

From Miss Beth

By Don Zolidis

(COACH TESSA is fired up after her cheer squad has triumphed. COACH TESSA may also be played by a male.)

COACH TESSA

You murdered that other team. They won't even think to cheer in our house again.

<BRITTANY

Can I give a speech coach?>

COACH TESSA

Hold on. I'm about to say something profound. I was on the phone with my husband *{wife}* today. You know what he told me? He said cheering wasn't a sport.

(Shock and horror from the assembled cheerers.)

You know what I said? First, let me say that an attitude like that is why I no longer allow him to be within a fifty-mile radius of me. He circles on the outskirts of town like a rocky asteroid caught in the earth's gravitational pull. But then I said: You know what? You're darn right it's not a sport. It's Life. And.

(she waits for it)

Death. You think a mere athlete could execute a synchronous twenty-foot seven-twenty twist while looking pert and fresh in makeup? You think a mere athlete could holler in unison and keep pace to the rhythmic, sensuous beats of LMFAO? No. They would tremble and collapse into a spineless puddle of jelly. That's what an athlete would do. You are not women. You are not men. You are Nietzschean super-beings from the future. And I, for one, REJOICE IN YOUR SUPERIORITY! WE WILL NOT YIELD! WE WILL NOT FALTER! WE SHALL RULE!!!!

(short pause)

The Regional conference district two cheer championships in two weeks. That is all.

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