

CHIN MUSIC

by

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CHIN MUSIC

Characters

MITCH, mid-20s, pitcher
TOMAS, early 30s, catcher
UMPIRE, 40s-50s

Time

Now.

Setting

Pitcher's mound, with rubber and rosin bag.

Production Note

Consult the following for authenticity in pitcher's mound behavior: Official Rules: 8.00 The Pitcher

http://mlb.mlb.com/mlb/official_info/official_rules/pitcher_8.jsp

CHIN MUSIC

General crowd noise in the background throughout, mostly subdued but rising from time to time as indicated. MITCH and TOMAS stand at the pitcher's mound CS. (NOTE: If the actor playing MITCH is right-handed, he throws SL. If left-handed, he throws SR.) TOMAS wears a visor-less helmet and carries his face mask under his arm along his glove with a baseball stuck inside.

TOMAS

OK. You ready for this?

MITCH

Yeah. First inning went OK, didn't it?

TOMAS

You remember what we talked about? How you have to manage this thing.

MITCH

I said Yes.

TOMAS

I know. I know. Just want to make sure you still got your head in the game.

MITCH

You don't think I'm in control, do you?

TOMAS

I'm just saying, I know how tough it is for you right now, *carnal*. You got to keep your eye on the prize.

MITCH

I did and look what it got me.

TOMAS

That is just what you got to forget. Now let's take good warmups.

TOMAS holds eye contact for a moment before turning to walk to the plate OS. He pulls his face mask on while he walks. A few seconds after TOMAS exits, MITCH throws several three-quarter's speed warm-up pitches to TOMAS OS.

UMPIRE (O.S.)

(Shouting.)

Batter up!

MITCH fiddles with his hat, glove, and ball for a few seconds. He leans in for the sign. Shakes it off. Nods. Full windup. Throws a fastball. Crowd noise crescendos.

UMPIRE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Baw!

MITCH catches the return from TOMAS OS. He circles the rubber, massaging the ball hard, as if trying to crush it. After a few seconds, he leans in for the sign. Shakes it off. Shakes off the second sign. Finally nods. Full windup. Throws a fastball. Crowd noise crescendos, a bit louder.

UMPIRE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Baw!

TOMAS enters at a trot. Removing his face mask, he places the ball in MITCH's extended glove.

TOMAS

We agreed low and away with this guy. What are you doing high and tight?

MITCH

Huh? It's my plate too, you know.

TOMAS

No, no, no. This is not how it goes with this douchebag. You got a job to do here and you can't let nothing personal get in the way. I know how you feel about this guy.

MITCH

Everyone knows.

TOMAS

Dammit, Mitch!. Listen to me. None of that shit, understand?

UMPIRE (O.S.)

(Shouting.)

Come on, you two, let's go!

TOMAS

Don't. Do you hear me? Just. Don't.

MITCH takes the ball from TOMAS, who exits plateside.

MITCH turns for the rosin bag and bounces it briefly on the palm and back of his pitching hand before tossing it back behind the rubber. After a few seconds, he leans in for the sign. Shakes it off. Shakes off the second sign. Shakes off the third sign. Finally nods. Full windup. Throws a fastball. Crowd noise crescendos, this time with an edgy note of Oooo! that suggests shock and disapproval.

Immediately the UMPIRE enters, tearing his face mask off. TOMAS, unmasked, precedes the UMPIRE, trying to obstruct his progress without making physical contact. MITCH awaits the two, standing in front of the rubber with his glove hand on his hip.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

It was a mistake, Roscoe. He didn't mean nothing by it.

UMPIRE

Like hell.

TOMAS

Believe me! It won't happen again.

UMPIRE

No shit?

(To MITCH.)

What the fuck, numbskull.

MITCH

Pitch got away from me, Rosc.

UMPIRE

Don't play me, Mitchell. I know what's up. Your wife left you and the guy she left with is standing over there and you're here, got a rock in your hand.

TOMAS

He wouldn't ever do nothing like that. You don't think for a minute--

UMPIRE

Oh, I do. I think stuff like that all the time. One thing I'm paid for.

TOMAS

Mitch promises he won't do nothing that extreme, right Mitch? You can take his word for it.

UMPIRE

I don't have to take his word because he's going to take a few of mine.

(Beat. To MITCH.)

Listen, hothead. That guy over there deserves the worst, but if you throw at him again, if you even come close, I'm going to run you. You got that?

MITCH

Yes, sir.

UMPIRE

Good. Now here's the footnote. Let's say someone was to hit that asshole with a pitch, hit him anywhere below the neck, if that was to happen, I'd personally and coincidentally match his fine with a donation to his favorite charity.

TOMAS

The fuck...?

UMPIRE

So you know: Last week in a hotel bar in Baltimore that fuck in the batter's box had his hands all over my girlfriend. If I'd've been there, you wouldn't be facing him now. But I wasn't there and my lady had to call hotel security to get rid of the scumbag. I think we can all agree that guy's the worst piece of shit ever took off the uniform. All I'm going to say.

The UMPIRE looks from TOMAS to MITCH and back again. Then he turns to exit.

MITCH

ASPCA.

UMPIRE

You talking to me?

MITCH

You know. American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

UMPIRE

(Beat.)

Your teammate and I don't know what you're talking about.

TOMAS

No, sir.

The UMPIRE stalks offstage, pulling on his face mask. TOMAS locks eyes with MITCH for a moment, then follows.

A few seconds later, when MITCH leans in for the first sign, he almost immediately nods. He winds up...

Cut to black. Crowd noise peaks at full.

THE END