From a new play, *Promedy* by Wade Bradford, this monologue is delivered by the normally bookish Beatrix Holiday, the 17-year old president of the student body. After her "ex-friend" deviously cancels the prom, Beatrix decides to find a way to bring back the end of the year dance. In this monologue, Beatrix explains to her fellow student why Prom means so much to her.

**BEATRIX:** That's not true. Young women need the Prom. It's a rite of passage as sacred as getting your driver's license or buying your first bra. There are only a few things in life that are guaranteed to be glorious and memorable and sparkling with gowns and cummerbunds. Prom is the quintessential teenage experience. Think of the unlucky grown-ups and the elderly who lament the day they decided not to go to the Prom. It is a key ingredient to a happy and meaningful life. Prom is short for Promenade, a slow, gentle walk through a shady glen, and this beloved ceremony symbolizes our journey from the shadows of adolescence to the bright sunshine of the adult world with all its freedoms. And it may be the only chance I'll ever have to dance with a boy. Maybe I'll never have someone get down on their knee and Offer me a diamond ring. Maybe I'll never walk down the aisle with a smug look of bridal triumph. But it is my right, and the right of every plain, frumpy, book-wormish, soon-to-be librarian to have one night of Cinderella magic. Even if we have to go with our cousin, or our gay best friend from tap class, we will have a Prom. And you will help me.