



## Sample Pages from Prom Night

Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit <https://tfolk.me/p131> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.  
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

# PROM NIGHT

A ROMANTIC COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Sylvia Davenport-Veith*



*Prom Night*

Copyright © 2008 Sylvia Davenport-Veith

CAUTION: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of Canada and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention and is subject to royalty. Changes to the script are expressly forbidden without written consent of the author. Rights to produce, film, or record, in whole or in part, in any medium or in any language, by any group amateur or professional, are fully reserved.

Interested persons are requested to apply for amateur rights to:

**Theatrefolk**

[www.theatrefolk.com/licensing](http://www.theatrefolk.com/licensing)

[help@theatrefolk.com](mailto:help@theatrefolk.com)

Those interested in professional rights may contact the author c/o the above address.

No part of this script covered by the copyrights hereon may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means - graphic, electronic or mechanical - without the prior written permission of the author. Any request for photocopying, recording, or taping shall be directed in writing to the author at the address above.

Printed in the USA

## Characters

**Imena Hart**, an awkward 17-year-old girl, whose poor self-esteem prevents her from becoming all she can be.

**Grace Hughes**, an intoxicated, overly indulged cheerleader in shambles because she didn't win Prom Queen.

**Dillon McGinty**, an 18-year-old football linebacker and newly elected Prom King. He is a young man with serious issues on his mind.

## Setting

A moonlit clearing in a Georgia wood.

## Time

Prom Night, 2006.

*Prom Night* was first produced October 4-7, 2006 at Shiloh High School (Shiloh Onstage) in Snellville, Georgia.

**Imena Hart:** Ayshea Khan

**Grace Hughes:** Jessica Claussen & Kayla McCollam

**Dillon McGinty:** Sam Kauffman

**Director:** Sylvia Davenport-Veith

**Producer:** Elisabeth Cooper

**Costumes:** Carol Bruschi



*A moonlit clearing in a Georgia wood. IMENA HART, 17, dashes unevenly on stage. One of her high heels is broken, and her “Cinderella-like” prom dress is torn. She wears her iPod headphones around her neck, the wire disappearing into her evening bag. She stops to catch her breath and looks down at the torn dress.*

IMENA: Mama’s going to kill me. *(her cellphone rings inside her evening bag)* Oh, no... Don’t let it be... *(fumbling to get the phone out of her bag and squinting as the phone continues to ring)* It’s hopeless. I’m blind. *(punching a button and holding the phone to her ear)* Hello... Oh, hi, Mama. Well, I guess I am a little out of breath from dancing... Um... The band’s taking a break. I’m just getting some air... No, Mama, you can’t talk to Hunter... Because he isn’t here right now, and even if he was, I wouldn’t give him the phone... No! No! Don’t call back! I’m fine! I just wish I could see... Yeah, I know. Glasses would ruin the prom pictures. But, Mama, contact lenses were invented in 1887. I think they’re safe to wear by now!... I’m not getting smart with you. I just... Okay... Okay... Compliments?... Oh. On the dress. *(looking down at the torn dress)* It was a big hit. Hunter really liked it... Oh, it’s some dress all right... I gotta go now... Yes, Mama. I promise not to lose your cellphone... I know!... ‘Bye, Mama... No! Don’t call back! ... Mama, I’m hanging up now. ‘Bye. *(clicking off the phone and sinking down on a rock)* I wonder where I am.

GRACE: *(offstage)* Dillon, can’t walk.

*IMENA hides herself.*

DILLON: *(offstage)* I’m going to lift you, but don’t you dare throw up.

*DILLON MCGINTY, an 18-year-old linebacker, enters, carrying a very drunk 17-year-old cheerleader, GRACE HUGHES. Both are in prom attire.*

*Slung over DILLON’s shoulder is GRACE’s music bag.  
[See production notes.]*

GRACE: *(sobbing)* They didn’t vote for me, Dillon.

DILLON: *(setting her down)* Get over it, Grace.

GRACE: I can’t! I can’t! It shoulda been me.

DILLON: Well, it wasn’t you so just drop it.

GRACE: Dillon?

DILLON: What?

GRACE: (*throwing her arms around his neck*) Am I your queen?

DILLON: No.

GRACE: You're mad.

DILLON: Did I want to come here tonight? Did I?

GRACE: I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

DILLON: Knew this would happen if we came.

GRACE: I couldn't go to that party... Just couldn't... They voted for you, but they didn't vote for me—

DILLON: I hate it when you're like this. Now stop acting stupid.

GRACE: (*holding up her wrist corsage*) I'm acting stupid? What about you? (*pulling the corsage off and shaking it in DILLON's face*) This doesn't even go with my dress! (*flinging it on the ground*) I hate you, Dillon!

DILLON: Good. Let's break up... again.

GRACE: (*starting to cry*) No. No. I love you, Dillon.

DILLON: If there's a worse place than hell, I'm in it. (*a few beats while she cries*) Grace, you have to stop this. You know what happens when you drink too much.

GRACE: Lay off me, Dillon.

DILLON: Okay. Fine. But, if you hurl again, don't blame me.

GRACE: I hardly drank anything... I wanna hear some music.

DILLON: Oh, please, Grace.

GRACE: (*gyrating to music in her head*) Play something I can dance to... Play something hot.

DILLON: Are you kidding? You can't even walk.

GRACE: Shut up. I'm fine. (*loses her balance and falls on her face*) Ow! (*clutching DILLON's ankle*) Feel sick again.

DILLON: Not on these tux pants. They're rented.

GRACE: You're mean.

DILLON: No. I'm sober.

GRACE: You used to be fun.

*GRACE returns to sobbing. DILLON looks down at her for a couple of beats. GRACE reaches her hand up to him.*

GRACE: Dillon?

DILLON: Come on, Grace. Put your arm around my neck. That's right.

GRACE: I love you, Dillon.

DILLON: Sure. I know. Okay, we're going to walk this way. Still feel sick?

GRACE: Yes.

DILLON: Well, don't give in to it. Just go easy.

GRACE: 'Kay.

DILLON: This is a good spot. *(easing her to the ground)* Better?

GRACE: No.

DILLON: *(removing his tux jacket)* Here. Lie down. Put your head on this.

GRACE: Just let me rest... I'll be okay... They didn't vote for me... They were supposed to be my friends...

*As GRACE passes out, IMENA's cellphone rings.*

DILLON: What the—?

*IMENA pops up from behind a rock and answers the phone.*

IMENA: Hello... Mama, stop calling... No. Hunter still isn't back... Mama, I'm going to hang up... Yes, I am. Now, stop calling!... Love you too. 'Bye. *(to DILLON)* Sorry. My mother calls a lot.

DILLON: You're Hunter's date.

IMENA: Well, was... is... no... was.

DILLON: He's pretty wasted back there.

IMENA: *(fussing with her torn dress)* Tell me about it.

DILLON: Did he do that?

IMENA: *(nodding)* Cost my mom two weeks' pay.



DILLON: What a jerk!... Are you okay? (*she nods*) Don't worry. He'll pay for it.

IMENA: How do you know?

DILLON: 'Cause his dad will bust his head open if he doesn't.

IMENA: Who's going to tell his dad? Not me. And not Hunter. That's for sure.

DILLON: Then, I guess I'm elected. (*DILLON smiles. IMENA smiles back.*) Stop worrying. The dude's going to pay for the dress. End of subject.

*There is an awkward pause.*

IMENA: Must be nice.

DILLON: What?

IMENA: Being so sure of yourself.

DILLON: I am when it's a no-brainer...

*IMENA tries to meet DILLON's gaze, but her shyness overcomes her. She walks unevenly to a rock, sits, slips off her broken high heel, and rubs her ankle.*

DILLON: What happened to your shoe?

IMENA: Well... After Hunter grabbed at me, I started running. Except, I don't have my glasses. My heel caught on something, snapped off, and I went flying... I'm having a good time though.

DILLON: Oh, yeah. Sure... Mind if I ask you a personal question?

IMENA: What?

DILLON: How did you get mixed up with him anyway? You don't seem like his type.

IMENA: Um... That's pretty personal.

DILLON: Just curious. I mean... You don't even go to our school.

IMENA: No. I go to St. Mary's.

DILLON: That must be weird.

IMENA: Weird?

DILLON: All girls' school. No guys around. Come on. How'd you get hooked up with Hunter?

IMENA: My mother paid him.

DILLON: What was that?

IMENA: My mother paid Hunter to take me to the prom. He... um... mows our lawn. He's cute. I'm dateless. My mother couldn't stand not having prom pictures in the scrapbook so they struck a deal, and here I am... Is that humiliating and personal enough for you?

DILLON: Wow... that's... wow.

IMENA: Some prom night.

DILLON: (*looking over at GRACE*) Yeah. Some prom night.

*There is an awkward silence.*

IMENA: Congratulations.

DILLON: For what?

IMENA: Getting Prom King.

DILLON: The whole thing is such a crock.

*IMENA crosses to GRACE and looks down at her.*

IMENA: Not to everyone.

DILLON: (*joining IMENA*) Grace cares too much about stupid stuff.

IMENA: It's not stupid... She wants to wear a tiara. I can understand that.

DILLON: I can't.

IMENA: Guess it's just a girl thing... So, you all do this a lot?

DILLON: What?

IMENA: Get dressed up so you can go out in the middle of nowhere and get messed up.

DILLON: Some of us do.

IMENA: Why?

DILLON: None of your business.

*Pause.*

IMENA: Right. (*sighing and looking around*) I knew this night would be a disaster.

DILLON: Then, why'd you come?

IMENA: You don't know my mom. Staying home would have been a worse disaster. *(smiling and extending her hand)* Imena Hart, uncool Catholic girl.

DILLON: *(returning the smile and handshake)* Dillon McGinty, linebacker and Prom King. *(pointing at GRACE)* Grace Hughes, Head Varsity Cheerleader and voted "Most Spirited" by the 2006 Senior Class.

IMENA: I'm blind without my glasses, but she looks pretty.

DILLON: You think so?

IMENA: Don't you?

DILLON: Not like I used to.

*Very awkward silence.*

IMENA: Full moon tonight.

DILLON: Yeah.

*Silence again.*

IMENA: Did you know the moon is the earth's only natural satellite?

DILLON: Just because I play football doesn't mean I'm stupid.

IMENA: Oh, no! I didn't mean to imply that... It's just that the moon is so interesting. Don't you think so?

DILLON: I guess.

IMENA: It orbits 384,400 kilometres from earth and there are 29.5 days between successive new moons. The Romans called it Luna, but the Greeks had two goddesses for it – Selene and Artemis. Selene is my favorite. She took a bath in the sea right at twilight. Then, she drove a silver chariot across the sky. She had countless love affairs and bore 50 daughters for Endymion, a guy she seduced in a cave... I think I'd like to shut up now.

DILLON: No wonder Hunter got drunk. *(IMENA snuffles)* Hey, you're not crying, are you? *(her snuffles give way to gulping sobs)* Aw, come on... Don't do that. Oh, crap... I'm sorry. *(IMENA continues sobbing)* This is great. Just great. One drunk and one hysteric. *(IMENA sobs and wails)* Shut the hell up!

*IMENA shuts up. GRACE lets out a snore and readjusts her position. DILLON looks over at GRACE.*

DILLON: That goes for you too!

*GRACE snores again. IMENA half snuffles and half laughs.*

IMENA: Does she always snore like that?

DILLON: Every single time... Look. I'm sorry I yelled at you. Okay?  
(*IMENA snuffles*) Don't start up again.

IMENA: (*working on another crying jag*) I can't help it.

DILLON: Try.

IMENA: I am trying.

DILLON: Try harder. (*crossing to her and kneeling*) Hey. (*turning her face toward his*) Hey. You're not the only one with problems, you know.

IMENA: What kind of problems could you have, Prom King?

DILLON: My share.

IMENA: Like what?

DILLON: Why should you care?

IMENA: Why shouldn't I care?... Go on, Dillon... You can tell me.

*A few beats as DILLON ponders whether or not to trust IMENA.*

DILLON: My parents have my whole life laid out. I'm supposed to start college in the fall. Exactly four years from now, I'm supposed to go to law school. After that, I'm supposed to settle down with the right girl and start a family.

IMENA: Sounds like a good plan.

DILLON: Maybe... for some guys. But, not for me... not just yet, anyway.

IMENA: What do you want?

DILLON: You won't give me a lecture?

IMENA: No.

DILLON: Aw, forget it. Shouldn't have even brought it up.

IMENA: It's okay, Dillon. Who am I going to tell?

*Pause.*

DILLON: I'm joining the Marines.

IMENA: What? You could get –

DILLON: Killed. I know.

IMENA: What do your parents say?

DILLON: Haven't told 'em yet.

IMENA: What about Grace?

DILLON: We don't really talk... not about serious things anyway.

IMENA: Oh... Well, if you haven't told your parents or Grace, who have you told, Dillon?

DILLON: Nobody... except you.

IMENA: That seems so sad.

DILLON: Well, don't start crying about it.

IMENA: (*laughing*) I won't.

DILLON: Your turn.

IMENA: To do what?

DILLON: Tell me your secret wish.

IMENA: Oh, I don't have one.

DILLON: Liar.

IMENA: Really... I'm perfectly happy.

DILLON: Oh, sure. That's why you were blubbering a few minutes ago.  
I'm going to get you to spill.

*DILLON pulls IMENA up from the rock, slings her over his shoulder, and starts spinning her around.*

IMENA: Dillon, stop!... Put me down!

DILLON: Not until you tell, Imena.

IMENA: Okay! Okay! Just put me down!

*DILLON sets IMENA on her feet.*

DILLON: I'm listening.

*Pause.*

IMENA: I want to dance.

DILLON: You mean like a ballerina or something?

IMENA: No... just dance. The whole prom night went by, and Hunter never asked me.

DILLON: But, I saw him... oh.

IMENA: Not once.

DILLON: That's 'cause he's a stupid fool.

IMENA: Maybe. Or, maybe it's because I'm a loser – a dud – a socially challenged, inept, misfit.

DILLON: Well... Not everyone can be as cool as Grace.

*GRACE lets out another loud snore. DILLON and IMENA burst out laughing.*

IMENA: Thanks.

DILLON: For what?

IMENA: Trying to make me feel better.

DILLON: Give me your iPod.

IMENA: Why?

DILLON: 'Cause I'm going to dance with you.

IMENA: Oh, no. You'd just be doing it because you feel sorry for me.

DILLON: Give it to me, Imena.

IMENA: I appreciate it, Dillon, but no. An iPod won't work out here anyway.

DILLON: Yes it will. Grace has her music bag.

IMENA: Her what?

DILLON: A \$200 music bag. It has iPod speakers. Grace takes it with her everywhere. *(he snatches IMENA's evening bag and pulls out her iPod)* Got it!

*IMENA watches as DILLON connects her iPod to the music bag's speakers.*

IMENA: I didn't know anything like that even existed.

DILLON: Just one of her toys. That's Grace's whole problem – too many toys.

IMENA: Maybe we should use Grace's songs. You won't like my music.

DILLON: Stop making excuses.

IMENA: No. Really. These are old songs. I mean old songs.

DILLON: So what?

*DILLON leans down and punches the "Play" button.*

*[Production Note: Use royalty free music or public domain music – something with the feel of Little Darlin' as sung by the Diamonds.]*

*DILLON stands frozen, staring at the music bag. IMENA mouths "Oh, my God!" Then, she covers her face and sinks down on a rock.*

IMENA: Please, Dillon. Turn it off.

*DILLON does a mock dance to the music.*

DILLON: And miss dancing to this? Never!

IMENA: Please, Dillon. Stop it.

*Dancing in a wildly, comic way, DILLON crosses to IMENA and pulls her up. She yanks her hand away and turns her back to DILLON. DILLON continues his mocking dance.*

DILLON: Hey, if this is your idea of good music, let's go for it. Let's dance the night away.

IMENA: Stop it! I've had enough for one night!

*She stalks unevenly away and sits with her back to DILLON. He stares at her; then, he crosses to the music bag and shuts it off.*

DILLON: Hey! Where's your sense of humor?

IMENA: I don't like being laughed at.

DILLON: Oh, come on. I was just making fun of your music.

IMENA: Right.

DILLON: You know what's wrong with you?

IMENA: Evidently, everything.

DILLON: See! There you go! Constantly cutting yourself down.

IMENA: Okay. I'm warm, witty, bright, and gorgeous. Happy now?

DILLON: I never met a pretty girl who didn't know she was a fox... until you.

*His words have impact, and IMENA allows herself a quick look at him; then, she turns away. DILLON stares at her for a few beats.*

DILLON: Imena, if you like old music, then we'll play old music. If you want to dance, then we'll dance. But, you gotta stand up. Stand up and like yourself as much as I do, or it won't work... Come on, Imena. Whatever the next song is, dance with me.

*DILLON leans down to the music bag and turns the iPod back on. The next song is a slow dance. Select royalty free music or public domain music that has a running time of approximately 3 minutes and 30 seconds to allow adequate time for actors to explore the full, romantic journey during the following sequence. Try for something with the feel of Misty as sung by Johnny Mathis.*

*DILLON glances at IMENA again. IMENA does not look at him. He spots GRACE's wrist corsage lying on the ground. DILLON crosses to the corsage and picks it up. He toys with the corsage as he looks at IMENA again, hoping she will rise and come to him. She sits frozen, her back to him.*

*Defeated, DILLON crosses to another rock and sits, casting his eyes down on the corsage in his hands. IMENA shifts her sitting position, obviously thinking things over. She cheats her eyes back to look at DILLON, but his head is lowered. He does not see her. She takes a deep breath and presses her palms down on the rock. She rises.*

*DILLON lifts his head and sees she is standing. IMENA points her foot forward, almost ready to take a step. DILLON watches. IMENA hesitates; then, she crosses unevenly to center, faces full front, and slowly raises her left hand.*





[help@theatrefolk.com](mailto:help@theatrefolk.com) [www.theatrefolk.com](http://www.theatrefolk.com)

# Want to Read More?

**Order a full script** through the link above. You can get a **PDF file** (it's printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a **traditionally bound and printed book** (sent by mail).