Little Grunt and the Big Egg
A Readers Theater

Narrator 1     Narrator 2     Little Grunt     Papa Grunt     Mama Grunt
Unca Grunt     Ant Grunt     Granny Grunt     George
Chief Rockhead Grunt

Narrator 1: Once upon a time, in a big cave, past the volcano on the left, lived the Grunt Tribe. There was Unca Grunt, Ant Grunt, Granny Grunt, Mama Grunt, and Papa Grunt.

Narrator 2: Their leader was Chief Rockhead Grunt. The smallest Grunt of all was Little Grunt.

N1: One Saturday morning, Mama Grunt said to Little Grunt...

Mama Grunt: Little Grunt, tomorrow the Ugga-Wugga Tribe are coming for Sunday brunch. Could you please go outside and gather two dozen eggs?

Little Grunt: Yes, Mama Grunt.

N2: So off Little Grunt went. At that time of year, eggs were hard to find. Little Grunt looked and looked. No luck. He was getting tired.

Little Grunt: What am I going to do? I can’t find a single egg. I’ll try one more place.

N1: It was a good thing that he did, because there, in the one more place, was the biggest egg Little Grunt had ever seen!

N2: It was too big to carry. It was too far to roll. And besides, Little Grunt has to be careful. Eggs break very easily.

Little Grunt: I know!
N1: He gathered some of the thick pointy leaves that were growing nearby. He wove them into a mat. Then he carefully rolled the egg on top of it. He pulled and pulled and pulled the egg all the way home.

Mama Grunt: My goodness!

Papa Grunt: What an egg!

Unca Grunt: That will feed us AND the Ugga-Wuggas.

Ant Grunt: And even the Grizzler Tribe.
Granny Grunt: Maybe we should invite them to Sunday brunch too.

Mama Grunt: I’ll be able to make that special omelet I’ve been wanting to make.

ALL GRUNTS: Ooga, ooga! Yummy! Yummy!

N2: They put the egg near the hearth and then they all went to bed.

N1: That night, by the flickering firelight, the egg began to make noise. CLICK, CRACK, CLUNK.....PLOP! The egg broke in half, and instead of the big egg sitting by the fire...

N2: There was a baby dinosaur!

George: Waaangh!

N1: All the grunts woke up.

ALL GRUNTS: Ooga, ooga! What are we going to do?

Ant Grunt: There goes the brunch!

Papa Grunt: I bet I’m allergic to that thing!

Chief Rockhead: All I know is it can’t stay!

N2: But before he could finish....

Little Grunt: May I keep him? Please? Please?

Granny Grunt: Every boy needs a pet.

N1: Some of the Grunts said yes. Some of the Grunts said no. But it was finally decided that Little Grunt could keep the baby dinosaur.

Chief Rockhead: Against my better judgement.

Mama Grunt: Oh, well. I suppose I can make pancakes for Sunday brunch.

Little Grunt: I’m going to call him George.

N2: Little Grunt and George became great pals.
N1: But there was a problem. The cave stayed the same size but George didn't.

N2: He began to grow. And GROW. And GROW!

N1: The cave got very crowded.

N2: And there were other problems. George wasn't house broken. George ate ALL the leaves off ALL the trees and ALL the bushes ALL around the cave. But still he was hungry.

N1: George liked to play....rough. George stepped on things. And when he sneezed...well, it was a disaster.

ALL GRUNTS: Ooga, ooga! Enough is enough!

Unca Grunt: Either that dinosaur goes, or I go.

Ant Grunt: I spend all day getting food for him.

Papa Grunt: Achoo! I told you I was allergic to him.

Mama Grunt: He stepped on all my cooking pots and broke them.

Granny Grunt: I guess it wasn’t a good idea to keep him. How about a nice little cockroach. They make nice pets.

Chief Rockhead: I’m in charge here. And I say, That giant lizard goes!

ALL GRUNTS: Ooga, ooga! Yes! Yes!

Little Grunt: But you promised.

N2: The next morning, Little Grunt took George away from the cave, out to where he had found him in the first place.

Little Grunt: Good-bye, George. I’ll sure miss you.

George: Waaargh!

N1: Big tears rolled down both their cheeks. Sadly, Little Grunt watched as George walked slowly into the swamp.

Little Grunt: I'll never see him again.
N2: The days and months went by, and Little Grunt still missed George. He dreams about him at night and drew pictures of him by day.

*Mama Grunt*: Little Grunt certainly misses that dinosaur.

Papa Grunt: He’ll get over it.

Unca and Ant Grunt: It’s nice and peaceful here again.

Granny Grunt: I still say a cockroach makes a nice pet.

Chief Rockhead: Ooga, ooga. Torches out. Everyone in bed.

N1: That night, the cave started to shake. The floor began to pitch and loud rumblings filled the air.

**ALL GRUNTS**: Earthquake!

N2: The Grunts rushed to the opening of the cave.

Granny Grunt: No, it’s not! Look! Volcano!

N1: Sure enough, the big volcano was erupting all over the place. Steam and rocks and black smoke shot out of the top. Around the cave, big rocks and boulders tumbled and bounced.

ALL GRUNTS: We’re trapped! What are we going to do?

Chief Rockhead: Don’t ask me. I resign!

Ant Grunt: Now we have no leader!

Papa Grunt: Now we’re really in trouble!

N2: The lava was pouring out of the volcano in a wide, flaming river and was heading straight for the cave.

N1: There wasn’t enough time for the Grunts to escape. All of a sudden, the Grunts heard a different noise.

*George*: Waargh! Wonk!

Little Grunt: It’s George! He’s come to save us!
ALL GRUNTS:  Ooga, ooga! Quick!

N2: All the Grunts jumped on George’s long back, long tail, and long neck.

N1: And before you can say Tyrannosaurus Rex, George carried them far away to safety.

Papa Grunt: As you new leader, I say this is our new cave!

Mama Grunt: I like the kitchen.

Plain Rockhead: Now, when I was the leader...

Unca Grunt: When do we eat?

Ant Grunt: I can’t wait to start decorating.

Granny Grunt: I always say a change of scenery keeps you from getting old.

Little Grunt: And George can live right next door.

Mama Grunt: Where is George? I haven’t seen him all afternoon.

ALL GRUNTS:  Ooga, ooga. Here, George!

George: Waargh!

Little Grunt: Look!

ALL GRUNTS: Oh no!

N2: There was George, sitting on a pile of big eggs.

Little Grunt: I guess I’d better call George, Georgina!

N1: And they all lived happily ever after.