

You Have to Wear Green on Tuesdays

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Dramatic

GIRL: 11 to 13; average looking, dressed in a trendy fashion.

BOY: 11 to 13; average looking, dressed in sporty clothes.

The BOY and GIRL come out and stand center stage and address the audience.

GIRL: It's not the divorce itself that really bugged me . . .

BOY: I mean, they were fighting all the time anyway . . .

GIRL: So it's really much better off that they're apart . . .

BOY: And I do get to enjoy the time I spend with each of them . . .

GIRL: But this commuting is really getting to me . . .

BOY: I spend more hours in the car going from Mom to Dad's place and back. Really doesn't put me in the best mood.

GIRL: Yeah. My mom lives in San Diego and my dad lives in Santa Barbara. I spend every other weekend at my dad's house. Let's see . . . four hours each way . . . back and forth . . . it's a big waste of everyone's time and it really is starting to get on my nerves.

BOY: [*Very irritated.*] And they just expect me to sit quietly and deal with it. I mean, it's not so bad when you're a little kid . . . you can sit and watch your little baby videos. But, I've got friends to hang out with, go skateboarding with, catch a movie with . . . I've got a life and I'm not really enjoying this getting shuffled back and forth.

GIRL: [*Very irritated.*] And let's not even get into the fighting over who knows what's best for "the kid." Mom always thinks she knows what's best for me and Dad always has to get the last word. They can't agree on anything and I'm ending up getting messed over.

[*BOY and GIRL turn toward each other. They mimic their parents.*]

BOY: I think he'd be better off in boarding school. He just can't seem to behave himself. Every day I get another phone call from the school about his behavior. I'm tired of it! He just needs to be shipped off to boarding school to get his act together.

GIRL: He's fine! What are you talking about? Don't you see . . . it's all your fault anyway! He behaves fine when he is with me. You're just a lousy dad. Hanging out in bars all the time!

BOY: Hanging out in bars! You're such a lousy liar! I spend hours at two jobs just trying to raise enough money for child support and you . . .

GIRL: Child support?! How ridiculous can you get! I can't even tell you how many times you've been late for child support . . .

BOY: Would you just be quiet already?! I'm so tired of your constant yelling and bickering! Why don't you just get a real job and stop "exploring your options"?

[GIRL and BOY face audience again.]

GIRL: And that's just one type of fight. Then there's the holiday deal.

BOY: Mom wants me for Christmas.

GIRL: Dad wants me for Christmas.

BOY: Is it an even- or odd-numbered year? Do I go with Dad? Is it Mom's year?

GIRL: I think it's getting to be a bit ridiculous. I mean, I'm not a master scheduler. Don't use me to figure out where I should or should not be at whatever time you're thinking about.

BOY: For goodness sakes, *you're* the adults. Figure it out. It's bad enough I don't get to spend the holidays with all of my family and in one place, but at least figure out where I'm supposed to be . . .

GIRL: But please . . . through it all . . . remember . . .

BOY: I'm not a toy . . .

GIRL: Or a plaything to be tossed around . . .

BOY: I'm a kid . . .

GIRL: With feelings . . .

BOY: And lots of friends . . .

GIRL: So, when you're making your schedules . . .

BOY: And figuring out child support . . .

GIRL: And trying to decide what's best for me . . .

BOY: Just take a second and try to remember that.

[GIRL and BOY high-five each other.]