

## Madame Poulet and Monsieur Roach Story Theater Script



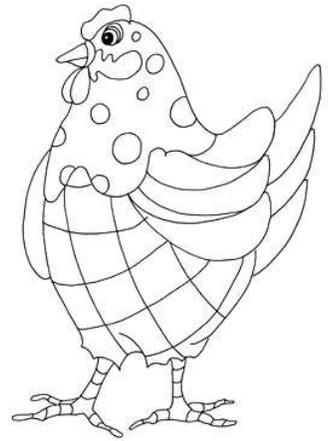
Adapted from Madame Poulet and Monsieur Roach

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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 laaaaaaazy 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,

Chorus: "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, "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, "Monsieur Roach, Monsieur Roach, it's alright. You stay home, rest, and get better, and I'll forage for our food." 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, "*Laissez les bon temps rouler!* Let the good times roll!" He began to sing and dance.

Chorus: "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,

Chorus: “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,  
“Madame Poulet, I’d love to help you but today, I’m really, really sick.”  
(sniffle, cough, sniffle)

Storyteller 8: Madame Poulet looked at her poor friend lying miserable in bed and said,  
“Monsieur Roach, Monsieur Roach, it’s alright. You stay home, rest, and  
get better, and I’ll forage for our food.” Off she went, out the door. As  
soon as Madame Poulet was gone, guess what that roach did?

Storyteller 9: 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, “*Laissez les bon temps rouler!* Let the good times  
roll!” He began to sing and dance.

Chorus: “Madame Poulet, Madame Poulet,  
She is gone and that is that.  
We will party, we will party,  
Until that chicken, she comes back.”



Storyteller 10: 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 woke up so early that the sun was still sleeping under the horizon. She  
went into the room where Monsieur Roach was lying in bed, and she said,

Chorus: “Monsieur Roach, Monsieur Roach,  
it’s time for us to forage for our food.”

Storyteller 11: But Monsieur Roach pretended to be (cough, cough) sick. He said,  
“Madame Poulet, I’d love to help you but I’m really, really, really sick.”  
(sniffle, cough, sniffle)

Storyteller 12: 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, “Monsieur Roach, Monsieur Roach. You stay home, rest, and get  
better, and I’ll forage for our food.” Off she went, out the door. As soon as  
Madame Poulet was gone, guess what that rascally roach did?

Storyteller 13: 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, “*Laissez les bon temps rouler!* Let the good times roll!” He began to sing and dance.

Chorus: “Madame Poulet, Madame Poulet,  
She is gone and that is that.  
We will party, we will party,  
Until that chicken, she comes back.”



Storyteller 14: 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 15: 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 16: Everyone, that is, except her best friend. Monsieur Roach cowered in the corner, smiling sheepishly. “Hello, Madame Poulet. How are you?”

Madame Poulet replied, “For three days now, I have been foraging for our food while you have been partying!”

Monsieur Roach smiled sweetly, “Well, would you like to rest now?”

“I don’t think so. All that hard work has made me very hungry.”

Storyteller 17: 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 18: 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!

