

Madame Poulet and Monsieur Roach Puppet Theater Script

Adapted from Madame Poulet and Monsieur Roach

By Dianne de Las Casas

Illustrated by Marita Gentry

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Cast:

Storyteller(s)

Madame Poulet

Monsieur Roach

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: Did you know that chickens and cockroaches were once the very best of friends? That's right, but it was a very long time ago. Madame Poulet and Monsieur Roach lived in a beautiful home. They agreed to contribute to the household by foraging for food together.
- Storyteller 2: But Monsieur Roach was a laaaaaaaazy bug! He did not like hard work and was always thinking of a plan to get out of it.
- Storyteller 3: One morning, Madame Poulet woke up bright and early. She went into the room where Monsieur Roach was lying in bed, and she said,
- Madame Poulet: Monsieur Roach, Monsieur Roach, it's time for us to forage for our food.
- Storyteller 3: But Monsieur Roach pretended to be (cough, cough) sick. He said,
- Monsieur Roach: Madame Poulet, I'd love to help you but I think I'm getting sick. (sniffle, cough, sniffle)
- Storyteller 4: Madame Poulet looked at her poor friend lying miserable in bed and said,
- Madame Poulet: Monsieur Roach, Monsieur Roach, it's alright. You stay home, rest, and get better, and I'll forage for our food.

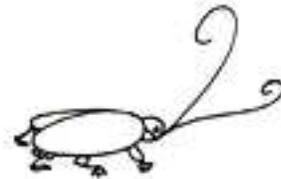
Storyteller 4: Off she went, out the door. As soon as Madame Poulet was gone, guess what that rascally roach did?

Storyteller 5: Monsieur Roach hopped out of bed and called all of his roach buddies over. He yelled, "Hey, guys!" The roaches scurried into the house. They began celebrating and had a big cockroach fête, a big party. Monsieur Roach yelled,

Monsieur Roach: *Laissez les bon temps rouler!* Let the good times roll!

Storyteller 5: He began to sing and dance.

Monsieur Roach: Madame Poulet, Madame Poulet,
She is gone and that is that.
We will party, we will party,
Until that chicken, she comes back.



Storyteller 6: Before Madame Poulet returned, all the roaches hurried home. Monsieur Roach hopped back in bed and pretended to be sick. The next morning, Madame Poulet woke up bright and early. She went into the room where Monsieur Roach was lying in bed, and she said,

Madame Poulet: Monsieur Roach, Monsieur Roach,
it's time for us to forage for our food.

Storyteller 7: But Monsieur Roach pretended to be (cough, cough) sick. He said,

Monsieur Roach: Madame Poulet, I'd love to help you but today, I'm really, really sick.
(sniffle, cough, sniffle)

Storyteller 7: Madame Poulet looked at her poor friend lying miserable in bed and said,

Madame Poulet: Monsieur Roach, Monsieur Roach, it's alright. You stay home, rest, and get better, and I'll forage for our food.

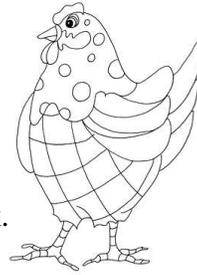
Storyteller 7: Off she went, out the door. As soon as Madame Poulet was gone, guess what that roach did?

Storyteller 8: That's right. He hopped out of bed and called all of his roach buddies over. He yelled, "Hey, guys!" All the roaches scurried into the house. They began celebrating and having a big cockroach fête, a big party. Monsieur Roach yelled,

Monsieur Roach: *Laissez les bon temps rouler!* Let the good times roll!

Storyteller 8: He began to sing and dance.

Monsieur Roach: Madame Poulet, Madame Poulet,
She is gone and that is that.
We will party, we will party,
Until that chicken, she comes back.



Storyteller 9: Before Madame Poulet returned, all the roaches hurried home and Monsieur Roach hopped back in bed and pretended to be sick. On the third day, Madame Poulet woke up bright and early, even earlier than before. She went into the room where Monsieur Roach was lying in bed, and she said,

Madame Poulet: Monsieur Roach, Monsieur Roach,
it's time for us to forage for our food.

Storyteller 10: But Monsieur Roach pretended to be (cough, cough) sick. He said,

Monsieur Roach: Madame Poulet, I'd love to help you but I'm really, really, really sick.
(sniffle, cough, sniffle)

Storyteller 10: By this time, Madame Poulet had become a bit suspicious. After all, she was no spring chicken. Madame Poulet looked at her friend differently and said,

Madame Poulet: Monsieur Roach, Monsieur Roach. You stay home, rest, and get better,
and I'll forage for our food.

Storyteller 10: Off she went, out the door. As soon as Madame Poulet was gone, guess what that rascally roach did?

Storyteller 11: You know it. Monsieur Roach hopped out of bed and called all of his roach buddies over. He yelled, "Hey, guys!" All the roaches came scurrying into the house. They began celebrating and having a big cockroach fête, a big party. Monsieur Roach yelled,

Monsieur Roach: *Laissez les bon temps rouler!* Let the good times roll!

Storyteller 11: He began to sing and dance.

Monsieur Roach: Madame Poulet, Madame Poulet,
She is gone and that is that.
We will party, we will party,
Until that chicken, she comes back.



Storyteller 12: Madame Poulet decided to come home early. As soon as she walked inside the house, she saw . . . roaches everywhere! They were on top of her sofa, on top of her stove, on top of her kitchen table, and even on top

of her clean dishes! They were singing and dancing, and there was Monsieur Roach, right in the middle of it, having a good time!

- Storyteller 13: Madame Poulet was furious. She began clucking madly. All the roaches scattered and scurried, looking for a place to hide, looking for a way to escape—but it was too late. Madame Poulet bent down and slurped up each one of them until they were all gone.
- Storyteller 14: Everyone, that is, except her best friend. Monsieur Roach cowered in the corner, smiling sheepishly.
- Monsieur Roach: Hello, Madame Poulet. How are you?
- Madame Poulet: (Angrily) For three days now, I have been foraging for our food while you have been partying!
- Monsieur Roach: Well, would you like to rest now?
- Madame Poulet: I don't think so. All that hard work has made me very hungry.
- Storyteller 15: Before Monsieur Roach could say another word, Madame Poulet bent down and slurped him up, just like that. From that day to this, chickens and roaches are no longer friends. As a matter of fact, if you ever go into a chicken yard, you can still hear the chickens crying, "Roach, roach, roach, roach, roach."
- Storyteller 16: And if the roaches are scurrying by, you can be sure they won't be scurrying by for very long. So now you know, if you have a problem with roaches, you don't need bug spray. All you need is a... chicken!

