

Coaches Corner  
by  
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The BOOM

**COACH'S CORNER** Written by Garrett Jamieson

The Head Coach paces back and forth in the dressing room. The Assistant Coach and Assistant Jim stand together in a dressing room of players all with their heads down (the audience are also the players). The Head Coach is shaking his head in disappointment frustration and anger.

HEAD COACH

Unbelievable!...Ridiculous! We're down 8 nothing...After the first!

ASST. COACH

It's gut check time boys!

HEAD COACH

I want everyone to take their right hand and hold it up. Keep it up there. Now, wipe your mouths.

Everyone in the dressing room follows.

HEAD COACH (CONT'D)

Good. Now that you've wiped the cum off your mouths from sucking the other team's dicks all period. You guys looked like a bunch of fucking virgins out there. You pounded away for maybe about two minutes, and then you blew your load all over the god damn rink.

ASST. COACH

Can't happen boys, just can't happen.

HEAD COACH

We are losing 8 nothing. Jim, how many shots did they get on us?

ASSISTANT JIM

6.

HEAD COACH

6 fucking shots, and it's 8 fucking nothing!

ASST. COACH

Mathematically impossible boys.

HEAD COACH

Pettinski, your 5 hole's as open as choir boy's mouth.

ASST. COACH

Have faith, Pettinski! Stay focused.

HEAD COACH

And don't think it's just the goalie's fault. Forwards, if you want to cherry pick so bad wait 'til after the game to finger bang a your virgin sister.

ASST. COACH

Do or die: Cherry Pie, boys!

HEAD COACH

Instead, help out your nonexistent fucking defence who are a bunch of retarded dog fuckers, so fucking lazy out there! Forget it, you guys aren't even fucking the dog, you've given up, rolled over and are letting the dog fuck you in the ass!

ASST. COACH

Missionary boys! Gotta show some hustle!

HEAD COACH

Do you think I want to be here to embarrass myself? I could be at my daughter's birthday, but instead I came to coach you fuck ups. Christ!

ASST. COACH

First birthday. It's an important one.

HEAD COACH

Right now, the other team's laughing at us, you're a fucking joke. Get your fucking heads out of your asses, because those who don't want to play will be riding the pine!

ASST. COACH

Splinters boys.

The Head Coach walks out frustrated.

ASST. COACH (CONT'D)

Alright, listen up.

Assistant Jim hikes up his pants and squats down. Jim points at his eyes and then all the other players.

ASSISTANT JIM  
Eyes, right here! Focus boys, it's  
all about this right here...

Points at his heart.

ASST. COACH  
The heart! He's talking about the  
heart.

ASSISTANT JIM  
...and this. This up here...

Points to his head.

ASST. COACH  
The head! Use your head boys!

ASSISTANT JIM  
..don't forget these. Right here.

Points to his crotch.

ASST. COACH  
The balls! Show some balls boys.

ASSISTANT JIM  
You've all got a pair of balls, and  
I want to see them out there on the  
ice.

The ASST. Coach steps over and puts his hand on Assistant Jim's shoulder shaking his head NO.

ASSISTANT JIM (CONT'D)  
I mean, I want to see them  
metaphorically! I want to see your  
metaphorical balls boys!

ASST. COACH  
All metaphor boys.

ASSISTANT JIM  
And finally what have we got here?

Points to his stomach.

ASST. COACH  
The guts!

ASSISTANT JIM

That's right, it's gut check time boys!

ASST. COACH

Gut check time boys!

ASSISTANT JIM

Because thirty years from now when you boys are thirty eight years old going through a mid life crises, you'll look back on this day and be glad you gave it your all to win, "The under ten house-league regional championship." Now, let's go out there and fucking win one!

ASST. COACH

Shoot, pass and kick some ass!

BLACK OUT: