

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 (52) and SON (17) play catch in the yard. The lawn, manicured and green like a baseball field, shines in the sun.

The father adjusts a Seattle Mariners cap then throws a baseball, hard, that whizzes through the air.

The son's mitt slaps closed. He 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.

FATHER  
Please, I feel good today. Just a  
little longer.

The son considers it.

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

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 but then hides the recent bruise and needle mark on his hand with a sleeve.

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.

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. I still have tickets. 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?

SON  
See what?

FATHER  
There's just an art about it.

SON  
It's just a game.

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 to hear this.

FATHER

One more hit 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

The average ballplayer gets five to six hits every twenty at bats.

SON

Why would I care?

FATHER

It just takes one more.

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 over three hundred or below two fifty. One can put you into the hall of fame. The other back in the minors.

SON

Isn't there more to it?

FATHER

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

SON  
WAR?

FATHER  
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.

The son rushes back inside.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

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

His cell phone pings a reminder about a doctor's appointment.

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

A quick glance at the phone and with a disappointed shake of his head 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.

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?

FATHER  
I just want to spend time with you.

SON  
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 shows the tickets at the entry as other excited  
fans scurry to get in.

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. 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. A wig falls off with it as the drop of his sleeve reveals needle marks from chemo. The father's scalp, with only a few patches of hair left, 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: 13 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.

FATHER (V.O.)  
One more hit.

Next to the photo of his father is another one of a young boy.

SON  
I get it.

GRANDSON  
Daddy!!

The grandson (7), the boy in the photo 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  
Let me teach you how to play catch.

FADE OUT.