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All Sports Network— Quarantine Crisis Edition

By

WERNER TRIESCHMANN

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All Sports Network— Quarantine Crisis Edition

CHARACTERS

DREW (m. or w.)

MELODY (w.)

CINDY (w.)

RANDY (m. or w.)

BURGER TOWN EMPLOYEE #1 (m. or w.)

BURGER TOWN EMPLOYEE #2 (m. or w.)

BURGER CITY EMPLOYEE (m. or w.)

ROSS (m. or w.)

SPRAY SERGIO (m. or w.)

CHIP (m. or w.)

CHAMP (m. or w.)

CAROLE (w.)

AUTHORS' NOTE

This comedy comes about as a result of the desire to give performers something to perform with the traditional avenue of a stage and audience being unavailable. That said, I don't see any reason this play couldn't be performed on a stage with a set and lights. It seems clear that in the challenging circumstances of a virus quarantine the various theatre collaborators—director, performers, designers—will do what they have always done but more so—that is, use their imaginations to imagine and flesh out a world. Whether you stage this play on Zoom, Teams or in your cafeteria, I give you my blessing to make it your own and make it as compelling, funny and watchable as possible. Theatre makers have done the same as long as there has been theatre, and no stupid virus should make us all stop now.

All Sports Network— Quarantine Crisis Edition

(Camera up on DREW and on MELODY sitting in their respective rooms. Behind them is a single color background adorned with the ASN letters and logo. [This does not need to look polished—in fact, it would be better if it looked homemade.] DREW and MELODY might wear matching blazers with ASN letters and logos [again, homemade] or simply might be dressed and coifed as close to nationally broadcast sports anchors as possible.

BONUS ZOOM PRODUCTION ADDITION: Some kind of dramatic music intro, à la the ESPN Sports Center theme.

DREW and MELODY are perky, bright and most definitely on.)

DREW. Aaannnnndddd boomya!

MELODY. Boomya!

DREW. Welcome to another exciting, jam-packed edition of ASN, the All Sports Network. As always, I'm Drew "Big Boomya" Sands. And, as always, I'm joined at the ASN sports desk by Melody "All Action" Anderson.

MELODY. Shout out to ya, ASN Nation, the craziest of the crazed sports fans.

DREW. ASN salutes you all out there patiently waiting for all your sports news and action.

MELODY. We salute you!

DREW. Hanging with us. Dependent on us to give you what you want.

MELODY. What you have to have!

DREW. Which is, of course, sports action.

MELODY. Ring ring. Hello, who dis? SPORTS ACTION!

DREW. Merry Christmas. What did ya get? It's SPORTS ACTION!

MELODY. Thunder dunks!

DREW. In yo loser face, ya loser! Yabow!

MELODY. Bone-crushing tackles!

DREW. Owww, now that's gotta hurt!

MELODY. It certainly does.

DREW. Yes indeed, painful.

MELODY. Huge muscle cars going zoom-a-zoom around a track and then ...

DREW. Then ...

DREW & MELODY. CRASHES!

MELODY. Sweet, sweet crashes.

DREW. Yaargghhh! I'm on fire.

MELODY. Ha ha. That's right.

DREW. Sports!

MELODY. Action!

(DREW either holds a hand up to his ear to listen to an offstage producer or an arm comes in the frame to hand the paper update to DREW.)

DREW. OK. I'm getting word from our producer, Tim.

MELODY. Just to let you all know out there, Tim is our producer. We call him Tiny because we like to make fun of him. What's Tiny say, Drew?

DREW. Ummmm.

MELODY. What's our first, big-action sports clip here at All Sports Network? If we're lucky it will include an x-ray.

DREW. Melody?

MELODY. What is it, Drew?

DREW. There are no sports.

MELODY. C'mon. Sure there are, quit joking around.

DREW. This report just in. Today the National Football League canceled its season. Let me repeat that. The NFL canceled its season.

(MELODY either holds a hand up to her ear to listen to an offstage producer or an arm comes in the frame to hand the paper update to MELODY.)

(Before the announcement of each cancellation, you can have a new piece of paper being handed to MELODY or DREW.)

MELODY. Wait ...another cancellation. The MLB.

DREW. And now the NHL.

MELODY. And the NBA.

DREW. And the NCAA.

MELODY. And the PGA and LPGA.

DREW. And the HPPALOLAGP.

MELODY. The HPPALOLAGP?

DREW. Yes, I'm afraid the Hackensack Ping-Pong Alternative League of Left-handed Australians with Glandular Problems is also canceled.

MELODY. Gone. All gone.

DREW. No sports. Just virus. All gone.

MELODY. Oh no ...

DREW. Yeah.

MELODY. Boomya?

DREW. No boomya, Melody ... Wait, our diminutive, un-camera-worthy producer is telling me something. Apparently bowling—

MELODY. Bowling?

DREW. Yes, bowling is still rolling.

MELODY. That's consoling.

DREW. And it looks like our star reporter, Cindy Cain, is speaking with a winning bowler. Cindy, what do you have for us?

(Camera out on MELODY and DREW and up on CINDY, wearing nice clothes.)

CINDY. Hello, ASN sports fans! Cindy Cain here. I know something is wrong with the world because instead of talking to an international sports star, I'm talking to this bowling person. What's your name?

(Camera on RANDY, who has a sandwich in one hand.)

RANDY. Randy. I'm Randy. Am I on ASN?

CINDY. Yes. I'm star reporter Cindy Cain, and you are indeed on All Sports Network, Randy.

RANDY. Well all right! ASN! Hey, Ma! Look at me! Whoo!

CINDY. So you won your bowling thing here, I guess. How does it feel?

RANDY. It feels pretty darn good, I hafta say.

CINDY. Great. You know we at ASN usually cover the real sports.

RANDY. Hey, bowlin' is a real sport.

CINDY. My understanding is that you bowled your winning game while eating a grilled cheese and texting your girlfriend.

RANDY. Well, uh, that's true. But I still had to stand up there and throw the ball down the alley.

CINDY. Uh-huh. And you did that?

RANDY. I did. And I texted my girlfriend at the same time.

CINDY. Where was she?

RANDY. She was at the grocery store, Cindy.

CINDY. Did you remind her to get toilet paper?

RANDY. Oh no. I didn't. But, you know, I should have. Oh man!

CINDY. There you have it, Melody and Drew. The news from this bowling alley that smells like corn dogs and sadness is that I have hit a low point in my otherwise stellar career and a stupid bowler forgot to remind his girlfriend to get TP.

RANDY. Oh man!

(Camera back on DREW and MELODY, who are stunned at the report.)

DREW. Well that was a report I guess.

MELODY. A report with no action.

DREW. Yeah. No action whatsoever. And I, I, um, I guess that's all we have.

MELODY. No. No, that can't be all we have. That can't be.

DREW. That's it. Ahhh so good night, action sports fans.

MELODY. I'm going to be sick.

(Camera up on BURGER TOWN EMPLOYEE #1. Camera up on BURGER TOWN EMPLOYEE #2.)

BONUS ZOOM PRODUCTION ADDITION: Try to capture BURGER TOWN EMPLOYEES in a kitchen, perhaps next to

a refrigerator. See if you can have matching BURGER TOWN uniforms as costumes. This can be very simple such as an apron with a BT on it.)

BURGER TOWN EMPLOYEE #1. Hello. We know in this time of crisis that you're probably thinking about a lot of things.

BURGER TOWN EMPLOYEE #2. Where can I find toilet paper?

BURGER TOWN EMPLOYEE #1. Will I ever be able to touch my face again?

BURGER TOWN EMPLOYEE #2. Right. So you're probably not thinking about Burger Town.

BURGER TOWN EMPLOYEE #1. For all of us here at Burger Town in all our locations across the country, we want to tell you that that's ... messed up.

BURGER TOWN EMPLOYEE #2. You know it is.

BURGER TOWN EMPLOYEE #2. Yeah. Why aren't you thinking about us?

BURGER TOWN EMPLOYEE #1. Seriously. It's Burger Town!

BURGER TOWN EMPLOYEE #2. That is right. The reason we brought you this message today is that during this extraordinary crisis we ask you to—

BURGER TOWN EMPLOYEE #1. Think about us.

(Camera up on DREW. Now the background is a bland room in DREW's house. Around him are a couple of small green plants. DREW looks almost the same as he did at the opening.)

DREW. Uh, hi. Oh. Boomya. Welcome to a special virus edition of ASN, the All Sports Network. As always, I'm Drew Sands, but this time coming to you from *casa de Drew*. And, as always, I'm joined at the ASN desk—sorry—I'm joined by Melody Anderson from ... from ...

(Camera on MELODY, who is clearly in the bathroom in her house. MELODY, now wearing pajamas and with bad case of bed hair, is uncomfortable.)

MELODY. Yeah, I'm here. Why, I have no idea, but OK yeah. Shout out to ya, sports fans.

(We hear pounding on a door, and MELODY looks off in the direction of the noise.)

DREW. Everything all right, Melody?

MELODY. Yeah it's fine, Mr. Perky. Sheesh, some of us are just waking up, thanks.

DREW. Well, it's five in the afternoon.

MELODY. "It's five in the afternoon." Thanks for the update.

(Pounding continues.)

MELODY *(looking off in the direction of the pounding)*. The bathroom is occupied!

DREW. It's now official, sports are taking a break—the "Boomya" goes bye-bye for a bit—but we can report the All Sports Network isn't going away. We have quickly put together alternative programming and are happy to bring that to you, the ASN fans, "Boomya" Nation.

(Pounding continues.)

MELODY *(looking in the direction of the noise)*. Go to the bathroom outside. I don't care!

(Camera out on MELODY and DREW. Camera up on ROSS, a person with a big head of frizzy hair, like painter Bob Ross. ROSS is smiling and standing in front of a white canvas or a piece of poster board.)

BONUS ZOOM PRODUCTION ADDITION: Spacey, new-age music plays during this segment.

At the start, ROSS speaks deliberately with many pauses.)

ROSS. Heellooooo. *(Pause.)* Ross here with Paint Your Bliss. I know sports addicts expected grunting and sweating, but instead you get me. Let's paint some fluffy clouds and maybe a tree, and you will have mucho bliss. Follow me, and we'll have bliss together. Blissss. It's fun to say. Yes. When you have bliss, nothing bothers you. Even if—because of the virus—you're stuck in your house with your wife who likes to watch wrestling all the time. Anyway. We're here to paint our bliss and not complain about my wife. Yes. Let's get out first paintbrush.

(ROSS holds up a paintbrush.)

ROSS *(cont'd)*. Here at Paint Your Bliss we like to give our brushes names. It's a fun, silly thing. Silly. Fun. So here's Mr. Big Brush. Say hello to Mr. Big Brush. Isn't that fun? Bliss. Yes. What's that? Mr. Big Brush likes to talk a lot. Yes. Mr. Big Brush says he doesn't know why my wife likes all that wrestling. Oh, Mr. Big Brush, my wife probably likes the flashy costumes and the big, burly wrestlers with bald heads. She knows that it's fake, but she likes to turn it up real loud and sometimes she jumps up on the couch and tries to kick me in the face.

(ROSS has distressed look on his face.)

ROSS *(cont'd, speaking to the brush)*. Yes, Mr. Big Brush, I have spent a lot of time in the house. With the virus, I'm stuck here and can't go out and drown my sorrows in a

raspberry margarita now, can I? You are really being sassy today, Mr. Big Brush. I think you need to go in the time out drawer. Maybe you'll think about what you said today, Mr. Big Brush.

(ROSS puts the brush in a drawer or just tosses it aside and picks up a smaller brush.)

ROSS *(cont'd)*. Let's start instead with this little brush. I like to call him Steve. Isn't that silly? Fun. Bliss. Steve is a happy little brush unlike his bully friend, Mr. Big Brush.

(ROSS stops and looks at the brush.)

ROSS *(cont'd)*. What's that Steve? Oh you think Mr. Big Brush was right, do you? Then you can just join your friend.

(ROSS tosses Steve aside.)

ROSS *(cont'd)*. Let's paint those fluffy clouds. Bliss. This is fun. Now we're gonna have fun. Yeah.

(ROSS picks up another brush.)

ROSS *(cont'd)*. This brush doesn't have a name.

(ROSS quickly tosses the brush aside.)

ROSS *(cont'd)*. Sorry. That brush was really mean. OK. Just imagine fluffy white clouds. We don't even have to paint them. Imagine them floating in the air with no stupid wrestlers around. Yes, that's all the time we have for Painting Your Bliss. Silly. Fun. We made progress today, but next time we'll have brushes who won't talk so much. Bliss.