

DAMN *Yankees*

Words and Music by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross
Book by George Abbott and Douglass Wallop

*Produced through special arrangements with
Music Theater International*

MaryEllen Vogt:
Director/Music Director
Julie Africa: Assistant Director
Producer: Dave Baker

NOTE:

Songs in **bold** print
Dialogue in non-bolded print

DAMN YANKEES CHARACTERS

JOE BOYD/JOE HARDY
MEG BOYD
MR. APPLGATE
LOLA
GLORIA THORPE

WELCH
SISTER
DORIS

VAN BUREN

TEAM:

BOULEY
HENRY
LINVILLE
LOWE
MICKEY
ROCKY
SOHOVIK
SMOKEY
VERNON

ENSEMBLE (WILL ALSO PLAY THE FOLLOWING):

LYNCH (REPORTER)
BRYANT (REPORTER)
MISS WESTON
ASST TO MISS WESTON
COMMISSIONER
POSTMISTRESS
ONE MAN; WOMEN (#1, #2)
BASEBALL FANS (#1, #2, #3)
WOMEN #1, #2, #2
BARTENDER

DANCERS

MUSICAL NUMBERS

OVERTURE

Act 1

Scene 1:

- *Six Months in Every Year* (Meg, Joe B., 6 men, 6 women)
- *Goodbye, Old Girl* (Joe B./Joe H.)

Scene 2:

- *Heart and Heart Encore* (Van Buren, Rocky Smokey, Vernon, Team)

Scene 3:

- *Shoeless Joe from Hannibal MO* (Gloria, Team, dancers, Ensemble)

Scene 5:

- *A Man Doesn't Know* (Joe H.)

Scene 6:

- *A Little Brains, A Little Talent* (Lola)

Scene 7:

- *A Man Doesn't Know (Reprise)* (Joe H. and Meg)

Scene 8:

- *Whatever Lola Wants* (Lola)

Scene 9:

- *Who's Got the Pain?* (Lola)

Act 2

Scene 1:

- *The Game* (Rocky, Smokey, Henry, Mickey, Lowe; Team)

Scene 2:

- *Near to You* (Joe H. and Meg)

Scene 3:

- *Those Were the Good Old Days + Encore* (Applegate)

Scene 6:

- *Two Lost Souls* (Joe H. and Lola)

Scene 10:

- *A Man Doesn't Know (Finale)* (Meg and Joe Boyd)

Exit March (curtain call): The Company

DAMN YANKEES

#1 – OVERTURE

#2 – OPENING CURTAIN

ACT I, Scene 1 cd

Meg & Joe's House: Six Months of Baseball (1955)

JOE is watching a ball game on television. MEG sits nearby sewing.

Joe: A strike – you're nuts. He's nuts.

(Stop sewing)

Meg: Back home in Hannibal, we had heat over 100 degrees, lots of times.

Joe: Slide.

Meg: Casper Niles tried to fry an egg on the sidewalk in front of his drugstore one time.

(Turns to Meg)

Joe: Good old Smokey he got a hit.

Meg: In Hannibal, they were always saying cool air was on its way from Canada. I certainly don't see any sign of it here, do you?

(JOE is concentrating. Still does not reply)

Meg: Do you?

Joe: Do I what?

Meg: See any sign of cool air....?

Joe: You're blind, ump. You're blind. See any sign of what dear?

Meg: Never mind.

#3 – SIX MONTHS OUT OF EVERY YEAR

(MUSIC begins. SHE sews or knits. Sews or knits on vamps)

Meg: It wasn't important.

Meg: When we met in nineteen thirty
eight,It was November

Meg: When I said that I would be his
mate,It was December
I reasoned he would be the greatest husband
That a girl had ever found
That's what I reasoned
That's what I reasoned
Then April rolled around

Joe: Strike three, ball four,
Walk, a run'll tie the
score,Yer blind ump,
Yer blind ump, ya mus'
Be outa yer mind, ump!

Meg: Six months out of ev'ry year
I might as well be made of stone
Six months out of ev'ry year
When I'm with him, I'm alone.

Joe: He caught the corner.

Meg: Six months out of ev'ry year.
He doesn't take me anywhere

Six months out of ev'ry year,
When I play cards – solitaire

The other six months out of ev'ry year
We are hardly ever seen apart

But then the Washington
SenatorsTake over my place in his
heart

Six months out of ev'ry year.

I might as well be wearing crepe

**Life is just an awful bore
From which I find – no escape.**

Six months out of ev'ry year.

(MEN and WOMEN enter)

**Boys: Strike three
Ball four
Walk, a run'll tie the score
Fly ball
Double play
Yankees win again today
Those damn yankees**

Why can't we beat'em

**He's out,
He's
safe, He's
out, He's
safe He's
out He's
safe, He's
out**

Yer blind

ump, Yer blind

ump,

You must be outa yer mind ump!

Girls: Six months out of ev'ry year

He lives by the television set

**Boys: He's out,
H e ' s
safe, He's
out**

Girls: If you see that man of mine,

How does he look?

I forget

Boys: Let's go!

Girls: Six months out of ev'ry year
We know there is no other dame

Boys: He's out,
H e ' s
safe, He's
out!

Girls: If he isn't home by six
It's six to one
There's a game

Boys: Let's go

Girls: Six months out of ev'ry year
When we cook for them, it never pays

Boys: AAHH

Girls: Instead of praising our goulash,
They're appraising the plays of Willie Mays

Boys: He's
out, He's safe
He's out!
H e ' s
safe, He's
out! He's
safe, He's
out!

Girls:

Six months
Out of ev'ry year

We might as well be
wearing crepe

Life is
Just an awful bore from

which I find

No escape

We're dying for
The Mercury
To drop to three below

We're crying for
the happy days
Of icicles and snow

We don't mind sleeping
solo, that is,
Once a year or so

Girls:

But with them it's a career

Boys: Strike three, ball four,
Walk, a run'll tie the score

Fly ball, double play,
Yankees win again today!

Those Damn Yankees
Why can't we beat 'em?

He's out,
He's safe
He's out!
H e ' s
safe, He's
out! He's
safe, He's
out!

Yer blind ump, yer blind ump,

Ya must be outta yer mind,
ump!

Let's Go!

Let's Go!

Those
Damn
Yankees!

(Spoken Rhythmically)

Boys: What are we waitin' for?
April, May, June, July, August,

Girls: Men!

Boys: September

Girls: Bah!
April, May, June, July, August,

Boys: Slide!

Girls: September

Boys: Ooh!

Girls/Boys: Six months out of ev'ry

Boys: Yer blind ump, yer blind ump.
Ya must be outa yer mind
ump!Year!

(Principals sit. Boys & Girls exit R & L on:

All: April, May, June, July, August, September
April, May, June, July, August, September

Girls: Year!

Meg: Six months out of ev'ry

Joe: Yer blind ump, yer blind
umpYa must be—

Meg: Year!

(Go to chair, put on glasses)

Joe: *(back in his chair)*

O.K. Sohovik, don't try to murder it—Just slip one through
the infield—Come on, Sohovik, get lucky—Oh boy—

(To Meg)

The ball's in the dirt and he swings. That does it!

(Joe snaps off the television, Rise)

Meg: Did the Washington Senators win, dear?

(He grunts)

Oh, I'm sorry. Well, maybe they will next time.

Joe: Damn Yankees.

Meg: What, dear?

Joe: I'd like to lick those damn Yankees just once.

Meg: But how can you if they're the champions?

Joe: If we had just one long ball hitter—just one—

Meg: Honestly, Joe, you're going to get yourself a stroke if you keep this up—or at least ulcers.

Joe: Wham! *(Takes a swing at an imaginary ball)*

Meg: Oh, Joe, now my friends Sister and Doris—They like baseball, but they don't suffer so *(Rises)*

Well, I'm going to bed. I've got the bridge club tomorrow.

(X to, kisses him)

Goodnight. *(X UC and exits)*

Joe: Yeah, sure—I mean good night. *(XL)*

Good night, old girl. *(Goes out onto porch. Take swing at imaginary ball)*

Wham! One long ball hitter, that's what we need. I'd sell my soul for one long ball hitter.

#4 – DEVIL MUSIC

(Joe lifts his head as though conscious of some new element and steps off porch. Xing R and looking off R. Then he turns. Applegate is standing L of door. Music out. Joe X LC)

Joe: Hey, where did you come from?

Applegate: Good evening.

Joe: Who are you?

Applegate: A man who agrees with you.

Joe: Agrees?

Applegate: One long ball hitter – that's what the team needs.

Joe: You are right about that. You live around here?

Applegate: My name is Applegate, and I think we have something in common, a love of the national game.

Joe: You bet.

Applegate: Thanks. You don't like to see the Senators in 7th place.

Joe: Well, they may pull together yet.

Applegate: I'm here to make you a proposition. Not only would you like to see Washington win a pennant, but your secret yearning all your life has been to be a baseball player yourself.

Joe: I wasn't so bad in high school.

Applegate: Not so bad! They were scouting you for Kansas City. You've still got your spike shoes and your glove – they're up in your bedroom.

(He nods in direction of the room above the porch)

Joe: Who told you?

(Applegate Leans forward)

Applegate: Would you like to be the greatest baseball player in all history?

Joe: Big joke.

Applegate: No joke. You can be a great ball player.

Joe: I can't even bend over and touch my

toes.**Applegate:** Try it. Just for laughs.

(Joe shrugs and tries to bend over. Applegate motions with his hand. Suddenly Joe can go down to his toes easily. He looks up surprised)

Joe: What do you know?

Applegate: With my help a lot of things come easy.

(Rise. He makes a sudden move, there and he is smoking a lighted cigarette)

Do you smoke?

Joe: Hey, how'd you pull that off?

Applegate: I'm handy with fire.

Joe: Who are you?

Applegate: I am quite a famous character, Mr. Boyd. I have historical significance too. In fact, I'm responsible for most of the history you can name.

Joe: Listen, I don't know what the gag is.

(Sister and DORIS come in R. APPLEGATE X D. They are two friends of Meg)

Sister:

(X to Joe followed by DORIS)

Talking to yourself. So, you finally flipped your lid. What are you doing out here talking to yourself? In the dark?

(Looking at APPLEGATE)

Joe: Talking to who?

Sister: It's a sign of old age, you know, Joe, talking to yourself.

Joe: It is?

Sister: Is anything the matter?

(Looks at APPLEGATE then to sisters)

Joe: I was just thinking about the game.

(Doris Laughs)

Doris: We went to the game yesterday—it was ladies' day.

Sister: And I must say the hot dogs out at the park aren't what they used to be. I had the poorest hot dog yesterday I ever had.

Doris: Is Meg still up?

Joe: No—she went to bed a while ago.

Doris: Okay, we'll see her at bridge club tomorrow.

(Exit L.)

(Joe XR to APPLEGATE)

Joe: They couldn't see you.

Applegate: No, they couldn't—an amusing little stunt—it was all the rage in the Middle Ages.

(Joe leans on fence by door)

Joe: I think the heat's got me. You mean you really are?

Applegate: Can't believe it, eh?

Joe: But that's crazy. It can't be.

Applegate: The world is full of crazy things. Crazier every day.

Joe: Gosh. What are you doing here?

Applegate: Great events bring forth great men, Joe. They arise from nowhere—they take command. That's history.

Joe: What are you talking about?

Applegate: I have chosen you, the most dedicated—partisan of the noble Washington Senators, to be the hero who leads them out of the wilderness to the championship.

Joe: The Senators are in seventh place.

Applegate: Your powerful bludgeon and sparkling play will inspire the team to greatness. We'll call you Hardy—Joe Hardy. You will be 22 years old. They'll put a new wing on that baseball museum at Cooperstown, dedicated to you—the Hardy shrine.

Joe: Well—well-what do you want me to do?

Applegate: Just leave everything to me.

Joe: My job—my wife.

Applegate: This is a big operation. Can't let things like that stand in the way.

Joe: I just disappear, is that it?

Applegate: Very simple.

Joe: And what happens after I stop being a baseball player?
Then where would I be?

Applegate: *(Laughs)* Well now, of course, that's fairly well known.

Joe: Yes, but—

Applegate: After all, there's nothing unusual about it. How do you suppose some of these politicians around town got started—and parking lot owners.

Joe: Still--if what they say—

Applegate: Look, I've got something to trade here. I'm offering you a chance to be what you wanted to be all your life.

Joe: In my business we have what you call an escape clause.

Applegate: This is not a real estate deal.

Joe: It is.

Applegate: And now the other hand

(Joe Shaking hands left-handedly)

Joe: That's all?

Applegate: Sure. What do you expect to do, sign your name in blood, or some phony stunt like that? *(XR, Joe follows one step)*

Come on. The team needs you, let's not waste any more time.

Joe: I want to leave a note for my wife.

(Goes inside)

And get my shoes and my glove.

(Joe exits upstairs; Applegate follows into living room, calls upstairs)

Applegate: O.K., tell her you're going to Alaska, to interest people in split level houses.

(Applegate looks around living room; sees picture of Joe/Meg; puts it face down on end table)

(Joe Comes downstairs with glove and spike shoes, put them on the floor)

Joe: I'm nearly ready.

Applegate: I'll call a taxi. *(to audience)* I love this job!

(Applegate exits through front door)

#5 – GOODBYE, OLD GIRL

(Joe picks up pad and pencil on table and sits in his chair. Sings while writing. Thinks on last vamp.)

Joe: Goodbye, old
girl, My old girl,
When you awaken I'll be gone,

Can't tell you where I
go, It isn't fair, I know,

But trust in me and carry on. Goodbye,
old friend, my old friend
There's somethin' I must let you know.

I haven't said it much,

I guess I've lost my touch,

But, my old girl, I love you so,

Now I know it hasn't all been

rosy. We've had squabblin' days

When tears were brought about.

But in a moment or
two We would bill and
coo And never even
knew
What we fought about.

And, now you your Joe has to go,
But he'll come back to you again,
(look upstairs)
So, sleep your sleep, old girl,
Our love will keep, old girl, til then.

(The Music swells for a few bars. The lights dims down; Applegate pulls another lighted cigarette out of the air, takes a puff and Xs up to door. He makes magical pass in the direction of Joe. Joe exits the house as Joey Hardy.)

Applegate: All right, cab's waiting.

(Joe Rises. He has been changed to JOE HARDY. He senses something different)

Joe: Hey.

(He looks down at feet then to Applegate)

Did you?

(Pulls in pants which are much too large for him)

I can't believe it.

(Takes batting stance and swings at imaginary ball)

Wham.

(Picks up shoes and glove. Sings:)

Joe: And though your Joe has to go
He may come back to you
again, So sleep your sleep old
girl,
Our love will keep old girl, till then,
Goodbye, old girl.

Applegate: Come on.

Joe: My old
girl
Goodbye.

ACT I, Scene 2

Locker Room: Gotta Have Heart

LOCKER ROOM in Washington Baseball Park. Henry and Sohovik, both in uniform, are standing stage R of C talking.

Henry: Do you have to sell insurance in the summer too?

Sohovik: I don't have to but when I see a guy like you that's not covered, I get worried.

Henry: I've been uncovered a long time. I don't worry.

Sohovik: Everybody should have an insurance program.

(Smokey enters R)

Henry: Next year, maybe. *(X Sohovik to R)*
How's the crossword coming Smokey?

Smokey: Very difficult. *(Henry looks over Smokey's shoulder)*

(Linville, Vernon, Bouley, & Lowe enter L; X to lockers)

Linville: So Ferguson give me the signal to steal, it was a pitch out and when I got to second, everybody was waiting for me...except for Commissioner Ford Frick!

Smokey: Hey, Sohovik, what's a three-letter word for a sticky substance?

(Sohovik points in his mouth, where is chewing gum)

Spit? No, that's four.

Sohovik: Gum.

(Van Buren and Rocky enter L. Van Buren Xs DC with Rocky)

Smokey: Gum

Van Buren: Look—Rocky—What sign is this?

(Goes through routine of complicated signals)

Rocky: Hit and run, sure.

Van Buren: Right. Now you're still at bat.

(Rocky takes stance. Van Buren signals again. XC)

Rocky: I take.

Van Buren: O.K. Now the Count's two and one.

(He signals)

Rocky: I don't do nothin'.

Van Buren: How can you not do anything. If I wipe the take signal watch what follows. *(He signals. Rocky looks dumbfounded)*

You go for it.

Rocky: Oh, sure.

Van Buren: Why couldn't you remember that last night, you could have cost us a big inning.

(Rocky X L away from VB))

Rocky: It's not that I'm dumb, Benny.

Van Buren: Nobody said anything about your being dumb, exactly.

Rocky: It's just that when we play the Yankees I kind of tense up. I kind of lose my head. I figure what the hell is the use.

Van Buren: Will you listen to this guy?

(Smokey Xs C.)

Smokey: Benny, there is something different about 'em.

Van Buren: What do you mean?

Rocky: Well, we don't make them same goofers when we're playing Kansas City.

Van Buren: Now, listen, all of you, that's what I'm talking about. Boys, I know you're not yellow. Smokey, you bang into fences until you drive me crazy, and Rocky, you played three games with a broken hand. But your mental state is all off the left field. Now listen to me: Baseball is only one-half skill—the other half is something else. Something bigger.

#6 – HEART

(Front)

Van Buren: Ya gotta have heart

All you really need is heart
When the odds are
sayin'You'll never win

That's when the grin should start

Ya gotta have hope
Mustn't sit around and mope
Nothing's half as bad
As it may appear

Wait'll next year and hope

When your luck is battin' zero
Get your chin up off the floor
Mister you can be a hero
You can open any door, there's nothing to it
But to do do it.

Ya gotta heart
Miles 'n miles 'n miles of heart
Oh, it's fine to be a genius of course
But keep that old horse
Before the cart
First, you've gotta have heart.

Rocky: A great slugguhr we haven't got
Smokey: A great pitchuh we haven't got
Vernon: A great ball club we haven't got

Rocky, Smokey, Vernon:
What've we got?
We've heart
All you really need is heart
When the odds are sayin'
You'll never win
That's when the grin should start.

Van Buren: Now, you're getting the idea!

Rocky, Smokey, Vernon:
We've got hope
We don't sit around and mope
Not a solitary sob do we heave
Mister, 'cause we've got hope.

Van Buren: Boys, I'm proud of you!

Rocky: We're so happy that we're hummin'
Rocky, Smokey, Vernon:
Hmm—hmm-hmm
Van Buren: That's a hearty thing to do
All: Hoo-hoo-hoo
Smokey: 'cause we know our ship will come in

Van Buren, Rocky, Vernon, & Smokey:
Hmm-hmm-hmm

Rocky: So it's ten years overdue

Van Buren, Rocky, Vernon & Smokey:

Hoo-hoo-hoo

We've got heart

Miles 'n' miles 'n' miles of heart

Van Buren, Rocky, Vernon & Smokey:

Oh, it's fine to be a genius, of course

Boys: But keep that old horse before the cart.

Van Buren: So what the heck's the use of cryin'

Smokey: Why should we curse?

Rocky: We've gotta get better
'Cause we can't get worse!

Van Buren, Rocky, Vernon & Smokey:

And to add to it,

We've got heart,

We've got heart,

We've got heart

On applause – Smokey, Linville & Rocky start out, Gloria enters L)

Van Buren: Wait a minute – tell it to her.

(Smokey, Linville & Rocky come back and sing. Front. Rocky starts)

#7 – HEART (ENCORE)

Van Buren, Rocky, Vernon & Smokey:

We've got heart

All you really need is

heartWhen the odds are

sayin' You'll never win

That's when the grin should start

Smokey: We're so happy that we're laughin'

Rocky, Vernon & Smokey:

Ha, ha, ha

Van Buren: That's the hearty thing to do

Van Buren, Rocky, Vernon & Smokey:

Hoo, hoo, hoo

Vernon: So we ain't been autographin'

Van Buren, Rocky, Vernon & Smokey:

Ha, ha, ha

Rocky: 'cept to sign an I.O.U.

Van Buren, Rocky, Vernon & Smokey:

Hoo hoo hoo

Van Buren, Rocky, Vernon & Smokey:

We've got heart

Miles 'n' miles 'n' miles of heart

Oh, it's fine to be a genius, or course

But keep that old horse before the cart

Smokey: Who minds those pop bottles flyin'

Vernon: The hisses and boos

Van Buren: The team has been consistent

Rocky: Yeah, we always lose

Rocky, Vernon & Smokey:

But we're laughin' cause –

Van Buren, Rocky, Vernon & Smokey:

We've got heart *(repeat three times)*

Gloria: Good morning.

Van Buren: Okay boys.

(They exit)

Gloria: Well, I've often wondered what this team did to keep up its morale.

(Smokey, Rocky exit UR)

(Van Buren R C)

Van Buren: We didn't invite the press this morning, Gloria

Gloria: Benny, you're very foolish to have this prejudice against me just because I'm a woman. My paper gives you as much space as the others do.

Van Buren: I only wondered why you were here so early.

Gloria: I came down to see naked men.

Van Buren: Could be.

Gloria: My boss is very anxious to find out what some of your players think of the Yankees.

Van Buren: I'll tell you something right now – my players don't play dead for the Yankees or any other club.

(Applegate enters L during the last part of this speech followed by Joe in a new suit carrying his glove and spike shoes)

Applegate: Are you Mr. Van Buren, the Washington manager?

(VB looks at Applegate, turns to Gloria)

Van Buren: Why make something out of the Yankees? They're a swell bunch of fellas and –

Gloria: Oh yes, they're very polite and then they beat your brains out.

Van Buren: They're just another team as far as we're concerned.

Applegate: I read somewhere that they're talking about handicapping the Yankees – making them carry extra weight like with horses.

Van Buren: Yeah? So what the hell's on your mind, Mac?

Applegate: Applegate is my name. *(Produces card)*

My card, sir.

(VB Turns away)

Van Buren: I'm busy, see my secretary.

(Applegate X to him)

Applegate: Mr. Van Buren, I'm a long time fan of the Washington Senators.

Van Buren: Listen Mac, I told you I'm busy –

Applegate: And for some time now I've been beating the bushes for talent.

(X to Joe) This is my protégé, young Joe Hardy. Joe's quite a boy with a bat in his hands and I'd like you to give him a trial.

(Smokey Enters carrying crossword book)

Smokey: You call me, Benny?

Van Buren: I want you to take this kid down to the field.

Joe: Gee, thanks, Mr. Van Buren. And I certainly hope....

Van Buren *(cutting Joe off)*: Tell Buster to throw him a few.

Smokey: Sure thing. Come on Mac.

(Smokey and Joe exit R. Applegate starts to go out with them, but is stopped by Van Buren)

Van Buren: Hey, wait a minute. Where do you think you're going?

Applegate: My protégé may need my advice.

Van Buren: Buster will give him all the advice he needs. If you want to look, go out in the stands. The field is for ball players. *(He points off L)*
You don't mind do you?

Applegate: Love it, Mac, just love it.
(XL – Van Buren exits – Applegate turns to Gloria)

Are you coming, my attractive friend?

Gloria: Well, I'll look. But nothing will happen.
(X Applegate and exit L)

Applegate: Want to bet?
(Exit L. Blackout)

ACT I, Scene 3

Dugout: Shoeless Joe

In the dark there is the sound of a ball being hit by a bat offstage L. CRACK. The DUGOUT in the Washington Baseball Park. CRACK. Van Buren and several players stand on or around the step of the dugout or leaning against the rail. All are looking out C. They then look diagonally off left where the batters' box is. They chew gum. There is another crack and all heads turn C, as they follow the imaginary ball in flight. After the ball has landed they all resume chewing gum violently till the next crack is heard, and the business is repeated once more.

Van Buren: I can't believe the kid is as good as all that. How could he be – where the hell would he have been keeping himself? Henry....

Henry: Yes – Benny.

Van Buren: Go out there and tell Buster to throw hard.

Henry: He is throwing hard, can't you hear him grunt?
Van Buren: Well, go out there and tell him to bear down.
Henry: Sure. *(He exits L.)*

Rocky: Batting practice is one thing – but how does he do in a game, eh?

Sohovik: He's got a nice swing.
(CRACK. They all look till the ball arcs far away)

Smokey: She's gone.
(Henry enters)

Sohovik: Over the fence.

Rocky: It's just luck.

Van Buren: This is costing the club money. *(He calls off L)*
Hey, kid. Yeah – you – come here.

Sohovik: That boy has a career ahead of him, and I bet he hasn't a dime's worth of insurance.

(Joe enters L. Van Buren turns to him)

Van Buren: What'd they say your name was? – Joe?

Joe: Yes, sir. Joe. Joe Hardy.

Van Buren: You hit the ball pretty good.

Joe: Thanks.

Van Buren: How's your fielding?

Joe: I don't know.

Van Buren: You don't know?

Joe: I mean my manager was supposed to be here – he – ah –

(Applegate Enters from R)

Applegate: Did you want me Joe?

(Joe Turns surprised)

Joe: Yes, Mr. Applegate, I – they want me to field some.

Applegate: Well, go ahead boy, you can do anything – you know that.

Van Buren: What position do you play?

(Joe XR)

Joe: I'd like to be short-stop.

Van Buren: Okay, get out there.

(Joe exits DSL)

Applegate: How you like my boy, Mr. Van Buren?

Van Buren: Not bad.

Applegate: Not bad. Did he kiss that horsehide right out of the park – did he get the fat end of the bat on that pill? Bye-bye baby. How about that?

Rocky: Who's that? Mel Allen? *(Crack of bat)*

(Applegate Yelling out to Joe)

Applegate: Dig, boy, dig.

Van Buren: Say – he's got an arm.

Applegate: Got an arm – he's got an arm like a cannon

Van Buren: Hit a couple of Texas leaguers. Let's see how he moves back under 'em.

(Crack of bat. During this Gloria enters; stands near Applegate)

Gloria: What's the story on this kid?

Applegate: You saw where he was hitting 'em, didn't you? Over the garden wall. *(Crack of bat)*

Attaboy, Joe, rifle it home, boy, rifle it home.

Gloria: Where'd he come from?

Applegate: His name is Joe Hardy.

Van Buren: O.K. Joe, come on in.

Gloria: Who's he been playing for?

Applegate: He weighs 193 pounds, chews Juicy Fruit.

Gloria: You're a big help.

(Joe enters)

Van Buren: Never played anything but sandlot ball, huh? Whereabouts?

Applegate: Out West.

Joe: The mid-West. Oh. Hannibal. Hannibal, Missouri

Gloria: Is that your home town?

Joe: Yeah – yeah, that's it. Boy, does it get hot there sometimes.
We just sit around and wait for the cold air to come down from
Canada.

Van Buren: You do all right.

Joe: Thanks.

Van Buren: I think we might give you a contract, send you to one of our
farm clubs for a little seasoning.

Applegate: Seasoning? That's ridiculous.

Van Buren: How about it, Kid?

Joe: No sir, I don't think so.

Van Buren: What do you mean?

Joe: I haven't got time.

Van Buren: Time?

Applegate: Baseball's in a rut. If Ty Cobb came here looking for a chance you'd
send him to Little Rock for three years.

All right, Joe, come on--we'll go where we'll be appreciated.

Joe: Gee, Mr. Van Buren, give me one more chance, will you? I love the
Senators.

Gloria: So do I and there's only a few of us left.

(Joe runs off L. Van Buren calls off to the pitcher)

Van Buren: Get your bat, Buster!

*(VB gestures – "Give him your toughest." All watch intently. There is a loud CRACK. All the players
jump up and come down stage)*

Applegate: More seasoning, eh? The ball's only going for a 600 foot ride.

Van Buren: That's the longest ball I ever saw in my life.

(Rocky gulps)

Rocky: I swallowed my chewin' tobacco.

Van Buren: I just can't believe it – where could he have been all these years?

(Joe enters DL)

Ok. You win. Get a uniform.

Joe: You mean it?

Van Buren: Yes, I mean it.

Joe: Yow, I made it.

(Van Buren and the others smile at his enthusiasm. Joe rushes to Applegate)

You were right. Oh, man oh man. Mr. Applegate, how can I ever thank you?

(Joe grabs Applegate's hand)

Applegate: I'll find some way.

Joe: Oh, baby, this is wonderful.

(He runs, pulls Smokey up. Then sits down on bench)

Listen, you guys, don't think I'm crazy, or going off my chump or something. But you got no idea what this means.

(Applegate watches)

Sohovik: Feels good, eh, Joe?

Joe: All my life I dreamed – oh gee.

(Joe starts to untie his shoes)

Van Buren: Just take it easy, kid.

Joe: I will, I will.

(He is still fumbling with shoelaces)

Van Buren: I don't want you to get so excited you'll tense up on us.

Joe: I must have tied the wrong knot.

Sohovik: Let me wait on you boy, I got a hunch you're going to bring us luck.

(Sohovik kneels down and begins to untie Joe's R shoe)

Rocky: Me too.

(Starts loosening other shoe--Joe protesting)

Joe: Oh no.

Rocky: Sit still.

(Gloria to Van Buren)

Gloria: Well, I'm glad I came by this morning.

Applegate: *(to Gloria and Van Buren)* Something happened after all, eh?

Gloria: Give me the real story on this, will you?

Applegate: He's a natural talent – that's all.

Gloria: Oh don't be coy –

Joe: Thanks very much for the loan of your shoes.

(Gives shoes to Smokey)

Smokey: You did right by them, Joe.

Gloria: What was the matter with your own shoes? I saw you bringing in a pair.

Joe: Those were too small for me.

Gloria: Your own shoes? *(Joe rises)*

Joe: Yeah. I guess my feet had swollen. Maybe it was the excitement or the heat or something.

Van Buren: Come on Joe, I'll take you up to the office. I'll have you meet Mr. Welch.

(Joe Follows Van Buren and is followed by Applegate)

Joe: Oh great. Shouldn't I put on my shoes?

(They exit R)

(Gloria writing in notebook)

Gloria: I've got it. Shoeless Joe Hardy.

Smokey: That's what you're going to call him?

Gloria: That's what everybody is going to call him. I'll give this club some publicity.

Sohovik: Shoeless Joe, huh. Pretty good.

Gloria: I'll help you celebrate, boys.

Smokey: What's the gag?

Gloria: Let's make Joe

famous.**Smokey:** Sure – I'm willing.

Rocky: O.K., how do we make him famous?

#8 – SHOELESS JOE FROM HANNIBAL, MO

Gloria: Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, MO.

Boys: Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, MO.

(on vamp)

Sohovik: A little hoe down in honor of our new star.

4 Boys: Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, MO.

Mickey: What'd she say his name was?

All: Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, MO.

Smokey: She's gonna call him Shoeless Joe. Gee, Miss Thorpe, you sure get some wonderful ideas.

Gloria: Oh, I got lots of ideas.
(Sings)

Gloria: Who came along in a puff of smoke?

All: Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, MO.

Gloria: Strong as the heart of the mighty oak

All: Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, MO.
Lucky are we to be having him

Gloria: Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, MO.

All: Just when the future was lookin' grim

Gloria: Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, MO.

All: Came a long, long way to be
With us today

Gloria: With arms of steel like Hercules

Boys: Yeah!

Gloria: Feet as fleet as Mercury's

Boys: Yeah!

Gloria: He'll fight
For us. Do right for us

Boys: He'll be a beacon light for us

All: He's shoeless Joe from Hannibal, MO
Go, go, go.

Boys: Go, go.

Gloria: Go like a bat outta you know where

Boys: Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, MO.

Gloria: Strike at the foe,
Let 'em know you're there,

Boys: Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, MO
Shoeless Joe from Hannibal,
MO Shoeless Joe from Hannibal,

MO

Gloria: Came up on the

sceneBoys: As fresh as Listerine

Gloria: He sneezed and blew away a calf
His laughter ripped a barn in half

Boys: Go, go, go, go, Joe!

Gloria: Like sevens come, elevens come

Boys: Like manna from the heavens come. *(Gloria back and forth)*
It's shoeless Joe from Hannibal, MO

Gloria: Go

Boys (Bass):

Go Boys (Tenor) & Gloria:

GoBoys (Bass):

Go Boys (Tenor) & Gloria:

GoBoys (Bass):

Go Boys (Tenor) & Gloria:

GoBoys (Bass): Go

Boys: Go like a bat outta you know where

Gloria: Shoeless Joe from M. O.
Strike at the foe

Let 'em know you're there,

Boys: Shoeless Joe from M. O.

Gloria: Look out, look out,
Look out, look out

All: For shoeless Joe)
The barefoot boy
From Hannibal, Mo.

Boys: Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe,

#9 – SHOELESS JOE FROM HANNIBAL, MO (DANCE)

(They go into dance, at the end of which we BLACKOUT)

Boys: Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe,
Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe,
Joe,

#9.1 CHANGE MUSIC: SHOELESS JOE

(Blackout)

ACT I, Scene 4

Billboard Buildout: Before the Game

DORIS and SISTER enter, carrying autograph books. Doris Stops X, realizing that sister has stopped C)

Doris: Aren't you coming? Joe Hardy is going to be interviewed by the press.

Sister: Oh, I want to get his autograph!

Doris: You'll never get Joe Hardy's, they don't let you near him. Look out here comes Mr. Welch.

Sister: Who?

Doris: Welch, the gentleman who owns the ball club.

(Welch enters followed by Lynch)

Lynch: Our readers are really burning to get some more dope on him.

(Welch X R)

Welch: Of course, they are and we want to cooperate, in every way. That's why I asked you here. But you know sometimes I don't understand you boys.

Sister: May I have your autograph, please? *(Welch looks nonplussed sister smiles)*
It's for my niece – she's sick – muscular diathermy.

(Welch signs absentmindedly, while continuing his speech)

Welch: After all these lean years we bring you a truly great ballplayer. Aman for you all to be proud of and right away this Gloria Thorpe starts sniping him.

Lynch: You know Gloria, Mr. Welch, the eager type, she's just curious.

Welch: It doesn't help.

Lynch: As a matter of fact, I'm curious myself. How about those shoes? How come he couldn't get into his own shoes?

Welch: A pair of spike shoes – they all look alike. He just picked up the wrong shoes, that's all. What's the mystery there? Good grief, this boy has gone from pinch hitter to idol of the nation in one month.
He's making the whole team come to life...

Welch: And then you fellows want to make trouble... *(Lynch & Welch go up the stairs to Apron and exit SR)*

Sister: And I will get Joe Hardy's too.
(Sister sees Applegate who enters L with Press Card in hat band)

Here comes somebody.
(Applegate proceeds briskly)

Doris: He's nobody.

Sister: Are you anybody?

Applegate: Not a soul.
BLACKOUT

ACT 1, Scene 5

Welch's Office: Temperamental Joe

Backroom with baseball pictures, trophy, etc. Joe enters R. followed by Van Buren. Joe is in angry mood.

Van Buren: Now Joe. You mustn't be temperamental.

Joe: I'm not. Only the questions that Gloria Thorpe dame asks are none of her business. (Applegate enters)

Van Buren: A good press means a lot to the front office, Joe. Come on, boy.
Play ball with them a little, will you?
(Joe Sits in chair L of desk)

Joe: They're a bunch of crooks. You tell them one thing and they write down whatever comes to their heads.
(Van Buren X To Applegate)

Van Buren: Look, you talk to him. I'll go in and say he's off his feed.
(Van Buren exits office door--Applegate sits in Welch's chair)

Applegate: Joe, you're getting to be a regular prima donna.

Joe: Why do they have to keep after me? Why can't I just play baseball, instead of sitting around answering a lot of questions? Making up things about my past.

Applegate: It's all right. If you get in a jam you can always turn to me.

Joe: I don't want to get in a jam.

Applegate: Also, it seems as though you sometimes forget who made you what you are today.

Joe: I'm batting 480.

Applegate: As a baseball player you are a triumph. As a man who goes through with a bargain you leave something to be desired.

(Joe looks inquiringly at Applegate)

I followed you last night.

Joe: Oh.

Applegate: And I followed you the night before.

Joe: Oh...don't you just know where I am without all that effort?

Applegate: No, Joe, I have to do most things the hard way. The only thing that's absolutely effortless is the cigarette trick.

(Grabbing lighted cigarette out of air)

And now I'm trying to break myself of the filthy habit.

Applegate (Coughs a little)

Joe: Well, is there any objections to my walking around where I used to live?

Applegate: Yes. You know how I feel about home and wives.

Joe: That's why I didn't tell you I was going back. I love baseball. Mr. Applegate, but I'm homesick.

Applegate: I'm planning some diversion for you. I have sent for a very attractive girl from Chicago.

Joe: I don't like people from Chicago.

I sold a house to a couple from Chicago once who...

Applegate: Oh, nuts with that, Joe. I'm offering you a chance to know one of the most fascinating women ever known in the history of the world.

Joe: No thank you.

Applegate: Well don't go back to Magnolia Street. Do you understand? I forbid it.

Joe: You don't own me yet – not until after midnight on the 24th.

Applegate: And then?

Joe: Is it so terrible just to want to go home?

Applegate: It's gauche.

You're too big for that kind of sentimental nonsense. Now you just think things over.

(Applegate exits through door--Joe Calling after him)

Joe: I am thinking things over.

#10 – A MAN DOESN'T KNOW

(Joe X back to desk – and to himself)

Joe: I'm thinking about a lot of things.

(sings)

Joe: A man doesn't know what he has
Until he loses it, *(Sit on desk, leans on both hands)*
When a man has the love of a
womanHe abuses it
I didn't know what I
hadWhen I had my old
love,I didn't know what
I had
Till I said, "goodbye, old love!"
Yes, a man doesn't know what he has
Till it is no longer around *(Look out. Rise. X to C)*
But the happy thought is,
Whatever it is he's lost,
May some day once again be found!

(VB Entering through door)

Van Buren: Joe – Mr Welch wants to speak to you.

(Welch Who has entered behind Van Buren and now X Van Buren to Joe)

Welch: Joe.

Joe: Yes, Mr. Welch?

Welch: Joe, Miss Thorpe hadn't quite finished talking to you. You don't mind, do you, lad?

Joe: I'll do whatever you say, Mr. Welch

(Music out--VB calling off L)

Van Buren: Come in.

(Bryant, Lynch, Gloria, Applegate enter; (Welch X behind desk)

Welch: Joe's feeling better now if you've got any other questions— *(He sits)*
(Gloria X DC)

Gloria: It isn't that I've got more questions, Mr. Welch – but I don't think I caught the answer to the one I asked.

Joe: Which one?

Gloria: Your family.

Joe: They've all passed away. I haven't any family. Nobody.

Gloria: What about friends?

Welch: Well, he's got one friend I know of. Put me down, little lady.

Gloria: What about your friends back in Hannibal? Heard from any of them?

(Applegate Has been DR, now X C between Joe and Gloria)

Applegate: If you will permit me to say a word. I happen to represent the Hannibal Bugle and I'm telling you right now that everybody in our little old town is just as proud as pumpkins of little old Joe.

Gloria: Well, thank little old you. And thank little ol' Joe.

(Applegate gestures as if to say "It's nothing," and X)

(Welch jumping up)

Welch: Quit picking on the boy, will you? He hasn't got anything more to tell you. If you want to ask questions, ask me.

Lynch: O.K. Do you think Washington is going to win the pennant?

(The reporters ad lib at this absurdity)

Gloria: When I swim the channel.

Bryant: Don't be so funny.

Joe: What's so funny? What's so damn funny about Washington winning the pennant?

Van Buren: Now Joe.

Joe: Who's winning more games than we are?

Lynch: Well, Joe, I –

Joe: I don't know why it's such a funny idea that we should cop the pennant. All we have to do is win games.

Welch: Hear. Hear.

Joe: I guess I talked too much.

Welch: No you didn't. These newspaper people don't know what it is to have your heart in a ball club. O.K. we're not even in the first division. But strange things happen in baseball. We're playing like a new team. We're climbing – we're moving up. So, you think what you please and I'll think what I please. But don't blame me for hoping and don't blame me for loving this boy who's made it possible for me to hope. Now you can go out and put it in your papers that I say that we'll have the pennant sewed up by the 25th of September. That's what we think isn't it, Joe?

Joe: The 25th. The season ends on the 25th?

Welch: That's right, boy—

Joe: We'll have it sewed up by the 24th.

Welch: Now there's a statement for you.

Applegate: How sneaky can a fellow get?

BLACKOUT

#11 – LOLA'S ENTRANCE

ACT I, Scene 6

Applegate's Apartment: Little Brains

(Lola comes down stairs to Applegate's apartment .

Lola: Hi ya, Chief.

Applegate: Lola! Welcome to the nation's capital.

Lola: Thank you, Chief.

Applegate: Have a good trip?

Lola: Perfect. The plane crashed in Cleveland.

Applegate: Good, good. Now how about that job in Chicago?

Lola: Cleared the whole thing up before I left. I got the old boy to embezzle \$100,000.00 and lost it for him at the race track. Then his wife left him and he took to drink. I told him I was through and he jumped out of the window. Twenty-second story.

Applegate: That's high enough. That's fine.

Lola: Want me to try the Empire State on the next one?

Applegate: No, no Lola. This is a straight seduction job. New boy I just got holdof. Look Lola, I've done a terrible foolish thing – I'm really ashamed to confess it. I let this real estate genius talk me into an escape clause.

Lola: I never heard of it.

Applegate: You'll never hear of it again. I've got too much on my mind. It slipped by me. I'm overworked.

Lola: I know, poor dear...

Applegate: So when I made this Joe Hardy deal, I –

Lola: Joe Hardy?

Applegate: That's his name.

Lola: Gee, they say he's great. Clarence just raved about him.

Applegate: Who's Clarence?

Lola: You know – Clarence, the jumper....

(She makes diving gesture)

Applegate: Look, Lola, here's the tie-up. This is a mass torture deal like the thirty-years war. I've got thousands of Washington fans drooling under the illusion that the Senators are going to win the Pennant.

Lola: Oh Chief, that's awfully good. There'll be suicides, heart attacks and apoplexy. *(Looks up)*
Just like the good old days.

Applegate: But, the key to the whole thing is this fellow. *(points to head shot of Joe H.)*
He wants to go back to his wife. For all I know he's sneaking out there right this minute.

Lola: Well don't worry, Chief, you know I'm pretty good at making men forget their wives. This is a routine case. I'll give him the standard vampire treatment.

Applegate: There isn't a home-wrecker on my staff better than you, Lola. But this fellow's stubborn.

Lola: Oh, c'mon Chief. You know I've got what it takes.

#12 – A LITTLE BRAINS, A LITTLE TALENT

(Spoken rhythmically)

Lola: Don't make me brag
I took the zing out of the king of
Siam! I took the starch out of the sails
Of the Prince of Wales,

It's no great art, getting' the heart of a man
On a silver platter
A little brains, a little talent
With an emphasis on the latter!

I made mince-meat out of a sweet young farmer!
I knocked the fight out of a knight
When I pierced his armour
And I'll bet, I can upset ev'ry male

In a Yale regatta
A little brains, a little talent

**With an emphasis on the latta!
You gotta know just what to say and how to say it**

**You gotta know what game to play and how to play it
You gotta stack those decks with a couple of extra aces
And this queen has her aces**

**In all the right places!
I've done much more than that old bore, Delilah!
I took the curl out of the hair of a millionaire
There is no trick getting some hick who is cool**

**Just a little warmer
A little talent, a little brains,
With an emphasis on the former!**

**Split up a home, way up in Nome, Alaska
And wrecked the life of ev'ry wife down in Madagascar**

**Ask me why weak men'll die for
meStrong men simply shatter
A little brains, a little talent,
With an emphasis on the latter!**

**You've gotta know just what to do, and how to do it
You've gotta know what tea to brew and how to brew it
You've seen that sign that says
George Washington once slept here,**

**Well, though nobody spied him
Guess who was beside him?
Bring on that boy, he'll be a toy for Lola**

**Just one more case, she can erase with that old Boffola
What's my plan? Same as with any
man'll use the standard patter
Plus a little this-a and a little that-a
With an emphasis on the – on the latter!**

#13.1 – CHANGE MUSIC: GOODBYE, OLD GIRL (REPRISE)

ACT I, Scene 7

Meg's house: Joe H. Meets Meg

Joe is standing at front door, trying to peek into the window. Meg comes in from other room and goes to chair by television set where there is a paper sack...Joe watches her. Sister appears in center opening.

Sister: Did you find them?

(Joe ducks back. Meg takes a carton of eggs out of the paper bag and passes it to Sister. Doris appears in center opening)

Doris: I need those eggs.

Sister: Here.

(Passes them to her)

Doris: Get Meg to come with us.

(She exits UC)

Sister: Yes, Megsie, after we finish the baking how about going on the town with us?

Meg: No thanks.

Sister: Megsie, you might as well face it, Joe is never coming back.

Meg: I like to pretend he is.

Sister: Well, you got to go on

living. **Meg:** I am living.

Sister: You know, living life to the fullest. Now come with us.

We're going down to the station to see Gregory Peck come in on the train from California. Wish you'd come....oh well. We'll get our things and go out the back door. See you later...

(Sister exits UC. Meg straightens the papers and goes to television. Joe knocks on door)

Meg: Come in.

(Joe enters, stands just inside door looking at her. Meg continues checking list then turns and see that it is a stranger)

Oh. Oh, I'm sorry – I thought you were the delivery boy.

Joe: No, I came about – that is – someone told me you had a room you might be willing to rent. *(Smiles at her)*

Meg: Me. Rent a room?

Joe: That's what they said – some fellow down at the corner. I'm looking for a nice quiet place.

Meg: My goodness. I never even thought of renting a room.

Joe: I wouldn't be any trouble – I can promise you that.

Meg: Well, I'm sure you wouldn't. But you see Mister – Mister -

Joe: Joe Hardy *(Steps in)*

Meg: My husband's name is Joe.

Joe: Is that so? That's quite a coincidence.

Meg: He's away.

Joe: Oh. That's too bad.

Meg: Yes.

Joe: For long?

Meg: Not too long – I hope. He had to go on a trip.

Joe: I guess that's why this fellow thought you might have an extra room.

Meg: I wonder who that could be.
(Sister offstage)

Sister: Meg.

Meg: Oh dear – excuse me. We're cooking for the bridge Club – a friend of mine and her sister, from my home town. Just make yourself athome.

(Meg picks up bundle of groceries from chair, exits UC. Joe looks over room, crosses to chair in front of television and sits, sings:

Joe: **But he'll come back to you again.**
(Meg enters UC)

Meg: I'm sorry to have taken so long –
(Joe jumps up)

My friends think it will be good for me to take in a boarder.

Joe: I'd certainly appreciate it.

Meg: They are coming right in to meet you as soon as they fix their hair. I have a room that was my husband's den that we use as a guest room. It has a nice studio couch. Would you like to see it?

Joe: Oh, I know it's all right.

Meg: Better take a look at it. Oh, I'd have to ask you not to use the downstairs when I have bridge club. That's every three days.

Joe: Oh, that wouldn't bother me. I'd be away quite a bit, anyhow. I often go away for two or three weeks at a time.

Meg: Oh, I see.

Joe: You have to live in hotels when you're out on the road and you get kind of lonesome just to be in somebody's house. That's why I thought...you see I was just walking around the neighborhood wishing I could live out this way.

#14 – A MAN DOESN'T KNOW (REPRISE)

Meg: I guess I see through you. You just miss somebody that you've left behind. Is that it?

Joe: Yes, I do. *(Turns away)*
I miss somebody something awful.

Meg: Well, I know how that is.

(Joe Sings)

Joe: A man doesn't know what he has until he loses it.
When a man has the love of a woman, he abuses it,
I didn't know what I had when I had my old love.

I didn't know what I had 'til I said, "goodbye, old love!" *(Looks at her)*
Yes, a man doesn't know what he has
Till it is no longer around
But the happy thought is
Whatever it is he's lost
May someday once again be found.

Meg: I know what you mean, Joe, *(sings to him)*
Only too well
For I am lonely, just like you.
Lonely for my Joe, my sweet
Joe. How really sweet I never
knew,
I never really knew.

A woman doesn't know what she has until she loses it,
When a woman has the love of a man she abuses it.
I didn't know what I had when I had my old love.

Joe: I didn't know what I had til I said, "goodbye, old love."
Yes, a man doesn't know what he

has'Til it is no longer around

Both: But the happy thought is
Whatever it is he's/she's lost,
May some day once again be found.

(They exit UC SL)

Sister: Huh – not here.

Doris: Oh, where is he?

Meg: He's upstairs. He's going to take it. He's clearing out a couple of drawers.

Sister: Don't you want us to look him over first? I thought you said...

Meg: I know I did – but you can just tell, he's such a nice boy. Look out, here he is. *(Joe re-enters C)* I want you to meet my friends. This is Mr. Harper, Sister Miller –

Sister: Hello there.

Meg: --And Doris Miller.

Doris: How do you do.

Sister: Isn't it a gorgeous day?

Doris: Sister.

(Whispering)

Sister: What?

Doris: Come here.

(They draw to one side, whispering and looking at Joe)

Joe: Look, Mrs. Boyd, here's a mighty funny thing. When I was clearing out that top drawer I found an envelope addressed to you.

Meg: You did? Well, that's strange. I thought I had looked everywhere After Joe....

Well, now what do you know about that?.

(Joe X, Meg opens envelope)

My gosh—look—money. Well say, you certainly have brought me luck. Look at this, gals. I guess Joe left that there and—

(Sister Suddenly X to Joe)

Sister: You're Joe Hardy, aren't you?

Joe: I guess I am.

Sister: It's Joe Hardy, Meg. Not Mr. Harper. It's Joe Hardy. He's the greatest baseball player—oh my goodness. I'm flabbergasted.

Oh,gee, Joe Hardy. May I have your autograph?

Doris: You don't know what's happened to you Meg, he's a hero.

Sister: We saw the game and that home run you made in the seventh,was that an inside pitch? Was he trying to loosen you up?

(Applegate enters; X to door)

Oh, yes, and that wonderful double play in the third. Did you hurt your hand?

(Applegate knocks--Meg Xs and opens door)

Meg: Yes—good morning.

(Applegate Flashes identification case)

Applegate: I'm from City Hall *(reaching with left hand to shake)*

Meg: Where?

(Applegate Flashes case again)

Applegate: City Hall. Just serving official notice in the neighborhood.

Meg: What kind of notice?

Applegate: New zoning law. No one is permitted to take roomers in this neighborhood.

(Joe talking to girls hears his voice, turns and comes slowly towards door)

Meg: But they do – people do.

Applegate: Effective as of today.

Joe: What's this?

Meg: Why – this man.

Joe: It's all right, Meg. I mean Mrs. Boyd. I know this man – just let me talk to him. *(He moves Applegate out the front door)*

I'll be right in.

(Meg re-enters house and X to girls)

Sister: What is it? *(women pantomime)*

Joe: Really, Mr. Applegate, you're carrying things too far.

Applegate: Joe, she's here. I have told her all about you.

She's interested, know what I mean? A real sexy baby.

Joe: If you keep hounding me this way, I'm not going to be able to play worth a damn.

Applegate: Do you think I like it? Wasting my time, not to mention the money spent on costumes

Joe: Mr. Applegate, can't you understand how I feel?

Applegate: No.

Joe: I was married when I was only twenty. No matter what went wrong with my life or my business there was someone I could trust and a place to come to where I'd feel protected – this home – and I can't get over it all at once.

Applegate: Joe, you're not trying.

Joe: And if you want to know, I've rented a room here.

Applegate: But I told you *(kicks gate with left foot)*

Ow! My hoof!

(Applegate Exits right--Joe re-enters living room)

Joe: He's gone.

Meg: What did he say?

Joe: Oh, he's just a practical joker.

Meg: Oh. I'm not much of a judge of character. That's what my husband always said.

(Sister X to Joe with baseball pictures)

Sister: We're going to fix your room up with a lot of Joe's old baseball pictures, Mr. Hardy.

Meg: My husband's a great fan – you know.

Sister: Oh, a fanatic. Every night in front of the television set you would see that big slob sitting there.

ACT I, Scene 8

Locker Room: Whatever Lola Wants

Bouley: Haven't had such a good time in years.

Lowe: Neither have I.

Vernon: Lost it in the sun, he said.

Smokey: They're just another ball team, that's all.

Mickey: We wuz in there today.

Smokey: Just like Benny told us.

Rocky: Well, I hope them so-called bombers enjoyed themselves as

muchas I did tonight.

Henry: Hey, you looked pretty near like a ball player today.

Rocky: Three for five, kid; three for five.

(Lights down on team; team freezes in place)

(Lights up on Welch entering with Van Buren)

Welch: A lot of Joe's fan clubs want to do things to celebrate him. I asked Joe if he wanted a party. He said no--he only wanted to be in the Hall of Fame!

(Welch stops)

Van Buren: He was kidding.

Welch: I don't think so.

Van Buren: A party for Joe is a good idea, but about a month from now. At the end of the season.

Welch: Sometimes I think Joe is fourteen years old and sometimes I think he's fifty.

(They exit. Applegate enters UC, stops; Gloria enters L)

Gloria: Well. I hear we finally got Joe on television

Applegate: Does that surprise you?

Gloria: I was wondering if you could tell me why he has been refusing to appear before this.

Applegate: My dear girl, he's shy.

Gloria: Mr. Applegate, I'd like to ask you just one more question. When Joe was back in Hannibal, did he have the same name?

Applegate: Yes. Hardy. You spell it with an H, as is Heh *(Hell; laughs deviously)*

Gloria: What's so funny?

Applegate: Something came to mind. It isn't important.

Gloria: He played a nice game tonight.

Applegate: His batting average went up four more points. Now it's 524, not bad for a raw rookie.

Gloria: Yes, very raw! *(Exits R)*

Applegate: *(To audience)* Lovely girl. I know she'll make some nice man very unhappy.
(Exits R)

(Lights up on Team; they unfreeze. Rocky is putting on shoes)

Rocky: Three for five kid; three for five!

(Smokey and Sohovik Enter)

Smokey: Hey, Rocky, that dumb blonde tomato from the drugstore is out there waiting for you.

Rocky: Tell her to keep on chewing her gum till I get there.

Smokey: She asked was I the reception committee. *(exits)*

(Sohovik Calling after Smokey)

Sohovik: You'd sure better be dressed for the part!

Rocky: Did you see Dawson throw down his glove when I hit that 3 and 2pitch?

Henry: I swing at the ball, and the next thing I know I'm riding into third.

Rocky: Senators 9, well-known Yankees 2. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to memorize that.

(VB Enters and X to locker)

Van Buren: I was just talking to Mr. Welch---he's pretty pleased.

(Boys ad lib)

Van Buren: Get some sleep, boys. Tomorrow we'll pin their ears back in a bow knot for them. *(Exits)*

Rocky: Three for five.

(Smokey Enters)

Smokey: Say, Rocky, the blond is tired of gum. She says she wants something to eat.

Sohovik: I see you're gettin' fancy now...dinner!

(Smokey takes shirt tail in hand and mimics woman. Joe enters)

How'd she go, Joe?

Joe: Fine.

Sohovik: Yeah. What'd you tell the great invisible audience?

Joe: I told them we were lifting our mortgage on the second divisionand taking an option on first place.

Rocky: You sound like one of them white collar workers.

Joe: Oh. I used to sell a little real estate. Just a sideline.

(X to end locker)

Sohovik: Every ball player should have a sideline.

(Applegate Enters)

Applegate: Good evening, gentlemen. Great game, Joe, proud of you my boy.

Boys: Good night, Joe. So long, Joe.. *(Ad lib...Boys exit)*

Joe: 'Night, fellas.

Applegate: Well, Joe, we showed those Yankees, didn't we?

Joe: If we could just take the double-header tomorrow, wouldn't that be great?

Applegate: You will, you will. I feel it in my bones. Joe, did you notice that charming young lady sitting in the box with me?

(Joe X to locker)

Joe: Yeah, I saw her.

Applegate: Wants to meet you. I'll bring her in.

Joe: Well, wait'll I get my pants on.

(He starts to put on pants)

Applegate: That's my boy.

Joe: Say, you know, I got sort of a date...at home, I mean. I know you don't like it.

Applegate: Joe, I do like it. I've changed my mind. I want you to be happy.

Joe: Thanks.

Applegate: But this girl is a sweet kid, and she wants to meet you so...

Joe: Sure. Sure.

(Applegate Calling off UC)

Applegate: Lola

(To Joe)

Applegate: She talked about you all through the game. Ah, here we are.

(Lola slithers UC between locker.)

Joe, I want you to meet my friend Lola.

Joe: How do you do? *(trying to pull up pants)*

Applegate: This is Joe Hardy.

Lola: I have seen him from a distance.

Applegate: And admired him.

Lola: You *(to Applegate)* should not tell what I admire.

Applegate: Joe this is Senorita Lolita Banana. You may have seen her picture in

the papers. She was Miss West Indies of 1954.

Joe: Well, it's certainly a pleasure to meet you.

Lola: Thank you.

Applegate: Joe, keep Lola company for a second – I got to get a hot dog.

(He turns and exits). (Joe Looks after him as if to call him back, and then remembers Lola)

Joe: Gee, where's my manners? Won't you sit down.

(Lola X to bench, looking at room)

Lola: You are so polite.

This is where you all get ready?

Joe: Yes, m'am.

Lola: Interesting. The truth is, Mr. Joe, I do not know how to talk to a man so famous like you.

Joe: How about you? Miss West Indies. That's going some.

Lola: It is silly. I am ashamed he told you. Mr. Applegate tries to show me off too much. Because my picture is in the papers and because maybe I am pleasing to look in a bathing suit, is that important?

Joe: Well, as the fellows around here would say, *-(Laughs)*
--it ain't bad.

(Lola X to him protesting)

Lola: No, Joe. What is inside me, if I am an interesting person, that is important.

Joe: Oh, I agree.

Lola: What are those?

(Referring to the suitcases on lockers. She steps on top of bench)

Joe: That's where we pack our duffle when we go on the road.

Lola: Oh, Joe – You like music? You like dancing?

(She accompanies these questions with appropriate movement of the hips)

Joe: I'm not so very hot at dancing, but I like music. I studied cornet for three years.

(Lola Looks down from bench as if from a precipice)

Lola: You help me down, please?

Joe: Oh sure.

Joe: I really studied for four years. My teacher said I had a natural lip
—

uh – for cornet playing that is. I mean to play the cornet you have to have good lips. Oh gosh.

(He pushes himself away)

Lola: Oh Joe, you are wonderful boy.

Joe: I am?

Lola: You are so honest.

Joe: I'm honest, but I'm dumb too.

Lola: I like people who do not brag about themselves.

Joe: Well, me too.

I don't know where Mr. Applegate...

(Lola interrupting)

Lola: Do you know you and I feel just alike about things.

Joe: We do?

Lola: I think we shall become to know each other quite well. Joe, would you like to take me somewhere tonight?

Joe: Gee, I sure would like to, but you know what Mr. Van Buren would say.

Lola: He'd say... you lucky boy.

Joe: No, no, he'd say it's late. He likes us to get to bed early.

Lola: Any particular place?

Oh, Joe, you think I am a naughty girl.

Joe: No. No, I don't.

Only you see I rented a room out in Chevy Chase this afternoon and I promised to move in tonight. I got to go home.

Lola: Home.

Joe: Yes. I promised to be there.

Lola: You want to hurt Lola's feelings?

Joe: No, no. I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings. That's why I...

Lola: But Lola wants you to stay with her.

Joe: We have to keep training and strict rules and all that.

Lola: You can tell me all their rules.

Joe: You're making this very complicated.

Lola: Then be good boy.

Joe: I'm trying to.

Lola: And do like Lola tell you to do.

#15 – WHATEVER LOLA WANTS

Lola: Whatever Lola wants Lola gets
And little man, little Lola wants you.

Make up your mind to have no regrets,
Recline yourself, resign yourself, you're through.
I always get what I aim for
And your heart 'n' soul is what I came for.
Whatever Lola wants Lola gets,
No use to fight, don't you know you can't
win? You're no exception to the rule,
I'm irresistible, you fool
Give in! Give in! Give in!

(Spoken rhythmically)

Lola: Hello Joe! It's me!

(Spoken)

He hits so far. Hold on – that's you

(Spoken rhythmically)

Ha, Ha!

Boop-Poop-A-Doop

(Spoken)

Lola: Peek-a-boo Yoo-hoo.

(Sung)

I always get what I aim for
And your heart 'n' soul is what I came
for Lola wants...
Lola gets.
You'll never win
I'm irresistible, you fool!
Give in! Give in!

Joe: Lola.

Lola: Yes, Joe.

Joe: If it was you I promised to come home to you'd want me to,
wouldn't you?

Lola: I see.

Joe: You're awfully wonderful and I wish I was two people, but I'm only
one –
--and I'm married.

(Joe Exits—Applegate Enters behind lockers L and X DC)

Applegate: What a flop. Just a routine case, eh?

Lola: I was wrong. He is different.

Applegate: Alibi Ike.

Lola: I never ran up against one like that before.

Applegate: Oh, bosh and double bosh. Get yourself a new line. Your methods are old-fashioned. Whatever Lola wants.

(He mimics her dance))

Lola: All right, Chief. You just give me time, just give me...

Applegate: There isn't any time. They go on the Western trip, but when he comes back, I'll smoke him out. When he gets back I'll start a scandal in the neighborhood. She'll have to throw him out.

Lola: What kind of scandal?

Applegate: Good Lord, the boy is living right there in the house with that woman. Aren't you shocked? I am.

#16 – CHANGE MUSIC (NOT MEG)

ACT I, Scene 9

Apron: Fan Club Show

The lights come up, and Welch is talking to Miss Weston, and Van Buren.

Welch: I'll make a little speech first for all the fans – and then we'll bring on these acts, whatever they are. I hope you haven't got too many.

Weston: No. There were about 100 fan clubs that wanted to perform, but we just picked the best—

Van Buren: You'll give me a list?

Weston: Oh yes – I have it in the dressing room.

(An assistant enters R)

Assistant: Miss Weston – the G Street Fans can't find their costumes.

(Weston To Welch)

Weston: Excuse me, Mr. Welch.

(Weston hurries out with Assistant L)

Welch: You feel all right about everything, do you Benny?

Van Buren: I'm not bubbling over with joy about the game we played today, if that's what you mean.

Welch: Well, don't show it.

Let's make it a good party tonight. We've come to the end of the season better than I ever dreamed.

Van Buren: Two games to go.

Welch: Now, now, you just relax, we'll be the Champions. All we got to do is win one of those games.

Van Buren: But the way Joe cracked up on us today....

(Welch Warning)

Welch: Easy...easy. *(Joe enters carrying suit jacket)*

Well, boy, how's it feel to have the whole town honoring you?

Joe: Feels like I wish I deserved it.

Van Buren: Now, Joe boy, we'll show them tomorrow, hey?

(Weston Enters)

Weston: Here's the list.

(Hands Van Buren list, Weston exits)

Van Buren: Oh, thanks.

Welch: Excuse us, Joe.

(Van Buren and Welch exit)

Joe: I got to practice my speech.

(A poster and easel are brought on by Sister and Doris with the slogan: "Washington Saved His Country, Joe Saved Washington." Lola enters)

Lola: Congratulations.

Joe: Oh, it's you.

(Lola Showing 39 on her shirt back)

Lola: I've become a fan – officially. We're putting a dance on in your honor tonight after the Fan Clubs' show.

Joe: That's very nice Miss Cabana

Lola: No, Miss Cabana's gone. No Accent. Didn't you notice: She failed dismally.

Joe: Kidding me again, I guess.

Lola: No, Joe, just kidding myself.

I'm just a bad hussy who just organized a fan club, without instructions from Mr. A.

Joe: He wanted us to lose today, didn't he?

Didn't you hear him giving me the razz all through the game – personal things – anything to put me off. That's why I threw the

ball into the stands. I was trying to hit him.

Lola: You let in two runs and hit an old lady. He was delighted.

Joe: What does he want?

Lola: Tomorrow is the 24th.

Joe: Yes.

Lola: I think he doesn't want to lose you.

Joe: And what do you want?

Lola: I would like to be your friend.

Joe: I guess you mean it. Thanks.

Lola: Joe, you make me feel girlish, and I'm 172 years old. You see, many men have loved me – hopelessly – but I felt nothing. And would you believe it, you're such a good loyal, dumb ordinary man, you make me feel tender. It's quite exciting. You still believe me.

Applegate: *(From off stage)* Oh, folderol.

Lola: Look out.

Applegate: Folderol, what business is it of yours where Joe lives?

Gloria: I'm curious. That's all.

Applegate: Joe moved out of that house in Chevy Chase because...Why did you change to the hotel, Joe?

Joe: To be near you. And let me tell you something else – we're going to win that pennant tomorrow. You wait and see. *(Exit L.)*

(Applegate Calling after. Applauds.)

Applegate: That's the spirit.

(To Gloria)

That's the way a ball player should talk, don't you think?

Gloria: I think a lot of things, my friend. You see I've just come back from a trip to Hannibal, Missouri.

Applegate: Well, did you drop in and say hello to the boys at the Bugle?

Gloria: There is no Bugle, Mr. Applejuice.

Applegate: You know my name.

Gloria: Yes, I do. But I don't know Joe Hardy's name.

Applegate: What was that crack?

Gloria: One thing I do know, his name isn't Joe Hardy.

Applegate: If you are referring to the rumor that he is in reality, Shifty McCoy, I deny it emphatically.

Gloria: Who's Shifty McCoy?

Applegate: All right. If you haven't heard it, I haven't said it.

What's your big problem anyhow? Why do you say he is not Joe Hardy?

Gloria: Nobody in Hannibal has ever seen or heard of Joe Hardy. His birth is not registered there. He's a faker. Where'd he come from?

Applegate: Oh, don't be so nosey.

Go home, Get married.

Have children.

(Applegate exits. Gloria starts to write Shifty McCoy in notebook.)

(Van Buren enters making notes on piece of paper)

Gloria: Benny...

Van Buren: You part of this shindig?

Gloria: Benny, ever hear of a ball player named Shifty McCoy?

Van Buren: Isn't he the kid that took a bribe in the Mexican League about four years ago?

Gloria: Oh?

Van Buren: Threw a game and they caught him at it.

Gloria: What happened?

Van Buren: He took it on the lam. Never been heard of since as far as I know.

Gloria: Did you know him?

Van Buren: No. No, Miss Thorpe, I remember seeing his picture in the paper at the time. It was quite a scandal.

Gloria: Of course, that's where I'll find it.

(Weston enter R)

Weston: Mr. Welch.

Welch: I'm ready. *(Exits)*

(Gloria To Weston)

Gloria: Could you tell me where there's a phone? No, no, never mind.

Weston: We're going to start. Clear everybody.

(Enters to Fanfare)

Welch: This is Joe's night and I'm not going to start off with any long speech. Later on, you may have to listen to a tribute or two, but right now, we're going to sit down and see what some of Joe's fan clubs think of him. Now this first number is by the "I Love Joe!" fanclub. Yes, that's what it says—

#19 – WHO'S GOT THE PAIN?

Lola:

Who's got the pain when they do the
mambo? Who's got the pain when they go
"Ugh" Who's got the pain when they do the
mambo? I don't know who – do you?

Who needs a pill when they do the mambo?
Who needs a pill when they go "Ugh"
Who needs a pill when they do the mambo?
I don't know who – do you?

Someone must be sick with the
heat Or steppin' on ev'ryone's feet.
But if ev'ryone's feeling' o k.
Why don't they just say "Olay"

When the music carries them away. "Ugh"
Who's got the pain when they do the
mambo? Who's got the pain when they go
"Ugh" Who's got the pain when they do the
mambo?

I don't know who – do
you? Ugh!
Ugh!

Is there a doctor in the
house? Is there a doctor in the
house? If there's a doctor in
the house Point him out.

For there is an element of doubt – as to
Who's got the pain when they do the
mambo? Who's got the pain when they go
"Ugh"
Who needs a pill when they do the mambo?

Who needs a pill when they go "Ugh!"

(Carol and Becky dance)

(After number, Joe, Smokey, Rocky, Sohovik, Henry (in uniform), Sister, and Doris come on stage applauding. Lola and dancers take a bow C and are congratulated by Joe. Lola X to Joe and kisses him on cheek. The crowd oohs and aahs. Welch enters and motions to Van Buren; he enters. They pantomime as Applegate suddenly enters and speaks to Lola who is now alone.

Applegate: Going a little far, don't you think?

Lola: Didn't you like it?

Applegate: I liked it fine. Puff him up. I'll bring him down again.

Lola: You'll what?

(Applegate Points to Van Buren)

Applegate: It's already started. Keep your eyes open, home wrecker, you'll see who's got the pain.

Van Buren *(to audience):* Mr. Welch has just had a call from the Commissioner and that's one call we always answer *(Crowd laughs)*

And he asked me to take over. Now folks, some of Joe's fans are going to do a dance...

(Music is stopped and Welch enters and calls Joe over.)

#20 – FINALE – ACT ONE

Welch: Joe.

Van Buren: What's the matter?

Welch: Joe, a terrible thing has happened. In a few minutes there will be an extra—a newspaper on the streets accusing you of being a fellow who took a bribe down with the Mexican League.

(Crowd ad libs)

Quiet! I want Joe to tell us It's not so.

Joe: Took a bribe?

Welch: Yes, Joe.

Joe: I wouldn't do such a thing.

Welch: The Commissioner has called a hearing for tomorrow morning.

Joe: But who would say such a thing about me?

Welch: If you can clear yourself, you can play ball, otherwise not.

(Joe tries to quiet crowd)

Joe: They gotta let me play. Listen, everybody. You've got to believe me. I'm not any crook. I'd die for the team. And I will...AND we'll win. We've got to win.

BLACKOUT

(CURTAIN)

#22 – ENTR'ACTE

#23 – OPENING ACT TWO

ACT II, Scene 1

Locker Room: The Game

Van Buren: The whole town is behind Joe – parades – speeches. They know an O.K. guy when they see one. And so do I.

Smokey: Joe ain't done nothin' wrong.

Henry: Mexican League – phooey!

Vernon: That Gloria Thorpe dame. She oughtta be run outta town.

Sohovik: Yer damn right.

Van Buren: Joe's up there with the Commissioner right now trying to clear himself.

Smokey: I bet the Yankees are behind this whole thing.

Henry: Yeah, you tell 'em

Rocky: Yeah. They're scared of us.

Van Buren: Now listen. Whether Joe's with us today or not, you boys are going out there and play red-hot baseball.

(ad libs)

Players: Sure – right – *(etc.)*

Van Buren: We're the best club in the League and you know it. Now when we take the field I want you to forget about Joe and go out there and fill the park with so many base hits those Cleveland Indians will think it's the Third World War!

(Van Buren exits U L)

Lowe: Benny's right.

Bouley: We got to forget about Joe and just think about the game.

Rocky: You can't play good if you're worryin' – I found that out.

Smokey: That's why I got this outside hobby – somebody give me a fourletter word for – you can do it to an egg.

Sohovik: What did the Cleveland Indians do to us yesterday?

Smokey: They murdered us.

Vernon: Nix on that stuff.

Sohovik: Beat!

Mickey: Talk about something cheerful, will you.

Linville: Yeah. Women
Rocky: No women. You forgettin' the rules?
Linville: No. But I ain't forgettin' women either.
Rocky: Benny says if we're going to succeed in the big league we got to pay attention to all them strict rules.
Mickey: Well, he's right. *(All assent)*
Rocky: No drinking, no women – no late hours, no women.

#24 – THE GAME

Rocky: You got to keep your mind on the game.
(Sings)
We've got to think about the game!

Ballplayers: The game, the game!
We've got to think about the game,
The game, the game!
Booze and broads may be great,
Though they're great they'll have to wait,
While we think about the game.

Rocky: There was that waitress back in Kansas
City,Built for comfort, dumb but pretty!

Ballplayers: Yeah/ Yeah?

Rocky: Man her perfume sure did smell
sweet,Got her up to my hotel suite!

Ballplayers: Yeah? Yeah?

Rocky: She killed a pint of gin, more or less,
The lights were low and she slips off her dress!

Ballplayers: Yeah? Yeah? Yeah? Yeah?

Rocky: But then I thought about the game!

Ballplayers: The game, the game!

Rocky: Oh yes, I thought about the game!

Ballplayers: The game, the game!

Rocky: Though I got the lady high, I just left her high and dry,
'cause I thought about the game!

Ballplayers: He thought about the game!

Smokey: There was that pullman car that I got lost
in,On a sleeper out of Boston!

Ballplayers: Yeah? Yeah?

Smokey: Compartment doors all look the same
there, Walk in one and there's this dame
there!

Ballplayers: Yeah? Yeah?

Smokey: Blonde and stacked and absolutely bare,
And nothin' separatin' us but air!

Ballplayers: Yeah? Yeah? Yeah? Yeah? **Smokey:**

But then I thought about the game! **Ballplayers:**

The game, the game!

Smokey: Oh yes, I thought about the game

Ballplayers: The game, the game!

Smokey: Though my heart said, "stay for tea,"
All I said was "pardon me!"
'cause I thought about the game!

Mickey: When a chick gives you the eye, remember –

Ballplayers: Abstain!

Lowe: When you're dyin' for some rye, remember –

Ballplayers: Refrain!

Henry: If you're losin' at crap and the clock say it's eleven,
And suddenly each roll you roll –

Ballplayers: "Huh"

Henry: --comes up a seven,
And you're in the kind of dive where men are men,

Ballplayers: Be polite, say good night, you should be in bed by

then! **Smokey:** When your mother bakes you cakes, remember –

Ballplayers: Stay thin!

Rocky: When you're kissin' till it aches, remember –

Ballplayers: Don't give in!

Ev'ry rule we shall obey to be sure,
'cause to win we've got to stay, good and pure,
Good and pure! Humm.

Smokey: Hey, rock, remember those twins we took a ride with,

Rocky: Operatin' side by side with,

Ballplayers: Yeah?

Smokey: We're out of gas three miles from Philly,

Rocky: The night is warm, the sky's a dilly.

Rocky: So I suggest we sleep beneath a tree,
Smokey: With no one there but Rock, the chicks and me.
Ballplayers: Yeah? Yeah? Yeah? Yeah?
Smokey: So there we are, lyin' side by side under the tree.
Rocky: Four minds with a single thought.
Smokey: I look at my girl...
Rocky: I look at mine...
Smokey: And then in one – fell - swoop...
(Boys clasp hands over Smokey's and Rocky's mouths)
Ballplayers: But then they thought about the game!
The game, the game!
Rocky & Smokey: Oh yes, we thought about the game!
Ballplayers: The game, the game!
To our women one and
all, We will see you in the
fall,
But for now we've got to
stall Ev'ry dame!
And think about the
game! Think about the
game,
Think about the, think about
the, Think about the, think about
the, Think about the game!

ACT II, Scene 2

Outside the Park/Billboard: Meg's & Joe's Dance

Sister, Doris, and Meg enter SR.

Sister: Sure, the Senators lost today. They didn't have Joe!
Doris: Tomorrow's the one that counts.
Sister: The tickets are all sold out---what a game it's gonna be!
Meg: You two go ahead. I forgot something. I'll see you later

Meg: Oh, Joe.
Joe: Meg.

Meg: Thanks for coming.

Joe: They postponed the hearing till ten o'clock tonight.

Meg: I didn't know whether it was all right for me to phone you.

Joe: Of course, it was all right.

Meg: Joe, I had something to explain.
If I'd known you were going to be in all this trouble, I wouldn't have asked you to give up your room. I want you to know that. I wouldn't care how much people talked.

Joe: I guess it was for the best. This is the 24th. It'll all be over soon.

Meg: You mean the baseball season?

Joe: Everything.

Meg: How you talk. Everything what?

Joe: We play the Yankees tomorrow for the pennant. If I shouldn't be in the game, would you think I was a crook?

Meg: Well, of course I couldn't.

Joe: Do you think I'm Shifty McCoy?

Meg: I know you're not. It's silly. You're not the least bit shifty, you're moody. Now if they called you Moody McCoy, then I'd think there might be some grounds.

Joe: At least I want to have my name cleared before I disappear.

Meg: What in goodness name are you talking about?

Joe: There's a witness coming from Mexico City who knew Shifty McCoy. He's coming to the hearing tonight and then I'll be proved innocent.

Meg: Of course, you are. You're a good man, I know that.

Joe: Do you? Do you think I came from Hannibal, Missouri?

Meg: No, Joe, I don't, but it's just as Sister said, you want to pretend you did, then you must have your reasons, and it's an honor to the town. But I know you're good. I may not be a judge of character, but I know when somebody's good. That's why I keep saying that Joe, the other Joe, will come back.

#25 – NEAR TO YOU

Meg: Because he was a good man too. And now that you're gone, I miss him more than ever.

Joe: He will come back.
Meg: You don't have to cheer me up.
Joe: He's closer than you think.
Meg: What would you know about it?
Joe: That's all right. Just remember what I said.

PROJECTION on side screens: Joe Boyd watching Joe and Meg.

Joe: He's near to you, near to you
Though you think he's far away
He's near to you, so near to
you As near as April is to May!
Can't you feel him there in his fav'rite chair
Staring at the fireplace?

Oh so near to you, always near to you
Why you might as well be face to face!
For it's just as though he were standing as close as I
know it's hard to imagine, but try,

If he's really dear to you, he's near to you
You may be far apart and yet,
If he's in your heart,
Really in your heart
How near to you can he get?

Meg: He's near to me, near to me
Even though he's far away
He's near to me, so near to me,
As near as April is to May

Meg: Joe used to take me dancing at the Elks. He wasn't such a hot
Dancer, but we had lots of fun.

Joe: I'm not such a hot dancer either –
(He bows to her)

Meg: I'd love to.
(They waltz, then stop)

PROJECTION on side screens: Meg and Joe Boyd dancing while Meg and Joe Hardy
dance on stage.

Joe: If he's really dear to you,

Meg: He's dear to me
Joe: He's near to you
Meg: He's near to me
Joe: You may be far apart and yet
Meg: If he's in my heart
Joe: Really in your
heartHow near to
you
Meg: How near to me
Both: How near to you/me can he get?

BLACKOUT

ACT II, Scene 3

Applegate's apartment: The Good Old Days

Lola is sitting on chair. Applegate paces the room jubilantly.

Applegate: It's just psychology, baby, just psychology. Do you think this noble young Joe Hardy will desert his team and the men who have trusted in him? Never!

Lola: But suppose.

Applegate: You're not supposed to suppose. I've put a lot of effort into this case.

Lola: Well, he's an interesting boy.

Applegate: And once I've got him for keeps, I'll make him throw the game. That'll kill him.

Lola: As for me, I'm sorry.

(Sharply)

Applegate: What did you say?

Lola: I said I'm sorry for him.

Applegate: I have observed of late a certain laxity on your part. Are you forgetting every principle I've ever taught you? All right – one hundred times.

(Lola cowed; begins to recite)

Lola: Never feel sorry for anybody – never feel sorry for anybody.

Applegate: I must select something appropriate for this evening's hearing.

That looks terrible. I'll wear that.

(puts clothes on bed)

Lola: Never feel sorry for anybody. Never feel...

(Doorbell)

Applegate: Now can anybody guess who that is? *(Calling)*

Come in, Joe. *(Joe, enters DR)*

Lola: Never feel sorry for anybody – never feel sorry for anybody.

Applegate: All right, Lola, knock it off. Later. We've got the greatest baseball player in the world here – let's do him homage.

Joe: It's very kind of you to say that, Mr. Applegate. But it doesn't look as though Joe Hardy will ever make the Hall of Fame.

Applegate: One can never tell.

Joe: I've made my decision, Mr. Applegate. That's what I came to tell you about. I would like to exercise the escape clause which was totake place on September 24th which is today.

Applegate: Aren't you being a little hasty?

Joe: I thought it all over. I found that there is something moreimportant in life than being a hero.

Applegate: *(To audience)* Deep this boy. Very deep.

Joe: I want out – I want to go back.

Applegate: Very well. An operation of this kind has to take place at the witching hour. So, at five minutes to midnight if you still want to go back, say the word.

Joe: Suppose the hearing is still going on – you going to change meright there in front of everybody?

Applegate: Oh no. That would cause talk. No! All you have to do is say, "Let's step into the next room." Joe Hardy will go through that door. He will never return – took it on the lam, they'll say.

Joe: I just wanted to be sure there was no misunderstanding.
Goodbye, Lola. *(He exits)*

Lola: Never feel sorry for anybody – never feel sorry for anybody –

Applegate: All right, Lola. Let's not just have the letter, let's have the spirit.

(Lola rises)

Lola: Never feel sorry for anybody. Never feel sorry for anybody.

(Applegate picks up tie on bed, and starts to tie it)

Applegate: And don't get too impudent with me or I'll degrade you and get my darlin' Clementine in here for this work. *(Preen's before imaginary mirror on 4th wall; puts on coat)*

Get too fresh with me and I'll put you back on your broom.
(Lola turns away)

Now, while I go to the hearing, you stay seated and you think of three dirty tricks. *(Lola X to chair R and sits)*

And they'd better be good. What's the matter with you – huh?
You discourage me.

#26 – THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS

(Applegate X to steps; goes up on apron, X to C, and sings)

Applegate: Whenever I'm from time to time depressed
And a trauma wells and swells within my breast
I find some pride deep inside of me
As I fondly walk the lane of memory
I see Bonaparte, a mean one if ever I've seen
one And Nero fiddlin' thru that lovely blaze
Antoinette, dainty queen, with her quaint guillotine
Ha, ha, ha
Those were the good old days!

I see Pioneers a-draggin' an empty covered wagon
When robbing the settlers was the latest craze
And that glorious morn, Jack the Ripper was born,
Ha, ha, ha, ha

Those were the good old days!
I'd sit in my rockin' chair so peacefully rockin' there
Counting my blessings by the score
The rack was in fashion, the plagues were my
passion Each day held a new joy in store

Applegate: Was anybody happy?

I see cannibals a-munchin' a a tasty human luncheon
The years may have flown but the mem'ry stays
Like the hopes that were dashed
When the stock market
crashedHa, ha, ha, ha
Those were the good old days!
I'd walk a million miles or more
For some of the gore.. of those good
Old
Days!

(Jazz hands high to exit L)

(Enters from L for encore)

#26A – THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS (ENCORE)

Applegate: It was absolutely killing,
When dentists first were
drilling,And the longer it took,
Why, the more I'd praise.
Ah, that era of pain,
Long before Novocain,
Ha, ha, ha, ha,
Those were the good old days!

I'd doze by the fireside
Dreaming of cyanide,
Never a worry or a care;
And how can one measure,
The infinite pleasure,
Of dreaming of the electric chair,
(spoken) Some people found it shocking!

And in the aisles I'd lay 'em,
With arson and with mayhem; it's a hammy routine,
But it always plays,
And my fav'rite encore,

Was the hundred years war,
Ha, ha, ha, ha

Those were the good old days!
I'd gladly sail the seven seas,
For just one reprise of those
Good Old Days! (exit SL)

ACT II, Scene 4

Welch's Office: The Hearing

The Commissioner sits at Welch's desk. On boxes, SR to L (first row) sit Welch, Joe, Van Buren; SR (2nd row), Postmistress, Lynch, Bryant. Applegate sits in back (DR box behind 2nd row). Gloria has the floor at rise.

(Gloria LC)

Gloria: Well, I'll tell you. Because I value the good name of baseball more than I do a victory for my own team.

(Welch jumping up)

Welch: Well, just because a picture in the paper taken four years ago happens to look something like him –

(Commissioner Tapping desk)

Commissioner: Mr. Welch—

Welch: I know, I know. *(Sits)*

Commissioner: Miss Thorpe has the floor.

Gloria: It's not because of the picture. The picture only fortified my suspicion that he had a phony background.

(Postmistress rises)

Postmistress: Well, he never lived in Hannibal – that much I'll promise you.

Commissioner: Not just now.

Postmistress: That paper paid my expenses to come on down here and testify as the town's postmistress..

(Severely)

Commissioner: Not just now, sit down, please. *(turn to Joe)* Mr. Hardy.

(Joe Rises)

Joe: Yes sir.

Commissioner: Tell me – if you were brought up in Hannibal, how do you account for the fact that nobody seems to remember you?
Just give your explanation of that fact.

(Applegate Rises and X DC)

Applegate: If I may interject a word. Out in Hannibal, Missouri, comes this young woman, subtle, sophisticated – she approaches this simplewoman here *(pointing to Postmistress)*

(Postmistress rises)

Postmistress: Who's simple? Wait a minute now –

Gloria: Mr. Commissioner. I would like to have one question answered by this Mr. Applegate. If, as you say, Joe Hardy was born in Hannibal, Missouri – why is there no record of his birth?

Applegate: You have asked a question.

Gloria: I have.

Applegate: And I will answer it.

Gloria: Thanks ever so.

Applegate: And it will bring the blush of shame to your fair brow and a tear to many an eye – Joe's birth was not registered because his parents were not married. *(Bows head)*

I hope you're satisfied.

Commissioner: Yes, yes, we will drop that line of inquiry.

(Miss Weston enters through door with note--Applegate XL to get it)

Applegate: I hope this remorseless inquisition has now reached its climax and-
(Reads note)

Oh, good news. My witness from Mexico City will be here in 30 minutes. *(Joe Looks at watch)*

Joe: Thirty minutes! I can't wait. It's a quarter of twelve now.

Gloria: Mr. Commissioner, I've got to say one thing – I've got to make one thing clear – I've been jeered and abused because I wrote that story – but I didn't originate the rumor about Shifty McCoy – I heard it from someone else.

(Van Buren rises)

Van Buren: Well, who?

Gloria: That platitudinous manager of our young phenom – from Mr. Applegate. *(Ad Libs)*

Welch: Applegate, that's impossible.

Joe: He told you that?

Postmistress: What are they talking about?

Commissioner: Quiet please. Mr. Applegate? Do I understand?

Applegate: That is one of the most dastardly misrepresentations.

Commissioner: Just answer the question.

Applegate: I am called here to answer questions. Instead, let me ask a question. When my time is needed to fight graft and corruption in organized baseball – why am I called upon to quibble with these fellow travelers?

(There is a noise caused by Meg, Sister and Doris, who enter through the door)

Meg: We came here to witness.
Commissioner: If you please-

Doris: We're with Mrs. Boyd.

Commissioner: If you please.

Meg: We've decided that we should speak up.

Sister: We're material witnesses.

Meg: Why, hello there, Mrs. Hawkins.

Postmistress: How are you, Meg?

Meg: It's the Miller sisters.

Postmistress: Hello there, ladies, how are you all?

Commissioner: You seem to be old acquaintances.

(Meg X to desk)

Meg: We'd like to take the stand and testify.

Doris: We'll take the oath or anything.

Meg: You see, at first we didn't remember Joe, and then when I remembered him and I reminded the girls, then pretty soon, they remembered him, too.

Sister: Hello there, Joe. My, I just hardly know you now--you've grown up so.

Welch: You knew him?

Doris: We picked huckleberries together.

Meg: You must remember him, Mrs. Hawkins. Don't you recall that he used to come in and collect the mail for old Mrs. Peeper?

Joe: It's five minutes before midnight.

Commissioner: What is it, Mr. Hardy?

Joe: I'd like to go and speak to Mr. Applegate.

(Joe stands to move.. Meg stops him)

Meg: Wait Joe, she remembers.

Postmistress: Sure, now I remember him.

Welch: I knew it. I knew that Joe wouldn't lie.

(Outbursts from audience; fast delivery)

Van Buren: Joe, I believed in you from the start!

Doris: We love you, Joe!

Lynch: Gloria, can we break this news?

Commissioner: Silence – silence! Quiet, please!

Postmistress: Your mother would have been proud, Joe!

Gloria: Good grief! Where's the truth?

Commissioner: Silence – silence! Quiet! *(everyone quiets down)*

Welch: That boy sat right there and let them call him a liar to his face and now by God, he's vindicated. *(Gloria, Lynch, & Bryant start toward exit (DL) excitedly)*

Commissioner: I don't want anyone to leave the room.

Welch: I said to Benny Van Buren this morning, I said, "I know the boy – he's true blue," I know a loyal player when I see one. Why, I said, "That boy would go to hell for his team."

#27 – COURT ROOM (BLACKOUT)

(The clock starts to strike twelve. Joe turns quickly to Applegate, Meg stops him)

Commissioner: You bet he would, Mr. Welch. That's exactly what Meg said, didn't you?

Meg: Yes sir, Mr. Welch - cause we didn't care what the papers said, we never lost faith in Joe. He may have come from – a poor family, but that's no sign of disgrace, in this day and age. Certainly, some of the greatest men in our country came from poor families. And the way it's turned out, some of the greatest baseball players did too. You see, we three all knew each other when we were young back in Hannibal, and Mrs. Hawkins knew us, so when we heard about this thing, we couldn't bear to see an injustice done and that's why we pushed through – although the corridors are so crowded I just thought we'd never make it – but we did.

(Toward the end of Meg's speech the curtain has slowly closed and the lights dimmed to black.)

ACT II, Scene 5
Apron: Limbo

Joe enters L slowly, sits on bench dejectedly. Lola enters R, stands beside bench.

(Lola softly)

Lola: Joe.

(Joe looks up)

Joe: Oh! Where's Applegate?

Lola: He's asleep. I gave him a pill.

Joe: Why didn't you give him two?

Lola: I did. Move over.

Joe: Why not. We're both in the same club now.

(He leans over – his hands over his eyes. She sits very still, watching him)

Lola: Don't cry, Joe.

Joe: You should have been there. Mr. Welch said, "I know this boy – he'd go to hell for the team." Don't you think that's funny?

Lola: You're going to win, Joe.

Joe: Maybe.

Lola: I fixed it for you. I said I gave him two pills. I gave him four. He was so delighted with himself and horsing around and he said, "give me a -drink of demon rum." You know – big joke. So, I did and I slipped four pills into it. He won't wake up until after the game.

(Joe rising)

Joe: But I wanted him to be there. I wanted him to have to sit right there and watch us win the pennant.

(Lola rising)

Lola: If he were there, you wouldn't win.

Joe: Benny's putting me in center field. I wouldn't hear him yell at me out there. I wouldn't even look at him.

Lola: It wouldn't make any difference – he owns you now.

(Joe sits)

Joe: Oh. I see. I didn't know how it worked – Lola, what were you?

(Lola sits)

Lola: I was the ugliest woman in Providence, Rhode Island.

Joe: He'll be good and sore at what you did. Will he turn you back?

Lola: He threatens.

Joe: Two lost souls. I don't know whether to cry or make jokes.
Lola: Oh, Joe – jokes. Make jokes. We're together tonight and maybe never again.
Joe: Then we ought to make the best of it.
Lola: Please.
Joe: How do we do that?
(Lola Putting her head on Joe's shoulder)
Lola: You'll think of some way.

#28 – TWO LOST SOULS

(Joe puts his arm around her)
Joe: Just give me a second now. I'll figure something out. I got it.
(He kisses her on the cheek) Now what's the next step?
(Lola With accent)
Lola: Joe, would you like to take Lola some place tonight?
(Joe Rising and Offers his hand to Lola. She stands)
Joe: Yes I would. It took me a long time, didn't it?
(They start to walk UC, arm in arm)
Lola: You like music? You like dancing?
Joe: Yes!
(Both laugh, they turn and exit through the red curtain, as it is opening to display the Night Club)

ACT II, Scene 6

Night Club: Two Lost Souls

People/dancers sit at 4 tables. Lola and Joe enter, looking around. 3 women at bar, with bartender. Empty table DC w/ 2 boxes for Meg & Joe. People ad lib questions about the game. Lights up. (Lola Standing)

Lola: Please, no more questions about the game. Tonight, we're here to have fun.
Woman 1 So are we.
Lola: That's what I mean – everybody have fun.
Woman 2 They're only relaxing.
Joe: We sure are! *(Lola and Joe hug)*

Woman 3 They're only human.

Lola & Joe: Two lost souls on the highway of life
We ain't even got a sister or brother,
But ain't it just great, ain't it just grand?
We've got each other! *(To each other)*

Two lost ships on a stormy sea
One with no sail and one with no rudder
But ain't it just great, ain't it just grand
We've got each udder!

Two lost sheep, in the wilds of the hills
Far from the other Jacks and Jills,
We wandered away and went
astray But we ain't fussing
'cuz we've got "Us'n"

We're two lost souls on the highway of life
And there is no one with whom we would
"ruther" Say ain't it just great, ain't it just grand?
Wherever we go, whatever we do

As long as you've got me, and I've got you
We've got a lot because we've got each other.

(Joe and Lola dance). (Henry Calling from a table)

Henry: Hey, Joe, you call that dancing?
(General laughing, they pull others onto floor)

Lola & Joe: We ain't fussin' – cause we got "Us'n"

(All Dance – at close of dance, Curtain)

ACT II, Scene 7

Billboard Buildout: During the Game

A man and two women are standing/sitting DL on the lip of the apron, with a portable radio on a box, listening to the game; they pantomime throughout scene. Doris and Sister enter buildout (DL).

Doris: I think this is crazy...but we'll never see the game if we don't line up now. A fella over there told me there are two or three hundred guys out there already.

Sister: We'll be perfectly comfortable--we're ready for anything.

Doris: Yah, sleeping with a lot of men.

Sister: That's a crude way to put it, Doris – sleeping in line with a lot of men would be more refined. Oh. Gosh!

(Her blanket unrolls, she stoops to fix it)

Doris: Suppose some strange man tries to talk to us.

Sister: That would be nice. But wouldn't it be better with two strange men – one for you, too.

Doris: A pick-up!

Sister: Doris, you make me sick, you're always saying we should live, and now we have a chance for a little social contact and you want to back out.

Doris: I want to live, but in the daytime.

Sister: Some of the best living is done at night, believe me.

(Bryant and Lynch enter)

Bryant: They were just trying to keep Joe out of the game. The whole thing was a frameup.

Lynch: Those dames from Hannibal sure told them. Those three old ladies ought to get a medal. *(They exit up STAIRS to stage and to Stage R)*

Sister: Old ladies?! Oh, well, it doesn't matter.

Doris: It's what we get for lying.

Sister: A little white lie for an important thing like the pennant is nothing to be ashamed of.

Doris: No, I suppose not.

Sister: Because if we lose, I'm going to kill myself! *(They exit up STAIRS to stage and to SR)*

Radio Speech (Rhubarb):

Well, the Rhubarb's over and Van Buren comes back to the Dugout. It's the first half of the eighth inning. Washington leads 4 to 3. The New York Yankees have a potential tying run on second base, and boy how they'd like to bring that runner home. All right, we're all set to go once again. There's the stretch, check to the runner leading off second base. Here comes the pitch. There's a long drive going deep into left field, and it is fouled by three feet.

Woman 1: *(break pantomime)* Foul – It's a foul!

(Applegate and Lola enter L on buildout. Applegate still putting on tie; Lola).

Applegate: You knew I had to get to the game.

(Lola helping him on with his jacket)

Lola: I tried to wake you. I shook you and shook you.

Applegate: You lie. I see it all now. You doped me. But why? Why did you do it?

Lola: Because I love him!

Applegate: Love!

(Cheer from the man and two women--(Applegate go up STAIRS and stop before two women and the man))

Applegate: What happened?

Woman 2: Martin tried to steal second.

Man & Woman 1: They got him! They got him!

Woman 2: Good old Smokey. He's got the arm for you!

Applegate: What's the score?

Man: 4 to 3 Washington!

(Applegate to Lola)

Applegate: Well, I'll get there in time – Washington will lose – even if I have to change him back right in front of everybody.

Lola: Well, I don't want to see it. *(Lola exits L)*

#29 – DEVIL MUSIC

Applegate: Come here. Come back here, you!

(He makes gesture at Lola; and then exits R)

Woman 1: He's out. *(Man and two women cheer)*

Radio Speech (Hank Bauer):

Coming up now for the Yankees is Hank Bauer. On deck, Mickey Mantle. It's the first half of the ninth inning, one away, nobody on. The Senators now just two outs away from the Pennant. Hank Bauer steps into hitting position. Hollingsworth out on the mound looks in to get his sign. All set to go. He swings into the wind-up, around comes the right arm, in comes the pitch. Bauer swings, there's a hard hit ground ball going into the hole between third

and short. Sohovik charges over, back hands the ball beautifully, there's the LONG THROW...

(Blackout)

ACT II, Scene 8

The Dugout

Crowd noise. On rise, Van Buren motions Smokey in, gives him instructions. Smokey starts out, Van Buren calls him back, gives him further instructions and Smokey exits DL. During this, Applegate and Lola enter and stand near bench. Three fans on another bench.

Applegate: What's the score? What's the score, bud?

Fan 1: 4 to 3 Washington.

Fan 2: Come on, Nats. We got 'em now!

Fan 3: Mickey Mantle at bat. Get this guy – get this bum.

(Applegate rises)

Applegate: Come on Yankees.

Van Buren: Back Joe, play deep.

Lola: Come on, Washington. Come on, Joe. *(The fans jump to their feet)*

Van Buren: Come on Joe.

(Applegate makes magical pass as Devil's Music plays)

#29A – DEVIL MUSIC (REPRISE)

Van Buren: What's happened? What's the matter? Come on, boy!

Fan: He can't run. He's lame or something.

Van Buren: Come on boy, come – he caught it!!

(The crowd noise goes wild Smokey runs on from L, embraces Van Buren)

#30 – SHOELESS JOE (REPRISE)

ACT II, Scene 9

Locker Room: After the Game

(Joe Boyd in tight baseball suit enters L running frantically. He gets to C and falls, drops his uniform pants, gets up and exits R. Boys and team now crowd on from S L.)

(Vernon Enters with Smokey)

Vernon: We won, we won!

Smokey: American League champions, that's what we are, American League Champions! *(Picks up pants on floor; drops them on bench.)*

(Rocky enter L)

Rocky: We showed those New York dudes. *(Hugs Smokey)*
You was great, kid – you was great.

(Sohovik enters L followed by Welch)

Sohovik: Next spot – the World Series.

(Welch To other players who enter L)

Welch: Shut the gate, nobody else in here.

Voices *(offstage, adlibbing):* Who says so? *(etc.)*

Mr. Welch: I say so!

Welch: One of you boys get Van Buren.

Sohovik: I'll get him. *(Exits L)*

(Henry enter R)

Henry: Hey, they want us on television.

(Boys exit R, Smokey and Rocky arm in arm singing "Heart." Van Buren enters L)

Welch: I've shut the crowd out, Benny, and the reporters, until I get this thing straight. Is Joe all right?

Van Buren: He's disappeared.

Welch: He can't

disappear.**Van Buren:** I can't
find him.

Welch: Benny, it looked as if something happened to him right while
hewas running for that ball.

Van Buren: That's what I saw. He took off like a rabbit, then all of a sudden,
it looked like something hit him, he hobbled like he was lame, he
was like a different man. Clumsy. There she goes-- I thought we'd
blown it again. Then, by God, he made that last lunge and caught
the ball. I tried to get to him to find out what was the matter, but

the crowd got in the way. He ran in here and I haven't seen him since.

(Smokey Enter R)

Smokey: Benny – Joe's clothes are gone. But look...I found his pants by his locker.

Van Buren: Come on, Team! *(They run out R. Team cheers off-stage R)*

Radio Speech (Russ Hodges):

Neither Mr. Welch nor Benny Van Buren will affirm or deny the disappearance of Joe Hardy. However, many of the players admitted that from the moment he caught that ball and ran into the club house, none of them has seen him. Where is he?

#31 – BACK HOME

ACT II, Scene 10

Meg's House: Home Again

Meg is sitting in her chair, crying silently. Joe Boyd enters cautiously. She hears door close.

Meg: Is that you, Sister?

(Getting no answer, she sits up, sees him and rises)

Joe: I'm back.

Meg: Joe.

Joe, I'm a sight.

(Joe steps in)

Joe: A wonderful sight.

Meg: Joe – Oh Joe! *(She rushes into his arms. Then backs away a step)*

Where you been? *(Quickly changes her tone)*

Oh no, no. I didn't mean that, I wasn't going to ask that.

Joe: Don't ask it.

Meg: I didn't mean to.

Joe: Don't ever ask it.

Meg: I won't. *(A pause. Then with finality)*

You've been on a secret mission. *(Embrace)*

#32 – A MAN DOESN'T KNOW (FINALE)

Meg: But you're back.

Joe: If you'll have me.

(Applegate appears UC)

Applegate: All right, Joe. *(Joe looks up startled)*

Meg: Is something the matter?

Joe: *(To Meg)* Say things to me.

Applegate: We've had our little joke.

(Joe To Meg. Heads together, her arms around his neck)

Joe: Things about us.

(Meg singing, holding Joe's hands and looking into his eyes)

Applegate: Listen, Joe, it was a mean trick to turn you back. It was an impulse and I regret it. But I'll make amends.

You can show up tomorrow.
You can be Joe Hardy again.
Win the World Series, be a hero.

I'm not really a bad fellow, Joe –
I'm just emotional. I've forgiven Lola too. Look

She wants you back, boy –

Lola: Joe – Joe

Joe – Joe

Applegate: Listen to me, you wife-loving louse, you belong to me.

You crook, you thief, you two-timing false-faced swindler!
You've robbed me, you've robbed me!

Meg: A woman doesn't know
what she has
Until she loses it,

When a woman has the
loveOf a man, she abuses it;
I didn't know what I had
When I had my old love.

I didn't know what I
hadTill I said, "Goodbye,
OldLove."

Yes, a woman doesn't
knowWhat she has till it is
no longer around.

(close together and facing out)

Meg & Joe:

But the happy thought is,
Whatever it is she's lost
May someday once again
be found!

CURTAIN

#33 – HEART (BOWS)

Entire Cast: You've gotta have heart
All you really need is heart,
When the odds are saying' you'll never
win What's when the grin should start.

You've gotta have heart
Miles and miles and miles of heart,
Oh, it's fine to be a genius, of course,
But keep that old horse before the cart.

First, you've gotta have heart,
Ya gotta have heart,
Ya gotta have heart!

#34 – HEART (EXIT MARCH)

THE END