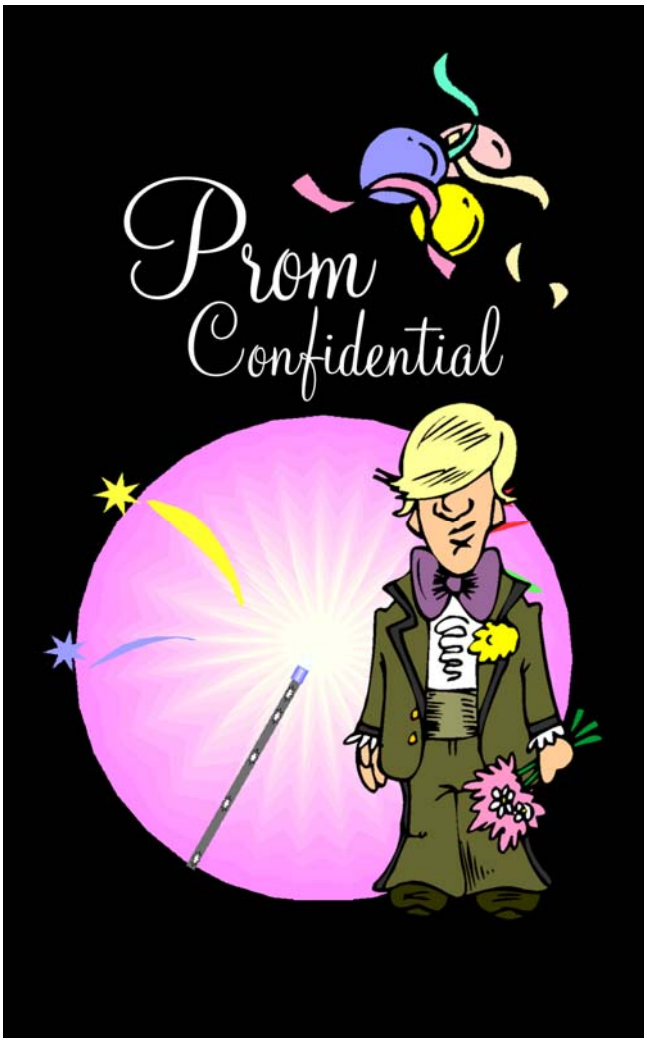

Jon Jory

Big Dog Publishing

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Prom Confidential

COMEDY. In this tell-all, prom-goers let the audience in on their prom drama in a series of hilarious monologues and vignettes that reveal some mind-boggling prom dilemmas. First of all, how do you pick a prom theme that isn't dumb? Second, selecting the right prom date isn't easy. What should you do if your date arrives wearing an Abraham Lincoln costume complete with a beard? If every girl turns you down, should you take your Russian grandma to prom? Should you go to prom with a guy your dad despises so much he becomes hysterical? Finally, prom etiquette can be really confusing. Should you wear a live snake around your neck to prom? Are "mercy dates" cool? Is it okay to ditch your date at the door? What do you do if you accidentally ask multiple people to prom? If your name is Carrie and you are obsessed with the Stephen King novel *Carrie*, should you go to prom? This "romantically" riveting one-act has scene-stealers for everyone in the cast! Easy to stage with just a few simple props.

Performance Time: Approximately 30-45 minutes.

Characters

(7 M, 15 F, 3 flexible, opt. extras)
(With doubling: 4 M, 9 F, 1 flexible. Tripling possible.)

STEPHANIE: Prom spirit who oversees proms; looks young but suffers from arthritis and is on her 32nd set of dentures; has wings, wears a prom dress and high heels, and carries a rhinestone wand; female.

WILLIAM: Overly energetic, enthusiastic prom spirit; wears a flashy tuxedo and roller skates (opt.); male.

STAGEHAND 1, 2: Stagehands; flexible.

AUDIENCE MEMBER: Seated in an aisle seat in the audience; flexible.

LUANN: Senior who is **g**oing to prom with a guy her dad dislikes; female.

DAD: Luann's hysterical father who thinks prom is "dangerous"; male.

MOM: Luann's seemingly cool and collected mother who sees prom as a rite of passage but is so nervous she needs to go to church and pray; female.

SUZY: A clueless girl who went to prom with a drug-dealer; female.

GIRLS 1-6: High school girls who can't agree on a prom theme and have a pillow fight; wear pajamas; female.

LUCAS: Went to prom with a king cobra draped around his neck and holding a coral snake; male.

JOSIE: A shy girl who ditched her date for the new kid; wears a toga with a crown of flowers and carries a huge lollipop; female.

CARRIE: A cheerleader who is obsessed with the novel *Carrie* by Stephen King; wears a cheerleading uniform and carries pom-poms; female.

JAKE: Went to prom with his Russian grandmother; male.

SAMANTHA: A senior whose prom date arrives dressed as Abraham Lincoln; wears a prom gown; female.

MOM 2: Samantha's highly critical mother who thinks Abraham Lincoln is attractive; wears glasses; female.
BILLY BOY BOY: Wants to honor Abraham Lincoln because he didn't get to go to prom; wears a full Abraham Lincoln costume complete with a beard; male.
DON: High school student who accidentally asks three girls to prom; male.
DAMION: Can't locate his father's car in a parking ramp after prom and reveals an awkward secret to his date; wears prom attire; male.
KELLI: Damion's date who helps him look for his father's car; wears a prom dress; female.
EXTRAS (opt): As additional Prom-Goers.

Options for Doubling

MOM/MOM 2 (female)
SUZY/KELLI (female)
STAGEHAND 1/GIRL 1 (female)
STAGEHAND 2/GIRL 2 (female)
JOSIE/GIRL 3 (female)
CARRIE/GIRL 4 (female)
SAMANTHA/GIRL 5 (female)
LUANN/GIRL 6 (female)
LUCAS/DON (male)
JAKE/DAMION (male)
DAD/BILLY BOY BOY (male)

Set

An empty stage except for very tall standing letters that spell "prom." Set pieces include a bentwood chair, a high stool, and an armchair.

Props

Ice-cream soda
Rhinestone magic wand, for Stephanie
6 pillows, for Girls 1-6
Bullhorn, for Stephanie
Huge lollipop, for Josie
2 Usher uniforms, for Stagehand 1, 2
Knitting needles and yarn, for Mom 2
Misc prom garbage (confetti, paper lanterns, crepe paper, soda cans, etc.)
Teddy bear

Special Effects

Typical prom song
Knock at the door
Last chorus of a prom song to signal the end of prom
Blue light
"The Blue Danube Waltz"

"There should be a
storage facility for teenagers,
and they should only
be taken out of the box
when they're 20."

—Dad

Prom Confidential

(AT RISE: An empty stage except for very tall standing letters that spell out "Prom." Stephanie enters wearing a prom dress and carrying a rhinestone magic wand.)

STEPHANIE: *(To audience.)* Zap! You're an audience! Yup, there you are. I'm Stephanie, your prom spirit. I oversee proms in the United States. You think that's easy? My feet hurt and I'm exhausted. *(To offstage, calls.)* Could I have an orange soda with a scoop of pecan ice cream in it?

(Stagehand 1 enters, carrying an ice-cream soda.)

STAGEHAND 1: *(Handing Stephanie the ice-cream soda.)* Here you go. *(To audience.)* And that's my only line. *(Exits.)*

STEPHANIE: *(To audience.)* My territory is the United States, which covers some 24,000 proms, and I don't even get to dance. I do the gamut: Gatsby proms, "A Night at the Disco" proms, "Hawaii in the Moonlight" proms. I even presided over a hockey prom in [Minnesota] where all the guys dressed as goalies. Hey, schools have been proming it up since 1893. Yeah, I handled that one. I know I look young, but I have a miserable case of arthritis, and I'm on my 32nd set of dentures. *(To offstage, shouts.)* Prom on stage! *(Typical prom song is heard. Cast and Extras enter, pair up, and begin to dance. Note: They are wearing ordinary clothes, not prom attire.) Stephanie watches them dance for ten seconds. Shouts.)* Freeze! *(Music stops. Cast and Extras freeze. To offstage, shouts.)* I hate that song! Take it off the play list! *(To herself.)* Ummm, where was I? *[Or insert another state.]*

AUDIENCE MEMBER: *(Shouts.)* The dancers!

STEPHANIE: Right, thanks. *(To audience.)* You may wonder why the dancers aren't wearing tuxedos and gowns. Because there's a national sequin shortage. Just kidding!

Come on, folks, it's a school play. Plays are not as popular as proms, and our budget is less than one rhinestone tuxedo. Live with it. My feet are killing me. *(Stagehand 2 enters, carrying a bentwood chair and places it behind Stephanie. Stephanie sits and kicks off her high heels.)* Thanks.

STAGEHAND 2: No problemo. *(Exits.)*

STEPHANIE: *(To herself, massaging her feet.)* Oh, that feels better. *(To audience.)* What's interesting is how people got there and what they remember. *(To Cast and Extras, shouts.)* Clear the dance floor, please! *(Cast and Extras exit in every direction. To offstage, shouts.)* Hey, William, how about a hand out here?!

(Wearing a flashy tuxedo and roller skates, William rolls on. Note: Roller skates are optional. William may walk on.)

WILLIAM: *(To audience, overly energetic and charming.)* Hiya, hiya, hiya! Lookin' good, lookin' good!

STEPHANIE: Don't waste all your charm in the first two minutes. *(To audience.)* He is also a prom spirit.

WILLIAM: *(To audience.)* Hiya, hiya, hiya!

STEPHANIE: *(To audience.)* He's a little much, but he has a good heart. William has done 13,000 proms with me and has never gotten so much as a goodnight kiss.

WILLIAM: *(To audience.)* Hiya, hiya, hiya!

STEPHANIE: *(To audience.)* And that's why.

WILLIAM: *(To audience, proudly.)* My mom made my tuxedo!

STEPHANIE: Who's your mom again?

WILLIAM: Tinkerbelle.

STEPHANIE: Figures. All right, William, let's get this show on the road.

(William performs a 5-second silly dance.)

WILLIAM: On the road!

STEPHANIE: *(To offstage, calls.)* Prom actors on stage! *(Cast Members enter from all directions.)* Freeze! *(Cast Members freeze.)* Luann, you're up. *(Luann moves downstage. To others.)* The rest of you take a little break. *(Other Cast Members sit or lay down on stage. Two Cast Members fall asleep and begin to snore.)* No snoring! *(They stop snoring.)* Hi, Luann.

LUANN: Hi, Stephanie.

STEPHANIE: Any prom stories?

LUANN: Oodles! I'll need some parents, though.

STEPHANIE: *(To Mom and Dad, calls.)* Parents!

(Luann's Mom and Dad get up from the floor and move downstage.)

LUANN: Hi, Mom.

MOM: Luann, dear, we need to have a little, itsy-bitsy talk about prom.

LUANN: *(Protesting.)* Mommm!

DAD: *(Admonishingly.)* Listen to your mother.

LUANN: Daddd!

DAD: *(To Mom.)* There should be a storage facility for teenagers, and they should only be taken out of the box when they're twenty.

MOM: Very amusing, dear. *(To offstage, calls.)* Might we have a chair, please?! *(Carrying a chair, Stagehand 1 enters and places the chair on stage. To Stagehand 1.)* Thank you.

(Stagehand 1 moves downstage.)

STAGEHAND 1: *(To audience, announces.)* I have a [2011 Silverado] that I'll sell for $7,000. I'll be in the lobby after the show. *(Exits.) [Or insert another year and model.]*

DAD: *(Breaks character. To Stagehand 1, calls.)* I'd be interested in a [Silverado]!

MOM: We're acting now, dear.

DAD: Ooops! Sorry.

MOM: *(To Luann.)* Your dad has some worries about the prom.
DAD: Prom is the most dangerous place to be since the sinking of the "Titanic"!
LUANN: People survive proms, Dad.
DAD: It is the prime environment in which to start a terrible relationship, resulting in an ill-considered marriage, ending in a catastrophic divorce!
LUANN: *(Protesting.)* Daaaad!
DAD: So I'll drive you and what's-his-name.
LUANN: *(Protesting.)* You are not driving us to the prom!
DAD: Then I'll go with the two of you on the bus.
LUANN: *(Protesting.)* I am not going to the prom on a bus!
MOM: *(To Dad.)* Not very romantic, dear.
DAD: *(Horrified.)* Romantic?! *(To Luann)* Who are you going with?
LUANN: Robby.
DAD: *(Ranting.)* Robby?! You're going with Robby? The one who backed over our dachshund? The one who calls me "the wrinkled dude"? The one who climbed the tree next to your bedroom, fell two stories, and I had to spend the entire night in the ER with his father threatening to sue me?!
MOM: That blew over, dear. He sent you flowers.
DAD: I don't like yellow roses!
MOM: Prom is a rite of passage, dear. It's that healing time when parents accept the fact that children are going to make their own choices.
DAD: *(Horrified.)* She's going to make her own choices?!
MOM: She is going away to college, dear.
DAD: *(Overwhelmed, starts to exit.)* I have to go and lie down now… *(Exits.)*
LUANN: *(To Mom.)* Is he all right?
MOM: Prom is hard on parents, dear. *(Starts to exit.)*
LUANN: Where are you going, Mom?

(Mom halts.)

MOM: To church to pray with Grandma. *(Starts to exit.)*
LUANN: But…
MOM: You'll do fine, dear. *(Exits.)*
LUANN: *(Looking off where Mom exited.)* Parents still need their parents…

(Luann exits opposite. Suzy enters, carrying a high stool. She puts it DCS and sits on it. Lights down until there is only a special on Suzy.)

SUZY: *(To audience.)* Hi, I'm Suzy, and I'm a little clueless. I don't always get what's happening, if you know what I mean. One of the things I didn't get was Taylor Gibbs. Maybe you know his name? He was in the paper, and not in a good way. He was…well, according to Sports Illustrated, he was a "once-in-a-generation basketball talent." He could dunk in sixth grade. He was six feet nine in eighth grade. He scored 60 points in his first high school game. There were pro scouts in our gym for every game he played. Most importantly, he lived next door to me, so inevitably he was my first boyfriend. I mean, we held hands in third grade, and it just went on from there. Frankly, I think he was afraid to dump me because my dad was the basketball coach. Every night we would sit out on my step or his steps. He liked to sing, and I could harmonize, so everybody in the neighborhood thought we were "cute." It just went on from there. It probably lasted because I did his homework. We were just "Suzy and Taylor, Taylor and Suzy." It was just, like, way too complicated to unwind it, you know. It was just too much trouble to stop. Blah, blah, blah. It wasn't until junior year I found out he dealt. Story old as time, right? The circle, right? Sold enough of his drug of choice so he could afford his drug of choice. And me? Did I know that? Noooo. I was so busy being smart, it went right over my head. Anyway, he started selling to my brother Al, and then my brother started selling, and then he got picked up in

front of the Walmart and spent six months in County, which really messed up my family big-time. So, sitting on my front steps, I told Taylor Gibbs we were out of the romance business, and if I found out he sold anything to anybody, I would turn him in and he could play hoops in the prison yard. Oh, he cried, Taylor Gibbs did. And I cried. And he promised me on his mama's grave he was done. Just showed what his mama's grave meant to him, right? Which brings me to the prom, "Floral Fantasy." He rents this bright red [Chevy Silverado], comes to my house in his paisley and gray tux carrying a sports bag with his civvies in it so he can change after the dance, and asks if he can use the bathroom to shave. So, while he's in there, I took a look in the sports bag, and there was enough OxyContin in there to get the whole state high. So I thought it over because I knew it wasn't right, made a call, and right in the middle of prom, four cop cars pull up, and nine cop dudes and a couple of cop ladies hit the prom right in the middle of [DaBaby's "Rockstar"], and they hustled Taylor Gibbs right out of there, and he blew me a kiss as he left. I felt kind of bad for a minute, but every guy at that prom wanted to dance with me to get the lowdown. Hope you have as good a time at your prom as I did. *[Or insert another car.] [Or insert another singer and song.]*

(Suzy waves to the audience as she exits. Stephanie passes Suzy as she enters.)

STEPHANIE: *(To audience.)* Ahhhh, don't you love all the sweet stories from proms? In [Red Lodge, Montana] a girl wore a dress so heavy, she tipped over and slashed her eyebrow. They took her to the ER, and she later married the doctor who sewed her up. I asked her what she saw in him, and she said he kept her in *stitches*. *(Laughs.)* In [New Hampshire], Dino Martinelli ran out of gas on the way to pick up Delilah Jones for the prom. He had to walk nine

miles to a gas station, and when he finally got to Delilah's house, the whole family had moved to [Florida], but she had left him a love letter and a plane ticket. In [New Mexico,] a guy named Arthur danced so wildly to [Shakira's "Hips Don't Lie"] that he danced right through a floor-to-ceiling window into the arms of Madeleine Gizmo, who had gone out on the terrace. Fortunately, she always carried a box of Band-Aids and they now have two children and a poodle. And best of all was Tina Bandick who took three guys to the prom because she couldn't make up her mind and ended up a polygamist. *(Starts to exit.)* As it turns out, the most dangerous part of a prom is naming it… *[Or insert other locations.] [Or insert a different singer and song.]*

(Three pillows are tossed on stage. Wearing pajamas, Girls 1, 2, 3 enter, irate.)

GIRL 1: *(To Girl 2, infuriated.)* The prom theme is not going to be "The Dogs We Love"!

(Girl 1 whacks Girl 2 with a pillow.)

GIRL 2: Oh, really? Well, it's certainly not going to be "Pillow Talk"!

(Girl 2 whacks Girl 1 with a pillow. Girl 1 whacks Girl 2 with a pillow.)

GIRL 3: *(To Girl 1, 2.)* How about, "A Night at Walmart"?

(Girls 1, 2 whack Girl 3 with their pillows.)

GIRL 1: *(To Girl 2, 3.)* I thought we agreed to call it, "Love, [Mississippi]-style." *[Or insert another state.]*

(Wearing pajamas, Girl 4 rushes on holding a pillow.)

GIRL 4: *(Shouts.)* We don't live in [Mississippi]!

(Wearing pajamas, Girl 5, 6 rush on holding pillows. Girls 1-6 engage in a comical pillow fight. Stagehand 1 enters with a bullhorn, hands it to Stephanie, and exits.)

STEPHANIE: *(Through a bullhorn.)* Hold it! *(Girls 1-6 stop, turn, and look at her.)* How about, "What Happens in [North Dakota] Stays in [North Dakota] Because Nobody Ever Leaves"? *[Or insert another state.]*

(Girls 1-6 start to exit in different directions and say the following as they exit.)

GIRL 1: Perfect!
GIRL 2: Super-duper!
GIRL 3: Love it!
GIRL 4: Way better!
GIRL 5: I love [North Dakota]!
GIRL 6: Style center of the universe!
GIRLS 1-6: Best prom ever!

(Girls 1-6 exit. William enters.)

WILLIAM: *(To Stephanie.)* Prom passions, right?
STEPHANIE: *(To audience.)* In [Maryland], a giant fight broke out because the band hadn't played ["All the Good Girls Go to Hell."] *[Or insert another state.] [Or insert another state and/or song title.]*
WILLIAM: *(To audience.)* In [Florida], parents picketed the prom because the kids voted for ["Tequila Makes Her Clothes Fall Off."] *[Or insert another state.] [Or insert another song.]*

(William exits. Stephanie exits opposite. Lucas enters upstage.)

LUCAS: *(To audience.)* Man, I loved high school! Ate it up, you know? Vibed on the whole thing. Beginning of every day, the student of the month would run the flag up the flagpole in front of the school, and I'd bring my trumpet and play, "Born in the USA." I only missed two school days in four years, and that was when I tossed my backpack into the trunk of my [Chevy] and I got bit by a Mojave Desert sidewinder that was sleeping in there to keep warm. Hey, I was a participator in high school. I was in the Salad Club and the Greek Tragedy Society. Wore my letter jacket every darn day and worked as our crossing guard on Tuesdays, so you can bet your patootie I was up for prom! I went with Hazel Madison, who had worn the same dress to school for three years. She was already a multi-millionaire because she made a chemistry breakthrough when she was only twelve that had to do with harnessing ketyl radicals using palladium photocatalysis, whatever that means. She was also six feet seven, which was a plus in my book! Hazel and I wanted to make an entrance, y'know? We wrote this song called "Snake Bite" and came in holding Texas coral snakes in both hands with king cobras draped around our necks. Prom crowd went crazy, but it took three hours to round 'em up again. Problem was some candles on the punch table got tipped over, and the drapes behind the table went up in this real pretty sheet of flame, and the fire department came in and hosed down the gym. Kinda ruined the Hawaiian luau decorations, but Mr. Capper, the principal, wouldn't abandon ship. It made Hazel and me kinda famous for about a minute and a half. *(Nostalgic.)* Lives on in memory, though. Every class reunion we set something or other on fire… *[Or insert another type of car.]*

(Lucas exits. William enters.)

WILLIAM: *(To audience.)* All right, y'all, let's put 'em together for the one, the only…Josie Kingfisher!

(William applauds and encourages the audience to applaud. Josie enters, licking a big lollipop. She is wearing a toga with a crown of flowers.)

JOSIE: *(To audience, shy until she gets going.)* Hi. It's me, Josie. Ummm…I fell in love at the prom. Unfortunately, it wasn't with the guy I went with. My date was with Brian L. Leggups, who was our ninth-string quarterback. He got a paragraph in "Sports Illustrated." Until then, nobody had ever heard of a "ninth-string quarterback" before. I liked Brian okay 'cause of his platinum-blonde mohawk, but he wasn't much of a talker. He only ever said four things: "yes," "no," "maybe," or "Huh?" Which didn't always move the conversation along. Anyway, we were at the prom when this guy, Jawdrop—who had just transferred to the school—sauntered into the prom wearing red polka-dot shorts and silver-inlaid cowboy boots and shouts, "Magnificent, seniors! Jawdrop dances to your future!" And he did this expressive dance kind of thingy that featured a back flip and ended in the splits. The crowd went wild. Jawdrop yells, "Onward to the future!" and every last soul at the prom followed Jawdrop for nearly a mile to the shores of Lake Wishywauga. He walked into the water, and the multitudes followed him into the water in their prom dresses and tuxedos. Mrs. Thumbwaire, the principal, called the cops, but when they got there, they just stood around laughing, and this one lady cop just waded in and did the backstroke. Me and Jawdrop…we're engaged now and living in a nudist colony in Sweden where we run a tattoo parlor. So take it from me, you just don't know when your prom is going to float your boat!

(As Josie starts to exit, Carrie enters. Josie and Carrie high-five, and Josie exits. Carrie is wearing a cheerleader uniform and carrying pom-poms.)

CARRIE: *(To audience, energetic, bouncy.)* All right, prom hounds, let's get to it!
(To audience.) Gimme a "P"! *(Audience responds.)*
Gimme an "R"! *(Audience responds.)*
Gimme an "A"! *(Audience responds.)*
Gimme an "M"! *(Audience responds.)*

AUDIENCE MEMBER: *(Shouts.)* Excuse me, but that doesn't spell "prom," that spells "pram"!

CARRIE: *(To Stagehands 1, 2 offstage, shouts.)* Git her outta here!

(Dressed as ushers, Stagehands 1, 2 enter, race down the aisle, and grab Audience Member, who is seated in an aisle seat.)

AUDIENCE MEMBER: *(To Stagehands 1, 2, shouts.)* Get your hands off of me! I am Secretary Treasurer of the senior class! *(As Stagehands 1, 2 bum rush him/her out of the theatre, shouts.)* You are going to hear from my daddy because my daddy is in the mob!

(Stagehand 1, 2, and Audience Member exit.)

CARRIE: *(To audience, indicating Audience Member.)* Some people just don't have any respect for other people's spelling. Now, the rest of you settle down before I sic the ushers on you. Now let me get this straight. You are asking me how was the prom? Well, there're different points of view on that, right? Everybody has their own prom in their own head forever and ever. Now, in my prom, they decided the theme would be, "Who do you wish you were?" This is, in my opinion, an explosive concept. Did you read "Carrie" by Stephen King? It was sooooo good! This guy, Billy, dumps a bucket of pig's blood over Carrie's head. And then at the end of the book, Carrie, with her big-time mental powers, takes control of Billy's car and runs it into a wall. You know, sometimes I wish I was Carrie. I mean, just in

my imagination. Like when my boyfriend—also strangely enough called Billy—did not ask me to the prom but instead asked Rita Butterworth, who has one blue eye and one green eye and has her very own tanning bed. Now Rita Butterworth knew full well Billy was my boyfriend, so I went and asked Rita's brother Jo-Jo, who stared at me all through Algebra lI. I dressed in a pink satin dress just like the book Carrie did, and I hid a pair of garden shears behind the bandstand. You catchin' my drift? Well, right in the middle of the prom, Rita walked over to Jo-Jo, her brother, and slapped him real hard for going to prom with me. And he left me in the middle of the floor and ran out to the parking lot. So I waited a little bit, and when there was a slow dance, I went and got the garden shears, walked over behind Rita—who was dancing with *my* boyfriend—and cut off her waist-length blonde hair right at the neckline. The whole ballroom went silent. And time…it just stopped. And I said, real cheerful, "Why, Rita girl, you just look cuter than a bug in a rug with your hair cut short." And she screamed like a banshee and fainted. Everyone at the prom applauded, and two football players carried me out on their shoulders. So, was that the best possible prom or not? You don't have to answer. We both know it was. *(Carrie, winks, smiles, and returns to the prom tableau.)*

STEPHANIE: *(To William.)* Now, wasn't that a real sweet story?

WILLIAM: Prom is just a rhinestone wonderland!

STEPHANIE: *(Calls.)* Next!

(Jake moves downstage from the tableau.)

[END OF FREEVIEW]