

# **AND THE CROWD GOES WILD**

**A PLAY IN TWO ACTS**

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## **CHARACTERS**

(in order of appearance)

**CLARK ARCHER** - radio personality, known for his sports announcements

**MICKEY MORRIS** - 19 years old, very femme and feminine, conservative out of ignorance, culture, and naivety, flapper dancer

**LOUISA** - a friend of Mickey's, ensemble

**JEAN** - a friend of Mickey's, ensemble

**JUNE** - a friend of Mickey's, ensemble

**LAUREL/LAWRENCE CALVIN** - 22 years old, spirited and just a bit of a daredevil, semi masculine, disguises herself as the baseball player Lawrence Calvin in order to play on the Beattyville Pioneers team

**BUDDY** - most likely a minority (specifically African American), not well educated and shows it in his speech, cleans up the baseball fields, befriends Laurel and serves as her confidant

**HOWIE STONE** - manager of the Beattyville Pioneers

**KENNETH** - Mickey's boyfriend, called Kenny, very masculine and jock-like, immature in humor and nature, often cruel and mean-spirited, one to make rude, ignorant jokes

**HAROLD MORRIS** - Mickey's younger brother, 11 years old, in awe and idolization of his sister, which first comes out as anger and jealousy, but later grows into a strong bond

**JOE MORRIS** - Mickey's father, very loud and outgoing, tough, a bit 'rough around the edges', very conservative and opinionated

**ENSEMBLE** - group of people used for: Mickey's friends, bar customers, baseball fans, dancers, the PEDDLER

## **ACT 1**

### **SCENE 1**

*(Evening in Beattyville, Kentucky, 1925. The lights go up, illuminating stage right, which is completely empty save for a desk with early radio equipment on it. CLARK ARCHER, a man dressed in business clothing from the 1920's, enters stage right with a glass of scotch in his hand. He places the drink down on the desk, then stands up straighter and adjusts his tie. He moves over and sits down at the desk, rustling a few papers around and then turning on the microphone.)*

#### **CLARK ARCHER**

Good evening, listeners! Clark Archer here with some exciting sports news for you tonight! For the first time since our town's new baseball team joined the Tri-State League, we've gotten a new player! His name is Lawrence Calvin, and he's a little guy topping out at 5'6". But don't let that fool ya! This guy's a slugger, according to the Pioneer's manager, Howie Stone. Unfortunately, it seems that there is one small problem. Stone says that Calvin has a rare disease of the skin - not contagious, and one that won't affect his playing abilities in any way - but nevertheless one that causes unsightly blemishes and welts all over his torso. Calvin reportedly insisted that he have his own room to change, since he's self-conscious about the marks. This has been discussed with the other teams' managers, and they have agreed to comply. You

will be able to see newcomer Calvin for the first time at next Saturday's game at the Abingdon Stadium at 2 o'clock sharp. See ya there!

*(CLARK turns off the microphone and takes a drink of his scotch. He sets the scotch back down on the desk and at the same time, the lights go out on stage right. [This scene is struck during this blackout.] A moment later, the lights go up on stage left. Gathered around an old-fashioned radio is a group of young girls, all late high school age. Seated right beside the radio, looking the most excited and upbeat, is MICKEY. You hear a bit of music, then she turns the radio off and turns to her friends.)*

**MICKEY**

A new player, wowie! How exciting, huh, gals? He must be the real bee's knees, for Clark to be sayin' all this stuff about him on the radio and everything!

**LOUISA**

I just wanna know what's wrong with him.

**JEAN**

Louisa, don't say that! How rude of you!

**LOUISA**

Hey, I'm just sayin'! I wanna know what the guy's problem is. Blemishes and welts, that sounds pretty awful.

**MICKEY**

Girls, girls, stop squabblin'! Does it really matter what he looks like? I just bet he's a real good ball player. That's what we need, somebody new and good. Maybe we'll even win the Tri-State Championships this year!

**JUNE**

Mickey, since when are you keen on baseball? Last time I checked, it was a 'silly boys' game', and you were more interested in lipstick and goin' to the prom.

**MICKEY**

Well, Kenneth thinks baseball's just the cat's pajamas, so I've been tryin' to gather up on my knowledge about it for him. Besides, my daddy's always loved it, and he always talks about takin' us all to a game. Maybe if I knew more about it I could actually go sometime.

**LOUISA**

Oh come on, now, Mickey! Your daddy's been squawkin' 'bout them tickets for months, and you know he's takin' Harold before you ever get brought along! I think you oughtta just sit back and relax while all them silly boys blow their mouths off at them ball players.

**JEAN**

*(Laughing.)* Aw, yeah, you all should hear my daddy mouthin' off at the radio! He uses more cuss words than I'd ever thoughtta imagine. And this is comin' from the same man who acted like it was the end of the world the other day when I accidentally let one go 'cause I stubbed my toe!

**JUNE**

There must be somethin' about the game, 'cause even my momma starts cussing up a storm when it's on.

**MICKEY**

Whatever y'all say, I wanna learn more about it. Even if it is just a boys' game. Who knows, maybe Daddy'll take me along with Harold! Could turn out to be a whole family event.

**LOUISA**

Well, if it turns out like that, make sure you invite my family along, too. All Benny ever talks about is going to a ball game, and I know the twins wouldn't mind comin' along, either. Besides, I still wanna see what the new egg looks like.

**JEAN**

Will you give that up? Like Mick said, it ain't important what he looks like, all that matters is how good he is at playin' baseball.

**JUNE**

What if he's a real looker and all? In that case, it's darn important what he looks like!

**MICKEY**

With all those horrible welts and whatnot? I doubt it.

**JEAN**

Look who's talking! Out of the four o' us, you're the only one with a sweetheart!

**LOUISA**

Gee, Jean's right! I'm gonna tell him that, I'm gonna tell Kenny his girl's thinkin' about another guy!

**MICKEY**

Don't you dare!

**LOUISA**

I am, you betcha I am! I'm gonna go tell him right now! I know right where he is, down at Willie's smoking gaspers with the other boys!

*(LOUISA rises to her feet, sneering at MICKEY and the rest of the girls. She shoots MICKEY a look and then turns on her heel and runs off stage left. MICKEY jumps up as well, and races after LOUISA.)*

**MICKEY**

Louisa!!

*(The rest of the girls, who are still seated, laugh as the lights fade into a blackout. [The radio and rest of props are taken off.])*

## **SCENE 2**

*(The scene opens in Laurel's private locker room. In the corner is a bench, with her baseball uniform hanging over a clothing rack and several other items seemingly in disarray. Some form of wash tub is present, apparently for Laurel to get cleaned up alone. LAUREL is seated on the bench, playing with the fringes of the dress she's just gotten changed into. [There is a knock on the door from stage left.])*

**LAUREL**

*(Scrambling up, speaking in a poor attempt at a man's voice, startled.)* Who is it?

**BUDDY**

*(From offstage.)* It's Buddy. *(jovially)* Are you decent?

**LAUREL**

*(Sighing in relief.)* Sure, come in.

*(BUDDY enters from stage left as LAUREL returns to her seat on the bench.)*

**LAUREL**

Jeez, Buddy, you scared me near half to death there!

**BUDDY**

I'll try not to do that in the future. How was practice?

*(LAUREL groans loudly.)*

**BUDDY**

That bad, huh?

**LAUREL**

It was terrible! They were all just starin' at me like they knew - or they wanted to know.

**BUDDY**

Well, yeah, ya told them that ya had a skin condition - they'll be curious as to how bad it is. They don't know one way or 'nother whether you're hidin' welts and blemishes or, uh, a little somethin' else.

**LAUREL**

I was tempted, I was really darn tempted! I was almost ready to rip off my shirt and tell 'em all! *(laughs)*

**BUDDY**

*(Joins in laughter.)* Well, then they'd be starin' for a whole 'nother reason.

**LAUREL**

*(Laughter fades.)* Oh, God, Buddy, what the hell have I got myself into?

**BUDDY**

Can't quite say. You could say you're tryin' to get your rights, you could say you want to be treated like any man-

**LAUREL**

*(Cutting him off.)* Or I could tell the truth and just say it's for the thrill. *(laughs again)* My momma was askin' as to what I've been doing with myself. I told her I got a job. She asked where, and I joked that I was workin' at a speakeasy- I swear the woman near had a heart attack.

**BUDDY**

I think I'd like to meet your momma sometime; she sounds like a real hoot to tease. But I'm gonna take a stab and say you ain't keen on draggin' her down to any ball games.

**LAUREL**

Naw, she ain't keen on ball anyhow. "It's a man's sport," she'd say to me, "And you, Laurel, ain't no man." No idea what she'd say a woman's sport is. I think she oughtta-

*(There is a knock, cutting LAUREL off. LAUREL and BUDDY exchange a look.)*

**BUDDY**

Who is it?

**HOWIE**

*(From offstage.)* It's Mr. Stone. Lawrence in there with you?

**LAUREL**

*(With a better fake male voice than before.)* Yeah, I'm here. Come in.

*(HOWIE enters stage left. He approaches LAUREL, and appears as though he is about to address her, but then glances at BUDDY, who gives no indication of leaving.)*

**HOWIE**

Don't you have something better to do than harass this little lady?

**BUDDY**

Oh, yes, sorry, Mr. Stone. Right away, Mr. Stone. *(He walks to the door, then tips his hat at the two.)* Miss Calvin. Mr. Stone. *(He exits stage left.)*

**HOWIE**

*(Shaking his head.)* I swear to God, that fella acts like he owns the place.

**LAUREL**

I bet you my spot on the team one day he will.

**HOWIE**

Well, you can keep playing ball and leave the gamblin' to the men who know better. You'd lose that bet faster than lightnin' - Buddy may be all sugar and whatnot, but he don't know a lick about nothing.

**LAUREL**

What about them other players you got? None of them know a thing about anything!

**HOWIE**

They ain't gettin' paid two cents to know anything. They gettin' paid because they play good ball. Just like you ain't gettin' paid to be a smart ass.

**LAUREL**

I ain't gettin' paid near what they are; might as well have some fun with it.

**HOWIE**

You oughtta watch your mouth there, Laurel. Not all these menfolk are as nice as me. Hell, I'm about the only man here who would let you fake your way into the game. You should be grateful.

**LAUREL**

Oh, don't you go all noble on me. The only reason I'm here is because I'm worth all your men put together.

**HOWIE**

You keep it up and my motives ain't gonna be the issue. *(Turns and storms away.)*

**LAUREL**

*(Shouting after him.)* Don't you think you can bully me forever!

*(HOWIE exits stage left. LAUREL is left alone. End scene. [Blackout, the locker room is struck.]*

### **SCENE 3**

*(When the lights come up, it is nighttime at Willie's, the popular local bar in Beattyville. The inside of the bar is dimly lit and crowded, with relaxed men seated at small tables smoking cigars and lively women in flapper dress lounging around and chatting with one another. Cigar smoke fills the air, and jazz music is heard playing in the background. Stumbling in stage right enters a grinning MICKEY, who is wearing a flapper costume. She is flanked by KENNETH, who is beaming as well.)*

**KENNETH**

Oh, Mickey, that was just swell! I couldn't be prouder o' my girl.

**MICKEY**

*(Flattered.)* Why, thank you, Kenny! *(panting)* I sure do love dancin', how sweet of you to come see me tonight!

**KENNETH**

Anything for my Mickey.

*(MICKEY grins and plants a sloppy kiss on KENNETH's cheek as he holds her by the waist possessively.)*

**MICKEY**

I wanna be a real dancer someday, make a career outta it and everything.

**KENNETH**

I don't know if you could do that, baby. Keep dreaming.

**MICKEY**

*(Her face scowling up as she pushes away from KENNETH, struggling to get out of his grip.)* What do you mean by that? Of course I can!

**KENNETH**

It's just... Dancin' ain't a way to make a livin', Mickey. You'd be settin' your poor self up to be a quiff. *(pretentiously)* Why, you'd be better off just spending forever as my lady.

**MICKEY**

KENNETH! How dare you say that?! *(pushing KENNETH further, untangling herself from his arms)* I can be whatever I wanna be! Plenty of girls are dancers. It's a mighty sensible career for a lady nowadays.

**KENNETH**

I'm just sayin', that's for other girls. Not you.

**MICKEY**

What I like is what's for me.

*(KENNETH tries to embrace MICKEY again, and MICKEY shoves him away, a scowl on her face.)*

**KENNETH**

Aw, c'mon now, Mick! Don't be like that.

**MICKEY**

You're not the boss of me, Ken.

**KENNETH**

I'm the man here, and you're my lady. This is just how things work, you gotta deal with it.



**MICKEY**

*(Sarcastically.)* Whatever you say.

*(KENNETH smiles devilishly, like he's successfully won the argument. Then he parts away from MICKEY and starts to walk into the bar crowd.)*

**MICKEY**

Hey, where ya goin'?

**KENNETH**

I'm gon' get myself a fag.

**MICKEY**

Really? You know how much I don't like when you smoke them things, Kenny.

**KENNETH**

Mickey, open your eyes! Look at this joint! You're around 'em yer whole shift, you can't tell me you don't like 'em.

**MICKEY**

This whole joint ain't you, Ken. I don't hafta kiss this whole joint!

**KENNETH**

C'mon, it's 1925! Everybody smokes these days. Can't you just get used to it?

**MICKEY**

There are some things I'll never get used to, like cotton swabs and...homosexuality!

**KENNETH**

Don't you go comparin' this to things like homosexuality! You know that's a sin. I just wanna smoke a damn cigar!

**MICKEY**

I'm just sayin', I don't like it when you smoke.

**KENNETH**

Tell you what. Let me smoke this one gasper, and I'll take you to a ball game this weekend. I know how much you've been talkin' about wantin' to go to one.

**MICKEY**

A ball game? Would you really do that for me?

**KENNETH**

Course I would. That's what I just said, ain't it?

**MICKEY**

Alright, then, you got yourself a deal. But just that one, Kenny!

**KENNETH**

*(Slyly, obviously lying.)* Just this one.

**MICKEY**

Oh, Kenneth, you're the best fella a girl could ever ask for.

**KENNETH**

You betcha I am.

*(KENNETH leaves MICKEY and heads into the crowded bar scene, exiting stage right. MICKEY is left on stage alone, looking anxious and betrayed. The lights fade into a blackout. [Bar scene is struck during this blackout.]*

## **SCENE 4**

*(Afternoon, Abingdon Baseball Stadium. Standing stage right is a set of bleachers, littered with flags, flyers, and other baseball paraphernalia. Half-empty paper bags of popcorn and peanut shells lie discarded on the ground. A few fans sit in the stands, frozen in conversation with one another until the lights come up. Set stage left is CLARK ARCHER's desk and radio equipment. CLARK is seated frozen at the desk. The entire stage is still in a blackout, until the lights come up on stage right. After the lights go up, enter MICKEY, HAROLD, JOE, and KENNETH stage right, all boisterous and scrambling around.)*

**HAROLD**

C'mon, guys, c'mon! We gotta get the best seats!

**JOE**

*(Sternly.)* Now, Harold, you just hold your horses. We got plenty of time to get good seats. Don't go runnin' around now.

**HAROLD**

I bet it's gonna be a real good game, don't ya? I can't wait to see that new Laurie guy. We got a new player, whoopie!

**MICKEY**

Lawrence, Harold. His name is Lawrence.

**JOE**

Why don't you and your sister find us some seats, Harry? I'll go get us somethin' to eat.

**HAROLD**

Aw, Dad, can't I come with you? Mickey's gonna wanna sit near her (*whiny, drawn out*) boyfriend, and I don't wanna sit near them! What if they start kissin' and stuff?

**MICKEY**

C'mon, now, Harold, we're more respectable than that. We're in public, for pete's sake.

**KENNETH**

Maybe just a little cash on the cheek or two, but no neckin' or anything.

**HAROLD**

Still gross.

**JOE**

I don't have time for this joshin' around, the game's 'bout to start! Kids, find a seat. I'll be right back. (*JOE starts to walk away but then pauses, turning back to the other three, who are climbing into the bleachers.*) Harold, don't you try any funny business while I'm gone.

**HAROLD**

I won't, Dad, I won't!

(*JOE shoots HAROLD a stern look and then turns back around and exits stage right. As he leaves, the lights go out on stage right. The lights go up on stage left, showing CLARK seated at his desk, waiting with his microphone already on.*)

**CLARK**

Welcome all you loyal Pioneers fans to what may just be the game of the season! The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and we got a darn good game of ball for y'all today. This afternoon, our beloved Pioneers are playing the ferocious Abingdon Hatchets, and it's bound to be as exciting a game as ever! I hope y'all are looking forward to plenty o' good hits, home runs, and incredible players out there. Speaking of, I'm just tickled pink to have the pleasure to be announcing the newest Beattyville Pioneer. Straight out of our own little town, Mr. Lawrence Calvin himself, number 44. Come on out, Calvin! Introduce yourself to the masses!

(*Enter LAUREL stage right, jogging across the stage and stopping right before CLARK's desk. A spotlight follows her the entirety of her jog, and when she stops, she freezes, stuck with a spotlight illuminating her in a semi "heroic" position.*)

**CLARK**

Don't he just look like a star ball player? Why, from the looks of him, we gotta open up a new slot in the Hall of Fame real soon!

*(LAUREL turns around and jogs back off stage right. The lights go down on stage left, leaving CLARK in a blackout. The lights then go up on stage right, illuminating the bleachers, where JOE is now seated with the rest of his family.)*

**HAROLD**

Whoopee, look at him! He looks like the real cat's meow, don't he guys?

**JOE**

I'd say. Looks like we got a real star ball player on our hands. This season's bound to be good.

**MICKEY**

I like the looks of him. Strong, sturdy lookin' fella. I might even go as far to say that boy's a fine lookin' sheik.

**KENNETH**

*(Offended, slightly appalled.)* Mickey!

**MICKEY**

Aw, c'mon now, Ken. I was just commentin', I can say if a guy is easy on the eyes or not. You know I'm still your gal.

**KENNETH**

Exactly, you're my gal. You're my gal, and my gal only.

**MICKEY**

*(Exasperated.)* Of course, of course.

*(The lights go down on stage right and then switch on stage left. CLARK is still seated at his desk, gripping his microphone and looking excited.)*

**CLARK**

Next up to bat we have the man of all men, the ball player of all ball players, Mr. Rodney "The Rocket" Johnson. The Rocket is one of the Pioneers' best players, with a batting average of .340 and an earned run average of 3.21. *(pause)* Alright, the pitch is about to be let go... It's been thrown... And he hits it, sendin' it straight towards third base. He's goin'.. Passin' first base.. Oh, and he's safe at second! The Rocket has done it again, folks! It's turnin' out to be a mighty good baseball game indeed.

*(CLARK freezes, and the lights go down stage left. The lights go up stage right, bringing a cheering crowd into view. KENNETH, JOE, and HAROLD are all lit up with excitement, while MICKEY looks just the slightest bit confused but is still trying to keep up with the group.)*

**HAROLD**

Look at him go, look at him go!

**KENNETH**

He coulda gone farther, I think. Coulda got all the way to third base if he'd just run a little faster.

**JOE**

Let's just hope the next guy can bring him home.

*(The group in the bleachers freezes, and the lights go down stage right. The lights come up stage left a moment later, once again illuminating CLARK at his desk.)*

**CLARK**

Following The Rocket is our newbie, Lawrence Calvin. He's a mighty fine ball player, and should be able to fall behind Rodney Johnson just as easy as pie. Let's watch and see how he does! He's linin' up.. Straightenin' his stance.. Preparin' for the pitch.. The pitch has been thrown, and..he smacks it real hard!

*([Sound cue: ball being hit.] As CLARK talks, LAUREL runs out stage right. She runs all the way stage left, makes a wide turn, and then runs back off stage right. As she runs, a spotlight follows her path, and CLARK continues to talk.)* That ball is goin'..and goin'.. It's outta the park! We've got ourselves a home run, folks! Look at him go! And the crowd goes wild! *(After LAUREL exits stage right, the lights come up on stage right. The lights remain lit on stage left. MICKEY, JOE, HAROLD, and KENNETH, as well as the rest of the crowd, are cheering and yelling frantically. A few moments afterward, everyone freezes, and the lights go down into a blackout. [The bleachers stage right and the desk stage left are all struck during this blackout. This strike should happen as quickly as possible. Aka: run crew - GO HELLA FAST])* After the blackout, the lights come up on a now empty stage. LAUREL stumbles on stage left, surrounded by a crowd of adoring fans. She is spastically signing autographs and greeting her supporters. A few moments later, MICKEY, JOE, HAROLD, and KENNETH, all enter stage right, chatting amongst themselves.)

**JOE**

What a fantastic game, eh, kids?

**KENNETH**

I must say, Mickey, you got pretty worked up over that game. I didn't know you were so invested in baseball!

**MICKEY**

*(Flushing, giggling.)* I wanted to learn more about it, I told you.

**KENNETH**

And howl to that.

**HAROLD**

*(Rambling on.)* Didja see the way he hit that ball?! Straight outta the park! A home run, right away! And the rest of his hits were great, too, he's a real good player for sure. I just knew he'd help us win the game!

**MICKEY**

We saw it, Harold, we saw it. We were right there with you, remember?

**HAROLD**

*(Not paying attention, still rambling.)* It was just hit after hit with that guy! Three home runs, can you believe it? And he's a real fast runner, too. I bet he could even outrun a cheetah if he tried! We got a real superstar on our team! (Etc, etc.) *(pauses in his rambling, pointing to LAUREL)* Look! He's right over there!

*(LAUREL notices HAROLD and looks back at him, a bit frightened and overwhelmed by all of the attention. Finished getting their autographs, a few fans stagger off stage left. MICKEY notices HAROLD pointing as well and she grabs his arm, scolding him.)*

**MICKEY**

Harold! Don't point, it's impolite.

*(HAROLD scowls and pouts, fighting off his sister's grasp on him, but he listens to her.)*

**JOE**

C'mon, now, that's enough, you two. We best be getting home before we miss supper and get your mother all riled up. You know how she gets if we come back late. Kenneth, boy, are you stayin' for supper?

**KENNETH**

I was plannin' on it, yes, sir.

*(JOE nods and then herds up the rest of the group and shuffles them off stage right. Over on stage left, LAUREL's fans wander off slowly, in small groups. Eventually it is just LAUREL and MICKEY left together on the stage. They look at one another shyly, each girl afraid to speak up, before LAUREL finally breaks the silence.)*

**LAUREL**

You want a autograph or something'? I wouldn't mind givin' one more, really.

**MICKEY**

*(Blushing and nodding as she slowly makes her way over to where LAUREL stands stage left.)* That'd be real nice, thank you. Could you make it out to Mickey Morris? *(pauses)* That's, uh, my kid brother. The one who was jumpin' around and all o' that. He was real excited about comin' to a ball game, and he thought you were just the cat's meow, Lawrence.

*(LAUREL chuckles to herself, shaking her head as she pulls out her autograph book and signs another autograph. She hands it to MICKEY, who's just about shaking with nerves.)*

**LAUREL**

Here ya go. Your kid brother seems like a real swell kid, even if he's a little excitable and all. Hey, tell him I said hello, I bet he'll like that.

**MICKEY**

You betcha he will, alright.

**LAUREL**

Listen, I gotta get goin', but I'm glad you enjoyed the game. Come see another one sometime, maybe?

**MICKEY**

Oh, of course! My daddy and my fella, Kenny, they love ball games, so I'm sure we'll be back soon.

**LAUREL**

I'll see you around, bye now.

**MICKEY**

Goodbye!

*(LAUREL and MICKEY part ways, LAUREL exiting stage left and MICKEY exiting stage right.)*

## **SCENE 5**

*([A chainlink fence is dragged on and set center stage, dividing the front half and back half of the stage.] Evening at the Pioneers Stadium in Beattyville, right after the ending of a baseball game. Several fans of the Pioneers cross the stage as they exit the game. MICKEY enters stage right and stands center stage, looking back at the chainlink fence. Soon BUDDY enters stage left and crosses the stage behind the fence, apparently sweeping up debris left behind by the rowdy fans. He catches MICKEY gazing dreamily at the field and decides to strike up a conversation with her.)*

**BUDDY**

Good game today, huh?

**MICKEY**

*(Startled back from a reverie.)* What? Oh, yeah, great game, fantastic. The last inning went swell! Almost didn't think we were gonna make it!

**BUDDY**

*(Laughing.)* Yeah, I dunno what that coach was thinkin', throwin' in a pinch hitter last minute. He coulda licked us real good if he hadn't done that.

**MICKEY**

Doubtful! That Lawrence Calvin's one heck of a slugger. We would've gotten enough runs even if they'd kept going.

**BUDDY**

You a fan of Lawrence, then?

**MICKEY**

*(Embarrassed.)* Hardly! I barely know anything about him!

**BUDDY**

You don't hafta know a lot about a person to be his fan! All that matters is your opinion on how he plays ball.

**MICKEY**

I suppose you're right there. So, yeah, I'd say I'm a pretty big fan of Calvin's, then. He's one mighty fine ball player, that's for sure.

**BUDDY**

*(Chuckling.)* You could say that again. Lawrence is one o' the best ball players I ever seen. He's not too bad of a fella, either. I'm happy to work alongside him.

**MICKEY**

*(Intrigued.)* Oh, is that right?

**BUDDY**

That's right, ma'am.

*(Enter LAUREL stage right, disguised as Lawrence and in her Pioneers uniform. She saunters over to MICKEY and BUDDY, a teasing and playful manner about her.)*

**LAUREL**

Hey, Buddy, what're you telling this sweet dame about me?

**BUDDY**

*(Semi flustered.)* N-Nothin, Lawrence. I wasn't tellin' her nothin.

**LAUREL**

*(Laughing as she pats BUDDY on the back reassuringly.)* Oh, I was just kiddin', Buddy. You can calm down now.

*(BUDDY seems to relax a little bit, while MICKEY visibly steps up to LAUREL and smiles at her.)*



**MICKEY**

He was sayin' good things about you, Mr. Calvin. All good things.

**LAUREL**

Please, call me Lawrence. Now, is that right, Buddy?

**BUDDY**

We were just discussin' the game. This young lady here is quite the fan o' yours. She knows a mighty lot about ball, for a Jane.

**MICKEY**

I wanted to learn more about it for my fella, and I ended up likin' it a whole lot! Who knew?

**LAUREL**

Well, any fan of mine is a friend of mine. I can tell you like the game, I see you hangin' around here a lot. In fact, I think I remember talkin' to you before.

*(Noticing that LAUREL and MICKEY are now engaged in conversation with each other, BUDDY picks up his broom again and continues to sweep, wandering along and then off stage right. LAUREL and MICKEY continue to talk as he exits, not paying much attention to him anymore.)*

**MICKEY**

We talked, yes. Your very first game, in Abingdon. You asked if I was gonna come to another game, and well, here I am.

**LAUREL**

Did your brother like his autograph?

**MICKEY**

*(Confused, not remembering.)* What?

**LAUREL**

Your brother, I signed an autograph for him, remember? His name was Mickey, if I recall correctly.

**MICKEY**

Oh! Oh, yes, he liked it very much. He told me it was just swell of me to get it for him.

**LAUREL**

I'm happy to hear that. *(pause)* Why, you know my name and I know your kid brother's, but I don't even know your own name! What're you called, baby?

**MICKEY**

*(Embarrassed, stuttering a little.)* Actually, well, I'm Mickey. My brother, his name is Harold.

**LAUREL**

So it was you I signed that autograph for, then?

**MICKEY**

*(Bashful.)* Yeah, it was me.

**LAUREL**

Aw, now why didn't you just tell me that in the first place?

**MICKEY**

I was a little embarrassed, I guess. Girls don't go to ball games, and they certainly don't ask for autographs. I didn't want you to think I carried a torch for you or anything.

**LAUREL**

Naw, there ain't nothing wrong with that. *(winks)* I'd be happy to sign an autograph for anybody. Pleased to meet you, Mickey.

**MICKEY**

You're too sweet, really. Why, I'd say Lawrence Calvin is a real cake-eater.

**LAUREL**

*(Chuckling, blushing.)* Why, thank you. Now, I've seen you at almost every one of my games. You're real dedicated. There must be somethin' I can do to make it up to you.

**MICKEY**

Oh, you don't have to do that! I like comin' to the games, I look forward to 'em.

**LAUREL**

Still, you're here every time. I wanna give you somethin' in return. Let me take you out to dinner or somethin'.

**MICKEY**

Oh, no, we couldn't do that. I've got a fella back at home, Lawrence. Kenneth. I'd never do that to him.

**LAUREL**

No, no, I didn't mean it like that! We could go out as pals, I just want to repay you.

**MICKEY**

That would be just swell, but I don't know.. I'm a busy gal, I don't have time to go to dinner. If I'm not at home with my family for supper, I'm dancin'.

**LAUREL**

You're a dancer?

**MICKEY**

I am. I'm a Flapper. I dance in bars in the evenings, or for entertainment at parties.

**LAUREL**

How nice! Why, I'll come see you dance, then. I'll treat you to supper afterward.

**MICKEY**

I suppose that wouldn't be too awful..

**LAUREL**

When are you dancin' next?

**MICKEY**

Thursday night. I'll be down at Willie's, ya know, the bar.

**LAUREL**

I know the place. I'm from Beattyville, too, you know.

**MICKEY**

My show is at 8 o'clock. I'll see you then, won't I?

**LAUREL**

You'll see me then.

**MICKEY**

I gotta run now, my Daddy'll be real mad if I'm not home for supper on time. I'll see you on Thursday night, Lawrence.

**LAUREL**

See ya, Mickey.

*(MICKEY skitters off stage right, leaving LAUREL on stage alone. LAUREL stands by herself for a moment, before the lights dim, and she exits stage right. [LAUREL will take the fence offstage with her.] )*

## SCENE 6

*([The stage is still empty, cleared at the end of SCENE 5. The lighting is green, verdant. In the background, noises of birds and crickets play softly.] Afternoon out in nature on the outskirts of Beattyville. Enter MICKEY and KENNETH stage right. KENNETH carries a blanket and a picnic basket, which he sets down and spreads out center stage. Both of them sit down on the blanket casually. They open the picnic basket and begin to sort through its contents.)*

### MICKEY

Thank you for doin' this for me, Ken. This picnic is rather sweet of you.

### KENNETH

Of course, baby. We haven't gotten to spend much time together lately. I wanted to be alone with my gal.

### MICKEY

*(Slightly distracted as she pulls items out of the picnic basket.)* We spend plenty of time together. Why, you're at my place every other night!

### KENNETH

Yeah, but that's not just us, alone. Your folks are there. *(nastily)* And Harold.

### MICKEY

Well, that would only be logical, wouldn't it? It's our house.

### KENNETH

I'm just sayin', Mickey. I wanted to be with you, and just you.

### MICKEY

*(Grumbling.)* You're always just sayin', Kenny. I'm startin' to get tired of you just sayin'. *(pause, as she skeptically pulls out a bottle from the picnic basket)* What's this?

### KENNETH

Whiskey.

### MICKEY

Kenneth!!

### KENNETH

*(Snatching the bottle from MICKEY.)* What?

**MICKEY**

Kenneth, that's illegal!

**KENNETH**

*(Taking a swig from the bottle.)* So? I wanted to have a little fun.

**MICKEY**

We can have fun without illegal alcohol, Kenneth. Where'd you even get that stuff?

**KENNETH**

A speakeasy, where do you think?

**MICKEY**

But how?

**KENNETH**

I got my ways, Mickey.

**MICKEY**

Is this why you wanted to be alone with me?

**KENNETH**

This, and some other reasons.

**MICKEY**

What other reasons?

**KENNETH**

Aw, come on, now, you're not that much of a Dumb Dora. You should know why a boy and a girl want to be alone together.

*(KENNETH moves over towards MICKEY slightly, eventually setting a hand down on her thigh. MICKEY shrieks in response, jolting away from KENNETH with a 'deer in the headlights' look.)*

**MICKEY**

Kenneth!

*(KENNETH ignores what MICKEY is saying, moving closer to her and pushing the picnic basket aside.)*

**MICKEY**

Stop that!

*(Once again, KENNETH ignores MICKEY. He paws at her, clumsily grabbing at her and trying to kiss her.)*

**KENNETH**

C'mere, baby.

**MICKEY**

Kenneth! I said stop that!

*(MICKEY pushes KENNETH away harshly, scooting backwards away from him.)*

**KENNETH**

Damnit, what're you being like that for?

**MICKEY**

I don't like this anymore. I wanna go home.

**KENNETH**

Aw, don't say that! I was just tryin' to have some fun.

**MICKEY**

Maybe your idea of fun ain't the same as mine! *(standing up, backing away from KENNETH a little more)* I'm goin' home.

**KENNETH**

*(Standing up as well, following MICKEY.)* Horsefeathers! C'mon, sit back down, baby. I won't try to pet on you anymore. Let's just enjoy our lunch.

**MICKEY**

I said I'm goin' home.

**KENNETH**

Really? What about the food?

**MICKEY**

I don't care about the food no more, Kenneth.

*(KENNETH approaches MICKEY even more so, trying to grab at her once again.)*

**MICKEY**

Leave me alone! Dry up, Kenny!

*(MICKEY turns on her heel and storms off stage right, leaving KENNETH alone on stage with the picnic supplies.)*

**KENNETH**

Mickey! Come back here!

*(KENNETH frantically gathers up the picnic supplies and rushes off after MICKEY, shouting after her. Lights dim briefly, the come back up (showing the elapsed time). It is a different day, although it's still afternoon and it is still out in the peaceful quiet of nature. Moments later, LAUREL enters stage right. She is dressed as Lawrence, although a bit more casual, not in her baseball uniform. She carries a similar picnic basket and blanket to the ones laid out by Kenneth before. LAUREL wanders on stage and stands alone for a few seconds.)*

**LAUREL**

C'mon, Mickey!

**MICKEY**

*(Offstage.)* I'm comin', I'm comin'!

*(Enter MICKEY stage right, looking flustered and a bit rushed. She is wearing a different outfit, as it is now a different day. [Note to actress: **EXTREMELY QUICK quick change. In other words, RUN, GIRL, RUUUUN.**])*

**MICKEY**

Why, Lawrence, it's no wonder you're such a good athlete! You're far faster than I am. You just about left me behind back there.

**LAUREL**

*(Laughing.)* I ain't that fast! You were just takin' a year.

**MICKEY**

I'm wearin' a dress!

**LAUREL**

*(Winking at MICKEY.)* And what a pretty one at that.

**MICKEY**

Aw, stop that! You're gonna make me blush.

**LAUREL**

*(Starting to lay out the picnic supplies as she talks.)* Maybe that was my very intention.

**MICKEY**

*(Giggling, playful as she sits down on the blanket that LAUREL has just laid out.)* Lawrence! You're too sweet.

**LAUREL**

Why, I'm just tellin' the truth.

**MICKEY**

Well, maybe you should keep the truth quiet. Kenneth, my fella, he wouldn't be so happy to hear you sayin' those things to me.

**LAUREL**

Why not? I'm not doin' anything wrong. What's wrong with tellin' a pretty dame she's pretty? He should know that, since you're his girl and all.

**MICKEY**

I suppose.. *(distracted, as she rifles through the picnic basket and begins to pull things out)* Thank you again for takin' me on a picnic. This is quite nice.

**LAUREL**

My pleasure. It's the least I could do, for a wonderful friend like you.

**MICKEY**

You really think that? That I'm a wonderful friend?

**LAUREL**

Of course! You're one of my greatest friends, Mickey.

**MICKEY**

Surely that's not true. You're a professional baseball player, Lawrence. You've got tons and tons of fans. You must like some of them better than me.

**LAUREL**

That's just the thing. I spend so much time playin' ball, I ain't got time for friends. My fans are just fans, loving supporters. You're the only real friend I've got.

**MICKEY**

Really?

**LAUREL**

Really.

**MICKEY**

Well, you're a good friend of mine, too. I'm glad to have you around.

*(MICKEY and LAUREL sit in silence for a few moments, munching on the picnic food. MICKEY then pulls out a loaf of bread from the basket, and she takes a bite, absolutely delighted in how it tastes.)*

**MICKEY**

Lawrence, this is delicious! You must tell me where you got it from.



**LAUREL**

I didn't get it from anywhere. I made it.

**MICKEY**

*(Surprised.)* You made it?

**LAUREL**

I did, yeah. I like to cook. My momma taught me when I was a kid, and I've loved it ever since.

**MICKEY**

But boys don't like to cook!

**LAUREL**

*(Teasingly.)* And girls don't like baseball.

**MICKEY**

I guess we're just not the normal boy and girl, huh?

**LAUREL**

If only you knew.

**MICKEY**

What?

**LAUREL**

Nothin'. C'mon, eat up. I didn't make all this food for nothin'.

*(The girls eat as the lights go down, fading into a blackout. [During this blackout, LAUREL exits the stage and takes the picnic supplies with her. KENNETH enters simultaneously, pulling a small bed and a standing lamp on with him. He also brings a baseball poster, which is quickly stuck to the wall upstage center stage. Still in the dark, MICKEY lies down/sits on the bed.] The lights come back up to reveal the two of them in Mickey's bedroom together. It is late evening.)*

**KENNETH**

I don't wanna spend the rest of the day just sittin' around. Let's do something, Mickey.

**MICKEY**

I'm tired, Ken. I told you that.

**KENNETH**

How come you're so tired?

**MICKEY**

I was busy earlier today.

**KENNETH**

Busy doin' what?

**MICKEY**

I was out with a friend.

**KENNETH**

Which friend? What were you gals doin'?

**MICKEY**

It ain't your business who I was with and what we were doing. Why does it matter?

**KENNETH**

*(Ignoring her question with a huff.)* I still say we do something. Let's go out.

**MICKEY**

Where do you wanna go?

**KENNETH**

Dunno.

**MICKEY**

Well, that doesn't help much. Why don't we go to the movies? There's bound to be something good out.

**KENNETH**

Nah.

**MICKEY**

How about dinner? We could go to the diner.

**KENNETH**

I don't feel like payin' for dinner.

**MICKEY**

Roller skating, then? There's the brand new rink downtown! That'd be fun, wouldn't it?

**KENNETH**

Roller skatin's for Ethels.

**MICKEY**

You're just sayin' that 'cause you can't skate.

*(KENNETH huffs, but doesn't say anything. He and MICKEY are quiet for a few moments, just sitting together in Mickey's room and looking at one another.)*

**MICKEY**

Ooh! How about we go dancin'? You know I'd love to do that.

**KENNETH**

Dancin' is for Ethels, too.

**MICKEY**

You're just sayin' that 'cause you can't dance!

**KENNETH**

I don't wanna dance, Mickey. It doesn't matter if I can or not.

**MICKEY**

Well, I can, and I wanna go. C'mon, Kenny, take me dancin'.

**KENNETH**

No, I just told you, I don't want to.

**MICKEY**

*(With a huff.)* You're no fun anymore.

**KENNETH**

What did I do to become not fun?

**MICKEY**

You weren't so fun in the first place, if I'm bein' honest.

**KENNETH**

*(Gasping.)* Mickey!

**MICKEY**

What? I'm just bein' truthful. Why don't you take me places anymore, Kenneth?

**KENNETH**

Dunno. I just don't feel like it.

**MICKEY**

See? You're no fun.

**KENNETH**

Goddamnit, Mickey. Stop sayin' that!

**MICKEY**

No! I can say what I want.

**KENNETH**

Not to me you can't.

**MICKEY**

Who says?

**KENNETH**

Me! I say, Mickey. I'm your boyfriend, so I get to say how you can and cannot talk to me.

**MICKEY**

Well, what if you weren't my boyfriend anymore?

**KENNETH**

What're you tryin' to say, Mickey?

**MICKEY**

I don't know, Ken. All I know is that I don't wanna be around you right now.

**KENNETH**

Well, good. I don't wanna be around you either.

*(MICKEY rises to her feet and starts to march stage right, infuriated with KENNETH.)*

**MICKEY**

Good. I'm leaving.

*(MICKEY storms off stage right, although she comes back a second later, glaring at KENNETH.)*

**MICKEY**

This is my room! Get lost, Kenneth!

**KENNETH**

Mickey-

**MICKEY**

*(Cutting him off.)* I said get lost!

*(Grumbling, KENNETH gets up and purposefully slowly saunters off stage right. As he exits, the lights go down and become a blackout. [MICKEY exits during this blackout as well. The props for her bedroom scene are taken with her.] The lights come back up a moment later. The scene is now set in a dance hall, and it is quite late in the evening. 1920's swing jazz music begins to play and LAUREL comes running on*

*stage left. She is once again dressed as Lawrence, although she is dressed up, wearing a fancy outfit suitable for dancing in. LAUREL stands center stage, while behind her, other dancers appear and begin to dance to the music. After a short amount of time, MICKEY enters stage right. She is dressed up as well, wearing one of her Flapper outfits. [Another speed of light change. The playwrights are not trying to be cruel or torture you. We just want the play to look good.] MICKEY crosses over to LAUREL, who is staring at her in awe.)*

**MICKEY**

Why're you lookin' at me like that? Do I have lipstick on my teeth?

**LAUREL**

No, no! You just.. You look real swell all dolled up like that. You're beautiful, Mickey.

**MICKEY**

You really think so?

**LAUREL**

I really, truly think so.

**MICKEY**

You've seen me in my dancin' clothes before, Lawrence. Why're you just sayin' this now?

**LAUREL**

I don't know, there's just something different this time. You look positively radiant. I can't stop lookin' at you.

**MICKEY**

Why, thank you. That's rather sweet of you to say.

*(LAUREL and MICKEY begin to dance slowly, along to the music that is playing. They dance slow enough that they are still able to talk with one another, and are still learning how the other moves and how to keep in time with each other and the music.)*

**LAUREL**

You act like no one ever tells you you're beautiful.

**MICKEY**

They really don't.

**LAUREL**

Aw, now that's not true! What about your boyfriend, Kenneth? I'll bet he tells you how beautiful you are.

**MICKEY**

*(Hesitant.)* Kenny and I, we haven't been doing so well lately. We're not really gettin' along too great. He never really called me beautiful, anyway. Sexy or nice lookin', sure. But never beautiful or anything like that.

**LAUREL**

That's rather rude of him! I know it's not my place, but I gotta ask why you're still hangin' around with that guy, Mickey. You're too good for him. You're wonderful and he's..a sap.

**MICKEY**

Don't say that about Kenneth. He's a good guy, really. He can just be a wet blanket sometimes. And he's my boyfriend, so I gotta listen to him, no matter how he is.

**LAUREL**

Who says that?

**MICKEY**

He does.

**LAUREL**

Well, that's not true! You can't let him treat you like that, Mickey. He's no good.

**MICKEY**

I don't know.. I can't just get up and leave him, can I? I'd hurt his feelings.

**LAUREL**

You've got a lot more to worry about than hurtin' his feelings, doll.

**MICKEY**

He'd get angry! He gets real mad when we argue, I can't even imagine what he'd do if I broke up with him.

**LAUREL**

Let him get angry! He doesn't deserve you, Mickey. If he gets mad, so what? I'll make sure he doesn't come after you.

**MICKEY**

Would you really do that for me?

**LAUREL**

Course I would. I'd do anything for you, Mickey. You know how keenly I think of you.

**MICKEY**

You're too kind. *(pause)* Let's just dance, shall we? That's what we came here to do. We can talk about all of this later.

*(MICKEY and LAUREL dance together for a while in silence, the music playing in the background as the other dancers dance around them. They get more comfortable with one another as time goes on. Eventually, the music begins to speed up and becomes livelier. MICKEY and LAUREL dance along to the music, especially MICKEY, for this is the kind of dancing she is used to.)*

**LAUREL**

*(Panting and slowing down in her dancing.)* How on earth do you do this all the time? I'm just about beat. This is more work than baseball!

**MICKEY**

*(Laughing.)* I'm used to it, I suppose. It's what I love to do.

**LAUREL**

Well, you're mighty good at it, that's for sure.

**MICKEY**

Thank you! I would like to think I am, it's really the only thing I'm good at.

**LAUREL**

I wouldn't say that, but dancin' is something you do rather well.

*(LAUREL and MICKEY pause in their dancing, both out of breath and panting. Both girls are grinning from ear to ear. The music in the background slows down and quiets a bit, and some of the dancers begin to exit the stage.)*

**LAUREL**

Listen, Mickey, there's something I gotta tell you.

**MICKEY**

My, it's gettin' rather late. We've been dancin' for a while. I really gotta be getting home.

**LAUREL**

Now?

**MICKEY**

I've got a curfew, and my Daddy'll just about kill me if I'm home late!

**LAUREL**

But-

**MICKEY**

*(Cutting her off.)* I'm sorry, Lawrence! I gotta get back before my folks get mad. This was real nice, though! We'll have to do it again some time. Goodnight! I'll see you around!

*(Before LAUREL can even say a word, MICKEY darts off stage right. Following her are the rest of the dancers, wandering off in small groups. LAUREL is left alone center stage, where she stands, pondering her situation. After a moment, she sighs and slowly walks off stage right. End scene.)*

## SCENE 7

*(The lights go down stage left, leaving only stage right illuminated. Afternoon, Beattyville Pioneers Stadium. The stadium is quiet, as there aren't any games going on currently, and the scene is at rest. A moment later, HAROLD runs on stage right. He is boisterous and bubbling over with excitement.)*

### HAROLD

Aw, c'mon, Mickey! Stop bein' such a slowpoke!

*(MICKEY enters stage right, chuckling lightly and panting at having to run after her brother. She is dressed in more casual, everyday clothing. [Another quick change, we know. Please don't hurt us.] MICKEY catches up to HAROLD, trying to stop him from running around.)*

### MICKEY

Harold, I can't run as fast as you can, you know that. And I'm not nearly as small. You have to wait for your big sister, like Daddy says.

### HAROLD

If I waited for you, I'd be waitin' forever!  
*(MICKEY laughs, rolling her eyes and playfully swatting at HAROLD.)*

### MICKEY

Are you excited to get your autograph?

### HAROLD

Hell yeah I am!

### MICKEY

Watch your language, Harold, or you ain't getting any autograph at all.

*(HAROLD pouts and grumbles to himself, but he listens.)*

### HAROLD

How'd you get to know Lawrence so well, anyway? He's famous!

### MICKEY

He's not famous, he's just a baseball player. We're friends. I came to a bunch of his games, and we got to talkin', and we just got along well.



**HAROLD**

Do you like him?

**MICKEY**

Of course I like him. He's a nice guy.

**HAROLD**

No, I mean are you sweet on him?

**MICKEY**

No, Harold! Stop that. I've got Kenny, remember?

**HAROLD**

I think you're sweet on Lawrence. You spend more time with him than you do Kenneth, nowadays.

**MICKEY**

Shut up, Harold, or I'm takin' you back home right now.

*(The lights go down on stage right and come up stage left, showing LAUREL seated on a bench in the corner of her locker room. Her back is facing towards center stage. She is partially undressed, and her hair is down. Her uniform is thrown over a rack beside the bench. [The bench, rack, and other props will have to be dragged on during the stage left blackout. The lighting is different between stage left and stage right to show that the locker room is inside.] Laurel gets up and begins pacing as she gives herself a pep talk.)*

**LAUREL**

Alright, Laurel... You have to tell her. What are you gonna say? ... "Uh, Mickey... It's nice to see you here- uh... I got something to say-" Yeah, that's what I'll tell her. Be very upfront about it. Just come right out and tell her. "Mickey, I got something to say. I ain't the person you thought I was. I..." *(Sighs and sits back down dejectedly.)* Oh, God... What have I gotten myself into? *(Stands up with her back to center stage.)* I'll just tell her. Next time I see her, I-

*(Lights come up stage right towards the end of the monologue, and MICKEY and HAROLD come together center stage, right on the verge of crossing into stage left. MICKEY raises her hand to knock, as if knocking on LAUREL's locker room door. [Sound cue: knocking.]*)

**LAUREL**

Come in, Buddy! I told you, you don't have to knock anymore.

*(MICKEY steps from stage right to stage left, as if crossing into LAUREL's locker room. HAROLD remains by himself on stage right. MICKEY talks as she walks, not noticing how LAUREL is dressed at first.)*

**MICKEY**

Lawrence? It's me, Mic- *(gasping)* Oh my gosh.

**LAUREL**

*(Shrieking and covering herself up.)* Mickey!!

*(The lights go completely out on the entire stage, a blackout. End scene, end ACT 1.)*

## **ACT 2**

### **SCENE 1**

*(The lights come up stage left on the locker room on another day, about a week later. LAUREL sits on the bench, clearly moping, not yet dressed as Lawrence. BUDDY enters from stage right, pauses at the door, and knocks.)*

**LAUREL**

Come in.

**BUDDY**

*(Enters the locker room.)* Coach is askin' for you, Laurel. Says you haven't been playin' good enough to miss a practice.

**LAUREL**

*(Distractedly.)* Yeah, yeah, I'm comin'. Tell him I'm comin'.

**BUDDY**

*(Sitting down on the bench next to LAUREL.)* What's wrong, Laurel? You ain't been yourself lately.

**LAUREL**

It's been a week, Buddy! It's been a week and... And I haven't talked to her yet! She probably hates me! She hates me, Buddy, I just know it. I'm sure of it. She just ran out and I didn't get any time to explain!  
*(She starts to sob.)*

**BUDDY**

Laurel, calm down! *(waits for her to regain some composure)* I think you're overreactin'. She's shocked, is all. Heck, she sure as hell wasn't expectin' to find the man she's sweet on to be a woman like herself.

**LAUREL**

But you don't know that, Buddy! She must hate me, she's got to! I know I'd hate me!

**BUDDY**

Laurel, I-

*(HOWIE enters stage right during the end of the dialogue, cutting BUDDY off as he knocks on the door.)*

**HOWIE**

*(Shouting, annoyed.)* Practice is about to start, Calvin! You better haul your carcass out here real quick or I ain't gonna put up with you no more!

*(HOWIE exits stage right once more, grumbling to himself. BUDDY stands to leave.)*

**BUDDY**

Well, I better get back to work; Howie don't seem to be in the best mood. *(starting towards the door)* You know, Laurel... I could be wrong, but... I don't think Mickey hates you.

**LAUREL**

*(Looking up, hopeful.)* Oh?

**BUDDY**

Yeah, well, I mean... She just found out somethin' that could end your career. If she really hated you, the tabloids would be havin' a field day. But here you are. *(There's a pause as BUDDY tries to think of something to add, but eventually settles on leaving.)*

*(BUDDY exits stage right. LAUREL remains in the locker room, pondering this new insight. Blackout. End scene.)*

**SCENE 2**

*(Lights up on stage right, where MICKEY is pacing back and forth in her bedroom. She is in obvious distress over the events of the past week, and it can be seen that she has been crying. It is early afternoon on the same day.)*

**MICKEY**

Oh my goodness, oh my goodness.. What the hell have I gotten myself into?

**HAROLD**

*(Offstage stage right.)* Mickey?

**MICKEY**

*(Startled, sniffing.)* Whatt'ya want, Harold?

**HAROLD**

*(Still offstage.)* Ma wanted me to let you know that it's time for supper! You gotta wash up and then come down and set the table.

**MICKEY**

Alright. I'll be down in a moment.

*(MICKEY is alone for a moment, and then HAROLD bolts on stage right.)*

**HAROLD**

Were you talkin' to yourself in here?

**MICKEY**

No!

**HAROLD**

Yeah you were, I heard you.

**MICKEY**

Harold, what are you doin' in my bedroom?

**HAROLD**

I wanted to make sure you were alright.

**MICKEY**

Why would I not be alright? I'm just fine, Harold. Shoo.

**HAROLD**

That's a lie! You ain't alright! I heard you cryin' earlier.

**MICKEY**

Well, I'm perfectly alright now.

**HAROLD**

Is this about Lawrence?

**MICKEY**

What?

**HAROLD**

Lawrence Calvin, the ball player. Your friend. Is this about him?

**MICKEY**

Why would I be upset over Lawrence Calvin?

**HAROLD**

I dunno.. Somethin' happened between you two. Last week, you came out real mad after talkin' to him in his locker room. You didn't even get me the autograph like you promised!

**MICKEY**

Oh, that. That was nothin', Harold. We just had a little fight.

**HAROLD**

Why'd you fight?

**MICKY**

That ain't none of your business, Harold.

**HAROLD**

Did you fight because you're sweet on him?

**MICKY**

No! I'm not sweet on him, how many times do I have to tell you that?

**HAROLD**

Why ain't you sweet on him? He's a nice guy. Much nicer than Kenny, anyhow. *(without a pause)*  
Speakin' of Kenny, where's he been lately? I haven't seen him in weeks..

**MICKY**

*(Interrupting HAROLD.)* Lawrence just ain't the guy I thought he was, alright? He's different.

**HAROLD**

How so?

**MICKY**

*(She pauses for a moment, contemplating what she's about to say.)* Can you keep a secret, Harold?

**HAROLD**

Course I can! Remember last year, when we got you that real nice dress for your birthday? I knew about it for ages, and I didn't tell nobody! I'm great at keepin' secrets.

**MICKY**

Good, 'cause you can't tell this to anyone. It could ruin Lawrence's career, he could get in a real lot of trouble.

**HAROLD**

Really? What'd he do? Is he a criminal? Did he kill somebody? *(rambling, extremely excited)*

**MICKY**

Harold. Harold, listen to me!

**HAROLD**

Right. Sorry, Mickey. I'm listenin'.

**MICKY**

Well, the thing about Lawrence is.. He's just.. You see... *(stammering)* Lawrence, well, he's a she.

**HAROLD**

Lawrence Calvin is a GIRL?!

**MICKEY**

Shhh! Keep it down! What did I just tell you?

**HAROLD**

*(Whispering.)* Lawrence Calvin is a girl?!

**MICKEY**

Yes. She's a girl. Her name's really Laurel, but she has to pretend to be Lawrence 'cause, you know, girls can't play ball.

**HAROLD**

Oh, wow.

**MICKEY**

You can't tell anyone, alright? Not a soul, Harold. She'll get kicked out right away if anybody finds out.

**HAROLD**

I won't tell nobody.

**MICKEY**

Swear?

**HAROLD**

Swear.

**MICKEY**

Good. Now, let's go down for dinner. Ma and Daddy are probably wonderin' where we are.

*(MICKEY takes HAROLD by the hand and leads him off stage right. Blackout. [Mickey's bedroom scene is struck during this blackout.] )*

### **SCENE 3**

*(A spotlight illuminates KENNETH stage right, who is standing in the alley outside of Willie's smoking a cigarette. It is late in the evening, and smoke rises from the potholes in the street. It is eerily quiet, save for KENNETH humming to himself every once in a while and the sounds of rats scurrying by on the pavement. A few moments later, MICKEY bursts out of a door stage left. She is dressed in her flapper costume, and is exuberant with excitement.)*

**MICKEY**

Kenneth! You frightened me!

*(KENNETH straightens up, tossing his cigarette aside.)*

**MICKEY**

What're you doin' here?

**KENNETH**

I wanna talk.

**MICKEY**

Talk? Talk about what? Were you inside, did you see me dance tonight?

**KENNETH**

No, I didn't see you dance. I've been waitin' out here for you, Mickey. I told you, I wanna talk.

**MICKEY**

*(Slumping against the wall.)* Alright, then, what do you wanna talk about?

**KENNETH**

Us. Me. You.

**MICKEY**

What about us?

**KENNETH**

What exactly is goin' on between us, Mickey?

**MICKEY**

What do you mean?

**KENNETH**

I wanna talk about what's goin' on between us.

**MICKEY**

Well, what is goin' on between us?

**KENNETH**

That's what I'm here to ask!

**MICKEY**

Well, I.. I don't know what to tell you, Kenneth. I thought I expressed my feelings pretty well the other day.

**KENNETH**

You expressed your feelings, that's damn right. But we never came to a conclusion or anything, I mean, where do we stand?

**MICKEY**

Where do we stand?

**KENNETH**

Yeah, where do we stand? Are we still together or what?

**MICKEY**

I.. I don't know.

**KENNETH**

Whatt'ya mean, you don't know? You're supposed to be my gal, Mickey! That's the way things work around here.

**MICKEY**

Woah, woah, Kenny, why're you gettin' all defensive on me all of a sudden? We were just havin' a conversation!

**KENNETH**

I'm just tryin' to figure things out here!

**MICKEY**

Well, I'd say we got 'em pretty figured out.

**KENNETH**

What d'ya mean by that?

**MICKEY**

I mean, I don't like the way you treat me, Kenny.

**KENNETH**

What's that supposed to mean?

**MICKEY**

It means exactly what it sounds like! I'm tired of you pushin' me around. I ain't your ragdoll, I'm your girlfriend. And if you don't treat me like your girlfriend, then I don't wanna be your girlfriend no more.

**KENNETH**

Are you breakin' up with me?



**MICKEY**

Yes, Kenneth, yes I am! I'm fed up with all the..all the..baloney you put me through! I can't handle it for one more second.

**KENNETH**

*(Infuriated.)* You can't do that! You can't break up with me. I'm the man in this relationship, Mickey, and what I say goes.

**MICKEY**

Well, there ain't no relationship for you to be the man of anymore, now is there?

*(MICKEY tries to leave, but KENNETH grabs her forcefully by the arm.)*

**KENNETH**

Just where do you think you're goin'?

**MICKEY**

Home! I need to go home, Kenny. It's late. My folks'll think somethin' happened to me.

**KENNETH**

We're not done here!

**MICKEY**

Hell yeah we are! I'm goin' home. *(She pulls away from his grasp.)*

**KENNETH**

Stop! Come back here, Mickey! You can't just walk away from me like this. I'll... I'll get you!

**MICKEY**

*(Laughing mockingly.)* You'll get me? You just try that, Kenny. I ain't the sweet little dame you think I am, I can keep you away from me.

**KENNETH**

Aw, now, watch yourself, babydoll. No need for a little girl like yourself to be gettin' so riled up. Come back here, let's talk it out.

**MICKEY**

Don't you speak to me like that, stop it right now! I told you, stay away from me. I'll make sure you do! And if I don't, well then I'll make sure somebody else does.

**KENNETH**

*(Snickering.)* Oh, yeah, who?

**MICKEY**

Lawrence Calvin, the ball player, that's who! He's my friend, and he promised to protect me. He's real strong, too, he could sock you right in that smart ass jaw o' yours.

**KENNETH**

*(Hooting with laughter.)* Lawrence Calvin?! That Ethel? He wouldn't be able to do nothin' to stop me. Now you come back here, or you'll be in some real trouble, little lady!

**MICKEY**

I can do whatever I want, you're not the boss of me no more! We're over, Kenneth! You hear me? We're OVER!

*(MICKEY storms off stage right without a further word. KENNETH opens his mouth to respond to her, but MICKEY is gone before he can say anything. He spits after her, angrily stomps out his cigarette, and then jaunters off stage left. The lights go out.)*

**SCENE 4**

*(Lights up on an empty stage, save for a small couch and a painting hung on the upstage wall [Set during blackout.]. It is the Morris' front hall. After a second or two, there is a knocking sound. [Sound cue: knock] The stage is quiet and empty for a few moments more, before LAUREL speaks from offstage stage left.)*

**LAUREL**

Hello? Anybody home?

*(Enter HAROLD stage right. He rushes across the stage and skids to a stop stage left, where he swings open a door.)*

**HAROLD**

Who is it?

*(LAUREL steps across the threshold stage left into the Morris home. She is dressed as Lawrence, albeit sloppily (hair messily tied up under baseball cap, baseball shirt not tucked in, etc.).)*

**LAUREL**

Harold! Uh, nice to see you. Good afternoon.

**HAROLD**

Nice to see you too, Law-

**LAUREL**

*(Cutting him off as she struts past him, clearly looking for something.)* Is Mickey home?

**HAROLD**

*(A bit confused.)* Um, yeah, she is. You want me to get her for you?

**LAUREL**

That would be swell, thank you, Harold.

*(HAROLD nods and bolts off stage right.)*

**HAROLD**

*(Offstage.)* MICKEY! THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU! *(He enters stage right again, gesturing at LAUREL.)* She'll be right down. *(He exits stage right once and for all.)*

*(Enter MICKEY stage right after a moment. She appears sheepish and tired, as if she had been caught in the middle of doing something.)*

**MICKEY**

Who's there?

**LAUREL**

*(Looking around once or twice and then stepping towards MICKEY, taking off her hat and shyly unveiling her hair.)* It's me, Mickey. Laurel.

**MICKEY**

Laurel? Why are you here?

**LAUREL**

I came to apologize.

**MICKEY**

Well, couldn't you have just called? Laurel, if my folks come down here and see you.. You could get in so much trouble!

**LAUREL**

I'm in enough trouble as it is.

**MICKEY**

*(Utterly shocked.)* Oh no! Somebody didn't rat you out, did they? I swear, it wasn't me. Harold, that little rascal, I'm gonna kill him.. *(starting to ramble)*

**LAUREL**

*(Cutting off her rambling.)* No, no, it's nothing like that! Nobody told a soul. I've still got my secret, nobody knows I'm a girl. It's just.. This was somethin' that had to be said in person. *(pause)* I really shouldn't have lied to you like that, Mickey.

**MICKEY**

*(Offstandishly.)* I understand why you did. It coulda been dangerous to your career and all.

**LAUREL**

It still wasn't right of me to do. I shoulda told you sooner, the second we began seein' each other outside of the ball field.

**MICKEY**

Why didn't you?

**LAUREL**

I was scared. At the beginnin', I was terrified for my future as a ball player. Like you just said, it coulda been the end of my career right then and there. The closer we got, the more scared to tell you I became. What if you got real mad and told the whole world? I'd be shunned! My momma would kick me right outta my house! It'd be the end of my whole life, Mickey. *(pause)* And then as time went on.. I got scared of somethin' else, too.

**MICKEY**

*(After a moment.)* What was that?

**LAUREL**

I was scared to tell you that I was a girl 'cause..then it'd be a girl tellin' you she liked you.

**MICKEY**

You told me you liked me plenty of times! Ain't that what friends are, people that like each other? I don't see anything scary about that.

**LAUREL**

I didn't mean it that way. I mean.. Mickey.. It'd be a girl tellin' another girl she was sweet on her.

*(There is a pause, as both girls stand across from one another, staring at each other. MICKEY looks perplexed, while LAUREL's is more a look of waiting.)*

**MICKEY**

*(Quietly, slowly.)* ..You're sweet on me?

**LAUREL**

*(Blushing.)* Yeah, I am. In fact, I think I may be more than just sweet on you, Mickey Morris. I think I'm in love with you.

**MICKEY**

In love with me?! But we're both girls!

**LAUREL**

Now you see my predicament.

*(There is silence for a few seconds more, before MICKEY takes cautious steps towards LAUREL. MICKEY looks at LAUREL with a wide, bashful expression.)*

**MICKEY**

Well, I, um, I think I may be in love with you too.

**LAUREL**

Really?

**MICKEY**

Well, it certainly seems like it. I can't seem to get you off of my mind, Laurel. I think about you all the time! Ain't that crazy? I've come to adore the smell of your hair, and the way your hands feel against my own.. I've even thought about kissin' you once or twice! That sounds like love, don't it? It's certainly more than I ever felt for that fool Kenneth.

**LAUREL**

*(Smiling as she steps towards MICKEY.)* It sure sounds like love to me. It almost mirrors how I feel about you.

**MICKEY**

But what do we do? We can't love each other! Homosexuality, that's..unnatural. Disgusting, even. It's a sin! We'll get sent straight to Hell!

**LAUREL**

Mickey, Mickey, calm down. *(stepping close enough to her so she can gently cradle her face with her hands)* What are tryin' to say, that what we feel for each other is disgusting?

**MICKEY**

No, no, I didn't mean to say that! I..like the way I feel about you. I like the way I feel about you a whole lot. It's just..wrong.

**LAUREL**

It sure don't feel wrong to me.

**MICKEY**

Well, the rest of Beattyville won't think so! They'll call us freaks.. Never talk to us again. Oh, I'll have to quit the cheer squad at school!

**LAUREL**

Who cares what anybody else thinks? This is between me and you, Mickey, not the rest of the goddamn town. If this is love, then..it's love. There's no changin' that.

**MICKEY**

But what about *(whispering)* Jesus?

**LAUREL**

*(Bursting out laughing.)* I don't think Jesus will mind, darlin'. He loves all his children, right? Well, we're his children, so that means he loves us.

**MICKEY**

*(Hesitantly holding LAUREL, inching closer to her.)* I. I guess so. *(She looks into LAUREL's eyes, becoming less afraid.)* Do you really love me?

**LAUREL**

*(Smiling.)* I really love you.

**MICKEY**

I really love you, too.

*(MICKEY and LAUREL kiss, shyly and cautiously at first, although it becomes deeper and more passionate as time passes. Eventually, they part, and LAUREL grabs MICKEY by the hand.)*

**LAUREL**

C'mon, my love, I've got a game to get to. And I think for this one, it's gonna be Laurel playing, not Lawrence.

**MICKEY**

But what about my family? My parents will worry if I miss supper. And Harold, he'll just throw a fit if he knows I ran off with you! I told him your secret, after all. He knows you're a girl.

**LAUREL**

You told him?!

**MICKEY**

*(Sheepishly.)* Yeah. It just came out, I swear. He told me he could keep it a secret.

**LAUREL**

What's done is done, I suppose. *(pause)* How'd he take it? What's he gonna do when he figures out that we're, you know, in love?

**MICKEY**

*(Giggling.)* He said he likes you better than Kenny, even if you are a girl. I think he's gonna take it just fine.

**LAUREL**

*(Grinning.)* Good. Now, let's go. I'll have you home by dark, so your folks won't worry. C'mon, I've got a new gal to show off!

*(Laughing together, LAUREL and MICKEY run off stage left, LAUREL tugging MICKEY along by the hand. Blackout.)*

## SCENE 5

*(The lights come up on CLARK ARCHER and his radio equipment [Set during the blackout.]. He sits at his desk, poised and ready with his glass of scotch. He takes a moment to prepare himself, and then he turns on the microphone.)*

### CLARK

Hello out there, all you loyal listeners! It's an absolutely gorgeous summer evening here in Beattyville, the perfect time for a ball game. And a ball game is what we've got! Tonight, the Pioneers will be up against the Georgetown Sharks at our very own stadium here in town. 7 o'clock sharp, folks! It's bound to be a real exciting game. I even hear that our newest player, Mr. Lawrence Calvin, has some news to share with all of us. Maybe we'll finally get to learn what he's so speckled about. *(laughing)* I'll see you there! This is your favorite radio host, Clark Archer, signing off.

*(The lights go out. [CLARK strikes his desk as he exits, and the baseball stadium is set.] When the lights come back up, the stadium is alive with noise and excitement. Fans sit in the bleachers, cheering and waving flags as they converse with one another. A baseball theme plays over the roaring crowd. In the corner of the stage, a PEDDLER stands selling hot dogs and other snack foods. [Sound cue: microphone click.]*

### CLARK

*(Offstage, over a microphone.)* Welcome all! As I promised, it's a beautiful night for baseball. The stands are packed tonight, it seems like the whole town has come out to be witness to Mr. Calvin's news. Speaking of, Howie Stone, manager of the Pioneers, has told me that Lawrence would like to come out and announce what he has to say right away, before the game even begins. So without further adieu, number 44, Lawrence Calvin!

*(The crowd cheers as LAUREL comes strutting out stage right. She is still sloppily dressed, but the baseball cap is perched on her head again. LAUREL pulls MICKEY along behind her. LAUREL opens her mouth to say something, but closes it again upon realizing the intensity of the crowd. Instead she beams widely and rips off her baseball cap. LAUREL grabs MICKEY, playfully and passionately kissing her. The crowd continues to cheer as they go on kissing, and the lights slowly fade to black. Once it is completely dark, the crowd is finally silent.)*

*(Curtain call. End play.)*