

PROM TERRIFIED!

by Ken Bradbury



GREEN ROOM PRESS

greenroompress.com

Copyright Notice

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Green Room Press. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Green Room Press. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Green Room Press. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Green Room Press.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: *Produced by special arrangement with Green Room Press.*

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Green Room Press.

Prom Terrified!
by Ken Bradbury

Prom Terrified!

by Ken Bradbury

(The copyright laws protect this selection. It is illegal to reproduce this document by any process. The only real protection for those who produce this material for your use is the good faith in your integrity. Thank you.)

[Tammy sits alone on stage in a chair. She is nervous, a little excited, but generally on the near side of panic.]

Marsh: *(enters, stops when she sees Tammy)* Nervous?

Tammy: *(startled)* Hub?

Marsh: I said, "You nervous?"

Tammy: *(obviously nervous)* No! Why should I be nervous ... I mean, it's just a ... it's just a ... p ... p ... *(she can't get the word out)*

Marsh: What?

Tammy: It's a ... a p ... p ...

Marsh: Prom? Are you trying to say "prom?"

Tammy: Sure. I can say it ... p ... p ...

Marsh: *(sitting, putting her arm around her sister)* Listen Sis, you gotta calm down, kid. It's just a prom.

Tammy: "Just a prom?" You make it sound so easy ... so simple. This is my first prom, Marsh! I don't know what to do, or what to say, or how to act, or ...

Marsh: Easy up, kid. We aren't talkin' major surgery, here. It's just a dance.

Tammy: Huh?

Marsh: Sure ... a simple dance. I mean, so what if you spend two hundred bucks on a dress, two days getting ready, the guy gives two quarts of blood to get his dad's car, and your whole life depends on this one night!

Tammy: Marsha!

Marsh: Kidding!

Tammy: Don't do that!

Marsh: I said I was kidding.

Tammy: *(crossing away from Marsh)* That's all I need, you know that?

Marsh: Tammy ...

Tammy: Here I am, already so nervous I could just cry and you try to scare me ...

Marsh: All right! (*Tammy stops her whimpering*) Look, this is just one of those things you gotta go through, Tarn. Like ... like your first dentist appointment ... or... or planters warts or somethin'...

Tammy: Marsh!

Marsh: What I'm sayin' is, everybody goes through it once. Remember: The only thing you have to fear is fear itself

Tammy: Who said that?

Marsh: President Roosevelt ... just before his junior prom.

Tammy: You're no help, you know that?

Marsh: Look Tammy I've been through three of these Nights-of-Splendor-and-Hormonal-Heartache. Want some advice?

Tammy: Please.

Marsh: Get through it. That's the bottom line. Just get through it.

Tammy: What about havin' fun?

Marsh: Optional, but not required. My first prom was like that cotton swab the dentist sticks in your mouth before the Novocain. I was just sort of numb, you know? I mean, no real pain but no big kick either.

Tammy: Then why do people do it?

Marsh: Why do birds fly? Why do slugs collect on the sidewalk? Why can't the Cubs win a pennant? I don't know! It's just one of those "rites of passage" that everybody goes through. There are tribes in South America who send their young women out in the woods for months at a time to eat berries and drink monkey's milk.

Tammy: Monkey's milk?

Marsh: Somethin' like that. It doesn't make sense at all, but when they come back into the village, they're a woman!

Tammy: Monkey's milk?

Marsh: Might not be so bad. You ever tasted the punch they serve at prom? OK ... let me take you through a few basics. First: When bozo drives up in his dad's car which he has waxed to within an inch of its finish, walking like a zombie in his new tux and starched underwear, whatever you do, don't act too impressed.

Tammy: Why not?

Marsh: You've got to keep him trying. Don't let him get comfortable. This is war, girl, and you can't let your opponent think he's winning. Second: when you get to the prom, never go to the restroom with anything less than six other girls.

Tammy: What? I've never needed help before!

Marsh: You do tonight. This isn't Sesame Street, honey.

This is prom. You've got

to compare notes. At a prom, the rest rooms become the war room. Scouting reports come in, generals map out their strategy, ammunition is distributed ...

Tammy: Ammunition?

Marsh: Makeup, Tam ... the Stealth Bomber of adolescence.

Tammy: Am I supposed to remember all this?

Marsh: Nope. You're an American woman. This was all implanted in your DNA at

birth. Now ... just a few other little details ... fast dances are safe, but watch out for the slow ones.

Tammy: I don't even know how to slow dance!

Marsh: You don't really dance slow dances ... you just stand there with your arms

draped over the boy and sway back and forth ... but only if it's at least your third date. First timers stick to rock and roll. Oh! I almost forgot!

Tammy: What?!

Marsh: Wear a bright-colored dress.

Tammy: Huh?

Marsh: Yeh ... always bright colors ... by the time Mom finishes with her flash camera, it'll have faded at least three shades. That's part of the ritual, too. You see, prom's a big part of a parent's development, too. They worry for weeks before it gets here, they embarrass you to death when your date gets here, then they lie in bed, wide-awake, until you get home. It's a tough age for them.

Tammy: But I don't get it! Why would anybody wanna go to a prom if it's this ... this ... awful?

Marsh: Because it's fun!

Tammy: Some fun. I think I'll stay home.

Marsh: Tammy ...

Tammy: No. I'm not goin', Marsh. It's too complicated ... too much stuff to remember ... I'll foul it up. I know I will.

Marsh: But you've got the secret weapon, honey!

Tammy: What's that?



GREEN ROOM PRESS

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

PROM TERRIFIED

by Ken Bradbury.

*For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script,
please contact us at:*

GREEN ROOM PRESS, INC.
customerservice@greenroompress.com
www.greenroompress.com