

SCATTERBRAIN SAM by Ellen Jackson

Reader's Theater

Scatterbrain Sam

Widder Woman

Maizie Mae

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Narrator 3

Townspeople

- Narrator 1:** Now Scatterbrain Sam was a young fellow who lived all alone on a big farm.
- Townspeople:** But that Sam- he didn't know nothin' about nothin'!
- Narrator 1:** He kept the hog and the dog in the cellar...
- Narrator 2:** ...and the sow and the cow on the roof.
- Narrator 3:** He slept in his Sunday britches...
- Narrator 1 :** ...and he ate his soup with a pitchfork.
- Mrs. Curtis:** (whispering) The boy's brains are scattered from here to next Tuesday!
- Mrs. Hale :** (whispering) More like Wednesday!
- Narrator 1:** Tired of all the buzz-buzz and carrying on behind his back, Scatterbrain Sam went to see the widder. He had heard she knew about powders and potions and whatnot.
- Scatterbrain Sam:** Widder Woman, could you mix me up somethin' to fix my brains? They's always pullin' this way and that till a fella don't know left from right or right from wrong.
- Widder Woman:** Hmmm, I got somethin' that'll fix your noggin, boy. You ever hear of glue stew? I'm mixin' up a batch now.

Scatterbrain Sam: Whoopee! That'll stick my brains together. Much obliged!

Widder Woman: If I help you, you'll have to help me with the cooking. Bring me something you love to throw in the stew for flavoring.

Narrator 1: So Sam went home and got Toodles, his canary bird.

Scatterbrain Sam: I need you for the glue stew. You been a good bird. I'll be sorry to see you go.

Townspeople: Poor Sam! How could he drop his little Toodles in that stew?

Scatterbrain Sam: Widder Woman, here's my bird. But, ma'am, I jest can't bear to think of Toodles cookin' in that stew. Ain't there some other way to fix this thing up?

Widder Woman: Maybe. But you'll have to do some riddling boy. Here goes: "Instead of a weed, there's a song in this seed." Get me some for the stew.

Scatterbrain Sam: That's the riddle?

Widder Woman: Take it or leave it.

Narrator 2: Scatterbrain Sam went and sat by the river. He thought long and hard about the riddle, turning it this way and that way, but no ways did it make no sense.

Narrator 1: Then along came Maizie Mae. That gal had her cap on Sam. She had seen things other folks hadn't, like the way he fed the birds and the deer in winter and his kindness to his old mare, Winnie. It was no accident that she was droppin' by for some chitchat.

Maizie Mae: Howdy do, Sam! Can't help but notice that you look a little long in the jaw.

Scatterbrain Sam: I'm getting' my brains together, Maizie. And I got trouble, riddle trouble. This one's a slippery so-and-so. It goes like this: "Instead of a weed, there's a song in this seed."

Maizie Mae: That's the riddle? Birdseed, I'll bet.

Scatterbrain Sam: Whoop-dee-doo! I believe you done it, Maizie Mae! What a gal!

Narrator 1: Scatterbrain Sam went home, got a pinch of birdseed, and brung it to the widder.

Scatterbrain Sam: Maizie Mae helped me figure the riddle. How are we doin' on the glue stew?

Widder Woman: It's coming. But, it's a little flat. I'll be wanting something else you love in the pot for savoring.

Scatterbrain Sam: (frowning) That would be Sweet Sadie the cat.

Narrator 2: So Scatterbrain Sam ran home to fetch Sadie the cat.

Narrator 1: When Sam got home, Sweet Sadie jumped on his lap and began to purr. Sam thought of his dear little kitty bubbling and boiling in the pot of stew. But, he picked her up and ran back to the widder's.

Scatterbrain Sam: Ain't there some other way, Widder Woman? She's such a good kitty and a fine mouser, too.

Widder Woman: Well, I suppose. But first you got another riddle coming, boy. Here goes: "A cat with no mew to swim in the stew." Get me some.

Scatterbrain Sam: That's it?

Widder Woman: Take it or leave it.

Narrator 1: Scatterbrain Sam went up yonder and sat on Rattlesnake Ridge. He turned that mean old riddle in his head this way and that. But no ways did it make no sense.

Narrator 2: Then along came Maizie Mae.

Scatterbrain Sam: (grinning) Howdy, Maizie! What brings you to this neck of the woods?

Maizie Mae: I've been pining for bird nest soup. Best bird nests in the county are right over yonder. So what're you doin' out here all on your lonesome? You got yourself another riddle?

Scatterbrain Sam: Yup. This one's a humdinger. It hurts my head to think about it. "A cat with no mew to swim in the stew."

Maizie Mae: Catfish, I reckon.

Scatterbrain Sam: Why, Maizie Mae, those brains of yours pull together better than a team of mules!

Narrator 1: Scatterbrain Sam raced to get some catfish for the widder.

Scatterbrain Sam: That glue stew's a sight to behold! And here's the catfish.

Widder Woman: (stirring the stew) Still ain't right. You got something you love you ain't told me about?

Scatterbrain Sam: I don't know. I'll think about it.

Narrator 2: Scatterbrain Sam went down to the meadow. Maizie Mae and her parachute just happened to land in the middle of the meadow.

Scatterbrain Sam: What I wouldn't give for a head full of high-class brains like yours, Maizie.

Narrator 1: Sam took Maizie by the hand and led her to the widder's.

Scatterbrain Sam: I just figured out that Maizie's the one I love best. But I ain't about to drop her in the stew.

Widder Woman: Don't be getting cold feet now. (motioning to the pot of stew) Jump in, gal.

Narrator 1: Maizie took a gander. The stew was boiling and bubbling away.

Maizie Mae: I don't reckon.

Scatterbrain Sam: Don't you have one of those pesky riddles?

Widder Woman: Plum out of riddles.

Scatterbrain Sam: Scatterbrain Sam I am, and Scatterbrain Sam I'll stay.

Maizie Mae: (sneezes) Aaaaaaaaaachoooooooooooo!

Narrator 2: And KERPLUNK! Maizie Mae fell right in the stew.

Scatterbrain Sam: Maizie!

Narrator 1: Without thinking, Scatterbrain Sam tipped over the pot. That glue stew took off. It rushed out of the house, carrying Maizie along with it, down the hill, gathering speed.

Narrator 2: That glue raced through Jed MacGruder's barn, hanging the barn door back on its hinges and shoeing a couple of horses.

Narrator 1: That glue galloped through the schoolhouse and patched up some windowpanes.

Narrator 2: That glue dashed through town and mended the cracks in the sidewalk.

Narrator 1: That glue stuck stamps on the letters at the post office and put them back in the mail box for good measure.

Narrator 2: Finally the glue stew came to a rest with a sizzle and a snort. Maizie was glued to the church door.

Scatterbrain Sam: (dusting Maizie off) You're safe! But, shucks, I'll never get my brains gathered together.

Widder Woman: You got some brains gathered together, boy. (pointing to Maizie Mae) Hers.

Scatterbrain Sam: But what about the glue stew? (Sam puts his arm around Maizie Mae)

Widder Woman: It worked, son. That gal's sticking with you like flies to honey. Take her up to the preacher and marry her before she thinks better of it.

Townspeople: And that's just what they did!