

Male Monologue

Ray. People will come, Ray. They'll come to Iowa for reasons they can't even fathom. They'll turn into your driveway, not knowing for sure why they're doing it. They'll arrive at your door, as innocent as children, longing for the past. "Of course, we won't mind if you look around," you'll say, "It's only twenty dollars per person." And they'll pass over the money without even thinking about it, for it is money they have and peace they lack. And they'll walk off to the bleachers and sit in their short sleeves on a perfect afternoon. And find they have reserved seats somewhere along the baselines where they sat when they were children. And cheer their heroes. And they'll watch the game, and it'll be as they'd dipped themselves in magic waters. The memories will be so thick, they'll have to brush them away from their faces. People will come, Ray. The one constant through all the years Ray, has been baseball. America has rolled by like an army of steamrollers. It's been erased like a blackboard, rebuilt and erased again. But baseball has marked the time. This field, this game, is a part of our past, Ray. It reminds us of all that once was good, and that could be again. Oh people will come, Ray. People will most definitely come.

Female Monologue

Yeah, you better keep a look out. I'm not very bright I guess. No, just dumb, if I had any brains I wouldn't be on this crummy train with this crummy girl's band. I used to sing with male bands but I can't afford it anymore, have you ever been with a male band? That's what I'm running away from. I've been with six different ones in the last two years . Oh brother! ... I'll say...I can't trust myself. I have this thing about saxophone players , especially tenor sax. I don't know what it is but they just curdle me. All they have to do is play eight bars of "Come To Me, My Melancholy Baby" and my spine turns to custard. I get goose pimply all over and I come to them. Every time. ... But you're a girl thank goodness. That's why I joined this band: Safety first. Anything to get away from those bums. You don't know what they're like! You fall for them. You really love them, you think, "This is going to be the biggest thing since the Graf Zeppelin." The next thing you know, they're borrowing money from you, they're spending it on other dames and betting on horses. Then one morning, you wake up, the guy's gone, the saxophone's gone. All that's left behind is a pair of old socks and a tube of toothpaste all squeezed out. So you pull yourself together, you go on to the next job, the next saxophone player. It's the same thing all over again. See what I mean? Not very bright. I can tell you one thing, it's not going to happen to me again. Ever. I'm tired of getting the fuzzy end of the lollipop.