

## QB-2

### *Synopsis:*

A back-up high school quarterback thinks he sees his coach doing something inappropriate with another student. Will “QB-2” inform on the coach on what he thought he saw? Or will he let it go and focus on the game of his life?

### *Characters: [only requires 4 actors]*

COACH: male, 34 years old, head coach of Marshall Crusaders [same actor can play REY as well]

IKE: male, 17 years old, back-up quarterback for Crusaders (QB-2)

REY: male, 17 years old, 3<sup>rd</sup> string tight end for Crusaders [same actor can play COACH as well]

JO: female, 17 years old, cheerleader for the Crusaders

VANCE: male, 15 years old, starting quarterback for the Crusaders

The actors can be of any race or ethnicity and perform their roles well. The high school characters would best be played by people in their 20s at the oldest, and if high school age actors are available, that would be even better.

### *Time:*

Present

### *Place:*

a city in the Midwest of the United States

## Scene 1

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

*IKE's house, the kitchen. IKE and REY are seated across from each other at the kitchen table. A black binder of plays lies open in front of REY, who is quizzing IKE.*

REY  
I Pro Right, Sprint Right 95. Who's your primary receiver?

IKE  
Slot.

REY  
Slot's running the fly. You mean the wideout.

IKE  
Right.

REY  
Ike.

IKE  
What?

REY  
You're a million miles away right now, man.

IKE  
I can't help it. Can we go over again what we know? The facts?

REY  
Really, Ike?

IKE  
I just don't think you appreciate the gravity of what I saw. What might have happened.

REY  
That's right. What *might* have happened.

IKE  
I mean, why would Jo be down there in the boy's locker room at all? At 1 in the afternoon. On a Sunday? It makes no sense. And then coach with that hickey on his neck...something's off, Rey. Something is seriously off.

REY  
You could be right. Then again, you could be very, very wrong.

IKE

Ok. But I at least need to tell someone. Teachers aren't even supposed to be with students unaccompanied *during the school day*. That's policy.

*Beat.*

REY

I don't know what you want me to say. You already heard what I think...All I know is that you don't know Pro formation right now.

IKE

Really? That's what you got for me? I don't know Pro formation?

REY

What? You don't. And you've got your first varsity start this Friday. Oh, by the way, it's state.

*IKE stands up, walks to the sink. Puts hands on the counter.*

IKE

I can't concentrate right now. [*turns back to REY*] I got to figure out what I'm going to do.

REY

Why you gotta do anything?

IKE

Coach might be a predator!

REY

A *predator*? I mean I hate Connors more than anybody, but predator? That doesn't even make sense. If he was a predator, then why wouldn't Jo tell you he's creeping on her when the two of you were walking up the stairs, alone? Five minutes after something *supposedly* happened?

IKE

I don't know. Maybe she likes the attention. That doesn't mean Coach isn't a predator...All I'm saying is I think I need to tell someone what I saw.

*Beat.*

REY

You mean snitch.

IKE

Don't do that, Rey.

REY

Don't do what? You can dress it up however you want: you're talking about snitching on Coach and the starting quarterback's sister.

IKE

Really, Rey? That's what you've got for me in my time of need: 'don't snitch'?

REY

I'm trying to be real with you. I would honestly lose respect for you if you snitched. I'm losing respect for you right now that we're STILL talking about this an *hour* after you mentioned it.

IKE

Are you kidding me?

*Beat.*

IKE

Seriously? Are you joking right now?

REY

Do I look like I'm kidding?

IKE

'Lose respect'. Like I don't know what's at stake. I got my ONE chance to be starting quarterback. I know that. I know that! If I tell what I know, that's gone. I know that. For this week, I'm the starting quarterback. And I could lose it if I say something. What have you got to lose, Rey? Last week, you were the 3<sup>rd</sup> string tight end? Did I miss something? Did you suddenly move up the depth chart? I come to you as my best friend, and you're talking snitching and losing respect?

REY

You don't take your own opportunity seriously. You don't have the guts to take it.

IKE

What's that supposed to mean?

REY

You know exactly what it means.

IKE

No, I don't.

REY

Then let me spell it out for you. Do you honestly believe yourself when you say you're thinking about snitching to protect Jo or be some kinda white knight? No. You're thinking about snitching because you're afraid of being the starting quarterback for a state playoff game. Just like you were afraid this summer at two-a-days when Vance transferred in. That job was yours for the taking—and you never fought for it.

IKE

That's what you really think?

REY

It's what I KNOW.

IKE

You're not my friend.

REY

[*ignoring IKE*] You remember two-a-days? How for that first week both you and Vance split snaps with the first team?

IKE

*[Advancing towards REY, tries to pick him up out of the chair.]* You need to go.

REY

*[shoves IKE away]* Take your hands off me.

*Beat.*

REY

You're going to listen to this. Two-a-days. You split snaps with Vance because Coach was still making his mind up about who was going to start. Everybody could see that. And when Vance played with the starters, you played scout free safety. Remember that?

*Beat.*

I do. Because I was there with you, on the scout team. This one play I remember so clearly. Vance audibles to some bullshit on the line, like he loves to do. He should have gotten sacked in the backfield, but he doesn't. He breaks free on a run downfield. I see you get an angle on him. You're sprinting and you're locked in. I know you can hit when you want to. You go in for the hit...and then, at the last possible second, you pull back. Like a bitch. Like a fuckin bitch.

*Beat. Two stare at each other. REY stands up.*

Coach never even blew his whistle. He didn't have to. You were ready to hand that job over to Vance on a silver platter before he took it.

*IKE lunges at REY. Rey shoves him back in to the table, and IKE falls to the ground.*

REY

Blow your own whistle, Ike, if that's what you want to do. Blow it as much as you like, like the snitch you are. I'm out.

*Leaves. Slams door.*

*IKE remains on the floor, dazed for a moment. Then lights down.*

## Scene 2

*NEXT MORNING, Marshall High School gym*

*COACH and IKE are wrapping up their workout. IKE faces the audience in his under-center stand. COACH is in the aisle stage right. We don't see him on the stage at first but hear his dialogue.*

COACH

*[calling out]* 3 step drop, back in the flat. Go!

*IKE takes a quick drop and fires a pass which COACH catches and tosses immediately back to IKE.*

COACH

*[backing up a few yards in the aisle.]* Good. 5 step drop, inside curl. Go!

*IKE takes his 5 step and fires a tight spiral which COACH again catches and tosses back to him.*

COACH

*[backpedaling towards back of theater]* Let's go deep. 7 step, flag to corner.

*IKE takes 7 step drop, throws a beautiful arcing spiral to the farthest corner of the theater. COACH catches it and runs the ball up the aisle back to the stage with IKE.*

COACH

Looking good. Short and long game both looking good.

IKE

Thanks, Coach.

*Beat.*

COACH

Listen, Ike. I want to tell you something.

IKE

Ok.

COACH

I want to tell you something and I don't want you to freak out, ok?

IKE

Ok.

COACH

As a coach who's been in the conference for 8 years now, I know a few scouts. Now a number of those would be at Friday's game no matter what. After all, it's state. But I wanted to let you know that I invited two more specifically to watch YOU play. St. Thomas and Macalester. Both have offenses that fit really well with your style. Now you know both are D-3, right?

IKE

Right.

COACH

So, D-3 schools can't *technically* give athletic scholarships, but if the student is pretty good academically—which you are—they can make the funding work out. A number of our kids have gotten free rides to play there. Remember Ryan last year? And Felipe your sophomore year?

IKE

Really?

COACH

Really. Like I said, I'm not saying this to freak you out. I just wanted to let you know I'm looking out. I know this is a big opportunity for you. I want to do everything I can so it pays off.

IKE

Thanks, coach.

COACH

Of course. Just stay focused this week. You'll do great come Friday.

IKE

Yes sir.

*Beat.*

Uh, coach...can I ask you a question?

COACH

Shoot.

IKE

Don't take this the wrong way, but yesterday in the locker room...

*Beat.*

COACH

Yes. Yesterday in the locker room?

IKE

I don't know how to ask this...

COACH

I think I know what you want to ask.

IKE

You do?

COACH

You're wondering why Jo was down there with me, alone, in the locker room. Right?

IKE

Yeah...I kinda felt like I might have been intruding on something.

COACH

You weren't. You absolutely weren't.

And I appreciate you coming to me with this, man to man. That's really mature, Ike. Really mature.

I understand how that might have looked, but I know the family well. I used to coach Vance in a summer league. Basketball. Stop by their house all the time to check in on 'em.

You know, to be honest, to the point where I worry sometimes about perception of other students here at Marshall? And here, right here, is a perfect example of that.

IKE

I didn't know all that.

COACH

How could you? That's just it. I try to keep my friendship with the family on the dl. I know the guys on the team already think I favor Vance. Give him too much attention.

*Beat.*

Ike, I'm a happily married man. I've got a 9 month old at home.

IKE

I know. It was just. It was just weird seeing you with that hickey.

COACH

What?

IKE

The hickey [*gestures*]. On your neck.

*Beat.*

COACH

Oh my god. Oh my god. And you thought? [*laughs*] You thought [*really laughing now*] You thought? Wow...this is embarrassing. Oh my god. When I tell Jesse, she's going to get a kick out of this—or die of embarrassment.

IKE

It was from Jesse?

COACH

Of course it was from Jesse! Ike. Jo is 17 years old. I'm a married man.

IKE

I know, Coach. I just...I just didn't know what to think.

COACH

Wow. Ike. Just wow. I am SO glad you came to me with this.

IKE

Me too.

COACH

I mean, I can't imagine what was going through your head. To be carrying that? That's heavy, Ike.

IKE

It was a long night.

COACH

The hickey! [*laughs*] My god.

Seriously, though, Ike. Here's what's on my mind: I'm thinking of Jesse, I'm thinking of my baby, and State. And how you're going to pick apart Concord's cover-2. That's me, Ike. Open book.

IKE

I believe you. Thanks for talking with me, coach.



COACH

Of course.

You sure you're okay? That's some heavy stuff you were imagining. Are we alright?

IKE

We're cool. We're okay.

COACH

You sure?

IKE

I'm sure, coach. I'll see you at practice.

COACH

Yes. See you soon.

*Beat.*

*[calling out]* the hickey!

### Scene 3

*LATER AFTERNOON, AFTER FOOTBALL PRACTICE.*

*School parking lot. IKE is getting ready to unlock his car.*

JO

*[calling out]* Ike! Hey, Ike!

IKE

*[turns]* Oh. Hi, Jo.

JO

I've been looking for you all day.

*Beat.*

I want to talk more with you about yesterday...I feel like you might have got the wrong idea about that moment. Like you think something happened.

IKE

Did something happen, Jo?

JO

See! That's what I'm saying! You *do* think something went down.

IKE

Now I do.

JO

What do you mean ‘now you do’?

IKE

Why are you talking to me, Jo? Now, all of a sudden?

JO

You serious? You think something happened? Between me and coach. You’re really serious?

IKE

Why were you at school on a Sunday, Jo? Hanging out in the boy’s locker room?

JO

I was picking up my brother’s playbook.

IKE

Ok.

JO

What’s that supposed to mean, ‘ok.’ I’m telling you the truth!

*Beat.*

IKE

You remember our freshman year, Jo? How we both had Spanish fifth hour?

JO

What do I care about freshman year? You’re saying I’m sleeping with Coach Connors!

IKE

Didn’t think so. Anyway, we did. And we were both in Geometry that year, too, though different sections. I had it in the day, you had it early. Want to know how I remember that?

*Beat.*

How I know is because *one* class period out of the whole year, you came up and talked to me. You were asking for help on Geometry homework. Review packet, you said. It was like a study hall that period or something. I helped you finish it all. Every problem in the packet. And then, later that day, I went to Geometry class. Came to find that that ‘review packet’ wasn’t a review at all. Next day it all came clear: I’d been helping you get the answers to the test. I bet you and your friends all got a good laugh about that. And good scores, too.

JO

I don’t remember that. I’m not saying it didn’t happen. I’m just saying I don’t remember it.

IKE

What is that, Jo? “I don’t remember it.” Right. You don’t remember. Just like you don’t remember anything about Coach, except getting a playbook for your brother. Excuse me if I got my doubts.

JO

Like I said, I don’t know all this about Geometry. I do know you didn’t see what you think you saw on Sunday.

IKE

That's just it. I didn't see ANYTHING—except that hickey you gave coach.

*Beat.*

But we both know that isn't any kind of evidence. So you don't got anything to worry about. I won't snitch. I'm not a snitcher, don't have the courage for it.

*[Starting to raise his voice]* Just like with Geometry. I knew you played me. I could a told somebody. But did I? Nah. I kept quiet. And that's what you want right now, right? You want to make sure I'll be quiet. Why else would you be here? Talking to me? You haven't talked to me since freshmen year. But I'll be quiet, Jo. You don't have to give me anything—

JO

Who said anything about giving—

IKE

*[talks over JO, almost yelling]* That's right. I'll keep quiet now just like I kept quiet when your brother took my job this summer. I'll lay down now like I laid down then—

JO

*[talks over]* What the fuck, man, you're crazy—

IKE

*[talking over JO]* And all I want anyway is to tell you what I'm going to tell you now. You're a USER, Jo. You're not a good person. I used to have a crush on you, you know?

JO

User?

IKE

You deaf? USER. U – S – E – R . You use people to get what you want. So what do you want now? Silence? Ok, you got it. I can't prove anything anyway. I didn't see anything. Hickey? What hickey? Playbook? What playbook? We never talked. We never saw each other, not since freshmen year. Nah. We never even talked then. I don't even know you. Jo? Who's Jo?

JO

I didn't do anything with Coach, Ike.

IKE

Liar.

JO

What did you just call me?

IKE

I said you're a liar. A user and a liar. And what you THINK is that as long as YOU don't admit to yourself what you did, other people can't know it either. But I can. I see it.

JO

You don't know me!

IKE

Don't tell me what I do and don't know! YOU came to ME, remember? Don't talk to me about knowing people. I see what I see. I know what I know. You're a USER, Jo. Coach is a user, too. Maybe you think he LOVES you or something, but he's using you. Using you to take the sting out of his bullshit failing marriage and his wife and the baby he didn't want to have. He's an escape artist, Jo, not a man. You're his distraction.

*JO slaps him, hard.*

JO

Don't ever talk to me again.

*Walks away.*

IKE

You came to me, remember?

*Lights down.*

#### Scene 4

*NEXT DAY. Hallways of Marshall High, empty of people. REY is in the hallway following IKE, a half-step behind, trying to keep up.*

REY

Seriously? You stand me up for a ride and now this? Silent treatment? I had to wait fifteen minutes for the 21, man. Fifteen Minnesota minutes!

*Beat. [They continue walking.]*

REY

And the next day you're still all high and mighty. Man, I'm your friend! I want to talk to you. I've GOT to talk to you.

*Bell rings. IKE stops.*

IKE

You mind? This is me—and I'm late now, too.

REY

I got a pass.

IKE

Right. You and your 'passes.' No thanks.

*IKE walks past REY and enters a classroom, leaving REY alone.*

REY

Would it kill him to have one OUNCE of understanding? Like it ain't all rainbows and sunshine for ME. I can tell you that. It really isn't.

*REY considers the small piece of paper in his hand.*

REY

Here goes nothing.

*He walks a few rows of lockers down the hall, knocks on a closed class door. Someone comes who we don't see, the teacher.*

I got a pass for Vance Dawson. Coach Connors wants to see him.

*REY hands pass to the teacher, there is a pause and then VANCE shuffles his way out of the classroom on crutches. VANCE and REY watch the door close and walk a little further, past the class, toward a corner of the hallway.*

VANCE

Why did coach send YOU to get me?

REY

He didn't. I wrote the pass myself.

*VANCE tries to club REY with one of his crutches, but REY sees it coming and dodges. He helps VANCE recover his balance afterward by lifting him up, then gives him back the crutch that slipped out of his hand.*

VANCE

Why are you messing with me?

REY

I'm not. I need to talk to you.

VANCE

Then talk.

REY

I...uh...this ain't easy...I think Coach is getting with your sister.

*VANCE braces himself against a locker and this time successfully whacks REY upside the head with his crutch.*

VANCE

Man, fuck you.

*REY recovers, stands up.*

REY

You done?...Look, Sunday afternoon, Ike and Luke and me were running through plays. When we finished, Ike realized he forgot his playbook in the locker room. When he went down to get it, he saw the two of them alone, together. He didn't see anything happening, but he thought it was weird. He wanted to tell people what he saw. I said...I said, no. I didn't think he should say nothing.

*VANCE makes a kind of weird noise, like words about to come up, but nothing.*

But then yesterday after practice I saw her in the parking lot. She came after Ike. Like came up to him, demanding shit. Yelling at him. She slapped him, man. And that got me thinking, why is Jo Dawson coming up to Ike? They're not friends.

VANCE

That's one thing you got right.

REY

Something's off. I still don't like you, Vance...But if it was my sister—I'd want to know. And Ike's not going to say anything. I kept telling him—

VANCE

I don't want to hear about that. I don't care about Ike.

REY

I told him to keep quiet. Not to snitch.

VANCE

Snitch? Are you serious? *Snitch?* That's my sister!

REY

I'm sorry.

VANCE

Snitch? SNITCH?

*Beat. [The two stare at each other.]*

Why you still standing there?

REY

What do you mean? Why are YOU still standing there?

VANCE

*I'm the one on motherfucking crutches, man! Get out of my way before I fuck you up. And your bitch-ass friend!*

*Rey steps aside. Watches VANCE return to class. Lights down.*

## Scene 5

*NEXT DAY. Morning in a Marshall High classroom.*

*COACH, IKE, and VANCE are watching film again, this time of Concord's defense.*

COACH

Alright. Check this out: their middle linebacker, Pasquale, is blitzing here...see that? Which foot is he leaning on?

IKE

Right.

COACH

That's right. Now check this out. [*Fast forwards through some film.*] Which foot this time?

IKE

Left.

COACH

[*Lets the film play.*] Did he blitz?

IKE

Nah...he was faking.

COACH

I watched him this whole tape. He's consistent. Leans on his right: blitzing. Leans on his left: faking. Watch for that on the seam routes, Ike. We can kill 'em there. And Sims, their free safety, is the same. Remember Sims, Vance? [*smiles*]

*Vance is silent.*

COACH

Remember, the one who couldn't hack it as quarterback when you left? Now he's playing free safety.

*Beat.*

COACH

What's wrong, Vance?

VANCE

Nothing.

COACH

You don't look like nothing's wrong. You tired?

VANCE

I just don't really need to be here, do I?

COACH

What do you mean?

VANCE

I mean, it doesn't really matter what I do now. I'm not playing on Friday.

COACH

You're helping Ike every day. I appreciate it. I know he does, too. We both know you know Concord better than anybody on this team.

VANCE

That's right. I know Concord. You came in and saved me from Concord, Coach. You saved me from those big bad Concord boys. Saved me and took me to Marshall to be with Jo. And I'm so HAPPY you saved me. So happy you saved us. I'm so happy. Jo and I—we're both so happy.

*Beat. COACH and IKE stare at VANCE.*

VANCE

Are you fucking my sister, Coach?

COACH

What'd you say?

VANCE

You heard me. You and my sister—you getting with her?

COACH

Are you out of your mind, Vance? No. I am not getting with your sister.

VANCE

Then I got a question for you. What was Jo doing in the BOYS locker room last Sunday afternoon? Tell me that, coach.

COACH

She told me she was coming to get your playbook.

VANCE

Nah, coach. You and I both know that's a lie. I've never FORGOT my playbook in the locker room. I study that shit every night before I go to bed.

IKE

Then what—

VANCE

*[speaking over]* Then what did my sister have? It was an extra. *[to IKE]* For fucking backups who are always losing their copy...

COACH

*[speaking over, raising voice]* You need to leave, son. This is not acceptable. I don't need to hear these accusations.

VANCE

*[slams a crutch on the floor]* Accusations? I'm talking FACT! Ike—you were there on Sunday. You saw that playbook. Did you not see a playbook in Jo's hand?

IKE

I did.

VANCE

Now I got TWO playbooks at my house, Coach. What do I need with two playbooks? I ain't even playing this week!

*Beat.*



*VANCE struggles to stand up on his crutches. Then rummages through his knapsack and pulls something out.*

VANCE

I came here tonight for one reason and one reason only. *[Takes out his football jersey.]* So long as you're coaching, I'm never suiting up for Marshall again.

*VANCE drops his jersey on the floor. Walks out of the room on his crutches. IKE stands up. Pauses, looks at COACH, then follows after. Lights down on room where COACH sits. Lights up on space adjoining, hallway. IKE approaches VANCE.*

VANCE

I don't want to talk to you.

IKE

Vance, listen!

VANCE

Get out of my way.

IKE

I'm sorry I never told you.

VANCE

Get the FUCK out of my way. I don't want to see you.

*VANCE shoves IKE into the locker. IKE falls, watches VANCE limp off stage.*

*Beat.*

IKE

*[to audience]* You want to know something?

*Beat.*

I never asked for this! I never did. Not in a million years did I ever ask for this. But still, here it was.

Now, I could sit here and lie to you. Say I saw my life or my future or whatever flash before my eyes. But, yeah, that'd be a lie. Cause I didn't see anything. I didn't have any moment of clarity. I just...I just...I don't know, something clicked. So, yeah. Maybe there wasn't clarity, but there was a click.

*IKE takes out his phone, punches a few buttons, puts it back in his side pocket. He rises, walks back to the classroom. Lights go back up on the classroom when IKE re-enters.*

COACH

*[rising]* I can't talk to you right now, son.

IKE

Just listen.

*Beat.*

I don't know about all that Vance was talking about just now.

COACH

What do you mean you don't know?

IKE

I mean I don't know.

COACH

You don't know?

IKE

I mean I don't know what Vance was talking about. I was there, too. Sunday afternoon, remember?

COACH

Yeah. I remember.

IKE

I saw the playbook. I saw Jo with a playbook. And just now I heard Vance say he already had a playbook at home. So now he's got two playbooks.

COACH

*[slowly]* Yeah. He's got two playbooks.

IKE

He's got two playbooks. So, the way I see it, maybe Jo thought he needed one? Didn't know he already had one there. Made a mistake, you know? But I don't know why Vance just walked out.

COACH

You don't know?

IKE

That's right, coach. I don't know. I don't know why he just walked out like that. I know we've got a state playoff game on Friday and I'm the starting quarterback. I know that. I know I'm going to pick apart Concord's cover 2.

*Beat.*

COACH

That's what you came back in here to tell me?

IKE

Yes. And also I want to talk about Macalester and St. Thomas.

COACH

Ok.

IKE  
You said earlier this morning their scouts would be at the game.

COACH  
I did.

IKE  
That's nice. I think I want some other people there, too.

COACH  
You do?

IKE  
I do.

COACH  
Who'd you have in mind?

IKE  
Why don't you tell me, coach?

*Beat.*

COACH  
Uh...okay. Okay. Let's see. How about Carleton? I know the head coach there.

IKE  
Carleton's good. Who else?

COACH  
And...let me see...let me see...I could get Hamline, too.

IKE  
Isn't Hamline D-3?

COACH  
Sure. But they got money like the other ones.

IKE  
Ok. Who else?

COACH  
Yeah. Who else? I know. I can get Morehead State. And St. John's too.

IKE  
Good. And I want the personal touch, too. Give 'em that Coach Connors charm.

COACH  
Of course.

IKE  
And you said full-ride this morning, right? That I could get a full-ride scholarship?

COACH

Definitely, Ike. With your skill set and your booksmarts, we can get you a full-ride to any of those schools. And we know you're going to be fine Friday. We know that. You're right—you're going to pick apart that cover 2.

IKE

Yeah. I will.

*Beat.*

COACH

Ok. So I want to make sure we're on the same page, Ike.

IKE

Sounds good.

COACH

What I understand is that I'm going to hustle to get you more scouts for Friday, and a full-ride scholarship. And also I understand that you don't know about what Vance was saying just now? That you don't know why he walked out of this classroom?

IKE

That's right. That's what you were trying to tell me this morning, right?

COACH

That's right. That's what I was trying to tell you this morning.

IKE

Sometimes I'm a little slow, coach.

COACH

That's okay...But we got a deal now, though?

IKE

We got a deal.

*COACH and IKE shake.*

IKE

See you at practice.

COACH

See you, Ike.

## Scene 6

*NEXT DAY. Scene opens on closed office door in Marshall hallway. The word PRINCIPAL is written on the door. There is a pause of a second or two where the stage is empty, then IKE emerges from behind the PRINCIPAL's door. He looks both ways down the hallway, then after a moment decides to walk towards STAGE*

*LEFT. REY enters on a little jog from the opposite end. He falls in step with IKE. After a moment...*

REY

*[gestures to door]* You, too, huh?

IKE

I really don't want to talk to you.

REY

I said, *you, too.* *[gesturing again.]*

IKE

I heard you the first time, Rey.

REY

And you don't have any curiosity about what I mean?

IKE

No. I don't.

REY

That's cold, man.

IKE

Don't you have somewhere to be? Class, maybe?

REY

Man, I said—*[grabs IKE by the shoulders, then points to the PRINCIPAL's door again]*—YOU, TOO.

IKE

Rey, I really don't have time—wait, what?

REY

I WAS THERE, TOO. Earlier this morning.

IKE

Why?

REY

Come on. We both know Vance isn't going to say shit. And I had something to tell.

IKE

You mean snitch.

REY

That's fair...No, Ike. Not snitch. Tell. Which is what you were talking about Sunday when I lost my shit. And I'm sorry.

*Beat.*

IKE

I don't even know if I did the right thing now. If we did the right thing. It's not like this was rape or something. I think you're right about Jo. I think she WANTED to get with coach. And now I'm done with football. No state. No nothing.

REY

Wait...you turn your jersey in yet?

IKE

Nah. But I'm not going to practice this week. Principal said she's going to look "very seriously" into what I was saying. Bringing in investigators—

REY

She said that to me, too.

IKE

But did she say anything about what would happen to coach?

REY

Nope.

IKE

That's what I thought. He might still be coaching through the end of the season. I really don't want to be in the same room with him.

REY

Ok. I hear that...but what if I had another idea?

IKE

No, Rey.

REY

Don't say no before you've even heard it!

IKE

I need to step away from this for a minute.

REY

Just listen...listen for one second. Then you can say no.

*Beat.*

Okay. So you still got your jersey, right? You got it right now, don't you?

IKE

Yeah. I do.

REY

I know the class he teaches this hour. What if you and me together—

IKE

No.

REY

Think how perfect that would be, like the perfect mic drop. It would be epic, people would be talking about the whole rest of the year.

IKE

I'm not doing that.

*JO enters stage right. She pauses in front of the principal's door and stares at IKE and REY.*

IKE

Hi, Jo.

*JO does not acknowledge the greeting. She turns from them and nods to herself before opening the door and entering the office.*

*Beat.*

IKE

We're not doing any mic-dropping today, Rey.

REY

You're right.

IKE

*[starts walking]* In fact, with all that's going on, I don't think I really want to go back to class today.

REY

Wait. We're skipping?

IKE

I'M skipping. I didn't say anything about you.

*They walk a few steps down the hall.*

REY

You still carrying your ball in there?

IKE

Yeah. I got it.

REY

Trips right. 999 fly. Better hit me in stride.

IKE

That's not even a real play.

REY

It is now. *["Lines up" and assumes a relaxed receiver stance alongside IKE]*

IKE

For the record, I still haven't forgiven you.

*IKE unzips his backpack and takes out a football. He nods at REY who takes off at a sprint down the hallway, then turns up the aisle. IKE fires a perfect spiral, which REY catches.*

REY

Touchdown! Touchdown! *[Tosses ball to audience member and starts to do a little dance in the aisle.]*

*We hear steps coming up stage right.*

VOICE

*[calling out]* Hey, what are you kids doing? No football in the halls!

IKE

Sorry! *[Runs off stage. Lights down.]*

## Scene 7

*NEXT DAY. Scene opens with spotlight on IKE. Direct address to audience.*

IKE

Rey and I, we needed that day. Needed to get out of Marshall for a minute, forget about all the heaviness. Just drove around all day, put the windows down, listened to music. Got some burgers.

But of course Rey took it too far. Used his fake to get us a case of MGD. Came by to pick him up this morning and he looked like death. Told me good luck. *Good luck.* Thanks, Rey.

All day at school I was nervous. No one said anything but I kept catching looks from my teammates. The conversations died when I came around. I kept my head down between classes. Never saw coach in school but I saw his truck, so I knew he was around. I thought I was in the clear, and then just as I was getting ready to go...

*Lights up on rest of stage. We see JO sitting atop the hood of IKE's car. She is looking at her phone.*

IKE

What are you doing?

*Beat.*

Jo, what are you doing on my car?

*Beat.*

JO

*[still looking at phone. Holds up hand to quiet him.]* One second...just looking up an address.

IKE

Why you looking up an address?

JO

It's for a place you're going to take me.



IKE  
I'm not taking you anywhere.

JO  
Yes, you are.

*Beat.*

*[back to looking at phone]* I heard about that tape you got of Coach trying to bribe you. Pretty slick.

IKE  
You need to get off my car, Jo.

JO  
*[looks up from phone]* Make me.

IKE  
I'm not going to force you.

JO  
What I thought you'd say. I'll get off when I want to get off. Bitch.

IKE  
You're the bitch! *[IKE approaches the car.]*

JO  
Oh, yeah? Want to make something of it?

IKE  
*[slams his hands on the hood.]* Get off my car!

JO  
Make me.

*Beat.*

Thought so.

IKE  
You know I don't feel sorry for you. Nobody forced you to mess around with Coach. You chose to.

JO  
That's right. I chose it myself...And then I asked you to keep it to YOURself. And you said you would? Didn't you?

IKE  
I changed my mind.

JO  
Ok. Well I'm MAKING up mine right here on your car....You stuck your nose all up in my business, so I thought I'd return the favor.

*[Looks back at her phone.]*

Here's how you're going to help me. *[Extends her phone so IKE can see the screen.]* Know where that is?

*Beat.*

IKE

You're crazy.

JO

You're going to hold my hand when I walk in the door. You're going to sit in the waiting room while it's getting done. You're going to comfort me on the ride home, saying 'it's okay, Jo. It's okay. Everything's going to be alright.' That's what you're doing for me.

IKE

I'm sorry, but I'm not doing those things.

JO

I'm not moving.

*Beat.*

IKE

I'm sorry, Jo. I didn't know.

JO

I don't need your pity. This is a simple matter of action and consequence, you know? ACTION: you're the one put this all on blast with that fuckin tape. If it weren't for you, coach could a been the one doing this with me. CONSEQUENCE: it's you who's going to take his place.

IKE

Does Vance know you're pregnant?

JO

Huh. That's good! No. Vance hasn't noticed much but Vance for about four years. And he never would have noticed about Coach and me at all if it weren't for your nosy ass. And your boyfriend Rey.

IKE

Can you please get off my car?

JO

*[mocking]* 'Can you PLEASE get off my car?' I'll get off when you promise to take me to the clinic. And then I'll ride shotgun and tell you where to make your turns.

*Beat.*

IKE

I don't think you really want to do this, Jo.

JO

Ooh...thank you. Thank you for that concern.

IKE

I'm serious, Jo. I mean, Coach is the one pressuring you to do this, isn't he? He's got a 9 month old at home. He's the one who wants you to do this. Wants to destroy the evidence he did things with you.

JO

That's real nice, Ike. *Evidence*. You really got a way with words—

IKE

That's not how I meant it—

JO

You're more fucked up than I thought you were. *Evidence?* I thought you were supposed to be *nice* or something.

*Beat.*

IKE

You need to get off my car, Jo. I'm not afraid to move you.

JO

Then do it.

*Beat.*

*IKE tries to grab hold of JO's legs but she kicks him in the side of the ear. IKE retreats for a moment then returns.*

IKE

I'm getting you off that car.

JO

Go ahead then.

*IKE fakes one way and catches JO off guard. He burrows in and scoops JO in to his arms. Take her off, kicking and yelling. Both are breathing heavily.*

JO

Why do you care so much about this fuckin baby?! It's COACH's baby. Coach is a PREDATOR, Ike. You REPORTED him.

IKE

I just think you need to wait. Before you do anything. And you're just a kid.

JO

Right. I'm a kid. So how I'm going to take care of a kid?

IKE

I don't know.

*Beat.*

JO  
You still got a little crush on me, don't you?

IKE  
Yeah, that's right. I got a crush on you.

JO  
It's true! You coulda just gone and got campus security. But no. You wanted to GRAB HOLD of me. See what it felt like. How was it, Ike? To actually touch me? How'd did it feel?

IKE  
You are a crazy and an evil woman, Jo.

JO  
And you're not as much of a bitch as I thought you were.

IKE  
High praise.

*JO sneaks around IKE and plants herself back up on top of the hood. IKE tries to scoop her up again. She kicks out at him again.*

JO  
I can do this all night.

IKE  
I can't. I've got shit to do. *[Checks his own phone.]* Another five minutes, and I'm driving out of here. Ride on my hood if you want.

JO  
That's real fuckin noble. I got a baby here!

IKE  
What do you care? You're going to the clinic anyway.

*Beat.*

JO  
Why are you in such a hurry to get out of here? I mean, you already quit the team. It's not like you got practice to go to or something.

IKE  
That's right. I don't have practice any more. But the other guys do. For all I know, Coach might, too. That's his truck right over there. *[gestures]*

*Beat.*

JO  
Are you afraid of him? Afraid to see Coach?

IKE

Hell yes, I'm afraid! You understand what I did? I quit the team and informed on the coach. Two days before STATE PLAYOFFS. And I'm the quarterback.

JO

Huh. I guess I thought you were a lot more brave about all this.

IKE

Well, I'm not. I'm scared. And I don't know what Coach is going to do now.

*Beat.*

Can you please, please, PLEASE just get off my car, Jo?

JO

Can you please take me to the clinic? For real. It would be a big help.

IKE

Look. What if, what if we both agreed to put that on hold for a second.

JO

What do you mean put that on hold?

IKE

I mean, say we talk about it later.

JO

What, like tomorrow? You trying to ask me out?

IKE

No, Jo. I'm asking to keep the conversation going. But in the car. We keep talking this through but not in a place where I'm paranoid about—shit. Shit shit shit.

*IKE stares out STAGE LEFT. We can see COACH enter the scene. He stares, hard at IKE, for a long, quiet three or four seconds. COACH walks off stage. We hear a car door slam and engine come to life.*

JO

He was just looking at YOU. He didn't even, he didn't even...I mean he didn't even look...

IKE

*[approaches JO on the hood]* Come on, Jo.

*IKE holds his hand out. After a moment, JO takes it, and he helps her down off the hood. He puts his arm around her shoulder and walks her around to the other side of the car. He opens the door for her, and she gets in. He closes it and gets in the driver's side. We hear him start the engine. Lights down.*

THE END