

# PROM TICKET

## By Bradley Walton

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**By Bradley Walton**

**SYNOPSIS:** Scott’s brother, Melvin, stole Scott’s prom ticket, sold it on eBay, and dropped it off in the passenger seat of a ’67 Plymouth Belvedere parked behind a day care center with iron bars on the windows and a taco restaurant of ill repute next door. Now Scott and his girlfriend, Allison, must confront Bubbles the security clown, Ruth the taco woman, and the mysterious “Bob” in a hilarious, madcap quest to track down the stolen ticket and make it to their prom on time.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(4 MEN, 3 WOMEN, 0-2 EITHER)*

SCOTT WILLIAMSON (M) ..... A high school junior  
ALLISON GREGG (F) ..... Scott’s girlfriend  
MR. WILLIAMSON (M) ..... Scott’s dad  
MRS. WILLIAMSON (F)..... Scott’s mom  
MR. GREGG (M) ..... Allison’s dad  
MRS. GREGG (F)..... Allison’s mom  
MELVIN WILLIAMSON (M) ..... Scott’s brother  
BUBBLES (M/F) ..... A clown  
RUTH/ROY (M/F)..... A taco shop employee

**DOUBLING**

MR. WILLIAMSON can double as MELVIN and either BUBBLES or ROY  
MR. GREGG can double as MELVIN  
MRS. GREGG can double as BUBBLES or RUTH  
MRS. WILLIAMSON can double as RUTH

## STAGING

Staging is intended to be simple: A bare stage with cubes which represent the seats in two different cars. All other locations (Allison's living room, Scott's living room, and the employee parking area behind a day care center with iron bars over its windows) can be mimed. However, if you want to have fuller sets for your production—go for it!

## COSTUMES

SCOTT is wearing a tuxedo with a boutonniere.

ALLISON is wearing a prom dress with a corsage.

MR. and MRS. WILLIAMSON are laid-back hipsters and dressed very casually.

MR. and MRS. GREGG are upper-class, proper, and dressed accordingly.

MELVIN is kind of a nerd and dressed accordingly.

BUBBLES is a clown and wears a rainbow wig and other clown-appropriate attire. He may also be carrying some type of weapon.

RUTH/ROY wears a taco costume.

## PROPERTIES

- 2 cameras
- An action figure with silver legs
- A ticket

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

My objective with this script was to capture the spirit of a bizarre and madcap adult movie comedy in a bizarre and madcap G-rated one-act play, and to hopefully go places where no G-rated one-act play had gone before. I'm happy with the result, and I hope performance groups will have as much fun putting it on as I had dreaming it up.

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SCENE 1

**AT RISE:**

SCOTT and ALLISON are dressed up for prom. They are standing in the GREGGS' living room having their pictures taken by their parents, MR. and MRS. WILLIAMSON and MR. and MRS. GREGG. DR there are two cubes, which are not lit, representing the front seat of SCOTT's car.

MR. and MRS. WILLIAMSON are laid-back hipsters, while MR. and MRS. GREGG are very proper and business-like. MR. GREGG has a particularly domineering personality.

**MR. GREGG:** And...smile! *(Takes a picture.)* Beautiful!

**MRS. GREGG:** You look so lovely.

**MRS. WILLIAMSON:** Both of you do.

**MR. WILLIAMSON:** Your mother means that in a purely generic sense, Scott.

**SCOTT:** I know. It's okay.

**MRS. WILLIAMSON:** Let me get one more, just to be sure.

**MR. WILLIAMSON:** They're going to prom, dear. Not getting married.

**MRS. WILLIAMSON:** Well, they might.

**MR. GREGG:** *(Chuckling.)* But not tonight. *(Looks at SCOTT, suddenly deadly serious.)* Right?

**SCOTT:** Right.

**ALLISON:** Dad...

**MR. GREGG:** Teenage boys are like politicians, Allison. They're not to be trusted.

**ALLISON:** Dad, Scott and his parents are standing right here!

**MR. GREGG:** And Scott's parents gave me their permission to intimidate and belittle him as much as I thought was necessary.

**SCOTT:** What?

**MRS. GREGG:** *(To MR. GREGG.)* Actually, John, I think the way they phrased it was, "Tell Scott whatever you think he needs to hear."

**MR. GREGG:** Is there a difference?

**MRS. GREGG:** Hm. I guess not.

**MR. WILLIAMSON:** It's fine.

**SCOTT:** (*Embarrassed.*) Dad...

**MR. GREGG:** Scott, this is your junior prom. Don't do anything stupid. Especially if it involves my daughter. Don't be the pathetic screw-up loser that I think you are.

**MR. WILLIAMSON:** He's right, Scott. Don't be that loser.

**SCOTT:** (*Sarcastic.*) Thanks, Dad.

**MR. WILLIAMSON:** You're welcome.

**SCOTT:** I'll have you know, I put a lot of planning into tonight.

**MRS. WILLIAMSON:** And we're proud of you for that. Good planning is very important.

**SCOTT:** I reserved my tuxedo rental way ahead of time, I ordered Allison's flowers ahead of time, and I bought our prom ticket the day they went on sale.

**MR. WILLIAMSON:** We know. You showed us. Ticket number five.

**MRS. GREGG:** He showed us, too.

**ALLISON:** Because dad demanded to see the ticket.

**MR. GREGG:** Is it unreasonable for me to want to verify where you're going?

**ALLISON:** Dad, I bought a prom dress.

**MR. GREGG:** I'm a business man, Allison. I wouldn't sign a contract without reading the fine print, and I wouldn't let my daughter go to prom without reading the fine print on the ticket.

**ALLISON:** There is no fine print on the ticket.

**MR. GREGG:** And I wouldn't have known that without seeing the ticket, would I?

**ALLISON:** You can relax, dad. We'll be fine.

**MRS. WILLIAMSON:** Now go have fun.

**MR. WILLIAMSON:** Dance the night away.

**MRS. GREGG:** Have the time of your lives!

**MR. GREGG:** And bring Allison straight home.

**SCOTT:** Right. Bye.

**ALLISON:** See you later!

**MRS. GREGG:** Bye.

**MR. WILLIAMSON:** Bye.

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SCENE 2

*SCOTT and ALLISON cross R away from their PARENTS. Lights fade on PARENTS. PARENTS exit. SCOTT and ALLISON cross to the cubes and mime getting into a car and buckling their seat belts.*

**ALLISON:** I'm sorry.

**SCOTT:** It's okay. They have our best interests at heart.

**ALLISON:** But still...

**SCOTT:** Oh, definitely.

**ALLISON:** I have complete faith in you.

**SCOTT:** Thank you.

**ALLISON:** Unlike some people, I trust you utterly not to screw anything up.

**SCOTT:** I know. You're awesome.

**ALLISON:** I know I don't even have to ask you if you've got our prom ticket in your pocket, because you do.

*SCOTT freezes.*

**SCOTT:** Um.

**ALLISON:** I trust you so much, I'm not going to ask if that look of panic on your face has anything to do with our prom ticket, because it doesn't.

**SCOTT:** Uh...

**ALLISON:** Does it?

*SCOTT sticks his hand in his jacket pocket.*

**ALLISON:** Scott, if I was a lesser girlfriend, I would be freaking out right now. Because those tickets were fifty dollars per couple.

**SCOTT:** I know. I paid for ours.

**ALLISON:** And they're not selling them at the door.

**SCOTT:** Right. Um...

**ALLISON:** And if we were not able to get through the door, my prom dress, my shoes, my hair, my nails...all of that would be a complete waste.

**SCOTT:** I...I...I...

**ALLISON:** My \$300 dress. My \$50 shoes. My \$40 hair. My \$30 nails. You would never, ever let all that go to waste. Because you're not a complete screw-up. (*Mimes unbuckling SCOTT's seat belt.*) I wouldn't be dating you if you were. (*Grabs SCOTT and aggressively yanks HIM close.*) Right? (*Kisses SCOTT on the cheek and smiles innocently.*)

**SCOTT:** Right.

**ALLISON:** And even if the prom ticket is not in your pocket, you know exactly where it is. And we would go there right now.

**SCOTT:** I need to make a quick stop back by my house before we go to the school...okay?

**ALLISON:** Sure.

**SCOTT:** Thanks. It won't take but a second. I'll be in and out before my parents get home and have a chance to ask questions. (*Mimes buckling his seat belt and turning the ignition.*)

**ALLISON:** No problem.

**SCOTT:** (*Looking at his watch.*) It's 7:45. They close the doors to the prom and stop letting people in at...

**ALLISON:** 8:45.

**SCOTT:** So we've got an hour. No problem.

*SCOTT mimes putting his hands on the wheel and then slams his foot on the gas pedal. SCOTT and ALLISON lean back on their cubes as the car accelerates. THEY both lean left as the car turns a corner, then right.*

**ALLISON:** I want you to know that your driving isn't scaring me at all, because I trust you.

**SCOTT:** Good. You should. Totally. (*SCOTT slams on the break. HE and ALLISON both lean forward slightly in the seats, but are held in place by their seat belts. SCOTT turns off the ignition and unbuckles his seat belt.*) Be right back.

**ALLISON:** See you in 90 seconds.

**SCOTT:** I might be a teensy bit longer than that.

**ALLISON:** See you in 90 seconds.

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SCENE 3

**SCOTT:** Right. (*SCOTT gets out of the car and mimes entering his house at C as lights come up on the C and L of the stage. HE looks frantically around. ALLISON remains seated in the car, looking intently at her watch.*) Where is it? I know it's not in my room. I know better than to put it my room because I lose things in my room. So I either put it inside one of the teacups in the China press...(*Mimes opening a China press, looking in a teacup, and not finding the ticket.*) or...(*Dashes frantically to another part of the stage.*) I put it in the salad bowl on top of the fridge. (*Mimes lifting a large bowl down off of the fridge and looking inside.*) And it's not there, which can only mean...(*Yells.*) Melvin!

*MELVIN enters from L. HE is SCOTT's brother and very nerdy.*

**MELVIN:** What?

**SCOTT:** What'd you do with my prom ticket?

*ALLISON gets out of the car and heads into the house.*

**MELVIN:** I haven't seen your prom ticket.

**SCOTT:** I don't believe you.

**MELVIN:** For real. Have you checked your room?

**SCOTT:** I know better than to go anywhere near my room with something as important as a prom ticket.

**ALLISON:** Hi, Melvin.

**SCOTT:** Allison. I thought you were waiting in the car.

**ALLISON:** (*Looking at her watch.*) I thought I'd come in and use the bathroom while we were here.

**SCOTT:** Sure. Go ahead. (*ALLISON exits L.*) Should I check your room?

**MELVIN:** Your prom ticket's not in my room!

**SCOTT:** Then where is it?

**MELVIN:** I don't know!

**SCOTT:** You know it's not in your room!

**MELVIN:** There's a difference between knowing where something's not and where something is!

**SCOTT:** What will I find if I go look in your room?

**MELVIN:** Nothing! No prom ticket! I swear! I can promise you, with 100% certainty, that it's not in my room.

**SCOTT:** You seem awfully sure of that.

**MELVIN:** I am!

**SCOTT:** How is it that you're so sure?

*ALLISON enters. There is an action figure in her hand.*

**ALLISON:** Hey, Melvin...I stopped by your room...

**MELVIN:** It's not there! It's not...what's that in your hand?

**ALLISON:** Just some old action figure that was sitting on your shelf.

**MELVIN:** That's my vintage *Star Wars* "Snaggletooth" figure!

**ALLISON:** Is it wearing silver go-go boots?

**MELVIN:** The toy designers were working from a waist-up photo of the character. They didn't know what its legs were supposed to look like... so that's what they came up with. They did another version later and the first one with the silver boots is really rare! But they are not go-go boots!

**ALLISON:** Oh. Okay. The paint looks like it would come off easy. I'd better go put this back. I just had my nails done today. It would be terrible if my fingers slipped and scratched the paint on these poor silver boots.

**MELVIN:** Nooo!!!! (*ALLISON exits.*) I sold your prom ticket on eBay (*Update website reference as necessary.*)! Okay? I admit it! Just tell your girlfriend—please don't scratch the boots on my Snaggletooth!

**SCOTT:** You scalped my prom ticket?

**MELVIN:** Yes!!!

**SCOTT:** On the Internet?

**MELVIN:** Yes!

**SCOTT:** Didn't you think I would miss it?

**MELVIN:** Maybe...in the back of my mind...but mostly I was thinking, "Hey...Scott stashed this thing away...it's probably worth something."

**SCOTT:** Yeah! Fifty bucks!

**MELVIN:** You paid fifty?

**SCOTT:** Yeah!

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**MELVIN:** Well, let me tell you, that was a lousy investment. I only got three bucks for the thing.

**SCOTT:** You sold my prom ticket for three bucks?

**MELVIN:** It's a buyer's market. I'm telling you.

**SCOTT:** How could you?

**MELVIN:** Have you ever done anything in your life without thinking through the consequences first? Like eating a two-pound block of cheese in one sitting? Or shutting yourself in the trunk of the car? Or using dad's credit card to get a pizza delivered from out of state?

**SCOTT:** No!

**MELVIN:** What about the time you stuffed twenty rubber bands up your nose and mom had to take you to the doctor to get them all out?

**SCOTT:** Um...well...I...but...what even made you think somebody would buy a prom ticket on eBay?

**MELVIN:** Well, somebody did, didn't they?

**SCOTT:** Are they going to prom?

**MELVIN:** I don't know! I didn't ask!

**SCOTT:** What was the name of the buyer?

**MELVIN:** BilboVader45.

**SCOTT:** No! Their real name!

**MELVIN:** I don't know.

**SCOTT:** Did you mail it?

**MELVIN:** No.

**SCOTT:** Then you still have it?!?

**MELVIN:** No. BilboVader45 made payment online and then had me put the ticket in the passenger seat of a '67 Plymouth Belvedere parked behind the day care center next to Bob's Tacos.

**SCOTT:** Here in town?

**MELVIN:** Would the ticket do anybody any good if they lived out of town?

**SCOTT:** When did you drop the ticket off?

**MELVIN:** About four hours ago.

**SCOTT:** Where's Bob's Tacos?

**MELVIN:** How can you not know where Bob's Tacos is?

**SCOTT:** I don't eat tacos.

**MELVIN:** It's the most famous taco joint in town.

**SCOTT:** Famous taco joints mean about as much to me as famous Venezuelan sheep painters. I don't care about Venezuelan sheep painting, and I don't care about tacos!

**MELVIN:** They paint sheep in Venezuela?

**SCOTT:** No, I invented it to make a point!

**MELVIN:** What was the point?

**SCOTT:** That no matter how famous Bob's Tacos may be, I still don't know where it is. I don't eat tacos. I don't need day care. For as long as Allison and I have been together, we've never done day care and tacos for a date. Never.

*ALLISON enters.*

**ALLISON:** (*Very serious.*) I know where Bob's Tacos is.

**SCOTT:** You do?

**MELVIN:** Of course she does! It was all over the news a couple of months ago.

**SCOTT:** Wait...that was Bob's Tacos?

**MELVIN:** Yeah.

**SCOTT:** Where the guy with the...?

**MELVIN:** Yeah.

**SCOTT:** And he...?

**MELVIN:** Yeah.

**SCOTT:** To the...?

**MELVIN:** Yeah.

**SCOTT:** And in the end, the only thing left was a bag of hamburger buns?

**MELVIN:** Yeah.

**SCOTT:** That was Bob's Tacos? The place where the person in the taco costume stands on the curb and waves at the passing cars?

**MELVIN:** Yeah.

**SCOTT:** Sweet mother of Elvis. There's a day care center next door?

**MELVIN:** The day care center has iron bars over its windows now.

**SCOTT:** How close together are the bars?

**MELVIN:** I didn't look that close. Couple inches, I guess.

**SCOTT:** You could still fit hamburger buns between those.

**MELVIN:** I didn't say I thought it was a good idea.

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**SCOTT:** And we have to go there.

**ALLISON:** We have to go there.

**SCOTT:** All right. Let's go.

**MELVIN:** We're good, right? No hard feelings?

**SCOTT:** No. We are not good. We are about as far from good as we can get. If good is here, and bad is 500 miles from here, then we are somewhere in the arctic and you will be cleaning up after penguins while I hold the remote control to an electric shock collar around your neck.

**ALLISON:** Scott, I think we should let bygones be bygones and hit the road.

**MELVIN:** Yes! Listen to her! Let bygones be bygones!

**SCOTT:** Are you serious?

**ALLISON:** Nothing productive can come from holding a grudge.

**MELVIN:** She's absolutely right! She is so right. Thank you, Allison.

**ALLISON:** You're welcome, Melvin. Come on, Scott. Let's go find our ticket.

*SCOTT and ALLISON cross back towards the car. Lights fade on MELVIN. MELVIN exits.*

**SCENE 4**

**SCOTT:** You're a better person than me.

**ALLISON:** Don't sell yourself short.

*SCOTT and ALLISON get in the car and buckle their seatbelts.*

**MELVIN:** *(Offstage.)* My Snaggletooth's boots! Noooooo!!!!

**SCOTT:** I thought you said you weren't holding a grudge.

**ALLISON:** Finger must've slipped.

**SCOTT:** Really?

**ALLISON:** Probably.

**SCOTT:** Probably?

**ALLISON:** Drive.

**SCOTT:** Right.

*SCOTT slams on the gas and they take off.*

**SCOTT:** Did Bob's Tacos ever re-open after the thing?

**ALLISON:** Yeah. About two weeks ago.

**SCOTT:** Wow. I'd have thought they'd be shut down for good.

**ALLISON:** Technically, nobody did anything illegal.

**SCOTT:** That's hard to believe.

**ALLISON:** Would you think up laws like that?

**SCOTT:** No.

**ALLISON:** The owner fired everyone involved.

**SCOTT:** You're more up on the local news than I am.

**ALLISON:** Cut through the parking lot at the shopping center here.  
It's shorter.

**SCOTT:** (*Tapping the break and turning the steering wheel.*) Okay,  
here we go.

**ALLISON:** You can drive faster.

**SCOTT:** I know I've been speeding a little, but there are a lot more  
pedestrians here.

**ALLISON:** If you drive fast enough, they'll get out of the way.

**SCOTT:** You seem a little—

**ALLISON:** It's your imagination.

**SCOTT:** You think so?

**ALLISON:** Positive.

**SCOTT:** Okay, sorry, but the old lady with the walker who's stepping  
off the curb, I'm going to have to slow down for her.

**ALLISON:** She'll get out of the way.

**SCOTT:** Allison, she's like, 90.

**ALLISON:** She'll get out of the way.

**SCOTT:** She looks like she could fall over dead at any second.

**ALLISON:** She'll get out of the way.

**SCOTT:** She's not going to get out of the way. (*ALLISON stomps  
down on SCOTT's foot on the accelerator.*) Ow!

**ALLISON:** She'll get out of the way.

**SCOTT:** (*Looking back behind them.*) She got out of the way.

**ALLISON:** Told you so.

**SCOTT:** All right. We're through the shopping center lot.

**ALLISON:** See? No problem.

**SCOTT:** No problem.

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**ALLISON:** Now, if you cut through the park here, Bob's Tacos is right on the other side.

**SCOTT:** There's no road going through the park.

**ALLISON:** That's okay.

**SCOTT:** How is that okay?

**ALLISON:** Trust me. It just is.

**SCOTT:** Just...drive on the grass?

**ALLISON:** It's on the ground, isn't it?

**SCOTT:** What about the trees?

**ALLISON:** Go around those.

**SCOTT:** And the people?

**ALLISON:** They'll get out of the way.

**SCOTT:** What if somebody ID's my license plate?

**ALLISON:** If you go fast enough, it won't be an issue.

**SCOTT:** Are you sure about that?

**ALLISON:** Pretty sure.

*SCOTT and ALLISON bounce up and down on their cubes as SCOTT drives onto the grass.*

**SCOTT:** This is really bumpy.

**ALLISON:** Probably because it's not paved.

**SCOTT:** Guess it's a good thing we didn't rent a limo.

**ALLISON:** Yup.

**SCOTT:** I feel weird doing this.

**ALLISON:** I'd feel weirder spending hundreds of dollars on prom stuff and not going to prom.

**SCOTT:** Sorry.

**ALLISON:** It's okay. I have faith in you.

**SCOTT:** You keep saying that.

**ALLISON:** Because I believe it.

**SCOTT:** Because you believe it, or because you're trying to make yourself believe it?

**ALLISON:** I'm trying to maintain a positive outlook.

**SCOTT:** Thank you. I appreciate that.

**ALLISON:** You're welcome.

**SCOTT:** You're not going to actually answer my question, are you?

**ALLISON:** Maybe later.

*SCOTT and ALLISON stop bouncing as SCOTT drives back onto the road.*

**SCOTT:** There's Bob's Tacos. Looks like the person in the taco costume isn't working this evening.

**ALLISON:** Nope.

**SCOTT:** Good. That really weirds me out.

**ALLISON:** The day care center is right next door.

**SCOTT:** Wow, I've never seen a day care center with iron bars on the windows. That's creepy. You could still fit hamburger buns between those, though. What's the matter with people?

**ALLISON:** It's not our place to question these things. Not tonight.

**SCOTT:** Right. Prom ticket.

**ALLISON:** Prom ticket. Pull around back.

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