



## **The Cajun Cornbread Boy Puppet Theater Script**

Adapted from *The Cajun Cornbread Boy* by Dianne de Las Casas  
Illustrated by Marita Gentry (Pelican Publishing Company, 2009)

### **Cast:**

Storyteller(s)

Old Woman

Cajun Cornbread Boy

Raccoon

Fox

Alligator

### **Note from Dianne:**

I designed this puppet theater script to accommodate many students, to be performed as a group. It takes the burden of one student to carry most of the story and gives more students a chance to participate. If, however, you would like to limit the cast, you can assign all the storyteller parts to one student or fewer students. The storyteller(s) should be in front of the puppet stage, addressing the audience and telling the story with full eye contact.

Storyteller 1:               Down by the bayou, there lived an old Cajun woman who had no children. More than anything, she wanted a child. One day, she decided to make a cornbread boy. She put the ingredients into the bowl, adding a little bit of this and a little bit of that and a *big* dash of cayenne pepper. Finally, she poured the batter into a black iron skillet. She said:

Old Woman:                My *grand-mère* used this old skillet to make many magical cornbreads. It should do the trick!

Storyteller 2:           On top of the batter, she added two chilies for the eyes, a peppercorn for the nose, and a link of boudin for the mouth. Mmm, mmm, mmm! She placed the cornbread boy into the oven and soon he was done.

Storyteller 3:           When the old woman opened the oven, she added two pats of butter for the cheeks. But surprise, surprise! That round cornbread boy sprouted arms and legs, jumped up, and ran out the front door. He cried:

Cornbread Boy:        Run, cher, run as fast as you can.  
You can't catch me – I'm full of cayenne.

Storyteller 4:        The Cajun cornbread boy ran into the woods. The old woman began chasing him with a jump, a skip and a hop, yelling:

Old Woman:           Please stop, Cornbread Boy, stop!

Storyteller 4:        But the Cajun cornbread boy sprinted away.

Storyteller 5:        Soon he came upon a rascally raccoon. The raccoon eyed the cornbread boy hungrily, licked his lips, and said:

Raccoon:             Won't you stop, cornbread boy? I'd love to have you for breakfast.

Storyteller 5:        But the Cajun cornbread boy did not stop. He kept running, crying out:

Cornbread Boy:        Run, cher, run as fast as you can.  
You can't catch me – I'm full of cayenne.

Storyteller 6: The raccoon began chasing him with a jump, a skip and a hop, yelling:

Raccoon: Please stop, Cornbread Boy, stop!

Storyteller 6: But the Cajun cornbread boy sprinted away.

Storyteller 7: The Cajun cornbread boy ran deeper into the woods. Next, he came upon a fierce fox. The fox eyed the cornbread boy hungrily, licked his lips, and said:

Fox: Won't you stop, cornbread boy? I'd love to have you for lunch.

Storyteller 7: But the Cajun cornbread boy did not stop. He kept running, crying out:

Cornbread Boy: Run, cher, run as fast as you can.  
You can't catch me – I'm full of cayenne.

Storyteller 8: The fox began chasing him with a jump, a skip and a hop, yelling:

Fox: Please stop, Cornbread Boy, stop!

Storyteller 8: But the Cajun cornbread boy sprinted away.

Storyteller 9: The Cajun cornbread boy ran until he came to the bayou. He wanted to cross the water to get away from the fox but he could not. He didn't know how to swim. By and by, an artful alligator swam to the shore. The alligator asked:

Alligator: Bon jour, cornbread boy. Are you crossing the bayou?

Cornbread Boy: I can't swim. How will I get across?

Alligator: Well [said the alligator slyly], I could swim you across and once we get to the other side, I could have you for dinner.

Storyteller 10:           The gator gave a big toothy grin. Then the Cajun cornbread boy agreed and he hopped onto the alligator's back. They began to cross the bayou. As they went farther across the bayou, the water got deeper and deeper and deeper! The Cajun cornbread boy had to move farther and farther up Gator's back, until he was finally on Gator's snout.

Storyteller 11:           When they neared the opposite bank, Gator jumped up sending the Cornbread boy flying into the air and into Gator's mouth. But something funny happened, *mes amis*. That cornbread boy was so spicy he set Gator's tongue on fire! Gator spit him out and swam away lickety-split.

Storyteller 12:           The Cajuns down by the bayou say that they still see that gator swimming around - with his mouth wide open, fanning himself. Gator sure learned his lesson. Playing tricks can backfire. You can be sure he won't be eating any more spicy Cajun cornbread! As for the Cajun cornbread boy - to this day, you can still hear him singing:

Cornbread Boy:           Run, cher, run as fast as you can.  
  
                                  You can't catch me – I'm full of cayenne.

**Author's Note**

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