The Only Crow in Crickshaw

A play by Tori Telfer  
Art by Sara Palacios

Characters: **Grandpa**, **Grandma**, **Crow**, **Sally**

Setting: Completely bare stage except for a sign that says "Welcome to Crickshaw. Population: 7"

**Props:**
- two chairs
- a to-do list
- a crow mask (see page 36)
- a bell
- a birthday crown
(Grandpa and Grandma sit on chairs on one side of the stage, facing the audience.)

Grandpa: Crickshaw is a tiny town. Blink and you miss it.

Grandma: But Crickshaw has been here for hundreds of years. Longer than Grandpa and I have been alive, if you can believe it.

Grandpa: Oh, stop it!

Grandma: There's only one post office in Crickshaw.

Grandpa: Only one grocery store.

Grandma: Only one school. Only one teacher, only one child.

Grandpa: And only one crow.

(Enter Crow, happy and chipper. He flits to the middle of the stage, spreads his wings, and caws. From his pocket, he pulls out a long to-do list.)

Crow: To do today: Have a snack. (He dives for something on the ground and munches it.) Done. Sing a little song. (He caws merrily.) Done! Make friends. (He looks around the stage and spots Grandpa and Grandma. He flies over to them, cawing loudly.) Hello! Hello! Hello! Will you be my friends? Will you be my friends?

Grandma: Shoo, bird.

Grandpa: Go play with your own kind.

(Crow slinks offstage.)
**GRANDMA:** It's not that we don't like Crow. In fact, it's nice to see a bit of nature in Crickshaw. After all, we only have one creek.

**GRANDPA:** One tree.

**GRANDMA:** One lone thundercloud—and it hardly ever rains.

**GRANDPA:** No, it's not that we don't like Crow. It's just that we're much too busy to play with him. We have places to go! People to see!

(They sit silently, twiddling their thumbs.)

**GRANDMA:** Well. Day after day, Crow played alone in the streets of Crickshaw.

(Crow comes back onstage, sadder than before. His wings are dragging. He pulls out his to-do list)

**CROW:** To do today. Get some exercise. (He circles the stage sorrowfully.) Meditate. (He sits down cross-legged and begins to "meditate." In a moment, one eye flies open and he peers around.) Anyone there? Anyone? No? Oh. I guess it was just the wind. (He sighs and shuts his eyes again.)

**GRANDPA:** But even though Crow was feeling terribly blue, today was a special day for someone in Crickshaw.

(Offstage, someone rings a bell loudly. School's out!)
GRANDMA: Today is Sally Shoemaker's fifth birthday.
GRANDPA: Sally is the only child at the only school in Crickshaw.
GRANDMA: Let's just say she has a lot of imaginary friends.
       But now that she's five, her parents are finally letting
       her play on Main Street. Crickshaw's streets are very
       safe, of course.
GRANDPA: There's only one car in Crickshaw—and I own it!
       (He cackles.)
GRANDMA: Still, Sally's parents are strict: No playing
       on Main Street until you're five years old, they said!
       Why, when I was five, we built Main Street with our
       own bare hands—
GRANDPA: Hush! Sally's coming.

(CROW perks up.)

CROW: Hello? Is anyone there?
SALLY: Hello? Is anyone there?

(Slowly, they both turn around and see each other.)

CROW: You're awfully dressed up.
SALLY: It's my birthday.
CROW: Oh. Happy birthday!

(They stare awkwardly at each other.)

SALLY: I love it! Want me to teach you a game
       I learned in school?
CROW: Yes, please!
SALLY: It’s called hopscotch. You draw a bunch of squares and then you HOP on them.

(SALLY draws an imaginary hopscotch game.)

GRANDPA: I always said they’d be great friends.

GRANDMA: You did not!

GRANDPA: Yes I did! I always said, “If the only crow in Crickshaw met the only kid in Crickshaw, why, then we’d have a party!”

(SALLY and CROW finish drawing.)

SALLY: Ready? GO!

(CROW leaps across the hopscotch game. Then he caws happily and races around the stage, flapping his wings. SALLY laughs and applauds.)

SALLY: You’re really great at games!

CROW: I had no idea I was so good at them! Games are so fun!

SALLY: I’ve learned lots of other games, you know.
CROW: Could we . . . could we play another one?
SALLY: Yeah, c’mon!

(She grabs CROW’s wing. They walk offstage together, chatting.)

SALLY: By the way, do you have any imaginary friends?
CROW: Lots. Their names are Creek, and Cloud, and Tree . . .
SALLY: Mine are Sarah, and Stephen, and Suzy, and Sorrel . . .

(Exit SALLY and CROW. GRANDMA looks over at GRANDPA. He is brushing something off his cheek.)

GRANDMA: Why, you old softy. You’re crying!
GRANDPA: A bee flew up and stung me right on the tear duct, that’s all. But Grandma, I was wondering something.
GRANDMA: Not another one of your harebrained schemes, is it?
GRANDPA: Maybe we should throw little Sally a party. You could bake a little pie. We could go for a ride in my car.
GRANDMA: You old softy! Well, I suppose I am the best baker in Crickshaw. And we do have the only cherry tree in Crickshaw right in our backyard.

(They smile at each other and rise from their chairs.)

GRANDPA: Crow! Sally! Wait for us!

(The End. Take a bow!)