



Proudly Presents

RIBBONS

WRITTEN BY CELESTE LEBEAUX

©2008



RIBBONS

WRITTEN BY CELESTE LEBEAUX

IMPORTANT: PLEASE READ

This play is intended for educational classroom readings and performances. There are no royalties for performances, and directors may make photocopies for their students; however, it is strictly forbidden to share copies of this script with other individuals or schools within the same school district or otherwise. Also, this script is not to be stored in any form, or incorporated into any retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, which includes posting videotaped performances of this script on any social media site without the prior written permission of the publisher, Theatre Fresh. Violations of the above terms will result in legal action and will include punitive damages against the offender. Public performances in which a program is distributed must include the following statement: "Produced by special arrangement with THEATRE FRESH and TheatreFresh.com."

Inquiries should be addressed to the publisher.

ISBN 978-1-942109-57-0

I was always the one who saw to it that every kid in the school wore a red ribbon during Drug Awareness Week. Yes, I was in Student Council and Vice-President of my class. I was determined, as Chairman of Drug Awareness Week, that every single student, teacher, administrator, and staff member wear a red ribbon for the entire week. I had a table set up right inside the front door to the school. As soon as someone stepped inside, one of my committee members would immediately offer the person a red ribbon... with a straight pin. Get behind our cause! Show you care! There were, of course, a few practical jokers. Some of the self-proclaimed ‘stoners’ asked for extra ribbons. Each morning they would ask for as many red ribbons as we would allow them to take. They thought it was funny. I have to admit that I laughed, too. Secretly, though, I hoped that one of them—just one of them—would change. I think it would have been really cool to know that all of that effort—all of that hard work had paid off. That that red ribbon... saved a person’s life.

My mother has always been my number one fan. Who needs a cheerleader when you have Team Mom behind you every step of the way, right? She loved helping me organize all of the ribbons for Drug Awareness Week. She said that ribbons were a great way to show solidarity among people. She also said that ribbons were a great way to bring attention to a problem—a cause. Take AIDS, for example. Everyone wore red ribbons to show support for those affected by the disease. She told me to notice how many celebrities wore red ribbons on various televised award shows. I did, and it was a lot. Mother said that ribbons were a great way to say a lot about what a person might be going through... without having to actually say it all the time. By wearing a red ribbon, a person might be saying, “I have AIDS.” “My relative has AIDS.” “One of my friends or co-workers has AIDS.” Who knows? But by wearing the ribbon, the person is essentially saying, “Hey, show a little respect. This is something no one should have to go through in this lifetime.” With ribbons explained to me that way, I think it’s easier to see why I was so intent on making sure everyone at my school wore a red ribbon during Drug Awareness Week.

To celebrate the success of Red Ribbon Week, Mom made a huge dinner for us that night. I mean, it was like... Thanksgiving—but in March! She must have spent at least six hours in the kitchen that day!

After dinner, Mom told us she had presents for us. Dad immediately looked nervous. If Mom ever gives anyone an unexpected present, it usually means someone forgot to get her an expected present. Like a birthday, or anniversary or something. The very second Mom left the room, Dad asked me and my two, younger brothers if he had... forgotten anything recently. We just looked at him and shook our heads ‘no.’ Just then, Mom returned with four beautifully wrapped packages. Attached to each bow was a tag that read, “Wear it proudly!” Nicholas, my youngest brother, to whom I had just finished reading *The Emperor’s New Clothes*, began shaking the small box wildly and shouted, “Wear it proudly? You got us invisible clothes!” We all laughed. Especially Mom. Especially her. She was laughing so hard, in fact, that she had tears in her eyes. One by one, we opened our presents. We each looked inside our little box, paused, then looked confused. Inside each box, wrapped in pink tissue paper, Mom had placed a pink ribbon. Mom told us to take the ribbons out and put them on. She handed each of us a straight pin, and as we pinned the pink ribbons onto our shirts, Mom said, “I went to the doctor today for the results from my recent mammogram. They found cancer. I have breast cancer.” I was devastated. We were all devastated. Ironically, the one who seemed the least traumatized by the diagnosis was Mother, herself. She said we would all just go about our busy lives. She said we would all just deal with it, and she would get all of the necessary medical help she needed to get well again.

Breast cancer. The way she said it. So calm. So matter of fact. Dad immediately pushed himself away from the table, rushed to Mom’s side, and swooped her up in a huge bear hug. The kind of hug he used to give us, if my brothers and I were ever scared.