

LE GOALIE

A short dramedy by
Nelson Yu

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

FABRICE, male, 12-year-old hockey goalie.

SHELLY, female, 12-year-old hockey forward.

COACH, pre-recorded man's voice.

JORDAN, pre-recorded teenage hockey player's voice.

ACT I: INTRODUCING FABRICE**SCENE 1: THE GOALIE**

(FABRICE, a hyperactive 12-year-old goalie, marches in and squats in front of an imaginary hockey net. He speaks quickly with a Quebecois accent – where "th" is hard to pronounce so "the" becomes "da" and "think" becomes "tink." Also, the grammar is wrong like he still struggles with English sometimes. Hockey players and teams' names can be updated as necessary.)

FABRICE: I can stop anything! *(Faking a save:)* Sidney Crosby. No problem! *(Faking a save:)* Ilya Kovachuk. See ya! Steven Stamkos!? Hey, how's that Rocket Richard trophy looking? Oh, you need just one more goal. Well too bad, eh! *(Faking a bigger save:)* I'm the best since Patrick Roy. Better than Marc Andre Fleury. Better than that J.S. Giguere guy. And I'm only in peewee. Wait until I get to da pros, huh! I be unstoppable! *(He makes one last big save:)* But I can't stop Shelly Matador. She's too nice. I wish she wasn't cuz I would never let her score on me. They let a girl play hockey because she's that good. She used to be – like my neighbour – until she moved away. Then she played for the other team, the Falcons. But it no matter. She's still my friend. The coach yells at me when Shelly scores on me.

COACH: *(Jokingly:)* HEY, FABRICE. DON'T LET THE GIRL GET TA YA!

FABRICE: But I no care. I know I'm the best. I let one or two in so they think they can beat me. Yeah, let them tink dey can beat Fabrice Allaire! Goalie extraordinaire! *(Smiling:)* See it rhymes, eh?

COACH: ENUFF YAPPING. I WANNA SEE MORE PLAYING!

SCENE 2: THE GAME

(Fabrice flashes back to a previous game. He drops into a goalie pose and stares intensely out into the crowd.)

FABRICE: So it was the last game, eh. We were going to the finals. And it was tied four four. But we were playing against Shelly's team, The Falcons. She hadn't scored so I kinda felt bad for her, eh. She usually scores two. She's that good.

(In hockey gear, a confident 12-year-old SHELLY appears. She speaks to the audience in a normal Canadian accent and never directly to Fabrice unless noted.)

So I'm thinking...I need to win the game for da team, but dere's Shelly looking at me. She's all sad and stuff. I can see it in her eyes. They are telling me.

SHELLY: *(Faux sweetness:)* Let a softie in, Fabrice. You know you want to...

FABRICE: A softie is a goal that you should save. I never let a softie in...well except for that one time, but that wasn't my fault, eh. I lost my stick! *(Back to being hyper:)* So anyways, Shelly's eyes were talking to me and stuff and telling me what to do...

(Shelly tries to distract Fabrice with her pouting.)

But my coach was yelling at me to stay focused. Cause sometimes I start thinking about the next game that I forget I'm playing this game. I'm sure when I'm pro this won't happen—because I be like—tinking about the money I'll be making and that will keep me happy, y'know...

(WHISTLE blows. Fabrice relaxes.)

Coach calls a time out, eh.

FABRICE: *(Simultaneously:)*
He tells everybody where to go, but I'm sure nobody understands because once you get the puck you just want to skate as fast as you can and shoot. Hockey is like that. You don't think – you just do.

COACH: *(Simultaneously:)*
TIME OUT!!! *(Pause.)* You here. You – protect the point. You – clear the crease.

FABRICE: So I sees their coach puts Shelly out onto the ice and everything. And I tell my coach to make sure she doesn't get the puck, but he can't hear so good. He's got one ear that's bad so he just stares at me and nods.

(WHISTLE blows. He squats into goalie position.)

When the ref drops the puck, I get nervous, eh. Cause this is a big game and Shelly is on the ice. It's not good cuz I'm sure Shelly will get pissed off if I don't let her score and she's my oldest friend since I moved here from Gaspé. *(Breaking out of goalie pose:)* That's in Quebec! Y'know...da French part of Canada...the best part! See, I had no friends, eh. Nobody would talk to me cause I don't speak English no good. She was the only one that said hi. *(Approaching Shelly:)* Salut!

SHELLY: You're weird.

FABRICE: I know. I'm French.

SHELLY: No, you're just weird... But I like that. *(Pointing at his hockey logo:)* You play hockey?

FABRICE: *(Slightly defensive:)* Ya, I play goal. I'm the best!

SHELLY: I was just asking – no need to get mad... Hey, you wanna go to my birthday party? I'll introduce you to my hockey team.

FABRICE: (*To audience:*) And that's how we became friends.
(*Inches closer:*) The reason I'm talking to you is because of what happened at the game... I need your opinion.

SCENE 3: TWO MINUTES FOR UNSPORTSMANLIKE CONDUCT

(Shelly mimes the following as Fabrice drops into goalie position and speaks.)

FABRICE: Shelly was racing down the sideboards. Nobody skates as fast as her in peewee. She took figure skating since she was like six so she was good and stuff. With the puck, she blows by McGruff and Jay Jay. They are our best D men.

(SLAPSHOT sound.)

But the puck wasn't completely flat when she shot it so it was wobbling and stuff. I can see it. I can save it. Cuz I'm like the best, eh? But in my brain, someting was saying "let it go...let it go" *(Standing up:)* Well, it says it in French, but I translated it for you. Would you let it by for your friend? My brain was arguing in my head! It was saying. *(Dropping into position:)* Save—you want to be a pro player. Pro players do not let softies in. No way! *(Fakes a save:)* Goal—their goalie was no good and let in four goals that period so I was sure we'd score another. The four goals on me were all accidents! *(Beat.)* I saw all of dis in my head and thought I had to save it. The game was tied. We lose! No go to finals! I had to do it for my team. There were eighteen of them and only one of her. I no want eighteen guys angry at me. Besides, Shelly would say it's just a game. She'd forgive me.

(Shelly shakes her head and gives him "thumbs down." Fabrice makes a save. Crowd ROARS!)

COACH: GREAT SAVE, FABRICE!

FABRICE: *(Bowing:)* Thank you. Thank you.

(Fabrice gently taps his stick on Shelly's leg.)

Nice shot, Shelly.

(Shelly responds by angrily "two-handed slashing" him. A WHISTLE blows. They exit.)

ACT II: INTRODUCING SHELLY

SCENE 1: THE SHOOTER

(Shelly alone, in her hockey gear.)

SHELLY: So I have this French friend, Fabrice. He's not really French, he's from Quebec... He's a real piece of work. *(As if talking to somebody who doesn't understand:)* Meaning, he's kinda hard to convince to do the right thing. He's stubborn. I mean, I'm a girl, but I'm like the best forward in the whole league. And Fabrice is the best goalie. We made each other. *(Pause.)* Now you're probably asking...what is a girl doing in a boys' hockey league? Pffff. I'm so much better than most of them – they had to let me play. Everybody loves a winner, right?

(Fabrice re-enters and squats in front of an imaginary net.)

FABRICE: I dare you to score on me!

(Shelly fires pucks at him.)

I'm unstoppable!

SHELLY: So he likes to think. He's not all that.

FABRICE: I got the technique! I got the style! Giv-er your best shot!

(Shelly fires until she scores.)

Lucky one, eh? That was an accident.

(Fabrice leaves.)

SHELLY: See, he thinks he's better than Patrick Roy or some other French goalie. Whatever. I let him think that because goalies are hard to find – nobody wants pucks slapped into their face. *(Shrugging:)* And I needed somebody to practice with.

SCENE 2: THE GAME

(Shelly flashes back to the previous game against Fabrice.)

SHELLY: So last game. Our team needed to beat Fabrice's stupid team to head to the finals. The score was tied four-four. I hadn't scored since Fabrice's team was double and triple teaming me. But I knew it would eventually happen. I always score.

(Fabrice re-enters and squats into goalie position.)

Scouts were at the game, you know. I was going to get drafted high to a good Bantam team, I was certain...if Fabrice hadn't ruined it for me.

(Shelly slaps a puck. A repeat of Fabrice's save. Crowd ROARS!)

COACH: GREAT SAVE, FABRICE!

SHELLY: He knew I liked going five hole when the puck was wobbling. He was lucky I couldn't get a clean shot! Cuz I always score on him. His weakness is high blocker side. I always go there when I can. *(Approaching Fabrice:)* Then to make it worse, he slashes me afterwards.

(Fabrice taps his stick on Shelly and says slightly mockingly.)

FABRICE: Nice shot, Shelly...

SHELLY: So I had to slash him back.

(Shelly responds by "two-handed slashing" him. Fabrice "fakes" being injured by it. A WHISTLE blows.)

REFEREE: Two minutes for unsportsmanlike conduct.

SHELLY: What? He slashed me first!

REFEREE: Two minutes in the sin bin, young lady.

SHELLY: I swear I heard his teammates tell Fabrice to slash me earlier. His team is so annoying—they say stuff like "How's your boyfriend?" or "Are you gonna go home and cry if I trip you?" His coach is constantly complaining about me and the refs never call penalty when I'm hooked. Everybody hates me!... And because of my penalty, they score!

(Goal HORN roars. Crowd ROARS.)

We lose!

(Shelly exits in a huff.)

SCENE 3: POST-GAME ACCORDING TO FABRICE

(Fabrice alone.)

FABRICE: So after the game, we all like shake hands and stuff. It's to show you are a good sport.

(Shelly enters. Both mime shaking hands.)

Good game, good game, good game.

SHELLY: Good game, good game, good game.

FABRICE: *(Meets Shelly:)* I was going to apologize to Shelly for causing her to take a penalty, but she won't shake my hand.

(He offers his hand to shake and so does Shelly, but she pulls it away at the last second.)

I knew she was angry with me. I didn't need to hear it but she said it anyways.

SHELLY: *(With disdain:)* I thought you were my friend.

FABRICE: Then she left... *(To audience:)* How did I feel? *(In a goalie pose:)* I am unstoppable. I don't cry! That's for the little boys! I'm a man! Je suis Le Goalie! Shelly is the one that is wrong for not shaking my hand. That's bad sportspersonship.

COACH: HEY, FABRICE. GOOD GAME!

FABRICE: *(To offstage:)* Thanks a lot, coach! *(To audience:)* Shelly and I didn't talk after. She would sometimes call me when she heard good news, even though she knows I don't like using the phone. I hate talking on it. It's like wearing a mask underwater. And I tink I sound a bit funny, y'know. Not like Shelly. She sounds nice.

(Shelly re-enters. Fabrice and Shelly mime being on the phone.)

SHELLY: Fabrice, I heard you got a shutout.

FABRICE: Yeah, my third one this year!

SHELLY: Congratulations!

FABRICE: Thanks a lot. *(To audience:)* But today?? Nothing. It's only a game, right?

SCENE 4: POST-GAME ACCORDING TO SHELLY

(Focus on Shelly – who speaks to the audience.)

SHELLY: Do you know what really bothers me? It's how Fabrice acted after the game. We were shaking hands like you're supposed to do.

(In a post-game lineup, Fabrice shakes hands with invisible players.)

FABRICE: Good game. Good game. Good game.

SHELLY: And he wouldn't shake mine!

(Shelly offers her hand, but Fabrice pulls his away at the last second.)

So I say to him – *(With disdain:)* I thought you were my friend.

(Fabrice leaves.)

And he just walks away. What the french? Some friend he turned out to be! *(Starts off but stops:)* I didn't call him afterwards. He didn't deserve it. I hope he gets scored on lots in the finals and loses.

(She exits.)

ACT III: THE BIRTHDAY PARTIES

SCENE 1: ANNOUNCING PARTIES

(Fabrice and Shelly on opposite sides of the stage – speaking to the audience, but never to another.)

FABRICE: So Shelly was having a birthday party.

SHELLY: I was having a birthday party for my twelfth. I knew tons of boys! And of course the girls wanted to show up too.

FABRICE: She knows lots of people. I bet dere was going to be fifty kids dere. I couldn't even get five to show up to my birthday.

SHELLY: But I didn't want to invite Fabrice after what happened last game. His team beat the other team 10-0. They were total pushovers! We could have been city champs!

FABRICE: But I didn't want to go. No way!

FABRICE: *(Simultaneously, Pointing:)* She has to apologize first!

SHELLY: *(Simultaneously, Pointing:)* He has to apologize first!

SCENE 2: SHELLY'S PARTY

(Fabrice and Shelly swap sides.)

FABRICE: At the party. The boys stood in one area and all the girls in another—except Shelly. She was talking to the boys. I stood by myself because the boys were her teammates, y'know. They weren't going to be friendly to me. No way!

SHELLY: I was talking to the boys...and made sure Fabrice saw. I wasn't going to talk to him so I made sure he knew. I told Brandon, a winger on my team, that I was angry at Fabrice. And he went to talk to him! It wasn't my fault!

FABRICE: So one of the Shelly's teammates bumps me. Not a little bump—like oops. But a big one. Like he meant it. I says to him, "What's that for??" and he says, "You were in my way Frenchie!" *(Agitated:)* I hate being called names. It's like being spit on, eh. So I shove him back, eh. He makes a face—*(Scrunching up his own face:)*—like this and tells me to "Buzz off!"—then shoves me. *(Even more agitated:)* I hate being hit so I push him back. One ting leads to another and I accidentally *fell* onto one of Shelly's teammates. Soon we were all pushing and shoving when I hear—

SHELLY: STOP IT!

FABRICE: *(Philosophically:)* You know when the rain stops and the sun comes out. It was like that. There's supposed to be a rainbow, but there wasn't a rainbow that day.

SHELLY: Fabrice, get out of my party! I didn't want to invite you anyways! My mom made me!

FABRICE: *(Dejected:)* Oh... And I thought she was there to help me, but no. She was just like everyone else. Mean... So I left.

(He begins shuffling off, but stops.)

I don't need her! I don't need anybody! I'm unstoppable! I am Fabrice Allaire! The greatest goalie in the world!

(Finally storms off.)

SHELLY: At first, I was so glad Fabrice left. What a total downer. He was ruining my party! Then my mom yelled at me. Told me I had to apologize. "For what?" I said. She said I showed bad judgment. Tell that to Fabrice! He started it! I thought he was my friend!

SCENE 3: FABRICE'S PARTY

(Again, Fabrice and Shelly at opposite ends of the stage.)

FABRICE: So a week later, I had my birthday party. I made sure I wasn't gonna invite nobody I didn't like.

SHELLY: So a week later, Fabrice had his birthday party.

FABRICE: My mom made me invite her.

SHELLY: My mom made me go.

FABRICE: I didn't want to!

SHELLY: I didn't want to! Mom said it was "a good opportunity to make amends." *(Rolling her eyes:)* Whatever that means.

FABRICE: The whole team was at my house. It was great. First time I felt so popular... I guess my mom talked to all the other parents cause I know some of my teammates don't like me and they were there. And it was the first time we saw each other since the finals. *(Bragging:)* I got a shutout by the way. I'm going pro.

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