

GYM CLASS FOOTBALL STARS

by Dan Yost

CHARACTERS

All characters have no specific gender.

GYM TEACHER *is someone macho yelling from off-stage.*

JOCK *has come to play, wearing gym shorts and a football jersey.*

ANDERSON *is wearing gym shorts and an exercise shirt.*

CREWS *is wearing an exercise shirt and cargo pants.*

RICHARDS *is wearing a nike t-shirt and gym shorts.*

PARKER *is wearing thick glasses, a polo, and gym shorts.*

Light fills the stage. There is a football sitting center.

GYM TEACHER: ALL RIGHT TEAMS! GYM CLASS IS IN SESSION. YOU HAVE FIVE MINUTES TO COME UP WITH A PLAN. THEN IT'S TIME TO PLAY SOME FOOTBALL!

The players and JOCK all run in from stage right excitedly, cheering with avid enthusiasm, shouting things like WOOO, FOOTBALL! YEAH, I LOVE FOOTBALL!

JOCK: Alright! Hell yeah! So who here has played football before?

The players glance around at one another. CREWS raises his hand.

CREWS: I played a football video game once. I sprained my wrist.

JOCK: Christ, okay. Well, anyway, let's come up with a plan. Crews, since you know a little about football, Can you go in for the sack?

CREWS: What's a sack?

ANDERSON: It's a bag used for holding things, like potatoes, rocks...

JOCK: Don't say it.

ANDERSON: I don't know, maybe... nuts...

JOCK: Please for the love of God stop right there.

ANDERSON *is hesitantly silent.*

JOCK: **Sigh** Thank you. Crews, it's a-

ANDERSON: **Quickly** GONADS-

JOCK: ALL RIGHT JUST FORGET I EVER SAID ANYTHING. It seems like all of you are totally incapable, so let's just start at the basics, ok?

Clipboard flies in from off stage left, Jock picks it up and displays the image on it to the team. It is a crude stick figure drawing of five people around an excessively large football

JOCK: I've prepared this handy-

RICHARDS: **Quickly** Where'd you get that clipboard?

JOCK: ...What?

RICHARDS: Where did the clipboard come from? It just flew in outta nowhere.

JOCK: I have no idea what you're talking about. All right. So there's three basic things you need to know. Number one is-

While no one was looking, PARKER has pulled out a laptop. He is now typing madly.

PARKER: Will there be a test on this?

JOCK: No, there won't be a- why do you have a laptop?

PARKER: I'm taking notes. I thought there was gonna be a test.

RICHARDS: Yeah, you made it seem like there'd be one.

The players all look at each other and nod in agreement.

JOCK: This isn't a- I'm not a- What?

GYM TEACHER: TWO MORE MINUTES!

JOCK: **Hurried** Okay, so I'm just gonna give you the abridged version. **He tosses the clipboard haphazardly off stage left where it lands with a crash and some screaming, and picks up the football** I'm gonna throw this ball, and one of you has to catch it. It'll be really easy, I'll just kind of toss it off into the air.

CREWS: What's a toss off?

JOCK sighs in exasperation

ANDERSON: **knowingly** Well, it's when you-

JOCK: DON'T. Now, I'm going to let the ball LEAVE MY HANDS and travel THROUGH THE AIR towards you guys. One of you is going to use YOUR HANDS to CATCH THE BALL. ALL RIGHT?

PARKER: Yeah just one more question, should I-

JOCK: I'M THROWING THE BALL!

JOCK very gently tosses the ball a few feet towards them. They all jump and start screaming. The ball hits the ground. There is a silent pause. JOCK stares at them blankly.

RICHARDS: Should we have-

JOCK: No. It was great. You did... great.

GYM TEACHER: THIRTY SECONDS!

JOCK: And that's basically all I've got. Any questions?

PARKER raises his hand

JOCK: There will be no homework.

PARKER lowers his hand

CREWS raises his hand

CREWS: Do we get paid before or after we hit our wives?

JOCK: Typically both before and after.

ANDERSON raises his hand

ANDERSON: Will there be any more overbearing social commentary?

JOCK: Hopefully not.

GYM TEACHER: ALL RIGHT, LET'S PLAY SOME FOOTBALL!

JOCK: Well, let's just... do whatever I guess.

The players all look sad.

JOCK: What I meant to say was... LET'S PLAY SOME FOOTBALL!

PLAYERS: YEAH! FOOTBALL! WOOHOO!

The players run off stage right, enthusiastically shouting as in the beginning, with JOCK trailing behind them, looking vaguely concerned. The shouting fades away as they all leave, then terrified screaming is heard. In a chaotic jumble, all scramble back onto the stage in pain and fear.

CREWS limps back on.

CREWS: AUGH, MY ANKLE! I SPRAINED IT! OH, THE IRONY!

RICHARDS enters soon after, dragging himself by the arms.

RICHARDS: AUGH! MY LEG! OH GOD, THEY BROKE MY LEG!

PARKER enters. His arm is tucked inside his shirt, which is now covered in ketchup.

PARKER: MY ARM! THEY TOOK MY ARM! OH JESUS CHRIST WHY?!

The incapacitated three all collapse and slowly die/go unconscious. ANDERSON enters while the three are suffering and runs around wildly, screaming like a banshee for no apparent reason. He exits stage right.

JOCK returns to the stage, unharmed, not yet noticing the carnage.

JOCK: Guys, I didn't call hike yet. You have to wait until I call... hike...

JOCK drops the football, dumbfounded. Lights fade.

END