

# ANGEL KISSES IN LEFT FIELD

## By Claudia Haas

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### CHARACTERS:

CECILIA (f); late 20's to early 30, ex-nun, innocent but hungry for life  
SEAMUS (m); late 30's to 40; Life has not turned out as wished but has  
no desire to change it

### PLACE:

High up in the bleachers above left field (the "nosebleed" seats) at a  
baseball game

***AT RISE: SEAMUS is sitting in the bleachers very intent on the baseball game. CECILIA arrives at the top of the bleachers with her ticket stub in hand. SHE is exhausted from the climb and goes to the row in front of SEAMUS. SHE is trying to find her proper seat but is clearly in SEAMUS's way. SHE is also balancing popcorn and a large soda-pop.***

SEAMUS: That was a total strike! Leave the umpire field! Go referee girl's gymnastics! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE ON A BASEBALL DIAMOND!

*(Trying to peer around CECILIA.)*

*Excuse me!*

CECELIA: Is this Y112? I can't see the numbers in the sun.

SEAMUS: Do you see anyone around competing for seats? Sit down!

*(And CECILIA takes out a napkin to wipe the seat down. Directly in front of SEAMUS.)*

You like to stay close to people, don't you?

CECILIA: I'm sorry. The seat's sticky. Do you have any water?

SEAMUS: I'll move.

*(SEAMUS starts to move when HE is stopped by watching a home run. HE lifts a bag that contains "stuff.")*

Finally! A little life on the field!

CECILIA: Could you hold this for a second?

*(SHE jams the popcorn into his arms as SHE wipes down the seat.)*

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Oh no! Where'd the ball go?

SEAMUS: I don't know. You were blocking my view!

CECILIA: I think it went over that wall – where everyone's looking. If the ball is gone, does that mean the game's over?

SEAMUS: They carry spare balls, Lady.

CECILIA: Oh! I'm so relieved. I just got here and I'd hate to have it end when I haven't seen anything. Does it count against them? That they lost a ball?

SEAMUS: You don't get out much, do you?

CECILIA: I've been - away. For almost ten years. Sort of - locked up. (*Paying attention to the field*) Why is the man doing laps? Is that his punishment for losing the ball?

SEAMUS: It's a good thing that he lost the ball. He hit a home run.

CECILIA: And home runs are good?

SEAMUS: Very good.

CECILIA: Shouldn't we be cheering or something? That's what they do in the movies.

SEAMUS: Do you want your popcorn back?

CECILIA: No, thank-you. Don't really like the stuff.

SEAMUS: Then why'd you buy it?

CECILIA: Isn't that what you do at a ball game? Buy popcorn and a soda-pop?

SEAMUS: No. That's what you buy at a movie. At a ballpark you get a hot dog and a beer!

CECILIA: Oh no! I'm doing it all wrong! My first day out in the world and I'm a failure!

SEAMUS: I'm... just going to move down the row if you don't mind.

CECILIA: You can't do that. What if you sat in a different seat and someone comes who has a ticket for that seat? They could have you thrown out of the ballpark for breaking the rules. Are you prepared to be thrown out of the ballpark?

SEAMUS: "Life is a long preparation for something that never happens."

CECILIA: It is! It truly is!

SEAMUS: I'll risk getting caught.

(*SEAMUS moves down a few seats – taking the popcorn. CECILIA looks at her program.*)

CECILIA: Excuse me... Mister... Could you help me with something?

It'll just take a minute. It's all these initials. I don't understand them. RBI, OBP, BPI... SLG ...

SEAMUS: "Come faeries, take me out of this dull world, for I would ride with you upon the wind and dance upon the mountains like a flame."

CECILIA: Do you... often talk to fairies?

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SEAMUS: It's what I do when I'm distressed.

CECILIA: Oh. Why are you distressed?

SEAMUS: It's like this, Lady. I love baseball. I breathe the diamond. I drink the acronyms. It's my downfall, my pride, it's almost a religion to me. And I always find a seat in the empty left field bleachers so that I may partake of my favorite pastime – alone!

CECILIA: I'm so sorry. I – just – don't *understand any of this!* I wanted to do something... you know – *normal* my first day out and all I am is - confused!

SEAMUS: Baseball is like church. Many come. Few understand.

CECILIA: Why did you say that about church? To me? What do you know?

SEAMUS: I – don't know anything... about you– except that you're starting to spook me. Is this your day out of the loony-bin or something?

CECILIA: No! It's my first day out of – oh never mind. You wouldn't understand.

SEAMUS: I get it. You're innocent! Everyone locked up is innocent.

CECILIA: In the ways of the world, I am not – wise.

SEAMUS: "The Land of the Faery, where nobody gets old and crafty and wise." We shall pretend that that's where you've been.

CECILIA: "The Land of the Faery." Yes. That's what I shall tell people. I come from "the land of the faery."

SEAMUS: "Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue."

CECILIA: You're a poet!

SEAMUS: A quoter.

CECILIA: Of Yeats.

SEAMUS: And baseball.

CECILIA: I want to know more about baseball – it's so normal.

*(CECILIA looks at the field!) Oh look! It went over the wall! Did you see? A home run! A home run! Why aren't you up cheering?*

SEAMUS: Foul. It was a foul ball.

CECILIA: But – it went over the wall! Just like the other one! Why do you call it "foul?" Does that mean it was a nasty ball?

SEAMUS: It means - it isn't going anywhere.

CECILIA: How can a ball going over the wall in one place be good and a ball going over the wall in another place be foul? It's like changing the rules all the time! I came here to get a slice of real life and all I get is nonsense!

SEAMUS: This *is* life. Baseball is a metaphor on how to live your life!

"Come out swinging!" "Give me a ballpark figure!" "Hit a home run!"

"Play for keeps!" "Play to win!" "Three strikes and you're out!" Get it?

CECILIA: No.

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SEAMUS: Of course, not – for you are from the Land of the Faeries.

CECILIA: Cecilia. I am Cecilia Garrity. Not a faery. Just a confused woman - sir.

SEAMUS: Seamus. Just plain Seamus.

CECILIA: Seamus, is there a concise explanation of baseball?

SEAMUS: (*HE rattles this off but HE loves the description*) Baseball is a bat-and-ball sport played between two teams of nine players. The goal is to score runs by hitting a thrown ball with a bat and touching each of the four bases arranged at the corners of a ninety-foot diamond. Players on one team take turns hitting against the pitcher of the other team who tries to stop them from scoring runs by getting hitters out in any of several nebulous ways. The teams switch between batting and fielding whenever the fielding team records three outs. Each rotation at bat for each team constitutes an inning; nine innings make up a professional game. The team with the most runs at the end of the game wins. Clear?

CECILIA: So how does a ball go foul? And when is it fair?

SEAMUS: “Fair and foul are near of kin. And fair needs foul.”

CECILIA: So the good hits need the nasty hits.

SEAMUS: In a sense. Or there wouldn't be a game. Players hit more foul balls than fair ones – just as in life.

CECILIA: So you sit through the nasty hits waiting for a good one!

SEAMUS: Again – just as in life. Hoping against hope! *And look at him standing there! That should have been a strike!* Sometimes the foul balls are really fair. *And the umpires look the other way!*

CECILIA: I understand! *You are finally making sense!*

SEAMUS: Good! Now watch the game!

CECILIA: Do you think I'm making progress?

SEAMUS: Dear Lady – Cecilia! What fanciful prison released you today?

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