

# Readers' Theatre

## Owen Foote: Soccer Star

### Cast:

Narrator

Owen Foote

Mr. Mahoney – The Principal

Clyde Barnes – Cool older kid, good soccer player

Anthony – Owen's friend

### Chapter 4 – Pardon My Fat Foot

- Narrator: Monday morning at Chesterfield School, following the first soccer practice.
- Mr. Mahoney: Morning, kids. How was soccer this weekend?
- Anthony: Great! I got two goals but I don't get paid unless it's a real game.
- Mr. Mahoney (To Owen) How about you, Owen?
- Narrator: Mr. Mahoney knew how much Owen loved soccer. Ever since Mr. Mahoney told Owen that he's played in college, they talked about it all the time.
- Owen: It was okay.

Anthony: Some of the other kids were awesome. They can kick the ball a mile. They play like high-school kids.

Owen: They're dorks. I bet all they do at their school is play soccer. They think they're so great.

Mr. Mahoney: It takes a lot more than coordination to make a great athlete. Mental attitude is important. You ask coaches. They'll tell you a lot of Olympic athletes were awkward as kids.

Narrator: Seventh grade Clyde Barnes – computer genius and the best soccer player in Chesterfield school – walked over next to Mr. Mahoney. Mr. Mahoney put his arm around Clyde.

Mr. Mahoney: Isn't that right, Clyde?

Clyde: Anything you say, Mr. Mahoney.

Narrator: Last year, Clyde made the All-Star team in their state. All the kids went to watch him play. They all waved banners that said, CLYDE, CLYDE, CHESTERFIELD'S PRIDE.

Owen still had his banner in his room.

Mr. Mahoney: (To Clyde) They just joined the town league. With the big guys.

Clyde: I remember that. I hated soccer that year. Some of those guys were good. I felt like a wimp.

Owen: *You* hated soccer?

Anthony: *You* a wimp?

Clyde: Everyone's a wimp at the beginning. I loved it again as soon as I got better.

Mr. Mahoney: Hang in there and don't look back unless that's the direction you want to go.

Narrator: Mr. Mahoney always said things like that. Like he was still in the Marines and they were in his platoon. Lots of times, they didn't know what he meant. But he made them feel grown up.

The bell rang. Everyone started pushing through the door.

- Clyde: (Grab Owen's arm) Hold on a second, Owen. I want to let you in on a little soccer secret.
- (Release Owen's arm) I'm telling you because you've got a good head on your shoulders. I wouldn't tell this to any jerk.
- Narrator: Owen and Clyde moved to one side.
- Owen & Clyde: (Dramatize narrator's dialogue)
- Clyde: You and I both know that good sportsmanship is the only way to go, right?
- Owen: (Nod)
- Clyde: But every once in a while, you run into a real dope on the field. You know what I mean?
- Owen: (Nod)
- Narrator: Owen knew, all right.
- Clyde: You can only use what I am about to show you in dire emergencies, okay?
- Owen: Sure.
- Clyde: Say you're running side by side with some guy who's really been bugging you. He's got the ball.
- Narrator: Clyde stood next to Owen. They were facing the door. Clyde was on Owen's right side. He grabbed Owen's arm and started walking.
- Owen & Clyde: (Dramatize narrator's dialogue)
- Clyde: What you do is, reach over with the heel of your inside foot.
- Narrator: Clyde moved his left foot in front of Owen's right foot.
- Owen & Clyde: (Dramatize narrator's dialogue)
- Clyde: You let it get in the way for a second. Then you yank it back.
- Narrator: Clyde pulled his foot from in front of Owen's. Owen stumbled and almost fell. Clyde's arm kept him on his feet.
- Owen & Clyde: (Dramatize narrator's dialogue)

Clyde: (In a sarcastically polite voice) Oh, I'm sorry. Did my fat foot get in the way?

Owen: Is that legal?

Clyde: Being a klutz? Sure.

You're a smart kid, Owen, and you're a nice kid. But sometimes, being a nice kid is tough on a guy, you know what I mean?

Owen: (Nod)

Clyde: I know you won't use it unless you really have to, right?

Owen: Right... Thanks, Clyde.

Thanks a *whole* lot.