

Characters:

Narrator	Chorus	Miss Bird
Tommy	Mom	Miss Landers
Jack	Dad	Mrs. Bowers
Herbie	Tom and Nana	
Jeannie	Nana-Fall-River	
Cousins (2)	Joe	

ACT 1

Narrator: Here is the story of a boy who grew up to be a great artist.

Tommy: I want to be an artist when I grow up. I draw pictures everywhere I go. Drawing is my favorite thing to do. My friends have favorite things to do, too.

Jack: I collect all kinds of turtles.

Herbie: I make huge cities in my sandbox.

Jeannie: I can do cartwheels and stand on my head.

Tommy: But I just draw and draw.

Narrator: Tommy's cousins were artists, too. They gave him good advice.

Cousins: We are in art school. We are learning to be real artists. Tommy must practice to be an artist.

Chorus:

Practice, Practice, Practice.
Draw one picture.
Draw another picture.
Draw new pictures each day!

ACT 2

Narrator: So, Tommy practiced and practiced. Tommy and his family hung his pictures all over.

Tommy: I put my pictures up on the walls of my half of the bedroom.

Mom: I put Tommy's pictures up all around the house.

Dad: I took Tommy's pictures to the barber shop where I work.

Tom and Nana: We put Tommy's pictures in our grocery store.

Nana-Fall-River: I put one of Tommy's pictures in a special frame on the table. I put it next to the picture of Aunt Clo in her wedding dress.

Tommy: One day I took a flashlight and a pencil under the covers. I drew pictures on my sheets. But my mom changed the sheets on Monday and found them.

Mom: "No more drawing on the sheets," I told Tommy.

Tommy: My mom and dad were having a new house built. I drew pictures of what it would look like when it was finished. One of the carpenters gave me a piece of bright blue chalk. I took the chalk and drew beautiful pictures all over the walls.

Narrator: Then the painters came. Tommy's Dad talked to him.

Dad: That's it, Tommy. No more drawing on the walls.

ACT 3

Narrator: Tommy could not wait to go to kindergarten. His brother Joe told him something exciting.

Joe: There is a real art teacher who comes to the kindergarten.

Narrator: Tommy was so excited. When he got to kindergarten, he went up to his teacher.

Tommy: When do we have our art lesson?

Miss Bird: Oh, you won't have your art lessons until next year. But we are going to paint pictures tomorrow.

Narrator: Painting wasn't much fun. The paint was awful, and the paper got all wrinkly.

Miss Bird: I made the paint by pouring different colored powders into different jars and mixing them with water. The paint did not stick to the paper very well. It cracked.

Narrator: If it was windy when Tommy carried his picture home, the paint blew right off the paper. Tommy's brother, Joe, told him that kindergarten children got more than one piece of paper in kindergarten. But when the art teacher came, they got only one piece.

Tommy knew that the art teacher came to school every other Wednesday.

ACT 4

Narrator: One day in Kindergarten, Tommy and Jeannie looked at the drawings hanging up in the hallway. The first graders made them.

Jeannie: Your pictures are much better. Next year when we have real art lessons, you'll be the best one!

Narrator: Tommy could hardly wait. He practiced all summer. On his birthday, his mom and dad gave him a box of sixty-four Crayola crayons. This box had so many colors: blue-violet, red-orange, pink and even gold, silver, and copper.

Chorus:

New crayons, new crayons!
Tommy just can't wait!
New crayons, new crayons are great!

Narrator: Then it was time for first grade.

Miss Landers: Now you are in first grade. Next month, Mrs. Bowers, the art teacher, will come to our room. On Monday instead of Singing, we will practice using our crayons.

Narrator: On Monday, Tommy brought his sixty-four Crayola crayons to school. Miss Landers was not pleased.

Miss Landers: Everyone must use the same crayons. School crayons!

Narrator: School crayons had only the same old eight colors.

Miss Landers: These crayons are school property. Do not break them, peel off the paper, or wear down the points.

Tommy: How am I supposed to be an artist with school crayons?

Miss Landers: That's enough, Tommy. I want you to take those birthday crayons home with you and leave them there.

Narrator: Joe was right. In first grade, the boys and girls only got one piece of paper.

ACT 5

Narrator: At last, the day of the art lesson came. Tommy could not sleep that night.

The next morning, he hid the box of sixty-four Crayola crayons under his sweater and went off to school. He was ready! The classroom door opened and in walked the art teacher.

Miss Landers: Class, this is Mrs. Bowers, the art teacher. Patty, who is our paper monitor this week, will give out one piece of paper to each of you. Don't ruin it because it is the only piece you will get. Pay attention to Mrs. Bowers.

Mrs. Bowers: Thanksgiving is not too far away. We will learn to draw a Pilgrim man, a Pilgrim woman, and a turkey. Watch carefully and copy me.

Narrator: Tommy was shocked. Real artists did not copy! This was terrible. This was supposed to be a real art lesson. Tommy folded his arms and just sat there.

Miss Landers: What's the matter, Tommy?

Tommy: I'm going to be an artist when I grow up. My cousins told me that real artists do not copy. Besides, Miss Landers won't let me use my own sixty-four Crayola crayons.

Mrs. Bowers: Well, well. What are we going to do? (*Miss Landers and Mrs. Bowers whisper together. Miss Landers nods her head.*)

Now, Tommy. It wouldn't be fair to let you do something different from the rest of the class. But, I have an idea. Draw the Pilgrim man and woman and the turkey. If there is any time left, I'll give you another piece of paper. Then you can do your own picture with your own crayons. Can you do that?

Tommy: I'll try. (*Tommy smiles.*)

Chorus:

Tommy made one picture.

Tommy made another picture.

Now Tommy makes new pictures every day!

Narrator: Tommy grew up to be a famous artist. He has drawn pictures for more than 200 children's books.

The End