

# “Most Likely to...”



**Theme: Friends, Purpose**

Spring Break

*Defending the world from bad drama ... one skit at a time.*

## ***Scene 1: Freshman Year***

*First day of high school ever. Scott and Kelly walk together looking around in disbelief. They are wearing stuffed backpacks tight around their backs. They walk hunched over under the pressure of the tons of schoolbooks.*

**Kelly:**           *(Amazed)* This place is huuuugggee!

**Scott:**           I know... I can't believe it!

**Kelly:**           What do they call this place again?

**Scott:**           I think they call it \_\_\_\_\_ *(name of your high school)*.

**Both:**           *(In unison, drawn out in amazement)* High School.

*Both face the audience and pan their eyes together across the stage as if looking at someone walking by who is considerably taller and more massive than anyone they have ever seen.*

**Scott:**           Was that a senior? He had... *(Motions to chin and under arm)* hair. Whoa.

**Kelly:**           *(Trying to pull it together)* Hey, do you know where room twelve thousand, four hundred, and sixty-two is?

**Scott:**           Is that the A-wing or the B-wing?

**Kelly:**           I think it's the C-wing.

**Scott:**           There's a C-wing? This is all too much. My mind can't comprehend all the new changes! *(School bell is heard)* I think I'm hearing bells!



**Kelly:** Whoa! I'm hearing them too!

**Both:** *(Pause and look at each other)* The bell!

**Kelly:** We're going to be tardy on our first day of high school! You know that goes on your permanent record!

**Scott:** Run! Save yourself! Run!

*Both sprint together in wild panic off the stage as if not making it to their first class would spell certain doom. While backstage, remove backpacks, **Scott** put on jacket, **Kelly** change hair, etc. Make it look different as possible as another year has passed.*

## **Scene 2: Sophomore Year**

*The two enter the stage together showing their soft drink cups, and making blatant fun of the freshman. The tone is bitterly sarcastic and extremely know-it-all in nature. They are carrying much lighter backpacks. **Scott** is swinging his mom's car keys in his hands.*

**Kelly:** Hey freshman! Did mommy pack you that lunch? Huh? Yeah, I'm talking to you...

**Scott:** Yeah, nice box drink little fish. What? Are you about to cry? I better call a waaaammbulance!

**Kelly:** What's that you're eating? Mmmm. Tuna Melt Surprise and a carton of two-week-old milk? Too bad it's not Pepsi from Taco Bell. *(Waving their cups in the air, like they just don't care.)*

**Scott:** Bet you wish you were sophomores like us!

**Kelly:** Bet you wish you could sneak off campus like we just did!



**Scott:** *(Waving his keys all over in the air above his head, shaking them occasionally as he talks)* Hey, Kelly, what are you doing this weekend?

**Kelly:** I don't know...why?

**Scott:** Well, my friend invited me to some church deal...you want to come? *(Kelly looks confused. Scott picks up on it.)* Oh! Wait...no...it's not like we're gonna sit on the front row and be all like, "Thou shalt not." No, we sit in the back and make fun of the people who actually "shalt not." They always seem like a cult over there, and I thought it'd be fun to check it out. Want to? I'm drivin' cuz' *(Major increase in volume, begins to vigorously flash keys to audience and imaginary freshmen)* I got my mom's van keys. That's right, I'm driving. *(Much quieter now)* I just gotta take my little sister to ballet practice, *(Louder again)* but then the van's all mine!

**Kelly:** Well, uh thanks Scott, but, um, Brad Smith invited me to his party this weekend, and I don't think I'll be able to make it.

**Scott:** Really? Brad Smith? The senior?

**Kelly:** Yeah, well actually, his sister's friend is friends with my friend and she said one time that Brad smiled in my general direction. *(Beat)* So, I'm invited.

**Scott:** Sounds like it to me. You're so lucky.

**Both:** *(Awkward pause)* Well, okay.

*School bell rings.*

**Scott:** *(Sarcastically)* Oh no, the tardy bell!

