

MILLIE. You said bake.

TONI. You know what I was sayin'.

*(She swings and misses.)*

UMPIRE. *(Offstage.)* STRIKE TWO!

MILLIE. You know what I was sayin'.

*(TONI swings, misses.)*

UMPIRE. *(Offstage.)* YOU'RE OUT!

TONI. DAMMIT!! DAMMIT!! DAMMIT ALL TO HELL!!

*(She throws her bat, kicks the dirt, and walks into the dugout. MILLIE's light fades.)*

WOODY. Why you can't hit a baseball, Toni?

KING. Why you wanna be an asshole, Woody?

WOODY. She's playing like a girl.

TONI. Just trying to even my stats out so they don't be making you look so bad.

WOODY. You wouldn't have to do all that kick'n in the dirt and yelling at the umpire if you'd just hit the ball from time to time.

STRETCH. Stop it Woody.

WOODY. What, it's okay for her to say whatever bull she wants to me, but I speak the truth and you all want me to be quiet.

KING. I don't care what you say Woody, it's just the sound of your voice what makes me want to hurt you.

WOODY. You can all go to hell.

ELZIE. So why cain't you hit a ball today Toni?

TONI. I got off my game at the top and I can't get it back Elzie.

ELZIE. Uh-huh.

Start

*(SPEC stands on one of the benches, talks to the team:)*

SPEC. I'm just gone say it, to a person, you're all playin' like five-year-old girls. You're hot? You're tired? Scared you won't get laid tonight if these backwoods Negroes show

you up? You all know how many people died so your rusty asses could be free and get paid to do that which you love? Do you have any sense of the sacrifices our forefathers made so that you could have what you have now. Harriet Tubman once said...

*(He continues, low and impassioned, under TONI:)*

**SPEC.**

"I had reasoned this out in my mind, there was one of two things I had a right to, liberty or death; If I could not have one, I would have the other; for no man should take me alive.

To quote Ida B. Wells, one of the country's greatest orators and a selfless promoter of the race, "The miscegenation laws of the South only operate against the legitimate union of the races...

**TONI.**

We in the top of the seventh, behind eight to four now, so tired we cain't see straight, and more'n a little done with it and each other. About once every season Spec does this.

We aren't listenin' to what he's saying...but we appreciate it that all four-foot-eleven-and-a-half inches of him is here, and cares enough about anything to say it at all.

End

*(Beat. When SPEC has finished:)*

**TONI.** So, bottom of the eighth, we rally...and surprise even ourselves when we start to take it back.

*(Crack of a bat. Beat. Cheers. TONI jogs into the dugout, triumphant. She's hit a home run.)*

I already told you I'm not one to brag...but every now and then one has to brag. This would be one of those times. Brought in three men to win the game.

*(She makes her way to the bus, where the PLAYERS are asleep.)*