

Passion for the Sport
By
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28 Plays Later

Day 8

February 8, 2018

ACT I

SCENE 1

LIGHTS UP - STADIUM SEATS

THE ROAR OF THE CROWD SLOWLY DECREASES AS THE LIGHTS RISE. THREE ROWS OF STADIUM SEATS, FOUR ACROSS AND RAKED, SIT NEXT TO STAIRS WITH A HAND RAIL UP THE CENTER.

SARAH AND BETH SIT IN THE CENTER ROW NEXT TO THE STAIRS. THE TWO SEATS NEXT TO THEM ARE EMPTY. THE OTHER TWO ROWS ARE FILLED WITH SILHOUETTES OF GAME ATTENDEES IN VARIOUS STATES OF RAPTURE AND DISPAIR.

SARAH: I love being here.

BETH: Come again?

SARAH: I hate sports television. Can't stand it. But give me a stadium, and a hotdog, and a beer? Fucking A it doesn't get any better than this.

BETH: That's fair. Thank god everyone doesn't feel that way, though.

SARAH: Oh, true. You'd be out a job.

BETH: Word.

SARAH: How did you manage to get today off, by the way?

BETH: You are my sister. You wanted to spend some time with me. I prioritized appropriately. Besides, my AD needed some control room time, so it worked out well. He says thank you.

SARAH: Did you ever think you'd be mentoring young directors?

BETH: I never thought I'd even be one.

SARAH: And yet here we are.

BETH: Here we---

SARAH JUMPS TO HER FEET, SHOUTING.

SARAH: YESSSS! You do that! You do that AGAIN! Over and over and over!

SARAH PELVIC THRUSTS A LITTLE BIT WITH EACH "OVER." BETH LAUGHS AS SARAH SITS BACK DOWN.

BETH: I had no idea you were this passionate.

SARAH: I tell you, it's BEING here. I couldn't tell you one person's name that's out there. Well, I mean, I could, because their names are written on their backs, but they mean nothing to me. I wouldn't know them if I smashed into them on the street and they were fully geared up. But shit, being here, experiencing the moment... it's everything.

BETH: Yeah.

SARAH: I wish I'd known this years ago.

BETH SMIRKS.

SARAH: Seriously. I'm sorry I missed every single one of your games in high school. You were magical. Or at least, that's what dad said. I should have been there to support you.

BETH: You had... things.

SARAH: You came to every one of my plays and concerts and recitals. I'm a shitty sisterrrr--- YOU GO YOU GO YOU GO YESSSSSSSS!

SARAH JUMPS TO HER FEET AGAIN, AND DOES SO WITH EACH FOLLOWING OUTBURST, ONLY SITTING BACK DOWN WHEN THE MOMENT PASSES.

BETH: You are NOT.

SARAH: Not what?

BETH: A shitty sister.

SARAH: Meh. You can say that all you want, but seven years of therapy haven't changed my mind, so I'm pretty sure you won't.

BETH: Well, I don't think you are. So you can just live with THAT.

SARAH CHUCKLES.

SARAH: How's Keith?

BETH: He's amazing, as always. I'm bummed he couldn't be here.

SARAH: He doesn't like this sort of thing.

BETH: No, no he does not. Crowds are not his forte.

SARAH: But you still bring him?

BETH: When I'm in the booth, yeah. He's good about staying out of everybody's way.

SARAH: I find that hard to believe.

BETH: He is well behaved!

SARAH: I know, I know! But he is ALWAYS in the way.

BETH: That's only because my apartment is small.

SARAH: And he's a fucking Great Dane, Beth! A Great Dane!!

BETH: My knight in shining collar...

BETH FAUX-SIGHS.

SARAH: But he *is* a beautiful bastard.

BETH: Right?

SARAH: Sometimes I feel a little jealooo0000 NO NO NO NO NO NONONONO!!! SHITFUCKDAMN! REALLY?

SARAH: That sucked! This should have been an easy win.

BETH: That *so* sucked.

SARAH: Almost as much as me.

BETH: Are we back on that again?

SARAH: What?

BETH: You are not a horrible sister. You didn't have the wonder and passion for the sport. You lived in a different world.

SARAH: Mom got it. Dad got it. Greg got it, and Greg doesn't get much of anything.

BETH: Hey now.

SARAH: Am I wrong? Really? Am I really wrong?

BETH: No. But...

SARAH: Our brother, God bless his soul, is a dumbass. And he got it. I was an idiot, and now all I'm left with are the video tapes that dad shot, which are horrible.

BETH: They are, aren't they.

SARAH: That's why you went into directing sports television, isn't it?

BETH: (Sarcastically) Oh, yeah, THAT'S the reason.

SARAH: Needless to say, I missed out.

BETH: **That**, I will agree with.

SARAH: Okay then, shall we?

BETH: Yeah. Let's.

SARAH: Tacos?

BETH: After all those hot dogs? Of course!!

SARAH STANDS, BENDS DOWN, AND PICKS UP TWO BARIATRIC STEEL FOREARM CRUTCHES, HANDING THEM TO BETH, WHO USES THEM TO STAND. THE TWO MAKE THEIR WAY UP THE STAIRS AS THE LIGHTS FADE.

BLACKOUT.