

“Herbie Holiday Hits a Homer”
By Chet Richards
[by Matt Worzala]

HERBIE, dressed in a little league uniform and holding a baseball bat, runs on stage where his COACH is waiting for him.

COACH:
Great game today, Herbie.

HERBIE:
Thanks Coach. I’m all set to go out there and hit the game winning homerun.

COACH:
Huh? Oh, nah, we’re going to put Paul in. Have him pinch hit for you.

HERBIE:
What?

COACH:
He hasn’t played all game, I figured it’d be nice to give him a swing.

HERBIE pauses, considering something

HERBIE
Uh, Coach?

COACH:
Yeah, Herbie?

HERBIE:
[waving COACH over] Can I talk to you for a second?

COACH:
Sure, what’s on your mind?

HERBIE:
[conspiratorially] I have to bat.

COACH:
You have A bat. You don’t have TO bat.

HERBIE:
I do though. I’m kind of the hero of this play.

COACH:
One Act.

HERBIE:
Excuse me?

COACH:
One Act. It's not a full play, it's a One Act. It's *searches for word* it's like a single.
It's nice, it's a hit, but it's not a full homerun.

HERBIE:
Which is what I have to go hit.

COACH:
Maybe next game Herbie.

HERBIE:
No, you don't understand. [HERBIE goes out into the audience] (to audience member)
Excuse me, may I borrow your program? Thank you. [HERBIE takes the program and
goes back to COACH] See? Right here, "Herbie Holiday Hits a Homer" by Chet
Richards.

COACH:
Hmmm.

HERBIE:
And I'm Herbie Holiday.

COACH:
You've got me there. [calling off stage] Sorry Paulie! One Act's not about you.

HERBIE crosses to other side of stage where UMPIRE, CATCHER and
PITCHER have been waiting. HERBIE steps in, ready to bat.

CATCHER:
Big wiffer! Big wiffer!

PITCHER throws

UMPIRE:
Ball One!

HERBIE is confused but shrugs it off. PITCHER gets the ball back and throws
again

UMPIRE:
Ball Two!

HERBIE:
[irritated] Hey, what's the big idea?

PITCHER:
Excuse me?

HERBIE:
I'm Herbie Holiday. I'm supposed to hit a homer.

PITCHER:
So?

HERBIE:
You wanna throw me something I can hit?

PITCHER:
You wanna try being 15 years old and pitching 7 innings? My arm's like a wet noodle. It's bad enough my dad's here. He took off of work for this.

HERBIE:
Your dad is a bit character in my play.

PITCHER:
YOUR DAD is a bit character. And it's a One Act.

HERBIE sets down bat, marches out to mound with the program. Points at the title of the play, PITCHER throws his hands up in the air and lets out an exasperated groan. HERBIE returns to the plate, PITCHER kicks back and blows one right past HERBIE

UMPIRE:
STRIKE ONE!

HERBIE:
[upset] What was that?

PITCHER:
That was a strike!

HERBIE:
Well slow it down a little so I can hit it.

PITCHER:

You are the worst dramatic foil I have ever had!

HERBIE:

Your dad is a dramatic foil.

PITCHER starts to charge the plate, but CATCHER cuts him off. Going back to the mound, PITCHER winds up and lobs a pitch across the plate. HERBIE swings and knocks it out of the park. Everyone watches it go as PITCHER stares on in disgust.

HERBIE:

Yes! YES! In your face cross-town rivals! In your FACE! Herbie Holiday Hits a Homer! [HERBIE starts to trot the bases, then slows, then stops.] So why do I feel, I don't know, cheated. I should be happy, right?

CATCHER:

Maybe it's because you didn't really hit the homer. I mean, you kind of bullied everyone into letting you have your way. Your coach, your teammate, the pitcher.

PITCHER:

My dad!

HERBIE:

Yeah, but, I'm Herbie Holiday... I hit a homer.

CATCHER:

Maybe you'd feel better if you hit the homer because You were able to hit a homer, and not because of some cosmic accident that cast you as Herbie Holiday in this little play.

HERBIE/UMPIRE/PITCHER:

It's a One Act.

HERBIE:

You mean, if I was just some kid, and I just happened to hit a homer? No big deal? No fancy title?

CATCHER:

Yeah, that's what I mean.

HERBIE:

Do you think it's too late to do it over?

CATCHER:

[Looks at program] Nope. Because according to this, the next One Act is "Herbie Holiday Learns a Life Lesson" by Chet Richards.

HERBIE:
Really?

CATCHER:
Nah, I'm just kidding. They'd never let Chet Richards have two plays in this festival. But we can still probably do it over. Hey [stage manager] can we go back to the start of the scene?

Lights down, music plays. HERBIE, dressed in a little league uniform and holding a baseball bat, runs on stage where his COACH is waiting for him. PITCHER, CATCHER and UMPIRE are again in darkness.

COACH:
Great game today, Herbie.

HERBIE:
Thanks Coach. I'm all set to go out there and hit the game winning homerun.

COACH:
Huh? Oh, nah, we're going put Paul in. Have him pinch hit for you.

HERBIE:
What?

COACH:
He hasn't played all game, I figured it be nice to give him a swing.

HERBIE:
Oh. Well that sounds fair.

HERBIE sets down bat and starts clapping.

HERBIE:
Go get 'em Paulie! Pitcher's got a noodle arm!

PITCHER:
Your dad has a noodle arm!

HERBIE:
What did you say?

HERBIE starts to charge the mound as lights go black.