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Post-Game Interview

by

J.C. Svec

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Post-Game Interview

by J.C. Svec

Cast of Characters

DICK PLACE; *a bitter, angry, and chauvinistic television sports reporter*

NEVADA DES BARRES; *a young, go-getter who manipulates her way to an on-air reporter's job*

DUKE COLEMAN; *a disgruntled, stunned ballplayer who has just blown a World Series game*

Setting

A baseball stadium tunnel, within hearing distance of the field, during the World Series.

Properties

Microphone
Ear-piece (2)

Post-Game Interview

by J.C. Svec

AT RISE: A television sports reporter, DICK PLACE, stands alone, microphone in hand and earpiece in place. He continuously shifts his weight trying to keep warm in the cold night air. The sounds of the game and fans can be heard in the background. DICK finally settles. He presses on his earpiece and speaks into the microphone.

DICK

(Abrupt) What? *(Listens)* No, I won't take off my overcoat. *(Listens)* Because it's thirty-seven degrees, that's why. *(Listens)* How about the scarf? Like it? *(Listens)* Oh, you want me to take it off. *(Pause)* Fuck you! Do you need me to repeat myself? *(Listens)* Good. *(To himself)* Fall classic my ass. *(Into microphone)* I said, Fall Classic my ass! Yes, I knew what to expect for October in New York. That's why I dressed for winter! Whatever happened to day games, for crissakes? *(To himself)* How did I end up doing this again? *(Defensive, into microphone)* Who said that? I want to know who just made that accusation. *(Listens)* I know there's no shame in failing, Phil. *(Listens; humble)* Thank you, Phil. *(Pause)* It wasn't my fault, Phil. *(Pause)* You know what those morning shows are like. One minute I'm an anchor and the next I'm interviewing monkeys and frying platanos for Cuban Heritage Day. You just don't slice sweet plantains on national television and come off manly, Phil. *(Pause)* You're a good man, Phil. *(Listens)* The coat and scarf? You're a good man, Phil. *(Pause)* Phil. Fuck you, Phil. *(Yells)* It's thirty-seven freakin' degrees, Phil. I'll take them off when I'm good and ready to take them off. And I'm not good and ready. Until then... kiss my frozen ass. *(Listens)* No, I have no idea where she is. Maybe she was abducted by aliens. Maybe she's warming up in the bullpen. *(Yells)* Maybe she got smart and went home. *(Listens)* Well, I can hope can't I? And besides, isn't she supposed to be keeping track of me, and not the other way around. *(Pause)* You made her a field producer. *(Under his breath)* Nobody helped me my first day on the job. You either can do the job or you can't.

(DICK reacts violently to a comment through his earpiece.)

DICK, *Continues*

Who said that? Who said that? I want his name, Phil. I mean it.

(DICK makes an obvious attempt to simmer down.)

DICK, *Continues*

Yes, I'm calm, Phil. I've won local Emmy Awards, Phil. I deserve a little more respect. *(Pause)* Damn it. *(Listens)* I know the game's almost over. *(Listens)* I know the booth will throw it directly to me when the game ends. *(Listens)* After the interview, which I still don't have by the way, I recap the game and cue the studio. I've have done this once or twice you know. What's the sudden concern, Phil?

(DICK listens to a long response. He interjects an occasional 'uh-huh' and 'got it.')

DICK, *Continues*

Phil, the coat and scarf are staying on you absurd walking example of humanity. (*Listens*) Fuck me? Fuck you! Hey, here's an idea... (*Yells*) find your producer and get me an interview! (*Listens*) I know it's her job, but does she know it's her job? She's probably curled up in a ball in some bathroom somewhere sobbing uncontrollably. 'I don't know what to do. Somebody... anybody... please help me.' *To himself*) I'll probably end up interviewing a beer vendor from the upper deck.

(*DICK enacts the interview playing both roles.*)

DICK, *Continues*

So, are the lite beers really lighter?

DICK, *As the Vendor*

No question about it, Dick.

DICK

You must realize that you're only a few sales away from most all-time beers sold at major league baseball games.

DICK, *As the Vendor*

I really try not to pay attention to the stats, Dick.

DICK

This is your thirty-first year selling beer.

DICK, *As the Vendor*

(*Interrupts*) Actually it's only my thirtieth year. My first years in the 'show' I sold cotton candy.

DICK

It's still a remarkable run of successful years. How do you explain your longevity?

DICK, *As the Vendor*

First... I've had some of the best concession managers in the league. My paper cap off to those guys, Dick. And let's not forget the great army of vendors selling behind me. Well, actually below me. In the lower decks.

(*DICK ends the interview.*)

DICK, *Continues*

Hey, Phil, did you roll tape on that. It's looking like the only interview I might be doing all night.

(*A young woman, NEVADA DES BARRES, scampers up to DICK. She is dressed in white from head to toe. Pants, boots, parka, wool hat and mittens.*)

DICK, *Continues*

(Into microphone) Hey Phil, the Pillsbury Dough Girl just showed up. *(DICK pokes her parka.)*
Where's the giggle, oven fresh?

NEVADA

Very funny.

DICK

Well?

NEVADA

(Hedges) Well...

DICK

(Dumbfounded) You didn't get the interview. You didn't get him. Did you?

NEVADA

(Implores) Hear me out.

(DICK accents his dialogue with emphatic hand gestures.)

DICK

I... sent you... to arrange... for me... Duke Coleman... the star... of the game.

NEVADA

Right... about that part of it.

DICK

I know you went, but did you get Duke, or anyone else? *(Pause)* How about that part of it?

NEVADA

The star of the game part?

(DICK stares angrily at NEVADA for several long seconds. The silence is finally broken by a roar from the crowd. The two quickly turn their attention to the field as DICK adjusts his earpiece.)

DICK

(Into microphone) What just happened? *(At Nevada)* He lost the perfect game. And the no-hitter.
(To Nevada) Happy?

NEVADA

How is it my fault?

DICK
Where are you standing?

NEVADA
(Confused) Excuse me?

DICK
Are you standing in front of me?

NEVADA
What of it? *(Pause)* Yeah.

DICK
(Loses it) Then it's your fault.

NEVADA
You're insane.

DICK
(Screams) Have you, or have you not arranged my post-game interview with Duke Coleman?

NEVADA
That's what I've—

DICK
(Silences her) Uh-uh. Uh-uh-uh. Uh-uh-uh-uh.

NEVADA
Just let me—

DICK
NO! You don't say anything. Nothing. Nada. Go smear some more lipstick on... or adjust something... whatever your kind does.

NEVADA
(Seethes) My kind.

DICK
Go. Go away and don't come back... at least until Duke Coleman is signed, sealed, and delivered.

(A second crowd roar startles DICK and NEVADA.)

DICK, *Continues*
(Into microphone) What just happened? *(Nervous)* So, it's still a two-hitter. *(Yells at Nevada)* And a World Series shutout. *(Into microphone)* Yeah, yeah.

(DICK throws a look towards the field then at NEVADA.)

NEVADA

Will you listen to me now?

DICK

If I thought you had anything remotely worth listening to... he's pitched the game of a lifetime. Any pitcher's lifetime except for maybe Larson. That's Don Larson, who pitched for the New York Yankees, if you're wondering.

NEVADA

I know who Don Larson is. In 1954 he was traded by the Orioles to New York along with Billy Hunter and Bob Turley for Gene Woodling, Harry Byrd, Jim McDonald, Hal Smith, Gus Triandos and Willy Miranda. In 1959 Larson would be part of the deal that brought Roger Maris to the Yankees from the Kansas City Athletics.

DICK

(Bristles) Get out of my sight.

(In the background, an applauding crowd can be heard.)

DICK, *Continues*

(Into microphone) Now what? *(Listens)* So the count is 3 and 0. So what. SO. WHAT. It doesn't take anything away from—

(The crowd roars.)

DICK, *Continues*

(Dejected; into microphone) Phil? *(Pause)* He walked the bases.

(DICK slowly turns to NEVADA.)

NEVADA

I had a feeling.

(DICK is physically affected by the comment.)

DICK

(Into microphone) Did you hear that, Phil? *(DICK shoves the microphone into NEVADA'S face.)* Tell Phil what you just said Miss Marshmallow producer. Tell him!

NEVADA

(Into microphone) I... had...

DICK

(Mocking) You... had...

NEVADA

(Confident) I had a feeling it wouldn't last.

(DICK pulls the microphone back.)

DICK

(Into microphone) Hear that, Phil. She had a feeling. Now, aren't we all just bowing down in exaltation. *(Listens)* I will not ask. *(Listens)* Because, it would only dignify that whole, ridiculous, woman's intuition, bull-crap business. You want to get in touch with your feminine side, take her out for tea and finger sandwiches after I GET MY INTERVIEW WITH DUKE COLEMAN.

(DICK leans into NEVADA.)

DICK, *Continues*

Duke. Coleman.

NEVADA

Fine!

(NEVADA storms off. While balancing the microphone, DICK blows his nose and begins to remove his scarf, overcoat and gloves.)

DICK

(Into microphone) Yes, I'm taking them off. *(To himself)* Thirty-seven degrees. Probably end up with pneumonia.

(An explosive roar from the crowd freezes DICK mid change. The noise is long and loud. DICK finishes slowly and methodically. He stands spellbound and reluctantly raises the microphone to his mouth.)

DICK, *Continues*

(His voice cracks) Phil? *(Nods while listening)* The fat lady has sung. *(Calm)* Very funny, Phil, very funny. Now, can we skip the metaphors? *(Listens)* Grand slam. You don't say. Yeah, I'd say that sounded like a grand slam.

(DICK stands motionless and silent until NEVADA ushers in a stunned DUKE COLEMAN. The two men stand shoulder-to-shoulder like deer in the headlights of a fast approaching vehicle. NEVADA tilts COLEMAN'S hat back on his head and straightens DICK'S necktie. DICK is roused by the voice in his earpiece. He slowly turns his head and stares at the still comatose COLEMAN. NEVADA responds to her earpiece.)

NEVADA

Dick! Dick! You're on the air.

DICK

(To DUKE) You blew it.

(COLEMAN manages an uncomfortable smirk.)

DICK, *Continues*

You blew it.

DUKE

Excuse me.

DICK

You heard me. You bleeewww it. The perfect game. The no-hitter. All of it.

(DICK gestures a choke on his own throat.)

DUKE

(Angry) Do you have a question for me?

DICK

This could have been the defining moment in my career.

DUKE

(Enunciating each word) Do you have a question for me?

DICK

Yes. Yes, I do. *(Screams)* What the Hell just happened?

This is Not the End of the Play
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