

## Engels in the Outfield

A Musical by Tom and Marty Moran

### Setting

Place: The left field stands at a New York baseball stadium

Time: A Saturday in June, circa 1875

### Characters

KARL MARX, 50's. German. Strident, joyless and curt.

FRIEDRICH ENGELS, 50's. Also German. A bon vivant.

ORVILLE "HOPSCOTCH" DUFFY, left fielder for the Boston Beaneaters. Dressed in a period "away" baseball uniform with apropos mustache.

ERASMUS "HOBO" POTTS, left fielder for the New York Mutuals. Dressed in a period "home" baseball uniform and also mustachioed with great aplomb.

STADIUM EMPLOYEE, male, any age

ANNOUNCER (V.O)

(Note: DUFFY can be double-cast as EMPLOYEE and POTTS as ANNOUNCER.)

(Note 2: Lead sheets for music are included at the end of this document.)

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(MARX and ENGELS sit on a bench upstage center. DUFFY stands downstage right, facing away from MARX and ENGELS, in fielding position. ENGELS holds a beer and looks relaxed. MARX looks restless.)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Loggins is the hurler for the Beaneaters, Potts at striker for the Mutuals. Loggins tosses the pill, and there's a mighty swing and a can or corn to the garden in left. Easy play for Duffy.

(DUFFY mimes lining up, catching a ball and throwing it back to the infield.)

ENGELS

Come on Pottsie, be a sharp for a change. Lousy Mutual.

MARX

Engels. Was that bad, what just happened?

ENGELS

Must I inform you again, Karl, we are cheering for the Mutuals. They are the home team and we are on their pitch. Also I have three dollars wagered on them.

MARX

Ah. So this is a transaction.

ENGELS

No, Herr Marx, it is a distraction. It is grown men playing with a ball on a sunny June Saturday. Will you not enjoy it with me? Come, have a brau.

MARX

You know my doctor said no spirits, due to my enervations.

ENGELS

That is my point, my friend. You take your work too hard.

MARX

My work is nothing less than opening the eyes of the world to their chains, Engels.

ENGELS

Yes, but the rheumatism. The boils. The St. Vitus Dance. Communism is slowly killing you, Marx.

MARX

So you bring me to America?

ENGELS

Why not let capitalism take a shot too? Let me buy you some peanuts and Cracker Jacks. Oh, I know.

(ENGELS procures two cigars, offers one to MARX, lights both.)

ENGELS (cont.)

Here's to your health.

MARX

This game, I do not understand it. Why cheer for only one team? Is not every player possessed of dignity and worthy of our support?

ENGELS

I think you miss the point of the enterprise.

MARX

But are they not all brothers in the proletariat? And why cheer for any of them? Who owns these teams?

Engels

Well, they are-

MARX

(getting worked up)

For do we here not just line the pockets of the filthy Yankee bourgeoisie, who have stripped of its halo the sacred occupation of hurler, or striker, once looked on with reverent awe? Why do we settle for this mock competition when the real battle is-

ENGELS

Marx. Marx!

*It's just a game, my dear Karl  
Stop getting so riled  
You'll exacerbate all of your ills  
The boils and the eczema, the pain in your retina  
The swelling and fevers and chills*

MARX

I don't have eczema!

ENGELS

(rolls eyes)

Regardless.

*The workingman's aching  
Will be ready and waiting  
After the last out is made  
So just for an hour  
Drop the scowl and the glower  
And try to enjoy this fine day!*

MARX

*Enjoy this fine day?  
How easy to say!  
You twee bourgeoisie acolyte!  
As these strikers and hurlers  
Lay their weight to the levers  
While the sheeple delight in their plight!*

*For the owners' deep pockets  
Are lined with the efforts  
Of these clock-punching  
Ball-clutching pawns!  
And all of this spectacle  
Is a rawhided manacle  
Shackling the populace down.*

ENGELS

All right, all right. But still!

*It's just a game, comrade Karl  
So have some popcorn and smile  
And save the news for the Daily Tribune.*

*For you can't spell Karl Marx without relax  
(plus some other letters),  
So let us crack peanuts and snack Cracker Jacks  
Let us root root like we'll never get back  
And let us ignore your rheumatic attacks  
And later I promise we'll free every worker  
But right now let's hoot on the local-boy Mutuals*

*Use those dirty Beaneaters to channel your rage  
Oh let us enjoy this fine day!*

MARX

Oh, very well then. Who is this hapless Beantowner I see before me?

(ENGELS produces a program.)

ENGELS

That is Orville "Hopscotch" Duffy. A sterling left fielder with most striking face topiary.

MARX

Very well. (To DUFFY) You! Duffy! You sway on your heels like a nancy-boy! Is that a beardlet on your visage, or did you forget your napkin after eating a petit-four?

(LAUGHS. ENGELS chuckles and pats MARX on the back.)

ENGELS

Now you've got it, old chum. Keep going. (to Duffy) Duffy! You couldn't catch a dew drop if they gave you a glove! A glove!

(DUFFY steals a glance in their direction.)

ENGELS (cont.)

There! See? Bait the hook well, this carp does bite.

MARX

You sir! You are a tool! An appendage of the bourgeoisie machine!

ENGELS

Now hold on.

MARX

You are a commodity! Bought and sold like a jerkin or, or an oatcake!

(DUFFY turns and looks.)

DUFFY

What are you sniveling about, Herman the German?

(DUFFY turns back to the field.)

MARX

Sir! What do you earn for a season of this base-ball?

DUFFY

I make eight hundred dollars.

ENGELS

What, fifty for each time you muff an easy catch, you Hubtown foozler?!

MARX

You, sir, are being exploited! What does your team's owner earn? Enough to keep him in fancy waistcoats and fine cigars - (he realizes he is still puffing cigar and hides it) - in fine ales and porterhouses! Why do you not decry him?

(ENGELS tries to restrain MARX, but he's having none of it.)

ENGELS

Please, Karl, there's no decrying in baseball.

MARX(cont.)

While you, you, stand one step from the poorhouse! Serve him no longer! The power lies in you! Rise up and cast off your servitude!

DUFFY

Oh, chew on it, you filthy jollocks.

(DUFFY turns back to the field pensively.)

DUFFY

*Well, these krauts are really giving me the business  
But perhaps there is a better lot for me  
For my manager's a lush who loathes us Irish  
And I can't feed ten kids on my meager salary.*

*But my contract has shackled me to Beantown  
If only I was free to join another team  
But there is no such thing as a free agent  
You're just bolted to some rotten rich man's scheme.*

*But what if all the workers joined together?  
Stood upright and demanded a rightful share  
Together we could build a new society  
A league, a world, a union where fair is ever fair.*

(DUFFY turns to MARX.)

*Well perhaps, my friend, you're on to something  
Tell me more about the workingman's-*

(CRACK of a bat. DUFFY hears it, turns around and dashes offstage.)

DUFFY

Aw, bejesus! It's mine, it's mine. Clear out, ya bollocks!

ENGELS

Maybe you should spend less time lamenting your lot and more time watching the striker, you gollumpus!

MARX

What are you doing? I was reeling him in, Engels. Say, do you have a copy of the Communist Manifesto I can toss over this fence?

ENGELS

What am I, your lending library? Besides, look, that was just a daisy cutter to the infield. The striker is out and the inning is over.

MARX

In English, Engels. Or at least German.

ENGELS

Der Teig ist raus, und das inning ist vorbei.

MARX

No, I'm still lost.

(POTTS enters stage and assumes fielding position.)

MARX(cont.)

Excellent. Another recruit. What's his name?

ENGELS

That's Potts. But Karl, please don't. He's with the Mutuals. I need them to win.

MARX

He will win! Through the virtue of communism he will triumph over-

ENGELS

Yes, yes, that. Perhaps we could visit the clubhouses after the game with copies of the manifesto?

MARX

The struggle is eternal, Friedrich. We must seize every moment. (to POTTS) Potts! You dawdler! Why do you oppose these Bostonians? Do you not understand that the system of wage labor is based on competition between the laborers?

ENGELS

Oh yes, that's a zinger.

MARX

This sport is a charade! A chimera! It is an opiate of the masses. Confront your real enemy!

(POTTS cocks his head a little but doesn't engage.)

ENGELS

Karl! Maybe the players aren't quite members of the proletariat. Eight hundred dollars is quite a poke.

MARX

Oh no, no. Look! Each has his position, his place. Each is useless outside of the slot into which he has been inserted by the bourgeoisie. (to POTTS) You! Potts! Can you hurl? Can you play close in to the striker?

(POTTS turns.)

POTTS

Cram it, puff guts.

(ENGELS starts laughing.)

ENGELS

Good one, Potts! (to MARX) Got a spark, he does.



MARX

Posh. See? He can do no more than his little role. Just a mere cog, playing a simple game for our amusement. (to POTTS) You, sir, are worse than a slave, for a slave is sold but once, you whore yourself by the inning. Rage, you! Rage, against the machine!

(CRACK of the bat, CHEER from the crowd. POTTS backs up toward the fence. ENGELS and MARX follow the path of a ball as it comes directly toward them.)

ENGELS

That's looking like a tater! Look alive, Karl!

(Long moment. MARX puts up an arm almost in self-defense. He suddenly spins around partway; when he faces the audience again, he's got a baseball in his hand. He and ENGELS stare at it in astonishment.)

ENGELS

Mein gott, Marx! You caught it!

MARX

I did, didn't I?

ENGELS

You're a natural!

MARX

I'm a ... natural?

POTTS

Lucky take there, you snag-bag.

ENGELS

Hey! We're on your side, jackanape! Damn, there go my three dollars.

(MARX is looking up in amazement.)

ENGELS (cont.)

Karl. Are you all right?

MARX

*Engels look I did it!  
I caught the pretty pill  
I've never caught a ball before  
Just assorted aches and ills  
Oh how a tiny touch of triumph  
Can make a man a giant  
A seedling growing mighty in the sun!*

*What can I say?  
It's the catch of the day!  
And it tastes mighty fine  
But I have to say  
That it's opened my eyes*

*Making one play  
It took all my concentration  
All my hand-eye coordination  
Extemporaneous calculation  
Baseball is hard!  
And I've been too harsh, I'm afraid!*

*For this... It's a ballet!  
A sporting choreography  
A dance transcending policy  
A spectacle that tickles me  
Skilled people being skilled  
For our delight  
Oh Engels I think baseball... is all right!*

(STADIUM EMPLOYEE enters and approaches MARX.)

EMPLOYEE

Sir. We'll take the ball back now.

MARX

Oh. Of course.

(MARX extends the ball to EMPLOYEE. But ENGELS intercedes.)

ENGELS

What is this? He caught the ball.

EMPLOYEE

Sure. But you rooters don't get to keep them. We're running a business here.

ENGELS

This is nonsense. Will you stand for this, Karl?

MARX

Certainly. Here you go.

(MARX hands ball to EMPLOYEE. EMPLOYEE tosses it to POTTS.)

EMPLOYEE

Thank you kindly, sir.

(EMPLOYEE exits, giving ENGELS a dirty look along the way.)

ENGELS

This is not like you, Karl. Do you feel well?

MARX

I feel vibrant, Friedrich. Effervescent! Relax. The ball is merely property, it belongs to us all. Under communism, we will all have balls. And besides, it's only a game.

*It's just a game, comrade Freddy  
I'm willing and ready  
For lapping up all of life's joys  
Like a three-dollar wager  
Or catching a tater  
Or tossing a cheer to the boys  
For the workingman's struggles  
Will always be humbled  
By the dreams that man smuggles away  
So I'll forgo the foment  
Let's all cherish the moment  
After all it's only a game!  
So let us enjoy this fine day!*

(CRACK OF A BAT, sound of CHEERS. MARX and ENGELS CHEER along. Blackout. End of play.)

# 1. Just a Game

Marty & Tom Moran

*Freely*

**Engels:** It's just a game my dear Kar - l Stop get - ting so riled You'll ex -

3  $\text{♩} = 180$

a - cer - bate all of your ills — The boi - ls and the ec - ze - ma the pain in your ret - in - a The

7 F G C (Guitar)

swel - ling and fev - ers and chills

*Marx:* "I don't have The eczema!"  
*Engels:* "Regardless."

10 F G C Am F G Am

work - ing - man - s ach - ing Will be read - y and wait - ing — Aft - er — the last out is made — So

14 F G C Am F G C (Guitar)

just for an hou - r drop the scow - l and the glow - er try to en - joy this fine day!

18 F C

**Marx:** En - joy this fine day? — How eas - y to say you twee bour - geoi - sie ac - o - lyte!

22 G F G C Am

As these strik - ers and — hurl - ers lay their weight to the lev - ers while the

25 F G C (Guitar) F G

sheep-le\_\_ del-ight in their plight! For the own-ers' deep\_pock-ets are

29 C Am F G Am

lined with the eff-orts of these clock-pun-ching ball-clut-ching pawns! And

32 F G C Am F G C (Guitar)

all of this\_\_ spec-ta-cle is a raw-hid-ed man-a-cle shack-l-ing the pop-u-lace down.

36

Engels: All right, all right... But still! It's just a game, com-rade Kar-l So have some

40 F C G *Freely* F G

pop-corn and smile save the news for the Dail-y Trib-une\_\_ For you can't spell Kar-l Marx

44 C Am F G C Am *a tempo*

With-out rel-ax\_\_ "Plus some other letters" So let us crack pean-uts and snack Crack-er Jack so

48 F G C Am F G C Am

Let us root root like we'll nev-er get back And let us ig-nore your rheu-mat-ic att acks And

52 F G C Am F G

lat-er I prom-ise we'll\_\_ free ev-ery work-er But right now let's hoot on the

55 C Am F G C Am

loc-al - boy Mut-u - al Use those dirt-y Bean-eat-ers to chan-nel your rage Oh

58 F G C (Guitar) G C

let us en-joy this fine day! rit. -----

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a bass line. It consists of a single staff with a bass clef. The music is divided into two measures. The first measure contains the lyrics 'let us en-joy this fine day!' with a long horizontal line under 'fine' and 'day!' indicating a sustained note. The second measure contains the lyrics 'rit. -----' and ends with a double bar line. Above the staff, guitar chords are indicated: 'F' at the start of the first measure, 'G' above the first note of the second measure, 'C' above the second note of the second measure, '(Guitar)' above the first note of the third measure, 'G' above the second note of the third measure, and 'C' above the final note of the third measure. The notes in the first measure are a quarter note G2, a quarter note A2, and a quarter rest. The second measure starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, and a quarter note B2. The third measure starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, and a quarter note B2. The final note is a half note G2.

## 2. Duffy's Lament

Marty & Tom Moran

$\text{♩} = 175$

F F7 B $\flat$  B $\flat$ m

Well these krauts are real-ly giv-ing me the bus-in-ess But per-

5 F Dm C F F7

haps there is a bet-ter lot for me. For my man-a-ger's a lush who loathes us

11 B $\flat$  B $\flat$ m F C F

I-r-ish And I can't feed ten kids on my mea-ger sal-ar-y But my

17 F7 B $\flat$  B $\flat$ m

con-tract has sha-ckled me to Bea-n-town if on-ly

21 F Dm C F F7

I was free to join a-noth-er team but there's no such thing as a free

27 B $\flat$  B $\flat$ m F C F

a-gent You're just bol-ted to some rot-ten rich man's scheme But what if

33 F7 B $\flat$  B $\flat$ m

all the wor-kers joined to-ge-ther? Stood up

37 F Dm C

— right and de man - ded a right - ful share? To-

41 F F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>bm</sup>

geth - er we could build a new so - ci - e - ty A league a world

45 F C F

— a un - ion whe - re fair is ev - er fair. Well per -

49 F<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>bm</sup> F Dm (guitar) (Bat Crack)

haps my friend you're on to some - thing Tell me more a - bout the work - ing - man's





24 F B $\flat$  F B $\flat$  F

-let! A sport-ing chor-e - o - gra-phy\_ A dance tran-scen-ding pol-i - cy\_ A

27 B $\flat$  F B $\flat$  F

spec - tac - le\_ that tick-les me\_ Skilled peo-ple be-ing skilled for our de-light

29 Dm B $\flat$  C (gtr) F C F

Oh\_ Eng-els I think base-ball is all right!

# 4. Just a Game (Reprise)


Marty & Tom Moran

*Freely* C F C ♩ = 180

(Guitar) 

It's just a game, com-rade Fred-dy and I'm wil-ling and read-y\_\_\_ For lap-ping up-all\_ of life's

4 G F G C Am F G



joys Like a three-dol-lar\_wag-er Or cat-ching a tat-er\_ Or tos-sing a cheer to the boys

8 C F G C Am



\_\_\_ For the work-ing - man's\_ strug-gles Will al-ways be hum-bled\_ By the

11 F G Am F G




dreams that man smug-gles\_ a - way So I'll for - go the fo-ment Let's all

14 C Am F G Am



cher-ish the mom-ent Aft-er all it's on - ly a game! So

17 F G C (Guitar) G C



let us\_\_\_ en-joy this fine\_\_\_ day!