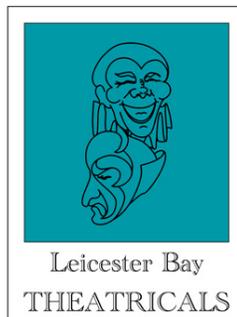


PERUSAL SCRIPT

HOCKEY MOM

A Play by
Travis G. Baker



Newport, Maine

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HOCKEY MOM

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CHARACTERS: 7 — 2f, 1m, 1tb, 2b

Cindy Hutchinson (28-40ish) — A Hockey Mom and a 2nd grade teacher.

Cole Hutchinson (17) — Her son, a hockey player.

Cole LTP (6-8) (Learning-To-Play)

Cole PW (10-12) (Pee-Wee)

Darryl Hutchinson (28-40ish) — Cole's Father, a plumber.

Zala (17) — Rival hockey player.

Becky (28-40ish) — A Hockey Mom, Youth Hockey Association Coordinator.

SET:

- The primary setting is the semi-finished basement of Cindy and Cole. There is a couch, coffee table and TV with an X-box. There is a hockey net against a wall and scores of puck marks. There are shelves, boxes, recyclables, junk, a washer and dryer. A staircase leads up to the house. A door leads outside.
- The stands at UMaine's Alford Arena and the Dover-Foxcroft rink.
- Joshua Chamberlin Memorial Arena - an old barn of an ice rink. Inside and out. The doors are metal, the stands are hard and the ice is cold.
- Darryl's living room - a humble abode.
- The pull-out sofa of Uncle's Rob's place in Newton.

HOCKEY MOM by Travis G. Baker. 2f, 1m, 1tb, 2b. About 2 hours. Unit set (part of a hockey rink) with sliders and or flies. Contemporary costumes/hockey gear. As the play begins, things are falling apart. Cindy and Darryl's marriage is crumbling under the strain of trying to rescue the bankrupt plumbing business he inherited from his father, and the inordinate amount of time Cindy is devoting to Cole's hockey life. When Cole's junior year hockey season is ended by a serious concussion, the story ramps up. Zala visits Cole as he recuperates, admits she was the one who knocked him out, then tells him she's moving and will play for his team for their senior season. From his first days on ice Cole has been unswerving in his belief that team comes first and that the best hockey players are selfless, a tenet handed down to him by Darryl, that he clings to even when it's to his disadvantage until he loses his position to Zala. As Cole's injury lingers, though his teammates elect him captain, he fails to recapture his pre-concussion form, is demoted to the third line with Zala taking his place centering the first line and Cole quits the team. When Cindy begs him to reconsider, the audience is treated to a powerful scene and left to ponder whose dream is at stake. As the play concludes, Cole is challenged by Zala, Darryl, Cindy, and his younger selves to rekindle his hockey flame. In this final trial of his quest, he will discover that the flame burns brightest in his relationships with the ones he cares for and those who care and have cared for him. Beyond the game, however, the play speaks to our role as parents and the values and expectations we place on our children and those pressures they place on themselves. ***Hockey Mom* is the story of a mom, her son and the game they love that drives them crazy! ORDER #3349**

TRAVIS G. BAKER - *Hockey Mom* premiered at the Penobscot Theatre Company in March, 2022 after earning the Literary Award for Drama by the Maine Writers and Publishers Alliance in 2021. . Other PTC productions include *SQUATCH* (2019), *Hair Frenzy* (2016) and *One Blue Tarp* (2014) - named the Best of Maine in the 2013 Clauder Competition for New England Playwrights. *Boy Missing* (2018) and *The Store* (2019) were included in the Maine Playwrights Festival. New York plays include: *Sex & Violence* (2010) and *God & Mr. Smith* (2001 and 2003) with Kaleidoscope Theatre Co. He received a Berilla Kerr Award for *Cold* (NYFringe-1997) and *The Weatherbox* (Rattlestick-1998) and was an Edward F. Albee Foundation fellow. He studied theatre at the University of Houston and went on to work at the Signature Theatre Co. (1995-98) in New York. He has an MA in English (University of Maine-Orono) and an MFA (Fairfield University). He is an Illustrator for Foundations EIC and BHP for Watch Me Shine, a pre-school for children with special needs. He resides in Orono, Maine with his wife, Holly Twining, and their boys, August and Zane.

WARM UPS

(SFX: stick hitting a puck.)

LIGHTS UP ON — THE HUTCHINSON BASEMENT — COLE hits pucks towards the net against the wall. Cole is dressed in khakis, a white dress shirt, a dark green tie, dress shoes and his Seals hockey jacket. Next to him is a hockey bag with the Seals logo on it. CINDY enters from upstairs with a Cars lunch box and water bottle. She sets them down next to the bag.

CINDY: Cole!

(COLE takes one more shot.)

Cole!

(COLE takes out one of his ear buds.)

COLE: Yeah, mom?

CINDY: About time to go. The bus leaves at 4:00.

(COLE looks at his phone. Laughs at something. Takes a Snap. Texts something quick. COLE takes one more shot then goes to pick up his bag.)

Let me fix your tie.

COLE: It's fine, mom.

CINDY: It's a little crooked.

COLE: It's fine.

(CINDY adjusts the tie.)

CINDY: State semi-final! Are you excited? You don't seem excited.

COLE: Four hours until puck drop.

CINDY: I know but, state semi-final! And there will be scouts there! Junior scouts and college scouts. Maybe even pro scouts! The game is at UMaine. I'm sure scouts go there all the time.

COLE: It's a high school game, mom.

CINDY: Well, where do you think pro hockey players come from?

COLE: Canada.

CINDY: Ha ha. Well, sometimes, they come from little towns in Maine.

COLE: Name one.

CINDY: That young man on the Penguins.

COLE: Name another one.

CINDY: Well, you could be the next one. You just go out there and do your best and you never know what might happen.

COLE: Hundred percent.

CINDY: Where are you going to shoot?

COLE: High glove.

CINDY: When are you going to shoot?

COLE: When I have an open lane unless there's a better option like a drop pass or sauce through the slot or...

CINDY: You shoot every chance you get.

COLE: Yeah. Okay, mom.

CINDY: You have snacks for the ride?

COLE: They have them.

CINDY: It never hurts to pack a little extra. I made you a snack bag.

(CINDY shows COLE the Cars lunchbox.)

COLE: Seriously?

CINDY: It's your lucky lunch box.

COLE: When I was 5.

CINDY: Just take it.

COLE: Okay, mom.

(COLE takes the lunch box. He stuffs it and the water bottle in his hockey bag. CINDY gives him a quick kiss on the cheek.)

CINDY: You have a great game, Cole Hutchinson.

COLE: Thanks, Mom.

CINDY: I love you!

COLE: Love you too.

(COLE exits with bag and stick.)

CINDY: Go Seals!

(CINDY barks like a seal.)

(out) I know it's silly for a grown woman to be barking like a seal but that's what we do. The Seal Supporters.

(CINDY barks.)

My name is Cindy. My son, Cole, is a junior at Margaret Chase Smith High School and the 2nd line center for the Smith/Ryburn/Boothbay/Mattawontauk combined team. We have to combine schools because there aren't enough players. It's worked out pretty well though. We're in the Semi-finals of the

state championship tonight against the Orono/Old Town/John Bapst/MDI/Bangor Christian Black Bears. Which sets a record for most number of high schools represented in a single game. Cole is the team points leader with 25 assists and 10 goals in 22 games. I wish he'd score more goals. Assists are great and all, they're very important. You can hardly get a goal without someone getting an assist but scouts like goals. Cole will be a professional hockey player. He will. I know it. I knew it, almost from the first time he put on skates at the Learn to Play.

(DARRYL enters wearing his plumber coveralls and carries a pair of small skates.)

DARRYL: You knew what?

CINDY: That from the first moment Cole put on his gear at Learn to Play he would be something special.

DARRYL: You did not. You couldn't even find the arena! You hiked through the woods! I'm going to get Cole's skates sharpened after work. Meet you there!

CINDY: I don't even know where I'm going?

DARRYL: The Joshua Chamberlin Memorial Arena. It's next to the Dunkin.

CINDY: Which one?

DARRYL: Behind the Hannaford! Meet you there! Don't be late!

(DARRY exits. CINDY grabs a much smaller hockey bag and stick.)

CINDY: Cole! Cole!

(COLE LTP waddles in a wearing hockey pants, shin pads, socks and a jacket.)

COLE LTP: Where are we going?

(CINDY takes Cole's hand.)

CINDY: Hockey practice!

COLE LTP: Hockey!

CINDY: If I could just figure out how to get there. I can see it! I can see the arena. Through those trees. But where the heck is the road? (checks her phone) Oh, my gosh. We're late. Cole?

COLE LTP: Yeah, mama?

CINDY: We're going through the woods!

(CINDY and COLE LTP exit.)

LIGHTS CHANGE

ACT 1

(SFX: Sounds of a busy ice arena.)

SCENE 1 - THE JOSHUA CHAMBERLIN MEMORIAL ARENA “THE JOSH” — *A sign reads: “THE COLDEST RINK IN MAINE!” BECKY enters in her official CMYHC jacket carrying a clip board.*

BECKY: Welcome, parents to the Coastal Maine Youth Hockey Club Learn to Play program or the CMYHCLTP. If you signed up for the CMYHA-Central Maine Youth Hockey Association then you are 67 miles away from where you need to be. The exits are behind you, there and there. Now, make sure to fill out your Player Conduct form, your Parent Conduct form, I’m looking at you Artie! And your Consent to Treat form if you haven’t already done so online. There’s also the Booster Club form, the Volunteer form and the Safe-to-Play survey.

(CINDY enters with COLE LTP. Some leaves have gotten in her hair.)

CINDY: Hello!

BECKY: Hi!

CINDY: Is this the Learn to Play?

BECKY: It is! Welcome! You have some leaves on you.

CINDY: We couldn’t find the road. We ended up parking at the Hannaford’s and walking through some woods and there was a ditch we had to jump.

BECKY: Can I get your name?

CINDY: Cindy Hutchinson and this is Cole.

BECKY: Hi, Cole!

COLE LTP: Hello.

(BECKY consults her clipboard.)

BECKY: Yes! I see Cole is in the same group as our youngest, Danny! I’m sure you two will be best friends. Danny is our third. They all play hockey. Damon is a PeeWee and Derrick is a Squirt.

CINDY: Such funny names.

BECKY: What’s wrong with Danny, Damon and Derrick?

CINDY: Nothing. I meant ‘Squirts’ and ‘PeeWees’.

BECKY: Of course. USA hockey is trying to get people to refer to them as U12’s and U10’s but tradition is a hard thing to shake. So I see you’ve got your bag and Cole already has his pants and shins and socks on.

CINDY: Yes.

BECKY: That's good. And you have the elbow pads?

COLE LTP: Elbow pads!

(CINDY looks in the bag.)

CINDY: Yes.

BECKY: Chest protector?

COLE LTP: Chest protector!

CINDY: Yes. It's a lot of stuff.

BECKY: You should see our basement! Totes stuffed to the brim and stacked to the ceiling. Helmet?

COLE LTP: Helmet!

CINDY: Yes.

BECKY: Skates?

COLE LTP: Skates!

CINDY: Yes. Wait. Where are the skates?

COLE LTP: No skates!

BECKY: Can't really skate without skates.

CINDY: I don't see the skates.

COLE LTP: No skates!

CINDY: Yes, Cole, thank you. My husband, Darryl, he has the skates. Have you seen him?

BECKY: I don't know. But there's so many parents and kids running around.

CINDY: He's a plumber.

BECKY: Aren't we all. Okay, yeah, so let's hope he's here. Hockey is the only sport where you have to learn an entirely new way to move just to play. You do need skates.

(DARRYL enters carrying a pair of skates, a jersey and a small hockey stick.)

DARRYL: There you guys are!

COLE LTP: Dada!

DARRYL: Hey, Buddy!

CINDY: You have his skates?

DARRYL: I took them out this morning to get them sharpened.

CINDY: Why didn't you tell me? I about had a heart attack.

DARRYL: I did tell you. Did I tell you? I might not have told you.

CINDY: I think you did tell me but with all of the...and the trek through the woods...

DARRYL: The what?

CINDY: Nevermind. We're here. We're all here and we have all of the equipment and stuff.

DARRYL: Yes.

COLE LTP: I'm dressing play hockey!

DARRYL: Yeah! Let's get your stuff on.

(DARRYL leads COLE LTP over to the stands and gets his gear on.)

BECKY: Well, it looks like you have everything now and I see half a dozen other parents looking around in wide-eyed confusion. Welcome to life as a Hockey Mom.

CINDY: I'm not a "Hockey Mom". I'm a second grade teacher.

(BECKY puts her arm around CINDY and leads her DS.)

BECKY: Cindy, you are about to embark on a great journey. A journey filled with practices, pads, skates, warm rooms, cold rinks, long drives, short shifts and hockey. There will be half-ice, full ice, pond hockey, knee hockey, floor hockey, street hockey, hockey camps, hockey jerseys, hockey sticks, hockey tape, hockey friends, and Dunkin. I know Canada likes their Tim Horton's but we're Dunkin people in Maine am I right?

CINDY: Right.

BECKY: Right. Welcome to the club. Here are your coupon books.

(BECKY hands CINDY an envelope stuffed with coupon books.)

CINDY: My what?

BECKY: The CMYHC booster club is selling Dunkin coupon books as a fund-raiser. You'll need to sell 20 of those by next week. Have fun Cole!

COLE LTP: You too!

(BECKY exits. CINDY turns to see some classic plumber crack as DARRYL kneels to get Cole's skates tied. CINDY moves over to block the view.)

CINDY: Darryl, your butt's hanging out.

DARRYL: What? Oh, sorry. Occupational hazard.

CINDY: Is your father here?

DARRYL: Maybe next time. He wasn't feeling so good this morning.

CINDY: Is it the thing again or...?

DARRYL: Different thing but related to the other thing. He just needs some rest.

CINDY: Did you talk to him about getting another truck? Expanding the business?

DARRYL: He needed his rest. I asked these guys about coaching. You have to get USA Hockey certified and take some online classes. We'll see if there's time. I hope to. I hope to get out there with my little Bobby Orr!

COLE LTP: Boggy Door!

DARRYL: Close enough. There we go, buddy! Stand up.

(COLE LTP stands.)

CINDY: Look at you! Hold still!

(CINDY pulls out her phone and snaps a picture.)

CINDY: That is so cute.

COLE LTP: I'm a hockey player!

DARRYL: Hey now! You got a long way to go to be a hockey player, Cole. Anyone can pick up a stick and get a puck and go out on the ice and skate around but, being a hockey player means putting your team first. It means taking a hit to make a play. It means doing the work and having the sandpaper-the grit to go battle in the corners and the honor to shake hands afterwards. You have to respect the game, respect your coach, respect your opponent, respect....It's like Ken Dryden said...

COLE LTP: Who Dryden?

DARRYL: He was a goalie for the Montreal Canadians.

COLE LTP and DARRYL: Boo!

DARRYL: I know, I know, but...he won 7 cups and he wrote a poem I used to have taped up on my wall. *I Am a Player*. It went, "I am a player. I want to play..."

LIGHTS CHANGE

(COLE enters in his Seals HS team game gear.)

COLE: I am a player. I want to play. I want to win. It matters to me if I win or lose. It matters to me how I play the game. I want to win without injustice or bad luck or regret. I want to own every pleasure and disappointment. I want to get lost in play. I want time not to matter. I want to do something more important than me. I cannot win alone. I need my teammates and my opponents to make me better so I can crush them! LET'S GO!!!

(COLE exits.)

LIGHTS CHANGE

CINDY: That's an awful lot for a little kid, Darryl.

DARRYL: I guess it is. You'll learn. The game will teach you. Okay, buddy?

COLE LTP: Okay. Are you a hockey player, dad?

DARRYL: I am. Every Tuesday night from 8 to 9. Okay, go get 'em!

(COLE LTP turns, walks, falls.)

COLE LTP: I fell down.

DARRYL: You're going to do a lot of that.

CINDY: Get up, Cole.

DARRYL: That's the important thing. Getting back up.

(CINDY helps COLE LTP back up.)

CINDY: Remember, Mommy loves you.

COLE LbTP: Love you!

DARRYL: Out on the ice, now.

COLE LTP exits.

DARRYL: There he goes.

CINDY: He's so tiny. He fell down!

DARRYL: Lots of padding.

CINDY: He's trying to stand!

DARRYL: You got it buddy!

CINDY: He stood! Oh, my gosh, he's skating!

DARRYL: Sort of a shuffle. It's a start.

CINDY: It's a start.

DARRYL: Go get a puck, buddy! There's one right there. Right there!

(DARRYL's actions carry him off stage.)

CINDY: Go get a puck! There's the puck! Go get it! Go get it!

LIGHTS CHANGE

SCENE 2 - THE ALFOND ICE ARENA - ORONO, MAINE — **SFX:** *an arena packed with high school hockey fans.*

CINDY: GET THE PUCK! GET THE PUCK! SHOOT! SHOOT! SHOOT THE PUCK! Oh, my goodness.
(out)

The Black Bears are the three-time defending State champions. SLASHING! THAT'S A SLASH!
They're also a bunch of thugs. The game is tied 1-1 with 13:48 left in the 3rd. There are three periods in hockey and overtime if necessary. NICE SAVE, GOALIE!

WHOOO! GO SEALS!

(CINDY shakes her cowbell.)

We are playing so well! SOMEBODY HIT THAT GUY! We just need some puck luck or a power play.
The one thing we can't afford is a penalty.

(SFX: Crowd groan.)

Of course Danny gets a penalty!

(BECKY enters, charging the glass.)

BECKY: FLOP! THAT'S A FLOP! DANNY DIDN'T TOUCH HER!

(BECKY wears similar Seals team gear to CINDY but the fit is a bit tighter and the cut more fashionable.)

CINDY: I can't believe they called that a trip!

BECKY: It's ridiculous!

CINDY: That girl is a flopper.

BECKY: Right! WHAT IS THIS? BASKETBALL!?!

CINDY: That ref has been a pain in the butt all season.

BECKY: Did you know the ref's cousin is married to the nephew of Orono's head coach's lawn care guy?

CINDY: That has to be a conflict of interest.

BECKY: Seriously.

CINDY and BECKY: GO SEALS!

(BECKY Cowbell. SFX: Roar from the crowd.)

BECKY: Damn it. They scored.

CINDY: NO MORE PENALTIES!

BECKY: HIT SOMEONE! Darryl here?

CINDY: Over there with Trish and the twins. George?

BECKY: Sales Optimization Conference in Hartford. He keeps texting me for updates.

(Texts)

We are losing! Vomit emoji.

CINDY and BECKY: GO SEALS! COME ON! LET'S GET IT BACK!

CINDY: We're so close!

BECKY: Six minutes to go. Let's go! Oh! Danny stole the puck!

CINDY: He's got it up the boards to Cole!

(out)

My son, with the puck, racing down the ice is the most exciting moment of my life. Which tells you a little something about my life.

BECKY: Cole's breaking in on the zone! The defenseman fell down!

CINDY: The goalie is coming out to challenge! Cole angles to the slot! Another player is coming out of nowhere! It's that girl!

BECKY: SHOOT!

CINDY: SHOOT!

BECKY: He shoots! Oh, my God!

CINDY: WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT!

BECKY: ELBOW! ELBOW! Is it a goal?

CINDY: They're all piled up in the net. I can't see.

(SFX: The crowd ROARS.)

BECKY: IT'S A GOAL!

CINDY: It's a goal!

BECKY: GOAL!

CINDY: GOAL!

*(CINDY and BECKY jump up and down in each other's arms. **Sudden hush.**)*

BECKY: Cole's not getting up.

CINDY: He isn't moving. Oh, God. Move Cole! Oh, no. Please, move. MOVE!

BECKY: I saw his leg move!

CINDY: Did you see his leg move?

BECKY: I saw his leg move.

CINDY: His arm moved! Thank God!

BECKY: Thank God. Oh, God! They're bringing out the stretcher.

CINDY: I have to go. Darryl! Where's Darryl?

(DARRYL runs across stage.)

Darryl!

DARRYL: Cindy! Come on! Come on!

(CINDY and DARRYL exit.)

BECKY: *(texts)* We're tied 2-2 with 3:18 to play. Cole scored. Danny got the assist. Cole hurt on the play. Taken off the ice. His leg moved. We're on the power play. They're dropping the puck again. Go Seals. Bark. Bark. Bark.

LIGHTS CHANGE

SCENE 3 - THE JOSHUA CHAMBERLIN MERMORIAL ICE ARENA: THIRTEEN YEARS AGO — COLE
LTP enters in full gear dragging his stick behind him.

COLE LTP: Mama! Mama!

(CINDY enters.)

CINDY: Cole! What's wrong? What is it?

COLE LTP: I bonked my head!

CINDY: Okay. Do you know your name?

COLE LTP: Yes.

CINDY: What is it?

COLE LTP: Cole.

CINDY: Where do you live?

COLE LTP: Here.

CINDY: Where is here?

COLE LTP: Clara.

CINDY: What state do we live in?

COLE LTP: Maine.

CINDY: What's your favorite food?

COLE LTP: McDondalds.

CINDY: You're fine.

COLE LTP: I'm cold!

CINDY: Move around more. You'll warm up.

COLE LTP: I don't want to!

CINDY: Cole Hutchinson, are you a hockey player or a kid who just plays hockey?

COLE LTP: Hockey player.

CINDY: Okay, then. Back on the ice.

COLE LTP: Can we go to McDondald's after?

CINDY: If I see you out there working hard and having fun.

COLE LTP: Okay.

(COLE LTP exits.)

LIGHTS CHANGE

SCENE 4 - BASEMENT — *Lights are dim. COLE enters. He wears sweats, Beats and walks carefully to the couch. COLE lays down. Lights rise a bit. CINDY enters from upstairs followed by ZALA, an athletic girl in sweats and Crocs.*

CINDY: Cole. Cole?

COLE: Yeah?

CINDY: There's someone here to see you.

COLE: I'm not supposed to have friends over.

CINDY: This isn't a friend. It's the girl that gave you the concussion. What was your name again?

ZALA: Zala.

CINDY: You have an unusual name.

ZALA: It's Slovakian. It means, "Beautiful one from the river." My father is Slovakian.

CINDY: You don't sound Slovakian.

ZALA: Born in Bangor, Maine.

CINDY: Oh! How did...?

ZALA: My father played at UMaine where he met my mother who played Field Hockey at UMaine and they got naughty-naughty but forgot to wear all of their protective gear and so, yeah, I was born in Bangor just before my dad got signed by the Flyers.

CINDY: Your father played for the Flyers?

ZALA: Yeah. Then the Jets and then the Red Wings and then a bunch of teams in Europe so it was all just where is Dad this year?

CINDY: Where was your mother?

ZALA: She died when I was five. Breast cancer.

CINDY: I'm so sorry.

ZALA: Yeah, no. It's fine.

(ZALA grabs Cindy for a hug.)

CINDY: Okay. It's okay.

ZALA: It's been a day.

CINDY: It has.

(ZALA breaks off.)

ZALA: So, yeah, I just came by because I asked my coach if he knew how you were doing and he said you were out of the hospital which is good and I was going to Snapchat you but, I know, you're not supposed to be on your phone right now. So, coach gave me your address. I came by. How you doing?

COLE: I'm fine.

CINDY: He is not fine.

ZALA: Did they give you the Impact?

CINDY: The what?

ZALA: The Impact test. Our team, we all had to do a baseline at the beginning of the season so, if we got concussed, they would have a comparative.

CINDY: We did that. You did that, right Cole?

COLE: Yeah.

ZALA: I'm thinking of doing pre-Med at Northeastern when I go there and get into Sports Medicine later on. Unless I go to BU. I might do International Economics if I go to BU.

CINDY: Northeaster or BU?

ZALA: Yeah. Not sure yet. It would be a lot, you know, doing pre-med and playing D-1.

CINDY: You're going to play for Northeastern?

ZALA: Maybe. They offered me a scholarship but that team is so stacked and BU has a better NIL contract.

CINDY: A what?

ZALA: Name/Image/Licensing. It's nothing like what the men get but it will buy a few burritos.

CINDY: Cole's might play for South Coastal.

ZALA: Is that D-3 or something?

CINDY: Yes. His father played there.

COLE: He went to one practice.

CINDY: He practiced with the team so he was on the team. Briefly. Am I right? I'm right, right?

ZALA: Sure.

CINDY: Of course, Cole might play juniors. The Maine Maniacs called about a tryout next week.

COLE: They did?

CINDY: They did, yes.

ZALA: Is that a good idea?

COLE: They're Tier 1.

ZALA: I mean, with the concussion?

COLE: I'll be fine.

CINDY: I told them we'll have to see how you're feeling.

COLE: I'm going to that tryout.

CINDY: We'll see how you're feeling.

COLE: Mom, can you get me some water?

CINDY: You want some water?

COLE: Yes.

(CINDY takes a moment.)

CINDY: I'll be right back. Do you want some water, Zala?

ZALA: What kind?

CINDY: Um...

ZALA: I mean, filtered? Distilled? Purified? Infused?

CINDY: Tap.

ZALA: I'm good.

CINDY: I'll just be a minute.

(CINDY exits upstairs. Pause. ZALA looks around the space.)

ZALA: So, yeah, no, sorry you got hurt.

COLE: It's hockey.

ZALA: I got hit so hard once I swallowed my tooth and it came out my nose.

(laugh/snort)

But it was a baby tooth so I grabbed it up because, you know, the tooth fairy and I gave it to my dad to hold on to but he tossed it behind the bench and said there was no such thing as the tooth fairy and to get back on the ice. So, yeah, Try not to think too much.

COLE: I won't.

(ZALA takes up Cole's stick, stick handles a bit and rips a shot at the net.)

Ow.

ZALA: Sorry.

(ZALA puts the stick down.)

COLE: Yeah.

ZALA: I didn't mean to hit you in the head. You sort of...after you took the shot your head went down and went into my elbow.

COLE: I'm sorry I hit your elbow with my head.

ZALA: I know, right? And a game misconduct? Can you believe it?

COLE: Yes.

ZALA: Well, we won anyway. Shortie with a minute to go.

COLE: Good luck in the final.

ZALA: I got suspended.

COLE: For the hit?

ZALA: No. For some of the stuff I might have said to the ref. And then my dad got involved.

(CINDY returns with a glass of water.)

CINDY: Here's your water, Cole.

COLE: Thanks.

CINDY: I think he might need his rest now, Zala.

ZALA: Okay. So, yeah, I'm glad you're mostly, sort of okay.

COLE: Thanks. We'll get you guys next year.

ZALA: Oh, so yeah, that's another reason I came by is that next year we'll be teammates so I'm hoping no hard feelings.

CINDY: What?

ZALA: After I might have said some things to the refs, my dad might have said some other things and, anyway, he got fired by UMaine but he was wanting to leave anyway and, like, five minutes later he got a job in Finland but I do not want to go back to Europe except summer training with the Slovakian National Team so I'm moving back in with Nana and Papa even though they smell like clams which means I'll be going to Margaret Chase Smith High School and I'll be a Seal!

(Seal barks)

COLE: You're going to need to work on that.

ZALA: Will do. See ya around the town! Nice to meet you Cole's mom.

CINDY: Bye.

(ZALA exits. CINDY closes the door.)

COLE: When is that tryout?

CINDY: Next Thursday. But the doctor said two weeks.

COLE: I'll rest up twice as hard.

CINDY: I don't think it works that way.

COLE: I can't be playing high school next year! I'm going to that tryout.

CINDY: Cole...

COLE: I'm going to that tryout.

CINDY: We'll see how you're feeling.

COLE: I'm going.

(COLE stands and heads upstairs.)

CINDY: You're not going now.

COLE: No, mom. I'm going to take a poop.

(COLE exits. CINDY steps back.)

CINDY: *(out)* We'll just give him a moment. So, Cole stayed on the couch, except for the occasional poop, the whole next week. No X-box, no YouTube, just pod casts and music and by Thursday, he seemed okay. What you have to understand is that almost every professional hockey player played juniors. Even the kids that play in college spent time in juniors. Cole has such drive. He did everything he was supposed to do. He stayed off his phone. He rested. He seemed fine. He was rested and ready. I drove him. I insisted on that. Just in case. They don't let parents watch so I didn't know how it went until he came out.

LIGHTS CHANGE

SCENE 5 - OUTSIDE THE ARENA — *CINDY waits. COLE enters with bag and stick.*

CINDY: How did it go?
(COLE throws up.)
Cole!

COLE: I'm sorry, mom.

CINDY: It's okay. It's fine. Oh, Cole.
(COLE drops to a knee.)

COLE: I'm sorry.

CINDY: Help! I need some help over here! Darryl! Darryl!
(DARRYL enters.)

DARRYL: I'm here.

CINDY: Help me get him to the couch.

DARRYL: Yeah.

LIGHTS CHANGE

SCENE 6 - BASEMENT — *Darryl and Cindy get Cole to the couch.*

DARRYL: How you doing, buddy?

COLE: Not good.

DARRYL: Did you get hit again?

COLE: Feels like it.

DARRYL: You get some rest.

COLE: Okay.

CINDY: Get some rest, Cole.

(DARRYL and CINDY move DS.)

DARRYL: What did the doctor say?

CINDY: He has to stay home for at least two more weeks and he won't be cleared to play any sports, not even running or anything until he'd passed this Impact test.

DARRYL: So, maybe going to that tryout wasn't such a good idea.

CINDY: I tried to stop him.

DARRYL: You drove him there!

COLE: If you two are going to fight, can you go somewhere else?

CINDY: Sorry, honey.

DARRYL: Sorry. I'll check back later. Love you, buddy.

(DARRYL gives CINDY a hard look and exits. COLE LTP enters wearing a jersey and carries a stick. He stick-handles with a foam puck around the stage.)

CINDY: *(out)* Hockey is a hard game. It's hard to score, it's hard to move. There's sticks and pads and pucks and bodies flying around. Everything moves so fast. And they grow up so fast.

(COLE PW enters wearing a UMaine jersey, gloves, and helmet. He stick handles with a street puck.)

(out) If I could hold Cole in one place, in one time, if I could press pause and stay right in one spot it would be here. PeeWee.

(COLE LTP exits.)

CINDY: He would come off the ice with that rosy cheeked smile, all sweaty and happy, and laughing.

COLE PW: Mom, check out my new deke!

CINDY: Wow!

(out)

And other parents are telling you how good your child is and how amazing he is.

(BECKY enters.)

BECKY: Cindy! Cole has gotten so good!

CINDY: Yeah.

BECKY: You should get him a skating coach.

CINDY: I should?

BECKY: And a shooting coach. Oh, and Danny is playing in an elite summer league down in Massachusetts on a team sponsored by one of George's clients which will be really good for his development. I think I can pull some strings and get Cole on the team as well. I mean, if you're going to be good you have to be elite, right?

CINDY: Yeah. Thank you!

BECKY: Let me make a call!

(BECKY exits.)

CINDY: *(out)* You start to wonder, "What if he's good enough?" What if he gets the right training and the right opportunity and he works hard enough? What if there's a chance? What if there's a chance your kid will raise the Stanley Cup over his head?

LIGHTS CHANGE

SCENE 7 - BASEMENT — SFX: Big crowd NOISE

COLE PW: Hutchinson up the wing! He dekes! He dangles! He powers to the net! He shoots!

(COLE PW takes a shot.)

He scores!

(COLE PW leaps in the air like Bobby Orr. SFX: Huge ROAR)

The Bruins win the Stanley Cup! Cole Hutchinson is the winner of the Conn Smyth for playoff MVP!
Hutch! Hutch! Hutch!

CINDY: *(out)* Wayne Gretzky said, "You miss 100% of the shots you don't take."

(to COLE PW)

Cole!

COLE PW: Yeah, mom.

CINDY: I just got a call from the Coach of the Tier II Squirt team I was telling you about that Danny is going to play for.

COLE PW: Cool.

(COLE PW starts to stick-handle.)

CINDY: Cole, can you stop for a second.

COLE PW: I have to work on my stick handling.

CINDY: I know, but can you stop for just a second.

(COLE PW stops for a second.)

Thank you. So this coach called...

(COLE PW starts up again.)

Cole!

COLE PW: Sorry.

(He stops.)

CINDY: So this Coach from the Lowell Wreckers....

COLE PW: The Wreckers?

CINDY: George's client owns a tow-truck company.

COLE PW: Okay.

CINDY: They play in an Elite Level summer league in Marlborough, Massachusetts and Coach George put in a good word for you so they're hoping you'll play for them.

COLE PW: Okay.

CINDY: There's kids from all over New England.

COLE PW: Cool.

CINDY: Me and you would have to drive down every Friday.

COLE PW: What about Dad?

CINDY: He'll come too. When he can. He's very busy since PawPaw passed.

COLE PW: Will we stay at a hotel? With a pool?

CINDY: We'll stay with your Uncle Rob in Newton.

COLE PW: Oh. His place smells funny. Like skunky?

CINDY: I'll talk to him about that. Listen, Cole....

(COLE PW starts stick handling again. CINDY grabs the stick from him.)

COLE PW: I was practicing!

CINDY: I know. But I need you to listen. I need to know that you're listening right now because it's important. I need to know that you're going to take it seriously. That you're going to practice and....

COLE PW: That's what I was trying to do, Mom.

CINDY: I know.

COLE PW: But you just grabbed my stick out of my hand.

CINDY: Because I need to know that you'll take this seriously.

COLE PW: I will.

CINDY: This isn't Tier 4 House league like you've been playing.

COLE PW: I know.

CINDY: This is Massachusetts.

COLE PW: Okay.

CINDY: And I want you to have fun.

COLE PW: I will.

CINDY: If you take it seriously.

COLE PW: Say what now?

CINDY: Cole, you'll have more fun if you take it seriously. Does that make sense?

COLE PW: Can I say, 'Maybe?'.

CINDY: No. You cannot. You can say, "Yes, Mom, I understand and I will take it seriously and do my very best with this opportunity and have fun doing my best and taking it seriously..."

COLE PW: I have to say all that?

CINDY: Or, you can say, "Nah, sorry Mom, not interested, I'd rather stay home and play with my friends and drink slushies and eat candy and get fat watching TV and waste my whole summer doing nothing?"

COLE PW: So, it's either go play hockey in Massachusetts every weekend or get fat doing nothing?

CINDY: Yes.

COLE PW: Guess, I'll go play hockey.

CINDY: You can't 'guess', Cole! I can't hear 'guess' and spend \$550 and drive to Marlborough every weekend. I need to hear a Yes or a No.

COLE PW: Yes.

CINDY: Okay.

COLE PW: Okay. I should practice then, huh?

CINDY: You should.

COLE PW: Gonna need my stick.

CINDY: Right. Sorry. Here.

(CINDY hands COLE PW the stick.)

COLE PW: Hutchinson up the wing!

(COLE PW stick-handles off stage.)

CINDY: *(out)* It is 184 miles from Clara, Maine to Marlborough, Mass. It takes a little less than four hours with a stop at the Saco for a pee break. Every Friday afternoon that summer Cole and I loaded up the

Subaru and headed south. Sometimes Darryl was there to see us off and sometimes he wasn't. Between work and hockey and his business we weren't seeing much of each other. Cole and I stayed with my brother, sharing the pull-out. Rob had that Ken Dryden book, *The Game*. There was this one part- 'unseverable'. I can say it now.

LIGHTS CHANGE

SCENE 8 - UNCLE ROB'S PLACE — *CINDY and COLE PW on the pull-out sofa.*

CINDY: "When I think of the backyard, I think of my childhood; and when I think of my childhood, I think of the backyard..."

COLE PW: Dad said he'd build me a rink in the backyard. You think he'll do that this year?

CINDY: I hope so.

COLE PW: Danny has a huge rink.

CINDY: I know.

COLE PW: They got it custom.

CINDY: The Dryden boys didn't even have ice.

COLE PW: Crazy.

CINDY: "It was here in the backyard that we *learned* hockey. It was here we got close to it, we got *inside* it, and it got inside us. Many years have now passed, the game has grown up and been complicated by things outside it, yet still the backyard remains untouched, unchanged, my unserverable link...unswevable..."

COLE PW: What?

CINDY: Unsevrable. You try and say this word.

(CINDY points.)

COLE PW: Unserabable?

CINDY: Unservable.

COLE PW: Like Nana's turkey casserole?

CINDY: Stop. Un-sever-able. 'my unseverable link to that time.' Do you have a place like that, Cole? An unseverable link to your childhood?

COLE PW: I'm in my childhood. Just saying. Do you?

CINDY: We had a hoop in our driveway and my brothers and I would play for hours or until one of us got

hurt and then we'd have to take a break for a few minutes. That's where I learned to be tenacious. If you have four brothers and you want to play, you better be tenacious. Like a badger!

(CINDY growls and tickles Cole. THEY wrestle bit.)

Okay, okay. Let's get some sleep. Two games tomorrow.

COLE PW: Okay, Mom. Good night.

(CINDY tucks COLE PW in and slips out of bed.)

CINDY: *(out)* Unseverable.

SCENE 9 - MARLBOROUGH — *BECKY enters. CINDY and BECKY stand at the glass looking out. Arms folded.*

BECKY: It's like they're not even trying. SKATE!!!

CINDY: They look lost out there. SKATE, COLE!

BECKY: YOU BETTER MOVE YOUR BUTT DANIEL NATHAN AUCOIN OR NO X-BOX FOR A WEEK! And back to the bench where they will sit while the Mass kids double shift.

CINDY: What does that mean? Double shift?

BECKY: This coach is playing his kid two shifts in a row and our boys are going on every third shift. I've been keeping track. There are 36 minutes in a game, right?

CINDY: Right.

BECKY: So, the coach's kid and his buddies are getting 23 minutes and 42 seconds of ice time per game and our boys are averaging 12 minutes and 8 seconds per game.

CINDY: Who gets the extra 10 seconds?

BECKY: It's a mystery.

CINDY: Oh.

BECKY: I told George, I'm not driving to Marlborough and back for 12 minutes a game! But he was, like, these are more valuable minutes in terms of development. Like, 12 minutes of Massachusetts time is like 24 minutes of Maine time.

CINDY: Oh, for sure.

BECKY: At least we're winning.

CINDY: So much winning.

BECKY: Oh, look. The coach's kid scored again.

CINDY: Yeah.

BECKY: Oh, I have to go! Damon's game starts in 10 minutes on rink 24!

(BECKY texts as she exits.)

CINDY: *(out)* The team was winning but the experience wasn't the backyard Ken Dryden talked about in his book. After about a month Cole started looking for a way out.

LIGHTS CHANGE

SCENE 10 - BASEMENT

CINDY: Cole, let's go. Get your bag! We have to go!

COLE PW: I don't feel good.

CINDY: Cole. We're going.

COLE PW: I'm gonna throw up.

(COLE PW does a little throw up motion.)

CINDY: Stop that. Get your bag.

COLE PW: I don't want to.

CINDY: This isn't about what you want, Cole. It's about what you agreed to do.

(DARRYL enters from the door in his work clothes.)

DARRYL: Hey, I was hoping I'd catch you guys before you left. Gonna score some goals, big guy?

CINDY: He says he doesn't want to go.

COLE PW: I'm sick.

CINDY: You weren't sick at day camp.

DARRYL: What's really going on, buddy? Are you sick or just not want to go?

COLE PW: I'm sick and I don't want to go.

DARRYL: Okay. If you're sick, your sick and we have to take you to the doctor and get you checked out and you'll probably have to stay inside the whole weekend. Are you sick?

COLE: No.

DARRYL: Okay, so why don't you want to go?

COLE PW: Those kids are so much better than me.

CINDY: They are not.

COLE PW: They make fun of me and Danny. On the bench.

CINDY: I will speak to the Coach.

COLE PW: It's the Coach's kid. He's the meanest. He says I suck. He's a bully and his dad doesn't say anything.

CINDY: Well, I will put a stop to that.

COLE PW: He says UMaine sucks and BU is the best.

DARRYL: Obviously, the kid's an idiot.

COLE PW: He is.

DARRYL: Sounds like it's not much fun.

COLE PW: It isn't. Can we just stop?

CINDY: No. You agreed to this, Cole. When you agree to do something you see it through.

DARRYL: Mom's got a point. When I have a job I have to go whether I want to or not. It's a crappy business but it's what I do.

COLE PW: Can't you just not?

DARRYL: Not if I want to keep putting food on the table and a roof over your head and skates on your feet.

COLE PW: Can you come down? Just this weekend?

DARRYL: I can't, buddy. But, how about next weekend we all go? I'll clear my schedule. We'll see if the Red Sox are in town. Go down early and see the Sox.

COLE PW: Can we stay at the hotel Danny's family stays at? They have a big pool.

DARRYL: Yeah. We'll do that. How about that Cindy?

CINDY: Good. Great. I think that would be great.

DARRYL: As long as I hear you tried your best this weekend.

COLE PW: Okay.

DARRYL: Sometimes, the best way to shut up a bully is just showing up.

CINDY: Or punching them in the face.

DARRYL: That works too. Sometimes.

COLE PW: I can't punch him in the face. He's my teammate.

(COLE PW collects his bag and exits through the door. DARRYL and CINDY exchange a quick kiss.

CINDY: Are you okay?

DARRYL: Yeah. Just need a beer. There's a lot more to this plumbing business than just plumbing. Just a lot of stuff and sorting out what's still in dad's name and what isn't. It's a lot of stuff.

CINDY: You'll get it sorted out.

DARRYL: Yeah.

CINDY: We'll have a great time next weekend.

DARRYL: Yeah, yeah. It will be nice to get away. It'll be fun. Is he having any fun?

CINDY: It's an elite league, Darryl. If he's going to be any good, he needs to be elite.

DARRYL: Of course.

(DARRYL goes upstairs.)

CINDY: *(out)* Fun. That's what we say. It's all about having "fun". I thought that summer league would be fun but it just wasn't. The kids were mean and the parents were mean. I spoke to the Coach and he was mean. The only, "fun," we had was the weekend Darryl came down and we went to the Red Sox game and got Fenway franks and we saw someone hit a home run. We stayed the lovely Hampton Inn with George and Becky and Danny and Damon and Derrick and we all played in the pool and the next day, Cole got three goals and three assists and Danny even got a couple goals and they played like we knew they could. And the next couple of weekends went really well, actually, pretty well. But it was such a long drive and Darryl had to work so much we hardly saw each other and then it all went to hell. Just like a turnover at the blue line. Suddenly the puck is going the other way.

LIGHTS CHANGE

SCENE 11 - BASEMENT — *COLE PW dashes in through the door, dropping his bag and runs upstairs.*

CINDY: Cole! Unpack your bag!

COLE PW: I have to go poop!

CINDY: Your bag!

COLE PW: Go poop!

(COLE PW exits.)

CINDY: Always with the poop. I'll do it.

(CINDY starts to unpack the bag. Laying out gear to dry. DARRYL enters from outside.)

DARRYL: Hey.

CINDY: Hi! You're just getting home?

DARRYL: Yeah. How'd it go?

CINDY: Good! Well, pretty good. They went 1 and 1. Cole got a goal and an assist. Next weekend is the end of the summer tourney. Well, it's not really a tourney. They match the teams up by their standing and the top two play for the "Championship". Cole's team finished 2nd so, I don't know if there's trophies or medals or what but, it's a Championship game at any rate. Cole got all mopey and asked if we had to go. I don't know. That coach's kid may have said something again. But I'd already booked the hotel room for us.

DARRYL: Another hotel room?

CINDY: You're coming down right?

DARRYL: I don't know.

CINDY: We talked about this.

DARRYL: I don't know if we can really afford it.

CINDY: Why? You've been so busy. All those jobs and it's your business now.

DARRYL: I am aware of that!

CINDY: Wow! Where did that come from?

DARRYL: I don't think we're going to make it. There's all this stuff.

CINDY: What stuff?

DARRYL: Some taxes.

CINDY: You have to pay your taxes, Darryl.

DARRYL: I know that. But dad missed a few.

CINDY: How?

DARRYL: He just got behind on some stuff and there's a loan that mom and I didn't know about.

CINDY: How did you not know about a loan? Weren't you working with him?

DARRYL: I didn't know, okay?

CINDY: You didn't want to know. All your talk about expanding the business...

DARRYL: He didn't tell me!

CINDY: Don't yell at me, Darryl!

DARRYL: We shouldn't have wasted all that money at the Red Sox...Damn it!

CINDY: Hey!

DARRYL: I may have to sell the business. Go work at Lowes or something.

CINDY: We'll get through this.

DARRYL: I don't know. I don't know about a lot of things right now.

CINDY: Are you talking about us?

DARRYL: We never see each other anymore and when we do it's like we don't.

CINDY: You're quitting.

DARRYL: I'm not quitting.

CINDY: You are. I can see it on your face. You're quitting. Hockey players don't quit, Darryl!

DARRYL: I'm not a hockey player, Cindy. I'm a plumber.

(DARRYL starts to exit up the stairs.)

CINDY: *(out)* And that was it. He went up the stairs and got a beer and started packing.

(DARRYL stops.)

DARRYL: That is not how it happened.

CINDY: What are you talking about?

DARRYL: I didn't go upstairs.

CINDY: You left us, Darryl. You went up stairs and got a beer and started packing that very night.

(DARRYL comes back down.)

DARRYL: No. I got a call.

(DARRYL's phone rings. It's the fog horn used at Bruins games when the home team scores.)

DARRYL taps the phone.)

Hutchinson Heating and Plumbing.

(pause)

Yeah.

(He looks up the stairs.)

Yeah. I'll be right over.

(DARRYL taps the phone and looks up at Cindy.)

Backed up sewer line. Basement smells like crap.

CINDY: This whole situation smells like crap.

DARRYL: It's a crappy business. I should go.

CINDY: You better go then.

DARRYL: Cindy?

CINDY: GO!

DARRYL: I'm not quitting.

(DARRYL exits.)

CINDY: *(out)* He didn't quit. But he lost. He lost the business. He lost his way and eventually he lost us. But that was months down the road. Cole and I had one more weekend in Marlborough. The 'Championship' game.

LIGHTS CHANGE

SCENE 12 - LOCKER ROOM — *Cole PW enters in full goalie gear dragging a goalie stick, struggling to put his jersey on.*

COLE PW: Little help? Mom?

CINDY: Cole?

COLE PW: Help me with the jersey.

CINDY: What are you doing?

COLE PW: Playing goalie!

CINDY: No!

COLE PW: Yes!

CINDY: Why are you playing goalie?

COLE PW: We needed a goalie.

CINDY: Where's the regular goalie?

COLE PW: Caroline got a call to play in a Showcase tourney in Montreal so she had to go. Help me with the jersey.

(CINDY takes the stick and helps with the jersey.)

CINDY: Why you? There must be a thousand kids around this place! Some of them have to be goalies. Why can't they grab one of those kids?

COLE PW: Coach said it had to be a kid on the roster.

CINDY: But why you?

COLE PW: I volunteered.

CINDY: Why would you do that, Cole!

COLE PW: The team needs a goalie.

CINDY: This is the championship game!

COLE PW: It's just summer league, Mom.

CINDY: This isn't 'just' summer league, Cole! This is where you get noticed and the only thing they're going to notice is how many goals you give up! When was the last time you even played goalie?

COLE PW: Mites.

(COLE LTP enters in full goalie gear and gets in front of the net.)

CINDY: And what happened?

COLE PW: I was not very good.

(Foam pucks fly at Cole LTP. Most of them go in. He collapses and crawls off.)

CINDY: I just don't know why you would sabotage this opportunity...

COLE PW: Mom. We can't play the game without a goalie. I'm playing goalie.

CINDY: You are not!

COLE PW: I am!

(BECKY enters.)

BECKY: Have a good game, Cole.

COLE PW: Thank you!

(COLE PW waddles over to the net and puts on the goalie helmet, glove and blocker.)

BECKY: You're going to need your stick.

COLE PW: Oh, yeah.

(COLE PW returns to his mom for the stick. CINDY gives it up reluctantly. COLE PW waddles back to the net. BECKY and CINDY go to the stands.)

BECKY: Have you seen the trophy for the winners?

CINDY: No.

BECKY: It's very nice. Big. And every player on the winning team gets a gold medal. They say CHAMPION on them.

CINDY: That's nice.

BECKY: Do you know what the second place medals say on them?

CINDY: No.

BECKY: PARTICIPANT.

CINDY: No!

BECKY: I know, right! I almost threw up in my mouth.

(Several foam pucks fly past COLE PW and go in the net. BECKY pulls out her phone and texts.)

Down 0-5 after 1. Cole in net. Danny 3:12 ice time.

(More pucks fly past COLE PW. CINDY can't watch. BECKY texts.)

We got 1! 1-10 after 2. Danny 5:45 ice time.

(to Cindy)

I'm so glad our boys got to participate.

CINDY: Cole!

(CINDY steps onto the ice and shuffles over to COLE PW.)

COLE PW: Mom! What are you doing?

CINDY: Come on, Cole.

(CINDY grabs COLE PW and tries to drag him off.)

COLE PW: You can't be on the ice!

CINDY: We are leaving.

COLE PW: Mom!

CINDY: Let's go!

COLE PW: Let go of me! There's one more period!

CINDY: It's 10 to 1, Cole! The score is 10 to 1 and your team isn't even trying to help you. I will not let these people embarrass you any further! I won't let you embarrass yourself. We are leaving!

COLE PW: No!

(COLE PW breaks away and goes back to the net.)

CINDY: Cole! Cole! You get back here!

COLE PW: Hockey players don't quit!

(A barrage of foam pucks assaults COLE PW. CINDY screams and runs to block some of them. BECKY records the event with her phone. Two refs [DARRYL and ZALA] run on to try and drag Cindy off.)

CINDY: Let go of me! I am his mother! LET GO OF ME!!!

(CINDY breaks free and collapses to the ice. An avalanche of pucks falls on all of them.)

END ACT I

29 more pages in ACT TWO