

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

A Short Visual Aid of Life in America During the Year of Our Lord, 2020

Written by

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2020

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

GONZALEZ: 30s. Latin American. Male.

GLENN (V.O.): Any adult age. Any ethnicity. Male.

JIM (V.O.): Any adult age. Any ethnicity. Male.

SETTING:

A baseball stadium.

TIME:

Now.

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A Short Visual Aid, Daniel Prillaman, 1.

A baseball stadium.

*The crowd roars as GONZALEZ
steps up to the plate.*

GLENN (V.O.)

All right. Gonzalez...now up to bat for the Penguins. 2
outs. Bases loaded. Jim, these are the moments that define a
man.

JIM (V.O.)

That and his children, Glenn.

GLENN (V.O.)

He sizes up Johannsson.

And Johannsson looks right back.

Feel like I'm watching a mating dance. Of two beautiful
gazelles.

A ball flies in from offstage.

*GONZALEZ swings, but doesn't
hit it.*

GLENN (V.O.)

There's the pitch. OH! Strike one!

JIM (V.O.)

He has two more chances, Glenn.

GLENN (V.O.)

You can see the rage and self-loathing in his eyes. Why did
he make the decisions he did? What has brought him to this
moment?

JIM (V.O.)

Legs, Glenn.

A ball flies in from offstage.

*GONZALEZ swings, but doesn't
hit it.*

GLENN (V.O.)

STRIKE TWO!

My god, he wants to cry, just look at him. His moment of
glory has come and he is botching it. It is falling through
his fingertips.

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A Short Visual Aid, Daniel Prillaman, 2.

JIM (V.O.)

Glenn. I can believe it's not butter.

GLENN (V.O.)

Johannsson sizes up. One more strike...and all the Penguins' hopes and dreams and desires will shatter. Forever.

*A toilet flies in from
offstage.*

*GONZALEZ screams as it clocks
him and completely knocks him
out.*

*He is probably dead, most
certainly not moving.*

GLENN (V.O.)

STRIKE THREE! OH MY GOD! THE PENGUINS HAVE NOT DONE IT! THEY HAVE NOT DONE IT! The opposite team is cheering. The fans are destitute. Oh my god, what a day. What a day.

JIM (V.O.)

Yeah, you gotta watch out for that toilet ball, Glenn.

END OF PLAY.