

## **Sis/Bobby**

Bobby is the baseball-loving self-appointed “assistant to the assistant.” He thinks everything about the league is awesome, and he’s especially taken with Sis because she’s one of the best players he’s ever seen. He ends up as a sort of “little brother” to all of the Peaches, their good luck charm. In this scene, he’s meeting Sis for the first time.

Sis is the spunky tomboy who was raised with six brothers. She is the youngest player on the team, but also one of the best. And she knows it. She’s got a little bit of a smart mouth and looks forward to any chance to run circles around the boys.

*The music continues in underscore, then fades out. We hear another crack of the bat. BOBBY runs in, mitt in hand, to SIS, who has just hit the ball far. She holds a bat, stands at home plate.*

**BOBBY**

*(He's over-the-moon excited, out of breath)* That was amazing! Did you see that?

**SIS**

See it? I hit it.

**BOBBY**

Where'd you learn to hit like that?

**SIS**

*(Spits)* I've got six brothers.

**BOBBY**

Six...? Dang. . . *(He scribbles something down on his pad and clipboard)*

**SIS**

*(Looking over at him writing)* What's your job, anyway?

**BOBBY**

Oh! Ah, assistant coach. *(Pause.)* Well, assistant to the assistant. Maybe after I pay my dues, I'll get a promotion.

**SIS**

Assistant to the assistant.

**BOBBY**

Yep. I get to hang out on the field, and I get to watch baseball, so I'm happy.

**SIS**

Do you play?

**BOBBY**

Yeah! I mean, no. I mean, not for a team. I tried out, but. . . *(shrugs awkwardly and smiles)* If I could hit like you, though, all I'd ever do is play.

**SIS**

And you're okay with us, you know, being girls and all?

**BOBBY**

No, I'd love to be a girl!

*Another awkward moment.*

**BOBBY**

I mean, like, I'd love to be a girl who can hit good. I mean. . .

**SIS**

Don't hurt yourself. *(Looking him up and down)* You're cute. Can you run?

**BOBBY**

*(Flummoxed by the compliment)* Can I. . .what?

**SIS**

Run.

**BOBBY**

Uh, yeah. Yeah.

**SIS**

All right then. Fetch.

*SIS tosses up a ball and CRACKS it out to deep left.*

**BOBBY**

Oh, golly.

*He runs off, Sis hits another ball.*

**BOBBY**

*(offstage)* I'll get that one! I got it!

*A manager takes note, gives her a nod. She spits again.*