

I WAS A TEENAGE PROM QUEEN

By Samara Siskind

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CHARACTERS

CHELSEA	KATIE
MOM	KELLIE
DAD	CHAD
BOBBY	DEAN

PROP LIST

Bed	Cookies
Desk	2 Glasses of milk
Dresser	2 Tests
Screen	2 Pencils
Posters	Basketball
Dining table	2 Book bags
4 chairs	2 Chemistry books
4 Plates	Sandwich
Silverware	Toothbrush
Newspaper	Camera
Lipstick	Corsage
Hand mirror	Boutonniere
Tray	Letter

SETTING

The play takes place in the city of Beverly Hills, in the home of Chelsea Scott. Stage right is a bedroom with a single bed, desk, and dresser. There is a window in the center of the room. Everything is pink, fluffy, and girly. Posters of male teen heartthrobs cover the walls. Stage left is the Scott family dining room. The action is continuous.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

This is a fast-paced comedy that should play as briskly as a walk down a high school hallway in between classes. All of the characters with the exception of Chelsea and Dean should be played larger than life, not necessarily caricatures, but over dramatized to represent the way they are seen through Chelsea's eyes.

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AT RISE: The lights rise on CHELSEA SCOTT, a beautiful seventeen year old girl. SHE is lying on her bed.

CHELSEA: I bet you think I'm spoiled huh? Just one look at my bedroom with the pink frills and lace says it all. Looks like chambers fit for a princess right? That's okay. I'd think that too if I didn't know me. Don't let the decor fool ya. My mom decorated it and it's been like this since I was seven. I hate it. I hated it when I was seven. My name is Chelsea by the way. Chelsea Scott. I'm a senior at Beverly Hills High School. I know. Now you're positive I'm spoiled. Actually, you'd be surprised. I'm probably the least spoiled girl I know, and trust me...I know a lot of rich prima donnas. I've made it a major goal in my life, avoiding total bratdom...and it hasn't been easy. Especially growing up in Beverly Hills.

(MOM, DAD and BOBBY enter the dining room carrying plates and taking their seats.)

MOM: Chelsea! Dinner time sweetie!

CHELSEA: Perfect. You're just in time for another thrilling episode of dinner with the Scott's. Meeting the folks should bring you plenty of insight into what I'm expected to deal with on a daily basis. It isn't always pretty.

DAD: Dinner's getting cold precious!

CHELSEA: ***(to audience)*** Not a word. ***(crosses to the dining room and takes a seat)***

MOM: It's about time dear. I was just about ready to bring out dessert.

(MOM, DAD and BOBBY laugh.)

CHELSEA: This is my mom. A living vessel of unfulfilled dreams. When she was my age she wanted to be an artist. The next Frida Kahlo. Nowadays, her biggest form of artistic expression is choosing the nail color for her manicures and pedicures.

MOM: ***(to DAD)*** How was your day darling?

DAD: Can't complain!

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CHELSEA: This is my dad. He's an attorney for the law firm of Morgan, Morgan, Sleaze and Associates.

DAD: (**proud**) I have a feeling this month old Morgan's going to make me partner.

CHELSEA: He's been saying that since I was in kindergarten.

DAD: Delicious meal honey.

CHELSEA: You'd think he'd want me to follow in his footsteps and become a lawyer too, right? Nope. He doesn't have any dreams or ambitions for me whatsoever...other than marrying one of his associates' uptight prep school sons.

DAD: By the way Princess, has Price's son Percy called? I gave him your cell phone number. He's quite a catch the old chap.

BOBBY: Hey Barbie- wanna pass the potatoes or is your pageant hand strained from waving to the masses?

CHELSEA: (**passing him the potatoes**) My brother Bobby. He calls me Barbie. As in Barbie Doll. He's as annoying as little brothers come. We have a healthy, happy sibling relationship- he does his best to disgust, insult, and degrade me and I pretend he doesn't exist.

BOBBY: You might want to rethink that serving size sis. You're starting to pork up.

CHELSEA: Isn't he adorable? He doesn't think I know, but the little creep makes a fortune bringing his friends into my room to smell my pillows.

BOBBY: (**spoon hanging from his nose**) Hey Ma, look at me!

CHELSEA: (**pointing to BOBBY**) According to Dad- this is the future of Morgan, Morgan and Sleaze. Freak.

MOM: I think that Bobby may have a point dear. Isn't the student body voting on Prom Court this week?

CHELSEA: On a side note- Mom used to enter me in every tasteless Beauty Pageant within a hundred mile radius since I was four months old. I'm talking Lil' Miss Angel Face and Miss Junior Cootchie Cootchie Coo. The first title I won was Most Congenial Infant. I was a baby. As long as my diaper was clean and I had a bottle of milk I was congenial.

MOM: I mean, not that you have anything to worry about. You were Homecoming Queen this year, Junior Prom Queen last year, Snowflake Princess three years in a row. But we can't just drop our defenses and assume it's all in the bag.

CHELSEA: As a girl, when she wasn't painting, my Mom entered beauty pageants. I think she competed in at least fifty before she married Dad. She never placed, not even Miss Palm Frond...and she was the only contestant who entered.

MOM: My girl's going to go all the way!

DAD: You go get 'em precious.

MOM: She's a winner!

CHELSEA: I really couldn't care less...but I guess she's reliving all those failed attempts through me. I wish she would have just focused on her art. Then maybe she'd be something more than a Martha Stewart clone.

DAD: What amazing concoction have you whipped up for dessert dear?

MOM: How does a Chocolate Macadamia Torte with Vanilla Port Sauce sound?

DAD: Scrumptious.

BOBBY: The bomb!

MOM: It's a good thing.

CHELSEA: Sounds great Mom.

MOM: Oh honey, I think you should skip dessert. We need to fit into that prom dress don't we?

BOBBY: She's right heffer.

DAD: You can't find a husband if you're tubby honey.

CHELSEA: Thanks Dad.

DAD: Just looking out for my pumpkin.

(MOM starts clearing away dishes while DAD reads the paper and BOBBY plays with the silverware.)

CHELSEA: And this ladies and gentlemen, is my life at home. I know we're well off and I shouldn't complain because there's food on the table and clothing on my back, but honestly, I'm sick of the pressure to win these mindless beauty contests. I wouldn't mind if they'd push me to excel academically, or to learn the value of a dollar, but they don't care about my grades and won't even consider letting me get a job.

MOM: It would interfere with your grooming.

DAD: Besides, you don't need to work sweetheart-

CHELSEA and DAD: It's a man's world.

DAD: One day you'll marry a nice lawyer-

BOBBY: Who'd marry her?

DAD: Who will take care of you forever.

CHELSEA: ***(to audience)*** So I can be the little woman for the rest of my life? No thanks. ***(to MOM)*** May I be excused? I need to whiten my teeth and try on some of my old tiaras.

MOM: That's the spirit!

(CHELSEA exits and stands outside her bedroom which is now occupied by KELLIE and KATIE.)

CHELSEA: Now that you've met the parental units and my retarded little brother, I bet you want to meet my friends. Well, they aren't really my friends. They just showed up one day and haven't left since.

(SHE enters the room. KELLIE is putting on lipstick and kissing all of the posters on the wall, KATIE is evaluating all of her different smiles as SHE stares in a hand mirror. They are both in cheerleading uniforms.)

CHELSEA: May I present- Kellie Thompson and Katie Thomas...They share everything. Clothes, make-up, boyfriends...brain cells. Let me warn you, when I'm around them I have to dumb up my verbal skills and lose at least fifty IQ points just so they can understand me.

KELLIE: Oh my-

KATIE: God Chel-

KELLIE: sea! That outfit like-

KATIE: totally looks so-

KELLIE: fab on you!

CHELSEA: Thanks. I like totally blew a month's allowance on it.

KATIE: It was like-

KELLIE: sooooo-

KATIE: I mean soooooo-

KELLIE: worth it.

KATIE: I mean-

KELLIE: like-

KATIE: we have to look good-

KELLIE: It's like our-

KATIE: civic like-

KELLIE and KATIE: responsibility!

CHELSEA: ***(to audience)*** Like gag me with a spoon. No. Seriously.

KELLIE: Missed you at cheerleading!

CHELSEA: That's right, I'm a cheerleader. The funny thing is, I never even tried out. The coach just gave me a uniform one day and told me I was Captain.

KATIE: Like, where were you Chels?

CHELSEA: Yeah, I was like, sick.

KATIE: Seven days without cheerleading makes one weak!

KELLIE: And you missed a new cheer!

KATIE: Let's show her Kel!

KELLIE: Oh my god, this'll be fun!

KATIE: Hands on your hips-

KELLIE: A smile on your lips-

KATIE: Spirit in your heart-

KATIE and KELLIE: We're ready to start! **(KATIE and KELLIE start miming the steps of their new cheer.)**

CHELSEA: Most of the girls on the squad take it way too seriously. To me, cheering is about as stimulating as pumicing my feet.

KATIE and KELLIE: What you see is what you get, and you ain't seen nothin' yet!

CHELSEA: I mean, yeah, they may rule the school now... but where do they think it's going to get them? They can only look cute in those uniforms for so long.

KELLIE: And that's how it's done!

KATIE: Now you try!

CHELSEA: **(pointing to her head)** No, that's okay. It's all in here.

BOBBY: **(enters holding a tray of milk and cookies, wearing a silk robe and a huge smile)** Hello ladies-

CHELSEA: Out Robert-

BOBBY: Relax babe. Mom sent me with nourishment for the troops.

KELLIE: **(grabbing tray)** Oh my god-

KATIE: You are like-

KELLIE: So cute-

BOBBY: Like, aren't I?

KATIE: Oh my god-

KELLIE: These cookies are like-

KATIE: Heaven!

(CHELSEA grabs a cookie, BOBBY takes it out of her hands.)

BOBBY: None for you Orca.

CHELSEA: C'mon you little twerp.

BOBBY: Sorry, strict orders from Mom. I think there's some Slimwells in the pantry if you want.

KELLIE: You mean these aren't fat free?

BOBBY: If you ladies need anything, my room is the first door on the left. Thank you and goodnight.

(BOBBY bows and makes a lavish exit. CHELSEA rolls her eyes.)

KELLIE: **(plopping down on the bed)** So Chels-

KATIE: We've been asking around-

KELLIE: Like getting the 411-

KATIE: On Prom Queen-

KELLIE: And you so have it-

KATIE: Nailed-

KELLIE: I mean you have the cheerleading squad-

KATIE: Like naturally-

KELLIE: And all the nerds and geeks-

KATIE: Like worship you-

KELLIE: The jocks-

KATIE: Idolize you-

KELLIE: Even the teachers-

KATIE: Are backing you!

CHELSEA: Whoopee.

KELLIE: The only like...like...what's the word I'm thinking of?

KATIE: Like, I totally don't know.

KELLIE: It means like, going against?

CHELSEA: Resistance?

KELLIE: For sure!! The only like resistance we see-

KATIE: Are the ugly girls-

KELLIE: Cause they're just jealous-

KATIE: Cause there are two types of people in this world-

KELLIE: Cheerleaders-

KATIE: And those who wish they were cheerleaders.

CHELSEA: Future Nobel Peace Prize winners of the world ladies and gentlemen.

KELLIE: So, wanna come over-

KATIE: To Kel's for a-

KELLIE: Slumber party?

CHELSEA: Uh...like, no thanks. I have like-

KATIE: A date with Chad-

KELLIE: Knew it-

(KATIE and KELLIE grab a letterman varsity jacket and help CHELSEA put it on. They touch up CHELSEA's lipstick and fix her hair.)

KATIE: Has he asked you to-

KELLIE: Prom yet?

CHELSEA: Nope.

KATIE: He will-

KELLIE: I mean, he *is* going to be King-

KATIE: And you his-

KELLIE: Queen-

KATIE: Guys are like-

KELLIE: Soo lazy about that stuff.

CHELSEA: I guess.

KATIE: He is like sooo hot-

KELLIE: Like hotter than hot-

KATIE: Like Ashton Kutcher hot-

CHELSEA: Like I'd rather be burning my own flesh off hot-

KATIE: Have fun-

KELLIE: Tell him we-

KATIE: Like said hi!

CHELSEA: Like totally.

(KELLIE and KATIE begin to exit.)

KATIE: I can't believe I ate like-

KELLIE: That whole cookie, yeah I know.

(Lights up on CHAD sitting in a chair that represents the front seat of his car. HE mimes hitting the steering wheel and we hear honking.)

CHELSEA: Ahhhh Romeo...Romeo...Whyfore honkest thou Romeo?

CHAD: Hey Chelsea! Let's go!! ***(CHELSEA walks to the car and mimes opening the door and getting into the passenger seat.)***

Woo hoo! You look smokin' babe.

CHELSEA: Thanks dude. And now for our routine young lovers' exchange.

CHAD: 'Sup?

CHELSEA: Nothing. 'Sup with you?

CHAD: Not mucho.

(CHAD reaches forward and turns on the radio. Loud obnoxious punk rock music plays.)

CHELSEA: My significant other. Chad Michael Vincent. Quarterback of the football team, pitcher of the baseball team, Captain of the basketball team, MVP for the wrestling team-

CHAD: ***(eyeing dashboard)*** E like stands for empty right?

CHELSEA: Leader and CEO of the Stupid jocks team.

CHAD: Man, I just filled up my tank two weeks ago.

CHELSEA: Wondering why I'm with dumb as rocks? Let me explain. In high school hierarchy, the quarterback serves as President with the Head Cheerleader automatically appointed as his First Lady even if the First Lady has a 4.0 GPA, and a dozen AP classes under her belt. Yeah, I'm way over qualified. As the Commander in Chief's female counterpart, it's my duty to attend and support him at all sporting events, appear at his side at all social gatherings, tutor when necessary, pose with him for dozens of candid shots for the yearbook-

(CHELSEA and CHAD pose, flash flickers.)

CHELSEA: -and help him mourn all incomplete passes. It's not a job I wanted, but when you're Presidential property, no other guy will even try asking you out.

CHAD: So...I'll pick ya up tomorrow night.

CHELSEA: Tomorrow night is Prom. Telling me he'll pick me up is Chad's way of asking me to be his date.

CHAD: Sound good?

CHELSEA: I'm not sure Chad-

CHAD: **(kissing her on the cheek)** Cool, pick ya up at seven.

(Bell rings. CHAD exits while moving his chair a few feet away from CHELSEA's.)

CHELSEA: Normally I'd fulfill my obligations as First Lady without question, but part of me is hoping and dreaming someone else will get up the courage to ask me. ***(DEAN enters and takes the seat next to CHELSEA.)*** Dean Andrews. The only guy in the history of Beverly Hills High to win Brainiest and Coolest in the same year. He plays guitar, interns for the Los Angeles Times, aced his SAT's and is pretty easy on the eyes don't ya think? We sit next to each other in third period. I've never loved Chemistry more.

DEAN: Hi Chelsea.

CHELSEA: Hey Dean.

DEAN: You look nice today.

CHELSEA: Thanks.

DEAN: But then again, you always look nice.

CHELSEA: ***(to audience)*** Wow. He can produce more of a chemical reaction than mixing calcium chloride and ammonium nitrate. It's completely against protocol for me to even talk to a guy like Dean...but I've had a crush on him for the past four years. Do you blame me?

(DEAN passes CHELSEA a test and a pencil. They take the tests while sneaking glances and smiling at one another. We hear sounds of a basketball hitting the floor. CHAD crosses behind them while dribbling his ball. His eyes glued on DEAN. DEAN gets nervous and stops looking at CHELSEA.)

CHAD: I thought so. ***(exits)***

CHELSEA: Tough test huh?

DEAN: Yeah, that section on intermolecular forces almost killed me.

CHELSEA: So, I read your piece on the homeless in the Times. I really liked it. It was so informative without being preachy.

DEAN: Thanks. I uh...I'm sorry Chelsea. I really shouldn't be talking to you.

CHELSEA: Why not?

DEAN: Because I don't want your boyfriend's fist down my throat.

CHELSEA: Oh.

DEAN: I mean, I like talking to you. I really like talking to you.

CHELSEA: I like talking to you too.

DEAN: But I also like the way my face looks. In one piece and all.

CHELSEA: Don't worry about Chad. His bark is worse than his bite.

DEAN: Oh yeah?

CHELSEA: Yeah. He's a Chihuahua stuck in the body of a German Shepherd.

DEAN: I was attacked by a German Shepherd-

CHELSEA: Oh no-

DEAN: Bit my ear off.

CHELSEA: Oh god-

DEAN: Just kidding.

CHELSEA: **(laughs, relieved; to audience)** It's now or never. Wish me luck guys. **(to DEAN)** So...Dean...

DEAN: So...Chelsea...

CHELSEA: How would you like to study at my house later?

DEAN: I don't know Chels-

CHELSEA: I could really use some help on redox reactions.

(DEAN ponders her offer. CHELSEA is at the edge of her seat.)

DEAN: Sure. I could use the help myself.

CHELSEA: **(to audience)** She shoots she scores! **(to DEAN)** Great, so... my house at seven?

DEAN: Should give me enough time to hire some bodyguards. See you then. Bye Chelsea.

CHELSEA: Bye Dean. **(DEAN exits.)** I so rock.

(SHE starts to exit and runs into CHAD who is wearing a wrestling unitard.)

CHAD: Hey, if it isn't my little Chel-sea-shell.

CHELSEA: Oh hey, Chad.

CHAD: Comin' to my wrestling match tonight?

CHELSEA: I'm sorry but I can't... I really need to study.

CHAD: Need some help?

CHELSEA: **(to audience)** If I were coloring by numbers. **(to CHAD)** No thanks, I should be fine.

CHAD: Suit yourself. Wish me luck!

CHELSEA: Pin those suckers down!

CHAD: YOU KNOW IT!

(KELLIE and KATIE enter carrying bookbags. They whistle as CHAD exits. CHAD turns back to them and winks.)

CHELSEA: Oh no. If it isn't Tweedle-rah and Tweedle-rum.

KATIE: Only twenty-four hours left-

CHELSEA: Until?

KELLIE and KATIE: Prom!

CHELSEA: Technically it's like twenty-eight hours.

KELLIE: What-

KATIE: Ever! It's-

KELLIE: Prom!

KATIE: The most important memory-

KELLIE: Of our young lives-

KATIE: Signifying our coming of age-

KELLIE: The end of high school-

KATIE: Beginning of adulthood-

KELLIE: Oh my god-

KATIE: I can't believe we're-

KELLIE: Graduating! I'm so gonna-

KATIE: Miss you Kellie-

KELLIE: You too Katie-

(KATIE and KELLIE embrace each other and sob.)

CHELSEA: Oh for the love of god.

KATIE: We're so gonna-

KELLIE: Miss you Chelsea!

(They try to embrace CHELSEA but SHE steps away and they end up knocking their heads together.)

CHELSEA: Stay away girls. I think I'm coming down with...***(scratching herself)*** Oh no..it must be chicken pox.

KATIE: ***(frightened)*** Chicken-

KELLIE: ***(terrified)*** Pox? I've never had chicken-

KATIE: Pox. Me either.

KELLIE: Oh-

KATIE: No.

KELLIE: My-

KATIE: Face!

KELLIE: We gotta-

KATIE: Run! Later Chel-

KELLIE: sea!

CHELSEA: Bye guys!

(KELLIE and KATIE start to exit.)

KELLIE: We'll be fine-

KATIE: Our spirit shall overcome our sickness--

KELLIE: There is no halftime for cheerleaders.

(They exit.)

CHELSEA: When all else fails- fake a communicable disease that involves scabbing. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a study date to get to.

(Lights rise on CHELSEA's room. DEAN is already there, poring over his chemistry book. CHELSEA joins him and sits on the bed.)

DEAN: So fundamentally, redox reactions, or oxidation-reduction reactions are a family of reactions that are concerned with the transfer of electrons between species-

CHELSEA: Uh huh.

DEAN: Like acid-base reactions, redox reactions are a matched set.

You don't have an oxidation reaction without a reduction reaction happening at the same time.

CHELSEA: **(to audience)** Isn't Chemistry fascinating? **(to DEAN)** Right, matched set.

(DEAN leans over her shoulder pointing out items in her book. CHELSEA closes her eyes and breathes him in.)

DEAN: See here- oxidation refers to the loss of electrons, while reduction refers to the gain of electrons. Each reaction by itself is called a half-reaction, because we need two half-reactions to form a whole reaction.

CHELSEA: **(eyes still closed)** Two halves making a whole. Brilliant.

DEAN: Are you making fun of me?

CHELSEA: **(breaking out of it)** No, not at all.

DEAN: What do you say we take a break?

CHELSEA: I thought you'd never ask.

DEAN: **(walking around the room)** So...your room is sure...pink.

CHELSEA: I know. I'm in desperate need of a Trading Spaces makeover.

DEAN: I still have wallpaper with little airplanes and boats up in my room.

CHELSEA: Aeronautical Theme. Cute.

DEAN: I thought about taking it down a bunch of times, but in a few months I'll be at college right, so what's the point?

CHELSEA: I know. Same here. **(beat)** So all ready for next year?

DEAN: Yep. I'll be heading to Harvard in the fall.

CHELSEA: What? I thought you were going to Yale.

DEAN: I was, but I changed my mind. Why, what's wrong with Harvard?

CHELSEA: Nothing. It's like...my dream school.

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