

THE MOST LIKELY PAGES

By Bradley Hayward

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CHARACTERS

KRISTI	28
DOUG	28
DIXIE	18
BREE	18
ADAM	18
ERIN	18
HARRIET	18
WALT	18
TIFFANY	18
TAMMY	18
YOUNG DOUG	18
YOUNG KRISTI	18

SET

The stage is divided into three sections. At CS is a bench. At SR is a platform representing "THEN." At SL is a platform representing "NOW." Both platforms have black blocks that can be rearranged for each scene.

LIGHTING

The script calls for separate lighting set-ups for CS, SR and SL; however, it has been done very well and creatively without.

PROP LIST

- Yearbook
- Aerosol hairspray
- Bible
- Towel

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AT RISE: LIGHTS up on CS. KRISTI and DOUG are seated, flipping through a yearbook.

KRISTI: What was I thinking with that hair?

DOUG: You weren't thinking.

KRISTI: Hey! At least I had hair.

DOUG: It was a phase. I was trying to find myself.

KRISTI: And instead you found a lumpy head.

DOUG: It grew back.

KRISTI: Well...some of it anyway.

DOUG: I never got the point of high school.

KRISTI: What's two times two?

DOUG: Four.

KRISTI: That's the point.

DOUG: I mean why it all seemed so important to everyone. I didn't do a thing worth talking about.

KRISTI: Same here.

DOUG: It's supposed to be the turning point of your life. Instead it turned on me.

KRISTI: And now we have this yearbook to remind us of every mistake we ever made. Not only do we have to read about the clubs we weren't in or the honor roll we didn't make...we have to look at our bangs! Look at my bangs! Just look at them! I still don't know what I was thinking.

DOUG: What were any of us thinking? Look at Dixie Andrews.

KRISTI: Well, Dixie had an excuse. She was never thinking.

(LIGHTS up on SR. DIXIE is standing alone. her fashion sense has suffered the slings and arrows of the Eighties. her hair is taller than SHE is and her clothes resemble a Mardi Gras costume. SHE is spraying her hair madly with an aerosol can.)

DIXIE: ***(ditsy)*** Has anyone seen my barrette? I can't seem to find my barrette! ***(pause)*** And my brush! I think I set it down here and now it's gone!

KRISTI: Funny. Remember how she was always looking for her hair care products.

DOUG: It's no wonder. That hair took a lot of maintenance.

KRISTI: I know.

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DOUG: And her hairspray! It was a weapon.

KRISTI: A constant haze over her head.

DOUG: A haze? It looked like an atom bomb went off in her ears.

DIXIE: If anyone finds my brush, please let me know!

(DIXIE sprays her head and is lost in a cloud of hairspray. LIGHTS out on SR.)

KRISTI: I wonder what happened to her.

DOUG: Yeah, I know. You hear about some people, but she seemed to just disappear.

KRISTI: Do you ever wonder if we just disappeared?

DOUG: Have you heard from anyone since you graduated?

KRISTI: Nope.

DOUG: Me neither. We disappeared.

KRISTI: Hey wait a minute. I got a letter from Harriet Bartolf.

DOUG: I forgot about old Church Mouse! She wrote you a letter?

KRISTI: Well, not really a letter. It was a pamphlet.

DOUG: Pamphlet?

KRISTI: "How to Invite God Over For Dinner."

DOUG: Oh dear.

KRISTI: Hey, if God wants a TV dinner, he's welcome to stop on by. But unless it comes with coupons, I don't need a pamphlet. And another thing. Who names their kid Harriet?

DOUG: God only knows.

KRISTI: At her house, I'm sure He does.

(LIGHTS up on SR. HARRIET is sitting properly, reading her Bible. SHE is dressed in a polyester blouse and denim skirt.)

HARRIET: "Corinthians 4:7 But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."

DOUG: Wasn't she the one who was always itchy?

KRISTI: That's right!

HARRIET: ***(trying to scratch her neck)*** "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." ***(SHE gets increasingly itchy, trying to scratch way down her back. Eventually, SHE cannot hold still and is in a fury, trying to scratch every last part of her body.)***

KRISTI: She had an allergic reaction to something.

DOUG: What?

KRISTI: She never found out.

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DOUG: Maybe it was her clothes.

KRISTI: Huh?

DOUG: They were religious freaks! They were opposed to everything, so why not detergent?

KRISTI: You're terrible!

DOUG: I remember her outside of the library every day, looking like she was being attacked by bees.

(By now, HARRIET is flailing in all directions, trying to scratch herself.)

KRISTI: All the while preaching the word of God.

HARRIET: ***(like a whirlwind)*** "Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body."

DOUG: Poor girl.

(LIGHTS out on SR.)

KRISTI: She had it easy. I'd take a little itch any day over what I went through.

DOUG: You had it fine.

KRISTI: Whatever.

DOUG: Stop saying you had a terrible childhood.

KRISTI: I never said I had a terrible childhood. I said I had an ordinary childhood.

DOUG: I'm just as ordinary as you were and you don't hear me complaining.

KRISTI: If I have to hear the drama club story one more time!

DOUG: It's just that Cory got all the lead roles and I got stuck playing—

KRISTI: ***(overlapping)*** A tree stump. I know.

DOUG: And they wouldn't even let me do that until—

KRISTI: Your mom called the director and cried. I've heard this enough. You were a stump! Get over it!

DOUG: Sorry.

KRISTI: Face it. We're both ordinary.

DOUG: ***(pointing to the book)*** Hey, it's Walt Majors!

KRISTI: What are you so happy about?

DOUG: I liked Walt.

KRISTI: You liked him? He was a big know-it-all.

DOUG: I admired him because he was the only one of us who looked beyond graduation. He knew what the true meaning of life was.

KRISTI: He knew how to impress people by using big words.

DOUG: It's called intellect.

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KRISTI: It's called a thesaurus.

DOUG: Plus he got to date Bree Castle.

KRISTI: You too?

DOUG: What?

KRISTI: You wanted to date that little sack of perfection?

DOUG: Of course! She was beautiful and intelligent!

KRISTI: They were nothing but ridiculous over-thinkers.

(LIGHTS up on SR. WALT and BREE are sitting side by side. They are both dressed in sophisticated black. They are highly attractive.)

WALT: I think the antagonism was caused by right wing fascists rather than the hippies of the sexual revolution.

BREE: I have to totally agree with you. The Nazis have made the attempt to co-exist a total debacle.

WALT: Obviously both cannot thrive in today's corporate market.

BREE: That's what I say.

WALT: Then it's proven. Fascism is the reason Pepsi is better than Coke.

BREE: You are exactly right.

WALT: I know. But don't get me started on the whole butter or margarine conspiracy.

(LIGHTS out on SR.)

KRISTI: Nobody talks the way they did.

DOUG: My father does.

KRISTI: But he's an English teacher. He's allowed to be boring.

DOUG: It's thoughts like that which kept us from being special.

KRISTI: What? I'm not special?

DOUG: You just said so, yourself, a minute ago.

KRISTI: I said I was ordinary. I never said I wasn't special. Thanks a lot.

DOUG: You know what I meant.

KRISTI: No. What did you mean?

DOUG: I'm just saying that you are much too cynical to rise above everyone else. You always worried too much about what people would think, so you never did anything.

KRISTI: But I'm still special. And who are you to talk? Did you do anything "special"? ***(DOUG thinks for a moment.)*** See.

DOUG: I never argued with you. The pinnacle of my high school existence was playing landscape in the senior play. I'm fine with that.

KRISTI: Liar.

DOUG: You know me all too well.

KRISTI: You wanted to be Adam Hart.

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DOUG: True. But who didn't? He was perfect.

KRISTI: He was.

DOUG: And not in a sickening way. He was everybody's friend.

KRISTI: You couldn't help but love him.

DOUG: He was a good guy.

(LIGHTS up on SR. ADAM is standing giving a speech. HE is good looking, well dressed and genial.)

ADAM: Fellow students, I want you to know that I won't let you down.
As your student body president, I plan to make sure that everyone's voice is heard.

KRISTI: He stood up for everyone.

ADAM: I plan to make sure the football team gets new uniforms.

KRISTI: Even the girls.

ADAM: I'll fight for a girls' hockey team.

DOUG: He even treated the losers like they were special.

ADAM: And I'll see what I can do about a pollen-free chemistry lab.

DOUG: But I wonder what his life was like at home.

(ADAM lays down on a block solemnly.)

KRISTI: He had lots of friends, but never seemed to have a best friend.

DOUG: We're pretty lucky to have each other.

KRISTI: I know.

DOUG: It would have really sucked if we didn't have this friendship.

KRISTI: I can't imagine how lonely it could have been without you.

DOUG: I hope Adam had friends.

KRISTI: I'm sure he did. He was truly special.

(ADAM starts to cry. LIGHTS out on SR.)

DOUG: Hey wait. What are we complaining about? We had this friendship.

KRISTI: But we never dated anyone. That's pretty sad.

DOUG: The fact that I didn't partake in the mononucleosis epidemic is not something I choose to dwell on.

KRISTI: But the other girls did dwell on it. I hated them so much.

DOUG: Not this again. So you weren't a part of their clique. Who cares?

KRISTI: I did. I still do.

DOUG: They were three prissy little twits who got a greater thrill by talking about other people's lives rather than getting ones of their own.

KRISTI: And it would have been wonderful to be the fourth.

(LIGHTS up on SR. TIFFANY, ERIN and TAMMY are sitting together gossiping. There are all pretty, talkative and rich -- probably too much of each for their own good.)

TIFFANY: I never said I didn't like Joanne. I said I didn't like Joanne near me.

ERIN: You're terrible, Tiffany!

TIFFANY: We don't want her to taint our perfect group.

TAMMY: Tif is right.

TIFFANY: Of course I am. I am the leader and you two stand behind me when I have something important to say.

ERIN: Did you see Kristi this morning?

TAMMY: I did! What was she thinking with those bangs?

ERIN: She wasn't.

TIFFANY: And with the yearbook coming up, we'll forever be able to giggle at her hairdo follies!

TAMMY: And she'll look at our pictures with envy.

ERIN: It's wonderful being popular, isn't it?

TIFFANY: Revel in it, girls. We are the privileged few who know what it's like to be special.

ERIN: But why are we so popular? We really haven't done anything particularly special.

TAMMY: She's right, you know.

TIFFANY: Shame on you! We live on the envy of others. We don't need to do anything special because we're special all by ourselves.

ERIN: Of course we are!

TAMMY: How would we ever survive without you, Tiffany?

TIFFANY: You wouldn't.

(LIGHTS out on SR.)

DOUG: You didn't need them then and you certainly don't need them now.

KRISTI: I just want to know what they're doing right now. They're probably off in exotic places. Or modeling in New York City. Or --

DOUG: If they were doing anything that spectacular, we'd know about it.

KRISTI: But I'm sure they're doing something special. Nobody ever expected me to do anything special.

DOUG: ***(flips to a new page)*** Here it is!

KRISTI: What?

DOUG: The reason we got out the yearbook.

KRISTI: ***(grabs the book)*** Give it to me.

DOUG: The "Most Likely" pages. Go on. Read.

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KRISTI: I will. But before I do, I just want to say one thing.

DOUG: Yes?

KRISTI: No matter how much of this is true or false...

DOUG: Yeah?

KRISTI: No matter how much it upsets me...

DOUG: Uh-huh?

KRISTI: No matter how much I kick and scream...

DOUG: What?

KRISTI: Don't let me kill myself.

DOUG: Just read the stupid book!

KRISTI: Fine. Let's start with Dixie Andrews.

DOUG: Let me guess. Most Likely to be a hairdresser?

KRISTI: (**sarcastic**) Ha, ha. "Dixie Andrews. Most likely to..." Oh my gosh.

DOUG: What?

KRISTI: (**chuckles**) "Most likely to be a hairdresser."

DOUG: I was right!

(LIGHTS up on SL. DIXIE is now older. SHE is dressed very professionally with her hair neatly tied back. SHE is seated, talking to the audience as a news anchor.)

DIXIE: (**smiling**) In local news, protests against the war have rocked the city. Thousands of protesters have lined the streets of downtown, holding up traffic for miles. The mayor said if the protest does not end peacefully, stink bombs will be dropped on the mob of angry people.

DOUG: It really looks like she's become a professional.

KRISTI: Has she ever.

DOUG: A news anchor. Wow.

KRISTI: Just look at her.

DIXIE: Stay tuned to KSTV for the weather after this commercial break!

DOUG: So unexpected.

KRISTI: So intelligent.

DOUG: So mature.

DIXIE: (**now off the air**) Will somebody please fix this bump in my hair? It's driving me crazy! I can't work like this! And my bobby pins! Who stole my bobby pins? Where are they? (**reaches under the desk and pulls out a hairspray bottle and frantically sprays her hair**) How can anyone work like this?

(LIGHTS out on SL.)

DOUG: Well, never mind.

KRISTI: That one was wrong.

DOUG: I'm sure it's the first on a long line of bad predictions.

KRISTI: We'll see about that.

DOUG: I'm sure we will. Next.

KRISTI: Harriet Bartolf.

DOUG: God's little angel.

KRISTI: "Most likely to write a sequel to the Bible."

DOUG: (**sarcastic**) That's original.

KRISTI: Scratching the way she did, I always thought Harriet would end up as one giant hive.

(LIGHTS up on SL. HARRIET is mildly older. SHE is still dressed in conservative clothing, reading from the Bible.)

HARRIET: "Samuel 22:1 And David spake unto the Lord the words of this song in the day that the Lord had delivered him out of the hand of all his enemies, and out of the hand of Saul."

DOUG: Well, some things never change.

KRISTI: I guess.

DOUG: She's not scratching herself.

KRISTI: I guess after ten years, you'd have to come across a remedy.

(HARRIET all of a sudden starts swinging her arms around frantically.)

HARRIET: "And he said, The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer..."

KRISTI: Or maybe not.

DOUG: Somebody buy her some lotion or something!

KRISTI: What in the world is making her so itchy?

DOUG: It's almost painful to watch!

HARRIET: (**jumping around, swinging her arms wildly**) "The God of my rock; in him will I trust: he is my shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower, and my refuge, my saviour; thou savest me from violence."

DOUG: Go on to the next person. I can't stand it anymore.

KRISTI: Good thought.

HARRIET: (**stops flailing about**) Where are all these bees coming from?!

(SHE resumes waving her arms. LIGHTS out on SL.)

DOUG: These are pathetic predictions.

KRISTI: You're the one who wanted to take a peek at the yearbook.

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DOUG: I thought it would be fun.

KRISTI: Well, it's not. Wait! Wait! It's your favorite girl in the whole wide world.

DOUG: Who?

KRISTI: Bree Castle. (*imitating DOUG*) "The most beautiful girl in the world."

DOUG: Stop it.

KRISTI: "She's so pretty."

DOUG: Be quiet.

KRISTI: "I want to marry her."

DOUG: I never said that.

KRISTI: "I want to kiss her."

DOUG: (*grabs the book*) Shut up!

KRISTI: (*laughing*) You wanted her and you know it.

DOUG: Of course I wanted her. But I never said I wanted to marry her.

KRISTI: Whatever. What's it say?

DOUG: "Bree Castle. Most likely to be married first."

KRISTI: That's a fair assumption.

(LIGHTS up on SL. BREE is in a wedding dress, pacing back and forth. HER hair is messed up and mascara is running down her cheeks.)

BREE: (*over dramatic*) Where on earth is he? You plan your wedding for three o'clock, you expect the groom to show up at three o'clock. But now it's five o'clock and still no husband! Am I wrong to want my fiancée at my wedding? Maybe he's buying me flowers. Maybe his car broke down. Or maybe, just maybe, he's not coming. Is there something so terribly wrong with me that he changed his mind? Does he think I've become ugly? Does he think I've become fat? Does he think I've become a Communist? I hope he hasn't found someone else. I hope he's not getting married to some other woman. He has a tuxedo, so why shouldn't he get married today? Even if it is to someone else. (*crumbles to the floor and cries, pounding her fists into the ground*)

DOUG: Whoa!

KRISTI: Whoa is right.

DOUG: I wonder who the lucky guy is.

(WALT enters. HE is completely mangled. HIS hair is disheveled, his suit is torn and HE is covered in dirt.)

WALT: Sorry I'm late, honey.

DOUG: "Walt Denver. Most likely to marry Bree Castle."

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BREE: (*feebly looking up*) Walt? Is that you?

WALT: Yeah, honey.

BREE: What happened to you?

WALT: Nothing, baby. I was held up.

BREE: Are you hurt?

WALT: No.

BREE: What's that smell? You smell awful.

WALT: Well, you look awful.

BREE: Where were you?

WALT: I was...I was...I'll tell you later.

BREE: No, tell me now.

WALT: Well, I went to that protest at the park.

BREE: Huh?

WALT: The protest against the war.

BREE: Huh?

WALT: Don't be mad, honey. I meant to make it to the wedding on time, but when I was about to leave the protest, a stink bomb came crashing out of the sky.

BREE: Huh?

WALT: It was pandemonium. I couldn't get out of there.

BREE: What?

WALT: But I'm here now. And it's not like I'm that late. You'll forgive me, won't you?

BREE: Excuse me?!

WALT: Are you upset?

BREE: Am I upset? Let me see. I was stood up at the alter. My dress is all sweaty. I find out that you were at some protest. And you smell like a public bathroom! Should I be upset?

WALT: You're getting much too carried away. Let's go home and light a Sandlewood candle. We'll try this again tomorrow.

BREE: No, we will not try this again tomorrow. I'm glad I found out what kind of guy you really are.

WALT: Don't be mad.

BREE: I'm not mad. I'm perfectly calm. I'm just going to go home and cut your clothes into little pieces that I'll use to wipe away your blood from my dress. (*storms off*)

WALT: (*helplessly following her*) Not again. Communists...
(*LIGHTS out on SL.*)

DOUG: I could have suspected as much.

KRISTI: Still together after all these years.

DOUG: Still living life like one long thesis paper.

KRISTI: At least they're intelligent.

DOUG: A little too intelligent, I'd say.

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KRISTI: God help us if they ever have kids.

DOUG: I know!

KRISTI: They'd be mini protesters.

DOUG: Fighting against bath time or something.

KRISTI: Shall we move on?

DOUG: Who's next?

KRISTI: Adam Hart.

DOUG: Finally! Someone whose prediction might come true.

KRISTI: He always got what he wanted.

DOUG: And not on a platter. He worked for everything he got.

KRISTI: "Adam Hart. Most likely to be rich and famous."

(LIGHTS UP ON SR. ADAM faces the audience, frozen.)

DOUG: It's weird.

KRISTI: What?

DOUG: That I haven't heard anything about Adam since high school.

KRISTI: I wonder what he's up to.

(There is a loud gun shot. LIGHTS out on SR. LIGHTS up on SL. Nobody is there.)

DOUG: Is it cold in here?

KRISTI: Freezing.

DOUG: I wish I kept in touch with him.

KRISTI: Me too. He was a special guy.

DOUG: I miss his smiling face.

KRISTI: Yeah.

DOUG: I hope he's happy.

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