

ACT II

(TONI and KING sit on the lip of the stage. They look at the audience for a while...settling in.)

KING. Possible we scared them a little bottom of the first.

TONI. King, I ever told you I got a hit off Satchel Paige in –

KING. Yes.

TONI. Told you 'bout the time when –?

KING. Several times.

TONI. What about –

KING. Yessiree.

(Beat.)

(TONI looks defeated. KING takes pity on her.)

Toni. Why don't you tell me 'bout Gabby Street...

(Beat.)

Again.

TONI. *(Thrilled.)* Gabby and the Washington Monument?
Gabby and the shoes? Gabby and the earthquake?
Gabby and the World Series in...

(KING just looks at her, amused exasperation.)

The glove.

KING. *(To audience.)* Y'all wanna know about Gabby Street.
And the glove?

(Beat.)

TONI. *(To audience.)* Don't be scared – it's a good story.
Gabby and the Glove.

(The TEAM comes in, transforms the stage into a baseball field of Toni's youth.)

(KING silently mouths the first few words of this along with TONI. She's told it, exactly like this, a million times.)

TONI. Every summer, when I was a girl, Coach Gabby Street ran a baseball club for the most talented –

KING. Or richest...

TONI. White boys in the Twin Cities. Gabby was a famous catcher, then a famous coach in the Majors for over twenty years. He had stories on top of stories about his courageous exploits on and off the field. When he was twenty-four his team had a game in San Francisco when the big earthquake came. It swallowed the hotel they were staying in, and he was the one that got away, with nothing but his life and his britches. And then –

KING. Toni.

TONI. The Glove...

KING. Yes.

TONI. Okay.

(Beat.)

All I wanted to do is know half as much as Coach Gabby did. So, I went on down to Lexington Park where Gabby held court with the White boys.

(Beat.)

I'm a little girl.

(The PLAYERS become WHITE BOYS. They stand around COACH GABBY STREET, listening to him pontificate about the finer points of the game. TONI, a girl now, stands at the periphery.)

COACH GABBY. People want the game to be about the pitch. Yeah Buster, you're a good pitcher. We got that, we appreciate that...but boys, I've told you and I've told you...you gotta put in those hours of batting practice. Put out your hands.

(The BOYS hold out their hands, palms up.)