

The Prospect

A really short skit.

By Tim A. Pullen

(On a dark stage you hear the sound of a violent tackle. The lights slowly come up. Joe is a quarterback that has just been severely tackled, with grass stains across his uniform and a crack in his helmet. He is being rolled in on a stretcher by his coach, a doctor and his cheerleader girlfriend.

Doc: Can you hear me?

Coach: Come on kid! Snap out of it!

Mindy: Is he going to be okay?

Joe: Where am I?

Coach: In the locker room! Come on you remember.

Doc: Don't push him. That was quite a hit.

Mindy: Should I take my clothes off? I've never been here before when everyone was dressed. I was told there was a strict no clothes rule in the locker room.

Coach: I, well I that's not exactly a rule-

Doc: It's not a rule at all! You may keep your clothes on.

Coach: You must have a full life Doc.

Mindy: Oh sweetie! (She kisses his forehead)

Joe: Hello there.

Doc: Do you recognize these- I mean this- girl?

Joe: Whoa, can you kiss my forehead again?

Doc: Did that make you feel better?

Joe: Yeah, I'm seeing double.

Coach: At least somebody's happy.

Joe: You're beautiful, but please stop spinning me around.

Doc: This is bad.

Joe: Was there a car accident?

Coach: No!

Joe: A really good party?

Coach: No! well, I don't know. If there was I wasn't invited.

Doc: Do you remember your name?

Mindy: His name is-

Doc: No, please don't help him, I need to know if he remembers his name, go on son.

Joe: Are you my dad?

Doc: No, I'm your doctor. Can you tell me where you live?

Joe: Why? Am I going home?

Doc: How do you feel?

Joe: I think I'll be fine when the room stops spinning.

Coach: Do you hear that? He says he's fine, now come on we've got a game to win!

Mindy: He's gonna play? He's gonna be okay?

Doc: He's not a doctor. Now, what's your name?

Joe: That's a stupid name.

Doc: What's a stupid name?

Joe: Yeah it is, is that my first name or my last name?

Doc: What?

Joe: I thought you said it was What's.

Coach: Ha! He's jokin' around, that's the old Abbot and Costello routine! See, What's my name! He'll be fine.

Doc: Let's see if he can remember his own name before you put him back out there.

Coach: Come on Joe! Tell the doctor your name!

Joe: Joe?

Doc: Do I have to ask you to leave?

Coach: No.

Doc: That's right Joe, now what's your last name.

Joe: Okay, Joe Whats, that's a little better as a last name.

Doc: Do you remember your last name Joe?

Joe: Whats, you just said it.

Doc: That's not your name Joe.

Joe: Why are you lying to me?

Doc: I want you to tell me your full name.

Joe: Don't you know it?

Doc: I know it; I need to know if you know it.

Joe: Know what?

Doc: Your name!

Joe: It's Joe, right?

Coach: Come on Joe, get it together here. You want to get back to the game don't you?

Mindy: You can do it yes you can, say your last name, you're my man!

Joe: Yeah, game, what are we playing?

Coach: Football! Oh don't do this to me Joe! Tell the doctor your first and last name.

Joe: Joe ...

Doc: Right. Take your time.

Coach: Take what time? We've got ten minutes till halftimes over, and I'm out of time outs!

Joe: I- I –just don't know. I can't remember.

Mindy: Oh, Joey!

Doc: Calm down, calm down. Do you remember your birthday?

Joe: Yeah, my last birthday. No. oh wait, no I think that was a Barhmitzva.

Coach: You can't remember that!

Doc: Any memory he has is a start.

Coach: But he's not Jewish!

Joe: What's Jewish mean?

Coach: I think one of the guys that tackled you was Jewish, could it have been knocked into him doc? Maybe they switched brains.

Doc: I really don't think that's possible.

Joe: Someone tackled me?

Doc: Yes. Two people tackled you, do you remember?

Joe: No, not really. I remember, you asking me if I could hear you.

Doc: When I asked about your birthday, I wasn't referring to a specific celebration, I mean the date. Do you remember the day you were born?

Joe: No, that was so long ago, and I was little then.

Doc: The date, on the calendar, you don't remember your birthday?

Coach: Don't you remember Joe? You are my star quarterback, you've won every game this season for me, you were going to the big time today! There are three different scouts out there today! This is your shot at the NFL!

Doc: Don't get him too excited.

Joe: I have a shot at the NFL?

Coach: Yes!

Joe: What does N F L stand for?

Mindy: Don't ask me, I've never been a good speller.

Coach: Joe! Oh son.

Joe: Are you my dad?

Coach: No! I'm not your father, I don't know where the hell your parents are. I'm your coach. You were my star! If we lose this game I lose my job!

Joe: Was I a pretty star?

Doc: This kid is not going back in today's game, I can guarantee that.

Coach: But that's my shot! I mean *his* shot.

Doc: He wouldn't do you any good, he doesn't remember what football is.

Joe: This is my foot? (holds up his hand)

Doc: No Joe, that's your hand.

Joe: This is my-

Doc: No Joe.

Coach: (grabbing a football) This kind of ball! This is a football! This is the game ball from two weeks ago when we creamed (fill in team) do you remember now?

Joe: It looks more like an egg than a ball.

Coach: Maybe if you held the ball?

Joe: Am I holding it right?

Coach: No, Joe, you're not.

Doc: The scouts aren't going to be interested in a quarterback that doesn't know what a football is.

Coach: Not even for the (Least favorite NFL Team)?

Doc: I don't think so.

Coach: There's got to be some way we could jog his memory.

Mindy: Let me try! I'm good at jogging. (She begins to jog, and bounce)

Doc: Not that type of jog.

Joe/Coach: Let her jog!

Doc: This isn't helping you.

Coach: Who's it hurting? I give up. I gotta bench you Joe. It kills me to do it, but you can't play anymore today. I'm going to have to put Fisher in. Do you remember how bad Fisher played?

Joe: What were we playing?

Coach: Football Joe! Football. The grid iron, the field of glory. Come on and win one for the Gipper!

Joe: Who's the Gipper?

Coach: I think that was the name of a football player a long time ago.

Doc: I thought it was a baseball player?

Coach: The speech was used to rally the Yankee's, oh hell I don't remember what he played, it's just something I say.

Doc: You're saying something when you don't really understand what it means.

Coach: All right Doc, what does stat mean?

Doc: You know, hurry, fast, emergency.

Coach: And why do you say stat? Is it short for something in Latin? Is it an acronym for something?

Doc: I- Okay, I haven't got a clue.

Coach: Don't think I'm dumb just because I majored in gym class doc. I know you think jocks can't even spell their own names.

Joe: I could, I think I could if you tell me what it is.

Doc: He wasn't talking about you.

Coach: If he spelled his name could he go back in?

Doc: That impact could've broken his neck! As it is the poor kid had such a concussion he's got amnesia.

Mindy: And I don't think he can remember anything either.

Doc: Were you involved with the tackle?

Mindy: No.

Coach: She's fine doc, she's a cheerleader.

Doc: Okay.

Coach: But aside from the brain damage he's in great shape.

Doc: Yes, all things considered he held up well, that collision would've totaled my 75' Buick! But you have no idea how long his memory will take to come back. He may never be the same.

Coach: But this is his big shot!

Doc: Football isn't everything; he could do something useful with his life.

Coach: Football is very useful, it sells beer and potato chips by the millions, and big screen TVs wouldn't exist if it wasn't for football!

Doc: I go to school for eight years, he plays a game and you want him to get twenty million a season.

Coach: Don't you think when he does get twenty million a season he's going to need a doctor? A private doctor that he trusts, that could maybe pull in five million a season?

Mindy: I know what to do, this worked for Cinderella. (She kisses him)

Doc: That was sleeping beauty.

Coach: Shut up doc, this would cure me.

Joe: That was wonderful, can you tell me your name?

Mindy: We've been dating for six months, don't you know my name yet?

Joe: I can't remember my own name.

Mindy: That's easy, it's Joe Wilson.

Joe: Okay, now what's your name?

Mindy: You must have ambrosia pretty bad.

Coach: I'm going to go forfeit the game.

Doc: No, wait. Five million, you think?

Coach: Yeah, you think he can play?

Doc: Can you stand up Joe?

Joe: I think so. (He does)

Doc: No broken bones, he appears to be working. Could be hemorrhaging in his brain, but the MRI can wait two more quarters. Really all you have to do is re-teach him how to play.

Coach: That's the team spirit Doc! Joe, do you remember what a linebacker is?

Joe: Someone that backs a line?

Coach: Running back?

Joe: What you do after you run away?

Coach: Okay, now a tight end?

Joe: Her?

Coach: Probably, but that's not the kind I'm talking about, I'm talking about the game.

Doc: How do you play football Joe?

Joe: You throw the ball?

Coach: Yes Joe!

Doc: Do you remember who you throw the ball to?

Joe: You?

Coach: No.

Joe: In the net?

Coach: That's basketball.

Joe: You kick it?

Coach: Oh Joe, it's hopeless, there goes my job, your shot at the NFL, and my job.

Doc: My five million.

Mindy: Does that mean Joey can't finish the game?

Coach: Yeah, I'm afraid he's done.

Mindy: That means you won't be drafted by the NFL. Which means we can't get married, which means we're not engaged, and if we're not engaged anymore we can't have wild monkey sex every Friday night? Oh, pooh, I really liked our Friday night sex. The rest of the days of the week aren't bad, but Friday was my favorite.

Joe: What day is it?

Doc: Friday.

Joe: Oh my God! I just had a remarkable recovery! My name is Joe Wilson I'm the star Quarterback for his football team, and I wanna be in the NFL! You throw the ball to the end zone, right?

Coach: That's sort of right. You have to find a player that's open for the end zone.

Joe: The field is green, with white stripes, and numbers.

Coach: That's right Joe.

Joe: I'm remembering it! Let's win one for the Giford!

Doc: That's Gipper Joe.

Coach: That'll work.

Doc: We should make sure he's really all right. Do you remember where you live?

Joe: My house.

Doc: That's good enough for me.

Joe: Can you roll me out there coach? I can't feel my legs yet.

Doc: I don't think he really knows what he's doing.

Coach: He's willing to try.

Doc: You don't think a quarter back with brain damage is going to hurt your team?

Coach: You've never seen Fisher play. (He begins to roll Joe back to the field)

Mindy: So you remember my name Joey?

Joe: Of course sweetie but you can tell me again later.

Mindy: He does remember, he always calls me sweetie.

Joe: Let's hit a homerun!

(It's not whether you win or lose, as long as you get laid)

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