

# GIANT KILLER

by Ken Bradbury



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*(David, a young boy, hits baseball pitcher's pose. He looks at the signal from the catcher, shakes off one signal, then another, then nods, winds-up, and fires.)*

**DAVID:** Yes! Strike three! Way to go guys! Great defense! That's it! A perfect season! *(jumps to give the high five to a couple of other players)* Nice game! Nice game! *(turns to slap another high five and is met by the imposing form of Samuel, an older man ... he unknowingly slaps a startled Samuel.)* Nice ... uh ... sorry mister. I didn't see you there.

**SAMUEL:** *(in a Yiddish accent)* I been vatching da whole game. You got some arm, kid.

**DAVID:** Thanks.

**SAMUEL:** You're David, right? Jesse's boy David?

**DAVID:** Yeh, dad's our coach. You come to see him? He's right over there. *(begins to exit)*

**SAMUEL:** Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! No, I've already talked to him. It's you dat a vant to see. *(extending his hand)* My name's Samuel. Samuel Prophet. Call me Sam.

**DAVID:** Uh ... okay. You're the game warden, right? Look, that lion was tryin' to get dad's sheep, honest. I just threw a little rock to scare him away. I didn't think it'd kill him.

**SAMUEL:** Game varden? Ha! Dat's a good von! Lots of t'ings I've been called but I ain't got no fondness for der lions. No, no, no. I'm a scout.

**DAVID:** A what?

**SAMUEL:** Scout, scout. Baseball, boy.

**DAVID:** Holy cow!

**SAMUEL:** You're close. Close.

**DAVID:** For who? You mean a professional baseball team?  
Wow! Which one?

**SAMUEL:** Who else? Da Angels!

**DAVID:** (*aghast*) No!

**SAMUEL:** Yes!

**DAVID:** Wow! They're playin' the last game of the World  
Series today against the Giants!

**SAMUEL:** Yes, dat's vy I'm here. Ve're out of pitchers.

**DAVID:** Man, I've been an Angel's fan ever since I was a little  
boy! I mean, I'm only twelve  
now, but I've loved those guys all my life! What're you  
doin' here?

**SAMUEL:** I tought you'd never ask. I want to sign you up.

**DAVID:** You ...

**SAMUEL:** Dat's right. Da youngest pitcher in da majors. I  
want you should come play vit da  
Angels in da final game of da World Series today.

**DAVID:** Dad put you up to this, right? Another joke? I mean,  
I'm just a twelve year old kid!

**SAMUEL:** I got faith in you, boy. And more dan dat, our  
manager has faith in you!

**DAVID:** Your manager?

**SAMUEL:** Says He's an old friend of yours.

**DAVID:** You gotta be crazy, mister! I can't play in the majors!  
I don't even have my wisdom  
teeth! I'm flunkin' seventh-grade math! You are one  
funny guy, Sam.

**SAMUEL:** Tash! Dis ain't no joke! You seen dat Giant's  
lineup?

**DAVID:** They been knockin' you guys out of the park.

**SAMUEL:** Tanks for reminding me.

**DAVID:** And that big sucker Goliath could break the homerun  
record today.

**SAMUEL:** According to ESPN, it's a sure thing. He's knocked every pitcher ve got out of da park. Dey won't even go up against him anymore. He's von dirty sucker.

**DAVID:** Dad says he hits those line drives on purpose just to hurt guys.

**SAMUEL:** He's a schmuck, is vat he is. A big-headed, no-brained schmuck ... but he can hit dat ball.

**DAVID:** He'll kill me!

**SAMUEL:** Tash! Don't talk dat vay! Ve got a manager vot you just vouldn't believe! He can give you power, boy!

**DAVID:** Look, I got soccer practice at two then I gotta run home and watch the series. I'll tell dad you played a good joke on me but I gotta go. (*as he starts to exit, Samuel grabs him.*)

**SAMUEL:** Hold it, Davie boy. I t'ink maybe you better talk to da boss.

**DAVID:** Who?

**SAMUEL:** (*pulling a cell phone out of his pocket while still holding on to David*) Operator? Give me YAHWEH 777. (*to David*) I hope He's not mad dat I couldn't do dis on my own. (*into the phone*) Boss? Yeh, I've got him right here. Vell, he hasn't exactly said yes, but ...

**DAVID:** (*grabbing the phone from Samuel*) Pop? Is this you? (*he listens*) It's not? You're kidding. Uh ... yeh ... I mean, I guess ... I ... (*hands the phone back to Samuel*) Holy cow ...

**SAMUEL:** Vell? You convinced now?

**DAVID:** He said to throw a few practice pitches and see what happens.

**SAMUEL:** Oi! It just so happens I brought my glove. Dere! Stand over dere (*pushing him to one side of the stage*) Rock and fire, baby. Rock and fire!

**DAVID:** (*tentatively warming up*) I feel ... I don't know ... sort of tingly.

**SAMUEL:** (*getting into the catcher's crouch*) You ain't seen tingly yet, Muska! Let me have it, baby! Rock and fire! Rock and fire. (*David winds up and throws. Samuel is*



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