# ALL IN

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# EXT. VIEW FROM OUTER SPACE - DAY

As the camera zooms, Earth comes into view, then the Western Hemisphere and the outlines of its continents. The camera continues to zoom into North America, the United States, the Pacific Northwest, the Portland area, a residential neighborhood, and a baseball field where kids are playing and adults fill the stands. Decorations hang along the fences, including a banner noting that the game being played is for the championship, and SOUNDS OF THE GAME can be heard.

#### EXT. BASEBALL FIELD SCOREBOARD - DAY

Scoreboard shows the game is in the last inning, the score is 6-5. The home team, the Pilots, are leading the A's.

#### INT. BUNGALOW HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

LESLIE CAPLAND (42 years old) stands in the middle of the room and directs two young men wearing moving company coveralls as they carry boxes out the front door. She is small (5'3", 105 pounds), fit, and energetic, with a shock of short red hair and green eyes. Leslie wears make-up and stylish workout clothing.

### EXT. BASEBALL FIELD, PITCHER'S MOUND - DAY

GERALD, a squat Hispanic 10-year-old boy is pitching for the Pilots. His sweaty face is a study of concentration as he stares in at the catcher.

#### INT. BUNGALOW HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

Leslie hurriedly wraps glasses in newspapers and puts them into a cardboard box. She pulls out the silverware drawer, considers it, then empties the contents into the box.

#### EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Gerald throws hard and the A's batter hits a long fly ball to left field that is caught. The crowd CHEERS.

INT. BUNGALOW HOME, MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

The young men carry out double-bed box springs while Leslie grabs clothes from dresser drawers and tosses them into boxes.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

The next batter hits a screaming line drive over the shortstop's head for a base hit. One out, one on.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD, DUGOUT - DAY

MICHAEL (CAP) CAPLAND, manager of the Pilots, stands on the top step. He is a middle-aged (45 y.o.) average-looking guy whose physique is showing its age. His brownish hair is graying a bit and receding, and his body shows the hint of a pear-shape. Michael stands 5'10" and weighs around 180. He is focused on the action on the field. His mouth is expressionless.

At the other end of the dugout stands ELDON (L) BANKS, a 69-year-old black man, tall and sinewy. He wears an old baseball cap. L watches the game as he walks the length of the dugout to Cap, takes off his cap, and rubs his shaved head.

L (to Cap)
Looking tired out there, Cap.

CAP
He's doing just fine. Got one in the bag.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

The pitcher walks the next batter in four pitches. None are close to the strike zone.

INT. BUNGALOW HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

Leslie fills more boxes as the moving men carry out dining room furniture.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD, DUGOUT - DAY

Better go get him, Cap.

CAP

(to the umpire)

Time, blue!

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

UMPIRE

(steps from behind the catcher and waves his arms over his head)

Time out!

Cap walks toward the pitching mound. The infielders begin running to the mound for the meeting, but Cap waves them back to their positions. He wants to talk to the pitcher alone.

EXT. PITCHER'S MOUND - DAY

CAP

Great game you're pitching, Gerald. You having fun?

**GERALD** 

(glumly) )

Yeah.

CAP

We get two more outs and we're out of this thing. We're league champs. How you feeling?

GERALD

Uhhh, I'm okay.

CAP

(pointing to third baseman)

You see Seth over there, Gerald? He's had hardly any action today, probably 'cause you pitched so darn good. His arm is just waiting to throw. Think we ought to let him help us finish this thing?

Tears spring to Gerald's eyes as he pinches his face to stop them. Cap positions himself on the back of the mound and Gerald turns to face him.

**GERALD** 

Yeah, I guess so.

CAP

You did great today, Gerald. You're the reason we're going to win this game. (pauses) Listen, we'll just slide you over to third while Seth finishes up. You good with that?

**GERALD** 

(looks down)

Yeah.

Cap calls for SETH CAPLAND over at third base. Seth (10 y.o.), is tall for his age and wire-thin, with freckles and reddish blond hair that could use a comb. Gerald hands Cap the ball and trots to third base. He and Seth slap hands as they pass. The crowd APPLAUDS enthusiastically.

# INT. BUNGALOW HOME, BEDROOM - DAY

A kid's bedroom is filled with Portland Pilots baseball posters and other baseball memorabilia. Leslie stands at the foot of the unmade single bed, makes it, then walks out of the room, leaving the door open.

# EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

After some warmups, Seth faces the next A's batter, who he strikes out. With two on and two out, Seth duels with a good hitter who takes the count deep, then fouls off pitches before popping out to Gerald at third base. The Pilots win!

A lively celebration follows the victory, with players jump-hopping, hugging, and high-fiving. Cap and L shake hands, pat each other's shoulders, then congratulate the kids. Seth hugs high-fives L and then hugs Cap, long and hard.

CAP

Great job, Seth! You put 'em down!

SETH

Thanks, Dad.

EXT. BUNGALOW HOME, PORCH - DAY

Leslie stands on the front porch and watches as the moving trucks back out of the driveway. She turns and looks into the almost-empty house, then closes the door, locks it matter-of-factly, and walks away.

INT. CAP'S OLDER MODEL CAR - DAY

We see the back of Cap and Seth's heads while they talk animatedly as Cap drives.

EXT. BUNGALOW (CAPLAND) HOME AND YARD - DAY

Cap's car swings into the driveway. Cap and Seth walk toward the front door. Seth is carrying his glove and bat. As they near the door, Seth hangs back, his face drained of the joy of the day.

INT. CAPLAND HOME, ENTRY/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cap walks in and is shocked by the emptiness. He turns and pushes Seth back onto the porch.

EXT. CAPLAND PORCH - DAY

CAP

We been robbed! (handing Seth his cell phone) Here, you stay out here and call 911. (grabbing Seth's bat). I'm gonna see if they're still in there. (shaking the bat) If they are, it's gonna be a day they'll remember.

SETH

Dad...

CAP

Listen, everything's going to be okay.

SETH

Dad!

CAP

Do what I told you, Seth!

He takes the baseball bat that Seth was carrying and enters the house.

#### INT. CAPLAND HOME - DAY

Cap surveys the house, room by room, the bat raised in anticipation of coming face-to-face with the thieves. All he finds is most of the rooms being emptied of their contents. Dejected, he returns to the front porch.

EXT. CAPLAND HOME, PORCH - DAY

CAP

Did you call them? Are they on the way?

SETH

I been trying to tell you.

CAP

Trying to tell me? Tell me what?

SETH

It was Mom. She moved out today.

CAP

You knew about this?

SETH

Yeah.

CAP

Why didn't you say something?

SETH

I couldn't tell you, Dad. You know, with the game and all. And Mom said it was an adult thing. She asked me not to tell.

CAP

Oh she did, huh? Where'd she go? Where's she going to live?

SETH

She got a place down the street. It's a condo.

CAP

You mean that new high rise?

SETH

Yeah, that's it.

CAP

(looks hard at Seth)

You okay with this?

SETH

(pauses)

Do I have a choice?

The SOUND OF A CAR as it pulls into the driveway.

EXT. CAPLAND HOME AND YARD - DAY

Leslie gets out of her late model Lexus and walks toward the front door of the house.

INT. CAPLAND HOUSE - DAY

Leslie enters, greeted by Cap's glare.

CAP

An adult thing? You say this is an "adult thing" and then you tell him.

LESLIE

(to Seth)

Could you wait out on the porch for us, honey? I just need a moment with your dad.

Seth leaves and Leslie closes the door behind him. She turns to face Cap.

CAP

What's the matter with you?

LESLIE

Nothing. Now.

CAP

Leslie, what're you doing?

LESLIE

What I should have done earlier, Michael. I'm starting over.

CAP

You can't start over. We got Seth.

LESLIE

We'll work that part out.

CAP

What about us? Why can't we work that out?

LESLIE

"Us?" There is no "us" here. There's me, working my ass off to try to get us ahead, and there's you, walking away from a great career in accounting to become...what? You don't even know!

CAP

I'm working on it.

LESLIE

Sure you are. You circle things in the paper but that's about as far as it goes.

CAP

We had the tournament. I was busy.

LESLIE

Oh yes, the baseball tournament: a bunch of ten-year-olds running around, hitting and chasing a ball. Now, that's important, isn't it bigtime coach? You know what I think? I think you're afraid. That's what I think.

CAP

No. That's not true.

LESLIE

Sure it is. So you hide in this bubble of kids' baseball. And beer! (she laughs)

CAP

It was a big deal to the kids. And by the way, we won.

LESLIE

It was a big deal to you, too, Michael. More important than looking for a real job, a job that pays money so we can pay our bills and maybe get ahead and maybe move out of this place. CONTINUED: (2)

CAP

What's the matter with this place? It's been fine for us.

LESLIE

I want something more.

CAP

More isn't always better.

They stand, facing each other, with hardened faces.

LESLIE

I'm sick of just getting by. I'm sick of carrying this family on my back. And you, not even making an effort.

CAP

I will.

LESLIE

Too late. Too little, too late. I'm done. (pauses) You know, your father was right about you.

CAP

Get out.

LESLIE

He said you'd never make anything out of yourself.

CAP

Get out of this house. Now!

LESLIE

Gladly.

She walks to the door and opens it.

LESLIE

Let's go, Seth.

Cap watches out the window as the two of them walk to the car.

EXT. CAPLAND HOME, YARD - DAY

Leslie walks toward her car. Seth follows, slower. He stops, looks back at the house, then walks on.

INT. CAPLAND HOME, LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Cap sits in a folding chair watching the Portland Pilots' baseball game on TV. The room is dark except for the light of the TV. Cap is drinking a beer. Empty Budweiser cans sit on the floor nearby.

Seth enters from the front door. He carries a large, thin box with him, and his baseball mitt.

SETH

Dad?

CAP

(scrambles out of the chair and turns on the lights)

Seth, come in, come on in!

SETH

I brought a pizza. Mom thought-

CAP

We'll have a party! Great! (gathers the empty cans) You and me, our own special party! Get us some plates and I'll find you a seat. We'll watch the game.

Cap and Seth both leave the room. The sounds of CUPBOARD RUMMAGING can be heard from the kitchen. Seth returns with plates and places pizza slices on them. When Cap returns, he carries a folding chaise lounge with him.

CAP (cont'd)

Check this out, kid. Now this is style!

SETH

Yeah!

Cap, eager to get back to the game, races into the kitchen and returns with a beer and a soda, giving the latter to Seth. The two settle into their seats, eat, drink, and watch the Pilots' game on TV.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

We're in the top of the seventh inning here at Multnomah Park, with the Pilots clinging to a one-run lead. The Angels have two on and one out. Daryl Hoffman is pitching.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

And he's pitched really well, Tommy. Three hits is all the Angels have.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

That's right, Lyle. A solo home run to Langston in the third, and a single this inning. The other runner reached on an error by first baseman Tony Rodriguez.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

This scenario is not new: the Pilots up through most of the game. Then, it's close-out time and something magical happens: the pitching goes soft and the bats get cold.

CAP

No, not again!

SETH

Don't worry, Dad. They'll hold on. Just like us today.

CAP

If they plan on staying in the wild-card race, they better.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - NIGHT

An Angel batter steps to the plate and readies himself.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

We've got the left-handed Anton Fisher coming to the plate. Anton's hitting.296, but he hasn't done much tonight: a pop fly to left and a fielder's choice.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

Yes, Hoffman has done really well against this guy, not just tonight, but overall. Fisher has a .220 lifetime average against him.

On the field, the Pilots' manager calls time and walks to the pitcher's mound. BOOS can be heard in the background.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
Danny Hetzel is headed to the mound.
He's got Wonder Jensen, the leftie,
and Boomer Garcia, the righty
throwing in the bullpen. You think
he'll make a change, Lyle?

INT. CAPLAND HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CAP

Leave him in! He's doing fine!

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - NIGHT

The manager meets with the pitcher and catcher on the mound

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

I'd stick with Hoffman for now, then go with Garcia next inning to close things out.

Hoffman is animated and appears to be arguing with Hetzel on the mound. When Heztel signals the bullpen, fans BOO, then CHEER Hoffman as he walks off.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

It looks like Hetzel's going by the book here, bringing the lefty in to face the left-handed hitter.

INT. CAPLAND HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cap and Seth stop eating and are glued to the TV screen.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

With a count of two and oh, here comes the pitch (CRACK!) It's a liner to right-center, a gapper, and the ball will roll to the fence. One runner will score, the other's being waved home. Here comes the throw. (CROWD NOISE) The runner's safe!

SETH

(like he's wounded)

Ahhhh!

CAP

Great non-move, Hetzel. Time for you to go back to managing Little League!

INT. CAPLAND HOME, LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The lights are out, the game is still playing on the TV. Seth is asleep on the chaise lounge. Cap is sipping from a glass. A bottle of Jack Daniels whiskey sits on the floor next to him.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
Okay, last chance for the Pilots.
Bobby Kindall at the plate, two out,
nobody on. First pitch is a high
fastball, Kindall swings and pops it
up to the third base side. Martinez
is under it, makes the catch. Game
over. Angels three, Pilots two.

Cap doses off in his chair, the glass in his lap.

INT. CAPLAND HOME, KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Cap, looking hungover, drinks coffee and reads the paper. L enters from the back door.

L

Knock knock neighbor.

CAP

(looking up)

C'mon in, L.

Τ.

(studies Cap)

Tough night, huh? Jack stop by for a visit?

An empty bottle of Jack Daniels whiskey sits on the counter.

CAP

(chuckles, then
winces and puts his

hand to his head)

Yeah, Jack did make an appearance. It was those dang Pilots. Did you watch?

L

(laughs and shakes
his head)

For awhile. But after that pitching change, I couldn't take it anymore.

L looks through the doorway into the living room.

L (cont'd)

So, why is Seth sleeping in there on your patio chair, and where the hell's your couch?

CAP

It's a long story. I'll give you the condensed version: Leslie left and took most of everything.

Т

What? Did she tell you? Did you know anything?

CAP

Nope. No notice. No nothing.

L

(shakes his head)

Jesus. (pauses) She got someone else?

CAP

I don't think so. She's just tired of paying all the bills and doesn't see the end. Bud and Jack didn't help either.

L

So, what are you gonna do?

CAP

(sighs)

I don't know, L. I guess I'll get serious about getting a job. Something I should have done a lot sooner.

L

Why didn't you?

CAP

(grimaces)

Hmmm. Been wondering that myself.

L

It don't matter. We all have our reasons for the things we do. Or don't do.

CAP

Yeah, I'd be a great subject for a shrink. (he laughs) Except now, I'm broke.

L

(ponders)

Hmmm. What about the house?

CAP

I'll probably sell the place. Can't afford it now. Move to an apartment somewhere close so I can be near Seth. We'll be sharing him.

Ι

You know, Cap, I got plenty of room over there. The kids are gone, and it's been too quiet since Mary passed. You could room at my place.

CAP

That's good of you, L. Real good. It's just that...I wouldn't want to impose.

L

It wouldn't be problem. Not at all. You just give it some thought.

CAP

I will. Thanks. (an awkward pause) I better get Seth up and moving. We're going to the game today.

I

After last night?!

CAP

I've had these tickets for awhile. Besides, the Pilots are due.

L

Yeah, well they better be, if they want a shot at the playoffs.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - DAY

Cap and Seth walk with the excited stream of humanity that makes its way toward the ballpark, past hawkers, vendors and scalpers.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, ENTRANCE - DAY

Cap and Seth have their tickets scanned to enter the ballpark.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, ESCALATOR - DAY

Cap and Seth ride the escalator to the second level.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, TUNNEL - DAY

Cap and Seth walk through the tunnel to enter the seating area.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, SEATING AREA - DAY

Cap and Seth emerge from the tunnel to behold the lush, green field. Although they have both been to many major league games, this sight always mesmerizes them. They pause and take it all in.

SETH

Wish we could live here, Dad! This'd be our yard.

CAP

(laughs)

I'll drop a note to the owner and see when we could move in.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - DAY

Groundskeepers work their final touches on the batting box areas as the game will soon begin. MUSIC plays in the background.

P.A. ANNOUNCER

Good afternoon, Pilot fans. Welcome to Multnomah Park, where your Portland Pilots will take on the Los Angeles Angels in this final game of the series.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, BROADCAST BOOTH - DAY

TV ANNOUNCER #1
Yes, the Pilots have been facing some tough luck lately here as their playoff hopes fade. Lyle, what's it going to take to turn this team around?

TV ANNOUNCER #2
I think it's going to take some leadership, Tom. And it's got to come from the dugout.

TV ANNOUNCER #1
Do you think Danny Hetzel's job is on the line?

TV ANNOUNCER #2 If it was my club, it would be.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, SEATING AREA - DAY

Cap and Seth watch the game as they share popcorn. Cap is drinking a beer, Seth a soda.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, PLAYING FIELD - DAY

Pilots, up at bat, are rallying with hits and runs. Several players, however, are slow and meticulous at the plate, taking time between each pitch to step out of the batter's box to rearrange, adjust, and stare down at the third base coach.

CAP

(annoyed)

Come on, get in the box, will ya'!

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, SEATING AREA - DAY

Cap and Seth stand and cheer as the Pilots score runs.

SETH

They're doin' it, Dad! They're gonna win today!

CAP

I'm hoping, but as Yogi said, "It ain't over til it's over."

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, BROADCAST BOOTH - DAY

TV ANNOUNCER #1

Top of the seventh inning now, the Pilots and Angels knotted at four. LA has a runner on second with one out. Time has been called and manager Danny Hetzel is on the mound talking with pitcher Jamon Jackson, his talented middle-reliever.

TV ANNOUNCER #2

It's too early to go with the closer, but he's got a hot right-handed hitter in Hamill at the plate. I'd bring in Garcia to shut them down and hope their bats can pull them through.

TV ANNOUNCER #1

Well, it doesn't look that way, as Hetzel is striding back to the dugout. You surprised, partner?

TV ANNOUNCER #2

(shakes his head)

Nothing surprises me with this team.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, PLAYING FIELD - DAY

To BOOS from the stands, the Pilots pitcher intentionally walks the Angels' batter.

TV ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

Mitchell walks on four straight pitches putting runners on first and second. This gives the Pilots a chance for three force plays. A double play will make this inning history. A good move, Lyle?

On the first pitch, the next batter hits a screaming ground ball past first base, just inside the foul line. The bases clear and the hitter slides into third for a triple.

TV ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

Nope.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK SCOREBOARD - DAY

The scoreboard shows the game at the bottom of the ninth, Angels 6, Pilots 4 and two out.

EXT MULTNOMAH PARK, PLAYING FIELD - DAY

Pilots runners are on first and second. The stadium is alive as the crowd CHANTS "Let's go Pilots! Let's go Pilots!"

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, SEATING AREA - DAY

Cap and Seth are standing and chanting with the crowd.

SETH/CAP

Let's go Pilots! Let's go Pilots!

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, PLAYING FIELD - DAY

The Pilots batter steps out of the box and looks at the third base coach, who is going through the signs. The batter steps back into the box and awaits the pitch.

TV ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

With two out, the Pilots need to make something happen right now.

The pitcher works from the stretch, checks the runners, and as he throws, the runners both take off-double steal-and the batter swings and misses. The catcher immediately throws down to third, and the third baseman applies the tag to the sliding runner.

TV ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
Unbelievable! I can't believe Hetzel
sent the runners, neither of them

with good speed! What was he thinking?

The crowd GROANS and some BOO as the Angels congratulate each other and the Pilots empty into the tunnel toward the clubhouse.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, SEATING AREA - DAY

Cap and Seth make their way to the exit.

SETH

What about the playoffs now?

CAP

I don't know, buddy. Something good's gonna have to happen. And soon.

INT. CAPLAND KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

Cap and Seth are eating breakfast when L enters from the back door. Cap is looking under-the-weather.

L

Mornin' baseball fans.

CAP

Hmmph.

L

Jack been by?

Cap gives a tired smile.

L (cont'd)

Some game yesterday.

SETH

We should've won it!

Τ.

Well fear not, fans. A change is 'a comin.'

L slides a newspaper along the counter and it stops in front of Cap. The headline reads "Pilots Slam Hetzel Out of the Park."

L (cont'd)

Our beloved manager is gone.

SETH

Danny Hetzel?

L

That's right, little man. They're looking for a new guy. But here's the nugget: It's a contest.

(MORE)

L (cont'd)

They're encouraging anyone with knowledge of baseball and an interest in the team to enter.

CAP

Hmmph.

SETH

Anyone?

L

Really. Anyone.

SETH

Dad, what about you? You know baseball. And, you love the team!

CAP

Nah, they're not really serious, Seth. I'd never win. It's just a publicity stunt.

L

I don't know 'bout that, neighbor. I think the team is serious. Attendance is way down. The general manager says he wants to shake things up. And the team owners are backing him. (slaps the paper) It's all in here.

CAP

Well, they ought to shake things up. And while they're at it, how about making the games more fan-friendly by speeding things up and making the players more accessible. How about that?

L

That's exactly what they're looking for. You got the baseball knowledge, you love the team, and you got ideas. That'll put fans in the stands.

SETH

Yeah, Dad, yeah!

I

Well, what else you got going now? Far as I can see, not a whole lot. So, what do you have to lose?

CONTINUED: (2)

SETH

Yeah, nothing to lose!

CAP

I don't know. I...

SETH

Think about it, Dad. Just say you'll think about it!

CAP

(pauses)

Okay, okay. I will give it some thought.

L and Seth high five as Cap unfolds the paper.

CAP (cont'd)

But not a whole lot.

EXT. PORTLAND SKYLINE - DAY

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - DAY

Cap, carrying a file folder, walks along the deserted sidewalk.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, ADMIN. OFFICE - DAY

Cap enters the noisy office that is bursting with job seekers. He turns to leave, pauses, then waits his turn in line to hand the folder containing the contest paperwork to a very busy secretary. BONNIE YOST is a tall, athletic, 40-something woman with shoulder-length brown hair and a melodic voice.

CAP

(handing her the materials)

Thank you.

BONNIE

(staring up at him)
And thank you for not asking the question that I've heard for the 10,000th time. We'll call if you're a finalist.

Cap glances down at the secretary's nameplate on her desk.

CAP

That's exactly what I was thinking. Thank you, Bonnie.

Bonnie smiles and starts to watch Cap leave, but she is interrupted by the next applicant who pushes paperwork at her.

EXT. CAPLANDS' AND BANKS' HOMES AND YARDS - DAY

Cap pulls his car into the driveway. In the yard next door, L is mowing the grass. A small cooler sits nearby. When L sees Cap, he stops mowing, pulls a couple beers from the cooler, and walks over to greet him.

Ι

(hands Cap a beer) So, when do you start?

CAF

(laughs and opens
 the beer)

Thought I'd make a good impression by dropping off my entry personally. (pauses) So did everybody else!

I

(chuckles)

A little competition is good, you know.

CAP

Yeah, a little is fine. A lot? Not so much.

L

That why you haven't gone after a job up to now? The competition?

### FLASHBACK: INT. MANUFACTURING PLANT - DAY

FRANK CAPLAND, a grim, middle-aged man with close-cropped hair, dressed in coveralls, operates a drill press robotically.

CAP (V.O.)

Yeah, competition. You know, L, I watched my dad rot in his job. He hated it, 28 years of it. But he wouldn't get training. He wouldn't get a degree.

(MORE)

CAP (V.O.) (cont'd)
I think he was scared, scared of competing for another job, something that would have made him happy.

L (V.O.)

Yeah, I've seen guys like that. Like they was walking dead.

# FLASHBACK: INT. CAP'S BOYHOOD HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank Capland enters the room, wearing his work clothes and carrying a beer. Michael, aged 8, and his brother TIM, aged 6, are stretched out on the couch watching a BLARING TV. The room is in disarray, with toys spread around and half-eaten food and soda cans on the coffee table.

CAP (V.O.)

Nah, he wasn't dead. The old man was far from dead.

Frank Capland moves into high gear and strikes out at the boys like a snake, slapping the parts of them that don't move off the couch and out of the room fast enough. He spills his beer as he chases them.

FRANK CAPLAND

This is what I work my ass off for?
To come to home to this shitpit? (he switches off the TV) You kids get back right now and clean this up! (toward the kitchen) Marie, where the hell are you? Why are these kids layin' around like goddamn pigs?

### PRESENT: EXT. CAPLANDS' DRIVEWAY - DAY

CAP

I didn't want to be anything like him. And I didn't want Seth to be me.

L

Seth isn't you, and you're not your dad, Cap. You got a degree, you had an accounting job.

CAP

Yes.

L

A good job.

CAP

Uh huh.

Τ.

I'm a little puzzled, though. why'd you leave it?

CAP

'Cause I hated it, just like he couldn't stand his job! I got so sick of numbers and straight lines, wearing a suit and sitting in a cubicle.

L

Good money, though. What's gonna be better?

CAP

(ponders this)

Don't know, but I'm gonna find something that fits me.

L

Ahhh, I get it. So, in the meantime you apply for a job you're pretty much assured of not getting. No one expects you to get it so, really, you can't fail.

CAP

(laughs)

You sure you're not a shrink?

Cap and L's attention is diverted as a car wheels into the driveway. It is Leslie. She slams the car to a stop, jumps out, and races to where Cap and L stand.

LESLIE

(to Cap)

What do you think you're doing?

CAP

I'm standing here talking to my good neighbor and loyal friend.

LESLIE

(looks at their

beers)

Starting a little early I see.

CONTINUED: (2)

L

Mornin' Leslie. It's five o'clock some place.

LESLIE

(to Cap)

So what's this about the Pilots and a contest?

CAP

They're looking for someone to manage the team. An outsider.

LESLIE

Yeah, sure. They're going to pick you.

CAP

Since you moved out, I don't see as it's any of your business.

LESLIE

Yeah, when it affects our son, it becomes my business. You should be applying for real jobs, ones you could actually get. And, if pigs could fly and you happen to get this job, you'd be traveling all over the place. How could you be a father?

CAP

I'm not going to get the job. It's just a joke.

LESLIE

Well I'm not laughing. And you won't be either when the mortgage payments come due. And the utilities. And you need to buy groceries and pay for health insurance.

Leslie turns and walks toward her car.

CAP

(takes a big drink and calls to her)

You lost your vote, Leslie. You don't have any say in the matter.

Leslie backs the car out of the driveway and, not giving the two men even a glance, speeds away.

CONTINUED: (3)

Ι

She makes a good point, Cap.

CAP

Guess I better land that job, huh?

L

You better.

The two men laugh and hit each other on the back.

L (cont'd)

(gestures toward the cooler)

Got time for another one?

CAP

Time is something I definitely got.

INT. CAPLAND HOME LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cap sits in the folding lounge chair having a drink watching the evening news on television.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

The Portland Pilots' manager contest is heating up. At last count there were more than 2,000 entries. The team expects to announce their new man (or woman) within a few days. Here's our correspondent VIMA CHARNEL with the Pilots' general manager.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK OFFICE - NIGHT

VIMA

That's right, Tod. I'm here at Multnomah Park with BUCKY BRAXTON, the Pilots' general manager. Bucky, what's your timeline for getting this thing done?

BUCKY

We want to make this decision soon, Vima. We're still hoping to get into the playoffs so we want someone onboard as soon as possible.

VIMA

Why not just move one of the existing coaches into the position?
(MORE)

VIMA (cont'd)

Wouldn't that be easier and better for the club?

BUCKY

Yes, you're probably right about that, Vima. But we're looking for a system change here, something that has to come from the outside. Something that will revitalize this club. That's what we're looking for.

VIMA

But why open it up to the general public? Isn't that mainly for publicity?

BUCKY

Sure, we're getting publicity about it, but we're serious. We're thinking "outside the box."

VIMA

You've got a lot of entries. Are you going to narrow them down and do interviews?

BUCKY

(laughs)

Yes, we do have a few entries. We have folks working around the clock reviewing them. And, I might add, we are reading every single one. We've already started interviewing the ones we think would be the best fit and we should be done with that within two days. Then we'll make our decision.

VIMA

(to the camera)

Okay, to all you hopefuls out there: If you don't hear from the team soon, like in a day or so, you will not be in the running for this dream job. This is Vima Charnel with the Pilots' general manager, Bucky Braxton, live from the Mariner's offices at Multnomah Park.

INT. CAPLAND HOME LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cap's face registers resignation as he uses the remote to turn off the television.

#### EXT. CAPLAND HOME - THE NEXT MORNING

The muffled sound of the song "TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLGAME" can be heard. The sound increases as the camera slowly zooms in on the house.

INT. CAPLAND HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cap, asleep on the lounge chair with an empty glass and Jack Daniels bottle nearby, awakens to the sound of the song. Groggy and irritated, he reaches for his cell phone, which is playing the song.

CAP

(into the phone)

Yeah?

BONNIE

Mr. Michael Capland, please.

CAP

This is him.

BONNIE

This is Mr. Braxton's office at the Portland Pilots. We would like to schedule an interview with you for the contest.

CAP

(not amused)

Come on, who is this? Leslie, is this you?

SECRETARY

No, Mr. Capland, this is Bonnie Yost. I commended you for your restraint yesterday, remember?

CAP

Oh, yeah, sure! This isn't a joke, right?

BONNIE

No joke, Mr. Capland. Can we see you this morning at 10:30?

CAP

(suddenly awake)

Sure. Yeah. Absolutely! I'll be there!

After he hangs up, Cap walks to the window and looks out.

EXT. L'S YARD - DAY

L is trimming his bushes.

INT. CAPLAND HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cap watches L and then walks to the front door. He opens the door, takes a step out, then reconsiders. He closes the door and walks toward the stairs that will take him up to his bedroom.

EXT. PORTLAND SKYLINE - DAY

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - DAY

Cap, dressed in a sport jacket with an open shirt, walks along the deserted sidewalk.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, ADMIN. OFFICE - DAY

Cap enters the office empty of everyone except Bonnie. She looks up at him and smiles.

BONNIE

Mr. Capland.

CAP

You sure this isn't a joke?

BONNIE

You're one of thirty being interviewed. You have a good chance.

CAP

You didn't...I mean you really didn't put a word in for me, did you? You know, because I didn't hit you up with questions?

BONNIE

(laughs)

I wish I had that much say around here. We'd be winning ballgames and filling the seats.

CAP

So, what would you do different?

BONNIE

For one, I'd find a manager who would include the players in making important decisions.

CAP

Yeah, I...

BONNIE

And I would make the game more fanfriendly, like speeding things up and making players more accessible.

CAP

Exactly! That's what I...

The TELEPHONE RINGS on the Bonnie's desk.

BONNIE

(to Cap)

Excuse me. (into phone) Yes, he's here. I'll send him right in. (to Cap) Okay, here's your shot. Second door on the right.

CAP

You know, those things you were just saying, about the manager and the players? That's what I think too!

BONNIE

Yes, I know, I read your application, Mr. Capland.

CAP

It's Cap. My friends call me Cap.

Cap and Bonnie exchange smiles as he leaves the office.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Cap enters a palatial conference room with a long, polished wooden table in the center. Only three people sit at the table, making them look small and insignificant. They are Bucky Braxton (40s), a stubby man with a buzz cut; OWEN STARKEY (50s), a tall, lanky, long-faced man; and PRISCILLA STARKEY (mid-70s), a small, well-dressed woman looking younger than her age with the help of several "procedures" over the years.

BUCKY

Come in Mr. Capland. Welcome, welcome. Please have a seat.

CAP

Thank you.

Cap sits in a chair at the end of the table.

BUCKY

I'm Bucky Braxton, General Manager of the team. (gesturing) That's Owen Starkey, President, and his mother, Priscilla Starkey, who is the Principal Owner of the club.

PRISCILLA

I want to know one thing, Mr. uh...(looks down at paper in front of her)...Mr. Capland: My son and I have owned this team for a long time and we are very disappointed by the way things are going, not only where the Pilots are in the standings but the lack of fan support. How are you going to help us?

BUCKY

(chuckles)

Mrs. Starkey has a way of getting to the point without a lot of fanfare.

MRS. STARKEY

That's right, Mr. Braxton. That's because it's her money that's running this show. (pauses. To Bucky) And, I might add, paying your salary.

OWEN

The point is, Mr. Capland, we are not pleased with the way things are going and concerned about the future.

PRISCILLA

We need fans in the stands.

BUCKY

You are here because we like what you wrote on your application. While your baseball experience is—uh—a little thin for being a major league manager, we like your ideas.

CONTINUED: (2)

PRISCILLA

They'll get fans in the stands.

OWEN

So will winning. How do you propose to do that?

CAP

(pauses)

Better decision-making, involving players in some of those decisions. They are professionals, after all.

OWEN

And the ideas you suggested for making the game more fan-friendly: how will you enforce them?

CAP

Anyone who doesn't go along, he gets pulled from the line-up.

BUCKY

(concerned)

Oh?

CAP

And he won't get paid for the games he misses.

PRISCILLA

Yes! Now we're talking.

EXT. CAPLAND HOME AND YARD - DAY

Cap pulls up in the driveway. Seth is sitting on the steps of the front porch. Cap gets out of the car and walks to the house.

SETH

Where were you?

CAP

Had an interview. For a job.

SETH

We were going to play catch this morning. Don't you remember?

CAP

(flustered)

Oh man, of course! Catch. 10:00. Have you been waiting since then?

SETH

Yeah.

CAP

I'm really sorry, pal. This deal came up this morning and I had to rush to get there.

SETH

It's all right, Dad.

CAP

No, it's not all right. Nothing about it is all right. Let me go get my glove and we'll throw right now.

Cap rushes into the garage.

INT. CAPLAND GARAGE - DAY

Cap spots his baseball glove and freezes.

# FLASHBACK: EXT. CAP'S BOYHOOD HOME, BACKYARD - DAY

Michael Capland, aged ten, stands in the yard holding his baseball glove, waiting for a throw. Frank Capland, still dressed in his work coveralls, stands at the other end of the yard and throws the ball to his son. Near Frank, on the ground, sits a beer can, which Frank picks up and drinks from in between throws. There is tension in the air as Michael struggles to perfect each movement. Frank throws him a hard ground ball.

FRANK CAPLAND

Get down on that ball, Mike. Get your butt down!

Michael bobbles the ball.

FRANK CAPLAND (cont'd)

See, what'd I tell ya. You gotta be down on those grounders. Now, get it back here.

Michael tosses it back, the ball arching lazily through the air.

FRANK CAPLAND (cont'd)
Come on, will ya. Throw it like you
mean it!

He throws it back to Michael in a line. Michael throws it back, again with an arch.

FRANK CAPLAND (cont'd) You think you're gonna make the team making these pussy throws? You got an arm. Use it!

He throws it back harder to Michael. Michael's throw is on a straight line this time, but Frank does not acknowledge it. Instead, he zips the ball back to Michael, harder than before. The intensity of the throws continues to increase until Michael makes no attempt to catch Frank's hardest throw yet. The ball rolls to the end of the yard. Frank flips his glove to the ground, picks up his beer, and walks away.

### PRESENT: EXT. CAPLAND FRONT YARD - DAY

Cap, who has taken off his suit jacket, plays catch with Seth. Each of their throws have a gentle arch to them. Back and forth, back and forth, the ball reconnecting them as they throw in silence.

SETH

Are you gonna sell the house?

CAP

What?

SETH

I'm just wondering. Are you gonna to sell the house and move?

Cap stops throwing and walks to Seth.

CAP

What made you say that?

SETH

I was just wondering. And Mom told me-

CAP

Your mom told you what?

SETH (cont'd)

Well, she said without a job you won't be able to-

CAP

Listen to me, Seth. I'm going to get a job. And, I'm not going anywhere.

Seth rushes into Cap's arms and hugs him hard.

SETH

Can I stay here tonight?

CAP

Of course you can.

INT. CAPLAND HOME, LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Cap is sleeping in the chair. Seth rouses him.

SETH

Dad! Dad! There's a guy at the door. He's a REPORTER!

Cap quickly comes to his senses and gets up.

CAP

What's he want?

SETH

He wants to talk to you!

CAP

Really.

Cap, dressed in boxer shorts and a t-shirt, walks to the door and opens it.

CAP (cont'd)

You looking for me?

REPORTER

If you're Michael Capland.

CAP

In the flesh.

REPORTER

I'm with the Times, and I have it from a good source that you're going to be the new manager of the Portland Pilots. Could you confirm that?

Before Cap can answer, his CELL PHONE RINGS.

SETH

(rushing off)

I'll get it!

CAP

(to reporter)

No, I cannot.

Seth hands Cap the cell phone.

CAP (cont'd)

Hello. (he listens) Yes...Yes I can. Sure. Yes. Thank you!

Cap "hangs up" the phone.

CAP (cont'd)

(to reporter)

Now I can.

Seth whoops and jumps on Cap.

CAP (cont'd)

(to reporter)

Now, I've got to get to a press conference.

Cap closes the door as the reporter keeps talking.

REPORTER

Mr. Capland, one more question. Mr. Capland. Mr. Capland!

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The noisy room is filled with REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS. At the front of the room stands a lectern with a microphone. The wall behind them displays the team's name and logo.

Bucky Braxton enters the room from the side door. Cap, wearing a Pilots hat and uniform top, follows him.

Braxton stops behind the microphone. Cap stands next to him. The room becomes quiet.

BUCKY BRAXTON

Good morning everyone. I'm here to make an important announcement about our ball club.

(MORE)

BUCKY BRAXTON (cont'd)
We've conclused out constest, and I'd
like to introduce our new manager:
Michael Capland. Mr. Capland was
selected from a pool of more than
2,000 entries. We think he has what
it takes to move this team in the
right direction. Welcome to the
organization, Mr. Capland.

The two men shake hands as cameras fire.

INT. PILOTS CLUBHOUSE - DAY

A few players, dressed in workout clothes watch the press conference on TV.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

BUCKY BRAXTON

(to reporters)

Mr. Capland will be able to take a few questions this morning.

Cap and Braxton change places, placing Cap behind the microphone. He is visibly nervous. Cap looks around the room, and spots Bonnie Yost standing in the back. She smiles at him.

REPORTER #1

Michael-

CAP

Uhhh, call me Cap. Please. That's what my friends call me. I'm hoping we're all going to be friends here.

LAUGHTER

REPORTER #1

(laughing)

So do all of us, Cap. Can you tell us what qualifies you for this position?

CAP

Well...uh, well, for one I've been a baseball fan forever. The Pilots have been my team since I got here. I played a little ball too, in high school and college.

REPORTER #1

(mutters)

Yeah, Pacific University, Division III, started two years, second base. .235 batting average (he snorts).

Reporters around him laugh.

REPORTER #2

How about coaching? Do you have any coaching experience?

CAP

I do. Yes. I've been coaching baseball for a few years now. Head coach.

REPORTER #2

Was this in the minors? What organization?

CAP

No, this was local. Kids' rec league.

The room buzzes with talk and laughter.

REPORTER #3

So you're telling us you have no professional coaching or managing experience?

INT. PILOTS CLUBHOUSE - DAY

The players watching the press conference respond in disbelief.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

CAP

(gathers himself)

It's all about throwing, hitting, catching, and running. At every level.

Braxton takes over the microphone.

BUCKY BRAXTON

Cap will have a strong support system with the existing coaches we have. He also has some great ideas to better engage our fan base.

REPORTER #1

Can you tell us what those are?

BUCKY BRAXTON

Come on out to our games and you'll see firsthand. Now, we've got a lot of work to get done before Cap makes his debut tomorrow night. We'll see you then.

Braxton and Cap make their exit amid questions being shouted their way from reporters.

INT. CAPLAND HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cap and L are drinking beers.

I

So they gave you your own parking spot and a great big salary?

CAP

Six figures ain't bad for a couple months' work.

Seth wraps his arms around Cap.

SETH

And he's got his own office with a flat screen in it that gets a couple thousand channels at least and it's high def and...

CAP

(laughs)

Okay Seth, he gets the picture.

L

I sure do. What a story! Sounds like something your dad should hear.

CAP

Oh yeah. Like he'd really believe that.

# FLASHBACK: MICHAEL CAPLAND'S BOYHOOD HOME, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sixteen-year-old Michael listens as his parents argue in the nearby living room.

MARIE CAPLAND

It's just \$25, Frank. All the colleges have application fees.

FRANK CAPLAND

(snorts)

That's just the tip of it. Then there's the tuition, the dorm, the food, the books.

MARIE CAPLAND

He wants to do this. He's got a plan. And his teachers say he has the ability.

FRANK CAPLAND

Tuh! Ability. The kid can't even screw in a light bulb without help. Ability? Bullshit! He's not going nowhere. He'll never be nothing!

## PRESENT: CAPLAND HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

CAP

(ponders)

You mean the dad who said I'd never be anything?

L

Yeah, call and tell him he's full of sh-(looks over at Seth) Call him and tell him-

CAP

Truth is, L, the man would find something to prove he's right.

L

You've already proved him wrong, Cap. You went to college, you got a good job-

CAP

I had a good job.

L

And now you got a better job! One that he could only dream about. Tell him!

Cap ponders that.

CAP

Right now, I'd rather tell you something.

Τ

Yeah, what's that?

CAP

You're coming too.

Т

Huh? What're you talking about?

CAP

You're coming with me. You're gonna be on my coaching staff. How could I possibly run a team without my best guy?

L

(incredulous)

Get out of here. You're joking, right? You can't be serious.

CAP

(raises his right
hand)

As Seth is my witness. Do I look serious, Seth?

SETH

You look serious, Dad.

L

I'm...I'm...I-

CAP

I'm not exactly sure what your role will be, L, but you'll be great. You played in the minors, you know the game, you love the game.

Ι

(tearful)

I...I don't know what to say.

CAP

Just say you will. That's all you have to do.

L beams. Seth hangs his arm around L's neck.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, HOME TEAM CLUBHOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING Cap meets with the TEAM COACHES.

CAP

...and I'm hoping we can all work together to end this season strong.

TOM RANSFORD

We're all professionals here and-

IZZY FIELDS

(grumbles)

All except one.

RANSFORD

We're all professionals and we've been hired to do a job, and we'll do just that.

FIELDS

(grumbles something
unintelligible)

CAP

(to Fields)

Sorry, I didn't hear you.

FIELDS

Well hear this: I've worked my ass off for years in this business-summer leagues, minor leagues, riding on buses, no sleep, lousy food. You come slippin' in here on some lame-brained front office stunt. You not only haven't paid your dues; you don't even know what the dues are!

CAP

(flustered)

I really hope we'll be able to work together.

There is a tense silence in the room.

FIELDS

(getting up)

Yeah, I don't see that happening.

Fields heads to the door.

FIELDS (cont'd)

(to the other coaches)

You guys think this is going to help your career, think again. This ship is going down—and you're all going with it.

Fields slams the door on the way out.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

CAP

(on the phone)

That's right, L, we'll be needing you tonight. You're our new first base coach.

There is a KNOCK on the door. The door opens and Tom Ransford sticks his head into the room.

CAP (cont'd)

(waving Ransford in)

Okay, L, I've got to meet with my bench coach. Get yourself down here.

Cap hangs up the phone.

CAP (cont'd)

Come in, Tom. Sit down. (pauses) I want to thank you for support in there earlier. I really appreciate that.

RANSFORD

No problem, Cap. I'm afraid the hard part's not over yet. The meeting with the team is going to be more of a challenge. There's some pissed-off players on our club right now.

CAP

(laughs)

And it's not going to get better when I let them know what we're gonna do.

RANSFORD

You know, you may just want to wait and phase things in.

CAP

I would, except that the season's almost over.

RANSFORD

Well, just be careful. You want these guys on your side, and for some of them right now, that's going to be a tall order.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, HOME TEAM CLUBHOUSE - DAY

PLAYERS are spread out in the room engaged in a variety of activities: watching TV, listening to music, playing cards, reading, texting, talking, changing into uniforms.

Cap enters the room, accompanied by L and Ransford. The three are dressed in Mariner uniforms. Cap leads them to the center of the room, where he begins to address the players.

CAP

(nervously)

If I...uh...could...uh...have your attention for a moment.

A few players look at him but most continue their activities.

CAP (cont'd)

(raises his voice)

I'd...uh...like to...uh...introduce myself and-

The players continue to ignore Cap.

RANSFORD

(whistles shrilly)

All right guys, listen up!

The players stop what they're doing and direct their attention to the center of the room.

CAP

(nervously)

Thank you. I'll make this short. My name is Michael Capland, and I'm your new manager.

Some low-key grumbling can be heard in the room.

CAP (cont'd)

(gesturing to L)
This is Eldon Banks, who will be our new first base coach.

L nods to the players.

WILSON MAXWELL

What's an Eldon Banks?

LAUGHTER

L

(steps forward)

You ever heard of Ernie Banks?

WILSON MAXWELL

Mr. Cub?

That's right, son.

WILSON MAXWELL

You and him?

(holds up two fingers together)

Family.

The room is silent.

CAP

We're here to do what we can to help this team win, and we're looking forward to working with you.

Not responding, the players resume their activities.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

I thought you were going to make some changes, Cap. Weren't you going to speed up the games?

CAP

We'll ease into it, L. Let them get used to us first.

T

Based on the reception we got, that's going to take awhile.

CAP

Hey, what's this about you being related to Ernie Banks? You never said anything.

I

(smiling)

You never asked. (pauses) I'm sure we're related at some point down the line. Same last names, you know?

The two men look at each other and laugh.

The PHONE RINGS. Cap answers it.

CAP

Hey, Seth. Yes, I got some tickets for you and your mom. They're in Will Call. Okay. Yes. See you after the game. (he hangs up the phone; to L) Okay, let's go play a ball game!

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, HOME TEAM DUGOUT - NIGHT

Cap, coaches, and players stand in the dugout as the P.A. announcer makes introductions. Cap's uniform is two sizes too big. There is no number on the back.

P.A. ANNOUNCER

And the new manager for your Portland Pilots is Michael Cap Capland!

The fans in the stadium rise and CHEER.

Players in the dugout look at each other in disbelief.

Tom Ransford nudges Cap up the steps to acknowledge the crowd. Cap removes his cap, waves it, and the crowd CHEERS LOUDER. Players chuckle at his uniform. A few point.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - NIGHT

Cuts of game action, during which the Tigers take an early lead due to Pilot errors, and the Pilots are lackluster at the plate, swinging at bad pitches, taking third strikes.

Interspersed in the cuts are shots of Cap trying to interact with players in and around the dugout, but without any success. His attempts to interact are ignored by most and met with hostile responses by a few.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, INFIELD - NIGHT

Cap calls time-out and walks toward the pitching mound.

T.V. ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

So now we have manager Capland approaching the mound to replace Jamon Jackson.

T.V. ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

Yes, with the game already out of reach, it's probably a good move to save Jackson for another day.

Jackson walks to the front of the mound and starts waving his arms and yelling at Cap.

T.V. ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

But wait, Jackson is waving Capland away. He's yelling-no screaming-at Capland, too.

T.V. ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

What the heck? I've seen pitchers upset when the manager is coming out to get them, but nothing like this!

Cap turns and walks toward the dugout.

T.V. ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

Jackson continues his tirade. He's showing up Capland in front of 32,000 people.

T.V. ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

Unbelievable! That's all I can say. I'd like to be in the clubhouse to hear what happens after this game is over.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, HOME TEAM CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Players file into the room after the game. The room is silent as Cap passes through and walks into the manager's office.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

I

He showed you up, Cap. In front of a lot of people, people who were supporting you.

CAP

(dejected)

I know. I was there.

L

We got the Tigers again tomorrow.

CAP

Yeah, it'll be better then.

L gives Cap a hard look. Cap pulls a bottle of whiskey and two glasses from his desk drawer, pours, and slides one over to  ${\tt L}.$ 

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, HOME TEAM CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Reporters are interviewing PLAYERS at their lockers.

REPORTER #1

Tough night, Bobby. The club was shaky in the field and tentative at bat. Why?

BOBBY KINDALL

One of those nights, Sandy. You know how it goes. Sometimes, it just doesn't.

REPORTER #1

You think the manager change had something to do with it?

BOBBY KINDALL

That'd be a good excuse, wouldn't it? Nah, we just didn't play well.

REPORTER #2

What happened out there, Jamon?

JAMON JACKSON

Who's he to take me out? Who's he to tell me anything?

REPORTER #2

He's your manager.

JAMON JACKSON

No, he's not. He's a joke.

REPORTER #3

How do you think Capland did in his manager debut, Manny?

MANNY THOMAS

You saw the scoreboard. You saw the playing.

REPORTER #3

So you're not pleased with your new skipper?

MANNY THOMAS

He's not my skipper. He can just skip somewhere else far as I'm concerned.

REPORTER #1

What about the playoffs, Bobby? Time's running short.

BOBBY KINDALL

Don't count us out, Sandy. Not yet.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, HALLWAY OUTSIDE CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Cap leaves the clubhouse. Leslie and Seth greet him.

SETH

Sorry, Dad. They stunk tonight. But you were great! Did you hear all the people cheering you?

CAP

Sure, Seth. That was nice.

Leslie sidles up to Cap and locks her arm in his. He looks at her quizzically.

LESLIE

The seats were so great, Michael. We were sitting right up there with the players' wives and kids. Everyone was so welcoming.

CAP

That's better than their husbands.

SETH

Was it bad, dad? Were they mean to you, like Jamon Jackson, yelling at you?

CAP

It was okay, Seth. And it'll get better, when they all get used to me.

They walk along the hallway, toward the exit.

LESLIE

Sure it will, Michael. Of course. Everything is going to get better.

Cap looks quizzically at Leslie.

INT. CAPLAND HOME, SETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cap and Leslie stand at the foot of Seth's bed. A tired Seth is settled in under the covers.

SETH

Can I go the game tomorrow night, Dad?

LESLIE

It'll be too late, Seth. You have school the next day.

CAP

That's right, pal. School comes first. Besides, we'll have more home games before the season's over. You can come to the one's that aren't on school nights.

SETH

Really? Every game?

CAP

You got it.

LESLIE

Okay, get to sleep now. You guys can do more planning tomorrow.

Cap and Leslie take turns kissing Seth goodnight. They linger at the door before leaving the bedroom.

EXT. CAPLAND FRONT YARD AND DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Cap walks Leslie to her car. He opens the door for her. She turns to face him. When he doesn't move closer, she gets into the car. Cap closes the door.

LESLIE

I didn't mean to hurt you, Michael.

Cap stares at her.

LESLIE

I'd just had enough. But maybe...

CAP

Maybe what, Leslie?

LESLIE

Maybe we can make this work.

Leslie reaches out and touches Cap's arm. He doesn't move it away.

LESLIE (cont'd)

Can I stay?

Cap places his hand on hers.

INT. CAPLAND HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cap and Leslie lie snuggled together on two chaise lounges placed side-by-side. Leslie awakens with a start, and looks around.

LESLIE

Oh my, I better get going. Seth will be up soon.

She gets up and begins to get dressed. Cap awakens.

CAP

Huh, what? Hey where you going?

LESLIE

I got to get out of here. Seth will see me, will see us!

CAP

We are married, you know.

LESLIE

I just don't want to confuse him any more. He's confused enough right now.

CAF

Yeah, I know how he feels.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

T.V. ANNOUNCER #1
Okay fans, we know this is not the game you wanted to see after last night. With four outs left, the Pilots are down four runs. New manager Mike Capland, in his second game with the team, does not seem to be a factor here.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - DUGOUT - NIGHT

Cap stands alone at the end of the dugout, arms folded.

T.V. ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.) On the other hand, Tom, I'd say he *is* a factor. Just not a positive one. His presence, and the players' reaction to him, seems to be making things worse.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - FIELD - NIGHT

Pilot batter strikes out looking. Fans BOO. Some head for the exits.

T.V. ANNOUNCER #1
And that will end the inning for the Pilots. Do you think management might have made a mistake bringing Capland in at this point in the season?

T.V. ANNOUNCER #2
Well, unless Mike Capland can
suddenly be someone he doesn't seem
to be, I'd have to say yes to that.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, HOME TEAM CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT Players quietly file into the room after the game.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cap and L sit across from each other at Cap's desk. Cap pulls the bottle of whiskey from his desk, followed by two glasses. L reaches over and places his hand over the top of one.

L

Not tonight, friend.

CAP

Whatsa' matter, L?

I

Just...not tonight.

CAP

Come on, what's going on?

L

(eyes narrow)

Nothing. And that's a problem. Nothing's going on. You get this dream job-people would kill for the chance you got-and that's what you do. Nothing. Not a damn thing!

CAP

But...

The PHONE RINGS. Cap answers.

CAP (cont'd)

Yes? Uh huh. (pauses as he listens)
Yes. Yes. No, you didn't Mr. Braxton.
Okay, 'bye.

Cap pours himself some whiskey and takes a drink.

I

Here's what it comes down to, friend. You either continue as the joke of this team, cause that's exactly what you are now, or you start doing the things you said you would. You got this job. The question is: Do you want to keep it?

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Cap, still in uniform, is asleep at his desk. A glass and the bottle of whiskey sit on the desk. Both are empty.

Clubhouse manager GUY DRISCOLL (60s), a short, overweight, grizzled man, throws open the door and enters.

GUY

Oops, didn't know you were here this early (looks over the scene). Or, should I say, late.

Cap sits up and slowly takes in Driscoll.

GUY (cont'd)

I need to get your uni washed for the game tonight.

CAP

Yeah, about this uniform. I want the right size. I want a number on the back. (voice rises) And I want that done for the game tonight!

GUY

(startled)

Sure, yessir.

Guy flies out the door.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, HOME TEAM CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Cap, holding an air horn can, stands in the center of the room while players engage in their pregame activities. When he blasts the AIR HORN, all eyes are on him, except for Manny Thomas, who continues wearing headphones and looking at a magazine.

CAP

I knew this job wasn't going to be easy. But I didn't know it was going to be like this. The last two nights were an embarrassment. To me...to all of us.

He pauses and scans the room.

CAP (cont'd)

I was going to wait to make the changes I planned, the changes I was hired to make. Yeah, I was going to wait, but now I'm not. We're running out of games.

BOBBY KINDALL

What kind of changes?

CAP

First thing, we're going to make the games more interesting for the fans by speeding things up.

Players groan. Cap looks over at a smiling L.

CAP (cont'd)

Pitchers: I want you to follow the rules of the league. That is: pitch the ball within 12 seconds from when you get it back for the catcher.

 $$\operatorname{\mathsf{JAMON}}$  JACKSON C'mon, man. I need time to get the ball ready.

CAP

For you, Jackson, this might be moot. I'm not even sure you'll be pitching again, after what you pulled the other night. For you other pitchers, you got 12 seconds. I'll be making a request to the umpires that they be enforcing the rule that's been on the books for years.

JAMON JACKSON What'd you mean, I'm not pitching.

CAP

I was going to talk with you privately, but since you brought it up, I expect an apology from you.

JAMON JACKSON I ain't apologizing to nobody!

Cap looks over at L, who nods slowly.

CAP

Then you ain't playing. I'm suspending you, and you won't be paid for the games you miss.

JAMON JACKSON

(Dumbfounded)

But you can't ...

CAP

You bet I can, and I just did. This goes for everybody else, too.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAP (cont'd)

You want to have an attitude, or you don't want to go 100%, you're sitting too, with no pay.

Players are silent.

CAP

Batters, you're going to stay in the box. None of that time-out, fix your gloves, scratch your butt stuff. Stay in there and hit!

Some players GRUMBLE and COMPLAIN. Cap makes eye contact with  $\mathbf{L}_{\boldsymbol{r}}$  who is nodding.

BOBBY KINDALL

But we gotta get signs.

CAP

I understand that, and that's fine. What I'm talking about is stepping out excessively, and calling time when the pitcher is ready to throw. These things slow done the game. The fans deserve better.

More GROANS and MUMBLING.

CAP (cont'd)

And they're going to get it, too. Starting tonight we'll be thanking the people who come out to support us.

OMAR PEREZ

How we going to do that, send a thank you card?

Players LAUGH.

CAP

That's a great idea, Omar. Maybe we'll add that. But for now, we will walk the edges of the field after the game and tell them, face-to-face. We'll sign autographs, too.

The room explodes with sounds of displeasure.

Cap walks to MANNY THOMAS, who has heard nothing and continues to read. Cap stands over him and blasts the AIR HORN. Manny jumps, like he just got shocked, and rips off his headphones.

CONTINUED: (3)

MANNY THOMAS

What the fff-

CAP

And that means everyone, whether you've chosen to hear the message or not.

MANNY THOMAS

Sorry, no hablo English.

CAP

And for you, Mr. Thomas, that computes to \$123,456 per game.

MANNY THOMAS

What?

OMAR PEREZ

You don't play, they don't pay.

MANNY THOMAS

(to Cap)

You son of a-

Manny Thomas lunges at Cap, but players and coaches grab him as the room erupts. Cap is unfazed. He blasts the AIR HORN.

CAP

Yes, I want to honor the fans, who make it possible for us to be doing what we're doing. I also want to honor you.

Players snicker in disbelief.

CAP (cont'd)

Despite how a few of you act sometimes, you are all professionals. You got knowledge, lots of it. I want to utilize that knowledge. Pitchers: I'll be asking your opinion about changes. Runners: You'll have the chance to call for steals if you think you can do it. And batters: You can call plays, like squeezes and hit-n-runs.

OMAR PEREZ

'Bout time.

CONTINUED: (4)

CAP

That's right, you're all going to take on more responsibility for the outcome of the game. That doesn't mean you'll be making all the decisions. I'll be setting the lineup, and I'll have final say on things.

He scans the silent room. All eyes are on him.

CAP (cont'd)

Yeah, I know the team could have gotten someone with more managing experience. I know that. But they couldn't have found anyone who loves baseball more and who cares more about this team. I'm all in here, and I expect the same from each one of you.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - NIGHT

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, PITCHING MOUND - NIGHT

Pilot pitcher receives the ball from the catcher, sets himself, and pitches.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, PITCHING MOUND -NIGHT

Opposing pitcher receives the ball, walks around the mound taking his time.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, PILOTS' DUGOUT - NIGHT

Cap stands on the top step.

CAP

(shouts to ump)
C'mon Marty, enforce the rules!
Twelve seconds. Let's go!

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, FIRST BASE AREA - NIGHT

Pilot runner stands on the base and flashes signs to the batter.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, PITCHING MOUND - NIGHT Opposing pitcher pitches.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, FIRST BASE AREA - NIGHT Pilot runner makes toward second base.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, HOME PLATE AREA - NIGHT Pilot batter swings and connects.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, NIGHT

Hit ball flies toward right center field and rolls to the wall as the runner rounds the bases and gets home. The batter stops at second as the crowd CHEERS.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, DUGOUT - NIGHT

Pilot players celebrate. Tom Ransford slaps Cap on the back.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, SCOREBOARD -NIGHT

After six full innings, the scoreboard shows the Pilots ahead of the Rangers by 3-0.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - NIGHT

The Rangers have two runners on base. Cap signals timeout to the umpire and walks to the pitcher's mound.

TV ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.) With two on and nobody out, manager Capland has called timeout and is taking a walk to the mound to visit with Daryl Hoffman.

TV ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.) Hoffman has pitched one heck of a game, Tom. The Rangers only have three hits on him, two of which came this inning.

TV ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
That's right, Lyle. The Pilots' are looking good right now.

(MORE)

TV ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.) (cont'd)

Capland has two pitchers up in the bullpen, and he'll probably be making a change here.

TV ANNOUNCER #2

I don't know about that.

TV ANNOUNCER #1

Remember, this is a new manager now. This is not Danny Hetzel.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, PITCHER'S MOUND - NIGHT

Cap approaches DARYL HOFFMAN on the mound.

DARYL HOFFMAN

The hell do you want?

CAP

Great game you're pitching, Daryl. You having fun?

DARYL HOFFMAN

What?

CAP

You having fun out here?

DARYL HOFFMAN

Get out of here, will you? Let me do my job.

CAP

Listen, Daryl. I got two strong arms waiting for a chance to do their jobs, too. What do you say we bring one of them in here and finish things up.

DARYL HOFFMAN

I can do this. I know I can.

CAP

(ponders this)

Okay, Daryl. I'm going to leave you in. You let me know when you're ready to turn it over.

#### EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - NIGHT

The next batter up hits the first pitch for a home run, tying the score. Hoffman turns his back to the dugout. Hoffman walks the next batter. Hoffman looks toward the dugout. He makes eye contact with Cap.

BOOS and CATCALLS can be heard from the stands.

The following batter hits a double, scoring the runner. The Rangers now lead. Hoffman stares in at the dugout like it was a batter. He walks off the mound, circles it, then takes a few steps toward the dugout. Finally, he gestures for Cap. As Cap walks toward the mound, Hoffman walks toward the dugout.

DARYL HOFFMAN (passing Cap)
The hell took you so long?

## EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, SCOREBOARD

Shows the game is in the bottom of the ninth inning, the Rangers leading 4-3, and two outs.

### EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - NIGHT

Manny Thomas walks to the batter's box and settles in.

TV ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.) With the tying run at third, up comes Manny Thomas, who's two-for-three tonight.

TV ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.) He's the guy I'd want up at the plate if I was Michael Capland.

The pitcher throws and the umpire calls the pitch a strike. BOOS fill the air.

TV ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.) (cont'd) I don't know about that pitch. It looked outside to me.

TV ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.) That's oh and one on Thomas. He digs in for pitch number two.

The second pitch is a curveball and Thomas belts it hard and long, down the left field line. The crowd stands and CHEERS but the ball curves foul.

TV ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.) (cont'd) A long, long ball but foul for strike number two.

TV ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.) That just shows you what this guy is capable of. He can change this game with one swing.

The pitcher launches a fastball and Thomas is all over it, hitting a rising rocket to the left side that doesn't rise quite enough before getting past the shortstop, who jumps high and catches the ball with his outstretched left hand.

Thomas throws down his bat in disgust. As Thomas walks off the field, the Rangers gather to congratulate themselves.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, SEATING AREA - NIGHT

Disgruntled Pilots fans head to the exits.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, HOME TEAM DUGOUT - NIGHT

Cap is standing in front of the door that leads to the clubhouse. Players are walking his way.

CAP

Remember, we're going to spend some time with the fans after the game. Ten minutes. That's all I'm asking.

The players turn and begin walking up the steps that lead to the field. Manny Thomas strides up to Cap.

CAP (cont'd)

Ten minutes. That's all. It'll be great for the fans.

MANNY THOMAS

(pushing past Cap)

Yeah, watch me.

Thomas heads to the clubhouse. A few other players follow  $\mbox{him.}$ 

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, ALONG THE STANDS - NIGHT

Players and coaches spread out and interact with fans along the edge of the field. The fans are very excited. Some, who have left for the exits, turn around and race toward the seats along the field.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, ALONG THE THIRD BASE SEATING AREA - NIGHT

Cap greets fans and signs autographs.

CAP

Hey, how are ya? Thanks for coming out tonight. Sorry we didn't get it done. Stick with us; we'll do better.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Cap sits in front a group of sports reporters.

REPORTER #1

Cap, tell us about your pitching decision in the seventh. Why didn't you pull Hoffman?

CAP

He told me he could do it. I believed him.

REPORTER #1

But isn't that your job, to manage the players?

CAP

That's right. I'm going to manage them, but I'm going to listen to their input.

REPORTER #2

We didn't see Jamon Jackson in the pen tonight. And we didn't see him on the injured list. What's going on with him?

CAP

Jamon has been suspended.

REPORTER #2

When will he be back?

CAP

Don't know. That's all I have to say about that.

REPORTER #2

Does it have anything to do with what happened in the game before last?

CAP

(looks around)

Any other questions?

REPORTER #3

Why did you, the coaches, and the players go out on the field after the game?

CAP

We think the fans should be getting more than they are. We think coming to this ballpark should be a better experience.

REPORTER #3

Wins would help.

CAP

You're right about that. Wins are going to help.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, OUTSIDE CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Bonnie stands at the edge of the group of families and friends waiting for players and coaches. When Cap emerges from the clubhouse, eyes lowered, and walks down the hallway to the parking area, she follows and then joins him.

BONNIE

You did it, Cap! You said you were going to do it and you did it!

CAP

(stares at her)

Huh? What? (he recognizes her) Oh.
(pauses) Working late?

BONNIE

I had to see it myself. No one's done that before. The fans loved it!

CAP

Hmmph. They did, huh? Wish I could say the same for the players.

BONNIE

That was so awesome. It's cause for a celebration. Can I buy you a beer?

Cap stops and studies her face. He smiles, slightly.

CAP

Celebration, huh? That would be nice. (pauses) Except not tonight. I got to get home.

Bonnie remains, and Cap walks on. L, who has been following, passes her and nods.

INT. CAP'S CAR - NIGHT

As Cap drives, the men ride in silence.

Τ

She showing some interest, is she?

CAP

I'm married, L.

 $\mathbf{L}$ 

Are you?

Cap looks over at him.

CAP

Yeah, I am.

INT. CAPLAND HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cap is on his cell phone, a drink in his hand. A clock behind him reads 1:00. The phone RINGS and RINGS.

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A phone RINGS and RINGS. Leslie sits on the couch. WES TUTTLE (50s) sits close by her. He is handsome and athletic-looking.

WES

You gonna get that?

LESLIE

It's too late. It's him.

WES

(getting up)

Well I'll get it. I'll let him know-

LESLIE

Don't! Please. It'll stop soon.

WES

Why? Why don't you want me to get it?

LESLIE

(softly)

I just don't.

INT. CAPLAND HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATE THAT NIGHT

Cap attempts to sleep on the chaise lounges that are pushed together, but ends up turning on the TV, sitting in the folding chair, and sipping away at a drink.

INT. CAPLAND HOUSE, KITCHEN, MORNING

Cap is eating breakfast with his CELL PHONE RINGS.

CAP

Cap here.

LESLIE (V.O.)

I saw you called last night.

CAP

Yeah, I just...I just wanted to talk to you. Were you busy?

LESLIE

I was sleeping.

CAP

Sorry. I didn't realize the time. (he pauses) I miss you Leslie.

LESLIE

I miss you too, Michael.

CAP

So what the hell are we doing here? Why are we apart?

LESLIE

Something was missing.

CAP

But now it's not. I've got a job. A good job. We had something once. We can have it again!

LESLIE

I don't know, Michael.

CAP

Maybe?

LESLIE

Yeah, maybe.

CAP

I still love you.

LESLIE

I really got to go, Michael. I'm gonna be late for work.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Cap is filling out the lineup card for the evening's game. He hears a KNOCK at this door.

CAP

Come on in!

The door opens. Jamon Jackson stands in the doorway.

JAMON JACKSON

I want to play.

CAP

Yeah?

Jackson enters and stands next to Cap's desk.

JAMON JACKSON

I want to pitch. Tonight.

CAP

I'd like for you to pitch, too. But first, you're going to need to apologize, like I said.

Jackson stands defiantly. Cap continues working on the lineup card.

JAMON JACKSON

All right. (he pauses) I apologize.

CAP

Good start, Jamon. Since your actions were public, so will your apology be. In front of the team.

Cap continues with the lineup card. Jackson, exasperated, turns and leaves the room.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Cap stands in the middle of the room, surrounded by players and coaches. When he raises his air horn, the room gets quiet.

CAP

Mr. Jackson has something he'd like to say.

JAMON JACKSON (gives a sharp look at Cap)

I was wrong the other night. I shouldn't have embarrassed Cap. I shouldn't have embarrassed all of us. It was dumb.

CAP

It'll be good to have you back in the lineup tonight, Jamon. Especially since we'll be missing others, those who went directly to the clubhouse last night after the game.

MANNY THOMAS

Are you nuts? You can't do that!

CAP

(holds up the lineup
 card)

Here's the card, Manny and your name doesn't appear. And it won't, until you follow the team rules.

MANNY THOMAS

That's bullshit!

CAP

Well, Manny, in your case it's a \$123,456 savings to the team.
(MORE)

CAP (cont'd)

(pauses) But you'll have a chance to be in the lineup for our next game, as long as you're out on the field after the game tonight.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, BROADCAST BOOTH - LATER THAT NIGHT

ANNOUNCER #1

It's been a good game, Lyle, with Pilots being aggressive on the bases and taking the risks they need to score runs.

ANNOUNCER #2

I'm very impressed tonight, despite not having Manny Thomas in the lineup.

ANNOUNCER #1

Jackson has done a great job in the middle innings here, protecting the 4-2 lead and moving the game along.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, OUTFIELD - NIGHT

The Pilot left fielder makes a shoestring catch. The crowd CHEERS.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, INFIELD - NIGHT

The Pilot second baseman knocks down a hard grounder to his left and throws the runner out at first base. More CHEERS from the crowd.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, INFIELD - NIGHT

Cuts of several Pilot batters getting base hits and scoring runs.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, DUGOUT - NIGHT

The players are excited and animated as the game progresses. At the far end of the dugout, Manny Thomas and a few others sit sullenly.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, INFIELD - NIGHT

Cap calls time-out and walks toward the pitching mound.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

All right, let's see what happens here. We've got one out in the final inning, two men on with the Pilots up by two. All eyes in the ballpark are on Capland as he approaches Jackson on the mound.

Jackson starts to walk toward the dugout.

ANNOUNCER #2

This could be interesting, Johnny. Let's watch. Wait! Jackson isn't even waiting for Capland to get to the mound. He tosses the ball to Capland and heads to the dugout.

ANNOUNCER #1

And Capland will be bringing in the closer, Boomer Garcia, to put out the fire.

ANNOUNCER #2

Good move, Cap!

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, INFIELD - NIGHT

Garcia gets the next batter to hit into a double play.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, DUGOUT - NIGHT

As the CROWD CHEERS the Pilot players empty onto the field, Cap intercepts Jackson and fist-bumps him.

CAP

Good call, Jamon.

Jackson is poker-faced until Cap turns away. Then he smiles.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - NIGHT

The Pilots congratulate themselves on the field then jog over to the stands to greet fans. The Pilots' dugout empties, and all players and coaches interact with the fans. INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

There is a buzz of excitement as the players change out of their uniforms. Cap walks to the center of the room and raises his arms.

CAP

Hey, hey, listen guys! (he pauses and the room quiets) What a game! You did a great job out there tonight. Batting, base-running, pitching. The total package.

BOBBY KINDALL

(chants)

Playoffs, playoffs...

Other players join in the chant.

CAP

(raises his hands)
That's what I'm thinking, too. Enjoy
your day off tomorrow and get ready
for our trip east. We have some big
games coming up.

The "playoffs" chant begins again as Cap walks to his office.

EXT. CONDOS - NIGHT

Cap's car is parked on the street along a row of condos.

INT. CAP'S CAR - NIGHT

Cap stares out the window at one of the condos. He pulls a pint bottle from his pocket and takes a long pull. After a short time, he leans his head against the window and nods off.

EXT. CONDOS - THE NEXT MORNING

Cap's car is still parked on the street along the row of condos.

INT. CAP'S CAR - MORNING

Cap, disheveled, watches as Leslie and Seth drive off. They do not see him, and he does not make any effort to show himself.

EXT. SCHOOL - LATER THAT DAY

Cap drives up, parks in front of the school, and walks in the front door.

INT. SCHOOL, OFFICE - DAY

SECRETARY

May I help you, sir?

CAP

Yes, I'm here to have lunch with my son, Seth Capland. He's in the fourth grade.

The secretary looks over at the clock and then glances down at a paper on her desk.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Mr. Capland. Seth's class has already finished lunch. They're back in their classroom.

CAP

Oh. (thinks a moment) Well, could I see him? I'm going out of town for awhile.

SECRETARY

Certainly, Mr. Capland. Let me get him for you.

She reaches for her telephone.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE, DAY

Seth approaches the office cautiously until he sees Cap, then he races into his father's open arms.

SETH

Dad!

CAP

Hiya, Seth. How's it going?

SETH

Mom let me stay up and watch the game! It was so awesome! My throat's sore from yelling so loud.

CAP

Glad you liked it, buddy. We'll see if we can keep it going on the road. We're leaving in little bit. I wanted to say goodbye.

Seth hugs Cap again. There are tears in Seth's eyes.

SETH

I hardly see you. And now you're going.

CAP

It won't be for long, pal. I'll be back soon, then we'll have lots of time together.

Seth is silent.

CAP (cont'd)

Hey there, what's the matter, Seth?

SETH

(after a pause)

I want you and Mom to be together. I want us all to be living in our house.

CAP

(a long, thoughtful
 pause)

I'm really sorry Seth. But don't worry. Everything's going to be all right.

There are tears in Cap's eyes.

EXT. PDX AIRPORT - DAY

Pilots players and coaches board a charter plane.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Cap and L sit side-by-side, both with a drink in hand. L works on a crossword puzzle. Cap is lost in thought, until a  ${\tt FLIGHT}$  ATTENDANT interrupts.

ATTENDANT

Could I get you gentlemen something else?

L

I'm good, thanks.

CAP

I'll have one. And, I'll have one for him, too.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Team members exit a bus and enter a fancy hotel. L assists Cap, who walks unsteadily. Players and coaches take notice.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, CAP'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cap talks on his cell phone. He is drunk.

CAP

It's just a hotel, Seth. You know,
doors, windows, beds...

SETH (V.O.)

(excited)

How about a pool? Do they have a pool?

CAP

They got sinks and toilets and showers...

SETH

Pool, Dad! Is there a pool there?

INT. HOTEL, SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

The camera follows the length of a luxurious swimming pool.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, CAP'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cap and Seth continue talking on the phone.

CAP

I dunno, Seth. They probably got something here. We'll be too busy to use it, though.

SETH (V.O.)

Wish I was there. I'd use it!

CAP

You can't be here, Seth. You got school.

Silence

SETH (V.O.)

When're you coming back, Dad?

CAP

(irritated)

I told you! It's gonna be ten days. We got games here in Detroit, then New York and Boston. You knew that. I told you.

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO, SETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Seth lies on his bed, holding the phone but not speaking.

CAP (V.O.)

(contrite)

Come on, buddy, it won't be that long. I'll call you every day, and we'll talk about the games. (pauses) You can help me with the lineup.

SETH

(brightens)

I can?

CAP (V.O.)

Sure. Yeah, you can help me out.

EXT. COMERICA PARK DETROIT - NIGHT

A series of clips from the Pilots/Tigers game alternating between plays on the field as well as the scoreboard. The Pilots take an early lead and keep it the entire game. The clips show Cap addressing the umpire when the Tigers slow play, both batting and pitching. He is roundly booed by the crowd in every instance, and hassled by the Tigers players.

After the last out, some players head out of the dugout to meet the fans. Cap stands outside the dugout.

CAP

(laughing)

Hold on, you guys. That's only for home games. Head for the clubhouse and enjoy your win!

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Cap sits at a table with the coaches as they unwind with drinks after the game. The bar is moderately full. A few tables over, a group of women in their thirties talk and laugh. They keep looking over at Cap's table. A server comes to the table.

SERVER

Gentlemen, the ladies over there are trying to figure out if you are ballplayers.

L

(laughs)

Yeah, in another lifetime.

TOM RANSFORD

Now just wait a moment here. All of us are in the game, and while we may not technically be players, we are the ones who make them what they are.

The men laugh, except for Cap, who is eyeing the women nervously.

MACK BENJAMIN

So, if you'd care to invite them to join us, we could explain that more thoroughly.

SERVER

Yes, sir.

The server walks to the women's table and speaks with them. The women talk together and laugh. Then they get up, gather their drinks and walk toward Cap's table. When the men see them coming, a few rise, push a few nearby tables to theirs and spread out, leaving chairs between them for the women.

CAP

(getting up)

Here's another chair. I'm heading out. I'll see you guys later.

The others watch, amused, as Cap, drink in hand, makes his way to the exit.

TOM RANSFORD

(to Cap)

G'night, Skipper!

INT. HOTEL POOL - NIGHT

Cap sits poolside in a lounge chair. He drinks from a bottle of whiskey. There are people nearby and in the pool, some watching him warily. Soon, a hotel worker enters and can be seen talking to Cap. The two get animated and, when Cap gets up, the worker attempts to grab him, but Cap struggles away from him. The hotel worker tries again to grab Cap. Cap takes a wild swing at him, misses, and falls into the pool still holding the bottle.

EXT. SETH'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NEXT DAY

Seth and Gerald walk along the street to school.

**GERALD** 

So, did they win last night?

SETH

Yep. 6-2. Boomer got another save. They won two out of three in Detroit. Tonight it's the Yankees.

**GERALD** 

Does Coach really let you help him with the lineup?

SETH

He sure does! The other day we replaced Trevor Tate in left after he hadn't been hitting. Tanaka played and got three hits!

GERALD

(in disbelief)

And you did that?

SETH

(pauses)

Well...I helped.

The boys walk in silence.

**GERALD** 

My mom says you probably never see your dad anymore.

SETH

Sure I do! I see him a lot...when he's here.

The boys continue to walk in silence.

**GERALD** 

I hope your dad and Mr. Banks are still going to coach us next year.

SETH

Yeah, me too.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM, SCOREBOARD - NIGHT

The scoreboard shows that the Yankees have beaten the Pilots by a score of 3-2.

INT. YANKEE STADIUM, VISITING MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cap, drink in hand, sits behind a desk. Tom Ransford and L sit in chairs on the other side of the desk.

CAP

Why didn't I just leave Trevor in there?

Τ,

Because you thought Tanaka had a better chance of getting a hit and scoring a run.

CAP

But Trevor was doing pretty well. He already had one hit tonight.

TOM RANSFORD

And Tanaka hit the lights out the last game he was in. You made a good choice. It didn't work out.

Cap pours himself another drink.

CAP

So we lose.

L

And we play again tomorrow.

TOM RANSFORD

(gestures to Cap's

drink)

And that's not gonna change anything. Except for getting your ass fired. I thought you wanted this job.

Cap looks at L, who nods his agreement with Ransford.

CAP

(sarcastic)

Oh yeah, some job.

TOM RANSFORD

And don't think for a minute that Braxton hasn't heard about the pool incident, because he has.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bucky Braxton, Owen Starkey, and Priscilla Starkey sit at the table.

OWEN

He did what?

BUCKY

He took a swing at a hotel worker and landed in the pool.

PRISCILLA

Were the police involved?

BUCKY

No. No media either.

PRISCILLA

(sighs)

Good thing for that.

BUCKY

He just had a little too much to drink. The man's got a lot of pressure on him.

OWEN

Well you let him know that's not how we do business. Not if he wants to keep his job.

PRISCILLA

Now Owen, the man made a mistake. He's winning games. And selling tickets, too.

OWEN

That's good, but that's not enough, mother. (to Buck) You tell him.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

Leslie is working on a computer in her office. Wes stands at the doorway and watches her.

LESLIE

(continuing to type)

Is there something you would like, Mr. Tuttle?

WES TUTTLE

Where do I start, Ms. Capland?

LESLIE

I'm sure you'll tell me.

WES TUTTLE

(points at her feet)

I want to start down there ...

LESLIE

Wes!

WES TUTTLE

(points to her head)

End up there, and not miss anyplace in between.

LESLIE

Now stop it, will you?

WES TUTTLE

Oh, alright. But only if you'll have dinner with me tonight.

LESLIE

I have Seth. You know that.

WES TUTTLE

Bring him along!

LESLIE

(sourly)

Sure.

WES TUTTLE

I mean it. It's harmless...until later.

LESLIE

Wes!

He walks in a closes the door.

WES TUTTLE

(suddenly serious)

I miss not seeing you, Leslie.

LESLIE

You're seeing me right now.

WES TUTTLE

You know what I mean.

She gets up from her chair and walks to him.

LESLIE

I need to take this slow. It's not easy for me.

WES

(studies her)

Are your sure you want to do this?

She stretches up and kisses him tentatively then opens the door and pushes him out.

LESLIE

Now get out there and sell some houses!

Leslie closes the door, leans against it, and breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Cap sits in the front seat of the team bus next to L. The sound of the players on the bus are upbeat and indicates a sweep of the Red Sox. Cap's cell phone RINGS. He answers it.

CAP

This's Cap.

TIM CAPLAND (V.O.)

Michael, it's Tim.

Cap's face tightens.

CAP

Tim...how ya doin'?

TIM CAPLAND (V.O.)

I'm fine. It's dad. He's not doing so good.

CAP

Uh huh.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A very frail and sick-looking Frank Capland lies in bed, asleep. TIM CAPLAND, standing at the foot of the bed, glances at him then leaves the room.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

TIM CAPLAND

(in a forced

whisper)

He's your father, Michael! And he's dying.

CAP (V.O.)

(flat)

What happened?

TIM CAPLAND

It's his heart. The doc says it's leakin' fluid into his lungs. They don't give him much longer.

CAP (V.O.)

What do you want from me?

TIM CAPLAND

He wants to see you. He told me that tonight.

EXT. BOSTON - NIGHT

The team bus winds its way through the sleeping city.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Cap sits in silence amidst the happy sounds around him. L looks over at him quizzically.

CAP

Things are really busy right now.

TIM CAPLAND (V.O.)

He's gonna die, and he's asking for you.

CAP

Why didn't he ask for me last year? Or the year before that? Why didn't he give a damn then?

TIM CAPLAND (V.O.)

Why don't you tell me, Michael. You know the answer.

CAP

You bet I do. (pauses) Listen, I'll get there when I can.

TIM CAPLAND (V.O.)

Don't wait too long. You'll regret it.

CAP

He doesn't really want to see me. He made that clear a long time ago.

TIM CAPLAND (V.O.)

He's dying, Michael!

CAP

'Bye, Tim.

Cap closes his phone and stares ahead into the night.

Ι

You okay neighbor?

CAP

I'll be fine.

## FLASHBACK: INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Frank, Michael, and Tim Capland, dressed in dark suits, stand in a line and greet guests who have come to pay their respects to Marie Capland, who lies in an open coffin at the front of the room.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Frank, Michael, and Tim Capland stand together in the front of a group that watches as Marie's coffin is lowered into the ground.

INT. CAP'S BOYHOOD HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is crowded with people eating and drinking after the burial. The overall tone is restrained, with occasional laughter and crying. Frank Capland, a drink in hand, is animated as he talks with friends. When he notices Michael staring at him, he gestures him to another room.

INT. CAP'S BOYHOOD HOME, DEN - DAY

Michael stands in the center of the empty room. When Frank enters, he closes the door.

FRANK CAPLAND

You got something on your mind.

CAP

No.

FRANK CAPLAND

Why you staring then?

CAP

I was just wondering.

FRANK CAPLAND

And what the hell was you wondering?

CAP

I was wondering how Mom was able to put up with you for so many years.

Frank moves toward Michael and Michael stands tall for what may come.

FRANK CAPLAND

Don't you say one goddamn word about your mother, except for what a wonderful woman she was.

CAP

It wasn't about her. It was about you and the hell you put her through.

FRANK CAPLAND

Yeah, you think you might have a reason to run your mouth, but you don't. You're the one that took years off her life, leaving this place. It about killed her then, and she never got over it.

CAP

That so? Then why'd she tell me how proud she was when I got my degree, and my job?

FRANK CAPLAND

You're dreamin'.

CAP

And why was she so happy when she came to visit us in Portland, a trip vou couldn't find time for?

FRANK CAPLAND

Yeah, right.

CAP

You know why she was so happy? Because she was away from you and the goddamned misery you caused her every day of her life!

Frank lunges for Michael, but Michael reacts with cat-like reflexes, punching Frank squarely in the face and causing Frank to reel backwards. Frank grabs for his nose that is gushing blood, gathers himself, and takes a step forward.

CAP (cont'd)

You want to know the real reason I got out of here? You're the reason: the yelling, the beatings, always critical, always controlling. I couldn't stand being around you. (pauses) Still can't.

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK CAPLAND

Then don't! Get the hell out of my house. And don't you ever come back.

Michael pushes past Frank and leaves.

## PRESENT: EXT. CAPLAND YARD - THE NEXT DAY

Cap and Seth play catch in the front yard. Cap is somber.

CAP

So you been keeping up with your schoolwork, right?

SETH

Yeah, pretty much.

Cap holds the ball.

CAP

"Pretty much" is not going to make it, buddy. It's got to be "pretty much more."

SETH

We're just doing a lot of boring stuff right now.

CAP

Well, you better start making it interesting or else you're going to be missing some darn good ball games during the next week.

He begins to throw again.

SETH

(protests)

Dad!

Seth throws the ball back hard.

CAP

I'm serious Seth. Your schoolwork is important.

They continue to throw in silence. The velocity of the throws has increased noticeably.

CAP (cont'd) (realizes what's

happening)

I'm going to have to get going. The PR people want me to do some taping for some promos they want to run.

Seth doesn't respond.

CAP (cont'd)

Why don't you hang out here and we'll have dinner when I get back. You can do your homework.

Seth makes a face, turns, drops his glove, and walks to the house.

CAP (cont'd)

Wait, hey wait. Seth! I didn't think you would be interested. If you want, you can come along.

EXT. PORTLAND STREET - DAY

Cap stands in the center of a small crowd of people. Seth stands at the front of the group. As a TELEVISION CREW films, Cap (dressed in uniform) interviews people "on-the-street." The first person is a MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN.

CAP

What do you think of the Pilots' chances at post-season play this year?

MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN

(looks at Cap
 curiously)

I don't really follow sports.

DIRECTOR

(irritated)

Cut! Cut! Who the hell's screening these people?

Another person, a YOUNG (20S) MAN with a Pilot's t-shirt, is ushered over to Cap.

DIRECTOR (cont'd)

Okay, let's try this again. Quiet everyone! (pauses) Action.

CAP

So, what do you think of the teams' chances at post-season play this year?

YOUNG MAN

I think we're looking fine, especially after that road trip. Sweeping the Red Sox! That was so fine!

CAP

We really appreciate your support. (reaches into his back pocket). Hope you'll come out tonight. Here's a pair of tickets for the game.

He hands the tickets to the young man.

YOUNG MAN

Extra fine! I'll be there.

The growing crowd that surrounds them applauds.

DIRECTOR

Cut! Now, that's what we're looking for. Let's do another one.

The crowd of people presses forward, pushing Seth to the back. He doesn't resist.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Cap, L, and Seth sit in the office before the evening's game.

SETH

Why can't I go talk to the players, Dad?

CAP

The clubhouse is their haven, Seth. Other than their homes, this is one of their few fan-free areas in their lives.

L

Yah, Seth, this is a place for them to relax, and to prepare themselves for the game.

CAP

It's almost time for BP, buddy. You can come out and watch with us. Your mom will be getting here soon for the game.

EXT. LESLIE'S CAR - DAY

Leslie is driving in Portland.

LESLIE

(talks on her cell

phone)

I know, Wes. I wanted to spend the evening with you, too. I forgot about the game tonight. Seth is already over there.

WES (V.O.)

I wish you would have told me earlier.

LESLIE

I'm so sorry. There's a game
tomorrow, too.

WES (V.O.)

(sourly)

Great.

LESLIE

It won't be like this forever. You know that.

WES (V.O.)

So, when's it going to end? And when do we begin?

LESLIE

We've already begun.

WES (V.O.)

No, I mean REALLY begin? You said I was going to meet your son.

LESLIE

Wes, please! I'm doing the best I can.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, SEATING AREA - NIGHT

Leslie and Seth sit and watch the game. The fans cheer around them. Leslie joins in with the crowd while Seth sits passively.

LESLIE

(turns to Seth)

Honey, are you okay?

SETH

I'm fine.

Leslie studies him.

LESLIE

(points to the

field)

They're winning! They're doing great!

SETH

Yeah.

She studies him.

LESLIE

Seth, what's wrong?

SETH

(irritated)

Nothing! I told you nothing's wrong.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - NIGHT

The game ends and the Pilots players congratulate each other.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, HOME TEAM DUGOUT - NIGHT

Cap congratulates players and coaches, then heads onto the field.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK, SEATING AREA - NIGHT

Spectators begin walking down the aisles to greet players. Seth leads Leslie up the aisle to leave the stadium.

LESLIE

Seth, don't you want to go down to the field?

Seth ignores her and continues up the aisle.

INT. CAP'S CAR - NIGHT

L rides in the passenger seat as Cap drives and talks on his cell phone.

CAP

So what happened? I thought you and Seth were going to meet us outside the clubhouse.

Cap listens.

CAP (cont'd)

Yeah. Uh huh. Sure. (pauses) Well, is he right there? Can I talk to him?

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Leslie sits on the couch talking on her cell phone. Seth sits next to her.

LESLIE

No, he's gone to bed.

Leslie and Seth make eye contact.

INT. CAP'S CAR - NIGHT

CAP

(sighs)

Okay, if he's going to stay there tonight, I'll be by in the morning to get him.

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LESLIE

Let's let him sleep in. It's Saturday. We'll call you, okay? Goodnight.

INT. CAP'S CAR - NIGHT

CAP

Wait...just a second! He's supposed to be with me tonight!

He pulls the phone away from his ear and looks at it.

CAP (cont'd)

(incredulous)

She hung up. She hung up on me!

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO - NIGHT

Seth snuggles up to Leslie on the couch and closes his eyes.

INT. CAP'S CAR - NIGHT

CAP

(to L)

I lost her and now I'm losing him, L. I gotta do something.

L

Two smart guys like us, I bet we can come up with something.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, MANAGER'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Cap sits behind his desk. L sits in a chair and a TEENAGE BOY stands at the door.

CAP

(to the boy)

Perry, I want to thank you very much for doing this.

PERRY STANTON

No worries. My parents split when I was a kid. I never saw my dad.

CAP

Well I appreciate it. And so will Seth. Believe me.

Perry leaves.

CAP (cont'd)

(to L)

Well, what do you think? We only have a few more home games. And, Perry will be keeping a close eye on him.

L

Being that it was my idea in the first place, I think it's genius.

CAP

We shall see. Right now.

He picks up the phone and dials it.

CAP (cont'd)

Hi Leslie, could you put Seth on the phone?

Cap and L exchange glances.

CAP (cont'd)

Hi Seth, I got a job down here for you: helping Perry Stanton, our bat boy. You want to work for the Pilots?

He jerks the phone away from his ear and smiles broadly.

CAP (cont'd)

I take that as a "yes." Have your mom drop you down here as soon as she can. We'll get you set up for tonight's game. (pauses) Yes. Okay. (pauses) I love you too.

Cap hangs up the phone.

CAP (cont'd)

(to L)

Pure genius!

They slap hands.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - DAY AND NIGHT

A series of clips from the weeks' games, showing Seth working at this new job, the Pilots playing well and winning, the scores and the standings, the speedup in play, the players interacting with fans after the games, and positive interactions between Cap and Seth.

EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - NIGHT

The game has just ended and the victorious Pilots are congratulating themselves on the field.

ANNOUNCER #1

Okay folks, you've witnessed it: the Pilots making their playoff run here in the last home series of the season.

ANNOUNCER #2

And it's been a darn good one, Tommy. These guys have a great chance of being one of the Wild-Card playoff team.

INT. CAP'S HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

Cap is making scrambled eggs for breakfast. Seth sits at the counter.

SETH

Why can't I go to LA, Dad? I'm part of the team now.

CAP

Bat boys don't travel with the team, Seth. More important, you have school.

Seth GROANS as Cap puts bread into the toaster.

CAP (cont'd)

Listen, we win one and we'll play the A's in the Wild Card game. We beat them, we're in the playoffs. That means home games.

Cap serves the breakfast-toast and eggs-to himself and Seth.

CAP (cont'd)

Nothing's gonna stop us now. (looks over at Seth) Come on, let's eat up. I gotta plane to catch.

EXT. SCHOOL - LATER THAT DAY

School is over for the day and kids are getting onto buses and into cars. Leslie drives up and parks in front of the school. Seth, walking with friends, sees her and gets into the car. They drive off.

## INT. LESLIE'S CAR - DAY

LESLIE

Seth, we're going to have a dinner guest tonight.

SETH

Who's that?

LESLIE

It's a man. His name is Wes.

SETH

Why is he coming over?

LESLIE

He likes baseball. I thought we could all watch the game together.

SETH

(stares at her)

I thought you and I were going to watch the game.

LESLIE

(suddenly fumbling)

Well we were ... we are. I just thought it might be fun to have somebody join us.

SETH

Why?

LESLIE

He's' a nice guy, Seth. I work with him. You'll like him.

Seth stares at her as she drives. When Leslie looks over at him, Seth looks away.

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO, DINING AREA - NIGHT

Leslie, Seth, and Wes are eating dinner. The silence is punctuated by the glances that Leslie and Wes exchange while Seth focuses on his food with head down. He sees one of their exchanges.

WES

So, Seth, are you thinking the Pilots are going to make it to the playoffs?

Seth ignores him.

LESLIE

Seth, Mr. Tuttle asked you a question.

SETH

I know.

LESLIE

Do you think you could favor him with an answer?

SETH

(to Tuttle)

What are you doing here, anyway?

LESLIE

Seth!

SETH

(to Leslie)

Well, what is he doing here?

LESLIE

I told you: Mr. Tuttle works with me and he is a friend.

SETH

So, you're going to divorce Dad and marry him?

LESLIE

That's enough, Seth! If you can't be polite to our guest, you can leave this table.

SETH

No problem.

Seth launches out of his chair, making it fall over backwards, drops his fork on his plate, and leaves the room.

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO, SETH'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

A KNOCK comes from the door, then it slowly opens and Leslie sticks her head into the room. Seth is stretched out on the bed, asleep. His TV is on, and Cap is being interviewed. Leslie enters the room and watches.

INTERVIEWER

So what do you attribute this end-ofthe-season surge to, Cap? (MORE)

INTERVIEWER (cont'd)

You guys have won five of the last seven games.

CAP

These guys want it. They're playing hard and working together.

INTERVIEWER

Impressive, especially from someone with no professional managing experience.

CAP

(laughs)

Yeah, well. Those guys in there are doing it. I'm just hanging out in the dugout.

INTERVIEWER

Well you just keep doing what you're doing, and we'll be stopping by Oakland later this week for the Wild-Card game.

CAP

We just want to thank-

Leslie picks up the remote and turns off the TV. She watches Seth sleep a while then covers him up, gives him a kiss, and walks to the door.

INT. SCHOOL, 4TH GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

Students in Seth's class are working quietly at their desks. Andy, a freckled red-head sits in front and at an angle of Seth. He looks back sneakily a few times, grinning, then passes Seth a folded paper. Seth opens it. "Pilots Suck!" the paper says. Seth wads up the paper and throws it at Andy, hitting him in the back of the head.

MRS. WRIGHTMAN

(sharply)

Mr. Capland and Mr. Rosen! I will see you both after class.

ANDY

(fake stunned)

I didn't do anything!

MRS. WRIGHTMAN

After class, Andy.

ANDY

But I-

MRS. WRIGHTMAN

(firmly)

After class.

INT. SCHOOL, 4TH GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

Mrs. Wrightman, Seth, and Andy are meeting.

ANDY

I didn't do anything, Mrs. Wrightman.

MRS. WRIGHTMAN

What happened, Seth?

SETH

He passed me a note, and I threw it at him.

ANDY

See, all I did was give him a little note.

MRS. WRIGHTMAN

That's NOT nothing, Andy.

ANDY

But he threw it! And hit me!

MRS. WRIGHTMAN

And what did you write on the note?

ANDY

Nothing. I hardly wrote anything. Just something about the Pilots.

SETH

The Pilots suck. That's what he wrote.

Mrs. Wrightman glares at Andy.

MRS. WRIGHTMAN

Is that what you wrote, Andy?

ANDY

It was just a joke! I was just kidding. He's always bragging about the Pilots and how his dad's the manager.

SETH

(jumping out of his

seat)

I do not!

When Seth moves toward Andy, Mrs. Wrightman steps between them.

MRS. WRIGHTMAN

That's enough! We don't throw things at each other in this classroom.

Andy smiles.

MRS. WRIGHTMAN (cont'd)

(glares at Andy)

And we treat each other with respect. I'll see you both at afternoon recess.

Andy GROANS.

MRS. WRIGHTMAN (cont'd)

Andy, you are excused for lunch.

SETH

What about me?

MRS. WRIGHTMAN

In a moment.

Andy is out of the room in a shot. Mrs. Wrightman moves closer to Seth.

MRS. WRIGHTMAN (cont'd)

I'm really surprised, Seth. This isn't like you at all.

Seth's face tightens and his eyes glisten. He will not cry. He will not cry.

MRS. WRIGHTMAN (cont'd)

Is there something else going on? Something I can help you with?

Seth lowers his head and shakes it.

INT. LESLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

LESLIE

(on the phone)

No, that is not like him, Mrs. Wrightman.

She listens.

LESLIE (cont'd)

Yes, well...there have been some changes at home.(pauses) His father and I are no longer together.

She listens.

LESLIE (cont'd)

No, no, it's not like that. It's just a separation. We're talking and...and maybe we'll even get back together.

She listens a bit longer and looks defeated.

LESLIE (cont'd)

(brightening)

Yes, thank you. I really appreciate the call, Mrs. Wrightman. Goodbye.

She hangs up the phone and sighs. A KNOCK comes from the door and the door opens. It is a smiling Wes.

LESLIE (cont'd)

(motioning)

Not now, Wes. Please, not now.

EXT. ANGEL STADIUM, SCOREBOARD - NIGHT

It is the top of the eighth inning, with the Pilots trailing, 3-2.

EXT. ANGEL STADIUM, DUGOUT - NIGHT

Cap rallies the team.

CAP

All right you guys, we're good for two runs here!

Players chat it up.

EXT. ANGEL STADIUM, FIELD - NIGHT.

The first Pilot batter, Omar Perez, draws a walk on a close, full-count call. He races down to first base.

The Angel pitcher, annoyed, slows his pace.

EXT. ANGEL STADIUM, VISITORS' DUGOUT - NIGHT

CAP

(to umpire)

Let's go, twelve seconds! Come on, make him pitch!

EXT. ANGEL STADIUM, FIELD - NIGHT

The home plate umpire calls time and walks toward the visitors' dugout.

UMPIRE

Don't push it, Cap. You know the rule. The count is when nobody's on base.

CAP

We got a batter up there that's ready to hit. He's waiting for a pitch.

The umpire walks back to the plate, gestures to the pitcher, and takes his position behind the catcher. On the pitch, Perez steals second.

EXT. ANGEL STADIUM, VISITORS' DUGOUT - NIGHT

CAP

Thataway, Omar! (to the batter) Let's go, Tony. Base hit ties the score!

EXT. ANGEL STADIUM, FIELD - NIGHT

The first pitch is down the middle and Rodriguez slams it into the left field seats for a home run. Mariner players spill out from the dugout and onto the field to congratulate Rodriguez.

EXT. ANGEL STADIUM, SCOREBOARD - NIGHT

The scoreboard shows the game into the ninth inning, with no runs for the Pilots at the top. Score is 4-3 Pilots, with one out for the Angels in the bottom of the inning.

EXT. ANGEL STADIUM, FIELD - NIGHT

The bases are loaded and Boomer Garcia is pitching for the Pilots. A "Let's Go Angels" CHANT rings through the stadium. Cap steps from the dugout and gestures for a time-out, which the umpire calls. Cap walks to the mound.

EXT. ANGEL STADIUM, PITCHING MOUND - NIGHT

Cap meets with the pitcher and catcher.

CAP

How you feeling Boomer?

Boomer nods.

CAP (cont'd)

You know, we have some strong arms out there that are just waiting for the chance to get some Angels out. You wanna give them that chance.

Boomer shakes his head.

CAP (cont'd)

You know, Boomer, the batter after this one is a lefty so I'm probably gonna want to go with Jensen if it gets that far.

Boomer glares at Cap.

CAP (cont'd)

Just saying, is all.

Cap and the catcher return to their spots and the batter steps in. Boomer's first pitch is a fastball and the batter hits a sharp ground ball up the middle, but the ball seems to have eyes and finds Boomer's glove during his follow-through. He throws a strike to the catcher, who then pegs a perfect throw to first base for the double play. The game is over, and the Pilots explode onto the field for the celebration. They have earned a Wild-Card spot.

INT. ANGEL STADIUM, MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cap stands and is flanked by sports writers holding small recorders in his direction.

CAP

I can't tell you the reason for our success because I really don't know. Probably a combination of things: working together, players taking responsibility and being accountable.

SPORTS WRITER #1
Not bad for a...what was it?
Bookkeeper?

CAP

(laughs)

I used to be an accountant. It didn't quite fit for me. Then this came along.

SPORTS WRITER #2
Bet this is fittin' pretty good, huh
Cap?

Everyone laughs. Cap looks in the doorway and sees Buzzy Braxton.

CAP

It sure is, but it looks like I've got a GM who would like my attention. Have a good night fellas. Go talk to the players. They're the ones who made this happen.

Cap ushers the writers past Buzzy and out the door. Buzzy closes then door and walks into the office. Buzzy hugs Cap.

BUZZY

You did it, Cap! You got us into the Wild-Card game.

Cap shrugs.

BUZZY (cont'd)

Listen, Cap, I know it's crazy right now, but after the Wild-Card game, I want to sit down with you and talk about your future with the team. I know there's been a few hiccups, but we're seriously considering continuing our relationship with you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BUZZY (cont'd)

Now, how about you get yourself changed and I'll buy you dinner.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cap sits at a table having a drink. Buzzy enters. Bonnie Yost is with him. She and Cap exchange smiles.

BUZZY

Thought I'd treat my best secretary to a celebration dinner.

Cap smiles and lifts his glass and the two sit.

CAP

Excellent idea!

BONNIE

What a game! I couldn't stop yelling.

BUZZY

It was a fantastic game, well-played and well-managed. We're looking really good now, and I expect more good things.

Buzzy's cell phone RINGS.

BUZZY (cont'd)

(answering the

phone)

Hello? Yes, this is him.

Buzzy stands.

BUZZY (cont'd)

(to Cap and Bonnie,
 as he leaves the

table)

This is important. I'll be back.

Cap and Bonnie sit in awkward silence.

CAP

Listen, Bonnie, I've been wanting to talk with you. You know, about after the game. Your invitation.

BONNIE

Oh that. (she laughs) That was silly. I was just so excited, and happy for you.

CAP

It just took me by surprise. I'm sorry—it was just so...

BONNIE YOST

Hey, don't you worry about that. I'm a big girl. It wasn't my first rejection.

CAP

But that's just it. It wasn't a rejection. I know, it may have seemed like it to you. It's just that I...well, things are complicated in my life these days.

BONNIE

(puts her hand on his)
It's okay. It really is.

CAP

No. It's not. The truth is, I'm married but my wife moved out. I've got a son, and I don't know what's going to happen. It's real confusing.

BONNIE

Yeah, it would be.

CAP

I want you to know that it was a real compliment, you asking me. And if it wasn't for the situation I'm in, I would have accepted. In a second. Because there's something about you—

Buzzy returns to the table.

BUZZY

Ahhh, the media. They don't know you when you're down and they won't leave you alone when you're up. (looks at their serious faces) Hey, we're in the playoffs! That's a happy thing. (motions to a waiter) We'd like a round of drinks here!

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO, LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT Leslie is on her cell phone.

LESLIE

It's awfully late, Michael. You've been drinking, haven't you? (listens) He's been asleep for awhile now. (listens) Well, yes, I guess I could. Don't be long, though.

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO, SETH'S BEDROOM.

The lights are out and Seth is asleep. Leslie enters the room, turns on the lights, and gently awakens Seth.

LESLIE

Seth, it's your dad. He really wants to speak to you.

Leslie hands the phone to Seth.

SETH

(flat)

Hello.

CAP (V.0.)

Seth, we did it! We made the Wild-Card!

SETH

Yeah, I saw.

CAP (V.0.)

We'll be playing the A's on Thursday.

SETH

I know.

CAP (V.0.)

Isn't that great? We beat them and
we'll get New York! Look out Yankees!

SETH

Uh huh.

Silence

CAP (V.0.)

Well, I know you were sleeping so I'll let you get back to it.

SETH

Uh huh.

CAP (V.0.)

See you Friday!

SETH

Uh huh.

Seth hands the phone back to Leslie, who has been watching and listening. She kisses Seth, turns out the lights, and leaves the room. Seth opens his eyes and stares into the darkness.

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO, HALLWAY OUTSIDE SETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LESLIE

(into phone, in a

hushed tone)

I'm worried about him, Michael.

CAP (V.O.)

Worried? Why?

LESLIE

There's been trouble in school.

CAP (V.O.)

Trouble? What kind of trouble? Why don't I know about this?

LESLIE

Calm down, Michael. It's just kid stuff. What concerns me more is the two of you.

CAP (V.O.)

What about us?

LESLIE

I hear him talk to you. I hear the sadness.

CAP (V.O.)

I'll be home in a few days!

LESLIE

I'm not sure it's just about you being gone.

CAP (V.O.)

(irritated)

What then? You think I'm becoming my father?

Silence.

LESLIE

I think...

CAP

What? What do you think?

LESLIE

I think you are.

CAP (V.O.)

What?!?

LESLIE

It's not just the drinking, Michael. It's relationships, too.

CAP (V.O.)

What the hell are you talking about?

LESLIE

Your abuse is quiet and subtle. You don't hit or scream like him. You just won't give people what they want. What they need.

Silence.

INT. CAP'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cap stands in the middle of the room, drink in hand.

CAP

Is that what you think? Is that what you really think? That I'm my dad?

LESLIE (V.O.)

Well...you have to admit-

CAP

Yeah, I have something to admit: If that's what you really think, then we aren't right. We were never right!

LESLIE (V.O.)

Michael, come on.

CAP

No, really. I don't know what I was thinking, us getting back together. (MORE)

CAP (cont'd)

I must have been crazy. It's done, it's over, Leslie. G'bye.

Cap hangs up the phone and takes a long drink from his glass, emptying it. As he refills the glass, the PHONE RINGS. Cap quickly answers it.

CAP (cont'd)

I told you Leslie-

L (V.O.)

Hey buddy, it's me! We're all headed downstairs to celebrate. You coming down?

CAP

No, L, I can't do it, not tonight. I...I can't.

L (V.O.)

Hey man, are you okay? You sound-

CAP

I'll be fine, L. I just have some things to do here.

L (V.O.)

All right, we'll knock a few back for you.

CAP

You have a good time. Tell the guys for me.

Cap hangs up the phone and stands motionless in the center of the room. Then he carries his drink out onto the balcony. From his 22nd floor perch, he looks out over the city then down to the street far below, where cars thread their way through the night.

In slow motion, Cap moves to the railing, lifts one leg over it, and straddles it. He places his glass on the flat top of the railing, leans his body outward toward the edge, and looks down. He is sweating now and his face looks pained.

When Cap begins to lose his balance, his arms automatically grasp for the security of the railing. As he does, he knocks the glass off. Cap watches the glass fall 22 stories and smash on the sidewalk below. He leans forward and hugs the railing.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Cap emerges from the hotel with his luggage and gets into a cab. The cab drives off.

INT. LAX, SECURITY AREA - NIGHT

In a massive crowd, Cap passes through security.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Cap, surrounded by fellow passengers, sits lost in thought.

EXT. CAP'S BOYHOOD HOME - PREDAWN

Cap rides up in the back of a cab. Despite the hour, there is a light on in the house. As Cap emerges from the cab and gets his luggage, a figure—indistinguishable—appears in the front window. Cap pays the driver and walks toward the house. When he reaches the porch, the front door flies open and his brother, Tim, charges out. He tackles Cap and the two of them fly off the porch and into the front yard.

At first, Cap is defensive, scrambling to his feet, backing away, and warding off blows. Cap is a noticeably bigger, stronger, and more athletic than his brother. But, after Tim lands a few punches to his head, something snaps in Cap and he begins to match Tim's punches, kicks, and unintelligible shouts.

As the fight rages throughout the front yard, porch lights from neighbors' houses come on. Soon, a police car with lights flashing pulls up in front of the house. TWO OFFICERS emerge, run across the yard, and pull Cap off of Tim. Tim stays on the ground, holding his side. One of the officer kneels beside him.

OFFICER #1

Are you all right?

TIM CAPLAND

(whispering)

Yeah, I'm fine.

CAP

Tim, what the hell's 'a matter with you?

TIM CAPLAND

You're too late!

CAP

What?

TIM CAPLAND

He died. Last night. Why didn't you come?

CAP

I did. I'm here.

TIM CAPLAND

You're too late.

Tim struggles to get up. He winces in pain and drops back to the ground and curls into a fetal position.

OFFICER #2

You better call for an ambulance, Rick. Get his statement, and I'll take this one in.

Cap backs away.

CAP

What? What are you talking about? You didn't see what happened! He attacked me!

OFFICER #2

We saw, sir. We saw you knocking the hell out him. Now let's go.

Officer #2 leads Cap to the car. Neighbors are on their porches, watching.

INT. POLICE STATION - EARLY MORNING

Officer #2 leads Cap, eyes downcast, into the police station. Another officer, SERGEANT BLACKWELL, sees Cap and does a double-take.

SERGEANT BLACKWELL

(to Officer #2)

Put him in the interview room.

OFFICER #2

I need to check him in first.

SERGEANT BLACKWELL

I said put him in the interview room. Now!

OFFICER #2

Yessir!

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM - EARLY MORNING

The room is empty except for a simple table and a few metal chairs. Cap sits in one of them. When Sergeant Blackwell enters the room and sits in one of the other chairs, Cap does not look up.

SERGEANT BLACKWELL Michael Capland. Never in a million years did I ever think I'd be seeing you in this place.

Cap looks up and painfully turns his head.

SERGEANT BLACKWELL (cont'd) How many years has it been? Must be twenty since we were in high school. Haven't seen you once since we played ball. You were a pretty fair second baseman. Could turn a pretty decent DP. Went on to play college ball, somewhere out west if my memory's still working.

Cap looks down at the table.

SERGEANT BLACKWELL (cont'd) Heard you hit the big-time out there in Portland. Managing a major-league team! That's amazing, Cap!

Cap looks hard at Sergeant Blackwell.

SERGEANT BLACKWELL (cont'd) We're proud of you here. All of us. Now why were you beatin' the snot out of your brother?

CAP

It's a long story. Not very interesting, either.

SERGEANT BLACKWELL Whatever the story, we can't have you two wailing on each other. It disturbs the peace; scares the neighbors, too.

Cap slowly nods.

SERGEANT BLACKWELL (cont'd) Listen, I'm sorry to hear about your dad. Death can bring out the best, and the worst, in families. I want you to go check on Tim, make sure he's okay. And I don't want to see you back in here for anything like this, 'cause if I do, I'm going to

Cap rises to leave and extends his right hand to Sergeant Blackwell. Blackwell shakes it.

pretend I never knew you.

INT. CAP'S BOYHOOD HOME, KITCHEN - MORNING

Cap enters. Tim is sitting at the kitchen table. His face is bruised and swollen.

TIM CAPLAND

You had enough? (he chuckles)

CAP

You okay?

TIM CAPLAND

(points to his face)

This? This is nothing. The cracked rib, too.

CAP

I...I...I'm really sorry, Tim. You just
came at me.

Tim stands and faces Cap.

TIM CAPLAND

He said he was sorry. He wanted me to tell you that. He even cried when he said it. It's the only time I saw him cry since Mom died.

CAP

Dammit Tim, you don't wait until the end to make things right!

TIM CAPLAND

He didn't know how, Michael. God knows he wanted to but he just didn't know how.

CAP

Yeah.

Cap quietly begins to weep. Tim reaches over and pats Cap's shoulder, then embraces him carefully, wincing as he does.

CAP (cont'd)

(through tears)

That son of a bitch.

TIM CAPLAND

(through tears)

Yeah, that son of a bitch.

As the two continue to embrace, Cap's crying turns into sobs as he mourns the father that he always wanted but never had. After a time, when the two slowly separate, they are brothers reconnected.

TIM CAPLAND (cont'd)

Sit down, Michael. You want a drink? I think I got your favorite.

CAP

Naw, no Jack for me. Just coffee, if you got any.

EXT. CAP'S BOYHOOD HOME, FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Cap, with luggage, and Tim face each other as a cab waits at the curb.

TIM CAPLAND

You know, Dad was following all your games. He didn't say much, but he didn't have to. I know he was proud of you.

Cap considers this in silence.

TIM CAPLAND (cont'd)

Come back, will you?

CAP

Sure. I'll help you clean out things when the season's over. (thinks a moment) I'll bring Seth. I want him to know you.

TIM CAPLAND

That'd be good.

They shake hands and hug, then Cap walks to the cab.

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO, KITCHEN - DAY

Leslie and Seth are having breakfast. At least Leslie is. Seth is pushing his cereal around in the bowl.

LESLIE

You better eat up. You're going to need all the energy you can get for the game tonight. You think they can beat those A's?

SETH

(flat)

Sure.

LESLIE

I've got a couple of houses to show this afternoon, so I won't be able to pick you up from school today. Sorry, honey.

SETH

(still flat)

That's okay.

LESLIE

I've got a pizza all ready for dinner. If you put it in at six, we can have it before the game.

SETH

Okay.

LESLIE

I should be back by 6:30. The game starts at 7. We'll watch it together.

SETH

Just us?

LESLIE

Of course, honey. Just us. (she looks at her watch) Oh my, I better get going. Busy, busy day.

Leslie kisses Seth and rushes out the door. Seth begins eating his cereal.

EXT. OAKLAND-ALAMEDA COUNTY COLISEUM - EARLY EVENING

The Pilots take batting practice as Cap watches behind the batting cage and encourages batters.

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO, KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Seth takes a pizza out of the oven. The clock reads 6:30.

INT. OAKLAND-ALAMEDA COUNTY COLISEUM, VISITORS' CLUBHOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Cap stands in the center of the room surrounded by the players and coaches.

CAP

One is the number, gentlemen. That's all we have to do...win this game and we keep playing.

BOBBY KINDALL

Come on you guys, we can do this!

The players respond and the room is electric. Some start to get up.

CAP

Wait now, there's one more thing. (pauses for quiet) I didn't know how I'd do here.

OMAR PEREZ

Yeah, me too.

LAUGHTER

CAP

And I don't know how this is going to end, either. But, I want you all to know what an honor—a true honor—this has been to work with you.

WILSON MAXWELL

The honor's our, Cap.

Other players respond positively.

CAP

I feel good about what we've done.

BOBBY KINDALL

But we're not done yet!

CAP

That's right, Bobby. Now let's go win a ball game!

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Seth watches the game on TV, but he is distracted. The pizza sits nearby, uneaten. The clock on the wall reads 7:30.

EXT. OAKLAND-ALAMEDA COUNTY COLISEUM, FIELD - NIGHT

The Pilots are up at bat.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

Okay, we've got one out. Omar Perez is on second base and catcher Wilson Maxwell is at the plate.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

This is looking good, Tommy: speed on base and Maxwell at the plate. A single scores a run.

Maxwell drills the pitch to the gap in left-center, easily scoring Perez.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)

And the Pilots take the lead, 1-0!

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

Couldn't have scripted it any better than that!

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Seth is agitated. He gets up, walks around, sits, gets up, picks up the phone, then sets it back down. Finally, he gets a jacket from the closet, puts it on, then walks out the front door, leaving it wide open. The TV is still on.

EXT. OAKLAND-ALAMEDA COUNTY COLISEUM, VISITORS' DUGOUT - NIGHT

Cap watches the game from the corner of the dugout. Guy Driscoll, clubhouse manager, rushes into the dugout from the tunnel that leads to the clubhouse and hands Cap a cell phone.

GUY

It's your wife, Cap. Says it's urgent.

CAP

(into phone) )

This better be an emergency, Leslie.

LESLIE

Do you think your son being missing is an emergency?

CAP

What?!?

LESLIE

(her voice breaking)
He's gone, Michael. I've looked
everywhere. I've called everyone. I
don't know what else to do.

CAP

Did you call the police?

LESLIE

Yes, and they put out an amber alert.

CAP

Okay, I'll be there.

LESLIE

Please come home, Michael.

CAP

I'm on my way.

INT. OAKLAND-ALAMEDA COUNTY COLISEUM, DUGOUT - NIGHT

Cap talks with L and Tom Ransford then hurries off toward the clubhouse.

EXT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - NIGHT

A taxi pulls up in front of the airport and squeals to a stop. Cap emerges, still wearing his uniform. He pays the driver and rushes toward the doors to the ticketing area. Passersby stare a him.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Cap makes his way down the aisle to find his seat.

MAN #1

Go, Pilots'!

(MORE)

MAN #1 (cont'd)

Cap nods.

WOMAN #1

You must be a real fan.

MAN #2

Hey, aren't you...

Cap keeps walking.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Cap sits on the plane, lost in thought.

EXT. PDX AIRPORT - NIGHT

Cap rushes from the airport toward the parking garage.

EXT. PDX AIRPORT, PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Cap's car races around the corners, squealing tires.

EXT. CAPLAND HOME - NIGHT

Cap's car wheels into the driveway. Cap gets out and runs into his darkened house.

INT. CAPLAND HOME, ENTRY/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cap flips on lights and runs to the stairs.

INT. CAPLAND HOME, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cap hurries along the hallway, unbuttoning his uniform. His bedroom door is open slightly and a faint light can be seen.

Cap slows and approaches the room cautiously. He slowly opens the door.

INT. CAPLAND HOUSE, CAP'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the small table beside the bed, the lamp is turned on. The bed is rumpled and there is a bulge under the covers. When Cap pulls back the covers, Seth is curled up sleeping, in the fetal position.

CAP

Awww, Seth.

Cap leans over and hugs his son. Seth awakens, hugs Cap, and begins to cry.

CAP (cont'd)

It's okay now. Everything's okay.

Seth hugs him harder.

CAP (cont'd)

I'm here now. I'm here. Everything's going to be all right.

INT. CAPLAND HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Still in his uniform, Cap speaks on his cell phone.

CAP

Yeah, he's fine, Leslie. He was asleep when I got here.

LESLIE (V.O.)

Oh, thank God! I'm so sorry. I got tied up with a client and completely lost track of the time.

CAP

It's all right. He's fine.

INT. LESLIE'S CONDO, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Leslie is standing in the center of the room, talking on her cell phone. Wes is next to her.

LESLIE

I'm so sorry to hear about the game.

CAP (V.O.)

The game? (looks down at his uniform) Oh yeah, the game. What happened?

LESLIE

You lost. Extra innings. It was really close.

CAP (V.O.)

(considers this)

I guess that's it. It's over.

There is an awkward silence on the phone. Leslie walks away from Wes and into another room. She closes the door.

INT. CAPLAND HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LESLIE (V.O.)

Listen, Michael, what I said before, about you being your dad. I'm sorry.

Cap stands.

LESLIE (V.O.)

I was just mad. Afraid, too. Seth needs you in his life. You're a good dad.

CAP

Thanks.

LESLIE (V.O.)

We're going to have work together to keep raising him right.

CAP

I'm willing to do that.

LESLIE (V.O.)

I know you'll be doing a lot traveling—

CAP

After yesterday, I don't think I'll be doing much traveling at all. I left the team in the middle of a critical game. (he pauses) But I don't regret it.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, ADMIN. OFFICE - DAY

Cap enters. The office is empty except for Bonnie, who sits at her desk. She looks up and smiles at him.

CAF

Guess this is when I hear the bad news, huh?

BONNIE

They're waiting for you. You know where to go.

Cap starts walking down the hall.

BONNIE (cont'd)

I'm so sorry about what happened, Cap.

Cap stops and turns to face her.

CAP

I'm not. I did what I had to do. And I'd do it again.

He continues down the hallway and turns into the conference room.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Cap enters the room. Bucky Braxton, Owen Starkey, and Priscilla Starkey sit at the table. All three are grimfaced.

INT. MULTNOMAH PARK, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The room is buzzing with sports writers, photographers, and cameramen. Bonnie Yost and a few other front office workers stand by the door at the front of the room. From that door Buzzy Braxton enters the room, followed by Manny Thomas and Jamon Jackson. The room quiets. Buzzy steps up to the microphone.

BUZZY

(serious)

Thank you all for coming today. (he studies the room) This is not the way we wanted our season to end. We're a better team than that. Next year we're going to prove that.

REPORTER #1

What about Cap? Will he stay with the team?

Buzzy looks over at Thomas and Jackson.

BUZZY

This team has great players and a bright future. We are all excited about next season.

REPORTER #2

Who's going to be your manager?

BUZZY

That's one of the reasons I wanted to meet with you today: I'll introduce him to you.

He motions to the door. A smiling Cap enters the room, followed by Seth and  ${\tt L}$ .

BUZZY (cont'd)

Or, in this case, reintroduce him.

Cameras fire, and the room is alive with chatter.

BUZZY (cont'd)

Step over here, Cap. Why don't you say a few words.

Cap moves to the mike. His smile fades and his face fills with emotion.

CAP

(sputters)

I...I...I am so grateful for this opportunity.

When Cap steps back to collect himself, Buzzy returns to the microphone.

BUZZY

The Portland Pilots and Michael Capland have signed a three-year deal. Mr. Capland is going to be our guy.

REPORTER #3

(skeptical)

What about the last game, Buzzy? What about him walking out?

BUZZY

Glad you asked, Jerry. You folks have already talked and written about it ad nauseum.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUZZY (cont'd)

Let me ask you, Jerry: What would you do if you suddenly found out your child was missing and couldn't be found?

The room is silent.

BUZZY (cont'd)

Exactly. You would do the same thing Cap did. And so would the rest of us. The Portland Pilots think strong family connections are a strength, not a weakness. That's why we made a provision in the contract so that Mr. Capland's son can accompany him on some of our road trips.

Cap puts his arm around Seth and moves to the microphone. Buzzy gives him room but stays close.

CAP

Oh man, I have so many things running through my mind. I just want to thank you, Buzzy, and the owners for your confidence. (looks over at Jackson and Thomas) I want to thank the players and the coaches for hanging in there with me. (to Jackson and Thomas) Thank you! And, of course, I wouldn't be standing here without the fans' support. I really appreciate that. (he pauses) You know, I think I've found what I'm looking for.

REPORTER #1

Question Cap: Will there be any more late night pool visits for you?

CAP

(chuckles)

Naw, those days are over. Regretful, for sure. But the biggest regret I have is that Eldon Banks will not be joining us next year. The team will miss his expertise.

REPORTER #2

Why isn't Banks staying on?

CAP

(to L)

Come over here, L. Tell them.

CONTINUED: (3)

L steps up to the microphone.

I

Here's what it is: I love baseball and I love this team. What I don't love is getting on and off those planes for six months of the year. But I'll still remain a loyal fan. (looks over at Seth) And I'll be managing another Pilot team.

Seth beams. Buzzy moves back to the microphone.

BUZZY

Okay now, get out of here and go do your jobs: Let the world know the Portland Pilots are a team to be reckoned with, and that we won't rest until we're at the top.

Buzzy turns and shakes hands with L, Seth, and Cap, then leads them to the door. Jackson and Thomas slap hands with them as they pass. Near the door Cap stops and gives Bonnie a long hug and whispers in her ear. Bonnie smiles as Cap exits.

## EXT. MULTNOMAH PARK - DAY

The camera zooms out from the ballpark, to the Portland area, to the Pacific Northwest, the United States, North America, the western hemisphere, then Earth in its entirety. The camera continues until Earth is a tiny speck in the vastness of space.