

# *The Principal's New Clothes*

by Stephanie Calmenson

<i>Narrator 1</i>	<i>Mr. Bundy</i>	<i>Ms. Moore</i>
<i>Narrator 2</i>	<i>Ivy</i>	<i>Roger</i>
<i>Narrator 3</i>	<i>Moe</i>	<i>Alice</i>

*Narrator 1* *Mr. Bundy is the principal of P.S. 88.*

*Narrator 2* *He is also the sharpest dresser in town.*

*Narrator 3* *His students never miss a day of school. They like to see what he is wearing.*

*Roger/Alice* *Looking good, Mr. B!*

*Narrator 1* *Mr. Bundy has so many clothes, he can go a whole month and not wear the same suit twice.*

*Narrator 2* *Sometimes he changes at lunchtime, just to show off.*

*Narrator 3* *One day a man and a women, who said they were tailors, called on Mr. Bundy. Their card said,*

*All Narrators* *MOE AND IVY*  
*WE MAKE SUITS THAT SUIT YOU FINE*

*Narrator 1* *But they were not really tailors.*

*Narrator 2* *They were tricksters.*

*Ivy* *Greeting, Mr. B. How would you like to buy an amazing, one-of-a-kind suit?*

*Mr. Bundy* *I have so many suits already.*

*Moe* *Ah, but this is no ordinary suit. It has special powers.*

*Mr. Bundy* *What do you mean?*

*Narrator 1* *Moe looked to his left.*

*Narrator 2* *He looked to his right.*

*Narrator 3* *Then he whispered in Mr. Bundy's ear.*

*Moe* *We make our clothes from special cloth. It is invisible to anyone who is no good at his job or just plain stupid.*

*Mr. Bundy Really?*

*Ivy Yes. Not only will you look great, but you can find out if anyone in your school is no good at his job or stupid.*

*Mr. Bundy That is amazing!*

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

*Moe We will also take your money.*

*Narrator 1 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.*

*Narrator 2 Students asked to be excused to get a drink of water. Then they ran to the gym to peek.*

*Narrator 3 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 1 By the end of the week, Mr. Bundy began to wonder what his new clothes looked like.*

*Narrator 2 But he was also a little worried.*

*Mr. Bundy What if I can't see the cloth?*

*Narrator 3 So he sent his vice principal, Ms. Moore, to have a look.*

*Narrator 1 Ms. Moore was smart and good at her job. She would have no trouble seeing the special cloth.*

*Narrator 2 Ms. Moore hurried to the gym.*

*Narrator 3 She knocked on the door.*

*Ms. Moore Mr. Bundy sent me to see his new clothes.*

*Narrator 1 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 2 Poor Ms. Moore! She could not see a thing.*

*Ms. Moore Can it be that I am stupid, or unfit for my job? I've tried so hard to be a good vice principal.*

*Narrator 3 She took off her glasses, wiped them, and looked again.*

*Narrator 1 But it was no use.*

*Narrator 2 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 3 She walked to Mr. Bundy's office.*

*Ms. Moore Your suit is great! I've never seen anything like it! And now I've got to run and make a phone call. Bye!*

*Narrator 1 She hurried off before Mr. Bundy could ask any questions.*

*Narrator 2 Mr. Bundy 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 3 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 1 He raced off to the gym.*

*Narrator 2 The door was still open, so Roger peeked inside. He could see Moe and Ivy at their sewing machines, hard at work.*

*Narrator 3 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 1 On the way back to his class, Roger poked his head into Mr. Bundy's office.*

*Roger Super suit!*

*Mr. Bundy What does it look like?*

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

*Narrator 2 Mr. Bundy couldn't stand it any longer.*

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

*Narrator 3 He marched down the hall and walked into the gym. Mr. Bundy looked at the empty machines.*

*Narrator 1 He blinked once.*

*Narrator 2 He blinked twice.*

*Narrator 3 He began to tremble.*

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

*Ivy Is there anything wrong?*

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

*Narrator 1 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.*

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

*Narrator 2 That night, Mr. Bundy dreamed cold and drafty dreams.*

*Narrator 3 Early the next morning Moe and Ivy appeared, holding their empty hangers in the air.*

*Narrator 1 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.*

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

*Narrator 2 Mr. Bundy stared at himself in the mirror. He prayed that the rest of the world was smarter and fitter than he.*

*Mr. Bundy Aren't you coming to the assembly?*

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

*Narrator 3 Moe handed Mr. Bundy the bill.*

*Narrator 1 Mr. Bundy handed Moe a great deal of money.*

*Narrator 2 On the way to school, Mr. Bundy's neighbors all raved about the clothes they did not see.*

*Narrator 3 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.*

*Narrator 2 Mr. Bundy thought he must be the only stupid person in town.*

*Narrator 3 Suddenly a kindergarten child called out.*

*Alice The principal's in his underwear!*

*Narrator 1 That did it! Everyone burst out laughing.*

*Narrator 2 The truth had been told. Mr. Bundy and the teachers and students knew they had been tricked.*

*Narrator 3 No one had been willing tell the truth because they were worried about what others would think of them.*

*Narrator 1 Mr. Bundy stood on stage, red in the face, knees shaking from the chill.*

*Narrator 2 But not for long.*

*Narrator 3 The kids and teachers wanted to help Mr. Bundy. They began passing up shirts and sweatpants, jackets and ties and caps.*

*Narrator 1 Soon Mr. Bundy had a new suit.*

*Roger Looking good, Mr. B!*

*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 Everyone cheered. They knew Mr. Bundy was smart and good at his job.*

*All Narrators And they all agreed Mr. Bundy was still the sharpest dresser in town.*