

**PLEASE SAY YES**  
**SHORT PLAYS ABOUT PROMPOSING**

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by Nicole B. Adkins, Will Coleman, Anne G'Fellers-Mason, Megan Gogerty, Neeley Gossett, Adam Hahn, Laura King, Samantha Macher, Wendy-Marie Martin and Ricky Young-Howze

Collection curated by Nicole B. Adkins

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[info@youthplays.com](mailto:info@youthplays.com)  
424-703-5315

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## LIST OF PLAYS

*If At First You Don't Succeed* by Wendy-Marie Martin

*Game On* by Neeley Gossett

*Forming Bonds* by Ricky Young-Howze

*The Water Tower* by Will Coleman

*Ante Up* by Laura King

*Hashtag Adorable* by Samantha Macher

*One Last Trick* by Anne G'Fellers-Mason

*Banned from Student Activities* by Adam Hahn

*Prom Ninja* by Nicole B. Adkins

*The Clarinet Section is Sick of Your Garbage* by Megan Gogerty

## PRODUCTION NOTES

The plays can be performed as individual pieces or grouped together in any combination to create a show of the desired length and performed under the title *Please Say Yes: Short Plays About Promposing*.

There are 7-34+ possible roles in the collection. If each were single cast, there are roles for 17 females, 11 males, and 6 of either gender (or more chorus members in *Hashtag Adorable*). The collection could be produced with as few as 4 females and 3 males, with each actor playing multiple roles.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A staged reading was produced by Elm Street Cultural Arts Center on December 12, 2015. Special thanks to Siobhan Brumbelow, Education Director at Elm Street Cultural Arts Center, for casting and organizing this event.

The reading was directed by Nicole B. Adkins with the following cast: Jonah Bowling, Brandon Cali, Hailey Elswick, Jenna Klein, Beth Leak, Cole Lindner, Nicole Miller, Carson Newsome, MJ Smith, Isabelle Vinelli, Kristina Welch and Michaela White.

# IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

A short comedy by  
Wendy-Marie Martin

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOSH, a high school junior with a crush on Adelia.

GREG, a high school junior and Josh's best friend.

SHANNON, Greg's girlfriend and Josh's self-appointed promposal consultant.

ADELIA, a shy Latina high school sophomore with intense allergies.

MANNY, Adelia's protective older brother.

## PRODUCTION NOTES

// is a signifier for the next line of dialogue to begin.

All dual dialogue is meant to take place simultaneously.

Adelia's speech after her tongue swells does not need to be understandable at all. In fact, the less we understand, the better.

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*(Lights up on JOSH, GREG and SHANNON hanging out in the quad before school.)*

**SHANNON:** You'd better hurry or someone's going to beat you to it—

**JOSH:** I know—

**GREG:** The man knows, babe—

**SHANNON:** Well if he knows why doesn't he DO something?

**JOSH:** I can't think of anything special enough for her—

**SHANNON:** Greg didn't get all stressed out about it. // He just said—

**GREG:** Yeah, I was all "Wanna?"

**SHANNON:**—and I said "Sure, why not." Done—

**GREG:** Learn from the master, my friend.

**JOSH:** Yeah but you guys are practically married. Besides, you're a Neanderthal—

**SHANNON:** Truth! You can tell by his elongated skull and supraorbital ridge...and broad, projecting nose.      **GREG:** Hey—

**JOSH:** Right?

**GREG:** Sitting right here guys.

**JOSH:** Sorry, dude. Just saying I need a different strategy. I've never even said two words to her—

**SHANNON:** Oh my god, I know...pigeons!

**JOSH:** Pigeons?

**SHANNON:** Yeah, you know, those ones that fly messages around. Just aim it at her math class—

**JOSH:** A promposal pigeon? Seriously?

**GREG:** Lame—

**SHANNON:** Fine then. Just...send her a note or something—

**GREG:** Or flowers. Ladies love the blossom.

**SHANNON:** How would you know?

**GREG:** Read it on the interwebs—

**SHANNON:** You don't have time to wait, Josh. Just...go ask her.

**JOSH:** I can't just ask. You know that. I need something...special.

*(Greg starts digging in the trash can.)*

**SHANNON:** Gross. What are you doing?

**GREG:** Uh...saving the day? Here, man. Use these. *(Pulling bedraggled roses out of the trash:)* Clearly the last guy doesn't need them.

**JOSH:** Dude, you're a genius—

**SHANNON:** Seriously? They're covered in bad promposal energy. I can feel the failure from here—

**GREG:** Don't blame the blossom, woman. Maybe our friend Josh here can reverse the curse...

*(ADELIA enters with her brother MANNY.)*

Or suffer the same fate as the last guy.

**SHANNON:** That's her older brother, Manny—

**JOSH:** Just what I need, an overprotective brother.

**SHANNON:** He's harmless.

*(The bell rings.)*

Ask her. *(To Greg:)* Come on, Einstein. First period starts in five minutes.

**GREG:** You've got this, man. Reverse the curse!



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*(Shannon drags Greg off. Josh tries to hide as Adelia and Manny walk closer.)*

**MANNY:** Out of the question. You know Papa wouldn't approve.

**ADELIA:** But I already asked Mama and she said I could –

**MANNY:** You go, I go –

**ADELIA:** Manny –                   **MANNY:** That's the deal. They ask you, they're asking me, too.

**ADELIA:** Fine. Then find a date, 'cause I'm going this year.

**MANNY:** *If someone asks you.*

*(Josh approaches with the flowers.)*

**ADELIA:** Well, maybe I'll – *(Sneeze.)* – ask them –

*(Adelia sneezes a few times in succession. Josh is just about to ask when Manny notices him, grabs the flowers and throws them.)*

**MANNY:** Stay away from my sister with those, man. You could kill her –

**JOSH:** Kill...? I –                   **ADELIA:**     *(Sneezing:)*     That's...  
*(Sneeze.)* Not true. I –

**JOSH:** Oh my god, I'm so sorry. I didn't. I...oh man –

*(Josh runs off.)*

**MANNY:** Idiot. Don't people realize flowers can kill?

*(Adelia is still having a sneeze attack.)*

Come on, we gotta get you away from those. Papa will kill us both if you end up in the hospital again.

*(Manny and Adelia exit. A bell rings. Josh, Greg and Shannon enter with lunch bags.)*

**SHANNON:** Allergic?

**JOSH:** Totally allergic. He said I could have killed her —

**SHANNON:** Shut. Up.

**GREG:** That's intense.

**SHANNON:** Allergic to flowers. How sad.

**JOSH:** I have to think of something else.

**GREG:** I know, dude. Cook for her. The ladies love it when you cook for them —

**SHANNON:** How would you know?

**GREG:** Saw it on the interwebs —

**JOSH:** Wait. How 'bout... *(Josh pulls out a brownie wrapped in cellophane.)* Left over from my mom's Bunco party last night.

**GREG:** Your mom's killer brownies? Dude, I've actually dreamt about those —

**JOSH:** I know, right? Secret family recipe —

**SHANNON:** That's perfect. Give her the brownie.

**GREG:** Oh man —

**JOSH:** I can't just give her a brownie with no explanation —

**SHANNON:** Write a note and give it to her. Trust me.

*(Adelia and Manny enter, walking toward them. Adelia's nose is red and she holds a handful of tissues. She takes a hit off her inhaler. Bell rings.)*

**GREG:** Better hurry, dude. Opportunity awaits.

*(Greg and Shannon exit. Josh throws the brownie back into his lunch bag in a panic and looks for a pencil.)*

**JOSH:** Damn it.

**MANNY:** I'll kick that guy's ass if you want me to —

**ADELIA:** I'm fine. It's just allergies. Stop pretending you're all tough, // Manuel —

**MANNY:** Pretending?

**ADELIA:** Besides, I think he's sweet –

**MANNY:** You don't even know who he was going to ask. What if they were for someone else?

**ADELIA:** What if they weren't?

*(As they approach, Josh holds out his lunch bag.)*

**MANNY:** What do you want –

**JOSH:** Oh...I, uh...sorry I...here.

*(He tosses the bag to Manny and runs off.)*

**ADELIA:** I told you! Give it to me –

**MANNY:** He handed it to     **ADELIA:** Give it!  
me –

*(Adelia grabs the bag, looks for a note, then pulls out the brownie and takes a bite.)*

**ADELIA:** Hmm...delicious... *(Beat.)* ...wait...what...?

**MANNY:** Adi what's wrong?

**ADELIA:** Pep...pepp –

*(She shoves the brownie at Manny. He inspects.)*

**MANNY:** Peppers? Who puts red peppers in a brownie?

**ADELIA:** *(As if her tongue is swelling:)* My tongue –

**MANNY:** Come on, let's get you to the nurse's office.

*(Adelia and Manny exit as the sixth period bell rings, signifying the end of the school day. Greg, Shannon and Josh enter.)*

**GREG:** Dude, that's harsh. She had to go to the hospital?

**JOSH:** That's what Susan Blackwell told me. I feel awful.

**SHANNON:** I told you in the first place to just ask her –

**GREG:** Yeah, preferably before you kill her.

**JOSH:** Very funny. I hope she's okay.

*(Adelia enters alone. Her nose is still bright red and her tongue is now swollen, making it hard to understand her.)*

**SHANNON:** There she is—

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# GAME ON

A short drama by  
Neeley Gossett

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

CARLY, female, a high school soccer player.

MARA, female, a high school soccer player.

BRETT, male, a high school soccer player.

(CARLY, a star high school soccer player, and her friend MARA, also a soccer player, finish writing "Prom?" all over a soccer ball.)

**CARLY:** I feel like this is so cheesy.

**MARA:** It's so *not* cheesy. It's romantic.

**CARLY:** We just wrote "prom" with a question mark all over a soccer ball. Mara, it reeks of cheese.

**MARA:** It's the perfect promposal. You both play soccer. What's better than using a soccer ball to prompose?

**CARLY:** You know how I feel. I want him to prompose to me. Not the other way around.

**MARA:** Come on, Carly. You're getting weak on me. We're the ones who never fall for that traditional, girly BS. You're the toughest goalie I know, girl or guy. Start acting like it.

**CARLY:** I don't know if I can do it.

**MARA:** Look at it this way. You can't back out now. It would be a waste of a soccer ball.

**CARLY:** We can still use it to kick around.

**MARA:** And every time you kick it, you'll remember how you could have gone to prom with Brett, but you were too afraid to ask him.

**CARLY:** I'm boyish enough as it is. I don't need to ask anyone to prom. It may cause my testosterone to shoot up so high that I grow chest hair.

**MARA:** Just don't wear a low-cut dress.

**CARLY:** Would you stop?

**MARA:** God. Sensitive.

**CARLY:** Sorry. I'm just nervous.

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**MARA:** It's fine. Don't worry about it. Girls ask guys all the time.

**CARLY:** Name someone we know who asked a guy.

**MARA:** *(Beat.)* I'm sure there's someone.

**CARLY:** See. It's only me. I'm the only one asking a guy to prom.

**MARA:** If you want to reach your goals, you've got to go after them.

**CARLY:** You sound like that horrible motivational speaker we had during advisement last week.

**MARA:** Look, I have it on good authority that Brett's not going with anyone else. He's gonna say "yes." If nothing else, he wouldn't miss the chance to do the worm on the dance floor.

**CARLY:** That was the fifth grade.

*(Brett enters.)*

Look. There he is.

**MARA:** You got this?

**CARLY:** I guess. It's now or never.

**MARA:** Good luck, chica.

*(Mara exits. Carly and Brett are left alone on stage.)*

**CARLY:** Hey, Brett.

*(Carly kicks the ball to Brett. Brett kicks it back. Carly kicks it to him again. He kicks it back to her. She kicks it to him.)*

**CARLY:** Read it.

**BRETT:** It says prom.

**CARLY:** It does.

**BRETT:** Is this one of those—

**CARLY:** I know it's stupid.

**BRETT:** I've seen the videos.

**CARLY:** Yeah?

**BRETT:** Mostly flash mobs.

**CARLY:** I was gonna do that.

**BRETT:** You were?

**CARLY:** I'm kidding.

**BRETT:** I'm glad.

**CARLY:** So. The ball says prom. (*Beat.*) And it has a question mark.

**BRETT:** Look—I don't know, Carly—I—

**CARLY:** Friends. I want to go as friends. Just friends.

**BRETT:** I hate to say it, but I kinda had someone else in mind.

**CARLY:** Oh, okay. Don't worry about it.

**BRETT:** Really?

**CARLY:** Really. I understand if you don't want to go.

**BRETT:** Thanks. You know, you're one of the coolest girls I know.

**CARLY:** Thanks?

**BRETT:** No, really. You are.

**CARLY:** Can you tell me who it is? Who you're going to ask?

**BRETT:** I'm not sure.

**CARLY:** But you said you had someone in mind.

**BRETT:** Well, yeah. A few people. I was thinking about asking Madison. The one who sang at the assembly.

**CARLY:** She's going with Raphael.



**BRETT:** Oh, then I'll ask Madison with the sexy glasses.

**CARLY:** She's going with Dan.

**BRETT:** Football Dan?

**CARLY:** No, Lacrosse Dan.

**BRETT:** Then Madison in our chem lab.

**CARLY:** She's going with Chad.

**BRETT:** With the weird eyes?

**CARLY:** That's Brad.

**BRETT:** Then who's Chad?

**CARLY:** Redhead.

**BRETT:** Swim team?

**CARLY:** Dive team, but yeah, that's him.

**BRETT:** She's going with someone on the dive team?

**CARLY:** What's wrong with the dive team?

**BRETT:** Speedos. That's what's wrong.

*(A few beats pass as the rejection becomes real for Carly. Disappointment sets in.)*

**CARLY:** So, you don't have anyone to take?

**BRETT:** I'll find someone.

**CARLY:** No. No. I'm sure you will.

**BRETT:** I didn't mean—I just don't I want to waste senior prom on someone I don't like. I mean someone who's just my friend.

**CARLY:** *(Pushing back tears:)* I get it.

**BRETT:** You should ask someone you really like. Don't waste a promposal on me.

**CARLY:** Okay. *(Beat.)* I will.

**BRETT:** You'll have more fun that way. I mean—it's supposed to be the best night of your life.

**CARLY:** God, I hope not.

**BRETT:** I mean, who knows? We've had a great soccer season. And if I bring a hot girl to prom—I go out on top. You know what I'm saying?

**CARLY:** I don't think I do.

**BRETT:** I've got to make the most of this month. You'll never have as much fun as an adult as you do in high school.

**CARLY:** High school's fine, but I don't think my life's going to end in a few weeks.

**BRETT:** I hear my friends say it all the time. They're all like, "Life sucks after high school."

**CARLY:** Are those your twenty-year-old friends who come back to hang out in the school cafeteria during lunch?

**BRETT:** It's the cheapest lunch in town.

**CARLY:** They could order from a fast food dollar menu like everyone else.

**BRETT:** It's not that easy.

**CARLY:** (*Beat.*) I'm playing up north in the fall.

**BRETT:** I know. That's gonna suck. You won't have any of your friends there with you.

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# FORMING BONDS

A short comedy by  
Ricky Young-Howze

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

JENNIFER, 17, female, senior. A mousy girl. Honor student. Lab Rat.

MASON, 17, male, senior. A cross-country runner. Prays for a C+ average. Jock.

## SETTING

A school library.

*(In blackout we hear JENNIFER and MASON speaking.)*

**JENNIFER:** You have four seconds to get these things off of me before I chew my own arm off!

**MASON:** I'm sorry... This trick always works on the internet.

**JENNIFER:** What in the world are you trying to do to me?

**MASON:** They were supposed to come off.

*(The lights come up and we see Jennifer and Mason sitting at a library table. They are handcuffed together. Mason has a magic wand in his other hand. He puts a towel over their hands and waves the wand over it.)*

Ego sum gelata liba!

*(He pulls off the towel and the handcuffs are still there. He tries the trick one more time.)*

Ego sum gelata liba!

*(He pulls off the towel. No luck.)*

**JENNIFER:** What's your endgame here? Because if you want to show up to your chemistry test with a black eye I can finish the magic trick for you.

*(She takes the magic wand from him and starts to hit him with it.)*

**MASON:** If you will stop hitting me I'll tell you.

**JENNIFER:** You have five seconds.

**MASON:** I was supposed to put the handcuffs on you then wave my magic wand...

**JENNIFER:** Skip ahead, I saw that part.

**MASON:** And it was supposed to transform into this.

*(Mason pulls a corsage out of his pocket and holds it up for her to see.)*

**JENNIFER:** Wait...is that a corsage?

**MASON:** Yes...and it was supposed to magically show up on your wrist. And I was supposed to get down on one knee...which is where I happen to be...and say, "Jennifer, will you go to prom with me?"

**JENNIFER:** You bought that?

**MASON:** Yes.

**JENNIFER:** You have to be kidding. Just for me?

**MASON:** All for you... Jennifer, will you go to prom with me?

**JENNIFER:** *(Sweetly:)* Awww...

*(Beat. She shakes her head to regain her senses and then starts hitting him with the wand again.)*

If you don't stop playing games with me, you won't even live till prom!!!

**MASON:** I can live with that.

*(He looks around and suddenly grabs Jennifer in his arms.)*

**JENNIFER:** Let go of me!

**MASON:** People are looking at us. If we get in trouble and my dad finds out that I stole his spare handcuffs, I'm dead.

**JENNIFER:** Is your dad a cop?

**MASON:** Yeah.

**JENNIFER:** Can I call him to report a potential murder?

**MASON:** He'll be happy to help you if we get caught.

**JENNIFER:** Mason, if we're seen like this, people will think we're together.

**MASON:** What's wrong with that?

**JENNIFER:** Do you really want to lose your cheerleader fan club? If they see us like this, I'll never hear the end of it.

**MASON:** I don't have a fan club.

**JENNIFER:** Please, you're like candy to them.

**MASON:** You never said if you're going to prom with me.

**JENNIFER:** Come on, stop fooling! We don't like the same things. You...Jock. Me...Not.

**MASON:** But we spent so much time together getting ready for the test...

**JENNIFER:** Yeah, tutor, I do that for a lot of people.

**MASON:** But...but chemistry.

**JENNIFER:** I help a lot of people with chemistry.

**MASON:** No, I was starting to think that maybe we had chemistry.

*(Jennifer smirks and starts laughing.)*

Wait, what?

**JENNIFER:** So you like want to go out with me?

**MASON:** Yeah, but—

**JENNIFER:** My idea of a romantic evening is looking through a microscope and curling up with the latest issue of *Popular Science*. Do you really want to make a hypothesis with me?

**MASON:** Well, not on the first date. I'm a gentleman.

**JENNIFER:** And you probably watch everything you eat... All natural, good carbs and everything?

**MASON:** Well yeah...

**JENNIFER:** I drink a river of orange soda every night. And frozen pizza. You really wanna eat pizza with me?

**MASON:** You fascinate me.

**JENNIFER:** Really? I doubt it, but thank you.

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*(She looks around and quickly hides behind Mason using him as a shield.)*

Oh my god! A group of girls is looking at us.

**MASON:** Why would they be looking at us?

**JENNIFER:** Have you looked at you? You're everything they want. Go date them.

**MASON:** I don't want to date them. I want to date you.

*(Mason walks himself over until they are out of sight. He spins around. Jennifer finds herself face to face with Mason. Mason leans in and tries to kiss her. She shoves her hand in his face.)*

**JENNIFER:** Uh...no!

**MASON:** Sorry. I just...I can't even think when I'm around you. It's like, when I look at you, I feel like my heart is in one of those centrifuges in the lab. You got me spinning.

*(Jennifer swirls her arm around until she is choking him with his own arm.)*

**JENNIFER:** Look, I've heard about this happening with other tutors. What you have here is a textbook case of transference. You came here for the brain, and you're trying to trick yourself into thinking that you like everything else too. Now I know I'm fabulous, but I'm not what you like.

**MASON:** What are you trying to say?

**JENNIFER:** It's all in your head, you big dummy! There is just no way that you can be this smitten with me.

**MASON:** Why not?

**JENNIFER:** I'm not all bouncy and flirty and hot. I'm just Jen.

**MASON:** You can't really mean that.

**JENNIFER:** Just get the keys and cut me loose.

**MASON:** Don't you know you're cute?

**JENNIFER:** Stop it.

*(Mason turns himself around out of the chokehold.)*

**MASON:** You're really interesting.

**JENNIFER:** Don't—

**MASON:** Why don't you ever come out to the tailgates? Guys would be falling all over themselves.

**JENNIFER:** I don't do tailgates. I have class—

**MASON:** Who signs up for more science class?

*(Jennifer pushes him off of her.)*

**JENNIFER:** No—I have Combat Hapkido at the learning annex. And I'm training for my black belt test. So do you want to keep playing around or...?

**MASON:** We could have fun.

**JENNIFER:** I don't think that would be possible.

**MASON:** I think you could be lots of fun if you tried.

*(Jennifer grabs him by the shoulders and starts to shake him.)*

**JENNIFER:** Just get the keys and get me out of here!

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# THE WATER TOWER

A short dramedy by  
Will Coleman

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

DAMON, male, 18, a high school senior.

RICHARD, male, 17, a junior. Damon's best friend.

*(The top of the water tower. DAMON and RICHARD aren't really supposed to be there.)*

*(They are, though.)*

*(Richard appears, carrying some binoculars, followed by Damon, who, exhausted from climbing the ladder to the top, lies face down, but only for a second.)*

**DAMON:** Oh, it's hot! This was a bad idea, bad idea! It's a big metal sheet baking in the sun all day!

*(Damon jumps up, trying to soothe his burned face.)*

**RICHARD:** Oh, c'mon, it's worth it though.

**DAMON:** Climbing the water tower?

**RICHARD:** I think so.

**DAMON:** I guess we'll find out, won't we?

**RICHARD:** I'm confident.

**DAMON:** You sure you just haven't watched too many YouTube videos?

**RICHARD:** I may have.

**DAMON:** Couldn't you just lip sync to Bruno Mars [any current, terrible singer will do fine here] like a normal person?

**RICHARD:** Hold your tongue.

**DAMON:** It would've been a lot easier.

**RICHARD:** Everybody does that. I wanted to do something different.

**DAMON:** Of course you do. I just hope it works.

**RICHARD:** No, it's gonna be great. The surprise is the best part.

**DAMON:** What time does she get here?

**RICHARD:** Not for another hour or so.

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**DAMON:** What? Then what are we doing here?

**RICHARD:** I had to test it out.

**DAMON:** Oh, so I'm your guinea pig?

**RICHARD:** Every day.

**DAMON:** Thanks.

**RICHARD:** You're sure you don't want to ask anyone?

**DAMON:** If I wanted to ask anyone to prom, I would just do it, I wouldn't go through all the...pomp.

**RICHARD:** I don't know what that word means.

**DAMON:** I know.

**RICHARD:** But there wasn't anyone you wanted to ask?

**DAMON:** Not really.

**RICHARD:** Not even Brad Minor?

**DAMON:** Don't get me started on Brad Minor.

**RICHARD:** I thought you liked him.

**DAMON:** He's just a little too high school.

**RICHARD:** Oh, so you're over all that now?

**DAMON:** There's a lot more important things to worry about.

**RICHARD:** Okay, okay. It's just...it's your senior prom. This is your last chance.

**DAMON:** Trust me, I'm just looking forward to college at this point.

**RICHARD:** Serious, intellectual guys?

**DAMON:** Sure. And questioning football players, away from their conservative hometowns for the first time...

**RICHARD:** Okay, I get it.

**DAMON:** So prom's not that big a deal for me.

**RICHARD:** Not what you said last year –

**DAMON:** Plus, I'm leaving in August. It's not like I'm gonna start a relationship now...

**RICHARD:** ...yeah.

**DAMON:** Oh, man. Sorry, Richard.

**RICHARD:** No, it's cool.

**DAMON:** I mean, Charlotte is pretty cool, and she's just gonna be what, three hours away? That's not that bad.

**RICHARD:** She can come home on weekends.

**DAMON:** Sure.

**RICHARD:** Could be worse.

**DAMON:** I'm sorry.

**RICHARD:** No, it's cool. Not like she's gonna be all the way in New York.

**DAMON:** Yeah.

**RICHARD:** Like some other people.

**DAMON:** I know.

**RICHARD:** I guess I'll have to make some friends my own age.

**DAMON:** Or just suffer through it until you move to New York next year.

**RICHARD:** And I have all year to sell my parents on that idea.

**DAMON:** I didn't mean to bring it up.

**RICHARD:** It's alright. Hey, let's check the signs out.

*(Richard gives Damon the binoculars.)*

**DAMON:** This is elaborate.

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*(Richard texts someone.)*

**RICHARD:** Check the roof of the band building.

*(Damon scans with the binoculars.)*

**DAMON:** Hey! It's Stuart. He's holding a sign that says, "ready."

**RICHARD:** Awesome. That means everybody's in position. I hope they got the order right.

**DAMON:** Well, there's plenty of time to try over and over again before she gets here. In the blistering, oppressive heat.

**RICHARD:** Right.

*(Richard sends another text message.)*

**DAMON:** Where to?

**RICHARD:** Keep it there. It should flip over right...now.

**DAMON:** It says, "Hey."

**RICHARD:** Okay, so now over to the roof of the movie theater.

**DAMON:** "I know you're leaving next year..."

**RICHARD:** The used bookstore.

**DAMON:** "...and I wanted you to know, before you go..."

**RICHARD:** El Matador.

**DAMON:** "...how much you mean to me."

**RICHARD:** Ponder Auto.

**DAMON:** "I love you." Damn, dude.

**RICHARD:** Band building again.

**DAMON:** "And it's going to be difficult without you here."

**RICHARD:** Movie theater.

**DAMON:** "So I think that we should have one last hurrah." Hurrah? Dude. Lame.

**RICHARD:** Bookstore.

**DAMON:** "Because I know you're going to miss high school more than you let on."

**RICHARD:** El Matador.

**DAMON:** "A lot of memories in those halls."

**RICHARD:** Ponder Auto.

**DAMON:** "So let's make one more. One last one."

**RICHARD:** Band building.

**DAMON:** "You're my best friend."

*(Damon just now starts to get it.)*

**RICHARD:** Theater.

**DAMON:** "There's no one else I'd rather go with."

**RICHARD:** Bookstore.

**DAMON:** "So, please go to prom with me."

**RICHARD:** El Matador.

**DAMON:** "In case you're extra dense today,"

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# ANTE UP

A short comedy by  
Laura King

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

JORY, a female high school senior. A hipster, although she's tiring of it.

GINO, a male high school senior. A hipster, although he'd never admit it.

## SETTING

A high school gymnasium.

*(Lights up on a high school gymnasium. JORY is hanging fuzzy dice. GINO is shuffling a deck of cards.)*

**GINO:** Worst. Detention. Ever.

**JORY:** It's not so bad.

**GINO:** Prom prep? Who gives someone prom prep for detention?

**JORY:** Let the punishment fit the crime.

**GINO:** All we did was deface some prom posters.

**JORY:** What's all this *we* stuff?

**GINO:** Okay, me. You lost your nerve.

**JORY:** I did not. I just didn't see the point.

**GINO:** Why are you even here? *I* got detention.

**JORY:** I'm here for moral support. I'm your best friend, remember?

**GINO:** Well, thanks, buddy, but since you don't have to be here and I don't want to be here, I say we split.

**JORY:** We have to finish decorating. Put those cards away and come help me.

**GINO:** Deal me out.

*(Gino starts to leave but Jory stops him.)*

**JORY:** You can't leave. You'll get in trouble.

**GINO:** I'll take my chances.

**JORY:** Come on, Gino. We're almost done. Soon this place will look just like a casino.

**GINO:** The Viva Las Vegas Prom. Whose brilliant idea was that? Let's transform the gym into Vegas so the seniors can look forward to all the gambling, drinking, and strip clubs in their future.



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**JORY:** Stop being so cynical. It's better than the other ideas: Masquerade—

**GINO:** I could disguise myself as somebody who actually gives a crap.

**JORY:** Or Enchantment Under the Sea.

**GINO:** Drown me.

**JORY:** It could be fun.

**GINO:** What? Prom?

**JORY:** A last chance to hang with everybody.

**GINO:** You mean graze with everybody.

**JORY:** Here we go.

**GINO:** Look, Jory, if you want to be just another sheep herded into this pen and forced to conform to the ways of the other livestock, go for it, but count me out.

**JORY:** Fine! Then you can count me out of your detention.

*(Jory slams down the fuzzy dice.)*

**GINO:** What are you so mad about?

**JORY:** *(Yelling:)* I'm not mad!

**GINO:** Then why are you yelling?

**JORY:** Because I came here to tell you something, but you're impossible to talk to.

**GINO:** But you put up with me anyway.

**JORY:** Don't ask me why.

**GINO:** Friends for life. That's what you promised.

**JORY:** I was in second grade.

*(Gino lifts his pinky and crosses to Jory. She begrudgingly locks pinkies with Gino.)*

**JORY:** Cross my heart and hear me cry, we'll be friends until we die.

**GINO:** Cross my heart and hear me cry, we'll be friends until we die.

**GINO:** Come on. Let's cash out.

**JORY:** You've got another ten minutes.

**GINO:** I refuse to compromise my beliefs one more second.

**JORY:** Which belief of your oh-so-many beliefs are you referring to?

**GINO:** The myth of prom.

**JORY:** One of your top ten.

**GINO:** Go to prom, you'll fit in. Go to prom, you'll be successful. Go to prom, you'll be happy for the rest of your life.

**JORY:** Is that all it takes?

**GINO:** It's a load of bull.

**JORY:** I know, but—

**GINO:** But what? You know I'm right.

**JORY:** Aren't you always?

**GINO:** What's wrong with you today?

**JORY:** Nothing.

**GINO:** (*Teasing Jory:*) Are you having *promblems*?

**JORY:** (*Smiling:*) Shut up.

**GINO:** Is all the *proma* getting to you?

**JORY:** (*Laughing:*) Knock it off.

**GINO:** Are you sad because you haven't had a *promposal*?

**JORY:** (*Stops laughing:*) I've got to go.

**GINO:** Wait. I thought we had to finish decorating.

**JORY:** Do it yourself.

**GINO:** But you came to help.

**JORY:** That's not why I came.

**GINO:** Then why? Come on, Jory. What's going on?

**JORY:** You'll just laugh.

**GINO:** (*Holding up his pinky:*) I won't. Pinky swear.

**JORY:** All right. I'm going.

**GINO:** Where?

**JORY:** To prom, you idiot.

**GINO:** Very funny. (*Pause.*) Jory? (*Pause.*) No way. You're going to prom?

**JORY:** Yes. I don't know. Maybe.

**GINO:** With who?

**JORY:** Marcus asked me.

**GINO:** Moron Marcus?

**JORY:** Don't call him that.

**GINO:** If he was any stupider, he'd have to be watered twice a week.

**JORY:** At least he does more than talk.

**GINO:** That's because he has nothing to say.

**JORY:** He's nice. I've been tutoring him in English. He listens to me.

**GINO:** He's white-bread, bourgeois, and middle-class.

**JORY:** We're white-bread, bourgeois, and middle-class.

**GINO:** Speak for yourself.

**JORY:** I'm speaking for you, Eugene Melman.

**GINO:** Don't call me that.

**JORY:** Why not? It's your given white-bread, bourgeois, middle-class name.

**GINO:** Fine, Marjorie Anne Taylor.

**JORY:** Nobody calls me that but my mother.

**GINO:** What about Moron Marcus? What does he call you? What did he say to get you to go to prom with him? Did he just grunt twice and point to the poster?

**JORY:** He asked. That's all. He just asked.

**GINO:** That's all it took?

**JORY:** Yes.

**GINO:** Then he must have better luck than me.

**JORY:** What are you talking about?

**GINO:** I can't believe you don't remember.

**JORY:** Remember what?

**GINO:** Ninth grade. Freshman mixer. Ring a bell?

**JORY:** No.

**GINO:** I asked you to go with me!

**JORY:** You did?

**GINO:** We were sitting right here in the gym on the bleachers. You were pretending you had sprained your ankle, and I was pretending to have the flu so we could skip PE.

**JORY:** Because the public school system doesn't have the right to make us physically active.

**GINO:** Exactly. Our bodies, our decisions. If we want to be fat, gluttonous slugs, that's our right.

**JORY:** Anyway...

**GINO:** Anyway, I asked you if you wanted to go.

**JORY:** What did I say?

**GINO:** You don't remember dancing with me, do you?

**JORY:** No.

**GINO:** Then obviously you said no. I swore I'd never ask you to anything ever again.

**JORY:** Is that why— Wait a minute. I remember. You didn't *ask* me ask me.

**GINO:** I did too.

**JORY:** You did not. You said, "You don't want to go to that stupid dance, do you?"

**GINO:** And you said no.

**JORY:** What was I supposed to say?

**GINO:** Yes!

**JORY:** So you could make fun of me for wanting to go?

**GINO:** I wouldn't do that.

**JORY:** You're making fun of me now.

**GINO:** I'm not... Okay, I am. I just don't get it.

**JORY:** I don't either really.

**GINO:** Why do you even want to go?

**JORY:** Why shouldn't I want to go? Because you don't think I should? I'm allowed to think for myself, you know. Believe it or not, I'm not a sheep.

**GINO:** I know.

**JORY:** I've been following you around since elementary school. Listening to you go on and on about what you believe, but I'm allowed to believe some stuff, too.

**GINO:** I know.

**JORY:** And it doesn't have to be the same stuff you believe.

**GINO:** I know. I'm sorry.

**JORY:** We're seniors. This is the end. I don't want to have any regrets. When I look back at high school, I don't want it to be only memories of sitting on the bleachers watching everybody else play. Is that what you want?

**GINO:** I don't know anymore.

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# HASHTAG ADORABLE

A short comedy by  
Samantha Macher

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

ELIZABETH, female, 18, choir member.

OLLIE, male, 18, choir member.

ALEX, female, 18, scrapbook aficionado.

CHOIR MEMBERS, various ages and genders.

*(A group of high schoolers in choir robes are walking out of their latest rehearsal. They're a nerdy group, but they're sweet, and enthusiastic. There are about six of them total. Among them are ELIZABETH, a senior and obviously the leader, and OLLIE, a cool, confident sixteen-year-old.)*

**ELIZABETH:** You guys! That was great. I think we nailed it that time.

**CHOIR 1:** You think so?

**ELIZABETH:** Definitely. We were almost on pitch in that last song!

**CHOIR 2:** Almost! And Ollie's solo—

**ELIZABETH:** Was freakin' sweet. I had no idea you could sing like that.

**OLLIE:** Me neither. I guess that's what adrenaline will do.

**ELIZABETH:** I don't care how you did it, I'm just glad you did.

**CHOIR 1:** Are we still doing the "thing" tonight?

**CHOIR 2:** Shh!! It's supposed to be a secret.

**CHOIR 1:** Not to them.

**CHOIR 2:** Oh yeah—

**ELIZABETH:** Yes. We're still on, but not for a little bit. Do you guys mind giving me and Ollie just a second?

**CHOIR 1:** Yeah, we'll meet up with you later.

**ELIZABETH:** Thanks guys!

*(The rest of the choir exits. OLLIE and Elizabeth are left alone.)*

So... Do you think it's going to be good, or—

**OLLIE:** I think they're ready for tonight.



**ELIZABETH:** I know we've been practicing, but I'm still nervous. What if—

**OLLIE:** It'll be fine, I promise. You just have to trust us, Elizabeth.

**ELIZABETH:** I know, I know. And I do. I totally do, but I feel like this is my one shot and I don't want to blow it. You know what's at stake.

**OLLIE:** *(Coyly:)* I do.

**ELIZABETH:** Hold up. You do? How—

**OLLIE:** I asked Melinda last week.

**ELIZABETH:** NO!

*(She punches him in the arm.)*

**OLLIE:** Ow!

**ELIZABETH:** Ooh. Sorry. Wait. No I'm not. Tell me everything. How'd it go? What did you do? What did she say?

**OLLIE:** It went fine. I walked her to the parking lot and gave her a mixtape with a bunch of songs that reminded me of her—

**ELIZABETH:** A mixtape?

**OLLIE:** Her grandma's car only has a tape deck.

**ELIZABETH:** Whoa. Old school.

**OLLIE:** So I gave her the thing and we got in her car, and we sat in the front seat, and told her to play the first song—our song. While it played, I asked her to go to the prom with me.

*(A huge smile crosses his face, while simultaneously, a scowl crosses Elizabeth's.)*

**ELIZABETH:** Oh crap, Ollie!

**OLLIE:** What?!

**ELIZABETH:** That's SO SMOOTH! It's simple, and romantic –

**OLLIE:** It's definitely romantic.

**ELIZABETH:** Which means I'm completely overthinking the whole thing! This is all too much. It's WAY too much! Alex isn't going to be expecting this –

**OLLIE:** She'll be fine.

**ELIZABETH:** No! You had it all right. Keep it calm, keep it quiet.

**OLLIE:** Not everyone's love has to be quiet.

**ELIZABETH:** What are you, some kind of poet?

**OLLIE:** (*Beat.*) Yeah.

**ELIZABETH:** I never even thought I could ever be with someone like Alex. And today is the day I'm deciding to be with her, for real. In public.

**OLLIE:** Yeah. Really public. Like, really soon.

**ELIZABETH:** My parents are gonna kill me. I never even told them I was – I'm screwed. I'm dead. So dead. But she's worth it. Right?

**OLLIE:** You're asking me?

**ELIZABETH:** You're my best friend.

**OLLIE:** You know I can't answer that –

**ELIZABETH:** Try!

**OLLIE:** FINE! Jeez. I can't tell you if I think she's worth it. But I think *you're* worth it. I always thought you should be who you are.

**ELIZABETH:** But what if –

**OLLIE:** Any question that starts with "what if" is stupid.

(*ALEX, an outgoing, sporty girl, enters.*)

Hi.

*(Elizabeth takes a moment to take in how beautiful Alex looks right then in that moment. The world stops for just a second.)*

**ALEX:** Hi.

**ELIZABETH:** Ollie, can you give us a sec?

**OLLIE:** Sure. Are we still on for the...

**ELIZABETH:** Yeah, yeah. Just. Wait for me, will ya?

**OLLIE:** You got it.

**ALEX:** Wait for you for what?

**ELIZABETH:** Nothing.

**ALEX:** No, what?

*(Elizabeth takes Alex's hands in hers. Ollie exits.)*

What are you guys planning?

**ELIZABETH:** Who says we're planning anything?

**ALEX:** Oh, right. Like you and Ollie aren't ALWAYS scheming something. What is it this time? A flash mob in chemistry class?

**ELIZABETH:** You plan ONE flash mob and suddenly you're the queen of flash mobs.

**ALEX:** Pulling the fire alarm during your French test?

**ELIZABETH:** Hey, I'm good at French. I don't need to pull the fire alarm.

**ALEX:** Well, whatever it is, I'm sure it'll be a shock to everyone.

**ELIZABETH:** Is that a good thing?

**ALEX:** *(Laughing:)* Well, you know I like surprises. Which is why I have one for you.

*(Alex puts her backpack on the ground and pulls out a book.)*

**ELIZABETH:** What's this?

**ALEX:** Take a look.

*(Alex hands her a photo album. Elizabeth leafs through it.)*

**ELIZABETH:** It's us.

**ALEX:** Yeah. I've really been enjoying the last few months together, and I thought, you know, maybe I'd throw some of those dumb selfies in a scrapbook.

**ELIZABETH:** Hashtag adorable.

**ALEX:** Hashtag crafting.

**ELIZABETH:** Hashtag... I'm out of hashtags.

*(Elizabeth flips to the first page.)*

Ooh! There's the one from the night we went to the party at Frida's house.

**ALEX:** Was that Halloween?

**ELIZABETH:** Nah. Just my femme fatale phase.

**ALEX:** That was a good phase— Look! There's the one from the ice skating rink from our first official-unofficial-secret date.

**ELIZABETH:** Oh man, I had forgotten how cold it was that day.

**ALEX:** And how bad you are at skating! You basically clung on to me the whole time.

**ELIZABETH:** Like you minded.

**ALEX:** Touché.

**ELIZABETH:** Oh! And there's one from the band and choir spring break competition trip!

**ELIZABETH:** We're so gross! Look at those bow ties.

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**ALEX:** I'm more offended by the cummerbund, personally.

*(Elizabeth flips through the pages.)*

Look, there's a bunch more in here, and there's so many really good memories we could spend all day looking at, but I know your folks are coming soon to pick you up, and I wanted to make sure you saw this before you go.

*(Alex turns to the last page.)*

**ELIZABETH:** It's empty.

**ALEX:** I know. I'm hoping that's where we can put our prom picture.

**ELIZABETH:** What?

**ALEX:** Look, I know that we're still kind of keeping this whole thing on the down low, but I'm hoping that if I put on a dress and do the whole "hair and makeup" thing, your parents won't have too many questions if we go together as *(In air quotes:)* "friends."

*(Elizabeth looks around nervously.)*

**ELIZABETH:** Are you asking me to prom?

**ALEX:** I am.

I'm asking.

Will you go with me, Elizabeth?

**ELIZABETH:** Oh man.

**ALEX:** What? Is something wrong?

**ELIZABETH:** Not exactly.

**ALEX:** Because if you want, we can forget the whole thing –

**ELIZABETH:** No, that's not it.

**ALEX:** Well, then what is it?

**ELIZABETH:** It's just –

**ALEX:** If you don't want to go with me fine, but—

**ELIZABETH:** Wait—

**ALEX:** What?

**ELIZABETH:** I have to ask you a question.

*(Elizabeth looks around expectantly.)*

**ALEX:** What is it?

**ELIZABETH:** *(Loudly:)* I SAID "I HAVE TO ASK YOU A QUESTION."

**ALEX:** I'm standing right here.

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# ONE LAST TRICK

A short dramedy by  
Anne G'Fellers-Mason

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*SYD*, a 17-year-old junior, confident in most things, except  
Claire.

*CLAIRE*, a 17-year-old junior, confident in all things now.

Magic can't fix everything.

*(An open field. A box and a single chair sit beside a table strewn with various magic tricks.)*

*(SYD leads CLAIRE on slowly. She is blindfolded. He's dressed in a formal suit, she is dressed far more casually.)*

**CLAIRE:** Where are you taking me?

**SYD:** Just a little further.

**CLAIRE:** We've walked like three miles.

**SYD:** Like three feet. Oh, watch your step there.

*(She freezes.)*

You gotta trust me.

*(She takes a comically large step.)*

Was that so hard?

**CLAIRE:** Excruciatingly.

**SYD:** Pullin' out the fancy SAT words.

*(He leads her to the chair.)*

Have a seat, m'lady.

*(She cautiously feels behind her before sitting.)*

**CLAIRE:** Can I take this off now?

**SYD:** Not yet. Gimme one second.

**CLAIRE:** Oh my god!

**SYD:** Wait for it...wait for it...

*(He checks the table quickly to make sure everything's in place. He pulls his phone from his pocket, selects a song, and then re-pockets it. He hurries off.)*

**CLAIRE:** Now?!

**SYD:** Now!



---

*(Claire takes off the blindfold and looks around.)*

What in the —

*(Pachelbel's Canon in D begins to play. Syd walks on slowly, making sure his feet touch each time before he moves again.)*

**CLAIRE:** Oh no!

**SYD:** It's coming back to you, right? The field, the music, the magic?

*(He pulls a deck of cards out of nowhere.)*

**CLAIRE:** Oh no!

**SYD:** The creepy smile, the classical music, the step touch?

*(Syd slowly makes his way to the table.)*

**CLAIRE:** Oh, god. The horrors of my eighth birthday party. I worked hard to forget this. This is years of therapy undone.

*(Syd begins to perform various magic tricks. He's not that good, but his cheesy grin remains.)*

It was so bad. Stop smiling! Stop it! You're freaking me out. Oh, the Pachelbel Magician. I bet he's a serial killer today.

**SYD:** Don't forget the rhyming.

**CLAIRE:** No, please, I beg you!

**SYD:** *(As he performs a trick:)* "Take a card from my deck. Go ahead, give it a check. Put it back, and count to three."

**CLAIRE:** Worst — birthday — ever.

**SYD:** "Blink your eyes. Can it be? The card you picked, here on top, for all to see!"

**CLAIRE:** You brought me out here to relive my nightmares? 'Cause we have this on home video.

**SYD:** You're gonna love this next trick, I promise.

**CLAIRE:** The one where he got in the box and disappeared? That was my favorite, yes.

**SYD:** No, this one!

*(Syd pulls flowers out of his sleeve with a note attached to the end. He drops to one knee before Claire. She tentatively accepts the note.)*

**CLAIRE:** "Dearest Claire, will you go to prom with me? I promise all the fun of your eighth birthday, without the creepy magician, only creepy classmates, and hopefully no *Pachelbel's Canon in D.*" *(Laughing:)* Yes, a definite yes. I mean, how can anyone resist such a sweet, psychotic smile?

**SYD:** But wait, there's more.

**CLAIRE:** More?

*(Syd leaves her side and returns to the box. Claire fondly touches the flowers and note.)*

You put a lot of thought in this promposal. I hate I missed prom.

**SYD:** I gotta remember to return that video to your mom.

**CLAIRE:** You did not?!

**SYD:** Research, darling.

*(He produces a corsage.)*

I, uh, picked this out for you. I think it would've gone with that dress you liked.

**CLAIRE:** Syd, it's beautiful.

*(He puts it on her wrist.)*

**SYD:** *(Clearing his throat:)* We'd meet Marcus and Kate for dinner. The menu, Italian, because it's not prom unless you have the absolute dread of getting sauce on your clothes.

**CLAIRE:** Yum! What would we order?

**SYD:** Uh, the lady would like the manicotti and I, the chicken parmesan, but you'd make me switch with you.

**CLAIRE:** Um, yeah, it's what I do.

**SYD:** Which brings us to, prom!

*(He changes the song on his phone to an upbeat dance number. Claire looks out at the field like it's been transformed.)*

**CLAIRE:** Oh, it's beautiful, look at all the carefully crafted papier-mâché decorations.

**SYD:** First comes the picture.

**CLAIRE:** Right.

*(They strike various poses.)*

**SYD:** I can only afford one, though.

**CLAIRE:** Cheapskate.

**SYD:** You're the one who said yes. Next, the awkward fast dancing.

*(They dance for a minute, doing various, uncoordinated moves.)*

Don't forget the awkward cringing at the dirty dancing couples.

*(They cringe in various directions.)*

**CLAIRE:** Someone's gonna be pregnant at graduation. Let's guess who.

**SYD & CLAIRE:** Valerie!

**CLAIRE:** Who's the father?

**SYD & CLAIRE:** Paul!

**CLAIRE:** Ewwwwwww.

**SYD:** Then the King and Queen are announced.

*(They clap sarcastically.)*

**CLAIRE:** What a shocker.

**SYD:** Super shocked.

**CLAIRE:** Don't worry, high school's almost over, and the real world is harsh and cold.

**SYD:** I take comfort in that every night.

**CLAIRE:** Now what?

*(The music switches over to a slow song.)*

**SYD:** Slow songs, you know.

*(He fidgets, and she smiles, extending her hand. He accepts her hand, and she pulls him close. They sway, a million unsaid things passing between them.)*

**CLAIRE:** Prom seems like fun. You should go for real next year. You should've gone this year.

**SYD:** Marcus said it was lame.

**CLAIRE:** Marcus thinks everything is lame.

**SYD:** I was studying anyhow – SAT.

**CLAIRE:** Now *you're* lame.

*(They continue to dance.)*

Promise me you'll go next year.

**SYD:** Claire –

**CLAIRE:** You'll be a senior, you have to go to your senior prom. You should take Stephanie, she thinks you're cute.

**SYD:** No, I –

**CLAIRE:** You'll need a whole new promposal, though. Can't do that magician shtick for Stephanie – she'll call the cops.

*(Syd stops dancing and takes a step back.)*

**SYD:** (*Exploding:*) I don't wanna go to prom with Stephanie! I wanna go to prom with you! I wanted to last year, and I— I want—

**CLAIRE:** I know.

**SYD:** I was gonna ask you, you know, after the dance, to be my girlfriend, because I love you. I've always loved you, Claire.

**CLAIRE:** Since we were kids, yeah. You're the only one who stayed through the whole magic show fiasco. And that's love, even an eight-year-old knows that.

**SYD:** I saw how sad you were that day, how disappointed, and I knew then I never wanted to see you sad again. I only wanted to make you smile.

**CLAIRE:** Hey, I loved my magician promposal. When you do it, it's endearing.

**SYD:** It wasn't supposed to be this way. We're seventeen! We're supposed to have years!

**CLAIRE:** Syd—

**SYD:** (*Brokenly:*) We're young, you were young, that stupid car...

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# BANNED FROM STUDENT ACTIVITES

A short comedy by  
Adam Hahn

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

KATIE, a teenage girl who wants to go to prom.

GRETCHEN, a teenage girl who does not want to go to prom.

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*(Two teenage girls, KATIE and GRETCHEN, in Katie's room, are sorting a giant pile of clothing, including at least two dresses or long garment bags that could hold dresses.)*

**GRETCHEN:** You can't put that in the donation box. It's a brand new dress.

**KATIE:** Maybe I should cut it apart and make pillows out of it. That's what they do with bridesmaid dresses, right?

**GRETCHEN:** You have too many pillows now.

**KATIE:** You're right. I should burn it.

**GRETCHEN:** I like fire, but first you should wear it out of the house.

**KATIE:** Where? The Pie Plate?

**GRETCHEN:** Yes! Put on the purple dress –

**KATIE:** It's not purple.

**GRETCHEN:** Put on that dress, and we'll go to The Pie Plate for mozzarella sticks. You, me, fried cheese?

**KATIE:** I want fried cheese, but I also want to never be seen in public by anyone ever. Especially in a prom dress.

**GRETCHEN:** No one will see you.

**KATIE:** Someone will see me.

**GRETCHEN:** We'll go right now. The only people at The Pie Plate at four in the afternoon are very old, and they don't know you.

**KATIE:** Someone will see me.

**GRETCHEN:** In a town this size? The chance of someone you know seeing you at The Pie Plate in your prom dress is only...

**KATIE:** Eighty-five percent?

**GRETCHEN:** Ninety, tops.

**KATIE:** For the last month of my senior year I'll be the girl who wore her prom dress to The Pie Plate instead of prom.

**GRETCHEN:** So? It's not like you didn't have a dress in the first place, or you couldn't get a date, or most of the people you find attractive would rather punch you in the face than dance with you.

Katie, you have the ultimate get-out-of-prom-free card.

**KATIE:** That's not a good thing.

**GRETCHEN:** It is the best thing. You are BANNED FROM STUDENT ACTIVITIES.

**KATIE:** How is that good?

**GRETCHEN:** I'll demonstrate.

And fold your own socks. I'm surprisingly bad with socks.

"What's that, fellow students? You're going to a pep rally and then a football game?"

**KATIE:** Football season is over.

**GRETCHEN:** "I won't be there. I'm BANNED FROM STUDENT ACTIVITIES."

**KATIE:** Nope. Not good. And how can you be bad with socks?

**GRETCHEN:** Shh, still demonstrating.

"What now? This afternoon we're having a motivational speaker-slash-trumpet player-slash-serious talk about abstinence? Have fun! I'll be in the library with the other students BANNED FROM STUDENT ACTIVITIES."

**KATIE:** Still bad. Angry teachers. Yelling parents. The trumpet guy talked about abstinence?

**GRETCHEN:** Using his trumpet as a metaphor.



**KATIE:** I thought they weren't going to have any more abstinence speakers after the last one.

**GRETCHEN:** There will always be abstinence speakers. There just won't be open Q and A afterward.

Speaking of the infamous hot dog question, was Cody in the library with you?

**KATIE:** No, I think he has to go to the counseling office during assemblies.

**GRETCHEN:** Wow, that's like Banned from Student Activities solitary confinement. He'll never have to go to another pep rally, and he's a sophomore.

**KATIE:** I place this jacket in the donation box in his honor. It looks the way he smells.

**GRETCHEN:** I should have asked the hot dog question. I've been trying to get banned from student activities for twelve years. It's like they know making me go to things is the worst punishment they have.

**KATIE:** They should make you go to prom.

**GRETCHEN:** That would be cruel and unusual.

**KATIE:** I've got a dress you can borrow.

**GRETCHEN:** That's yours.

**KATIE:** You should try it on.

**GRETCHEN:** I'd mess it up. I'd get it dirty or something.

**KATIE:** It would look good on you.

**GRETCHEN:** Of course it would. I'm gorgeous.

But you picked it out. You should get to wear it at least once. You'll look really great.

**KATIE:** Thank you.

**GRETCHEN:** Better than you ever did in these pants.

**KATIE:** Donation box. If you see the matching vest, put it in the trash.

**GRETCHEN:** Thanks for standing up for me.

**KATIE:** You would have done the same thing for me.

**GRETCHEN:** I'll never have to. No one's ever going to shove you out of a bathroom. The whole school is in love with you. You got banned from prom, and you're still invited to every after-party.

Everybody hates me. I get shoved around enough that I'm used to it, and you got in a slap-fight to stop it. Thanks.

**KATIE:** Forget about it. Are they leaving you alone now?

**GRETCHEN:** Of course not, because violence never solves anything.

**KATIE:** Especially if you fight as badly as I do.

**GRETCHEN:** You made a good effort, although for a slap-fight there wasn't much slapping or fighting.

**KATIE:** Just enough to keep me home on prom night.

**GRETCHEN:** Home? You're still going out tomorrow, aren't you?

**KATIE:** Where, The Pie Plate?

**GRETCHEN:** No, somewhere good. Where's Jason taking you for dinner?

**KATIE:** We didn't talk about it.

**GRETCHEN:** You should go to MacIntyre's downtown.

**KATIE:** A lot of people are going to MacIntyre's. Remember, I don't want to be seen by anyone, especially on prom night.

**GRETCHEN:** Everyone's going early, before the dance. You two go later, when it's quiet. Get that chocolate cake that takes forever, and then you can decide if there are any after-parties you could stand to be seen at.

**KATIE:** That sounds nice.

**GRETCHEN:** And you can wear the dress! Does Jason still have his tux reserved?

**KATIE:** We haven't talked about it.

**GRETCHEN:** Talk to him. Tell him he needs to bring you a corsage.

**KATIE:** I don't know if I'll see him this weekend.

**GRETCHEN:** Why wouldn't you? You have a date.

**KATIE:** I don't know.

**GRETCHEN:** He asked you to go to prom with him. Now he has to not go to prom with you.

**KATIE:** The thing is, he never asked me.

**GRETCHEN:** But you've been dating all year.

**KATIE:** I know.

**GRETCHEN:** And it's prom!

**KATIE:** I know.

**GRETCHEN:** And you helped him pick out a tux?

**KATIE:** Yes I did.

**GRETCHEN:** And three months ago you told him, "I'm driving to Cedar Rapids to buy this not-purple prom dress, and I can't return it later because the store is closing." Right?

**KATIE:** Right, but we never figured out how he was going to ask me.

**GRETCHEN:** How is that difficult?

**KATIE:** He was going to ask me at The Dairy Cone, because that's where we went on our first date, but we had to wait for it to open for the summer. Then it didn't open on schedule—

**GRETCHEN:** Because of the asbestos.

**KATIE:** Then it didn't open at all—

**GRETCHEN:** Because of the plague rats.

**KATIE:** That was just a rumor. They were normal rats.

**GRETCHEN:** But still not romantic rats.

**KATIE:** Finally, Jason's brother brought ice cream from the Dairy Cone in Muscatine, but it melted. He was trying to re-freeze it when I got Banned from Student Activities.

So he never actually asked me.

**GRETCHEN:** But it's not like he has other plans. He isn't going to prom without you.

**KATIE:** I don't know. He can if he wants to.

**GRETCHEN:** Have you talked to him at all since the slap-fight?

**KATIE:** We talked that night.

**GRETCHEN:** And?

**KATIE:** And I don't think we want to go to prom together.

**GRETCHEN:** Did you break up?

**KATIE:** I guess so.

**GRETCHEN:** Three days ago?

**KATIE:** Yeah.

**GRETCHEN:** And I'm hearing about this now?

**KATIE:** This is the first time it came up.

**GRETCHEN:** Oh.

**KATIE:** What?

**GRETCHEN:** That's why this giant pile of clothing seemed so familiar.

**KATIE:** I don't know what you mean.

**GRETCHEN:** Katie, do you remember freshman year when Tyler Duffy broke up with you because you didn't go to his basketball game, and that was all we talked about for all of Thanksgiving break?

**KATIE:** Yes.

**GRETCHEN:** Do you remember seventh grade? Josh Ritter lied about sitting next to Sarah Tonk on the bus, and I avoided you for two weeks because I couldn't hear about it one more time without stabbing myself in the eardrums?

**KATIE:** Yes.

**GRETCHEN:** Do you remember the four times you've broken up with guys over things they said about me, and then you didn't want to talk about it at all?

**KATIE:** Yes.

**GRETCHEN:** You just wanted to go home, do laundry, and throw away a bunch of your clothes?

**KATIE:** It's always a good time to get rid of junk you don't need.

**GRETCHEN:** What did Jason say?

**KATIE:** It doesn't matter.

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# PROM NINJA

A short comedy by  
Nicole B. Adkins

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

NINA, female, a high school senior. Focused, skeptical, probably valedictorian.

COLBY, female, a high school senior. Self-obsessed.

JUSTIN, male, a high school senior. Trying to muster the courage to prompose.

SERGIO, male, a high school freshman. Shirtless romantic.

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(NINA, a high school senior, is sitting at Taco Shack on her free period, working on her computer. She is visibly annoyed. After a moment, JUSTIN enters wearing his backpack. Nervous and a little sweaty, he is dressed in a shirt, tie, and black slacks.)

**NINA:** Where have you been!? Woah... You smell like you had a fight with a can of air freshener. Why the...? (Gestures to his clothing:) You look uncomfortable.

**JUSTIN:** OK, so prom is in 5 days and –

**NINA:** (Shudders.) Ugh. Not you too. Apparently I've overestimated you all these years. I didn't think Colby was your type –

**JUSTIN:** No – wait –

**NINA:** And what a choice of a romantic venue! Taco Shack. Not to mention we are supposed to be working –

**JUSTIN:** Look, we're running out of time –

**NINA:** Yeah! I know! Why can't anybody focus!? Prom season hits and everybody's reduced to a giant walking hormone –

**JUSTIN:** Nina! I've been trying to work up the nerve –

(COLBY enters, sashaying.)

**COLBY:** OMG! You guys are so not going to believe this. Sergio has uploaded another video!

**NINA:** Nice of you to show up, Colby.

**COLBY:** I had *things* to do. Now, watch.

**NINA:** No.

**COLBY:** But – this is like, breaking news!

**NINA:** Please google the definition of news. This is just some fame-hungry freshman trying to get himself invited to prom.

**COLBY:** Just watch.

*(Colby gets close to show them her phone.)*

**JUSTIN:** Gotta give the guy credit. He has no fear.

**COLBY:** Mmm, Justin, don't you smell and look nice. Did you have something special planned today?

**JUSTIN:** Uh...

**NINA:** UGH!! Don't make me throw up. Can we please get to work?? You two can make out or whatever after we're done and I'm gone!

**JUSTIN:** I'm not – that's not –

**COLBY:** *(Watching the video:)* You know, he's kinda cute for a noodle-armed little geek. *(Beat. They stare at her.)* What? I mean, his name is *Sergio!* It's like a romance novel waiting to happen. You know, in a year or five.

**NINA:** That's probably not even his real name. *(Colby sticks out her tongue.)* Look, we are running out of time –

**COLBY:** I know. Things are getting ridiculous. I mean – *me?* *With no date!?* It's like the world's inside-out or something. You should see my dress. *(Leans against Justin.)* It hugs in all the right places, with a super low neck – *(She pulls her collar down to expose some cleavage.)* And yet, I am still waiting for the right man to ask me...

**NINA:** Man! Man?? I can't even. Ugh!! Earth to Justin! If you could stop staring at her chest please for a minute so we can concentrate on planning the photo layout? And we still need a topic!!

*(He is mesmerized by cleavage. Nina smacks him.)*

**JUSTIN:** *(Snapping out of it:)* Sorry! Boobs! Involuntary!

**COLBY:** Let's just watch this one video and then I swear we'll concentrate.



**NINA:** And you, *Editor-in-Chief!* I wish you'd take your job seriously. It's always like you'd rather be getting a manicure.

**COLBY:** *Well...*

**NINA:** There are people who would love your title, you know. People who don't have your family's money. People who actually have to *earn* their way into college.

**COLBY:** Oh, like you don't have scholarships to everywhere.

**JUSTIN:** (*He's watching his phone, we hear cheesy romantic music.*) OK, this is kind of awesome.

**NINA:** Seriously?! Justin!

*(Colby leans in. Nina, throwing in the towel, looks on with them. SERGIO, a freshman, appears elsewhere on stage, shirtless, with a rose in his teeth. He does not have romance-novel muscles. He has an Italian accent. He is wearing rollerblades, though not adroitly. He could fall at any minute. If a fan could be blowing his hair that would be ideal.)*

**SERGIO:** Let her get one look at these muscles, and she will not resist this man-hunk!

**COLBY:** Ha! This kid is epic!

**JUSTIN:** I gotta say. I wish I had his confidence.

**SERGIO:** Any lady would be lucky to have Sergio.

**NINA:** Um, since when can freshmen leave campus? And where did he get that ridiculous accent?? I bet he's actually from Kansas or something.

**COLBY:** Whatever. He has an accent. And look how many followers he has. *Everybody* is watching this. Now shhh!

**SERGIO:** Lucky lady, I am headed your way. I know you watch me on the video screen because who could tear their eyes away? I will ride to you on a white horse, or in the

absence of a white horse which I do not have, I will glide to you on my roller shoes –

*(He glides on his rollerblades and attempts to execute some smooth maneuver. He is not successful. He barely saves himself from falling. He comes close to the audience, leans in.)*

I am rolling your way. Soon I will be to you and ask you to prom on my video screen while our fans watch on dreaming of the romance. I will carry you to prom on my white horse or in the absence of a white horse which I do not have, you could drive us, la mia tesora!

**COLBY:** And he speaks Italian!

**JUSTIN:** Yeah man. I should take lessons.

**NINA:** He knows a few words! He probably got them off the internet!

**SERGIO:** I sign off for now, la mia piccola tigre! I am only some short minutes from your destination. I am skipping the school to find you since after I did the spy work to find out where you would be at this very hour! I have rolled so far... Ciao for just a little moments mia dulce.

*(He skates off, barely managing not to fall.)*

**NINA:** Skipping! See? I bet he gets expelled.

**JUSTIN:** It's kind of inspiring. I wish I had his guts.

**COLBY:** *(Flirting:)* You should just get them. And then decide who you're promposing to, Justin.

**NINA:** If you really want a career as a journalist, you might want to work on your grammar. "To whom you are promposing" would be correct. If promposing were even actually a word. Which it isn't.

*(They stare at her.)*

**COLBY:** Are you even *planning* to go to prom?

**NINA:** Obviously I have to! Who else is going to finish the yearbook spread?! But I'm not bringing a date. I probably won't even dress up. I'll wear black and hide in the shadows.

**COLBY:** OK, weirdo. Like you wouldn't draw attention to yourself *that* way.

**JUSTIN:** Everybody would be like, who invited the ninja?

**COLBY:** (*Laughing too hard:*) You are *so* funny.

**JUSTIN:** Uh...thanks? Seriously though. I'm glad you're planning to go...

**COLBY:** OMG guys. Speaking of going to prom. I *know* I've had plenty of chances, but I was totally keeping my options open. Now it's pretty much countdown, and— (*Batting her eyelashes at Justin:*) there are only a couple people I'd consider saying yes to...

**NINA:** To WHOM I'D CONSIDER SAYING YES!

**COLBY & JUSTIN:** Huh?

**NINA:** Would you two PLEASE stop flirting and help me! Our free period is almost over and we haven't accomplished anything!!

**JUSTIN:** There's another video.

**COLBY:** We *have* to watch.

**NINA:** You two go ahead. *I'm* going to work.

**JUSTIN:** (*We hear cheesy music again.*) Wow...

**COLBY:** What?! What's he doing now?

*(She leans into Justin, flirtatiously. Sergio enters on his rollerblades. He is exhausted. He stops to catch his breath. Then he leans into the audience, stage whispering.)*

**SERGIO:** I am right outside the building where you are, luce mia! I rolled here with all of my gusto since I am not yet old enough to have a vehicle!

**NINA:** "*I am not yet...*" Proper usage of prepositions! He actually has a better command of the English language than *some* people I know.

**COLBY:** Rude.

**SERGIO:** I must to stay quiet for the moment so as to build the suspense! The sign says I am not allowed in without my shirt, and I do not know how they feel about the rolling shoes! But I do not care! I do anything for amore! I will catch my breath and adjust my hair in the reflection of a car window and then I am coming to give you my heart and wet kisses!

*(He skates off.)*

**JUSTIN:** I gotta say, the guy just puts himself right out there.

**COLBY:** You could do that too. You just need to figure out a super romantic and awesome way to ask the right girl.

**JUSTIN:** *(Sarcastic:)* Yeah, easier than it sounds, right?

**NINA:** *(Beat, staring at Justin's phone:)* You, know...maybe there's a story here.

**COLBY:** What, like *actual news*? Told you!

**NINA:** No, I mean... This "promposal" thing. It's so much pressure. But on the other hand it's also...kind of freeing. I don't really see the point of it since we are all just in high school and it's not like this silly dance really means anything in the grand scheme of things—

**COLBY:** Total wet blanket. Every time.

**NINA:** But, I mean, all we have is *now*, right? No matter where we go, what we do with our lives in the future, right now THIS is the moment we are experiencing. This is our moment.

**COLBY:** I don't get it.

**JUSTIN:** I think you're on to something...

**NINA:** There are things we can do that are really stupid. Things that can haunt us—like if we flunk algebra or do something really awful to somebody—and then there are things we *think* will haunt us, but maybe that's just us moving out of our comfort zone?

**COLBY:** You are totally rambling.

**NINA:** What I mean is, whether I go or not. Whether this whole thing is just a chauvinistic marketing scheme dreamed up by the formal wear and flower industries. Whether Sergio's target says yes—or if he actually escaped from a loony bin. Or whether Colby finds the perfect date—or Justin gets up the nerve to ask her—

**JUSTIN:** But I—

**COLBY:** Right?!

**NINA:** What MATTERS...is that we don't have regrets. That we don't let fear stop us from taking risks! *That* matters. That is a premise I can write a story around. (*Beat.*) I mean, *around which* I can write...whatever.

*(She gets to work typing, excited, oblivious to anything else.)*

**JUSTIN:** (*Epiphany:*) Yeah...you're...right!! I'll be back in a minute!

*(He exits, excited.)*

**COLBY:** I think he's finally going to ask me!! How do I look? (*Takes a selfie blowing a kiss to herself.*) Ooh! His eyes will SO match my dress! I totally thought about going with Anthony but he was too tall. Justin and I will look way better in pics.

**NINA:** (*Shocked out of writing:*) THAT'S why you want to go with him?

**COLBY:** I mean, I've GOT to get a date ASAP and he's my best last choice.

**NINA:** Are you serious??

*(Beat, Colby shrugs.)*

He is the nicest, coolest, funniest guy who has *ever* liked you — and *if* you are *lucky* enough for him to ask you —

**COLBY:** OMG. You *are* jealous.

**NINA:** I am not! Justin and I are just friends! We've been friends since kindergarten! Ever since he helped me learn to tie my shoes and I—I... *(Epiphany:)* I...like him. I *like* like him! And I *am* jealous, but mostly because...you don't deserve him! And I'm not going to let you ruin his senior prom! Not without a fight.

*(Nina runs her fingers through her hair, stands up, smooths her clothes.)*

**COLBY:** What. Are. You. *Doing?*

**NINA:** No regrets!

*(Nina starts typing something new on her computer. Colby looks over Nina's shoulder.)*

**COLBY:** You've got to be kidding me! You versus me? Good luck.

*(We hear cheesy romance music from Colby's phone.)*

Oooh! Hold up! New video!

*(Colby tunes in. Nina continues to type. Sergio skates on.)*

**SERGIO:** I am opening the door, I am...here! I am going to ask you for all the world to see!

*(Sergio puts the rose between his teeth. Holding his phone out to take footage of the whole scene, he skates into Nina and Colby's space. He gets down on one knee beside their table.)*

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**COLBY:** Oh my gosh, another promposal!!!

**SERGIO:** Amore mia, you and me, we would make beautiful bambinos! Someday! But first we should go to the prom! Please, Nina, will you do me the honor?

**COLBY:** *Nina??*

**NINA:** Whaaaa –??

**COLBY:** *WHY??*

**SERGIO:** Smart is sexy, no? And everybody say she is going to be valedictoria!

**COLBY:** *(Grabs at his phone:)* Turn that off right now!

*(Justin enters, carrying a tray.)*

**JUSTIN:** Woah, Sergio! Asking Colby? Good for you!

**SERGIO:** Scusi? No, I –

**JUSTIN:** Look, I'm sorry, this isn't the most romantic idea I've ever had – or the most romantic locale as you pointed out – but the thing is I've been trying to get up the nerve and come up with a perfect idea for weeks, trust me – and I know you've already eaten lunch...but what you said just a minute ago inspired me and I didn't want to let the moment pass so – just – just look at this tray and then please tell me yes.

*(He gets on one knee, presenting a rather crushed corsage from his backpack to Nina. Colby and Nina, both dumbfounded, look at the tray.)*

**COLBY:** Did you write "Prom" with a question mark in *refried beans*?!

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# THE CLARINET SECTION IS SICK OF YOUR GARBAGE

A short comedy by  
Megan Gogerty

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

CHELSEA, a teen girl, smart.

JILL, a teen girl, snarky.

BETHANY, a teen girl, sweet.

JENNA, a teen girl, revolutionary.



---

*(Three clarinet players, CHELSEA, JILL and BETHANY, eating lunch outside the band room.)*

**CHELSEA:** *(Standing with importance:)* I would just like to point out for the record –

**JILL:** *(Throwing bits of sandwich at her:)* Boo!

**BETHANY:** No proclamations, please!

**CHELSEA:** – That not only is the concept of prom inherently fascist – institutionally sanctioned fun, anyone? No, thank you – But that the promposal –

**BETHANY:** We know what you think, everybody knows what you think.

**CHELSEA:** *(Undeterred:)* – The promposal is particularly ridiculous because it's humiliating, sexist, classist –

**JILL:** If you say "consumerist," I get your Doritos.

**CHELSEA:** Well, it is.

**JILL:** Is what?

**CHELSEA:** Consumerist.

*(Jill snatches the Doritos from Chelsea.)*

**BETHANY:** Sit down, Chelsea. It's none of our business.

**CHELSEA:** I just wanted it stated for the record.

**BETHANY:** Jenna's choices are her own to make.

**CHELSEA:** Jenna is going to make an idiot of herself for nothing.

**BETHANY:** Maybe. You don't know.

**CHELSEA:** It's one thing to make an idiot of yourself if you have a good reason.

**JILL:** You would know, Chelsea.

**CHELSEA:** He's going to say no. She's going to be humiliated, and he's going to say no.

**BETHANY:** He might say yes.

**CHELSEA:** He's a trumpet player.

**BETHANY:** I know.

**CHELSEA:** *(To Jill:)* Are you seriously going to keep my Doritos?

**JILL:** *(Reluctantly surrenders Doritos.)* All trumpet players are cocky and arrogant. She should've asked somebody in the low brass section.

**BETHANY:** Oh, please. Nobody's that desperate.

**JILL:** At least they would have said yes! She wants to go to prom. You think any of them have dates?

**BETHANY:** Then she would've had to get her picture taken with one of them. For eternity.

**JILL:** Trevor's not so bad.

**BETHANY:** He spit in my beef stew.

**JILL:** That was freshman year! Way to hold a grudge.

**CHELSEA:** It's one thing to do it privately. Take him aside and say, "Hey, Aaron. Want to go to prom?" And then he'll say, "No, because I'm a horrible human being and I can't see that you, Jenna, are amazing." Then at least she has some dignity.

**BETHANY:** She thinks a big ordeal will surprise him into saying yes. She thinks it'll be fun.

**JILL:** Public humiliation. Super fun.

**CHELSEA:** I mean, the corsage industry alone...

**JILL:** What?

**CHELSEA:** Consumerism. The corsage industry alone...

**JILL:** You are going to ace your AP tests.

**CHELSEA:** You think so?

**JILL:** Absolutely. (*Snatches the Doritos back.*)

**BETHANY:** Who knows? Maybe he'll say yes. Maybe Jenna will have a great time, and a great story to tell her grandkids about the time she went to prom with the first chair trumpet player who had perfect hair. It's romantic.

**JILL:** His hair's not that great. He uses more product than I do.

**CHELSEA:** What she should do is, she should do an anti-promposal. Make a big sign in the cafeteria that says, "Nobody go to prom with me because it's a joke!"

**BETHANY:** She wants to go to prom. You can't save people from themselves.

*(JENNA enters with a sign, shell-shocked.)*

**BETHANY:** Jenna! Are you okay?

**JILL:** Did you do it? Oh, no. It tanked, didn't it? He said no, didn't he?

**JENNA:** I was in the art room. Working on my sign. See? I made the word "prom" too big so the "with me" is kinda squished.

*(She holds up the sign. It reads, "Aaron, will you go to prom with me?" as advertised.)*

**BETHANY:** Sure.

**JILL:** Handwriting is hard. I blame technology.

**CHELSEA:** Wait, I thought you were going with, "You plus me equals prom"?

**JILL:** No, that was when she was going to surprise him outside the math lab.

**BETHANY:** Let her finish her story.

**CHELSEA:** Sorry. I'm caught up.

**JENNA:** So I was trying to fix it, you know? This "with me" part. When I heard this noise in the hall. A trumpet.

*(The others exchange dark glances.)*

He did a whole thing for her. He played her a song. There were flowers. I think there was a monkey, but I might have been hallucinating.

**BETHANY:** Who'd he ask?

**JENNA:** Athena Williams.

**JILL:** Of course he did.

**BETHANY:** And she said yes?

**JILL:** Of course she did. Ugh. I can't wait to go to college.

**CHELSEA:** When I go to college, I'm going to study anthropology, and then I'm going to come back to high school and, like, observe everything.

**JILL:** You do that now.

**CHELSEA:** Yeah, but I'll be in college. So I can observe from afar. And get credit for it.

**BETHANY:** I'm sorry, Jenna. *(Hugs her.)*

**JENNA:** What am I gonna do with all this puffy paint?

**BETHANY:** If there's one thing high school has taught me, it's there's always another opportunity for puffy paint.

**JILL:** Know what I say? Bullet dodged. That guy's a jerk and he doesn't deserve your puffy paint.

**CHELSEA:** Things about college that are awesome: No prom. No Aaron Scott. No curfew. Just me, total freedom, living a life of the mind.

**JILL:** Did you just say, "Life of the mind"?

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**CHELSEA:** Yes, and I regret nothing. (*Snatches the Doritos back.*)

**JENNA:** But that's just it! High school's going to be over in two months. This is our last chance. And maybe prom is stupid, but I want to do all the stuff people do in high school. I don't want to skip stuff. I want to go to prom.

**CHELSEA:** The boys in this school are mouth-breathing trolls.

**JENNA:** So?

**CHELSEA:** So, if you want to do something, and you have to rely on mouth-breathing trolls to do it...you see? It's a no-win situation. It's garbage.

**JENNA:** So what's our option? Not go to prom?

**CHELSEA:** Who needs it? I'm going to binge-watch horror movies and eat popcorn.

**BETHANY:** I guess I should stay home and study.

**JILL:** Wow.

**BETHANY:** What?

**JILL:** I thought Chelsea's thing was depressing.

**BETHANY:** It's not depressing! I like studying.

**CHELSEA:** Well, at least none of us have dates. We're all in it together. Right?

**BETHANY:** Right.

*(Jill is conspicuously silent.)*

**CHELSEA:** Jill?

**JILL:** Hmm?

**CHELSEA:** Are you going to prom?

**JILL:** Perhaps.

**CHELSEA:** Did you not hear what I said about the fascist garbage?

**JILL:** Yeah, I know. But Trevor asked me and I just thought—

**CHELSEA:** Trevor?! From low brass?!

**BETHANY:** Jill! He spit in my stew!

**JILL:** Okay, true confession: I kinda thought that was funny.

**CHELSEA:** I can't believe this. You of all people.

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