

# PROM DRESS

by Shawn Deal

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# PROM DRESS

*A Dramatic Monologue*

**by Shawn Deal**

**SYNOPSIS:** Getting the most wonderful prom-posal was a dream, until reality set in, and suddenly going to the prom became a nightmare. Without explanation, the teenage girl rejected the boy who asked her, and ran away, crying. She didn't have the money for a prom dress, she didn't have a dress that fit, and she didn't have a mom to help her. Luckily, a surprising, unexpected person comes to her aid.

**TIME:** Present.

**SETTING:** Anywhere.

**SET:** Bare stage.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(1 female)*

NARRATOR (f)..... Teenage high school girl

**DIRECTOR'S NOTES:** This can be done very simply: bare stage, no costuming and no props. The main character goes through a variety of emotions in this play. The actor should try to interweave as many of these emotions throughout the beats of this play. The last thing you want to do is to only focus on one of the emotions.

**NARRATOR:** I'm a terrible girlfriend. I'm emotional. I'm needy. I cry at every video I watch on TikTok or Insta that has even the slightest sentimental tug. I mean, even the slightest.

I cry at all of the wedding proposal videos, especially the ones where the new fiancée was shocked by the question or started jumping up and down because they were so happy.

I cry at all those animal videos, where someone is rescuing a poor, abandoned puppy or a little kitten. Then they show you the moment when they found the mistreated baby and how they took them to the vet, and how they took them home and gave them baths and loves. At the end, they always show the unrecognizable baby, happy and healthy, playing with something or someone.

The videos that really get me are those long distance relationship ones. They seem to come in two different versions.

The first is where the loving couple has been separated for months or maybe a couple of years, and they finally get to meet up at the airport and run into each other's arms. Or there's the second, and in my opinion, the even better one. One of them shows up suddenly, unexpectedly, in some sort of random place. Like they are hiding in the bedroom or dorm room, or just suddenly walk into a restaurant, and the other person is just flabbergasted and then bursts into tears.

Oh, it gets me every time. I sob. I will watch these kinds of videos all night and cry.

I also get scared real easily and I don't like getting scared. It's not for me, like at all.

When my boyfriend, Brad, tried to take me to a horror film once... easily the worst date we ever went on... I clutched his arm the entire movie. I squeezed his hand until it was black and blue. And obviously, I screamed at every single thing. Even at things that I wasn't supposed to scream at.

In the film—I can't even remember the title—when the final girl dropped a bucket of popcorn and I screamed. She went into the kitchen to get a broom and dustpan to clean it up, and I screamed again. No one else in the theater screamed. Just me. A few people laughed. Laughing at me, of course. I begged Brad to not take me to another horror movie ever again.

He promised he wouldn't. In fact, he didn't hold that night against me. We went out the very next night and bowled; now that was my kinda date.

Brad is a sweet and patient boyfriend. I don't know why he even puts up with me. I'm glad he does. He makes my life better in so many ways, and I try to do the same for his life.

He goes out of his way to be the best boyfriend he can be. He tells me a different dad joke every day. And where the vast majority of them are real groaners, they make me smile, and I even laugh out loud at some. It's not the jokes that make me happy, but the fact that he tries so hard and makes such an effort to make me happy. And he tries every day.

He brings me flowers, he gives me candy and he pays for every date.

That's something I wish he would stop doing. I can pay my own way. (*Beat.*) Well, I can occasionally, at least.

I come from a poor family. Brad does not. His family, I would describe, as very well off.

His family is great though. They like each other, I mean, they love each other. Not to say that that's not the case in my house. It's just Dad and I, we definitely love each other; but we show it differently, I guess. We don't show it in the fun, positive way Brad's family does.

Dad and I don't say the "love" word out loud. We just both kind of know.

My dad works so many late hours, often working late or swing shifts, so I don't actually see him or spend much time with him. He takes as much overtime as he can get.

My dad loves me. I know that. It's just that it's hard for him to show it, even when he is around. There's just so much of life that stands in the way of my father and I, which is why I'm forever grateful to spend time over at Brad's house with his family.

I never push Brad to have me over with his family. I'm not a pushy girlfriend—not at all—I don't make demands. I just love spending time with him. But I'm secretly thrilled every time he suggests going over to his house. We often study together over there and if it gets late enough his mom will come to see if I can stay for dinner. I always say yes. And I always give my thanks and praise for her food. It's always much better than I could ever do on my own.

If it were up to me, I'd spend every date with Brad at this house, but I know he likes to get out of his house and just spend time with me. He finds his family a bit smothering at times. They like to talk, especially his little sister, Ally.

Ally talks nonstop. As soon as I get there, she hones in on me like a homing pigeon and starts telling me about anything and everything. There is no filter on that girl. She can be telling about a wonderful shell she found on the beach one second, and how it was hard for her to poop that morning in the next second.

Brad gets super embarrassed when she does this.

I think it's truly wonderful.

My house is so silent. Of course, I'm by myself most of the time. I always try to take some time with Ally, every time I go over and just listen to whatever she wants to talk about. I get a few words in, but mostly, it's just her talking about whatever is boiling up inside her.

Brad says I don't have to, but I enjoy listening to her. If Brad and I ever broke up, I think I would miss Ally and his family as much as I would miss him.

Secretly, I think it is my listening to Ally that got me in good with Brad's family. I think they all appreciate it.

And I know Ally does. Brad and his mom both say how excited she gets when she knows I'm coming over.

So back to me being a bad girlfriend.

I absolutely ruined his prom-posal. I wrecked it to the ground, bulldozed over it and lit all remaining pieces on fire.

He apparently cried later that night, something I have never seen him do.

The prom-posal was very sweet. It really was. He had taken so much time, did so much preparation for it. It should have been the most wonderful moment, a pinnacle moment of our senior year, and instead I turned it into a dumpster fire.

He said he wanted to surprise me at the park. Okay, it sounded a bit strange for him, but I was game. I got there and he was standing with several of our friends. One was playing a violin, several were holding candles and throwing confetti, and he held a sign that asked me to prom.

It was great, super romantic, and everyone there was excited. I gasped in surprise one moment, gleeful the next moment, then ended by being tearful as a wave emotions crashed inside my head. I covered my face with my hands. Everyone thought I was just so happy, but that wasn't the case at all.

I ran away crying. I couldn't help it; I simply burst into tears. I left them all there, most with their jaws hanging open in shock. No one expected my reaction, least of all me. I never even looked back at Brad. I just ran.

I skipped classes the next day—all of them. I couldn't make myself get out of bed. My dad never noticed. That's his sleeping time. He just assumed I had gone to school as always and he left for work mid afternoon, never realizing I was still in my bedroom. I did it again the next day, too. Dad had taken an extra shift that day and was out the door before I usually ever got up, so again, he never really noticed. I hadn't missed a day of school since my freshman year; I figured I was due.

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