

During this scene, The Chaperone (Tiggi) and the Coach (Delaporte) are sharing the rules of being a Rockford Peach. This includes revealing their new uniform. The girls are less than thrilled to have to wear a dress to play baseball, and they don't keep their feelings to themselves.

**Tiggi** has to feel older and more responsible than the rest of the Peaches. She is a no-nonsense stickler for the rules. She's half mother and half bossy coach.

**For reference:**

**Pepper** is a bit of a smart-mouth

**Mo** is a big flirt who deflects how she really feels with a bit of cockiness

**Lorraine/Hollywood** is beautiful, but wants to be seen as more than that

**Sis** is like a kid-sister who grew up with a bunch of boys. Big tomboy.

*Girls react. Their chaperone, TIGGI, stands.*

**TIGGI**

Ladies, ladies please. Let's remember why we're here.

**PEPPER**

Who the heck are you? Ain't you a little old to be playing baseball?

**DELAPORTE**

Girls, meet Theresa Thompkins.

**TIGGI**

*(laughing)* Call me Tiggi.

**DELAPORTE**

She's your duly appointed chaperone.

**MO**

Our what now?

**TIGGI**

Your chaperone.

**HAZEL**

I'm sorry, Miss Thompkins—

**TIGGI**

Tiggi, please.

**HAZEL**

Okay, Tiggi. We're adults.

**PEPPER**

Some of us anyways.

**HAZEL**

I've got a husband overseas. I don't need a chaperone.

**MO**

Speak for yourself, I need to be watched round the clock. *(She laughs)*

**TIGGI**

Yes, some of you are adults, and you'll likely have no problem with my being here to enforce the rules. *(eyes Georgie)* Some of you apparently can't tell time.

**SIS**

The rules? We know the rules, three strikes, three outs, simple.

**TIGGI**

Ah, yes, you know the rules on the field, but not the ones *off* the field.

**BETTY**

We're just here to play ball, Tiggi.

*The rest of the girls agree.*

**TIGGI**

As a Rockford Peach, you represent something greater than yourself.

**BETTY**

*(under her breath but to the girl next to her)* She's worse than my Nan. And my Nan is the worst.

**TIGGI**

*(walking around the room.)* You'll be pleased to know, that while you may be out there on the field playing a man's sport, we've thought of many ways to ensure that you all still *look like women*. *(Stops at Millie. Sizes her up.)* Or at least as close to women as you can.

*Millie shrinks back—we see Georgie's posture change, as if she's instantly protective of these girls)*

**TIGGI**

Okay, formalities out of the way, let's begin with your uniform.

**MO**

No offense, Tig, we know what a baseball uniform looks like.

**TIGGI**

Ah, but you don't know what a Rockford Peaches uniform looks like.

*The girls all look around at each other, a little bewildered.*

**TIGGI**

*(she walks to the front of the room where a dress form stands, covered with a sheet)* Ladies, allow me to reveal, for the first time anywhere, a uniform designed just for you by Mrs. Philip Wrigley herself. *(A beat)* I present to you, the uniform of the Rockford Peaches. *(She tears off the sheet to reveal a Rockford Peaches uniform—a dress.)*

*Stunned silence all around.*

**SIS**

*(stands)* What the heck is that?

**TIGGI**

Isn't it adorable?

**GIRLS**

*(Overlapping lines.)* How am I supposed to slide? What if I have to dive for a ball in the outfield? I can't wear that!

**TIGGI**

Please, please! You ladies will look. . .beautiful!

**PEPPER**

Us ladies are gonna look. . .bruised.

**LORRAINE**

I don't think anyone here is concerned about looking beautiful.

**MO**

Easy for you to say, Hollywood. Your legs go all the way to the floor.

**LORRAINE**

Hollywood?

**MO**

You're from California, right? *(standing)* You look like you stepped off a movie screen and here you are talking about 'you're not concerned about looking beautiful.'

**LORRAINE**

*(she stands, facing Mo)* I just want to play ball, same as you. I'm good at it, otherwise I wouldn't be here.

**TIGGI**

Ladies, please. Some decorum.

**MILLIE**

*(shyly)* Sorry, Miss Thompkins, but I can't play ball in a dress. I'm a catcher. I...I squat.

*Some girls chuckle at this. Millie is uncomfortable in her own skin and sits back down.*

**TIGGI**

Well, pitcher, shortstop or. . .catcher, Mr. Wrigley thinks you can. *(A beat)* Ladies, stop thinking of yourselves as "one of the boys." You're women. And we want you to *look* like women.

**DELAPORTE**

*(chiming in)* But we want you to play like men!

**PEPPER**

Now I've heard everything.

**TIGGI**

We'll leave all of you to get changed, but in the meantime, here is The Official League Pamphlet. Mr. Boyd, will you hand these out?

*Bobby jumps up, eager to help however he can. He takes the pamphlets and hands them around to the girls.*

**SIS**

*(quietly, leaning back just as Bobby approaches her from behind)* Assistant to the assistant.

**BOBBY**

*(He stands by Sis a little too long, holding out the pamphlet)* Heh. Uh, and your biggest fan.

*SIS takes the pamphlet and BOBBY stands there, staring.*

**MO**

*(grins at him flirtatiously)* You're gonna grow roots.

*BOBBY shakes himself back to the land of the living, and keeps handing out the pamphlets.*

**HAZEL**

*(reading)* "A Guide for All American Girls: How to Look Better, Feel Better, Be More Popular."

**TIGGI**

*(quoting the pamphlet)* 'The smart-looking team invariably plays smart ball.' Now, Mr. Wrigley will be down shortly to inspect the uniforms, so no dawdling please. And. . .*(saying this as if it's huge news)* Someone from the newspaper is also here to photograph you girls.

*The girls react to this as TIGGI, BOBBY and DELAPORTE exit, leaving the girls alone.*

**PEPPER**

*(Reading from the rules)* Rule #1: ALWAYS appear in feminine attire when not actively engaged in practice or playing ball.

**BETTY**

*(holding up her pamphlet, continues reading)* AT NO TIME MAY A PLAYER APPEAR IN THE STANDS IN HER UNIFORM, OR WEAR SLACKS OR SHORTS IN PUBLIC. *(looks up)* Are they serious with this?

**MO**

Oh, they're serious. They want us to look like models and play like Mantle. *(She grins.)* Ain't gonna be a problem for me.

*The other women react, talk over each other as the song starts.*