

PENNY

Now would be a good time to shoot your snoot to me for a smooch.

*(Jo makes contact, her lips connecting with Penny's like a bat with a ball—but with a smack instead of a crack.)*

PENNY

That kiss was more seamless than softballs *and* baseballs. Hurtled my heart right out of the park.

*(notices Jo's stunned state)*

You all right, Jo? Your eyes are rounder than canteens and you look like you're about to make like a pop fly and plop down. Don't be ashamed—of your talents.

*(once Jo is justifiably jubilant)*

There we go. But you better be careful with that winning smile. Those chipper choppers might tempt the Blue Sox to trade you to Pepsodent. Oh, but don't worry—I'd fight toothpaste and nail to get you back.