

COYOTE UGLIER

≡ BY: GRIZZLY K. SUNSHINE ≡
★

COYOTE UGLIER

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SUMMARY

In this one-act comedy, Aspen Davenport, a former Coyote Ugly bartender, gets her music-producer world thrown into a pickle when she suddenly inherits her old saloon stomping grounds. Aspen is already struggling to manage her music career and now she must rehabilitate a failing bar that is sponsoring a sinking softball team...

THEME

Find your crowd...

SETTINGS

NYC: Virgin Records, Coyote Ugly Bar, Back-Alley Softball Field, Concession Stand, Concert Hall, & Laser Tag Emporium

CHARACTERS (6M & 8F) 8+ Extras Possible

Aspen Davenport, 40s: NYC music producer at Virgin Records

Sandra, 50s: Coyote Ugly proprietor

Suzy, 12: Sandra's niece

Tina, 12: Suzy's best friend, temper

Elijah, 12: Poet with anxiety

Dwight 'Light' Saber, 40: Veteran Coyote Ugly bouncer

Betty 'Butter' Beers, mid 20s: Classic Coyote Ugly bartender

Umpire Maguire, 50s: Grumpy misogynist

Marty Maguire, 30s: Baseball coach, Laser Tag Emporium owner

Shane Maguire, 12: Baseball captain, Marty's son

Mr. Uptown, 50s: Virgin Records CEO

Sophie, 20s: Mr. Uptown's assistant, human or robot

Sugar-High Sportscaster, 10: Sugar-loving scoreboard announcer

Mrs. Bellamy, 60s: Choir teacher

Extras: 2+ Rat Puppets, 2+ Male Fans, Ghost, Trivia Dorks, Choir Parents, & Batter

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SCENE 1

In the dark, a neon sign reads: Virgin Records, NYC. Lights up. ASPEN, 40s, sits at her cluttered desk SL with headphones. MR. UPTOWN, 50s, enters her high-rise cubicle wearing a Dior suit and eating a salad made of one-hundred-dollar bills. His personal assistant, SOPHIE, 20s, is holding an avocado in a bowl made of Swarovski crystals as well as Grey Poupon mustard on a plate. Sophie can be human or a robot servant.

MR. UPTOWN. Miss Davenport!

ASPEN. Good morning, sir.

MR. UPTOWN. I was under the impression that you understood how serious I was last week when I called you into my office...

ASPEN. I understood you perfectly, Mr. Uptown.

MR. UPTOWN. *(Eating salad.)* Splendid. As you know, this is the almighty Virgin Records...not shameful Sony.

SOPHIE. Good one, sir.

MR. UPTOWN. We run a finely tuned piano around here... *(He is done with the one-hundred-dollar bill salad. He hands the trash to Sophie aggressively. He then takes the Swarovski crystal bowl from her.)* I told you that you needed to sign a new artist by month's end...

ASPEN. You did, and I—

MR. UPTOWN. And have you signed anyone?

ASPEN. *(Pause.)* Not exactly.

MR. UPTOWN. *(Eating avocado.)* What *exactly* have you been doing, Aspen?

ASPEN. You didn't *exactly* like the last artist I brought to you, sir...

MR. UPTOWN. I remember that guitar playing lightweight you brought in here. The sensitive songwriter vibe is out.

ASPEN. Sir, I believe a songwriter—

MR. UPTOWN. We went over this at our quarterly meeting...

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ASPEN. I was taking a risk...

MR. UPTOWN. Yes... I know all about your risk taking. You're a gambler.

SOPHIE. It's in your file...

MR. UPTOWN. Well, understand that you're gambling with *my* money.

ASPEN. It doesn't feel like gambling when it comes from the heart...

MR. UPTOWN. Ha! You're an addict! Gambling is gambling! *(Pause.)*

Now, I don't want sensitive songs. Sensitive is making me sick! *(Sophie produces Tylenol.)*

ASPEN. Okay. *(Pause.)* What do you want again?

MR. UPTOWN. *(Laughing.)* K-Pop, of course! K-Pop!!! That's what the internet wants as well. The internet is where the money is, dear. Do you understand money? *(Sophie nods enthusiastically.)*

ASPEN. K-Pop. Yes, sir.

MR. UPTOWN. *(Beat.)* Miss Davenport, you were given a pink bonus check, were you not?

ASPEN. *(She pulls a crumpled, pink bonus check from her jacket pocket.)* I was, sir. But I haven't cashed it yet...

MR. UPTOWN. So, you did, in fact, receive a pink bonus check. It's crumbling like your career! Virgin Records has seen no return on our investment in you. *(Pause.)* Aspen, I need to be Swarovski crystal clear with you—

ASPEN. That sounds expensive...

MR. UPTOWN. *(He snaps his fingers twice and Sophie produces a blank contract.)* Since you love to gamble so much, let's make a friendly little wager. *(Aspen looks interested.)* Ah, the glint in your gambling eye. *(Beat.)* If you don't have the name of a young, fresh, K-Pop talent signed on this dotted line by Friday, I get to personally send your skull to Korea!!! *(Sophie gulps and then provides a stamp.)* That means you'd be fired!

ASPEN. Fired? And if I do sign a new K-Pop star?

MR. UPTOWN. *(Looking at her with confusion.)* Then you *won't* be fired...

ASPEN. I love a bet. But this isn't a bet... It's a threat...

MR. UPTOWN. Astute. *(Mr. Uptown begins to exit but stops.)* Personally, I hope you fail. That way I can save Virgin Records your pathetic,

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midrange salary and clear up this office space for my new Pilates station. Soon you'll be... *(Beat. He turns to Sophie.)* Toast! *(She produces his toast and he grabs the mustard.)* ...history. *(Sophie spills the mustard on him.)* Ugh! You nitwit! It appears girls just can't cut the Grey Poupon mustard here... *(He takes a bite of the toast. K-Pop music scores his exit. Sophie follows. Lights up on a payphone SR, surrounded by barbed wire.)*

SANDRA, 50s, enters, shackled, in an orange jumpsuit. She has many tattoos and ice-blond hair. Sandra picks up the phone and dials Virgin Records.)

SANDRA. *(Smoking a cigar as the phone rings.)* C'mon, Aspen...pick up...

ASPEN. *(She regains her composure and answers the phone on her desk.)* Virgin Records, New York. Hello? Hello?

SANDRA. Virgin? *(Joking.)* I must have the wrong number.

ASPEN. Sandra? Is that you?

SANDRA. What gave me away?

ASPEN. I can smell your cigar through the phone. Hold on. *(She takes a call on another line.)* Virgin Records, New York...please hold. *(Beep SFX.)* Okay, sorry, I'm back. But make it quick, I have to get over to a session with Janet Jackson.

SANDRA. I always knew you'd make it in New York, Aspen.

ASPEN. Sandra, I'm kidding. Uptown's got me scrounging for new artists on TikTok. And I'd better find someone for them to sign soon or I'm avocado toast dipped in Swarovski crystal dip—

SANDRA. Aspen! Aspen! I'd love to hear all about your Uptown problems, but I only have about thirty more seconds on my one phone call.

ASPEN. Thirty seconds?

SANDRA. Long story... Ends in handcuffs.

ASPEN. *(Knocking over papers in shock.)* Handcuffs? What? Where are you?

SANDRA. In trouble.

ASPEN. You're not in New York?

SANDRA. Nope. And won't be for a while...

ASPEN. Who's running the bar?

SANDRA. See, Aspen, that's what I wanted to talk to you about.

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ASPEN. Let me guess, you need me to pick up a few of your shifts again?

SANDRA. Not exactly.

ASPEN. *(Picking up papers.)* Sandra, I totally understand you're in your hour of need, but I'm swamped at Virgin. I'm not a Coyote anymore...

SANDRA. Aspen! Listen! This isn't about a few extra shifts. *(Pause.)* I'm leaving the den... For good this time.

ASPEN. *(Organizing the papers.)* What do you mean?

SANDRA. Stop multi-tasking and listen to me, will you?

ASPEN. *(Relaxing.)* Okay, you have my full attention. What's wrong in the icy-blond world of Sandra?

SANDRA. I'm behind icy-blond bars. But these aren't the bars that I'm calling about. *(Pause.)* My bar... Coyote Ugly... She's yours. There's big-time paperwork about it and everything. A homosexual lawyer in a suit will be in touch. *(Pause.)* Howl at the moon for me, babe. I'll see you in five to ten... *(Sandra hangs up. Lights down on the payphone.)*

ASPEN. Howl at the— WHAT!?! *(She comedically drops all of the papers that she just organized and begins to hyperventilate. The neon Virgin Records sign above her head twitches. It spins around revealing another neon sign on its back. The lights slowly transform into the next scene.)*

SCENE 2

The neon sign now reads: Coyote Ugly NYC. DWIGHT 'LIGHT' SABER, 40, a burly bouncer, counts cash at the register. He wears a leather vest with no shirt underneath, revealing several biker tattoos on his arms.

BETTY 'BUTTER' BEERS, 25, a classic Coyote bartender is cleaning with the help of RATS at the bar. The rats can be puppets or full-sized actors in costumes. The bar consists of an actual bar, a jukebox, and an exit into the back room, which is cloaked by a tattered, black sheet. There is also a cash register. It should feel sticky.

DWIGHT. One hundred and fifty-seven bucks...

BETTY. Not bad for a night's tips!

DWIGHT. That's not your take. That's the bar's take.

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BETTY. (*Disappointed.*) I used to bring home two hundred a night myself here.

DWIGHT. Let's set the tables up, Betty. It's dork night tonight. (*He flips a switch on the wall that turns on another neon sign that reads: Monday Trivia Night!*)

BETTY. Are we doing *Harry Potter* trivia tonight?

DWIGHT. (*Sighing.*) Yes.

BETTY. (*She puts on her wizard robe. Then, she puts a mini witch hat on a rat.*) I do five hundred sit-ups a week. This robe does nothing to celebrate that.

DWIGHT. Next Monday is *The Office* and *Star Wars* trivia combined. You could wear a gold bikini while you shred sexy client documents. (*Beat. Activating his toy lightsaber.*) Lord, what have we become?

ASPEN. (*Entering.*) Knock, knock...

DWIGHT. Look who it is...

BETTY. Who's that?

DWIGHT. Betty, Betty, Betty! That's Aspen! A Coyote legend!

ASPEN. Good to see you again, Dwight! Any good concussions lately?

DWIGHT. Not in months. You can't have a rowdy crowd if there is no crowd.

ASPEN. (*Looking around at the empty bar.*) Are you even open?

DWIGHT. We are. (*Beat.*) Meet Betty. Betty Beers.

BETTY. On Mondays they call me Betty 'Butter' Beers. (*She produces two mugs of Butter Beer.*)

ASPEN. Your last name is really Beers? You're meant to work at a bar.

BETTY. A true Coyote.

DWIGHT. Fangs and all.

ASPEN. (*Sipping. Impressed.*) Wow. You can't even taste the alcohol.

BETTY. Oh, there isn't any. These trivia dorks don't drink...

DWIGHT. They are locked into their dumb game.

ASPEN. (*Noticing the neon sign.*) Trivia Night? (*Not pleased.*) That's new...

DWIGHT. Sandra hates it.

ASPEN. Makes sense. Not...our crowd.

DWIGHT. It hurts our image. But it's only one night...

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BETTY. Sandra is the one who hurt our image! She was being a real *Dumbledore*...

DWIGHT. Betty...

ASPEN. Is Sandra really gone?

DWIGHT. She left me in charge until her replacement could arrive. I should have known she'd pick you. (*Under his breath. Jealous.*) I've been loyal for twenty years, literally giving my brain fluid to this place, but whatever...

ASPEN. Huh?

DWIGHT. Oh, nothing.

ASPEN. So, Sandra... She's really in jail? (*Pause.*) What'd she do?

DWIGHT. She did my job and kicked a bunch of skinheads to the curb.

BETTY. Sent them Swastikas packing!

DWIGHT. But they didn't leave fast enough for Sandra and...well...

BETTY. She set them on fire!

ASPEN. Wow!

DWIGHT. Just one...and just his belt.

BETTY. It *was* only one, but the newspaper said more.

DWIGHT. Right. Ever since that article—

BETTY. —with accompanied photo of the patron screaming in pain—

DWIGHT. —the customers have dried up.

BETTY. (*Holding up the newspaper headline.*) Singed by Sandra!

DWIGHT. So, for now, we're stuck with the trivia dorks that don't drink.

BETTY. Not the best clientele for a bar...

ASPEN. Wow. I see... (*Distant Scoreboard SFX. SUGAR-HIGH SPORTSCASTER is heard from off. Despite her name, she has absolutely no energy.*)

SUGAR-HIGH SPORTSCASTER. (*Muffled. Yawning.*) At the end of six innings, the Princesses lead the Ladybugs...in smiles of course, as the score is still zero to zero...

BETTY. Don't forget about the baseball kids...

DWIGHT. Oh, right. To make ends meet, Sandra rented out the back-alley to a 12-year-old baseball team.

ASPEN. Sandra owns the back-alley?

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BETTY. It's actually the adjacent alley. It's across the street. Next to that new laser tag place.

DWIGHT. It's sad to say, but that back-alley is covering this bar's rent.

BETTY. But at a larger cost than money!!

ASPEN. What cost?

BETTY. Family friendly bullsh—

DWIGHT. (*Interrupting her.*) We get a lot of foot traffic now, sure. But its laser tag tweens and little-league families. Not bar folk.

ASPEN. (*Joking.*) I'll bet some of those dads want to drink...

BETTY. She should have turned that back-alley into a tattoo parlor, or a Harley Davidson, or a strip club! You know, our own people.

DWIGHT. But she didn't. We're stuck with the boys...

BETTY. No, no it's the girlies now.

DWIGHT. Oh. I forgot, yes, *softball* now takes up Sandra's back-alley.

ASPEN. It looks like I've inherited a heap of sh— (*Scoreboard SFX.*)

SUGAR-HIGH SPORTSCASTER. (*From off. Muffled.*) Next up is Shirley Ann, who is 0-4 today, but she has caught two butterflies and a lizard...

BETTY. (*Beat.*) There's one more thing...

DWIGHT. Let's not overwhelm her, Betty...

ASPEN. It's okay, what is it?

DWIGHT. Okay... The pipes froze last December. (*Creaking SFX.*) Every so often...they explode...

ASPEN. Every so often?

DWIGHT. Once a month. Even in the summer.

BETTY. That's not what I was going to say...

DWIGHT. It's not? (*Beat.*) Oh, then you were going to mention the toxicity of the men's bathroom water.

BETTY. No...

DWIGHT. Hmm. Then it must be the rat army that stole—

BETTY. No. (*She pets a rat on the bar.*)

DWIGHT. Then what?

BETTY. I was going to say... The thing that Aspen really needs to worry about is... The ghost. (*The rat hides in fear.*)

DWIGHT. What?

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ASPEN. This place is haunted now!?

BETTY. Absolutely. Since Sandra left.

DWIGHT. I think you've had too much Butter Beer.

BETTY. Oh?

DWIGHT. You're going to scare Aspen away! Sure, this bar, in the past, has seen gross occurrences...like gangrene, tetanus, and even West Nile... But...we most certainly are fluorescent plasma free! Ghost? Psh!

(Creaking SFX. A pipe bursts right above where Dwight is standing, soaking him. Aspen turns off the water.)

BETTY. *(Laughing with the resurfaced rat and presumably the ghost.)* Told you!

ASPEN. *(Not laughing.)* So...let me get this straight... We have no customers, exploding pipes, and ghosts!?

DWIGHT. Don't forget about the mean-spirited rats...

ASPEN. This is going to be impossible... Sandra didn't tell me she set a customer on fire... We're going down in flames...

DWIGHT. We just need some good PR!

BETTY. Yes! We must give our bar's image a fire-free facelift.
(Scoreboard SFX.)

SUGAR-HIGH SPORTSCASTER. *(From off. Yawning.)* And that's the softball game... Once again, this game is called due to time, as neither team managed to score a single, solitary run... I need a nap. *(UMPIRE MAGUIRE, mid 50s, enters in full, squeaking umpire gear. He carries a strike count clicker that he loudly clicks in his hand whenever he gets angry. He is followed by MARTY MAGUIRE, 30s, his son, who coaches the displaced boys' team. Marty is wearing laser tag gear.)*

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. Forty friggin' dollars for parking!?! *(Clicking.)* Unbelievable! Unbelievable!

MARTY. That girl's 'game' was literally the opposite of ESPN! It was NPSE...

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. I was ready for a snooze by the start of the second inning!

MARTY. Same here! I was expecting to see Serena Williams, instead, we got sandals on the shortstop...

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UMPIRE MAGUIRE. Did you hear the sportscaster? She had zero energy!

MARTY. That's because she was on a sugar crash! There wasn't even a concession stand!

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. (*Clicking.*) Unbelievable!

BETTY. Rough game boys? What are you thirsty for?

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. Directions. We're trying to get the hell out of here.

BETTY. (*Pause.*) East. (*She exits.*)

MARTY. You call that customer service?

ASPEN. Sorry about that. How about a drink on me?

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. I can't drink...on the clock. Double header.

ASPEN. A bar is a funny place to come if you're not thirsty... How about a Pepsi and some crackers then? (*She claps her hands, but Betty doesn't come. Instead, a rat brings a bottle of Pepsi and a sleeve of crackers.*)

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. (*Looking at her.*) Are you new? Where is Sandra?

ASPEN. Sandra is incapacitated. (*Beat.*) The name's Aspen. (*She puts out her hand, but he doesn't shake it.*) I'm in charge these days.

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. (*Interested.*) New management?

ASPEN. I guess I am...

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. Then you've got to help me! Kick those damn girls out!

ASPEN. Hey! What did us girls do?

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. Don't get me started!

MARTY. Get me started, then! Two weeks ago, Sandra gave a bunch of pushy, loud-mouth girls the back-alley field that rightfully belongs to the boys. The girls painted our field pink and tangerine and shortened the base paths.

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. (*Upset.*) Now, I'm stuck watching little the princesses cry... And throw... (*Gagging.*) ...underhand... Instead of playing a beautiful game!

DWIGHT. (*To Aspen.*) I see you've met Umpire Maguire, the Craigslist umpire Sandra hired for the back-alley league.

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. Charmed, I'm sure. (*Belching.*) And Sandra only pays me one hundred bucks a game, by the way. I have to pay forty big

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ones to park. So, I do this for the love of the game. And the tiny girls are going to put me into an early grave with their slaps.

ASPEN. They still use the slap when batting?

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. They do. Both with their weirdly shaped bats...

MARTY. And their right hands due to their soap-opera-laced personal dramas. *(Beat. He shakes Aspen's hand.)* Marty Maguire here. On top of owning the new Laser Tag Emporium across the street, I coach the team Sandra kicked out.

ASPEN. What's your team's name?

MARTY. The Lasers.

ASPEN. Go figure.

MARTY. It's because my boys are laser focused! *(Beat.)* Well, I really shouldn't say that I coach the Lasers anymore. Technically, right now I'm not a coach. Not unless I can find my boys another field this late in the summer...

ASPEN. I'm sorry Sandra put you and your boys out...

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. You don't know the half of it. These girl 'players' sing little cheers for each other during the game...

ASPEN. Really?

DWIGHT. He's right, I'm afraid. They do.

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. It's quite grating on the nerves. *(Mocking a cheer with little enthusiasm.)* 'Welcome to your cemetery...ba-da, ba-da, whoo! This is where you will be buried... Ba-da, ba-da, whoo!' I'm singing my death song!

BETTY. *(Reentering to finish the cheer.)* 'If you think you're gonna live...ba da, ba da, whoo! Turn around and think again...' Ba da, ba da, whoo! *(Exiting.)*

DWIGHT. We joke...

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. *(Clicking.)* It's a form of torture that should be studied by the CIA!

MARTY. It's a mockery. Last week, one of the girls' teams held a practice that was literally only choreography in the dugout.

ASPEN. Well, what happened to your boys exactly?

MARTY. A bunch of protesting moms took to Sandra's social media and now...

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UMPIRE MAGUIRE. (*Slamming his Pepsi near a rat.*) Equality is rat-faced— (*The bar phone rings. Betty reenters.*)

BETTY. Aspen, phone's for you.

ASPEN. (*Taking the call on speaker phone.*) Virgin Records, New York. I mean, um, Coyote Ugly. (*Lights up on the barbed wire payphone.*)

SANDRA. Geez, Aspen, Virgin Records really has your soul, don't they.

ASPEN. Oh, like this bar doesn't have yours?

SANDRA. Aspen, I forgot to mention something... And I had to trade my last Cuban cigar for this phone call so listen up... It's about the bar...

ASPEN. The pipes, the rats, or the ghost?

SANDRA. None of the above.

ASPEN. Oh, you must mean the back-alley baseball.

SANDRA. Ah, ah! *Softball* now, babe. (*Umpire Maguire weeps audibly.*)

ASPEN. Dwight says these summer leagues help us pay the bar's bills.

SANDRA. That back-alley field is keeping us afloat! Listen, the boys brought in \$1,000 a month in profit—tickets and concessions. I gave the girls a month to at least match that. How are they doing?

ASPEN. (*Looking at Dwight who gives her a thumbs down motion. Aspen massages the truth.*) The girls are...doing...fine...

SANDRA. Good. I gave those little Cupcakes a month but that's all the bar can afford.

DWIGHT. (*Leaning into the receiver.*) We really can't even afford that, Sandra!

SANDRA. I know, I know, Dwight. But I had no choice.

ASPEN. We heard...the social media mom's pressure.

SANDRA. Nope. Those mothers rolled off my back...

ASPEN. Then what?

SANDRA. My niece. Suzy. She wanted to play ball. There are no leagues for girls in New York.

ASPEN. That's awful.

SANDRA. So, I gave them one month. If they don't bring you \$1,000, the boys are back. Cut and dry. I'm not running a charity. I'm a Coyote not a weasel. (*Umpire Maguire and Marty overhear this and celebrate.*) And Aspen, there's one more thing...

ASPEN. What? Does this bar also have two fungus or something?

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SANDRA. Well... The crowds have been dwindling. Never mind whose fault that is. But our crowd is...well...lost. We need to find a new one. The Coyote needs CPR. *(Beat.)* Peace out, Aspen! I'm out of Cubans, so you might not hear from me for a while. *(Lights down on the barbed wire payphone.)*

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. You heard her!

MARTY. Time is ticking. And money talks! *(He makes a laser gun with his fingers.)* Pew, pew!

ASPEN. Fair is fair. But don't forget, the girls just might come through. They might bring in double what you did. *(Beat.)* Can I interest either of you in trivia tonight after your next game?

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. Trivia is for fat losers who can't throw. *(SUZY and TINA, both 12, enter with tattered softball gear and mismatched uniforms.)* Girls! Ugh! This world is too small I tell you... *(Passing the girls.)* I'll see you Cabbage Patch Kids on the field soon... Don't be late! *(Umpire Maguire and Marty exit. Umpire Maguire leaves behind his strike clicker by mistake.)*

ASPEN. Suzy! It's been a while since I've seen you!

SUZY. Hey, Aspen. Glad you're back. *(They hug. Beat.)* This is Tina. She's the pitcher on our team.

ASPEN. Hello, Tina—

SUZY. No! Only address her in Spanish.

ASPEN. Spanish?

SUZY. She tried learning English. Hooked on phonics and everything. She couldn't. Now hearing the language reminds her of her failures. It makes her furious. Like most athletes, she hates failing.

ASPEN. Oh.

BETTY. *(Returning with snacks.)* I was the same way. I had an ex that spoke mostly French. When we broke up, the sound of the French language made me want to throw a baguette through a window.

DWIGHT. Add me to that club! Not French. Korean. When I had my hip replaced at Mount Sinai all they played in my room were Korean soap operas. Now that language makes my hip seize!

TINA. *(Tina uses her windmill pitching motion to crush a can.)* Hola.

ASPEN. *(Afraid.)* Hola.

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SUZY. When in doubt. Let me translate.

ASPEN. *(To Suzy.)* Copy that.

SUZY. Aunt Sandra used to let us hang around in here. She gave us drinks with umbrellas in them...

ASPEN. I doubt that. You're what? Twelve? *(She laughs.)*

SUZY. Millennial humor. *(Beat.)* Please let us stay. Our game got cancelled.

ASPEN. Why?

SUZY. *(Umpire Maguire returns to get his left behind strike clicker.)* Our second baseman broke up with her boyfriend, and now half the team decided to go get their nails done to cheer her up.

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. *(Overhearing.)* AHH! Tonight's game is canceled!? This is exactly what I'm talking about! The Cupcakes canceled on the Cream Puffs! Surprise, surprise! Boys play with broken tailbones! They have true dedication! That beautiful back-alley is empty, and I just had to pay \$40 for parking! Unbelievable!!! *(Echoing Mr. Uptown.)* You girls just can't cut the French's mustard!!!

ASPEN. Hey! *(Joking.)* We use Heinz here.

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. Ah! Here's my strike counter! *(Clicking furiously, he exits.)*

SUZY. He's right. Our back-alley softball league is doomed.

ASPEN. Don't say that...

SUZY. Nobody comes anymore because they know that this is our last week...

ASPEN. Your last week? Sandra said you have a month...

SUZY. Doubt we'll last. When we play, the bleachers look like this bar. Empty.

DWIGHT. Don't forget, dorks bring in dollars.

SUZY. Face it. We are never going to make \$1,000. Men are our audience. And men do like watching sports...they just don't like *women's* sports...

BETTY. *(Reentering.)* But men do like women. Unless they are waving a rainbow flag, all we have to do is get them to look at me. And I know exactly how we can do that... *(To herself, excited.)* I've been looking for a reason to show off all of these sit-ups. All I need is a jukebox and the right wardrobe! What kind of show would this be without a little shimmy from

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an authentic Coyote? *(The lights change.)* Ghost, if you please... I'll have a slice of cherry pie...

SCENE 3

Betty walks over to the jukebox. The ghost plays a song like 'Cherry Pie' by Warrant. She takes off her wizard robe to reveal a seductive, sparkly baseball uniform. The bar disappears, and their back-alley softball field appears. Empty bleachers and a scoreboard roll in. Betty is dancing CS on the raised pitcher's mound. Passing MALE FANS notice her and begin to buy tickets and fill the bleachers. By the end of the song, the game is sold out with entirely male spectators. Crowd SFX permitted. 'Charge!' plays on an organ.

SUZY. *(Entering.)* Playball! *(Tina takes the mound with a yellow softball. Suzy gets behind the plate in full gear. A BATTER, 12, gets in the box. Her bat is covered with N'SYNC stickers. All the girls' uniforms are tattered and mismatched.)* Okay, Tina... *Tu tiras el humo!!! (Translation: Throw the smoke!!! Tina smiles and winds up but throws several disappointing wild pitches to Suzy. Suzy must chase each wild ball down. This process should be very boring and take some time. Suzy also has to take several breaks in order to readjust her catcher's equipment as it is falling off of her. She is wearing oversized, second-hand equipment. Batter starts texting in the batter's box. The crowd is audibly disappointed with each pitch, and a few men start to exit.)*

MALE #1. Hold on! What happened to the hot cherry pie girl?

MALE #2. What are we even watching? The batter is texting!

MALE #1. I feel like someone cast a spell on us...

MALE #2. *(Looking around.)* Is there seriously no beer? Or cherry pie??

MALE #1. I know a bar across town. It's called the Pretty Panther...

MALE #2. Let's get out of here. *(Stomach Growl SFX.)* I want a walking taco really bad. What kind of sporting event doesn't have a concession stand?

MALE #1. They sure can't cut the packets of mustard.

COYOTE UGLIER

MALE #2. I'll give them \$20 to let me leave early. *(The men laugh and exit. After a few moments, all of the bleachers are empty.)*

SUZY. Time out! Team huddle! *(Aspen, Betty, and Tina gather around Suzy.)* I told you. We don't keep the men's attention.

BETTY. This is *very* confusing for me.

ASPEN. Why do we need the men anyway?

SUZY. Men are 80% of women's ticket sales. Even professionally.

ASPEN. Okay, well...maybe they didn't like the game but, how much money did the concession stand make?

SUZY. Our concession stand isn't in service anymore...

ASPEN. Well, there's our problem! All sports venues sell great, expensive food! And \$15 beers!

SUZY. Oh, no. We're not allowed to serve alcohol here. That's grounds for instant dismissal. Sandra's rules. Really, it's her only rule. No contraband. Drugs, alcohol, skateboards, cherry bombs—

ASPEN. Oh. You don't have to tell me about Sandra and how seriously she takes her rules. *(Beat.)* But I say we need to sell food to our hungry fans... *(To Suzy.)* Take me to the concession stand. Let's see our inventory... *(Fade to black.)*

SCENE 4

The interior of the back-alley concession stand. ELIJAH, 12, is writing poetry in a notebook and eating illegal candy known as Cherry Bombs.

ELIJAH. *(Reading his poetry out loud with a mouthful of candy.)* 'I've spent years wrapped in shadows, and places I don't fit... I can't settle down; my soul just won't commit...' *(The door creaks. Elijah hides his illegal candy in his pocket. He then poorly hides himself. Aspen, Suzy, Tina, and Betty enter. The lights flicker. Flies buzz.)*

BETTY. It's like a butt crack mausoleum in here.

SUZY. The boys destroyed it when we took over their field. Firecrackers soaked in vinegar. They left us nothing. *(Seeing Elijah.)* Hey! Who are you?

COYOTE UGLIER

ELIJAH. I didn't think anybody ever came in here anymore. *(Pause.)* I am not responsible for this smell...

BETTY. We're back in business... Hit the bricks, kid.

ELIJAH. Hey, why don't you go and shove—

ASPEN. *(Picking up his notebook.)* Is this... Poetry?

ELIJAH. Stop! That's mine!

ASPEN. Really?

BETTY. *(Sniffing the air. Suspiciously.)* Cherries! What have you been doing in here?

ELIJAH. Nothing!

BETTY. I smell illegal sugar! Have you been eating Cherry Bombs in here?

ELIJAH. *(Lying.)* No!

ASPEN. He's got a bomb!?

SUZY. No, Cherry Bombs are candy the boys used to sell here.

ASPEN. So?

BETTY. So, it's illegal in America now!

ASPEN. Candy? Illegal?

BETTY. Makes people do crazy things! Too much sugar!

SUZY. Way too much. But they are so good!

BETTY. I had better not find any—

ELIJAH. Move! *(He exits in a hurry, leaving his notebook behind.)*

SUZY. We chased another man away...

ASPEN. *(Beat.)* So, this is the concession stand... *(Looking around.)* Is there *any* inventory left?

SUZY. Technically, we sell hot pretzels with cheese...that have a velvet after taste.

ASPEN. Velvet? That can't be right. Where's the microwave?

SUZY. *(She produces a hair dryer.)* It's got a fuse shortage or something, so it gets extremely hot.

BETTY. That, or it's possessed by the ghost.

ASPEN. Okay. *(Thinking.)* As your team sponsor—

SUZY. Wait... Team sponsor? Since when?

BETTY. *(Smiling at the idea.)* Since our bar needs good PR!

COYOTE UGLIER

ASPEN. (*Being sweet.*) And because it's important to support our fellow women. (*Being comically sour.*) And don't interrupt me lady! I'm trying to get on a roll here! (*Taking a deep breath in.*) As your team sponsor...I'm going to make a game plan! (*Thinking.*) Betty, we'll need a real staff for this concession stand. No experience necessary.

BETTY. On it! (*She exits.*)

ASPEN. Tina! (*Pausing. To Suzy.*) Translate.

SUZY. What do you want to tell her?

ASPEN. I'm going to put her in charge of food for this concession stand. We need something delicious to sell.

SUZY. (*To Tina.*) ¿Qué tipo de comida te gusta? (*Translation: What kind of food do you like?*)

TINA. (*Smiling.*) Alas picantes.

ASPEN. What did she say?

SUZY. Hot wings.

ASPEN. That'll do! (*To Tina.*) Alas picantes! (*Tina smiles.*) Give them a kick! (*Her brief English infuriates Tina who picks Aspen up in an effort to body slam her. Suzy intervenes and Tina sets Aspen down.*)

ASPEN. Whoops.

SUZY. I told you!

TINA. Alas picantes. (*Tina grunts and exits.*)

ASPEN. And Suzy...our team needs rebranding. (*Looking her up and down with dissatisfaction.*) Find us new uniforms. Matching ones. And I can't make it out...what exactly is our team's name?

SUZY. The Cupcakes.

ASPEN. Really? That's awful. Umpire Maguire wasn't kidding.

SUZY. (*Her feelings are hurt.*) I came up with the name...

ASPEN. (*Feeling bad.*) Oh, I'm sorry, Suzy. It's just that team names need to be more... Let's say tough. We are trying to strike intimidation into the hearts of our opponents. Any team named after a pastry won't cut it. Think tough.

SUZY. Something tougher... I'll brainstorm. (*She exits.*)

ASPEN. (*Holding Elijah's poetry notebook.*) And I'll find the entertainment... We may have to forfeit the 80% of our male audience, but that still leaves 20% of girl power to cultivate. And what do women love?

COYOTE UGLIER

A sensitive singer/songwriter. I don't care what Mr. Uptown says, a good song never goes out of style. (*Beat. The lights flicker. A broom falls on its own.*) Spooky. Wait a second... (*Whispering.*) Ghost? Bar Ghost? Is that you? (*A door slams.*) Please don't kill me, I'm here to help! (*The lights stop flickering.*) Thank you. Let's make a deal, Ghost. No matter what happens, we both watch out for Suzy. That kid is doing all she can to make friends and...well—let's just say I know how that feels. It's hard not being picked for a team. Before Vidal Sassoon I had...I had...braces! (*Mustard explodes.*) I know, I know. People have endured worse. But my braces came with a tragedy. One summer, I fell asleep at Camp Laguna. The girls there were vicious California types. They mocked me for my dirty street shoes and blow-dryer with only five settings... One awful, stormy night, while I was asleep, they put several little Barbie shoes in my metal brackets. The pink plastic melted right in! I had a mouth full of neon stiletto pumps. I got laughed at all summer. I couldn't bear it if that happened to Suzy. (*Beat.*) You know, Ghost... I've never told that story to anyone in New York before... (*She smiles. The lights begin to dim but then suddenly all three girls return in the doorway.*)

ALL. We need money!

ASPEN. Right!

BETTY. We're going to have to pay these concession stand workers something!

SUZY. Uniforms ain't free!

TINA. El pollo es caro! (*Translation: Chicken is expensive.*)

ASPEN. Startup costs. Yes, startup costs. (*She thinks. The girls reenter fully and all put their hands out for cash. Clicking SFX.*) Did you hear that?

SUZY. A beast approaches! Uh-oh. I had a nightmare that started just like this once. (*A light reveals an eavesdropping Umpire Maguire and Marty unseen by the girls.*)

TINA. Es probablemente un mapache rabioso... (*Translation: It's probably a rabid raccoon...*)

SUZY. There are no raccoons around here! (*Tina grunts.*)

BETTY. Ignore it! We've got bigger problems here, Aspen! Where are we going to get startup costs?

COYOTE UGLIER

SUZY. How much do you think we need?

ASPEN. Hmm. For a proper re-launch? Uniforms, food, staff... Hmm. When is your next game?

SUZY. Tomorrow. It's our last game of the month.

BETTY. Why don't we enter the bar's trivia contest tonight? *Harry Potter...*

ASPEN. There's prize money?

BETTY. A lot!

ASPEN. Maybe this trivia gig won't be so bad after all! *(Thinking.)* No, wait. You and I can't enter. We work there. It would be a conflict of interest. *(They slowly look at the girls.)*

SUZY. I thought we were too young to be in the bar.

ASPEN. These trivia nights are alcohol free.

BETTY. Dorks don't drink...

SUZY. So, if we win trivia, we can earn our startup costs? Huddle! *(They all huddle.)* Barbie Behemoths on three? *(She looks at Aspen who shakes her head 'no' with disapproval.)* The Eleanor Roosevelt's on three? *(Aspen shakes no.)* Home-Run Hacky-Sacks? On two?

ASPEN. Let's keep brainstorming...

SUZY. What about just The Coyotes?

ASPEN. You must earn that title. You're all a little too...little.

SUZY. I thought being a Coyote meant being tough and fierce.

ASPEN. Not yet, little cupcake.

TINA. Luchadoras a la luz de la luna...

ASPEN. *(To Suzy.)* That's a little long to fit on a uniform... What does it mean?

SUZY. *(Pause. Impressed.)* The Moonlight Fighters...

ASPEN. The Moonlight Fighters! *(Smiling.)* I love it! Hands in! On three... One... Two...

ALL. CAN'T FIGHT THE MOONLIGHT!!! *(The girls exit. Umpire Maguire and Marty come out from their eavesdropping hiding spot.)*

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. *(Clicking.)* So... They think they have a plan, do they?

MARTY. What are you thinking?

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. We need to enter that trivia contest!

COYOTE UGLIER

MARTY. I'm all for it! There's just one problem... I've never read the *Henry Potter* books...

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. (*Clicking.*) But you're a millennial!

MARTY. You didn't raise me to read. You raised me to play ball!

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. Darn straight. (*Thinking.*) What about Shane?

MARTY. My twelve-year-old boy! Excellent! (*Texting.*) I'll text him.
(*Seconds later, SHANE MAGUIRE, 12, a militant ball player arrives in full uniform. He is carrying a laser tag gun. Shane may only be in Little League, but he looks like he could be a professional player. It might be funny if he is bigger and more muscular than his father and Umpire Maguire ala Danny Almonte.*)

SHANE. Sir?

MARTY. What took you so long, boy?

SHANE. Sorry, sir! I was playing laser tag, sir!

MARTY. Good! (*Making a laser gun with his fingers.*) Did you pew-pew anyone?

SHANE. Of course, sir!

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. Just wait until Christmas... That laser gun becomes a BB!

MARTY. What do you know about *Henry Potter*?

SHANE. Harry, sir! I have not read the books, but I have seen the movies, sir!

UMPIRE MAGUIRE. Good enough!

MARTY. Looks like we've got a trivia contest to win! Pew-pew! (*They laugh. Shane laughs deeper and more heartily than both of the other men. Fade to black.*)

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