

PENNY

Speaking of pictures, you should wear your lavender blouse for the publicity shots tomorrow. Of course, the photos won't be in color, but it'll still look dapper with your infield-brown A-line skirt. And I could draw seams on the backs of your legs like I did last time—unless you got new nylons? Granted, I'm not great at it—one seam looked like a jump rope and the other looked like the string on a pull-along duck.

JOSEPHINE

That's okay. Sometimes it's hard to stay straight.

PENNY

That explains my fondness for shapely things—like curve balls and crescent moons and...you think we could talk the team into taking paper moon portraits instead of publicity photos? My folks had one made on their honeymoon. We'd look so cute cradled by a cardboard crescent.

JOSEPHINE

How do you even pose for one of those?

PENNY

You just, um, you just sit close, like a ball in the pocket of a glove.

*(Uncertainly, Penny demonstrates. It's galvanic—and also induces panic.)*

JOSEPHINE

Pen, are we...people of a kind? Never mind. Let's just pretend there's an air raid and yank those blackout curtains closed. We want to avoid detection by enemies and traitors—or anyone who can hurt us—not encourage it.

PENNY

You know that song in Oklahoma, “I Cain't Say No”?

JOSEPHINE

We're not in Oklahoma, Pen. We're in Indiana.

PENNY

I'm talking about the music from the musical, the record I'm always—

*(Jo laughs.)*

Hardy-har-hardball. I should say no to your question, about whether we're...people of a kind. But I just can't do it. I can't say no. It's on the record.

JOSEPHINE

Also on the record is “It's a Scandal! It's a Outrage!”, not to mention “People Will Say We're in Love.”

PENNY

My kind of people.

JOSEPHINE

We aren't though—what they'll say.

PENNY

Aren't we?

JOSEPHINE

Are we?

PENNY

I...can't say. But they taught us in charm school that the eyes “bespeak our innermost thoughts,” so we could—just for confirmation's sake—peer into each other's peepers?

*(They gaze at one another. Penny takes Jo's hand.)*

JOSEPHINE

This reminds me of that one publicity picture where we're all masquerading as manicurists. Makes sense, since the League loves letting the public know that they've given their players polish. Anyway, uh, you were painting my nails and holding my hand and the way you were holding it—probably just standard shellacking procedure—but it looked like you were about to lift it to your lips and...kiss it.

*(Penny lifts Jo's hand to her lips and kisses it.)*

PENNY

I didn't want people to say we're in love until we'd said it first.

JOSEPHINE

I certainly feel...bespoken for. But these feelings—did they come out of left field and smack you in the kisser? Or were you always...um... Me, I blame ball—too many girls.

PENNY

Lucille Ball in Too Many Girls drafted me too. I was 17 when I saw that movie in 1940 and boy, did she make my ticker flicker. Now *that* Ball's a great catch.

JOSEPHINE

And what am I?

PENNY

You, Jo, are a humdinger of a gal.

JOSEPHINE

*(saluting)*

Thank you. And you, Pen, are more riveting than Rosie.

PENNY

Yeah, well, you've got more brass than a bugle.

JOSEPHINE

Yeah, well, you've got more sand than an hourglass.