

JOCK TALK

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
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CAST: GEORGE and JOE

“George” plays the show host as well as the commercial announcer.

“Joe” plays the show guests and the commercial response guy.

All the action takes plays “on the air.”

GEORGE: **(as a radio commercial voiceover, very “stagey”)** Do you suffer from arthritis?

JOE: **(in response, wimpy)** Ow!

GEORGE: Afraid to go out in public?

JOE: **(shouting)** Shut the door!

GEORGE: Overactive bladder?

JOE: **(shouting for help)** Cleanup in aisle three!

GEORGE: What about high cholesterol?

JOE: Links *and* patties, please.

GEORGE: Are you depressed? **(no answer, JOE turns away, GEORGE gets more threatening)** I said, are you depressed?

JOE: I have arthritis, social anxiety, high cholesterol, and an overactive bladder. You tell me.

GEORGE: Chances are if we cure the bladder thing we can get rid of the anxiety problem along with it. Anything else bothering you?

JOE: I can't keep my medicine straight.

GEORGE: **(like a pitchman)** That's why we make Curatex. It cures everything – even... if you don't already have it.

JOE: Side effects?

GEORGE: Curatex has no side effects. **(laughs)** That we know of. Well, it turned my sister into a horse, but she didn't have far to go. Here.

(hands him a bottle, or pantomimes it)

JOE: **(Trying to open it)** I can't open the bottle. I have arthritis, you know.

GEORGE: **(takes it back, says gleefully)** Then there's nothing we can do for you.

JOE: Why did you put arthritis medication in such a hard to open bottle? Who's got the hateful sense of humor?

GEORGE: You have to want it, boy! Now, if you'll meet me at the “arthritis sufferers discussion group...”

JOE: I can't, that would mean I had to go out in public!

GEORGE: Well... we don't want you out in public, sir. Just stay home and suffer. **(the commercial is over and he's turned into a radio talk show host)** I'm George Cheever – your host for... Jock Talk, the show that brings sports into your living room, and drives your wife out of it.

JOE: **(as a male listener)** Honey, come back! You haven't cooked me dinner yet! **(as wife)** Cook it yourself! **(as husband)** I can't cook. **(as wife)** You can certainly eat! **(as husband)** Honey!! **(as wife)** Goodbye!

(as a door slams, JOE is startled.)

GEORGE: **(shooting JOE a look)** Finished? Our special guest today is the Rams quarterback, Jim Karnowski. Now, Mr. Karnowski-

JOE: **(as Jim)** Call me Jim.

GEORGE: Of course, Mr. K. We'll call you whatever you want. But, right now, people are calling you... loser! Since taking over the position of quarterback, you've failed to win a game. Failed to score a touchdown. Failed, in fact, to gain even a single yard. To what do you attribute this?

JOE: Well George, I think the problem might be that-

GEORGE: **(aggressive)** I think we want some answers, Mr. K. We want honesty. We don't want you hiding behind the company line and making excuses for your poor performance. **(more friendly)** This is Jock Talk! You're among friends here.

JOE: I might attribute it to...

GEORGE: Might? I don't think “might” is going to cut it with this audience, **(a bit too mean spirited)** Jimmy-poo.

JOE: **(tired of GEORGE by now)** ... to the fact that I haven't started playing yet!

GEORGE: **(surprised)** What?

JOE: I just took this job, you freakhead!

GEORGE: Oh, so you're inexperienced – not to mention arthritic – and you're our only hope!

JOE: Arthritic?

GEORGE: **(hands him a bottle)** Here, open this!

JOE: **(tries unsuccessfully to open it)** I can't.

GEORGE: Yet you think you can lead the Rams to the Super Bowl!

JOE: The team is 0 and 12. I'm just trying to lead them to fourth place.

GEORGE: **(makes a judgement)** Arthritic.

JOE: Did you glue this shut?

GEORGE: **(taunting)** Arthritic...

JOE: Ow!

GEORGE: Shy.

JOE: Go away!

GEORGE: Not to mention an overactive bladder.

JOE: Be right back!

GEORGE: I'd like to know how you're going to run even one series of plays without taking all your timeouts to use the Johnny On The Spot!

JOE: I think you're confusing me with someone else.

GEORGE: I think we should take some phone calls.

JOE: **(like a kid)** I don't want to talk to anyone!

GEORGE: Social Anxiety Disorder. S.A.D. **(answers a phone)** Good afternoon, you're on Jock Talk. Any questions for Mr. Karnowski?

JOE: I won't want to-

GEORGE: **(as a caller, a droopy middle aged man)** Mr. Karnowski, I want to welcome you to our team. But why, why did you do this to yourself? You're just going to lose. It's all we ever do. Lose, lose, lose.

JOE: **(manly and heroic)** Not if I can help it.

GEORGE: **(still as caller)** I don't think – Jim – that you can help it. How old are you, anyway. 45? We're doomed! Doomed! Gotham City is doomed! **(starts to cry, then comes back as GEORGE)** Time for another call.

JOE: Can't we take a break?

GEORGE: Already?

JOE: I have to renegotiate my contract.

GEORGE: We'll be right back, with more... Jock Talk. **(as pitchman)** Are you driving a lemon?

JOE: Squish.

GEORGE: A clunker?

JOE: Klunk.

GEORGE: A junker?

JOE: Blunk.

GEORGE: Why?

JOE: **(echoing)** Why?

GEORGE: **(echoing, building up)** Why... are you driving this car?

JOE: I'm not driving it. It doesn't work.

GEORGE: That's what Ted's Used Cars is for!

JOE: You mean Ted sells cars that don't work?

GEORGE: Of course! And to replace the car you have. The klunker.

JOE: Klunk.

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