

**SIDELINED**

By  
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12 pp.

## CHARACTERS

**ART:** Male, any ethnicity

**JONESY:** Male, any ethnicity

**DUGGIE:** Female, any ethnicity

**FITCH (Art's daughter):** Female, any ethnicity

The year is 2014.

FITCH

I stayed on her like Coach said, then I got it! I got the ball!

ART

'Bout time you started pulling your weight.

DUGGIE

(To JONESY.) Run your own route, ok? Run mine, and I'm clipping you.

JONESY

You serious?

ART

Duggie! Jonesy! Get in there!

(DUGGIE and JONESY exit.)

FITCH

Their defense is tight on the line. Tasty Gremlins would be good right now, but you should line Jonesy and Duggie up on opposite sides, 'cause he tends to get excited and jump her routes.

ART

Chuck! Wu-Tang 72. (To FITCH) You think you know somethin' 'cause you made one good play? You don't know nothin'! (He looks up.) God, why couldn't you just give me a son?

FITCH

Maybe because God knew how much of a jerk you were and gave you a daughter to punish you!

(FITCH storms away. Whistle blows.)

ART

First down! Chuck, Wu-Tang. Wait, we just ran that. Feisty Chick--whatever I said before! Just go!

(ART catches up with FITCH. She has taken off her waist flag and is emptying her gym bag. Some books fall out.)

ART

Come on, kid. You know I didn't mean that.

FITCH

This is so stupid! Where the heck is my-

ART

What is this? (Picking up books from her bag.) "The Complete Idiot's Guide to Football?" "Flag Football for Dummies?" These yours?

FITCH

Yeah, imagine that! Imagine me trying to learn about football so I can spend some time with my dad! You know, considering he hasn't been to any of my performances since I was twelve years old.

(Whistle blows.)

ART

Chuck, just call it! (To FITCH) You know I always supported you with the dancing thing. I paid for all those classes, all those different shoes, the little tutu thingies-

FITCH

You couldn't come to one show, Dad? Not one?

ART

That's your mom's lane! I'm a sports guy! You know this.

FITCH

Why am I even trying to reason with you? I'm out here risking my body, my career, just so you'll-

DUGGIE

Arrrrghhhh!!

ART

Oh, crap!

(Whistle blows. JONESY carries DUGGIE to the sideline.)

DUGGIE

Put me down!

ART

What happened out there?

DUGGIE

My ankle's shot, coach.

ART

Noooooo!

DUGGIE

You ran the wrong freaking route and stepped on my freaking ankle, you freaking idiot!

JONESY

I`m sorry!

ART

Put her down and get back out there!

JONESY

Coach, take me out.

ART/DUGGIE

What?!

JONESY

Please!

ART

What are you people trying to do to me? Time out, time out! I need to think!

(Whistle blows. DUGGIE hobbles down the sideline.)

JONESY

Where`re you going?

DUGGIE

Get away from me!

JONESY

Come on, let`s get some ice on this ankle.

(He walks her to the bench and puts some ice on her ankle.)

JONESY

I really am sorry.

DUGGIE

Why couldn`t you just run your route?

JONESY

I tried! I just--sometimes I get--all these different plays...I get confused, ok?!!

DUGGIE

Why didn't you say something? All you had to do is ask somebody. How stupid is that?

JONESY

That's why I don't ask anybody. Because people already think I'm dumb, especially you.

DUGGIE

I don't think you're dumb. You're selfish and undisciplined, but you're not dumb.

JONESY

Thanks!

DUGGIE

That wasn't exactly a compliment.

JONESY

I know, but I'll take whatever I can get from you.

DUGGIE

Why do you let me treat you so bad?

JONESY

'Cause you been hurt and you need somebody to take it out on. I figure once you finally get it out of your system and see that I'm still here, then the choice will be obvious.

DUGGIE

You really are persistent.

JONESY

Yep. And a lot more disciplined than you think.

(ART enters.)

ART

How's that ankle?

JONESY

Looks like a sprain. I'll keep an eye on it.

ART

Wasn't asking you. Get back in there!

JONESY

But, Coach—

DUGGIE

Go! I'll be fine.

JONESY

(To DUGGIE) Don't move. I'll be right back.

DUGGIE

Now you can run my routes without me getting in your way.

(JONESY exits. ART lifts the ice and looks at DUGGIE's ankle.)

ART

That don't look too bad. Keep it elevated and we'll take the ice off in twenty.

DUGGIE

Ok.

FITCH

I'm sorry you got hurt.

DUGGIE

It's alright. Coupla weeks and I'll be back on the field making big plays. Right, Coach?

ART

Yep, but right now we need another receiver. (To FITCH) Hey kid, get out there and make your dad proud. But don't get yourself hurt like the gimp over here.

DUGGIE

Hey!!

ART

Just pullin' your chain. What's it gonna be, kid?

FITCH

You want me to go in on offense?

ART

Unless you ain't up to it.

(FITCH looks at DUGGIE, who gives her the thumbs up.)