

Star League

By Tom Moran

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### Setting

The place: a hospital room

The time: mid-August

### Characters

JASON, male, 20's, any ethnicity. Wears a hospital gown.

MATT, male, 20's, any ethnicity. Jason's brother. Wears a replica football jersey.

(A hospital room. JASON sits up in a hospital bed stage center-right. MATT sits in a chair center-left. MATT holds a notebook and a pen, while JASON leafs through a glossy magazine with a football player on the cover. Several similar magazines sit atop a bedside table. A dry-erase board on the wall contains pertinent patient info, as well as noting the date in large letters: August 15.)

MATT

Your pick.

JASON

Okay, I take this guy. Nick Chubb, on the Browns.

MATT

Interesting. Why'd you pick him?

JASON

(shrugs)

I just like saying "Chubb."

MATT

Well, you probably don't want him anyway. This is gonna be a points-scored league, not a total-yardage league. There are better guys for racking up TD's.

JASON

You lost me already.

MATT

Forget it. Okay, my pick. Barkley as my running back. Now you. You might want to get a quarterback.

JASON

Okay. (Leafs through magazine.) Hmm, Tom Brady?

MATT

Just retired. Again.

JASON

Justin Herbert?

MATT

I already picked him.

JASON

Huh. Fine.

(JASON sighs. He closes the magazine and tosses it on the coffee table. Pause.)

JASON (cont.)

I pick Luke Skywalker.

MATT

What?

JASON

(shrugs)

I want Luke Skywalker as my quarterback.

MATT

You can't do that.

JASON

Why the hell not? He'd be a great quarterback. He's got the Force! He can make the ball fly wherever he wants.

MATT

Yeah, but that's not the point. He's not a football player. He's not even a real person.

(JASON picks up the magazine and displays the cover, which reads "Fantasy Football Weekly." He points at the word "Fantasy.")

JASON

This is supposed to be fantasy football. And my fantasy is to have an unheralded rookie from Tattooine come in and tear up the NFL.

MATT

You're being dumb. How is that supposed to work?

JASON

I dunno, we can figure something out.

MATT

But the whole thing is based on statistics. I mean, how many yards do you think Chewbacca will gain on Sunday against the Rams?

JASON

There are equivalents. Parsecs traveled. Storm troopers taken out. Womp rats killed.

MATT

Womp rats? Look, just pick a real player.

JASON

All right, fine. (Leafs through magazine.) Let's do Josh Allen at quarterback.

MATT

Okay, good. And I take Jaylen Waddle as a running back. You're up.

JASON

Hmm. Can I put Jabba the Hutt on my offensive line?

MATT

Oh come on, Jason. I thought you wanted to do this league.

JASON

When did I say that?

MATT

On the phone. You said a fantasy league might be fun.

JASON

No, YOU said that. I just nodded.

MATT

We were on the phone.

JASON

Fine. I grunted in affirmation or something.

MATT

Well, it was all I could think of. Look, I come in here all these times, I don't know what I'm supposed to do. We can sit and watch freaking hospital TV together, if that's what you want. I mean, you remember what we did with Mom.

JASON

Of course. We brought in copies of People and filled her last hours with stories about reality TV and photos of celebrities walking their dogs. I feel dirty just thinking about it.

MATT

Exactly. So, sorry, but I was trying to come up with something a little more ... not stupid than that to do with you until you got out of here. And I thought you liked football.

JASON

I liked coming to your games. I mean, my big brother was quarterback. How cool was that? But, other than that, no, not really.

MATT

Well, I also thought maybe you'd like the mathematical side of it. You know, fantasy football is really all about obsessively tracking numbers. It's like playing the stocks.

JASON

Except you don't actually make any money.

MATT

(annoyed)

Hey, I'm trying here, all right? What am I supposed to do?

JASON

I know. I just - I mean. There's another thing. I'm not sure if this season will work out. I saw Doctor Adams this morning.

MATT

Uh-oh.

JASON

They ran some more tests. If I don't get a donor, I'm probably not going to make it to the World Series.

MATT

You mean the Super Bowl.

JASON

No, actually, I meant the World Series.

MATT

Oh. (Realizes.) Oh.

JASON

Yeah.

MATT

But they said you were -

JASON

Yeah, well, they were wrong. (Pause.) So that all being the case, I was just thinking that it might be a mistake to get too engrossed in the football season.

MATT

I don't know, I think you should give it a shot. It'll give you something to look forward to each week. Gets your mind off things.

JASON

Yeah, but. The thing is, I don't really want to think about winning and losing. 'Cause I feel like I'm on the wrong end of that equation right now.

MATT

But you can't compare that to a game. That's not the same thing.

JASON

Sure it is. Well, it's like - did you ever have a sex fantasy where you didn't get to have, you know, sex?

MATT

Whoa. Well, no, I guess not.

JASON

Because isn't that what a fantasy is? It's just creating your own world where you get to set the rules.

MATT

That's one way to look at it.

JASON

Right. Except here some jerk working for a magazine makes the rules. And I'm tired of other people making the rules, because they aren't fair. And don't you dare tell me that life isn't fair. People with functioning livers don't get to say that life isn't fair.

MATT

Are you finished?

JASON

Rant over.

MATT

Good. Then how about we do this thing. Who's your next pick?

JASON

I want the Sargon Pit Monster. As my backfield.

MATT

Jeez.

(MATT pauses, then writes something down.)

MATT(cont.)

So can I draft some extra wide receivers for when my starting three get eaten?

JASON

Hey, why not? It's my league. Your turn.

MATT

Okay, as my other quarterback, I select ... Captain Jean-Luc Picard of the U.S.S. Enterprise.



JASON

What? You can't do that.

MATT

Hey, it's my league too.

JASON

(mock-defiance)

Oh. So that's how it's gonna be?

MATT

(echoing mock-defiance)

Yeah, that's how it's gonna be.

JASON

Well then. Make it so, mon capitaine. Now we got ourselves a season.

(Blackout. End of Play.)