

THE FAN

Written by

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THE FAN

SETTING: DODGER STADIUM

(Four Los Angeles Dodgers fans are seated next to each other wearing Dodger caps and jerseys. The fifth seat at the end of the row is empty. It's the seventh inning stretch. They're all on their feet singing "Take Me Out To The Ballgame.")

(During this Bob enters wearing an Hawaiian shirt and shades. He takes the empty seat next to Bill. The singing ends. They all sit.)

BOB
How's it goin'?

BILL
Good.

BOB
How we doin'?

BILL
Top of the seventh. No score. Both pitchers are workin' on a no hitter.

BOB
Then I haven't missed anything.

BILL
First time at Dodger Stadium?

BOB
Season ticket holder.

BILL
Really?

BOB
Had these seats for years.

BILL
Me, too. Don't think I've ever seen you here before.

BOB
Ever try to get here from the Beverly Hills?

BILL
Can't say I have.

BOB

Impossible. The freeway... The traffic... Idiots on cell phones. I don't know how my chauffeur did it.

BILL

Must be rough. If you never come, then how come you got season tickets? Business stuff?

BOB

No. I love baseball. Big fan. Big. Big.

(yelling)

Hey, ump, whaddya blind? That was right over the plate.

BILL

That was just a warm up pitch. Kershaw's just staying loose.

BOB

Hey, look.

BILL

Where?

OB

Down there... Third row.

BILL

Third row.

BOB

It's Sly.

BILL

Sly?

BOB

Stallone. Hey, Sly... How ya doin, man? Loved you in Rocky Thirty One. Great flick, man. Great.

BILL

Rocky Thirty One? I've seen all the Rocky moves. I don't think I ever saw that one.

BOB

Caught it at Jimmy Kimmell's house. Great flick "Rocky Gets A Hip Replacement." Comin' out on Netflix.

BILL

(suspiciously)

I'll be sure to look for it.

(Crowd noise increases. Everybody but Bob stands. After a moment, they all cheer.)

BILL
Scary moment. That baby looked like it was out of here.

(They sit. HOT DOG VENDOR enters)

VENDOR
Hot dogs. Hey, get your hot dogs.

BILL
How about a Dodger Dog with everything?

VENDOR
You got it pal. One Dodger Dog with the works comin' up.

(Hands hot dog to Bill. Bill hands him some money.)

BILL
Keep the change.

VENDOR
Thanks, pal.
(to Bob)
How about you? Can I interest you in a finely crafted tube steak?

BOB
Sure. You gotta hand packed Viennese bratwurst?

VENDOR
(all attitude)
Viennese Bratwurst?

BOB
Handpacked.

VENDOR
(annoyed, very annoyed)
Yeah, sure. I got your bratwurst, right here.

BOB
Gluten free?

VENDOR
You believe this guy? Yeah, gluten free. Biotic free. Range free.

BOB

You mean free range.

VENDOR

No, range free. Like where the deer and the buffalo roam.
You want a dog or not?

BOB

That come with anything?

VENDOR

Y'mean like a tofu, kale infused sesame seed salad topped
with a generous display of Velveeta?

BOB

Imported or domestic?

VENDOR

What?

BOB

The Velveeta.

VENDOR

Imported. What else?

BOB

Sliced or squeezed from a bottle?

VENDOR

Sliced. Where do you think you are? Cincinnati?

BOB

Does that come with a complimentary wine?

VENDOR

I got a very nice Pino Giorgio in the car.

BOB

You mean Pino Grigio, don't you?

VENDOR

No Giorgio. He's my neighbor. Mixes it up in his basement.
You'll like it. Lovely bouquet. Impudent without being
snotty.

BOB

What's the vintage?

VENDOR

March.

BOB

You take American Express?

VENDOR

Hey, pal, nobody takes American Express. You wanna a dog or not?

BOB

Thanks anyway. Trying to cut down on protein.

VENDOR

Beverly Hills, right?

BOB

How'd you guess?

VENDOR

You do this long enough, you get a sixth sense about these things. Hot dogs. Get yer hot dogs.

(Vendor exits.)

BILL

Everybody up for the seventh inning stretch.

(Everyone but Bob starts singing
"Take Me Out To The Ballgame.")

BOB

(stands)

Nice meetin' ya.

BILL

You leavin'? It's only the bottom of the seventh inning.

BOB

So?

BILL

There's two more innings.

BOB

You mean they play more than seven?

BILL

Yeah. Nine. They play nine innings.

BOB

Since when?

BILL

Since the beginning of time. You've never stayed for nine innings?

BOB

You kiddin'? This is L.A. Nobody stays for nine innings.
What with the freeways...

BILL

The idiots on their cellphones.

(JOHN enters. He's got the cool shades, the tailored blazer, slacks, moccasins, no socks. He taps Bob on the shoulder.)

JOHN

Excuse me. I think you're in my seat.

(Shows Bob his ticket)

BOB

I was just leavin' anyway.

(Bob exits)

JOHN

The nerve of that guy. So, how we doin'?

BILL

Nothin' nothin'. Both pitchers got no hitters goin'.

JOHN

Good. I haven't missed anything.

BILL

(introducing himself)

Bill.

JOHN

John. Nice to meet you.

BILL

Season ticket holder?

JOHN

For years. I love these seats. You?

BILL

Never miss a game. How come I've never seen you here before?
Wait. Don't tell me. I hear it's hell.

JOHN

What's hell?

BILL

Gettin' here from Beverly Hills.

JOHN

Beverly Hills? Try gettin' here from Bel-Aire. I don't know how my uber driver does it.

THE END