

Best Friend Trouble

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Grade Level: 3-5th

Characters: 7

Hanna

Lizzy

Josh

Dad

Mom

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Narrator 1: When Lizzy threw her ball, it flew up and up, over the fence at the end of Hanna's yard.

Lizzy: Ha! I bet you can't throw your's that far.

Hanna: Oh yes I can

Narrator 2: She took a deep breath and threw as hard as she could.

Narrator 1: The ball went high into the air but plopped down on the grass before it reached the fence.

Lizzy: See? I told you so.

Narrator 2: Hanna stomped into the house and slammed the door.

Narrator 1: No one was in the kitchen, but loud noises were coming from the basement. Hanna found her big brother Josh down there, building birdhouses.

Josh: What's up? I thought you were playing with Lizzy in the yard.

Hanna: Lizzy! Ha!

Narrator 2: She sat on the workbench and sighed.

Josh: I thought you two were friends.

Hanna: Not anymore. Lizzy brags. She said she could throw the ball farther than I could.

Josh: And can she?

Hanna: No, she always starts before I have a chance to pump my feet.

Josh: Sounds like best friend trouble to me. Maybe you can pound in a few nails. That will make you feel better.

Narrator 1: Wham! Wham! Wham!

Narrator 2: Hanna pounded the nails into the wood. Josh was right. She did feel a bit better.

Narrator 1: She decided to look for her dad. Her dad was in the living room, practicing for a concert that evening.

Hanna: *long sigh* HUUUUUUUUUM

Dad: I thought you were playing outside with Lizzy.

Hanna: Not anymore. Do you know what Lizzy said?

Dad: No, but I guess you are going to tell me.

Hanna: She said I'm not allowed to sing in her backyard. But when she's in our yard, she hollers like an old crow.

Dad: I think I've heard crows singing in both yards. Sounds like best friend trouble to be.

Hanna: She's not my best friend. She's mean and makes me tired.

Dad: Why don't you dig into the music box? Choose any instrument you like.

Narrator 2: Hanna dug into the box and chose two sets of finger cymbals. She slipped her fingers through the elastic loops on the back of the cymbals.

Narrator 1: Music made her feel even better. She decided to look for her mom. Her mom was working in the study.

Hanna: Mom. Do you remember when I went to Lizzy's for lunch yesterday?

Mom: I remember.

Hanna: Well, Lizzy was chewing with her mouth open. And when I told her she didn't have good manners, she called me a dum-dum.

Mom: Maybe Lizzy was hoping you hadn't noticed the way she was chewing. Sounds like best friend trouble to me.

Hanna: She's not my best friend. I don't need a best friend.

Mom: Here, why don't you sit at the end of my desk and draw a picture? Maybe you could give the picture to Lizzy and be friends again.

Narrator 2: Hanna chose a large sheet of paper and a bright orange crayon. She drew a picture of Lizzy wearing a silly-looking dress. She covered the dress with orange balloons and gave Lizzy clonky shoes and wild orange hair.

Narrator 1: It was such a silly drawing, it made Hanna laugh and laugh. She decided she'd better not give the picture to Lizzy. Because she wasn't finished complaining, Hanna went upstairs to check on her hamster Octavia.

Narrator 2: Hanna sat on the edge of her bed while Octavia tore a piece of newspaper into eight tiny strips.

Hanna: At school the other day, Lizzy said she might pick Tate to be her best friend instead of me.

Narrator 1: Octavia gnawed as if she wasn't listening carefully.

Hanna: And that's not all. Lizzy says her dog, Lulu, is smarter than you.

Narrator 2: Octavia glared, then filled the pouches in her cheeks with eight seeds.

Narrator 1: Hanna went to the window and looked down into Lizzy's yard next door. Lizzy was sitting all alone on her back step.

Narrator 2: Hanna went downstairs and out the front door. She sat all alone on her front step.

Hanna: That Lizzy. She makes me feel like shouting. If mom tells me to wear a jacket, Lizzy is allowed to wear short sleeves. If I have to come in, Lizzy is allowed to stay out. Her birthday is even before mine and she gets to turn six before I do.

Lizzy: What did you say?

Narrator 1: Lizzy was peeking around the corner of Hanna's house.

Hanna: I said go away! I'm tired of having a best friend.

Lizzy: We could play again. You could wiggle my loose tooth.

Hanna: No thanks. I have a loose tooth of my own. Anyway, you're mean.

Lizzy: You were mean to me too.

Hanna: When?

Lizzy: When the training wheels came off your bike. You called me a baby because mine are still on.

Hanna: Oh. I forgot about the bike.

Lizzy: You ran ahead on the way home from kindergarten too. Even after I asked you to wait.

Hanna: You could have ran too.

Lizzy: You always win. You're a faster runner.

Hanna: I am?

Narrator 2: She thought for a moment.

Hanna: So, I am good at some things and you are good at others. Maybe we can be friends after all.

Lizzy: Best friends?

Hanna: Why not.

Lizzy: We might argue again.

Hanna: I know

Narrator 1: They sat on the step and thought about this.

Lizzy: Do you want to play ball again?

Hanna: Not right now. Let's play something nobody's better at. How about pretending? We could pretend to be best-friend monsters. We could be monster partners.

Lizzy: That sounds like fun.

Narrator 2: They went into Hanna's house and up to her bedroom. Octavia was so excited to see them, she ran around her wheel eight times and did a belly flop.

Narrator 1: They filled their arms with paper, crayons, paints, and brushes and carried everything downstairs to the kitchen table. They began to make monster masks.

Narrator 2: While they helped each other and fixed their masks, they sang and sang. Everyone in the house could hear them. The two best friends sang so hard, they sounded like two loud and happy crows.

