

GAME ON

A short drama by
Neeley Gossett

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www.youthplays.com
info@youthplays.com
424-703-5315

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

CARLY, female, a high school soccer player.

MARA, female, a high school soccer player.

BRETT, male, a high school soccer player.

(CARLY, a star high school soccer player, and her friend MARA, also a soccer player, finish writing "Prom?" all over a soccer ball.)

CARLY: I feel like this is so cheesy.

MARA: It's so *not* cheesy. It's romantic.

CARLY: We just wrote "prom" with a question mark all over a soccer ball. Mara, it reeks of cheese.

MARA: It's the perfect promposal. You both play soccer. What's better than using a soccer ball to prompose?

CARLY: You know how I feel. I want him to prompose to me. Not the other way around.

MARA: Come on, Carly. You're getting weak on me. We're the ones who never fall for that traditional, girly BS. You're the toughest goalie I know, girl or guy. Start acting like it.

CARLY: I don't know if I can do it.

MARA: Look at it this way. You can't back out now. It would be a waste of a soccer ball.

CARLY: We can still use it to kick around.

MARA: And every time you kick it, you'll remember how you could have gone to prom with Brett, but you were too afraid to ask him.

CARLY: I'm boyish enough as it is. I don't need to ask anyone to prom. It may cause my testosterone to shoot up so high that I grow chest hair.

MARA: Just don't wear a low-cut dress.

CARLY: Would you stop?

MARA: God. Sensitive.

CARLY: Sorry. I'm just nervous.

MARA: It's fine. Don't worry about it. Girls ask guys all the time.

CARLY: Name someone we know who asked a guy.

MARA: *(Beat.)* I'm sure there's someone.

CARLY: See. It's only me. I'm the only one asking a guy to prom.

MARA: If you want to reach your goals, you've got to go after them.

CARLY: You sound like that horrible motivational speaker we had during advisement last week.

MARA: Look, I have it on good authority that Brett's not going with anyone else. He's gonna say "yes." If nothing else, he wouldn't miss the chance to do the worm on the dance floor.

CARLY: That was the fifth grade.

(Brett enters.)

Look. There he is.

MARA: You got this?

CARLY: I guess. It's now or never.

MARA: Good luck, chica.

(Mara exits. Carly and Brett are left alone on stage.)

CARLY: Hey, Brett.

(Carly kicks the ball to Brett. Brett kicks it back. Carly kicks it to him again. He kicks it back to her. She kicks it to him.)

CARLY: Read it.

BRETT: It says prom.

CARLY: It does.

BRETT: Is this one of those—

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CARLY: I know it's stupid.

BRETT: I've seen the videos.

CARLY: Yeah?

BRETT: Mostly flash mobs.

CARLY: I was gonna do that.

BRETT: You were?

CARLY: I'm kidding.

BRETT: I'm glad.

CARLY: So. The ball says prom. (*Beat.*) And it has a question mark.

BRETT: Look—I don't know, Carly— I—

CARLY: Friends. I want to go as friends. Just friends.

BRETT: I hate to say it, but I kinda had someone else in mind.

CARLY: Oh, okay. Don't worry about it.

BRETT: Really?

CARLY: Really. I understand if you don't want to go.

BRETT: Thanks. You know, you're one of the coolest girls I know.

CARLY: Thanks?

BRETT: No, really. You are.

CARLY: Can you tell me who it is? Who you're going to ask?

BRETT: I'm not sure.

CARLY: But you said you had someone in mind.

BRETT: Well, yeah. A few people. I was thinking about asking Madison. The one who sang at the assembly.

CARLY: She's going with Raphael.

BRETT: Oh, then I'll ask Madison with the sexy glasses.

CARLY: She's going with Dan.

BRETT: Football Dan?

CARLY: No, Lacrosse Dan.

BRETT: Then Madison in our chem lab.

CARLY: She's going with Chad.

BRETT: With the weird eyes?

CARLY: That's Brad.

BRETT: Then who's Chad?

CARLY: Redhead.

BRETT: Swim team?

CARLY: Dive team, but yeah, that's him.

BRETT: She's going with someone on the dive team?

CARLY: What's wrong with the dive team?

BRETT: Speedos. That's what's wrong.

(A few beats pass as the rejection becomes real for Carly. Disappointment sets in.)

CARLY: So, you don't have anyone to take?

BRETT: I'll find someone.

CARLY: No. No. I'm sure you will.

BRETT: I didn't mean—I just don't I want to waste senior prom on someone I don't like. I mean someone who's just my friend.

CARLY: *(Pushing back tears:)* I get it.

BRETT: You should ask someone you really like. Don't waste a promposal on me.

CARLY: Okay. *(Beat.)* I will.

BRETT: You'll have more fun that way. I mean—it's supposed to be the best night of your life.

CARLY: God, I hope not.

BRETT: I mean, who knows? We've had a great soccer season. And if I bring a hot girl to prom—I go out on top. You know what I'm saying?

CARLY: I don't think I do.

BRETT: I've got to make the most of this month. You'll never have as much fun as an adult as you do in high school.

CARLY: High school's fine, but I don't think my life's going to end in a few weeks.

BRETT: I hear my friends say it all the time. They're all like, "Life sucks after high school."

CARLY: Are those your twenty-year-old friends who come back to hang out in the school cafeteria during lunch?

BRETT: It's the cheapest lunch in town.

CARLY: They could order from a fast food dollar menu like everyone else.

BRETT: It's not that easy.

CARLY: (*Beat.*) I'm playing up north in the fall.

BRETT: I know. That's gonna suck. You won't have any of your friends there with you.

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