

Levels: Grade 4 (Early)

Word Count: 2,266

Script Summary:

Spoiled and rich Penny treats everyone as if she is better than they are, leaving anyone who crosses her path offended. Penny's father, ashamed and tired of dealing with his daughter's bad behavior, tells Penny she has to move out. Penny does not believe her father will act on his threat, but he does. Penny is awestruck and scared. She meets a young man named Garth who helps her find ways to help herself. Penny finds a place to live and works several different jobs. See if Penny changes her attitude in this script based on the Norwegian fairy tale *King Grizzlebeard*.

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: ashamed, attitude, awestruck, behavior, considerate, embarrassment, insulted, mansion, rely, servant, situation, spoilt

Cast of Characters:

Grade 4 (Early)		
Narrator	Penny	Father
Garth	Shopkeeper 1	Shopkeeper 2
Servant	Police officer	Bus driver

Cast of Characters:

Parts		
Narrator	Penny	Father
Garth	Shopkeeper 1	Shopkeeper 2
Servant	Police officer	Bus driver

Narrator:

A beautiful young woman lived in a **mansion** in a very exclusive part of town.

Everywhere this beauty went, people threw themselves at her feet, competing for her attention. Day after day everyone she met left her company disgusted, offended, and cursing her name. She was **spoilt**, demanding, and spiteful.

Shopkeeper 1:

Why I've never been so **insulted** in all my life.

Shopkeeper 2:

How could someone so beautiful be so ugly?

Narrator:

The imperfect Penny had a particularly nasty habit of saying whatever was on her mind. She lacked tact and grace. This beauty was a beast.

Father:

You must stop this bad **behavior**. You treat everyone with nothing but condescension.

Penny:

Oh Daddy, I can't help it. None of them are good enough.

Father:

That is your problem; you think you are better than everyone else because you are rich and beautiful.

Penny:

Well I am.

Father:

Beauty won't last forever my dear. I suggest you adjust your **attitude**, develop a more pleasant personality, and learn some manners.

Narrator:

She flounced upstairs and within minutes her father bellowed at her from downstairs.

Father:

P-E-NNN-YY, get down here this instant!

Narrator:

Penny had never heard her father this angry. She jumped out of bed, where she had been watching soap operas, and walked quickly to the top of the stairs.

Father:

Never, in all my years, have I been so **ashamed** of you, Penny.

Penny:

Why? What did I do?

Father:

Today, I received twenty-five phone calls from people you offended.

Penny:

But they deserved it, Daddy; they were too slow, or too fast, or too ugly, or just too something.

Father:

I've had enough! Your behavior is an **embarrassment**. I've warned you time and time again to change your ways, but you've proved you just can't behave. Tomorrow, you're going to start learning to provide for yourself. Maybe that will teach you a lesson.

Penny:

That's not fair, Daddy.

Narrator:

Penny stomped her foot and pouted prettily at her Father in an attempt to wile her way back into his good graces.

Father:

Pouting will get you nowhere, Penny. Go and pack your bags, because tomorrow you're moving out.

Narrator:

Penny watched in shock as her Father turned sharply on his heels and strode away. She was at a loss for words for the first time in her life. She walked back into her room. Soon there was a knock on Penny's door.

Penny:

What do you want?

Servant:

I'm here to help you pack.

Penny:

Oh, go away, don't you have the sense to realize my father is only joking?

Narrator:

The **servant** didn't move.

Penny:

I said to leave, and close the door on your way out.

Narrator:

The servant left, closing the door quietly behind her.

Penny:

My father can't be serious.

Narrator:

Then shrugging it off, she propped herself up on her plush pillows and settled in for a long night of TV watching. She fell asleep only a few hours before being awakened.

Servant:

Miss Penny, your father is downstairs and wishes to see you.

Penny:

What? This early? I'll be down when I'm ready.

Narrator:

The servant rolled her eyes in disbelief. Penny started to roll over to go back to sleep.

Penny:

When you're through downstairs, come back and run my bath, then bring up my breakfast, and make an appointment for me at the spa.

Narrator:

The servant stood there for a moment, uncertain what to do.

Penny:

What are you waiting for? You're as slow as a snail, and I'm hungry.

Narrator:

Like most people, the servant was afraid of Penny when she was angry, and so she decided to leave this job to Penny's father. Five minutes later her father knocked loudly on the door.

Father:

Penny, get up! Get your things! And get out here right this instant!

Penny:

Get my things?

Father:

I told you this yesterday, now get yourself ready; you're out of here, TODAY.

Penny:

Daddy. Come on now, the game is over, you've taught me a big lesson, and I promise I'll behave from now on.

Father:

Too late, Princess, you're leaving in an hour.

Narrator:

Not waiting for an argument, he marched back downstairs. Penny, on the other hand, refused to take her father's threat seriously. She tossed a few things into a suitcase—just for show—and within the hour, headed downstairs to play her father's little game.

Penny:

Daddy, you wouldn't leave me without money, and a maid, and a cook, would you?

Father:

Oh, yes, I will. You'll get what you've packed and that's it. Now out!

Narrator:

Penny's father shooed her out the door and forbade anyone from opening the door to his daughter. He called all around the city to make sure no one would help Penny—that for once she'd have to **rely** on herself. Penny stood outside the door, she was laughing so hard she was practically in tears. She sat down to wait for her father to open the door. Hours passed.

Penny: *(banging on the door)*

Daddy, it's dark and I'm cold, not to mention hungry. Please let me in!

Narrator:

She soon began to cry and her cries were so heartbreaking, even the servants whom she had mistreated for years felt pity for her. But her Father did not relent. The next morning, after a fitful night's sleep on the doorstep, she was awoken by a police officer.

Police officer:

Ma'am, you're going to have to leave. You're on private property and you're trespassing.

Narrator:

Penny had never dealt with the police; she was scared.

Penny:

Officer, my father lives here.

Police officer:

Yes, ma'am, he explained that he told you to leave. I have to escort you off the property.

Narrator:

Penny was so **awestruck** by the officer's words she hardly noticed as he led her by the arm to the bus stop a couple of blocks away. There, someone else also was waiting for the bus.

Garth:

Here's our bus.

Narrator:

Penny had never been on a bus in her life. The closest she had ever been to one was sitting in her limousine at a stoplight downtown.

Penny:

BUS? I don't ride the bus.

Narrator:

Penny turned toward the person who spoke. She took one look at his shabby clothes, worn out shoes, and long straggly hair, and burst out laughing.

Penny:

You are the worst specimen of human being in the entire city.

Narrator:

The shabby young man stood his ground, unaffected by her insults. The bus pulled up and belched a cloud of black smoke over Penny. Coughing and sputtering she blindly followed the young man up into the bus.

Narrator:

Slowly the truth of Penny's **situation** began to sink in, and her laughter turned to genuine tears.

Penny:

What am I going to do? I don't have anywhere to go.

Garth:

My name is Garth. I know you don't know me, but there's a place for rent in my building, if you're really looking for an apartment.

Narrator:

Penny barely heard a word he said. She kept looking back at the huge mansion, hoping to see her Father rush out to take her back home.

Garth:

So, is this your first time riding a bus?

Narrator:

Penny just stared numbly at Garth. He slipped a piece of paper into her hand with the address of his building and the apartment number for rent. She stared off into space. After a while, the bus driver started yelling at Penny.

Bus driver:

You've been on the bus all afternoon. You need to pick a place to get off.
You can't live on my bus.

Penny: *(showing the driver the slip of paper)*

I want to get off here.

Bus driver:

That's in three more stops. I don't want to see your face on my bus for the rest of today.

Narrator:

Penny almost fell out of her seat at the first sight of her new low-rent street.

Penny:

Are you sure this is the right place?

Bus driver:

That's just a block down, above the all-night convenience store.

Narrator:

Penny found the building and its superintendent, who said she could rent the apartment, but she had to get a job the next day or she was out on the street. Penny dragged her suitcase up seven flights of stairs.

Penny:

What a dump! I can't live here. This place is a train wreck.

Narrator:

She surveyed the tiny studio apartment with its dingy walls and rusty pipes. In a panic she ran into the hall, down the stairs, and out to the busy street below. She tried to hail a cab, but when one stopped she realized she had no money. Embarrassed and hurt she went back upstairs. Garth was standing on the fifth-floor landing.

Garth:

I see you found the place.

Penny:

I did, but it's not much of a place.

Garth:

I didn't say it was the Taj Mahal.

Narrator:

Penny's stomach growled loudly.

Garth:

You hungry?

Penny:

That's none of your business.

Garth:

There's a diner across the street.

Narrator:

Penny turned away without a care for Garth and went looking for the diner. She found it shortly and saw a sign in the window—"Help Wanted". Penny didn't know the first thing about diners, but it had been almost two full days since she'd eaten and she was starved. She convinced the diner manager to hire her and to let her take home some dinner that night. Garth saw Penny on the stairs the next morning.

Garth:

Where are you headed this morning? You looked a little shell-shocked yesterday, are you feeling better?

Penny:

I got a job at the diner next door.

Garth:

Good for you.

Narrator:

Penny worked in the diner's kitchen, peeling and chopping, boiling and baking. She didn't make a lot of money, but every evening she came home with food for dinner. A week later the diner was shut down, and Penny was out of a job.

Penny: *(to herself)*

How am I going to get grocery money? I can't be hungry again.

Narrator:

Penny didn't realize Garth was ahead of her on the stairs until he spoke.

Garth:

I guess you will have to get another job.

Narrator:

Penny walked past him without too much thought. The next day she found a piece of newspaper under her door advertising for a servant position in the wealthy part of town.

Penny: *(aloud to herself)*

What if my friends see me? I will die of embarrassment.

Narrator:

But Penny had nothing to worry about; her rich employers paid no attention to her at all. They bossed her around and never even asked her name.

Penny:

Do this. Do that. My friends ordered me around all day. Not one of them noticed it was me.

Narrator:

Penny shared her experiences with Garth over the meal he invited her to after her first week working as a servant.

Penny:

You just wouldn't believe how rude they were.

Narrator:

Penny rambled on, unaware of the smile that flitted across Garth's mouth. A week later Penny was fired from her job for not putting enough bubbles in a woman's bath. She and Garth were discussing this latest news over another dinner.

Penny:

I didn't mean to get fired. Now I need to find another job.

Narrator:

She looked over the want ads, circling several jobs she might try next.

Garth:

Maybe you can help the vendors sell their goods in the market?

Narrator:

And so it was that over time, Penny changed. Since her job at the diner, she cooked dinner every night. Since her job in the mansions, she cleaned her apartment till its rough floors shone. And now with her job at the market, she collected a mismatched set of dishes, a slightly torn tablecloth, and a beautiful blue chipped vase. She used them to turn her apartment into a home.

Penny:

Garth, if you like, I'll fix you dinner tonight.

Narrator:

Penny carefully made the meal and set the table with the finest of her mismatched dishes. Garth noticed the changes in Penny. A thoughtful, **considerate** and gracious girl had replaced the spoiled, demanding, and rude young lady he had met at the bus stop. Unaware of the changes in herself, Penny finally began to notice the young man who had become her friend over these past months.

Garth:

Thank you for fixing dinner, and your apartment looks great! Here's some dessert I made, I hope you like pie.

Narrator:

Penny blushed at the praise and because Garth was staring at her.

Garth:

You've had the job at the market for a while now. Let's celebrate with a limousine ride through town—my treat.

Penny:

Oh no, neither of us can afford that; don't waste your money on me.

Garth:

Then, how about a carriage ride through the beautiful park?

Penny:

No, that is expensive as well. If there is someplace you would like to go, we can just take the bus.

Narrator:

Proud of Penny's attitude, Garth agreed and escorted her to the bus. They sat and chatted about everything and nothing at all, enjoying their time together.

Garth:

Look at that beautiful park. And look at those magnificent mansions. Don't you miss living there?

Narrator:

Penny looked out from the bus at the life she once had. Turning to answer Garth, she saw the caring in his eyes. She thought of her job with all the people at the market, her homey apartment, and the time she got to spend with her new friend.

Penny:

I don't miss it one bit.

Narrator:

Taking her hand in his, Garth led Penny off the bus, up the street, and down the long driveway to a mansion that stood on the hill.

Penny:

Garth, who lives here?

Narrator:

Penny looked nervously for the guards who would throw them off the grounds.

Garth:

Mr. G lives here.

Penny:

Won't Mr. G get upset with us for trespassing?

Garth:

No, Mr. G won't mind if we have a look around.

Penny:

Do you know Mr. G?

Narrator:

Penny's expression was quite puzzled and Garth looked pleased.

Garth:

I am Mr. G.

Narrator:

Garth led her up the steps and into the mansion where all his servants were waiting to welcome them.

Garth:

Good evening Charles, Mary, Elizabeth, Henry, James, Helen, Mildred, and John. May I introduce my friend, Penny. I have the feeling she might be spending more time here.