

Jimmy/Reporters

SCENE SIX

The entrance tunnel to Wrigley Field.

JIMMY, a newspaper reporter, is standing off to one side of a hallway, or tunnel that leads out onto Wrigley Field. MARTY and BILLY enter and walk up to JIMMY.

MARTY

Jimmy, what's going on? The Cubs don't have a game today.

JIMMY

No, they sure don't.

BILLY

Then what gives?

JIMMY

Well, well, well...Mark the date. This, my friends, is the day Jimmy Benson of the *Chicago Sun-Times* scoops Marty Williams of the...uh, what's that little paper you write for called?

MARTY

(Dryly) The Tribune?

JIMMY

Yeah, that's it. The Tribune. *(beat)* Is that the Skokie Tribune?

MARTY

The *Chicago* Tribune, you pencil neck. What are we doing here?

JIMMY

Can't believe you haven't heard what they've cooked up now.

BILLY

You gonna tell us or...?

Just then, a crowd of girls enters. Jimmy smiles smugly, but make no mistake—he's not happy there are girls playing ball. Marty, Billy, and the rest of the reporters stand agog. The girls walk past, led by Bobby, who is acting as their tour guide.

BOBBY

The locker rooms are this way, ladies. Normally for the men, so, ah, sorry about uh...the smell. Change if ya need to, then head onto the field.

Bobby and the girls exit in different directions.

BILLY

What did I just witness?

JIMMY

The end of an era.

MARTY

I don't get it. Are they gonna be...cheerleaders? At a ball game?

JIMMY

(Shakes his head, chuckling, and amused.) Nope. Not exactly.

MARTY

Then what? What are a buncha skirts doing at a ballfield?

MO

(Enters, straggling behind with a few others on the end of his question). Playin' ball. What are you doing at the ballfield?

Mo tugs on his tie flirtatiously, enough to make him step back, unsure how to respond. The others head for the exit, but she lingers on Jimmy, who seems to have gone silent in her presence.

MO

(To Jimmy) Well. Ain't you a dreamboat.

He tips his hat to her as she saunters off. All of the men watch her until she's gone.

BILLY

I don't know what just happened, but I hope it happens again.

JIMMY

She's a looker, that's for sure.

BOBBY re-enters, carrying equipment.

BILLY

Hey, kid, you wanna tell us what's going on here?

BOBBY

Baseball, fellas. The major leagues.

MARTY

But with dames?

BOBBY

(Correcting him) Girl ballplayers. Don't you worry, they won't disappoint. (he tips his hat and gives a smile, then heads off to the field.)

MARTY

Dames...playing baseball?

JIMMY

You heard the man. *(He shrugs)*

MARTY

But they can't hit!

BILLY

They can't throw!

JIMMY

Oh, I know, fellas. But Philip Wrigley thinks they can. He thinks *girls* are going to save baseball.

MARTY

I can't believe it.

JIMMY

Believe it.

MARTY

So, what do we do about it?

JIMMY

(Taking out a pad and talking as if he is writing) 'Doesn't matter how beautiful a dame is, looks can't catch a line drive.' *(Writes an emphatic period at the end)*

BILLY

That's what you're gonna write?

JIMMY

You better believe it. This is making a mockery of America's Greatest Pastime!

More reporters enter from both sides. Ad libs about the news.

REPORTER #1

You fellas hear what they're doing out there?

REPORTER #2

I saw a buncha dollies with baseball mitts. What's next, skirts for uniforms?

The guys laugh.

REPORTER #3

What are we looking at here?

JIMMY

(Sarcastically) Oh, nobody told you? It's a tryout, just like they do in the majors.

BILLY

Yeah. They're...going to *try* to play...baseball.

MARTY

You were right, Jimmy. It's the end of an era.

JIMMY

The day they tried to pass off women...as ballplayers.