

*Rounding Third* by Richard Dresser

DON:

*(To the boys.)* Let's go! Let's go! *(Recoils as if hit.)* Shake it off, Frankie, a slight ringing sensation in your ears is perfectly natural.

*(To Michael.)* You need to clear things through me before you go shouting them out willy-nilly to my team. You can't be standing there as my assistant coach saying that winning doesn't matter. You just can't. Because that is bullshit. When I was twelve we went 11 and 4 and we lost the championship game 10 to 9 when Billy Nathan got picked off third base with two outs in the bottom of the last inning. I still think about that, Mike. I think about it a lot. I was coming up to bat and if Billy hadn't wandered off the base in some kind of dream state, I know for a fact I could have brought him home and we'd have gone on to win. I have replayed that scenario many times inside my head, I have orchestrated many possible outcomes, all of them overwhelmingly positive. But I never got the chance because Billy took the bat out of my hands. And when Billy Nathan ran for school board last year, I could not find it in my heart to vote for him, even though I have every reason to believe he is a good and honest man who happened to make a thoughtless mistake when he was 11 years old. Winning doesn't matter?

*(To the boys.)* Start something going, Frank! You're the man! Big hitter! Get ready up there!