

MY PROM DATE WAS A FELON

By Bobby Keniston

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CHARACTERS

(3 males, 4 females, 1 either; Extras as desired)

NOAH: A sweet, shy young man, who doesn't have a date for the prom. He is a bit awkward. He decides to go out to dinner by himself so he's not home alone all night on Prom Night.

LUCY: A less than patient or polite waitress at a restaurant. She is sarcastic and not very good at her job. 18 or so.

ELLARD: A friendly, self-proclaimed geek. He is a buddy of Noah's.

MARGIE: Ellard's girlfriend. She is very nice, and also a bit of a geek.

INDIGO: A very blunt young lady who may or may not have a bit of trouble with the law. She imposes herself on Noah, pretty much trying to use him as an escape route, but then finds that she actually thinks he's a pretty nice guy. May or may not have broken out of a juvenile detention center.

ALEXIS: A popular girl who is shallow and mean-spirited. She refused Noah when he asked her to the Prom, and lords that fact over him.

MARCO: Alexis's Prom date. He is a jock, big, cruel, and a little stupid.

OFFICER BANKS: A police officer. Tries to be tough, but is also easily fooled. This part can be played by a male or female.

NOTE: *There can be a number of non-speaking extras, but the play can also be performed without them.*

SETTINGS

SCENE ONE: This scene takes place in a "fancy" restaurant that can be represented by a single table with a few chairs, a nice tablecloth with centerpiece, etc.

SCENE TWO: The prom. Can be represented by an open space with some prom decorations. There should be a refreshment table either far stage left or right at the director's discretion.

PROP LIST

A Plate of Food (RESTAURANT)
Notepad and Pen (LUCY)
Handbag (INDIGO)
Taser (INDIGO)
Cell Phone (NOAH)
A Stand-Up Microphone (PRE-SET AT PROM)
Any Prom-Like Decorations (AT THE DIRECTOR'S DISCRETION)

COSTUME LIST

NOAH: A makeshift tuxedo--- black pants, black jacket, white shirt, and his jazz band cummerbund and bowtie.

LUCY: She is a waitress at a “fine dining” establishment, so she should be wearing slacks and nice blouse.

ELLARD: Dressed as Han Solo from “Star Wars.”

MARGIE: Dressed as Princess Leia from “Star Wars.”

INDIGO: Wearing a plaid skirt, leather jacket, boots, and stockings that have skull and crossbones or any other “tough girl” look to them.

ALEXIS: Wearing an “expensive” looking prom dress, that might be a “Paris Hilton knockoff.”

MARCO: A tuxedo, only instead of pants, he has black shorts and is wearing basketball sneakers.

OFFICER BANKS: Police uniform.

NOTE: Any extras should be dressed in prom attire.

This play is dedicated to Tracy Sae, who I can't help thinking would have been an ideal Prom Date. Thanks for all of your support, Tracy. I hope this makes you laugh

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SCENE ONE

SETTING: A fancy restaurant. This can be represented by a single table if necessary, with a nice tablecloth, candles, centerpiece, etc. It is a table for two.

AT RISE: NOAH, a sweet young man, sits alone at this table for two. HE wears a makeshift tuxedo, i.e., black pants, a white shirt, black jacket, and an odd-colored cummerbund and matching bowtie. HE studies his menu a moment, lowers it, then looks longingly across the table at the empty place setting and sighs. LUCY, his waitress enters with a notepad. SHE stops when SHE sees that NOAH is alone and sighs.

LUCY: I suppose you need more time.

NOAH: Oh, no, I'm all set to order, thanks.

LUCY: Huh? What kind of a guy are you?

NOAH: What do you mean?

LUCY: It's a simple question! What kind of a guy are you?

NOAH: (*confused*) Uh... the hungry kind?

LUCY: Very funny, smart guy. Hilarious. Here it is, prom night, the most important night in a young girl's life, and you can't even wait for her to order! You make me sick!

NOAH: I'm not waiting for anyone.

LUCY: You've already made that clear.

NOAH: No, I mean I don't have a date. I'm here alone.

LUCY: You expect me to believe that you got dressed up in a cheap-looking tuxedo, came to the fanciest restaurant in town, and you don't have a date?

NOAH: Yeah.

LUCY: Oh. (*beat*) Tonight's specials are...

NOAH: Wait. Don't you think you owe me an apology?

LUCY: For what?

NOAH: For being rude.

LUCY: (*sighs in exasperation*) Okay, listen up--- A. I'm only waiting tables to put myself through beauty school, B. I made a perfectly understandable mistake, and C. Dr. Brattigan says that I apologize way too much, and that I need to learn to embrace my inner rudeness. So, no, I'm not going to apologize!

NOAH: Who's Dr. Brattigan?

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LUCY: (*almost yelling*) Only the best psychiatrist in the world!!!

(Pause)

NOAH: Okay. Looks like the good Dr. B. is doing wonders with you.

(LUCY glares at him.)

I'll have the eight ounce sirloin with steak fries please, and an iced tea.

LUCY: Fine! (*beat*) I bet you're a lousy tipper, too!

(LUCY storms off. SHE almost bumps into ELLARD and MARGIE, who are entering at the same time. ELLARD is dressed like Han Solo, and MARGIE is dressed like Princess Leia from "Star Wars.")

Watch where you're going, freaks! (SHE exits)

ELLARD: (*approaching NOAH*) What's her problem?

NOAH: I'm guessing an unhappy childhood.

ELLARD: Huh. Anyway, I'm glad you changed your mind!

NOAH: No, I...

MARGIE: There's no reason to be ashamed of going to the prom by yourself, Noah!

NOAH: Margie, I'm not going to...

MARGIE: Ellard and I just finished eating. If we'd known you were here, you could have joined us.

NOAH: I wouldn't want to intrude.

ELLARD: Hey, we're all friends here. As far as I'm concerned, you're an honorary member of the Geek Squad.

NOAH: I'm touched.

MARGIE: (*to ELLARD*) Sweetie, you have to stop it with the whole "Geek Squad" thing. It's not empowering anymore.

ELLARD: It's not?

MARGIE: No. Now that we're a couple, it's not like when we were friends--don't call me a geek anymore.

ELLARD: All right. Now I know.

NOAH: I thought you were doing a whole prom double date thing with Will and Riley tonight. I don't want to be a tagalong.

MARGIE: Nope, they bailed on us. I guess Will was invited to his gym teacher's retirement party.

NOAH: Will and Riley backed out of the prom to go to Mr. Breakwater's retirement party?

ELLARD: It's a strange Universe, my friend. Anyway, since you're here, you've got to come with us to the prom!

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MARGIE: Ellard rented a limo!

NOAH: (*indicating their outfits*) I guess the Millenium Falcon was unavailable?

ELLARD: Ha, ha.

MARGIE: We wanted to do something special. Tuxes and gowns are ordinary. Besides, it was our mutual love of “Star Wars” that brought us together in the first place.

ELLARD: That’s right, my Princess!

NOAH: Look, guys, I appreciate the invite, but I don’t want to go and be a third wheel on your prom date.

MARGIE: You wouldn’t be...

NOAH: Yeah, I would. I mean, to some extent. I could jump around some of the dances with you, but then what? Sit by the punch bowl while the couples dance the slow dances?

ELLARD: You could ask Principal Puffin to dance. She’s chaperoning.

NOAH: Wow. Lovely as that sounds, I’m going to have to pass.

ELLARD: I was just messing with you...

MARGIE: Really, Noah, I’m sure there will be plenty of girls there you can ask to dance.

NOAH: (*sighs*) Seriously guys, I appreciate what you’re trying to do. Really. But I don’t want to go to the prom and be a dateless wonder. I can’t. The only reason I came here to the restaurant is because I was sitting at home feeling sorry for myself, trying to forget it was prom night, trying to forget that all over town, guys were picking up their dates in limos, and that proud parents were snapping photos of these perfect little couples all dressed to the nines. But I couldn’t forget. All I could think about was how I would never have that prom photo of me standing next to my high school sweetheart, because I don’t have a high school sweetheart. That I would never have a prom story to tell. So I put on my best pants and jacket, and the stupid cummerbund and bowtie that I have for jazz band, and I came out to dinner, to confront what I was missing head-on. To look at everyone else making these memories, good or bad, that I’ll never have. And now I’ve confronted it, so I’m just going to eat my steak and go home. And that will be the end of my prom story. I’m sure it will disappoint my kids if I’m ever lucky enough to have any.

(*Long pause. ELLARD and MARGIE look uncomfortable.*)

MARGIE: That might be one of the saddest things I’ve ever heard.

ELLARD: Definitely. At least in the top ten. I’m talking major downer.

NOAH: I’m sorry. I’m okay. I am. I’m absolutely fine. You guys should get going. It’s your special night! Go and have some fun. You deserve it, really.

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MARGIE: But...

NOAH: No. I'm fine. Honest. Don't worry about me. You go on and show the rest of them how things are done in a galaxy far, far away.

ELLARD: You're sure?

NOAH: Positive. Have a good time, guys.

MARGIE: I guess we should get going. Ellard wants to tip the band so they'll play the song that was playing in The Chalmun's Cantina in Episode IV, A New Hope.

ELLARD: We'll see you later, buddy.

NOAH: Take care.

(ELLARD AND MARGIE exit. NOAH looks after them a moment, a bit depressed. LUCY enters with a plate of food and sets it down haphazardly in front of NOAH, then starts to exit.)

Wait!

LUCY: *(turning back, annoyed)* WHAT?

NOAH: Miss... uh...

LUCY: My name is Lucy.

NOAH: Lucy, I think we got off on the wrong foot. The thing is, I'm kind of having a rough night, and I respect that you're going through a time of exploring your inner rudeness, but I was hoping that maybe we could bury the hatchet and that you could maybe try being civil to me.

LUCY: All right. *(turns to leave)*

NOAH: Lucy?

LUCY: *(turns back, trying to stifle her annoyance)* Yes?

NOAH: You didn't spit in my food, did you?

LUCY: *(Evasive)* Enjoy your meal.

(LUCY turns to leave. Suddenly, INDIGO enters. SHE is dressed in a leather jacket, a plaid skirt, boots, and knee-high stockings with skulls and crossbones on them [or any other "tough girl" design]. SHE also carries a very large handbag. INDIGO bumps into LUCY.)

INDIGO: Hey! Move it or lose it, sister! You leave your contact lenses at home tonight or what?

(LUCY looks at her a moment, lips trembling, then rushes off, upset. INDIGO looks around the room, sees NOAH, and sits down in the empty chair at his table.)

Hi! The staff here is pretty awful, huh? It's tough to find good help anywhere, I know, but this is a new low. The hostess was actually

going to kick me out because I told her she was a mindless robot who only cared about whether someone's name appeared in her big reservation book. Can you believe that? She was going to kick me out! I swear, I don't know what this world is coming to.

NOAH: *(staring at her in shock)* Uh... hello. Please, sit down.

INDIGO: *(as if to a child)* I am sitting, but thanks. Can I have some of your fries? *(without waiting for his answer, SHE grabs some of his fries and begins to eat them)*

NOAH: Uh... yeah, help yourself.

INDIGO: Thanks. *(SHE grabs a few more fries)*

NOAH: So... ummm... I'm Noah.

INDIGO: Well then, I'll skip the Ark and animal jokes, 'cause I bet you've heard them all before. Nice to meet you. *(SHE reaches into her handbag and takes out a bottle of water.)* Talk about salty fries. *(SHE drinks)*

NOAH: Umm... hey, uh, what's your...?

INDIGO: Oh, right, right. Where are my manners? I'm Indigo. Check it out. *(SHE points to her eyes)*

NOAH: Oh. *(beat)* What am I checking out?

INDIGO: My eyes. They're blue! Indigo blue, in fact.

NOAH: Ah. Well, they're uh... very nice.

INDIGO: I know, right? My parents named me Indigo because when I was born, they say I had the bluest eyes they had ever seen in their lives. My fierce blue eyes.

NOAH: That's... nice. Can I help you with something?

INDIGO: Hold up, I'm not done. That's only part of the story. The other reason they named me Indigo is because my Mom and Dad, they were so in love, I mean, like, SUPER in love. Just this intense connection. They felt like two souls that had found each other in this lonely Universe, and created one soul that made them complete. Everything just made sense for them when they met one another, and they shared this perfect love. And they say that babies that are created from this perfect, almost mystical love, are indigo babies... gifts to mankind, here to help bring about a new age of peace and harmony and understanding. Isn't that something?

NOAH: Yeah. That's... something. Ummm, it sounds like your parents really have a special life together.

INDIGO: Yeah. *(beat)* Well, at least, I know they WOULD have the best life ever if it wasn't for this guy my mom is married to.

NOAH: Oh. *(beat—HE realizes what SHE's saying)* Oh!

INDIGO: I know. But don't worry---their love story isn't over yet. They are going to wind up together, I can feel it. And it's not wishful thinking. I KNOW. I'm an indigo, and we have this special kind of foreseeing power, you know? I just hope that it's sooner rather than

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later, for their sake, I mean. It would be nice for them to have SOME happy years while they're still semi-young enough to enjoy them. How's the steak?

(NOAH is staring at her, stunned. SHE snaps her fingers at him.)

Yo, Harpo, wake up! I asked you a question. The steak. How is it?
NOAH: *(snapping out of his daze)* Oh! Sorry, I haven't tried it yet.
INDIGO: No need to apologize, my little Ark-boy.

(SHE reaches over and grabs his plate, and begins cutting up the steak into little pieces. NOAH, still transfixed by this unorthodox young lady, watches her. SHE takes a bite of meat.)

MMMMM! This is good. Very tender. When this guy my mom is married to cooks steak, he makes it so tough. Then, of course, when I complain, he always says something stupid like, "It'd be a lot tougher if we didn't have it!" I swear, it's like he resents me for some reason. But this is a good cut of meat. You should try some.

(SHE holds out the plate to NOAH. HE takes it.)

NOAH: Thanks. *(beat)* I have a question, but I don't want you to take it the wrong way.

INDIGO: Don't worry, I don't have a boyfriend. You're safe.

NOAH: Oh... well, that's ummm... you know... nice, but...

INDIGO: Although, since we just met, maybe we should focus on getting to know one another first, don't you think?

NOAH: Well, yeah, but... What I was going to ask is why you sat down here with me.

INDIGO: What? You want me to leave?

NOAH: Strangely enough, no. But...

INDIGO: Because if you want, I can just leave you here all by yourself again, staring at an empty chair. It's no skin off my back, believe me. I'm the person at this table who doesn't have trouble finding dates, so I'll be fine.

(NOAH is stung by this comment. Beat.)

I'm sorry. That was really harsh. I thought you were suggesting that I wasn't good enough to have dinner with you, so I was taking my own insecurities out on you. My dad says that he used to have a tendency to do that, and so we're working on it together. Do you forgive me?

NOAH: Sure.

INDIGO: Thanks. Anyway, to answer your question, you looked a little lonely and sad, and I'm sort of in the middle of my own little... well, let's call it a crisis... so, I figured, why not? Why not take a moment to make a lonely person feel a little less lonely, and make myself a little less lonely in the process?

NOAH: I'm glad you sat down. Thank you. *(beat)* Do you want to order something?

INDIGO: I probably shouldn't. I'm going to have to run soon. I only stopped here to recharge my batteries a bit. I'm sort of in a time crunch situation.

NOAH: What's going on?

INDIGO: It's a long story. Tell you what, I wouldn't say no if you ordered me some ice cream. I haven't had ice cream in a long time. I could go for some ice cream soup.

NOAH: *(perking up)* Did you say ice cream soup?

INDIGO: Yeah. I probably shouldn't tell you this, but when I was a kid, I used to mash up ice cream, and even let some of it melt in my mouth, and I would spit it back in the bowl, making ice cream soup.

NOAH: You did not!

INDIGO: Yes I did!

NOAH: Me too!

INDIGO: No you didn't!

NOAH: Honest, I did! I thought I was probably the only kid in the world who did that!

INDIGO: So did I!

(Beat. THEY look at each other.)

I like you, Noah. You're a good guy.

NOAH: Thanks. I like you, too, Indigo.

(A beat while THEY look at each other. ALEXIS and MARCO enter. ALEXIS is dressed in a prom gown, and MARCO is dressed in a tuxedo, only, instead of black pants, he is wearing black dress shorts, and basketball sneakers. THEY stop at NOAH's table.)

ALEXIS: Huh. I only came in here because I heard those geeks in the "Star Wars" outfits say that you were here alone, and I, like, wanted to see it for myself.

NOAH: *(uncomfortable)* Hi Alexis. Hi Marco.

MARCO: Don't talk to me, loser!

ALEXIS: *(To MARCO)* Can you believe he actually asked me to the prom a few weeks ago? Like I would ever go with him!

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MARCO: *(to NOAH)* Ha! Why would you think that a girl like her would ever be seen in public with a guy like you?

ALEXIS: I'm kind of disappointed. I wanted to see you sitting here alone, so, like, I could laugh about it later.

MARCO: *(to ALEXIS)* At least he got to see what kind of man is actually worthy to take you to the prom.

ALEXIS: Yeah. We're probably going to be named King and Queen.

INDIGO: Excuse me, but you've interrupted a private conversation so why don't you go add yet another layer of make-up to your face while your prom date looks for the rest of his pants.

(NOAH laughs.)

ALEXIS: And who are you?

NOAH: This is Indigo.

MARCO: What kind of a name is Indigo?

ALEXIS: Yeah! And where did you like, find her? Did you, like, rent her from "Bad Girls-R-Us?"

(MARCO and ALEXIS laugh. INDIGO regards them calmly.)

INDIGO: If you're going to try to dis someone, I would recommend doing it without stumbling over the word "like" so much. It makes you sound ignorant. And a word of warning: you really shouldn't try to play with me, sister.

ALEXIS: Why not?

INDIGO: Because I don't play nice. Especially with a Barbie doll wannabe strutting around in a prom dress that looks like it came from Paris Hilton's garage sale. So why don't you and the meat-head walk away and we can all go about enjoying our evenings?

ALEXIS: You can't talk to me like that!

(MARCO crosses to NOAH and grabs him by the collar of his shirt.)

MARCO: You better tell your friend to back off my lady!

INDIGO: *(snapping)* HEY! AUSTROLAPITHICUS!

(MARCO looks at her.)

(Now, more calmly) I'm giving you five seconds to get your hands off of him before I taser you.

MARCO: Yeah, right!

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(INDIGO reaches into her handbag, retrieves a taser, and places it in front of her on the table.)

INDIGO: Two things you should know about me, sport. One, I don't bluff. Two, I count really fast. 1, 2, 3...

MARCO: *(releasing NOAH)* Okay, okay!

ALEXIS: Let's get out of here, Marco. Leave the losers to themselves.

(MARCO and ALEXIS exit.)

INDIGO: *(calling after them, sweetly)* Nice meeting you! Have a great night! *(to NOAH)* I'm gonna need some more steak. I'm always starved after a confrontation. *(SHE grabs his plate and takes another bite of steak.)* So... where were we?

NOAH: That was amazing.

INDIGO: Huh?

NOAH: The way you stood up for yourself and stood up for me.

INDIGO: I try to be nice. But if people aren't going to be nice in return, then sometimes, you've just got to speak their language. Besides, I'm very protective of people I like.

NOAH: You're really beautiful.

(INDIGO looks up from her steak. For the first time, SHE looks shy. NOAH, unable to believe what HE just said, is also looking pretty bashful.)

INDIGO: Do you really think so?

NOAH: Yeah.

INDIGO: Thanks. *(beat)* I think you're way cute.

(A pleasant silence as THEY look at each other.)

NOAH: *(breaking the silence)* Is that a real taser?

INDIGO: Whoops! Yeah, I should probably put that away. *(SHE puts the taser back in her handbag)*

NOAH: Do you live in a dangerous neighborhood or something?

INDIGO: It's a long story. *(beat)* I suppose there's something I should tell you.

(OFFICER BANKS enters. HE is in his police uniform.)

NOAH: What is it?

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OFFICER BANKS: Excuse me patrons of this fine dining establishment. I don't mean to interrupt your dinners, but I need to conduct some police business that should only take a few minutes.

(INDIGO looks over to OFFICER BANKS, then turns away quickly, trying to hide her face.)

Please go about your business like I'm not even here. Thank you.

(OFFICER BANKS walks around the stage, scoping out other, invisible, diners.)

INDIGO: Hey, Noah... I don't suppose you have a car by any chance?

NOAH: Yeah. Why?

INDIGO: Would you give me a ride somewhere? Right now.

NOAH: Right now?

INDIGO: Yeah, I think I should be leaving.

(SHE glances over to OFFICER BANKS, and notices that HE is approaching their table. SHE stands up, crosses to NOAH who is still seated, with her back turned to OFFICER BANKS, takes NOAH'S face in her hands, leans down and plants a big kiss on his lips. OFFICER BANKS notices the kissing couple, feels a little embarrassed)

OFFICER BANKS: Well, it looks like you two kids are fine. *(HE exits)*

(INDIGO stops kissing NOAH but keeps her face close to his.)

INDIGO: *(quietly)* Is he gone?

NOAH: *(Happily dazed)* My name is Noah.

INDIGO: I'll take that as a yes. *(SHE goes back to her seat.)* Thanks, Tiger, you're a lifesaver.

NOAH: Don't mention it.

INDIGO: So, about that ride?

NOAH: *(coming to a bit)* Wait. Uh... look, I know we just met, but I was wondering if you would like to go to the prom with me.

INDIGO: Awww. That's sweet. Any other night I would say yes, but I don't really have time for it tonight.

NOAH: We wouldn't have to stay long.

INDIGO: Can I ask you something? Why would you ask that girl from before to the prom?

NOAH: I asked a lot of girls to the prom. They all said no.

INDIGO: That's their loss, right?

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NOAH: I guess, but the thing is, so many people have told me that a kid shouldn't miss their Senior Prom. It's supposed to be some kind of milestone in your life.

INDIGO: I understand. I had to miss my prom.

NOAH: Really?

INDIGO: Yeah. It was a few weeks ago. Well, I suppose I didn't HAVE to miss it, but going through the metal detectors and standard pat down sort of took the appeal out of it for me.

NOAH: What?

INDIGO: You're a sweet guy. I have to be honest with you. Until very recently, I... uh... shall we say "matriculated" at Rockstone Academy.

NOAH: Oh. Wait, isn't that a juvenile detention center?

INDIGO: Yes. It is.

NOAH: I see. *(beat)* Did you get out early for good behavior?

INDIGO: Ummm... something like that. I will tell you that I certainly don't plan on ever going back! *(SHE laughs half-heartedly. Beat)* Do you think less of me now?

NOAH: No. I don't think so.

INDIGO: The only reason I was put in there was because I was at a protest for unfair labor practices at my hometown factory, and when a police officer told me to move along, I "allegedly" spray-painted him.

NOAH: Well, that's not... so bad.

INDIGO: I know, right? *(beat)* I just hated it there so much. I had to get out. But now they're looking for me, so I really need you to help me get out of town.

NOAH: You must have served most of your time by now.

INDIGO: Ummm... well, here's the thing. When I decided to leave, I may have taken the guard's wallet and threatened him with his own taser.

NOAH: What?!

INDIGO: I'm just trying to be honest with you! And I only did it because he was a bully and would only respond to force.

NOAH: O-kay. *(beat)* So you're really in a lot of trouble.

INDIGO: You could say that. Can you help me out? All I need is a ride to the bus station.

NOAH: I'm sorry Indigo. I like you a lot, a whole lot, but if I'm going to become an accessory in your escape, I'm going to have to ask you for a favor.

INDIGO: What?

(HE just looks at her.)

Okay, fine, we can stop by your prom.

NOAH: Great!

INDIGO: But I can't stay long. You better call the waitress. I'll take my ice cream soup to go.

(Blackout. End of scene one.)

SCENE TWO

SETTING: The Prom, which can be represented by the stage having a few prom-like decorations, as well as a refreshment table either far stage left or right, with a punchbowl, cups, etc. There is also a microphone on a stand that will be used later by OFFICER BANKS.

AT RISE: MARGIE and ELLARD are by the refreshment table. If you are not using extras in the play, the actors onstage should act as though it is a full room with people dancing. Music plays in the background.

ELLARD: Having a good time?

MARGIE: Yes! Everyone keeps staring at us! I knew these outfits were a good idea!

ELLARD: I still think you should have worn Leia's metal bikini from "Return of the Jedi."

MARGIE: In your dreams, mister!

ELLARD: How did you know?

(MARGIE laughs and playfully punches his shoulder. NOAH and INDIGO enter from opposite. MARGIE spots them.)

MARGIE: Hey Ell, look who's here. *(SHE drags him over to NOAH and INDIGO)* Noah! I'm so happy you came!

NOAH: Hey Margie! Ellard!

ELLARD: Who is this charming young lady?

INDIGO: Hi, I'm Indigo. Noah and I met at the restaurant.

MARGIE: I'm so glad you're here!

ELLARD: No one should spend prom night alone.

INDIGO: Well said. Cool outfits, by the way.

MARGIE: Thanks! We didn't want to dress just like everybody else.

INDIGO: Why settle for ordinary, when you can be a little something extra, that's what I always say.

MARGIE: Exactly! I love your outfit too! Those stockings are great!

INDIGO: Thanks.

(A new song starts playing.)

MARGIE: Come on, Han. Let's go dance.

ELLARD: You guys comin'?

INDIGO: I think we'll sit this one out. I'm going to get some punch.

(ELLARD and MARGIE exit to go dance.)

Here we are. We made it to your prom.

NOAH: It really means a lot to me that you came here tonight.

INDIGO: Least I could do. Can we go now?

NOAH: We just got here.

INDIGO: I know. But I'm a little nervous about the whole "being apprehended by the police" thing.

NOAH: Do you think you could make a little time for at least one dance?

INDIGO: All right. Maybe one. *(SHE approaches NOAH)* Okay, let's go.

NOAH: Okay. *(HE's not sure what to do, where to put his hands)*

Ummm...

INDIGO: Here. *(SHE takes his hands and places them on her waist.)*

And I do this. *(SHE puts her arms around his shoulders)*

NOAH: Now what?

INDIGO: Now we just kind of sway back and forth.

NOAH: Oh. Okay.

(THEY sway back and forth)

So this is dancing?

INDIGO: A primitive form of it, yes. But it works for the prom.

(THEY laugh a little and sway back and forth. THEY look into each other's eyes. OFFICER BANKS enters and crosses to the microphone.

NOAH is about to kiss INDIGO when OFFICER BANKS speaks, and the music stops.)

OFFICER BANKS: Excuse me... hey, is this thing on? Can everyone hear me? Okay.

(INDIGO is clearly distraught, and hides behind NOAH.)

OFFICER BANKS: My name is Officer Banks. I sure am sorry to have to barge in on this special night, but the law doesn't take breaks.

Well, sometimes we do. We're allowed for coffee and such, but right

now there is an important matter that we must attend to. Earlier today, one of the prisoners at Rockstone Academy escaped from the facility, and it is believed that she may be in our area. She is seventeen years old, blonde hair, wearing a leather jacket, a plaid skirt, and stockings that feature skulls and crossbones. If you've seen anyone who fits this description, please come to see me. Meanwhile, I'll be patrolling the prom to make sure everyone stays safe, and in case she decides to crash your party. That is all. Thank you. *(HE thinks a moment)* Oh yeah. Don't drink and drive. *(HE starts walking around, and makes his way offstage.)*

INDIGO: I'm sorry, Noah. I really have to get out of here!

NOAH: I know. Thanks for the dance.

INDIGO: Thank you.

NOAH: Come on, let's go.

(MARGIE and ELLARD rush on and cross to them.)

ELLARD: *(Trying to act casual)* Oh, hi you two. Noah, can I speak to you? *(HE pulls NOAH to one side)* I don't mean to alarm you, buddy, but I think your date is wanted by the police!

NOAH: I know, Ellard!

MARGIE: You know?!

INDIGO: Listen, guys, I don't have time to explain, but trust me, I'm a very good person.

NOAH: Please don't tell anyone that you saw her.

INDIGO: Please?

ELLARD: Are you sure about this, Noah?

NOAH: Positive. I really like her.

MARGIE: That's so sweet! It's like a forbidden love story!

(NOAH notices something offstage.)

NOAH: Oh, no! Alexis is coming this way! She'll turn you in for sure. Uh... quick! Hide under the table.

(INDIGO hides underneath the refreshment table, and ELLARD and MARGIE stand in front of it, blocking her from view. ALEXIS enters and crosses to NOAH.)

ALEXIS: Hey! I thought I saw you here! Where's that girl you were with at the restaurant? The cops are looking for her.

NOAH: I don't know where she is. She left the restaurant shortly after you and Marco, and I haven't seen her since.

ALEXIS: I don't believe you! I think you're like, hiding her somewhere.

ELLARD: (*nervous*) Hiding her somewhere? That's ridiculous! Heh, heh.

(*MARGIE elbows him.*)

MARGIE: Shouldn't you be getting back to your date, Alexis?

ALEXIS: Shouldn't you mind your own business, loser?

ELLARD: Where is Marco?

ALEXIS: He's talking with his friends. You wouldn't, like, know about that, would you? (*to NOAH*) I'm going to go powder my nose, and when I'm done, I'm talking to the cop. Then your gross little girlfriend will go back where she belongs.

(*ALEXIS storms off.*)

NOAH: Okay, Indigo, she's gone. Let's get you out of here!

(*INDIGO comes out from under the table.*)

INDIGO: Which way to the ladies' room?

MARGIE: (*pointing*) Right over there. But Alexis just went in...

(*INDIGO starts off.*)

NOAH: What are you doing?! We've got to leave now! We don't have time!

(*INDIGO crosses to NOAH and kisses him on the cheek.*)

INDIGO: Don't worry, sweet boy. I have an idea. (*SHE exits to the ladies' room*)

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