

Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

Dramatic Publishing



Love, Death and the Prom

*by
Jon Jory*



Dramatic Publishing

LOVE, DEATH & THE PROM

Like Jon's *University*, these are mini-plays that connect and create a full evening of theatre. These plays are as real and hard-hitting as Jon's previous work, but are concerned with the lives of people just a little younger. Both touching and humorous, this show is designed to stretch young actors. *Love, Death and the Prom*; from these three themes come a new understanding and appreciation of young people and this time of life.

ISBN 10: 0-87129-120-7
ISBN 13: 978-0-87129-120-2



9 780871 291202 >

Love, Death and the Prom
www.DramaticPublishing.com

Code: L-69



printed on recycled paper

LOVE, DEATH AND THE PROM

by

JON JORY



The Dramatic Publishing Company
Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

***** NOTICE *****

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty fees are given in our current catalogue and are subject to change without notice. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed anytime it is acted before an audience. All inquiries concerning amateur and stock rights should be addressed to: THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, 311 Washington St., Woodstock, Illinois 60098.

**COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR HIS AGENT
THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES.**

This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication, and reading are reserved. On all programs this notice should appear: "Produced by special arrangement with THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois."

©MCMXCI by

JON JORY

Printed in the United States of America

All Rights Reserved

(LOVE, DEATH AND THE PROM)

ISBN 0-87129-120-7

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

LOVE, DEATH AND THE PROM has a flexible cast. It could be performed by as few as four women and four men or as many as 21 women and 15 men. The performance is devised to use practically no set, little furniture and a minimum of easily collected properties.

The point of the work is not its physical production but the opportunity for high school actors to deal with interesting acting problems in complete mini-plays done in a variety of styles.

If all nine playlets are performed on a single evening, the running time will be under two hours; however, you could produce as few as six pieces and still have the feel of a full evening.

The mini-play is also a good vehicle to be used in the classroom, or in lieu of an exam in a drama class. It will challenge directors and actors without overwhelming them.

These pieces can also be read in the classroom by non-actors as a stimulus for discussion.

Good luck however you use them.

Jon Jory

The order of the plays could be changed to suit the strengths of the cast and the situation.

SUGGESTED ORDER

REVERSE ENGLISH
COMMERCIAL BREAK
LOGICAL CONCLUSION
MILLIONS
CHEATING
NIGHTSTREAM
BLOOD
THE RULES
PROM

REVERSE ENGLISH

(BARBARA sits at a library table reading. She is in her cheerleading outfit. MONTI, dressed in skirt, blouse and sweater, enters, excited but keeping her voice down because of library rules.)

MONTI. Babs. *(BARBARA doesn't hear her.)* Babs!

BARBARA. Shhhhhh.

MONTI. You won!

BARBARA. Won?

MONTI. You won, you won, you won, you won, you won, you won, you won!

BARBARA. Monti, I won what?

MONTI. You won, you won, you won! Can you believe it! I am so excited! Can you tell I'm excited?

BARBARA. Only because you're hysterical.

MONTI. I'm too loud?

BARBARA. Well, we are the ones *in* the library, but the librarian is turning purple.

MONTI *(hugging her)*. I am so proud of you! I can't believe this is happening!

BARBARA. Monti, you are spitting in my ear.

MONTI. Yuk. Sorry. You won!

BARBARA. I know that, Monti. I know I won.

MONTI. Incredible! Fabulous! Can you believe it?

BARBARA. What did I win, Monti?

MONTI. What did you win?! You're the Fox. You won the Fox award.

BARBARA. I did?

MONTI. Yes!

BARBARA. What's the Fox award?

MONTI. Are you kidding me? The *Fox* award. The *Fox* award. The *Fox award!*

BARBARA (*feeling MONTI's forehead*). Are you running a temperature?

MONTI. Babs, Freshmen and Sophomores aren't eligible for Homecoming Queen, right. So, the Fox award is like the biggest, most humongous, fantabulous thing for a Freshman.

BARBARA. Never heard of it.

MONTI. Okay, right, okay. Now, the football team elects a captain, right?

BARBARA. The beautiful Billy Bob Bradford.

MONTI. Beautiful doesn't begin to describe him. He is heavy hunkness. He is to bleed for.

BARBARA. I'm not arguing.

MONTI. So, the whole football team votes on who is the most gorgeous, desirable Freshman, and that is the Fox award.

BARBARA. You are kidding?

MONTI. I am not kidding, I am *not* kidding. Yes!

BARBARA. Shhhhh.

MONTI. And *they*...you're not going to believe this...the captain, Billy Bob, dates the winner of the Fox award during football season. The whole season. Halloween dance. Thanksgiving Tuxedo Brawl. After the games! Everything!

BARBARA. Dates her?

MONTI. Dates her. Dates her, dates her, dates her! Billy Bob Bradford! Like this is better than winning the lottery.

BARBARA. What if he doesn't want to date me?

MONTI. Are you kidding, you're the Fox. He voted for you.

BARBARA. But, what if...

MONTI. Wait. Wait, I have to stop you. What time is it?

BARBARA. Four o'clock.

MONTI. It is? It can't be. Oh, my God, he's coming. He'll be here. You can't sit here, you have to freshen up.

BARBARA. I have practice at 4:15.

MONTI. Sure, so does he. But the coach lets him come in uniform to give you the Fox ring.

BARBARA. Here? He comes here?

MONTI. Yes.

BARBARA. Shhhhh.

MONTI. Right. *(She pulls her away from the table).* Come on, your hair's a mess.

BARBARA. Monti. *(She disengages herself.)* Monti. I'm dating James.

MONTI. James? We're talking Billy Bob here. James is like okay, nice and everything, see him in February.

BARBARA. I don't want Billy Bob Bradford. I want to choose who I date.

MONTI *(distracted)*. You have to!

BARBARA. No.

MONTI. They gave you the Fox award.

BARBARA. No.

MONTI. What are you, crazy?

BARBARA. Hey, the slave market is over. "Hi, cutie, lemme see your teeth. Wow, great choppers. How about those legs? All right, I'll buy you."

MONTI. It's not like that.

BARBARA. No?

MONTI. It's the same for him. It's an honor.

BARBARA. Do I have to throw myself on his funeral pyre when he dies?

MONTI. Shhhhhh.

BARBARA. Shhhhhh what?

MONTI. He's coming. He's coming, he's coming, he's coming. (*Starts to leave.*)

BARBARA. Where are you going?

MONTI. It's a private moment.

BARBARA. Private moment? The entire football team sent him.

MONTI. See you later.

BARBARA. Stay where you are.

MONTI. But...

BARBARA. Sit! (*MONTI does.*)

(BILLY BOB enters in complete uniform—cleats, shoulder pads and all.)

BILLY BOB. Hi.

BARBARA. Hi.

MONTI. Hi.

BILLY BOB. I'm Billy Bob Bradford. How ya doing?

BARBARA. Hi, Billy Bob.

BILLY BOB. You're Barbara...

BARBARA. Tensitti.

BILLY BOB. Right. I was kinda afraid to pronounce it.

(Looking at MONTI.) Who's she?

BARBARA. I hire her to bring me attractive men.

BILLY BOB. Hey, thanks.

BARBARA. Don't mention it.

BILLY BOB *(to MONTI)*. You staying?

BARBARA. She's staying.

BILLY BOB. Well...they voted you the Fox.

BARBARA. Really?

BILLY BOB. Yeah. It was unanimous, almost.

BARBARA (*her hand over her eyes*). I cannot believe this is happening to me.

BILLY BOB. Big surprise, right?

BARBARA. Right.

BILLY BOB. Well, I'm the captain, you're the Fox.

BARBARA. Billy Bob...(*She pauses, getting madder by the second.*) Billy Bob...

BILLY BOB. Yes ma'am.

BARBARA. Billy Bob, do I look angry to you?

BILLY BOB. Yes ma'am.

BARBARA. Well, I am angry, Billy Bob. I am...incensed.

I am...this makes me crazy. Really frosts my pajamas.

This makes me...this drives me...this gets me *wild*, do you understand me?

BILLY BOB. Yes ma'am.

BARBARA. I am *not* some trophy that can be won by a bunch of sweaty, dirty guys with a vote in the shower room. It is bad enough I'm a Freshman and got talked into being a JV cheerleader. This isn't the old west, Billy Bob, and I am not your mail order bride, or everybody's locker room fantasy, or some bimbo to be passed around from split end to quarterback. How dare you think you have any rights to even talk to me unless I say so, much less decide what I'll do or who I'll go out with for even one night, let alone an entire football season? It gets me astronomically furious! What gall! What bad taste! How unbelievably Neanderthal and de-meaning and blockheaded and *stupid!* Now you go back and tell them I am *not* the Fox and, by the time I take this to the administration and the newspaper and the women's union and the...I don't know...Better

Business Bureau...I'd be surprised if there even was a football team for you to be captain of! You get me?

BILLY BOB. I didn't vote for you.

BARBARA. Yeah? Well, don't think I'm going to...what?

BILLY BOB. Not that you aren't pretty.

BARBARA. You didn't *vote* for me, and you're still here to collect me? That is sick, Billy Bob, that is really, really sick.

BILLY BOB. See, I thought it was...gosh...well...you know, degrading, so I thought if we got together...well, if you want to...well, we could maybe, you know, put a stop to it. Maybe. If you want to.

BARBARA. You came to stop it?

BILLY BOB. Yes ma'am.

BARBARA. Oh.

BILLY BOB. Yes ma'am. (*A pause.*)

BARBARA. Monti, I believe it would be perfectly all right if you went on along now.

MONTI. No thanks, I'm enjoying this.

BARBARA (*warningly*). Monti.

MONTI. All right, I'm going. I think you two ought to really get together and talk this over.

BILLY BOB. Sure.

MONTI. Just remember she already has a boyfriend.

BARBARA. Beat it! (*MONTI goes.*)

BILLY BOB. So.

BARBARA. So.

BILLY BOB. Well...

BARBARA. Right.

BILLY BOB. Maybe we could, you know, meet after practice...hammer out a statement...something like that.

BARBARA. Well...

BILLY BOB. I mean if you want to.

BARBARA. Sure. I mean this *has* to *stop*.

BILLY BOB. Great. (*Starts to leave.*) I mean I would've voted for you, if it was right to vote.

BARBARA. Thanks.

BILLY BOB. Sure. Catch you later. (*He leaves. BARBARA stands a moment and then extends a fist into the air in triumph.*)

BARBARA. Yes!

BLACKOUT

COMMERCIAL BREAK

(This piece can be simply staged on a bare stage with two bentwood chairs as the only furniture. These two chairs need only face a blank space where the ENSEMBLE of actors create the commercials. This ENSEMBLE might wear the same color T-shirts or colored arm bands to separate them from the couple visually. There could be as many as three men, three women in the commercial ensemble. The young couple, DICK and JANE, are alone on stage when the piece begins.)

DICK. Boy, is this a relief.

JANE. It is. It's a relief.

DICK. Off the stress trip.

JANE. Friday night alone.

DICK. Everybody else cruising around...

JANE. Looking for a party...

DICK. Looking for a date...

JANE. Looking for a movie...

DICK. Looking for excitement.

DICK and JANE. Stress City.

DICK. You and me.

JANE. Me and you.

DICK. Hot chocolate...

JANE. Microwave buttered popcorn...

DICK. Nice comfy couch...

DICK and JANE. Groovin' on the tube.

DICK. Layin' out...

JANE. Kickin' back...

DICK. Tuning down...

DICK and JANE. Ether believers.
JANE. Dude? After we graduate...
DICK. Free at last...
JANE. After you propose...
DICK. Well, I suppose...
JANE. And we cuddle up...
DICK. In a rented one bedroom...
JANE. Utilities included...
DICK. Modestly furnished...
JANE. Saturdays at the mall...
DICK. Sundays clipping coupons...
DICK and JANE. It'll be tube, tube, tube...
DICK. Night after night!
JANE (*handing him the remote control*). You get us started, honey. (*They sit in the two chairs.*)
DICK. Man, I was thinking about this from chemistry right thru gym. (*He presses the remote.*) Bingo.

(The COMMERCIAL ENSEMBLE immediately leaps onstage. It is a cereal commercial.)

ENSEMBLE #1. Hi, we're the crunchy, crispy, thin and wispy...
WHOLE ENSEMBLE. Delicious pecan bits...
ENSEMBLE #1. In Nutty Buddy Oat Bran and Aspirin Heart Care Breakfast Cereal.
WHOLE ENSEMBLE. Nutty Buddy yum!
ENSEMBLE #1. One try and you'll just wanna crunch a bunch of the only wake-up snack with that good old aspirin taste. Every other cereal is...
WHOLE ENSEMBLE. Just a terrible headache!
ENSEMBLE #1. So remember...

WHOLE ENSEMBLE (*they do a simple soft shoe while saying*). Yummy, Yummy

For your tummy

Our little cereal

Keeps arterial

Blockage at a minimum.

ENSEMBLE #1. Plus it has that nostalgic aftertaste of aspirin like the old days when you tried to take them without water!

JANE. Oh, it sounds heavenly!

WHOLE ENSEMBLE. Better git 'em 'fore your heart falls apart!

JANE. Groovy! Quick, Dick, let's switch to another commercial so we won't...

DICK AND JANE. Have to watch some yucky program! (*He does. The COMMERCIAL ENSEMBLE immediately swings into...*)

WHOLE ENSEMBLE. Finally a car that gives you what you thought you'd never get...

ENSEMBLE #2. Varoom!

ENSEMBLE #3. Great cornering.

ENSEMBLE #2. Varoom!

ENSEMBLE #4. Unusual styling.

ENSEMBLE #2. Varoom, varoom!

ENSEMBLE #3. Absolutely the best buy for the 90's.

WHOLE ENSEMBLE. The 1947 Chevy!!

ENSEMBLE #2. Varoom, varoom, varoom!

JANE. More!

DICK. Is this really fresh or what?

DICK AND JANE (*enthusiastic*). Tube, tube, tube! (*DICK changes channels.*)

ENSEMBLE #1. Hi, boys and girls, you all know me, President of the United States...well, actually seventeen

percent of you have no idea who is President and thirty-one percent don't know the Vice President and sixty-six percent don't know the Speaker of the House, but we won't get into that. Boys and girls, I want you to do me a big favor...

DICK AND JANE. What's that, sir?

ENSEMBLE #1. Stay drug free, wash your hands after touching your schoolbooks and, most importantly, stay tuned. That way you won't get kidnaped in the grocery store or shot down in the school yard.

DICK AND JANE. A-OK, sir!

DICK. MORE TUBE! (*They change the station.*)

WHOLE ENSEMBLE. Hi, Dick, hi, Jane!

DICK (*to JANE*). Did you hear that?

WHOLE ENSEMBLE (*pointing at DICK AND JANE*).

That's right, we're talking to you!

JANE. Unreal!

DICK. Pernicious!

JANE (*highest compliment*). Utterly drab, man!

ENSEMBLE #2. Yes Jane, yes Dick, we have a message for you alone.

DICK AND JANE (*thrilled*). For us alone!

ENSEMBLE #2. Comin' at ya, babies. (*He moves toward them.*)

DICK. He walked right off the screen!

JANE. Really shriekable, man.

DICK. Totally tidal!

ENSEMBLE #2. Tight fit in there.

WHOLE ENSEMBLE (*minus ENSEMBLE #2. Still on the screen*). Claustro-freaking-phobic!

ENSEMBLE #2 (*shaking hands with DICK*). How you doin', dude?

DICK. Light and tight, man.