Green Light Night

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Green Light Night

by bluebox_dragon

Summary

BREAKING NEWS

Ottawa player Luca Haas breaks into car near downtown Montreal bar, following team celebration.

A team celebration may or may not prove a theory that Ilya has about the English language.

Notes

This is inspired by that one tweet thats like "in russia we do not have to say get in THE car, we know which car, because we are not stupid"

I have never edited any ever in my life, and I did not start today! Feel free to point out anything egregious.

BREAKING NEWS

Ottawa player Luca Haas breaks into car near downtown Montreal bar, following team celebration.

The Ottawa Centaurs had won the game, a victory for the team and a victory for Shane. It was never easy to play against his former team, though the hat trick he scored *had* helped. Maybe.

To make it even better, by some miracle, the Cens had been given the green light. An entire night with no curfew, and likely no sleep. Team sanctioned debauchery, an old teammate of Shane's had called it.

"I do not want to bail anyone out," Coach Wiebe addressed the team, "I do not want to pick anyone up from the emergency room, and I certainly do not want—"

"Media attention!" Harris jumped in, clapping his hands together as he took over the pre-nighttime activity speech. "We have had many discussions about behaving yourselves online, and in person,"

Harris was giving the rookies the universal sign for 'I'm watching you.'

"Coach Wiebe has already given the expectations for tonight, so I would just like to remind you all that twitter is banned after your third drink of the night."

This brought about jeers and boos from the rest of the team, including Ilya, who was sitting next to Shane and giving his very best impression of an innocent man who had never participated in any of the shenanigans being laid out.

"We will be best behaviour, Coach," Ilya yelled across the choas of offended hockey players, though his smirk indicated that Shane would be responsible for both of their behaviours tonight. Ilya stood up on the bench and yelled until he had the entire teams attention.

"Alright boys," Ilya continued, now addressing their teammates, "Remember rules that I tell you last time, say with me, first rule?"

"Don't subtract from the population," The team chorused.

"Rule two!"

"Don't add to the population,"

“Rule three!”

“Uh,”

“Three? There were two-“

“Don’t go on twitter after your third drink?” Troy added, helpfully, as if he wasn’t sucking up to his boyfriend.

“Yes!” Ilya yelled, “Now we go to bar!”

Ilya led the charge out of the guest locker room in the Voyagers arena. Shane was one of the last players out of the room, he tried to give Coach Wiebe an apologetic smile, tried to mentally assure the man that Shane would at least attempt to keep his husband and their team under control.

Wiebe didn’t ackowlege Shane’s attempted psychic communication. It was fucking false anyways, there wasn’t a damn thing Shane could do to keep things under control on a green light night in one of the best clubbing cities that the league had to offer.

The bar that the team had picked was loud, music and people jostling Shane around as he tried to make his way back to the group of tables that the team had commandeered. He was attempting to carry two pitchers of beer, and a margarita for Bood. The man apparently really liked a sugar rim after the first few rounds of shots.

The bar was rediculously far away from the corner that the team had set up in, and Shane had to pass by two separate dance floors on the journey. The younger players were dancing in a group on the first dance floor.

Dancing may be too generous. Young was genuinely flopping on the floor in what looked more like ‘dying fish’ than ‘the worm’. Haas was jumping off beat, swaying in a way that belied the multiple shots Shane had seen the rookies do in quick sucession earlier in the night.

“Oh fuck!,” Shane swore as he was checked from behind, cold beer poured down his sock.

One of his pitchers had spilled, slightly, when a group of very drunk young women had walked directly into Shane, blocking his path to the team tables. They had been very apologetic, falling over themselves (quite literally, one girl had ended up on the floor) to say sorry.

By the time he had extricated himself, his shoe and sock were squelching with beer. Would it be too weird to take off his socks in the middle of the club?

Probably.

The seat that Shane had vacated to go get the next round of beer had been filled by the time he got back to the table, Wyatt Hayes now sitting pressed up against Ilya. They were laughing, clinging onto eachothers shoulders as Bood waived his arms to emphasize whatever he was saying.

“Shane!” Ilya yelled against the music, he grabbed one of the beer pitchers and Bood’s margarita, passing the glass across the table, “I am telling about how stupid English speakers are,”

Shane pressed himself against Ilya’s free side, Wyatt was still arm in arm with Ilya as they continued to laugh drunkenly.

“Why is English stupid today?” He asked, and then promptly regretted when Ilya smiled even bigger.

“No, no, not English is stupid. English speakers are stupid. Here you have to say ‘the’, in Russia we are not so stupid, do not need extra direction to not make mistake.”

Bood gave Ilya a very enthusiastic middle finger.

“We aren’t stupid, it just how English works,” Bood yelled above the music.

“So stupid,” Ilya returned the gesture to Bood, “I say ‘table’ instead of ‘the table’ and you go to wrong one!”

“I’ll show you fuckin’ stupid,” Bood pushed past teammates to get to their side of the table.

Shane let himself be pushed out the way, let Bood pull his husband into a violent noogie. Wyatt made a valiant attempt to protect Ilya, but Barret had joined on Bood’s side and jumps to hang off of Wyatt’s shoulder.

Shane took a sip of his beer and watched, they hadn’t broken any of coaches rules yet, so whats the harm.

It was entertaining, sue him.

Shane ended up dragging the rookies out of the bar, one by one. He grabbed Young first, just grabbed him by the hoodie and made his way through the slowly emptying crowd to the door, where he passed the highly enebriated kid off the Wyatt.

Most of the team had already left, but some of the older team members (and wasn’t that a blow, to be an older teammate now) had stayed to make sure that the kids didn’t break any of

the coaches, or Ilya's, rules.

Once Shane had visual confirmation that Young had been sat down on the bench outside, and handed a bottle of water, he returned to the dance floor to pull the last of the rookies outside. It was like fighting a mob even at the end of the night, and Shane had to force his way against the crowd.

By the time Shane returned outside for the last time, with Luca Haas hanging off his shoulder, Ilya and Bood had gotten the other rookies to their feet and ready to move towards the uber that Shane had ordered before his rookie retrieval quest.

Shane loosened his grip on Luca slightly, testing whether the kid could stand under his own power. When Luca didn't fall, Shane released him entirely.

"Okie, on your feet!" Ilya said, addressing all of the rookies, "Now, we go to car!"

Shane reached out next to him to grab Luca again, but his hand only waved through thin air.

And then a car alarm went off right next to his ear.

Shane can admit that he jumped a bit when the alarm blared, at least it wasn't as bad as Young, who spooked like a cat and nearly jumped into Bood's arms.

"Shit!" Shane whirled around, trying to find the source of the noise.

And there was Luca, pale as a ghost, it looked like he had fallen over in panic, his ass on the curb, one hand still on the handle of the random car that had been parked in front of the bar.

"Luca!" Ilya called, "Why are we breaking into strangers car?"

Luca looked up in embarassment, cheeks flushed with alcohol and shame.

"You said go to car," He gestured helplessly at the Prius who's handle he was still holding, "So I did, guess I didn't know which one."

Shane didn't even want to look at the smirk on his husbands face, as Ilya raised one hand in victory, his other hand pulling Luca into a standing postion.

"See?" Ilya crowed, he slapped Luca across the shoulder, "English speakers stupid."

Shane laughed as they corralled their drunken rookies around the corner and into the car that they were supposed to getting into. He wasn't going to argue the point tonight, but he was pretty sure that Ilya's whole argument fell apart when considering that Luca was not a native English speaker.

Maybe he would bring it up tomorrow, might be a fun fight for the two hour bus ride back to Ottawa in the morning.

BREAKING NEWS

Ottawa player caught on camera breaking into car near downtown Montreal bar.

Following a fun night for the Ottawa Centaurs celebrating a big win against the Montreal Voyagers, team member Luca Haas was caught on video trying to enter the wrong vehicle outside of Verve Club in Downtown Montreal. There was no damage to the vehicle, and no charges were pressed against Haas.

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