

by Jane Steiner

Characters

TAYLOR

ANNIE

Scene

It's prom night, and Taylor is picking up his date, Annie. Both have high expectations for the evening, but Taylor is unprepared for when Annie does not react well to the corsage of flowers he has brought for her.

TAYLOR. Wow, Annie, you look so amazing.

ANNIE. Thanks, Taylor. I like your tux.

TAYLOR. Thanks. Oh, I almost forgot. I brought you a corsage.

(Pulls a corsage box out of a paper bag, box contains a large, ugly corsage that clashes horribly with ANNIE's dress.)

ANNIE. Whoa. Wow. Yeah, this is a corsage.

TAYLOR. Do you like it?

ANNIE. Gosh, I don't think "like" is the right word.

TAYLOR. When I saw it in the shop, it made me think of you.

ANNIE. Really. What did you think?

TAYLOR. *(Looking nervous:)* What do you mean?

ANNIE. When you saw the corsage, what *exactly* about it made you think of me?

TAYLOR. *(Clears throat:)* Well, this flower right here reminded me of your eyes.

ANNIE. My eyes are brown.

TAYLOR. I know. And obviously the flower is not, but, uh, the beauty of the petals made me think of the shape of your eyelashes.

ANNIE. Uh-huh. And what about this big, thing, right here?

TAYLOR. Ah, now that is something no other corsage had, so it is itself unique and like no other, like you.

ANNIE. Right. And this interesting ribbon?

TAYLOR. Matches your dress? *(ANNIE shakes her head.)* Compliments your shoes? *(ANNIE raises her eyebrows.)* Bright like your smile? Yeah, your smile.

ANNIE. Did you forget to order the corsage?

TAYLOR. What? No!

ANNIE. Taylor, just tell me the truth. I won't be mad. I promise.

TAYLOR. Okay, okay. I forgot about the corsage until my mom reminded me on my way out the door. I did everything else I was supposed to though. I got the tux, rented the limo, bought the tickets. I'm sorry. By the time I got to the flower shop they didn't have any more. They pulled this one together with extras from a funeral.

ANNIE. These flowers are for dead people?

TAYLOR. No, they're for you.

ANNIE. But you didn't pick them out for me. You settled for leftovers. I'm supposed to be able to press these flowers into a book and someday tell a daughter of my own about all the perfect details of my prom. *(Holds up corsage:)* This won't even fit in any book I own.

TAYLOR. How about a Bible?

ANNIE. My prom memories do not belong in a Bible! Not that I'm saying we're going to break any commandments or anything.

TAYLOR. A dictionary.

ANNIE. I don't want my prom memories to remind me of English class either.

TAYLOR. English class is where we met though.

ANNIE. Fine, maybe the dictionary is better than the Bible, but I don't even know if I want to keep this ugly thing.

TAYLOR. *(Hurt:)* Oh. I understand.

ANNIE. Wait. That wasn't very kind. It is the thought that counts.

TAYLOR. No, it's not. Not when the thought comes at the last minute from your mom.

ANNIE. Okay, Taylor, so far our entire prom date has included discussion about the Bible, your mom, and English class. Maybe we need to just start over.

TAYLOR. Good idea.

(Beat.)

Wow, Annie, you look so amazing.

ANNIE. Thanks, Taylor. I like your tux.

TAYLOR. Thanks. Oh, I almost forgot. I brought you, uh, just as second.

(Takes a single rose from the center of the corsage.)

This is for you.

ANNIE. Thank you. *(Tucks flower behind ear.)* It's perfect.

TAYLOR. Just like you. Now, why don't we get to dinner. We're probably late for our reservation. What time did you make it for?

ANNIE. Um, about that reservation...

Characters

REBECCA, slightly odd, well-meaning, quiet.

CHRIS, her best friend, gothic, geeky but at home with his geekiness, shorter than she is.

Scene

Rebecca, unpopular and practically friendless, has just announced to a crowded, surprised lunchroom that she's holding a kegger at her house Friday night while her parents are out of town.

(REBECCA holding a flyer. CHRIS walks up to her, takes the flyer from her. He has a dry sense of humor, likes her. Free period, it's a nice day.)

CHRIS. *(Looking at the flyer.)* The smiley faces are a nice touch.

REBECCA. It's too much. Isn't it.

CHRIS. No, I'm sure these smiley faces will beckon them.

(He holds the paper in front of her face, talking with funny voice.)

"Hello, come to Rebecca's party!"

REBECCA. *(Amused, embarrassed.)* Shut up.

CHRIS. They're cute.

REBECCA. Thanks.

CHRIS. I don't know why you had to do it at lunch. Announce the party. Why not just invite the people you *know*.

REBECCA. I don't know anybody.

CHRIS. You know *me*.

REBECCA. Other people. People who aren't you. I'm about to graduate and no one here *knows* me. I wanted to leave with people knowing me.

CHRIS. You know, if people don't—if they don't show up, that's ok, right?

REBECCA. What do you—

CHRIS. I'm just saying, hey, another night of watching the DVD extras on *Lord of the Rings* wouldn't kill you.