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**PowerPlay**

**Cally Phillips**



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## **PERIOD ONE - OFFENSIVE LINES**

### **SETTING - THE HOCKEY RINK**

MUSIC - WE WILL ROCK YOU. VIDEO - GAME ACTION.

*"You were born to be hockey players. This is your moment."*

*We open to the razzmattaz of a Hockey rink. Loud music blares out "We will, we will Rock you" Dry ice creates atmosphere and video projections of hockey players, in close up, crashing into the boards, come straight at us.*

*Out of the smoke come the players, led by the referee in his familiar black and white striped jersey. The two teams come on to rapturous canned cheering and applause - this is a total assault on the senses. We have three players per team (but can have non speaking extras to pack the benches)*

*The players file onto the "rink" standing upstage in a line while the referee takes centre stage. His role is that of compere. Where appropriate his lines will be in recorded voice-over. The impression is of the lives of the "players" being commentated on. He is, at the same time, of the game and apart from the game. He's like God if you will.*

REF: You were born to be hockey players. This is your moment.

*The crowd goes wild.*

REF: Welcome to the final game of our back to back series between the Green Mountain Lions and the Jasper Black Bears.

*The hockey players look agitated, ready to start.*

*The following introductions are made to huge NOISE.*

REF: Introducing the keylines in tonight's match. For the Green Mountain Lions, a local boy made good, your captain and mine, Martin LeMaire. At

thirty two years of age he's five foot eleven and weighs a hundred and eighty pounds..

*Martin LeMaire "skates" forward and removes his helmet. He's a good looking guy, mid 30's, the epitome of the successful US businessman.*

REF: Backing up Marty, as always, give a huge Green Mountain welcome to a man whose strength in the powerplay is legendary - Scott Wisnowski. He's a veteran hockey player, thirty six years old, six foot and weighs two twenty pounds.

*Wisnowski skates forward. He's late 30's and has a hard bitten edge to him. You wouldn't want him shoving you into the boards.*

REF: And completing our keyline, the freshman draft pick of the season.. Jamie Russell. Twenty four years old, a compact player at five foot seven and weighing a mere one hundred and thirty pounds.

*Russell skates forward. As she takes off her helmet, her long blonde hair cascades down.*

*The three players stand firm against the oncoming opposition who don't get quite the same build up from the ref.*

REF: For the Jasper Black Bears we have Captain Tyler Walker. Thirty two, six foot one and two hundred pounds. This guy's one to watch on the powerplay.

*Walker skates forward, takes off his helmet and shakes hands all round.*

REF: Aply assisted by Kelly LeMaire. Thirty one years old, five five and a hundred and twenty pounds. Not your regular hockey player build..

*LeMaire skates forward, shakes with Jamie and Scott and gives Martin the smallest peck on the cheek.*

REF: That's right, the LeMaire's like to keep it in the family.. and last but not least, Canada's finest export of 2005, who just missed out on a draft

pick with the Philadelphia Flyers.. Tom McNaughton, twenty six years old, six foot and a hundred and eighty five pounds.

*McNaughton skates forward, removes his helmet, shakes hands perfunctorairly with the opposition.*

*During the referee's next speech we have the very soft undertones of US anthem, during which the "players" strip out of their hockey gear to reveal their street clothes.*

REF: All right. With the formalities out of the way it's time for me to update you on the rules of the game.. we play three periods of twenty minutes. If the score's even at the end we go to five minutes sudden death overtime and if that doesn't finish it, we'll go to a penalty shoot out. There's only two ways out that door - winners or losers. Get ready for the draw.

MUSIC -WE WILL ROCK YOU. VIDEO PROJECTION-THE DRAW

## **PLAY ONE - THE ANNIVERSARY.**

SETTING - LeMaire bedroom.(Video projection backdrop) MUSIC - LOVE, LOVE ME DO.

*An upmarket bedroom in an upmarket house. Evening. We get straight into the action. Evenly matched as masters of the cheap shot, Marty and Kelly square up for a fight on opposite sides of the "red line".*

REF: As we get underway in the first...

MARTY: You gotta dress like some cheap whore to pull in business these days?

KELLY: It's our anniversary. You said we were going out.

MARTY: We are going out. I'm going out and you're going out. But we ain't going out together. Not unless you're coming to the hockey.

KELLY: Some goddam hockey match is more important to you than our tenth wedding anniversary?

MARTY: You bet your sweet ass it is. We're up for the playoff's. This one's gonna be bigger than the battle of Alberta. (pause) You do know about the battle of Alberta don't you? (pause) Call yourself a Canadian?

REF: A hefty cross-check there from Marty LeMaire.. boarding.. come on, surely that's a boarding call.. But no, Kelly LeMaire shakes him off and clears the puck..

KELLY: Which ring is more important to you, your championship ring, or your wedding ring?

MARTY: You have to ask?

KELLY: No, you have to tell me.

MARTY: I don't got to tell you anything.

*Video projection of roughing in action - sound of skates.*

REF: That's going to be a penalty. LeMaire. Two minutes for roughing.

*Marty turns to walk away.*

KELLY: I remember the days when we didn't have to dress up like the Thanksgiving turkey to make a living. When you got your hands dirty in construction instead of your soul. When I hadn't sold myself to realty..

*Video projection of tripping.*

REF: And another one. Penalty. LeMaire. Two minutes for tripping.

*They both head upstage to the sin bin, side by side.*

KELLY: Do you remember those days Marty? (pause) What went wrong? Do you remember when we first met?

REF: Even in the box those kids just won't leave it alone.

VIDEO PROJECTION - SQUABBLING IN THE BOX.

## **PLAY TWO - THE DINER.**

SETTING - THE DINER (Video projection backdrop)

*Scott and Tom enter a typical American diner. They face Jamie, the waitress, who shows them to their table and takes their orders. Tom smiles at her, but Scott ignores her.*

SCOTT: You gotta have more ambition. This laid back hippy attitude is okay for people who ain't going nowhere, but I don't hire guys who won't make the grade.. got me. TOM: Uh.. sure..

*He buries himself in the menu. Scott throws his menu on the table. Jamie comes forward to take the order.*

JAMIE: You ready to order?

SCOTT: You ready to serve me?

JAMIE: Sure.

*She and Tom exchange a glance.*

SCOTT: Right. Now I want a quarter pounder, charcoal flame grilled with cheese on the top and onions on top of that and I want a pickle, but on the side..

JAMIE: Quarter pounder the works, pickle on the side.

SCOTT: Get me. On the side. When I say on the side I mean not on the burger, not on the cheese, not touching the sandwich, on the side of the plate. The pickle on its own. Got that?

JAMIE: Sure. D'you want fries with that?

SCOTT: Did I say I want fries?

JAMIE: Okay. No fries. And to drink?

SCOTT: Coffee. Without that fancy whipped cream stuff. Just a plain coffee. Strong and black. American coffee. Right?

JAMIE: Burger and coffee..no fries.. you got it. (turns to Tom) And you sir?

TOM: Hot dog and a coke please.

JAMIE: Any specials with that?

TOM: Nah. Just the way it comes thanks.

REF: McNaughton scoops up a loose puck in front of the crease and passes wide down the middle to center ice.

*He gives her a winning smile. She beats a retreat.*

SCOTT: You stick with me, you can forget all the crud that comes with working minimum wage, begging for tips. Okay, you think you ain't got much of a gig now I'll bet. Who are you? Just some guy who delivers hire cars and whose boss busts his ass and makes him come in weekends to clean up the vomit off that family rental.. but I'm telling you Tom, it's all a test. I like to see what folks are made of. You work for me and you work hard, you're going places. I'm gonna give you responsibility and you're gonna step up to the plate and take it. What do you say to that?

REF: Wisnowski. Two minutes for boarding.

VIDEO PROJECTION - BOARDING.

TOM: Sure Mr Wisnowski. Pass me the puck. I'll shoot.

SCOTT: But will you score?

*Jamie comes back with the food. Puts the plates down in front of them. Scott picks up the sandwich, sniffs it, looks at it very carefully, then throws it down on the plate.*

REF: Russell's coming back to center ice..

JAMIE: Something wrong sir?

SCOTT: You bet your sweet ass something's wrong. You can't follow a simple instruction. I said pickle on the side. Now what's this?

TOM: Give her a break, the pickle's on the side - look.

SCOTT: Maybe now it is.. but this pickle's been on my burger. Contaminating it. What you gotta say about it girlie?

JAMIE: I'm not gonna lie to you the pickle did touch the side of the sandwich..

SCOTT: See that. The pickle touched the side of the sandwich. And I clearly said.. keep my pickle on the side.. AWAY from the sandwich. Didn't I?

REF: Wisnowski charges right into Russell.

*Jamie looks like she's about to cry.*

JAMIE: Yes.

SCOTT: You what?

JAMIE: I said yes, sir.

REF: He slams Russell right against the boards..

SCOTT: So what? You just thought you'd ignore me? Customer service is for shit in this country.

JAMIE: I'm sorry. I'm really sorry sir. I can go get you another burger..

SCOTT: Maybe I want the manager.

REF: Wisnowski's gonna get two minutes for charging when this play stops.

JAMIE: Please, sir. It's been a long shift.. I'm sorry, I just nudged it against the sandwich when I carried it over..I can get you another one right away.. on the house.

SCOTT: Forget it sweetie. (sarcastically) I'm just making a point.

TOM: (aside) And what point's that? That you're a jerk?

REF: Looks like a fight's on. McNaughton drops the gloves..

SCOTT: That the customer is always right. Now I'm eating this burger, but I sure as hell ain't paying for it. And if that comes out of your wages maybe it'll teach you something..

JAMIE: Thank you sir. (turns to Tom) Is your food all right sir?

TOM: Sure. Thanks.

*She turns away, to conceal that she's fighting back tears.*

REF: Okay, okay, let's sort this out. Russell and McNaughton get two minutes each and Wisnowski gets a five minute game misconduct. Get outta here you lot.

*They "skate" off to their benches.*

VIDEO PROJECTION - Line change then back to diner backdrop.

*Jamie comes back to clear the table. Tom comes back in as well.*

TOM: Hi.

JAMIE: Oh,hi.

*Tom sticks a couple of dollars on the table.*

TOM: We didn't leave a tip.

JAMIE: Your boss gave me more than a tip.

TOM: He's an asshole. Don't worry about it. He gets off on pushing folk around. It's in his nature.

JAMIE: Why are you running interference for him?

TOM: I'm not. I wouldn't apologise for him. He's just the guy who signs my paycheque.

JAMIE: Sure. I've got one of those. (pause) So.. you've left your tip. I should get back to work. I'm fed up of guys busting my ass.

TOM: I.. I didn't finish up here.

JAMIE: Sorry, I threw your burgers away.

TOM: Hope you spat on his.

JAMIE: You kidding me!

TOM: Yeah, you should have done it before he got it. Goddam pickle. Goddam freak. I mean, you either like freaking pickle or you don't, what's all this put it on the side but not touching anything..

JAMIE: Some folk just like to be difficult. It's a power trip.

TOM: I know where I'd like to shove his pickle.

*Jamie laughs.*

JAMIE: You a novice in the customer service line then? (pause) Hey, I can get you another hot dog?

TOM: No. That wasn't what I didn't finish.

JAMIE: Pardon me?

TOM: A date.

JAMIE: You're kidding me, right?

TOM: No. I'm looking for something kinda sweet. Get rid of that pickle taste from my gut!

REF: McNaughton. Two minutes for holding.

JAMIE: Okay.

TOM: When do you get off work?

JAMIE: Eleven.

TOM: I'll pick you up at eleven then?

JAMIE: It's kind of late.

TOM: No problem. I'm a kind of late kind of guy.

REF: McNaughton. Get off the ice.

*Tom skates back to his bench.*

VIDEO PROJECTION - CHANGING LINE.

### **PLAY THREE - AFTER THE GAME, AWAY.**

SETTING - DINER

*Marty and Tyler take their seats and order drinks from Jamie who then leaves them*

REF: Now with Walker and Lemaire on the ice we're gonna see a battle for the puck.. Walker fires it all round the boards behind his own goal..

TYLER: You sure about this Marty? It's kind of late.

MARTY: You kidding me. A guy can't have a quick drink after the game now without feeling guilty?

TYLER: Hey, it's not me whose balls are gonna get busted.

MARTY: But what a game eh? I mean, you gotta come down after an atmosphere like that eh.. you can't just go home and go to sleep.. it's all still rushing and..

TYLER: You sound like you were on the rink buster, not hanging out in hospitality.

MARTY: I'm always on the rink Tyler. Hey. Remember back in BC.. I mean.. senior year.. hey, I could've gone for draft pick.. they all wanted a piece of me then..

TYLER: But you decided to give it all up in favour of construction?

MARTY: What d'you think, lawyer man?

TYLER: I think we all have our college hockey fantasies. Just sometimes they don't look like they'll turn into the big money offers we'd like. And there's security in the law. And in construction, you flash punk. How'd you get in that box for the whole season?

MARTY: Hey,my company built that ice, man. I own that place.. I mean it.. I really own that place.

TYLER: And I thought construction was all about getting muddy. Should have gone in with you when I had the chance.

MARTY: Yeah. Thought only lawyers got to wear the sharp suits eh? Listen man, when I want a piece of the action, I take it, and I don't worry about the legal side of things..

TYLER: That's right. You leave all the nightmares to me eh?

REF: Russell scoops it up from in front of the net and puts in a chippy little pass..

*Jamie has delivered their drinks. She turns away from them.*

MARTY: Hey. I fancy a piece of that ass.

TYLER: She's hot all right. But you've got your own at home. Leave something for the rest of us.

MARTY: What I got at home's all used up, man.

TYLER: You never were any good at taking care of your skates.

MARTY: Christ man, she's.. oh, I dunno. Why'd it get like that. She's just so jealous of everything I do. We've got nothing in common and.. you know, sometimes I just wish I was a bachelor again.

TYLER: Hey, we all wish we were ten - fifteen years younger man, kicking back in the frat house. Out on the road with the team..It's life man. Get used to it.

MARTY: Okay for you to say. You don't gotta go back and see her sour face next to you in bed every night.

*Tyler gestures towards Jamie.*

TYLER: She'll be like that one day too. We all get like that..

*Enter Tom, making a beeline for Jamie.*

MARTY: So what's that guy got that I ain't got, eh? How come he's gonna take her home and jump her bones. I mean, check it out.. he don't look like he owns a suit, never mind a car.. he..

TYLER: He's got ten years on you, man, that's what he's got. Come back in ten years, he'll be sitting right where you are now, crying into his beer just the same.

REF: McNaughton gets it back from the blue line..

*They finish the beer.*

MARTY: Okay wise-ass, lead me to my doom.

REF: And that's an icing call.

VIDEO PROJECTION - ICING

### **PLAY FOUR - AFTER THE GAME- HOME**

SETTING - LeMaire Bedroom. (Video projection backdrop) MUSIC -  
UNDER PRESSURE

KELLY: Finally decided to show up then?

MARTY: What's the difference to you?

KELLY: None. I just gotta big deal coming off in the morning and I want to get some sleep.

MARTY: Jeez. A guy can't even go out for a night now..

KELLY: Going out with the guys isn't the problem and you know it.

REF: This game's starting to get interesting as Lemaire dumps the puck. If they're smart and settle the puck down low, they'll have a great game..

MARTY: After ten years you still want to be in my pocket. It's unnatural. You don't even like hockey.

KELLY: I don't even like you.

MARTY: So. Give me a bit of space.

KELLY: How much space do you want?

MARTY: More than you can ever give me. I mean.. I feel.. well.. you suffocate me. Maybe I'm not cut out for married life. I mean, I feel like, I wanna live like a bachelor.

KELLY: You want to live like a teenager.

MARTY: Whatever. I sure as hell don't want a nagging monkey on my back all the time.

REF: LeMaire. Two minutes for roughing.

KELLY: Grow up Marty.

MARTY: Oh, I'm all grown up Kel. I don't gotta take this.

*Turns away*

REF: He lines the shot up, but it's deflected..

KELLY: Where are you going?

MARTY: Spare room. Get some peace.

KELLY: Oh man, you're a piece of work.

REF: The pace is really picking up now and there's no love lost between this pair.

KELLY: You don't get it do you?

MARTY: What's to get?

REF: And Kelly Lemaire's chasing him off the ice now, this looks like it's gonna get ugly..

VIDEO PROJECTION - ROUGHING

**PLAY FIVE - NEARLY A FIRST DATE.**

SETTING - THE DINER (Video projection backdrop) MUSIC - GO JOHNNY GO.

*Tom and Jamie are in the empty diner.*

REF: And right off the face off here Russell dumps the puck down the ice for the chip and chase..

JAMIE: I'm sorry. I know you waited up all this time for me, but I'm dog tired. I've had a bitch of a day.

TOM: No problem. We can make it another time. (pause) If you're not just giving me the brush-off.

JAMIE: No. No. You seem really nice.. I just..

REF: McNaughton gathers the puck in front of his own goal and begins another attack.

TOM: Hey, what're you doing next Friday night?

JAMIE: Friday? I'm off. First night off in three weeks.

TOM: Wanna come to the hockey?

JAMIE: I thought there was an NHL lockout?

TOM: There's more to hockey than the NHL.

JAMIE: Tell that to the NHL.

TOM: You like hockey, right?

JAMIE: Like it yes. Not like a Canadian likes it of course, but sure, I like hockey.

TOM: Okay. So I'll come by and pick you up.

JAMIE: Sure. That'll be great.

REF: He dekes to the right, to the left.. he shoots he scores. And the Jasper Brown Bears are one up with thirty seconds on the clock.

JAMIE: So what's the story with the lockout anyway?

TOM: NHL and the NHPLA are like a bad marriage. They share the same bed and file their income tax returns together, but they sure don't love each other any more.

JAMIE: Doesn't that happen to everyone?

TOM: Maybe it does, but it doesn't have to.

JAMIE: What do you mean?

TOM: I mean, people just stop trying. They forget what they loved about the game and they just get lazy and then it all falls apart. Hey, this isn't really first date type stuff is it?

JAMIE: This isn't really a first date - yet.

TOM: Good point.

JAMIE: Anyway, maybe it's exactly first date stuff. A bit of reality.

REF: Russell lets the wrist shot go. Man. GOAL. That came out of nowhere. That's one one going into the first intermission.

VIDEO PROJECTION - GOAL CELEBRATIONS

## *PERIOD TWO DEFENSIVE LINES*

*"Sometimes you have to sacrifice your body for the team."*

*PLAY ONE - WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE.*

SETTING-THE HOCKEY RINK MUSIC-KING OF THE ROAD VIDEO  
- FIGHTING, BLURRED AND FAST

*As the music blasts, Tyler and Jamie come onto the ice wearing helmets and with sticks. They effect a rough and tumble kind of cross checking, he charges into her and high sticks her, knocks her to the ground.*

REF: Here we are, seven seconds into the second period and already Wisnowski's putting it about. This guy knows no fear. He's not the kind of guy you wanna end up in the corner with.

*Jamie picks herself up, takes off her helmet. You'd think that Tyler might be bothered he's just knocked over a woman, but oh no, he goes straight in for the kill.*

TYLER: What the hell were you doing?

JAMIE: What the hell was I doing? You ran into me.

TYLER: Listen you stupid woman. Bike's are for bike paths. You weren't watching where you were going.. have an argument with the boyfriend?

REF: That's got to be a hooking call..

JAMIE: Hey, you can't talk to me like that. (pause) Look at my bike. It's wrecked.

TYLER: I can talk to you anyway I like, and your rusty heap of metal has taken out my side panel. You're gonna pay for this.

*He reaches for his cellphone.*

JAMIE: Who the hell do you think you are?

TYLER: Don't you know who I am? You will. (speaks into the phone.) Hey, Tyler Walker here.. I'm gonna need a ride to the shop..

*Behind his back Jamie mimics him.*

JAMIE: Tyler Walker here...

REF: Penalty? Russell, tripping.

TYLER: Attorney at law. And I'm gonna take great pleasure in sueing your ass.

JAMIE: You'll be lucky.

TYLER: Meaning?

REF: Russell ducks out of the way, as Wisnowski charges down the ice.

JAMIE: You can't take what I ain' got. And I got nothing.

REF: And Russell slides the puck straight through the neutral zone..

TYLER: You think? I can take anything from anyone. And I do. On a daily basis.

REF: Hey, Wisnowski, high sticking.

JAMIE: Yeah? So sue me. You schmuck. I got no insurance. Bike insurance, life insurance. Nothing.

REF: Wisnowski's stick's broken. He looks around for a defenseman..

TYLER: Everyone has insurance! You gotta have insurance..

*She walks off.*

VIDEO - BROKEN STICK MUSIC - HIT THE ROAD JACK

**PLAY TWO. TAKE ME OUT.**

SETTING - LeMaire bedroom. MUSIC - TAKE ME OUT.

*Kelly and Marty. Another evening at home and at each others throats.*

MARTY: Let's eat out.

KELLY: No, let's eat in.

MARTY: Thought you didn't want to cook.

KELLY: I don't.

MARTY: So?

KELLY: So, I want you to cook. (pause) Remember when you used to cook Marty?

*No response. Kelly separates from him, talks to the audience and to Marty's back, it's like she's stepping out of the argument.*

REF: Lemaire skates the puck through the neutral zone, it's a wide pass down to the point..

KELLY: Remember when you used to make an effort Marty? (pause)  
Remember when you used to talk to me Marty (pause) Remember when we used to make love Marty (pause) Remember when you used to BE here Marty?

MARTY: (to the Ref) We never made love, we had sex.

REF: A rebound off the boards, and the puck's heading for the netting.

*Back into the scene.*

MARTY: I don't like everyday cooking. I only like cooking for special occasions.

KELLY: Fine. Then we'll only eat on special occasions.

PAUSE

REF: And Kelly Lemaire's slamming him into the boards now.. that's gotta hurt. Surely that's gonna be a high sticking call?

MARTY: I said we should eat out. Jeez. What's a guy gotta do..?

KELLY: Oh, I'm eating out all right.

MARTY: What do you mean?

KELLY: What do you want it to mean?

MARTY: Why do you always turn everything into some kind of a play?

KELLY: No Marty, you're the one who sees everything as some kind of powerplay. (pause) I'm eating out.

MARTY: I'll drive.

REF: He tries a turnound on center ice, but he gets tripped up before he even gets going.

KELLY: Oh, I'm eating out. But not with you.

REF: That's it. Kelly Lemaire gets two minutes for slashing. It was a great penalty to take.

VIDEO PROJECTION - SLASHING MUSIC - TAKE ME OUT

**PLAY THREE - SACRIFICE**

SETTING - SCOTT'S OFFICE (Video projection backdrop) MUSIC - WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO

*Music blasts out as SCOTT AND TOM take their turn on the ice.*

REF: This game has been played at such a pace with great chances at both ends of the hockey rink, but halfway into the second it's still one apiece as Wisnowski and McNaughton take the ice.

TOM: But I've got the afternoon off. It's Friday.

SCOTT: Look, it ain't my fault some hot-shot lawyer got his car all smashed up.. we just deal with the end result. And the end result is he's gonna pay bigstyle for the Audi out there.. and you're gonna deliver it to him..

TOM: So why can't I take it now?

REF: McNaughton snaps a wrist shot.. deflected wide..

SCOTT: Cause I need you to mind the office now. Call it a promotion. I got somewhere to be.

TOM: And I got somewhere to be.

REF: Another shot from the point..

SCOTT: Yeah. In my office.

REF: Rebounds off the pads..

TOM: No. Somewhere else.

REF: Let's see what Wisnowski can do when he gets a puck on his stick.

SCOTT: You got some girl waiting for you in Mooseland. Gonna cuddle up to Friday night hockey together?

TOM: I just wanna get my afternoon off like we agreed.

SCOTT: Hey. What can I say. Shit happens. It pays to be flexible. (pause) Sometimes you got to sacrifice your body for the team,buddy. (pause) You wanna stay on my team McNaughton? (pause) You wanna keep drawing a paycheck from me McNaughton?

TOM: Sure.

REF: He's big, he's strong and he's a real physical player..

SCOTT: Then stop whining and suck it up. Man you guys. I suppose you're in sympathy with the players eh? Well you gotta think like management if you wanna be management. No one's indispensible. And all players can be traded. Got me.

TOM: Yeah. I got you. (pause) So. I thought you had to be somewhere, urgent?

SCOTT: Damn. Yeah. Business don't wait. I'll be back by three. And I'm taking the keys to the Audi with me, so you don't leave here till I get back. Okay.

REF: Wisnowski buries the puck in the back of the net. That's two one the Green Mountain Lions with nine minutes forty six on the clock.

*He leaves.*

TOM: And you stopped paying me five minutes ago Wisnowski. You asshole.

VIDEO - SCOOPING PUCK UP OUT OF THE NET

**PLAY FOUR - TWO TRIBES.**

SETTING - THE DINER MUSIC - TWO TRIBES

*Tyler and Marty take their seats.*

MARTY: I want a divorce. (pause) I mean, I think I want a divorce. (pause)  
Yeah. I want to be divorced. Single. Free.

TYLER: You sure about that?

MARTY: I don't know.

TYLER: Get sure, pal.

MARTY: It's like we're not even in the same team anymore. Know what I mean?

TYLER: I'm gonna give you the benefit of the gift that keeps on giving my friend.

MARTY: What's that then?

TYLER: My opinion.

MARTY: Shoot.

TYLER: Has she got someone else?

*Marty laughs.*

REF: LeMaire's biggest asset is his speed. He's at his best when he's on his toes.

MARTY: You kidding me. Kelly? (laughs) You are kidding me. Not Kel. She's not.. she wouldn't.. she..man, she doesn't exist without me.

REF: He's big and strong and he's got terrific wheels.

TYLER: And have you got someone else?

MARTY: I wish. (pause) I want a divorce. You're a lawyer. Let's play the play.

TYLER: Marty, we've been friends since college and as much as I'd like to get my hands on your money, do not, I repeat, do not get a divorce. She'll take you to the cleaners pal.

MARTY: But that's why you're on a retainer.

TYLER: Let me explain this in terms you can understand Marty. She's gonna get a penalty shot in front of the goal and she's gonna put one right upstairs. You'll be begging for a shift on the fourth line.

MARTY: Okay. Okay. I got it. Jeez. But why.. I mean, how come you can't sort this for me Tyler. Jeez. The times I covered your ass at BC..

TYLER: I can't run interference for you on this one Marty. Not possible. This ain't college hockey buddy, it's big league. (pause) Listen to what I say. Do not get a divorce.

MARTY: So what I gotta do? Go home and have sex with the bitch?

REF: Lemaire sends a backhanded shot down the ice.. hey, that got a piece of the post..

TYLER: I'm a lawyer Marty, not a marriage counsellor. (pause) Just keep an eye on your assets.

*Jamie comes over.*

REF: Russell picks up the puck and that's another chance gone awry.

JAMIE: Want a refill?

*Marty smiles at her.*

MARTY: Sure, honey.

*She fills his cup and leaves.*

MARTY: I wouldn't mind giving her a refill.

TYLER: Please. I said keep an eye on your own assets, not some honey like her (pause) You sure you ain't got some honey stashed away there Marty?

MARTY: What? And me an unhappily married man? Come on Tyler. Wake up and smell the coffee. I got girls hanging off me day and night ain't I?

TYLER: You wish.

MARTY: Don't we all.

REF: They're challenging hard for the puck in the central zone, hey, that's got to be interference.

*They both make to get the check.*

MARTY: No. I'll get it.

*He throws down several large bills.*

TYLER: It only gets you the coffee Marty, not the girl serving you the coffee.

*Marty laughs.*

MARTY: Sure.

*They get ready to leave.*

REF: Walker needs to move his feet.. he gets it back from the blueline but..

TYLER: Hey. That girl. She's..

MARTY: Hot, I know.

TYLER: No. She's the bitch that wrecked my car.

*Marty laughs.*

REF: Walker's a shorthanded specialist but he needs to show more discipline.

MARTY: Get over it man. It's just a car.

TYLER: Now I gotta get an Audi delivered and it'll probably still have the stench of some delivery guy's sweat in it when I pick it up and I'll be driving around in someone else's smell all weekend.

MARTY: Man. Let it go. It's just a car. (pause) She's just a girl. (pause) Jeez. Get over it.

REF: Now they're back down to it, with Lemaire driving it back down the ice but that's a hell of a forecheck from Walker..

TYLER: Hey, while we're trading advice here man, make sure you don't come out of the goal too early Marty.

MARTY: Hey. No woman ever beat me Tyler.

*They shake hands. As Marty leaves Tyler speaks to his back.*

TYLER: Yet.

REF: And both teams change on the fly..

VIDEO - JUMPING OVER THE BOARDS FOR THE CHANGEOVER

## **PLAY FIVE - WHO LET THE DOGS OUT**

SETTING - THE DINER MUSIC- WHO LET THE DOGS OUT.

*Kelly sits alone in the diner. Jamie comes up to take her order.*

REF: And we're coming into the last minutes of the second with Green Mountain Lions holding a two to one advantage. The Black Bears really

need to get working. If you're not working hard, you've got to at least make it look like you're working hard, and keep your feet moving.

KELLY: A coffee thanks. I'm meeting someone.

JAMIE: Cool. Take your time.

KELLY: Thanks.

*Jamie is about to go, but Kelly holds her up.*

KELLY: This is a quiet kinda place? Is it always like this?

JAMIE: That's the way we like it.

KELLY: Surely you rely on the tips?

REF: That's a great backhand pass from Lemaire.

*At this point Scott enters.*

JAMIE: Oh I get plenty tips, ma'am.

*Sees Scott.*

JAMIE: And plenty I don't need.

*Scott crosses to the table, ignoring Jamie, leans over and kisses Kelly, who responds.*

REF: As Wisnowski charges onto the ice. He lines his man up in the corner..

SCOTT: Hi honey. You found it.

KELLY: Sure. You were right, it's dead in here.

SCOTT: Hey babe. You think I don't know how to be discrete. Come on..

*Jamie hovers.*

JAMIE: Ready to order now?

SCOTT: Just give us a minute eh?

REF: Russell's pass misses the mark and they're going to call a holding penalty..

*Jamie backs off. Scott takes Kelly's hand and starts devouring it.*

SCOTT: They don't sell what I wanna eat in here babe.

KELLY: Hey. Settle down.

SCOTT: All right babe. Look. I only got an hour or so. My guy's been whining that I promised him the afternoon off and..

KELLY: ..and I have an empty property to show to a Mr Wisnowski this afternoon..

SCOTT: Oh baby. You know I like what I'm hearing.. come on then..

REF: There's a battle on here. He's so good on his skates..

KELLY: Hey. You don't want to eat first?

SCOTT: I wanna eat you first.

KELLY: Come on. Quit fooling.

SCOTT: Okay, babe. You want food, you got food.

*He checks out the menu.*

REF: Wisnowski's just gonna force the puck into the net..

SCOTT: Gotta treat the ladies right, now, after all, that's my motto.

REF: But Russell's gonna stop him from scoring..

JAMIE: (aside) I thought it was don't let the pickle touch the sandwich..

KELLY: Save it Scott. I've heard it all before.

SCOTT: Course you have babe. But not from me.

REF: That's a great little fake there.. but Wisnowski's shot is deflected just wide of the net..

*They get up and leave the diner..*

VIDEO PROJECTION-CHANGE OVER. MUSIC-WHO LET THE DOGS OUT.

## **PLAY SIX - THAT DON'T IMPRESS ME MUCH**

SETTING - THE DINER MUSIC - THAT DON'T IMPRESS ME MUCH

*Jamie is alone in the diner. Tom bursts in.*

REF: With thirty eight seconds left on the clock, McNaughton charges the goal.. he shows great speed this guy, but he's really got to get better control of the puck in shooting positions..

TOM: Man, I'm so sorry I'm late.. my boss..

JAMIE: I know.

TOM: What?

REF: A great wrist shot, deflected wide..

JAMIE: He was in here. All over some woman dressed up like a.. like a..

TOM: Model?

JAMIE: Realtor.

TOM: You kidding me?

JAMIE: Man, he had her so hard up against the boards..

TOM: Asshole. (pause) So. You ready to get off?

JAMIE: Sure. What you got in mind?

TOM: I thought, maybe I could cook for you. If you wanna eat before the game.

JAMIE: You don't have to.

TOM: I want to.

JAMIE: You sure?

TOM: Hey, I just thought, that with you working round food all day, maybe you'd like a bit of pampering.. you know.. and I could cook for you.

JAMIE: To impress me?

REF: Russell's giving McNaughton the run around here. He's piling on the pressure at the net but there's just no way in.

TOM: Yes. No. Hell, just to do something nice for you.

JAMIE: Tell it to me in ten years time.

TOM: What? (pause) What'd I do?

REF: Hey, that's hooking, for sure.

JAMIE: Nothing. Sorry hon. (she gives him a peck.) It's been a real hard shift.

TOM: Man, tell me about it. Still, (half sings) "Thank god it's Friday..."

JAMIE: Hockey. What is it with you guys? Everything always comes back to hockey in the end.

*Tom smiles.*

TOM: It's life ain't it? What more is there?

REF: That's more like it, he lines up the shot.. he shoots..

*The hooter goes off.*

REF: As the hooter goes..

JAMIE: Yeah, sure. Let's go watch some guys bust each other's asses on the ice.

REF: And that's the end of the second period. The puck crossed the line, but after the hooter went, so the Black Bears are still trailing two to one.. this is gonna be a hell of a third period.

VIDEO PROJECTION - PLAYERS LEAVING THE ICE

## **PERIOD THREE - HEADING FOR OVERTIME**

*"Life is just the place we spend time between games."*

### **PLAY ONE -POWERPLAY**

SETTING - THE DINER MUSIC - SOME DAY I'M GONNA GET YOU

*Kelly sits alone at a table in the diner.*

REF: Here we are back in the third. The home team are ahead two to one but the Black Bears are on a powerplay. There's no one here to take the forecheck, and LeMaire is just walking that puck straight down main street.

*Enter Tyler. Jamie is about to take Kelly's order, but when she sees Tyler, she turns and walks the other way.*

*Tyler goes and sits with Kelly.*

TYLER: What's with the subterfuge?

KELLY: What?

TYLER: Meeting in a dump like this. We could have met in my office.

KELLY: I didn't want you to feel compromised.

TYLER: What?

KELLY: I'm never sure what team you're on.

TYLER: I'm a lawyer Kelly. You pay, I play.

REF: Those Black Bears are just hoofing it around on center ice like it's a practice session.

TYLER: Come on, shoot.

KELLY: Let's get a coffee first. She motions to Jamie, who can no longer ignore the situation. Crossing to the table, she positions herself behind Tyler, obviously trying to avoid him.

JAMIE: Are you ready to order?

KELLY: Sure. I'll have a coffee and a muffin. You Ty?

TYLER: Cappuchino.

JAMIE: Anything with that.

*Tyler turns and looks at her. Does a double take.*

TYLER: About a thousand bucks to sort out my car.

REF: Walker's got Russell against the boards..

KELLY: What?

TYLER: Nothing.

KELLY: You've been here before?

TYLER: That waitress and me got history.

KELLY: The waitress?

TYLER: She slammed my car last week. And she ain't got insurance.

KELLY: I don't suppose she earns enough to pay for insurance.

TYLER: Then she better get a second job.

JAMIE: So. Just the coffee then.

REF: Russell deflects the shot and Lemaire goes chasing it back down the ice.

KELLY: Okay. (pause) Look. I'll get straight to the point. I want a divorce.

TYLER: From Marty?

KELLY: That's who I'm married to.

TYLER: Come on. You guys. You go together.. like..

KELLY: Like dog and shit?

TYLER: Uh. Hey. I know the guy can be an asshole sometimes Kelly, but you know, we guys, we all..

KELLY: Sometimes? Sometimes was five years ago. Now it's all the time. Anyway, he wants a divorce too. He said he wants to live like a bachelor. So I thought, I'd give him what he wants for once.

REF: Lemaire is a great offensive defender..

TYLER: You sure about this?

KELLY: Sure I'm sure. I wanna divorce and I'm gonna have a divorce. Question is, do you want the business or you gonna go all hockey buddies on me?

TYLER: Hey. Conflict of interests are my speciality. What grounds?

KELLY: Can you divorce someone on grounds of being an asshole?

TYLER: Technically? Uh, I think we have to call it something a bit more..

*Jamie brings back the coffee's. They ignore her.*

REF: The Green Mountain Lions have been caught sleeping. Walker lines it up at the point..

KELLY: You want to give him good grounds? I guess you owe him that much.

TYLER: I owe him nothing. I owe neither of you anything. Don't kid yourself. The clock's ticking, my bill's already in the mail..

REF: Walker is one hard physical player.

*Jamie can hear what's going on and she's worried.*

JAMIE: Hey. Sorry to butt in.. uh.. about the car.. I could let you have a couple of hundred bucks.. would that cover it?

REF: Russell's left out there on her own trying to cover the goal.. where the hell are her defensemen..

TYLER: Can't you see I'm doing business here..?

JAMIE: Sorry, I..

REF: Russell's got him tied up against the boards, digging for the puck..

TYLER: Look. Forget it right. Your pissy little payments will be more trouble than they're worth.. just get out of my face will you.

JAMIE: Sure.

*She backs right off.*

REF: Man, Walker's lost his stick in the traffic right in front of the net.. what a missed chance..

KELLY: So I can leave this with you then?

REF: His defenseman hands him a stick..

TYLER: Sure.

KELLY: And I can trust you?

TYLER: Trust me? I'm a lawyer.

KELLY: Exactly.

TYLER: Look. I know just how much money you can get from that SOB and I'll be taking my cut, don't you worry. We've got a clear shot on goal Kel, and I'll make sure..

KELLY: This isn't a hockey game Tyler.

TYLER: It ain't? Maybe that's where you've been going wrong Kel. You gotta learn to recognise the plays. Then you got to be smart enough to play them. Avoid the penalty kill.

KELLY: No. I only got to be smart enough to beat him. And putting one past Marty ain't exactly rocket science now is it?

TYLER: You been cheating on him?

KELLY: Everybody cheats on Marty. Mostly, Marty cheats on himself. He showed us all his play, gets himself sent off, then he cries when we scores from a powerplay.

REF: Lemaire's dumping that puck straight down the ice.. and there's no way that one's not going straight in.. She scores. That evens the scores up. Two all and the Lions are gonna have to wake up if they wanna get back in this game.

VIDEO PROJECTION - GOAL CELEBRATIONS MUSIC - SOME DAY I'M GONNA GET YOU.

## **PLAY TWO -ON THE BOARDS**

SETTING - THE DINER MUSIC - HALF WAY THERE

*It's late. Tom and Jamie are together in the closed diner.*

REF: Midway into the third and the Black Bears are coming on strong. Mcnaughton's coming back to center ice..

JAMIE: And he's so busy screwing his best buddy that he lets me off.. I tell you, I'd have felt like a winner if I didn't feel so cheap.

TOM: Yeah but that's it. Life's never gonna let you and me win.

JAMIE: What?

TOM: A waitress and a car rental delivery guy. What chance do we have? What dreams do we have? But in hockey.. you got the skill and the hard work and you can make it.

JAMIE: Bullshit.

REF: The ice is really cutting up now. Russell comes in on the forecheck.

TOM: No one's gonna name me MVP off the ice.

JAMIE: Don't bet on it buster. You've got one cute ass in shorts.

REF: Hey flirting.. I mean.. holding call.

JAMIE: You just need to change your attitude.

TOM: Maybe I need to change my team. Hey, if I got traded onto your team, man we could take home the Stanley Cup.

JAMIE: Did you play hockey in college?

TOM: Was I part of the most winningest programme in America at some point? No. I played hockey instead of college.

JAMIE: What?

TOM: Three seasons in the AHL. Made a speciality play of second best.

JAMIE: So why didn't you ever play in the NHL?

TOM: I guess second best is where I fit. And I liked my teeth too much.  
(pause) No one picked me. I'm the guy the draft dodged.

REF: McNaughton has to realise that if you're gonna score goals you're gonna have to be hungry..

JAMIE: I kinda like you with all your own teeth!

REF: Russell caught him sleeping there, he's got to keep moving his feet..

TOM: For every Marlon Brando there's a million guys who daren't even say "I could've been a contender" out loud. But we all dream it. That's the American dream ain't it? If I'd had an Ivy League education, maybe I.. hell.. maybe nothing...you make your own luck.

JAMIE: Why are you chasing the American dream. You're a Canadian.

TOM: Don't you remember. The American's bought our dream when they bought Gretsky. (pause) I grew up in Canada Jamie, and every kid in Canada's gonna play in the Great One's skates some day. Every kid in Alberta's gonna win the Stanley Cup someday. But we can't all do it. And we can't all stay in Canada and do it. Some of us come to America- and when you're not good enough to play top flight hockey in America then you know you're second rate. Some of us have to grow up. Get real. Some of us can't stay ten years old forever. But we all dream as ten year olds. And it gets us in the end.

JAMIE: Man, it's just hockey.

TOM: Just hockey. And life's just breathing. Hockey isn't just a game Jamie, it's a complex set of rituals. Tactics and rituals. Like life. It's how you live your life.

JAMIE: And penalties are part of the game.

TOM: And you've got to keep moving your feet or you're history.

REF: This game is testing the depth of both teams..

JAMIE: Hey. Come on. Forget hockey. Let's go have some fun.

TOM: What kind of fun?

*Jamie kisses him.*

JAMIE: The kind of fun Canadians do in canoes.

REF: That's a great play from Russell.. took McNaughton completely by surprise and lifted the puck right into the crowd..

VIDEO PROJECTION - PUCK LOFTING INTO THE CROWD

### **PLAY THREE -CAPTAINS TALK.**

SETTING -THE DINER MUSIC - SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY?

*Marty and Tyler in the diner.*

TYLER: I did NOT see that coming, man. But you know, you gotta be ready for anything..

MARTY: Hey, man, what's the play. You said for me not to divorce her.

TYLER: But I can't tell her not to divorce you.

MARTY: Why not? (pause) Hell. Why not Tyler? (pause) Man. I thought we were on the same team.

TYLER: Don't kid yourself.

REF: Walker shoots from the blue line..

TYLER: I can't keep running interference for you Marty. You'll have to get another lawyer.

REF: It ricochet's off the pads and he slams in the rebound. And the Black Bears take the lead..

VIDEO PROJECTION - A GOALMOUTH FIGHT. MUSIC - WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE

REF: But Lemaire's going at it now.. he drops his gloves..

MARTY: What? You working for her?

TYLER: Sure. I got my stats to think of.

MARTY: What?

TYLER: It doesn't pay to be on a losing team. The game has winners and losers and I don't like to be on the winning side.

REF: Lemaire and Walker are at it now.. trading punches..

MARTY: So you're just dumping me now?

TYLER: Nothing personal.

MARTY: The hell it ain't.

REF: Lemaire is down.. he's spitting out teeth.

TYLER: I'm gonna give you one more piece of the gift that keeps on giving. And it's a play I stole from Teddy Roosevelt.

MARTY: My hand's going to my heart and the tears are in my eyes already..

TYLER: He said. The unforgivable crime is soft hitting. Don't hit at all if it can be avoided, but never hit softly.

MARTY: You bastard.

REF: There's going to be penalties at the end of this..

TYLER: Hey Marty, it's just business.

REF: That's it. Lemaire and Walker both get five minutes for fighting.

MUSIC - DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME.

*They go to sit in the bin. But they keep on talking.*

MARTY: Maybe it's just business to you, but it's my life.

TYLER: But we'll still go to the hockey together right?

MARTY: You kidding me?

TYLER: Come on Marty. It's just life, like you said. And life's not hockey is it. Like you said - life's the place we spend time between games.

MARTY: You're damned right life's not hockey. Life keeps moving the goalposts. And trading players mid match.

TYLER: Ah, maybe you never really know who's on your team in life, that's the point.

REF: Both teams need to get some fresh legs on this rink..

VIDEO PROJECTION - GUYS IN THE PENALTY BOX, GOING AT IT.

## **PLAY FOUR - TEAMWORK?**

SETTING - LeMaire Bedroom/The Hockey Rink MUSIC - COME UP AND SEE ME

*Scott and Kelly kiss. Marty is watching from the penalty box. As Scott turns to leave her, Marty can't stand it any longer.*

REF: And Lemaire charges out the box back onto the ice. This is turning into a grudge match.

*Marty goes straight up to Scott and punches him.*

REF: Man, he didn't even look for the puck, just got straight in there and..

SCOTT: Hey, what the hell's your problem?

MARTY: My wife. That's my problem. And yours, buddy.

*Scott feels his face. Kelly steps in.*

KELLY: Who do you think you are? The Great One?

MARTY: Screw you Kelly.

KELLY: No. Screw you Marty!

SCOTT: Hey. Buddy.

REF: Wisnowski gets it back from the blue line but Lemaire charges him down and slams him into the boards..

MARTY: Fuck you.

REF: That's a two minute penalty for Lemaire.

*Marty turns to the Ref.*

MARTY: Fuck you.

REF: He's going for a five minute major... this guy's been off the ice most of the period..

SCOTT: Settle down,buddy.

*Marty shouts at the ref once more..*

MARTY: FUCK YOU.

REF: That's it. Ten minutes. Game misconduct. Please leave the ice.

*Marty turns and goes back into the penalty box.*

MARTY: Kelly. What the hell happened?

KELLY: Life Marty. That's what happened.

VIDEO PROJECTION - MAN OFF DOWN THE TUNNEL MUSIC -  
KARMA KILLER

**PLAY FIVE- THE SLAPSHOT**

SETTING - THE DINER

*Kelly is in the diner with Tyler. Marty is still in the penalty box. He can't reach her.*

REF: It's a powerplay for the Black Bears.

*Kelly kisses Tyler goodbye. Seems a bit too familiar for a client relationship. Observed by Marty, and by Scott who enters as Tyler leaves they push each other. Scott comes and sits down with Kelly.*

SCOTT: Who's that?

KELLY: What?

SCOTT: That guy?

KELLY: Tyler.

SCOTT: Oh yeah, Tyler who?

KELLY: Tyler Walker. (pause) So.

SCOTT: So, babe. What you doing hanging round diners with strange men?

KELLY: Oh, grow up Scott.

SCOTT: What'd you mean?

KELLY: What I say.

REF: She's slapping it right round the boards..

SCOTT: Okay, let's start this again.

*He kisses Kelly, she pulls away. He notices. Marty notices.. Marty is beside himself.*

SCOTT: Hi babe. How're you doing?

KELLY: Grow up Scott.

SCOTT: What? What the hell's wrong with you?

KELLY: You don't got the right to play jealousy.

SCOTT: Whaddya mean?

KELLY: Think Scott? Use the braincell for once.

SCOTT: I don't..

KELLY: It's real simple, Scott. That was my lawyer. I'm getting divorced.

SCOTT: What?

*Marty stands up and yells from the box. But he's ignored.*

MARTY: You're leaving me for that sob..

KELLY: (to Scott) Yeah. So your part's over.

SCOTT: What?

REF: She's slapping him all over the ice here..

KELLY: Let's put it this way. You were part of the before, not part of the after.

MARTY: What the hell's your game, bitch?

SCOTT: You were using me?

KELLY: You gotta use whatever play you got Wisnowski.

REF: He never saw that one coming.. she shoots from way out and it slams right into the net. That's the game even, three, three.

SCOTT: Babe? Come on.

*He reaches towards her.*

KELLY: Get off me.. you think I'd have anything to do with you if it wasn't to make him jealous? (turns to Marty) Yes Marty, I just wanted to see if anything could make you jealous any more.

MARTY: And?

KELLY: And you're jealous all right, but it ain't anything to do with love. It's to do with property rights.

REF: There's a challenge from the bench.. the players are up in arms.. but it was a clear goal..

MARTY: You cheated on me.. with him?

SCOTT: You used me?

KELLY: Wake up Wisnowski.

SCOTT: So who is it?

MARTY: So who is it?

KELLY: Who's what?

SCOTT: Who are you leaving me for?

MARTY: Who are you leaving me for?

REF: The Lions are tripping over each other here.. they don't know what to try next..

KELLY: You guys. Think it's gotta be..

*Enter Tom.*

KELLY: Some young stud..

*Kelly crosses to Tom and kisses him full on the lips. He's shocked. Wisnowski's shocked. Marty's shocked... they all crash the ice..*

REF: As the players crowd the net, the puck's loose, the net goes flying.. It's going to be a bloodbath...

VIDEO PROJECTION - The fists flying

## **PLAY SIX - THE FINAL COUNTDOWN.**

SETTING - THE DINER MUSIC - THE FINAL COUNTDOWN

*Marty, Scott, Kelly and Tyler sit in the sin bin.*

REF: The Green Mountain Lions call for a time out with two minutes to go. They're gonna need to regroup here.

*Tom and Jamie skate back onto the ice.*

JAMIE: What the hell was that all about?

TOM: You got me. The woman's raving.

JAMIE: Didn't see you walking away.

TOM: Come on. The only thing I got outta that was my cards.

JAMIE: What?

TOM: Wisnowski sacked me.

JAMIE: What?

TOM: Yeah. He thinks she dumped him for me. (pause) You don't think..

JAMIE: Hey, it's nothing to do with me.

TOM: Sure it is.

JAMIE: Whatever.

TOM: Come on. She's playing with them all. Her game. Not mine.

REF: They need the big guns back on the rink..

*Marty and Scott talk to each other from the penalty box.*

SCOTT: Look buddy, no hard feelings. She's played us all for a fool.

MARTY: You didn't have to..

SCOTT: She did all the running, pal..

MARTY: And that guy.. what's he got..

SCOTT: Ten years on you for a start.

MARTY: So.

*Leans over to Kelly.*

MARTY: Hey, Kel, what you think you're playing at?

REF: They're taking all the momentum out of the game.

*She ignores him.*

TYLER: What are you playing at Kelly?

*Tom crosses to Kelly.*

TOM: Hey, what're you playing at? My girl's chewing my head now and you gotta tell her it ain't my fault..

*Kelly comes back onto the ice. Crosses to Jamie. The men all look on.*

KELLY: Listen honey. You gotta know one thing. You gotta play with everything you got. I was you. Ten years ago. Bought into it all. He (points to Marty) He was just like him (points to Tom) Cuter maybe. Maybe a bit more focussed.. but..

JAMIE: So what happened?

KELLY: The game happened. (pause) Life. (pause) Winners and losers. And don't let anyone tell you that marriage puts you on the same team. It sure don't. Marriage is the mother of all powerplays. Get me?

JAMIE: So.. why..?

KELLY: We get older and we don't get wiser, we just get bored and we get meaner.. and we learn how to play dirty. But we learn to win. One way or another.

*Marty skates back onto the ice.*

MARTY: Kel, I loved you.

KELLY: You loved the idea of me. You don't know who the hell I am any more.

*Tom takes Jamie onto one side.*

TOM: I love you Jamie.

JAMIE: You don't even know me.

REF: No one can get a clean shot here..

SCOTT: Hey, you took me for a ride..

KELLY: Nowhere you didn't want to go.(pause) And if I HAD left him for you, you'd have skated so fast in the other direction..

SCOTT: No..

KELLY: Yes you would.. you're just like him..

REF: The puck's all over the place, all the structure's gone out of the game.. it's getting desperate here as they pack the ice in the last minute, trying to avoid overtime..

TOM: Of course I love you. I love everything about you..

JAMIE: You love the idea of me. You love having someone to make you feel special, important. To play with. How long's that gonna last.. how long before you switch sides..

TOM: I don't know what you're on about.

JAMIE: Exactly. (pause) In ten years time, we'll be just like them.

REF: That one's gotta hurt. McNaughton took it right in the face. High sticking call on Russell..

MARTY: Ten years ago we were just like them..

KELLY: Weren't we just.

MARTY: And in another ten years?

KELLY: Forget it Marty.. you had your chance. Gave it your best shot.

TYLER: Face it buddy, you ain't gonna make it to the playoffs.

REF: Both teams are flooding the ice here..

VIDEO PROJECTION - counting down the seconds.

MARTY: I don't wanna lose you

TOM: So what are you saying? You want to break up?

KELLY: You lost me years ago Marty.

JAMIE: I'm saying don't say things you can't possibly mean.

MARTY: When? When did I lose you?

KELLY: When you stopped paying attention.

TOM: I do love you. I know I do.

JAMIE: I don't know it.

TYLER: Hey, you kids wanna..

KELLY: Ty.. tell Marty about five years ago.. Stanley Cup night.. SCOTT:  
Hey, you bastard..

*The Hooter goes*

REF: That's it. We're going in for sudden death overtime.

## **OVERTIME**

SETTING - THE DINER/HOCKY RINK MUSIC - SIMPLY THE BEST

*Tom and Jamie sit at a table in the empty diner. Through the scene Marty is in the box, watching, like this is his own past going before his eyes and there's nothing he can do about it.*

REF: Russell's putting in a brave extra shift now, with a man down and the pressure on the Lions.

TOM: I don't understand what bothers you.

JAMIE: What bothers me is what we'll be like in ten years time.

TOM: What do you mean?

JAMIE: I mean. Do you know any happy couples?

TOM: So?

JAMIE: So the law of averages says..

TOM: Yeah, but if you live by the stats you're never gonna take a chance.. and if you don't take chances you ain't even in the game. Every time you put your skates on you know you're gonna take a beating. Lose some teeth.. fight some bigger guy.. but you do it anyway.

JAMIE: Yes, but why?

TOM: Cause.. Cause that's hockey.

JAMIE: That's life. (pause) Does it have to be?

TOM: Hell, I don't know. I just play the plays as they come. What else you gonna do?

REF: With the Black Bears trailing two to three, McNaughton's got to start skating like he means it.

JAMIE: You gotta try harder.

TOM: It don't matter how hard you try..

JAMIE: You still gotta try and..

TOM: Don't matter how smart you are.. how hard you try.. the puck's gonna act how the puck's gonna act.

JAMIE: So you think, that if in ten years time we're like that guy..

TOM: What guy?

JAMIE: That construction guy. With the realtor wife who's screwing your boss..

TOM: Oh that guy.. what's he got to do with anything..

JAMIE: Well, I bet ten years ago, when they got married, they never thought they'd be like they are now.

TOM: Who would?

JAMIE: Exactly. I mean, why would you go into it, if you know it's gonna end up in a bloodbath ten years down the line. (pause) It always ends up in a fight. It's the rules.

TOM: It ain't the rules.

JAMIE: It is. It's part of the game.

TOM: Don't have to be.

JAMIE: Maybe not, but it always is.

TOM: Hey. Penalties are just part of the game. You have to fight some, but it doesn't mean we're gonna end up like them.

JAMIE: It doesn't mean we're gonna end up any different.

TOM: We will. We'll never have their kind of money..

JAMIE: Money isn't the point.

TOM: Sure it is. What do people fight about Jamie? Most. What do they fight about in life? Money. Sex and Status. We ain't got those things, we ain't got nothing to fight about.

JAMIE: So, even if we don't have the money or the status, we're still gonna end up fighting about sex ten years down the line?

TOM: Hell, I don't know. (pause) I don't get you. (pause) What are you trying to do to me?

JAMIE: I'm not trying to do anything. Just talk to you. Understand you.

REF: Russell's giving McNaughton the runaround here..

TOM: Talking. Understanding. Hey, they ain't always the same thing. Give me a break eh? I just wanna.. come on.. you know what I wanna..

JAMIE: And you think that'll sort out all the problems..

REF: McNaughton looks out on his feet, but he's gotta come back into this game..

TOM: Sure as hell hope so. (pause) Come on. (pause) I love you Jamie.

REF: That one's going right upstairs.

JAMIE: I bet he said that to her ten years ago.

REF: Russell deflects it off the pads.. that's a hell of a save.. but McNaughton picks it up on the rebound with a slap shot.. just wide.

TOM: Forget him. Forget her. This is about us. We don't gotta think about anyone else except ourselves. And now. Right now. This is our moment. We just gotta make the most of our time on the ice.

JAMIE: This was our moment. A moment don't last a lifetime, Tom.

TOM: No, but now's the only time that counts ain't it?

JAMIE: You think so?

TOM: Yeah

*He gets down on one knee*

TOM: Marry me?

*She is astonished.*

JAMIE: What?

TOM: I love you Jamie. Marry me.

REF: Wow, what a shot out of nowhere. That's it, the puck's in the back of the net, GAME OVER!

*Canned cheers - music - lights Cast all enter to take first bow As ref enters he waves for silence*

REF: Who won? Depends on how you view marriage. Hey, don't worry. Everyone wins. Or loses. It's up to you.

**CURTAIN.**

# ABOUT

Powerplay was written in 2004 and set in the NHL lockout season of 2004-2005.

In 2012 we are once again teetering on the edge of an NHL lockout and this ebook is published to co-incide with that event (or non event) on 15th September.

Cally Phillips says:

I wanted to get a first edition out in advance of the deadline to show my solidarity with hockey fans everywhere. It may not surprise you that as a Scot , I haven't yet had the play publicly performed. (Have you seen the pitiful state of what they call hockey in this country!?)

In the 2004-05 season I had a satellite subscription that allowed me to watch almost unlimited hockey - and there was a lockout. I became a great fan of the AHL. In the 2011-2012 season it was impossible to watch NHL hockey in Scotland because of broadcasting rights. And it looks like we'll miss out again this year too. It's ridiculous. I'm happy to pay to watch hockey on TV and even with global satellite broadcasting it's impossible to get on demand viewing of the NHL. Who says hockey isn't about money? Time the fans started to fight back.

So hey, this winter, if you can't watch hockey, why not put on a play? Performing rights for amateur and professional productions are available from the publisher. For information email [hoampresst@btinternet.com](mailto:hoampresst@btinternet.com) and if the Lockout goes ahead I will WAIVE all fees for anyone in US or Canada wanting to put on this play - all you have to do is let me know who you are, where you are and when you plan to perform it (ice rink optional). Then we can use the play as a weapon of defiance against NO HOCKEY.

Cally Phillips is a Scottish writer (with a love of hockey!) Find out more about her other writing from her website [www.callyphillips.co.uk](http://www.callyphillips.co.uk)