

Soft. Why do I waste my time. You should all have calluses this late into summer. And let me see that bat son.

*(He takes a couple of swings.)*

This damn bat's too heavy for me. How many times have I told you, you don't get a home run swing off of a bat that's too heavy.

*(TONI soaks it in, so lost in the moment that she forgets she's not part of the group.)*

**TONI.** *(Excitedly, to COACH GABBY.)* It's true, Coach. I used to be thinkin' if the bat was heavy I'd get some good momentum on it, and I did, but it didn't put the ball where I wanted it. And, half the time I'd come round too slow and miss it. You get a light bat, you can hook it up a little on a pitch that's almost high, pull the ball, get some spin, and put it right where he's gotta look into the sun...

*(Silence.)*

**COACH GABBY.** What are you doing here?

**TONI.** Listenin'. Learnin'.

*(She looks around as though surely he must be speaking to someone behind her.)*

**COACH GABBY.** Well, git.

*(A change in light and a shift of the BOYS' positions. It's another day of baseball camp. TONI stands to the side, making herself inconspicuous.)*

Start

Billy, you had the opening to take the steal. Good eye. But stupid. Where's your guy on third gonna go if you run and the ball's already three quarters of the way down? You gonna distract the batter off of a really good hit. Sit tight. Wait for your team to be ready. Won't matter if you're safe at second if your teammate's out at home. Jesus Christ, thick as molasses and dumb as my dog's butt. Someone please repeat back to me what I said.

End