

LITTLE RED PEN (LRP)
STAPLER
SCISSORS
PENCIL
ERASER
HIGHLIGHTER
PUSHPIN
TANK (HAMSTER)

PAPER CLIP BOX
RULER
YARDSTICK
SHARPENER
NARRATOR 1
NARRATOR 2
CHORUS/AUDIENCE

LITTLE RED PEN (LRP): Let's get to work!

NARRATOR 1: The Little Red Pen whirled about, checking, circling, and marking out.

CHORUS/AUDIENCE: SCRITCH SCRATCH SCRITCH

PENCIL: Oh, no--she's at it again.

STAPLER: Don't move.

SCISSORS: Sh-h-h-h-h!

ERASER: I'm NOT helping anymore.

HIGHLIGHTER: Yeah, too risky.

PUSHPIN: ¡Silencio!

LRP: There's too much to do! Where are my helpers? Stapler, Scissors, Pencil, Eraser, Pushpin, Highlighter! Are you hiding in the drawer? Get up here NOW! If the papers aren't graded, the students won't learn. The school might close. The walls might tumble. The floors might crumble. The sky might fall. It might be the end of the world! Who will help me save the world?

STAPLER: Not !!

SCISSORS: Not !!

PENCIL: Not !!

ERASER: What?

HIGHLIGHTER: Not !!

PUSHPIN: ¡Yo no!

LRP: WHY NOT??

STAPLER: My back is killing me! Everybody keeps pounding on it. I could break!

PENCIL: I write all day and what do I get? Sharpened down to a nub. Who needs a nub?

PUSHPIN: Don't call me Pushpin. My name is Señorita Chincheta. And I am la última chincheta. If I get lost—no more chinchetas. ¿Comprende?

SCISSORS: I've been cutting up all day. I'm getting dull. Not good for a sharp guy like me!

ERASER: What was the question? I forget everything. My head is shrinking.

HIGHLIGHTER: I'm bright, not crazy! Remember Mr. Felt Tip Marker? His cap was left off and you know where he ended up.

STAPLER, SCISSORS, PENCIL, ERASER, HIGHLIGHTER, PUSHPIN: The Pit of No Return! **THE TRASH**

LRP: Rubbish! You can't spend your life hiding, worrying about The Pit. There's work to be done and I need help!

SCISSORS: Well, Big Bossy Ballpoint, why don't you ask Tank? He'd be a HUGE help.

TANK: **SNORT SNORT Z-Z-Z-Z-Z**

LRP: Tank? That lazy hamster? Never! The papers must be graded. I'll HAVE to do it myself!

NARRATOR 2: And so she did. Well, she tried.

CHORUS/AUDIENCE: SCRITCH SCRATCH SCRITCH

NARRATOR: The Little Red Pen worked long into the night. In the wee hours of the morning she could barely move across the page. She wibbled. She wobbled.

Then she fell over, exhausted. Little Red Pen began to r-r-r-r-r-o-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l right to the edge of the desk.

CHORUS/AUDIENCE: CLUNK

STAPLER: What's was THAT?

PENCIL: The sky is falling! It's the end of the world!

HIGHLIGHTER: No, it's NOT. It's probably Tank, moving around in his cage!

NARRATOR 2 : Scissors rolled his eyes.

SCISSORS: No way! Big Boy never moves.

PENCIL: It IS the end! I heard Pen say it. What are we going to do?

SCISSORS: We're going up, so get the lead out, Stubby!

ERASER: Yeah, let's go . . . go . . . where are we going? I forgot.

PUSHPIN: TO THE DESKTOP! ¡Vámonos! Arriba, arriba!

PUSHPIN: ¡Ay, caramba! Muchos papers!

PENCIL: Pen's GONE! And the papers aren't finished! The students won't learn! It's the end of the world!

STAPLER: It is NOT the end of the world.

HIGHLIGHTER: How do we know for sure? The papers have ALWAYS been graded. Who knows WHAT will happen if they're NOT?

ERASER: I know.

STAPLER, SCISSORS, PENCIL, HIGHLIGHTER, PUSHPIN: WHAT?

ERASER: I forgot.

NARRATOR 1: Scissors shook his head.

SCISSORS: The end of the world could be worse than *The Pit*. The papers must be graded. We'll HAVE to do it ourselves!

NARRATOR 2: And so they did. Well, they tried.

NARRATOR 1: Scissors grabbed a paper.

SCISSORS: No capital letter!

CHORUS/AUDIENCE: CLIP

SCISSORS: Dot that i!

CHORUS/AUDIENCE: SNIP

STAPLER: Not like that! You cut it to shreds! Let me do it! Eraser, hop on. I see a misspelled word!

CHORUS/AUDIENCE: BAM

STAPLER: This sentence needs a verb!

CHORUS/AUDIENCE: BAM

STAPLER: This whole paragraph is wrong!

CHORUS/AUDIENCE: BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM

HIGHLIGHTER: Not like that! Too many staples! Let me do it!

CHORUS/AUDIENCE: SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUE-E-E-E-EAK

ERASER: Not like that! Too bright! Let me do it!

CHORUS/AUDIENCE: RUBBITY RUB SMUDGITY SMUDGE

SCISSORS: Not like that, Numbskull. You erased everything! Even the student's name! Whose paper is this?

ERASER: I forgot.

HIGHLIGHTER: This is terrible!

SCISSORS: A catastrophe!

PUSHPIN: ¡Que desastre!

ERASER: Awful.

STAPLER: What now?

PENCIL: It's the end of the world!

HIGHLIGHTER: WHO WILL HELP US SAVE THE WORLD?

LRP (SOFTLY): I WILL!

NARRATOR 2: They rushed to the edge of the desk.

ERASER: Oh, no, Pen is in the . . . the . . .

PUSHPIN: El pozo de no retorno!

PENCIL: Pencil broke down. What are we going to do? We need her. If the papers aren't graded, the students won't learn. Then they . . .

STAPLER: Oh, stop it, already..

SCISSORS: I hate to be blunt, but she's a goner. No one comes back from *The Pit*.

HIGHLIGHTER: Not so fast. I have a bright idea. Paper Clip Box! Where are you? Give me your clips.

PAPER CLIP BOX: Can't have 'em, Box scowled. Without my clips I'm empty. Useless. I'll end up in the--

HIGHLIGHTER: OUT WITH THE CLIPS! We need a chain!

NARRATOR 1: One by one the paper clips marched out and hooked together.

ERASER: I know what to do!

NARRATOR 2: Eraser grabbed the chain and raced across the desktop. Then he forgot to stop, bounced off the edge, and . . .

CHORUS/AUDIENCE: CLUNK

ERASER: Hey, everybody! Guess who's down here in *The Pit*? The Little Red . . . uh . . . what's her face!

SCISSORS: We KNOW, Rubbernoggin, now you're BOTH in *The Pit*.

HIGHLIGHTER: I have another bright idea. Eraser, grab *The Little Red Pen*. We'll pull you up. Ready, everybody?

SCISSORS: She's pushing!

PUSHPIN: Well, I'm a PUSHpin!

PENCIL: We have to PULL, not PUSH!

STAPLER: How about I push you all in THE PIT!

HIGHLIGHTER: Enough! Let's pull! 1-2-3

STAPLER, SCISSORS, PENCIL, HIGHLIGHTER, PUSHPIN : AARRGGHH

SCISSORS: Too heavy. Any more bright ideas?

TANK: SNORT SNORT Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

HIGHLIGHTER: Yes! The hamster wheel! We'll hook the chain to the wheel! Then Tank will run, the wheel will turn, the chain will. . .

SCISSORS: Whoa Tanky Boy hasn't been on the wheel in years. Besides—how are we going to get from HERE to THERE?

HIGHLIGHTER: Ruler can be our bridge!

RULER: What? Me? A bridge? I'm not budging an inch.

HIGHLIGHTER: MOVE IT!

RULER: Oh, all right.

NARRATOR 1: Ruler stretched out. Farther . . . farther . . . one more inch . . . half an inch . . .

CHORUS/AUDIENCE: CLUNK

SCISSORS: Oh, great. Three in The Pit.

YARDSTICK: Need some help?

PENCIL: Yardstick! I thought you were broken and down in the—

YARDSTICK: The Pit? Nobody throws ME in The Pit. I may be shorter now, but I'm tall enough to hold up this plant and long enough to be your bridge.

NARRATOR 2: Yardstick stretched out. Farther . . . farther . . . one more inch . . . half an inch . . . he made it!

NARRATOR 1: Everyone dashed across.

PENCIL: I-I—I'm afraid.

STAPLER: Aw, come on, Pencil, you can do it! Don't look down!

NARRATOR 2: Sharpener peeked out from under a pile of papers.

SHARPENER: I'll help you.

PENCIL: AH-H-H-H-H-H!!!!

NARRATOR 1: Pencil took one look at Sharpener and bolted across.

NARRATOR 2: They opened the cage door and crept inside.

TANK: SNORT SNORT Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

NARRATOR 1: Highlighter hooked the paper clip chain to the wheel.

HIGHLIGHTER: OK—grab Tank. We're hauling him over.

PUSHPIN: Hamster grande. ¡MUY grande!

NARRATOR 2: They huffed and they puffed until finally, they pulled Tank onto the wheel.

NARRATOR 1: Highlighter took a deep breath.

HIGHLIGHTER: Wake up, Tank! RUN!

TANK: SNORT Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

NARRATOR 2: Chincheta smiled.

PUSHPIN: I can wake him up. . .

CHORUS/AUDIENCE: **POKE**

TANK: **ROARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!**

PENCIL: TANKZILLA! It's the end of the world!

SCISSORS: RUN!

HIGHLIGHTER: HE'S AFTER US!

SCISSORS: I'M RUNNING IN CIRCLES!

PENCIL: Where's Tank?

STAPLER: Who knows? Just keep going!

PENCIL: Hey, the wheel is turning!

CHORUS/AUDIENCE: **CREAK**

NARRATOR 1: Around and around.

NARRATOR 2: Faster and faster.

NARRATOR 1: The wheel turned.

NARRATOR 2: The chain moved.

NARRATOR 1: UP. UP. UP.

NARRATOR 2: Up came Ruler. Up came Eraser. Up came The Little Red Pen. Up came long lost **Mr. Felt Tip Marker!**

HIGHLIGHTER: It worked! And we did it—all by ourselves!

PUSHPIN: ¡Bravo!

PENCIL: Did we save the world?

NARRATOR 1: The Little Red Pen beamed.

LRP: You saved US, but now . . .

ERASER: NOW, WE have a job to finish!

LRP, STAPLER, SCISSORS, PENCIL, HIGHLIGHTER, PUSHPIN: YOU DIDN'T FORGET! Let's get to work!

NARRATOR 2: And so they did.

NARRATOR 1: They checked and stapled, organized and alphabetized, piled and filed without another thought of running low, becoming dull, drying up, getting lost, breaking down, or landing in The Pit . . . until the job was done.

NARRATOR 2: The world was safe.

NARRATOR 1: And no one hid in the drawer ever again.

NARRATOR 2: Except you know who . . .

TANK: SNORT Z-Z-Z-Z-Z