



Doctor Ted

by Andrea Beaty & Pascal Lemaitre

Reader's Theater Adaptation by Julia Durango

ROLES

Narrator
Ted
Father
Mr. Johnson
Principal Bigham

2 EMTs
2 Firefighters

2 Librarians
8 Audience Cue Card Holders

Note: 8 students are selected to be the Audience Cue Card Holders. They prompt the audience to yawn, applaud, sneeze . . . Before the performance, allow the students to practice with the audience. It's more fun for everyone!

Narrator: One morning, Ted woke up, got out of bed, and bumped his knee.

Audience: OUCH!

Ted: That's not good. I need a doctor.

Narrator: He looked everywhere, but he couldn't find one. And since he couldn't find a doctor . . . he became a doctor.

Ted: I didn't have an office.

Narrator: So he made one.

Ted: I didn't have a big bandage.

Narrator: So he made one of those too.

Ted: Now all I need is a patient.

Narrator: Doctor Ted sat and waited for one to arrive. He waited . . .and he waited . . .and he waited.

Audience: YAWN!

Ted: Nice waiting room.

Narrator: Then he waited some more

Ted: I think it's time for a house call.

Narrator: He called throughout the house.

Ted: Hello?

Narrator: His father was in the kitchen.

Ted: You have measles. We should operate.

Father: Those are my freckles. Eat your breakfast.

Narrator: At school Doctor Ted sat in the third row of Mr. Johnson's class. All around him, students coughed and sniffled and sneezed.

Audience: ACHOO!

Narrator: Dr. Ted smiled.

Ted: Patients!

Narrator: The patients were very germy.

Audience: YUCK!

Narrator: At lunch Doctor Ted took their temperatures and measured their blood pressure. He gave them fine medical advice, and they were very thankful. Doctor Ted was such a good doctor, even Mr. Johnson came to see him.

Mr. Johnson: You can't practice medicine in the lunchroom!

Ted: You have mumps. Crutches could help.

Mr. Johnson: These are my cheeks. Eat your lunch.

Narrator: Principal Bigham walked in.

Audience: OH NO!

Narrator: Doctor Ted could tell she was very sick.

Ted: You need a doctor.

Narrator: Principal Bigham smiled.

Principal: We already have a school doctor who visits on Fridays.

Ted: You have gingivitis. You need a full-body cast.

Narrator: Principal Bigham frowned.

Ted: You also have bad breath. You need a shot.

Narrator: The principal's face turned bright red.

Ted: And a fever! You need a transplant.

Principal: WE ALREADY HAVE A SCHOOL DOCTOR!

Narrator: Principal Bigham pointed toward the door.

Ted: We could do something about that foot odor.

Principal: Go home!

Narrator: Doctor Ted was very sad.

Audience: BOO HOO!

Narrator: He packed up his big bandage and went home. That night he took two cookies and went straight to bed. The next day during recess, Ted sat on a bench and sighed. He watched Francis Sylvester do gymnastics on the monkey bars. She was very talented. Everyone thought so, especially Mr. Johnson and Principal Bigham. Frances finished her routine with a triple twisting-somersault. She landed on Mr. Johnson.

Audience: OOPS!

Mr. Johnson: OUCH! My ankle!

Narrator: Principal Bigham ran this way and that.

Principal: HELP! Call an ambulance! Call the fire department!
Call the library! JUST CALL SOMEBODY!

Narrator: But Doctor Ted was already there. He wrapped Mr. Johnson's ankle with his big bandage. He checked his vision and his tonsils.

Ted: Take two cookies. You'll feel better in the morning.

Narrator: Just then, the ambulance arrived (*enter EMTs*) ...

And the fire department (*enter firefighters*) ...

And the librarians (*enter librarians*).

EMTs, Fire Fighters, and Librarians: It's a good thing you had Doctor Ted!

Mr. Johnson: There's always room for another school doctor.

Ted: My work here is done. Keep the bandage.

Narrator: Principal Bigham's face turned bright red.

Ted: You really should do something about that fever.

Narrator: That night Doctor Ted closed his office, packed away his stethoscope and went to sleep knowing he had done a good job. The next morning, Ted woke up and got out of bed. He sniffed the air. It smelled like burnt toast.

Ted: That's not good. I need a fire truck . .

Audience & Cast: THE END!