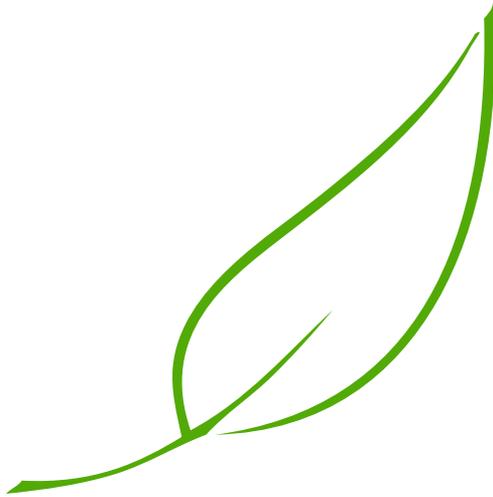


THE COACH

by Ken Bradbury



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Characters (2m, 1f): John, Brock, Reba

JOHN: Please! I'm begging you! You're the most beautiful girl in the whole world and my life means nothing without you!

BROCK: Oh, you're just saying that.

JOHN: No! No! I mean it! I've dated hundreds of girls but none of them could compare to you! Really!

BROCK: But how can I know you mean it?

JOHN: Look at my eyes! Look at the honesty in my eyes! I promise! I'd never lie about a thing like this. Please! Please go out with me!

REBA: (*who's been watching off to the side*) Hold it, hold it. That's terrible.

JOHN: Too much?

REBA: Too everything. Look, you can't get a date with Jessica by shouting at her.

JOHN: I was shouting?

REBA: Screaming.

JOHN: I think it's you, Brock. I just can't get it right ... you know ... talking to you.

BROCK: Did I ask for this job? Did I? No. You're the one who wants to take Jess to the dance, not me. I just wanna get out of here and go home. We eat supper at six.

JOHN: No ... please stay. I need you, Brock.

BROCK: That's embarrassing.

JOHN: I mean to take Jess's place.

BROCK: (*indicating Reba*) Why can't she do it?

JOHN: She can't. She's my coach. I need somebody to talk to and you're my best buddy. Come on. You make a great girl.

BROCK: I'm leaving.

JOHN: (*stopping him*) I mean you're a great actor. (*to Reba*) So what do I try next?

REBA: I don't know. Maybe something more romantic ... softer. Girls are gentle. They like soft talk.

JOHN: Soft talk.

BROCK: Talk to me softly.

JOHN: I know what she's saying! I just don't know how to do it.

REBA: *(to Brock, softly)* Jess ... there's something different about you ... something ... I don't know ... special.

BROCK: Let's get married.

REBA: Stop that. *(to John)* Now try it.

JOHN: Soft talk.

REBA: Soft talk.

JOHN: *(to Brock)* Jessica ... gosh ... even your name sounds beautiful.

BROCK: Thank you.

JOHN: Jess ... out of all the girls I've ever known ...

BROCK: Yes?

JOHN: You smell the best.

BROCK: Huh?

REBA: What?

JOHN: What's the matter?

REBA: "You smell the best?" What are you doing?

JOHN: I was soft-talking.

REBA: You're trying to get a date, not picking out a watermelon! Good grief! You don't talk to a girl about how she smells.

JOHN: But he does smell good.

BROCK: That's my dad's aftershave.

REBA: Do you want my help or not?

JOHN: Okay! Okay! Look Reba, I'm just not getting this. Why don't I just send her a text?

REBA: You don't text a girl asking her out! You gotta get personal.

BROCK: How personal?

REBA: *(beginning to exit)* I give up!

JOHN: *(stopping her)* Okay! Okay! Come on ... keep coaching me.

BROCK: I'm gettin' hungry.

JOHN: Just a few more minutes. *(to Reba)* What else can I try?

REBA: Well ... a girl likes compliments ... not about her aftershave ... you know ... how she looks ... how she dresses.

JOHN: Okay, okay. I got it. (*goes off to the side, prepares himself a moment, then approaches Brock*) Jessica?

BROCK: Yes, John?

JOHN: I've been watching you.

BROCK: You have?

JOHN: Yeah. And you've got a great shape.

REBA: No! No! No! That's too much.

JOHN: Okay, okay. Jess?

BROCK: Yes John?

JOHN: You have beautiful eyes.

REBA: That's better.

JOHN: Your hair ... it's ... it's really lovely.

BROCK: Thanks.

REBA: Good ... good.

JOHN: and you've got the best feet of anyone in our class.

REBA: What?

JOHN: Feet. She's got pretty feet.

REBA: You do not talk about feet!

JOHN: Huh?

REBA: Girls do not talk about feet! To a girl, her feet do not exist.

BROCK: What keeps them from falling down?

REBA: I mean you don't talk feet. Feet are ... disgusting.

BROCK: (*looking at his*) I think mine are pretty cool.

REBA: Of course you do! You're a boy! Try eyes ... girls think a lot about their eyes.

JOHN: Gotcha. (*to Brock*) Jess, your eyes are like diamonds.

REBA: That's old.

JOHN: Jess, your eyes are like starlight.

REBA: Corny.

JOHN: Your eyes are ... uh ... grapes.

REBA: Grapes?

BROCK: I like grapes.

REBA: Her eyes are like grapes?

JOHN: It's all I could think of. And I'm hungry.

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