



ivy + BEAN

Be Ivy + Bean in Your Own Play!

Have fun pretending to be Ivy or Bean in this scene from
Book 3: Ivy + Bean Break the Fossil Record.

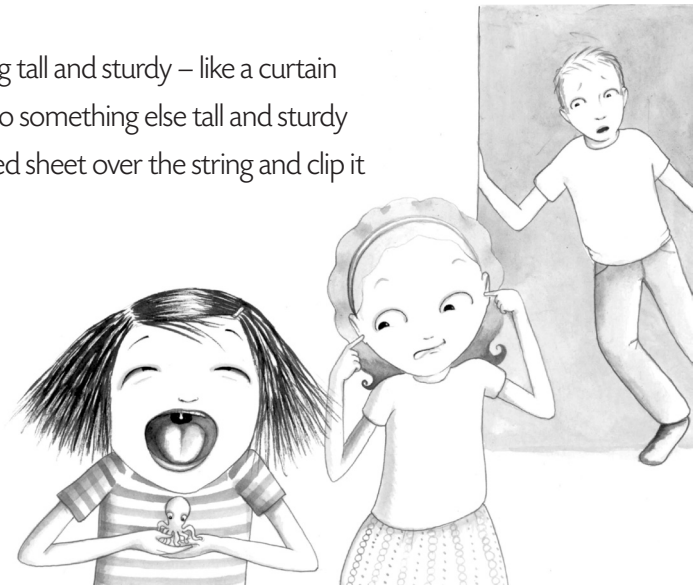
You'll need:

- A place to lie around: bed, couch, floor
- A large, hardcover book – make a cover that reads, “The Amazing Book of World Records”
- A glass animal (or something that can pretend to be a glass animal)
- A dad or someone who can pretend to be a dad

You can definitely perform your play right now – without any costumes or props, but if you want to make the production more fancy, here’s a few tips:

- Put on a headband and wear a skirt or dress to be Ivy
- Mess up your hair a little and wear shorts or pants to be Bean

To make a curtain, tie a piece of string to something tall and sturdy – like a curtain rod or the hinge of a door, then tie the other end to something else tall and sturdy across the room. Fold the top 3 inches or so of a bed sheet over the string and clip it in place with binder clips.





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"What a Scream!"

A scene from:

Ivy and Bean Break the Fossil Record

Characters: Bean, Ivy, Bean's Dad

Setting: Interior of Bean's bedroom

[Ivy and Bean are sprawled on Bean's bed, reading books.]

Bean: Eeew! Gross! Double-eeew!

Ivy: What are you reading?

Bean: The Amazing Book of World Records. Check this out!

[She shoves the book at Ivy. Ivy's eyes widen.]

Ivy: Why has this guy got spoons all over his face?

Bean: He's breaking a world record. If you do something better or longer or weirder than anyone else in the world, that means you've set a world record.

Ivy: I mean why would anyone hang spoons on his face?

Bean: I don't know, but he made a world record and now he's famous and important.

Ivy *[staring at the book]*: How does he get them to stick?





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Bean: I can't tell. Sweat, maybe.

Ivy: Oh.

Bean: *[sighs]*

[pause]

Bean: I want to break a world record. Don't you?"

Ivy: Not really. Seems like a lot of work for nothing. I don't want spoons all over my face.

Bean: But then you'd be famous.

Ivy: But I don't care if I'm famous for spoons on my face. If I'm going to be famous, I want to be famous for something important, like Mary Anning.

Bean: Who?

Ivy: Mary Anning. *[She points to her book]* This girl. She found the first whole ichthyosaur fossil in the world. She was only twelve when she did it, too. She lived near the beach and, one day, she saw a skeleton face in the cliffs. So she dug it out—it took her a long time and everyone made fun of her, but she didn't care—and it was an ichthyosaur! Only nobody knew about dinosaurs then. See? This is her. *[Ivy shows Bean a picture in the book.]*

Bean: That hat is terrible. But still, she's famous and important.
[pause] I hate being un-famous and unimportant.

Bean: *[sighs and continues reading.]*





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Bean: Wait a minute! I've got a great idea! I'm good at screaming and I'm good at breaking things, right?

Ivy: I guess so.

Bean: I'll break a glass by screaming, like this lady here [*she points to her book*], but I'll be the youngest person ever to do it! That'll be my record!

Ivy: I don't get it. You scream and then throw a glass?'

Bean: No—the scream breaks the glass. In here, the lady screamed so loud that a wine glass shattered. But she was old. I could probably scream louder because I'm young. So I'll break the record.

Ivy: That's a good record. That'll be fun.

Bean [*jumps up*]: Okay! I'll run downstairs and get a wine glass.

Ivy: Do you think your dad will mind if you break a wine glass
I mean, you did just break a bunch of dishes.

Bean: Oops. I guess you're right. I'll break my own mirror. That way he can't get mad.

Ivy: Breaking a mirror is bad luck.

Bean: Oh. Right. Wait! A glass animal! Nancy has a whole glass animal collection!! I'll shatter one of them. It'll be even better than a wine glass.

Ivy: Won't Nancy get mad?





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Bean: Well. *[pauses]* No. She has gazillions of them. Besides, I'll glue it back together when I'm done. She won't even notice. I hope. Okay, you stick your head out the door and see if she's there.

Ivy *[sticks her head out the door and looks around; comes back to Bean]* The coast is clear.

*[Bean takes a deep breath and leaves the room. Ivy waits for her nervously.
Bean returns holding a little glass octopus]*

Bean: Got it! *[she sets it down and looks at it, slitty-eyed]* Prepare to die. *[turns to Ivy]*
You might want cover your ears.

Ivy: Okay *[she sticks her fingers in her ears]*

Bean *[screams]:* AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

[The octopus just sits there. Nothing.]

Bean *[screams again]:* AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

[Nothing. Then the sound of feet running. Suddenly Bean's Dad bursts through the door, his face whitish-gray]

Dad: What?! What's the matter?!!

Bean: Nothing. What's the matter with you?

The End

