

The Game

“A Romance in Nine Innings”

By Clare Lopez

Phone: (916) 216-6307

E-mail: Clare.f.lopez@gmail.com

Website: www.clare-lopez.com

Production History:

The Game was first workshopped and performed at staged reading for Saint Martin's University Scholar's Day on April 2008. *The Game* was produced at Saint Martin's University for the 2009 Season of One Act Plays at the Kenneth J. Minnaert Center for the Arts in Olympia, WA and was directed by directed by Bryan Tyrrell.

Synopsis

'A Romance in nine innings'

On a typical July afternoon in Seattle, a man and woman plan on celebrating their 3 year anniversary in very opposing ways. Jon and Liz go head to head over the course of a Mariners game when Jon attempts to propose, while Liz finds herself disappointed in her boyfriend's less than romantic choice of venue. The couple struggles to come to some understanding of one another, while doing their best to keep cool heads and feelings during the course of the game.

Character Breakdown

Liz Thompson (Liz): 25. She is a bit out of place. She wears jeans and a nice blouse and heels. She carries a purse and light sweater.

Jonathan (Jon): 27 in full Mariner regalia: T-shirt, and cap and pair of jeans. At the top of the show he wears a black leather jacket over his Mariner shirt.

Setting:

Time: Present

Place: A Saturday afternoon in July in Seattle, WA. Safeco-field

Scene 4

Lights up. The scoreboard shows that the fourth inning has already begun: Mariners: 3 A's: 4.

We hear cheering.

JON remains fixed on the Game throughout.

JON's arm is around LIZ.

THEY are surrounded by the remnants of food from the previous scene.

JON

Isn't this great?

(LIZ stretches and rises.

SHE begins to pick up some of the garbage.)

JON

Hey, I can do that. You don't need to do that Liz.

LIZ

It's okay. I just need to walk about. I've been sitting for too long. I don't mind really.

JON

You're sure?

LIZ

I wouldn't dream of tearing you away.

(LIZ exits with the garbage).

JON sits still for a minute enjoying the game.

A phone rings. JON checks his phone, it's not it.

HE goes into LIZ's purse and answers it, meanwhile the crowds cheering is grows louder.

JON

Hello? No, I mean she is but not at the moment.... Jon... JON! Her *boyfriend*. Yes. That's right. Who is this? What? Mr. Crobbins? Sorry, can I take a message? What?! Look I can't understand what you're your saying... Well, alright then. Bye.

JON tucks HER phone in HER purse.

The cheering reaches its height as the M's run and JON joins in the

score a cheering.

LIZ enters and sits.

LIZ

So did I miss anything?

JON

Oh my GOD! Look at that!

LIZ

What?

JON
We scored another run, we just have to keep up with 'em and we'll be fine—God this is amazing.

LIZ
Yup. Sure is.

*LIZ looks in HER purse for HER phone.
SHE cannot find it.*

Jon??
JON

Yeah honey?
LIZ

Have you seen my phone?
JON

Huh?
LIZ

Have you seen my phone?!
JON

Yeah isn't it in your outside pocket?
LIZ

I never put it there people could easily take it.
JON

Did you check?
SHE checks. It is there.
LIZ

Jon, how did it get there?
JON

Oh well, your phone went off so I answered it—
LIZ

You what?!
JON

I thought it might be important I answered it.
LIZ

Who *was* it?
JON

A Mr. Trobbins, Bobbins, someone like that- I couldn't really hear him.
LIZ

Mr. Robbins.
JON

Yeah that sounds right.
LIZ

Well, what did he want?
JON

I dunno. I tried to take a message but I couldn't understand him. I think he said he'd call back later though.

(The crowd begins to cheer again.)
Come oooooooooooooooooooooon!
LIZ

I hope he's out.

We hear "out". Lights fade.

Scene 5

Lights up. The scoreboard shows that the fifth inning has already begun: Mariners: 4 A's: 4.

We hear cheering.

The Mariners are up to Bat.

JON is on the edge of HIS seat as we hear troubled noise from the crowd. HE continues cheering, while LIZ sits with legs crossed and arms folded.

JON

Oh come on! Hit the ball!

JON continues to cheer hoping for a run.

The Mariners batter is out. We hear

"out".

JON slumps in HIS seat and massive heard from the crowd.

"boos" are

LIZ stands and cheers despite the booing.

LIZ

Whooooooooooooo! Go A's!!!! Damn right Sweeney!!!!

JON

Liz, sit down!

LIZ continues clapping and cheering as booing is heard.

more

JON (*under his breath*)

Liz! People are staring, sit down for God's sake.

Finally the crowd has calmed. LIZ sits down breath and starts munching on some

out of food.

LIZ

What?

JON

What are you doing!?

LIZ

Just look at that!

JON

What?

LIZ

Did you see that? Hell, *I* could swing better than that.

JON

I seriously doubt that. These are paid professionals. Just because they got one out is no reason to start rooting for the enemy.

LIZ

Enemy? This is a game, not war Jon. I'm just enjoying the game. So sue me if I think at this point the A's have a better shot at winning. It's just a little friendly competition—I mean I can understand if you're scared—

JON

Hell no.

LIZ

Well, then there should be no problem.

JON

Look, I'm not the one who should be worried— it's just that...

LIZ

Uhhuh. Sure.

JON

Fine. Have it your way. We'll bet on it.

LIZ

What could *you* possibly give me?

Pause.

JON

Okay. Well. How about this: if the *A's* win, I will give you what's in my pocket.

LIZ

Oh please—

JON

AND if the *Mariners* win, you have to say yes to whatever I ask you to do. Fair?

LIZ

You're on.

Lights fade out.

Scene 6

Lights up. The scoreboard shows the start of the sixth inning: Mariners: 4 A's: 4.

Scoreboard fades out.

JON is captivated by the game and does not take HIS eyes off of it. LIZ notices something else.

LIZ

Ew.

JON (*Not looking*)

What?

LIZ

That couple.

JON (*Still not looking*)

See I told you—not a shot in hell you'll win. Where?

LIZ

A few seats over—on the aisle

HE barely glances.

JON

What about em?

LIZ

That's disgusting.

JON

Aw— they're probably just teenagers who can't get away from their parents. Look we're up. We just need one more run and we're even.

LIZ

They should just get a fucking room.

LIZ rises.

JON

Where are you going?

LIZ

No where apparently.

LIZ sits back down, and begins texting.

JON

Liz what's wrong. You're barely even paying attention to the game.

LIZ

Well, I guess I have other things on my mind.

What do you want me to do?

JON

Nothing honey.

LIZ

Come on. What's wrong?

JON

(LIZ is tearing).

I just need to get out of here. Just for a second. I can't stand it.

LIZ

Stand what? These kids? Come on, it's sweet. Romantic even. I mean, since when do **you** hate romance? What's wrong with that? It's beautiful out, it's not raining, what's wrong with hot dogs and making out?

JON

Romantic? This? Yeah right, everybody knows you don't go to a ball game for romance. You go to a hotel...a nice restaurant...not Safeco Field.

LIZ

Lights fade.

The Game - Perusal Sample

Scene 7

Scoreboard shows we are at the bottom of the 7th inning: Mariners: 4 A's: 5. Clapping and cheering can be heard. The scoreboard fades out.

LIZ (*on the Phone*)

Okay, well thank you so much again. Bye.

(LIZ hangs up, and sits for a moment elated, but JON has not been paying attention)

Jon! I have some amazing news!...

JON

Uhh...huh...

(JON is distracted and not paying attention sounds of the crowd swells)

as the

LIZ

You know I've been picking up Saturdays lately?—well, it looks like Tim finally noticed! I mean, I just got offered—

Cheering swells covering LIZ's words.

Honey...?

JON

Shhh...oh my God... WATCH THIS!

(Cheering swells as HE claps too)

It's about fucking time! —Did you see that?

(We hear "safe")

LIZ

Jon, this is a big deal okay... it's huge!— I mean...for us, we could finally—

JON

He pulled a double right out of his...!!!!

(JON howls at the field and the sound of the crowd drowns JON and LIZ out.)

LIZ

JONATHAN MICHAEL! Seriously— I should know better...never get between a "man" and his game.

(The crowd has calmed).

JON
Well what was worth missing a double for huh?

LIZ
Baby, can't you just, for one second— never mind.

Silence.

JON
Hey do you think you could grab me a beer?

LIZ
What?

(HE isn't looking at HER but throws HIS wallet).

JON
A beer. I don't want to move in case I miss something.

LIZ doesn't leave, but opens HIS wallet to get cash.

Well—is that a yes—or should I just wait till this inning's over?

LIZ
Jon—where is your debit card?

JON
It's in my leather thingy, behind my ID.

LIZ
No its not.

JON
Yes it is. I put it there.

LIZ
Well it's not there.

(JON fiercely takes it from HER and starts frantically searching for it.)

JON
Shit...where is it.

JON's
(JON continues looking, while LIZ grabs jacket).

LIZ
Maybe you left it in your pocket.

(JON tears the coat out of HER hands.)

JON
NO! Its not there either.

LIZ
When did you see it last?

JON
I don't know—

LIZ
Did you leave it in the bank? Jon, we haven't even paid insurance this month yet— did you buy something after you went to the ATM?

JON
I didn't buy any—

LIZ

God you can't seem to resist can you? How long has it been gone? Do you even know?

JON

Liz, how am I gonna—

LIZ

Have you called the bank? You need to cancel the card Jon! We had \$650 in checking...that's nothing to sneeze at!

JON

Look—I know it's gone. I obviously haven't cancelled it yet.

LIZ

For God's sakes Jon you are twenty-seven years old. You can't do this...our savings...everything we've tried to do could be gone like that...how could you be so irresponsible? —This isn't a small detail...this is huge Jon—

JON

Look. I'll cancel it first thing, as soon as this inning—

(LIZ finds the phone number in HER wallet).

LIZ

This is our lives here Jon, not a fucking game. Look I'll call. Just don't worry about it.

JON

Honey, I'm sorry...I think the bank has it covered...Shit, I just can't remember what happened to it...

LIZ

It's fine. Maybe you should let me handle this from now on.

(Irritated, LIZ starts dialing).

Lights out.

Scene 8

*The scoreboard shows we are in the midst of the 8th inning. A's: 6 Mariners: 5
We see JON on the phone and then hang up.
HE is motionless.*

Jon.

LIZ

No response.

Jon?

JON

What?

LIZ

Who was that?

JON

It was my sister that's all

Pause

You're adorable you know that?

LIZ

Jon—?

JON attempts to kiss LIZ

Honey, please—What did she want?

JON

She—well she just had some news. Can't we just enjoy our time? Don't worry about my family, this is our day remember? Come on Lizzy—

Again JON tries to steal a kiss from HER

LIZ

Well, what's her news?

JON

She's engaged.

JON goes back to watching the game.

LIZ

WoooooW. That's good, I guess. I was wondering when Bill would make her an honest woman. How long have they even been together....? I guess it's been a while now...well good for her. I mean, I know she can be a bitch...but still...did you congratulate her for me? You know she'll hate me if she doesn't think I congratulated her. How did he do it? What's her ring like? Have they picked a date? Jon?!

JON

Look. He just did it at some restaurant where no one could speak English, and her ring is a carat...and they don't have a date yet, it just happened, alright!

LIZ

Can he afford that? I always thought that you'd be better off making a down payment on something rather than just getting the biggest ring possible.

JON

He's working weekends.

LIZ

Well...that's sweet, but awful.

JON

What are you talking about its not like *she* has to pay for it.

LIZ

Well yeah...I know, but I mean when you get married...everything is merged...bank accounts, debts, everything. I just think it's awful if she is intent on making him work seven days a week for something that they could easily wait on. I mean its—

JON

For Chrissake...do you have to be so practical about everything?

LIZ

Jon...its just...oh never mind alright?...at least somebody's getting married—I know—really I'm happy for her, really I am.

HER phone beeps twice.

That's work. Guess they need me.

SHE starts dialing HER phone.

JON

Could you just hang up that fucking phone!?

LIZ

Fine. Don't mind me.

*LIZ hangs up, rises and begins to exit up right.
We hear "Safe" and some clapping.*

JON

You just have to know everything don't you.

Lights fade out

The Game - Perusal Sample