

ANNOUNCER:

From your friends at PBS Kids.

MALIK/ZADIE/ZEKE:

We are the Wombats!

MALIK: Malik!

ZADIE: Zadie!

ZEKE: Zeke!

And my stuffie, Snout.

ALL:

♪ And you are our Wombuddies ♪

♪ Best-ever friends ♪

♪ Can you come,
won't you come? ♪

♪ Come to our playdate ♪

♪ We'll sing and dance
and play pretend ♪

♪ Can you come,
won't you come? ♪

♪ Come to our playdate ♪

♪ Come on, Wombuddies! ♪

♪ Can you come,
won't you come? ♪

♪ Come to our playdate. ♪

ZADIE:

"Campout Playdate."

Wombuddies, whenever
you hear this sound...

(bells chime)

...we're going to ask
you to do or say something.

Whoo, whoo Wombuddies!

Hi and welcome to
our campout playdate.

Zeke, and me, and Malik
put up the tent.

MALIK: And Grandma Super
is building us

a campfire.
(campfire crackling)

SUPER:

It's just starting to crackle.

Can you hear it, Wombuddies?

ZEKE: And we have a bunch
of nice, long sticks.

(sticks clatter)

MALIK:

'Cause Mr. E said he'd bring us

a big bag of marshmallows.

Who doesn't love roasted
marshmallows, am I right?

ZADIE: So join us around
the campfire, Wombuddies.

ZEKE: Because I'm gonna
tell you a spooky story.

And we need you
to make the spooky sounds.

SUPER:

I don't know, Zeke.

Will it be too spooky?

You know I don't like
to get all goose-bumpy.

ZEKE:

Don't worry.

It's just the right amount
of spooky, Grandma Super.

Is everyone ready?

You have to be very quiet
while I tell you my story.

(quietly):
You too, Wombuddies.

Super, duper qui...

(Zadie sneezes loudly,
Zeke yells)

(Malik laughs)

MALIK:
Forget spooky stories.

What's totally spooky
is the way Zadie sneezes.

ZADIE (chuckling):
Sorry.

ZEKE:
Do you have more sneezes, Zadie?

ZADIE:
Nope. All done.

ZEKE:
How about you, Wombuddies?

If you have any sneezes, you
might want to get them all out.

ZADIE: Just remember
to sneeze into your elbow.

One, two, three,
sneeze out your sneezes!

(bells chime)

(Super, Malik, and Zeke sneezing
altogether to a beat)

MALIK: (chuckles)
Woo-wee.

Some of you Wombuddies
sneeze way louder than Zadie.

ZEKE:
Now it's time to tell the story.

Here I go.

Once upon a time... um...

ZADIE: Once upon a time...
what comes next?

ZEKE: Once upon a time,
on a dark and rainy night,

there was a, um, um, a...

MALIK:
An evil snowball?

A creature from
the Green Lagoon?

A furry eyeball in the sky?

ZEKE: (sighs)
Can you help me tell the story?

I'm kinda making it up, and
I'm not sure how it should go.

ZADIE:
Sure thing, Zeke.

I'll take a turn.

Remember, Wombuddies, we need
you to help us make the sounds

that go with the story.

We'll tell you when
to make the sounds.

(dramatic):
Once upon a time,

on a dark and rainy night...

(fingers drumming)

MALIK:
Zadie said the word "rainy,"

so I'm tapping my fingers
on the ground

to make it sound like rain.

Try it, Wombuddies.

Tap your fingers on the floor
or whatever you can reach.

(bells chime)

(fingers drumming like rainfall)

ZADIE: A creature sat up high
in the tall and crooked tree.

He slithered, he slid,
then he crawled his way down.

(scraping wood)

ZEKE: I'm scratching
my fingernails on wood

so it sounds like
a creature crawling.

(scratching wood)

Find something
to scratch, Wombuddies.

ZADIE: Like the floor,
or the arm of your chair.

(bells chime)

(fingernails scraping)

ZADIE:
Your turn, Malik.

MALIK:
It was hungry, this creature.

In fact, this creature
was called a Rumble-Tummy,

because it was always hungry.

And right now,
on this dark and rainy night,

it was looking for food.

SUPER:
Should I take a turn?

ZEKE: Yeah, Grandma Super,
you go next.

SUPER: The Rumble-Tummy decided
to look in his refrigerator,

which was hidden inside a rock.

He slid straight across
the wet and slippery leaves.

(hands sliding together)

MALIK: Swipe your hands
together, Wombuddies,

to make them sound slide-y.

ZADIE:
Slide-y on slippery leaves.

(bells chime)

(hands sliding)

GRAMMA SUPER:
Slowly, slowly, the Rumble-Tummy

opened the refrigerator door.

ZEKE: Squeak so it sounds
like a door, Wombuddies.

(bells chime)

(Zeke squeaks)

(Zadie squeaks)

(Malik squeaks)

SUPER:
But there was nothing inside.

The Rumble-Tummy
had nothing to eat!

Except for
a tiny piece of cornbread,

which he gobbled up fast.
Your turn, Zeke.

ZEKE: "Whatever shall I do?"
said the Rumble-Tummy.

"I'm still very hungry.

Should I chew up a tree?"

ZADIE:
Nom-nom-nom-nom-nom-nom-nom.

(Zeke makes chewing noises)

ZADIE: Make some
chewing noises, Wombuddies.

(bells chime,
wombats munch and chew)

ZEKE: "Or should I look
for something more tasty?"

(metal sticks clacking together)

MALIK:
Hold on.

Who's making
that clacking noise?

ZADIE:
Not me.

ZEKE:
Not me.

SUPER:
Not I.

(sticks clacking)

MALIK:
Huh. That's weird.

(clacking stops)

Well, I don't hear it anymore.

Let's go back to the story.

ZADIE:
It was time for Rumble-Tummy

to find something
scrumptious to eat.

Something sticky and chewy
and ooey-gooey delicious.

(metal sticks clacking)

MALIK: I think I know
what's making that sound.

Something's rattling
our tent poles.

ZEKE:
Is it the Rumble-Tummy?

Is he for real?

I thought we were
making this story up!

ZADIE:
We are, Zeke.

Don't worry,

the Rumble-Tummy's not for real.

MALIK: Hmm. I'm gonna go see
what's making that noise.

(sticks clattering)

Hello?

Who's in our tent?

Come out, come out,
whoever you are!

C-come out,
or I-I'll have to go in.

(zipper unzips)

MR. E: (yelps)
Here!

It's only me. Mr. E!

I have marshmallows!
(marshmallow bag crinkling)

Take them.
MALIK/ZADIE/ZEKE: Mr. E?

MALIK:
Why are you hiding in our tent?

MR. E: I was about
to come over to you.

With a bag of
marshmallows!

But then I heard you talking
about this Rumbly-Tumbly fellow,

and I got a bit...

ZEKE:
Scared?

Did our spooky story scare you?

MR. E:
I didn't say I was "scared."

I was simply... concerned.

So I took refuge in your tent.

SUPER: Well, sit down by
the fire and warm yourself up.

MR. E:
Oh.

(Mr. E walks to them)

Don't mind if I do.

Who would like a marshmallow?

(bag crinkles)
MALIK: Ooh, ooh! Me-me-me!

ZADIE: How about we start

a new story, Mr. E?

A not-spooky one?

MR. E: Excuse me?
I love spooky stories!

Please, continue with
the Rumble-Tummy, if you please.

I want to hear how it ends.

ZADIE:
Sure thing, Mr. E.

Mmm. Now, where did we stop
the story?

MR. E: Oh, the Rumble-Tummy

was looking for something
scrumptious to eat.

ZADIE:
Oh, right!

Suddenly, the Rumble-Tummy
began sniffing the air.

ZEKE:
Sniff the air, Wombuddies.

(bells chime)

(everyone sniffing)

ZADIE (dramatic): "Fe, fi, fo,
fum, I smell the smell of a..."

MR. E: (whimpers)
Excuse me.

May I borrow your stuffie,
young Zeke?

ZEKE:
Sure, Mr. E.

Snout is great
for when you're scared.

Just hug him extra tight.

(Snout squeaks)

MR. E: (sighs)
Thank you.

Continue, please.

ZADIE: "I smell the smell
of a roasting marshmallow!

Which I shall gobble right up.
Nom-nom-nom-nom."

And that's just what
Rumble-Tummy did.

(swallows)
The end.

MALIK: Hey! That's

my marshmallow you gobbled.

ZADIE (mouth full): (chuckles)
Sorry. I couldn't help it.

(swallows)
I am a Rumble-Tummy after all.

But you can have one of mine.

SUPER: That was
a dee-licious story, kiddos.

And now it's time for bed.

(kids and Mr. E groan)

ZADIE: Oh well.
I guess all good playdates

have to come to an end.

We'll see you next time,
okay, Wombuddies?

ZEKE: Hey, I just thought
of a goodnight song

for the Rumble-Tummy.

Wanna hear it?
MALIK and ZADIE: Sure.

ZEKE:
♪ Rumble-Tummy said goodnight ♪

♪ Rumble-Tummy
turned out the light ♪

♪ Rumble-Tummy's tummy
felt a little bit "ow" ♪

♪ So that's why Rumble-Tummy
burped out loud! ♪

(everyone laughs)

ZADIE:
That's so good, Zeke.

Let's all sing
the Rumble-Tummy song.

You too, Wombuddies.

(bells chime)

MALIK/ZADIE/ZEKE:
♪ Rumble-Tummy, say goodnight ♪

♪ Rumble-Tummy,
turn out the light ♪

♪ Rumble-Tummy's tummy
felt a little bit "ow" ♪

♪ So that's why Rumble-Tummy
burped out loud! ♪

♪ ♪

ZADIE: Thanks for
listening, Wombuddies.

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miss any new episodes.

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