

# **Hardball**

by

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# Hardball

## CHARACTERS

- BAYLA KANER, 50s - Henry and David's mother
- RAPHAEL KANER, 60s - Henry and David's father
- HENRY KANER, 22
- DAVID KANER, 18
- MORRIE COHEN, 22 - Friend of Henry Kaner
- LOULA PARSONS, 22 - Wife of Lou Parsons
- ROSIE DAVIS, 24 - Daughter of the local butcher

## MISCELLANEOUS

- All actors are on the stage during the show, as are all props.
- Actors do all scene changes.
- The playing area should have areas for different scenes, to minimize the time between scene changes.

# Hardball

## Act I, Scene 1

Stage in darkness.

In the darkness, the harsh sound of an OUTBREATH, repeated once -- twice -- three times.

Light comes up on HENRY KANER on the mound, throwing right-handed. He wears no actual glove, but he does hold an actual baseball. He checks the sign, winds up, pitches to his invisible catcher. On his release comes the OUTBREATH. He takes the throw back from the invisible catcher.

He begins singing "Take Me Out To The Ball Game" in Yiddish, by Jack Norworth and Albert von Tilzer, timing the singing to his throwing.

HENRY

Nem mikh mit tsu der ball geym  
(Take me out to the ballgame)  
Tsum oylem lomir dokh geyn  
(Take me out to the park)  
Koyf mir di nislekh un krekerjek  
(Buy me some peanuts and crackerjack)

HENRY shifts sides, now pitching left-handed.

HENRY

Vil ikh keyn molfun dort nit avek  
(I don't care if I never come back)  
Git zey mut, mut, mut, di ball shpiler  
(For it's root, root, root for the home team)  
Es past nit az men farshpilt  
(If they don't win, it's a shame)

HENRY stops pitching and simply sings to the audience.

HENRY

Vayls'iz eyms, tsvey, dray strikes, un oys  
(For it's one, two, three strike you're out)  
Bay der beysball shpil  
(At the old ball game)

HENRY holds up the baseball.

HENRY

Baseball.

HENRY lays his hand on his chest.

HENRY

Henry Kaner, Jew.

HENRY holds up the baseball again.

HENRY

Henry Kaner, Jew.

HENRY lays his hand on his chest again.

HENRY

Baseball.

He winds up, pitches, then watches the ball arc away as if a batter had tagged it really well. At the end of the arc, a light comes up on BAYLA KANER at the kitchen table, wringing a handkerchief.

HENRY looks at the audience.

HENRY

(with gusto)

Shpil Ball!  
(Play ball!)

Lights. Transition music (ragtime) as actors set the next scene.

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## Act I, Scene 2

KANER kitchen, 1922. BAYLA KANER at the table, handkerchief in hand, distraught. HENRY is joined by MORRIE COHEN, a teammate, and they move into the kitchen. BAYLA says nothing to them, just nods at MORRIE, then looks away.

HENRY

All right -- it's not looking so good.

MORRIE

Kinda fierce in the air right now --

HENRY

We'll talk later about it, okay?

MORRIE

Yeah -- how ya doing, Mrs. Kaner?

(to HENRY)

Great game, though -- you dealt the ace of spades.

(to BAYLA)

He was great.

HENRY  
That'll buy me nothing.

MORRIE  
Always hope --

HENRY  
Go -- my apologies to the guys as usual.

MORRIE  
Over and out.

(to BAYLA)  
Nice to see you again, Mrs. Kaner.

BAYLA nods but says nothing back. HENRY and MORRIE bump knuckles, and MORRIE leaves. HENRY moves into the kitchen. The silence stretches.

BAYLA  
Is that how you enter this house?

HENRY backs up, touches the "mezuzah," kisses his fingers, comes back into the kitchen.

HENRY  
Sorry.

BAYLA  
You're twenty-two --

HENRY  
I am twenty-two --

BAYLA  
-- and yet you can't remember to touch the mezuzah.

HENRY  
I didn't forget --

BAYLA  
I won't even bother complaining about that heathen Morrie Cohen, who hasn't met a holy day he wouldn't play his baseball on. I wouldn't expect him to pay respect, but you were raised better.

HENRY waits.

HENRY  
Go ahead.

BAYLA

What?

HENRY

Say it.

BAYLA

Why should I say it if you know it?

HENRY

Because you want to say it. You need to say it.

BAYLA

I don't need to say it, but it needs to be said.

HENRY

Then say it.

BAYLA

You're late.

HENRY

And I'll say back to you that I'm not late.

BAYLA

More and more, on Shabbos, you've been late.

HENRY

Not late. Just later than you expect. And not "more and more" --

BAYLA

That semi-pisher baseball team you play on --

HENRY

"Semi-pro" --

BAYLA

I don't use semi-pisher by mistake, Henschel, like I don't know "semi-pro," like I'm some Abe Kabibble kind of stupid immigrant --

HENRY goes to sit down.

MAMA

No one is calling you Abe Kabibble --

BAYLA

I didn't say you could sit down.

BAYLA rises.

BAYLA

In fact, I can't sit still with all of this in me. Look at you -- you take all of this so lightly.

HENRY

Mama, there is nothing here we need to slog through again.

BAYLA

So being late for Shabbos has now become so not important --

HENRY

I am not late. Just later than usual -- it's like an echo chamber in here --

BAYLA

Explain "later" to me when our custom in this house has always been to --

HENRY

The game went into extra innings, Mama --

BAYLA

I don't know "inning" and I don't know "extra," so what does it [matter] --

HENRY

I pitched every single one of them, the extras included --

BAYLA

And so 3 PM comes along --

HENRY

And I'm up 0 and 2 --

BAYLA

Whatever that means -- and your religion goes out the window.

HENRY

(to lighten the situation)

You wouldn't want me to walk away, would you, right in the middle? You and Papa taught me never to walk away from something I've promised someone that I'd do. Didn't you teach me that? Always finish the job you start? From this high you've taught me that.

BAYLA gives him the "evil eye," then sits.

BAYLA

You can be such a bullshitter, Henoah. I don't know why I am wasting my time.

HENRY sits.

BAYLA

What's the look?

HENRY

When you swear, that's serious.

BAYLA

Of course it's serious.

HENRY

The earth falls out of joint. I'm sorry --

BAYLA

What is going on with you, Henoah? Tell me why, at 3 PM, you couldn't have gotten someone else to pitch for you.

HENRY

You're serious?

BAYLA

I swore.

HENRY

It doesn't work that way. Not when you're winning. Not when you're on your way to pitching a no-hitter --

BAYLA

And whatever that is, it's more important.

HENRY

Not more important, but important -- important to me.

BAYLA

Not everything can be the same important.

HENRY

Not everything has to be "it'd better be this but it better not be that" --

BAYLA

Whether you would call yourself late today, you are late, and this "late" is not just about today

-- don't say anything, like you say, an echo chamber in here -- this is what I really want from you this day, this hour: convince me, Henoch, that --

(taps her chest)

-- there's a worry in here I shouldn't be worried about --

HENRY

And what would our mama be worried about?

BAYLA

I have a son I dearly love who's twenty-two years old, unmarried, working a night shift as a fireman so that he can play a boy's game during the day and losing his religion--

HENRY gets up, paces.

BAYLA

I'm sorry if the truth bothers you --

HENRY

That's not the truth.

BAYLA

Then tell me the truth.

HENRY

You want me to quit the team?

BAYLA says nothing.

HENRY

Would that do it?

BAYLA remains silent.

HENRY

You want me to fill the time quit with a second job? More money coming in -- we can always use it -- you tell me. I make the offer.

BAYLA

It's not an honest offer.

HENRY

It's honest.

BAYLA

But it's not heartfelt.

HENRY

Which commandment says they have to match? In ten seconds, you could name a dozen who every day live out a life that's not the life they want to live -- but they get through with not so much damage -- and we both know -- I mean no disrespect -- that Papa would be on that list, right at the top. If he can do it, I can do it. I can make good on the offer.

BAYLA

And you think that would convince me.

HENRY

Being the good Jew your way is on the table. Just ask it.

HENRY looks BAYLA in the eye. She returns his look.

HENRY

So where's the "ask"?

BAYLA

I sometimes watch you read the sports pages --

HENRY

What does that [have to do] --

BAYLA

You don't even notice me --

HENRY

What does that have to do with this?

BAYLA

You read them so hard.

HENRY

I read them because I need to know -- a butcher knows his meats -- so what [are] --

BAYLA

It's more than just "need to know," Henoah --

HENRY

What are you getting at?

BAYLA

You read them like your father reads them, like you're both digging into the 613 commandments of the Torah --

HENRY

But.

BAYLA

Do those sacred numbers ever say there has been a Shabbos celebrated in baseball?

HENRY

Only rain stops a game.

BAYLA

And do those numbers tell you how many 22-year old boys turn into 32-year old boys out there?

The silence hangs between them.

BAYLA

If I didn't love you the way I do, then I would ask -- you know what I want to say. But only you can ask or not ask yourself. The offer is on your table, not ours. All I think is that your time is getting late.

DAVID KANER enters. As he enters, he rolls down the sleeves of his white shirt, buttons the cuffs, formalizes himself.

DAVID

(checking his watch)

Brother Henry in the Shabbos doghouse again. That's good.

DAVID begins placing plates, cups, silverware on the table.

DAVID

(underscore)

Watch how a good son does it. "At about 3PM on Friday afternoon observant Jews begin Shabbos preparations" -- but that's right, you're late --

HENRY

I was actually telling Mama about the weather page --

DAVID

That's not what I heard.

HENRY

Because you were overhearing rather than listening -- you don't think I didn't hear your feet on the stairs?

(to BAYLA)

Didn't you hear his feet on the stairs?

DAVID

Who could resist yet once again the --  
(in radio announcer's voice)  
-- "continuing story of our hero, Henry Kaner, as  
he struggles to -- "

BAYLA

David --

HENRY

I was telling Mama that when I was on the sports  
page, I glanced over to the weather page, which  
is right next door, and you know what? Sundown  
comes today at 8:02 PM. The candles get lit 18  
minutes before by these wonderful hands. David,  
what time is it now?

DAVID

I don't know.

HENRY grabs DAVID's wrist and looks at the watch before DAVID pulls  
his arm away.

DAVID

Get your own.

HENRY

Almost six. Papa will be home soon, and we will  
have two hours to get ourselves ready for this  
beautiful spring night --

(reciting)

Barukh atah Adonai, Elohaynu, melekh ha-olam --

BAYLA

-- asher kid'shanu b'mitzvosav, v'tzivanu l'had  
lik neir shel shabbos (Amein).

BAYLA gives HENRY a half-caress, half-slap on the cheek -- actually,  
more slap than caress.

BAYLA

My scheisser, Hensch Kaner.

DAVID

How do you know a word like -- well, like that?

HENRY

You're old enough to say bull[shitter] --

DAVID

Not in front of her, I'm not --

HENRY

She just said it front of you.

BAYLA

How could I not know such a word? You have to know the word for something when there is so much of it around.

DAVID

Not from me.

BAYLA

Don't be so sure. I need to get cooking -- as you say, your father will be home soon.

BAYLA gets up. HENRY gets up. BAYLA turns to HENRY.

BAYLA

Speaking of your father, can you tell me something, before he gets home?

HENRY

Shoot.

BAYLA

I watch your father listening to radio baseball, watch him clench his fists like this, "go go" like he's making a prayer, and sometimes he stands up and he does this --

HENRY

Does what, Mama?

BAYLA

Well, all right -- but don't laugh.

BAYLA squats down a little, then pops her right hand between her knees and makes the signs a catcher would make to a pitcher. Both DAVID and HENRY lean in to watch. BAYLA stands up straight.

BAYLA

What does that mean?

HENRY

You're sure that's what he does?

BAYLA

I study his hands -- he doesn't even know I'm in the room, so I can study real close.

HENRY gets up, takes his glove and ball off the table, and walks a short distance from BAYLA. He takes his pitcher's stance.

HENRY walks a short distance from BAYLA. He takes his pitcher's stance.

HENRY  
Do them again, Mama.

DAVID  
Come on --

HENRY  
I promise you, it's a secret worth knowing --  
Mama?

HENRY  
BAYLA hesitates, then hitches up her dress a little, bends at the knees, and does the hand signals.

HENRY  
Glad you could come to my ball game, Froi Kaner -  
- David, get behind her -- put her hands up a  
like a catcher's.

DAVID  
I will not.

HENRY  
Come on.

DAVID  
I hate baseball -- it's stupid. That's why I  
never go to your [games] --

HENRY  
David -- you want to know what they mean.

DAVID  
I don't care what they mean.

HENRY  
I know you want to know what they mean.

DAVID  
I don't care.

HENRY  
Then do it as a good son so that Mama knows.

DAVID hesitates slightly, then gets up and goes to BAYLA.

BAYLA

What are you doing?

DAVID

Let's humor the scheisser, eh, or he may kill us with one of his pitches.

DAVID takes her arms and hands and sets them like a catcher's.

HENRY

Okay. Mama, those signs again, and then put your hands up just like that. David, you ump. Go ahead, it won't kill you.

DAVID

(crouching behind BAYLA)

You always manage --

HENRY

Do it.

DAVID crouches behind BAYLA like an umpire. BAYLA makes the signs, then puts her hands up.

HENRY

All right! Now, Mama, what you just told me to do is throw you a curve ball, low and outside.

BAYLA

I told you that.

HENRY

Not only that, but you told me in Yiddish.

BAYLA drops her hands, stands up straight, almost catching DAVID under the chin.

Unseen by the three of them, RAPHAEL enters and stands in the "doorway." He carries a black kit under his arm. He kisses the "mezuzah." He watches.

BAYLA

That's meshugah.

HENRY

That's Jewish baseball. Morrie and I do it when he subs in as catcher. Now, here's what you just told me to do.

BAYLA stares at HENRY for a moment, then gets back into her modified catcher's crouch. DAVID takes his position.

BAYLA

What next?

HENRY

Once more with the signals, and then I do my job.

BAYLA gestures.

HENRY

I love it when she does that.

HENRY winds up and pitches, with his characteristic OUTBREATH. Then HENRY, in slow motion, mimes carrying a ball across the space to BAYLA.

HENRY

A curve ball curves because of how I snap my wrist. The closer to my body, the straighter and sharper my curve. I like a "table-top curve," that breaks late and drops to the plate.

HENRY has the ball close to BAYLA's hands.

HENRY

Don't take your eye off the ball.

BAYLA

Okay.

HENRY

Barney Peltz, the "Yiddish Curver" -- best season, 1906, with the St. Louis Browns -- that's the pitch he liked. Okay, drop your hands down a little and to your left.

BAYLA does, and HENRY plants the "ball" into her cupped hands. HENRY looks at DAVID, and DAVID half-heartedly raises his arm in the "strike" sign.

DAVID

(unenthusiastic)

Stee-rike three -- yer out.

BAYLA stands up. She hands the ball to HENRY.

BAYLA

So, it's a language that has secrets.

From the "doorway," RAPHAEL speaks.

RAPHAEL

God might have said, "Play ball!", you know,  
instead of "Let there be light!"

BAYLA, pleased to see RAPHAEL, is also embarrassed at his catching her.

BAYLA

Oh my --

RAPHAEL

And the seventh inning stretch sound like Shabbos  
to you? Does to me.

BAYLA bustles to him, kisses him, takes his kit and his hat.

BAYLA

They were just distracting me.

RAPHAEL

Good distracting, then. And I see you pay  
attention to me, as a good wife should.

RAPHAEL sits at the table, rolls up his sleeves. Everyone else sits  
except BAYLA.

BAYLA

Tea, water, coffee?

RAPHAEL

Do you have any "krekerjek" for the ballgame  
around here? Just kidding, Bayla. Water would  
be nice.

(to DAVID and HENRY)

So you've been teaching her what?

DAVID

I haven't been teaching --

HENRY

How to win in extra innings.

BAYLA brings him water, sits.

RAPHAEL

And why such a lesson?

HENRY

Because we had them today.

RAPHAEL

How many of them?

HENRY

Enough to win.

RAPHAEL

Enough to win --

HENRY

To win big.

RAPHAEL

Good. Forty years in the desert is a lot like extra innings. But it must have made you late.

HENRY

It made me late.

RAPHAEL

Ah.

RAPHAEL looks at BAYLA.

RAPHAEL

I know that look -- At least he was late because of the game God himself made.

BAYLA

God does not play baseball.

DAVID

Papa, you can't really say --

RAPHAEL

(mock serious)

Oh, he doesn't?

BAYLA

No he doesn't --

DAVID

No he doesn't --

BAYLA

It's a game made up by goyim for goyim.

DAVID

And, Papa, I don't think --

RAPHAEL

Aha! It is time for more lesson.

DAVID  
(to RAPHAEL)

I don't think it's right --

RAPHAEL holds up a hand to cut DAVID off.

BAYLA  
If I am going to have another lesson thrown at me  
--

DAVID  
Papa, it's not right --

BAYLA  
-- I will never get the dinner done now.

DAVID  
(standing)  
Mama -- I'll help you out -- let's go --

RAPHAEL  
(to HENRY)  
David, sit down -- we have time. Let me tell you  
some of the secrets of the world as written in  
the heart of baseball.

BAYLA  
And this has what to do with making ready for  
Shabbos?

RAPHAEL  
Baseball was what God thought about on the  
seventh day. And so shall we.

DAVID  
Papa --

RAPHAEL  
"Vayls'iz eyns, tsvey, dray strikes, un oys  
Bay der beysball shpil."

RAPHAEL finishes but seems to be listening to something else as well  
as he holds HENRY's gaze.

HENRY  
Papa?

RAPHAEL doesn't answer.

BAYLA  
(to RAPHAEL)

It's the chemicals on people's hair these days --  
they make a person --

RAPHAEL comes back to the present, looks at everyone looking at him,  
smiles, pats BAYLA's hand.

RAPHAEL  
Don't worry, Bayla, whose name means life, we  
are, in a manner of speaking, already observing.  
David.

DAVID  
Yes, Papa?

RAPHAEL  
A question -- a conundrum -- a mystery -- are the  
eight position players like the eight candles of  
the Hanukah lamp, lit by the ninth, the pitcher?

Everyone looks at RAPHAEL.

RAPHAEL  
And this one: is a baseball game like our hearts?  
There are two sides. We have a yetzer hatov, our  
good inclination, and a yetzer hara, a bad  
inclination. I have another.

But RAPHAEL again stares into the distance. BAYLA puts a hand on his  
forearm. He shakes himself awake.

BAYLA  
Gelibte?

RAPHAEL  
I'm sorry -- I just -- well, I don't know -- what  
did I say --

DAVID  
The eight players, the eight menorah candles --

RAPHAEL  
Right! Good! And this: the four-leveled  
interpretation of Torah known as Pardes is like  
the four bases of a baseball diamond. Maimonides'  
seven levels of charity and the seven ways of  
contributing to one's team -- that's another.

RAPHAEL looks completely pleased.

BAYLA

I should get dinner --

(to RAPHAEL)

Yes?

RAPHAEL

Yes, yes -- go.

BAYLA

All right.

(to DAVID)

Come give me your hands.

(to RAPHAEL)

You'll be okay?

RAPHAEL

I am sitting here with my pitcher --

RAPHAEL gives HENRY a set of hand signals. HENRY watches, then waves away the sign. RAPHAEL gives him another, ending with him striking his left breast, over the heart. HENRY nods.

RAPHAEL

See?

BAYLA and DAVID exit.

HENRY

Papa -- you okay?

RAPHAEL

I cut hair all day -- how bad can life be?

HENRY

Papa -- c'mon on -- hair is not what you had planned on.

RAPHAEL

With God on the mound, who knows about plans? I would have told your mother a joke, after all of you with her about extra innings, except that she would not have appreciated it so close to Shabbos. David, either -- he gets so serious --

HENRY

David is eighteen going on sixty -- he's always been like that.

RAPHAEL

I respect him, Henoah, for his wanting to learn what is old.

HENRY

He wants to be you.

RAPHAEL

He can certainly do better than that.

HENRY

And the joke --

RAPHAEL

The joke is that baseball is in the Book, right from when God decided to be God: "In the big inning, God created the heavens and the earth."

They laugh.

HENRY

Now I have to tell you something.

RAPHAEL

Good or bad?

HENRY

Good, I think -- I think it's good, but we're Jewish, so who knows? There was a scout in the stands today --

RAPHAEL

A scout.

HENRY

From the St. Louis Browns.

HENRY pulls a business card out of his pocket and slides it across the table. RAPHAEL stares at the card.

RAPHAEL

He gave you his card.

HENRY

He gave me his card. Two of his cards.

RAPHAEL pulls the card toward him, reads it.

RAPHAEL

"Farnsworthy." Does this mean anything?

HENRY

Who knows? Didn't shoot me an offer. Glad-handed me a big "great" on the game I pitched, though.

RAPHAEL

With the extra innings.

HENRY

With the extra innings.

RAPHAEL taps the card with his index finger.

RAPHAEL

Don't let your mother see this. Know about this.

HENRY

There's nothing to know about.

RAPHAEL

I think it's good, Henoah, I do -- I think it's good -- but she has her own fears, and one of them is this --

RAPHAEL stares at the card, taps it again.

RAPHAEL

May I?

HENRY

Keep it?

RAPHAEL

Yes.

HENRY

Sure. I have the other.

RAPHAEL pockets the card.

HENRY

Won't amount to anything, probably, anyway. He talked to Morrie Cohen, too, which proves he can't be all that serious about finding good ball players!

RAPHAEL

Morrie's problem is that sometimes in his head he's already made the throw before he gets the ball. Impatient -- he wants the cookie before he gets his hand out of the jar.

HENRY

I'll be sure to tell him that.

RAPHAEL

Tell him, not tell him -- it won't make a difference to the hitsik [hothead].

HENRY

Morrie's not a hothead -- he's okay -- he's thinking about getting a girlfriend --

RAPHAEL

Your mama wouldn't mind you having that sort of connection.

HENRY

And you?

RAPHAEL

I want to see you happy, Henoch.

BAYLA and DAVID come back in and begin setting up for Shabbos: the plates, the cups, the candles, the bread, the vessel of water.

RAPHAEL

Is it time?

BAYLA

It's getting closer.

RAPHAEL

Closer is close enough to begin. David?

DAVID

Yes, Papa?

RAPHAEL

I haven't greeted you well today. I'm sorry. Come.

RAPHAEL opens his arms, and DAVID goes to be embraced -- at first perfunctory but then with warmth. They all sit. BAYLA puts a veil on her head.

RAPHAEL

And what extra innings did you do today?

BAYLA

Could we please pay attention?

DAVID

"Innings" are all for Henry, Papa, not for me.

RAPHAEL

Bayla, a moment. Your schoolwork, then.

DAVID

I won the Nobel Prize.

RAPHAEL

Really?

DAVID

I did -- but the Swedes forgot to tell me --

RAPHAEL

They did.

DAVID

And I probably won't hear from them by sundown -- so I have to settle for an "A" on my history paper and a 95 on my math test. Nothing big.

RAPHAEL

Nothing little, either -- and all good.

DAVID

Nothing like extra innings, though, Papa -- can't compare. Right, Henoch?

BAYLA

The learning of the mind -- I don't mean to be mean, Henoch, but the learning of the mind is better than baseball.

HENRY

I knew I forgot my brain back at the park.

BAYLA

David is doing us proud as well.

HENRY

Mama --

DAVID

The good son.

BAYLA

Your father knows this --

HENRY

(to DAVID)

Stop it.

BAYLA

Your father knows this about the mind, though he doesn't always show it -- but in Lithuania --

RAPHAEL

"In Lithuania" -- and this is, again, all so boring to them --

BAYLA

In Lithuania your father wrote music for cantors, beautiful music --

RAPHAEL

And in Lithuania a Jew and a salami were equal in status because they could both be strung up from the rafters -- this you know.

BAYLA

In Lithuania he wrote books, poetry, prayers --

RAPHAEL

And in America I cut hair -- I serve the top of the head rather than what's underneath -- so what? It's safer.

BAYLA

And you forget --

RAPHAEL

In Lithuania we'd be dead, Bayla -- this is not what I want to talk about -- we'd be dead and gone and these two would never have been -- and this is all so boring --

RAPHAEL realizes that his voice is louder than it needs to be.

BAYLA

I was just trying to make a point --

RAPHAEL

And the sun is going down, and the challah is impatient. Besides -- in America I have these two miracles, and you, and baseball -- much better than "in Lithuania."

BAYLA

You can't put baseball up there with God and us.

RAPHAEL

There is nothing but God, but there is also his world through which we know him.

BAYLA

Not through baseball --

RAPHAEL

If we have the time --

BAYLA

How could it? The best people don't play in it -  
- except for you, Henoch, of course -- but  
there's gambling, there's Morrie Cohen, there is  
looseness all around.

RAPHAEL

Henoch, we are going to have to work on her some  
more.

HENRY

At least she now knows what extra innings are.

DAVID

Wow --

RAPHAEL

From little seeds such stars shall grow.

RAPHAEL holds out his hands.

RAPHAEL

Come, let us begin. Bayla?

BAYLA hesitates, then takes his hand.

BAYLA

You work so hard to forget.

RAPHAEL

So that I can make more room for remembering.

BAYLA

I don't forget.

RAPHAEL

And that is what makes you superior to me and why  
I married you. David?

DAVID takes the other hand. HENRY takes DAVID's and BAYLA's hands.  
BAYLA and RAPHAEL bow their heads. DAVID shoots HENRY a "look" that  
HENRY can't avoid. They also bow their heads.

Lights to black. Transition.