

## **You Are Special**

An adaptation of the book “You Are Special” by Max Lucado.  
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### **Characters:**

Punchinello  
Eli  
Mayor  
Wife  
Lucia  
Abigail – critical, curious  
Claudia – critical, curious  
Josephine – critical, curious, uppity  
Burl – young boy, friendly, helpful, dramatic  
Mom – worrisome, demanding  
Announcer – good voice  
Farmer – friendly, laid back  
Taylor – fidgety, detailed  
Pompous – better-than-thou, uppity  
Acrobatics stunt – 5 person 3-high  
Shh Wemmick – aggressive, harsh  
Dropper – clumsy, bashful  
Birch – sweet, encouraging  
Leaf – confident, know it all  
Narrator – good voice...

### **Text:**

Narrator: The Wemmicks were wooden people. All of the wooden people were carved by a woodworker named Eli. His workshop sat on a hill overlooking their village. Each Wemmick was different, but all were made by the same woodcarver and all lived in the village. All day, everyday, Wemmicks did the same things....

Music plays

#### **SCENE 1**

*The stage is set up to look like a town square with houses opening onto the street. Wemmicks are sticking stickers on each other. Lucia enters and crosses the stage.*

Abigail: Who’s that girl lumbering along?

*A Wemmick gives Lucia a sticker, which falls to the ground.*

Claudia: Well! I don't believe it. She dropped her star.

Josephine: Where do you think she's going in such a hurry?

Burl: *(Picks up the sticker to return it)* Hey, you dropped your sticker Lucia. Lucia?

*Punchinello enters, watching Lucia, runs into a prop.*

Punchinello: Oh, that's gonna leave a knot.

Burl: Punchinello!

Punchinello: Hey, Burl, is that for me?

Burl: No, it's for her. You're always messing up, so you only get the bad kind. *(Reaches into his bag, pulls out a dot, and puts it on Punchinello.)*

Punchinello: I know, another gray dot. Who is she?

Burl: Lucia.

Punchinello: Who?

Mom: *(Calling from offstage)* Burl? Burl?

Burl: She's going to see Eli. Coming mom!

Punchinello: *(Scared)* Eli.

Burl: My mom says he's a giant woodcarver.

Punchinello: I heard that...

Burl: With enormous saws that have razor sharp teeth, hammers, chisels, drills...

Punchinello: Stop. Makes the splinters on the back of my neck stand straight up.

Mom: You know I don't like you so close to that woodcarver's mansion.

Burl: I gotta go. I'll be late for the parade. *(Exits.)*

Punchinello: Parade? That's today? Hey, wait for me!

*Punchinello exits, lights fade.*

## **SCENE 2**

*Townspeople mingle around, giving each other stickers and dots. Burl enters and crosses to stage left. Farmer, Leaf, and Birch are watching the mayor in the Tailor's shop.*

Announcer: *(Through megaphone)* Come Wemmicks of all shapes and sizes to the annual parade to kick off the festival of stickers

Farmer: Howdy, Burl.

Burl: Hey guys, what's going on?

Farmer: Mayor's getting a new hat, just in time for the parade.

Mayor: Your craftsmanship shines like the stars.

Tailor: Mayor, that hat is simply stunning. And as a token of my admiration may I present yet another star sticker.

Mayor: Why thank you.

Pompous: Oh my stars, mayor. You just might have enough golden stickers to win the most stars award.

Tailor: The most stars award.

Mayor: I'd forgotten.

Wife: The ceremony is this Sunday, dear.

Mayor: We must be off, then.

*Tailor's assistant messes up and falls with a yelp, drawing attention to his error.*

Tailor: You are an embarrassment, you knot head.

Pompous: *(Giving Assistant a dot)* There's an award for the most dots as well as the most stars, mind you.

Tailor: The most dots *(Gives Assistant another dot)*.

Assistant: *(Frustrated)* Great, another sticker. Blasted things never come off. *(Proceeds to scratch at sticker.)*

Pompous: Tood-a-lu. *(To himself)* So many stars.

Tailor: *(In wonder)* Stars, stars, stars.

Assistant: *(In frustration)* Stars, stars, stars. (Grumbles.)

*Mayor exits shop and is assaulted with stars as he moves down stage. The crowd clears for him and his wife. Dropper is walking around with his pile of stickers and accidentally drops them. He hastily picks them up before anyone has time to catch him.*

Wife: I think he just dropped his stickers.

Mayor: *(Too busy to notice)* Look at these unfortunate people, all trying so hard to be special. But they just don't have what it takes. *(Pointing to a passing girl)* See that dot she's got on her shoulder? It was for some silly thing that she said. *(Couple passes)* And the one on his knee is for tripping and hitting his head on a rock.

Wife: Yes, I remember. The star on her cheek is for carrying him to the doctor.

Mayor: *(Looking around critically)* The smartest, the luckiest, the most handsome get gold. The clumsy, unlucky, and dimwitted get gray.

*Wife points out Dropper to the Mayor.*

Mayor: He's the one who dropped his stickers.

Wife: Now he deserves a dot.

*Dropper disappears into the crowd. Crowd parts, letting the mayor pursue him.*

Mayor: Ah, there you are.

Wife: Do you think you can just spill you stickers and no one will notice?

Mayor: If I let one Wemmick miss out on a dot sticker, then what makes my star so special. *(Sticks a dot on him)* There, now doesn't that feel better? Humph.

*Mayor takes the podium to make an announcement.*

Mayor: This year we will honor the Wemmick with the most star stickers with The Most Stars Award *(Holds up trophy)*.

*Everyone cheers.*

Mayor: And to the Wemmick with the most dots, The Most Dots Award *(Holds up another trophy)*.

*Everyone laughs.*

Mayor: (*Sarcastically*) Now I wonder who that could be?

*Stage left, a group of Wemmicks begin a marvelous feat.*

Announcer: And now, ladies and gentlewemmicks, before your very eyes, I present to you a death defying stunt I'm certain you will agree deserves hundreds of stars.

Punchinello: (*Moving through crowd*) Excuse me, pardon me, excuse me.

*Mummers of wonder and awe float through the crowd.  
(I can't believe. There isn't much stability. Careful up there.)*

Announcer: Ah, Silence please.

Punchinello: If only I could do that.

Shh Wemmick: (*Harshly*) Shhh. (*Gives him a dot.*)

*Crowd admires the gymnasts. "Isn't she lovely. Oh, wow. Look at that! What do you think the hoop is for? I hope she doesn't stick that way. Oooo, Aaawh."*

*Big Acrobatic act.*

Announcer: Fantascticarono.

*Crowd in shocked silence for a moment. Everyone cheers thunderously, then relinquishes stars upon the performers. "Oh wow! Aren't they special. Oh my buttons. Bravo."*

*Punchinello waves his hat and throws it accidentally onto center stage by performer.*

Punchinello: Oh, my hat.

Announcer: Thank you, oh thank you.

Punchinello approaches performer to retrieve his hat.

Gymnast: Hi there.

*Punchinello accidentally trips on his hat, falling into her and pushing all the performers over. Fall ends with Punchinello, performers, and trophy all on the ground. Crowd is horrified.*

Announcer: You clumsy twig.

*Crowd descends upon him and pummels him with dots.*

Mayor: No stars, just dots.

Wife: (*Questioning astonishment*) No stars? Just dots?

Mayor: Punchinello, you are a serious contender for the most dots award.

Wife: Unless he can somehow manage to get a star by Sunday.

Punchinello: A star by Sunday. What day is it?

*Dropper approaches and returns hat.*

Punchinello: Thanks.

Dropper: (*Giving him a dot*) There's nothing special about you, Punchinello. You'll never get a star.

Abigail: He deserves lots of dots.

Claudia: (*Nodding in agreement*) Yeah, he's not a good wooden person.

Josephine: Humph, He'll win the prize for the most dots, undoubtedly.

Punchinello: (*To himself*) I'm not a good Wemmick. I'm going home. There I don't have to worry about stars and dots. (*Exits.*)

Lucia: (*Emerging from the background*) Oh, Punchinello. If you only knew.

*Lights fade.*

### **SCENE 3**

*Lake side set up for stick throwing contest. Scene opens with Leaf and Birch throwing sticks at a target and failing miserably to even get close. Both throw once before dialogue starts.*

Leaf: (*Throws over hand clumsily*)

Birch: No no, Leaf. You're throwing all wrong. It's all in the wrist. Here, let me show you.

*Pushes Leaf out of way. Winds up like a soft ball pitcher and ends up throwing it straight up in the air. Both dive with covered heads and scream. Stick lands about a foot away, without breaking. Both get up dusting themselves off.*

Leaf: All in the wrist, eh? (*Looks quizzically at the distance stick traveled*) You throw like a girl.

Birch: Leaf, I am a girl.

Leaf: Right..

Birch: Ok, you give it another go. You gotta get it. You want a star, don't you?

Leaf: Thanks for the reminder..

Birch: Well, you do, don't you?

Leaf: (*Looking down*) Yeah.

Birch: Ok then, remember, its all in the elbow.

Leaf: Wait, I thought you said it was all in the wrist.

Birch: That's what I said. It's all in the wrist.

Leaf: Right.

*Leaf winds up and releases just as Punchinello enters stage and passes target.*

Birch: Watch Out!

*Stick hits Punchinello.*

Leaf: (*Runs over*) Sorry Punchinello! Are you ok?

Punchinello: Yeah. No harm done. What are you guys doing?

Birch: We're trying to hit the target with this stick.

Leaf: Yeah, we have to get a star by Sunday.

Birch: Do you want to try, Punchinello?

Punchinello: Me? No.

Birch: (*Ignoring his answer*) Hit that target and you'll get a star for sure.

Punchinello: You really think so?

Leaf: Definitely. Oh go on, give it a shot.

Birch: What's the worst that could happen?

Leaf: *(Handing Punchinello stick)* I've heard its all in the wrist.

*Music starts. Punchinello tries and fails. Birch and Leaf finally get it and give each other a high-five. Music stops when Lucia enters from stage right.*

Lucia: *(To Leaf)* What are you guys doing?

Leaf: We're trying to hit that target with the stick. Both Birch and I did it. But Punchinello still hasn't gotten it.

Birch: *(Wearily picking up the stick)* Ok Punchinello, how 'bout you give it one more shot?

Leaf: *(Not sounding convinced)* Yeah, you can do it.

*Punchinello gives a running throw and trips, careening into the target and landing in a heap on the ground. Leaf and Birch look at each other in disappointment. Shake their heads and leave saying...*

Birch: So much for that.

Leaf: *(To Birch)* I knew he would never be able to get it.

Birch: He's just not special.

*Both exit leaving Punchinello with Lucia.*

Punchinello: It's no use. I'll never be able to do anything special. *(Sigh)* I'm just not a good Wemmick.

*Lucia walks over and offers a hand up.*

Lucia: I'm Lucia.

Punchinello: *(Fumbling for his hat, stuttering)* I'm...well...uh...a...um..

Lucia: *(Helping him along)* Um...Punchinello?

Punchinello: Oh yeah. How'd you know? Hey, aren't you forgetting something? I just fell. I deserve a gray dot. *(With surprise)* Wait, you're the one that goes to see the scary giant woodcarver...

Lucia: Scary? Eli?

Punchinello: You should stay away from there. We're not supposed to go there. If they see you going there...

Lucia: They'll give me a gray dot?

Punchinello: *(Looking closer)* Wait a minute. No dots. No stars. *(Knock, knock)* Just wooden. How do you do that?

Lucia: Would you like to find out?

Punchinello: Um... sure.

*They exit together, stage left.*

#### **SCENE 4**

*Town set. Townspeople are decorating and putting up signs for the festival of stickers. Acrobat is working on routine. Assistant hangs sign from ladder.*

Announcer: Balance, balance. It must be perfect for the festival tomorrow. Concentrate.

Pompous: *(Directs assistant to hang sign)* Right, right, more right. Higher, higher, it must be higher. Good.

Mayor: Keep up the good work.

*Punchinello and Lucia enter stage left and pass by center stage. Burl is playing and notices Lucia.*

Burl: Lucia.

Lucia: Hello.

Burl: Here's the sticker you dropped. My mom says I can't talk to you anymore. *(Proceeds to put sticker on her, it falls off)* Oops. *(Kneels to retrieve it. Continues to try and stick it on her)* She says Eli's a giant woodcarver, he can whittle a Wemmick into a million toothpicks.

Lucia: Really? Is that all?

Burl: Come on, Punchinello. Tell her.

Punchinello: I've never been there myself.

Lucia: Well I have. Would you like to know what he's really like?

Mom: (*In disgust*) Well, I never. No stars. (*Places a gray dot on Lucia, which doesn't stick. Grabs Burl and leaves*) Come away.

Burl: (*Whining*) Mom... Bye bye!

Punchinello: (*To Lucia*) Dots don't stick either.

Abigail: No dots?

Josephine: No stars?

*Lucia starts to leave*

Claudia: She's probably going to see the giant woodcarver.

Mayor: No stickers? Humph.

Punchinello: (*In awe*) That's the way I want to be.

Mayor: Punchinello, what kind of Wemmicks would we become without stickers?

Punchinello: I don't know.

Mayor: A starless life can be so dark. Tell you what, you forget this Lucia-Eli business and I'll make sure you find a way to get a star.

Punchinello: Well...

Mayor: Even if he could help, with all your dots do you really think Eli would want to see you? (*Begins to chuckle, then laughs evilly.*)

Punchinello: (*Calling after her*) Lucia!

*Punchinello runs to catch her.*

Punchinello: (*Breathless*) Lucia, how do you do it?

Lucia: It's easy. (*Takes stickers from his hand and blows them away*) What they think doesn't matter.

Punchinello: Doesn't matter?

Lucia: Every day I go see Eli.

Punchinello: What?

Lucia: I sit in the workshop with him.

Punchinello: (*Astonished*) Why?

Lucia: Why don't you go find out for yourself?

*Punchinello hesitates to answer.*

Lucia: (*Leaving*) Just follow the road up the hill.

Punchinello: But, Lucia... Eli... (*Sighs*) With all these dots, he won't want to see me.

*Punchinello returns to town dejectedly. He meets the Mayor and townspeople, who've been setting up tower of black wooden boxes made from wood and painted black. Mayor stands on ladder and holds a stick dangling a star.*

Mayor: (*Sing-song*) Punchinello? Remember that star I told you about? All you have to do is reach for the star, and it's yours.

Punchinello: Really?

Mayor: I promise.

Punchinello: (*Aside*) This could be my last chance.

*Punchinello reluctantly proceeds to climb the rickety tower, nearly falling several times.*

Leaf: Whoa, check it out.

Birch: Careful Punchinello.

Claudia: What is he doing?

Josephine: Oh my, that looks dangerous.

Abigail: I hope he doesn't hurt himself.

Mayor: (*Taunting and chuckling*) Don't slip.

*Punchinello continues to climb, townspeople gasping and laughing, alternatively.*

Mayor: Careful Punchinello.

*Punchinello reaches the top of the tower, star just out of his reach. In a last effort to grab it, he falls dramatically to the ground, the boxes crashing around him.*

Punchinello: Whoa!

*Townspeople gather around to see if he's okay.*

Burl: Is he okay?

*Punchinello sits up.*

Tailor: Punchinello, you scared us half to death.

Leaf: Say, that's some mighty hard work you got there.

Punchinello: Thanks.

Mayor: *(In an accusing tone)* What are you waiting for? He fell. Give him the dots he deserves.

*Townspeople pass him by, giving dots. Once they're all gone, Punchinello gets up, gathers his things, and stares sadly at all of his dots.*

Punchinello: I don't want anyone's marks. *(Pause)* I'm gonna go see Eli.

*Exits.*

## **SCENE 5**

*Wood carver's shop: shop set up with lumber, tools, saws, hammer, chisel, etc. Bench and shelf. Maybe wood chips. Punchinello enters from center stage through door, looks around, eyes widen at all the scary things in the shop.*

Punchinello: Hello?... Anybody here?... Lucia?

*Off stage sounds startle and frighten Punchinello.*

Punchinello: Enormous saws with razor sharp teeth! Hammers! Chisels! Drills! *(gasp)* And wood shavings! I can see now this was a bad idea. I'll just leave before Eli sees me. Just gotta find the door... Oh great! Where's the door?

*Off stage foot steps scares Punchinello*

Punchinello: Eli! Quick, hide. *(He ducks for cover knocking stuff over.)*

Punchinello: I'm not staying here. *(Gets up to leave and heads for door and stops in step when Eli calls his voice)*

Eli: Punchinello! Punchinello, why you're out awfully late! Come and let me have a good look at you.

Punchinello: You know my name?

Eli: Of course I do. I made you. (*Looks Punchinello over briefly*) Hmm... looks like you have been given some bad marks.

Punchinello: (*Defensively*) I didn't mean to, Eli. I really tried hard.

Eli: Oh, you don't have to defend yourself to me, child. I don't care what the other Wemmicks think.

Punchinello: You don't?

Eli: No. And you shouldn't either. Who are they to give stars or dots? They're Wemmicks, just like you. What they think doesn't matter, Punchinello. All that matters is what I think. And I think you are pretty special.

(*Punchinello laughs*)

Punchinello: Me, special? Why? I can't climb very high. I can't throw balloons very well. My paint is peeling and why would I matter to you?

Eli: Because you are mine. That's why you matter to me.

Punchinello: I don't know what to say.

Eli: Every day I've been hoping you'd come.

Punchinello: I came because I met someone who had no marks.

Eli: (*laughingly*) I know. She told me all about you.

Punchinello: Why don't stickers stay on her?

Eli: Because she has decided that what I think is more important than what they think. (*Almost whispering*) The stickers only stick if you let them.

Punchinello: What?!

Eli: The stickers only stick if they matter to you. The more you trust my love, the less you care about their stickers.

Punchinello: I'm not sure I understand.

Eli: You will. But it will take time. You've got lots of marks. For now, just come to see me every day and let me remind you how much I care.

Punchinello: Thanks, Eli.

Eli: (*Calling after him*) Remember, you special because I made you. And I don't make mistakes.

Punchinello: You know, I think he really means it.

**SCENE 6**

*Town Scene crowd cheering and the Mayor stage right on soap box accepting award.*

Mayor: Yes! Yes! Winning the most stars award truly is a surprise. And now the Most Dots Award goes to.....PUNCHINELLO!

*Crowd laughs, then awkward silence.*

Mayor: (*Reannouncing*) PUNCHINELLO!

*Crowd laughs, then awkward silence.*

Mayor: Punchinello?

*Lights out.*

**THE END**