



***E. Marlow Bryne
And the Scrode
(A Tale About Diversity)***

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E. MARLOW BRYNE & THE SCRODE (A Tale About Diversity)

Time: 13:05

Program Overview

Demographers tell us that our children will live in a fully multicultural society in the 21st century. Will they view cultural diversity with ignorance and trepidation? Or will they see it for what it can be ~ rewarding and enriching. E. Marlow Bryne and the Scrode shows youngsters the beauty of diversity through a whimsical tale of a young man who meets a creature intent on making all things the same. For awhile, the scrode is successful, and E. Marlow's world becomes a terrible place — boring, dull, and unimaginative. Fortunately, when things appear most bleak, colorful edores appear to save the day. The lesson drawn by E. Marlow and his fellow citizens is that diversity is one of life's great gifts. E. Marlow Bryne and the Scrode is told in the style of

America's most beloved author of children's books, Dr. Seuss, and features colorful animated characters that children of all ages will enjoy.



STUDENT OBJECTIVES

After viewing this video and participating in the suggested activities, students should be able to do the following:

1. Give a brief overview of the story.
2. Tell why the world became boring after being sprayed by the scrodes.
3. Define the word “diversity,” and explain why diversity makes the world interesting.
4. Talk about diversity in their lives and their community.
5. Imagine and discuss what their lives would be like without diversity.
6. Discuss why ethnic diversity is good.

SUGGESTED LESSON PLAN

Introduction

Place the word “diversity” on the chalk board and discuss its meaning with the class. Help your students understand that diversity is a natural part of our world — that there is diversity among plants, animals, landforms, bodies of water, and most other things. Then explain that diversity among people is natural, also. Ask why diversity is good. Guide your discussion toward the enriching aspects of diversity, how it can be fun and interesting to learn about how different people live — how they conduct their lives, the foods they eat, the music they enjoy, the stories they write, the works of art that they make.



Pre-Viewing Activities

Tell the class that they will now see a video about diversity. Explain that it is a story about a young man named E. Marlow Bryne, a young man who meets a creature called a scrode. Ask the class if anyone can describe a scrode. After some possibilities are mentioned, tell them that this scrode has a special helmet that does

something incredible. Next place the word “scrode” on the chalkboard, and call up someone to write out the word backwards — “edorc.” Tell your students that the story also has creatures known as edorks, and they’re the exact opposite of scrodes. Explain that after the class sees the program, you’ll want to know in what way the edorks and scrodes are opposites.

Present the video.



Post-Viewing Activities

Ask your students why Lon became so terrible after it was sprayed by all the little scrodes. Help them understand that without diversity, life becomes boring and unbearable. Then ask why the scrode wanted all things to be the same. Discuss his comment that “Things here in Lon are all a-jumble ’nough to make one’s mind a-crumble.” Explain that sometimes when we encounter things that are different, it’s difficult to understand them and our minds may get mixed up. That’s an uncomfortable feeling. But instead of making those things like us — or the same — it’s better to try to understand them. Then discuss how the people of Lon must have felt when they were turned into scrode-like creatures. Do people

like being changed, or do they prefer to be allowed to be who they really are? Explore the differences among the people in your community.



Extended Learning

Older students and more astute adult viewers may sense that there is more to *E. Marlow Bryne & the Scrode* than a simple tale about diversity. In fact, the story has several layers of meaning. Below the most obvious, the tale recounts what happens to individuals when confronted with fascism. (The fact that the scrode bears more than a passing resemblance to Mussolini is not accidental). When viewed in this light, E. Marlow's passive acceptance of the scrode's actions offers an interesting lesson about what the individual's role should be when confronted with tyrannical, destructive behavior. (The scrode's wholesale transformation of Lon is, of course, an example of such behavior). The scrode's first appearance — as a friendly yo-yo-wielding creature — also offers lessons about the nature of tyrants whose rise to power often

accompanies the appearance of virtue and promises of salvation. The attempted destruction of religious institutions by the scrodelets is still another example of dictatorial methods (reminiscent of Communist regimes and others), aimed at leveling social and institutional differences as a way to maintain social and political control. The scrodelets can be compared to any number of organizations that carry on the work of their tyrannical mentors.

On another level, the story is about humanity's (and the individual's) search for Truth and Beauty, both of which reside within the individual and cannot be defined by any single institution or person. In the story, Truth wins out: the light which emits from the flickering flame within E. Marlow bursts out — as does Truth when great works of art are created — and the gentle edorcs are able to recreate the beauty of Lon.

TRANSCRIPT OF THE VIDEO

NARR: E. Marlow Bryne lived in Lon, where some were weak and some were strong.

Where some were big, and some were small.

Where some were black. And some were red. And some were brown or white, instead.

Where some liked birds. And some liked cats. And some liked smoochy, kissy bass.

E. Marlow liked difference dearly.

E. MARLOW: Difference makes things so cheery.

And this I must say very clearly: I think sameness is so dreary!

NARR: Then one day when on the road, E. Marlow came upon a scrode.

SCRODE: And good day to you, young man. I'm a stranger in this land. Do you know a place to stay? I'm very tired. I've walked all day.

MARLOW: Well, there's an inn on this road, so join me funny looking little scrode!

NARR: With that, they ambled down the path, past the trees, and past the grass.

And as they walked, they did chatter 'bout this, and that, and all such matter.

SCRODE: I find your country very strange. Nothing here seems quite the same. Things here in Lon are all a-jumble — 'nough to make one's mind a-crumble. Where I am from all's alike, from dodd'ring man to newborn tyke.

I will show you what I mean with my helmet same-machine!

NARR: He turned its knob to twenty powers and sprayed a nearby bed of flowers! Within that gloopy, gloopy spray, all the plants became the same.

E. Marlow Bryne was astounded. Truth be known, he was confounded.

But not the yellow scrode.

SCRODE: Ahhh! Doesn't that look fine! Yellow flowers in a line! Ohh, *truly* fine!

NARR: E. Marlow had grave misgivings.

MARLOW: I think sameness is so dreary. I like things much more cheery. As they say in Paris, France, "Vive la difference!"

SCRODE: I must disagree...

NARR: ... said the scrode.

SCRODE: Things in Lon are all a-jumble — 'nough to make one's mind a-crumble.

NARR: Well, E. Marlow and the yellow scrode continued down the windy road until they went into the inn.

There, painters brushed the walls, walls inside the inn's long halls. Most were brushing, but not all.

PAINTER 1: It should be gloss!

PAINTER 2: It should be fiat!

PAINTER 3: It should be green!

PAINTER 4: It should be black!

PAINTER 5: It should be blue!

PAINTER 6: It should be red!

PAINTER 7: I think maybe white, instead!

NARR: Then one painter said...

PAINTER 8: If we paint one hall in red, one in green, one in gloss, one in black, and one in blue, all will have their favorite hue.

NARR: But just as they were 'bout to shake, the scrode — who had not heard by mistake — the compromise, shouted...

SCRODE: Enough of that! Enough of that! I cannot, *cannot* stand a spat! I cannot stand a spat like that! I'll solve the tiff just like that!

NARR: And in a snap, he revved his gadget, then sprayed the inn as quick as magic!

And when all the halls and walls were sprayed, the hotel looked extremely staid — bland, insipid, uninteresting.

E. Marlow Bryne was astounded. Truth be known, he was confounded.

But not the yellow scrode.

SCRODE: My, oh my! Now THAT looks fine! Yellow walls in a line! Ohh, truly fine!

NARR: But E. Marlow had grave misgivings.

MARLOW: I think sameness is so dreary. I like things much more cheery. As they say in Paris, France, "Vive la difference!"

SCRODE: I must disagree...

NARR: ... said the scrode.

SCRODE: Things in Lon are all a-jumble 'nough to make one's mind a-crumble.

NARR: Then he turned the knob to 50 powers, turned it fast to spray out showers of teeny, tiny scrodes!

And off they marched, in a line to spray all of Lon for all of time!

And as they did, they sang their song to set things right they thought were wrong.

SCRODELETS: Sameness, sameness is our credo. Sameness makes things oh, so neat-o! We will spray all things a-right, to make each one quite alike!

We'll not rest 'til we are done, 'til all's the same, 'til all's but one.

NARR: They sprayed each temple, mosque, and church...

SCRODELET: Company halt! Spray!

NARR: ... sprayed them with a scrodely lurch. Next came trees, and shrubs and grass.

They sprayed them all as they passed. They sprayed them all standing pat.

Then they sprayed all the creatures, sprayed them 'til they had few features.

E. Marlow had quite *grave* misgivings.

MARLOW: I think sameness is so dreary. I like things much more cheery. As they say in Paris, France, "Vive la difference!"

SCRODE: I must disagree!

NARR: ... said the scrode.

SCRODE: Things in Lon were all a-jumble — 'nough to make one's mind a-crumble. But now we've almost solved the issue. All that's left? Spray human tissue.

MARLOW: Gulp!

NARR: And once again the tiny scrodes marched in step on all the roads. And as they marched, they sang their song, sang it loud and sang it long.

SCRODELETS: Sameness, sameness is our credo. Sameness makes things, oh, so neat-o! We will spray all things a-right, to make each one quite alike!

We'll not rest 'til we are done, 'til all's the same, 'til all's but one.

SCRODELET: Company halt! Spray!

NARR: They sprayed folks in all locations, folks pursuing all vocations.

Big or small, it did not matter.

Fat or thin, it did not matter.

White or black, it did not matter.

Man or wife, it did not matter.

Once the spray began to splatter, all became the same — both the former and the latter.

At last there came the final blow: a waxen, pallid, yellow rainbow.

Now all of Lon was all the same. Nothing *there* to strain the brain. Now, crushing boredom ruled all over, from city streets to fields of clover.

No longer big and straight and tall, E. Marlow suffered most of all. Hunched and scrunched, and dulled and haggard, E. Marlow had become a laggard.

And yet, deep within his wretched frame — indeed, within his very brain, there burned a tiny, glowing flame.

It burned for beauty, variation — for all that was in all creation.

As E. Marlow dreamed of the past, the tiny flicker grew quite fast.

Until, at last, it burst out brightly, shining on a band of sprightly — edorcs!

EDORC 1: We've been waiting for that light!

EDORC 2: Now we know the time is right!

NARR: The edorcs scurried from their place and quickly hopped at hurried pace, here and there, hith' and yon, to every place there was in Lon.

And with their large, protruding noses, reconfigured all the poses. And sucked the pallid yellow clear, until from places far and near Lon was once again a-jumble, 'nough to make a scrode's mind crumble.

And all Lon cheered as the beauty reappeared.

Then E. Marlow climbed a nearby hill, and made a speech while all stood still.

MARLOW: No more scrodes here in our land. From this time on, they shall be banned! For they did destroy what we employ to fill our souls with such great joy: Glorious, endless variation — most wondrous gift of creation.

All of us are like none others. Yet, if we treat all like our brothers, our lovely mixture of the races, of varied multi- colored faces, will be a people that embraces all that's good and all which graces.

And then we'll find we'll live in peace for all of time.