

THE CLARINET SECTION IS SICK OF YOUR GARBAGE

A short comedy by
Megan Gogerty

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

CHELSEA, a teen girl, smart.

JILL, a teen girl, snarky.

BETHANY, a teen girl, sweet.

JENNA, a teen girl, revolutionary.

(Three clarinet players, CHELSEA, JILL and BETHANY, eating lunch outside the band room.)

CHELSEA: *(Standing with importance:)* I would just like to point out for the record –

JILL: *(Throwing bits of sandwich at her:)* Boo!

BETHANY: No proclamations, please!

CHELSEA: – That not only is the concept of prom inherently fascist – institutionally sanctioned fun, anyone? No, thank you – But that the promposal –

BETHANY: We know what you think, everybody knows what you think.

CHELSEA: *(Undeterred:)* – The promposal is particularly ridiculous because it's humiliating, sexist, classist –

JILL: If you say "consumerist," I get your Doritos.

CHELSEA: Well, it is.

JILL: Is what?

CHELSEA: Consumerist.

(Jill snatches the Doritos from Chelsea.)

BETHANY: Sit down, Chelsea. It's none of our business.

CHELSEA: I just wanted it stated for the record.

BETHANY: Jenna's choices are her own to make.

CHELSEA: Jenna is going to make an idiot of herself for nothing.

BETHANY: Maybe. You don't know.

CHELSEA: It's one thing to make an idiot of yourself if you have a good reason.

JILL: You would know, Chelsea.

CHELSEA: He's going to say no. She's going to be humiliated, and he's going to say no.

BETHANY: He might say yes.

CHELSEA: He's a trumpet player.

BETHANY: I know.

CHELSEA: *(To Jill:)* Are you seriously going to keep my Doritos?

JILL: *(Reluctantly surrenders Doritos.)* All trumpet players are cocky and arrogant. She should've asked somebody in the low brass section.

BETHANY: Oh, please. Nobody's that desperate.

JILL: At least they would have said yes! She wants to go to prom. You think any of them have dates?

BETHANY: Then she would've had to get her picture taken with one of them. For eternity.

JILL: Trevor's not so bad.

BETHANY: He spit in my beef stew.

JILL: That was freshman year! Way to hold a grudge.

CHELSEA: It's one thing to do it privately. Take him aside and say, "Hey, Aaron. Want to go to prom?" And then he'll say, "No, because I'm a horrible human being and I can't see that you, Jenna, are amazing." Then at least she has some dignity.

BETHANY: She thinks a big ordeal will surprise him into saying yes. She thinks it'll be fun.

JILL: Public humiliation. Super fun.

CHELSEA: I mean, the corsage industry alone...

JILL: What?

CHELSEA: Consumerism. The corsage industry alone...

JILL: You are going to ace your AP tests.

CHELSEA: You think so?

JILL: Absolutely. (*Snatches the Doritos back.*)

BETHANY: Who knows? Maybe he'll say yes. Maybe Jenna will have a great time, and a great story to tell her grandkids about the time she went to prom with the first chair trumpet player who had perfect hair. It's romantic.

JILL: His hair's not that great. He uses more product than I do.

CHELSEA: What she should do is, she should do an anti-promposal. Make a big sign in the cafeteria that says, "Nobody go to prom with me because it's a joke!"

BETHANY: She wants to go to prom. You can't save people from themselves.

(JENNA enters with a sign, shell-shocked.)

Jenna! Are you okay?

JILL: Did you do it? Oh, no. It tanked, didn't it? He said no, didn't he?

JENNA: I was in the art room. Working on my sign. See? I made the word "prom" too big so the "with me" is kinda squished.

(She holds up the sign. It reads, "Aaron, will you go to prom with me?" as advertised.)

BETHANY: Sure.

JILL: Handwriting is hard. I blame technology.

CHELSEA: Wait, I thought you were going with, "You plus me equals prom"?

JILL: No, that was when she was going to surprise him outside the math lab.

BETHANY: Let her finish her story.

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CHELSEA: Sorry. I'm caught up.

JENNA: So I was trying to fix it, you know? This "with me" part. When I heard this noise in the hall. A trumpet.

(The others exchange dark glances.)

He did a whole thing for her. He played her a song. There were flowers. I think there was a monkey, but I might have been hallucinating.

BETHANY: Who'd he ask?

JENNA: Athena Williams.

JILL: Of course he did.

BETHANY: And she said yes?

JILL: Of course she did. Ugh. I can't wait to go to college.

CHELSEA: When I go to college, I'm going to study anthropology, and then I'm going to come back to high school and, like, observe everything.

JILL: You do that now.

CHELSEA: Yeah, but I'll be in college. So I can observe from afar. And get credit for it.

BETHANY: I'm sorry, Jenna. *(Hugs her.)*

JENNA: What am I gonna do with all this puffy paint?

BETHANY: If there's one thing high school has taught me, it's there's always another opportunity for puffy paint.

JILL: Know what I say? Bullet dodged. That guy's a jerk and he doesn't deserve your puffy paint.

CHELSEA: Things about college that are awesome: No prom. No Aaron Scott. No curfew. Just me, total freedom, living a life of the mind.

JILL: Did you just say, "Life of the mind"?

CHELSEA: Yes, and I regret nothing. (*Snatches the Doritos back.*)

JENNA: But that's just it! High school's going to be over in two months. This is our last chance. And maybe prom is stupid, but I want to do all the stuff people do in high school. I don't want to skip stuff. I want to go to prom.

CHELSEA: The boys in this school are mouth-breathing trolls.

JENNA: So?

CHELSEA: So, if you want to do something, and you have to rely on mouth-breathing trolls to do it...you see? It's a no-win situation. It's garbage.

JENNA: So what's our option? Not go to prom?

CHELSEA: Who needs it? I'm going to binge-watch horror movies and eat popcorn.

BETHANY: I guess I should stay home and study.

JILL: Wow.

BETHANY: What?

JILL: I thought Chelsea's thing was depressing.

BETHANY: It's not depressing! I like studying.

CHELSEA: Well, at least none of us have dates. We're all in it together. Right?

BETHANY: Right.

(Jill is conspicuously silent.)

CHELSEA: Jill?

JILL: Hmm?

CHELSEA: Are you going to prom?

JILL: Perhaps.

CHELSEA: Did you not hear what I said about the fascist garbage?

JILL: Yeah, I know. But Trevor asked me and I just thought—

CHELSEA: Trevor?! From low brass?!

BETHANY: Jill! He spit in my stew!

JILL: Okay, true confession: I kinda thought that was funny.

CHELSEA: I can't believe this. You of all people.

JILL: Prom is garbage, but sometimes it's fun to do garbage things. There. I said it.

JENNA: See? Even Jill is going. Jill, you guys. If Jill can go, I can go. I am going to prom.

CHELSEA: You don't have a date.

JENNA: Yes, I do.

CHELSEA: With who?

JENNA: With Bethany.

BETHANY: Excuse me?

JENNA: Who better? Who is always neat and organized and on time? Bethany. Who gives really thoughtful birthday gifts?

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