

# The Green Room

a short play by  
Peter M. Floyd

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

WOMAN 1, aged 20-35

WOMAN 2, aged 45-60

MAN 1, aged 30-50

MAN 2 aged 30-50

STAGE MANAGER any age, either sex

SCENE: The green Room of a small theater

*The scene is apparently the green room of a small theater. There is a small table roughly center, with two folding chairs, and several other tables against the walls. Two or three other folding chairs are scattered about the room. Along the back is a clothes rack, from which hang a variety of costumes: suits, dresses, '40's-style trenchcoats, police uniforms, 19th-Century military uniforms, Roman togas, saris, and other outfits. On the side tables are various props which, like the costumes, are not limited by time period or location; possibilities include lanterns, antique weapons, telephones, and tea sets, but this can be left up to the set designer's imagination. Perhaps there are also Styrofoam heads with wigs. Two doors lead from the room, one upstage and one downstage.*

*At lights up, MAN 1 and WOMAN 2 are sitting in the seats by the center table, playing cards. WOMAN 1 sits upstage, reading an issue of Scientific American. There is a beat before dialog begins.*

WOMAN 1

Did you know there's a kind of squid that's even bigger than a giant squid?

WOMAN 2

Gin. *(She puts down her cards.)*

MAN 1

Damn. Almost had it.

WOMAN 2

Play again?

MAN 1

Sure.

*WOMAN 2 begins to shuffle the cards.*

WOMAN 1

It's called the colossal squid. Says here it can get up to fourteen meters long. Can you believe that? That's more than forty-five feet!

MAN 1

Huh.

WOMAN 1

There could be even bigger ones down there. You know, we know more about the surface of Mars than we do about what's in the depths of the Earth's oceans. *(Pause, as she looks to see if the others are paying attention.)* This is a really interesting article.

WOMAN 2

You should be getting ready. You may be on soon.

WOMAN 1

Don't think so. I haven't got my costume yet. I hate to think what he'll make me wear tonight... God, I hope it's not the garters and stockings again.

MAN 1

Well, you never know what he's gonna put you in. Best not to fret about it.

WOMAN 1

Easy for you to say. He's never put you into a corset, fishnets, and six-inch heels.

WOMAN 2

He had me wear that once.

WOMAN 1

What? Ew!

WOMAN 2

*(a little offended)*

What, do you think I'm too old to dress like that?

WOMAN 1

No, it's not that. It's-- You're his mother!

WOMAN 2 (*putting down her cards*)

Gin.

MAN 1

Damn.

*MAN 2 enters through the downstage door. He is dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, plus an incongruous red clown nose. He carries several high school textbooks, which he puts down on a table.*

MAN 2

Hey Guys. (*To Guy 1*) I think you're up next. (*He removes the clown nose, and sets it by the books.*)

MAN 1

So, how is it out there? What's the setting?

MAN 2

It's one of the classics. He's back in high school, taking a test in some math class he's never taken, like trigonometry or something. I'm sitting next to him, and he's asking me for some answers, and -- get this -- I start talking to him in Greek.

WOMAN 1

Since when do you know Greek?

MAN 2

Well, I don't really. But it didn't matter, 'cause he doesn't know Greek, either. I just had to say gibberish that sounded Greek.

MAN 1

Aw, man, I hate the ones about school. I always have to be some hard-assed teacher or something; that's no fun.

MAN 2

You know what one I like? The one where he's giving this speech to a crowd of people, and then he looks down and he's like totally naked.

FOR FULL SCRIPT, CONTACT PMFLOYD01@GMAIL.COM