

## **Dale/Georgie**

**Georgie McCauley**—the accidental star of the league. Georgie is a natural born leader who happens to be the most talented girl of the bunch. Georgie is quietly passionate, about baseball and about the life she plans to have with her fiancée, a wounded war vet who isn't exactly supportive of her decision to play. Georgie is caught between two different sides of her heart—the one that loves her fiancée, and the one that loves the game.

**Dale**—Georgie's fiancée, a wounded war vet. Once upon a time, Dale was charming and handsome and couldn't wait to marry the girl he's had a crush on since the eighth grade. But after getting wounded in the war, his life and his personality have changed. Dale's stubbornness is the obstacle in Georgie's way, but everything he does, he does because he loves her.

### **About the scene:**

In this scene, Georgie is just arriving home after her preliminary tryout for the league. She's been offered a chance to come to Chicago for the real tryout. For many reasons, she wants to go—she loves the game and when will she ever get a chance like this again? Plus, it pays way better than working in the factory.

But she has a fiancée and responsibilities and he doesn't want her to go. So, here we are introduced to her conflict.

Dale is not a bad guy. He's just having a rough go of it. The thought of her leaving scares him more than anything—because what if she gets out there and realizes she doesn't want to spend her life with a wounded cripple? And how humiliating to have her making more money than him. He doesn't react well, but his response comes out of genuine concern and love for her—and fear—not out of cruelty.

**SCENE FOUR**

***Dale's house***

*Georgie enters. Dale sits in the recliner, afghan on his lap, listening to the radio and reading the newspaper. He's clearly unhappy the second he hears the door. Dale is a WWII vet who was discharged due to injury. He walks with a limp and uses a cane. The war has changed him. Before, he had a bright and promising future. Now, he is in pain, needs medication, and feels helpless.*

**DALE**

Georgie? That you?

*Georgie rushes in and heads straight to the kitchen. Dale puts down his paper and looks at her.*

**GEORGIE**

Sorry I'm late. I'll have dinner on the table in just a few minutes.

**DALE**

Good, I'm starving! Why were you late?

**GEORGIE**

*(hesitates)* I...got tied up.

**DALE**

*(sitting up a little straighter now)* At the factory?

*GEORGIE frantically starts chopping vegetables.*

**DALE**

*(struggles to stand.)* Georgie?

**GEORGIE**

*(she stops.)* Not at the factory.

**DALE**

Then where?

*She sets the knife down and pulls a folded piece of paper from the pocket of her dress.*

**GEORGIE**

This.

**DALE**

*(doesn't take it from her)* What is it?

**GEORGIE**

It says, “You have been invited to Chicago to attend the first official tryout for the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League. This is a most prestigious honor and should not be taken lightly. If you make the team, you will be asked to forfeit all other employment for the season, and—

**DALE**

Wait. Forfeit employment?

**GEORGIE**

Quit my job.

**DALE**

*(suddenly defensive and angry)* I know what it means. I ain’t stupid. *(softening, gathering himself)* What is this about?

**GEORGIE**

Baseball, Dale, it’s about baseball.

**DALE**

*(Pleading a bit)* Baseball? Again?

**GEORGIE**

I went to the tryout today, a sort of—

**DALE**

You went where?

**GEORGIE**

*(Caught off-guard, defensive)* It’s a . . .it was. . .*(blurting)* a tryout, like a preliminary tryout. And *(shyly)* they liked what they saw. They said I had...

*Dale looks intently at Georgie. She shrinks a bit, then straightens up, proud.*

**GEORGIE**

...promise.

*He grabs the flyer out of her hand and looks at it for a long moment. He then sets it back down in front of her and starts to hobble back to his recliner.*

**DALE**

Honey, they probably say that to everyone.

**GEORGIE**

Only three of us were chosen to move on.

*DALE gives GEORGIE a pained look as he sits.*

**DALE**

*(slightly impressed, but still cautious.)* Only three?

**GEORGIE**

Only three. And they want me. *(A beat)* Some of the girls said if you make it, it pays well. Between 50 and 75 dollars a week. Think of what that could mean for us. We could finally start our life together.

*This gets immediately under Dale's skin. There's no way a woman is going to make more than him, especially a woman who will eventually be his wife.*

**DALE**

I'm not having any wife of mine making more than me. Period.

**GEORGIE**

But Dale, you know how much I love to play. And this could help us. . .

**DALE**

*(suddenly angry again)* Help us how? By letting everyone know I can't make my own way? And for what, for playing baseball. . .? Not even baseball, for girls *pretending* to play baseball?

**GEORGIE**

That's not fair, Dale, you always said. . .

**DALE**

You ain't goin'.

*Dale sits back in his chair and grabs his paper like it's the end of the conversation. This jerks the scene to a halt. What he said just hangs in the air.*

**GEORGIE**

What do you mean 'I ain't'. . .

*Dale, without looking up, cuts her off before she can even finish.*

**DALE**

You ain't goin'. I'll figure something out. I'll get a second job if I have to. *(serious)* I promise, I'll make a life for us. Just like we planned.

**GEORGIE**

But plans change, Dale. You never planned to get hurt, you never planned. . .

**DALE**

*(Defensive, struggling to stand)* You're darn right I didn't plan this! And now I'm stuck with this stupid cane, in this stupid chair

*Georgie searches for a way to respond, and Dale gathers his composure, saying the next line matter-of-factly, it's a struggle for him to admit this.*

**DALE**

How you gonna keep a home when you're out playing some stupid game? It's hard enough now with the factory league taking up your time. You gonna serve up the pot roast during the seventh inning stretch?

**GEORGIE**

But this is my shot, Dale. This opportunity isn't going to come around again.

**DALE**

*(harsh)* And what about you and me? What if that doesn't come around again?

*DALE sees that her feelings are hurt, and he scoots forward in the chair, and then stands with great effort. He walks over to her, hand on her shoulder.*

**DALE**

We've got a good thing going here, right? We just have to be patient. The doc says my leg is getting better. Soon, I'll be back at work and then we'll be married, and you can just concentrate on having those kids we always talked about. Right? *(a beat)* Let's eat, Georgie—and let's talk about something else, huh?

*She stands and moves into the other room. She takes out a pan, but stares for a moment, as if in a daze.*

**GEORGIE**

*(to herself)* But I'm good at this. And *(she picks up something in the kitchen)* I don't know if I'll ever be good at anything else in my whole life.