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Product Code Y608-SP

Anything for McGinty Field

A Comic Competition for a Baseball Field
by

Tom DeMuro

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CHARACTERS

2M / 1F + Optional Extras

JOEY

RICHIE

AMANDA

Anything for McGinty Field
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AT RISE: *JOEY and RICHIE excitedly run onto the field from STAGE RIGHT claiming it for their team's morning practice.*

RICHIE
We did it, Joey! We made it here before anybody! McGinty Field is all ours!

JOEY
You were right, Richie. I gotta hand it to you. Getting to bed early and then setting that alarm was a great idea.

RICHIE
Yep! Sure looks that way, doesn't it?

JOEY and RICHIE walk around the field in astonishment.

JOEY
The guys will be here in less than 10 minutes. They're not going to believe that we claimed the best field in the whole town for our first team practice of the season. McGinty Field! *(In total disbelief)* We never got it once all last year.

RICHIE
I have a feeling that this is a sign of good things to come for the Tornados this season. *(Pounding the ball into his glove)* Hey... let's start loosening up.

JOEY
Yeah, you're right. What are we waiting for?

JOEY and RICHIE start throwing the ball back-and-forth, stretching out as they do so. Without warning, an enthusiastic YOUNG GIRL with a bright smile skips onto the scene from STAGE LEFT pounding her baseball glove which she appears to be wearing on the wrong hand.

AMANDA
Morning, guys!

RICHIE and JOEY look at her glaringly and then exchange glances with each other. They totally ignore her and return to their game of catch. She then skips in between them determined to be noticed.

AMANDA

Great day for baseball, isn't it?

JOEY

Yeah, but too bad this field is already taken.

RICHIE

There are two other fields just about a block away from here.

AMANDA

Yeah, but nothing beats this field. *(Looking around, still beaming)* Don't you think?

RICHIE and JOEY offer the same glare in her direction and then look back at each other in disgust.

RICHIE

Listen, we're waiting for our team to show up. They should be here any minute. Why don't you run along and try to claim one of the other fields before they're taken, too?

AMANDA

(Pounds her glove with positive energy)
Well... I was thinking that maybe... I can just join you guys!

RICHIE

(Hesitantly)
Well, I guess there's no harm in you joining us just for today...

JOEY grabs RICHIE by the arm and drags him over to STAGE LEFT. AMANDA bounces up and down excitedly, pretending not to hear.

JOEY

(In a loud whisper)
Join us? What? A girl on the Smithville Tornadoes?? Do you hear yourself?

RICHIE

(With concern)

Listen, Joey, I was thinking that maybe we could just give her a chance. You know... see what kind of arm she's got.

JOEY

(Appalled)

What? Are you insane? We have a team practice today. The guys are probably on their way here right now.

RICHIE

(Even more hesitantly)

I know, but, it's just that...

JOEY

It's just that what?

RICHIE

Well...you see... *(Glancing over towards AMANDA)* Her mom is...well...

JOEY

Spit it out, will ya'?

RICHIE

Well, all right... her mom is my dad's boss.

JOEY

(Appearing relieved)

Oh, you mean you know her? That makes it easy, then. Tell her to scram so that we can get back to our practice!

RICHIE

(A bit louder)

Did you hear what I just said? Her mom is my dad's boss!

JOEY

Oh, oh... I gotcha. OK, well let's POLITELY get rid of her then.

RICHIE

OK, but let me do the talking.

They walk back to CENTER STAGE and he approaches AMANDA.

RICHIE, *Continued*

Listen, our team is pretty set for this year, so maybe you can... (*Rethinking his plan*) ...just start out in the outfield for now.

JOEY

(Shocked by his offer)

Outfield? We've got Phillips, Westlake and Jonesey in the outfield. We don't need any outfielders!

RICHIE

I know, Joey, but maybe she can just play short center.

AMANDA

(Is immediately insulted)

Short center? (*Voice gets angry*) What kind of lame position is that? I don't want to play short center. (*Stomps her foot and gets up in RICHIE's face.*) In fact, I don't even want to play outfield at all. I'm (*Says confidently while throwing the ball up in the air and missing it*) ...a shortstop.

JOEY AND RICHIE

(In disbelief)

A shortstop?

AMANDA

Of course! Once you see me throw I think we'll all agree that this (*Flexes her muscle*) is obviously the arm of a shortstop.

The boys are not impressed.

JOEY

(Losing his patience)

Look, little girl...

AMANDA

My name is not little girl – it's Amanda!

Grabs JOEY and pulls him over to STAGE LEFT for the second time.

RICHIE

Listen to me, will ya'? If I don't handle this thing the right way, she'll tell her mom and that won't be good. Do you hear what I'm saying to you?

AMANDA walks over to interrupt their conversation. Her arms are folded and she wears a smug smile on her face.

AMANDA

By the way, did you know that my mom is your dad's boss?

RICHIE pretends to be surprised, but doesn't do a very good job.

RICHIE

Oh, really?

AMANDA

Don't you remember? We were in the three-legged race together at the company picnic last summer.

RICHIE

(Still doing a poor job of acting surprised)

The three-legged race? Last summer? *(Putting his hand to his chin and pretending that he is thinking)* Oh... I think I remember.

JOEY

Listen, what does this have to do with baseball, anyhow?

AMANDA fearlessly steps in the middle of the two boys and speaks to them in a loud and confrontative voice.

AMANDA

Look, I want to play baseball! Do you hear me!? Baseball!! So get over there and start throwing it to me! Now!

JOEY

(Frustration slowly builds)

Who do you think you're talking to?

JOEY throws his glove on the ground and storms toward AMANDA. RICHIE quickly steps between the two and pushes JOEY over one final time this time to STAGE RIGHT.

AMANDA

(Screaming and stomping her foot)

My mother is not going to be very happy if she hears about this.

RICHIE

(Pleading with him in a calm voice)
Please, listen to me, Joey. I'm begging you! We've got to be very careful how we do this or she can make life pretty miserable for my dad... *(Swallows hard)* And me...if you know what I mean.

JOEY

(Disgusted)
Oh, man... look at her.

AMANDA is throwing the ball up to catch it and misses it every time.

JOEY, *Continued*

She doesn't even know which hand to put the glove on!

RICHIE

I know, but just bear with me.

AMANDA

(Crossing her arms defiantly)
Well, can I play or not?

RICHIE

(Giving in reluctantly)
Yes. Yes, you can play. *(JOEY lets out a sigh of disgust.)* Now, why don't we just start out by the three of us just throwing the ball around and getting loose.

AMANDA's bright smile immediately returns.

AMANDA

OK, that's better. Now where do you want me to stand?

The three kids form a triangle and begin to toss the ball to each other. AMANDA shows a weak and inaccurate throwing arm. She attempts to throw it to RICHIE but each time her throw results in him having to chase it.

RICHIE

(Trying not to show his disgust)
Are you sure you don't have something else to do?

AMANDA

(Back to her strong voice)

No, I don't. And besides...did you forget that my mother is...

RICHIE AND JOEY

... your father's boss. We know, we know!!

Both boys let out a deep sigh of exasperation and reluctantly return to the game of catch. This time she tries to throw it to JOEY. He jumps high to catch it but it is way over his head. A few seconds later there is the sound of a window breaking.

JOEY

(Totally loses his cool)

Alright, that's it! I can't take this anymore. This is ridiculous! She can't play baseball to save her life!!

AMANDA

(Completely changing emotion from feisty to deflated)

I guess you're right.

JOEY

(With a little less conviction)

Of course, I'm right.

JOEY turns toward RICHIE who has concern written all over his face.

AMANDA

(Puts her head down and begins to sniffle)

Who am I kidding? *(Takes out a handkerchief and begins sobbing into it)* I'll never be a shortstop. And I tried so hard. *(Crying hysterically)*

RICHIE flashes a stern look at JOEY and then attempts to comfort her keeping his own interest in mind.

RICHIE

I know you did and I'm sure you will be a great shortstop...someday.

AMANDA

Nope. That's it. I'm never playing baseball for as long as I live. *(Throws her glove on the ground)* What's the use, anyhow?

RICHIE

No, don't give up. Just keep practicing. You'll get there. I know you will.

He picks up her glove and hands it to her. She returns it slowly to the wrong hand.

AMANDA

(Calming down somewhat, but still lacking confidence)
You really think so?

RICHIE

(Sounding like he doesn't even believe it himself)
Sure. Remember, even Derek Jeter didn't become a superstar overnight. It takes lots of practice.

AMANDA

(Cracking a small smile)
I guess you're right. *(Perking up considerably)* So, should we practice some more now?

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