

Cast In Order Of Appearance:**Narrator****Louse****Flea****Door****Broom****Cart****Furnace****Tree****Girl****Spring**

NARRATOR : A louse and a flea kept house together.

LOUSE and FLEA : Happy noises! Happy noises!

NARRATOR : One day they decided to brew beer in an eggshell.

LOUSE and FLEA : Mmmmmm, wheee!

NARRATOR : Suddenly, the little louse fell into the hot beer and burned herself.

LOUSE : Ow!

NARRATOR : So the little flea began to weep loudly.

FLEA : Boo-hoo-hoo.

NARRATOR : Then the little door began to creak.

DOOR : Creee-k Creee-k.

NARRATOR : Hearing this, the little broom in the corner said—

BROOM : Why are you creaking little door?

DOOR : I'm creaking because the little louse has burned herself and the little flea is weeping.

NARRATOR : So the little broom began to sweep frantically.

BROOM : (makes a sweeping sound)

NARRATOR : Just then a little cart was passing by and it said—

- CART : Why are you sweeping, little broom?
- BROOM : I'm sweeping because the little louse has burnt herself and the little flea is weeping and the little door is creaking.
- CART : Then I will run!
- NARRATOR : As the little cart ran, it passed a little furnace. The furnace said—
- FURNACE : Why are you running so, little cart?
- CART : I'm running because the little louse has burnt herself and the little flea is weeping and the little door is creaking and the little broom is sweeping.
- FURNACE : Then I will burn furiously!
- NARRATOR : A little tree stood next to a little furnace and it said—
- TREE : Little furnace, why are you burning so?
- FURNACE : I'm burning because the little louse has burnt herself and the little flea is weeping and the little door is creaking and the little broom is sweeping and the little cart is running.
- TREE : Then I will shake myself!
- NARRATOR : The tree shook so hard that all its leaves fell off. A little girl was walking past and she said—
- GIRL : Little tree, why are you shaking so much?
- TREE : I'm shaking because the little louse has burnt herself and the little flea is weeping and the little door is creaking and the little broom is sweeping and the little cart is running and the little furnace is burning.
- GIRL : Then I will break my water pitcher.
- NARRATOR : A little spring next to the girl said—
- SPRING : Little girl, why have you broken your water pitcher?
- GIRL : I broke it because the little louse has burnt herself and the little flea is weeping and the little door is creaking and the little broom is sweeping and the little cart is running and the little furnace is burning and the little tree has shaken all its leaves off.

SPRING : Oh ho! Then I will begin to flow!

NARRATOR : So the little spring began to flow violently and, in the water, everything was drowned. The little girl—

GIRL : Ooh!

NARRATOR : —the little tree—

TREE : (thuds to the ground)

NARRATOR : —the little furnace—

FURNACE : Ssssssss!

NARRATOR : —the little cart—

CART : Blub, blub, blub.

NARRATOR : —the little broom—

BROOM : (sweeps and a sighs)

NARRATOR : —the little door—

DOOR : (slams itself)

NARRATOR : —the little flea—

FLEA : Eek!

NARRATOR : —and the little louse.

LOUSE : Darn!

NARRATOR : All together.
Just like that.

The end.