

Levels: Grade 5 (Upper)

Word Count: 2,578

Script Summary:

Amber's family vacation ends in a tragic car accident that kills her parents. Struck with grief, Amber wanders the strange city alone and finds that she has become trapped on an even stranger street. She meets a man on the street named Vincent, who has been trapped on the street away from his wife for nearly a year. Vincent can wish for whatever he needs, but he cannot wish himself off the street. Amber seems to be trapped too, along with a dog named, Blue, until Vincent comes up with a plan to free them all from the curse of the old woman and the ring.

Objectives and Assessment

Monitor students to determine if they can:

- consistently read their lines with appropriate rate and accuracy
- consistently read their lines with appropriate expression, including pause, inflection, and intonation
- follow along silently and listen for spoken cues

Using the Scripts:

- Each role is assigned a reading level according to the syntactic and semantic difficulty encountered. Feel free to divide roles further to include more readers in a group.
- Discuss vocabulary and encourage readers to practice their lines to promote fluent delivery of the script.
- Have readers highlight their lines on the scripts, and encourage them to follow along as everyone reads.

Vocabulary:

Story words: cautiously, circumstances, conniving, dangerous, dazzled, disappointment, magical, persisted, predicament, secure, sincere, survivor

Cast of Characters:

Grade 5 (Upper)		
Narrator 1	Narrator 2	Nurse
Amber	Vincent	Blue
Old Woman		

Cast of Characters:

Parts		
Narrator 1	Narrator 2	Nurse
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Narrator:

A happy family vacation overseas ends in a tragic car accident. Amber, the sole **survivor**, finds herself alone and destitute in a strange country. Overwhelmed by the sudden loss of her parents, she tries to face the reality of her situation.

Nurse:

It’s a miracle you survived the accident with only a few bumps and scratches.

Amber:

I guess so.

Nurse:

Do you have any relatives or friends over here that I can call?

Amber:

No. . . just my Mom and Dad. Um, are you sure they’re . . .

Nurse:

I’m sorry, little one, you alone survived the crash. Get some rest while I find a place for you to stay.

Narrator 2:

Alone in the stark hospital room, Amber fought back a wave of grief by clinging to the hope that this was all a terrible mistake. Pressing her face up against the windowpane, she scanned the crowded streets below, searching for her parents.

Amber:

I have to get out of here. If I stay, they'll put me in a foster home, and I'll never see my parents again.

Narrator 1:

Amber slipped out of the room, ran out the front doors, and just kept running. She zigzagged her way through the unfamiliar streets, growing more confused with each turn. Finally, frustrated with herself, she stopped to catch her breath.

Amber:

What am I doing? I don't know my way around this city, what was I thinking?

Narrator 2:

Amber looked around for someone to help her with directions and realized that she was completely alone on a very **dangerous** looking street.

Amber:

I don't think I should be here.

Narrator 1:

Abandoned cars and boarded up buildings lined the street, which came to a dead end under the bridge below. Empty boxes, oil drums, and other debris were strewn about, creating dark pockets with shadows like long sinister arms that stretched out toward her.

Amber:

I better get out of here.

Narrator 2:

She ran up to the top of the street and found herself right back in the middle of the dead-end street.

Amber:

How did I get back here?

Narrator 1:

Amber tried repeatedly to get off the street, and every time she found herself right back where she started.

Amber:

Why can't I get off this crazy street?

Vincent:

I'm afraid you are stuck here.

Amber:

Who said that?

Narrator 2:

Something moved in the shadows under the bridge.

Amber:

Stay where you are.

Vincent:

You don't have to be afraid of me.

Amber:

I'm warning you, I know jujitsu.

Narrator 1:

The figure emerged from under the bridge, slowly stepping out of the shadows and into the waning daylight.

Vincent:

My name is Vincent, and I mean you no harm.

Narrator 2:

He wore a shabby, dark, heavy cloak; his long gray hair needed trimming, but his smile was kind and his blue eyes **sincere**. Instinctively, Amber knew that she could trust him.

Amber:

Can you tell me how to get off this street?

Vincent:

I've been trying to get off this street for 283 days.

Amber:

TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THREE DAYS! I can't stay here that long, I need to go right now! I have to find my parents.

Vincent:

There is a **magical** spell on this street, once you get in, you can't get back out.

Amber:

But . . .

Vincent:

It's no use. Everyday I try to leave, but I just can't break the spell. We're stuck here and there's nothing we can do about it. We can try again tomorrow, but it will soon be dark and I need to get you settled in for the night.

Amber:

I don't like this place, Vincent. I want to go home.

Vincent:

So do I, so do I.

Narrator 1:

Vincent led Amber to a large refrigerator box under the bridge and motioned for her to go in. Grimacing with distaste, she **cautiously** crawled through the small opening and was immediately surprised to discover a huge space inside filled with plush pillows, soft blankets, piles of new clothes, and a table laden with food and drinks.

Amber:

This is amazing, Vincent. Where did you find all of these things?
Vincent?

Narrator 2:

Amber peeked out into the darkened street, calling for Vincent, again and again. The only answer she got was from a big, dark figure that rushed toward her.

Blue:

WOOF!

Amber:

Where did you come from?

Narrator 1:

The big gray dog wagged his tail as Amber scratched behind his ears, rubbed the back of his neck, and smooched his face.

Amber:

You're such a good dog. Are you hungry?

Narrator 2:

With an energetic wag of the tail he bounded into Amber's makeshift home and settled by the table of food. His presence made Amber feel safe and **secure**, and she finally gave in to her exhaustion and fell asleep. Blue, as she called him on account of his blue eyes, watched over her until the break of dawn.

Amber:

Blue, come here boy!

Blue, where are you?

Vincent:

Who's Blue?

Amber:

Vincent! Did you see a large, gray dog this morning?

Vincent:

Is that what you call him? Don't worry, he always runs off during the day, but he comes back every night.

Amber:

Hey, speaking of running off. Where did you go last night? I called and called for you but you never answered. And where did you get all those pillows and blankets and food?

Vincent:

So many questions this early in the morning. First, let's have something to eat.

Amber:

This is exactly what I'm talking about. We're the only people on a deserted street, which neither of us can leave. So, where did this food come from?

Vincent:

That's the one good thing about my **predicament**—whatever I need, I just make a wish, and I get it.

Amber:

Then why don't you just wish yourself off this street?

Vincent:

I've tried that, many times, but apparently the only wishes I am allowed to make are for basic things, like food, clothes, light . . .

Amber:

Maybe you're not doing it right! Watch me, this is how I make a wish.

Narrator 1:

Amber got down on her knees and closed her eyes tight.

Amber:

Please, please, please, I wish I may, I wish I might, have my parents with me tonight!

Narrator 2:

Amber waited a minute before opening her eyes. Fully expecting to see her parents standing in front of her, tears of **disappointment** filled her eyes.

Vincent:

Wishing can't bring your parents back.

Amber:

You said this was a magic place, if it is, then they have to come back.

Vincent:

This is not a good magic place. You have to accept the fact that your parents are never coming back. I will never see my wife again, and we will never get off this street.

Narrator 1:

Amber refused to accept her fate and stubbornly clung to the belief that her parents were still alive. All day long she wished for them to find her, and again and again her wishes failed. As the day progressed, Amber grew more creative.

Amber:

I wish for a magic car that can go anywhere.

I wish for a map that will show me where to find my parents, and a cell phone to call for help.

Narrator 1:

None of her wishes came true. Amber **persisted**, and as day turned to dusk, her wishes turned to more practical things.

Amber:

I wish for a flashlight!

I wish for a lantern!

Okay, then, how about a candle and some matches?

Narrator 2:

Vincent watched patiently as Amber made her wishes. He found it strange that even her simplest wishes failed to materialize. He pondered this curiosity as darkness fell and he vanished into the night.

Amber:

I give up! Why won't the magic work for me?

Vincent! Vincent! Are you going to disappear on me every night?

Narrator 1:

Left alone in the darkening street, Amber hurried down to the safety of her refrigerator box and found Blue waiting inside. She vented her frustration, anger, and grief on the quiet and sympathetic dog until finally, in the wee hours of the morning, she fell into an exhausted slumber.

Vincent:

Amber, wake up! It's past noon and we have a lot to do today.

Amber:

What on earth is there to do on this dead end street? We can't get out and my magic doesn't work!

Hey, could you wish me a TV?

Vincent:

I did a lot of thinking last night, and if my theory is right, this could be our last day on this street.

Amber:

LAST DAY!

What's your plan? How are we going to get out of here?

Vincent:

Based on what I saw yesterday, you seem to have absolutely no magical wishing power.

Amber:

Tell me something I don't already know.

Vincent:

And therefore, if my assumptions are correct, I believe that you will be able to get out of here tonight.

Amber:

The last time I tried to leave I ended up right back where I started. Why should it be any different tonight?

Vincent:

I had assumed that you were here under the same **circumstances** as myself. But then I started to notice the little differences, and when I saw you were unable to wish for a simple flashlight, I figured it out.

Amber:

Figured out what?

Vincent:

I don't believe you are meant to be here. I think you stumbled upon this street purely by accident.

Amber:

Then why can't I leave?

Vincent:

You arrived here in the daytime, which is when the magic spell is at its strongest. Up until now you've only tried to leave during the day. If my theory is correct, you'll be able to walk right out of here tonight.

Amber:

This is great Vincent! We can leave tonight!

Vincent:

No, it won't be possible for me to leave tonight, or any other day or night. The only way I can leave this place is with your help.

Amber:

Of course I'll help you, Vincent. What do you need me to do?

Narrator 2:

Amber listened as Vincent laid out the strange and dangerous task she just promised to fulfill.

Vincent:

Blue will lead you to the old woman's house in the woods. When you get there, go into the house, and up to the room at the top of the stairs. The room will be filled with thousands of rings, one of which is mine. I need you to find that ring and bring it back here to me.

Amber:

How am I supposed to find your ring out of thousands?

Vincent:

My ring will be attached to a dog collar, which should make it easier to find.

Amber:

A dog collar?

Narrator 1:

Vincent ignored Amber's query as he had more important information to share about the many tricks and temptations Amber would have to face before the night was over.

Vincent:

You must be very careful when searching for my ring. Don't be **dazzled** by the brilliant gems, they have the power to corrupt and will try to blind you with greed. My ring is the only one you can take with you. If you fail to do this, then all is lost and we will be stuck on this street, forever.

Narrator 2:

Satisfied that Amber understood the seriousness of this task, Vincent continued.

Vincent:

Your most difficult task will be to avoid the old woman who lives in the house. She is a **conniving** old woman who will try and trick you into speaking to her. No matter what she says, or does, you must not speak to her.

Amber:

But what if she catches me sneaking around her house in the middle of the night?

Vincent:

Do NOT speak to her! All will be lost if you fall under her spell.

Narrator 1:

Vincent and Amber went over the plan again and again. Both their futures depended on Amber's success. As daylight turned to dusk, Vincent went off to find Blue, who returned alone.

Narrator 2:

Vincent's theory proved correct as Blue led Amber out of the city and through the woods to the old woman's house. They sneaked through the bushes and headed up the path to the front door.

Old Woman:

Who is this coming to pay me a visit so late at night?

Narrator 1:

Startled, Amber almost blurted out an apology; but Blue's menacing growl stopped her.

Old Woman:

You have a very smart dog. What is his name?

Narrator 2:

Amber ignored the old woman.

Old Woman:

Look at me, you insolent child. Did your parents not teach you manners?

Narrator 1:

At the mention of her parents, Amber sprung to their defense, but Blue stopped her just in time. Amber, who realized how close she has come to breaking her silence, ran toward the house before she ruined everything for Vincent, and herself.

Old Woman:

You can run but you can't hide!

Narrator 2:

Amber yanked open the door and raced up the stairs to the room of rings. She tried to catch her breath, but at the sight of all those rings, she stood transfixed in the doorway, dazzled by the glittering jewels and their promise of riches beyond her wildest dreams.

Old Woman:

I've got you now, you little thief! No one can resist the lure of wealth.

Narrator 1:

The old woman's screams snapped Amber out of her trance. And as the old woman charged up the stairs toward her, Amber dived into the mountainous piles of rings and frantically searched for Vincent's ring.

Old Woman:

Which ring are you looking for?

Narrator 2:

Amber ignored the old woman's taunts and focused on her search for Vincent's ring. Over and over she plunged her arms into the piles of radiant rubies and sparkling sapphires, fishing around in their depths until finally her fingers grasped a collar and yanked it out. A solid gold ring dangled from the end.

Old Woman:

NO! Give that ring back to me. It doesn't belong to you.

Narrator 1:

The old woman lunged for the ring, but Amber was quicker, and she kicked the old woman into a precarious pile of precious gems that crashed down upon her, trapping her under its weight.

Old Woman:

AARGH! Come back here you little thief.

Narrator 2:

The old woman's screams rang out as Amber raced down the stairs, out the door, through the woods, and all the way back to her refrigerator box under the bridge.

Script (continued)

The Old Woman and the Ring

Amber:

Vincent! I did it! I got your ring.

Narrator 1:

Vincent does not answer.

Amber:

Blue, come here boy.

Narrator 2:

Blue is gone.

Amber:

I did it! I didn't speak a single word to the old woman in the woods. I did everything right.

Why aren't you here, Vincent?

Blue! Where are you?

Narrator 1:

Confused, tired, and all alone, Amber crawled back into her cardboard home. She stared blankly at the food Vincent had left for her, but she did not eat. Food could not fill the emptiness inside her.

Amber:

I must have broken the spell. Vincent is finally free. But, what about me? Where is my happy ending?

Narrator 2:

Overwhelmed with grief, Amber fell into a fitful sleep. She dreamed that Vincent and Blue were one in the same, cursed by the wicked old woman to be a man by day, and dog at night. She dreamed that she broke the curse and that Vincent returned to the arms of his wife.

Narrator 1:

Amber also dreamed of her parents. They told her how proud they were of her, how much they loved and missed her. And that she shouldn't worry, everything would be all right.

Narrator 2:

And then Amber dreamed that her refrigerator box turned into a beautiful room, and in her room was a big window that looked down on a magnificent tree-lined street that led down to a river that flowed under a bridge.

Narrator 1:

And as Amber stared out at that familiar bridge, she saw Vincent with his wife and their dog. He was smiling at her and shouting.

Vincent:

Wake up, Amber. Welcome home.