

# **Soccer Moms**

A Play by

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CHARACTER LIST:

SHARON – a blonde woman about 35 years old.

PENNY – a dark haired woman about 33 years old.

JIM – an athletic man about 40 years old.

ANGIE – a red haired woman about 30 years old.

RUTH – a tall woman about 45 years old. Jim’s wife. Possibly a British accent.

WOMEN—3 or 4 women in their late twenties and thirties.

SETTING:

An upscale coffee shop and bistro in fashionable Kerrisdale, Vancouver, with front and back entrances. Its southern, back patio is separated by a fence from the parking lot off the alley.

Inside the shop, a cosy nook contains a few tables and chairs. Near the front entrance there is a counter with carafes of cream and milk, a bowl with packages of sugar, and a stack of cup lids.

**SCENE ONE**

*It is a warm, sunny Indian summer day. 11:00 am.*

*SHARON and PENNY are sitting at a table on the patio drinking cups of cafe latte. JIM emerges from the coffee shop's back door, and walks toward the parking lot.*

SHARON: There's Jim from soccer last year. *(shouting at Jim)* See you on the sidelines.

*Jim grins and waves as he gets into a car.*

PENNY: Oh, you know Jim too, do you? Seems he just gave us the cold shoulder.

SHARON: Yeah? Wonder why? He's always friendly when we're all watching a game.

PENNY: So you hadn't heard about us? Jim and me. We had an affair two years ago.

SHARON: Penny, you did? Go on! First I heard of it! You're really brave to admit it.

PENNY: It got really steamy and then ugly. Everyone knew about it. Paul almost left me, even though he didn't know for sure. I felt really shitty about it.

SHARON: Really. I don't believe it. I thought he was such a nice guy . . . Jim, I mean.

PENNY: Was he hitting on you last year, Sharon? Seems he always lines up a new victim each soccer season. Jim, that is. You're his type—affable, vivacious, and sexy.

SHARON: Well, what can I say? So are you. Had you heard something about Jim and me?

PENNY: There was a whiff of it going around. Each year it's someone new. Then he gives them the cold shoulder in the off-season . . . during summer.

SHARON: My oldest, Jeff, was on the same team as Ben—his son—last year.

PENNY: Yeah. That's the pattern. I could mention other names from other years. After Paul and I had our problem, I nosed around a bit. Unbelievable.

SHARON: Go on! Is that why you asked me for coffee here today? Did you know he would stop here to get a coffee? Is this a set-up? Why are you doing this?

PENNY: He's a creature of habit. He parks, walks through the shop, and gets coffee some time later when he returns on his way out. (*pause*) Shall we add you to our list?

SHARON: A list? Look, Penny! I thought we were just having a coffee here today to talk about the school and the fall fair fundraiser. I am not sure what to say.

PENNY: I guess I know the answer, don't I? Are you in the mood for a bit of revenge?

SHARON: I'm not sure what you mean! Revenge? What could we do now? It's too late to do anything now. (*pause*) Do you know Jim's wife? Does she know?

PENNY: Ruth. His wife is Ruth. She's not around much on weekends. Apparently she's an executive with an engineering firm . . . something to do with mining . . . travels all over inspecting their operations. She's older . . . older than Jim.

SHARON: Sounds like she's pretty tough. How much older? Is she menopausal? *(pause)* I don't want Tony to find out about this. He'd go crazy!

*ANGIE arrives from the parking lot, and stands by the fence near the table with Sharon and Penny.*

ANGIE: Penny, sorry I'm late. Oh hi! You must be Sharon, Tony's wife. I'm Angie. My Nick and your Jeff are playing on the same soccer team this year.

SHARON: That's right. Tony's been on soccer duty for a few weeks . . . helping the coach while Jeff adjusts to the new team. Jeff said he likes playing with Nick.

ANGIE: For sure. Nick said that too, about Jeff. And the new coach is just great. Really knows his stuff. *(speaking to Penny)* Have you told her? Is she up for the plan?

PENNY: We were just talking about Jim's wife. As usual, Jim walked through after picking up coffee. He'd parked his car in the lot about half an hour before. Ruth is sure to find out if he keeps on doing it. And then the shit hits the fan for all of us.

ANGIE: For sure. I had a run-in with her this spring. We were all standing on the sidelines watching the game. Ruth showed up . . . on her way home from the airport. She gave me a dirty look, and told Jim to come straight home after the game, and left.

PENNY: Jim used to say she was an ogre . . . said his pet name for her was Igor. Suddenly he just stopped calling and returning my calls on his cell.

SHARON: He dropped me, told me no more to texts. How are we going to do this, Penny?

## SCENE TWO

*A week later. 11:00 am. Sharon, Angie and the WOMEN sit inside the nook of the coffee shop. The background coffee shop noises fade. Penny enters from the back patio, and remains standing.*

PENNY: Jim's car is still parked there. We haven't missed him. Remember, we are the crème-de-crème of Kerrisdale. We don't take that kind of shit!

SHARON: Let's just not kill him, OK!

ANGIE: Think of this as an intervention. It's for his—own—fucking good!

*The Women voice their approval. Jim enters the front entrance carrying a cup of coffee to go. Watching the front entrance, he adds cream and sugar, stirs the coffee, and places a lid on his cup. Turning, he sees the women gathered in the nook. Penny blocks his exit through the back door. Grinning, he walks to the tables.*

PENNY: Where do you think you're going, buster! It's time we had a word with you.

JIM: What's going on, Penny? What are you all doing? Hi Angie . . . Susan . . . Betty.

SHARON: What's wrong, Jim? Where is the—"hi Sharon"? Forgotten about me already?

ANGIE: For sure, Jim. Forgot about spring, already? Moved on to your fall piece, already?

*The Women chime in with comments, and in the following as appropriate. Jim looks at the front door and back.*



JIM: OK. I get it! Maybe I've crossed the line. But let's look at this as adults. That's just some stuff that happened. Something or nothing or whatever. Let's chill.

PENNY: *(sarcastically)* Maybe you've "crossed the line"? How many times, Jim?

JIM: Look, Penny. I've got to be somewhere else. Excuse me. You are blocking me.

*RUTH enters the front entrance, and crosses to stand beside Jim. Penny sits down at a table.*

JIM: As I was saying, we were just talking to our accountant. Do you all know Ruth?

RUTH: Some of you look familiar. You're Angie, right. And Sharon . . . Penny, and Betty. What are you—ALL—doing here? What are you doing with Jim—NOW?

JIM: *(softly)* Ruth, it's not what you think. It's nothing. We were just talking about soccer. Ben's been on the same team, as their . . .

RUTH: It's nothing? Don't give me that crap, Jim. *(pause)* I want you to wait for me in the car. I want to speak to these . . . *(sarcastically)* soccer moms!

*Jim exits the back entrance, and sits at a patio table.*

PENNY: Ruth, let's not say anything we will all regret. This had nothing to do with you.

RUTH: *(sarcastically)* Nothing to do with me? I sussed it out this spring, when I saw Angie and Jim standing there on the sidelines, trying to look cool . . . horny, single mom Angie watching as her Nicky plays with my Ben. It's nothing to do with me, Penny? What about Paul, your husband, and me? *(pause)* Surprised? Hard-shit! I shagged him, and Tony, your husband, Sharon. All those weepy text messages Jim didn't delete. And you, Betty, I thought we were friends. We even had you and Ken over for dinner. And the rest of you . . . bored Kerrisdale soccer moms. Let's see how bored you are when I get through fucking your husbands. You can bet your sweet butts on that! Nothing to do with me? Nothing to do with you!

*Ruth exits the shop. Jim and Ruth exit. Car doors slam.*

*Blackout.*