

# Amber Alert

A One Act by Abby Byrne

*(Stage lights are down. Amber and Claire enter R, laughing)*

**Amber:** *(looks at phone)* Oh shoot my mom's calling... It's 11:30! Oh my god she's going to kill me!

**Claire:** Oh no you've been out kind of late recently.

**Amber:** Ugh you're right... I wasn't the one who wanted to see this movie *(looks half-accusingly half jokingly at Claire)*

**Claire:** Sorry! But it was so good you have to admit that.

**Amber:** Ok true...

**Claire:** You better hurry so that you're not grounded for that concert next week!

**Amber:** I better go..

**Claire:** *(Nervous/Upset)* Amber before you go, can I tell you something?

**Amber:** Of course!

**Claire:** Owen broke up with me.

**Amber:** What?

**Claire:** Yeah it was really abrupt. He called me yesterday and said that it wasn't working out. We only dated for two months but it just hurts...

**Amber:** Claire you don't deserve to feel like this! You are such an amazing person and you are so much better than him!

**Claire:** Thanks Amber.

**Amber:** I just can't believe it... I want you to know that I'll always be here for you, no matter what. Ugh, that's Owen's loss.

*(Claire and Amber hug)*

**Claire:** Alright, you'd better get going.

**Amber:** I'll see you tomorrow.

**Claire:** Ok see ya!

*(Amber crosses L and Claire exits R. Amber walks on with a sign saying "the next day" Claire enters R, maybe with a toothbrush/ fixing hair for the next day and is "leaving the house" when she hears the doorbell and opens the door (L) to the cop, Roger)*

**Claire:** Hello... Can I help you?

**Roger:** Yes- My name is Roger Thompson. I'm with the Pawnee Police Department. Are you Claire Watson?

**Claire:** Yes...

**Roger:** Do you know this girl? (*shows picture*)

**Claire:** Yes that's Amber Robinson, she's my best friend.

**Roger:** Can I come in?

**Claire:** Sure...

**Roger:** Last night your friend, Amber, was reported missing. Her mother said that she was with you last night. Can you please tell me what you two were doing?

**Claire:** What? Missing?

**Roger:** Yes... we need to know her most recent whereabouts so that we can find her.

**Claire:** Um well we went to see a movie last night. It got out a bit later than we expected and since we drove separately we split up after the movie. I didn't see her after that...

**Roger:** Ok... We found her keys on the ground. Do you know anything that could have happened regarding that?

**Claire:** No...

**Roger:** Ok her mother already told us what the car looks like. It is still in the lot- that's what makes us nervous. What time did you end up leaving?

**Claire:** It was about 11:30.

**Roger:** Alright can you describe what she was last wearing?

**Claire:** (*description of costume*)

**Roger:** Ok thank you. If we hear anything we will inform you as soon as possible.

**Claire:** Ok thanks...

*(Roger exits L and Claire has a moment to herself. She is very shaken up and worked up because her friend is missing. She decides to call Amber in hopes that she will pick up. Amber's voicemail plays)*

**\*Amber's voicemail\*** Hey you've reached Amber! Sorry I couldn't get to the phone. If you need anything leave a message. Talk to you later!

**Claire:** *(frantically)* Hey Amber so they say that you're missing- if you get this call please call me back I am really nervous. *(beep, ending the call)*

*(Claire takes a moment, pacing the stage with disbelief and nervousness)*

**Claire:** *(to herself)* I don't believe this... It can't be real *(pauses for a moment)* This is all my fault... I was the one who wanted to see the movie. I made her stay out past curfew and we probably could have carpooled...What if someone kidnapped her...

*(Claire meanders off R and Amber enters L. She is holding car keys and texting. She looks up and mutters to herself)*

**Amber:** Ugh where did I park my car?

*(A man dressed in all black with something covering his face enters R and walks up to Amber. She looks alarmed and begins to turn around/back up and the kidnapper grabs her. They fight back and forth and she tries to break free)*

**Kidnapper 1:** Hey over here!

*(The KN2 enters R with something to put in Ambers mouth. KN1 grabs Ambers legs and KN2 puts the gag in Ambers mouth. Kicking, she tries to escape but KN2 restrains her legs. They carry her off L.)*

*(Spotlight on Claire at C. )*

**Claire:** *(On the phone)* Hey mom, just wanted to let you know that I'm here.... Are you sure that this is going to help me?.... Ok I have to go

*(Lights come up with a table/desk and a chair with the therapist sitting in it LC, and another chair RC with Claire sitting in it. Amber walks on with a sign that says 1 month later.)*

**Therapist:** Hello Claire, what brings you here today today?

**Claire:** I am having a bit of trouble getting over my friend... she has been missing for about a month.

**Therapist:** So have you ever come to a therapist before?

**Claire:** No...

**Therapist:** Ok! There's nothing to worry about. This is a safe environment where you can speak your mind.

**Claire:** Um alright...

**Therapist:** So tell me about yourself Claire.

**Claire:** Well I live with my Mom, Dad and brother.

**Therapist:** Yes, your family is very concerned about you. (*silence*) Tell me about your friend Amber.

**Claire:** (*This is all growing intensity*) Well she's been gone for a month... I feel that it's my fault that she went missing. If I could have just been there I could have called the police or they wouldn't have taken her... I... I....

**Therapist:** How does Amber being missing make you feel?

**Claire:** Guilty. Confused. I feel that it should have been me. It shouldn't have happened to her.

**Therapist:** Claire you need to understand that this is not your fault. Nothing that you can do or could have done could have stopped what happened. (*Claire looks off into the distance, silently*) Claire you did nothing wrong.

**Claire:** I know but I still feel like there is *something* that I could have done. I wanted to go to that movie, I picked the time, place, and we drove separate cars. I should have done something... Anything!

**Therapist:** There was nothing you could have done- you didn't cause this or know that it was going to happen. It is understandable for someone who is grieving.

**Claire:** (*growing intensity to almost yelling*) Grieving? What is that supposed to mean? I am not going through grief. I am having a massive amount of stress and guilt over my best friend disappearing. When my grandpa died- that was grief. This is... it's waking up with the fact that my best friend could be gone forever, extremely injured, or dead.

**Therapist:** Anger is the second stage of grief. You seem very troubled by the loss of your friend. (*silence*) So if you could describe your mood like a color over the past month, what would it be?

**Claire:** (*thinking for a while and scoffs*) Well, I guess it would be dark gray. With Amber being missing everything has been gloomier and more dull. Some mornings I can't bear getting out of bed. I wake up and she is the first thing on my mind every single day. I have stopped hanging out with my other friends as much. Every time I am with them I feel like she should be there, by my side. Every time something remotely good happens, I am instantly filled with regret because Amber should have been there.

**Therapist:** I understand... Unfortunately that is all of the time that we have for today. Is there anything else you would like to add before you go?

**Claire:** Yes, I have a question.

**Therapist:** Alright, ask away!

**Claire:** (*getting very emotionally worked up*) How am I supposed to deal with it... Amber's sister glaring at me in the halls. Her sad face that used to be so bright and happy... How do I deal with bumping into her mom at the store, or seeing her dad glance up at me with disgust as he is shoveling the driveway as I walk to the bus? They are all blaming me and I don't know what to do... I... I...

**Therapist:** Claire, there's not a definite answer to that. I'm so sorry, I wish that I could tell you a way to make everything better. But let me tell you this, you've made it through this month and the first month is definitely the hardest. Just keep doing what you're doing. Here, take this journal and write your feelings. I promise it will help you begin to cope. I will see you soon Claire.

**Claire:** Alright, see you then.

(*Claire gets up and crosses DL. There is a spotlight on her and the rest of the stage goes dark. Claire is very anxious. She looks up*)

**Claire:** I would give anything to see Amber again. Please please please let her come home.

(*Claire looks down. Lights go up, Amber comes back with a sign that says 3 months later. Claire sits back down in the chair and she is very distant*)

**Therapist:** Hello Claire.

**Claire:** Hello.

**Therapist:** How are you doing today?

**Claire:** Honestly? I'm doing horrible. All the time I feel hopeless. My grades have dropped, I have lost all of my friends because all I think about is Amber. My parents say that they understand and they hear what I am saying, but they don't *really* listen to me. They used to understand the days where I couldn't get out of bed. Now, all they do is tell me to deal with it.

**Therapist:** I am really sorry that you are dealing with this. How does it make you feel when your parents act like this?

**Claire:** Bad. (*silence*) They just don't understand. No one understands.

**Therapist:** How has writing in your journal been going?

**Claire:** It's been difficult. I usually end up just scribbling out what I write... I can't keep my thoughts on myself. They always go back to Amber.

**Therapist:** Claire I am very concerned about you. You have not shown many signs of improvement since we've started our sessions. I have talked to your parents and we think it is

best for you to go on an antidepressant. Hopefully this will help you begin to accept what has happened and help you move on.

**Claire:** Accept what has happened? I have accepted it! She is gone and she is never coming back. My best friend- my only friend- has vanished from my life and there's nothing that I can do.

**Therapist:** Is there really nothing that you can do?

**Claire:** I'm not sure... So far, everything that I've tried hasn't worked. Exercise, meeting with other "friends who feel the same way" (*emphasize the "" to show that they were not feeling the same way*) and even crazy things like yoga! I am still upset and there's nothing that I can do to move past this.

**Therapist:** That is what I am concerned about. So, we are going to try medicine for a while and see how that works out. Hopefully we can find a solution soon. (*Hands Claire the bottle MAKING SURE THAT IT SHAKES so that the audience knows that there are pills in it*). Also Claire, Amber was not your only friend. You have many people that are there for you. I know it's hard to not think about Amber, but this medicine, and surrounding yourself with positive people will help. I will see you at our next session Claire.

*(Claire walks DC and a spotlight is on her. She looks very upset- more than ever before. She goes to open the bottle and is confused because there are no more pills. Amber, dressed in all white walks on DR and another spotlight is on her)*

**Claire:** Amber? What's going on?

**Amber:** (*Crossing C*) Everything is going to be alright soon.

*(Claire becomes very weak and Amber helps her sit down. She begins to slowly drift away and her eyes close. Blackout)*