



Directions: Cut out each page along the dotted lines.
Pile pages in order. Staple together to make a book.



I Have a Dream

SCRIPT BY MACK LEWIS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDUARDO ROSADO

CHARACTERS:

- Martin: Martin Luther King, Jr. as a boy
- Clark and Wallace: The sons of the local grocer
- Daddy King: Martin's father
- Mrs. King: Martin's mother
- Viola and Lorraine: Older women in Martin's church
- Narrator
- Mrs. Conner: The grocer's wife
- Adult Martin: Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. as an adult

Scene 1 THE SANDLOT

Narrator: Martin Luther King, Jr. grew up in Georgia back in the days when Babe Ruth was still hitting homeruns and movies were always filmed in black and white.

Clark: Pitch it, Wallace.

Martin: Can I play, too?

Narrator: Martin loved to play baseball with two white boys in the neighborhood.

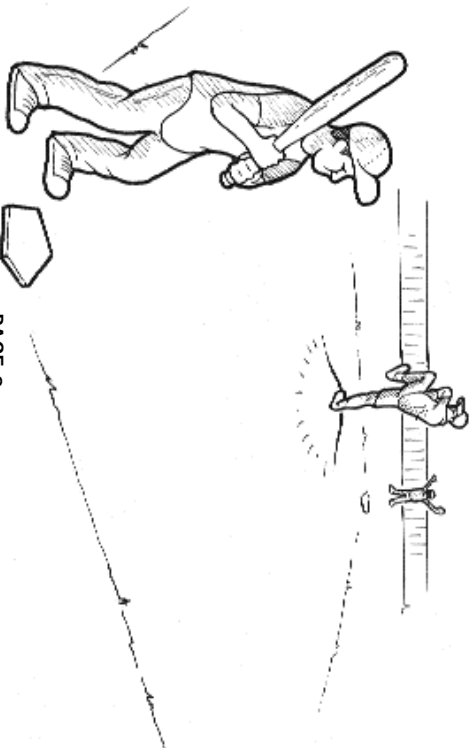
Wallace: Martin is on my team!

Clark: I get him. He played on your team last time.

Wallace: So? I called it!

Clark: Don't try to push me around, Wallace.

Narrator: The boys would argue about who got to have Martin on his team. But even as a young boy, Martin was a peacemaker.



Martin: No sirs! My daddy says you shouldn't fight like that! I was on your team last time, Wallace. I'll play for Clark today. That's fair.

Scene 2

THE EBENEZER BAPTIST CHURCH

Narrator: Martin's father was pastor of the church. They called him Daddy King.

Daddy King: Just as the Good Book says, we must love our neighbors as ourselves—whether black or white, whether young or old.

Viola: Look Lorraine, there's young Martin.

Lorraine: Martin, doesn't it make you proud to see your father standing so tall before the congregation?

Viola: Someday you're going to follow in his footsteps, Martin.

Martin: No, ma'am. I'm proud of my daddy, but my dream is to be a shortstop.

Narrator: Martin didn't know, but Lorraine and Viola were right about him. Someday he'd be known as the Reverend Martin Luther King, just like his father. But there would be some hard lessons along the way.

Scene 3

THE NEIGHBORHOOD GROCERY STORE

Narrator: Clark and Wallace's parents owned a market across from Martin's house.



Martin thought it strange that whenever he and his mother went to the market, they entered through the back door.

Mrs. King: Excuse me, Mrs. Conner. I'd like two quarts of milk.

Mrs. Conner: You're going to have to wait.

There are other customers in front of you.

Narrator: Like all black customers, sometimes the Kings had to wait to be served. Even when they did get served, they weren't always treated very well.

Mrs. Conner: Now, what is it you want?

Mrs. King: Two quarts milk.

Mrs. Conner: You'll have to pay before I get it. Do you have your money?

Mrs. King: Come now, Mrs. Conner. Have I ever not had my money? We both know it has nothing to do with whether or not I can afford it.

Mrs. Conner: It's just that I can never trust



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your kind.

Mrs. King: Our kind?

Martin: Your boy Clark is quite a ball player, Mrs. Conner. The other day he struck me out two times.

Mrs. Conner: You've been playing ball with my boys?

Martin: Yes, ma'am. They're my best friends!

Mrs. Conner: They are, are they? Here's your milk, Mrs. King. Head out the back.

Scene 4

THE CONNER HOUSE

Narrator: The next time Martin went to the sandlot to play, no one was there. He ran to the grocer's house and knocked on the door.

Martin: Where are your boys, Mrs. Conner? They were supposed to play ball today.

Mrs. Conner: Clark and Wallace can't play. They're . . . they're sick in bed.

Narrator: Martin could see past Mrs. Conner into the house. Clark and Wallace were standing in the shadows. Both boys were frowning, but Martin saw Clark shyly wave.



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Martin: Why, no they're not, Mrs. Conner. They're right there. Are you guys playing ball today?

Mrs. Conner: They can't play with you anymore. They're getting too old to be wasting time on coloreds.

Narrator: "Colored" was a word used to describe people whose skin wasn't white.

Mrs. Conner: Now don't be knocking on my door anymore.

Scene 5

THE KING HOUSE

Mrs. King: Why are you crying, Martin?

Martin: Mrs. Conner says that her boys can't play ball with me anymore. She says it's because I'm colored.

Mrs. King: I'm sorry. It was bound to happen sooner or later.

Martin: But why does my skin color matter?

Mrs. King: Some folks don't like people who are different.

Martin: But Clark and Wallace don't feel that way. We have fun together.

Mrs. King: The boys may not feel that way, Martin, but their parents do. That's why they make us use the back door. That's why they give us sour milk. They're punishing us for being different. And they'll teach their children to do the same.

Martin: But that's not fair. How can they do that?

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Mrs. King: There are laws that allow them to discriminate against us.

Narrator: Mrs. King was talking about Jim Crow laws. These laws made it legal for white people to treat black people unfairly.

Martin: Well, somebody needs to do something about it.

Mrs. King: Yes, Martin. Somebody does.



Scene 6

THE SANDLOT

Narrator: Someday Martin would do something about Jim Crow laws. But back when he was a boy, he just wanted to play ball.

Clark: Hey look, it's Martin!

Wallace: Don't talk to him. Remember what Pa said.

Clark: Sorry, Martin. We could use a shortstop, but our pa says he'll whip us if we play with you.

Martin: But what do you think? How come my skin color didn't matter last week?

Wallace: We don't want any trouble, Martin. We just do what we're told.

Scene 7

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Narrator: Years after Martin was told he couldn't play ball, he would preach to more than 200,000 people of every race and color in Washington, D.C.

Adult Martin: I have a dream that this nation will one day . . . live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal."

Narrator: Over the years Martin would be arrested many times for standing up for himself. He would be beaten, stabbed, and spit upon.

Adult Martin: This will be a day when all God's children will be able to sing with new meaning, "let freedom ring."

Narrator: Yet through it all, Martin would follow his father's advice to strive for peace and harmony among all people. That's why we celebrate his birthday each January.

Adult Martin: When we allow freedom to ring . . . we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children . . . will be able to join hands and sing . . . "Free at last, Free at last, Great God Almighty, we're free at last!"

The End

