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Dramatic Publishing



Comedy/Drama
by Michael Tester

Most Likely To:

The Senior
Superlative
Monologues

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The Senior Superlative Monologues



Comedy/Drama. By Michael Tester. Cast: 24+, extras and doubling as desired. May be performed by as few as 6 to 10 actors. Inspired by students at a New York high school for the arts, *Most Likely To: The Senior Superlative Monologues* pits the "Geeks" against the "Goths," "Drama Queens" and "Jocks" in a senior superlative showdown for Best All Around! Employing a senior superlative awards ceremony as its unifying arc, *Most Likely To* transforms any stage into a platform that honors the seriocomic musings of teenagers labeled everything from Class Clown to Most Dramatic. Joining the usual cast of superlatives: Most Paranoid dreams of "Harriet Potter," Most Musical plans her "Wicked" Sweet 16, Most Overlooked offers a concise history of bullying and Most Athletic strikes out with his girlfriend. The Class Poet riffs, while Almost Dramatic laments being typecast as "The Mayor's Wife," and the teen voted Most Likely To Think Outside the Box compares high school to the *Star Wars* trilogy. These pieces can be used as stand-alone audition material, while an appendix of ensemble and two-person scenes transforms this monologue cycle into a full-length play. *Flexible staging. Approximate running time: 1 hour, 40 minutes. May be adjusted to suit your production needs. Code: MP4.*

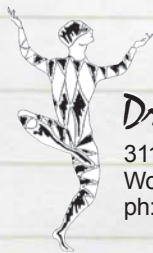
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By
MICHAEL TESTER



Dramatic Publishing Company
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Most Likely To: The Senior Superlative Monologues was premiered by The Dramatists Guild of America with the following cast:

Class Clown, et al.	Andrew Beck
Class Diva, et al.	Dee Brown
Goth Boy, et al.	Alex Greif
Most Popular, et al.	Katherine Hoffmann
Class Playa, et al.	Lyle Mackston
Brains & Beauty, et al.	Melissa Rapelje
Homecoming Queen, et al.	Lauren Renner
Best All Around, et al.	Sarah Sixt
The Valedictorian	Joseph Wegmann
Most Dramatic, et al.	Jessie Zeidman

Directed by Abbe Gail Gross, without whose input this project would not be possible.

Additional performances at the Arthur Seelen Theatre at The Drama Book Shop, New York City, featuring Samantha Prosser and cast members from Longwood High School's production of *Most Likely To: The Senior Superlative Musical*.

Most Likely To: The Senior Superlative Monologues

ALMOST DRAMATIC

“The Mayor’s Wife” (w)

MOST TEAM SPIRITED

“Synchronized Screaming” (w)

CLASS PLAYA

“Kyra Jackson Is Hot” (m)

MOST LIKELY TO SKIP GYM

“P.E. = Please Excuse” (m)

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

“Play Well Your Part” (either gender)

MOST LIKELY TO BE THE NEXT JUDGE JUDY

“Grease Is Not the Word” (w)

FREQUENTLY FLIRTY

“Brains & Beauty” (w)

BEST HAIR

“Goth Coif” (either gender)

MOST ATHLETIC

“Grand Slam” (m)

CUTEST COUPLE THAT NEVER WAS

“The Statue of David” (w)

MOST MATHEMATICAL

“Ex = Why?” (either gender)

MOST POPULAR

“My Super Wicked Sweet 16” (w)

MISS APPROPRIATED

“Cult of the Cookie” (w)

MOST LIKELY TO CALL AS A LIFELINE

“It’s Science” (m)

BEST DRESSED

“The Wizard of Wardrobe” (m)

MOST LIKELY TO BE PRESIDENT

“My Mom Heart Johnny Depp” (w)

CLASS CLOWN

“Standup Detention” (m)

MOST LIKELY TO THINK OUTSIDE THE BOX

“Mrs. Jacob’s Closet” (m)

MOST PARANOID

“Scary Poppins” (either gender)

CLASS REBEL

“Bullying 101” (either gender)

POET LAUREATE

“Time in a Bottle” (either gender)

APPENDIX A

Ensemble Prologue and Epilogue

APPENDIX B

Two-Person Scenes

APPENDIX C

Prop/Set List

AUTHOR'S NOTES

I created *Most Likely To* in response to the need for fresh audition material for young actors. With many theatre programs requiring prospective students to prepare age-appropriate pieces, and most public school administrations wary of the very material their pupils have a passion for, young artists are often caught between the First Amendment and the drama police. *Most Likely To* seeks to bridge that gap with a collection of fresh monologues grounded in part by the “backstage” journey of high-school students I have mentored at New York’s Long Island High School for the Arts.

Having myself been crowned “Most Dramatic” as well as “Class Clown” in high school, that dichotomy informs the tone of the material and speaks to the teenager in all of us.

For AUDITION:

- These teen monologues run between one and five minutes in length each. That stated, actors and directors may edit the material (for timing, not content) to suit their audition needs.
- By tweaking the tense, older actors are free to adapt these monologues as flashbacks.

For PERFORMANCE:

- As a monologue cycle, it runs approximately 90 minutes without intermission.
- With more than 20 monologues and 40 speaking lines, cast size is flexible.
- An ensemble prologue and epilogue have been included in Appendix A to frame this monologue cycle with a sense of time and place.
- Staging suggestions and annotated notes have been included throughout.

TRUTH + TIMING = COMEDY

Play the truth of the character and trust that with timing (often reflected in the script by ellipses), the laughs will be earned rather than forced.

Most Likely To: The Senior Superlative Monologues

ALMOST DRAMATIC

“The Mayor’s Wife”

FEMALE. Will someone please show me where is it written that if you’re not the typical “ingénue,” then you’re automatically the Mayor’s Wife? Hmm? I’ve been cast as the Mayor’s Wife in musicals that don’t even have a mayor. Or a town! Then last year the drama club stages *The Music Man*—where the Mayor’s Wife is a leading role—and what does our older-than-the-bard director, slash English, slash drama, slash driver’s ed teacher, Mr. Gruella cast me as? “Townsperson Number 13.” Thirteen, people! But this year? This year? There won’t be stages big enough! There won’t be lights bright enough! This year, the drama club is staging *Fiddler*, and I’m going to land the role of The Girl who gets The Boy! [Even if that boy is probably gay.]

It’s the day of the big tryouts; the auditorium is packed with the usual sycophants circling Gruella like he’s the friggin’ *Lion King*.

(Chants à la The Lion King.)

My name is called and I take to the stage as to the manner born! Breathing in that thespian aroma of a freshly shel-lacked stage, perfumed with the enduring mist of gray in a can.

“Tell us a little about yourself.”

Gruella booms over the God mic.

“Myself?”

“Who is ... ‘Cassie?’”

“Cassie? I have no idea”

It seems Gruella caught a local production of *A Chorus Line* and is now stuck in the 70s.

“What would you do if you could no longer be in the high-school musical?”

“I’d be in a *professional* musical.”

Is what I should have said, but all I could think of was:

“There’s always Color Guard?”

“In other words, you would throw crap up in the air and catch it?”

“Hopefully.”

“ ... Let’s just hear the song.”

I started to sweat. And think. Then think while sweating; I was multitasking: What if I don’t get cast because I fail at being myself? Who am I anyway, am I my résumé? Hello! I’m a teenager; you’re lucky I know who the Vice President is. By this point in the audition I am shvitzing like Old Deuteronomy and forget the words to my song. Who forgets the lyrics to “Matchmaker?” There are what, like three?

Next day, I brave the hallway of shame, passed the faux hugging and chutzpah to see the cast list right as it was posted ... “Rosie: Mother #12, and ... The Mayor’s Wife.”?! At least I’m moving up. But, ah, since when did Anatevka elect a mayor? I wanted to drop out then and there, rip that piece of paper off Gruella’s door and tear it to shreds like Patti Lupone does her reviews and sing “There’s Gotta be Something Better Than This!” (*Pause.*) But I’m a professional. If I am going play a mother— (*Literally swallows her pride.*)

again—I am going to play the mother of all mothers: Here she is world! Here she is, Gruella! Here’s Rosie! My turn will come; for such is the magic of theatre that ingénues age into the chorus, while character actors *grace* into the leads. (*The actors can sing or speak show tune lyrics.*) So “Let it go, let it go!” “Take Me For What I Am!” ’Cause “I ... Am ... Changing!” And “You’re Gonna Love ... ME!” [How do you like them eggrolls, Mr. Gruella?]

MOST TEAM SPIRITED**“Synchronized Screaming”**

FEMALE. On behalf of enthusiastic Americans everywhere, I accept this award for Most Team Spirited! Thank you for recognizing that cheering a grandstand of clinically depressed teens via the fine art of synchronized screaming is humanitarian work. One which requires dancing out-loud in booty-shorts, while ballplayers grunt: *(Using a brutish voice and pumping her arms in a victory dance to imitate a ballplayer who just made a touch down. For the play version, other actors can play ballplayers.)* “That’s what I’m talking about! That’s what I’m talking about!!” ... Ahhh ... no one knows what you’re talking about? But who cares?! Such is the lot of a gender prone to kicking a bean-bag around in a ritualistic circle. Oh, I’m not saying girls don’t like hacky-sack, but we’re interested in the actual game. Boys? They just want to kick things, while we encourage them to “Be. Aggressive! B-E aggressive!” And then complain how alpha they are off the field, when we need them to “Be. Sensitive! B-E sensitive.”

(Growing more introspective and depressed.)

It’s really kind of counterproductive. When you think about it ... which I have ... of late. Energy draining. You know, being a screamgirl and such? *(Has an epiphany.)* I therefore ... accept this award as a retirement gift. No longer will I dangle my future atop a pyramid of girls who’d just as well see me in a leg brace. Come to think of it, you should retile this award Most *Mean* Spirited, and give it to the person who designed our hideous uniforms! Skorts? Are you kidding me?!

(Pulls herself together.)

There’s more to happiness than shaking one’s pompoms.

(Realizes that did not come out right.)

CLASS PLAYA

“Kyra Jackson is Hot”

MALE. Kyra Jackson ... is hot ... Smokin'. Burnin' ... hhhhhhhot. *La Señorita caliente*. Kyra Jackson is so hot, you have to wear flame retardant jeans just to sit next to her in Chemistry—where you run the risk of spontaneously combusting because Kyra Jackson, is so friggin' hot! Kyra Jackson: Proof of global warming, and goddess of my higher education; you leave me breathless to blow the blisters on my fingers as you pass my locker—because metal is a conductor, and Kyra Jackson, is hot. Dude, Kyra Jackson is so hot, she sets off the fire alarm as she passes, and I get blamed for it. But I can take the heat, the backdraft—

(Segueing into a poetry slam.)

The fire of desire that fans the flames of my higher affection for you—Kyra Jackson. The sterno-inferno of my youth.

I hold a torch for the source of my scorch—

And that would be you: Kyra Jackson. Playin' with my thermostat.

(Mimes scratching records like a DJ.)

One day I am going to fire up the nerve to blaze on up to you in SPF 100 and say: “Kyra Jackson you are hot; would you text me?” And she will say: *(For the play version, add KYRA.)* “Absolutely not.” And even *that* will be hot! But such is the risk of orbiting too close to Kyra's sun. Kyra Jackson ...

(Sings.) “She's just a girl, and she's on fire!” But damn, if Kyra Jackson is so hot, why she gotta be so cold?

MOST LIKELY TO SKIP GYM**“P.E. = Please Excuse”**

MALE. Upon my guidance counselor’s edict, I spent the summer pondering my goals for senior year. On the top of my list: get out of gym. And the first day of school, I put my aim, into action:

(Blows whistle to assume the role of the COACH. For the play version, COACH can be played by another actor.)

“You!”

“Coach Rayon!”

“Suit up!”

“What are we? Astronauts?”

“Don’t be fresh”

“You’d rather I be stale?”

“Give me 10!”

“Got change for a 20?”

(Blows whistle and assumes a pushup plank position.)

Getting out of gym was going to be more challenging than anticipated.

(While cheating 10 pushups.)

What with P.E. being some sort of federal law now, and this year’s Dodgeball Championship on the line, the coach’s jockstrap was extra twisted.

(Blows whistle, jumps to his feet.)

I needed a game plan that did not include an actual game. Especially “Les dodging of ze ballz”—So I skip gym for a week. But then was sent to the nurse whom I told, “Oops, my bad, I thought P.E. stood for “please excuse.” *(Pause.)* It was worth a shot.

(Is hit by a dodgeball thrown from offstage.)

Ow! ... I needed a medical excuse! Nothing distasteful, just, you know, shocking enough to keep one out of gym?

“What’s wrong?” says the coach in a fleeting moment of empathy.”

“Coach Rayon, as honored as I would be to serve as guinea pig-slash-punching bag for your Olympic dodgeball team, it appears ... I have come down with a case of—my pancreas has shifted.

“Your esophagus? What the?! ... Go sit down. *(To himself.)* Poor kid.”

Four days later:

“You with the esophagus, the office wants a doctor’s note.”

A doctor’s note? Now I may not have been above making up a case of glacial esophagus, but I was not about to forge a medical license. I mean, I have my integrity. Religion! Ye olde religion trump card! I can’t believe I didn’t think of it sooner.

“You again—what’s it this time?”

“Coach Rayon, I am afraid that it has come to my attention that um, well ... gym, it’s against my religion.”

“And what religion would that be?”

[It had not occurred to me he’d ask! How inappropriate of him. So I just said:]

“Um, Amish ... I am ... a—Amish person?”

“Amish is not a religion; it’s a nationality.”

“That ... makes no sense.”

The coach sentenced me to the library to find proof. And that is where I spent my remaining days of gym, exercising my imagination, and flexing my creative muscles. Which was my goal all along.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

“Play Well Your Part”

FEMALE OR MALE. My favorite memory of senior year was being cast as the lead in the senior musical *Fiddler on the Roof* ... That’s right—you’re looking at: The Roof. Which OK literally a supporting role, and no I was not cast as the roof because of my recent bout with shingles, ha ha ... I was born beaming! Thus I was born to play a beam.

First day of rehearsals I meet the rest of the set who, apparently, are unaccustomed to enthusiastic lumber.

“What is our motivation?!”

I try to inspire the set with a little impromptu scene study.

“What kind of roof should we be? Somebody Google ‘Thatched!’”

“There’s homework?” says a co-star, performing community service. (*For the play version, these lines can be divided between the rest of the “roof.”*)

“Well that’s a fine attitude,” I say, “if you were cast as a dancing fork in *Beauty and the Beast*, would you not draft a full character bio?”

“No, I would quit.”

(*Gasps.*)—“Have you forgotten your thespian pledge?!”

“Dude ... we’re playing a roof.”

“An actor as a roof; sounds crazy, no? But you might say every *one* of us is an actor on a roof—trying to keep the rain of rejection from extinguishing our passion! And *why* do we stay up there if it is so thankless? *That* I could tell you in *one word!* [If I had a line.] But: (*With Hand earnestly to heart. For the play version, the others are rallied to join hands as if in a pre-show “spirit circle.”*) ‘There are no small parts; only small set budgets, play well your part for there all honor lays. Break a beam.’ Now remember, we’ll be going out there scrap-wood, but we’ll be coming back a roof!”

MOST LIKELY TO BE THE NEXT JUDGE JUDY**“Grease is Not the Word”**

FEMALE (*this character can address the fourth-wall/audience as if they were a jury*). Ladies and gentlemen of the PTA: whether 'tis nobler to stand before you pleading on behalf of Thespian Troupe 24601, or to face a sea of trouble by ignoring your ban on *Romeo and Juliet*—a play you argue romanticizes teen sex and suicide, but is in fact an Elizabethan tragedy that is widely regarded as: a *tragedy!* Not a how-to guide. You don't see schools banning *Guys & Dolls* because it encourages gambling.

Let the record show that the PTA finds it righteous to ban *Romeo and Juliet* yet green-lights *Grease*—the musical tale of a virgin who transforms herself into a chain-smoking tramp in order to fit in. Lord what fools these drama queens be! *Grease* is not the word; it's a high cholesterol food residue. And a country. Of course.

Now “There Are Worse Things I Could Do” than go on about a play or two, even though it's understood, I find *Grease* trashy and no good—if I may toss in the First Amendment the way Miss America name drops God—Freedom of speech may not be absolute, but it *absolutely* includes iambic pentameter:

(*Counting iambic feet.*)

I rest, my case.

FREQUENTLY FLIRTY**“Brains & Beauty”**

FEMALE (*consider why this character’s classmates voted her “Frequently Flirty”*): There is nothing superlative about these awards. Why “award” a girl with the label “Brains and Beauty” like the two are so mutually exclusive for women you need to single out the freak that has both? Also why is a guy chosen “Most Athletic,” while a girl is “Most *Sporty*?” And don’t get me started on “Best Intelligence.” Shouldn’t that be “Worst Grammar”? Oh and get this: this year? They’ve added “Best Car”! Like being able to afford one isn’t prize enough. “Most Generous,” “Most Charitable”? Nada. But there is an award for “Best Smile” and “Best Eyes.” (*Consider who in this monologue cycle may have been nominated for these other awards that she lists.*) Like you should be given a trophy for something you were born with. Shouldn’t that prize go to your parents? You’re supposed to *earn* an award. And I did not earn “Frequently Flirty”! I am not even occasionally flirty. (*Pause.*) I’m not!

Why are men labeled “Playas” or “Perfect Gentlemen” while women are accused of being “Prudes” or “Teases”? I’m neither. I just want to hold on to my innocence as long as I can, and in this day and age, that should make me “Class Rebel.”