

**Songs by Michael Kaplan & Mark Pietri**  
**Book by Michael Kaplan**

This show is for a cast of 3 actors and 2 actresses. 4 of them play married couples:

**Tom & Sherry** - He's well-meaning but initially overwhelmed by the world of youth sports. Sherry is even more skittish and has a hard time watching the humiliations on the field. They have two kids, Evan (10) and Benjamin (16).

**Rose & Max** – She is a true sports momma, competitive as they come and a little over-the-top at times. Max tries to be supportive, but he's not altogether bought in and often has to hide his disinterest. They have two boys, Roy (10) and Carter (6).

The 5th Player is our “swing” and he plays the following parts:

**Josh** – an overbearing Great Santini-like dad.

**Rich Man** – a walk-on caricature, part of a musical number.

**Carter** – Roy's little brother.

**Benjamin** – Evan's teenage brother.

**Grandpa** – Roy's grandfather, jovial and scattered.

**Ellie Jean's Dad** – Soft-spoken and fiercely proud.

Note: The actress playing Rose will also play Roy's **Grandma** in one scene. This will require a costume and wig change.

The stage should have a set of bleachers used for several scenes. The rest can be open space.

NOTE: This show can be played without an intermission. In that event, Rose's last line in “Screwed It Up” should read:

ROSE (*patiently*): This is how we end the song. You'll play this until the blackout.

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# ACT ONE



# 1. All My Saturdays

*A soft spotlight hits Tom on a dark stage.*

Voice

Piano

G<sup>Maj7</sup> C<sup>Maj7</sup>

TOM: There's a sun break-ing o-ver the

5

B<sup>m7</sup> E<sup>m7</sup> A<sup>m7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>Maj7</sup> C<sup>Maj7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>min<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> A<sup>b</sup>Maj<sup>7</sup> D<sup>b</sup>Maj<sup>7</sup>

moun-tains. There is dew in a gen-tle cas-cade. I can smell fast and fine the a-

Pno.

9

C<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>b7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> F<sup>m7</sup>/B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>min<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>

ro - ma of pine and Pow-er Ber - ry Di - et Ga - tor - ade.

Pno.

The lights come on full, revealing ROSE standing near TOM on the sidelines, MAX beside her. On the other side of Tom, pacing nervously, is SHERRY.

ROSE: That's YOUR ball, ROY! I know you WANT IT!

TOM: Defense, fellas!

SHERRY: (*almost pleadingly*): Evan, look up sweetie!

12

Pno.

D E $\flat$ 7/D C $\sharp$ (5)/D C $\sharp$ 7/D D7 G6 G $\sharp$ dim A F7 A7 D7

TOM :

16

G6 B7 C D7 G F A7/E D7 G6 D B $\min$ 7 E7

All my Sat-ur-days stand-ing on the side. All my Sat-ur-days

Pno.

19

E $\flat$ 7 D7 G6 B7 C D7 G F A7/E D7

each one oc-cu pi - ed. All my Sat-ur-days Cof-fee's got no kick.

Pno.

22 G B E<sub>m</sub>7 E<sub>b</sub>7 D7 G7(#5) C<sub>Maj</sub>7 F7

All my Sat ur days Can't we call in si - ick? We used to lie in bed un-til ten.

Pno.

25 E<sub>m</sub>7 C#m7(b5) F#m7(b5) B7 E<sub>m</sub>7 C#7

Do you think we'll ev - er do it a - gain? Ev-'ry

Pno.

28 C<sub>Maj</sub>7 B7 E<sub>m</sub>7 C7 F7 B<sub>b</sub>7

club, ev - 'ry sport cuts our hap - py time short and I have to re - port in a

Pno.

31 A7 D7 G6

haze on my Sat-ur-days.

31 G6 F6 G6 F6 G6 F6 G6

Pno.

SHERRY: Oh my god, Evan just fell down.

TOM: They all fall down. It's no big deal.

SHERRY: He might think it's a big deal.

TOM: Sweetie, he's having fun.

SHERRY: How can you be sure?

TOM (*momentarily stumped*): It's a fun game. They all have fun.

*Sherry looks out at the field skeptically.*

36

D7 G<sup>Maj7</sup> C<sup>Maj7</sup> B<sup>m7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup>

Sherry: There's a boy who is hang-ing his head.

Pno.

TOM (*quickly interjecting*):  
He's on the other team,  
you don't have to worry about him.

TOM (*interjecting again*):  
"Out of bounds," totally normal.

40

A<sup>m7</sup> D7 G<sup>Maj7</sup> C<sup>Maj7</sup> B<sup>min7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> B<sup>m7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup>(#5)

Sherry: He just kicked the ball ov - er the line. Sherry: It's so

Pno.

44

A<sup>b</sup>Maj7 D<sup>b</sup>Maj7 C<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>b7</sup> F7 F<sup>m7</sup>/B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b7</sup>

hard to re-main I feel ev-'ry kids pain. E - spe-cial-ly that one kid who's

Pno.

47  $E^b7$   $D7(\#5)$  G  $B7$  C D G F  $A9/E$   $D7$

mine! All his Sat-ur-days run-ning like he's scared.

Pno.

50 G  $C7$   $B7$   $E7$   $E^b7$   $D7$  G  $B7$  C  $D7$

All his Sat-ur-days we're so un-pre-par-ed. All his Sat-ur-days - He

Pno.

53 G F  $E^m7$   $D7$  G  $B7$   $E7$   $E^b7$   $D7$   $G7$

had a lit-tle cough. All his Sat-ur-days his shin guards com-ing off!! He

Pno.

56 C<sup>Maj</sup>7 F<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m</sup>7 C<sup>#</sup>m7(b5) F<sup>#</sup>m7(b5) B<sup>7</sup>

should be home watch-ing car - toons. - In stead of knock-ing knees with these

59 E<sup>m</sup>7 C<sup>#</sup>7 C<sup>Maj</sup>7 B<sup>7</sup> E<sup>m</sup>7 C<sup>7</sup>

goons We give sun - screen and wa - ter to each son and daugh - ter then

62 F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

send them to slaugh - ter and pray on their Sat-ur - day.

Pno.

64 **G**

64 **G**<sub>6</sub> **F**<sub>6</sub> **G**<sub>6</sub> **F**<sub>6</sub> **G**<sub>6</sub> **F**<sub>6</sub>

Pno.

SHERRY: I need to take a little walk.

*As Sherry exits, Rose “crab-walks” sideways towards Tom, following the action on the field.*

ROSE: ROY! NOBODY TAKES THAT BALL! NOBODY! *(to Max)* Tell him!

MAX: Nobody, Roy!

TOM: Roy’s doing great.

ROSE *(proudly)*: He’s got field sense.

MAX: He knows where he is.

TOM *(calling)*: Evan, look where you are!

ROSE: Yeah, that’s not going to help. *(suddenly screaming)* CENTER, ROY!  
CENTER! CENTER! CENTER!!

TOM *(helpfully)*: Center, Evan!

ROSE: Yeah, that’s not where he’s supposed to be. *(to Max)* Tell him.

MAX: Good stuff, kiddo!

*Rose rolls her eyes, and moves back in the other direction. Max dutifully follows. Sherry returns in a mild panic.*

SHERRY: Janet Arzo says Billy came out of the game because he thinks the grapes made him sick.

TOM: Oh. Wow. *(pause)* What?

SHERRY: Did we have snack?

TOM: *After* snack.

SHERRY: Then who brought the grapes?

TOM: We brought the grapes.

SHERRY: You brought bad grapes?!

TOM: How can grapes be bad? They go right to raisins, there's no bad stage.

SHERRY: Did you wash them?

TOM: Yes. No. *(beat)* You always tell me I do it wrong, so I left them out for you.

SHERRY: Does anyone know? That it's us?

TOM: Snack Mom. Snack Mom knows.

SHERRY: Are there any left?

*Tom grabs the remaining grapes from the cooler and makes a move for...*

SHERRY: Not the trash! *(off his look)* It means we know.

*Panicked, he looks for another hiding place.*

SHERRY: Tom!

*He stuffs several in his mouth, and the rest in the pouch of his sweatshirt.  
A WHISTLE blows.*

SHERRY: Oh no, time out!

ROSE: Roy!! HYDRATE!!

*She goes marching offstage.*

SHERRY: Where's Evan's water?

TOM: I've got it.

*Tom grabs the cooler and he and Sherry follow Rose. They all exit. Max is left alone onstage. He looks around, making sure no one can hear... and then sings conspiratorially to the audience.*

68 **B $\flat$ 7** **E $\flat$ 7**

MAX: I hate soc-cer I just can't take it. I hate

68

Pno.

72 **A $\flat$ 7** **E $\flat$ 7** **D7** **D $\flat$ 7** **Cm7** **F7**

soc-cer why should I fake it? The games a gi-ant bore and there's

72

Pno.

75 **B $\flat$ m7** **E $\flat$ 7** **A $\flat$ Maj7** **Cm7( $\flat$ 5)**

nev-er an-y score. But ev-'ry bless-ed week-end they just

75

Pno.

77 F7 B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$ 7

drag me back for more. I hate soccer! I grew up with

77 Pno.

80 A $\flat$ 7 D $\flat$ 7 G7 G $\flat$ 7

base-ball and bask-et-ball and foot-ball. And none of those were point-less. By

80 Pno.

83 B7 E7 Fm7 B $\flat$ 7

that I mean YOU ACT-UALLY SCORED POINTS! But now... there's al-ways

83 Pno.

86  $E\flat 7$   $A\flat 7$

soc - cer. It's got no sea - son. I hate soc - cer. Oh sure it's

Pno.

89  $E\flat 7$   $Cm 7$   $F 7$

trea - son. 'Cause none of you con - fess it, you just

Pno.

91  $B\flat m 7$   $E\flat 7$   $A\flat Maj 7$   $Cm 7(\flat 5)$

stand there and re - press it. Well some-one needs to grow a pair and

Pno.

*Another WHISTLE blows and Tom, Rose, and Sherry enter again. Rose and Sherry are in the middle of a discussion.*

93 F<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b7</sub> E<sub>b6</sub>

fin - al - ly ex - press it. STUFF SOC-CER! ROSE Your

Pno.

SHERRY: Sometimes he doesn't want  
to put his shoes on.

96 A<sub>b</sub>Maj<sub>7</sub> D<sub>b</sub>Maj<sub>7</sub> C<sub>m7</sub> B<sub>b</sub>m<sub>7</sub> E<sub>b7</sub>

son should nev - er ev - er skip a prac-tice. ROSE It's

Pno.

SHERRY: I think we need to listen  
to them a little more.

99  $A^b\text{Maj7}$   $D^b\text{Maj7}$   $B\text{m7}$   $E7$

up to you to mo - tiv - ate your kid. You -

Pno.

102  $A\text{Maj7}$   $D\text{Maj7}$   $C\sharp\text{m7}$   $G7$   $F\sharp7$

pack the pro - per food then you fix his at - ti - tude. To re -

Pno.

SHERRY: Oh. Did you play?

ROSE: Did I play!? (*impassioned*)

104  $F\sharp\text{m/B}$   $B7$   $E7$   $E^b7$   $A^b$   $C7$   $D^b$   $E^b7$

spect the game the way I al-ways did. All those Sat-ur-days

Pno.

108  $A^b$   $G^b$   $B^b7/F$   $E^b7$   $A^b$   $E^b$   $C_{min}7$   $F7$   $E7$   $E^b7$

Best in my high school. All those Sat ur days Time can be so cru - el.

Pno.

111  $A^b$   $C7$   $D^b$   $E^b7$   $A^b$   $G^b$   $B^b7/F$   $E^b7$   $A^b$   $C7$   $F$   $F^b7$

All those Sat-ur-days blis-ters on each heel All those Sat-ur - days

Pno.

114  $E^b7$   $A^b7$   $D^bMaj7$   $G^b7$   $F_{m7}$   $D_{m7}(b5)$

Sis - ter on the fie - ld. Tro - phies that fill'd up the hall. A

Pno.

117  $Gm7(b5)$   $C7$   $Fm$   $D7$   $D^bMaj7$   $C7$

left foot that mur-der'd the ball. Now my boy is a threat and he

Pno.

120  $Fm7$   $D^b7$   $G^b7$   $B7$   $B^b7$   $E^b7$

charg-es the net but his team-mates all get in the way and ruin my Sat-ur-day.-

Pno.

123  $A^b$

Pno.

ROSE: If you don't teach him to respect the game, he's not going to respect his life.

SHERRY: How can you make that leap?

ROSE: How can you NOT? You think boys wake up one day and just figure out how to live?

SHERRY: I think they can if they're balanced and well-rounded.

ROSE: Roy plays the trumpet!

*She turns and strides away. Max catches Sherry's eye.*

MAX: Sorry.

*He follows after his wife. Sherry turns to Tom and sings.*

126  $A^b$   $D^b7$   $C^m7$   $B^bm7$   $E^b7$   $A^b$   $D^bMaj7$   $G^b7$

Oh my God our goal-ie just threw up! What if they kick Ev-an off the

129  $E7$   $B^bm7E7$   $A$   $D7$   $C^{\#}m7$   $G7$   $F^{\#}7$

team? TOM: I'm gon-na take the rap and they'll give my wrist a slap, Al-though

Pno.

132  $E\flat m7$   $A\flat 7$   $G\flat 7$

kick - ing off would kind of be a dream!

Pno.

ROSE (*suddenly shrieking*): Go! GO!!

SHERRY: Oh no...

134

134  $F\# 7$   $G 7$   $A\flat 7$   $A 7$

Pno.

TOM: Evan, PASS IT! SHERRY: He passed it!

ROSE: ROY! THERE'S THE LEFT FOOT, BABY!!

*Everyone—even Max--is jubilant, high-fiving one another.*

136

136  $B\flat 7$   $B 7$   $C 7$   $C\# 7$   $D 7$   $E\flat 7$   $E 7$   $C\# 7$   $F\# 7$

Pno.

## EVERYONE

138 B D#7 E F#7 B A<sup>Maj</sup>7 C#7/G# F#7 B F#7 D#7 G#7

All our Sat-ur-days Look at them high five. All our Sat-ur-days

Pno.

141 G7 F#7 B D#7 E F#7 B A C#7/G# F#7

God they're so a li - ve. All our Sat-ur-days A mo-ment we can toast.

Pno.

*(Pulling out their phones)*

144 B D#7 G#7 G7 F#7 B7

All our Sat-ur - days Hang on while I po - st.

Pno.

SHERRY:

TOM:

146 E<sup>Maj7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> G<sup>#m</sup> E<sup>#m7(b5)</sup> A<sup>#m7(b5)</sup> D<sup>#7</sup>

Ev - an made the pass of the game. I fin -'lly re-mem-ber why I

Pno.

149 G<sup>#m</sup> E<sup>#7</sup> ROSE: E<sup>Maj7</sup> D<sup>#7</sup>

came. Watch the way that my guy's gon - na

Pno.

151 G<sup>#m7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> MAX A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>Maj7</sup>

bring home the prize. And then watch hqw my eyes start to

Pno.

ROSE (to Sherry): Good things happen  
when they practice—see?

153 C#7 F#7 B6 A6

glaze. All our Sat - ur - days!

Pno.

ROSE: I have the name of a great coach  
who can work with Evan...

155 F#7 B6 A6

All our Sat - ur - days!

Pno.

*Before she can hand the paper to Sherry...*  
TOM: Here. Have a grape.  
ROSE: Ooh. Thank you!

157 F#7 B6 A6

All our Sat - ur - days!

Pno.

*She pops it in her mouth. Sherry gives  
Tom a little hug as everyone sings:*

159  $F\sharp 7$   $B_6$

All our Sat - ur - days!!!

Pno.

*Black out*

## **2. Angel With an Attitude**

*Lights up on Rose on the sidelines. She starts telling at an unseen referee.*

ROSE: Excuse me! Excuse me! He wasn't tripping him. That was involuntary. *(beat)* He has involuntary movements. They're called growth spurts. It's a symptom, not a strategy—you can't punish him for a symptom. What if he had Tourette's?

*Max enters with a fistful of papers.*

ROSE: Would you Red Flag him for Tourette's? I could have your whistle for that—the whole league would have your whistle.

MAX: I'd take it easy on the ref.

ROSE: He should take it easy on Roy.

MAX: Here's the registration packet. Are you sure you want to do baseball AND basketball? They have like a six week overlap.

ROSE: Roy can handle it.

MAX: It feels like a lot.

ROSE: It is a lot. That's a feature, not a bug.

MAX: Uh-huh.

ROSE: Also: sign him up for trumpet lessons.

MAX: Why?

ROSE: Because I don't like being a liar.

MAX *(shrugs)*: I'll make a couple calls.

*He exits.*

## 2. Angel With an Attitude

ROSE: Foul! How was that even—

*(She stops herself – after a moment, she begins to sing)*

Em7 F6

ROSE: He's al - ways been the guy who—

Em7 Bb7 CMaj7 Dm6

3 needs to do or die 3 Some are born to take their naps.

$C_{Maj7}$   $B_7$   $E_{m7}$   $E_{bMaj7}$

5

Some are born to fly Why is it al - ways his fault when the



$D_{m7}$   $G_7$   $C_6$   $A_{m7}$

7

nap - pers start to cry?



$D_{m7}$   $G_{13}$   $C$

9

My lit - tle boy shoves. He hits and he



F C

11

spits. They give him a foul. He moans when he

11 12

G C C#dim7

13

sits, but he's my an - gel, my an - gel. An

13

Dm G7 Em7 Eb7

15

an - gel with an at - ti - tude My an - gel, my an - gel. I

15

17  $D_{m7}$   $G7$   $C$   $C7$

know you think he's aw-f'lly rude They say he starts most ev-'ry fight, But

19  $F7$   $Bb7$

you don't see him sleep at night. — His

20  $E_{m7}$   $A7$   $D_{m7}$   $G7$

lit - tle feet come pok - ing out like lil - lies — in the grass. Oh he's my

C C<sup>#</sup>dim7 D<sub>m</sub>7 A<sub>7</sub>

22

an - gel, — my an - gel — my lit - le — bit - ty an - gel who

D<sub>m</sub>7 G<sub>7</sub> C C<sub>7</sub>

24

hap-pens to kick a bit - ty piece of ass. He came out of the

F F<sub>7</sub> E<sub>m</sub>7 A<sub>7</sub>

26

womb, look-ing just like a .waif. He — was

28  $D_m$   $G_7$

slid - ing and flail - ing and flop - ping his head if he

29  $E_b7$   $A_b7$   $C/G$   $A_7$

had-n't been wail-ing I think he'd have said,"You id-i-ots. I WAS

*(calling out to the field)*

Rose: Roy, tell them you're sorry!

You don't have to mean it, sweetie. Just tell them.

31  $D_m7$   $G_7$   $E_m7$   $A_7$

SAFE! ROSE: You say he's a

33

D G

beast, Who acts like a thug. Well ev-en the

35

D A

An-ti christ now and then needs a hug. Oh, he's my

37

D6 D#dim7 Em7 A7

an - gel my an - gel, my an - gel — who gives his all. — My

39  $F\sharp m7$   $F7$   $E m7$   $A7$

an - gel, my an - gel just watch how he spikes the ball.

41  $D$   $D7$   $G$   $C7$

Com-pe-ti-tion's not a crime. So what if he wants to score all the time?

43  $F\sharp m7$   $B7$   $E m7$   $B\flat7$

So did Pe - le so did Grettz-ky So did Bra-dy with ev - 'ry pass.

45  $A_7$   $G_7$   $F\sharp m_7$   $F_7$

Oh he's my an - gel, my an - gel, my

47  $E_m7$   $B_7$   $E_m7$   $A_7$

lit-tle bit - ty an - gel. Don't get in my face, or we'll both kick your

49  $D_6$

ass.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a bass line. The vocal line includes lyrics and rests. The first system (measures 45-46) has a vocal line starting with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'Oh he's my an - gel, my an - gel, my'. The second system (measures 47-48) has a vocal line with the lyrics 'lit-tle bit - ty an - gel. Don't get in my face, or we'll both kick your'. The third system (measures 49-50) has a vocal line with the lyrics 'ass.' and a piano accompaniment that ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment in the first system features a right hand with chords and a left hand with a bass line. The piano accompaniment in the second system features a right hand with chords and a left hand with a bass line. The piano accompaniment in the third system features a right hand with chords and a left hand with a bass line.

### **3. First Practice**

*Tom has a bat and baseballs (made of foam rubber or light plastic whiffle balls) at his feet. Josh enters.*

JOSH: Hey. You Tom?

TOM: Yeah.

JOSH: I'm Josh Kurtie, your assistant coach.

TOM (*shaking hands*): Great. Hi. Who's your kid?

JOSH: Corey. The big one, really burning the ball.

TOM: Cool.

JOSH: You coached before?

TOM: No. It was kind of an agreement. If I coached, Evan would play.

JOSH (*nods*): Can't do it without daddy.

TOM: No. That's not what I said.

JOSH: Kind of was. What you said.

TOM: How about you, you coached before?

JOSH: Oh sure. I was coach last year.

TOM: But not this year?

JOSH: Well, they asked me to take a little break.

TOM: Who? The league?

JOSH: Yeah, whatever.

TOM: Can I ask why?

JOSH: I don't know. Some mom got all twisted about the batting order. And there was another guy. I don't even remember. (*Pause*) They told me this year, just help. So here I am.

*They shake hands again.*

TOM: Great. Okay. Once the boys get their arms warm—

JOSH: HUDDLE UP!

TOM: Not yet.

JOSH: FREEZE! *(pause)* Ha! Corey! You moved! Take a lap!

TOM: No laps.

JOSH: He needs a lap. He's a freaking couch potato.

TOM: Let's—let's just bring it in.

JOSH: HUDDLE UP!

*Tom addresses the kids, as though they were standing right in front of them.*

TOM: Guys, I'm Coach Tom. This is Coach Josh. This season is gonna be about two things. Improving your game--

JOSH: And beating every team at least once.

TOM: No.

JOSH: Mercy rule, whenever possible. You get them 11—zip, the ump calls it after 4. They get an early shower, you guys get Tastee Freeze from yours truly. Take that to the bank, gentlemen.

TOM *(quietly)*: I'm the coach.

JOSH: LISTEN TO COACH! *(beat)* All yours, chief.

TOM: Look, if we win. That's fine. It's fun to win. But that's not "the mission." Our mission is to Have Fun, and for each of you to be the best player you can—

JOSH: ZIP IT, COREY! Or it's an Alpo burrito for you, mister! *(to Tom)* All yours.

TOM: I. I was...

JOSH: Like Coach was saying. Most of you have no natural talent. Zippo. Zippo instinct. And the only possible way you're gonna look like ballplayers

and not debate geek losers is to LISTEN TO COACH!  
*(He claps his hands like crazy, exhorting the audience to do the same)*  
 All yours.

TOM: Actually, I was on the debate team.

JOSH: See? Coach was a debate geek! But he was a grinder, he fought his way out. EVERYONE DO A LAP!

TOM: No laps.

JOSH: FREEZE! *(pause)* HA! Evan, do a LAP!

TOM: NO laps.

JOSH: Daddy says never mind. All better.

TOM: Okay, we're gonna do an infield drill. Tyler, Smitty take third. Corey, Jordan, over to shortstop.

JOSH: YOU HUSTLE OUT THERE, MISTER!

TOM: Evan, Andrew take second. You three trade off at first. Okay, play's to first, then bring it home.

*Tom hits a ball into the audience. Improvise chatter as they both point in the direction of first base.*

JOSH: First base, first base, FIRST BASE, FIRST BASE. The base, the base, the base that comes first. For crying out loud. WHAT WAS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE?

TOM: Hey, that was a nice try.

JOSH: Okay, here's a little drill I came up with, help you with your throws to first base. Okay? What you've got to do, you gotta think: the first baseman is the most heinous, evil person in the world. And they have done something that you will never forgive, they killed your dog, they stole your X Box, and you are going to burn the ball through their chest—and kill them with one throw.

TOM: You guys, just bring it home. Throw it to Coach Josh.

JOSH: Oh, so I'm the heinous one.

TOM: No. Just mixing it up. Okay, Jordan!

*Tom hits the ball. Josh immediately under hands him the next one before he's ready and it bounces off his shoulder. The two men improvise as an audience member throws the ball to Josh.*

JOSH: Burn it, BURN IT, right here, buddy. *(catches it)* What's with the noodle arm?

*Tom hits another. Josh under hands the next ball off his chest.*

TOM *(to audience member making throw)*: Okay, nice peg!

JOSH: Yeah, for tee-ball.

*Tom hits another. Josh under hands a ball off his chest.*

TOM: Will you cut it out?!

*The throw comes in to Josh.*

JOSH: That's an out. If he starts running tomorrow.

*Tom hits another.*

JOSH: Corey, get the glove down. Get the glove down. You know why you don't get the glove down? You're scared of the ball. You're scared of the dirt. You're scared of your goddamn life!

TOM: Look, can I say something?

JOSH: HUDDLE UP!

TOM: No, just to you.

JOSH: GET BACK THERE!!

TOM: Um. You're just coming on a little strong here.

JOSH: Hey, sure. Fine. If you want more of a touchy-huggy practice, maybe we can knit a banner for the other team.

TOM: Just take it down a notch.

*He hits another ball into the audience. Josh hums inanely to himself.*

JOSH: Lolly, lolly, lolly... *(mock impressed)* Oooh, big boy throw.

TOM: Look, this isn't going to work out.

JOSH: You firing me?

TOM: I'm asking you to step down.

JOSH: Not gonna happen. You firing me?

TOM: Well, I don't know. Let me call Greg tonight and talk to him, maybe some of the parents.

JOSH: I need an answer right now. Cause I'm going to pull Corey and we'll go to the Padres or the Yankees and kick some ass.

TOM (*getting ready to fungo a ball*): I'm not deciding right now.

JOSH: HUSTLE IN! We're gonna take a vote.

*Tense pause.*

TOM: This is a bad idea.

JOSH: It's called democracy.

TOM: It's not supposed to be a democracy. That's why there's a coach.

JOSH: Let the boys vote.

TOM: Okay. All right. Boys, Coach Josh and me, we're not getting along so great. So we're gonna have a quick vote to see which one stays. You can have me, you can have Coach Josh. If you want me, raise your hand.

*Pause.*

JOSH: I'd like a recount.

TOM: It was unanimous. (*to the team*) Okay, everyone back to position!

JOSH: TAKE A LAP, COREY!

TOM: No. Corey. Take first base.

*They stare at each other.*

JOSH: You got something you need to say to me?

TOM: Not really.

JOSH: Cause you don't tell it to Greg. Or the parents. You say it to me. I'm here right now.

TOM (*sighs*): You ride your son. You embarrass him in front of the other kids. You obviously have control issues and anger issues and I'm not going to let you ruin his time or my son's time or anybody's because you don't know how to get real help.

*Josh takes a step closer. And another. He's barely audible.*

JOSH: Maybe you should be my coach.

TOM: We're done. Okay?

JOSH (*softer*): Seriously. Would you be my coach?

TOM: I have no idea what you're saying.

JOSH: That was really good. Please.

*Pause.*

TOM: I'm not a *life* coach.

JOSH: No. You're better.

TOM: Josh. It's not a great use of my time.

*Josh just looks at him.*

TOM: Fine. I want you to sit over there, watch practice, and only say nice things.

*Josh hesitates.*

TOM: Otherwise, beat it.

JOSH: Okay. I'm on it.

TOM (*calling*): Play's to me!

*He hits the ball into the audience, and waits for the throw to come back.*

JOSH (*trying hard*): Alllll right. Way to take your time. Way to savor the play!

*Tom hits another one, waits for the throw.*

JOSH: Nice skipping. Just like a rock. That was fun.

*The lights fade.*

## 4. Flirtation

## MAX: For School?

SHERRY: No, he's a convicted felon.

*Max laughs. Sherry turns to the audience.*

SHERRY: That joke was so dumb, the work of a hack. But his

MAX:

6 E Maj7 A Maj7 D Maj7 B sus4

6 laugh sent a tin-gle straight down my back.

SHERRY: It doesn't matter which kid, which day of the week, I'm always <sup>42</sup>on the sidelines.

MAX: If you'd rather by playing, I'll talk to the coach. You would dominate this bunch.

*Sherry chuckles, as Max turns to the audience.*

12 D<sub>Maj7</sub> C<sub>Maj7</sub> D<sub>Maj7</sub> C<sub>7</sub>

12 That joke was so dumb. But she laughed an-y way. There's

17 D<sub>Maj7</sub> G<sub>7</sub> F<sub>#m7</sub> B<sub>sus4</sub>

17 some - thing deep down that's dy - ing to play.

21

G<sup>#</sup>m7 C<sup>#</sup><sub>sus4</sub> C<sup>#</sup>7 F<sup>#</sup>m7 B 7(<sup>#</sup>9) E7

I think that may-be. it seems like we may-be

21

I'm pret-ty sure may-be it seems like we may-be

21

26

A Maj7 C<sup>#</sup>m/G<sup>#</sup> F<sup>#</sup>m7 C<sup>#</sup>m/E A Maj7

flirt-ing. Mar-ried peo-ple flirt-ing.

26

flirt-ing. Mar-ried peo-ple flirt-ing. skirt-ing round the edge of

26

31  $F\#m7$   $D$   $F\#7/C\#$   $B_{Maj7}$   $D\#m/A\#$

Flirt-ing. Foot-ball prac-tice

31 ter-ri-ble mis - takes. Flirt-ing. Foot-ball prac-tice

36  $G\#m7$   $D\#m/A\#$   $B_{Maj7}$   $G\#m7$   $C\#m$

flirt-ing. Blurt-ing out a bit then slam-ming on the brakes.

36 flirt-ing.

41

F#7+5 E Maj7 D#m7 C#m7 G#m11

It's fun to i - mag - ine my par - ra - lel lives.

41

41

46 E<sup>Maj</sup>7 D<sup>#m</sup>7 G<sup>#m</sup>7 C<sup>#</sup> D<sup>#m</sup>7

A - ma-zing what the

Par - ral-lel sex with par - al-lel wives. A - ma-zing what the

51  $E_{Maj7}$   $A\sharp m7$   $A\sharp m7$

mar - ried mind con - trives.

51

mar - ried mind con - trives.

51

SHERRY: I'm just glad they're using flags. I hate when they crash into each other.

MAX: My mother is obsessed with concussions.

SHERRY: Really?

MAX: Concussions and cholesterol.

SHERRY: Is she working her way through the alphabet

MAX: Next is calories.

SHERRY: And carburetors?

MAX: And connections.

SHERRY: Right.

*They hold eye contact for a moment too long.*

54  $B\flat\text{Maj}7$   $C\text{m}7$   $B\flat/D$   $C\text{m}7$

Did I go too far? Should I sit in the car?

54

Was that as - in - ine?

54

58  $F7$   $B\text{m}7/E$   $D7$   $E7$

No this still feels fine. We're just

58

Did I cross a line? No this still feels fine. We're just

58

62  $A_{Maj7}$   $C\sharp_m/G\sharp$   $F\sharp_m7$

flirt - ing. ran - dom - ly \_\_\_ flirt - ing.

flirt - ing. ran - dom - ly \_\_\_ flirt - ing.

65  $C\sharp_m/G\sharp$   $A_{Maj7}$   $F\sharp_m7$   $D$

As-sert-ing my \_\_\_ mar - riage has ver-y few \_\_\_ flaws.

69

F#7/C#      B Maj7      D#m/A#      G#m7

We're just flirt - ing      Care-less - ly — flirt - ing

We're just flirt - ing      Care-less - ly — flirt - ing

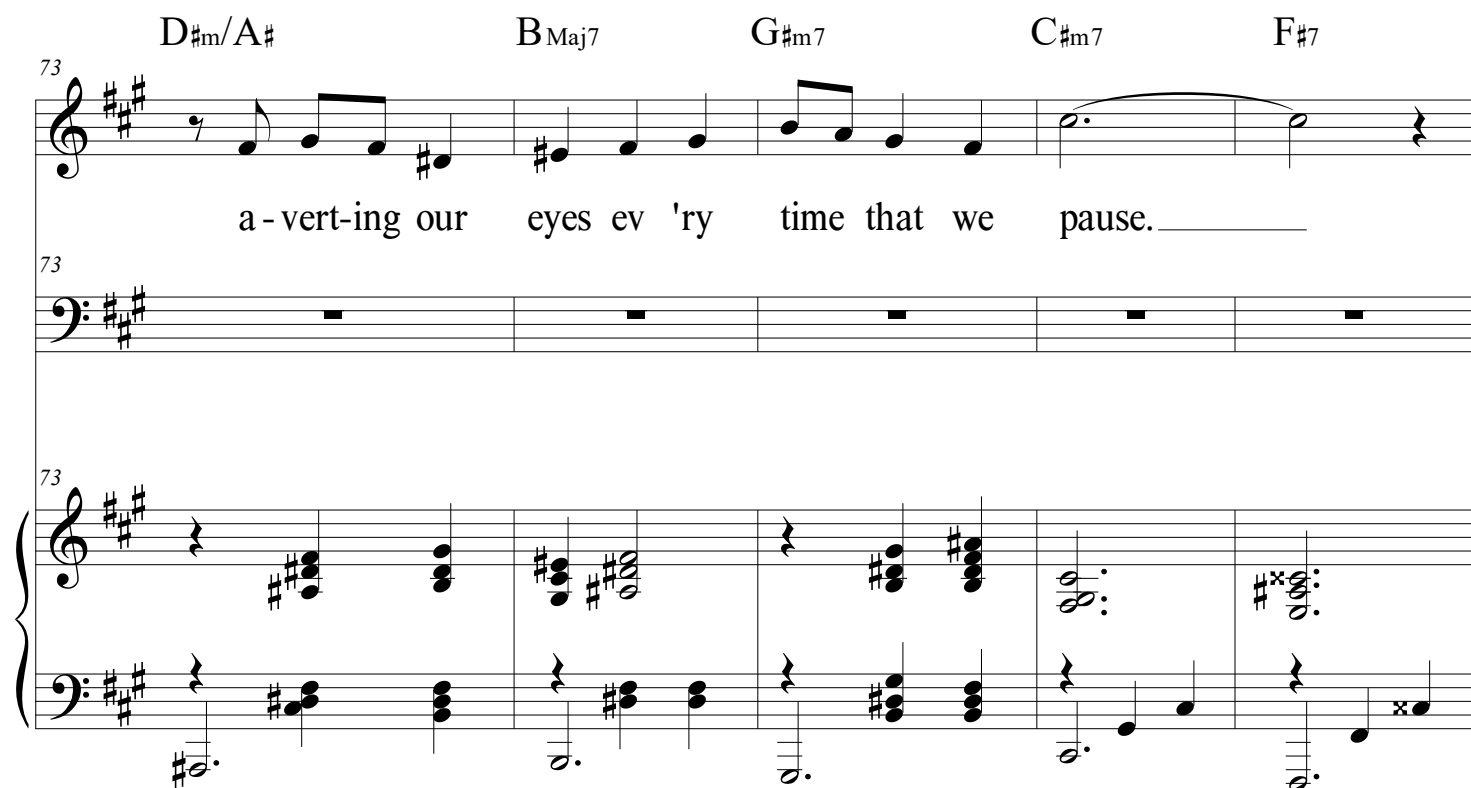


73

D#m/A#      B Maj7      G#m7      C#m7      F#7

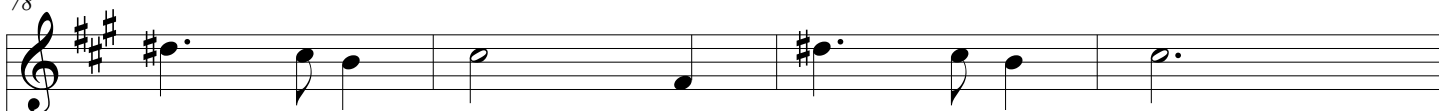
a - vert-ing our eyes ev 'ry time that we pause. ———

a - vert-ing our eyes ev 'ry time that we pause. ———



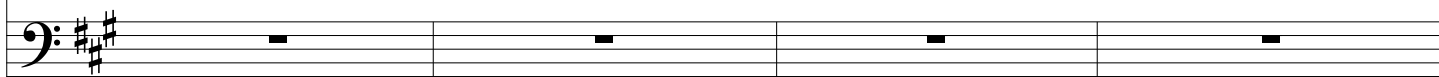
E<sup>Maj</sup>7D<sup>#m</sup>7C<sup>#m</sup>7B<sup>Maj</sup>7

78

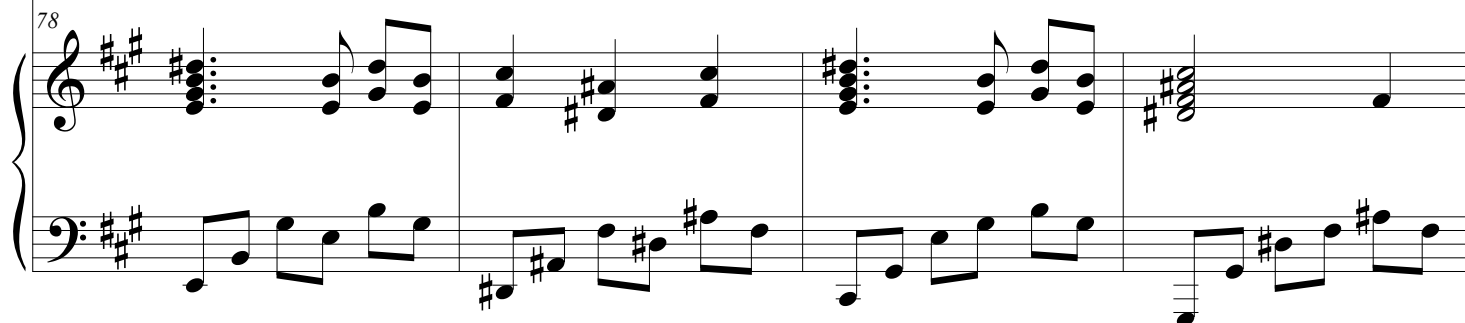


What if we touched and shared an embrace?

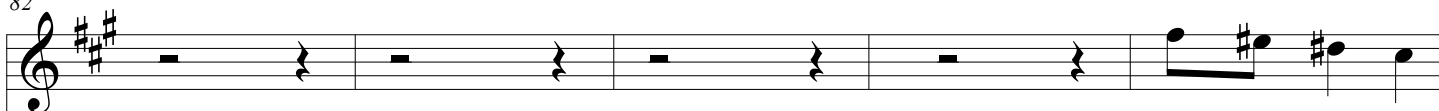
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78

E<sup>Maj</sup>7D<sup>#m</sup>7G<sup>#m</sup>7C<sup>#Maj</sup>7D<sup>#m</sup>7

82



Start our lives all

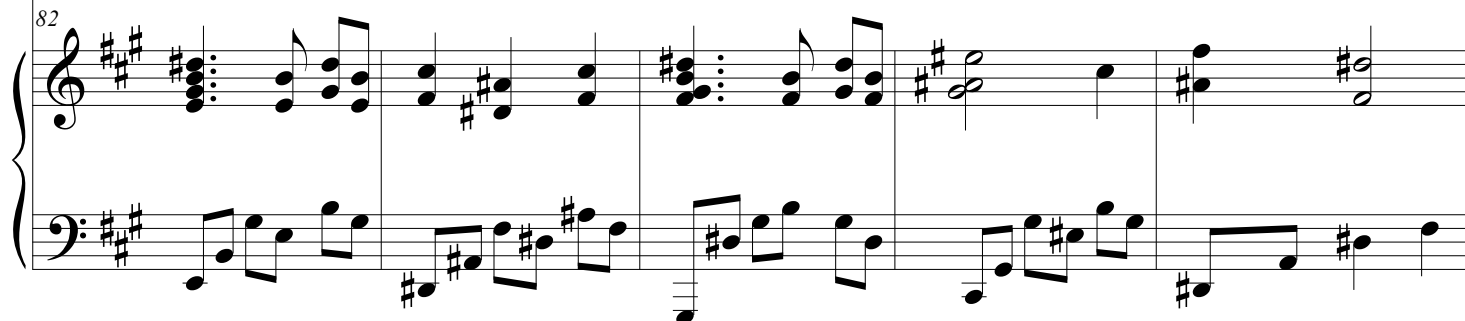
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What if we flew to some far a-way place?

Start our lives all

82



87  $G^{\#m7}$   $A^{\#m}$   $F^{\#Maj7}$   $C^{\#7}$

o - ver from scratch. Of course there's a catch, But we

87 o - ver from scratch. Of course there's a catch, But we

87  $D^{\#m7}$   $C^{\#7}$

could be a match.

92 could be a match.

92

*The music suddenly picks up, with a driving Latin beat.  
They are acting out a sordid, passionate story.*

94

F#m C#7

We go to Cos - ta ri - ca hid - ing

We go to Cos - ta ri - ca hid - ing

*Tom enters, pointing a finger accusingly*

97

F#m C#7 F#m C#7

in a bam - boo hut. Then her/my hus - band hunts us down. We let him

in a bam - boo hut. Then her/my hus - band hunts us down. We let him

99 F#m C#7 D<sup>Maj</sup>7 C#7

have it with a co-co-nut. Wham-e-ty wham! Poor guy does-n't

99 have it with a co-co-nut. Wham-e-ty wham! Poor guy does-n't

99

*Tom stumbles offstage as Max and Sherry  
do a sultry dance.*

101 B<sub>m</sub> E<sub>7</sub> A E<sub>7</sub>

know what's what. Next we go to Ar-gen-ti-na, all our

101 know what's what. Next we go to Ar-gen-ti-na, all our

101

103

F#m E7 D<sup>Maj</sup>7 E7

sav-ings run-ning dry. On the town in Bue - nos Air - es, meet this

sav-ings run-ning dry. On the town in Bue - nos Air - es, meet this

*The RICH MAN joins the dance, an erotic three-way tango of sorts.*

105

F#m C#7 G#m7(b5) C#7

rich ec - cen-tric guy. Hip-pi - ty hop! He has ascheme that

rich ec - cen-tric guy. Hip-pi - ty hop! He has ascheme that

107  $F\sharp_m$   $E_7$   $A_m$   $A_m\flat_6$

just might fly. — A cra - zy mon - ey mak - ing no - tion where we

just might fly. — A cra - zy mon - ey mak - ing no - tion where we

109  $A_m6$   $D_m7$   $G_7$   $C$   $C+5$

stage a kid - nap hoax. Work to - geth - er split the ran - som

stage a kid - nap hoax. Work to - geth - er split the ran - som

*The RICH MAN dances off.*C<sub>6</sub>E<sub>7</sub>A<sub>7</sub>D<sub>m7</sub>B<sub>m7b5</sub>E<sub>7b9</sub>

111



Thir-ty mil-lion from his folks. Jig-ge-ty jig! All we do is write the notes.

111

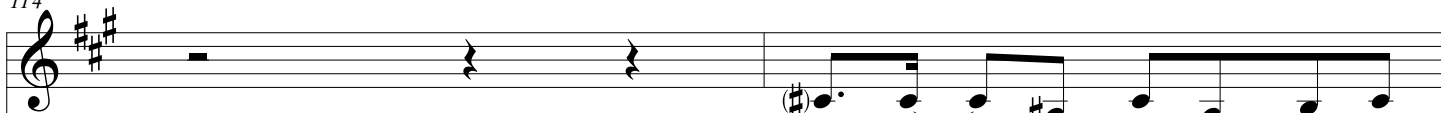


Thir-ty mil-lion from his folks. Jig-ge-ty jig! All we do is write the notes.

111

A<sub>m7b5</sub>A<sup>#</sup>dim7

114



Next twist, we're im - pli - ca - ted.

114



First twist, he suf - fo - ca - ted.

114



B<sub>m</sub>7b5E<sub>7</sub>D<sub>7</sub>

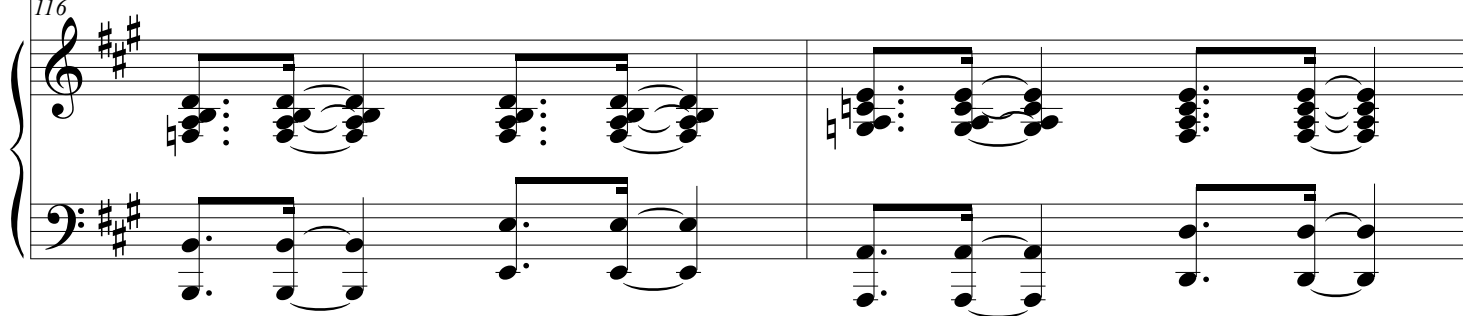
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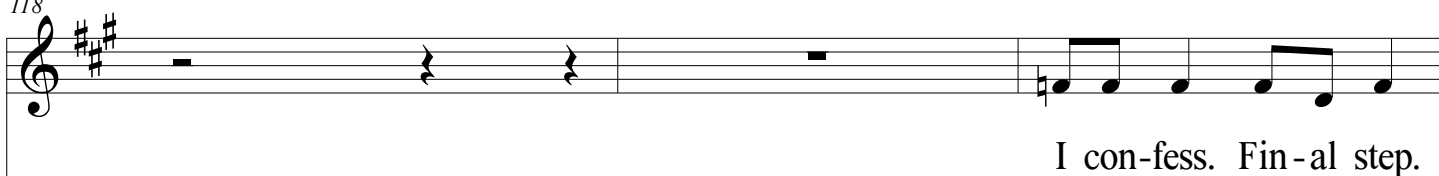
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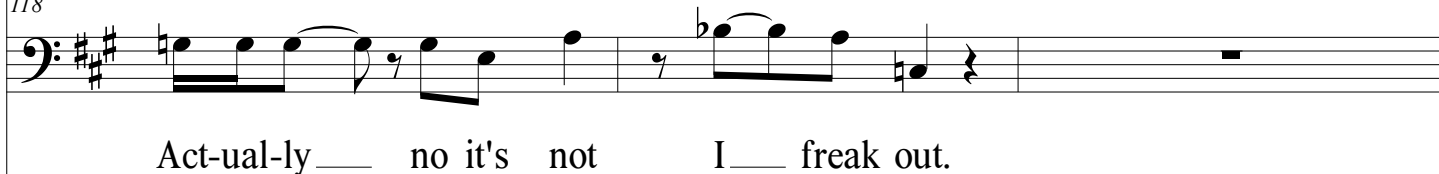
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D<sub>m</sub>7G<sub>7</sub>C<sub>7</sub>A<sub>7</sub>D<sub>m</sub>D<sub>m</sub>7

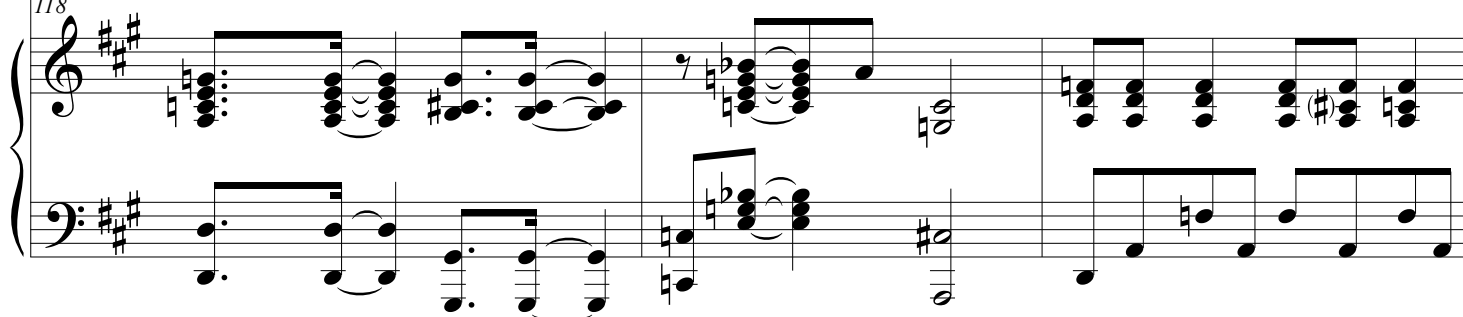
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118



118



121 G<sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> G<sub>#7</sub>

Can you guess? The cops have tracked us. — A

121

She be-trays me. A

121

124 C<sub>#m7</sub> C<sub>#7</sub> F<sub>#7</sub> F<sub>#7</sub> E<sub>Maj7</sub> D<sub>#m7</sub>

life in pri-son for a flirt at prac-tice — It's fun to im - a - gine my

124

life in pri-son for a flirt at prac-tice —

124

129

C#m7 B Maj7 E Maj7 D#m7 G#m7

par - ral-lel lives

129

Un - til i get ner-vous and break out in

129

134

C#Maj7 D#m7 B Maj7 A#m7 B m7

Soom as that fin-al whist-le ar - rives. I get

134

hives.

134

139 E D E D D

back in the Su-ba-ru. Right back as

139

Back in the mi-ni van.

139

*A whistle blows. Practice is over.*

144 C D C B<sub>m</sub>7 E<sub>7+5</sub>

you know who. So thanks for the

144

Right back as mar-ried man. So thanks for the

144

149

A<sup>Maj</sup>7 C<sup>#m</sup>/G<sup>#</sup> F<sup>#m</sup>7 C<sup>#m</sup>/G<sup>#</sup>

flirt - ing. I sure en - joyed flirt - ing. ex - er - ting our -

149

flirt - ing. I sure en - joyed flirt - ing. ex - er - ting our -

149

153

A<sup>Maj</sup>7 F<sup>#m</sup>7 D<sup>6</sup> F<sup>#</sup>/C<sup>#</sup> B<sup>Maj</sup>7

selves for a bit of a thrill. I'm not used to flirt - ing

153

selves for a bit of a thrill. I'm not used to flirt - ing

153

158

$D^{\#m}/A^{\#}$   $G^{\#m}7$   $D^{\#m}/A^{\#}$   $B^{Maj}7$   $G^{\#m}7$

Guess I'm done flirt-ing. Re-ver-ting once more to the run of the

158

Guess I'm done flirt-ing. Re-ver-ting once more to the run of the

158

163

$C^{\#}$   $F^{\#}7$   $E^{Maj}7$   $D^{\#m}7$   $C^{\#m}7$

mill. \_\_\_\_\_ A life a-mong

163

mill. \_\_\_\_\_ A life a-mong dads.

163

168  $B_{Maj7}$   $E_{Maj7}$   $D^{\#}m7$

moms The life of two peo - ple who

The life of two peo - ple who

171  $G^{\#}m7$   $C^{\#}Maj7$

don't set off bombs

don't set off bombs

*Lights fade.*

## **5. Screwed It Up!**

*Lights on Tom, addressing the team.*

TOM: All right team. *(pause – no one is listening)* All right, TEAM!! *(quietly)*  
Put the Magic cards down. So this is our first game, which is pretty—  
Jefferson, what? *(pause)* Why do you have to leave early? *(pause)* That  
sounds like a great video game. Don't you think it will be more special if you  
play the game AFTER this game? *(pause)* Jefferson, we're having a game.  
You don't leave early. Well, you have to make choices. King of Wrath or  
baseball. If you leave, we have to forfeit. Which means we lose the game  
because of you. Not that you should feel guilty or anything. But choices  
matter, Jefferson. Every day we make choices. We...JEFFERSON!!!

*The kid has left. Tom turns to the audience.*

# 5. Screwed It Up!

Voice F<sub>m7</sub>/B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>13 E<sup>b</sup>

TOM: I was do-ing all right, I was

4 E<sup>b</sup>/B<sup>b</sup> D<sup>b</sup>/B<sup>b</sup>

gath-er-ing steam But then I screwd it up, I screwd it up, I

6 E<sup>b</sup>/B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup>

screwd it up a - gain! I was feel-ing my oats. I was

8  $E\flat$   $F_{m7}/B\flat$   $B\flat7$

hon-cho su - preme but then I screwd it up, I screwd it up a -

gain.

10  $E\flat$

*Tom steps back as Rose takes center stage.*

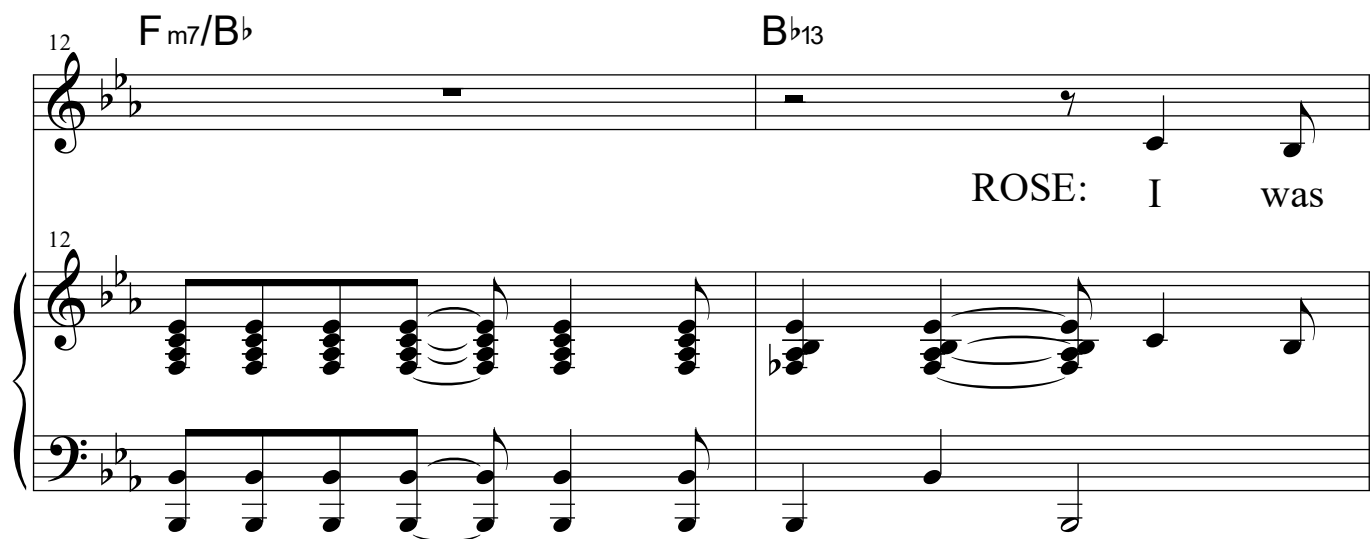
ROSE: I am sick of you two fighting all the time. (*pause*)  
 What's not fair? (*pause*) Well, if you can't be fair sharing  
 the hamster, maybe...we should cut it in half.

(*Pause – she stands there mighty pleased with herself –  
 then suddenly in horror*)

PUT THE SCISSORS DOWN RIGHT NOW!!

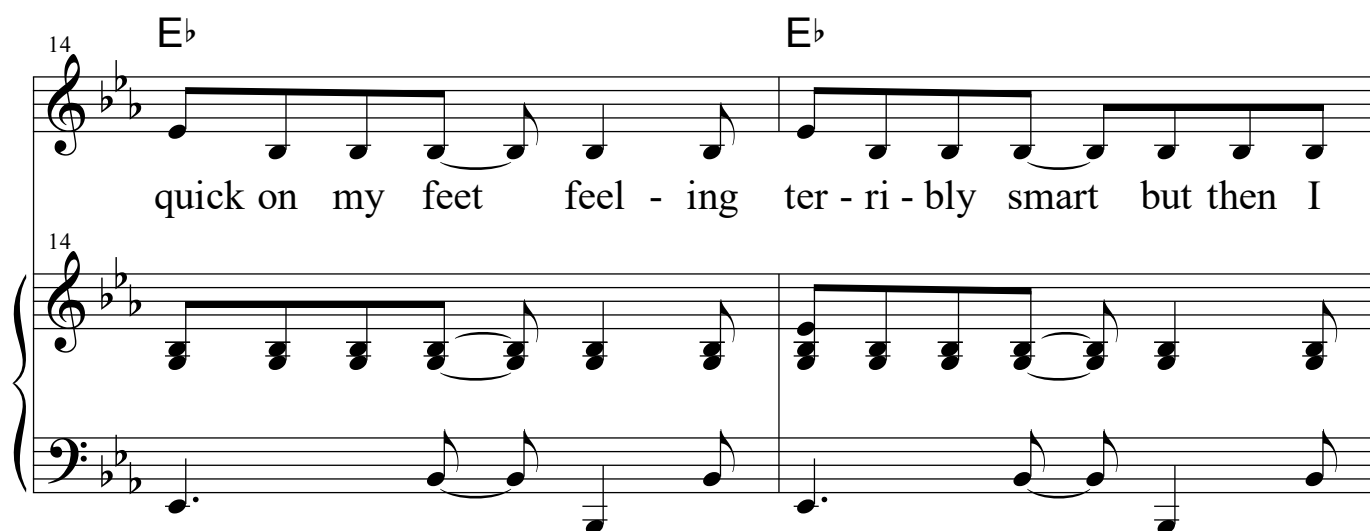
12  $F_{m7}/B^b$   $B^b_{13}$

ROSE: I was



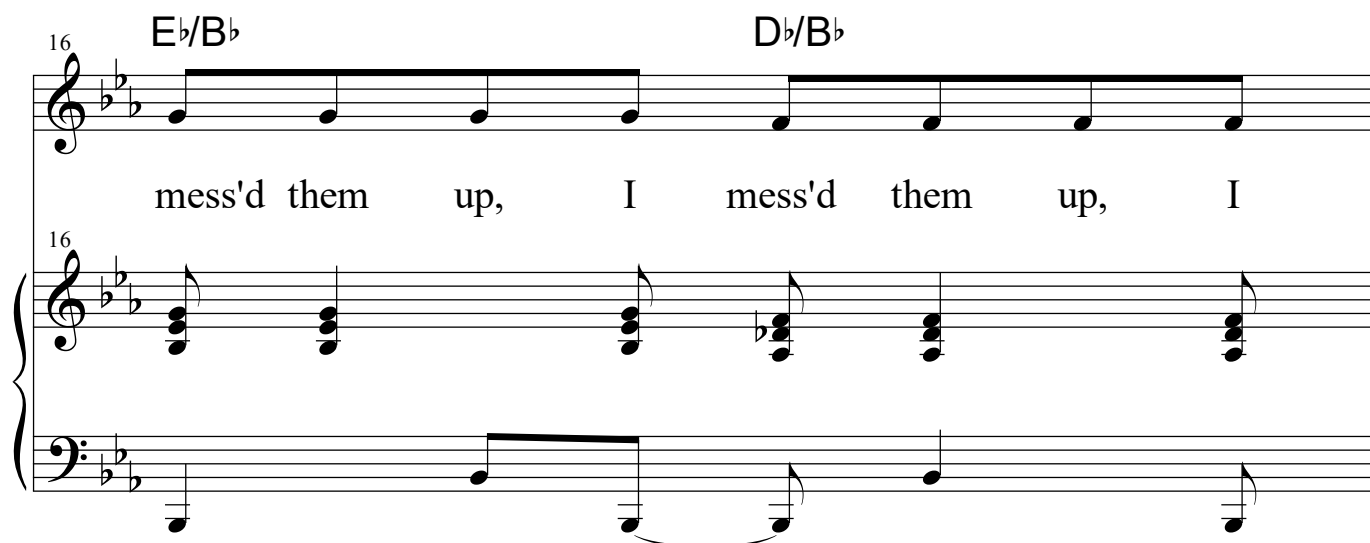
14  $E^b$   $E^b$

quick on my feet feel - ing ter - ri - bly smart but then I



16  $E^b/B^b$   $D^b/B^b$

mess'd them up, I mess'd them up, I



17  $F_{m7}/B\flat$   $B\flat 7$   $E\flat$

mess'd them up some more. My auth - en - tic best self spoke dir -

19  $E\flat$   $F_{m7}/B\flat$   $B\flat 7$

ect from the heart, but then I mess'd them up, I mess'd them up some

21  $E\flat$

more.

*TOM joins her.*

22  $Gm7(b5)$   $C7$   $Fm6$

ROSE: How's she ev - er gon - na be a judge?

23  $Gm7(b5)$   $C7$   $Fm6$

When I can't for - give a sin - gle grudge?

24  $Dm7(b5)$   $G7$   $Cm6$   $Fm7$   $Bb7$   $Eb6$

TOM: How's she ev-er gon-na grad-u - ate? All I ev-er do is va-cil-late.

26  $B^{\flat}m7$   $E^{\flat}7$   $A^{\flat}$   $G^{\flat}7$   $F7$

ROSE: How's he ev-er gon-na find him-self, when I push him too far?

TOM & ROSE:

28  $B7(\#11)$   $E7(\#11)$

Put an-oth-er nick-el in the ther-a-py jar!

*Max is center stage. CARTER, his youngest son, enters.*

CARTER: Dad! I was racing with Roy and I tripped and he said he still won and I lost, but I didn't lose, I TRIPPED! I only tripped, I didn't LOSE! Right, dad?

*Max looks like a deer caught in headlights.*

MAX: Well, um, you did lose. But you tried your best. And when you try your best... *(no idea where he's going)* It's not even losing. It's like a secret tie. And you can live with that, right? I mean, look at Daddy. I lost a bunch—a whole bunch of times, but I got used to it, I got pretty happy with it. That's the key. You can get pretty happy with just about—

*He breaks off, singing to the audience.*

31 B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

MAX: I've been keep-ing it real. I've been

34 E $\flat$  E $\flat$ /B $\flat$  D $\flat$ /B $\flat$

tell-ing my truth. But I just drag 'em down, drag 'em down,

36 C $\flat$ m7/B $\flat$  B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

drag 'em down a - gain. Ev - 'ry les-son I give, pun - ches

38  $E^b$   $C_{m7}/B^b$   $B^b7$

holes in their youth. And I just drag 'em down, drag 'em down a -

SHERRY joins him

40  $E^b6$   $G_{m7}(b5)$   $C7$   $F_{m6}$

gain. MAX: How's he ev er gon na find his lane,

42  $G_{m7}(b5)$   $C7$   $F_{m6}$

when his mo - ther is a hur - ri - cane?

43  $Dm7(b5)$   $G7$   $Cm7$

SHERRY: How's he ev - er gon - na get a clue,

44  $Fm7$   $Bb7$   $Eb$

when I nev - er have the fol - low through?

45  $Bbm7$   $Eb7$   $Ab7$   $Gb7$   $F7$

Did i give my daugh-ter good ad-vice. Am I leav-ing a scar?

## SHERRY &amp; MAX:

47 **B<sub>7</sub>(#11)** **E<sub>7</sub>(#11)**

Put an - oth - er nick - el in the ther - a - py jar!

SHERRY: Evan, I need you to come out of the covers.

(sing-songy) Evannnnnn. (sharply) Evan. (pleading) Evan.

Out of the covers, honey. (pause) I know Jessica is home-schooled, but that doesn't mean her school is under the covers.

And Evan...I can't home school. Momma needs her time.

(beat) You'll get your time when you're all grown up, right now you have to share my time and I'm not—

*She breaks off, frustrated, and sings:*

49 B7 E

SHERRY: I was get-ting strung-out. I was

52 E E/B D/B

los - ing my mind Now I just let it go, let it go, I

54 C#m7/B B7 E TOM: E ROSE:

let it go at last. I was hard on my-self. But the sec-ret we find is to

57 E/B D/B MAX: E/B D/B SHERRY:

let it go. Let it go. Don't o - ver think, don't o - ver think, We

59 E/B D/B ALL 4: E/B B<sup>#</sup>dim7

find the calm. We find the calm. In - ner peace. In - ner peace.

*Benjamin, Tom's teenage son, enters.*

BENJAMIN: Hey dad?

TOM : Yeah ?

BENJAMIN : Will you tell Evan to stay out of my room? I'm keeping a bunch of weed for my girlfriend because her parents don't' know she smokes.

*Benjamin exits. Tom stands there.*

61

SHERRY: Just

63

E/B D/B TOM: E/B D/B

let it go. Let it go. Let it go. Let it go.

SHERRY & ROSE: TOM:

65

F/B E♭/B F/B E♭/B

In - ner peace. In - ner peace. Freak ing out. Freak ing out. I

SHERRY:

78

67 F#/B E/B

messed it up. I messed it up. They're

MAX:

68 F#/B E/B

break - ing bad. They're break - ing bad. I

SHERRY:

69 G/B F/B

made it worse. I made it worse. I

ALL 4:

70 G/B F/B

broke the kids. I ruin'd their night. I

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of music, measures 70 and 71. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). Measure 70 has a G/B chord and the lyrics 'broke the kids. I'. Measure 71 has an F/B chord and the lyrics 'ruin'd their night. I'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand in treble clef and a left hand in bass clef. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand plays a bass line of eighth notes.

71 A♭/B G♭/B

fed them junk. I made them fight. I

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of music, measures 71 and 72. The vocal line continues from the previous system. Measure 71 has an A♭/B chord and the lyrics 'fed them junk. I'. Measure 72 has a G♭/B chord and the lyrics 'made them fight. I'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and bass line patterns.

72 A♭/B G♭/B

pamp - er'd them. I'm wound too tight.

Detailed description: This block contains the third system of music, measures 72 and 73. The vocal line continues. Measure 72 has an A♭/B chord and the lyrics 'pamp - er'd them. I'm'. Measure 73 has a G♭/B chord and the lyrics 'wound too tight.'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and bass line patterns.

*The music abruptly stops. Everyone looks at the Pianist.*

PIANIST: I don't want to play this song any more.

ROSE (*patiently*): This is how we end Act One. You'll play this until intermission.

## PIANIST: Why?

## All 4: BECAUSE WE SAID SO!

73 B7 F#7 B7 E6

But to - mor-row we can try to get it right.

73

The image shows a musical score for a piano and voice. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom two staves are the piano accompaniment. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The score is divided into measures by bar lines. The lyrics 'But to - mor-row we can try to get it right.' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The score includes a repeat sign and a key signature change to E major (indicated by E6) in the final measure.

# ACT TWO



## 6. Scorecard - Part 1

*Sherry, with a baseball hat, comes forward. The song starts at an easy clip, but should build to a breakneck pace.*

Voice

Piano

5

8

8

Pno.

Pno.

**B $\flat$**  **C** **F**

**B $\flat$ Maj7** **B $\flat$ 6** **B $\flat$ /D** **D $\flat$ dim**

**Cm7** **F7** **Cm7** **G7** **Cm7** **G $\flat$ 7**

You're

look-ing at a base - ball mom. A gal who knows what's

what. I know the rules the names the plays

11  $C_{m7}$   $F_7$   $B_{b7}$   $E_{bMaj7}$

I've got a bleach-er butt. The play - ers all have num-

Pno.

14  $A_{b7}$   $D_{m7}$   $G_7$

bers. You can al - ways check their shirt. The

Pno.

17  $C_{m7}$   $A_{b7}$   $G_7$   $C_7$

par - ents come with bup - kus, a lit - tle I. D. would-n't

Pno.

20  $F_7$   $D_7$   $G_{m6}/D$

hurt. I'm bad with names and fac - es. And I

Pno.

23  $D_7$   $G_{m6}$   $C_{m7}$   $B^b_7$

hate to make mis - takes. So when the chit - chat starts

Pno.

26  $A_7$   $D_7$   $G_{m7}$   $E^b_7$   $E_7$   $F_7$   $E_7$

to flow I kind of get the shakes. You

Pno.

29  $E^b\text{Maj7}$   $E^b\text{m7}$   $A^b7$

got-ta have a sys - tem, A slick mneu-mon-ic plan. I

Pno.

33  $D\text{m7}$   $G7$   $G\text{m7}$   $C7$   $F7$

can't go through the - sea - son call-ing ev-'ry bod-y "Man." Bring your

Pno.

37  $B^b6$   $B^b6$   $C6$   $C6$

game to the game. Bring your game to the game. Ev-'ry

Pno.

41  $B\flat 7$   $B\flat 7/A\flat$   $E\flat 7$   $A\flat 7$

boy's got a mom - ma ev - 'ry mom - ma's got a name

Pno.

43  $B\flat/F$   $F 7$   $B\flat F B\flat$

got-ta bring some game to the game. \_\_\_\_\_ The

Pno.

47  $B\flat 6$   $A\flat 6$

first base coach is Stu, And Stu's wife's name is June.

Pno.

49  $B\flat 6$   $B \dim 7$

You eat stew with a lit - tle spoon which gets us pret ty close to June.

Pno.

51  $C m 7$   $F 7$   $B\flat 6$   $G 7$

Stu and a spoon and the spoon is June.

Pno.

53  $C Maj 7$   $B\flat 6$   $C Maj 7$   $B\flat 6$

Tom-my is our big - gest bat, his par - ents An - a lise and Pat.

Pno.

55  $C^{Maj7}$   $B\flat 6$   $B\flat 7$   $A 7$

An - a - lise like "an y lease" like in a hous - ing crunch.

Pno.

57  $Dm 7$   $G 7$   $Dm 7$   $A 7/G$   $Dm 7$   $G 7$   $C 6$

Pat like pat how hard is that? Pat like push like punch.

Pno.

59  $F 6$   $E\flat$   $F 6$   $E\flat$

Then there's Kim, that's a smile, Kim thank God I've known a while.

Pno.

61  $D^b$   $E^b$   $D^b/F$   $E^b$   $F$   $E^b/G$   $F$   $E^b_7$

Kim & Chuck, Chuck & Kim lov - ing her, lik - ing him,

Pno.

63  $A_{m7}$   $B^bm7$   $A_{m7}$   $D_7$   $G_{m7}$   $C_7$   $G$   $C_7$   $F_6$   $D_7$

Chuck & Kim, Kim & Chuck she'll help me out if I get stuck. A

Pno.

66  $G_{Maj7}$   $F_{Maj7}$   $G_{Maj7}$   $F_{Maj7}$

bunch of dads who want to schmooze got - ta build my own Who's Whose.

Pno.

68  $E^b\text{Maj7}$   $D^b\text{Maj7}$   $E^b\text{Maj7}$   $A^b7$

Vince and Bar - ry, Paul and Rick Each one needs a lit - tle trick.

Pno.

70  $D^b7$   $G^b\text{Maj7}$   $B7$   $E7$

Vin-cent Van Gogh with no ear Paul's Saint Paul - ie Girl the beer,

Pno.

72  $A\text{m7}$   $D7$   $G7$   $C7$   $C\text{m7}/FF$

Bar-ry ROAR! A big black bear, Rick is slick he has no hair—Oh!—Bring your

Pno.

75  $B\flat 6$   $B\flat 6$   $C 6$   $C 6$

game to the game. Bring your game to the game. Your

Pno.

79  $B\flat 7$   $B\flat 7/A\flat$   $E\flat 7/G$   $E\flat m/G\flat$

boy could be the pitch - er but the pitch-er comes up lame, if you

Pno.

81  $B\flat/F$   $F 7$   $D m D\flat$   $C min 7$   $F 7$   $B\flat 6$   $F 7(\#9)$

don't bring your game to the game. >

Pno.

84  $B\flat 6$   $F 7(\sharp 9)$   $B\flat 6$   $A\flat 6$

There's Kar en, Kait - lin, Chris & Kate, I

Pno.

86  $B\flat 6$   $A\flat \text{Maj} 7$   $F\sharp \text{Maj} 7$   $E \text{Maj} 7$

can - not keep those lad - ies straight. Kait - lin's big and loud and sweet. You

Pno.

88  $F\sharp \text{Maj} 7$   $E \text{Maj} 7$   $E\flat \text{min} 7$   $A\flat 7$

know the wo - man loves to eat. Chris is cross she's nev - er light,

Pno.

90  $D m7(b5)$   $G 7(\#9)$   $C m7$   $F 7$   $F 7$   $B b6$

not the one I want to slight. Kait - lin Weight - lin and Criss Cross. I'm

Pno.

92  $E b7$   $A b7$   $G 7$   $C 6$   $B bMai7/C$

gon - na do this like a boss. Next is Kar - en Kar - en, Kar - en,

Pno.

94  $D 7$   $G 7$   $B b7$   $E b7$   $E b7$

I don't know, Trag - i c'lly bar - ren? She's

Pno.

97  $E_{m7}$   $A7$   $D_{m7}$   $G7$   $C6$   $G7$   $C6$

got a boy his name is Kyle, Kar-en not bar-ren but blessed with child.

Pno.

100  $D7$   $G_{Maj7}$   $F_{Maj7}$   $G_{Maj7}$   $F_{Maj7}$

Kate is late her boy is Norm he nev-er has his un-i-form, an

Pno.

103  $E^b_{Maj7}$   $D^b_{Maj7}$   $E^b_{Maj7}$   $A^b_{Maj7}$   $G^b_{Maj7}$   $D^b7$

un-made bed for all to see. I liked the wo-man in-stant-ly

Pno.

105  $F^{\#}min7$   $C^{\#}min7$   $D7$

Oh, and there's Ma - rie. She smells like spray A

Pno.

108  $Gm7$   $F^{Maj7}$   $Gm7$   $A7$   $Dm$

sec-ret smok-er give-a-way, a lit-tle chim-ney no con-trol. Chim chim Mar-ie!

Pno.

111  $A^b7$   $G7$   $C7F7$   $B^b6$   $F7$   $B^b$   $F7$

Chim chim Mar-ie! I'm on a roll! A

Pno.

115  $B\flat_6$   $A\flat_6$  (*PHY-leen*)  $B\flat_6$   $A\flat_6$

love - ly la - dy named Phy - lene made the snack list for the team. I

Pno.

117 (*PHU-leen*)  $G$  Maj7  $F$  Maj7  $G$  Maj7  $F$  Maj7

know Phy - lene I've got it down. I ev - en waved at her down town. I

Pno.

119  $E\flat$  Maj7  $D\flat$  Maj7  $E\flat$  Maj7  $D\flat$  Maj7

know her name I don't an - nounce it, still not sure how you pro - nounce it.

Pno.

121  $C_7$   $G_7$   $C_{m7}$   $B_7$

PHY-leen? PHU-leen? - PHU-leen? PHY-leen? - Oh

Pno.

123  $F_6$   $F_7$   $G_6$   $A_7$

God it makes me want to scream. I can't just guess and may-be fail I

Pno.

*(After a breath)*

125  $A_6$   $B_6$   $E_7$   $A_7$

say her name when I ex-hale. Hey Ph'-leen, Ph'-leen,

Pno.

127 D7 G7 G<sup>b</sup>7 F7 F7

Ph'-leen. I try to land it in bet-ween.

130 F7 B<sup>b</sup>6 B<sup>b</sup>6

Bring your game to the game. Bring your

133 C7 C7 B<sup>b</sup>7 B<sup>b</sup>7/A<sup>b</sup>

game to the game. Your son can be an all star but you're

Pno.

136  $E\flat_7/G$   $A\flat_7/G\flat$   $B\flat/F$   $F_7$   $B\flat_6 F_7$   $B\flat_6$

in the hall of shame, if you don't bring your game to the game.

Pno.

## **7. Family Tree**

*The Swing Actor is playing Roy's Grandpa, and the actress playing Rose has changed costumes and is now Roy's Grandma. They sit on the bleachers with their son, Max.*

*The sounds of baseball practice can be heard.*

GRANDPA: We saw a good picture last night.

MAX: Oh yeah?

GRANDPA: What was the name of that picture from last night?

GRANDMA: Did I like it?

GRANDPA: We both liked it. It had that actor, the one who's not Al Pacino.

MAX: Dad, that's every other actor in the world.

GRANDPA: No, he was in that movie about the guy in the building.

MAX: Well, that narrows it down.

GRANDPA: It was terrific.

*Beat.*

GRANDMA: Roy looks very strong.

MAX (*nods*): He's built like a brick you-know-what.

GRANDMA: I heard that if boys lift weights too young, all that muscle turns to water.

MAX: Mom, I had no idea you found the internet.

GRANDPA: She loves her tablet.

GRANDMA: I love it.

GRANDPA: She can't wiggle without it.

GRANDMA: I love how I can make everything large.

GRANDPA: Hours in the bathroom with that thing.

GRANDMA (*privately*): I'm not as regular as I once was.

MAX: Mom!

GRANDMA: Well, it might be genetic. I thought you should know.

MAX: Okay, thanks for the heads-up.

GRANDMA: What's Roy's cholesterol?

MAX: Mom, he's ten. Nobody cares.

GRANDMA: Well, what's yours?

MAX: I'm not telling.

GRANDPA: You know who had crazy cholesterol? Babe Ruth. Hot dogs and home runs, hot dogs and home runs. When does the game start?

MAX: There's no game, it's a practice. I told you it was a practice.

GRANDMA: I prefer a practice. No concussions.

MAX (*to himself*): Right on time.

GRANDMA: Some boys get concussions, and nobody knows and then they die at 40.

MAX: Well, there's probably lots of reasons they die at 40.

GRANDMA: It's the concussion. It weakens the whole system.

MAX: God knows what it does to cholesterol.

GRANDMA: I'll have to look that up.

MAX: Maybe don't.

GRANDPA: Max, who was the third baseman on the Dodgers? Who always cracked us up.

MAX: Ron Cey?

GRANDPA: No.

MAX: Adrian Beltre?

GRANDPA: No.

MAX: Al Pacino?

GRANDPA: Don't be a wiseguy.

GRANDMA: Some people die at 90 and then they realize at the autopsy they lived their entire life with a concussion.

MAX: Then what was the problem?

GRANDMA: Why do you always think I have a problem?

MAX: That's not what I was saying.

TOM (*offstage*): Great practice everybody!

MAX: Oh thank god.

TOM (*offstage*): We've got a game tomorrow, 10 am.

MAX: You guys want to take Roy out for a snack?

GRANDPA: Sure.

MAX: He's obsessed with Big Macs.

GRANDMA: Absolutely not.

MAX: How about a smoothie?

GRANDMA: I don't trust frozen fruit. Does he like olives?

MAX: There is not a child in the history of youth sports who wanted an olive after practice.

GRANDPA: What about in Greece?

MAX: How about chicken strips?

GRANDMA: Do you and Rose ever give that boy fresh fruit?

MAX: All the time, ma.

GRANDPA: Penis Cabell!

*Pause. It takes a moment before Max knows what he's talking about.*

MAX: Dad. Enos Cabell.

GRANDPA: I know. They sound the same. That's why he cracked us up.

GRANDMA: What about soda? The two greatest consumers of soda are children and the mentally ill.

MAX: Why do you know that?!

GRANDPA: Hours in the bathroom.

GRANDMA: The perfect snack right now would be a baked yam.

MAX: How about sweet potato fries?

GRANDMA: Turkey jerky and string cheese.

MAX: Okay fine. You can hit Trader Joe's on the way back to the house.

GRANDMA: We just want him to be healthy.

MAX: I know, mom.

GRANDMA: We want you to be healthy too.

MAX: I feel great.

GRANDMA: What's your cholesterol?

MAX: Still not telling.

GRANDPA (*standing, looking just offstage*): Heya Royboy!

GRANDMA: Hi sweetie. You must be tired. Want to go get a snack?

ROY (*offstage voice*): Can we get a Big Mac?

GRANDMA: Absolutely.

*The two grandparents exit as Max buries his face in his hands. Light change as...*

## 8. Scorecard Part 2

104

*Sherry resumes her song.*

Scorecard Part 2 musical score, featuring Voice and Piano parts. The score is divided into three systems, each with four measures. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4.

**System 1:**

- Chords: B $\flat$ , B, C, B $\flat$ /F
- Voice: Read-y? Are we read-y Bat ter up!
- Piano: Features triplets in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

**System 2:**

- Chords: G7/F, E/F, F7
- Voice: Play Ball! Don't choke and forget them all.
- Piano: Features chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

**System 3:**

- Chords: B $\flat$ , B $\flat$ , A $\flat$
- Voice: First in-ning, pret-ty bor-ing.
- Piano: Features eighth-note patterns in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

12

B $\flat$  A $\flat$

12

Pno.

Their team does an aw - ful lot of scor-ing. Three

14 B $\flat$  A $\flat$ Maj7 Gm7 C7

walks, a hit, a cra - zy throw. A cou - ple turns and says, "Hel - lo."

Pno.

[illegible]

20  $B^b\text{Maj7}$   $A^b\text{Maj7}$

She nev - er brought a guy be - fore a

Pno.

22  $B^b\text{Maj7}$   $A^b\text{Maj7}$   $D^b\text{Maj7}$   $G^b\text{Maj7}$

brand new name and face? No fair! Oh wait it's Bar - ry big black bear

Pno.

24  $C7$   $F7$   $G6/F$

And next to him, it's not quite flow-ing

Pno.

27  $A\flat_6/F$   $A_6/F$   $B\flat_6/F$   $B_6/F$   $C_6/F$   $D\flat_6/F$   $D_6/FC_7/F$   $F_7$

Bald. Smooth. Nude. Hair-less. Shin-y Slick. Rick! Rick, how's it

Pno.

31  $F_7$   $B\flat$   $B\flat$

go - ing?

Pno.

34  $B\flat\text{Maj}7$   $A\flat\text{Maj}7$

Sec-ond in - ning four to one, we got our one on a bunt home run.

Pno.

36  $B^b\text{Maj7}$   $A^b\text{Maj7}$   $F\sharp7$

Some-one taps me on the hair I smile and quick ly suck in air.

Pno.

*(exhaling and greeting)*

38  $B\text{Maj7}$   $E\text{Maj7}$

Hi Phy-lene. She's got a sheet of what we're gon - na bring to eat.

Pno.

40  $E^b\text{m7}$   $A^b7$   $D\text{m7}$   $G7$

End of sea - son cel - e - bra-tion. End of sea - son jub - i - la - tion! I'm

Pno.

42 C7 Fm7 Adim C7 Cm7 F C7 F6

gon - na hit the fin - ish line! Give me that! I'm bring - ing wine!

Pno.

44 F# B E Maj7 (exhales) A Maj7

Once you sign it pass it down. Sure Phy - lene I look a round. It's

Pno.

46 Fm6 GbMaj7 3 Fm6 Gb6 Fm6 (pause) Gb6

her! Who I al-read-y know. Chuck and... Ummmm and

Pno.

*(pause)*

49  $Fm6$   $Gb6$   $Cm7$   $F7$   $Bb6$   $Bbm7$   $Ab7$   $G7$   $Gb7$

Chuck... Chuck and... God just my luck I'll try her in a lit-tle while. There's

Pno.

52  $Cm7/F$   $F7$   $Bb/F$   $F7$   $E7$   $Am7$   $D7$

Kar-en not bar-ren blessed with child. Kar-en sign it would you please then

Pno.

*(beat - then, internal)*

55  $Gm7$   $C7$   $F7$   $Gm7$   $Abdim$

pass it on to... Hous-ing hous-ing mar-ket, mort-gage, lease, An - y lease

Pno.

*(out loud)*A<sup>m</sup>7C<sup>m</sup>7

F7

B<sup>b</sup>6

58

An - a - lise! Yeah!

Bring your game to the game.

58

Pno.

61

B<sup>b</sup>6

C7

C7

Bring your game to the game.

Ev-'ry

61

Pno.

64

B<sup>b</sup>B<sup>b</sup>/A<sup>b</sup>E<sup>b</sup>/GA<sup>b</sup>7/G<sup>b</sup>

boy - has a fa - ther who you don't get to re - name.

64

Pno.

66  $B^b/F$   $F7$   $B^b6$   $B^b6$   $B^b6$

Got ta bring your game to the game. Fifth

Pno.

70  $B^b$   $A^b$   $B^b$

in - ning Now I rot. It's kill-ing me that I for-got.

Pno.

73  $A^bMaj7$   $A^b7$   $G^b$   $Fm6$   $G^b$   $Fm6$   $G^b7$

You know who. Chuck and... Chuck and... I

Pno.

76  $B\flat 6$   $A\flat 7$   $D\flat 7$   $G\flat 6$

know her name! You heard me say it. I should be ab-le to re-play it. The

Pno.

78  $E 7(\sharp 5)$   $A 7$   $E\flat 7$   $D 7$   $D\flat 7$

mind some-times you must de-ceive. Just re-lax, and then re - trieve.

Pno.

81  $C 7$   $F 7$   $B\flat 6$

By the way the score is broke. Nine-teen eight-teen not a joke.

Pno.

84  $B\flat 6$   $B\flat$   $B$   $G$

Last in - ning, at the plate,

Pno.

87  $C$   $A\flat$   $D\flat$   $A$

son of al - ways late late Kate. He gets a walk, well look at that

Pno.

89  $D$   $B\flat$   $E\flat$   $C7$

my lit - tle Ev - an up to bat. We tie with one we win with two.

Pno.

*(suddenly)**(pause, frustrated)*

91 Am7 D7 Gm7(b5) C7 F6 Gb/F

Chuck and... My mind is goo. Ev-an swings. What a shot.

Pno.

94 G6/F Ab6/F A6/F Gb6/F

On a line it can't be caught. Twen - ty four to twen - ty three. The

Pno.

*She turns every which way,  
accepting accolades*

96 C7 F7 Bbm7 Eb7

boys mob him the rest mob me.

Pno.

98  $A^b$   $D^b_6$   $G^b$   $C^b$

Thank you Chris-Cross, how 'bout that. Vince no ear and Punch Push Pat.

Pno.

100 E  $A_6$  D  $G_6$  (*a quick exhale*)

Late late Kate, Kate on the scene. Black bear Bar-ry, yo Phy-lene.

Pno.

102  $C_7$   $C^{\#}dim_7$   $Dm_7$   $G_7$

Stu with aspoon and June's the spoon. Oh god here comes a full pla-toon.

Pno.

104 C<sup>m7</sup> F<sup>7</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> C F<sup>m7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup>

Kait -lin Weight-lin An - a - lise, Chim ChimMar - ie (my mas - ter piece) St.

Pno.

*(she turns right...dead pause)*

107 A<sup>b</sup> G<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>b7</sup>

Paul ie Girl oh I know him - Kar - en not bar - ren and

Pno.

110 F<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>b7</sup> F<sup>m7</sup> G<sup>b</sup>

Chuck andUhh muhhh and Chuck Chuck and... OH SUCK A DUCK! My

Pno.

113  $B^{\flat}m$   $G^{\flat}$   $Cm7(b5)$   $F7$

eyes get red my voice a croak, my sys-tem just went up in smoke. I'm

Pno.

115  $B^{\flat}m$   $B^{\flat}7$   $B^{\flat}7$   $E^{\flat}m$   $G^{\flat}$   $C7$

done I'm hosed who gives a damn I'm call-ing ev-'ry bod-y

Pno.

118  $F7$   $B^{\flat}m$   $B^{\flat}m$

"Man." Lost my game at the game, Blew the

Pno.

121  $Cm7(b5)$   $Cm7(b5)$   $Bbm$   $Bb7/Ab$

game at the game. Ev-an holds his head up high, Ma-ma

Pno.

124  $Ebm$   $Cm7(b5)$   $Fsus4$   $F$   $Gb$

can't meet an-y eye 'cause she lost her game at the\_\_ KIM! - KIM!

Pno.

127  $E7$   $Ab/C$   $Db7$   $Cm7$   $F7$

It's Chuck and Kim! She's still here load-ing up her Ki-a. Hey

Pno.

130  $B^b$   $E^b\text{Maj}7$   $G^m$   $A^b7$   $G^m7$   $C7$

Kim! Good game! Kim hope to see ya. She waves and gives a lit-tle squeak.

Pno.

133  $F7$   $G^m$   $A^bm$   $F/A$   $F7$  *Sherry gives a silent scream, but rallies to sing...*

wa-ter po-lo starts next week!" Bring your

Pno.

136  $B^b6$   $B^b6$   $C6$

game to the game. Bring your game to the game.

Pno.

139 C<sup>6</sup> B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7/A<sup>b</sup>

You will fum - ble and you'll mum - ble and you'll

Pno.

141 E<sup>b</sup>7/G A<sup>b</sup>7/G<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>/F

wish you nev - er came if you don't bring your game,

Pno.

143 B<sup>b</sup>/F G

If you don't bring your game,

Pno.

145 G B $\flat$ /F F7

If you don't bring your game to the

148 B $\flat$  A $\flat$

game!

150 B $\flat$  F7 B $\flat$

Pno.

*Lights black out.*

## **9.0 for Fresno**

*Tom addresses the audience.*

TOM: We weren't exactly a wrecking crew, but we had a few good players. There was Hunter: good pitcher, good hitter...and had sex on the brain more than any 10 year-old I had ever seen. He would always murmur to his teammates about their mom's bazooms, and he loved to say that line from *The Office*, "That's what she said!" And his teammates would laugh weakly in that way that young men laugh when they don't really understand a dirty joke.

There was Zach, who was a quadruple threat. He could hit, he could run, he could field, and he had major authority issues. His dad would always yell at him from the bleachers, telling him what to do, and Zach would start seething and just decide to ignore anything any adult told him.

And there was Cedric, our shortstop. He would always find a way to get on base and then he would steal 2nd and once he was on 2nd he would dance far off the base. clapping his hands and going *Hey-Hey-Hey*, just trying to rattle the pitcher to get him to throw a wild pitch or maybe freak out and balk Cedric over to 3<sup>rd</sup>. Baseball is a game of inches, and Cedric was trying to get that tiny little advantage and the fact that we were losing 10 to 3 most of the time made it a little futile and kind of insane...but he didn't stop.

Well, we got to August and we were invited to a final tournament in Fresno. The moment Hunter heard that, he got very excited and started telling his teammates "Hooters! We have to go to Hooters! There's a Hooters in Fresno, I went there with my mom. Hooters is awesome." And one by one, the boys were picking up the call like zombies: *Hooters, we have to go to Hooters*. They didn't know why, but they sensed it was a rite of passage. I sidled up to Hunter's mom and suggested this wasn't the most appropriate idea and maybe she could tell her son to *ixnay on the ootersHay*, and she got very defensive and said: "they have amazing hot wings."

Now the thing about the Fresno tournament is that the level of competition was more fierce than usual. These were teams from Bakersfield and Taft and these kids were HUGE. I mean, these were 10 year-olds that could buy beer for our 10 year-olds. And I have to do a quick sidebar and just explain the Mercy Rule. Because a youth baseball game is 6 innings long, but if you're losing by 11 runs in the 4th inning: Game Over. As a mercy to the parents, basically. If you're losing by 8 runs in the 5th inning: Game Over. Now, in the Hollywood version of this tournament, we would have a couple of plucky victories and find ourselves fighting for the championship. But in real life, we were fighting to play a whole game. And it didn't look like it was going to happen in Fresno.

The first game, we got knocked out in 4 innings. The second game, it was kind of close—we had a shot. And then the other team loaded the bases, and the batter hit a lazy fly ball to left

field. And our outfielder, Jefferson, he broke the wrong way and then realized his mistake and came running forward and he dove and the ball missed his glove and ricocheted off his shoulder. And one run scored. And the ball rolled to Zach, who had authority issues, and everybody was yelling *Home! Plays to Home!* But some of them were adults, and Zach decided he would ignore everybody and that the play was to 2nd base, and he threw a bullet...to no one. No one was at that 2nd base. And another run scored. And our catcher, Greg, went running and got the ball and heaved it to 3rd wildly. And another run scored. And now the play was blessedly over, and Roy at 3<sup>rd</sup> base retrieved the ball and lobbed it to the pitcher and it went over his head and rolled between the 1st baseman and the 2nd baseman. And neither of them wanted to pick it up. And that's all I remember at that point.

We had an emergency meeting in the motel. Myself and a bunch of the parents, just shuffling the batting order and looking at the pitching rotation. It was like going to a gunfight with a spoon, and just trying to figure out how we could make the spoon a little more dangerous. And that's when the phone rang, and it was the motel manager, and he was irate and threatening to kick us all out. I ran up to the second floor, and Evan and Roy and the whole team had appropriated 2 luggage carts and were having makeshift bobsled races. And they were screaming and laughing and having a wonderful time. And I had to smile. The whole season was up in smoke, but these boys had found fun and camaraderie and a way to bounce back from these games a lot faster than their parents.

Next day, last game: it's the fourth inning, we're losing by 11, but with two outs Cedric is on 2nd base and he's dancing and clapping—*Hey! Hey! Hey!*—and the pitcher throws a wild pitch and Cedric scoots over to 3<sup>rd</sup>. And then Roy hits a lazy pop fly that just gets past the 2nd baseman and Cedric comes home and we live to see the 5th inning. In the 5th inning, we're down by 10 runs but we load the bases and Evann is at the plate and he rips a shot down the right field line...and we are all picturing a double that's going to bring home three runs and we're going to see the 6th inning. And the 1<sup>st</sup> baseman leaps and catches the ball and steps on the bag: double play. Game over. Season over. 0 for Fresno. But those boys walked off the field with their heads high.

The next day we took the team to Hooters. A massive lapse in group parenting. Somewhere on the web, there's a picture of my Evan posing beside a blonde bombshell waitress. But the hot wings were excellent.

*Lights Fade.*

### **10. Ellie Jean the Rebound Queen**

*Lights up on the 3 men in the bleachers. Rose enters and takes a seat beside Max.*

ROSE: What'd I miss?

MAX: First half is nearly over. We're down by 20.

ROSE: TWENTY!?

MAX: Yeah, there's kind of a situation...

ROSE: Oh my god. There's a GIANT on the court.

ELLIE JEAN'S DAD: That's my daughter, Ellie Jean.

ROSE: What did you FEED her?

ELLIE JEAN'S DAD: What does that mean?

ROSE: She looks like Rapunzel *and* the tower.

MAX: Rose, let it go.

ELLIE JEAN'S DAD: Girls mature faster than boys.

ROSE: I never liked coed sports. There should be a rule about hormones.

ELLIE JEAN'S DAD: I agree. No more moms with menopause in the bleachers.

*Max snickers—and stops on a dime when Rose looks at him.*

ROSE: That's not what I meant.

*Music begins to play.*

# 10. Ellie Jean the Rebound Queen

ROSE: I hate to say it, your daughter is probably peaking.  
I hope you enjoy it.

ELLIE JEAN'S DAD: People like you sure help. (*Sings*)

ELLIE'S DAD: Well she's

C<sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub>

5

tow - er - ing a - bove ev - 'ry kid in the sport, and \_

C<sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub>

7

none of them can stop her as she's rac-ing down the court. She's El - lie

F<sub>7</sub> TOM & MAX: F<sub>7</sub> ELLIE'S DAD" C<sub>7</sub> TOM & MAX:

9

Jean. El - lie Jean. \_ The re-bound queen. Re-boundqueen,

C<sub>7</sub> ALL 3 DADS: B<sub>b</sub>7 A<sub>b</sub>7

12

The boys all look el - ev - en. But

G<sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> G<sub>7</sub> ALL 3 DADS:

14

this girl's look-ing sev - en - teen. She's got a

C<sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub>

17

hook shot, jump shot, top of the key. And she'll break your heart when she

C<sub>7</sub> ELLIE'S DAD F<sub>7</sub> TOM & MAX:

20 swish - es that three. She's El - lie Jean. El - lie Jean.

F<sub>7</sub> ELLIE'S DAD C<sub>7</sub> TOM & MAX: C<sub>7</sub> ALL 3 DADS:

22 — The re-bound queen. Re-bound queen. — Her

B<sub>b</sub>7 A<sub>b</sub>7 > G<sub>7</sub> > C<sub>7</sub> F<sub>7</sub>

25 game is on fi - re and she brought the gas - o - line.

28 C<sub>7</sub> ROSE: F<sub>7</sub> ALL 3 DADS: F<sub>7</sub> ROSE:

But it's not fair. She says, "No fair." — It is-n't

31 F<sub>7</sub> ALL 3 DADS: F<sup>#</sup>dim<sub>7</sub> ROSE:

fair. She's say - in', "No fair." — I

33  $B\flat 7$   $A\flat 7$   $G 7$   $F 7$

did not bring my boy to de - ploy in this kind of war - fare.

35  $C 7$  ALL 3 DADS:  $F 7$   $G 7$   $C 7$   $G 7$

— She means night - mare. — She's a

37  $C 7$   $B\flat 7$   $A\flat 7$   $G 7$

slam-min' jam-min; am - a - zon de - vel - o - ping much fast - er. These are

39 C<sub>7</sub> B<sub>b7</sub> A<sub>b7</sub> G<sub>7</sub>

skin - ny spin - ny min - i men en - count-er - ing dis - as - ter.

41 G<sub>7</sub> A<sub>7</sub> G<sub>7</sub> A<sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub>

Is there an-y doubt.this game will be a rout? Don't look now but your

44 D<sub>7</sub> G<sub>7</sub>

boy has foul - ed out. ROSE: ROY! NOOO! They can

47 C<sub>7</sub>

bang on her shins, they can hang on her knees. They

49 C<sub>7</sub> ELLIE'S DAD:

look like lit - tle mar-mo - sets\_ fall - ing from the trees. She's El - lie

51 F<sub>7</sub> ALL 3 DADS: F<sub>7</sub> ELLIE'S DAD: C<sub>7</sub> ALL 3 DADS:

Jean. El-lie Jean.\_ The re-bound queen. Re-bound queen.

54 F#7 Bb7 Ab7

She's an el - bow jab - bing loose ball grab - bing

56 Dm7 G7 C7

bas-ket-ball muh muh ma-chine. — muh-muh ma-chine — The

59 Bb7 Ab7 Dm7 G7

boys all look e - lev - en but this girl's look - ing se - ven - teen.

The musical score is written for a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into three systems. The first system (measures 54-55) features a vocal line starting with a whole rest, followed by eighth notes, and a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The second system (measures 56-58) continues the vocal melody with lyrics and includes a piano solo section with sixteenth-note runs. The third system (measures 59-60) concludes the phrase with the lyrics 'boys all look e - lev - en but this girl's look - ing se - ven - teen.' and features a piano accompaniment with sustained chords and moving bass lines.

ROSE: C<sub>7</sub> A<sub>b7</sub> G<sub>7</sub> ALL 3 DADS: B<sub>b7</sub> A<sub>b7</sub>

61 — Ab-so-lute-ly ob-scene. — You can grum-ble all you want but she

64 D<sub>m7</sub>/G G<sub>7</sub> C<sub>7</sub> F<sub>7</sub>

plays the game su-per clean. She's lean and mean! —

67 Elle, Elle, El - lie Jean! —

*Lights Fade*

## **11. The Trophy Life**

SHERRY: Look at what the parents all got you...

*Tom opens a t-shirt. The front says O FOR FRESNO. The back says BUT #1 COACH.*

SHERRY: I'm so proud of you.

TOM: Why?

SHERRY: You didn't even want to do it. And the guys had fun. You made it fun. I was even able to watch a whole game.

TOM: Well, it helps when there's no suspense.

*Rose sidles up to Tom.*

ROSE: So is Roy getting Most Valuable Player or Best Pitcher or both? I'm only asking because I'm terrible with suspense.

TOM: He's getting Best Cheer.

ROSE: Best what?

TOM: Best Cheer. He came up with "Step Right Up and Be the Man, Hit the Ball as Far As You Can."

ROSE: He gets a trophy for *that*?

TOM: Everyone gets a trophy.

ROSE: No no no. That has to stop. We need to go back to singling out actual talent so the untalented know they have to practice much harder.

TOM: Everybody gets a trophy. My team, my awards.

*Rose walks off exasperated.*

SHERRY: You are so hot right now.

*Max arrives, a folder under his arm.*

ROSE: We need to sign Roy up for club ball. Right away. This level is like kindergarten, he needs a challenge.

MAX: Well, you're right. But there's been a little change.

ROSE: Did we miss the deadline?

MAX: No. Roy wants to go to band camp.

ROSE: And do WHAT?

MAX: Play the trumpet.

ROSE: He only does that to be well-rounded.

MAX: No. He really likes music.

ROSE: Oh my god. He wants to be in showbiz? How did we let this happen?

MAX: It happens.

ROSE: He's going to starve to death. Max, just stop him.

MAX: Here.

*He hands her a folder.*

ROSE: Is this band camp? I don't even want to look at it.

MAX: It's your registration. Adult soccer league. Games start in three weeks.

*Pause.*

ROSE: You really get me.

*As they hug, Tom addresses everyone onstage. The 3<sup>rd</sup> Actor joins, another parent.*

# 11. The Trophy Life

TOM: Okay everybody, gather around. This was maybe not the easiest season, but you kids and you parents made it a great one. And we've got some trophies Sherry and I are going to hand out. *(Beat)* No one gets Best Bazooms, Hunter. But you get Funniest Player. And Zack, you get Most Improved Temper. And let's see what else...

*(Sings)*

D<sub>m</sub>/G    G<sub>7</sub>                    C

TOM: Ev-'ry one de-serves a tro-phy. A

F                    F<sup>#</sup>dim7                    C                    A<sub>m</sub>6                    F<sub>6</sub>

lit-tle plas-tic gold - en cup. A prize be-cause you play'd. A

8  $E_m7$   $D7$   $G7$   $G_m7$   $C7$

prize be-cause you stay'd A thank-you for ev-en show-ing up.\_\_\_\_ As you

11  $F$   $B_b7$   $C$   $F$   $F\#dim7$   $C$

kids be-come a lit-tle ol-der, I hope you can ap-pre - ci - ate. The

15  $F_{Maj7}$   $F\#dim7$   $E_m7$   $A7$

ones\_\_ root-ing for you.\_\_ Trou-ble-shoot-ing for you.\_\_

$D_{m7}$   $G7$   $C7$   $B_{dim7}$   $A_m$   $A_m/G^\sharp$

17

Tell-ing you how you can be great. And no you won't be great.

$A_m/G$   $A_m/F^\sharp$   $F_{Maj7}$   $D_{m7}$   $D_{m7}9b5)$

20

that's not an-ti-ci-pat-ed But hon-est-ly it's great. that your mom and dad

$G7(b9)$   $B_{bm7}$   $E_{b7}$   $E_{bm7}$   $A_{b7}$

23

dropp'ed you off. And you par-ti-ci-pat-ed

## SHERRY:

$D^b$        $A^b7$        $D^b$        $G^b\text{Maj}7$        $A^b7$

26

Ev-'ry bo-dy here de-serves a tro-phy. A life time a-chieve-ment so to

26

## FULL CAST:

$D^b$        $G7$        $G^b\text{Maj}7$        $A^b7$

29

speak. The way that you all bring that cer-tain se-cret thing that

29

*The cast starts to hand out little trophies to audience members.*

32  $B\flat m7$   $E\flat 7$   $A\flat 7$

makes each one of you u - nique. \_\_\_\_\_

34 ROSE:  $D\flat$   $B\flat m7$

You might be best at snor-ing or driv-ing in the rain.

MAX:

$E_{bm}7$   $A_{b}7$

37

3

3

Flea mar-ket ex-plor - ing\_\_\_ or snak-ing\_\_\_ out a drain.

ROSE:

$F_{m}7$   $C_{b}Maj7$

39

Fast - est pop-corn eat - ing\_\_\_ Best at qui - et joy.

MAX:

B $\flat$ m7A $\flat$ 7

SHERRY:

41

Clos-est front row seat - ing\_ best at... cor-dur-oy! We

(momentarily stumped)

43

saun-ter through the good times and stum-ble through each loss. And

45

years when it ap - pears\_ we simp-ly ga - ther moss Some-

47  $C\flat\text{Maj}7$   $B\flat\text{m}7$

how we learn to bal - ance the hop - ing and the dread. So

49  $G\flat\text{Maj}7$   $F\sharp\text{m}7$   $B7$   $B\text{m}7$   $E7$   $E\text{m}7$   $A7$

all of you should get a - wards for get - ting out of bed \_\_\_\_\_

### FULL CAST:

52  $D\text{Maj}7$   $A7$   $D7$

Ev - 'ry bo - dy here de - serves a tro - phy. An

G<sup>Maj7</sup>F<sup>♯m7</sup>B<sup>7</sup>

54

ac - co - lade we think you're wor - thy of.. But we

This block contains the musical notation for measures 54 and 55. The vocal line (treble clef) features a melody with eighth and quarter notes, and a final half note. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) consists of block chords in the right hand and single notes or dyads in the left hand. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/4.

SHERRY: Sorry!

E<sup>m7</sup>C<sup>♯7</sup>F<sup>♯m7</sup>

56

on - ly had a few. so we need all of you to

This block contains the musical notation for measures 56 and 57. The vocal line (treble clef) has a melody with eighth notes and rests. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features block chords and single notes. The key signature has two sharps, and the time signature is 6/4.

E<sup>7</sup>A<sup>7</sup>F<sup>♯m7</sup>B<sup>7</sup>

58

give them out to ev - 'ry one you love. we

This block contains the musical notation for measures 58 and 59. The vocal line (treble clef) features a melody with quarter and eighth notes. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) consists of block chords and single notes. The key signature has two sharps, and the time signature is 6/4.

ROSE: I know, lame! FULL CAST:

$E_{m7}$   $C\sharp7$   $F\sharp m7$

60

on - ly had a few. So we need all of you. To

TOM: SHERRY:

$G_{Maj7}$   $A7$   $G/B$   $A7$

62

go home and make some out of card-board or plas - tic or

MAX:

ROSE:

FIFTH PLAYER:

FULL CAST:

B $\flat$ 7

F7

E7

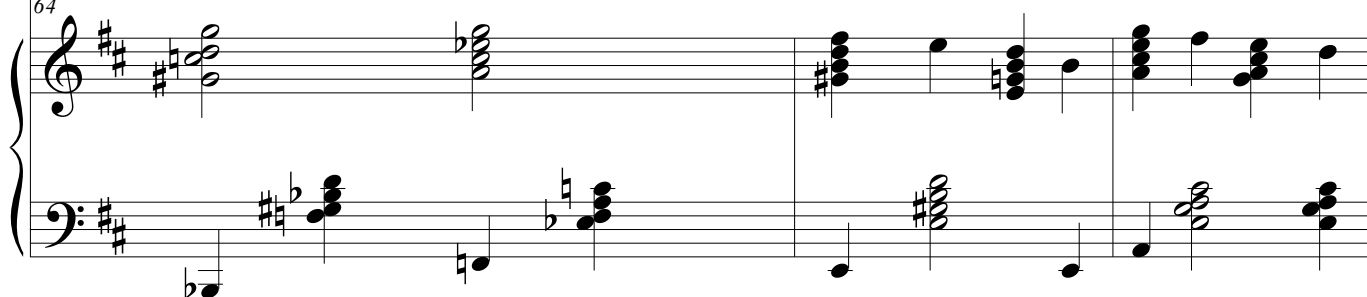
A7

64

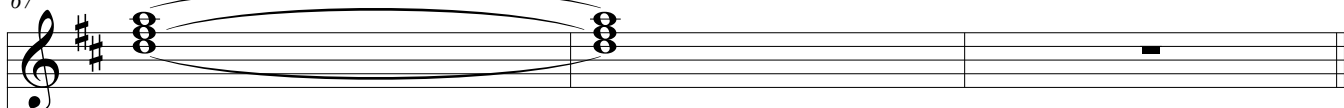


old shoes, or an old glove and please hand them out to ev-'ry one you

64

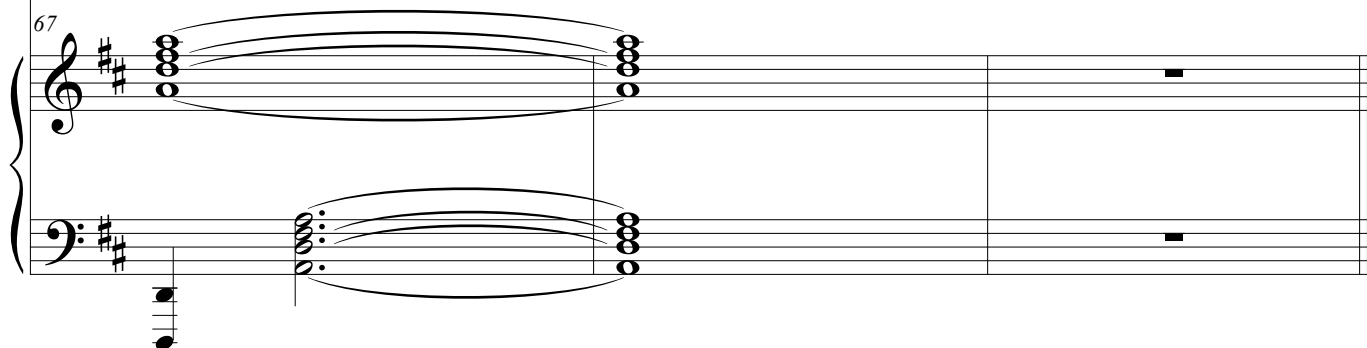
D<sub>6</sub>

67



love! \_\_\_\_\_

67

*Lights Fade.*