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Catch

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CATCH

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EXT. LOU'S SPORTS COMPLEX - DAY

KINGWOOD, TEXAS. A fictional suburb near Arlington.

The sun is just beginning to rise over a sole pickup truck in an otherwise empty parking lot. There is a dim light coming from inside of Lou's sports complex.

INT. LOU'S SPORTS COMPLEX - DAY

A high-end sports training facility. State-of-the art machines and weights are organized around the empty gym.

A rhythmic POPPING echoes through the building.

On a small, grass turf field. AUSTIN (18) SNAGS a baseball out of the air with his meaty catcher's mitt. He has an athletic build and an edge to the way he carries himself.

He FIRES the ball back to...

GARRETT (18), slimmer build. He flips the ball from his glove to his throwing hand. It's as smooth and natural as taking a sip of water.

This is no casual game of catch. They put a lot into each throw, as if to see who can throw it harder or smoother. Each throw has a purpose.

The POPPING of ball meeting mitt continues as COACH EVANS (45) observes. He sips his coffee and looks dissatisfied. Although, that may just be how his face normally looks.

COACH EVANS

Alright, let's get to work.

Austin and Garret need no further instructions. They spring into action.

QUICK SEQUENCE:

Garrett PUSHES a weighted sled across the turf. Once he reaches the end, Austin is waiting to take his turn.

AUSTIN

About time.

The boys are down on the turf in a plank position. Between grimaces, they look up to see if the other has quit.

Evans glances at his watch, waiting to see who's weaker.

Austin falls first and SLAPS the turf. Garret winks.

More sprints. The boys are SUCKING WIND.

Evans finally decides to put them out of their misery.

COACH EVANS
Time for drills.

Relieved, the boys stumble to a stop.

AUSTIN
What next? Live AB's?

COACH EVANS
Later. Going to run Garrett through
some pitching drills.

Austin turns to hide his frustration.

AUSTIN
Yes, sir.

INT. BATTING CAGE - SAME

Austin, in full catcher's gear, crouches next to a bucket of baseballs. He takes a deep breath, grabs a ball, and in one swift motion SNAPS to his feet, FLIPS off his mask, and THROWS A DART to simulate stopping a stolen base.

He looks over to see if EVANS is watching.

INT. TURF FIELD - SAME

Garrett is getting one-on-one time with Evans. Evans fixes Garrett's grip on a baseball before Garrett throws a pitch into a net.

INT. BATTING CAGE - SAME

Austin SIGHS but nods undeterred. Then, like a machine, he goes through the motion identical to the first rep.

INT. TURF FIELD - SAME

Evans rolls a baseball to Garrett who practices fielding.

INT. BATTING CAGE - SAME

A pitching machine is loaded and faces Austin who is in his catching stance ready to go.

The machine FIRES a ball into the ground right in front of Austin. He JOLTS to his knees and BLOCKS the ball.

Austin does it again, and again, and again. The SMACK of the baseball hitting his chest doesn't faze him.

Again he looks to Evans. Evans glances to the batting cage and motions for Garrett to follow. As the two of them enter, another ball FIRES out of the machine. Unprepared, Austin FLINCHES out of the way.

COACH EVANS
That's a passed ball.

AUSTIN
I wasn't ready.

COACH EVANS
Be ready.
(beat)
Let's get some live pitches in.
Austin, behind the plate.

AUSTIN
When do I get to hit?

COACH EVANS
After Garrett pitches.

Austin follow orders.

Garrett toes the pitching slab, goes through his routine, and looks to Austin.

Austin gives a sign for fastball.

Garrett nods and delivers the pitch. The SMACK of the glove BLASTS through the gym.

They both look to Evans for approval but receive an empty stare. Austin give Garrett a, "that all you got?" look.

Taking exception, Garret FIRES another pitch noticeably faster. Evans is still not impressed.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
100 kids in Texas can throw that
hard. And they can paint the
corners better.

Another pitch. This time a slider that breaks hard over the plate. Evans shakes his head.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
Hang a slider like that and you
won't be getting that ball back.

AUSTIN
Why are we even here if you're
going to pitch like this?

Frustrated, Garrett FIRES his fastest pitch yet. It shuts
Austin up. Evans looks about as satisfied as his face allows.

Then, another pitch. And another. And another.

COACH EVANS
Alright. Austin, get your bat.

About time. Austin strips off his catcher's gear as he runs
out of the cage to retrieve his bat.

GARRETT
Can I rest before live at-bats?

COACH EVANS
A professional season is 162 games
and you're tired at 7:00 AM?

Annoyed Garrett shakes his throwing arm loose.

GARRETT
(under breath)
Starting pitchers pitch like 30
times a season.

COACH EVANS
You have more complaining to do?

GARRETT
No, sir.

Adjusting his batting helmet, Austin runs back to the
batter's box, bat in hand, ready to do damage.

Garrett focuses.

Evans looks more invested in this drill.

Garrett delivers a fastball right over the middle of the
plate. Austin SWINGS and FOULS it off behind him.

COACH EVANS
You won't get a better pitch than
that, Austin.

Another pitch.

Austin SWINGS at a slider outside the strike zone.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
Don't expand the zone.

Another pitch.

Austin SMACKS a fastball right past Garrett.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
Runner on. From the stretch now,
Garrett.

Garrett delivers the next pitch, this time his wind-up is quicker. Austin lays off a slider outside the zone.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
Come on, Garrett. It has to look
like a strike at some point.

FRONT DESK

LOU (50), buff, yawns as he takes a sip from his coffee. A small TV in front of him is playing MLB Network with a headline that reads, "MLB Draft 2 Months Away."

The CRACK of a baseball bat echoes through the gym.

COACH EVANS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Do you even want to be here,
Garret? If you keep pitching like
that you'll be serving beer in a
stadium inside of playing in it!

LATER

TURF FIELD

Austin and Garrett are drenched in sweat, sucking wind as if the gym is running out of air.

FRONT DESK

Evans leads the exhausted boys out of the gym.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
Thanks for opening up early, Lou.

Lou waves and talks through a yawn.

LOU
No problem, Coach. Don't you guys
sleep?

AUSTIN
We sleep in the offseason.

LOU
You two are your father's sons
alright.

Lou CHUCKLES as the three of them leave.

EXT. EVANS HOME - DAY

The pickup truck pulls into the driveway of a gorgeous house.
Evans immediately heads inside.

Austin and Garrett grab their bags from the bed of the pickup
truck. Garrett struggles with his bags as Austin leaves.

GARRETT
Wait, I need you.

AUSTIN
I got my own shit.

Garrett shakes his head as he DROPS a bag.

INT. EVANS HOME - DAY

FOYER

A large chandelier hangs over a wooden table with a beautiful
flower arrangement. Tasteful, and expensive.

Austin drops his bags to the ground with a THUD.

KITCHEN

A modern kitchen highlighted by an oversized marble island.

ELIZABETH EVANS (45), tall, fit, has a kind but commanding
presences about her, puts the finishing touches on breakfast.
Omelets, pancakes, and protein shakes.

Evans and the boys pile into the kitchen. Before their mother
can greet them, Austin and Garrett take a seat at the island
and start digging into breakfast.

ELIZABETH
Jeez, glad you're hungry. How was
practice?

Evans puts a hand around her waist and kisses her temple.

COACH EVANS

We worked hard.

They all eat together at the island. Although, Austin and Garrett more inhale their meal than eat it.

ELIZABETH

Church is in two hours. Remember boys, wear something with a collar. You play St. Anthony's tomorrow, so don't forget to pack your uniforms for school. Oh, honey, an old friend of yours called. Mateo Rodriguez. He's in town and has some exciting news. He's going to stop by tonight for dinner.

COACH EVANS

Mateo? Did he say what the news was?

ELIZABETH

He wanted to tell you over dinner.

AUSTIN

Who's Mateo?

COACH EVANS

A teammate from my time with the Angels.

Austin and Garrett look excited.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

Get ready for church, boys.

They get up to put their dishes in the sink and thank their mother on the way.

ELIZABETH

Oh, Austin, I mean Garrett, do laundry. I can smell your hamper from the hallway outside your room.

Elizabeth and Evans look at each other. Elizabeth smiles and enjoys the moment of silence.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You'd think I wouldn't mix up fraternal twins so much.

Evans smiles politely while eating.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Maybe take it easier on them on Sundays. I don't want them going to church looking so fatigued.

COACH EVANS

Egg whites next time, Elizabeth.
It's healthier.

Evans kisses Elizabeth on the temple again, puts his plate away, and heads up stairs. Just like that, Elizabeth is left alone at the kitchen island.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

FATHER FREDRICKS (60) delivers a sermon in front of a packed house. The Evans clan, dressed in their Sunday best, sit in the front pew. Austin and Garrett secretly watch a baseball game on Austin's phone. Evans elbows Austin to knock it off.

FATHER FREDRICKS

We also would like to ask you,
Lord, to be with our Kingwood
Knights tomorrow as they take on
St. Anthony's.

This gets some scattered CHEERS from the crowd. Evans gives a smile and fist pump to the church crowd.

EXT. CHUCH - DAY

Father Fredricks shakes hands with each church-goer as they head down the church's front step.

The Evanses reaches him, and Evans and Father Fredricks share a firm handshake.

FATHER FREDRICKS

There's our all-star family.
Garrett, Austin, you boys ready for
tomorrow? Good luck. We'll be
rooting for y'all.

Austin and Garrett take turns shaking hands with the priest.

AUSTIN

Yes, Father.

GARRETT

Thank you, Father.

Evans leads his family down the stairs. He shakes hands with other fathers. Elizabeth greets other mothers. Austin and Garrett smile politely as other families gush over them.

INT. EVANS HOME - DAY

LIVING ROOM

Austin and Garrett sit on a sectional couch watching the Rangers vs Astros game on a huge, mounted TV.

AUSTIN

See, that's what you're missing.
Martinez's command is elite. Look
at the way he dots the corners.
You're just throwing hard.

GARRETT

Maybe Martinez has a better catcher
who's better at framing.

AUSTIN

Fuck you.

GARRETT

Fuck you too.

They continue watching the game like nothing happened.

FOYER

The doorbell RINGS. A few moments later Evans heads over and opens it.

MATEO RODRIGUEZ (50), Latino, well-built, stands on the porch with flowers and a bottle of wine. Upon seeing Evans, he grins and opens his arms for a hug.

MATEO

Evans! Bring it in, brother.

COACH EVANS

Great to see you, Mateo. How the
hell are you?

MATEO

Great, great. Thanks for having me.

Elizabeth walks in with a smile.

ELIZABETH

Look at this!

MATEO

There she is!

More hugs and laughter.

ELIZABETH

How've you been. How's Isabella?

MATEO

Great, she's with the little one.

COACH EVANS

Playing ball yet?

MATEO

You know it, brother.

Evans chuckles and SLAPS Mateo's shoulder.

COACH EVANS

Come on in. Meet the boys.

LIVING ROOM

Evans leads Mateo and Elizabeth into the living room. Austin and Garrett stand ready.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

Mateo, meet Garrett and Austin.

Mateo shakes each of their hands. Austin and Garrett make sure to stand up straight and have a firm grip.

AUSTIN

Pleasure to meet you, sir.

GARRETT

Great to meet you, sir.

Mateo raises an eyebrow to Evans.

MATEO

Look at you, Evans. You've got them whipped into shape, huh?

LATER: DINING ROOM

Everyone sits around a lavish table. Classy paintings decorate the walls. They dig into a delicious meal.

MATEO (CONT'D)

How early did Evans have you two playing ball?

ELIZABETH

I swear he put a bat in their hands before a bottle.

MATEO

That sounds about right. Your guys' father was an absolute madman. He ever tell you about when we lived together when we were playing in the minors?

GARRETT

Not much.

AUSTIN

What was he like?

COACH EVANS

Oh, no.

MATEO

Don't worry, brother. I won't get you in trouble. I tell you, I played with Jeter for a season, and I still never met anyone as focused as your father. We had this shitty little apartment with two other players. You can imagine how little they paid minor leaguers back then.

COACH EVANS

\$17,000 a season.

MATEO

Well, shit. That's more than I made. Guess that's what happens when you're a top prospect. Anyway, that wasn't enough for the rest of us. I worked as a bartender on our off-days. But your father refused. He said, "Any time I spend working a different job is time I could spend improving my game."

Austin listens intently and nods. He gets it.

COACH EVANS

Whatever it took to make The Show.

MATEO

I always said he was going to hurt himself, and sure enough. Tommy John, much more of a death sentence back then. It's a shame;

(MORE)

MATEO (CONT'D)

he was never quite the same after that. Not to say you didn't have a good career. Everyone respects a journeyman.

COACH EVANS

Hm.

MATEO

Anyway, speaking of making The Show, I didn't come just to reminisce about the good ol' days. I have an exciting opportunity for you and the boys.

Austin and Garrett perk up.

MATEO (CONT'D)

I'm working with LSU, my alma mater, to put on a showcase series of the top high school players in all the South. Five teams, each play four games over a week; and in the stands for each game will be scouts from all thirty MLB teams.

Silence. If excitement and terror shared a common look, it'd be the one on Austin and Garrett's faces.

COACH EVANS

And you want Garrett and Austin to play?

MATEO

No, I'm telling you this just to rub it in. Of course I want them to fucking play! Also, I want you to coach the Texas team.

COACH EVANS

Wow, Mateo. That's unbelievable. We won't let you down. Boys, Mateo here has given you two the opportunity of a lifetime, and what? You're speechless?

AUSTIN

Thank you, sir.

GARRETT

Yeah, thanks.

Elizabeth looks so excited she might cry.

ELIZABETH

This is amazing. I'll start looking for hotels.

MATEO

No need. Y'all will be able to stay in the dorms. You boys don't mind bunking up do you?

The brothers share a glare. They might mind.

COACH EVANS

This is amazing! Calls for celebration. Mateo will you join me for a cigar?

MATEO

Easy, they haven't gotten drafted yet. But I will take you up on that.

Coach Evans leads Mateo to the porch.

Austin takes a deep breath and nods, hyping himself up.

Garrett has a much more trepidatious look about him.

EXT. EVANS HOME - NIGHT

BACK PORCH

Evans and Mateo share a couple of cigars and overlook a large backyard. A make-shift batting cage/backstop is where a pool might be for other families.

MATEO

You think the boys are ready for this? It's a lot of pressure.

COACH EVANS

We'll find out.

MATEO

Come on, give me something, Evans. You train them everyday. You played in the league. You know if they're going to make it.

Evans takes a long puff of his cigar.

COACH EVANS

I don't know. Garrett has got the stuff. His fastball is good.

(MORE)

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

He has no control though. I just don't think he has that drive to get better.

MATEO

And Austin?

COACH EVANS

He got the drive for sure, but on his best day he's no more than above-average. Above-average doesn't get into the league.

Evans sighs and considers holding in his next statement, but decides against it.

AUSTIN'S BEDROOM WINDOW

Austin eavesdrops on the conversation.

PORCH

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

Garrett's got my talent, and Austin's got my drive. If only I had one kid with the best of both. He'd have a chance.

MATEO

Jeez.

COACH EVANS

This profession has no room for hurt feelings.

AUSTIN'S BEDROOM WINDOW

His father's words clearly rattled Austin.

He SHUTS his window.

Evans glances up to the window. He meant to be heard.

INT. AUSTIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

An athlete's room. The walls are littered with pictures from baseball magazines. Several trophies stand on a desk. Above them, his prized possession: a signed Adrián Beltré jersey.

Austin retreats from the window. Sadness washes away from Austin's face, and determination takes its place.

Austin goes to his desk. A laptop is there with a video queued. It's a close-up, slow-mo of an Adrián Beltré at-bat.

Austin mimics Beltré's swing and finds the idiosyncrasies of the stance. He adjusts his elbow, moves his lead leg, and swings. A perfect shadow of the pro.

AUSTIN

Come on, you fucking idiot. Get it right.

INT. GARRETT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Garrett's bedroom is also scattered with baseball memorabilia. However, Garrett has pictures of all the teams he's played on and pictures of his teammates instead of pros.

Garrett's trophies are on the floor in the corner of the room. It's a larger collection than Austin's.

Garrett, sitting and leaning on the edge of a dresser, watches SOMETHING on an OLD BOX TV.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Garrett scrambles to turn off the TV.

GARRETT

Yeah.

Austin comes in and stands in the doorway for a moment.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

What?

AUSTIN

What are you watching?

GARRETT

Randy Johnson's perfect game.

AUSTIN

You're going to wear out that tape. When are you going to upgrade to something from this decade?

GARRETT

When I wear out the tape. What do you want?

AUSTIN

This showcase series, it's the most important moment of my life. I need you to pitch well.

(MORE)

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Cause if the guy I'm catching for doesn't do well, that looks bad on me.

GARRETT

That's really what you came in here to tell me?

AUSTIN

Do what you need to do get in the zone; even if that means watching your stupid tapes. And don't fuck this up for me.

GARRETT

Great pep talk. Fuck you very much. Now get out.

AUSTIN

Fuck you, too.

Austin closes the door with a THUD.

Garrett considers watching the TV, but walks away instead.

INT. AUSTIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Austin packs athletic clothes into a large duffel bag. He looks around the room looking for anything he forgot. He grabs a few baseball hats.

COACH EVANS (V.O.)

Only pack the essentials. No distractions. Anything you bring should be to help you perform better.

INT. GARRETT'S ROOM - SAME

Garrett has done the same. He stands next to his box TV.

Evans stands with his arms folded.

COACH EVANS

You're not bringing the TV.

GARRETT

I watch the tape of Randy Johnson's perfect game before every game.

COACH EVANS

Watch it on your phone.

GARRETT

You know how superstitious baseball players are. Aaron Judge spits out the gum he's chewing every time he strikes out.

Evans rolls his eyes.

COACH EVANS

Fine.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The bags are all packed.

COACH EVANS (V.O.)

When we get there, assume at all times that you're being scouted.

KITCHEN

The Evans clan eat breakfast around the kitchen island.

COACH EVANS

They don't want to just know the player they're drafting; they want to know the person. You wouldn't believe some of the stories I've heard about scouts.

AUSTIN

Like what?

COACH EVANS

A scout once posed as a cafeteria worker to see how prospects treat staff. If they cleaned up. I can't prove it, but I'm pretty sure a scout followed me to my dorm in college. Maybe to see if was studying film or partying.

GARRETT

Jesus.

COACH EVANS

They'll remember reasons not to draft you over reasons to draft you. Don't give them anything.

INT. EVANS PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Evans drives with Elizabeth in the passenger seat. Austin and Garrett ride in the back.

On her phone, Elizabeth scrolls through a web forum called, "Mothers of Pros." She's reading a post about scouting.

Austin and Garrett watch as their house falls out of view.

GARRETT

You sure it's alright that we're missing a week of school? Plus a game as well.

Evans raises an eyebrow in the rearview mirror.

AUSTIN

You think Randy Johnson gave a shit about missing a high school game or a chemistry test?

GARRETT

Well if scouts are going to watch our every move are they going to care about that?

AUSTIN

Just pitch well and you'll be fine.

GARRETT

It's a fair question.

AUSTIN

It's a dumb fucking question.

GARRETT

Fuck you. Like you know how the scouts think. You've never been scouted.

ELIZABETH

Boys, please.

AUSTIN

I know a stupid question when I hear one.

GARRETT

Don't act like you know every fucking thing, Austin.

AUSTIN

I think you're just scared. Maybe we should turn around and drop you off at home.

COACH EVANS

Enough!

Austin and Garrett snap up straight. Silence.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

We're not even out of the neighborhood. Save some of that energy for the field.

They continue on in silence.

EXT. EVANS PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Not exactly the picture of a happy family road trip. Austin and Garrett stare out opposite windows and no one speaks.

EXT. LSU CAMPUS - DAY

The school is gorgeous. Brick, historic buildings. Manicured lawns. A few students make their way around the campus.

Austin and Garrett look around in awe from the pickup.

EXT. AZALEA HALL - DAY

A nice dorm hall that looks almost like a nice hotel.

Mateo stands in front of a sign that reads, "Azalea Hall."

Evans leads Elizabeth, Austin, and Garrett rolling their bags down that path leading to the hall.

MATEO

Welcome! Y'all excited?

COACH EVANS

We're ready to get started.

Mateo chuckles and pats Evans on the shoulder.

MATEO

Will you lighten up when they get drafted?

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Austin and Garrett drag their bags into the dorm room.

The bland, white room features two desks and one problem: bunk beds.

Austin and Garrett glance at each other for a moment, then scramble to the bottom bunk. Both throw a bag onto the bottom bed at the same time.

Another glance at each other. Austin grabs Garrett's bag and throws it onto the top bunk.

Garrett rolls his eyes and sighs. Not worth fighting over.

Mateo walks in.

MATEO

Sorry, guys. Only free rooms with classes still in session. This was the best I could do.

Austin and Garrett smile politely. In walks Evans.

COACH EVANS

They'll be fine. Boys, dinner in twenty minutes. You'll meet the rest of your team. Don't be late.

Austin and Garrett continue to unpack.

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

Austin and Garrett head into the packed dining hall. Boys their age and families are scattered around tables.

A majority of the players are Black or Latino.

They grab food from the buffet and head to a table with baseball players.

JASON (18), Black, gets up from the table to greet them. He's got a face and build that just belongs on the cover of Sports Illustrated. Almost too perfect.

JASON

Y'all must be the Evans brothers.

Austin and Garrett nod.

JASON (CONT'D)

I'm Jason, shortstop.

AUSTIN
Austin, catcher.

GARRETT
Garrett, pitcher.

JASON
Pleasure to meet y'all. We were
just getting to know each other.
Have a seat.
(to rest of table.)
Everyone, this is Austin and
Garrett Evans.

The other players nod and GREET them.

JASON (CONT'D)
So, ya'll are brothers, huh?
Pitcher and catcher duo too. That's
gotta be awesome playing every game
with your brother.

AUSTIN
It's alright.

GARRETT
It's alright.

JASON
Y'all twins? Seems like you got a
twin thing going on.

AUSTIN
Fraternal.

JASON
Anyway, we were just talking about
tomorrow. I asked everyone to use
one word to describe how we're
feeling about our first game. We
got some "exciteds," "nervous," and
a "determined." You two are up.

GARRETT
Umm...

AUSTIN
Ready.

JASON
Love that. Love that. Garrett?

GARRETT
How about, um... I'll also go with
"excited."

JASON

Well it's an exciting time. Journey
to the big starts here.

Jason goes on. Austin looks down the table and notices one
player glaring at him and Garrett.

IAN (18), white, has a cocky demeanor and a punchable face.
He chews the inside of his check and looks pissed about
Austin and Garret's mire presence.

IAN

You guys are the coach's sons,
right?

Jason stops and every looks to Ian.

AUSTIN

That's right.

IAN

Must be nice. You'll get a lot of
attention. Playing time too.

Austin and Ian size each other up.

AUSTIN

What position you play?

IAN

Starting pitcher.

He's drilling a hole through Garrett with his eyes.

AUSTIN

We'll see.

Evans walks over to the table. The dick measuring will have
to wait.

COACH EVANS

Good evening, gentlemen. I'm Coach
Evans. I'll save the pep talk for
tomorrow. Tonight, make sure you
get plenty of sleep. Eat a good
breakfast tomorrow morning.

Evans looks right at Austin and Garrett when he says,

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

I'm looking forward to seeing what
everyone is made of.

Evans leaves the table with that. Now everyone is sizing each other up.

INT. AUSTIN & GARRETT DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A clock on the wall reads: 11:30.

Austin and Garrett both lay in their respective beds awake. Garrett throws a baseball at the ceiling and catches it.

AUSTIN
Garrett.

GARRETT
Yeah?

AUSTIN
Fucking stop.

Garrett tosses and turns.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
Stop moving you're shaking the whole bed.

GARRETT
They're bunkbeds, Austin. You're going to have to deal a little bit.

Garrett stares at the ceiling.

Austin gets up and practices his batting swing.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - DAY

The sun starts to peak through the blinds.

Both boys are asleep.

On Garrett's bed, his phone ALARM goes off. Garrett GROANS and turns it off. The phone reads 6:00.

At 6:05 another ALARM. Austin stirs in the bottom bunk as Garrett turns it off. He looks at the time and growls.

6:10. Another ALARM.

AUSTIN
Garrett, what the fuck? We don't need to be up for another hour.

GARRETT

I need a lot of alarms to wake up
in time.

AUSTIN

Are you kidding me?

6:15. ALARM.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

For fucks sake, Garrett turn them
off.

GARRETT

What? You're clearly awake. Get up,
then.

AUSTIN

Jesus Christ.

Austin gets out of bed and MUMBLES curses to himself. He
grabs a towel heads to the bathroom.

INT. DORM BATHROOM - DAY

Jason flosses in front of the mirror.

Austin stumbles in and rolls his eyes.

JASON

Morning, teammate. You ready?

Austin GROANS and heads for one of the showers.

INT. DORM BATHROOM - LATER

Austin exits the shower and heads to a foggy mirror. He wipes
away the fog and stares intensely into his own eyes.

He takes a deep breath and nods to himself.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

A quiet and tense breakfast. The team eats their high-protein
meals in silence, except for Jason who talks the ear off the
PLAYER next to him.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The team is getting their gear on. They're wearing shiny, new orange jerseys that read, "Texas," across the chest.

Austin, wearing number 29, is already in most of his catcher's gear. He uses nail polish to paint his right fingernails yellow.

Garrett, wearing 51, stretches his throwing hand.

Coach Evans, wearing a Texas tee shirt with the same font, enters the locker room. The CHATTER instantly dies out.

COACH EVANS

Alright, everyone listen up. Couple things to remember: play solid defense. The last thing you want is to make an error out there. Put together good at-bats. I know you'll want to hit it out of the park every time, but these scouts are going to want to see you work the count as well.

He takes a long look around the room. All the young boys look to him for wisdom.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

This is it. Scouts have a notoriously good memory, so represent yourself well going forward. Assume their eyes are always on you. Whatever you do, leave everything on this field, because if you don't, you won't see it again. Now show them what you're made of!

The players YELL and CHEER and CLAP.

Ian steps up to Evans.

IAN

Coach. Who's the starting pitcher?

COACH EVANS

Garrett.

Evans heads for the tunnel and Ian stands there pissed.

Jason steps to the middle of the locker room and is surrounded by the team.

JASON

Alright, ya'll. Texas on three.
1... 2... 3...

WHOLE TEAM

Texas!

Everyone runs for the tunnel. Except for Ian who grabs Garrett by the elbow.

IAN

Your daddy can't save you forever.
When you fuck up, I'll be ready.

Austin notices this before he leaves and heads over. He SHOULDER CHECKS Ian as he walks by.

AUSTIN

You know, I think I recognize you,
Ian. You play for St. Anthony's.
Don't you?

Ian nods.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

I remember we played you last year.
I was two-for-three off you with a
home run. Garrett pitched a shutout
that day. Maybe you should prove
you're better with your play
instead of your mouth.

Ian glares at Austin, then bites his check and he heads for the tunnel.

GARRETT

Thanks for that.

AUSTIN

Stand up for yourself. Scouts are
looking for confidence.

Garrett, disappointed that the moment was so short-lived, leaves the locker room.

Austin takes a deep breath and SLAPS his chest guard. He heads for the tunnel where he's intercepted by Evans.

COACH EVANS

You better play like you deserve to
be here. Don't fuck this up.

And just like that Austin taken back down a peg.

EXT. LSU BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Austin comes out of the tunnel onto a gorgeous baseball field. He jogs over to join his team.

Texas warms up on one side of the field, while the FLORIDA TEAM warms up on the other side.

As the team stretches, Austin looks up to the stands. He finds his mother. She smiles and give an excited wave.

Austin doesn't wave back. She's not who he's looking for.

Garrett waves back though.

Scattered throughout the bleachers are SCOUTS. There has to be at least fifty. Most wear some sort of sports polo or button up shirt. All of them are already watching closely and taking notes on their phone, iPad, or notepad.

The teams break up into drills. One team does batting practice, while the other practices fielding ground balls. After a while they switch. Pitchers go through their warm up routine and ramp up the intensity as they go.

EXT. LSU BASEBALL FIELD - LATER

A scoreboard reads...

TOP OF THE 1ST INNING

An UMPIRE (50) heads to the mound and looks at the teams respective coaches.

UMPIRE

Let's get started. Texas, take the field.

The Texas team, now near their dugout, jog to their positions.

Garrett heads to the pitcher's mound.

Austin settles in behind home plate.

Both of them kick their cleats into the dirt; getting comfortable and just how they like things.

A FLORIDA BATTER (18) steps up to the plate.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Play ball!

Austin smacks his mitt and squats behind the plate.

Garrett leans forward for the sign.

Austin flashes one nail-polished finger. Fastball. He taps his thigh closer to the batter. Inside.

Garrett nods and gets into his stance. He winds up and delivers the pitch in a form identical to Randy Johnson.

A FASTBALL on the upper-inside of the strike zone. The batter FLINCHES.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Strike!

Austin throws the ball right back to Garrett.

Garrett does his usual pre-pitch routine. He rubs the ball with his palm, adjusts his cap, and leans for the sign.

Austin flashes one finger again, and taps the thigh away from the batter.

Garrett throws another FASTBALL, this time on the far side of the plate. The batter swings late and MISSES.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Strike!

Austin nods and throws the ball back. They're in perfect rhythm.

Austin flashes one finger again and sets up his glove high in the zone.

Garrett winds up and delivers another FASTBALL.

The batter SWINGS through it. Late again.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Strike three!

The batter shakes his head and heads back to his dugout.

Austin throws the ball to first base for the infield to throw around the horn.

Garrett takes a deep breath and walks around the mound.

They both look to the dugout in sync, to their father, for approval. They get none. Evans just watches on. Observing.

BOTTOM OF THE 1ST INNING

Austin steps up to the plate for his first at bat.

The FLORIDA PITCHER (18) leans in for his sign. He delivers the pitch. A slower FASTBALL than Garrett's.

Austin SLAPS the ball down the opposite foul line. He sprints around first base and heads for second as the FLORIDA RIGHT FIELDER (18) scoops up the ball and FIRES it to second.

Austin slides into second before the tag.

Austin claps and points to his dugout. His teammates are CHEERING. He flashes a look to the stands to make sure the scouts see him celebrate with his team.

TOP OF THE 4TH INNING

Garrett is on the mound and leans in for the sign.

A runner leads off first base.

Austin flashes two fingers. Slider.

Garrett shakes off the sign.

Austin sighs and gives the fastball sign.

Garret throws a FASTBALL right down the middle. The FLORIDA BATTER SMACKS the ball into the gap of the outfield.

A runner rounds third and SLIDES into home plate to score a run. The FLORIDA TEAM celebrates.

Austin turns to the umpire.

AUSTIN

Time.

UMPIRE

Timeout!

Austin jogs out to the mound.

AUSTIN

Stop shaking off the slider.

GARRETT

I don't have it today.

AUSTIN

Fucking find it.

GARRETT

The fastball is my best pitch.

AUSTIN

These aren't the same scrubs from back at Kingwood. They can catch up to your fastball. You need to throw them off with the breaking ball or changeup.

GARRETT

You're welcome to come up here and try, asshole.

AUSTIN

I'm two for two at the plate today. I did my fucking job. Now do you your's. You're making us both look bad.

GARRETT

Fuck you.

AUSTIN

Fuck you, too.

Garrett, fuming, grips the ball with veins popping out of his hand. Austin jogs back behind the plate.

Austin flashes two fingers. Garrett doesn't nod, just gets into his pitching stance. He peaks over at the runner on base. He winds up and delivers a FASTBALL.

The batter doesn't swing, but the pitch catches the outside of the plate. A perfect pitch.

UMPIRE

Strike.

Austin looks pissed. Garrett flashes a grin.

The next pitch is another fastball, The batter fouls it off.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Strike.

Austin flashes three fingers. Austin takes a deep breath before winding up for the pitch.

A CHANGEUP that dives down right before crossing the plate. Expecting the fastball, the swings fast and hard, but is way in front of the pitch.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Strike three!

Austin shrugs and gives an "I told you so," look.

Garrett shakes his head.

Evans watches from the dugout, no sign of approval nor disapproval.

BOTTOM OF THE 9TH

Austin stands near second base. The score board in the outfield reads a tie game.

Jason steps up to bat. On the first pitch he SMACKS the ball into the outfield.

Austin races around third and SLIDES home. The WHOLE TEAM swarms Austin on their way to Jason, who's waiting by first base. They all celebrate together.

JASON

Great job, team! Nice run, Austin.

Both teams head for the locker rooms. Austin notices some garbage across the field in the other team's dugout. He bumps Garrett on the shoulder for him to follow.

The head over and clean the dugout in perfect view of the scouts still in attendance.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The mood is high. The boys smile and dap each other up.

Austin and Garrett are the last in, followed by Evans shortly behind. Evans WHISTLES to get their attention.

COACH EVANS

Well done, boys. I saw some impressed scouts out there. Continue to represent yourselves and your state well. I'll see you tomorrow for practice.

He grabs Austin and Garrett.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

Not you two. We're not done.

Evans motions for them to follow with one finger.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elizabeth walks down a hallway. A sign reads, "Batting Cages," with an arrow pointing in the direction she's going.

She checks her phone. She sent a text to Evans asking, "Where are you? Are you and the boys coming to dinner?"

She arrives at a door. She's about to enter when she hears...

COACH EVANS (O.S.)
That's not good enough!

His SCREAMING is muffled but still audible. Elizabeth peaks through the small window in the door.

INT. BATTING CAGE - NIGHT

Austin and Garret PANT and are drenched in sweat.

Garrett is on a make-shift pitchers mound with a bucket of balls next to him. He winds up and throws a curveball. It hits a net with a strike zone taped onto it. Dozens of other baseballs rest at the base of the net.

Evans hovers right over Garrett's shoulder.

COACH EVANS
Congratulations. You showed them
you have one pitch. Do you think
they're going to draft a one-pitch
pitcher? Get your spin rate up!

In a separate batting cage, Austin takes batting practice from a pitching machine.

Austin looks over. A look of satisfaction crosses his face watching his brother get reamed out instead of him for once.

Evans notices.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
What are you looking at? You think
you're hot shit because you got a
couple hits today? Jason had more.
Three players on the other team had
more. You were serviceable today.
Serviceable doesn't get drafted!

Evans paces back and forth as he observes his investments. He glances over to the entrance and sees...

Nothing. No face in the window of the door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elizabeth stands next to the door with her back to the wall. She looks like she's seen something she wasn't supposed to.

Deep in thought, she heads down the hall.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Austin and Garrett drag themselves inside. Without a word, they climb into bed and immediately fall asleep.

INT. COACH EVANS & ELIZABETH ROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth is on top of Evans. They're having sex on the dorm bed like they're back in college.

In between MOANS, Elizabeth says...

ELIZABETH

They boys played well today. I think they deserve a day off.

In between ungraceful GRUNTS, Evans responses with...

COACH EVANS

Now's not the time to let up.

ELIZABETH

Okay, then take a day to do interview prep. It's not a day off if they're becoming more well-rounded.

COACH EVANS

Elizabeth, I know what I'm doing.

ELIZABETH

So do I.

Elizabeth stops and waits for Evans to cave.

COACH EVANS

Fine, we'll do interview prep.

She smiles and the sex continues.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - DAY

The boys are dead asleep. The first of Garrett's many ALARMS go off.

Austin GROANS and stirs.

AUSTIN

Fuck.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Austin and Garrett sit down at their team's table for breakfast. Garrett seems more invested in talking to his teammates, while Austin eats in silence.

Jason comes over excited.

JASON

Good news, team. I got wind of a party tonight.

Everyone perks up. Well, everyone but Austin.

JASON (CONT'D)

It's at the Kappa Sigma house. All the other teams are going. I think it'd be good for us to blow off some steam.

The team seems to be down. Austin shakes his head as he finishes his omelet.

EXT. LSU BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Austin and Garrett walk out of a tunnel to the field.

GARRETT

It's one night. You can't let lose for one night?

AUSTIN

No.

GARRETT

Just come.

AUSTIN

We're not here to party. We're here to get drafted.

Austin throws on his catcher's mask.

LATER

A line of pitchers go through a pitching drill. The others might as well be absent, Evans only watches Garrett. Ian glares over in between pitches.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Austin sits at a desk watching a baseball game on his phone.

Garrett buttons up a nice shirt in front of a mirror.

AUSTIN

You're really wearing your
interview outfit to a party?

GARRETT

It's the only non-baseball clothes
I brought.

Garrett is ready. He takes a long look at Austin through the mirror, who is engrossed in the game.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

You need to come to this party.

AUSTIN

No, Garrett.

GARRETT

If there's anyone that needs to
lighten up for a night it's you.
One party isn't going to ruin your
draft stock.

AUSTIN

Coach said that every decision we
make needs to be with the goal of
getting drafted in mind.

GARRETT

Yeah, and a going to a party with
your team is a great way to build
chemistry.

AUSTIN

I'm not going to get drafted off
team chemistry.

GARRETT

And you won't make the majors if
you keep acting like an asshole and
don't get along with your
teammates.

He's got a point.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Come on, Austin. It's one party. We don't have a game tomorrow. Wade Boggs, Mickey Mantle, Babe Ruth partied all the time and they're hall of famers.

Austin's run out of reasons.

EXT. LSU CAMPUS - NIGHT

A bunch of players stand around waiting. Jason is at the front of the group.

Garret walks over and behind him Austin makes an appearance.

JASON

Wow, look who's here. I knew Garrett would convince you to come.

Austin flashes a fake grin as Jason pats him on the shoulder.

With that, the group heads out.

EXT. KAPPA SIGMA HOUSE - NIGHT

A three-story building that has seen better things. KIPPA SIGMA Greek letters hang above the entrance, emphasis on hang. A strong breeze would take the sigma off its last nail.

The party spills out onto the porch. A couple of FRAT BROS (22) spill their drinks on the porch as they drunkenly shoot the shit.

The group walks up to the entrance. The Frat Bros stop them.

FRAT BRO #1

Whoa, where do you think you're going?

JASON

We heard about a party at Kappa Sig. This the right house?

FRAT BRO #2

This party is in no way affiliated with the Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

Everyone looks up at the giant Kappa Sigma Greek letters.

FRAT BRO #1

I see a lot of dicks and no chicks.
You'll be messing up our ratio in
there.

JASON

We're the players from the baseball
showcase. I heard we could party
here.

FRAT BRO #2

You think we're going to let in a
bunch of underaged dudes?

Jason looks back at the crew. Everyone is unsure what to do.

FRAT BRO #1

We're just fucking with you! Come
on in.

The boys breath a sigh of relief.

FRAT BRO #2

It's \$20 a head.

INT. KAPPA SIGMA HOUSE - NIGHT

LOUD PARTY MUSIC reverberates through the house.

Each room of the house is packed with drunk college kids and
furniture that was most likely picked up off the street.

KITCHEN

More FRAT BOYS guard several kegs and hand out beer.

The baseball players take turns grabbing a red solo cup.

DINING ROOM

A game of beer pong is surrounded by partygoers waiting their
turn. Couples flirt and make-out against the walls, tables,
anything that won't topple over.

LIVING ROOM

The source of the MUSIC. The couches have been pushed to the
outskirts of the room to create a makeshift dance floor.

Players filter in to dance and flirt with girls.

INT. KAPPA SIGMA HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Austin, already sick of this, heads for the back door. Garrett, a few beers in, catches up and grabs his arm.

GARRETT

Austin, come play pong. I need a partner.

AUSTIN

Not happening.

Austin heads out the door. Garrett, disappointed, heads back through the house.

EXT. KAPPA SIGMA HOUSE - NIGHT

Some sort of drinking game involving dizzy bat is being played in the yard.

Austin watches from a deck. He pours his beer over the deck.

IAN (O.S.)

Not thirsty?

Austin turns around to find Ian on his way over.

AUSTIN

Someone needs to be sharp for practice tomorrow.

IAN

Wouldn't want Daddy to suspect anything.

AUSTIN

What's your problem?

IAN

I just don't think it's fair you and your brother got handed starting roles. All because your dad is the coach. Some of us got here on hard work.

AUSTIN

Let me ask you something: what do your parents do?

IAN

My father is a doctor and my mother is a school superintendent.

AUSTIN
So you're loaded?

Ian is taken aback.

IAN
What's that got to do with
anything?

AUSTIN
It means you're just as privileged
as I am. Let me guess: you've had
private lessons all your life? You
went to the fanciest camps with
former pros teaching you.

IAN
Are you really going to act like
your father, the major league bust,
isn't a huge reason why you're
here?

AUSTIN
My father is harder on me than
anyone. And if we didn't earn our
spot, he wouldn't have brought us
here.

Austin gets in Ian's face.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
Baseball is a hobby for you. It's
in my blood.

IAN
Then it'll be that much worse for
you when I get drafted before you.

INT. KAPPA SIGMA HOUSE - NIGHT

Garrett and Jason are in the middle of a game of beer pong.
Garrett is starting to wobble after a few beers.

JASON
Austin is a real piece of work,
huh?

GARRETT
He's got one goal: to get drafted.
Everything else is secondary.

Garrett throws a ping pong ball and sinks it in a cup.

JASON
Must be fun at home.

GARRETT
It wasn't always like that.

JASON
How so?

As they continue to play, Garrett keeps drinking.

GARRETT
Baseball used to be fun. At some point it stopped being a game and became, I don't know. Not a game. Like he has to win, even if we're just training. Even though we're on the same team.

Jason and Garrett both sink a shot. The other team rolls the ping pong balls back across the table.

JASON
Damn. There must be something you like about him.

Garrett smiles.

EXT. KINGWOOD BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

FLASHBACK

Austin stands ready to bat in his high school uniform.

GARRETT (V.O.)
This one time last year, we were playing Morrisville. Austin got hit by a pitch. Pretty close to the face. Right on his shoulder.

A FASTBALL runs up and in and NAILS Austin. He and the MORRISVILLE PITCHER (16) stare daggers into each other as Austin makes his way to first base.

MOMENTS LATER

Garrett is on the mound. He leans in for the sign. Austin shoots him the middle finger. Garrett nods.

Garrett throws RIGHT AT the MORRISVILLE BATTER (17).

GARRETT (V.O.)

So, I hit one of their guys right
in the hip.

The batter starts to YELL at Garrett and squares up.

GARRETT (V.O.)

The Morrisville kid is yelling at
me and he starts to charge the
mound. He doesn't get three steps
before Austin tackles him.

Austin SPEARS the batter to the ground and RUBS the
Morrisville kid's face in the dirt.

Both teams sprint out. Garrett watches in awe.

INT. KAPPA SIGMA HOUSE - NIGHT

Garrett throws the ball into the last cup. He CHUGS his drink
as he leaves the table.

GARRETT

I know he's capable of being a good
brother. That's what's so
frustrating.

EXT. KAPPA SIGMA HOUSE - NIGHT

Ian is like a gnat that won't go away.

IAN

Garrett's in there getting drunk,
like this isn't the most important
week of our lives. If he's not
taking this seriously, maybe
someone else should start the next
game.

AUSTIN

Who? Someone like you?

IAN

Your words not mine. If you, I
don't know, put in a good word with
your father...

AUSTIN

As drunk as he is tonight, he's
still a better pitcher than you.
And I'm not a snitch.

IAN

If he looks bad out there on the mound, you look bad too. Remember that.

Garrett stumbles out of the back door and finds Austin.

AUSTIN

There you are! Come on we're playing the back spin game.

Garrett tries to grab Austin by the sleeve but misses. He heads down the steps of the deck and almost misses every step on the way down.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Easy, you're gonna split your head open and Coach will kill me.

GARRETT

That's what you're worried about?

Garrett heads over to the people playing the bat spinning drinking game.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

We got next!

Austin jogs to catch up to Garrett.

AUSTIN

Garrett, stop. I'm not playing.

GARRETT

Come on, play a game with your brother.

The other party goers are staring and waiting. Austin sighs and heads over.

MOMENTS LATER

Austin and Garrett stand at a table with two red solo cups in front of them. Across the table are the two frat guys from the front door. Across the yard are two wiffleball bats.

FRAT BRO #1

Go!

Garrett and the first frat bro race to the bats. Garrett's legs move slower than the rest of his body.

Frat Bro #1 gets to the bat first. He puts his nose to the knob, bends over, and starts spinning. Other FRAT BROS cheer him on.

Garrett catches up and does the same.

Frat Bro #1 finishes first. He stumbles back to the table, chugs his beer, starts playing flip-cup. It takes a few tries but he gets it, and Frat Bro #2 takes off.

Garrett isn't far behind. He chugs his beer, and flips his cup in one try.

Austin uses his sober speed to catch up. He and Frat Bro #2 spin and race back to the table.

During the race back, Austin throws the wiffleball bat in between Frat Bro #2's legs, tripping him. Frat Bro #2 comes CRASHING down. He makes it to the table, chugs his beer, and flips his cup while Frat Bro #2 is still down.

The other baseball players CHEER their teammate.

A GROUP OF COLLEGE GIRLS laugh at the Frat Bros.

Austin and Garrett smile at the Frat Bros. They don't seem as pleased.

EXT. KAPPA SIGMA HOUSE - NIGHT

The Frat Bros stand on the front lawn and watch the ejected baseball team walk away.

Just before the group gets to the street, Garrett PUKES on the Kappa Sig lawn.

EXT. LSU CAMPUS - NIGHT

The baseball team walks through the streetlamp-lit campus walkways. They mess around and have fun with their teammates.

Garrett starts running into the street.

GARRETT

Evans rounds third. He's coming home!

Austin chases after him.

AUSTIN

Garrett! What the fuck?

Luckily there's no cars.

Austin herds Garrett back onto the sidewalk.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Coach will kill me if I let you get hit by a car.

GARRETT

Always worried about what dad'll do. What do you do?

AUSTIN

Stop. You're drunk.

Garrett continues to MUMBLE nonsense. He tries to walk backwards but falls to the ground.

Austin pulls him to his feet and with one arm over his shoulder guides Garrett to the dorms.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Garrett leans off the side of the bed and PUKES into a trashcan. Austin shakes his head as he changes into PJs.

AUSTIN

Don't expect me to hold your hair.

GARRETT

(into trashcan)
I'll hold you're hair.

Austin leaves and heads to...

INT. DORM BATHROOM - NIGHT

Austin stands in a stall. He takes a deep breath and shoves a finger down his throat. RETCHING echoes through the bathroom.

Austin, looking much paler, wipes his mouth as he leaves the stall. Another toilet FLUSHES, and Jason comes out of another stall. Austin rolls his eyes.

JASON

You seemed pretty sober on the walk home. Didn't think you drank that much.

AUSTIN

I had one beer. I wanted it out for practice tomorrow.

Jason nods, but it may have been a bit overkill.

Austin leaves the bathroom.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Austin reenters the room. Garrett, already claimed the bottom bunk, is passed out and SNORING.

AUSTIN

Thank god.

Austin flips Garrett onto his side. He notices that Garrett has his cellphone open in one hand.

Garrett's alarm app is open, but he didn't set any of them before passing out.

Austin picks up the phone and considers toggling on the alarms, but doesn't.

Austin climbs into bed and goes to sleep.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Austin hops off the top bunk. Garrett hasn't moved.

INT. DORM BATHROOM - DAY

Austin showers off last night's party.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Austin is dressed and ready for practice. He grabs his bag and heads for the door.

Garrett is still passed out.

Austin opens the door to their room and other players walk by. He takes a step, but can't bring himself to take another.

AUSTIN

Fuck.

Austin darts over to the bed.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Garrett, wake up. Wake up.

Garrett stirs but refuses to get up.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
Wake the fuck up. Practice is in
fifteen minutes.

That wakes Garrett right up.

GARRETT
What?

The whole room is spinning for Garrett and he falls on his
face getting out of bed.

EXT. LSU CAMPUS - DAY

Austin and Garrett run across campus. Garrett looks to be in
rough shape. He can't hold it any longer.

He THROWS UP all over the sidewalk. LSU STUDENTS GASP and
scurry around them.

AUSTIN
Nothing you haven't seen before.

Garrett is GASPING for air.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
Suck it up. We're going to be late.

GARRETT
Fuck you. You suck it up.

Austin drags Garrett along.

EXT. LSU BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Evans stands near home plate and watches as the team warms up
in the field.

Austin and Garrett SPRINT out of the tunnel. Austin only has
on half his catcher's gear and carries the rest. Garrett's
cleats are still untied.

AUSTIN
Sorry we're late, Coach.

No answer. Evans doesn't even acknowledge them.

GARRETT
Yeah, Dad. We're sorry.

Evans ignores them.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Dad?

AUSTIN

Should we-

Evans blows his WHISTLE.

COACH EVANS

Bring it in.

The team follows orders and huddles around Evans.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

We're going to jump right into a
sim game. Garrett, you ready to go?

GARRETT

What?

COACH EVANS

Need to get reps in before
tomorrow's game. Are you ready to
pitch?

IAN

I can go if he's not able to.

Garrett gives a nervous glance over to Ian who smirks.

GARRETT

I'll pitch.

Garrett, paler than the white baseball in his hand, heads
over to the mound.

Austin catches a glare from Evans. He slips his mask on and
heads behind home plate.

IN RAPID SECESSION

Garrett, drenched in sweat, goes through his usual pre-pitch
routine. His rhythm is off and he's sluggish.

Batter after batter steps up to the plate. Each of them
either earn a walk, or SLAP the ball into the outfield.

Austin heads out to the mound to calm Garrett down.

Evans provides no mercy. He lets Garrett suffer through it.

Jason steps up to the plate. Garrett attempts to pitch
through the fog, but serves up a meatball for Jason to CRUSH
over the outfield fence.

Garrett can swallow it down no longer. He jerks over and THROWS UP all over the mound.

Evans SIGHES and heads to the mound.

COACH EVANS
Step off the mound. You're done.

GARRETT
Dad, please don't do this. I'll be fine tomorrow to pitch.

COACH EVANS
Ian's pitching tomorrow.

GARRETT
Like hell he is. I'm better.

COACH EVANS
Not today.
(beat)
You know, Garrett, if you have other priorities, that's okay. Just admit you're not cut out for this.

The condescension drips effortlessly from Evans' lips.

Garret might as well be two inches tall.

Evans doesn't even look mad or disappointed. Just indifferent.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
I'm going to play the people who want to be here. You want to be a pro?

Evans leans forward into Garrett's face.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
Fucking earn it.

Garrett flees towards the locker room.

Evans motions Ian over to the mound.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
Pitch around the puke.

The rest of the team looks terrified.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Garrett stumbles into the locker room. He drops his glove onto a bench and sits down.

Slowly, everything starts to boil over in him until he can't contain it. He gets up and KICKS a locker.

GARRETT

Fuck me!

EXT. LSU CAMPUS - DAY

The team heads back to the dorms. There MURMURING and we hear, "What the fuck was that?" and, "That was harsh."

Austin chats with Ian and sees Garrett waiting on a bench.

Austin stops and Ian continues down the path.

Garrett heads straight over to Austin.

GARRETT

Why'd you let me drink so much last night?

AUSTIN

What?

GARRETT

You could have stopped me from getting so drunk. Why didn't you?

AUSTIN

How is this my fault? You begged me to go.

GARRETT

Why didn't you wake me up earlier?

AUSTIN

You're lucky I woke you up at all. I could have just left you.

GARRETT

Thanks for doing the bare minimum. You're my brother. You're supposed to look out for me.

AUSTIN

Don't pull that brother shit with me. You wanted to get drunk, so you got drunk.

GARRETT

Fuck you.

AUSTIN

Fuck you, too.

Garrett storms off.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Austin and Garrett sit in silence. Austin watches a baseball game on his phone while Garrett stares at the blank screen of the box TV.

INT. SIMONE'S - NIGHT

A nice American-style restaurant. All four Evanses sit at a table together.

Austin and Garrett stare at their folded hands on their respective laps. Elizabeth looks at her sons and then to their father. Coach Evans seems content to just sit there in silence.

ELIZABETH

How was practice today?

Neither of them look up.

AUSTIN

Fine.

GARRETT

Fine.

A WAITRESS (40) comes over.

WAITRESS

How ya'll doing tonight? What can I get for you?

COACH EVANS

The boys will have waters, the grilled chicken, and an extra side of the steamed vegetables. I'll have the fried chicken. Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

I'll have the same as the boys. Solidarity.

The waitress smiles politely and heads to the kitchen.

Garrett grabs his water with his throwing arm and winces. Elizabeth notices.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
So, how was practice today?

COACH EVANS
Fine.

ELIZABETH
I asked the boys.

Evans raise an eyebrow.

AUSTIN
It was fine.

GARRETT
Mhmm.

Elizabeth doesn't buy it.

INT. LSU CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Evans stands in front of the classroom. "Interviews," is written on the whiteboard along with questions. The players CHAT and wait for Evans to begin.

Austin and Garrett sit with one chair empty between them.

COACH EVANS
Listen up, gentlemen.

Silence, and the room is ready.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
You're play on the field will get you noticed, but your character will get you drafted. I'm sure you've all heard players labeled terms like, "locker room cancer," or, "clubhouse leader." Being labeled the former can make you undraftable.

Evans walks over and stands in front of Austin and Garrett. He's really only talking to them. Everyone else might as well not even be here.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
You want to make them believe you're a team player, coachable, while also showing confidence. Be cocky, but not an asshole. An alpha. They're looking for players like that.

(MORE)

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

I want to hear answers like,
 "Whatever the team needs, I can
 handle," and, "I'm willing to move
 wherever this journey takes me."
 Now, let's practice. Break up into
 pairs and ask the questions on the
 board. I'll be listening to your
 answers.

Everyone turns to a nearby player and begins.

Austin and Garrett hesitate but look at each other. Evans
 stands over them and waits. They roll their eyes and face
 each other.

AUSTIN

Well, go ahead. Ask me a question.

GARRETT

Why do I have to ask you first? You
 start.

AUSTIN

Because, Garrett, you're not even
 playing tonight. I should get the
 practice.

Garrett looks to Evans for help but receives none. He rolls
 his eyes and checks the board.

GARRETT

Are you open to switching
 positions?

AUSTIN

I've played catcher all my life.
 I'm most comfortable there, but I'm
 sure I can play anywhere with some
 coaching.

(beat)

Are you open to moving to the
 bullpen?

GARRETT

If that's what the team needs I'm
 alright with it.

AUSTIN

You shouldn't be. You're horrible
 with runners on base. You'll
 crumble under the constant
 pressure.

Garrett bites the inside of his check. It's like that, huh?

GARRETT

You've spent most of your career catching for Garrett Evans. You think you'll be able to elevate other pitchers? Or has he been carrying you this whole time?

AUSTIN

With more talented pitchers I think I'll be able to be an even better catcher.

Other players are starting to look over.

GARRETT

Well, according to our board Garrett is going to get drafted before you.

AUSTIN

Not possible. You're board is wrong.

GARRETT

You're going to say that to a team scout?

AUSTIN

There's 29 other teams.

GARRETT

You arrogant asshole. You'll be lucky to get drafted at all with your shit attitude.

AUSTIN

You'll be lucky to get drafted after Ian took your spot.

The two of them are ready to jump over the desk to strangle each other.

Evans SLAMS his hand on the desk He glares at them, specifically Austin.

COACH EVANS

If you two don't cut this petty shit out, I'll have you run through the fucking night.

Silence. Everyone is scared to be the first to speak.

Austin takes a deep breath and looks to the board.

AUSTIN

What would you say is the greatest challenge you've overcome?

Garrett can't help but CHUCKLE.

EXT. LSU BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The stands packed with NERVOUS PARENTS and FOCUSED SCOUTS.

Elizabeth is among the crowd. She smiles at other parents as they take their seats.

Austin, in his catcher's gear minus the helmet, stretches in the field. He goes through his pregame ritual.

LATER

The team takes the field. Austin jogs out but is stopped by Evans.

COACH EVANS

You wanted it to be just you out there. Don't fuck up this opportunity.

Austin can't keep his poker face, and nerves creep into his eyes. He throws on his helmet and focuses.

AUSTIN

I won't, Coach.

Austin settles in behind the plate and shakes hands with the Umpire. Ian takes the mound.

UMPIRE

Play ball!

BOTTOM OF THE 2ND INNING

There's LOUISIANA RUNNERS on the corners.

Austin lays down the sign for Ian.

Ian throws a FASTBALL, not as fast as Garrett's. The LOUISIANA BATTER (18), swings early and it's a foul ball.

Austin gives the next sign. Ian throws a CURVEBALL that hangs over the plate.

CRACK. The Louisiana batter hits one into the outfield gap.

The first runner scores. The second rounds third to come home as the throw comes in from the outfield. Austin SNAGS the ball and SNAPS his glove down on the runner's hand.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Out!

Austin springs to his feet to fake a throw to the runner still on base and then calls for time.

Ian motions for Austin to approach the mound.

IAN

Help me out here. How do I get through this inning?

AUSTIN

Stop hanging curveballs.

IAN

That's not very helpful.

AUSTIN

Fine, then throw faster fastballs.

Ian hits him with an, "Are you kidding me?" look.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

It's what you need to do.

IAN

Good mound visit. Thanks a lot.

Austin looks to the scoreboard. It's 3-0.

In the dugout, Evans glances back to Garrett.

COACH EVANS

You better not pitch like that today.

TOP OF THE 2ND INNING

Austin, in his batting gear, rubs some dirt into his gloves and takes a deep breath as he enters the batter's box.

The LOUISIANA PITCHER (18) delivers a HIGH FASTBALL. Austin lays off it.

UMPIRE

Strike!

Austin disagrees with the call, but bites his lip.

The next pitch: another HIGH FASTBALL. Austin SWINGS through it. He steps out to collect himself.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Strike!

Austin peaks over to the dugout. Evan's watches, not impressed.

Garrett WINKS at Austin from the bench.

Austin steps into the box ready to show them.

The 0-2 pitch. A curveball that dives right under Austin's bat as he swings it.

AUSTIN

Fuck.

UMPIRE

Strike three!

Austin takes the walk of shame back to the dugout, avoiding eye contact with Evans. Garrett hides a grin.

Scouts jot down notes.

As Austin passes Evans...

COACH EVANS

Are we seeing the same pitches?
There a hole in your bat? Wake the
fuck up.

TOP OF THE 5TH INNING

Austin stands in the batter's box and awaits the pitch.

A CURVEBALL that Austin turns on.

CRACK.

It is high. It is far. It is...

On the warning track, the LOUISIANA OUTFIELDER (18) catches the fly ball.

Austin, already around first, CLAPS his hands in frustration.

BOTTOM OF THE 6TH INNING

Garrett jogs in from the bullpen. He takes the mound and starts his routine.

Garrett and Austin share a long look.

IN QUICK SECESSION

Garrett STRIKES OUT THE SIDE with BLISTERING FASTBALLS.

As they head to the dugout, Garrett smiles and shrugs at Austin. Austin grinds his teeth.

TOP OF THE 9TH INNING

The bases are loaded. The scoreboard reads one out, 5-6 in favor of Louisiana. One out.

Austin steps up to the plate, ready to play hero. These are the at-bats players live for.

There's a buzz in the stands. Scouts are keen on this at-bat.

Elizabeth is on her feet with her hands in front of her chin as if she's praying.

The first pitch is a FASTBALL. It misses low.

UMPIRE

Ball.

The next pitch is a slider that finishes down and away.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Ball.

2-0. Hitter's count. Austin is feeling good.

A FASTBALL BLOWS by him. High and inside, but still a strike.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Strike!

Austin doesn't like the call.

The next pitch, a FASTBALL... right down the middle.

CRACK. Austin nails on into the outfield. It hugs the left field line and hooks...

Foul.

The Texas dugout GROANS.

That was it. That was the pitch. And Austin missed it.

Austin, halfway to first base, has to head back to the plate. He glances at Evans, who looks like he wants to kick Austin off the field and swing the bat himself.

The next pitch, a FASTBALL, high and inside again. Austin doesn't swing. It could go either way...

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Ball. Full count.

The Louisiana pitcher wanted that one. Austin breathes a sigh of relief and prepares for the payoff pitch.

Austin FOULS off two straight fastballs. They're battling.

The pitcher leans in for one last pitch. It's...

A bad curveball.

The baseball dives down out of the strike zone low. Austin SWINGS anyway. He wants to be the hero.

CRACK.

Ground ball. Right the shortstop.

Austin sprints for first base.

The shortstop flips the ball the second. On to first...

Austin can't beat the throw. Double play. Game over.

Louisiana celebrates.

Austin can't believe it. He dares to look into the stands. He finds his mother, who offers a sympathetic smile. All the scouts take notes.

That was it. That was his chance.

And he blew it.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The energy is low.

Evans stands in the middle of the locker room.

COACH EVANS

I'm not going to stand here and say
you blew it, but you've put a lot
of pressure on the next game.

(MORE)

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

It's going to take a hell of
performance to wash the taste of
that game out the scouts' mouths.
We'll find out who's up for it.

Evans leaves on that note.

Players MUMBLE to each other as they change and leave.

Austin sits in a silent panic.

Garrett considers stopping to comfort Austin, but leaves
without a word.

Soon the locker room is empty and Austin hasn't moved.

After several moments of silence, Austin can't take it. He
ERUPTS from the bench with a PRIMAL YELL.

AUSTIN

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

He grabs a bat and DESTROYS the door of a locker. The bent up
door CRASHES on the ground.

After a few moments of panting...

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Austin tries to fit the door back on the locker, but it won't
go back on the hinges.

EXT. LSU SPORTS COMPLEX - NIGHT

Austin exits the building. A SCOUT (40) loiters near the
exit. Upon seeing Austin, the scout heads over.

SCOUT

Mr. Evans?

AUSTIN

Yes, sir?

SCOUT

My name is Daryl. I'm a scout for
the New York Yankees.

Austin is frozen, starstruck for a moment.

DARYL holds out his hand. Austin needs to shake himself out
of his haze, and shakes hands.

The fucking Yankees.

DARYL
Great playing out there.
Impressive.

AUSTIN
Really?

DARYL
Absolutely. Do you have a moment?

AUSTIN
Of course.

DARYL
We would love to bring you in for a
private workout. You available
tomorrow? Will you have enough time
to rest?

AUSTIN
Yes, definitely. For sure.

DARYL
Love it. We'll want to see your
fastball up close. Your slider as
well. See where your control is at.

Realization hits Austin like a fastball to the head.

AUSTIN
Oh, um...

DARYL
Does noon work for you?

AUSTIN
Yes, it's just... I'm Austin. The
catcher. My brother, Garrett, is
the pitcher.

DARYL
Oh, no. You'll have to forgive me.
We're scouting a hundred kids this
weekend; mix ups are bound to
happen, especially with brothers.

Austin politely smiles. He can't believe this is happening.

DARYL (CONT'D)
Playing with your brother though,
that must be special.

AUSTIN

Sure is.

DARYL

Cherish it. My brother played football so we didn't really get to play together.

A long, awkward silence.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Well, you know what? You should come too. Yeah, it'll be good to see the brothers in action together.

Daryl may as well punch Austin in the shoulder and call him champ or buddy.

AUSTIN

That would be great, sir.

DARYL

Awesome, awesome. Just do me a favor and let your brother know. Noon tomorrow at the main sports complex.

AUSTIN

Happy to.

Daryl awkward smiles, nods, and head out.

Humiliated, angry, devastated, Austin heads back.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Garrett is already showered and has an ice pack on his throwing shoulder. He watches something on the box TV.

The door unlocks and Garrett shuts off the TV.

Austin enters. He says nothing and sits at the desk on his side of the room. The two of them sit in silence.

GARRETT

Not going to say anything?

AUSTIN

Huh?

GARRETT

I pitched two perfect innings. You going to apologize, admit you were wrong, or just sit there like an asshole?

AUSTIN

Fuck you.

Genuinely disappointed, Garrett gets up.

GARRETT

Fuck you, too.

Garrett leaves to take a walk. Austin sinks into his chair.

INT. COACH EVANS & ELIZABETH ROOM - NIGHT

Evans and Elizabeth are on their respective sides of the bed. Evans watches a muted baseball game on a TV while Elizabeth reads a book on parenting athletes.

ELIZABETH

Not the best performance today.

COACH EVANS

I know. Those two need-

ELIZABETH

I meant on your part.

COACH EVANS

Excuse me?

ELIZABETH

You've been training them too hard.

COACH EVANS

Who gave you that idea? One of those books, or that ridiculous chat room?

ELIZABETH

It's forum of mothers of athletes and you know that.

COACH EVANS

None of them played in the league. I don't care they have to say.

ELIZABETH

What about your wife? I'm saying you're training them too hard.

COACH EVANS

Well, I disagree.

ELIZABETH

If they fail, and their dreams are crushed because you pushed them too-

COACH EVANS

Then they weren't meant to make it.

With that, silence. Evans rage-watches the game. Elizabeth shakes her head and returns to her book.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - DAY

A loud KNOCKING.

Garrett rubs his eyes as he opens to door.

GARRETT

What the fuc...

Evans waits. He looks especially pissed today.

COACH EVANS

Both of you, get dressed. Practice in ten minutes.

Austin JOLTS up at the sounds of Evan's voice. Austin scrambles to find his clothes. Garrett looks terrified.

INT. BATTING CAGE - DAY

GASPING FOR BREATH.

Austin and Garrett hunch over sucking wind like there isn't enough to go around. Evans seems particularly unmerciful today.

COACH EVANS

Where did I go wrong? You have one the worst game of his life, Austin, and I find you sleeping like a baby.

Evans stares daggers into Austin, who takes it.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

You should have been here without me telling you. You shouldn't have left this cage.

Glad to have the heat off him for a moment, Garrett grins.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

And you!

The grin's gone.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

You strike a few future single A ball players, at best, and think you're gonna win a fucking Cy Young? I raised you both better than this.

(to Garrett.)

You, towel drill.

(to Austin)

You, blocking drill.

Both GROAN. Their respective least favorite drills.

Austin has his catcher's gear on. Down the batting cage, a pitching machine FIRES pitch after pitch to the ground in front of Austin. Austin goes from catching stance to his knees to block each ball.

Garrett goes through his pitching motion. Instead of a ball, he SNAPS a small towel.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

I want to hear that towel whip. Make me think I'm at the goddamn circus.

Austin checks the clock and lets a ball slip under his body.

It's 9:30.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

Every ball that gets past you is a run for the other team. Every ball you miss, you're letting you pitcher down. You're letting your team down. You're letting your family down. You're letting you self down.

Garrett winces and favors his throwing shoulder.

A ball bounces up and NAILS Austin right in the thigh where his gear isn't covering.

They don't stop.

Evans lurks behind Garrett.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
Keep this up and you'll destined
for a insignificant life of
accounting and softball beer
leagues. Is that what you want?

Garrett struggles to even move.

Evans turns his attention to Austin.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
0 for 3 with a game-losing ground
out? You swung at ball four because
you wanted to play hero.

Evans gets an idea.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
You know what? Grab your bat.

Austin follows orders and steps into the batter's box.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
Every time you hit a ground ball or
strike out, I want you to do ten
pushups.

Evans grabs Garrett by the collar of his shirt and literally
drags him to the mound.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
Every time he gets a hit, you do
ten push ups.

Evans heads off to the side.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
Don't stop until I tell you.

Austin can barely raise his bat. Garrett's throwing hand is
shaking in front of his face as he winds up to pitch.

Austin hits a soft liner to the back of the cage.

Garrett does push ups.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
Am I the only one who remembers why
we're here?!

Austin SWINGS and misses. He does push ups.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

There are no second chances in this profession.

Another HIT.

Push ups.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

I didn't push this on you. You two came to me, begged me to train you.

A ground ball.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

"Oh, Daddy, I want to be a pro just like you." Did plans change at some point? Because it looks like it.

Push ups.

Push ups.

Push ups.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

There's no god given talent in this room. We earn our opportunities. Earn it! Stop being little fucking pussies and fucking earn it!

LATER

Austin and Garrett lay on the ground. Without a word, Evans leaves the training session. It's unclear if he is satisfied with their work, or just done torturing them.

Austin looks at the clock. 11:55. He grabs his belongings and darts out of the room.

Garrett sits there to wonder what the hell that was.

INT. LSU SPORTS COMPLEX, PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

Daryl and another scout, JAMES (35), stand near a practice pitching mound.

Austin stumbles in. The scouts don't see him yet. With a deep breath, wincing through the pain, Austin heads onto the field. He's changed his shirt, but his head is still sweaty.

DARYL

Austin, great to see you. This is James. He's one of our best pitching scouts.

Austin and James shake hands.

AUSTIN

Nice to meet you, sir.

An awkward pause. The scouts look behind Austin for something, or someone.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Garrett had a prior engagement, so he's not going to be able to join us.

Both scouts look at each other surprised. Garrett not being there clearly says a lot to them.

JAMES

Oh, that's a shame.

AUSTIN

I'd still love to run through some drills.

DARYL

Yeah, sure. We can do that.

Daryl checks his notes. It looks like they only had pitching drills prepared.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's see you block some pitches. James, you want to throw? You have the better arm.

James gives him a damning look. He is clearly not interested in scouting Austin.

JAMES

Yeah, why not?

Austin, in full catcher's gear, stands behind home plate of the practice mound. He gets into his stance very gingerly.

James, throwing from the mound, bounces a ball at home plate. Austin PICKS it with his glove.

James throws another. This time Austin has to drop to his knees. A WHIMPER escapes Austin as the ball bounces up into his exposed quad. It doesn't look like the scouts heard it.

Pitch after pitch Austin tries to mask his pain and fatigue to varying levels of success. He makes some nice blocks, but can't help missing a few balls.

James looks over and give Daryl a, "What are we doing?" look.

Daryl can't help but feel bad for the kid.

DARYL

How about we see some BPs?

AUSTIN

Yes, sir.

Austin hustles to grab a bat; as much as he can hustle with how sore and tired he is.

DARYL

Are you alright, son?

Austin looks rattled for a moment.

AUSTIN

I'm good.

James raises an eyebrow, but plays along.

Austin takes batting practice. His swing looks extremely labored, and he can only hide his grimace so many times.

A few hits make it to the back of the net. Most are ground balls that wouldn't make it our of the infield. It's ugly.

JAMES

Okay, I've seen enough.

Austin's eyes dart from James to Daryl. No, that can't be it.

DARYL

Thanks for coming in, Austin.

AUSTIN

Are you sure that's all? I can show you my throw to second or-

JAMES

That's alright, kid. We have some other workouts to get to.

AUSTIN

Oh, sure. Yeah. Thanks for having me.

Austin shakes the scouts hands again, just like Evans always tells him. He grabs his gear and heads for the exit.

James thinks Austin is out of earshot.

JAMES

What are we doing, Daryl? That's who we're bringing in for private workouts? We've got better uses of our time.

DARYL

Don't be such an asshole. I mistook him for his brother. I felt bad.

Austin is definitely not out of earshot.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - DAY

Austin drags himself into the dim training room. Massage tables and other medical equipment are spread out.

In the center are two ice baths. Garrett lays in one watching SportsCenter on a TV. He glances over but says nothing.

Austin approaches an ice bath. He motions to it as someone does at a gym, asking a stranger if they're using a machine.

Garrett nods.

Austin strips down to his underwear revealing baseball-sized WELTS all over his chest and thighs. He climbs into the ice bath breathing a HUGE SIGH of relief. The bath taints red from blood.

The two of them watch SportsCenter for a bit.

GARRETT

You look like a fucking Dalmatian.

Austin and Garrett lock eyes. Garrett expects a retort, but instead, something surprising happens...

They both CHUCKLE and it slowly becomes a full-blown laugh.

AUSTIN

Fucking hell he really let us have it today. Can you even lift your throwing arm?

GARRETT

About this high.

Garrett's arm barely breaches the water. The LAUGHTER continues.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
That was worse than-

AUSTIN
Sectionals last year?

GARRETT
Oh, my god. Yeah. How many miles did he make you run?

AUSTIN
Like eleven. All the way home.

GARRETT
You ran home?

AUSTIN
Yeah, don't you remember?

GARRETT
I was a little busy getting screamed at during the car ride.

They laugh until it fades and continue to watch TV.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
You'll bounce back next game. You always do.

For the first time, guilt flashes on Austin's face. He sinks further into the ice bath to hide it.

Garrett waits for a response, just for Austin to ignore him. Disappointed, Garrett climbs out of the tub, throws on a towel, and leaves.

Austin grabs the remote and switches the TV to an MLB game.

EXT. LSU SPORTS COMPLEX - DAY

Garrett leaves the building. James passes by and Garrett catches his eye.

JAMES
Garrett Evans?

GARRETT
Yes?

JAMES

My name's James, scout for the New York Yankees.

Garrett immediately straightens up.

GARRETT

Oh, great to meet you, James.

JAMES

Can I give you a bit of advice?

GARRETT

Of course.

JAMES

When you're invited to a private workout with a big league scout, be there.

GARRETT

Private workout?

Both Garrett and James look at each other confused.

JAMES

Yeah, we just worked out your brother. We invited both of you but Austin said you had a "prior engagement."

GARRETT

He what?

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The team gets into their uniforms and gear.

Garrett STORMS in. No Austin to be found.

Garrett tosses his bag onto a bench, barely containing his rage. Jason sits down next to him.

JASON

Hey, I just want to let you know we have your back.

GARRETT

What?

JASON

You're dad. We see it. There's tough coaching and then there's abuse.

On cue, Evans enters the locker room.

JASON (CONT'D)

We got you.

GARRETT

Wait, what are you-

Jason stands up.

JASON

Coach Evans.

Evans stops. The team all stand around the locker room with their arms crossed. It feels like an intervention is coming.

JASON (CONT'D)

Enough is enough. The way you treat Austin and Garrett has to stop. And you need to stop ignoring your coaching duties to the rest of this team. We're not going out there unless things change.

Evans looks around the locker room and smiles.

COACH EVANS

Okay. Jose, you want to start at shortstop today?

JOSE (18), Puerto Rican, nervous as hell, looks back and forth between Evans and Jason.

JOSE

Yes, Coach.

COACH EVANS

Great, sit down and it's yours.

Jose hesitates, but follows orders.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

I promise not playing in front of these scouts today will be a much worse look for any of you than me. They'll move right the fuck on.

(MORE)

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
So, unless you want to get benched
and miss your second-to-last chance
to play in front of scouts from
every MLB team, sit down.

The team reconsiders their mutiny. One by one, everyone sits down except for Jason who looks shell shocked.

Evans walks over to Jason and Garrett.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
(to Jason)
Hope it was worth it.

Evans GRABS Garrett right by the chin.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
You're not even man enough to stand
up for yourself?

Evans SCOFFS and leaves the locker room.

Garrett beelines for the exit.

EXT. LSU BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Austin is the first one on the field warming up for the scouts in the stands.

Garrett heads straight for the mound, passing Austin. He shoulder checks Austin on the way by.

AUSTIN
Fuck is your problem?

Austin looks to the scouts hoping they didn't see that.

TOP OF THE 1ST INNING.

The game is underway.

Garrett is on the mound. An ALABAMA BATTER (18) is in the batter's box.

Garrett's whole demeanor is different. He doesn't go through his usual pre-pitch routine. He stands there glaring at Austin, angrily waiting to deliver the next pitch.

Garrett throws a BLISTERING FASTBALL up in the zone. It might be the fastest pitch he's thrown. A third "K" lights up the scoreboard in the outfield.

UMPIRE
Strike three!

Garrett heads straight to the dugout not taking his eyes off Austin. Austin peaks into the stands and sees many pleased scouts.

BOTTOM OF THE 1ST INNING

Austin awaits a pitch. It's high FASTBALL.

CRACK. The hit splits the outfield and bounces to the outfield wall.

Austin hustles into second. He locks eyes with Garrett, whose in the dugout. Austin flexes at him.

Evans loves it.

TOP OF THE 3RD INNING

A SLIDER out of the zone gets away from Austin. An ALABAMA RUNNER (18) gets to steal second base.

Garrett motions Austin to the mound. Garrett and Austin talk with their gloves over their mouths.

GARRETT
If you let another pitch by on
purpose I'll kick the shit out you
in front of all these scouts.

AUSTIN
I'd like to see you try. Throw the
slider near the zone next time if
you want me to catch it.

BOTTOM OF THE 4TH

Austin CRACKS a curveball into play and hustles around the bases.

Evans smiles as he looks into the stands to see scout nodding and talking to each other.

TOP OF THE 6TH

The scoreboard reads 0-3. Garrett hasn't allowed a run. He throws BLAZING FASTBALLS over and over. Austin FIRES each ball back to Garrett.

In an unsettling way, they're in perfect rhythm.

TOP OF THE 8TH

Garrett sits on the bench of the dugout looking angry for being out of the game.

There's runners on first and second. Ian on the mound now, delivers a hanging curveball. The Alabama batter BLASTS it to deep center field. Home run.

Tie game 3-3.

BOTTOM OF THE 9TH

Austin steps up to the plate.

Everyone in the stadium watches intently, especially Garrett.

Austin takes a deep breath and steps into the box.

The first pitch he sees is a fastball down but in the zone.

CRACK.

He doesn't miss this one. A no-doubter.

The Texas team runs out of the dugout to wait at home plate.

Garrett doesn't. He sits on the bench, fuming.

Austin rounds third, doesn't even look Garrett's way. With pure joy, he throws his helmet in the air and jumps into the crowd of celebrating teammates.

Garrett storms off to the locker room.

Evans watches it all from the entrance to the dugout and grins. He may have done it. His boys might actually get drafted off that performance.

INT. LSU SPORTS COMPLEX - DAY

At a four-way intersection of the hallway, the Texas team ROARS by towards the locker room.

Down the hall, Jason watches with tears in his eyes. He PUNCHES himself as he turns to leave the building.

Down the other hall, Garrett paces.

Austin follows the team. He stops when he sees Garrett.

AUSTIN

It's a bad look to not celebrate
with your team when I hit a walk-
off home run.

GARRETT
You're unbelievable.

Austin strides to meet Garrett.

AUSTIN
What's the matter with you?

GARRETT
I'll give you one chance to come clean.

AUSTIN
What are you talking about?

GARRETT
You know exactly what I'm talking about.

Austin shakes his head. Garrett sees the smug look in his eyes though.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
I always knew you were a selfish, self-absorbed asshole, but I never thought you'd resort to sabotage.

AUSTIN
Selfish? You're joking right?

GARRETT
Absolutely not.

AUSTIN
Excuse you, who's the one that switched to catcher? I've been catching for you for how many fucking years and you call me selfish? I wanted to be a pitcher too, you know. When Coach said one of us needed to switch-

GARRETT
Stop calling him Coach you fucking weirdo. He's your father-

AUSTIN
And when he said it would be me I sucked it up and did it. You know why? Because I'm a good teammate.

GARRETT
Then why the fuck didn't you tell me about the private workout?

Caught. Austin looks around for an answer.

AUSTIN

What private-

GARRETT

Oh, don't pull that shit. Don't be a coward and fucking admit it!

AUSTIN

Fine! You know why I did it? I'm sick of you acting like you're above this. I don't know if you just don't want this anymore, but I do. You always give Coach attitude-

GARRETT

Jesus Christ, just call him Dad.

AUSTIN

You get drunk the day before practice. You don't work as hard as I do, and for some fucking reason, you're still his favorite!

GARRETT

Oh, come on. He hates both of us.

AUSTIN

He won't once I get drafted.

GARRETT

No one is going to draft you with your shitty attitude.

Austin gets right in Garrett's face. Nose to nose.

AUSTIN

I'm getting drafted. I'm going to be the best catcher ever just to spite you. You'll be nothing. And when you're watching me on TV you can turn to your friends and say, "Hey, I'm related to him."

Austin pokes Garrett's chest over and over

GARRETT

Don't fucking touch me.

AUSTIN

I'll touch you if I want to. I'm better than you, and I'll touch you if I fucking want to!

Austin PUSHES Garrett with one hand. Garrett doesn't hesitate to push back. They size each other up, wondering if they're really about to do this.

Austin decides they are. He tackles Garrett by the waist. They wrestle each gaining the upper hand and losing it.

PUNCHES are thrown. Some land on each other's faces. Garrett's nose bleeds. Austin has a cut above his eye. Neither are particularly great at fighting, so it's sloppy.

Garrett gets the upper-hand for a moment.

Elizabeth rounds the corner and is horrified by what she sees. She runs to her boys.

ELIZABETH

Garrett! Austin! Stop it! Stop it
right now!

Garrett hesitates and Austin uses this to get a cheap shot in. He TACKLES Garrett, who lands on his throwing shoulder. Suddenly, Austin is on top and WAILING on Garrett. Garrett covers up to avoid the blows.

Elizabeth tries to drag Austin off to no avail.

The whole team has come out of the locker to watch. None know what to do.

Evans pushes his way through the crowd.

COACH EVANS

Austin!

Austin pops up like he's heard his drill sergeant.

Evans looks around to see who else has seen this. He's more worried about a scout seeing this than the boys.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

What the fuck is the matter with
you?

GARRETT

Austin didn't tell me about a
private workout with the Yankees
and I missed it.

COACH EVANS

The Yankees?

AUSTIN

Coach, he didn't deserve to go.

COACH EVANS
Not another word. You're done,

AUSTIN
What?

COACH EVANS
You're off the team.

AUSTIN
You can't do that.

COACH EVANS
Who are you to tell me what I can
and can't do?

AUSTIN
I've worked too hard for this. I've
earned this! I deserve to play!

COACH EVANS
Listen to me very closely. You
haven't earned shit. Get out of my
sight.

AUSTIN
But-

COACH EVANS
NOW!

Austin storms off.

AUSTIN
Fuck you!

GARRET
Fuck you, too!

Evans turns to the team.

COACH EVANS
No one saw anything.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Austin stuffs all his belongings in his bag however they'll
fit.

INT. LSU COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

Austin has moved into the common room. He lays on the couch, angry, depressed, hopeless, staring at the ceiling.

INT. LSU DORM ROOM - DAY

Austin watches out the window as the team heads to practice. Garrett walks with ISSAC (18), Columbian, who is carrying catcher's gear.

INT. BATTING CAGE - DAY

Garrett throws a bullpen session to Issac with Evans overseeing, who isn't impressed.

Garrett's fastball is slow. He spikes each slider. With every throw Garrett winces.

COACH EVANS

What is it?

GARRETT

My shoulder hurts.

COACH EVANS

What kind of hurt? Injury or soreness?

GARRETT

Both.

COACH EVANS

Don't be a wise-ass. This isn't a great time to be hurt, Garrett. There's only one game left.

GARRETT

You've been running me into the ground. And Austin-

COACH EVANS

Don't use him as an excuse.

GARRETT

It's not an excuse, Dad. It's-

COACH EVANS

It sounds like a fucking excuse to me. This is your last chance to show the scouts what you're made of.

(MORE)

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
 And trust me, the last thing you
 want them to label you is injury-
 prone. You will pitch through it!

Issac looks uncomfortable as hell.

Garrett throws another pitch, YELLING through the end of the
 delivery through the pain and frustration.

EXT. LSU CAMPUS - DAY

Elizabeth walks down a campus walkway adjacent to the street.

Loading into a car is Jason, JASON'S MOTHER (40), and JASON'S
 FATHER (40). None of them look happy.

JASON'S FATHER
 What a disappointment. Such a waste
 of time.

Jason gets into the backseat looking helpless and lost. He's
 holding back tears as well.

Elizabeth has a moment of clarity, and continues to walks
 with a purpose.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

The Texas team works out on respective machines.

Evans oversees Garrett, who struggles to get weight up on a
 bench press.

Elizabeth STORMS in and locks eyes with Evans.

ELIZABETH
 We need to talk.

COACH EVANS
 Kind of in the middle of something.

ELIZABETH
 Everyone out!

The team stops their workouts. They look to Evans.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 Now!

The team follows orders. As Garrett passes his mother, a look
 of gratitude flashes on his face.

COACH EVANS

Elizabeth, we don't have time for this.

ELIZABETH

We're making time. Garrett needs to be pulled from the game tomorrow.

Evans SCOFFS.

COACH EVANS

And why's that?

ELIZABETH

I just saw Jason leave with his family. He looks like he's going to kill himself. Our boys have already gotten into a fist fight for god's sake. We need reevaluate how we handle this whole baseball thing.

COACH EVANS

Not happening.

ELIZABETH

Self-harm and suicide are a real thing in men's sports.

COACH EVANS

Oh, give me break.

ELIZABETH

I'm not letting that happen to my boys.

COACH EVANS

You've been spending too much time in that sad mother's forum.

ELIZABETH

Why don't let Garrett decide?

COACH EVANS

Fine. Garrett! I know you're there. Come on.

Garrett comes in from around the corner of the gym entrance.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

Your mother wants to throw away everything we've worked for. What do you say do you want to quit?

ELIZABETH

You don't have to do this anymore.

Garrett looks between his parents and considers it for a long moment. Finally, he hangs his head in shame, unable to make eye contact with his mother.

GARRETT

I'll pitch tomorrow.

Evans smiles a victorious grin. He motions Garrett back to the bench press.

COACH EVANS

Very good. Start your next set.

Elizabeth's heart breaks. Evans hovers over her and talks right into her ear.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

You can have Austin. He's failed away. Garrett is mine.

Elizabeth storms out.

INT. COACH EVANS & ELIZABETH ROOM - NIGHT

Evans walks in to find Elizabeth's belongings are gone.

He considers this for a moment and sits on the bed. He grabs the TV remote and turns on a baseball game.

INT. LSU COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

Austin watches baseball on the TV of his common/bedroom. Garrett walks by

GARRETT

Montgomery is pitching well this year.

Silent treatment from Austin.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Really? You're not going to talk to me?

AUSTIN

Why would I talk to you? You're the reason I got kicked off the team.

GARRETT

You don't really believe that do you? You were kicked off the team because you screwed over and fought your own brother.

AUSTIN

I don't have a brother.

Garrett just walks away in disbelief.

Austin continues to watch the game.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Dejected, Garrett slumps into his desk chair. There's a small box on the desk. There's a note that reads. "To help with the pain. Don't blow it tomorrow." Clearly from Evans.

Garrett opens the box. Inside is a cortisone shot.

Garrett takes the shot.

He looks over to the box TV and VHS that is labeled, "Randy Johnson Perfect Game." Garrett pops it into the TV.

We don't see or hear the tape, but slowly Garrett wells up and eventually start to sob until he can't contain himself anymore.

Garrett destroys the room. THROWING anything within reach.

INT. LSU COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

Austin can hear BANGING and YELLING. Guilt bleeds onto his face for a moment, but he quickly shakes it away.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Garrett ejects the VHS. He tries with all his might to smash it, but his hands won't let him. He tosses it onto the floor, climbs into bed, and SOBS.

EXT. LSU BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Evans arrives to the complex as the sun is rising. First one there. Well, except for Austin, who sits on home plate.

AUSTIN

Why did you choose Garrett to be the pitcher? You knew we both wanted to pitch, but you made me catch.

COACH EVANS

He showed more promise.

AUSTIN

We were six.

COACH EVANS

You should be thanking me. I put you in a better position to succeed. You would have failed as a pitcher, just as you've failed as a catcher.

AUSTIN

You failed me.

COACH EVANS

Austin, if you were going to make it, nothing I could have said or done would have stopped you.

With that, Austin heads off. Evans doesn't look back. He heads inside to focus on the son who still has a chance.

INT. BATTING CAGE - DAY

Austin takes angry HACKS at baseballs fired from a pitching machine. The machine turns off. Austin looks around to find his mother has pushed the off button on the wall.

AUSTIN

How'd you find me?

ELIZABETH

It was either here or, well there really weren't too many other places I would think you'd be.

Austin picks up a baseball near his feet, lobs it to himself, and WACKS it far into the net.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I want to apologize for my role in all this. Like you, I bought in. I bought into what your father was saying.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Ignored the abuse and called it
tough love. For that I'm sorry.

AUSTIN
I think you enjoyed it like I did.

ELIZABETH
Sure, maybe I liked the idea of
being the next Donna Kelce, but not
at the cost of your well-being.

AUSTIN
What am I supposed to do? I have to
be a baseball player. That's all I
know.

ELIZABETH
We can figure that out. Together.

Elizabeth walks over and takes the bat from her son.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I love you, Austin. Professional or
not. I love you.

The barrier comes down and Austin sobs. Elizabeth takes her
son in her arms. Austin desperately grabs at the back of her
shirt as if he's falling through the floor.

After a while, Austin calms down. Elizabeth takes his face in
her hands.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Your brother needs you, Austin.
Please, make things right with
Garrett.

AUSTIN
I don't think I deserve his
forgiveness.

ELIZABETH
So earn it.

Austin nods, wipes away tears from his cheeks, hugs his mom
tight again, and leaves.

AUSTIN
Thanks, Mom.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - DAY

There's a KNOCK on the door. Austin opens it and enters.

AUSTIN

Garrett?

The room is destroyed from Garrett's meltdown. Garrett's belongings are scattered around the room. Austin's bed is flipped over onto the floor. The mirror on the wall above Austin's desk is shattered.

For the first time, Austin looks concerned.

A VHS tape on the ground catches his eye. It's labeled, "Randy Johnson's Perfect Game." Austin is compelled to push it into the VCR, sit at the desk, and watch.

EXT. EVANS FAMILY BACKYARD - DAY

IN GRAINY CAMCORDER QUALITY

Static turns to a spacious backyard. Toys are scattered but not being played with.

TWO YOUNG BOYS huddle together. A young Austin and a young Garrett. They can't be more than five. Garrett has a bat in his hand. Austin a baseball.

Austin lobs the ball and Garrett takes a slow, kiddy swing but misses the ball. He looks sad about the miss.

AUSTIN

Don't worry, Garrett. Try again!

GARRETT

I can't do it.

AUSTIN

Yet! Just keep trying.

Austin changes Garrett's grip on the bat. He's attentive and caring.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

You got this, Brother.

Garrett hits a BOMB, or at least it's a bomb for a five-year-old. They celebrate like they just won the Little League World Series.

The camera moves in to the brothers.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Yay! Home run!

Austin, proud as can be, throws his arm around his brother. Pure joy illuminates from Garrett's face.

AUSTIN

Did you see that, Mom? You're looking at two future pro brothers!

Garrett hugs Austin back.

The boys run over and hug their mom around the waist. Elizabeth flips the camera around to get a shot.

Through the sliding deck door, Evans appears.

COACH EVANS

Enough hugging. You two need to work on your form.

INT. AUSTIN AND GARRETT'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Austin rewinds it to the image of a young Austin and Garrett, arms over each other's shoulder.

Austin sits and stares at the static for a long moment. He knows what he has to do. He gets up and heads for the door.

EXT. LSU BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

The most packed game so far. Scouts furiously jot down notes or record players.

Elizabeth arrives and stands at a fence close to the action.

Garrett, in the dugout, stares through the chainlink fence like it's the curtain before a play. Evans walks up.

COACH EVANS

How's your shoulder?

GARRETT

Numb.

COACH EVANS

Good. Don't look like you're favoring it.

Evans isn't even looking at Garrett, just at the stands. At the scouts.

GARRETT

You don't care about how my shoulder is.

(MORE)

GARRETT (CONT'D)
 You only care that I get drafted.
 You just don't want to raise a
 failure.

COACH EVANS
 Who would?

Evans spins Garrett around and sends him out of the dugout.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)
 You'll thank me after that first
 big contract.

Garrett shakes his head but heads to the mound.

Issac meets him on the way.

GARRETT
 Say something to piss me off.

ISSAC
 What?

GARRETT
 Yeah, tell me I suck or to fuck off
 or something.

ISSAC
 That's weird, man. I'm not doing
 that.

GARRETT
 Fuck!

Garrett heads to the mound. Issac, freaked out, settles in
 behind home plate. The umpire takes his place behind Issac.

UMPIRE
 Play ball!

TOP OF THE FIRST INNING

Garrett takes a deep, deep breath. He delivers a FASTBALL on
 the outside corner. The MISSISSIPPI BATTER (18) SMACKS the
 ball the other way past a diving second baseman.

Garrett SMACKS his lips.

Garrett throws a SLIDER that lands in the dirt by home plate.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)
 Ball four. Take your base.

The next throw, a CHANGEUP that gets away from Garrett and HITS the batter in the thigh. Bases loaded. No outs.

The next pitch. A FASTBALL right down the middle.

CRACK. A no-doubt grand slam.

The Mississippi dugout ERUPTS.

Garrett can only watch the ball leave the stadium, along with his hopes of being drafted.

Evans and Garrett make eye contact. Evans looks like he wants to rip Garrett's head off.

MOMENTS LATER

The bases are loaded again. The scoreboard reads 5-0 and still no outs.

Evans calls for time and approaches the mound.

GARRETT

Dad, I'm sorry. I can't-

COACH EVANS

Turn this inning around.

GARRETT

I can't do this anymore, please.

COACH EVANS

You're a disappointment to this family-

AUSTIN (O.S.)

Ump, we're making a sub.

Garrett and Evans spin to see Austin walking onto the field in full catcher's gear.

Issac rips off his mask and gets the hell out of there.

ISSAC

Thank god.

Austin walks up to Garrett and Evans on the mound.

GARRETT

What the fuck are you doing?

AUSTIN

I was just watching Randy Johnson's perfect game and was feeling inspired.

Garrett's eyes go wide.

COACH EVANS

You're not playing.

AUSTIN

Looks like, Issac's gone, so I'm your only option. Alright, Garrett, here's what we're going to do.

COACH EVANS

You're going to stop fucking-

AUSTIN

I got it from here, Coach. Thanks.

COACH EVANS

Who the fuck to you think you're talking to?

AUSTIN

If you don't get off this field right now, I'll start another fight. This time in front of all these scouts.

The umpire makes his way to the mound.

UMPIRE

Gentlemen, everything alright here?

Austin and Evans glare at each other. Evans looks to the stands and then back to Austin.

COACH EVANS

Yeah, everything is fine.

Evans reluctantly heads back to the dugout.

UMPIRE

Let's wrap it up, boys.

The umpire heads back to home plate. Austin smiles.

Garrett can't find the words. He looks as if he's staring at a stranger. He looks over to Evans.

AUSTIN

Don't look at him. Look at me.
We're going to get out of this
inning. We're going to walk through
the dugout, right past him, and
leave.

GARRETT

Why?

AUSTIN

Cause fuck him. That's why.

GARRETT

Why not just leave now? Middle of
the inning would be a bigger "fuck
you."

AUSTIN

Because I do love baseball, and I
feel like you do too. At least we
used to. So, let's play out this
inning because we love this game.
Not for him. Not for these
strangers in the stands. For each
other.

Garrett likes the sound of that.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Just don't hang a slider.

Austin winks. Garrett can't help but CHUCKLE.

GARRETT

Fuck you.

AUSTIN

Fuck you too.

Austin takes his spot behind home plate.

Garrett, with a much calmer demeanor, leans in for the sign.
He throws a BLAZING FASTBALL right at the top of the zone.

UMPIRE

Strike!

Austin gets the ball back to Garrett in rhythm. He points his
glove to Garrett as a sign of, "Great pitch."

The next one, a CHANGEUP that the batter SWINGS out in front
of.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Strike!

Austin lays down a middle finger sign.

Garrett smiles and throws a FASTBALL high and inside. It doesn't hit the batter, but it's close.

The batter takes a moment out of the box to tighten his gloves and collect himself.

Austin glances over to first base. He notices the runner walking back to the bag without paying too much attention.

He keeps his gaze on the Texas first-baseman until they lock eyes. He motions towards the bag and the first-baseman seems to understand what Austin means.

Garrett throws the next pitch: a PERFECT SLIDER down and away. The batter swings through it.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Strike three.

Before anyone can even think, Austin SPRINGS to his feet and LAUNCHES the ball to first base.

Surprised, the Mississippi runner dives back to first--

The first-baseman catches the ball and lays down the tag.

The FIRST BASE UMPIRE (50) punches the air.

FIRST BASE UMPIRE

Out!

Strike em out, throw em out. Just like that: two outs.

The Texas dugout comes to life. Austin fist pumps and Garrett slaps his glove in excitement.

GARRETT

Let's go!

Austin gives Garrett a nod, and Garrett walks around the mound. He and Austin are feeling it.

Evans watches on. His anger fades and he intently watches some good baseball.

A MISSISSIPPI BATTER (18) steps up.

Austin gives a reassuring nod. Garrett takes a deep breath.

The first pitch is a FASTBALL. The batter swings and fouls it off. He's not late. He's on it, but just misses.

UMPIRE

Strike!

The next pitch, a CHANGEUP out of the zone.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Ball.

Garrett comes back with two straight FASTBALLS. One high.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Ball.

The other clips in inside corner.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Strike!

2-2. Garrett throws a FASTBALL. Again, the batter doesn't get beat by its speed. He HITS it...

Foul, but not by much.

Garrett throws a slider that dives low of the strike zone.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Ball. Full count.

The payoff. Garrett and Austin take a synchronized deep breath. Garrett leans in for the sign.

Austin flashes two fingers. A slider. Garrett shakes it off. Austin flashes three fingers. Garrett shakes it off again.

Austin gives an, "Are you sure?" look. The batter has been on the fastball. Garrett, determined, nods. Austin nods back.

Evans, for the first time, watches the boys and looks impressed. Neither Austin or Garrett look to Evans once.

Garrett winds up and throws the fastest FASTBALL he's ever thrown. It high but still in the zone.

The batter doesn't stand a chance. He SWING out of his shoes and falls to a knee after missing.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Strike three!

Austin and Garrett both CHEER.

They meet in the middle, throw an arm over each other's shoulder, and head for the dugout.

Evans waits for them at the entrance. Before he can get a word out, Austin and Garrett drop their gloves at Evans' feet and walk right by without a word.

Elizabeth, tears in her eyes, watches her boys leave. She's never been prouder.

Evans shakes his head and turns back to the team.

COACH EVANS

Ian, warm up. You're going in.

IAN

Yes, sir.

Ian runs to the bullpen. Evans stares out onto the field refusing to look at the Austin and Garrett.

The brothers leave the stadium with an arm over each other's shoulder.

INT. EVANS HOME - DAY

KITCHEN

Evans sits at the kitchen island with a cup of coffee. He stares at a small TV playing MLB Network. A headline reading, "MLB Draft Tees Off Today."

In front of Evans is his cell phone and the landline phone. He calls his cell from his landline and it RINGS. He does the same but switches phones.

Elizabeth comes into the kitchen looking ready for a run and carries a folder in her hand. She grabs a water bottle from the fridge.

COACH EVANS

Elizabeth, make sure the boys have their phones on and ready to answer.

No response. She grabs a cereal bar from the cabinet and begins to walk away.

COACH EVANS (CONT'D)

Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

Yes?

COACH EVANS
Did you hear me?

ELIZABETH
Yes.

She drops the folder on the kitchen island. Evans flips it open revealing divorce papers.

Evans SIGHES and shakes his head.

COACH EVANS
Where are the boys?

ELIZABETH
Not home.

COACH EVANS
And what will-

ELIZABETH
They'll be coming with me.

Evans CHUCKLES.

COACH EVANS
And what will they do now with
their disappointing lives?

ELIZABETH
Whatever they want.

With that, Elizabeth leaves.

Evans stands at the kitchen island.

Alone.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

A sign reads, "Kingwood Little League Fields."

It's a beautiful day to play baseball.

In the middle of the field, two brothers play catch:

Austin and Garrett.

There's no fastballs. No drills. No competition.

Just a game of catch.

Off to the side of the field, two cell phones sit on a bench.

One of them RINGS.

Austin and Garrett stop, look to the phones, then look to each other.

GARRETT

Whose do you think it is?

Austin shrugs.

AUSTIN

Let it go to voicemail.

The brothers throw the ball back and forth and back and forth in perfect rhythm, continuing the peaceful game of catch.

FADE OUT.

THE END