

The WHIZ of a baseball breaks the air to a baseball mitt slapping it closed.

A television blares a Seattle Mariners baseball pre-game broadcast in a living room.

TV ANNOUNCER

Nothing but blue skies above here
at Safeco Field.

EXT. LAWN - DAY

A FATHER and SON play catch in the yard. The lawn, manicured and green like a baseball field, shines in the sun.

The father (52) adjusts a Seattle Mariners cap then throws a baseball, hard, that whizzes through the air to his son (17). The mitt slaps closed.

The son shakes his hand in pain.

SON

That hurts.

FATHER

I still got it.

SON

No you don't.

FATHER

You couldn't hit it.

SON

When I was twelve.

FATHER

You couldn't hit it now.

SON

I don't really care.

The father waves the glove to encourage the son to throw the ball back.

SON (CONT'D)

This isn't going to change
anything. No matter...

FATHER

Please, just a little longer.

The son considers it.

FATHER (CONT'D)
We may not have another chance at
this.

SON
You're going to lay that one on me?

FATHER
Didn't you like baseball?

SON
I couldn't even make all-stars and
you were my coach.

FATHER
Not everything comes easy. It takes
work.

The son throws the ball back.

SON
Don't you think I know that.

The father throws another fastball.

The ball slaps the son's mitt. The son throws the glove down
along with the ball. He winces in pain as he shakes out his
hand.

SON (CONT'D)
I'm done with this shit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The son races into the house then to his room with a slam of
the door behind him.

The father follows. He knocks on the bedroom door.

FATHER
I'm sorry. Can we just sit and talk
at least?

The father lightly touches the door then steps away.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

The father relaxes on the steps. He works the baseball in
different pitch grips then snaps it into a mitt.

SON
What grip was that?

FATHER
Fastball. Two seam.

He shows the grip to his son.

SON
I never perfected that pitch or a
curve.

The father grips the ball for a curve.

FATHER
You just needed to get the edge of
the seam and snap your wrist down.

The father demonstrates the action but winces in pain.

SON
Are you ok?

FATHER
I'm fine.

The father massages his arm to release the pain.

Silence fills the space between them.

The son reviews his father like he wants to say something but
holds back.

TV ANNOUNCER
King Felix is off to a great start.

SON
Who are the M's playing?

FATHER
The Rays. Want to go?

SON
Catch was enough baseball for me.

FATHER
One time? We can make a day of it.

SON
I've always wondered. Why baseball?

FATHER
You don't see it? There's an art to
this game.

SON
I don't.

FATHER
Don't you love any sports?

SON
Not my thing.

FATHER
Soccer? Football?

SON
Playstation. Call of Duty.

FATHER
Aren't those called Esports now?

SON
Only if you can make money from it.

FATHER
You could be good at it.

SON
Just being good doesn't cut it.

FATHER
You could at least try.

SON
Why bother.

FATHER
You know, you don't have to be
great at everything.

SON
Ya right.

FATHER
I'm not great at anything and look
at me.

SON
Exactly.

FATHER
You know. The difference between a
hall of fame player and an everyday
one isn't far off.

SON
Only millions of dollars.

FATHER
I'm serious.

SON
I don't need a baseball life
lesson.

FATHER
Six hits versus five every twenty
at bats.

SON
What are you talking about?

The father walks into the yard.

EXT. LAWN - CONTINUOUS

The father grabs a bat from the ground and steps into an
imaginary batter's box. He takes a couple practice swings.

FATHER
One more hit every twenty at bats.

He swings like he makes contact with the ball for a homerun.
The crack of a bat echoes in the yard.

FATHER (CONT'D)
It's the difference between hitting
close to three hundred or below two
fifty. It can put you into the hall
of fame or back in the minors.

SON
Isn't there more to it now?

FATHER
There is. WAR. I think that's what
they call it.

SON
WAR?

FATHER
It's just the acronym. Wins above
replacement.

SON
What's that mean anyway?

FATHER
It measures the value of a player
against a replacement.

SON
That sounds like they're just
making shit up.

FATHER
No. It's a real thing. It's like
what impact YOU have on a team.

SON
YOU watch it on TV.

The father reflects on his words.

FATHER
What do you think my replacement
value would be?

SON
You're not a ballplayer.

FATHER
Not what I was asking.

SON
I know. You don't need to remind
me.

The son rushes back inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The father watches the Mariner's baseball game on the
television.

TV ANNOUNCER
This could be a NO-NO in the
making. The King keeps mowing them
down as the King's Court goes
crazy.

The father turns off the television. He steps to the son's
bedroom door and knocks.

FATHER
Hey, let's take a drive.

SON (O.S.)
Only if I can get a slushie.

EXT. CAR - DAY (TRAVELING)

The hum of the road fills the space between them.

The son notices as they pass the convenience store on the corner.

SON

The 7-11 was over there.

FATHER

I know.

SON

Kidnapping me now?

FATHER

I just want to spend time with you.

SON

We are. I'm at YOUR house aren't I.

FATHER

That's not what I mean.

SON

Tell me what you want.

FATHER

I just want to talk to you. Tell me about school. Something. Anything.

SON

School's fine. It doesn't start till September anyway.

FATHER

You're not excited about Senior year?

SON

I'll be excited in June.

FATHER

I loved my senior year.

SON

Of course, you'd say that.

FATHER

You should enjoy the moment.

SON

We all can't be class President or Captain of the baseball team.

FATHER

I'm not asking you to be.

SON

You won't be able relive your glory days through me.

FATHER

You should be living your own.

The son listens but focuses on the hum of the highway.

FATHER (CONT'D)

I just want you to put your effort into something. It's ok to fail. It's why I like baseball. Baseball players fail all the time.

SON

So you want me to be a failure now?

FATHER

I just want you to learn to get back up if something knocks you down.

The son scoffs.

FATHER (CONT'D)

I get that we can't be perfect. I'm not going to sit here and say I am. But, every so often, something magical happens.

SON

I'd like to see that happen.

The son turns away to stare out the window.

Safeco Field comes into view.

SON (CONT'D)

I told you. I didn't want to go to a game.

FATHER

It's almost over anyway. What's a couple of innings?

EXT. SAFECO FIELD - DAY

The brick and steel building with a wide-open retractable roof rumbles from the excitement of the crowd. The crescendo of cheers can be heard from the street.

MONTAGE:

The father buys tickets at the box office as other excited fans scurry for tickets.

They walk the main entry steps.

The son admires the chandelier adorned with white baseball bats.

The son drinks from a huge lemonade.

They walk the main level as the Sun basks the field in brightness.

The palpable murmur of excited fan.

END MONTAGE:

SON

Where are we sitting?

FATHER

One-sixteen. First row.

EXT. SAFECO FIELD - SECTION 116 - DAY

They find a spot in the front row.

Other fans squeeze in with them to get closer to the field to watch.

The sea of yellow shirts highlights Section 148 - 149 and chant "K" with every two strike count.

SON

What's all the excitement about?

FATHER

Look at the scoreboard.

SON

So, it's one nothing.

FATHER

Look again.

SON

We're in the top of the seventh.

The son recognizes the manual scoreboard in left field.

SON (CONT'D)

Wait... They haven't got a hit yet.

FATHER

Exactly.

The crack of the bat silences the crowd but then erupts with the second out of the seventh inning.

SON

Ever seen a no hitter?

FATHER

Never. But, this is my dream come true.

SON

How so?

FATHER

To be at the game with you.

SON

Get over yourself. You kidnapped me to be here. And, It's not going to happen. He's still got two innings left.

FATHER

This day could be perfect.

SON

You're dreaming. Nothing's perfect.

The son rushes from his seat, through the line of fans, then up the stairs.

The father turns dejected in his seat.

EXT. SAFECO FIELD - MAIN LEVEL WALKWAY - DAY

The son watches a TV next to other fans.

FAN

This could be the twenty-third perfect game ever.

SON

Ever?

FAN

Yeah, over a hundred years of baseball and only twenty-two games have ever been perfect. Why are you watching it from here?

SON
Why are you?

FAN
I wish my son was here to see this.

A moment of realization overtakes the son as he races back to his seat as the crowd erupts for the second out of the ninth inning.

EXT. SAFECO FIELD - SECTION 116 - DAY

The son pushes back through the aisle to his father.

Standing room only as fans record the moment with their phones.

The father, seated and emotional, doesn't notice the son pushing through the aisle. He removes his hat as a wig comes off with it. The father's scalp, with only a few patches of hair left from the effects of chemo, glows like a halo in the Sun.

The son reaches his father as the last out is recorded.

Players rush the field and the crowd screams with excitement.

The father and son embrace in both quiet celebration and reconciliation.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: 12 years later.

The son, now (30), admires the photo on a mantel of him and his father at the Perfect game on August 15th, 2012.

GRANDSON
Daddy!!

The grandson (7), adorned in Seattle Mariner fandom, rushes to hug him. With a whirl, he's lifted into the air.

The grandson reaches for the photo.

GRANDSON (CONT'D)
Is that grampa?

SON
That was him. He loved baseball.
Are you ready for your first game?

GRANDSON

YEAH!

The son sets the grandson to his feet then grabs a mitt and ball from a table.

SON

Do you want me to tell you about
grampa?

GRANDSON

YEAH!

SON

Okay, but first, let me teach you
how to play catch.

FADE OUT.