

"HALFTIME MOTIVATIONAL SPEECH"

7/19/18

CAST

THE COACH - Between 30's & 50's, dressed in traditional, old school coach's outfit with a whistle.

(Locker room. Halftime. COACH addresses the audience as though they are his team.)

COACH

Gather round men, gather round. Ain't much left to say. Now, I don't want you thinking about the score, or hoistin' that championship trophy. I want you to think on this: What remains.

We got one half of football left. For most of you, this is the last football you will ever play. And when that clock hits zero on this game, your last game, what will remain of your time?

The friendships. A brotherhood made of sacrifice and determination. That's the truth.

What remains? The mangled finger that will never point straight again. The chunks of floating cartilage that will suddenly lock up your knee. The CTE! Yeah, the dozens of undiagnosed concussions that have already softened your brains & shortened your lifespans. Boys when you are back in diapers by your early 60's - remember these times.

What else has football given you? Group Showers! That's right. You hit middle school and the tragicomic awkwardness of burgeoning adolescence. And suddenly you are thrown into mandatory post-practice nudity. Some of you were still doughy little children with single digit pubic hair while a lucky few were already swinging porn-ready, full grown hogs. Pendulous donges that most of us would never carry even if puberty lasted four decades.

What remains, gentlemen? The truth. Truths like there is no "I" in team. Force equals mass times acceleration. And, the truth that football is our most homoerotic sport.

No other sport celebrates big games with marching bands & floral parades. Every play starts with five men bending over, presenting to the quarterback who taps the center on the taint, then yanks a firm oblong from between the larger man's thighs, wet with sweat and twitching in anticipation of contact. He drops back, hoping to make a pass to a wide receiver, or better yet, a tight end. And the play doesn't end until the ball carrier is swallowed up in a sweat soaked pile of taut, sinewy men. Defenses are probed. Goal lines penetrated. And whoever scores most, wins. And when the game is over? A group shower. That's honesty. That's football.

Truth men. That's what remains. That's what I owe you. So, when you run back out of that field, I want you to remember this.

I love Coach Peterson.

I love everything about the man. The spare grays that touch his beard with sophistication. I love that he's read Victor Hugo in the original French, but isn't a prick about it if you mispronounce Les Misérables. He laughs when your jokes aren't funny, compliments your cooking even if it is overspiced, and mixes a perfect old fashioned.

When he strolls naked across our bedroom, his pecker waves like a Tahitian palm tree. I've never seen a cuter dangle.

I'm not going to lie to you men. Coach Peterson and I have worn each other out in this locker room. Breathe it in men. Go on! Do it! Yeah, that's it. That's Industrial strength Icy Hot, Marachino Cherries, and Astroglide. Men! That is what love smells like! And, that is WHAT REMAINS!!

Now, let's go get up in the Wildcats' Asses! Team on three. 1,2,3, Team!