

**MARTY:**

We grew old, we grew apart. It's the 45-year itch.

**DEANN:**

I wanted to be in the Ice Capades, to this day, I can't imagine anyone more glamorous than Peggy Fleming! And you were gonna play baseball, hahaha, can you imagine you thought you'd do that *as a job*? But life has a way of taking your hopes and dreams and ripping their guts out until all that's left is an unidentifiable bloody pulse.

*(like the bloody pulse)*

Ka-chunk, ka-chunk, ka-chunk. You haven't picked up a baseball since the Nixon era and my first time on the ice, I crashed into a Zamboni, cut my cheek from here to here, I can still see the scar.

*(beat, worst thing ever)*

If I get trounced in the election next week, I'll have to leave Boca Raton.

**MARTY:**

The mouth of a rat—

**DEANN:**

I'll leave the Oasis, I'll have to, and I'll go... where?

A CAR HONK.

*Sergio tosses her the keys from offstage. She catches them.*

**DEANN:**

Thanks, Sergio, always so prompt!

**Start**

*(maybe they can still be a couple)*

Come with me? Come to my campaign event?

**MARTY:**

*(I can't)* It's the playoffs, and the rain's lettin up.

**DEANN:**

*(she understands, it's too little too late)* ...All right. Have a good game, Marty.

*This is goodbye. The end of the spite marriage. She exits.*

*Marty listens to headset, nothing doing yet, then he speaks as though Mo were beside him...*

**MARTY:**

You know, that was something, Mo, being on a team, really being needed. I played with the Cadets on the Parade Grounds in Prospect Park, I did. Best in Brooklyn, it was us and Nathans, we'd win a series, then they'd win a series, then we would. Some of the guys went on to be real stars: Joe Torre, Joe Pepitone, Rico Petrocelli.

*(beat)*

You know, my father, he came from Romania before the war, he didn't get why I wanted to play a ballgame. Wanted me to be an accountant, like him: "Think of your future." "viitorul," it was always viitorul, my future. I asked him to come see me play, wanted to make him proud, you know, I played every day for two years, but he never came.

*(beat)*

A scout came though. An honest-to-god scout, tall in a

brown suit and he saw me pitch. You *know* when you have it, Mo, and by god I had it that day. Drafted me to play for the Kingston Eagles—they were a Yankees’ affiliate minor league team. He invited me to train in North Carolina and I went. I did, I went below the Mason Dixon line where no Lazarescu had ever been... I’d been pretty good in Brooklyn, I could switch hit and my fast ball was ninety, but after three months in North Carolina, it became crystal clear my fastball wasn’t fast enough. And I wasn’t as tall, wasn’t as strong, practice was grueling and I realized, this dream job wasn’t gonna be my “viitorul.” A hundred days in, I did the thing my dad wanted most, turned in my glove and cleats, went to night school. Joined my father’s business, Lazarescu and Son Accounting, *that* made him proud. “Think about your future,” you know there comes a time, when you’d rather look at your past.

*(beat)*

I spent fifty years in accounting, hell, clients still call, Mo, even though my son took over the business five years ago.

*(pause)*

But I would have loved it if my dad showed up to just one game, one practice even. It would’ve meant the world to me.

**LIGHTS FADE...**

**Stop**

## **SCENE 9: SILVER ALERT: PART 2**

**IRIS’S TESLA** sits alone. *The getaway car.*

*Then, incoming: IRIS and LOUISE—*

**LOUISE:**

Go go go!

*Iris holds a giant stuffed killer whale and jumps in...*

*Louise dives into the Tesla...*

**LOUISE:**

I’m in, get the doors down!

*They wait for the doors to lower...*

**IRIS:**

Wait for it; and we’re off! Is the cashier tailing us?

*Iris peels out, hauling ass... Louise looks behind the car...*

**LOUISE:**

All clear!

*They high-five, giggling.*