



Narrator 2: said Ivy.

Mr. Bundy: "That is amazing!"

Narrator 3: cried Mr. Bundy.

Ivy: "Now if you'll take off your jacket and lift up your arms, sir, we will take your measurements,"

Narrator 4: said Ivy grinning.

Moe: "We will also take your money,"

Narrator 1: mumbled Moe.

Narrator 2: The next day, Moe and Ivy set up a workshop in the gym. It was not long before the whole school heard about the amazing cloth and wanted to see it. Students asked to be excused to get a drink of water. Then they ran to the gym to peek. Teachers said they were going next door to borrow chalk. Then they ran to the gym, too, but no one could see a thing.

Narrator 3: By the end of the week, Mr. Bundy began to wonder what his new clothes looked like. But he was also a little worried. What if he could not see the cloth? So he sent his vice principal, Ms. Moore, to have a look. Ms. Moore was smart and good at her job. She would have no trouble seeing the special cloth. Ms. Moore hurried to the gym. She knocked on the door.

Ms. Moore: "Mr. Bundy sent me to see his new clothes,"

Narrator 4: she called over the noise of the whirring machines. A moment later the door opened a crack and Ms. Moore slipped inside.

Moe: "What do you think? Have you ever seen anything like it?"

Narrator 1: asked Moe.

Narrator 2: Poor Ms. Moore! She could not see a thing.

Ms. Moore: "Can it be that I am stupid, or unfit for my job?"

Narrator 3: she wondered.

Ms. Moore: "I've tried so hard to be a good vice principal."

Narrator 4: She took off her glasses, wiped them, and looked again. But it was no use. Ms. Moore had to think fast. If she told the truth, she might get fired.

Ms. Moore: "It's...it's beautiful! I'm going to tell Mr. Bundy right now how much I like his new clothes."

Narrator 1: said Ms. Moore.

Ms. Moore: "Your suit is great!"

Narrator 2: Ms. Moore told Mr. Bundy.

Ms. Moore: "I've never seen anything like it! And now I've got to run and make a phone

call. 'Bye!"

Narrator 3: She hurried off before Mr. Bundy could ask any questions. Now Mr. Bundy was more curious than ever.

Narrator 4: He stopped Roger in the hall. Roger was one of the smartest students in the school. If he couldn't see the suit, nobody could.

Mr. Bundy: "Say, Roger, do me a favor and find out how my new suit is coming along"

Narrator 1: said Mr. Bundy. Roger couldn't believe his ears.

Roger: "Wow! I'll be the first one to see the principal's new clothes! Wait till the class hears about this!"

Narrator 2: said Roger. And he raced off to the gym.

Narrator 3: The door was still open, so Roger peeked inside. He could see Moe and Ivy at their sewing machines, hard at work. But he could not see the cloth!

Roger: "Oh, no! If Mrs. Feeney finds out I can't see this cloth, she'll say I'm stupid. She'll fail me for sure."

Narrator 4: On the way back to his class, Roger poked his head into Mr. Bundy's office.

Roger: "Super suit!"

Narrator 1: he said.

Mr. Bundy: "What does it look like?"

Narrator 2: asked Mr. Bundy.

Roger: "I can't stop now, Mr. B. Mrs. Feeney is giving a test, and I wouldn't want to miss it."

Narrator 3: Mr. Bundy couldn't stand it any longer.

Mr. Bundy: "I'll have to go see for myself."

Narrator 4: He marched down the hall and walked into the gym. Mr. Bundy looked at the empty machines. He blinked once. He blinked twice. He began to tremble.

Mr. Bundy: "How can this be? Am I really no good at my job?"

Narrator 1: he wondered.

Ivy: "Is there anything wrong?"

Narrator 2: asked Ivy.

Mr. Bundy: "Oh, no! The suit is...it's...well...it's...fantastic! I can hardly wait to try it on."

Narrator 3: said Mr. Bundy. Mr. Bundy handed Moe and Ivy two gold stars to show how much he liked his new suit.

Mr. Bundy: "I'd like to wear the suit to the assembly tomorrow, But I guess it won't be ready..."

Narrator 4: he said. He turned to go.

Moe: "Yes, it will! We will work on it all night and bring it to your house in the morning."

Narrator 1: said Moe.

Narrator 2: That night, Mr. Bundy dreamed cold and drafty dreams. Early the next morning Moe and Ivy appeared, holding their empty hangers in the air. Ivy waited in the other room while Moe helped Mr. Bundy put on his new clothes.

Moe: "You must be careful stepping into the pants. This cloth is very delicate."

Narrator 3: said Moe. Ivy tried not to look at Mr. Bundy. She asked,

Ivy: "Aren't your new clothes light? It's almost like having nothing on at all, isn't it?"

Narrator 4: Mr. Bundy stared at himself in the mirror. He prayed that the rest of the world was smarter and fitter than he.

Mr. Bundy: "Are you coming to the assembly?"

Narrator 1: asked Mr. Bundy.

Ivy: "Thanks, but no thanks. We have a bus to catch. And now, if you could pay us, we'll just run along."

Narrator 2: said Ivy.

Narrator 3: Moe handed Mr. Bundy the bill. Mr. Bundy handed Moe a great deal of money.

Narrator 4: On the way to school, Mr. Bundy's neighbors all raved about the clothes they did not see. After all, they did not want their friends to find out that they were stupid or no good at their jobs.

Narrator 1: Mr. Bundy walked into the auditorium. As he walked down the aisle, he could hear whispers all around him. Mr. Bundy thought he must be the only stupid person in town.

Narrator 2: Suddenly, a kindergarten child called out,

Alice: "The principal's in his underwear!"

Narrator 3: That did it! Everyone burst out laughing. The truth had been told. Mr. Bundy and the teachers and students knew they had been tricked. No one had been willing to tell the truth because they were worried about what others would think of them. Mr. Bundy stood on stage, red in the face, knees shaking from the chill. But not for long.

Narrator 4: The kids and teachers wanted to help Mr. Bundy. They began passing up shirts and sweatpants, jackets and ties and caps. Soon Mr. Bundy had a new suit.

Roger: "Looking good, Mr. B!"

Narrator 1: called Roger from the back row.

Narrator 2: Mr. Bundy called the kindergarten child up onto the stage. He shook her hand and gave her a gold star.

Mr. Bundy: "Thank you for telling the truth, Alice,"

Narrator 3: he said.

Narrator 4: Everyone cheered. They knew Mr. Bundy was smart and good at his job. And they all agreed...Mr. Bundy was still the sharpest dresser in town.

Scripted by Jill Jauquett