



TOUCHDOWN JESUS

a play
by
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SAMPLE PAGES

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Characters

DT, aka "DOWNTOWN" DON MCGINN: (white male, early 30's) the glamorous quarterback, all southern charm and blonde hair,

WIL/ANGEL: (any ethnicity, male, early 30's) the responsible member of the team, radiating warmth, covering constant depression

FAZ/ANGEL: (white, male, early 30's) a massive lineman with a beard and bandana, ass-kicking enthusiasm incarnate

DEMON 1: (any ethnicity, female, 25-45) Football Player, Funeral Attendee, Assistant, Little Boy, Postal Worker, Ex, Marg*

DEMON 2: (white, male, 35-55) Football Player, Funeral Attendee, Back Pain, Announcer Bob, Businessman, Doctor, Coach

DEMON 3: (black, male, 25-40) Football Player, Funeral Attendee, Back Pain, Announcer Jimmy, Little Boy's Father, Snap, Nurse

*MARG: (any ethnicity, female, 25-45) a beautiful damaged woman, played by the same actress performing Demon 1 roles. However, Demon 1 does not lurk within Marg. She is her own person.

Time

Now, the beginning of the end

Place

Heaven and Hell on Earth

Notes:

- The Demons make all sound effects in the play: crowd noise, birdsong, musical underscoring, etc.
- Feel free to use any nursery rhyme that fits the meter and tone of the "Bags of blood" chant.
- "Turn Out the Lights" by Willie Nelson was sung by Don Meredith at the conclusion of Monday Night Football.

DOCTOR

So in addition to the eleven documented concussions, there were likely many more instances in your career where your brain was forcibly jammed up against one side of your skull, causing hearing loss, dizziness, etcetera.

DT

(to Doctor) Well, if we're driving down the field with a minute to play and I take a sack and it scrambles my eggs a little bit, I can't just come out of the game.

DOCTOR

Any successive blow to the head in the same contest would be especially damaging because of the brain's increased vulnerability.

DT

Not contest. Game.

DOCTOR

(looking up from his handheld) Excuse me?

DT

Can I get something for the pain?

DOCTOR

Vicodin, OK?

DT

Any Percocet? (beat) Vicodin's fine. Doc, if my tests are good, why do I feel ...?

DOCTOR

Unfortunately, the only way to detect long-term damage is via post-mortem examination.

DT

Say again? I'm sorry, I'm just a little off today.

DOCTOR

You would have to be dead.

DT

Oh.

A neighboring pool of light rises on a dingy back office. DT swivels his chair, looking across a desk at Demon 1. She is now a Postal Worker in a faded blue shirt.

POSTAL WORKER

I'm supposed to welcome you to the team.

DT

(beaming) Thank you.

POSTAL WORKER

You understand our compensation structure is nothing like what you're used to?

DT

Oh, I don't really need the money. Just gimme a uniform, some team spirit, a little cama-

POSTAL WORKER

Camaraderie, yes, you've said that.

DT

(out) After your funeral, I went looking for a job with more of a team focus.

POSTAL WORKER

You don't need the money?

DT

No, I'm pretty well set up.

POSTAL WORKER

You understand this is the United States Post Office?

DT

Yes, ma'am!

POSTAL WORKER

We work six days-a-week; we repeat the same tasks over and over ...

DT

That's great. I thrive on routine.

POSTAL WORKER

We endure contentious union meetings, paper cuts, heavy holiday catalogues, and then there are the dogs.

DT

I used to fight off 300-pound linemen. I can handle some yippy schnauzers.

POSTAL WORKER

Mr. Mi-Ginn, what you have to understand-

DT

(turning on the charm) Mick-Jinn, like with tonic.

POSTAL WORKER

I don't drink.

DT

Maybe you just haven't found the right cocktail.

POSTAL WORKER

Sir, what you have to-

DT

Call me DT.

POSTAL WORKER

DT?

DT

For Down-town. *(beat)* I used to throw the long ball ...

SNAP

(mock cheering) Down-town! Down-town! Down-town!

A third pool of light rises to reveal Demon 3 as Snap, a handsome black man in his late 30's. Nattily dressed in suspenders, dress shirt, and tie, Snap tosses a football to DT. DT jerks out of his job interview, swivels in his chair, and catches the ball. Snap cackles.

DT

What's so funny?

DOCTOR

(looking at handheld) Excuse me?

POSTAL WORKER

(doing paperwork) Nothing at all.

DT

(to Doctor and Postal Worker) I was talking to him. *(to Snap)* What's so funny, Snap?

SNAP

You, hillbilly. I was just thinking about you being a mailman.

DT

What's wrong with that? The uniform, the routine, the sacrifice for the squad ...

SNAP

(cackling) The squad? What, you're going to stamp the enemy to death? Send them a Priority Ass-Whupping?!

DT

(out) I know you never liked him as a teammate, Wil, me neither, but Snap had landed on his feet after retirement. And without you and Faz ...

SNAP

Now why would the MVP want to pack his old bones into a boxy white mail truck? You want a uniform, join the Army.

DT

The Army ...that's an idea.

SNAP

(cackling) Hillbilly, I was kidding. With your injuries, you probably wouldn't make it through an obstacle course without a chauffeur.

DT

I've gotta to do something where I can see the enemy.

SNAP

Nowadays if you can see the enemy, something is wrong. It's all remote now, covert, into a satellite phone, through a viewfinder. You're living in the wrong part of history.

DT

(to all Demons) History. That was the only thing I liked in school: kings and conquerors and whatnot ...I could see myself in the robes, shiny helmets, armor in the shape of muscles. One of my wives believed in reincarnation, said she could see my past, said I was a Roman soldier, then a warrior for Sitting Bull, then I was a dough boy in World War One. Do you believe in that stuff?

POSTAL WORKER

You have a degree in history?

DT

(turning to the Postal Worker) No, sports medicine.

DOCTOR

(stopping at a page in his file) It says here your psychiatrist has already prescribed Vicodin for you

DT

(turning to the Doctor) No kiddin'? How 'bout some Oxycontin, then?

DOCTOR

(reading from file) And a few months before that, Oxycontin ...

DT

Couldja just write me out a little somethin', Doc? I lost a family member recently.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry.

DT

Something to help me sleep?

DOCTOR

(reading from file) You should have plenty of sleeping pills.

DT

That was way back.

DOCTOR

She gave you several refills.

DT

Refills, right, I'll have to check the label. Sometimes my vision is a little fuzzy ...Just a little somethin' for the road? A sample?

DOCTOR

(sympathetic for the first time) I'm sorry for your loss. A parent?

DT

Sort of. Two of my teammates.

DOCTOR

(sympathy drains away) I assume you're in a line of work now that's less hazardous to your health.

DT

Me and my agents are, uh, looking at the offers that are still floatin' around out there. Thing is - I'm having some trouble concentrating.

DOCTOR

Well, I'll see you next time.

DT

Got any pills for concentration?

DOCTOR

Talk with your psychiatrist.

DT

Or light? The light bothers my eyes ...

DOCTOR

Let's do a follow-up in a few months.

DT

Do you like football? I can get you some seats.

DOCTOR

I have other patients waiting.

DT

Fifty-yard line ...

DOCTOR

No thank you.

DT

My momma used to have spells sort of like this, when she did the laundry before supper. Did I get it from momma?

DOCTOR

Have a pleasant day.

DT

I'm talking about my momma!