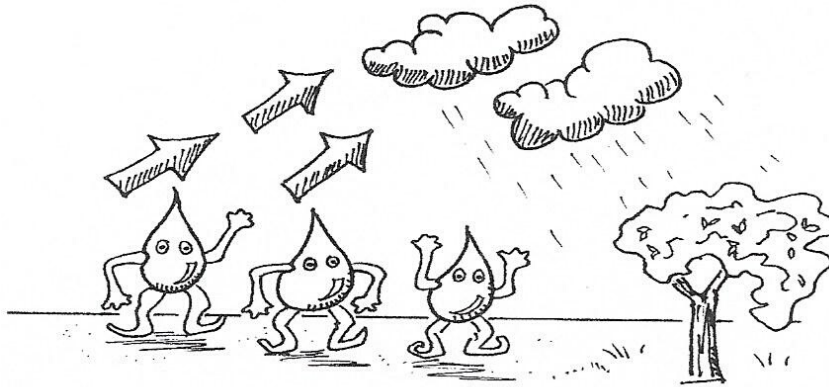


# The Weather Show

by Ron Fink and John Heath



The duration of the show is about 25 minutes

## CHARACTERS:

Dr. Emma  
Cats and Dogs  
Ralph the Weather Dog  
Water Drops  
Wind Sisters  
Groundhog  
Warm Air Mass  
Cold Air Mass  
Announcer  
Analyst  
Thunderbolts (optional)  
Rainbow  
Mr. Bolt  
Storytellers (as many as desired)

and a Chorus composed of all students who are not playing roles at the time.

## FLEXIBLE CASTING:

From 11-40 students.  
Use as many Water Drops, Wind Sisters, members of Warm Air Mass, etc. as desired. Students can also play more than one role—the Storytellers, for example, can be played by any student not in character at that moment in the script. Note that roles are not gender-specific: any part can be played by a girl or a boy with a few simple changes of names and pronouns; see our comments on page 30 of the *Teacher's Guide*.

ENTIRE CLASS (sings:)

A quest  
A quest  
Oh yes  
A quest  
A quest for the ancient barometer.

A quest  
A quest  
Oh yes  
A quest  
A quest for the ancient barometer.

Song 1/16

**NOTE:** The numbers above refer to the track numbers on the audio recording. The first is the vocal version of the song; the second is the karaoke version.

(The CLASS freezes as the music stops and the phone rings.  
EMMA enters, picks up phone.)

EMMA: Hello? Oh, hi, Mr. Bolt!

STORYTELLER (stepping forward as we see EMMA continue to speak, looking very excited and happy. STORYTELLER points to EMMA): This is Dr. Emma. She loves to measure the weather. She's talking to Mr. Bolt, an antique dealer. He has a very old barometer—just what she wants for her collection.

EMMA (excitedly): Oh no, don't sell it to anyone else! I'll come over right away. Thanks, Mr. Bolt. Bye.

(to audience)

The case is silver, with fancy designs! It's a really old barometer! I just *love* measuring atmospheric pressure. And Mr. Bolt will sell it to me if I can get to his store by 2:00 this afternoon. That gives me...

(SHE looks at watch)

...four hours. Great. Did I mention the case was silver?

(As the CLASS continues the song, we see EMMA dashing around excitedly trying to put on her coat—she puts it on all wrong several times, maybe emptying a piggy bank, hunting for an umbrella. NOTE: EMMA has several spoken lines during the song which are not on the rehearsal recording)

CLASS (individual STUDENTS take turns—it is important to hear individual voices):

STUDENT A:

Song 2/17

Dr. Emma's greatest pleasure  
Is running out to measure  
Snow and rain and wind that come her way.

STUDENT B:

She has lots of dials and meters  
She measures pounds and liters  
Checks the weather every day.

EMMA (spoken): I've got to get going!

STUDENT C:

There're balloons that she sends sailing  
Every time that it starts hailing  
She's got sixteen weather vanes.

EMMA: Where's my umbrella?

STUDENT D:

But for all her careful tracking  
There's just one thing she's lacking  
One device she must obtain.

ENTIRE CLASS (a few members of the CHORUS sing the "echoed" words in parentheses):

A quest (a quest)  
A quest (a quest)  
Oh yes (oh yes)  
A quest (a quest)  
A quest for the ancient barometer.



A quest (a quest)  
A quest (a quest)  
Oh yes (oh yes)  
A quest (a quest)  
A quest for the ancient barometer.

EMMA: There's no time to lose—I've waited *years* for this barometer.

STUDENT E:

Is it colder, is it hotter?  
In summer you will spot her  
Taking notes in sunlight and shade.

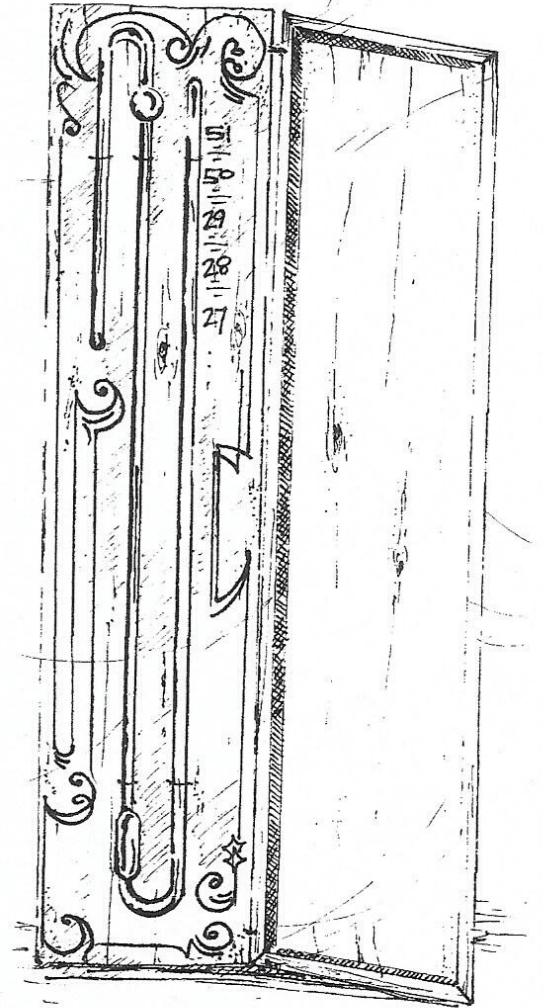
STUDENT F:

When snow comes, most folks hate it  
She's out to calibrate it  
Fahrenheit and centigrade.

ENTIRE CLASS:

A quest (a quest)  
A quest (a quest)  
Oh yes (oh yes)  
A quest (a quest)  
A quest for the ancient barometer.

A quest (a quest)  
A quest (a quest)  
Oh yes (oh yes)  
A quest (a quest)  
A quest for the ancient—  
Dr. Emma's greatest pleasure  
Is running out to measure  
Quest (a quest)  
A quest (a quest)  
Oh yes (oh yes)  
A quest (a quest)  
A quest for the ancient barometer.



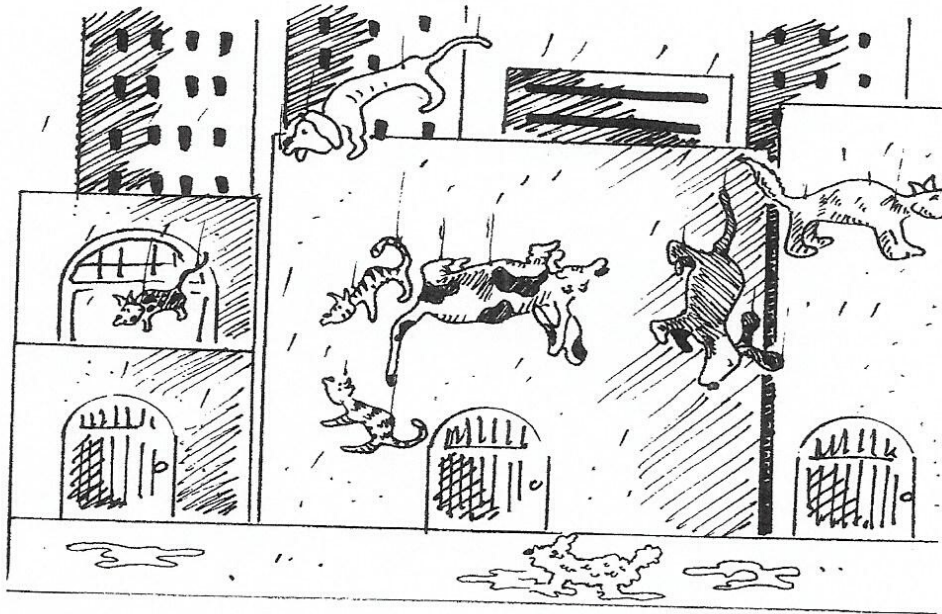
The Ancient Barometer

STORYTELLER: Emma has four hours to walk a few blocks from her apartment in Manhattan to Mr. Bolt's antique store.

(EMMA is strolling across the stage)

But suddenly it starts to rain—and it's no ordinary rain.

(A bunch of stuffed toys—dogs and cats—are tossed onto the stage just before CATS and DOGS enter.)



CATS and DOGS:

Song 3/18

Raining, raining  
Raining cats and dogs  
See the Saint Bernard splash down  
Raining—watch out for that basset hound.

Raining, raining  
Raining cats and dogs  
Pouring Labradors so hard  
Raining—beagles flooding out the yard.

A shower now of kitties  
Oh no, oh no  
A shower now of German shepherds  
And oodles of poodles in puddles wherever you go!

Raining, raining  
Raining cats and dogs  
Can't you smell that wet Shar-Pei?  
Raining—raining cats and dogs all day.

(CATS and DOGS do the Cat and Dog Dance, or THEY can hold the stuffed animals and “dance” them around)

CATS and DOGS and CHORUS:

Raining, raining  
Raining cats and dogs  
See the Saint Bernard splash down  
Raining—watch out for that basset hound.  
Watch out for that basset hound.  
Raining—watch out for that basset hound.

Did we say “dance”? Yes we did, but we didn't necessarily mean it. Please see our comments on page 34 of the *Teacher's Guide*.

(CATS and DOGS exit. From the side of stage enters RALPH the WEATHER DOG.)

STORYTELLER: Emma is stuck for an hour waiting for the downpour to stop. When it does, Ralph the Weather Dog appears, having come down in the storm.

RALPH (to EMMA): Whew, that was some nasty cumulonimbus. You got a towel?

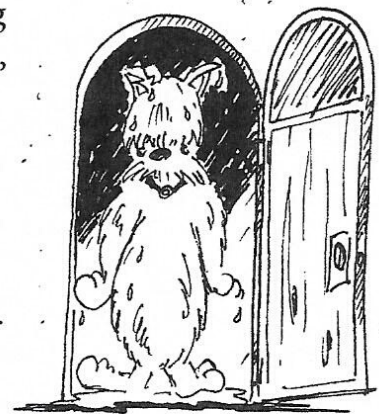
EMMA: No, I don't. Could you move? I'm in a terrible hurry.

RALPH: Well excuuuuuuuse me. I'm drenching wet, I've been chased out of the sky by lightning, and I need a fire hydrant, if you know what I mean. I ought to bite you.

EMMA: I'm sorry.

RALPH: Well, you're lucky I'm in a good mood.

EMMA: If you'd like to come with me, I'm heading to a store where I'm sure my friend Mr. Bolt will have a towel.



Ralph the Weather Dog

RALPH: Has the lightning stopped? I *hate* lightning.

EMMA: There's no lightning. But please, we've got to hurry. I've already lost an hour waiting out the storm.

CHORUS and EMMA:

Oh no  
So slow  
Three hours  
To go  
Three hours for the ancient barometer.

Song 4/19

Oh no (oh no)  
So slow (so slow)  
Three hours (three hours)  
To go (to go)  
Three hours for the ancient barometer.

STORYTELLER: Ralph is happy to tag along in search of a towel. In fact, he says he knows a shortcut, and leads the way.

STORYTELLER: Unfortunately Ralph's not too good with New York streets. Soon they are lost and come to a street flooded with water. Emma is worried—there's no way to get across.

(WATER DROPS enter and kneel in front of RALPH and EMMA.)

EMMA: What'll we do now?

RALPH: Don't look at me, I can't even dog-paddle.

EMMA: Well, if you hadn't stopped to sniff every light post...

RALPH: I'm a dog. Sue me. Hey, maybe these water drops can help.

WATER DROP #1 (to EMMA): Sure we can, but we need a little respect.

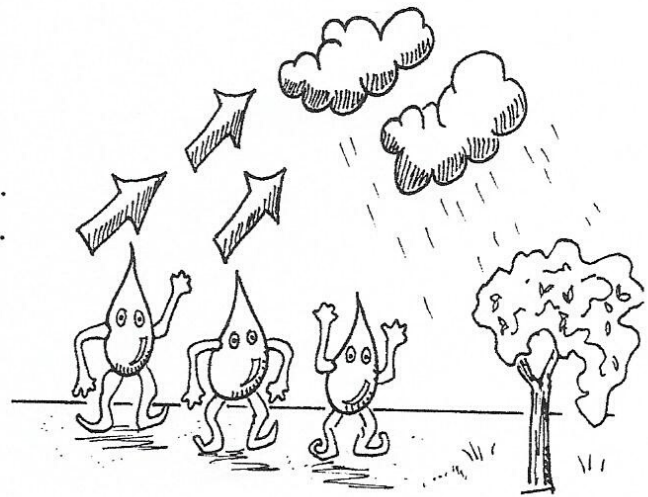
WATER DROP #2: Sure! Just because we're water drops doesn't mean we don't get around.

WATER DROP #1:

Song 5/20

We sit in the river  
The sun shines so fair  
Then evaporation  
We float in the air.

We go up  
We come down  
In the sky  
On the ground  
Here we are  
All around  
We go up and we come down.  
We go up and we come down.



WATER DROP #2:

We sit in a storm cloud  
Way up with the jets  
Then precipitation  
We rain out the Mets.

WATER DROP #3:

WATER DROPS #1 and #2 (echo):

We go up	(we go up)
We come down	(we come down)
In the sky	(in the sky)
On the ground	(on the ground)
Here we are	(here we are)
All around	(all around)

WATER DROPS:

We go up and we come down.  
We go up and we come down.



WATER DROPS (continued):

We sit in a puddle  
Until it gets hot  
Then evaporation  
The cycle won't stop.

WATER DROPS and CHORUS (part of CHORUS echoes):

We go up (we go up)  
We come down (we come down)  
In the sky (in the sky)  
On the ground (on the ground)  
Here we are (here we are)  
All around (all around)  
We go up and we come down.  
We go up and we come down.

EMMA: Oh, could you Water Drops please help us cross the water? We've got a very important appointment.

WATER DROP #3: Come on, Drops. Let's give her a lift.

STORYTELLER: The water starts to evaporate. Emma and Ralph are lifted up and start to go toward the antique store.

(WE see WATER DROPS, EMMA and RALPH move slowly in one direction. THEY seem to float—perhaps they gently flap their arms. THEY approach one side of the stage, happy.)

STORYTELLER: But suddenly the winds come up and blow them in the wrong direction.

(We see the WIND SISTERS enter from the side of the stage and blow EMMA, RALPH, and WATER DROPS back the other way to the other side of the stage.)

EMMA: Hey, stop! We're going the wrong way!

WIND SISTERS:

Song 6/21

You go  
Where we blow  
You can't stop the wind  
You go  
Where we blow  
We'll take you for a spin.

You go  
Where we blow  
You can't fight the air  
We'll blast  
Your hat off  
And mess up your hair./

We're dusty, gusty sisters  
We're hurricanes and twisters  
Typhoons and gentle summer breeze  
We blow how and when and anywhere we please.

You go  
Where we blow  
You can't run and hide  
You go  
Where we blow  
Sit back—enjoy the ride.

(Dance/movement of the WIND SISTERS)

WIND SISTERS and CHORUS:

We're dusty, gusty sisters  
We're hurricanes and twisters  
Typhoons and gentle summer breeze  
We blow how and when and anywhere we please.

You go where we blow  
You can't run and hide  
You go where we blow  
Sit back—enjoy the ride.



STORYTELLER: The winds blow Emma and Ralph into Central Park, far away from the antique store. Emma pulls out her phone to call Mr. Bolt.

(MR. BOLT enters with a phone in his hand.)

MR. BOLT: Hello, Mr. Bolt speaking. Oh, hello, Dr. Emma.  
(slight pause as HE listens)

No, I'm sorry, but I can only wait until two o'clock. I have another customer waiting to buy it. You'd better hurry over—you only have...

(HE looks at his watch)  
...two more hours.

(MR. BOLT exits as EMMA shouts to RALPH)

EMMA: I've got to get to that store now!

CHORUS, EMMA, and RALPH:

Oh no  
So slow  
Two hours  
To go  
Two hours for the ancient barometer.

Song 7/22

Oh no (oh no)  
So slow (so slow)  
Two hours (two hours)  
To go (to go)  
Two hours for the ancient barometer.

STORYTELLER: Emma knows she's farther away from the barometer than ever. And now, poking his head out of the ground right in their way, is a groundhog.

EMMA (seeing GROUNDHOG, who entered during the STORYTELLER's lines): Oh no, now what!?

GROUNDHOG (to him/herself): Peter Piper picked a peck.

EMMA: Excuse me?

GROUNDHOG: Peter Piper picked a peck.

RALPH: He did? A peck of what?

GROUNDHOG: Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.

EMMA: Wow. That's hard to say. You're very good at tongue-twisters.

GROUNDHOG: Thank you. It's a gift. And I've had lots of time to practice. I spend most of the winter underground, and there's really not that much else to do.

RALPH: Underground? What are you?

GROUNDHOG: Promise you won't get mad?

EMMA: Of course we won't.

GROUNDHOG: I'm a groundhog.

RALPH: A groundhog?! I HATE groundhogs.

GROUNDHOG (to EMMA): See?

RALPH: Man, it's *your* fault winter came so late this year.

GROUNDHOG: It is not! People are always picking on me. Whenever I stick my head up on a nice day in February, everybody yells at me.



GROUNDHOG:

Song 8/23

If I see my shadow, people blame me  
As if it's my fault spring is coming late  
It's an awful lot of stress  
It makes me want to hibernate.

If I see my shadow, people hate me  
As if it's my fault winter's hanging on  
Next year I'll stay in my bed  
'Til June when everybody's gone.

No one controls the weather  
Especially not us  
Love us groundhogs for who we are  
And stop all this fuss!

GROUNDHOG and CHORUS:

If I see my shadow, people blame me  
As if it's my fault spring is coming late  
It's an awful lot of stress  
It makes me want to hibernate.

STORYTELLER: Emma feels sorry for the groundhog, but before she can say a word, they are suddenly surrounded by two angry masses of air.

(EMMA, RALPH, and GROUNDHOG move towards the back of the stage as the two AIR MASSES appear, one on each side of the stage. THEY approach each other with slow stomps, then turn to audience and sing. THEY must remain in separate groups so the audience can distinguish them. Note: half of the CHORUS sings with each group.)



WARM AIR MASS and HALF of CHORUS:

Song 9/24

We're a warm air mass  
We're coming in high  
You can see the clouds  
That fill up the sky.  
We don't take no guff  
We don't take no sass  
Yes we are a great big warm air mass.

COLD AIR MASS and HALF CHORUS:

We're a cold air mass  
We're coming in low  
We bring heavy rains  
Wherever we go.  
We don't take no guff  
We don't take no sass  
Yes we are a great big cold air mass.

WARM AIR MASS and HALF CHORUS:

Warm front!

COLD AIR MASS and HALF CHORUS:

Cold front!

BOTH AIR MASSES and CHORUS:

What's it going to be?  
We have always played to win.

WARM AIR MASS and  
HALF CHORUS:

COLD AIR MASS and  
HALF CHORUS:

Warm front!

Cold front!

BOTH AIR MASSES and CHORUS:

Time to let the games begin!

(The two AIR MASSES slowly come together, bumping into each other, shoving slowly back and forth. As this happens, ANNOUNCER and ANALYST enter with microphones.  
NOTE: This section is optional—the ANNOUNCER-ANALYST lines can be skipped and the song can continue.)

ANNOUNCER: Good afternoon, viewers, and welcome to our featured match. We've been looking forward to this contest all season long.

ANALYST: That's right, Sally. These two air masses just don't get along. It's always a grudge match when they meet.

ANNOUNCER: Wow! Did you catch that move by the left flank of the warm air mass?

ANALYST: Sure did Sally. I haven't seen low pressure like that since the great storm of '87.

ANNOUNCER: Wait, hold onto your umbrellas, folks. The cold air mass is trying to slide under. Look at the sky now, Fred. What would you call that? Threatening? Foreboding?



ANALYST: More like ominous. Definitely ominous.

ANNOUNCER: We're about to see some serious weather here, folks. We're going to run for cover, so so long!

WARM AIR MASS and HALF CHORUS:

We're a warm air mass  
We're coming in high

Song 10/25

COLD AIR MASS and HALF CHORUS:

We bring heavy rains  
Wherever we go.

BOTH AIR MASSES and CHORUS:

We don't take no guff  
We don't take no sass  
Yes we are a great big

WARM AIR MASS and CHORUS: Warm!  
COLD AIR MASS and CHORUS: Cold!  
WARM AIR MASS and CHORUS: Warm!  
COLD AIR MASS and CHORUS: Cold!  
WARM AIR MASS and CHORUS: Warm!  
COLD AIR MASS and CHORUS: Cold!  
WARM AIR MASS and CHORUS: Warm!  
BOTH AIR MASSES and CHORUS: Air mass!

(THEY exit)

STORYTELLER: The sky is very dark—and ominous. Emma's running out of time.

CHORUS, EMMA, RALPH, GROUNDHOG:

Oh no  
So slow  
One hour  
To go  
One hour for the ancient barometer.

Song 11/26

Oh no (oh no)  
So slow (so slow)  
One hour (one hour)  
To go (to go)  
One hour for the ancient barometer.

STORYTELLER: To make matters worse, Ralph is starting to howl and is climbing a tree. (RALPH howls) He's afraid a thunderstorm is coming.

EMMA (a bit desperately): Ralph, please get down from that tree. I have only one hour left to get my barometer.

RALPH: No way.



GROUNDHOG: I didn't know dogs could climb trees.

RALPH: This one can. Every time there's thunder, there's lightning, and the lightning won't leave me alone.

(Optional: two actors dressed as LIGHTNING BOLTS can follow RALPH around affectionately as he sings. THEY give him big hugs every time he sings "lightning sure likes me":)

I don't like those lightning bolts  
I don't want those thundering jolts  
I don't need those extra volts  
But lightning sure likes me.

Song 12/27

When a storm cloud comes, I flee  
I crawl up the highest tree  
The lightning somehow knows it's me  
Yeah lightning sure likes me.

RALPH and CHORUS (who echo his lines):

I climb up (he climbs up)  
It comes down (it comes down)  
There's a flash (there's a flash)  
All around (all around)  
Then I fall (then he falls)  
To the ground (to the ground)  
I climb up and it comes down.  
I climb up and it comes down.

On the roof, on top a hill  
Running, sitting, standing still  
Lightning finds me, always will  
Yeah lightning sure likes me

All my fur stands up on end  
Isn't this a shocking trend?  
Someone help out man's best friend  
(pause)  
'Cause lightning...sure likes me.



EMMA: Ralph, you've got to stop climbing things when lightning comes.

RALPH: You don't fool me. You just want your thermometer.

EMMA: Barometer. And I'm not trying to trick you.

GROUNDHOG: Really, Ralph. Lightning strikes the tallest objects.

RALPH: The *tallest* objects?  
(in disbelief)

No.

EMMA: It's true.

RALPH: No.

EMMA and GROUNDHOG: It's true.

RALPH (pause, then): No.

ENTIRE CLASS (shouts): It's true.

EMMA: Oh no! Look at the time! My barometer!

CHORUS, EMMA, RALPH, GROUNDHOG:

**Song 13/28**

Oh no  
So slow  
No time  
To go  
No time for the ancient barometer.

Oh no (oh no)  
So slow (so slow)  
No time (no time)  
To go (to go)  
No time for the ancient barometer.

RALPH: Wait, Emma, don't give up. It's time for a little magic.

EMMA: What do you mean?

RALPH (holding up a magic wand): I'm going to do my amazing rainbow magic trick.

STORYTELLER (with style): Yes, the incredible Ralph the Weather Dog will now attempt his famous rainbow magic trick. At the conclusion of this astonishing feat, a rainbow will appear and they will walk across it right to Mr. Bolt's store.

EMMA: Is this gonna work?

RALPH: Just watch. All I have to do is wave this wand and say the right words.

(HE waves wand and chants)

Everybody chuck some wood  
Doesn't this rainbow look so good?

(EVERYBODY looks up and around. Nothing happens.)

GROUNDHOG: So where's the rainbow?

RALPH: I think I blew the magic chant. I sort of shortened it. It's too hard for me to pronounce. It's all about this woodchuck who does something blah, blah, blah. It's a real tongue-twister.

GROUNDHOG: Hey, I know that one. It's a piece of cake.

EMMA: Really? Would you give it a try?

GROUNDHOG: Of course! Ralph, do your wand thing and I'll say the magic words.

(RALPH waves wand, GROUNDHOG chants:)

How much wood could a woodchuck chuck  
If a woodchuck could chuck wood?

(THEY look around, and the RAINBOW enters)

RAINBOW:

Song 14/29

Sunlight  
Raindrops  
Mix them all together  
Sunlight  
Raindrops  
You've got perfect weather

For a rainbow  
Bending bright through the air  
We're a rainbow  
We've got colors to spare  
Red and violet, orange and green  
Yellow, blue, and each shade between.

We're a rainbow  
Iridescently bright  
We're a rainbow  
Strong enough to bend light.  
We're a bridge built across the sky  
Hop right in and give us a try.

(EMMA, RALPH, and GROUNDHOG follow the  
RAINBOW.)

RAINBOW and CHORUS:

Sunlight  
Raindrops  
Mix them all together  
Sunlight  
Raindrops  
You've got perfect weather

For a rainbow  
Bending bright through the air  
We're a rainbow  
We've got colors to spare  
Red and violet, orange and green  
Yellow, blue, and each shade between...rainbow.

(RAINBOW exits, and MR. BOLT appears holding the barometer.)

EMMA: Ralph, Groundhog, you did it! We're here. Hi, Mr. Bolt, am I in time?

MR. BOLT: Dr. Emma, I'm so glad to see you. You're just in time. Here's the barometer. Isn't it a beauty?

EMMA (taking the barometer in her hands): Oh, it's just wonderful!

RALPH: I hate to ask this, but what's so great about barometers?

EMMA: What's so great? Why, why, just about everything! Just wait, you'll see.

Oh nothing, yeah nothing  
Nothing beats barometers for fun  
We'll have a million thrills before we're done  
The pressure climbs, where will it stop?  
The pressure's down, now watch it drop  
A lifetime of excitement's just begun  
No nothing beats barometers for fun.

**Song 15/30**

Oh nothing, yeah nothing  
Nothing beats barometers for fun  
You don't need batteries to make them run  
Some folks get thrills when racing cars  
But I am hooked on isobars  
Did you see that, the way the needle spun?  
No nothing beats barometers for fun.

TWO KIDS and MR. BOLT:  
She's got a thermometer that's 95 years old  
She's got a weather vane that's inlaid all in gold

EMMA:  
Now I've got one more treasure  
That gives me so much pleasure  
'Cause I can check air pressure all day long.

EMMA, RALPH, GROUNDHOG:  
Oh nothing, yeah nothing  
Nothing beats barometers for fun  
We'll have a million thrills before we're done.

ENTIRE CLASS:  
The pressure climbs, where will it stop?  
The pressure's down, now watch it drop  
A lifetime of excitement's just begun  
No nothing beats barometers for fun.

Dr. Emma's greatest pleasure  
Is running out to measure  
Quest, a quest  
Oh yes, a quest  
A quest for the ancient barometer.

A quest (a quest)  
A quest (a quest)  
Oh yes (oh yes)  
A quest (a quest)  
A quest for the ancient barometer.

THE END

