

The following is excerpted from

“I’VE GOT THIS”

A Ten-Minute Monologue

By Ken Levine

Rachel gets to do NFL play-by-play on network TV and everything that could go wrong does. It's trial by fire (and Twitter).

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I'VE GOT THIS

A 10-Minute Monologue by
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SYNOPSIS: Rachel gets to do NFL play-by-play on network TV and everything that could go wrong does. It's trial by fire (and Twitter).

RACHEL DAVIS – Late 20's, attractive, smart, resourceful, with a much needed sense of humor.

I'VE GOT THIS

INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - LAMBEAU FIELD - NIGHT

The network broadcast booth at Lambeau Field, the home of the Green Bay Packers. Or, for our purposes, an empty stage. RACHEL DAVIS -- late 20's, attractive -- holds a microphone and adjusts her earpiece. She's about to go on camera.

RACHEL

(to director) Burt, Duane's not here. You're the director. Where is he? We go on coast-to-coast in thirty seconds. (beat) Seriously? A bad kielbasa? Bullshit. He doesn't want to work with a woman play-by-play announcer. Asshole. (beat) Well, fine. I've got this. It might be refreshing to hear analysis from someone who hasn't had thirty concussions.

Rachel composes herself, looks straight into the camera (audience). Waits for her cue then goes on the air.

RACHEL

Live from Lambeau Field in Green Bay, Wisconsin, it's the Packers hosting the Chicago Bears. Good evening everybody, I'm Rachel Davis. Yes, a woman. My partner Duane Monroe is not here. He was abducted by aliens, but hopefully will be back by the second quarter.

The Packers have the best passing game in the league. The Bears, meanwhile, don't have an explosive offense so they can ill afford penalties, turnovers, or any setbacks. It should be a good one. The opening kick when we return.

She smiles, waits a beat, then relaxes once she's off the air.

RACHEL

(to director) Well, I had to explain his absence somehow. An alien abduction is something his fans will buy.

Rachel takes out her iPhone and begins tapping it.

RACHEL

(to the o.s. crew in the booth) Let the Twitter hate begin. (beat) First one. The C-bomb. Spelled with a K. It's going to be a long night.

She turns her attention to the field,