

READERS' THEATER BASED ON
Upside Down in the Middle of Nowhere

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I

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Arranged by CYRM committee members for classroom use only

Characters:

Narrator 1	Armani
Narrator 2	Miss Priscilla
Narrator 3	Matthew
Mr. High Pockets	Sealy

Miss Priscilla:

Hush, hush, honey bee, it's gonna be all right.

Narrator 1:

Armani shivered with the cold.

Narrator 2:

Soft mama-like arms wrapped around Armani.

Miss Priscilla:

I sat flat on the floor with my back against the wall and stroked Armani's head.

Narrator 3:

Armani wanted to stay there forever.

Armani:

I looked up and saw Mr High Pockets looking down at me.

Mr. High Pockets:

I smiled at Armani and walked away.

Miss Priscilla:

Do you feel like talking, Armani?

Armani:

I can't.

Miss Priscilla:

I know, I know, child. Everything's going to be all right.

Armani:

It's my fault. All of it.

Narrator 1:

Armani's head did a teeny hop every time she hiccupped.

Miss Priscilla:

You'll see, honeybee, it's all gonna get better.

Narrator 2:

Miss Priscilla stroked her hair.

Narrator 3:

Armani pulled her head up.

Miss Priscilla:

I wiped her nose and cleaned her face with a tissue.

Armani:

My own mama hadn't done that since I was six or seven, but I didn't care.

Narrator 1:

Armani let the lady wipe whatever she thought needed wiping.

Armani:

Miss Nash--

Miss Priscilla:

Please, call me Priscilla.

Armani:

Miss Priscilla, you don't understand. Everything that happened is my fault.

Miss Priscilla:

Nothing's that happened is anyone's fault. It was a terrible, spiteful storm.

Narrator 2:

Miss Priscilla let out a long sigh.

Armani:

I know. But you don't understand.

Narrator 3:

Miss Priscilla laid her cheek against Armani's cheek.

Armani:

All I wanted for my birthday was a puppy. I broke my promise to Cricket. I told her I'd always take care of her and keep her safe.

Miss Priscilla:

Oh, child, I don't know what you're talking about but I'm here to keep you safe. My, oh my, would you look at that?

Narrator 1:

All the kids were walking towards them. Matthew had Khayla in his arms.

Narrator 2:

Lukey and little John stood behind their brother.

Narrator 3:

Armani held out her arms and Khayla leaned down.

Narrator 1:

Sealy and Martha took seats on the floor with Armani and Miss Priscilla.

Matthew:

What's going on ?

Miss Priscilla:

Oh, Matthew...

Armani:

You know Matthew?

Narrator 2:

Matthew and Miss Priscilla looked at each other and nodded.

Matthew:

Sure, Miss Priscilla's been looking out for us ever since we got off the bus.

Narrator 3:

Armani was shocked.

Armani:

I don't understand. You talked to CPS?

Matthew:

Well, yeah.

Armani:

Did you report us to CPS? Tell me the truth.

Narrator 1:

Miss Priscilla raised her eyebrows and looked at Matthew.

Narrator 2:

Matthew shrugged.

Armani:

What? Tell me. I wanna know if those people from CPS are coming.

Sealy:

I looked from Armani to Miss Priscilla to Matthew. Panic was in my eyes.

Miss Priscilla:

Honeybee, you're breaking my heart! I AM CPS.

Sealy:

I gasped.

Armani:

No, you're not.

Matthew:

Sure, she is, Armani. How did you not know that?

Armani:

I....I....I don't----

Sealy:

So, are you taking us to jail now?

Miss Priscilla :

Good heavens, no! Why on earth would I do that, darling? I'm just here to help
you
you all.

Armani:

But I seen you. I seen you the night we got here. You took those two boys. I thought you took them to jail or CPS or something or foster care.

Miss Priscilla:

Oh, sweetie, I don't know which boys you're talking about. Unless you mean Tyrone and Trevor.

Narrator 3:

Miss Priscilla pointed about four rows over.

Narrator 1:

The boys turned and nodded "hey" at us.

Armani:

Me and Sealy just stared at each other.