

YOU HAVE TO WEAR GREEN ON TUESDAYS...AND OTHER BITS OF TEENAGE WISDOM

By Deanna Ableser

Copyright © 2009 by Deanna Ableser, All rights reserved.
ISBN: 1-60003-492-6

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

CHARACTERS

(in order of appearance)

Bullied Kid 1	Male or Female. Smaller stature. Younger.
Bullied Kid 2	Male or Female. Smaller stature. Younger.
Bully 1	Male. Bigger stature. Older.
Bully 2	Male. Bigger stature. Older.
Salesperson 1	Female. Bigger stature. Older.
Girl 1	Female. Smaller stature. Younger.
Salesperson 2	Female. Bigger stature. Older.
Girl 2	Female. Smaller stature. Younger.
Salesperson 3	Female. Bigger stature. Older.
Girl 3	Female. Smaller stature. Younger.
Street Vendor 1	Male or Female. Bigger stature. Older.
Street Vendor 2	Male or Female. Bigger stature. Older.
Street Vendor 3	Male or Female. Bigger stature. Older.
Shy Girl	Female. Bigger stature. Older.
Shy Boy	Male. Bigger stature. Older.
Cool Girl 1	Female. Smaller stature. Very physically attractive.
Cool Girl 2	Female. Smaller stature. Very physically attractive.
Cool Girl 3	Female. Smaller stature. Very physically attractive.
Out Girl	Female. Bigger stature. 'Plain Jane'.

Announcer	Male or Female. Bigger stature. Older.
Contestant 1	Female. Very thin. Younger.
Contestant 2	Female. Very thin. Younger.
Teen Boy 2	Male. Older.
Teen Girl 2	Female. Older.
Public Service Spokesperson	Male or Female. Older or Younger.
Cafe Owner	Male or Female. Older or Younger.
Cyberbully 1	Male or Female. Smaller stature.
Cyberbully 2	Male or Female. Smaller stature.
Cyberbully 3	Male or Female. Smaller stature.
Runaway's Sister	Female. Older.
Administrator	Male. Older. Bigger stature.
Beat Box Boy	Male. Younger. Smaller stature.
Teenage Girl 1	Female. Older.
Teenage Girl 2	Female. Older.
Teenage Girl 3	Female. Older.
Teenage Boy 1	Male. Older.
Teenage Boy 2	Male. Older.
Teenage Boy 3	Male. Older.
Letter Girl 1	Female. Older or Younger.
Letter Boy 1	Male. Older or Younger.
Letter Girl 2	Female. Older or Younger.
Letter Boy 2	Male. Older or Younger.

Letter Girl 3	Female. Older or Younger.
Letter Boy 3	Male. Older or Younger.
Inventor 1	Male or Female. Older or Younger.
Inventor 2	Male or Female. Older or Younger.
Inventor 3	Male or Female. Older or Younger.
Green Girl 1	Female. Very physically attractive.
Green Girl 2	Female. Very physically attractive.
Green Girl 3	Female. Very physically attractive.
Girl Not Wearing Green	Female. Smaller stature. 'Plain Jane'.
Honest Girl 1	Female. Older or Younger.
Honest Girl 2	Female. Older or Younger.
Honest Girl 3	Female. Older or Younger.
Honest Girl 4	Female. Older or Younger.
Honest Girl 5	Female. Older or Younger.
Honest Girl 6	Female. Older or Younger.
End Girl 1	Female. Older or Younger.
End Boy 1	Male. Older or Younger.

Cast size is variable.

Minimum Cast Size: 11 children: 5 males and 6 females.

Maximum Cast Size 59 children: 32 females, 13 males, and 14 either gender.

PROP LIST

Folded up pieces of paper

Sandwich

Walkie-Talkie

Microphone

Flashlight

Three keyboards

Three pairs of black sunglasses

Three black zip up sweatshirts

Three black gloves

Three school yearbooks

Small Paperback Book covered with 'How to Control Middle School Students in Ten Easy Steps'

Big oversized book bag with holes cut out for eyes

Bags of chips

Small Paperback Book covered with 'How to Speak to Girls in Girl Language'

Small Paperback Book covered with 'How to be a Sidekick'

Black fedora hat

Deodorant spray (Small container)

Lego pieces that join together to form a device with a button

Three green scarves

Green ribbon for hair

SET PIECES

* 3 solid black boxes with hand holds on all sides. Should be solid enough for one teenager to stand on and another to sit on. Needs to be able to be moved on and off stage quickly. If director wishes, these three solid boxes can be painted/designed according to any desired colored scheme. If there are no blocks available at touring locations, chairs or stools can be used. Approximate dimensions: 2' by 2' by 2'

DIRECTORS NOTES

This play can be staged as a touring play or set in an actual location. The only set pieces necessary are three solid blocks which can be used to create different sets as necessary. If needed, three chairs or stools could be used in place of boxes. There are no lighting or special effect requirements.

As this play was written based on actual monologues written by middle schools students, it will be best performed by children from grades 6-9. The director can switch around some of the genders and ages to fit his/her company needs. Also, many of the terms used are relevant to the initial cast that I work shopped this play with in March 2009. The current director has the right to change words and concepts around to make them more socially relevant and applicable to their current cast, locale, and situation. Current director also has the right to delete scenes and/or monologues for time/casting needs.

While most scenes are fictional, they are based on real monologues students wrote about their true life experiences. There are statistical facts in Scene 17: The Truth. These statistics were gathered from research on the internet. Specific sites used were: www.teendepression.org and www.teendrugabuse.us.

This play is dedicated to the past, current, and future Drama students at Richard Henry Dana Middle School.

YOU HAVE TO WEAR GREEN ON TUESDAYS ... AND OTHER TEENAGE BITS OF WISDOM

by
Deanna Ableser

THE OPENING

The stage is bare. There are 3 solid black blocks that measure approximately 2' by 2' by 2' off stage. They are carried on and off stage in various formats to fit the scene. ALL TEENS are on stage in a spread out stage picture. They are all facing the audience. SOME are seated on the edge of the stage. OTHERS surround them.

TEEN 1: Come with us...

TEEN 2: Join us on our journey...

TEEN 3: A memorable journey...

TEEN 4: A journey of pain...

TEEN 5: A journey of laughter...

TEEN 6: A journey of embarrassment...

TEEN 7: A journey of fun times...

TEEN 8: A journey of sad times...

TEEN 9: A journey of crazy times...

TEEN 10: A journey of growing up...

TEEN 11: Of being too old...

TEEN 12: But not old enough...

TEEN 13: To understand...

TEEN 14: Why...

TEEN 15: How...

TEEN 16: When...

TEEN 17: Trying to desperately search for an answer...

TEEN 18: A reason...

TEEN 19: An understanding..

TEEN 20: And a slightly less rough path...

TEEN 21: Come join us...

TEEN 22: Take our hands...

TEEN 23: And we'll journey this road together.

(ALL characters remain on stage. THEY move to their seats. THEY are seated on the floor on the sides and back of the stage. THEY are active observers and head to center stage when it is their time to perform.)

BULLYING

BULLIED KID 1 takes his place stage right. HE/SHE waits until all the other actors are seated and then begins.

BULLIED KID 1: *(to audience)* I have the routine down. Mom comes into my bedroom with the thermometer. She places it in my mouth and leaves the room. I warm it up by the lamp and replace it in my mouth. I've got a fever. Momma says I don't have to go to school. At least that's another day I don't get shoved into a locker.

(BULLIED KID 1 crouches and freezes. BULLIED KID 2 rises and takes his/her place stage left.)

BULLIED KID 2: *(to audience)* If I get the timing just right, dad never knows I don't go to school. He drops me off. I smile and wave. I watch him drive away and slowly duck into the bushes. I change my clothes and go hide wherever no one will find me. Dad works late and I'm back at the school by the time he comes around to get me. If anyone thinks I'm going inside that place again...

(BULLIED KID 2 crouches and freezes and watches the following scene unfold. BULLIES rise from their chairs and head over to BULLIED KID 1.)

BULLY 1: *(laughing and pointing)* Hey, take a look at the new kid! What happened, did you get your clothes on super clearance?

BULLY 2: *(laughing also)* What's wrong with you? Any idiot can see he gets his clothes from the local trash can in the alley. Actually spending real money in a store? You kidding? That's high class for this one.

BULLIED KID 1: *(very frightened)* I ... I ...

BULLY 1: *(mocking him/her)* What's wrong, baby? Junky clothes and you can't even get out a complete sentence ... you got a ssst--tt--uu--ttering problem??? Need a little pacifier to try to get those words out?

BULLIED KID 1: *(trying to get words out)* I ... I ... was just ...

(BULLY 1 and BULLY 2 pick up BULLIED KID 1 and shove him/her to the ground. THEY take turns beating up BULLIED KID 1 and then drag him back to his seat. BULLIED KID 1 is fighting them the entire time. HE/SHE gets thrown down to the floor. BULLIES "high-five" each other and sit down on opposite side of the stage. BULLIED KID 2 rises.)

BULLIED KID 2: *(pulling hood over head as much as possible)* And that's how it goes. You see, I've been bullied pretty much since I was a little kid. It started with some dirty looks and then came the cruel jokes and slowly progressed into things getting physical. So, I just stopped going to school. I'd work it all out so my dad didn't know and I gave the school fake contact information. No one was really the wiser. I've learned how to manipulate the system and avoid other kids. Takes a lot of brains to do that. Just wait until I make it big time and they all end up as losers. Then, the joke will be on them. Sick irony is always the best prize when it really comes down to it. Catch ya when I'm making millions and you're stuck scrounging for change on a dirty street corner. We'll see who'll be laughing then.

(BULLIED KID 2 snickers as HE walks back to seat.)

FASHION

SALESPERSONS 1, 2 and 3 come out. THEY move blocks to center stage, stage right, and stage left. THEY snap in order and GIRLS 1, 2 and 3 come out. GIRLS 1, 2 and 3 climb on boxes as if THEY were being remotely controlled by SALESPERSONS 1, 2 and 3. SALESPERSON 1 and GIRL 1 come 'to life'.)

SALESPERSON 1: *(pantomiming holding an outfit)* This is so the latest fashion ...

GIRL 1: But it's 100 dollars for a shirt ...

SALESPERSON 1: *(with attitude)* But imagine how many more friends it will get you ...

GIRL 1: I can't afford 100 dollars for a shirt ...

SALESPERSON 1: *(abruptly)* Can you afford to not have any friends?

(SALESPERSON 1 and GIRL 1 freeze. SALESPERSON 2 and GIRL 2 come 'to life'.)

SALESPERSON 2: *(pantomiming holding another outfit)* I just don't think you're getting it ...

GIRL 2: Getting what?

SALESPERSON 2: *(with attitude)* This outfit is gonna make you IT! If you don't get this outfit, you might as well just give up now and

accept your title as loser of the year. You can't go to school wearing something like THAT!

GIRL 2: But what's wrong with ...

SALESPERSON 2: (*very irritated*) I can see we are starting from Baby Step 1. Girl, if you want to be popular ... you're gonna have to start to learn ...

(*SALESPERSON 2 and GIRL 2 freeze. SALESPERSON 3 and GIRL 3 come 'to life'.*)

SALESPERSON 3: (*holding another mimed outfit*) I think that current outfit needed to be in the trash can yesterday ...

GIRL 3: But you don't understand ...

SALESPERSON 3: (*with irritation*) I think you're the one who doesn't understand. If you think you're gonna make it through middle school wearing outfits like THAT, I've got a bridge in Brooklyn I can sell ya ...

GIRL 3: Look, I really don't have any ...

SALESPERSON 3: (*with more irritation*) I don't care what you have or don't have ... it's time for a bit of a reality check. And reality check is, girl, you look like last week's out kid.

(*SALESPERSON 3 and GIRL 3 freeze. GIRLS 1,2, and 3 step out and face the audience. As THEY do, SALESPERSONS 1,2, and 3 sit on blocks with their backs to the GIRLS and audience.*)

GIRL 1: You see, I try my best to look cool. I spend so much time every morning looking at every possible combination I have but ...

GIRL 2: It's not like I have the most money in the world. I mean, my mom and dad give me what they can afford, but I can't afford to shop in Beverly Hills like some of the other girls at my school and I try not to let their comments ...

GIRL 3: Really get the best of me ... I hold it together at school, but I can't help hiding in my room at home and crying ... I mean ... I just want ...

GIRL 1: To be cool and fit in ...

GIRL 2: And be part of the 'in circle' ...

GIRL 3: But it never seems to be enough ...

GIRL 1: So I just have to put up with the jokes ...

GIRL 2: And taunting ...

GIRL 3: And bullying ...

GIRL 1: About how I look ...

GIRL 2: And hope that some day ...

GIRL 3: Someone will recognize and notice me ...

GIRL 1: For who I am ...

GIRL 2: And the type of person I am ...

GIRL 3: And how I really care about people ...

GIRL 1: And volunteer at my local animal shelter ...

GIRL 2: Instead of just judging me ...

GIRL 3: On what I look like ...

GIRL 1: And the clothes I wear ...

GIRL 2: And the cell phone I have ...

GIRL 3: But until then ...

GIRL 1: I cry myself to sleep quietly each night ...

GIRL 2: And hope I can just get through the next day ...

ALL GIRLS: Without being someone else's target.

(SALESPERSON 1 snaps and controls GIRL 1. SALESPERSON pulls her back without touching her as if GIRL 1 were a puppet.

SALESPERSON 1 manipulates GIRL 1 back to her seat. THEY both sit. SALESPERSON 2, GIRL 2, SALESPERSON 3, and GIRL 3 follow in rapid succession. This action is almost occurring simultaneously.)

RUMORS

THREE STREET VENDORS stand SR, CS, and SL on blocks and face audience.

STREET VENDOR 1: Boys and girls, have I got the latest deal for you!
Step right on up. I've got the best rumors on the market.

STREET VENDOR 2: *(trying to physically and vocally top STREET VENDOR 1)* That's right. I can do even better than that, boys and girls. Buy that vicious negative rumor from me and I'll give you yet another horribly vicious negative rumor for free!

STREET VENDOR 3: *(trying to physically and vocally top STREET VENDORS 1 and 2)* That's nothing, boys and girls. Why, I personally guarantee, without any shade of doubt, that my rumors will destroy anyone within the time frame of one day. With my rumors, you'll be on the top of the social scene passing around rumors like they were nobody's business.

STREET VENDOR 1: But wait, little kids, I've got more to offer you. Forget about my previous offer. If you purchase just two negative rumors from me in the next twenty minutes, I'll throw in some free lessons on writing your own rumors ...

STREET VENDOR 2: Just a minute, boys and girls, that's nothing ...
my rumors are so guaranteed to destroy, you'll never have to worry
again about anyone passing around rumors about you ...

STREET VENDOR 3: Hold on there, little youngins ... I'll not only top
that, but you'll get a free rumor repellent from me ... Spray it on first
thing in the morning and last thing in the evening and I guarantee
you ...

STREET VENDOR 1: *(stepping down and crossing to center stage)* My
rumors will make you ...

STREET VENDOR 2: *(stepping down to center stage)* The top of the
top ...

STREET VENDOR 3: *(stepping down and crossing to center stage)* No
more hiding in the bathroom ...

STREET VENDOR 1: Be assertive ...

STREET VENDOR 2: Be very assertive ...

STREET VENDOR 3: Heck, be aggressive ...

STREET VENDOR 1: Destroy them before they destroy you ...

STREET VENDOR 2: Be the predator ...

STREET VENDOR 3: Get them on the offense ...

STREET VENDOR 1: You can do it ...

STREET VENDOR 2: Only \$9.99 per rumor ...

STREET VENDOR 3: As evil as you want them ...

STREET VENDOR 1: Our guarantee ...

STREET VENDOR 2: Money back ...

STREET VENDOR 3: You know you want to ...

STREET VENDOR 1: So just do it ...

STREET VENDOR 2: Now ...

STREET VENDOR 3: It's never too late to start.

*(ALL STREET VENDORS snap in succession and wink at audience.
THEY back up slowly to their seats and turn and sit down. The center
block is moved offstage.)*

THE RELATIONSHIP

**A BOY and a GIRL rise from their seats. BOY sits on stage right
block. GIRL sits on stage left block.**

SHY GIRL: *(very embarrassed)* Oh my god! He looked at me today! At
least I think he looked at me. Maybe he wasn't looking at me ...
maybe he was looking at someone else. Ack! What if he wasn't

looking at me and I looked at him and he thinks I was checking him out and ...

(SHY GIRL freezes.)

SHY BOY: (*very embarrassed*) Crap! I hope it wasn't too obvious I was checking her out! I mean, I've been into her for weeks now and I'm terrified to even talk to her ... I didn't mean to look ... and then she looked ... and ...

(*SHY BOY* freezes.)

SHY GIRL: Wait! He was looking at me. I know it. And I know it wasn't a good look. I really hope he didn't see the big zit I have on my nose. Man, the day he chooses to look at me ... biggest zit in the world ... should've worn a paper bag over my head today!

(*SHY GIRL* freezes.)

SHY BOY: She's really nice. I mean, I hear her talking to her friends and she seems awfully nice. I don't think she'd laugh right in my face if I tried to talk to her ... but if she did ... man, I'd be the laughing stock for weeks.

(*SHY BOY* freezes.)

SHY GIRL: That's it. He was looking at the big zit. I'm big zit girl now! He's probably going around telling all of his friends about the biggest zit they have ever seen. They're sitting there laughing about me right now.

(*SHY GIRL* freezes.)

SHY BOY: (*rising and walking slowly to edge of stage*) I can do it. I can get the courage. I know how to talk. Been talking for about 11 years now. I can do it. Just go up and say hello. How hard can that be? Hello! 5 letters. I've said many more letters than that before. I can do it. Just breathe man, breathe!

SHY GIRL: (*rising and walking slowly to edge of stage*) I'm totally going down in history as big zit girl. Man, why can't I do anything right? I knew I should've stayed home from school today. Could've stayed in bed with the covers over my face and spared society staring at the biggest zit they've ever seen.

SHY BOY: (*pretending to meditate*) In and out. Take a deep breath!
In. Out. In. Out.

SHY GIRL: (*overly expressive*) I'm so buying a life supply of Zena's Zit Cream. Their commercial says it's the best zit cream on the market. That's it. Buying a life supply now. It's the only way to show my face in public again.

SHY BOY: (*walking towards audience and then towards SHY GIRL*)
Take one foot and put it in front of the other. Turn towards her.
Walk. Right foot. Left foot. Right foot. Left foot.

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from YOU HAVE TO WEAR GREEN
ON TUESDAYS...AND OTHER BITS OF TEENAGE WISDOM by Deanna
Ableser. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:***

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011
www.brookpub.com**