

In this scene, LORRAINE is pretending to be Millie, but she has no idea what Theo is talking about.

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*MILLIE pushes LORRAINE out of the dugout and hides with the other girls. LORRAINE glances back, giving a look, and makes her way up into the stands to meet THEO. He looks confused for a moment, then smiles.*

**LORRAINE**  
(nervous) Theo?

**THEO**  
(stands) Millie?

**LORRAINE**  
Hey. . .! I didn't know you were. . .coming back!

**THEO**  
I wanted it to be a surprise—it's so amazing to finally meet you and see you in person!

*THEO goes in for a hug, but LORRAINE holds out her hand, and there's an awkward exchange.*

**LORRAINE**  
Um. . .you too! Your dad. . .

*MILLIE hits the inside roof of the dugout with a bat.*

**LORRAINE**  
. . .I mean your *mom* really knows how to keep a secret! (*she half-heartedly laughs to herself, glancing at the dugout*)

*There's an awkward pause, both nodding.*

**THEO**  
So. . .

**LORRAINE**  
So. . .how've you been?

*During THEO's next lines, MILLIE makes her way out of the dugout, and unseen by THEO, sets up off to the side so LORRAINE can see her, but she's behind THEO.*

**THEO**  
Uh, yeah! Sure! So. . .gosh, I've been gone so long, and there are things that are totally different, but everything's kind of the same, you know? And your letters. . .wow, your letters were so

amazing, I mean, at first I didn't know how to take them, you living at my house and in my room and all (*stops abruptly, then jokingly,*) You didn't go through my stuff did you?

*LORRAINE shoots a look at MILLIE who gestures, 'oh my gosh, no.'*

**LORRAINE**

Oh my gosh, no.

**THEO**

You'd probably only find socks and baseball trophies if you did, right?

**LORRAINE**

Yeah. (*MILLIE is waving that this is a big deal*) Oh! Yes! Baseball trophies! Because...you...(*MILLIE mimes playing baseball*) *played baseball!* Yes! You played!

**THEO**

Yeah, remember? Same position? Though, you don't exactly look like a catcher.

**LORRAINE**

Don't let that fool you. I'm really, really strong. I squat. A lot.

**THEO**

(*laughs, nervous.*) Anyway, after a while, I found myself looking forward to getting your letters. Is that too forward of me to say?

**LORRAINE**

No. She's always—(*then, stuttering*) I'm mean *I'm* always reading your letters to. And re-reading them. And reading them again. . .Even when I'm supposed to be practicing I'm just lost in the words. . .

*MILLIE is waving her arms for LORRAINE to stop—she's embarrassing her.*

**THEO**

Me too. I'd read them when I was trying to get some sleep. The guys liked to make fun of me for that.

*MILLIE is visibly touched by this.*

**LORRAINE**

(*seeing MILLIE'S reaction*) Aww, really? That's really sweet of you.

*MILLIE is embarrassed again. She doesn't want to seem to forward.*

**THEO**

So, I don't know how to bring it up, so I'll just ask. . .What did you think of my last letter? (*a bit embarrassed here*) You know. The question? Have you thought about it at all?

*LORRAINE starts to panic a bit, desperately looking at MILLIE but trying not to let on.*

**LORRAINE**

Your question? In your last letter?

*MILLIE knows that in his last letter he has asked her, if he were to ever get home, if she'd go out with him on a proper date. MILLIE tries to act this out.*

**LORRAINE**

I have actually...um...thought about it. A lot. And I can't wait to. . .go. . .um. . .walking. . .with you. . .on the beach. . .in Rockford. . . (*peering at MILLIE*) With what looks like a marching band. (*pause*) Good grief, I can't do this.

**THEO**

Look, I know you're nervous and probably wondering why I'm home; I know I should've written it in my last letter, but I got hit by friendly fire and was in the infirmary for a while and...

**MILLIE**

*What?!?*

*LORRAINE and THEO turn to look at MILLIE.*

**MILLIE**

*(trying to cover, turns to dugout)* WHAT. . .are you doing with those balls. JANE. I'm going to help you. With. That.

*MILLIE moves quickly in the dugout, where she sinks onto the bench in a puddle of hopelessness.*

**LORRAINE**

*(after a long pause)* Look, Theo, you're a really nice guy.

**THEO**

Oh, that doesn't sound good.

**LORRAINE**

But I'm not who you think I am.

**MILLIE**

*(coming out from the dugout)* Hollywood!

**THEO**

Hollywood? *(looks at MILLIE)* Who's Hollywood?

**LORRAINE**

Me. *(pause)* I'm not Millie.

*THEO looks confused.*

**THEO**

So...who's Millie?

*LORRAINE turns and points at MILLIE, who steps forward as if to say something, thinks twice, then runs off.*

**THEO**

That's Millie? I knew something was off—you don't look at all like the catcher in the newspaper article, but that was an action shot, and you know, the mask and. . .But you are the one in the picture she sent. . .

*LORRAINE just nods.*

**THEO**

But why? Why would she do that?

**LORRAINE**

I guess she was afraid that you wouldn't like her if she didn't...

**THEO**

*(realizing)* Look like you?

*LORRAINE shrugs.*

**LORRAINE**

I'm so sorry, Theo. Don't be mad at Millie, okay? She thought she had to lie because she really likes you.

**THEO**

That's the thing, Hollywood. *(looking to where MILLIE ran off)* I really like her too.

*THEO exits as the lights fade.*