

SEASON TICKETS

By Jeff Dunne

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CHARACTERS

ALAN	A huge Red Sox fan, perhaps beyond the point of reason
JULIA	Alan's wife, and not quite as big a fan of baseball, but a huge fan of avoiding jail.

SETTING

A private box in Fenway Park.

SCENE

(Alan is sitting in a baseball box, staring out the window at the field. He's calling out as Julia comes in.)

ALAN

Alright, alright. We've got this. Oh and two. Just one more strike, and it's alllll over! Come on, Rodriguez!

JULIA

Alan! Jesus, Alan! We've been looking everywhere for you!

(Alan motions her to be quiet.)

Don't shush me. You'll be lucky if you get dinner for the next month as it is. What the hell are you doing here?

ALAN

What am I doing here? What does it look like I'm doing?

JULIA

Well, it *looks* like you're cheering on the Red Sox.

ALAN

You're damn right I am.

JULIA

That's certainly what it *looks* like.

ALAN

And why shouldn't I?

JULIA

I can think of a few reasons.

ALAN

Why are you always ragging on baseball? Hmm? Why? How can you not understand why it's called the Great American Pastime?

JULIA

Because it falls slightly below football in popularity?

(Beat.)

ALAN

This is why we don't talk more.

JULIA

This attitude isn't getting you any closer to dinner, you know.

ALAN

Fine by me. I'll just order a hot dog and a beer up to the box.

JULIA

About that...

ALAN

That's the nice thing about these boxes—

JULIA

Yeah, about that...

ALAN

They treat you like royalty. Whatever you want, they bring it right to you.

JULIA

You make it sound like they're doing you a favor—

ALAN

So if I want a hot dog and a beer, poof! I get a hot dog and a beer.

JULIA

For twenty two dollars.

ALAN

It's not about the price.

JULIA

It isn't?

ALAN

No, it isn't.

JULIA

Oh. That's great. So the next time they bring you something, give 'em a buck fifty and then tell them 'it's not about the price'.

ALAN

Why are you being this way?

JULIA

Why didn't you tell me that you were coming here?

ALAN

It's Tuesday night. Where else would I be?

JULIA

I don't know, maybe at home with the rest of the family?

ALAN

And waste our season tickets? After what we paid for them, damn if I'm missing a single opportunity to... luxuriate!

JULIA

How'd you even get *in* here?

ALAN

(Waving a ticket at her...)

Season tickets, baby! I'm a season ticket holder now!

JULIA

Right, but what I meant—

ALAN

The better question is, how did *you* get in here?

JULIA

The guards let me in.

ALAN

I don't see any guards.

JULIA

They're out in the hall.

ALAN

Sure they are.

JULIA

I asked if it would be okay if I came in and talked to you alone.

ALAN

You make it sound like I'm in trouble.

JULIA

Well...

ALAN

I'm not doing anything wrong, babe. I'm just kicking back and enjoying the game.

JULIA

Yeah, about that...

ALAN

The first game of the season for the greatest team in the world playing the Greatest American Pastime. And I've got season tickets, baby! Season tickets!!

JULIA

Did they collect your *season ticket* when you came in?

ALAN

I'd have to be crazy to have spent all that money on season tickets not to enjoy every single game, right?

JULIA

(Agreeing...)

Crazy.

ALAN

Been waiting seventeen years to get these tickets. You remember when I put my name on the list—

JULIA

How could I forget...

ALAN

And now their mine.

(Alan turns back to the window and leans back in his chair.)

I'm telling you, Jules, this is the life.

JULIA

Alright, look Alan...

ALAN

I mean, look at this view! Does it get any better than this?

JULIA

Alan... Alan!

ALAN

What?!

JULIA

What are you doing here?

ALAN

I already told you, I've got—

JULIA

Season tickets. Right. I know. But what are you doing here?

ALAN

I'm... you know...

JULIA

You're... what?

ALAN

Watching the game?

JULIA

No, hon...

ALAN

I could be watching the game...

JULIA

If there *was* a game...

ALAN

Which is why—

JULIA

But there isn't! The whole country's on lockdown, and Rodribious is—

ALAN

Rodriguez...

JULIA

...is probably sitting at home watching Netflix. Like you should be.

ALAN

But I got season tickets!

JULIA

Yes. You said that.

ALAN

I've been waiting for seventeen years...

JULIA

I know. And I'm really sorry. Really.

ALAN

This was going to be the most memorable day of my life.

JULIA

Way better than that silly wedding day that we had.

ALAN

Right! (*Beat.*) Not right! Not more memorable than that. But really close.

JULIA

Anyway, while we're on the subject of 'really close' and 'extremely memorable'...

ALAN

Seventeen years...

JULIA

Just out in the hall are two armed security guards who are really close... to making this really memorable... in a really unpleasant sort of way...

ALAN

But I have season tickets.

JULIA

And yet, this still constitutes what they're affectionately calling a 10-62.

ALAN

What—

JULIA

Breaking and entering, love.

ALAN

But I have—

JULIA

Season tickets. I know. Doesn't matter. The stadium is both private property... and closed. That's why it's breaking and entering. Now these nice guards have agreed to overlook the *entering* part if you're willing to pay for the damages associated with the *breaking* part, and between you and me, that seems like a really good offer.

ALAN

But....

JULIA

And I think we should take it. It won't even be all that much more than a few hotdogs.

ALAN

But...

(Julia walks over and starts to pull him away from the window.)

Can I just wait to see the last pitch? It's oh and two, bottom of the ninth, and...

(Julia glances out the window, just a shadow of doubt making her wonder if there's anyone actually out there. She shrugs, and he turns to look. He then turns back and gives a resigned, one-tenth-hearted...)

Yay. Struck him out.

JULIA

Ooookay.

(She starts to walk him out.)

ALAN

That means we won.

JULIA
That's nice.

ALAN
Total shut out.

JULIA
Uh huh.

ALAN
First game of the season...

JULIA
Let's just get you home.

ALAN
A great start...

JULIA
Oh lord...

(Lights out.)