

**BETTER FOOTBALL THROUGH  
HIGH SCHOOL CHEMISTRY**  
*TEN-MINUTE VERSION*  
**By Murray Austin**

Copyright © 2010 by Murray Austin, All rights reserved.  
ISBN: 1-60003-X

**CAUTION:** Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

**RIGHTS RESERVED:** All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS:** All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

**AUTHOR CREDIT:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

**PUBLISHER CREDIT:** Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

*Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC*

**COPYING:** Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

**BETTER FOOTBALL THROUGH  
HIGH SCHOOL CHEMISTRY**  
**TEN – MINUTE VERSION**

by  
Murray Austin

*(Coaches MURPHY and TANNER pace, looking out, clapping)*

MURPHY: *(toward field)* Come on, Mo. Ram it down their throats.

TANNER: Let's play as a team. Show some chemistry out there...  
some chemistry, guys.

MURPHY: *(to TANNER)* This is ridiculous. We're losing to the worst  
team in the conference.

TANNER: Second worst.

MURPHY: *(concedes with a hand gesture)* Their middle linebacker is  
a girl. A girl, for crying out loud. Can you believe the league  
allowed this travesty?

TANNER: Didn't you vote for it, Coach?

MURPHY: How did I know she'd have long blonde curls flowing  
everywhere? They're distracting our players.

TANNER: Not as much as those high heels.

MURPHY: *(to field)* Make her wear some cleats, ref!

TANNER: Here's the play. *(claps)*

MURPHY: *(claps)* Let's do some damage, guys. We need a first  
down.

TANNER: *(pauses, watching; this line and MURPHY's next line  
should be spoken simultaneously)* Atta boy, Mo. Let's see what  
you're made of. Tough it out, man. Tough it out.

MURPHY: *(pauses, watching; this line and TANNER's previous line  
should be spoken simultaneously)* Get that victory, guys. Make  
something happen. We need a big play here.

TANNER: *(pause, watching)* There's the snap. It's a handoff to Mo.

MURPHY: That's it. Go Motown.

TANNER: Go.

MURPHY: Drive it. Get around that end.

TANNER: Good. You've got it. Now follow your blockers. Follow  
your blockers.

MURPHY: That's it. Now break back...(beat)...the other way...the  
other way.

TANNER: You're almost to open field.

MURPHY: You see it!

TANNER: You've got it!

MURPHY: You're right there!

TANNER: All yours, baby!

MURPHY: You're about to be a hero.

TANNER: Take us on home, Mo.

MURPHY: Go!

TANNER: Go!

MURPHY AND TANNER: (*jumping up and down*) Go... go! Yes... yes! It's... it's... (*both cringe*)... Eeee!

MURPHY: Tackled.

TANNER: For a loss.

MURPHY AND TANNER: (*both drop heads*) By the girl.

MURPHY: (*pause, shakes head*) The refs should remove her. This isn't a game for females. She could get hurt.

TANNER: She's doing most of the hurting out there, Coach.

MURPHY: (*to field*) Bully! (*to TANNER; sighs, resigned to his fate*) It's hard to believe. This is my last game as coach of the

Chickens. Superintendent said I'm history unless we win tonight.

TANNER: (*shakes head*) And after all you've done for this team.

MURPHY: Superintendent's right. I'm a terrible coach. First year I was here, we didn't gain a single yard from scrimmage.

TANNER: Ah... but the second season, we finally made a first down. (*dramatically, pointing like a referee would do*) First and ten!

MURPHY: Other side was offside.

TANNER: (*shrugs*) Still counts.

MURPHY: Barely.

TANNER: Your teams got better.

MURPHY: Oh sure. Third season we actually completed a forward pass.

TANNER: (*dramatically again*) First and ten!

MURPHY: (*pause, stares for a second*) The only time one of my players ever danced in the end zone was the year they held Homecoming Dance outdoors.

TANNER: This year is different, Coach. We've only lost one game so far.

MURPHY: We're playing our second game now.

(*TANNER starts to speak, then stops, shrugs.*)

(*pause, as THEY watch*) They're lined up again. Tommy Don is going back to pass.

TANNER: The line is blocking for him.

MURPHY: He's showing a lot of poise back there. . . a lot of poise.

TANNER: He's set up in the pocket.

MURPHY: Look down field, Tommy Don. Look down field.

TANNER: The receiver is wide open.

MURPHY: He's wide, wide open.

TANNER: Nobody near him.

MURPHY: By his lonesome.

TANNER: Put it up.

MURPHY: Heave it, man.

TANNER: *(pause to watch)* He's raring back, Coach.

MURPHY: He sees the receiver.

TANNER: Has him in his sites.

MURPHY: Tommy Don has a bead on him.

TANNER: *(both jumping up and down)* Go Tommy Don.

MURPHY: Go Tommy Don.

MURPHY AND TANNER: Go. . . go. . . go!

MURPHY: Pass that ball!

TANNER: Throw it now!

MURPHY: Put it up!

TANNER: You've got it, baby. You've got it!

MURPHY: This is it.

TANNER: The big six.

MURPHY AND TANNER: It's... it's... *(stop jumping)* ... Eeee!

MURPHY: Sacked.

TANNER: For a loss.

MURPHY AND TANNER: *(beat . . . heads drop)* By the girl.

MURPHY: *(beat)* I hate her.

TANNER: Probably on steroids.

MURPHY: *(deadpan)* Doubt it. She weighs 90 pounds. . . in full pads.

TANNER: *(pause, as THEY watch, shaking head)* It's 3<sup>rd</sup> down and 25. *(claps)* Let's play as a team, guys. Get some chemistry going out there.

MURPHY: Chemistry, my foot! Our guys don't have no chemistry. Chuck the hypochondriac takes his temperature before each play, Tommy Don's had three penalties for talking on his cell phone, and Mo completely ignored a handoff... *(sighs; angrily)* ... because he was writing a play...on the field!

TANNER: A play? Who performs plays these days?

*(Both MURPHY and TANNER turn slowly to the audience and shrug.)*

*(pause)* At least Perkins is playing with spirit.

MURPHY: (*sarcastically*) Yeah, that roughing the passer penalty was wonderful.

TANNER: Give the kid credit. He did show some hustle out there.

MURPHY: (*angrily*) That was *our* quarterback he tackled! You don't get hustle points for assaulting your own quarterback!

TANNER: (*pause, watching the field*) Why does everyone look confused out there? They're all staring at Tommy Don.

MURPHY: Call the play, Tommy Don. Call the play (*beat*) Perkins... what's wrong? What's happening out there? (*pauses, listening*)

What? (*pauses*) No. You can't be serious. Repeat that.

(*pauses*) French? Tommy Don is calling the play in French!?

(*BOTH COACHES slap hands to foreheads.*)

TANNER: Now I've truly seen everything.

MURPHY: Defeated because our quarterback wouldn't speak English.

MURPHY AND TANNER: (*shaking heads*) Only in America.

TANNER: (*pauses, watching*) They're finally lining up.

MURPHY: Tommy Don... call it in English. Call the play in English! (*beat*) I don't care if it's the language of barbarians. It's your language! (*to TANNER*) I'm going to choke him.

TANNER: Here's the play, Coach.

MURPHY: He's going back to pass.

TANNER: Hope he actually throws it this time.

MURPHY: Wouldn't a beautiful touchdown pass from Tommy Don to Chuck knock the superintendent off his feet?

TANNER: I hope Chuck is okay out there.

MURPHY: Didn't know he was sick.

TANNER: Thinks he caught the Bird Flu.

MURPHY: Chuck didn't catch no Bird Flu.

TANNER: How do you know?

MURPHY: Chuck's our number one receiver, and he ain't caught nothin' all year. (*pauses, watching; this line and TANNER's next line should be spoken simultaneously*) Watch your blind side, Tommy Don. Someone keep an eye on that middle linebacker. Let's hustle, hustle, hustle!

TANNER: (*pauses, watching; this line and MURPHY's previous line should be spoken simultaneously*) We ain't at no picnic. Get out there and fight. Let's play some ball. Chemistry... keep that chemistry.

MURPHY: (*pauses, watching*) Tommy Don! Throw the ball!

TANNER: Put it up!

MURPHY: (*points, concerned*) Look. What is Chuck doing?

TANNER: He must be feeling better. Wow! Chuck is knocking everyone to the ground. That's great! (*puts hand up for high-five*)

MURPHY: (*ignores high-five*) That's terrible. We're on offense. (*beat*) Chuck is our receiver. He needs to get open.

TANNER: (*points*) There he goes. He's running downfield. I think Tommy Don sees him.

MURPHY: Oh no... the ball is loose.

MURPHY AND TANNER: Tommy Don fumbled!

TANNER: The ball is on the ground.

MURPHY: Grab it. Fall on it.

TANNER: Fall on it, guys.

MURPHY AND TANNER: Get that ball! Recover that ball!

MURPHY: (*beat*) Mo, put that pen and paper away. Go for the ball. (*desperately*) It's right at your feet! (*to TANNER, excitedly, pointing*) Mo sees the ball. He's bending down to pick it up! He's got it. He's... he's...

TANNER: ...throwing the ball down so he can write something. (*pause*) Oh no! (*beat*) Wait! Tommy Don scooped the ball up. He's got it, Coach. He's scrambling.

MURPHY: Chuck's breaking away. He's wide open. Tommy Don! Don't hold the ball. Don't hold it. Pass that ball. Pass it!

TANNER: He looks like he's really going to throw it this time.

MURPHY: His arm is back.

TANNER: He's setting his feet.

MURPHY: He has a target.

TANNER: Throw it.

MURPHY: Throw it.

MURPHY AND TANNER: Pass that ball!

TANNER: (*pause*) Oh no! That girl is breaking through the line.

MURPHY: (*beat*) Block her! Somebody block the girl! (*beat*) Not you, Tommy Don! You throw the ball. (*beat*) Stop flirting with her. (*pauses, disgusted*) She's the enemy. (*beat*) I don't care if you think her high heels are cute. Was she cute when she body-slammed you...

MURPHY AND TANNER: ... for a loss!?

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from BETTER FOOTBALL THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL CHEMISTRY-TEN MINUTE VERSION by Murray Austin. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:***

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC  
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406  
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011  
[www.brookpub.com](http://www.brookpub.com)**

Do Not Copy