

Green Nose

An adaptation of the book “If Only I Had A Green Nose” by Max Lucado.
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Characters:

Louise – uppity type, very proper
Eleanor – uppity type, very proper
Hillary – uppity type, very proper
Mom – southern bell
Girl – bubbly, excited
Willie Withit – salesman, smooth, convincing, trendy
Elderly gentleman – a little feisty
Timber – rides a skateboard with Chuck
Chuck – rides a skateboard with Timber
Unicycler – cycles with nose in the air, good at crashing
Twiggy – attractive, seductive
Woody – slightly timid, willing to follow the crowd, a good sport,
Splint – surfer dude, a bit of an airhead
Barber Shop Choir: Cedar, Bob, Bill
Aspen – snobby, bold, confident
Baker – thick French accent
Flower lady – sweet
Trumpet player

Text:

SCENE 1

Eli's woodshop. Punchinello looks out a large window overlooking the village, nearly falling out as he strains to see.

Eli: Be careful Punchinello.

Lucia catches him before he falls.

Lucia: One more inch and you'll be nothing but matchsticks.

Punchinello: Thanks, Lucia.

Lucia: Why'd you have your head stuck so far out the window?

Punchinello: Because I was trying to figure out why there are so many Wemmicks standing in that long line.

Lucia: You're right, Punchinello. Looks like the whole town is lined up for something.

Punchinello: Oh, no! Don't tell me it's time for our annual termite inspection again. Augh. I can't stand termite inspections.

Lucia: Don't worry, Punchinello. Termite inspection isn't for another two months.

Punchinello: Whew. Then maybe Hans the baker is having a sale on sticky buns, sugar cookies, scones, or chocolate-chocolate truffle cake. I love chocolate-chocolate truffle cake.

Paper blows onto stage with an announcement of Willie.

Lucia: What is it, Punchinello?

Punchinello: Green noses. Mr. Withit is coming to town with his latest withit. No one should be left without a green nose.

Lucia: What? That's why everyone is standing in line? To get their nose painted green?

Punchinello: Yeah. Look at them all having so much fun, Lucia. Everyone's so excited about getting their nose painted green.

Lucia: I don't get it. Why would anyone want to paint their nose green?

Eli: Because everyone else is.

Punchinello: What do you mean, Eli?

Eli: Everyone wants to look like everyone else. Sometimes it's square hats, sometimes it's tall shoes. Last year the big thing was yellow ears. And now, it's green noses. Everyone wants a green nose.

Punchinello: Will having a green nose make them smarter?

Eli: No.

Punchinello: Then, will it make them stronger?

Eli: No.

Punchinello: Will it make them faster?

Eli: No.

Punchinello: What will it make them?

Eli: Greener.

Lucia: Then why does everyone want a green nose, Eli?

Eli: (*Looking sad*) They think they'll be happier if they look like everyone else. But I made them different on purpose. Freckles, long noses, short noses, bright eyes, dark eyes. All these were my ideas. Now they all want to look the same.

Lucia: Not me, Eli. I'm happy just the way you made me.

Punchinello: Me, too. I don't need a green nose to feel special. (*He looks out the window toward the town again*) But I would like to see how a green nose looks up close. Want to go, Lucia?

Lucia: Okay. I've never seen a green nose up close, either. Good-bye, Eli.

Eli: Good-bye. Just remember, I made you different on purpose.

Punchinello: I won't forget, Eli. I promise.

SCENE 2

Town scene. People are bustling around, preparing for the arrival of Willie.

Paper boy: Extra, extra, read all about it. Withit brings new withit. Great news is coming to Wemmickville.

Eleanor: Oh, Louise, this is so exciting.

Louise: I can hardly wait, Eleanor. I will simply radiate with a green nose. It will perfectly match my superlative green eyes.

Hillary: Ladies, I think this calls for a cup of... green tea!

Girl: Mommy, mommy, can my dolly get her nose painted green, too?

Mom: Of course she can, sweetheart. We wouldn't want your dolly to not be withit.

Girl: (*sing-song*) I'm getting a green nose, I'm getting a green nose.

Nip: I just wish he'd hurry up and get here. I do fancy myself with a green nose. A little touch of my homeland.

Tuck: It's coming, it's coming mate. Willie Withit's wagon is almost here.

Mayor: Splendid, simply splendid. It won't be long now, my darling.

Wife: Thank goodness. There are too many people crowding the streets. One of them actually touched me. Can't you do something?

Mayor: Yes, dear.

Mayor takes center stage to make an announcement.

Mayor: Testing? Testing? Is this thing on? (*ahem*) My fellow Wemmicks, in a matter of moments Wemmickville will be the recipient of Willie Withit's latest withit – green noses.

Crowd Oohs and Ahhs.

Mayor: So, without further ado, I officially declare today (*trumpet blast*) Green Nose Day. See, it says so right here on this proclamation, so it must be true.

Wife: Anyone worth his Wemmick weight shall have a green nose.

Crowd cheers, then hurries to get the town ready.

SCENE 3

Town scene. Willie Withit has arrived and set up his nose-painting stand. A mirror is hung on the side of the stand. He pulls a green nose cover out and positions it on his face. Townspeople line up to get a nose job.

Willie: Here's the call, come one, come all. Don't be left behind, a green nose for you all. Yes, folks, Willie Withit warrants guarantees green noses are the most faburific thing of all time. And you're just not withit without it.

Crowd chants, "Green nose."

Willie: And why are green noses the most stupenderific new thing? Because they're soooo...

Elderly Gentleman: Withit!

Willie: That's right. So, who will be the first to get their nose painted green?

Mayor: Well, my good man, as mayor, I shall be the first to do the honors.

Wife: Ah-hem.

Mayor: That is, after my lovely wife has had her nose painted.

Willie: Step right up.

Willie helps wife into seat and paints her nose green.

Wife: Oooh.

Crowd ooohs.

Willie: *(Holding a mirror up for her to see herself)* A vision of loveliness.

Wife: *(Gasps)* Oh! My! I had my suspicions, but now there's no doubt, I simply am the most beautiful Wemmick in all of Wemmicksville.

Mayor: *(Laughing)* Ooh, do me next. I just have to have a green nose. *(Willie paints his nose)* Ahh, that stings a little.

Willie: Dear sir, do the green nose justice: stand up straight, pull that gut in, and proudly elevate that nose.

Mayor: Hey, not bad. Green noses for everyone.

Crowd: Yea! Hurray!

Punchinello: Wow, Lucia. Look at all the green noses. Doesn't everyone look cool?

Lucia: If you ask me, Punchinello, I think they look kind of ridiculous. Look at them, they're falling all over each other.

People wander blindly around stage, running into people and making a general raucous. Nip and Tuck enter riding a bike and steer clear of unicycler, only to run into a wall.

Timber: No, no, no!

Chuck: What's the matter with you, Timber? Driving us into a bloomin wall?

Timber: Sorry, Chuck, but it's hard to ride a bike with my nose so far up in the air.

Unicycler runs into the baker, who spills water on Punchinell.

Boy: Sorry, mister.

Baker: Actuaminagooly, whippersnapper.

Lucia: Are you okay, Punchinello? You're a mess.

Punchinello: Yeah, I'm okay.

Mayor: Make way, make way. We have a terrible emergency.

Wife: I chipped some paint off my nose when I walked into a tree. Now the real me is showing.

Mayor: It's horrible, just horrible.

Lucia: All this fuss over a green nose.

Punchinello: Yeah, you'll never catch me with a green nose.

Twiggy: Awe, Punch, I was hoping you'd get one.

Punchinello: Twiggy?

Twiggy: Why don't you paint your nose green, Punch? I painted mine.

Punchinello: Oh, I don't think so, Twiggy. I'm happy just the way I am.

Twiggy: Come on, Punch. Everyone else is getting theirs painted. Besides, you'd look good in green. Yours is so... cute.

Punchinello: *(Gulp)* It is?

Twiggy: Bye-bye, Punch. See you around.

Punchinello: *(Giggles)* Bye, Twiggy.

Lucia: Come on, Punchinello. Let's go.

They start to leave.

Punchinello: That was pretty exciting, huh Lucia?

Lucia: *(Laughs)* I guess. Bye, Punchinello.

Punchinello: Bye, Lucia. See you tomorrow.

As Punchinello leaves, he passes the town mirror and stops to look at his nose.

Punchinello: Man, I've never noticed it before, but my nose does look kind of pale.

Lights fade.

SCENE 4

Punchinello, Woody, and Splint meet up to go fishing. They talk around an imaginary fishing hole.

Punchinello: Hi, guys!

Woody: Hey, Punchinello.

Splint: What's up?

Punchinello: You know something guys? I'm thinking about getting a green nose.

Woody: Are you serious?

Splint: You're really thinking about it?

Punchinello: Sort of.

Splint: I don't know. They say the paint stings your nose.

Woody: And it stings, too.

Splint: Yeah, the brush could get in your eyes, too. I bet that would hurt.

Woody: And the paint only comes off with sandpaper.

Splint: I don't know, Punchinello. Maybe it's not such a good idea, after all.

Trumpet sounds announcement into in the distance.

Punchinello: Shhh... Do you guys here that?

Splint: Yeah, I hear it.

Woody: Whatcha suppose it is?

Punchinello: I don't know. Let's go see.

Splint: I'm right behind you.

Woody: Me, too.

Boys leave for town.

SCENE 5

Town scene. Mayor leads a meeting and everyone gathered has a green nose. Punchinello, Woody, and Splint enter stage left and watch from a distance.

Mayor: Welcome, one and all, to the first meeting of the Nosy Wemmicks Club. Your glorious glistening green noses set you apart as Withit Wemmicks.

Elderly Gentleman: We owe it all to you, Willie Withit, the pioneer of the painted Wemmick nose. Let's hear it for Willie Withit.

Crowd cheers.

Barber Shop Choir

We are classy we are keen, with our noses painted green
Just splendor that is wondrous to the eye (wondrous to the eye)
Though our necks have chronic pain and we can drown in heavy rain
We proudly hold our noses high, to the sky
We were sad, we were plain, our lives were so mundane
Then Willie Withit showed us what to do
The beauty he imposes on our big green noses
Willie, we owe it all to you.

Mayor: You have changed the face of Wemmicksville. We salute your brilliance. Without you, we'd all look like... like... them! (*points at Punchinello and his friends*)

Crowd gasps.

Chuck: Get a gather at those blokes with the plain noses. (*laughs*)

Wife: Look at them! They're a disgrace to all of Wemmicksville.

Everyone points and laughs. Punchinello and friends cover their nose with their hands.

Mayor: Let's hear it for Willie Withit, the Wemmick who discovered the cure for the common nose!

Crowd cheers, Yea, Woo-hoo, "Willie, Willie."

Woody: We have to get outa here!

Splint: We have to get Withit. .

Punchinello: Race you to the paint shop!

Woody, Splint, and Punchinello ran off stage, enter opposite side of stage with their noses painted green. They parade through town.

Splint: Hey, Punchinello, *(Pushing nose upward)* am I doing it right?

Punchinello: Um, I can't see you, Splint. If I turn to look, my nose won't be in the air.

Woody: Whew, walking weird is hard.

Punchinello: Yeah, but doesn't it feel great to be withit?

Splint: Yeah, this is totally amazing! *(He smacks face first into the tree and falls to the ground; others don't even notice)*

Punchinello, Splint, and Woody take a seat on a park bench and read a large newspaper. An unpainted Wemmick passes by and they eye him quizzically.

Splint: Hey, guys. Check out that kid with his plain nose.

Woody: Yeah, can you believe that he would come out in public looking like that?

Aspen enters stage and passes the unpainted Wemmick. She checks for a green nose, then looks disdainfully down on her as she passes on. She spots Punchinello's group and approaches them, obviously relieved.

Aspen: You boys are looking fine today.

Punchinello: Why thank-you, Aspen.

Woody: *(Shyly)* You're looking pretty good, yourself.

Aspen: Well, I guess some of us just have what it takes. *(flashes a fake smile)*

Punchinello: Right...

Splint: *(Rubbing his head and looking dazed)* Um, do you have anything to take away this headache?

Aspen: *(Laughs knowingly)* Oh, don't worry. You'll get used to the headache. Either that or the neck pain will drown it out. *(sighs)* It's not easy being green.

Punchinello, Woody, and Splint stand as Aspen struts off, the guys appropriately distracted.

Splint: *(Sigh)* I can't imagine who wouldn't have a green nose.

Punchinello: Yeah, anyone without a green nose is so...

Lucia: *(Interrupting)* So what, Punchinello?

Punchinello: *(Embarrassed)* Oh, Lucia... I haven't seen you in a while.

Lucia: You haven't seen anyone in a long time, except for yourself.

Punchinello: *(Defensively)* I'm sorry. *(Straitening)* But, you know, it's not easy being ...

Lucia: *(Stops him with her hand)* I know it's not easy to be your friend. What I don't understand is why a green nose is so important to you. How does that make you any better than someone else? Why does it matter?

She turns and walks off, leaving him alone.

Punchinello: Lucia, I... *(Looks up as she disappears off stage)*

Woody: It's okay, man. You can't expect someone who's not "with it" to get it.

Splint: Yeah. That's one strange girl.

Splint and Woody sit, Splint is looking at something off stage.

Punchinello: It just bothers me that she can't understand how important this is. I mean, I really like the color green and I'm just expressing myself. [this is just a form of self-expression]

Splint: You know what bothers me, I mean, really bothers me? Check that out.

Splint points, and their gaze follows as a red-nosed Elderly Gentleman passes by.

Woody: *(Laughs)* He needs to get with it.

Splint: Yeah, he's so not with it.

Punchinello: *(Laughing)* Seriously, what kind of Wemmick would be caught with a red nose?

His laugh is cut short as red-nosed Cedar bumps into him from the back. Cedar looks confused, then notices their green noses and immediately turns his nose up and struts off.

Splint: *(Stands and puts his hand on Punchinello's shoulder)* Looks like its time for some self-repression.

Punchinello glares at him. Soon they are surrounded by red-nosed Wemmicks. The boys look at each other in confusion, then fear, then they run for town.

Willy: Step right up! Step right up. Green noses are out, and red noses are in.

Punchinello: But we just got our noses painted green!

Willy: No problem. Our red will cover the green. Step right up and get in style.

Woody: I thought we were in style.

Boys roll their eyes and get in line. Lights fade.

SCENE 6

Punchinello, Woody, and Splint are again reading their newspapers on the park bench.

Splint: You know, I never even liked the color green. Red is much more my style.

Woody: Yeah, I can't believe we ever painted our noses green.

Punchinello: Oh, no! You guys aren't gonna believe this.

Woody: What?

A blue-nosed Wemmick walks by.

Splint: Oh, no. Not again.

Woody: This is ridiculous.

Punchinello: What next? Pink noses noses?

The boys look at each other, set their papers down, and head for the paint shop. Lights fade.

SCENE 7

Punchinello, Woody, and Splint are again reading their newspapers on the park bench. Newspapers drop and reveal blue noses as pink-nosed ladies pass.

Louise: Eleanor, dear, did you see the baker's wife this morning with a *purple* nose? How embarrassing.

Eleanor: Oh, Louise, I felt so bad for her. She must not know that purple noses are out and pink are in.

Newspapers go up Bill as Bob enter, and papers go down as they pass, revealing pink noses.

Bob: ... and Bill, I am not exaggerating when I say that I stood in line for two and a half hours yesterday to get my nose painted orange.

Bill: Honestly, what is this world coming to? But I must say, that's a fine looking coat of paint you have going on there. Matches your pants quite nicely.

Bob: Yeah, I was trying to color coordinate. Do you think it makes me look younger?

Bill: Like a spring chicken.

Both men laugh as they exit. Newspapers go up. A group of purple-nosed Wemmicks passes the orange-nosed boys. Newspapers go up as the group exits stage. Boys talk out the side of their papers, noses painted purple.

Splint: You know, guys, I woke up this morning and I couldn't remember what color my nose was.

Woody: Yeah, sometimes I forget what I look like.

Punchinello: This has got to be the final color.

Splint: Should we look?

Woody: I'd rather not.

Punchinello: Somebody else look. I just can't.

The baker and flower lady cross the stage with yellow noses.

Splint: It's the baker and the flower lady, and they both have yellow noses.

They start to sniffle, then collapse in each other's arms in tears. They quickly recover.

Punchinello: You know, I didn't even smell the baker coming. *(smells the air)* I used to smell his bread two blocks away.

Woody: Yeah, I can't smell the flowers anymore.

Baker: You know you're right. With my nose so covered up with paint, I cannot smell a thing.

Woody: I wish my nose was plain.

Punchinello: Me, too. I'm tired of this. I should have listened to Eli.

Splint: Do you think he'd help us?

Lucia: (*Unnoticed from behind*) Why don't you ask him?

All three turn at the sound of her voice.

Punchinello: Lucia!

Lucia: He asks about you every day, Punchinello.

Punchinello: Is He angry with me?

Lucia: Of course not. He's always glad to see you. He told me to tell you to come.

Punchinello: Do you think he could get this paint off?

Lucia: I know he can, if you let him.

Punchinello: Can I take my friends, too?

Lucia: For sure!

Punchinello: Will you go with us, Lucia?

Lucia: Absolutely.

All exit together.

SCENE 8

Eli's woodshop. The group of friends enters from side stage.

Eli: Hmm. Been trying to fit in, eh?

All three nod, look down, kick the dirt with their toes.

Eli: Well, did you succeed?

Punchinello: Not really. Every time we thought we were with it, someone changed the rules.

Eli: That's the way it usually is.

Woody: Yeah, my neck is pretty soar from sticking my nose in the air.

Eli: (*Laughing*) You weren't really built to walk that way.

Punchinello: We just want to be ourselves again.

Eli: I'm very glad to hear that.

Punchinello: Can we?

Eli: Well, of course you can. I'll always help you to be the way you were meant to be – the way I made you. This might take some time. And it will probably sting a little. Hmm... Now, lets see here. Ah, here we go.

Lucia: Looks like Willie Withit's leaving town.

Woody: Good.

Splint: What a relief.

Punchinello: Yeah, I'll never try to be with it again. I just want to be the way Eli made me.

Splint: Me, too.

Woody: Me, three.

Eli: Amen.

Lights out.

THE END