

MONOLOGUE — ROLAND

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| Play | <i>Stereotype High</i> by Jeffrey Haar |
| Stats | High School, Full length |
| Casting | 9M, 9W, 4 Either |
| Description | The geek. The freak. The stoner. The dumb jock. The mean girl. The thespian. The slut. The lonely girl. High school is full of stereotypes – or is it? Told in a series of interlaced vignettes, these “stereotypical” teens fight tooth and nail to reinvent themselves. There’s nothing more powerful than the teen who stands alone, proud of who they are. This play contains real situations, real feelings, and real thoughts about all the mature topics. Yes, that means sex, drugs and retainers. |
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ROLAND is at the movies about to go out with the girl of his dreams.

ROLAND: Oh... my... gosh. My panic attacks are having panic attacks. I’ve wanted to go out with this girl since eighth grade after I saw her on stage in the Garfield Middle School production of *Cinderella*. I attended both nights and bought the DVD so I could watch it over and over again. And now, here we are, after I finally mustered the nerve to ask her. So what if it took me four years? I was sitting in Calculus, going on and on about her for the X-to-the-derivative-of-an-infinite-domainth time when Stanley, my math partner in crime slams his mechanical pencil down on the desk and exclaims, “Gosh darn it, Ronald. If you don’t ask her out, I swear to Pythagoras, I’m going to ask her out. And when she says yes and sees what I can do with a graphing calculator, causing her to fall madly in love with me, there will be major weirdness between us.” Given that very serious threat—I mean, seriously, Stanley works a graphing calculator like Arthur wielded Excalibur—I was forced to rouse all the courage I could and do it. Honestly, I didn’t think she’d say yes. I mean, why would she? She’s the most beautiful girl in the world, and I’m... well... I’m me. I’m not the guy girls look at and go, “Oh yeah—I’ve gotta get me some of that.” Not to mention the fact that even if they did, I wouldn’t know what to do with them anyway. It’s pretty pathetic, I know. I’ll just have to wait and see if she makes initial contact. Just like in science: Every action has an equal and opposite reaction. I’ll be the opposite reaction. Yes. I like that. Sounds like a plan! *(he turns sees his girl and falls)*