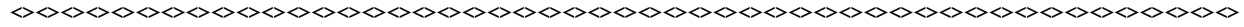


The Red Balloon

Arranged by
Ruby Cremaschi

Parts (6): Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Narrator 3
 Boy Conductor Gang



Narrator 1: Once upon a time a little boy was having no fun and having no joy.

Narrator 2: He was lonely.

Narrator 3: He tried to have a dog; he tried to have a cat,
 But his mother wouldn't hear of that.

Narrator 2: They bring dirt into the house, she said.

Narrator 1: So the little boy at school and at home,
 always, always played alone.
 Until one day looking up to the sky
 he saw something flying high.

Boy: A red balloon!

Narrator 1: The streets of Paris brightened that day.

Narrator 2: And the little boy could laugh and play.

Narrator 3: He'd found a friend.

Boy: Guess I'll take my little red balloon to school.

Narrator 1: But school was so very far he had to take it on the street car.

Narrator 2: And the conductor said:

Conductor: "No dogs, no large packages and no balloons."

Narrator 2: He was mean.

Boy: Guess I'll walk and take my time,
 this balloon is a friend of mine.
 But I mustn't be late or they'll lock the gate
 And then I'll be in trouble with my teacher.

Narrator 1: The little boy marched on down the street
 And the balloon soon took up the beat.

Narrator 2: Following right behind the boy.

Narrator 1: A gang of boys saw the balloon following the boy
 and he wasn't even holding it on a string.

Narrator 2: It was a strange sight all right!

Gang: We could take that balloon and teach it tricks!
 Oh, no! Let's break it with rocks or sticks!

Boy: (Speaking to the balloon) Come here!

Narrator 1: The boy said.

Narrator 2: And he grabbed and held on tight to the string.

Narrator 3: And suddenly the gang came from all directions
and the boy ran to give his friend the balloon some protection.

Narrator 2: But the gang kept coming and the rock thrown first
was the one that made the red balloon burst.

Boy: (To balloon) Don't die! Don't leave! Don't go anywhere!
I'll try to get you some more air.

Gang: We got him!

Narrator 1: And do you know what happened?

Narrator 2: All the balloons in Paris that day
Loosened their strings and flew away.

Narrator 3: And they formed a line way up in the sky
And the little boy cried and asked:

Boy: "Why? That red balloon was my friend."

Narrator 1: But the ending is happy,
The ending is bright.

Narrator 2: All the balloons in the sky
Came to the boy's house that night

Narrator 3: To greet him in the morning.