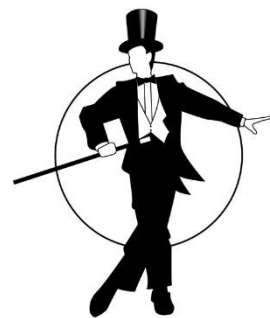


G-O-A-L!

Jo Rake



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G-O-A-L!

By Jo Rake

CAST

AMANDA GREY: An attractive divorcee in her 60s.

JAY FREITAG: A widower in his late 60s to 70s.

Place:

The sidelines of an under five soccer game.

Time:

Present day.

Setting: The sidelines of a youth soccer field.

At Rise: AMANDA is standing near a folding lawn chair, cheering on her great granddaughter. JAY enters, carrying a folding chair and a cooler.

AMANDA: C'mon, Ashley! Get the ball. Go, go, go!

JAY: Excuse me?

AMANDA: Kick it! Kick it!

JAY: *(louder)* Excuse me?

AMANDA: Yes?

JAY: Do you mind if I sit here?

AMANDA: No, go right ahead. Watch out for that guy, Ashley!

JAY: *(setting up his chair)* Did I miss much?

AMANDA: About half the first period. Good job, Ashley!

JAY: I usually get here in plenty of time but the traffic was horrible this morning and when I finally got here, I had to park way at the end of the lot and, of course, these fields are the farthest from the lot and...

AMANDA: Uh huh. Way to go, Ashley!

JAY: I'm sorry. I'm bothering you.

AMANDA: No, you're--well, yes, you are. I'm trying to watch the game.

JAY: Of course. I'm sorry. Is Ashley your granddaughter?

AMANDA: Great granddaughter, actually. My son married young. Which one is yours?

JAY: Davy, my youngest grandson.

AMANDA: Which one is Davy?

JAY: (*pointing*) The curly-haired blond over there at the end of the field. C'mon, Davy, get that ball!

AMANDA: Oh, that Davy. He—uh--

JAY: Doesn't pay attention. He's really not all that interested in sports. He'd rather be playing video games.

AMANDA: Ah.

JAY: My son was hoping that playing in an under-five soccer league might spark some interest but...

AMANDA: It's not working? Oh, look, the ball's heading his way. C'mon, Davy, kick it! Kick it to Raven. Yay, good job.

JAY: Way to go, Davy. Keep it up! (*offers hand*) My name is Jacob, Jacob Freitag. My friends call me Jay.

AMANDA: Amanda Grey. (*they shake*)

JAY: Grey with an 'a' or an 'e'?

AMANDA: An 'e.' (AMANDA turns back to watching the game)

JAY: Like the kids' coach?

AMANDA: Yes. Goal! Yay, Raven.

JAY: (*clapping*) Yay, Tigers. Any relation? To the coach, I mean.

AMANDA: My granddaughter.

JAY: Your granddaughter?

AMANDA: Yes, my granddaughter. (*gives JAY a 'look'*) You were expecting me to say son or grandson, weren't you?

JAY: No, I...Okay, yes. Davy just says 'Coach Grey'—if you can get him to talk about the game at all. And my son says 'Coach Grey' when he talks to Davy, and...

AMANDA: And who would expect a soccer coach to be a woman? This is the twenty-first century, after all. Our women's national team has won three World Cups and a couple of Olympic Golds.

JAY: I'm being a jerk, aren't I?

AMANDA: You said it, not me. Now if you don't mind...oh, it's half time already. (*gets up, stretches, starts to walk away*)

JAY: Look, Mrs. Grey, I...

AMANDA: What do you want?

JAY: I—ah--

AMANDA: Mr. Freiberg, I'm going to go get something to drink. Perhaps while I'm gone, you might consider moving somewhere else.

JAY: It's Freitag, Jay Freitag. Don't go. I have some drinks here, in the cooler.

AMANDA: I'd rather go get my own.

JAY: Please? (*AMANDA turns to leave*) Look, I've gone about this all wrong.

AMANDA: (*a little curious*) Gone about what all wrong?

JAY: Meeting you.

AMANDA: Meeting me?

JAY: Yes. I've been coming to Davy's games all season and I have to admit, for the past few weeks, I haven't been watching the game. I've been watching you.

AMANDA: Are you stalking me?

JAY: No, no. Not at all. I just wanted to meet you. (*takes two waters from cooler, offers one to AMANDA*) Please. (*points to her chair*) Let me explain.

AMANDA: All right. But you only have a few minutes. The game's about to start again. (*sits*)

JAY: My wife died about two years ago. (*sits*)

AMANDA: I'm sorry.

JAY: Auto accident. Some twenty-something woman who'd had too much to drink crossed the center line and hit Alice head on. It was 8 o'clock in the morning. Alice never knew what hit her. The other driver walked away.

AMANDA: That's terrible. You must have been devastated.

JAY: I was. I never expected to be the surviving spouse. Everyone and everything reminded me of Alice. It was hard. So, after a few months, I sold the house and moved down here to be closer to my kids and grandkids. Bought a place in one of those active adult communities.

AMANDA: Sunset City?

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!