

LISTEN BUDDY
By Helen Lester

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| Parts(8): | Narrator 1 Buddy | Narrator 2 Father | Narrator 3 Mother | Narrator 4 Scruffy |
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Narrator 1: Buddy's father had a beautiful big nose.

He was a great sniffer.

Narrator 2: Buddy's mother had beautiful big teeth.

She was a great chomper.

Narrator 3: Buddy had beautiful big ears. It didn't matter.

Narrator 4: When Buddy's parents sent him to the vegetable stand to get a basket of squash, he came home with a basket of WASH.

Narrator 1: When they asked him to buy fifteen tomatoes, he came home with fifty POTATOES. Buddy's father said,

Father: "Listen, Buddy, will you please bring me a pen?"

Buddy: "Who?"

Narrator 2: asked Buddy.

Father: "You. Will you please bring me a pen?"

Narrator 2: said his father. Buddy asked,

Buddy: "A what?"

Father: "A pen. Will you please bring me a pen?"

Narrator 3: said his father.

Buddy: "Sure,"

Narrator 3: said Buddy. When Buddy brought him a HEN,
Buddy's father said,

Father: "Listen, Buddy!"

Narrator 4: Buddy's mother said,

Mother: "Listen, Buddy, will you please get me a
slice of bread?"

Buddy: "Who?"

Narrator 4: asked Buddy.

Mother: "You. Will you please get me a slice of
bread?"

Narrator 1: said his mother. Buddy asked,

Buddy: “A what of what?”

Mother: “A slice of bread. Will you please bring me a slice of bread?”

Narrator 1: said his mother. Buddy said,

Buddy: “Sure.”

Narrator 2: When Buddy sawed her bed apart, Buddy’s mother said,

Mother: “Listen, Buddy!”

Narrator 3: Somehow Buddy’s mind was always wandering too far away from those beautiful ears. His parents tried yelling.

Mother:

Father: “LISTEN, BUDDY!”

Narrator 4: They tried whispering,

Mother:

Father: (Soft voices) “Listen, Buddy.”

Narrator 4: Nothing worked.

Narrator 1: One day Buddy got permission to go for a long hop. He had never before been allowed to go beyond the vegetable stand. His parents warned him,

Mother: "Listen, Buddy. Just remember that at the end of the road, there are two paths."

Father: "The path to the left will lead you around the pond and back home. But the path to the right will lead you to the cave of Scruffy Varmint."

Mother: "And that Scruffy Varmint has a nasty temper, so be sure to take the path to the left."

Buddy: "Right?"

Narrator 2: asked Buddy. His parents said,

Mother:

Father: "Left!"

Buddy: "Right!"

Narrator 3: said Buddy. And with a salute of his paw he hopped away.

Narrator 4: Feeling very grown-up, Buddy hopped along, past the vegetable stand and on to the end of the road. He pondered,

Buddy: Now, let's see, was I supposed to go left or right? Or right? Or left?

Narrator 1: He thought as hard as he could.

Buddy: "The last thing I said was 'Right!' so that must be...right."

Narrator 2: Right he went. Twenty-five hops later, Buddy discovered that right was wrong. There in front of his cave was the Scruffy

Varmint, doing scruffy things that
varmint do,

Narrator 3: like snarling, mussing his hair, rubbing
dirt on his knees, and scratching a whole
lot of itches.

Narrator 4: At his feet was a large soup pot. Buddy
asked,

Buddy: "What are you going to do with that soup
pot?"

Scruffy: "What does one usually do with a soup pot-
bake pie? I'm going to make some soup."

Narrator 1: replied the Scruffy Varmint, not too
kindly. Buddy asked,

Buddy: "Some what?"

Scruffy: "Soup,"

Narrator 2: snarled the Scruffy Varmint. Buddy had forgotten his parents' warning about the Scruffy Varmint. He asked eagerly,

Buddy: "May I help?"

Narrator 3: The Scruffy Varmint was not fond of having company, but with help he'd have his soup sooner, so he said,

Scruffy: "Alllllll right, Bunnyrabbit, come help me gather firewood."

Buddy: "Who, what?"

Narrator 1: Buddy asked,

Scruffy: "You. Firewood."

Narrator 1: said Scruffy. Buddy eagerly hopped ahead of the Scruffy Varmint. Very gently he gathered a large prickly bundle, which he

held out proudly.

Narrator 2: Roughly the Varmint grabbed the bundle.

Scruffy: “I said firewood, not briarwood,”

Narrator 3: he yelped, plucking the sharp thorns from his paws.”

Narrator 4: Later, when the pot was filled with water, the Scruffy Varmint lay against a rock, licking his paws and barking orders.

Scruffy: “Hustle, Bunnyrabbit. Get the flour.”

Buddy: “Yessir!”

Narrator 1: said Buddy as he picked a bouquet of WILDFLOWERS.

Scruffy: “Five pinches of salt.”

Buddy: “Yessir!”

Narrator 2: said Buddy as he measured out 5 INCHES of salt.

Scruffy: "Fifteen tomatoes."

Buddy: "Yessir!"

Narrator 3: said Buddy as he gathered FIFTY POTATOES.

Scruffy: "And a big load of squash."

Buddy: "Yessir!"

Narrator 4: said Buddy as he gathered a load of WASH.

Narrator 1: The Scruffy Varmint rose and gave the soup a stir. He took a taste. It tasted a little like...well, a little...maybe it needed some pepper.

Scruffy: "Bunnyrabbit, get the pepper from the left side of the kitchen sink,"

Narrator 2: the Varmint growled.

Buddy: "Who get the what from the where side of
the where what?"

Narrator 3: asked Buddy. The Scruffy Varmint repeated,

Scruffy: "WHO GET THE WHAT FROM THE WHERE SIDE OF
THE WHERE WHAT? Never mind."

Narrator 4: He stalked into the kitchen and got the
pepper himself and sprinkled it into the
soup. He snarled,

Scruffy: "There. Now, Bunnyrabbit, put the soup on
the fire."

Narrator 1: Buddy put the soup in the fire. The fire
went Hssssssssss. So did the Scruffy
Varmint. He howled,

Scruffy: "I'll teach you. I WILL have soup!"

Bunnyrabbit soup! And I know just the bunny to use, the Bunnyrabbit who never listens!"

Narrator 2: Buddy listened. He also hopped. Very very very fast – faster than he had ever hopped in his life.

Narrator 3: He whizzed up the road past the vegetable stand and into the safety of his house.

Narrator 4: And a little later, when Buddy's parents asked him to bring a pen and a slice of bread, Buddy listened.