

Little Dog, Lost by Marion Dane Bauer



Readers (9):

- Narrator 1
- Narrator 2
- Narrator 3
- Narrator 4
- Boy/Mark
- Boy's Dad
- Boy's mother/Mark's mother
- Buddy (the little dog)
- Woman (Buddy's new owner)

Reading time: approximately 10 minutes

SCRIPT

All: *Little Dog, Lost*

Narrator 1: by Marion Dane Bauer

Narrator 1: Buddy and her boy were perfectly matched

Narrator 2: and perfectly happy

Narrator 1 & 2: together

(Pause)

Narrator 1: Buddy was a little dog

Narrator 2: with brown paws

Narrator 3: and a brown mask

Narrator 4: and a sweet ruffle of brown fur on her bum.

Buddy: Ruff!

Narrator 2: She also had ears like airplane wings

Readers theater script for *Little Dog, Lost* by Marion Dane Bauer, illustrated by Jennifer A. Bell (Atheneum Books for Young Readers, 2012) ISBN: 978-1442434233. Copyright © 2012, Marion Dane Bauer. This script may be copied for educational use but may not be reprinted or resold for commercial purposes.

Narrator 3: that dropped

Narrator 1 & 3: just at the tips.

Buddy: Ruff! Ruff!

Boy: I know she's a girl,

Narrator 1: the boy often said,

Boy: but she's my buddy anyway.

Narrator 2: And then he would take Buddy's pointy face between his hands

Narrator 3: and kiss her on the lips

Boy: SMACK! (*kissing sound*)

Narrator 4: just like that.

Narrator 1: When Buddy was quick

Buddy: Ruff!

Narrator 2: she could get in a lick

Narrator 3: at the exact moment of the kiss.

Boy: Arghhh!

All: But nothing,

Boy: not even the sweetest love,

Narrator 1: can be certain of lasting forever.

(Pause)

Dad: We're moving,

Narrator 2: said the boy's father.

Dad: We're moving to an apartment in a big city,

Boy: What?

Narrator 1: The boy cried.

Dad: And an apartment in a big city is no place for a dog.

Buddy: Ruff?

Boy's mother: We'll have to find a new home for Buddy.

Boy: No! Buddy....

(Pause)

Narrator 2: The family piled into the car.

Narrator 3: Buddy was excited.

Narrator 4: She loved car rides.

Narrator 3: And here she was with her bowl

Narrator 2: her bed

Narrator 1: her bone

Narrator 4: her ball

All: And

Boy's mother: the orange-marmalade stuffed cat she liked to toss into the air and catch again,

Boy: *(still slightly weepy)* the orange-marmalade stuffed cat she liked to rest her chin on when she slept.

Narrator 1: They drove to a town called Erthly,

Narrator 2: stopped in front of a strange house....

Narrator 3: And got out of the car, with Buddy on her red leash.
Woman: I'll take good care of her,
Narrator 1: ~~Her~~ Buddy's new owner said.
Narrator 2: But when she looked down at the little black dog,
Narrator 3: at his bowl
Narrator 1: and his bed
Narrator 3: and his bone
Narrator 1: and the orange-marmalade stuffed cat,
Narrator 2: she said,
Woman: Oh, my. I know nothing about dogs. How will we manage,
you and I?

Buddy *Slight, sad whimper*

(Pause)

Narrator 1: Another boy, Mark,
Narrator 2: lived in Erthly.
Narrator 1: Mark had no dog at all.
Narrator 4: He had asked for a dog.
Narrator 3: He had begged for a dog.
Narrator 2: He had pleaded and prayed and whined for a dog.
Mark: Once I even tried barking for a dog.
Narrator 4: But his mother always said
All: No!

Narrator 3: Still . . . Mark dreamed about dogs

Narrator 2: He spent hours and hours reading about how to care for a dog.

Mark: You have to give a dog food, fresh water, exercise....

Narrator 1: He even pretended that he had a dog.

Narrator 4: Every night, he'd pat the side of his bed and say,

Mark: Here you go. Come on up now.

Narrator 4: And the little dog

Mark: who lived in my mind

Narrator 4: always jumped right up.

(Pause)

Narrator 1: Mark often lay in bed thinking about the dog he wanted:

Narrator 2: And one bright summer morning Mark woke, thinking about dogs.... again.

(read the following lines faster with each line)

Narrator 3: Big

Narrator 4: or small,

Narrator 3: rough-coated

Narrator 2: or soft,

Narrator 1: black

Narrator 2: or brown

Narrator 3: or white

Narrator 4: or red

Narrator 3: or brindled.

(Slow down again)

Narrator 2: This time, though, he was thinking about his friends' dogs.

Mark: Wouldn't it be fun to have a place in town where dogs

All: and kids

Mark: could run free... together?

Narrator 1: We'd step through the gate,

(read the following lines faster with each line)

Narrator 3: unsnap the leashes,

Narrator 2: and watch the snarl of dogs

Narrator 4: untangle

Narrator 1: and bound away,

Narrator 2: scattering rabbits

Narrator 3: and squirrels

Narrator 4: *(reading more slowly)* like leaves before a rowdy breeze...

Mark: What we need in this town is a dog park!

(Pause)

Mark's mother: A dog park?

Narrator 1: Mark's mother was the mayor of Erthly,

Narrator 2: and if anyone could get a dog park,

Narrator 1&2: *she* was the one.

Mark's mother: This is a small town, Mark. The budget has no *room* for dog parks.

Mark: *(Big sigh)*

Mark's mother: What do you want with a dog park anyway? You don't have a dog.

Mark: But my friends have dogs, I could play with them there. See, that's the point. Because I don't have a dog of my own, I need a dog park!

(Pause)

Narrator 1: Sometimes Buddy woke in the night feeling so alone in the world that she pointed her muzzle toward the darkness where the ceiling lived during the day and howled.

Buddy: *Howl*

Woman: *Quiet, Buddy!*

Buddy: *Howl*

Woman: Please, *be quiet!*

Buddy: *Howls louder*

Woman: Buddy! Shut up!

Narrator 1: Buddy always shut up... but that didn't keep her heart from howling.

Narrator 1 & 2: Lost.

Mark: Lost.

Narrator 3 & 4: Lost.

(Pause)

Narrator 1: Buddy lay curled in a corner of the yard, tight against the picket fence thinking about her boy.

Narrator 2: He must be out there somewhere.

Narrator 3: Some of the dirt in the corner was loose

Narrator 4: Easy to dig.

Narrator 2: Buddy tested it.

Narrator 3: One paw full.

Narrator 2: Two.

Buddy: Woof!

Narrator 3: Buddy was free! She trotted along in the gathering dark

Narrator 4: Searching for her boy.

All: Searching.

Narrator 1: She passed a school,

Narrator 2: three churches,

Narrator 3: a grocery store,

Narrator 4: a post office,

Narrator 1: a hardware store,

Narrator 2: a bank.

All: But she found no boy.

(Pause)

Narrator 3: The night grew darker.

Narrator 4: Buddy grew tired,

Narrator 3: discouraged

Narrator 1 & 2: lost.

Mark: Little dog

All: lost.

(Pause)

Narrator 1: A cry drifted along Walnut Street,

Narrator 2: more mournful than any tears.

Buddy: Bark! Bark! Bark!
A-woooooo-ooooo-oooo!

Mark: I was lying in my bed, awake, and I heard,

Buddy: Mark! Mark! Mark!
I need yooooooooooooo-ooo-oo!

Mark: I slipped from my bed,
tiptoed into the hall,
through the living room,
and out the front door.
Quietly.

All: Quietly – quietly – quietly (*read as if an echo*)

Buddy: Mark! Mark! Mark!
I need yooooooooooooo-ooo-oo!

Narrator 1: Mark followed his pounding heart toward the sound.

Narrator 2: a small black dog with a brown mask.

Narrator 3: Just sat there.

Narrator 2: Waiting

Narrator 1: There, beneath an oak tree

Narrator 4: In the night dark,
Narrator 2: waiting.
Narrator 4: waiting.
Narrator 3: She seemed to be waiting.
Narrator 4: for him.
Mark: Here little dog!
Narrator 4: Mark whispered.
Narrator 2: Mark stretched a hand toward the waiting dog.
Narrator 2: Buddy stretched her cool, damp nose towards Mark,
touching his palm lightly.
Narrator 3: It was a boy hand ... a *good_boy* hand.
Narrator 4: And Mark,
Narrator 2: feeling the coolness,
narrator 4: the dampness
Narrator 2: of the nose
Narrator 4: and the snuffle of warm breath against his palm
Narrator 2: fell instantly,
Narrator 3: deeply,
Narrator 1: helplessly
Mark: in love.
Narrator 3: But
Narrator 2: when he took a step forward... that step,

Narrator 4: that one step,
Narrator 3: was too much for the lonely, tired, frightened little dog.
Narrator 1: Instead of remembering all the good boy moments that had filled her life,
Narrator 1: Buddy remembered
Narrator 2: *Shoo!*
Narrator 4: and *go away!*
Woman: and *Buddy! Shut up!*

Narrator 2: The spring that held her tight,
All: sprung,
Narrator 1: and she ran
All: fast away
Narrator 1: toward anywhere.
Mark: And I ran
All: fast away
Mark: toward home.

(Pause)

Narrator 1: Sunlight danced across the kitchen table.
Narrator 2: It glinted in Mark's orange juice
Narrator 3: and skittered across his bowl of cereal.
Mark's mother: What are you going to do today?

Narrator 4: Mark's mother asked.

Mark: Ride my bike,

Narrator 1: Mark said.

Narrator 2: And that's exactly what he was going to do.

Narrator 3: He was going to ride his bike all over town to talk to his friends about a dog park

Narrator 4: even if his mother said it couldn't be done

Narrator 3: because you never know what *can* be done

Narrator 2: until you try.

Narrator 1: And he was going to ride his bike all over town

Narrator 3: looking for a lost little dog.

Narrator 4: A small black dog with ears like airplane wings

Narrator 2: Because you never know

Mark: when a lost little dog might be calling your name.