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RULE FOURTEEN

Monologues / Comedy / 2 min
Cast 1 Male x1

A Little League coach gathers the parents after a blowout loss to explain a brand new league rule about sideline behavior. The rule does not exist. He is making it up on the spot because of one parent who is sitting right there.

CHARACTERS

COACH DALE - 50s, a volunteer Little League coach who would rather be anywhere but in front of a crowd

SETTING

A dusty youth baseball field at dusk, present day, just after the final out.

A Little League field at dusk. Parents sit in folding chairs along the third base line, packing up coolers. COACH DALE, 50s, stands in front of them holding a clipboard he does not need.

He waits for the chatter to die down. It doesn't. He starts anyway.

COACH DALE

Okay. Okay, folks, real quick before everybody heads to the parking lot. Great game. We lost eleven to two, but the kids had fun, and that's, uh. That's what this is.

So. The league sent down a new rule. Just this week. Came in an email. And I wanna go over it with you guys because it affects parents specifically.

*(reading from the blank
clipboard)*

Rule, uh. Rule fourteen. "Parents shall not coach from the bleachers." That's it. That's the whole rule. Pretty simple.

And I know what you're thinking. "Dale, that's a little vague." So let me clarify.

It means no yelling "swing" at a kid who is already swinging. It means no yelling "don't swing" at a kid who has, at that point, swung. It means we don't stand behind the backstop and go "eye on the ball, Tyler" fourteen times in one at-bat, because Tyler is eight, and now Tyler is looking at you instead of the ball.

He glances toward one spot in the crowd, then quickly away.

This isn't about anybody in particular. This is a league-wide thing. Every team. Every field. It's in the email.

Also, part B of the rule, which I'm just now remembering, is you can't bring your own bucket of balls to the game and toss to your kid in the on-deck circle. Because that's my job. I have the bucket. There's one bucket.

(pause)

Part C. You can't call timeout. You're not in the game. You have never been in the game. The umpire is sixteen and you made him cry, Greg.

Beat. He hears what he just said.

Okay. It's about Greg. Everybody knew it was about Greg. Greg, I'm sorry, buddy, there's no email. I made up rule fourteen in the third inning when you told my shortstop he was "leaving runs on the table."

He's seven. He was eating a fruit snack.

And here's the thing, Greg. I looked it up. There's no rule against you. I called the league. They laughed at me. So I'm just gonna ask you. Person to person. In front of everybody, which I realize is not great, but you have made me a desperate man.

Sit in the chair. Clap. Eat a hot dog. When your kid does good, be happy. When your kid does bad, be happy, because he's seven and he's outside.

(softer)
That's the rule. I just made it. It's in the email now.

He tucks the clipboard under his arm.

Snack schedule's on the fence. See you Thursday.

END OF SCRIPT