*offstage*): Dad . . . it's Mrs. Meacham. She says it's **urgent**.

Narrator 2: Ramona can't believe she's gotten in trouble again.

Narrator 3: But Mrs. Meacham wasn't calling about Ramona.

Narrator 4: After a few minutes, Mr. Quimby returns with a huge smile on his face.



Ramona: Dad, I'm real sorry about the attic, and whatever Mrs. Meacham is saying about me . . .

Dad: Believe it or not, Mrs. Meacham and I weren't talking about you. She called me about an opening for an art teacher next term.

Narrator 1: Ramona's eyes widen.

Dad: And I think I'm going to take it.

Narrator 2: Ramona lets out a WHOOP and throws her arms around him.

Dad: Mrs. Meacham showed the drawing we did together to the principal. He was so impressed, he offered me the job. You really did save us, kiddo.

EPILOGUE

Announcer 1: We hope you enjoyed our play.

Announcer 2: For more Ramona adventures, read the series by Beverly Cleary, or watch the DVD (available in December).



WRITE TO WIN!

Sometimes Ramona feels like she can't do anything right. Have you ever felt that way? Write a story about a time when things just didn't go your way. Send your entry to "Ramona Contest" by November 15, 2010. We'll send 10 winners one of Beverly Cleary's great books, *Dear Mr. Henshaw*. See page 2 for more details.

