

# NO JOKES PRESENTS

SOCGER DADS  
by Mitch Koehler

**DAD 1.** GABE – Bro dad. Union worker. Going bald. Has a mustache. Electrician contractor, wearing his own company's t-shirt. Super sports oriented. Alpha male type.

**DAD 2.** RANDY – Long brown hair, 1970's style. Also has a mustache. Button down shirt and jeans. Has a career in advertising. Very agreeable. Sorta kisses Gabe's ass.

**DAD 3.** LOU – puny, fragile, blonde haired geek wearing a polo shirt with slacks. IT Professional. Clean shaven. Mid-thirties.

**DAD 4.** PARENT – Brown hair down to his ears. Manly mustache. Sporting a sport suit.

FADE IN:

INT. TRUNK OF AN SUV – DAYTIME

CAMERA is facing out the back windshield of an SUV. The sweaty face of a mid-40's man through the window approaches. His arms come up as he pops open the trunk.

GABE

Come on, Jackson! Get your shit together.  
And get those shin guards on. Your whore  
mother won't be coming today.

Jackson hops off his skateboard and tosses it in the trunk.

GABE

Here.

Gabe tosses his son a bottle of water.

GABE

Now get your shit together and let's make history.

He shuts the trunk.

EXT. KIDS SOCCER GAME — SOCCER FIELD — DAYTIME

GABE

Come on Jax! Score a fucking goal! One for your old man!

RANDY

That your son out there? Number 9?

GABE

Yeah, he's a fuckin tank. Like his old man. Got that power boot.

He pulls up his pant leg and flexes his bulging calve muscle.

GABE

You see these? You better believe it. That shit runs in the family. Jax has em'.

RANDY

My great grandfather had massive calves, too. Used to pull oxen across the family farm.

GABE

What kind of farm?

RANDY

Mostly sweet potato.

Jackson scores a goal.

GABE

Yeah, J! That's my boy! Give 'em that big dick!

RANDY

You should see Tyler's D. No one can get the ball around him. He's like a fence. You get caught in his path. Or like a tornado...A Ty-nado.

GABE

Yikes.

LOU

Howdy soccer dads! I'm Lou. Nathan's father. I couldn't help but notice your mighty big calves. Those are some meaty salmons you got there!

Gabe ignores him, as he is inferior to him. Lou doesn't seem to mind.

LOU

Did anyone bring snacks? I brought orange slices and Capri Sun.

GABE

(scoffing)

Jesus. You're worse than my wife. Which kid is yours?

LOU

(pointing)

Number 45. Over there.

Nathan gets hit to the ground.

LOU

(yelling)

Alright Nate! You gave it your best, bud! Walk it off!

Nathan is rolling on the ground hysterically crying because his knee is bleeding.

GABE  
(to Randy)  
Ugh. You believe this kid?

Jackson gets hit by a bigger kid and goes to the ground.

GABE  
What the F- Ref! You're not gonna call that shit?!

Across the field another parent from the opposing team is yelling back.

PARENT OF OPPOSING TEAM (ryan forrest)  
That's right! Get em' outta here! C'mon ref, throw him out!

GABE  
(yelling back)  
You want a piece of me, hot shot?! You want a piece of the raw dog?! Come and get it! That's what I thought. Where's my Gatorade!?

LOU  
I've got Splash Cooler and Red Berry.

Gabe smacks the Capri Sun out of Lou's hand.

LOU  
Well. No reason to get rambunctious.

EXT. HALFTIME — SNACK BREAK — LATER ON

Gabe is huddled by the team of ten year olds.

GABE

Alright, guys. We're tied. I want to say give Jax the ball, but some parents (he turns. CAMERA pans to Lou, smiling and waving back at the kids), are complaining that I'm not giving everyone enough time on the field. So here we go – Jamie, you take full back, I want the twins as wings, and David as halfback. And Jax, don't fuck this up. On three. 3-2-1-

EVERYONE  
WILDCATS!!!

a WHISTLE BLOWS. GAME TIME.

The kids are in action, fighting for the soccer ball. Gabe is freaking out, jumping along the sideline.

GABE  
(pacing back and forth)  
SOMETIMES I just want to rip my shirt off!

LOU  
(to Randy)  
Does he always get like this?

RANDY  
You should have seen him at the travel tournament last year. Was drunk off his ass throwing deli meats at other teams' cars. He's got a big heart. He just cares a little too much about the game.

GABE  
(to referee)  
You gotta be kidding me ref!!! Don't you know a shove when you see one?!

REFEREE

Sir. If you don't stop harassing myself and the other parents I'm going to kick you from the game.

GABE

(finger in ref's face)

Do it! I dare you. Fucking do it. Go on, do it.

REFEREE

Done.

Ref holds up a red card.

REFEREE

You are officially banned from this soccer game, coach!

PARENT OF OPPOSING TEAM

That's right! You're outta here, bub!

GABE

(yelling across field)

I'll kick your ass, mother trucker!

Gabe stomps his way around to the other sideline. The two dads begin slapping each other. Really hard. One slap. Two slap. Three slaps. Will it ever end? They continue slapping each other until Lou runs over and squirts them with Capri Sun.

LOU

Stop it! Both of you! You're embarrassing the entire community and most of all, you're letting down your kids.

PARENT OF OPPOSING TEAM

Look. I'm sorry. I had a little too much Jolt this morning.

GABE

They still make Jolt?

PARENT OF OPPOSING TEAM

Yeah. You gotta special order it from this website. The shipping's a killer.

GABE

Wow. I did not— I did not know that. I'm actually a monster guy, myself. Guess we're not so different after all.

The two shake hands and call it a truce.

REFEREE

Great. The Timberwolves win.

GABE

You son of a bitch!

PARENT

I'll knock your face in!

Fists fly in SLOW MOTION. Screenshot.

THE END