



Prom Queen

By 11th Grader Lily Rivera

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CONTENT WARNING:

At times this play contains mature language. Appropriate for ages 14+.

Characters:

Jax:

- Young male
- Son
- 18 years old
- Shaggy, curly hair, brown eyes, black dyed hair
- Tall, around 6'1, slim yet fit
- Shy, quiet around strangers, but comfortable with being loud and joking around friends or people he knows

Leanne:

- Middle aged woman
- Late 30's
- Curly brown hair, long. Usually in a ponytail to keep it out of her face while she's working
- 5'7, skinny
- Stereotypical soccer mom type, always in the kitchen or cleaning.
- Not a yeller, prefers calm discussions over arguments.
- Works from home mostly, an author of several cooking books and advice books for moms

Monica:

- Young female
- 18 years old
- Long, straight, and brown hair
- Short, around 5'3, kind of chubby but mostly average size. (Average, AKA size 12-14)
- Goofy around both friends and strangers, an extrovert. Very sweet and kind. Top of math class, which she shares with Jax, but has never noticed him.
- Had a crush a Jay, but gave up after seeing him with Jax.

Jay:

- Young male
- 18 years old
- Tall, 6'2, muscular, football player build
- Short blonde hair, always kept up with hair gel
- Always wears his varsity jacket, barely takes it off
- Sarcastic, not the brightest but enjoys chemistry class. Always plays devil's advocate in



conversations just to get on people's nerves, "douchebag" is definitely a popular nickname for him in school.

-Actually had a crush on Jax but didn't want to admit it since he only "went out with him"

as a joke initially, doesn't really like Monica but proposed to her to make sure he wouldn't end up there alone.

Setting Descriptions:

Jax's Room:

- In his room
- Walls are light blue
- Gray carpet.
- BEAN BAGS
- Full length Mirror on the back of his door.
- Room's walls are covered in posters of various animes and video games
- Collectible figures are scattered on shelves
- Large television surrounded by various wires connecting to game stations and consoles. Game cartridges, discs, and cases are scattered on the floor
- Bed is messy, undone, with multiple blankets and textbooks scattered on it



Act I, Scene I

(The play opens with Jax in his bedroom where he is sat on his bed, glasses on, surrounded by textbooks and papers with various equations and facts scribbled across them. He is hunched over a notebook and working quickly through a trig. equation.)

JAX

(With increasing excitement)

Yes...Yes!

(He stops and sighs, his shoulders drop)

Damn it. I really thought I had it that time.

(He crumples the paper)

Oh well, I'll try ONE more time. Then I stop because this stupid math homework is not worth my sanity right now. Damn you, calc.

(He goes back to the homework once more silently. As he begins, his phone begins to ring on his desk across the room. Jax lifts his head quickly, startled. He shakes his head and lets the call go to voicemail, but jumps off his bed when it begins ringing again.)

Okay, OKAY! Geez what the hell could be so important?

(He answers)

Hello?

...Yes this is he.

Oh...

OH!

Yes, yes I did order a package.

Wait you're here now?

You gave it to who?

A lady...but I'm not...

SHIT! OKAY THANKS BYE.

(He hangs up and throws his phone on his bed, and quickly runs towards his door)

I GOTTA GET IT BEFORE SHE OPENS-

(Lights dim and a spotlight lands just on Jax and his bedroom door)

(A knock is heard)

...Yes, mom?

Yeah I did order something.

It's nothing, just a new t-shirt I saw online.

What's on it?

Uh.

Just some new anime I'm watching?

Yeah, yeah, Mom those cartoons I watch. Now can you just leave it in front of the door, please?

Thank you...

(He quickly opens his door, leans down to grab the package, and shuts his door quietly. He holds the package tightly to his chest, leans against the mirror hanging on his door, and sighs in relief.)

Thank god...

(He looks down at the package in his hands for a moment, sighs again, and goes to sit the package carefully down on his bed. He turns to his closet silently.)

Prom...

It's supposed to be an important part of every teenagers' high school experience.

A night full of partying, dancing, singing...drinking, maybe.

(He walks towards his closet, continuing to speak.)

It's always the same. Boys rent their tux, girls spend shit tons of money on dresses they'll never wear again. And they all go to take pictures and have "an unforgettable night."

Boys do the promposals and they always get the girl.

(Turns towards the audience)

Did I do a promposal?

No.

No no.

No.

No way in hell.

...

Do I wish I was promposed to...?

(He giggles)

A little.

(He pauses, twiddling his thumbs, and then moves his arms frustratedly)

Okay, I *really* wish I was promposed to.

I really thought Jay would...

He and I went out a few times...

But he asked Monica.

And why?

He likes me!

He said he does...

Like. To my face and everything.

(He scoffs and turns towards his closet again, crossing his arms)

But of course!

Who would want to be seen with the boy who's a freak?

A boy who wears makeup?

A boy who likes other boys?

Oh no, he's not a fag like me...

That's what he said.

Right before he asked Monica to prom.

I left crying that day. I worked really hard on my eyeliner for him too.

(He laughs bitterly)

But I'm still gonna go, don't worry!

(He walks over to his closet and pulls out a tux in a suit cover. He stands in front of his mirror and holds the tux up against his body. He tries to smile but loses it after a few moments.)

Now, a bit later. Here I am, still hoping Chris will ask me. I see him every day in Calc and I just, every time I see him I fall a little harder.

Here I am...Having never said a word to him and still hoping he'll me.

Me...

A fag like me...at prom.

Where boys rent their tuxes... and girls get their dresses.

Their beautiful...glamorous...dresses.

(He laughs and turns towards the audience, still holding the tux up to his body)

When we got the tux, my mom said,

"My love...My little prince...Look at my son! Oh, don't you look handsome. I am so proud! Your father definitely is too... I know. He's just itching to see you and the *beautiful* girl you're gonna bring."

(He lets the tux fall lower in his hands towards the ground)

Proud...

Girl...

Dad...

I didn't have the heart to tell her how I really felt.

I just smiled and nodded.

I didn't have the heart to tell her...

I hated it.

(With increasing intensity)

I hated how it fit me. I hated how the sleeves were too long.

I hated how broad my shoulders looked.

I hated the color of the tie.

I hated how shapeless it made me look.

(He angrily throws the tux at the closed closet doors and throws his hands on his head)

I hated...hated how it made me feel about myself.

(He pauses and turns towards the unopened box on his bed. He walks towards it slowly. He sits on his bed, facing the audience, and pulls the box onto his lap. He looks up at the audience and speaks sadly)

When am I going to get what I really want?

When do I get to be happy?

...

This is my chance, to do that. To get what I want, to make myself happy.

(Looks out towards the audience)

But is it worth it?



Act I, Scene II

(We open this scene with Leanne, a middle-aged mother of a single teenage boy, reading a newspaper on her couch while the news runs in the background. She reads in peace, sipping from a coffee mug occasionally. At one point, the television screen catches her attention, and she sighs.)

LEANNE

Gosh...I can't believe this.

The amount of hate crimes there's been in the past week is disgusting!

I just don't understand.

I mean, I thought times had changed!

I really thought there was equality, or hope for it at least.

(She lowers her head)

I can't imagine how Jax feels about this...

He hasn't told me yet...but I'm his mother. It's my job to know.

(She smiles as she reminisces)

I always knew he was different. He always was ever since he was small.

Always a momma's boy...always wanted to be like me; made his father beyond jealous.

(She laughs at this and stands,

speaking almost to the audience in her dream like state, almost cooing her words.)

His father always wanted to take him to baseball games, but he always wanted to help mommy pick out new necklaces.

He even wore his favorite one to school one day and showed all of his friends!

It was the sweetest thing.

Then...one of the teachers called me in when I went to pick him up.

She asked me...She had the nerve to ask me if my son needed "help."

If everything was alright at home...

When I asked why, she said,

That I was raising a queer. And that she was concerned.

The next week he was at a different school, and she was fired.

(She chuckles and sits down)

I bet he thinks I still don't know.

That's he's that slick.

It makes me feel like I'm doing something wrong, the fact that he doesn't trust me with this...

I want him to trust me, to trust us!

We're his parents, it's our job to love him and support him no matter what.

It makes me sick that people call themselves parents and don't do that for their kids.

Queer or not.

...

Well, I'll wait for him as long as he needs me to. As long as he needs to be able to tell us.



It's his moment, and I'll be waiting here for him when he's ready.

Oh wait, that's the doorbell...but I wasn't expecting anything.

(She yells to her husband as she walks to the door)

Bill! Did you order anything?

(She opens it)

Hi, how can I help you?

Oh, for Jax? Yes, he lives here.

Uh, thank you!

(She closes the door and stares at the box with a puzzled look.)

What could Jax need from...*promgirl.com*?

....

Oh my gosh.

I knew he hated that suit.

Well...like I said. I'll wait for him.

(She walks off stage with said package)

Act II, Scene I

*(This next scene opens with Jax standing in front of his mirror, staring directly at his reflection. He now has the secret dress he ordered on, and it is revealed to the audience that this was the object in the package Jax had ordered. **The dress is a blush color with gold accents on the bodice. It is tight around Jax's waist but flows out below it with light pink tulle that goes just past his toes that swishes against the ground with each move he makes. There are spaghetti straps that are on top of his shoulders, as well as material in the form of straps that lay just below the joint of his shoulders.** Jax sighs. He grabs the tulle at his hips and pulls it away from his body, he turns a bit and inspects the back of the dress as well as the way it moves with him. He stops and stares again, and lifts a hand to the glass of the mirror.)*

JAX

...

I-

...

I love it.

It's perfect...I just-

(He puts his hands where his heart is and sighs shakily)

I really do love it.

The dress fits me so...it just makes me look amazing.

My shoulders fit perfectly.

And look!

I have curves!

It's just long enough too...

God I...I really, really love it.

(He stops and backs away from the mirror)

But I don't know.

This isn't right.

(He chuckles)

Boys can't wear dresses.

It's just not...normal.

I need to be normal, to fit in, so *he'll* like me!

He's normal...I need to *look. like. him.*

(He faces the mirror again)

But...is it...what I want?

(He grabs his hair and runs towards his bed.

Sitting on it and facing the audience)

What does it matter what I want? I need to be normal, it's bad enough I'm not straight.

People already hate me for that!

I need to fit in.

(Whispers)

I have to...

(Suddenly frustrated.)

God this is too much, maybe I just won't go at all.

(A knock is heard at his bedroom door.

Jax jumps and lifts his head, wiping at his eyes.)

Y-yeah...?

(Silence)

Mom?

(Jax stands, wraps a long blanket around his top to hide the dress, and heads towards the door.)

Mom, I'm busy with Calc, what do you-

(He opens his door to no one behind it, only a box right at his feet.

He sticks his head out and looks both left and right, before picking up the box and closing his door.

He leans his back against it and cradles the box in his hand)

What...is this?

(Confused, yet amused.)

I didn't order anything else.

...Did I?

(He slowly opens the box, only to find what looks to be a shoe box inside.

He drops the original packaging and stares at the new box)

Uh...well these um...certainly don't look like their mine but...

(He goes to open the door, but stops. He looks at the box again and decides to open it.

Inside, he finds sparkly, gold heels. Obviously prom shoes. He gasps out loud and grabs them out of the box. The box drops to the floor and a piece of paper falls out as well.)

(He squeals excitedly.)

Where...what?

I never ordered any shoes.

(He glances down at the note)

No way.

(Jax bends down to pick up the note, walks to his bed and sits down on it, he unfolds said note.

As he does, the lights go down on his side of the stage and light up the other where his mother stands, staring down at the shoebox on her lap.

He speaks the next line after the lights go down.)

Dear Jax...

(Leanne begins to speak on the opposite side of the stage, sitting on a recliner type of chair with a note in her hands. She speaks staring out to the audience.)



LEANNE

Hi, son.

I know this might come as a shock to you,

You may be wondering why the hell your mother is leaving a box with heels on it in front of your door.

Or, you may know exactly why.

I know you doubt my third eye skills.

I see more than you know.

I hear more than you know.

And I understand a lot more than you know.

Believe it or not.

It is my job as your mother to see, hear, and understand even when you don't think I do.

Ever since I held you in my arms for the first time,

I swore I would do anything to protect you and make sure you lived a happy life,

All as long as you remained my son.

And you will always, always be my son.

No matter who you bring home, or what you wear to your senior prom.

Trust me when I say there is nothing in this world that would make your father and I stop loving and supporting you.

Now, I don't know if those will fit you right, or even if they're a good color.

Since, you know, I never saw the dress except for that box it came in.

So you just let me know if you need a different size or color, and I'll go get it for you no problem.

We could even go buy a pair together if you want to!

(Hesitantly.)

I don't know if you're ready for that, but when you are, you know where to find me.

We live in the same house after all.

Anyway, I really do hope you like them.

When I saw them in the store I immediately thought of you.

I love you Jax, and I always will.

Dinner will be ready in an hour, it's your favorite!

Love, Mom.

P.S. Check the bottom of the box ;)

(Leanne wipes her eyes, and the lights dim on her side of the stage.

The lights on Jax brighten again, and he is red faced.

He chuckles and wipes his eyes quickly.)

Heh...Guess I'm not that slick, huh.

Wait, bottom of... the.... box?

(He puts the shoes down gently on his bed

and goes over to the box that is laying on the floor by his bedroom door.

He bends down and picks up a small paper bag.)

There's a note written on it...



“Thought this might look nice with your dress, but if it doesn’t, we can go buy another. Just like old times”

...Winky face.

Okay...

(He opens the bag slowly and reaches inside.)

He gasps and pulls out a necklace with a gold chain and diamonds scattered on it.)

It’s...mom’s necklace.

The one I wore to school that time...

(He smiles and holds it close to his chest.)

It’s perfect...

I can’t believe her. I really can’t.

(He sits back on his bed, still clutching the necklace tightly)

She supports me. They both do. And I didn’t even need to tell them myself.

Saves the awkwardness, I guess.

That means...this

(He gestures to the dress and shoes around him)

is okay.

They won’t be disappointed.

They just want me to be happy.

That’s all I want too...

(He looks down at the necklace and nods)

Yeah, I’m going to be happy.

Screw other people and what they think.

Boys can wear dresses and it is okay.

I may be a freak, but at least I’ll be the best looking freak at that damn prom!

I will go to this prom and be myself.

No hiding, no lies.

This is my senior prom and I’m going to enjoy it.

And I won’t let anyone take that away from me.



Act II, Scene I

(In this scene, we are introduced to Monica, the girl who Jay promised to and rejected Jax for. She is sitting with Jay in his living room on the couch, watching some new Netflix show. She is scrolling through her phone when the scene begins.)

MONICA

Hey, Jay. Do you know Jax?

Why? Well he just added me on Snapchat, says we're mutual friends with you.

Oh, okay well that explains it.

...

(Confused tone)

Wait, why are you removing him?

Well, he seems really sweet! I saw you two hanging out before.

Yes I did! You guys would always eat lunch together, and I even saw you at the movies together a few times.

...

I mean... the mall is a public place so it's more than likely someone

(Gestures to the audience.)

would have seen you guys.

I never said you two were going out! Calm down, Jay.

He...followed you there?

(Chuckles and looks to the audience.)

Y'all hearing this?

(Shakes her hand and turns back to Jay)

Look, he seems really nice! Why would a sweet boy like that be "obsessed" with you?

(Jumps back in surprise because of an outburst from Jay.)

She switches her gaze to just about her, as if he was standing)

It's not supposed to mean anything, calm down.

(Angry, shocked, accusing almost. She narrows her eyes.)

Woah, woah.

You did not just call him that.

...

No, Jay that's not okay!

(Sarcastically)

Uh, I don't know because it's a slur! It's a disgusting word, and he does not deserve to be called that.

You wouldn't go around calling people the n-word right?

Exactly!

So why is it okay for you to use that word against Jax like that?

(Speaks angrily, stands abruptly in rage)

No, it's not f-cking different, Jay!



A slur is a slur.

Period.

No excuses!

You need to check yourself when you act like that.

Jesus Christ, I never realized you were so homophobic!

(She's silent for the next few moments, but her facial expressions change gradually from confusion to shock to disgust as she listens to Jay tell her what he did.)

(Increasingly uncomfortable, with disbelief)

You...what?

Oh...my god.

I can't believe this.

You "pretended" to like him...because it was *funny*?

You just lead him on like that? What the hell is wrong with you?

That sh-t's funny to you?

I don't care who he is, it's never okay to lead someone on like that and lie about your sexuality.

It's inhumane and just wrong.

...

Why do I care?

I care because I know what's okay to say and what's not.

I don't have to be gay to recognize when you're out of line,

Just like I don't have to be black to see racism!

It's just common. Sense.

(Scoff)

Oh shut up, Jay.

No, I'm not gay.

...

I may not be gay but I know damn well that people like my brother, like Jax, like f-cking *Ellen* do not live their lives and go through so much sh-t to just knocked down and around by people like you.

(Rolls her eyes and scoffs once more.)

Had I known this about you I wouldn't have agreed to go to prom with you.

Why?

(Scoffs)

(Turns to the audience. Suddenly amused. Laughing between words.)

Did you?

Did yall hear that?

He wants to know why?

HA!

...

You want to know why?

Because you are a disgusting, homophobic douchebag, Jay!

Believe it or not, I have some dignity and standards.



And you, Jay, do not meet those standards, not even close.
Have fun at prom alone, asshole.

(She storms offstage, lights fall quickly on her exit)

Act II, Scene II

(The scene begins right after Monica's monologue. The stage is still dark as Jay begins to speak)

JAY

Wait, Monica. No, please.

Monica!

(The lights turn on quickly as Jay yells)

MONICA!

...

(He lowers his head and continues with increasing intensity)

Damn it...

Damn it...

...

(He punches the arm of the couch out of frustration and yells)

DAMN IT!

(He sits with his knees facing the audience and his head in his hands. He combs his fingers through his hair harshly. He speaks almost through his teeth)

How could she...

(A pause for a breath. He shoots up out his seat, flailing his hands wildly)

How dare she leave me like that!

What did I do to deserve that kind of...

Of disrespect?

...

(He rubs the back of his neck)

Well, I mean, what didn't I do?

...

No. No!

I am not in the wrong here!

(He crosses his arms and turns his head away, shaking his knee anxiously)

She obviously overreacted.

(He stops bouncing his knee suddenly)

Obviously...?

I mean.

Well.

Well DUH obviously, she didn't even know what happened!

She wasn't there!

She didn't see how I felt.

How I... feel.

It's always about him.

She's so concerned about him.

Always about him.

What does he have that I don't?!

I mean, (scoff) , come on.

(He gestures to himself)

He doesn't have any of this, any of me.

He's got nothing on me, man!

I'm funny, athletic, intelligent...kind of.

But I'm!

...

Humorous?

...

That's the same thing as funny isn't it?

Ugh, Whatever.

(He faces his back to the audience and suddenly turns around)

Oh come on.

What could he possibly have that I don't?

Like, really?

What?

What on earth could that... that...

(He hesitates.)

Him!

What does he have?

Let's see...

This is gonna be a short ass list y'all watch.

Compassion?

Okay yeah, maybe.

Actual intelligence?

...

I mean yeah really he is pretty damn smart, I barely even passed first semester calc even with his help.

...

(He realizes what he said and shakes his head and hands frantically.)

Okay y'all didn't hear that.

ANYWAY.

So yeah compassion, actual intelligence...

...

Assurance?

A lot of people talk so nicely of him, but! They do for me too!

Like, look at my mentions!

...

Maybe.

...

Why?

Why is it always him?

...

Why does he get everything?

Every. Good. Thing.

Have you seen his parents?

They're like... Amazing human beings.

...

(He crosses his arms, rubs his neck, and makes lots of anxious movements. He looks as if he's thinking hard about what to do next. He gets up close with the audience.)

Don't tell anyone I told you this okay? This is between us.

Sh.

Zip.

...

Jax and I knew each other when we were in preschool.

Younger, goofier, and dare I say smarter.

In my case at least.

Yeah believe it or not I haven't always been a huge dick.

Jax and I were best buds!

Pretending to fight crime Power Rangers style!

Trading Pokemon cards and battling over and over.

It was so simple.

But...then it wasn't.

One day, Jax came in with his mom's necklace on.

A really nice one, with a gold chain and diamonds that looked like raindrops.

I remember it... so vividly.

He was showing it off to everyone, all of the girls asked to touch it, but he didn't let them.

They weren't special enough, he would say.

At our recess time, we were sat underneath this large Weeping Willow in the corner of the schoolyard.

Jax was creating a new deck of his Pokemon cards.

And me?

I was staring at... the necklace.

The way it glinted in the sunlight and moved as he did.

I didn't know why I was so entranced.

Jax noticed, because of course he did.

Then he...

He took it off of himself, got up... and clasped it right around my neck.

Then he smiled at me... real big.

That childish gummy smile.



And he whispered, "Pretty."

...

I smiled back.

I liked it, the necklace.

When I uh... got home from school that day. My dad was sitting on the couch.

The television wasn't on, and he didn't have the usual coffee or beer in his hand.

He was just... sitting there.

He didn't even look at me.

He opened his mouth and spoke, more at me than anything.

The school had called home.

My homeroom teacher, Jax and I's homeroom teacher, had seen us with the necklace.

She had called because she was... concerned.

That my father was raising.... A queer.

She asked if my father was... gay.

If he had influenced me or taught me things..

That's when he looked at me, finally.

And by god I will never forget the way he stared at me.

(He sits slowly.)

He grabbed my by my collar and said...

He said "How dare you embarrass me like that."

"How dare you act that way in public."

"That is not how I raised you. I did not raise you to be a...

(He hesitates.)

faggot."

"But, dad," I had said.

"But, Dad! It was a pretty necklace...it doesn't mean anything. I didn't do anything wrong. I was happy, Dad!"

I guess that didn't mean...anything to him.

From that point on he made sure everything I owned was "degayified" or whatever.

It was just the two of us anyway.

I never told him how upset I was about it.

He banned the color pink from our home.

Every piece of clothing I owned was blue, black, red, orange, or green.

He was even picky about the pencils and erasers I used in school.

It... sucked... to say the least.

(He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a blue mechanical pencil and raises it to the audience.)

When I'm at home, this is the pencil I use to do my homework.

He always sees it, and I can sense the silent approval.

(He reaches into his pocket again and holds out a pink pencil.)

And this... is the pencil I use every other time.



Jax actually gave it to me years ago...

(He laughs quietly.)

Pink is my favorite color.

Has been for as long as I can remember.

When I was with him...

I felt... safe around him, even back then.

Then he was gone...

And I forced myself to forget about... everything.

I forced myself... to forget who I was.

And now look at me.

I was pressured into leading an innocent boy on for no reason, then I shattered his heart, and then the girl I left him for left me!

And I completely and utterly deserve it.

I know I do.

I know I f-cked up I do. I know!

...

I don't know who I'm trying to convince anymore.

I don't know who I'm hiding from.

I don't know who...

...

God...who am I?

Act II, Scene III

(This scene opens with Jax on his bed once more, sat with his legs crisscrossed and a laptop resting on them. He's typing quickly and squinting through his glasses. His head leans towards the screen and he stops typing. He raises his glasses off his eyes, back down, and repeats the motion. He shakes his head.)

JAX

Damn, I really am blind.

(His phone rings from across the room. He sits the laptop next to where he's sat on the bed and gets up to answer it. He leans on his desk while he answers)

No caller ID...

Hello, who is this?

Monica? Why are you calling me?

Uh...that was rude, sorry. What's up?

Oh, Jay? I mean he's...

...

Nice?

...

That wasn't very convincing was it?

Yeah, well...

Wait, how do you know what happened?

Oh, so you asked him about me?

Yeah, well there's mistake number one.

(He chuckles bitterly)

Okay, continue.

(He continues listening, nodding his head from time to time and responding with the occasional "mmhmm" or "right." As he is on the phone, he wanders around his room, posing in the mirror, picking up books off a bookshelf, or even just walking in circles.)

So *that's* what he said to you. He got that mad over you noticing us within a few feet of each other?

Woooooowow, talk about a fragile masculinity.

(He laughs heartily)

Anyway, yeah, I know that's how he feels about me. I thought it was pretty obvious at this point.

What do I mean? Well, think about it.

When did Jay propose to you?

About a month ago, right?

Do you know the last time he and I sat and ate lunch together?

Yeah, a month ago.

Why?

Well...I was stupid, that's why.



I fell for his little homo act and thought he actually...liked me.
(He sits on his bed, facing the audience.)
I promposed to him the period before he promposed to you, Monica.
He just...looked at me. Then he started laughing, like rolling on the f-cking floor laughing.
He stopped and just said, "Did you really fall for it?"
And I ran out of there. Next thing I saw of him was his promposal to you on snapchat, and that was it. We haven't spoken since.
No, please don't apologize, it's not like it's your fault.
You don't control him, Monica.
No, you're not resp-
...Okay, okay, I accept your apology.
My suit? Yeah, I have it, but...
(*With uncertainty, almost like a question*)
But I decided to wear a dress to prom instead.
(*He pulls the phone away from his ear quickly and makes a pained expression*)
Yes, yes! Now, please stop yelling.
Makeup? Hai- What are you rambling about, Monica, I can't understand a word you're saying.
Wait, you want to do, *my* makeup? And hair? For prom? This prom?
A-are you sure? I don't want to inconvenience you at all.
I mean...I guess you can.
How much?
No, like how much do you want me to pay you for the makeup and stuff?
(*He reaches for his backpack on the bed next to him to get his wallet, but stops*)
No money? Monica, are you sure?
Friends? We're...friends?
Yeah...I'd like that. I really would.
(*He lights up and puts a bright smiley on his face as he talks excitedly*)
Oh! Right, it's like light pinkish with gold.
I know right! It's long and has tulle. Tulle! I feel so glamorous.
(*He puts on a confused face and pulls the phone away from his ear to look at the screen, he tilts his head and puts the phone back to his ear again*)
Hey, Monica, I have a call from an unsaved number coming in.
...Answer it? But it's not a saved-
Monica...what did you do?
No you always played matchmaker for Alyssa, now what did you do?
Trust you? How can I-
(*He sighs*)
Fine, fine. I'll call you back.
(*He hangs up with her and answers the unknown caller*)
Hello?
Yes, this is Jax. Who is this?

(His eyes widen and he stands quickly)

C-Christian?

From my calc class?

Y-yeah, hi!

I'm okay, you?

That's good...

(A short pause, Jax starts to pace)

So, uh, how'd you get my number?

Monica, huh?

Damn, she's nosy.

So, how are you and Alyssa?

(Excited at first but tries to look more casual, raises his eyebrows to the audience.)

Oh... how long ago?

A month ago....

(Points to his phone while looking really excited. He does a bunch of fist pumps and then calms himself down.)

Well, I'm sorry. Cheaters suck, man.

No pun intended.

...Too soon?

(He laughs and sighs in relief)

Okay, good.

Yeah, prom is next week you are right.

Me? A date? Hah, you should be a comedian, Chris.

(He grabs a cup of water from his desk and takes a sip after his next line)

Who are you taking?

(Sip)

...

(Spit-take)

M-m-.... M-m-me?!

W-what are you saying, Chris, that's gay!

Haha...ha

...

That's the uh point, isn't it?

Right...

So, hold on a minute.

You want, you INTENDED for it to be gay?

Like, consciously?

So, you're really asking me to prom?

Oh...oh my god.

Y-yes! Yes, oh my gosh, yes!

Uh, just so you know, and you can back out if you want to after I tell you this but uh.



I'm wearing a dress to prom.

Yes, really.

Color?

(Turns the material over in his hand.)

Kinda light pinkish, champagne almost. With gold accents, like sparkles.

Send a picture? Hah, why?

To match?

Oh uh...

Yeah, yeah I-I'll send it to you in a bit.

Uh-huh.

Yeah, I'm really excited too!

(Sits back on his bed, legs crossed, and he smirks and winks towards the audience.)

Say...Chris.

You doing anything after school tomorrow?

Well, I was wondering if you would want to go hit the burger place down the street?

Okay, then. It's a date!

Mhm, I'll see you tomorrow.

Bye...

(Jax hangs up the call, and holds the phone to his chest tightly. He breathes in deep, smiles, and shouts loudly in excitement and celebration. He jumps up and down in place and then launches himself towards his bed. He lays on his back and breathes deep again. He sits up and faces his body towards the audience, his smile still bright.)

I...I can't believe it.

Chris asked me.

Me!

To go to prom with him.

I've liked him for such a long time I-

...

Things really are working out for me now.

I mean, he's even excited that I'm wearing a dress to prom!

That's so incredible!

How did I get so lucky?

...

They always say that life for people like me is never good.

We always get dealt a bad hand in life, and almost always suffer.

I expected my life to be the same.

But that's ridiculous. I see that now. I understand.

Those stereotypes don't have to be my life, they're exactly that, stereotypes.

They don't mean anything, they don't define my life.



I do. I decide what I do in my life. Life doesn't control me, and neither does my identity. I control them.

(Points to himself then to the dress.)

I'm going to go to prom in that bomb ass dress, and be the star of the whole f-cking night. With my new boo thang too!

(Snaps. Laughs then stops after a moment.)

Okay that's a little too gay.

Baby steps, Jax, baby steps.

(He turns briefly and looks directly at the audience, and around the whole theater)

All of you have witnessed a change today.

You saw self doubt and hatred, confusion, but you also saw the change and decision of a lifetime.

I just want to say to you all.

Love your queer friends. Hold them close.

They go through a lot more than you may think.

You are their ally, and are there to protect and fight for them when they can't.

Keep doing that, and hopefully those stereotypes will soon really be ancient history.

And yes, I could see y'all the whole time.

Ooo! I gotta go tell mom and dad about Chris! They'll love it!

(He runs to the door, opens it, and turns back to the audience and waves)

Bye!

Fin.