

BOY IN THE BLEACHERS

A Humorous Monolog

by
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Boy enters the bleacher section of the Polo Grounds, sees an empty seat and begins to “slide” and wriggle his way past a row of people. He is talking as he makes his way to the seat:

“Excuse me, Mister--oh! pardon me--Sorry--Was that your foot?--Well, move, will you--How do you expect me to get past you?--Excuse me, please--Ah, at last! (Seated)

Hey, what inning is it?--Well, I can't see the scoreboard, or I wouldn't ask you--Oh, thanks, fella. Did I miss much? How'd they score a run?--Aw, be quiet yourself! Can't a fellow get some information around here? I paid to get in, didn't I?--You don't know? Well, I did--this time! (Rises suddenly) I didn't see that. What are they yelling about, Mister?--The umpire called him out? Oh, the big bum! Boo-o-o! Boo!

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---