

The Greenest Grass

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Based on original story concept by Kristian McKenna

2/14/2014 Version

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FADE IN:

EXT. RIVERFRONT STADIUM - NIGHT

HIGH SHOT

The CRACK of the bat erupts the CROWD into a ROAR.

SUPERIMPOSE: "RIVERFRONT STADIUM, NEW JERSEY. PRESENT DAY."

EXT. RIVERFRONT STADIUM/INFIELD - NIGHT

SHORTSTOP throws BATTER out at first. The Crowd is a mixture of GROANS and ecstatic CHEERS.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

... and he's out at first! What an incredible battle between the Roxs and the Bears here in Riverfront Stadium for the last game of the championship series. Ryan is pitching a perfect game and time is running out for the Roxs.

ADAM TREMONT, a 35-year-old medium built male, steps up to the plate to bat for the Brockton Rox. The Crowd goes NUTS!

EXT. RIVERFRONT STADIUM/STANDS - NIGHT

PAN CHEERING FANS

The Crowd is on its feet and various fans hold signs in support of Adam.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And they're putting in Tremont late in the game - didn't think he'd get play time tonight - listen to that crowd! They sure love this guy who came out of nowhere this season to become the league's leading hitter and dynamite on the diamond.

EXT. RIVERFRONT STADIUM/INFIELD - NIGHT

Adam takes his batting stance and stares out at the pitcher's mound. His eyes are red and he blinks the dryness away. He wipes at a trickle of blood from his nose.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
He's had medical problems, but  
looks like the doc's cleared him  
just in time to play. If anyone on  
the Rox's team can shut down Ryan's  
perfect game it's Adam Tremont.  
And that would be something since  
Tremont and Ryan were team mates  
for most of the season before the  
Bears lured Ryan over to their  
side.

Adam gives a nod of respect and familiarity to...

ANGLE ON PITCHER'S MOUND

G. J. RYAN an early 40s male pitching for the Newark Bears.  
Ryan returns the nod.

ANGLE ON HOME PLATE

Adam places his finger along side his nose and gestures by  
swiping his finger off his nose, pointing at Ryan.

ANGLE ON PITCHER'S MOUND

Ryan furrows his brow and shakes his head.

ANGLE ON HOME PLATE

Adam nods his head, his expression set and determined.

ANGLE ON PITCHER'S MOUND

Ryan closes his eyes and takes a breath. He winds up and  
throws the pitch.

WIDER ANGLE

Everything slows down, even the ROAR of the crowd, as the ball head towards the plate. Adam starts his slow motion swing.

CUT TO BLACK.

Sound of bat connecting with ball - CRACK! - and ROAR of the crowd.

FADE IN:

EXT. GUS'S FAMILY FUN PARK/BATTING CAGE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "TURNER FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS. A YEAR AND A HALF EARLIER."

Adam, wearing his postal worker uniform, swings and misses at the ball. He quickly readjusts his helmet as the pitching machine hurls another ball before Adam can regain his stance. He swings off-balance and fouls the ball with a TINK.

ADAM

Yes! Gotta piece of that one.

Adam sets up for the next pitch. The pitching machine releases a ball, which, in a jerk motion, appears instantly in front of Adam - there is a lack of motion continuity.

The pitch takes Adam off guard and he falls backwards in his attempt to dodge the ball. He sits on the ground rubbing his eyes.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Things are heating up as Boston College makes an amazing comeback, shutting down Florida State in the ninth.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. BOSTON COLLEGE BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

A NINETEEN YEAR OLD Adam plays shortstop for Boston College.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And it's a line drive... Holy Bejeezus!

Adam takes the line drive square in the face.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Tremont is down!

END FLASHBACK.

Adam sits on the ground staring blankly into space as the machine pitches the final balls.

In the distance a horn BLOWS from the nearby mill. Adam turns toward the sound then looks at his watch. He hastily gets up and exits the batting cage.

EXT. GUS'S FAMILY FUN PARK/CASHIER CAGE - DAY

Adam returns his bat and helmet to an older man, GUS, the owner.

GUS  
Good swings today, Adam?

ADAM  
Yep, swung so good the ball was too afraid to come near me.

GUS  
(chuckling)  
You got good form, I'll give you that, but your timing... whew!

ADAM  
Yeah, well, I'll get a good butt chewing if I don't get back to work. See ya next time.

GUS  
See ya.

EXT. TURNER FALLS/VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

Adam drives around and delivers mail.

EXT. TURNER FALLS HIGH SCHOOL/BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Adam pulls in next to the field to watch the high school baseball team practice. COACH REYNOLDS sees Adam and waves - Adam waves back. Coach Reynolds walks over to Adam.

ADAM  
Team's looking good this year,  
Coach.

COACH REYNOLDS  
Not bad.

ADAM  
That Billy Davis has got a wicked  
arm.

COACH REYNOLDS  
Yeah, but if he don't start taking  
care of it he's going burn it out.  
Kids just show up, do their thing,  
and it's off to the next activity.  
No sense of maintaining one's self.

ADAM  
(shrugs)  
Whatta gonna do?

COACH REYNOLDS  
Yeah. Whatta gonna do. Hey, my  
assistant quit. Sure could use  
some help teaching these boys a  
thing or two. Whacha say?

ADAM  
Don't think I'd be much help.

COACH REYNOLDS  
You were a hell of a ball player.

ADAM  
Thanks, but that was a long time  
ago.

COACH REYNOLDS  
Yeah.  
(gestures to eyes)  
How is... you know... you're whole  
eye thing these days.

ADAM  
Good.

COACH REYNOLDS  
Yeah?

ADAM  
Yeah. I mean I can drive and put  
envelopes in slots.

ADAM(CONT'D)

Still play a mean game of pool,  
cause, you know, the ball ain't  
coming at you.

COACH REYNOLDS

That's good.

ADAM

Yeah. I gotta go finish up. It's  
getting late.

COACH REYNOLDS

Yep. Think about it, Adam. Sure  
could use some help.

ADAM

I will.

EXT. TURNER FALLS/VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

Adam continues his deliveries.

EXT. TURNER FALLS/STREET - DAY

Adam comes upon MRS. CALMENT, a frail looking elderly lady in  
a house coat walking down the sidewalk barefoot. Adam stops  
and gets out of his mail truck.

ADAM

Mrs. Calment?

She keeps walking and Adam gets a head of her in order to  
turn and face the woman.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Mrs. Calment.

She stops and regards Adam as if he had just appeared out of  
nowhere.

MRS. CALMENT

Bobby? Oh, you're back from the  
war. You look so handsome in your  
uniform. I hope the Nazis didn't  
give you any trouble.

ADAM

Let's get you home.

MRS. CALMENT

I have to get my hair done. I have  
a gentleman calling on me tonight.

ADAM  
Okay, well, the beauty parlor's  
this way, dear.

INT. BRENT'S KARATE DOJO - DAY

Adam walks in still wearing his postal uniform. A set of bells JINGLE as the door opens. A children's karate lesson is ending. The STUDENTS are lead by BRENT MARTIN, a mid 30s male with a right prosthetic forearm and hand.

STUDENTS  
(in unison)  
... To strive for excellence in all  
I do, to show honesty, strength,  
and compassion. And to walk the  
karate path of friendship and  
harmony.

BRENT  
Acknowledge our school that gives  
knowledge.

Brent and students bow to school emblem on wall.

BRENT (CONT'D)  
Acknowledge our country that gives  
freedom.

Brent and students bow to American flag.

BRENT (CONT'D)  
Acknowledge your Sensei.

Brent and students bow to each other.

BRENT (CONT'D)  
Class dismissed.

The Students file out to cubby area and put on shoes as PARENTS pick up their children. Justin Tremont, an 8 year-old boy, runs up and hugs Adam.

ADAM  
Hey Justin. Looking good out  
there. Go get your shoes so we can  
go, okay?

Justin goes off to gather his things.

Brent comes up to Adam and the two men shake hands.



ADAM (CONT'D)  
Hey, Brent, how's my boy doing?

BRENT  
Natural athlete like his old man.

ADAM  
Gee, I had hoped he was improving.

AARTI Martin, a beautiful mid 20s East Indian woman carrying her newborn, RAGINI, walks up to the two men.

AARTI  
Hello, Adam, how is Jacksie?

Adam peeks in at the baby and COOs.

ADAM  
(to Ragini)  
Hello, little one, hello, little Ragini.  
(to Aarti)  
Jacksie wants to know when you're going to come over again with her new niece?

AARTI  
Adam, you are not being truthful, I was there today.

ADAM  
(grinning)  
Aw, you caught me making conversation.

AARTI  
Brent, there is a call for you in the office.

BRENT  
Thanks, sweetie, I'll be right there.

Aarti walks off.

ADAM  
You two going up to the big house for Easter Sunday?

BRENT  
Sure - there's nothing like old fashioned family tension to celebrate the resurrection.

BRENT(CONT'D)

I can't wait for another earful about my non-Christian wife, my leaving the business, and now my biracial daughter.

ADAM

That's family I guess.

BRENT

At least you and Jacksie gave him two boys to carry on the name.

ADAM

Cheer up, buddy, he's still sore at me for marrying his little girl.

Justin comes back over to Adam.

JUSTIN

Ready.

Adam and Justin turn to leave,

BRENT

Good luck in the tournament tonight.

ADAM

Thanks - you two should come by and cheer us on.

BRENT

Naw, but we'll see you Sunday.

EXT. TREMONT'S HOUSE - DAY

Adam pulls up to his house in his old pickup truck that is adorned with Red Sox stickers and emblems. Adam and Justin get out of the truck.

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE/ENTRANCE - DAY

CHRISTOPHER, a 4-year-old boy, greets Adam and Justin as they enter the home. Christopher wails a foam bat over his head and POPS Adam on the thigh.

CHRISTOPHER

Bonk! Daddy, I sliced your leg off. You can't walk.

JUSTIN  
That's stupid, Christopher - that's  
a bat not a sword.

CHRISTOPHER  
It's my sword.

ADAM  
Shhh - it's ninja time. Come on  
boys - be the shadow.

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE/KITCHEN

JACKSIE, a pretty blond woman in her early 30s mixes  
ingredients in a bowl. Adam, Justin, and Christopher sneak  
up behind her. Jacksie is unable to repress a smile as the  
two boys CLANG and BANG into objects and SHUSH each other.

Adam grabs her in a reverse bear hug.

ADAM  
(pirate voice)  
Argh mateys, grab the maiden!

The two boys grab hold of their mother's legs.

JACKSIE  
Woe is me - what to do!

JUSTIN  
But we're ninjas, Daddy!

ADAM  
Pirate ninjas. Bind her squiddies!

CHRISTOPHER  
Walk the ninja plank!

JUSTIN  
No such thing.

ADAM  
No wait - I have a better idea!

Adam passionately kisses Jacksie. Christopher LAUGHS.

JUSTIN  
Aw, Dad! Do you have to ruin  
everything?

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam and Justin watch the ball game on TV wearing shirts from their favorite players as Christopher plays with his fire truck.

Jacksie looks in on her guys, smiles with contentment, and returns to the kitchen.

The player on TV strikes out ending the game. Both Adam and Christopher let out a GROAN as their team loses.

ADAM  
Time for bed guys.

Justin jumps off the couch, his shirt says:

'RYAN'

JUSTIN  
Dad?

Adam fondles the remote.

ADAM  
Yeah, buddy?

JUSTIN  
You would have smashed that ball.

ADAM  
Of course I would have!

Adam rapidly rubs his head. Justin LAUGHS.

Doorbell RINGS.

CHRISTOPHER  
Baby sitter! Attack!

INT. LOCAL POOL HALL - NIGHT

Adam and Jacksie enter the bustling pool hall to greetings of:

POOL HALL PATRONS  
There they are!  
Where ya been?  
'Bout time, I gotta C-note riding  
on our team.

MONTAGE - POOL TOURNAMENT

- Good natured pool competition.
- Adam and Jacksie make amazing shots.
- Adam leans back against the bar sipping a beer admiring his wife as she plays.

ANGLE ON ADAM AND JACKSIE

JACKSIE

It's a stretch, but I think I can reach it and make the shot.

Adam looks up and sees...

CARL, a local middle-aged shady looking male walking around pool table to circle behind Adam and Jacksie.

ADAM

Here comes Carl to get an eye-full of your ass laid out on the table.

JACKSIE

Oh, he's harmless. Just get me a another beer and let me run this table.

Adam rubs Jacksie's back and nods. He looks square over at Carl.

ADAM

Hey, Carl, you're about to see a helluva shot.

Carl stops in his tracks and retreats to the other side of the pool table. Adam grins and heads over to the bar.

The pool hall door opens and in steps DALE, a male Adam's age wearing an expensive suit and escorting WENDI, a 30-year-old woman in a sexy dress. Various patrons walk up to Dale and shake his hand. Dale gets caught up in conversation as Wendi walks over to Adam at the bar.

ANGLE ON JACKSIE

Jacksie lines up a shot, indicating with nod which hole she looking to drop the ball in.

ANGLE ON ADAM AND WENDI

WENDI  
(muddled East European  
accent)  
Adam, darling, long time.

Adam looks around, but there is no escape in the crowded pool hall. He gets two beers from BARTENDER and gives Wendi a nod as he tries to avoid eye contact.

ADAM  
Hey ya, Wendi. Hanging with Dale these days?

WENDI  
(muddled East European  
accent)  
Um-hmm. He's going to the majors next season, and I'm going to ride that carpet all the way right along with him.

ADAM  
Yeah, you were always good for the ride along, Wendi.

WENDI  
(muddled East European  
accent)  
Oh, play nice, Adam, darling. You and Dale were the hottest ball players in college. This could have been your life, you know, if it weren't for that...

Wendi touches her forehead and makes a "CLUCK" noise with her tongue.

WENDI (CONT'D)  
(muddled East European  
accent)  
Accident.

ANGLE ON JACKSIE

Crowd around the table CHEERS or MOANS as Jacksie sinks a difficult shot. Jacksie beams with pride. She looks over at Adam. Seeing Adam talking to Wendi, her smile morphs to a subtle snarl.

ANGLE ON ADAM AND WENDI

ADAM

Me and Jacksie are doing just fine.

WENDI

(muddled East European  
accent)

Da, darling, mailman, right? Not  
quite the pro-ball player dream,  
but at least you're outside in a  
uniform.

ANGLE ON DALE

Dale waves for Wendi to come over to meet some people.

ANGLE ON ADAM AND WENDI

WENDI (CONT'D)

(muddled East European  
accent)

Good seeing you again, Adam. Gotta  
go. Give my love to the family.

Wendi blows him a kiss and walks off as Jacksie walks up to  
Adam.

JACKSIE

Was that blow-like-the-wind Wendi?

ADAM

(muddled East European  
accent)

Da, darling, it was.

JACKSIE

Don't tell me she's still got that  
fake accent from senior year trip  
to Romania.

Adam nods.

JACKSIE (CONT'D)

What's she and Dale doing here?

ADAM

Dale's going to the major's. Small  
town boy makes good.

ADAM(CONT'D)  
And you know, Wendi, always  
climbing her way to the top.

JACKSIE  
(snorts)  
Is that what they're calling it  
these days? Climbing?

Adam CHUCKLES and kisses Jacksie on the forehead.

ADAM  
You're damn sexy when your blood's  
up, you know that?

Jacksie mocks Wendi by blowing Adam a kiss in an exaggerated  
Wendi-way.

JACKSIE  
(muddled East European  
accent)  
Da, darling, I do.

They both LAUGH.

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam and Jacksie cuddle in bed; Jacksie having fallen asleep  
on Adam's chest. Adam looks troubled. He looks over to the  
corner of the room

ANGLE ON ROOM CORNER

Adam's bat and glove slump against a small table with his  
baseball trophies from his glory days.

ANGLE ON ADAM

A pained look over comes Adam's face.

EXT. THE MARTIN'S ESTATE - DAY

A stately mini-mansion sits on top a knoll.

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE - DAY



VARIOUS SHOTS

Aarti sits alone in a room that appears to be for entertaining guests, but not used in some time. She breast feeds her baby.

In the kitchen, Jacksie helps her mom, ELAINE MARTIN, a cool efficient woman.

In the study, Brent slumps in a chair with his drink, dutifully listening to his father, JAMES MARTIN, a bulldog of a man, bark out his opinions. Brent smirks and raises his glass in a mock toast.

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

Adam wanders down the hallway RATTLING the ice in his drink when Justin and Christopher run past him full of GIGGLES and SQUEALS of delight.

ADAM

Whoa, you two, slow down. Where's the fire?

The boys stop, but dance with the energy buzzing through them.

JUSTIN

Grandpa hid the mother lode egg and I'm gonna find it first!

CHRISTOPHER

Modder ode!

ADAM

Okay, but slow down; it's not worth getting hurt over.

JUSTIN

Okay, dad.

CHRISTOPHER

Dad!

The boys take off as fast as before. Adam smiles and shakes his head.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Good talkin' with ya, boys.

Adam walks by an open door and glances in.

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/SITTING ROOM - DAY

Aarti is finishing breast feeding the baby.

ADAM (O.S.)  
Oh, sorry, didn't mean...

Aarti smiles and gestures with her head for Adam to come in.  
Adam enters and smiles at the baby.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Ragini sure is a beautiful baby.  
Slip in here for a feeding?

AARTI  
I've been sitting in here and then  
it was time to feed.

Adam nods his head in understanding.

ADAM  
Yeah, it's always awkward for me  
too at these family events. The  
old man can't even look me in the  
eye, I guess cause his daughter  
fell in love with me.

AARTI  
At least you are white and from  
here. He can barely be in the same  
room with me.

ADAM  
Why do you even come? I mean, I'm  
glad you do so I'm not the only  
outsider, but why put yourself  
through this?

AARTI.  
I'm here for my husband. He needs  
me.

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/STUDY - DAY

James continues to lecture his son Brent.

AARTI (V.O.)  
Brent thought serving his country  
would make his dad proud. But  
there is no money in public  
service, no wealth legacy.

Brent grips his glass in his prosthetic hand until the hand crushes and shatters the glass. James stops talking and looks questioningly at Brent, who slowly stands up from his chair.

AARTI (V.O.)  
My husband tries to bridge two  
worlds. Torn between his heart's  
dream and his social duty.

Brent turns to leave the room as James hangs his head in disgust.

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/SITTING ROOM - DAY

AARTI  
How about you, Adam? What two  
worlds are you trying to bridge?

Adam can only stare at Aarti: lost in the moment.

Brent pops his head into the room.

BRENT  
(to Aarti)  
Walk the garden with me, baby, I  
gotta get my head straight before  
dinner and round two.  
(to Adam)  
You're up, sport. The old man's  
holding interviews for shop  
manager.

ADAM  
Yeah, I'm all set with that,  
thanks.

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

Adam enters the kitchen where Jacksie and Elaine finish up last touches to dinner.

ELAINE  
Did Brent and Aarti leave?

ADAM  
No ma'am, just went for a walk.

Elaine nods at the answer, not phased by the formality of Adam's address.

James enters the kitchen.

JAMES

Gave the boy a lot to think about.  
Can't spend his life hai karating  
and running around in pajamas all  
his life. Time to grow up and take  
his place in the business.

(to Adam)

Reorganizing, mister, got a sweet  
position for you too. Ain't no  
money in government work less  
you're crooked and connected.

JACKSIE

We're doing just fine, Dad.

JAMES

Just fine? Those clothes the boys  
are wearing look like they're from  
a second-hand shop.

ADAM

Hold on, now, Mister Martin...

Elaine snaps her fingers and everyone stops.

ELAINE

Our Lord and Savior did not rise up  
after three days to hear a family  
squabble. I have guest coming in  
half an hour, including the  
reverend and his wife. Respect my  
Easter dinner.

They all smolder and hold their collective tongues in respond  
to Elaine's command, when...

Brent hurries through the kitchen from a side door. His eyes  
are wide as he pauses only long enough to utter to Adam...

BRENT

Justin...

Adam rushes off after Brent. Jacksie, Elaine, and James are  
frozen in confusion, looking to each other to make sense out  
of what just happened.

Aarti comes through the side door.

AARTI

Justin's on the ledge.

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Brent and Adam slow down as they come upon Christopher standing in the doorway looking in and crying to his brother.

CHRISTOPHER  
Stop it, Justin... Dad said to  
never...

JUSTIN (O.S.)  
Shut up, cry baby. I see the  
mother lode egg and I'm gonna get  
the ten dollars grandpa put in it.

Adam carefully puts his hands on Christopher's shoulders.  
Christopher turns.

CHRISTOPHER  
Daddy, Justin gonna die.

ADAM  
No, no, Daddy will get him.  
(to Brent)  
Brent.

Brent holds on to Christopher as Adam enters the room.

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/SPARE ROOM - DAY

Adam carefully enters the room. Curtain's billow from an early spring wind that blows through the open window. He approaches the window.

ADAM  
Justin? It's Daddy. What are you  
doing?

JUSTIN (O.S.)  
I found the mother lode egg, Daddy,  
look.

Adam takes a breath to brace himself and sticks his head out of the window.

EXT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/SECOND STORY LEDGE - DAY

Justin is edging his way on a ledge towards a robin's nest nestled in branches of a mountain maple that abuts the house. Several small blue eggs lay in it.

JUSTIN  
Look, Daddy, grandpa's special egg.

ADAM  
No, Justin, those are a momma  
bird's eggs - not grandpa's, not  
Easter eggs.

Justin looks between the nest and Adam.

JUSTIN  
Mother lode.

ADAM  
No, Justin, now come back in.

Justin tries to reverse direction but freezes up as he  
notices how high he is.

JUSTIN  
(beginning to cry)  
I can't, Daddy, I'm stuck.

ADAM  
Okay, okay, it's okay. I'm coming  
to get you.

Adam comes out on the ledge.

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/SPARE ROOM - DAY

Jacksie, Aarti, James, and Elaine file into the room.

JACKSIE  
What in the hell is going on?

BRENT  
Justin confused some bird eggs for  
that stupid mother lode money  
Easter egg you hid every year.

JAMES  
Don't go blaming me...

AARTI  
Please. Everyone stay calm.

JAMES  
Now see here...

JACKSIE  
Dad...

Elaine takes James' hand and he quiets. Jacksie goes to the window.

EXT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/SECOND STORY LEDGE - DAY

Jacksie looks out the window as Adam takes Justin's hand and they both shuffle back to the window.

JACKSIE  
Easy, honey...

ADAM  
It's all good.

JUSTIN  
Mommy, look, I'm not gonna fall.  
Daddy's here.

JACKSIE  
I know, baby, just keep coming to  
Mommy.

Adam by-passes the window so Jacksie can get a hold of Justin and pull him in.

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/SPARE ROOM - DAY

Everyone lets out a SIGH of relief as Jacksie pulls Justin in.

JAMES  
What ails you, boy? Going out on  
the ledge like that?

JACKSIE  
Dad, not now.

Brent moves towards the window.

BRENT  
Here, Adam, let me give you an  
hand.

EXT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/SECOND STORY LEDGE - DAY

A GUST of wind whips by.

ADAM  
I got it... WHOA!

Adam loses his footing and falls.

BRENT

Jesus!

Adam falls onto a branch, flips to his front and grabs the branch.

ADAM

I got it.

Jacksie appears at the window still hugging Christopher close.

JACKSIE

Adam!

ADAM

I'm all right - I got it.

BRENT

He's got it; he'll be fi....

CRACK! The branch breaks from Adam's weight and he falls.

ADAM'S POV

Brent's out stretched arm tries in vain to grab Adam, but has only air between him and Adam. Jacksie mouths:

JACKSIE

(mouthing)

Noooooooooooooooooooo!

... as the image of Jacksie, Justin, and Brent recedes in jerks, flashes, and rough cuts until...

CUT TO BLACK.

FLUMP!

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Chaos -- Adam is rolled through the ER by a NURSE, a POLICE OFFICER, and two PARAMEDICS.

NURSE

His blood pressure's dropping.



Adam's eyes open and shut looking up as they blur in and out. His face is tattered in wet and dried smeared blood. A DOCTOR looks over Adam.

DOCTOR  
He's bleeding internally, get him  
to O-R stat.

The ER TEAM work on him.

As Adam looks around the room, things seem surreal. At times time seems to slow and even stand still.

Adam SCREAMS in pain. A mask is placed over his face, knocking him out.

INT. HOSPITAL ICU - NIGHT

Adam wakes intubated in the intensive care unit. His eyes peer around slowly to the left where Jacksie sleeps in a chair near his bed. Adam takes his hand and reaches out, CLINKING his wedding band several times on the metal bed rail.

Jacksie wakes up instantly and goes to the bedside.

JACKSIE  
Adam?

Adam tries to mouth the word "Justin."

JACKSIE (CONT'D)  
What is it? What are you trying to  
say? Justin?

Adam nods.

JACKSIE (CONT'D)  
Justin is fine. Remember? You  
saved him, honey. You saved him  
before you fell.

They grip hands tightly.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ICU - DAY

Jacksie shakes her head in disbelief as DOCTOR fingers the chart in his hands. Elaine stands stoically beside Jacksie, awkwardly moving her arm to rub Jacksie's back.

JACKSIE  
Paralyzed.. from th-the waist down?

DOCTOR  
He's stable and very strong, I'm  
saying that it's a likely  
possibility and I don't want you to  
be blind sided with bad news.

ELAINE  
We can't give in to false hopes,  
dear. Best face the facts now and  
shoulder the burden.

INT. HOSPITAL ICU - DAY

Christopher and Justin slowly approach Adam's bed.  
Christopher holds out a glass of juice that has a crooked  
straw sticking out of it. Adam opens his eyes and smiles at  
the boys.

ADAM  
Hey, guys, whatcha got there?

CHRISTOPHER  
Your juice, Daddy.

ADAM  
Thanks, buddy. Put it on the  
table, Daddy will drink it later.

Christopher puts the glass on a side table by Adam's bed. He  
takes Adam's hand while Justin stands back on the verge of  
crying.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ICU - DAY

JACKSIE  
No, Mom, you don't know Adam like I  
do. He'll bounce back; he always  
comes back.

ELAINE  
Please, dear, let's be realistic...

INT. HOSPITAL ICU - DAY

JUSTIN  
(tearful)  
I'm sorry I got you crippled,  
Daddy.

ADAM  
Who put that nonsense in your head?  
It's not your fault and I'm going  
to be just fine.

CHRISTOPHER  
Daddy's strong!

Christopher goes to make a strongman pose and accidentally  
knocks the juice off the table.

ADAM'S POV

Time slows and Adam can see Christopher's movements smooth  
and clear as Christopher's arm collides with the juice glass.

WIDER ANGLE

With shocking speed, Adam lurches up from the bed and thrusts  
his hand out, catching the glass before it can finish  
falling.

CHRISTOPHER  
Whoa!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ICU - DAY

Jacksie and Elaine both turn to the loud sound of Justin's...

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
Whoa!

JACKSIE  
Boys!

INT. HOSPITAL ICU - DAY

Jacksie, Elaine, and Doctor enter the ICU area to see...

ANGLE ON ADAM

Adam sitting up and holding the glass. His feet dangle over the side of the bed.

ANGLE ON ADAM'S FEET

Adam's toes wiggle.

ANGLE ON JACKSIE, ELAINE, AND DOCTOR

DOCTOR  
I don't understand...

WIDER ANGLE

ADAM  
Don't they give you socks in this place? My feet are freezing.

Jacksie runs to Adam and wraps her arms around him.

JUSTIN  
Dad's fast!

Elaine gives Doctor a look of disapproval causing Doctor to break eye contact with her in embarrassment.

EXT. OUTSIDE TURNER FALLS CEMENTARY - DAY

Police Officer JAKE leans against his patrol car enjoying the scenery of the small town in front of him; behind is the town cementary nestled on a hill at the edge of town.

Adam pulls up in his mail truck, shuts it off and exits, walking over to Jake.

ADAM  
Hey, Jake.

JAKE  
Hey, Adam. How's the noggin?

ADAM  
All right - back gets to hurtin' like a bitch just before the rain comes.

JAKE  
Yeah, I had an ex-wife whose ass  
was like that.

ADAM  
(snickers)  
That don't make much sense, Jake.

JAKE  
(shrugs)  
Neither did she.

The two men pause for a beat, a weight coming between them.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(nodding)  
Anyhow - he's up there again.

ADAM  
I appreciate the call, man, really,  
I know you could just as easily  
arrest him.

Jake gets up from leaning on the patrol car and heads around  
to the driver's side door.

JAKE  
Oh, hell, Adam, hardly worth all  
the paperwork just to haul in the  
town drunk.

Adam looks down in shame.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Oh, man, I'm sorry, I didn't...

ADAM  
It's... you know, it's fine, I  
mean, it's true, I guess.

JAKE  
No, it weren't right. Your dad was  
good to me and a lotta folks back  
in the day, you know, before your  
mom...

Jake gestures with his head towards the cementary.

ADAM  
Yeah.

Jake opens his car door and gets in.

JAKE  
He made a helluva shortstop out of  
you, that's the truth. When it's  
out of the catcher's hands, the  
shortstop is a pitcher's best  
asset. Believe that, friend,  
believe that.

EXT. INSIDE TURNER FALLS CEMENTARY - DAY

POPS TREMONT sits glassy eyed in front of modest gravestone  
with the engraving:

INSERT GRAVESTONE

"Jessica Tremont. 1935-2000. Wife, Mother, Child of God."

Pops takes a swig of a bottle in a brown bag as Adam sits  
down next to him.

POPS  
When she sang in the church choir,  
it was like angels on earth.

ADAM  
I know, Pops, I know.

POPS  
Do you think she's singing in  
heaven now or just cold and alone  
in the ground?

ADAM  
Come on, Pops, let me get you home.

Adam helps his unsteady dad up to his feet. The two men  
stand at the grave looking out over the town.

POPS  
Thing about this graveyard, it's  
east of town, so it's the first to  
get dark when the night comes.  
East of town - that's where the  
darkness always goes, Son, it's  
biblical...

(quoting)  
"And Cain went out from the  
presence of the Lord, and dwelt in  
the land of Nod, on the east of  
Eden."

ADAM  
Come on, Pops, ain't nothing  
biblical about this town. It's  
just a town, you know, just a town.

POPS  
(snorting)  
Yeah? The hell you know about this  
town?

ADAM  
(getting irritated)  
Well, shit, Pops, I only grew up  
here, went to school here, got  
married had kids here, and got  
stuck here. Figured I know  
everything about this town.

POPS  
(shaking his head in  
disgust)  
You don't know. You don't know.  
Yeah, your ass grew up in this  
town, but your heart ain't ever  
been in it. Stuck here? Shit,  
what kinda of thing is that to say?  
Damn lucky to be here, I say. You  
got an itch, boy, you got a mighty  
itch and you ain't gonna know 'till  
it gets real dark for you, then  
you'll know.

ADAM  
(snippy)  
Know what, Pops?

A heavy sadness overcomes Pops, shutting him down, shrinking  
him somehow as he tries to make sense of the world around  
him. He looks back at Adam with tired eyes.

POPS  
Goddamn it, I pissed myself. Take  
me home, son, will you? Just take  
me home.

EXT. GUS'S FAMILY FUN PARK/BATTING CAGE - DAY

Storm clouds form in the background, not yet having arrived  
at the Family Fun Park, but the wind is picking up.

Adam swings at the incoming balls. He can't connect with  
them. The last ball WISPS past him.

He stands up tall, wipes his forehead, and takes a deep breath. He looks behind him where Gus stands on the other side of the chain linked fence.

GUS  
(shrugs)  
You're just rusty, that's all.

Gus takes out a token from his pocket and hands it to Adam through the fence.

GUS (CONT'D)  
Here, have a couple of swings on me  
before I close up.

Adam tosses the token up in the air and catches it a few times.

ADAM  
Why not?

Adam takes the token and puts it into the machine.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Closing early today, Gus?

Gus points to the dark clouds in the distance behind Adam.

GUS  
Storm coming, bub, don't need  
customers fried by lightening  
strikes.

Adam nods in agreement and understanding. He turns his attention to the task at hand and settles into his batting stance. Something at the adjacent miniature golf course catches his eye.

EXT. GUS'S FAMILY FUN PARK/MINIATURE GOLF - DAY

YOUNG BOY has climbed on one of the structures and his MOM calls up to him.

MOM  
Get down here right now, young man,  
or you are NOT going to Bobby's for  
cake, you hear me?

YOUNG BOY  
(squealing with delight)  
Catch me, mommy, catch me!



MOM  
No! Don't you dare - NO!

EXT. GUS'S FAMILY FUN PARK/BATTING CAGE - DAY

ANGLE ON ADAM

Adam furrows his brow, his eye lids slowly droop and close.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

ADAM'S POV

Brent's out stretched arm tries in vain to grab Adam, but has only air between him and Adam. Jacksie mouths,

JACKSIE  
(mouthing)  
Noooooooooooooooooooo!

... as the image of Jacksie, Justin, and Brent recedes in jerks, flashes, and rough cuts until...

FLUMP!

END FLASHBACK.

ANGLE ON PITCH MACHINE

The ball shoots out - POOOFT -

ANGLE ON ADAM

Adam slowly turns his head back towards the pitching machine.

ADAM'S POV

The ball has stopped inches from where it shot out of the pitching machine. The ball then starts to advance towards Adam smooth and slow.

WIDER ANGLE

CRACK! Adam's blurred swing connects solid with the ball, sending it hard to the back of the batting cage.

GUS  
Jumpin' jelly on crackers!

Adam squints and opens his eyes in disbelief. He is overcome with vindication. He raises his bat with both hands over his head and does a victory pump.

ADAM  
Yeah, bitch, suck on that! You're lickin' my ass now, aren't you?!

Gus is aghast.

GUS  
Easy, bub, this is a family establishment.

Gus indicates towards the miniature golf course.

EXT. GUS'S FAMILY FUN PARK/MINIATURE GOLF - DAY

Mom had retrieved Young Boy from the fence. Young Boy is wide-eyed and Mom looks towards the batting cage with disapproval.

EXT. GUS'S FAMILY FUN PARK/BATTING CAGE - DAY

The storm clouds are moving in fast.

ADAM  
(bewildered)  
Sorry, Gus, I don't know what came over me. I just hadn't been able to connect like that for so long - it musta got the best of me.

GUS  
No sweat, Adam. Think you can hit the fast ball?

ADAM  
(grinning)  
Bring it.

MONTAGE - BATTING CAGE SUCCESS

-- Adam slams away, connecting solid with each blazing pitch shot his way.

-- Gus motioning for Adam to calm down when Adam gets too excited and cocky.

INT. BRENT'S KARATE DOJO - EVENING

Brent does some clean up in the closed karate studio. The JINGLE of the front door bells catches his attention.

BRENT  
Hello? We're closed.

Brent walks over to where he can see the front door.

ANGLE ON ADAM

Adam stands inside the doorway, the dying sunlight behind him as a flash of lightning temporarily lights him up. He is soaked from the downpour happening outside.

WIDER ANGLE

BRENT (CONT'D)  
Adam?

ADAM  
Hey, Brent. How are things?

BRENT  
How are things? You tell me, man,  
you're the one who's drenched.  
Ain't you got sense enough to get  
out of the rain?

Adam looks down on himself as if just noticing his soaked condition.

ADAM  
Huh. Guess I don't got much sense.

Brent lets out a LAUGH and flings a towel at Adam.

BRENT  
What's with you? You been out  
drinking?

Adam pats himself with towel.

ADAM  
No. Not drinking. Something  
happened to me.

LATER

Brent and Adam sit on the dojo floor.

BRENT  
Bullshit. You need to see your  
doctor, that's what you need to do.  
Have you told Jacksie about this?

ADAM  
I don't think I can, she worries  
over me too much as it is.

BRENT  
Well, I'm sure it's just a trick of  
your mind. You know the  
imagination can make us believe  
weird things.

ADAM  
It wasn't my imagination that hit  
fourteen out of fourteen fast balls  
with change ups and curves thrown  
in there. I'm telling you, I can  
manipulate time around me.

Brent gets up.

BRENT  
All right then, Mister H. G. Wells,  
prove it.

ADAM  
Uh, Brent? There's a storm if you  
haven't noticed. Batting cages are  
closed.

Brent goes to a wall on which a variety of martial arts  
weapons hang. He grabs four bamboo Filipino sticks.

BRENT  
Show me with these.

Adam gets up and Brent hands him two of the four sticks.

ADAM  
Oh, come one, I haven't done this  
with you in years.

BRENT  
(joking)  
I know. You're such a quitter.  
Come on.

The two men circle each other. Brent comes in with a volley of stick strikes that Adam clumsily defends off, but Brent is able to get inside his defenses, wrap his arm and throw Adam to the ground.

BRENT (CONT'D)  
Didn't see that coming, did you?  
See? It was all a coincidence. A  
lucky streak mixed with baseball  
hall of fame dreams.

Adam looks up at Brent. The sound of Adam's BREATHING moves to the foreground. Adam's BREATHING goes from out-of-breath to slow and controlled. Thunder RUMBLES long and low as an extended flash of lightening shimmers the room through a nearby window.

Adam gets up.

ADAM  
Do that again.

Brent rushes Adam with a flurry of double-stick moves that Adam easily counters.

ADAM'S POV

Brent's moves are slowed down and easily picked out.

WIDER ANGLE

Adam presses forward, putting Brent on the defensive. Brent side steps out of the action and holds his sticks up to halt the interaction.

BRENT  
Whoa! Whoa! What the hell was  
that?

ADAM  
Told ya.

INT. BROCKTON ROX GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

GEORGE BROADSHAW, the square-jawed General Manger of the Brockton Rox collegiate baseball team paces behind a desk as COACH REEVES, an older heavy man, and COACH SAMPSON, middle-aged fit man, watch him.

GEORGE

It's gonna happen, it's gonna happen. That phone's gonna ring and it's gonna happen.

COACH REEVES

(to Sampson)

Did I come in late? What's he jabbering about?

COACH SAMPSON

You came in the same time I did. How should I know?

COACH REEVES

Know what?

COACH SAMPSON

What he's talking about.

COACH REEVES

Oh, thought you meant how should you know we came in at the same time.

COACH SAMPSON

(confused look)

What?

COACH REEVES

We both know we came in together is all I'm saying.

COACH SAMPSON

Have you lost your mind?

COACH REEVES

Sorry, brother, this new blood pressure med is twisting my nut.

Phone RINGS. George lunges toward phone, but pauses - his hand an inch from the receiver.

COACH SAMPSON  
Stellar self-control.

COACH REEVES  
Master of the caesura.

Coach Sampson gives Coach Reeves an incredulous look.

COACH REEVES (CONT'D)  
(shrugs)  
Word-of-the-Day last week. It's a  
pause to increase drama.

COACH SAMPSON  
I know what it is, just surprised  
to hear it come out of your mouth.

George picks up the phone after the third ring.

GEORGE  
(into phone)  
Yeah, George here... Oh, hey, ya...  
Was that today? I got so side-  
tracked looking over designs for a  
new mascot outfit, forgot all about  
the committee meeting today.

Coach Reeves and Coach Sampson look at each other and shake  
their heads.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Weeell, I'm mean, sure that's  
sounds like a good deal. If that's  
the direction the committee wants  
to go in, my boys' are up to it.  
Yep... get back to ya soon... You  
too...

George hangs up the phone slowly and then does a victory leap  
in the air along with multiple fist pumps.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Damn, son! We're back!

Coach Reeves and Coach Sampson catch George's enthusiasm and  
stand up. All three men exchange high-fives.

COACH SAMPSON  
I knew you'd pull it off. If  
anyone could it would be you,  
George.

GEORGE

Thanks, Sampson, it feels incredible. People on the committee had their doubts, but we are going to sky-rocket this franchise straight to the top. It may take a few seasons, but we are on our way. The Brockton Rox is on its way!

COACH REEVES

Hell, yeah. Go, Brockton Rox!

The three men sit down.

COACH REEVES (CONT'D)

What was the committee voting on again?

COACH SAMPSON

Oh, man, seriously, see your doctor and get an adjustment.

GEORGE

We have been invited to rejoin the Can-Am League. And with the fan base we've built up in the collegiate league, we're going to bust attendance records and boost profits.

COACH REEVES

You think our guys are ready?

COACH SAMPSON

I sure as shit do - and I've been working a soft-sell angle on G. J. Ryan. He will be a big draw for us and now that we are going into the Can-Am League, well, that'll be the icing on the cake for the deal.

GEORGE

Good - keep working that deal, but we'll need something else, some fresh faced hotshot that no one's heard of and people can get excited about.

Coach Sampson and Coach Reeves nod in unison.



GEORGE (CONT'D)  
(SNAPS finger and point)  
Coach Reeves, Coach Sampson, call  
up all your small town contacts -  
get people kicking over rocks at  
local community teams. I don't  
care if he bats with his pecker and  
catches with his butt - just find  
me that something new!

EXT. GUS'S FAMILY FUN PARK/SNACK BAR - DAY

Gus and Coach Reeves set in the outdoor eating area having  
lunch. Gus watches with concern as Gus pours salt over his  
lunch of a burger, fries, and onion rings. Coach Reeves  
takes a long draw on his shake.

COACH REEVES  
I tell ya', cuz, you got the best  
damn shakes I ever had.

GUS  
How's Uncle Earl?

COACH REEVES  
Not good, Gus, not good. Still,  
they gave him six months to live  
and that was a year ago. Doctors,  
huh, what do they know, right? I  
mean they got me on pills for blood  
pressure, cholesterol, heartburn,  
and back pain and I still feel like  
the ass end of a fishing trawler.

Coach Reeves takes a big greasy bite of his burger.

GUS  
You're supposed to help those pills  
by eating better and getting off  
your ass more often.

Coach Reeves waves off the comment.

COACH REEVES  
I eat just fine - where's this boy  
wonder you got me off route to come  
see?

GUS  
Be by shortly like clockwork. His  
wife gave me the stink-eye and made  
me promise to call her if he  
stopped by for more than half an  
hour, but we'll just stop the clock  
today.

In background, Adam's postal vehicle pulls up and Adam hops  
out.

GUS (CONT'D)  
There's my boy.

Adam hustles by Gus and Coach Reeves.

	ADAM		
	(nods)		
	Fellas.		
	GUS		COACH REEVES
Adam.		Sir.	

EXT. GUS'S FAMILY FUN PARK/BATTING CAGE - DAY

FAST CUTS

Adam wallops a series of fast balls.

EXT. GUS'S FAMILY FUN PARK/SNACK BAR - DAY

Coach Reeves's eyes grow wide as Gus give him a slow nod with  
a big grin.

ADAM (O.S.)  
Yeah! Suck on that!

Coach Reeves's expression sours to concern.

GUS  
(shrugs)  
Recent head injury, so he's a  
little rough around the edge still.

COACH REEVES  
That'll need smoothing down.

GUS  
(waving Adam over)  
Hey, Adam, come over. I got  
someone I want you to meet.

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Small dinning table at edge of kitchen area. Adam stares down at his dinner plate while Jacksie quietly looks on with concern. Christopher and Justin GIGGLE and pick at their food. Christopher holds up a fork full of beans.

CHRISTOPHER  
This is Superman food.

JUSTIN  
Uh-uh, Superman don't eat beans.

CHRISTOPHER  
Yeah-huh, that's how he flies.

JUSTIN  
Mommy, how Superman flies?

JACKSIE  
(absently)  
Uh-huh, yep. Eat your food.

CHRISTOPHER  
It gives him fart power to fly.

Christopher puts his mouth on his arm and blows out a loud RASPBERRY. Christopher and Justin bust out LAUGHING.

JACKSIE  
(snapping to)  
Boys! Plates in the sink, get  
ready for bath.

CHRISTOPHER  
Already?

JUSTIN  
Ahh.

ADAM  
(in daze)  
Listen to your mother, guys.

The two boys take their plates to the sink. Jacksie moves her head back and forth trying to get Adam's attention.

JACKSIE  
Hello? Adam? Hello?

Adam looks up and smiles at her.

ADAM

Tired.

JACKSIE

You over did it again today; I can tell. You may have made a miraculous come back, but you haven't recovered yet, mister.

Christopher lets out a SQUEAL of delight and runs past the table and out of the area. An angry Justin STOMPS up to Jacksie.

JUSTIN

Mommy, Justin says I don't have fart powers, but I do.

Jacksie, clearly exasperated, gives Justin a "halt" signal with her outstretched hand.

JACKSIE

Up - to - bath - time - now.

Justin makes a frown face that starts to show straining as he tries to force out gas.

JACKSIE (CONT'D)

Stop it or you'll poop yourself.  
Get to bath.

Justin STOMPS out the room.

JUSTIN

No fair.

Jacksie looks over to where Adam was sitting and he is gone. She strokes her worried face.

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam sits up in bed as Jacksie enters brushing her hair.

ADAM

Hey.

Jacksie sits next to Adam on the bed.

JACKSIE

Hey.

Adam strokes her hair.

ADAM

Want me to braid you two pigtails?  
Super sexy.

Jacksie puts the brush down on night table.

JACKSIE

I want you to talk to me. What's  
going on? You been a ghost since  
you got home today. Do you want me  
to make a doctor's appointment? He  
said not to hesitate.

ADAM

I'm fine, just a little tired.

JACKSIE

Then what is it?

ADAM

Well, I... I met someone pretty  
important today.

Jacksie scoots away from Adam.

JACKSIE

Who? Did you run into that bitch  
Wendi again? Is that type of whore-  
bait your thing now?

Adam CHUCKLES and pulls Jacksie close to him.

ADAM

Oh, come on, now, stop it. You  
know you're the only type of bait  
for me.

JACKSIE

Humph. Damn well better be,  
mister.

ADAM

No, Gus just introduced me to his  
cousin Mister Reeves.

JACKSIE

(suspicious)  
Mister Reeves?

ADAM

Coach Reeves. He's scouting for the Brockton Rox and he came over to see me swing at some pitches.

Jacksie pulls away again and folds her arms.

JACKSIE

Uh-huh.

ADAM

Coach Reeves wants me to come to try-outs next week.

Jacksie gets off the bed and shakes her head as if to vanish the conversation.

ADAM (CONT'D)

See, this is why I had a hard time saying anything. I knew you'd react this way. Come on - it'll be cool.

JACKSIE

Yeah, real cool till you bust a brain vessel and stroke out! You - are - not - recovered - yet - Adam.

ADAM

Oh, I see, I get a shot at something better for my life and you want to keep me down.

JACKSIE

What?

ADAM

(half under breath)  
Just like your dad.

JACKSIE

What?! What did you say?

ADAM

Everyone's always trying to keep me in whatever little box that makes them happy. But I had dreams too, you know? Dreams that faded quick once...

JACKSIE

Once what? Once you got saddled with a wife and kids? Excuse us!

Jacksie storms out the room.

JACKSIE (CONT'D)

Asshole.

And SLAMS the door.

ADAM

(yelling out after her)

It's just a try out! I'm probably  
too old to cut into the team  
anyways!

Adam grits his teeth, closes his eyes, and tries to breath deep. On his fingers he silently counts out one through ten. As if on cue, when Adam reaches ten, Jacksie comes back in, calmer, and sits back on the bed.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I meant once I got smacked in that  
head by that ball.

JACKSIE

Sometimes I'm not so sure where we  
stand with you these days. You've  
been so distant lately it's got my  
spidy-senses tingling.

Adam holds her.

ADAM

Hey, give me a break, I'm  
recovering from a fall.

JACKSIE

My point exactly, but more than  
that - it's like me and the kids  
are something you settled for.  
That you'd walk away for baseball  
the first chance you get. I wish  
you had run into Wendi and her  
stupid fake accent - I can compete  
better with her than your dreams of  
the majors.

ADAM

You know, people play ball and have  
families all at the same time,  
Jacksie. Besides, it's just a  
tryout for a minor league team -  
that's all.

Jacksie relaxes into his arms and closes her eyes, exhausted.

JACKSIE  
I know, but I also know how good  
you are at the game. Just promise  
you'll stop if your doctor says  
it's too much.

ADAM  
I will, sweetie, I will.

EXT. BROCKTON ROX TRAINING CAMP - DAY

An old community baseball diamond in some disarray nestled in a working class neighborhood. The GROUP of 18-25 year old try-out hopefuls sit or loiter restlessly on the bottom bleachers. Adam sits off from the CHATTERING group.

ANGLE ON FIELD

Coach Sampson and Coach Reeves walk with G. J. Ryan toward the pitcher's mound.

ANGLE ON GROUP AT BLEACHERS

Adam hangs back with a silent smile and head shake in remembrance of youth, listening to the young men jostle and one-up each other.

MARTIN  
Holy shit-balls. They got G. J.  
Ryan to pitch at try outs?

SMITH  
No - didn't ya hear? They signed  
him yesterday. God, pull your head  
out your ass.

MARTIN  
Cool - we could be playing with G.  
J. Ryan.

ANGLE ON FIELD

Coach Reeves and Coach Sampson shake hands with Ryan. As Ryan takes the mound, Coach Sampson strides squared-jaw and steely eyed towards the group as Coach Reeves easily saunters behind him.



ANGLE ON GROUP AT BLEACHERS

SMITH

Don't get your panties wet just yet there, slick. First you gotta make the team.

PLAYER 1

Yeah, you too smart-ass.

SMITH

(to Another Player)

Yeah, not seeing that as a problem there, guy.

(to Martin)

Second - G. J. Ryan's an old has-been. He ain't scraping the bottom leagues because he was exactly shaking the stadium pillars, if you know what I mean.

PLAYER 2

I know you're a big prick.

SMITH

That's what your momma told ya.

Another Player stands up and he and Smith start to square off when...

COACH SAMPSON

Heads up, wanna-bes!

Everyone settles down.

COACH REEVES

I'm Coach Reeves and this is Coach Sampson. On behalf of the Brockton Rox leadership team, we thank each of you for trying out today. We'll start with batting and move on to fielding. Good luck. Coach Sampson?

Coach Sampson reads from the list on a clipboard.

COACH SAMPSON

Martin, you're up -- Smith and Tremont on deck. You get three pitches each - good, bad, or ugly, so make 'em count.

COACH SAMPSON(CONT'D)

Show us we didn't waste a bus  
ticket on your sorry asses.

MARTIN and SMITH pop up and hustle out to the field. Smith  
looks over his shoulder at Adam as Smith heads to the  
sideline by home plate.

SMITH

Don't forget to take a pull on your  
inhaler there, Gramps.

Adam takes a deep breath, ignoring the SNICKERS of the young  
men.

COACH SAMPSON

Tremont! Get your ass out here!

ANGLE ON FIELD

Coach Sampson and Coach Reeves stand back from the sidelines  
consulting each other and making notes. Martin is up to bat.  
A CATCHER behind him.

COACH SAMPSON (CONT'D)

(calling out to Ryan)

Medium speed, now, Ryan. I just  
want to see their form.

Ryan nods, winds up and rockets a pitch square over home  
plate, leaving Smith blinking.

MARTIN

(to Ryan)

He said medium.

RYAN

(to Smith)

Damn, son, I practically walked  
that over to ya.

COACH SAMPSON

(to Ryan)

Ryan - we gotta a lot of guys to  
get through today.

RYAN

(to Coach Sampson)

Sorry, Coach.

COACH SAMPSON

(to Martin)

If your nut sack hasn't dropped yet, son, you should take it on home.

MARTIN

I got this, Coach.

Ryan throws two reasonable pitches, but Martin's timing is off and he misses them both.

Smith replaces Martin at home plate. Smith swings his arm, clearing the air in the area.

SMITH

Hurricane season must be starting early cuz there's a lot of wind here!

Smith squares up to the plate and shimmies into position.

SMITH (CONT'D)

(to Ryan)

Don't spare the spit, old man. Got some Ben Gay for ya afterwards.

Ryan rolls his eyes and pitches.

The pitch comes fast and inside, forcing Smith to pop back a step.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Whoa - ho - ho. Ain't we crusty.

COACH SAMPSON

Ryan!

Ryan nods at Coach Sampson. Ryan pitches the ball and Smith pops a foul ball.

SMITH

I call that a "your momma" cuz I got a piece of that.

COACH SAMPSON

Smith! Get over here.

Smith hustles over to Coach Sampson and Coach Reeves.

SMITH

(smirky)

Yeah, Coach?

COACH SAMPSON  
What's your major malfunction,  
Smith?

SMITH  
Just having some fun, Coach.

COACH SAMPSON  
Oh, yeah? Well, Coach Reeves here  
ain't having some fun.

Coach Reeves dead-pans a shake of his head.

COACH SAMPSON (CONT'D)  
And if Coach Reeves ain't having  
fun, well, he's likely to keep us  
out here all goddamn day.

The smirk leaves Smith's face.

SMITH  
Yes, sir.

COACH SAMPSON  
(dropping voice)  
All - god - damn - day. In the  
heat. Sweating our balls off. If I  
don't get home on time daisy fresh -  
then my wife is gonna be pissed and  
then Coach Sampson ain't gonna have  
some fun. You read me, Smith?

SMITH  
Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir.

COACH SAMPSON  
Oh, you're sorry? Well, I didn't  
ask for a freakin' personality  
assessment. Now go hit the ball or  
get off my field.

Smith hustles back to the plate and without fanfare, gets  
into a batting stance.

ANGLE ON COACH SAMPSON AND COACH REEVES

Coach Sampson and Coach Reeves CHUCKLE discretely.

COACH REEVES  
Damn you do love chewing rookies  
up.

COACH SAMPSON  
Add milk and you got Wheaties.

COACH REEVES  
Breakfast of champions.

Ryan pitches and Smith connects, sending the ball between first and second with a bounce.

COACH SAMPSON  
Tremont - you're up.

Adam walks up to home plate and greets the catcher.

ADAM  
(to catcher)  
Hey, how ya doing? Can you signal  
a pitch for me?

CATCHER  
Sorry, bub, no special requests.

ADAM  
Oh, okay. Cool.

Adam holds up his hand.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Time!

And walks towards the pitcher's mound.

Ryan drops his shoulders and sighs.

COACH SAMPSON  
(to Coach Reeves)  
What the shit is this?  
(to Adam)  
Tremont! Get your ass back to bat!

Adam continues to the mound; he holds up one finger to Coach Sampson, signaling for Coach Sampson to give him a minute.

COACH SAMPSON (CONT'D)  
(to Coach Reeves)  
This is gonna be a long-ass day.

COACH REEVES  
What's the wife serving up tonight?

COACH SAMPSON  
Her gram's coming over so she's  
firing up a soul food dinner. Some  
of that deep south shit.

COACH REEVES  
Least that reheats well.

Adam arrives at the pitcher's mound.

ADAM  
Hey, ya. I'm Adam Tremont.

RYAN  
Ain't this gonna be a dream team to  
play for. Why don't you guys cut  
the shit.

ADAM  
It's not like that. I just wanted  
to say it's an honor to meet you.  
My son and I are big fans. Even if  
I don't make the team, he'll be  
thrilled knowing you pitched me.

RYAN  
(not fully convinced)  
Okay. Thanks. Let's get rolling  
then.

ADAM  
For sure.

Pause.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Here's the thing.

Ryan shakes his head waiting for the next shoe to drop.

RYAN  
What is it?

ADAM  
Obviously, besides you, I'm older  
then these guys, so that's a strike  
against me right off the bat. I  
probably won't have another chance  
like this. I still got plenty of  
salt, but my piss and vinegar ain't  
what it used to be.  
(gestures to bleachers)  
Not like these young bucks.

RYAN  
Yeah, me neither. Okay, no  
problem, I'll slow it down.

ADAM  
No, no, no that's not what I mean.  
I really need to impress the  
coaches. I gotta perform over-the-  
top, you know? How's your fastball  
today?

RYAN  
Look, I'm not going a hundred  
percent for a tryout gig, sport.

ADAM  
Okay, okay. Fair enough.  
Screwball?

RYAN  
Fine.

ADAM  
Cool. Again - an honor.

Adam returns to home plate.

COACH SAMPSON  
Let's go! We're burning daylight!

Adam gets in his batting stance. He points his bat at left-center field.

ADAM  
(announces)  
Right there, one infield bounce.

SLOW MOTION

Ryan winds up. Adam sees the pitch twist and turn. He  
adjusts his feet and...

REGULAR SPEED

CRACK! The ball zips, bounces once in the infield and  
spirals out to left-center.

Ryan nods his head in approval.

Coach Sampson and Coach Reeves look askance at each other.

Adam gets back in his batting stance. He points his bat towards first base line.

ADAM  
(announces)  
Straight down the line.

SLOW MOTION

Ryan winds up. Adam sees the pitch twist and turn. He adjusts his feet and...

REGULAR SPEED

CRACK! The ball zips straight down the first base line.

RYAN  
Can you call 'em all day long?

ADAM  
Yep. How's your reflexes?

RYAN  
Sharp.

Adam places his finger along side his nose and gestures by swiping his finger off his nose, pointing at Ryan.

ADAM  
Coming at ya. Take it on home,  
Ryan, take it on home.

Ryan pitches - Adam connects, the ball powers towards Ryan who catches it, disbelief popping on his face.

Adam jumps up.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Yeah, baby!

Adam trots over to Smith who has been hanging at the sideline. Adam puts the bat between his legs like an erection.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Suck on this pacifier, young man,  
young man, young man!



COACH SAMPSON  
(to Coach Reeves)  
What jerk-water town did you dig  
this guy up from?

COACH REEVES  
Yeah... about Tremont. There's  
been a recent head injury, but he's  
okay, you know, medically.

COACH SAMPSON  
It ain't medical I'm worried about.

COACH REEVES  
Not gonna be a problem. I've  
talked to his doctor.

COACH SAMPSON  
He better field as good as he hits  
or there *is* gonna be a problem.

LATER

Coach Sampson and Coach Reeves sit on lawn chairs in the  
shade. Players have taken the field as Ryan pitches to an  
ASSISTANT COACH to give Players a chance to show their  
fielding abilities. Adam sits on the bleachers. Smith is  
shortstop and Martin is at third.

COACH REEVES  
Do we really need to go through all  
these formalities?

COACH SAMPSON  
Your call, Coach, heads tails, it  
makes no difference to me.

COACH REEVES  
I mean, I knew who I wanted in the  
first thirty minutes.

COACH SAMPSON  
You got an eye for the spark, ain't  
no doubt about that.

Coach Reeves looks out at the field as Martin fumbles with a  
ball, trying to get a hold of it and then lobs it to the  
second base player.

COACH REEVES  
(shaking his head)  
That Martin's a sad sack, sure  
enough.

COACH SAMPSON  
Gotta keep 'em.

COACH REEVES  
The hell you say -

COACH SAMPSON  
Cousin of one of the committee  
members. Gotta keep him.

COACH REEVES  
Goddamn it.

COACH SAMPSON  
Smith, too. Tied in with someone  
somehow.

COACH REEVES  
Well, Smith can play - he's just a  
mouthy bastard. I can cure that.  
But Martin, whew! That boy's a  
mess up from the neck up.

COACH SAMPSON  
What about that Tremont character?  
I know he's your find, but I worry  
about him from a liability stand  
point.

COACH REEVES  
Oh, he'll be all right. Remember  
what George told us - to find that  
something new. I think Tremont is  
that something new. Did you see  
him bat?

COACH SAMPSON  
Batting ain't everything - and by  
its self it sure enough isn't gonna  
deliver the wow factor George  
wants.

COACH REEVES  
Fair enough.  
(yells towards bleachers)  
Tremont!

Adam hustles over.

ADAM  
Yes, Coach?

COACH REEVES  
Swap out with Martin at third.

ADAM  
Thanks, Coach.

COACH REEVES  
And Tremont -

ADAM  
Yes, Coach?

COACH REEVES  
Remember what we talked about -  
keep it under control.

COACH REEVES (CONT'D)  
No problem, Coach.

COACH SAMPSON  
Don't dry hump us, son. Coach  
Reeves here is all about you, but I  
better see something special out  
there before I bother to remember  
your name. Hear?

Adam nods firmly and heads out towards third. Adam and  
Martin exchange a hand slap and Martin heads in.

ANGLE ON INFIELD

PLAYER 1 is on second taking a big lead towards third.  
PLAYER 2 also takes a daring lead off first.

SMITH  
(to Adam)  
Hey, old man, I see they put in for  
the pity wrap up.

ADAM  
What are you talking about?

SMITH  
It's the end of the day, man, don't  
you get it? If they don't at least  
let you get a play or two in then  
you can file a complaint when  
you're passed over.

ADAM  
You know, Smith, your head's so far  
up your ass, you can't help but  
talk shit. Pay attention before  
you screw this play up.

SMITH  
Don't worry about me, gramps, I got  
this asshole covered if he gets to  
far from second.

Adam looks at Ryan.

ANGLE RYAN

SLOW MOTION

Ryan looks side to side, his ball hand moving uneasy in his  
glove, his feet repositioning.

ANGLE BATTER

SLOW MOTION

BATTER squints and repositions his feet.

ANGLE ON INFIELD

NORMAL MOTION

ADAM  
Smith - play closer to me. He's  
gonna drive it straight through  
here like a freight train.

SMITH  
Piss off, Tremont. Loser.

ANGLE ON COACH REEVES AND COACH SAMPSON

In the background, Ryan winds up for the pitch and Adam moves  
towards second, closing the gap between him and Smith.

COACH SAMPSON  
Coming over for dinner?

COACH REEVES  
For southern soul food?

COACH SAMPSON  
Yeah - it's for white folks too,  
you know?

COACH REEVES  
(taps on his chest)  
I dig it, but my doc says I'm all  
clogged up as it is.

COACH SAMPSON  
And?

COACH REEVES  
(pauses a beat and shrugs)  
Guess a nibble won't hurt.

CRACK! Bat pounds ball.

Coach Reeves puts his arm out across Coach Sampson as if  
stopping Coach Sampson from hitting the dash in a sudden car  
brake-slam.

COACH REEVES (CONT'D)  
Sweet Jesus!

ANGLE ON INFIELD

SLOW MOTION

Line drive straight to Adam who moved into position just in  
time to catch it. Player 1 had already passed Adam and Adam  
sprints to second and steps on the plate, putting Player 1  
out. Player 2 had almost made it to second, he turns to head  
back to first, but Adam turns on the heat and, reaching out  
with his glove, swipes at Player 2, tagging him out -  
completing an unassisted triple play by Adam.

ANGLE ON COACH REEVES AND COACH SAMPSON

From Coach Reeves and Coach Sampson's POV the unassisted  
triple plays out in quick real-time.

COACH REEVES (CONT'D)  
Sweet Jesus!

ANGLE ON INFIELD

Adam jumps in celebration, he begins an obnoxious dance, but looks over at Coach Reeves.

ANGLE ON COACH REEVES AND COACH SAMPSON

Coach Reeves gestures "cut it out" with his hand in a slicing motion as Coach Sampson glares.

ANGLE ON INFIELD

Adam stops showing off and hustles it back to third base, passing by Smith on his way.

SMITH

Thanks for making me look bad,  
asshole.

ADAM

Didn't need any help from me --  
told ya to move over.

SMITH

I'll give that one to ya, old man.  
(pause)  
You okay, pops?

Smith gestures by moving his hand past his nose.

Adam looks down and touches his nostrils, discovering a trickle of blood coming from them. He wipes his nose with his sleeve.

ADAM

Yeah, fine.

Adam looks up at Ryan, who studies Adam carefully.

INT. ADAM'S MAIL DELIVERY TRUCK - DAY

Adam is pulled over near the high school baseball diamond where a practice is under way. He casually sorts through some mail when he stops.

INSERT LETTER

Letter addressed to Adam from Brockton Rox.

WIDER ANGLE

Adam fans the letter and looks off into the distance of the high school players.

INT. POPS TREMONT'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

ANGLE FROM BEHIND POPS' RECLINER

The small trashy living room, dark and dank, buzzes with sounds of flies and a TV on low volume, whispering the local weather. Pops' elbow shows on the arm of the chair.

Light temporarily floods the room and then is snuffed out as the front door down a hall opens and closes with a CLATTER of empty cans and bottles.

ADAM (O.C.)  
Pops!? Where you at? You gotta  
keep these empties picked up, man.  
It's a hazard.

Adam enters the living room, kicking some empties in front of him like playing kick-the-can.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Empties will do ya in...

Adam spies Pops on the recliner.

ANGLE ON POPS

Pops sits slumped in the recliner, dead. His eyelids drooped and jaw slacked.

WIDER ANGLE

Adam stands for a beat taking in the reality of the moment. He heads over to Pops and touches the man's forehead.

Adam reaches into a small trash can full of barely-melted ice and a few beer cans. He retrieves a beer and sits in a nearby chair; he opens the beer and salutes his dad with it.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Crack-shot timing as always, Pops.  
(takes a drink of beer)

ADAM(CONT'D)

Sorry you an Ma couldn't stick  
around to see your boy make his  
mark. But I'm gonna make my mark,  
Pops, I'm gonna make a big mark and  
break this small town cycle our  
family has been stuck in.

EXT. CAMPANELLI STADIUM - DAY

Spectators gather for the game. There are activities for the  
children. People socialize on a clear sunny day as the game  
gets underway.

EXT. CAMPANELLI STADIUM/OFF-FIELD - DAY

Jacksie, Christopher, and Justin walk to the bleachers along  
with Brent and Aarti, who holds her baby. Christopher and  
Justin have been face painted and carry balloons.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

(from loud speaker)

Brockton Rox's are up to bat with  
an extensive reshuffling of last  
year's line up since reentering the  
Can-Am League with none other than  
G. J. Ryan leading the charge.

LATER

EXT. CAMPANELLI STADIUM/INFIELD - DAY

Adam squares up to the plate and stares down the PITCHER.  
Adam scouts out the infield - there are runners on third and  
first.

ADAM

(mummers out loud to self)

Not a grand slam, but it's a start.

CATCHER

(to Adam)

Dream on, rookie - you're the third  
out this inning that's all.

Adam lets the first pitch zip by him without so much as a  
twitch.

UMPIRE

Steeee-rike!



Adam smiles at the pitcher and doesn't even reposition himself as CATCHER throws the ball back to Pitcher.

CATCHER  
(to Pitcher)  
Gott'em scared stiff, bubba, just  
waltz it back over here on more  
time.

Adam lets the second pitch zip by him - standing as still as a statue.

UMPIRE  
Steeee-rike!

Adam winks at Pitcher, who frowns in response.

EXT. CAMPANELLI STADIUM/STANDS

Jacksie, Christopher, Justin, Brent, and Aarti with baby in her arms look on as the field action unfolds. The CROWD MOANS and GROANS its agitation.

JUSTIN  
What's Daddy doing, momma? He can  
smash that ball every time.

JACKSIE  
(uneasy)  
Just waiting for the right one,  
that's all.

Brent and Aarti make eye contact; Brent gives a silent shake of his head.

EXT. CAMPANELLI STADIUM/INFIELD - DAY

Adam closes his eyes with a slow release of breath. Opening his eyes the action of the infield as slowed with the moment to moment creeping by of time. Adam watches Pitcher change stance and reposition his body, sees the lead off of the two runners on base, observes the infield players position to the left in response to Adam's own stance, leaving a whole between first base and second base straight between center and right outfield players.

Pitcher releases the ball and it floats towards Adam whose breath is accentuated in the slow-down time -

SNAP! Real time rushes in, Adam shifts his weight at the last second and CRACK! Hits a line drive between first and second base, catching the outfield by surprise.

EXT. CAMPANELLI STADIUM/STANDS - DAY

The Crowd ROARS to its feet.

                  JUSTIN  CHRISTOPHER  
Yeah!  Daddy!  Told you he          Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!  
could smash it every time!

                                  JACKSIE  
Go, baby, go!

EXT. CAMPANELLI STADIUM/INFIELD

Adam takes a few steps toward first base with bat in hand; he shoulders the bat like a pump shotgun and mimes shooting several shots into the air, pumping the bat to mimic the reload. Adam then sprints the bases as the two other runners cross home plate.

EXT. CAMPANELLI STADIUM/STANDS - DAY

Some fans CHEER as others SHOUT for Adam to stop show boating. One Fan down the bleacher from Jacksie and family stands up.

                                  FAN 1  
                                  (to infield)  
Stopping being a douche!  
                                  (to man next to him)  
That asshole is gonna jerk around  
and lose us the run.

                                  JUSTIN  
                                  (to Jacksie)  
Why's that man mad at Daddy?  He  
smashed it, didn't he?

Jacksie gives Brent a worried look before answering Justin.

                                  JACKSIE  
He's just probably sun-sick and not  
feeling well.  It'll be okay.

EXT. CAMPANELLI STADIUM/INFIELD - DAY

Adam crossed home plate a split second before POMPH! the ball impacts deep into the Catcher's mitt.

UMPIRE

Safe!

Adam hustles over to his team's dugout, greeted with high-fives from his team mates. Adam's grin loses steam as he passes a frowning Coach Sampson.

Coach Sampson catches Adam by the arm as Adam walks by and gives Adam a concerned tilt of his head. Adam touches his nose and mount and finds blood.

COACH SAMPSON

Duck into the locker room and take care of that, son.

INT. CAMPANELLI STADIUM/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Adam washes up at the sink, turns off the old facet with a SQUEAK, and takes a wad of paper towels to dry. He hears COUGHING and goes around a line of lockers to see Coach Reeves sitting on a bench with his head between his legs and WHEEZING.

ADAM

Hey, Coach, everything okay?

COACH REEVES

(clearing throat)

Tremont. What are you doing in here? Get ejected?

ADAM

Naw, nose bleed again.

COACH REEVES

Ain't been to see your doctor yet, I bet, you insubordinate son-of-a-bitch.

ADAM

(chuckles)

No. No, I ain't been.

Coach Reeves sputters through another COUGHING fit. With a big grin, Adam rubs Coach Reeves' back.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Sounds like you're the one who  
needs to get to the doctors, Coach.  
Practice what you preach, buddy.

COACH REEVES  
Yeah, well, I ain't got two young  
ones and a pretty wife counting on  
me.

Adam's smile drops and he grits his teeth.

ADAM  
I know what I'm doing.

COACH REEVES  
You don't know shit, Tremont. Now  
get, I gotta tend to myself.

Adam leaves as Coach Reeves has another COUGHING fit.

MONTAGE

Shots of Adam making amazing plays and acting obnoxiously.

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Christopher and Justin sit in front of the TV watching Adam's  
team play. Jacksie is on the phone with an open bottle of  
red wine and half filled glass.

JACKSIE  
(into phone)  
No, Dad, we'll be alright. He gets  
paid and is taking vacation time  
from the post office.  
(pause)  
Yes, I know he's been fined several  
times for his antics, but...  
(pause)  
I just don't have time to be  
dropping by all the time, I...  
(pause)  
Is Mom there or someone sane I can  
talk to?  
(pause)  
Okay, bye.

Jacksie hangs up the phone and takes a big gulp of wine.

ANGLE ON TV

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
... and it's a line drive  
to Tretmont - right to  
the glove! Oh, that's  
not right, Tretmont,  
that's not right.

Adam seen on the TV thrusting his groin into his mitt towards  
the batter.

WIDER ANGLE

JUSTIN  
Mom. What's wrong with Dad? Is he  
having another spell?

Jacksie looks over at the TV to see Justin looking at her  
fighting back tears and Christopher humping the side of a  
chair.

CHRISTOPHER  
Number one! Number one! Number  
one!

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Door bell CHIMES.

Jacksie opens the door, Aarti stands outside.

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE/KITCHEN

Jacksie and Aarti enter the kitchen.

JACKSIE  
Thanks for coming over, Aarti, its  
been a stressful day. Where's  
Ragini?

AARTI  
Brent has her at home; I thought it  
easier to come alone. How are you?

JACKSIE  
You heard about Adam?

AARTI

Yes, we were watching.

Aarti eyes a number of empty wine bottles on the kitchen counter. Jacksie notices Aarti's stare at the bottles and in embarrassment straightens them up.

JACKSIE

(laughing nervously)

Sorry, everything's such a mess.

Aarti touches Jacksie on the upper arm.

AARTI

Let's sit down, you look exhausted.

As she speaks, Jacksie grabs a nearby purse and rummages through it, sees her car keys on the counter and shoves them in the purse.

JACKSIE

I was hoping you could watch the kids for a little bit. I really just need to get out of the house.

AARTI

This would be the third time this week. Perhaps it is better we just talk here in your home.

JACKSIE

No! Goddamn it, why can't people just let me do what I need to do?!

Jacksie is just as surprised by her outburst as is Aarti. Jacksie clutches her purse close to her body.

AARTI

Jacksie.

JACKSIE

(composing herself)

I'm sorry. I know it's asking a lot, but please, I really just need to get out and clear my head. It's been hell around here - I don't know what's gotten into Adam. The fines he's getting are ruining us, but he won't stop. Says he can't control it.

AARTI  
So you must be strong for him, for  
your family. Stay here with me.

JACKSIE  
Please, Aarti, just this one more  
time. I just need this one time.  
Please.

INT. HOTEL/ADAM'S ROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Adam throws up in the toilet. Adam swishes mouth wash from a small hotel courtesy bottle.

INT. HOTEL/ADAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Adam walks into the main room where Ryan is stretched out on one of the twin beds with his arm wrapped in a series of towels and ice cubes.

RYAN  
You all right there, roomie?

ADAM  
Yeah, fine, guess I just over did  
it tonight.

RYAN  
You and me both, brother, you and  
me both.

Ryan lets out a painful GROAN as he sits up in the bed.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
(grabbing back)  
Oh, man. You got the stuff?

ADAM  
Yeah.

Adam throws a bottle of Icy Hot to Ryan and then sits at the room desk in a small office section as Ryan applies the Icy Hot. Adam opens his laptop on the desk.

RYAN  
How you enjoying the VIP suite,  
superstar?

ADAM  
Ain't like being in the big league,  
I bet.

RYAN  
Ain't nothing like being in the big league.

ADAM  
Yeah? What's it like?

RYAN  
Well, take what you're feeling right now, put it in an IV bag, and mainline it.

ADAM  
I'll get there.

RYAN  
If you don't check your attitude out there, all you're gonna get is a lot of folks walking away from you.

Adam shrugs off the comment and turns his attention back to his laptop.

ANGLE ON LAPTOP

Adam prepares Skype program.

WIDER ANGLE

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Need me to make scarce so you can talk to the fam?

ADAM  
No, it's cool, besides my boys love it when you say hey to them.

RYAN  
(chuckling)  
Sure. Glad I still have a fan base.

ADAM  
Well, just standby there, old-timer, I won't call in 'till the kid's bedtime.



RYAN  
Who you calling old-timer, rookie?  
Look at you - all the young jocks  
out celebrating our victory and  
you've turn in for the night.

There is an obnoxious POUNDING on the door.

ADAM  
(to Ryan)  
That sure is rude.  
(to door)  
Yeah! Coming!

Adam opens the door to see teammates with bottles of booze  
and GIGGLING women.

SMITH  
Here's the MPV, ladies - party!

INT. LOCAL POOL HALL - NIGHT

Sparse crowd in the pool hall. CONVERSATION and CLICKING of  
pool balls punctuate the quiet.

Jacksie sits at the bar nursing a drink. Her cellphone  
vibrates on the bar next to her car keys and a wad of cash.  
She picks up the phone, looks at the screen, shuts off the  
phone and stuffs it in her pants pocket.

At the dark end of the bar Carl watches Jacksie intently.

Carl makes his way over to Jacksie and sits down. He offers  
her a cigarette.

JACKSIE  
Don't smoke.

Jacksie downs her drink and Carl motions to bartender to  
bring two more drinks.

JACKSIE (CONT'D)  
(smiles)  
Now that I do.

INT. HOTEL/ADAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Party is in full swing as Wendi walks in the room wearing a  
full fur coat. She makes her way to Adam.

ADAM  
Wendi? What are you doing here?

WENDI  
(muddled East European  
accent)  
Darling, is that anyway to greet an  
old friend?

Ryan puts his hand on Adam's shoulder.

RYAN  
I'm cutting out for some R-and-R in  
the lobby bar.

ADAM  
Wait, what the hell am I supposed  
to do?

Ryan shrugs and makes his way out the room as Wendi dances in  
front of Adam.

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Justin and Christopher play a board game on the floor as  
Aarti talks on her phone.

AARTI  
(into phone)  
No, she's not back yet... the boys  
are fine, but they're expecting a  
Skype from Adam soon... Can you  
just please drop the baby over here  
and go find her?

EXT. LOCAL POOL HALL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Carl holds a drunk Jacksie up as he half-drags her across the  
parking lot.

INT. HOTEL/ADAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

The party continues with people wandering in and out of the  
room. Wendi has Adam cornered and talks as she dances.

She holds up a bottle of champagne.

WENDI  
(muddled East European  
accent)

WENDI (CONT'D)

I've heard lots of birdies saying  
you're shooting straight to the  
top. You'll skip right over into  
the majors. Listen to what I say,  
I know people who know.

ADAM

People like Dale? Where is your  
boyfriend?

A PARTY-GOER see Adam's laptop set for a Skype call and  
clicks on the call icon.

WENDI

Dale? Humph, he's being traded  
down. He can't handle all this...

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Justin clicks on the incoming Skype call on the family's home  
computer.

JUSTIN

Daddy's calling.

AARTI

Wait...

CHRISTOPHER

Daddy!

INT. HOTEL/ADAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

A ROAR of approval swells as Wendi drops her fur coat to  
reveal her nude body underneath. Adam shakes his head and  
walks out the door.

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JUSTIN

Who's that naked lady by Daddy?

CHRISTOPHER

Her boobies are showing.

Aarti quickly clicks out of the Skype program.

INT. CARL'S CAR/BACKSEAT - NIGHT

Carl has a half-passed out Jacksie laid out in his back seat as he tugs down her pants and then works his belt and zipper.

CARL  
You're a fine filly, baby, Carl's  
gonna break you in good.

The back door whips open and Brent reaches in and grabs Carl.

EXT. LOCAL POOL HALL/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Brent drags a HOWLING Carl out of the car for an ass whooping.

INT. HOTEL/BAR - NIGHT

The hotel bar is mostly empty. Adam saddles up next to Ryan at the bar. Ryan gives him a nod.

RYAN  
How's the party, sport?

ADAM  
Too much for me; I'm not in that  
world anymore. But out there on  
the field I'm stoked, you know? I  
know who I am.

RYAN  
You think who you are is what  
happens on the field?

ADAM  
Things seem clear and simple in  
that diamond that's for sure.

RYAN  
Life ain't supposed to be simple -  
the field is just an escape; it  
just looks greener there.

ADAM  
Yeah, baseball fields have the  
greenest grass.

RYAN  
That and cemeteries. And golf, I  
guess, but who gives a shit about  
golf.

The two men sit in silence.

ADAM  
It all moves too goddamn fast - I  
just want to make it stop; freeze  
the moment, just live that one  
perfect moment where everything is  
just right.

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Justin and Christopher sleep on the sofa as Aarti reads  
quietly. Brent walks in holding Jacksie. Brent and Aarti  
give each other a grim look.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Greyhound bus pulls in and Adam gets off. He looks around  
disappointed. He retrieves his bags from the DRIVER at the  
side of the bus.

BRENT (O.C.)  
Hey, sport.

Adam turns around with a flash of a grin that drops as Brent  
PUNCHES Adam in the jaw, Laying Adam out on the ground.  
Brent quickly jumps on Adam.

BRENT (CONT'D)  
Oh, no you don't - no fancy time  
tricks this time.

ADAM  
What the hell, Brent?

BRENT  
They're your wife and kids, but  
they're also my sister and nephews  
and I've had it with you tearing  
them apart.

ADAM  
You're talking crazy; get off me.

Brent lets Adam up.

BRENT

You're so wrapped up in your Hall of Fame dream, I bet you really don't know what's going on.

ADAM

How am I supposed to know anything? No one answers my calls or texts. You guys got me in an information blackout!

BRENT

I don't know whether to pity you or spit on you - either way, you're losing your family, pal, and quick.

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Jacksie adds a final pile of clothes to a suitcase and closes it; her back to the door. Adam enters the room.

ADAM

Hey.

Jacksie turns around; her initial startle fading into sadness.

JACKSIE

Hey.

ADAM

What's going on? Where are the kids?

JACKSIE

A lot's going on and I can't think straight anymore.

Adam rubs his jaw.

ADAM

Yeah, Brent gave me an update. But why are you packing?

JACKSIE

I'm going to stay with my folks for a while. The kids are already there. I'll bring them into town if you want to see them.

ADAM

Yeah, I want to see them - but I want to see them here... in our house... with you. I want my family.

JACKSIE

You want 'the life' and there's no room for Legos, PTA meetings, Sunday socials, and small town living in that world.

ADAM

Come on, Jacksie, it ain't like that...

JACKSIE

Oh, no? Wendi - Adam? Really? Parading your new whore around in front of your kids?

ADAM

I had nothing to do with that - she just showed up in full crazy-mode.

JACKSIE

I don't know what's become of you, but it's not the life I signed up for.

ADAM

Well, living in this backwoods town isn't exactly the life I signed up for either.

JACKSIE

Yes it is, goddamn you, yes it is. It's exactly what you signed up for when you said I do - *in the Turner Falls First Baptist Fellowship Church!*

Adam sits on the bed, holding his head in pain.

ADAM

You don't get it - never did. Spent your life up in that mansion while people's dreams died one by one slaving for your dad in that mill.

JACKSIE  
What the hell are you talking  
about? That mill is the town's  
life's blood.

ADAM  
Yeah, that's the way it looks from  
up there, but down here in the  
muck...

Adam drifts off, his tongue thick in his mouth.

JACKSIE  
Adam? Adam?

She moves towards him. Adam's eyes flash with venomous  
intensity. He rushes to Jacksie and grabs her by the  
shoulders.

JACKSIE (CONT'D)  
Adam!

ADAM  
Look into my eyes, Jacksie. Can  
you see what's trying to get out?  
Huh? Can you see my demons?

Jacksie shakes and twists Adam's clutch off of her. She  
slaps him across the face. Adam steps back dazed. He lunges  
towards her and Jacksie steps back with hands up and open to  
claw him. Adam stops himself as he returns to his senses.

Adam and Jacksie glare at each other BREATHING hard.

JACKSIE  
Yeah, I see them, Adam, I see your  
demons. Can you see mine? Huh?  
Can you see my demons, you son-of-a-  
bitch?!

Adam looks deep into the fire in Jacksie's eyes. A fear  
washes over him and he looks lost and small.

Adam puts his finger to his temple.

CUT TO BLACK.

Adam's heavy BREATHING.

CUT BACK TO  
SCENE:



Adam stands alone in the middle of the bedroom. Jacksie's suitcases are gone. He blinks several times and looks around. He goes over to a window and looks down.

POV FROM WINDOW TO STREET

Brent puts Jacksie's suitcases into the back of his car as she goes to get in.

ANGLE ON ADAM

Adam puts his fingers to his temple.

POV FROM WINDOW TO STREET

Time slows and Brent's and Jacksie's motions grind down to a trickle as they enter the car.

ANGLE ON ADAM

His face strains as he tries to hold time.

ADAM (V.O.)  
Don't... go... I can't find my way  
back without you... I need you to  
stay with me in this one...  
moment...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/SECOND STORY LEDGE - DAY

ANGLE ON ADAM

Adam falls slowly grasping at the air.

ADAM  
(mouthing)  
Noooooooooooooooooooo!

ANGLE ON JACKSIE

As the image of a sad Jacksie looking out the window at a falling Adam recedes from Adam's POV, she turns away and back into the room.

ANGLE ON ADAM

Adam falls slowly grasping at the air.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
(mouthing)  
Nooooooooooooooooooooo!

END FLASHBACK.

Adam's hold on time POPS along with a spray of nose blood that spatters on the window.

POV FROM WINDOW TO STREET

Through the blood splattered window, Adam watches Brent's car drive off in real time.

INT. TEAM LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The locker room is empty except for Ryan who cleans out his locker and talks on the phone. Adam enters and looks on, giving Ryan some space for his call.

RYAN  
(into phone)  
Hey, sweetie... it's Dad...  
(pause)  
You know it really hurts when you  
call me Mister Ryan...  
(heavy sigh)  
I know, you're right, but I'm  
trying. Won't you let me try?  
(pause)  
I don't want anything from you;  
I'll be in town for the next game  
and thought we could... Well, I  
haven't even told you when... I  
see... No, no, no, I understand.  
That's important.  
(pause)  
Sure.

Ryan looks at the phone when the call is suddenly disconnected.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Bye.

Adam CLEARS his throat and walks over to Ryan.

ADAM  
Having a clean locker ain't gonna  
help your pitching tonight, buddy.

RYAN  
Not pitching tonight.

ADAM  
You injured?

RYAN  
Leaving. Got picked up by the  
Newark Bears - they're giving me a  
hell of a deal.

Ryan closes his empty locker and picks up his duffle bag.

ADAM  
Just like that? You're gone?

RYAN  
Shit happens quick.

Ryan shrugs and walks off. He stops and addresses Adam  
without turning to look at him.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
You know, Adam, I've been up and  
down the circuit since I was  
nineteen chasing those lights on  
fields so green it hurts the eyes.  
I paid for my dream with three  
marriages and two kids whose lives  
are a mystery to me. Maybe I'll  
regret it one day. Maybe I already  
do. Maybe one day I'll pitch that  
perfect game and hang it up 'cause  
at least I'll have that to show for  
all this pain. Pitch that perfect  
game - that would be at least  
something.

Ryan turns and faces Adam.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
What price are you willing to pay  
for those lights, bubba?

Adam watches as Ryan walks out of the locker room while the  
other team members walk in.

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Jacksie sits looking pale and lost in thought as Elaine watches her. James is playing Legos on the floor with Christopher and Justin nearby out of earshot. Jacksie snaps out of her daze, noticing Elaine's concerned stare.

JACKSIE

What?

ELAINE

I know what you're thinking right now. I know what you're smelling, what you're tasting, and what you're skin is burning for.

JACKSIE

I don't know what you're talking about, Mother.

ELAINE

Yes, you do.

(to James)

You got the young ones, dear?  
Jacksie and I are going to visit  
some friends of mine.

INT. TEAM LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Adam walks into the empty locker room and goes to his locker as the rest of the team stomps in bitching each other out.

PLAYER 1

What the hell was that all about  
out there?

PLAYER 2

Like a bunch of prissy little girls  
- we deserved to get our asses  
handed to us.

Smith sees Adam and rushes over to him.

SMITH

And you, you piece of shit...

Adam turns to stand his ground as several Team Members get a hold of Smith to keep him from plowing into Adam.

ADAM

Hey, screw you, Smitty.

Smith gets loose of the other Team Players long enough to give Adam a shove into the lockers - Adam shoves back and Team Members grab both men as they continue shouting at each other.

SMITH

We have to put up with your stupid stunts and no one says anything cuz we're winning. But tonight you cost us the game.

ADAM

Oh, yeah? I didn't see you greased up and hustling. You're too use to riding my coattails.

SMITH

I'm going to smash you, old man!

Adam and Smith struggle against Team Members who hold them as the two men try to get at each other.

Martin enters the locker room irritated and wide-eyed.

MARTIN

Knock off the grab ass... Knock it off!

Everyone pauses at Martin's intrusion.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Coach just collapsed at the dugout - ambulance is coming.

The tension drains from the conflict as the interest switches to see what is happening outside.

EXT. BALL PARK/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Team Members muddle around the parking lot as Coach Sampson is loaded on the ambulance. Coach Reeves makes eye contact with Adam before Coach Reeves enters the ambulance to ride along.

INT. TURNER FALLS FIRST BAPTIST FELLOWSHIP CHURCH - NIGHT

Jacksie and Elaine enter as an AA meeting is getting underway. AA SPEAKER at the front of the small group sees Elaine and gives a wave.

AA SPEAKER  
Hey, Elaine, didn't know you were  
coming tonight. Did you want to  
get things going - you are senior  
member.

ELAINE  
You go on, we're just going rest  
our spirits for a moment.

AA Speaker nods and then motions to BRENDA a young, timid  
woman.

AA SPEAKER  
(to Elaine)  
Okay.  
(to Brenda)  
Brenda, you had the reading for  
tonight?

Brenda nods and goes to the front and faces the group.

BRENDA  
Hello, my name is Brenda and I'm an  
alcoholic.

GROUP  
Hello, Brenda.

BRENDA  
I wanted to read a passage from  
chapter two. *'The fact is that most  
alcoholics, for reasons yet  
obscure, have lost the power of  
choice in drink. Our so-called  
will power becomes practically  
nonexistent...'*

ANGLE ON ELAINE AND JACKSIE

Elaine and Jacksie whisper to each other as Brenda reads on.

JACKSIE  
Senior member? How long you been  
going to A A?

ELAINE  
When you kids were young, I turned  
to the bottle; felt painfully alone  
as your father worked long hours to  
build his business. But then I  
sobered up and smarted up.

JACKSIE  
I see, you let Dad follow his  
dreams and I'm just being selfish.

Elaine turns to face Jacksie.

ELAINE  
No. I made him keep his promise to  
me - he just had to fit his dreams  
into that promise.

Elaine and Jacksie turn and face forward as Brenda continues  
to read.

WIDER ANGLE

BRENDA  
*'We were in a position where life  
was becoming impossible, and we had  
passed into the region from which  
there is no return through human  
aid, we had but two alternatives:  
One was to go on to the bitter end,  
blotting out the consciousness of  
our intolerable situation as best  
we could; and the other, to accept  
spiritual help. This we did  
because we honestly wanted to, and  
were willing to make the effort.'*

INT. COACH SAMPSON'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Adam sits in a chair near Coach Sampson who sleeps in his  
hospital bed. Coach Sampson stirs and looks over at Adam.

COACH SAMPSON  
Jeeping junipers - please tell me  
I'm not going to pass out of this  
world with your ugly mug as the  
last thing I see.

ADAM  
Your wife just went to get coffee  
and take a bathroom break. But  
don't worry, they did an emergency  
by-pass and you'll be fine.

COACH SAMPSON  
I guess as long as my ticker and my  
pecker are okay I will be fine.

ADAM  
I never figured you for a heart  
condition - thought it would be  
Coach Reeves who'd drop.

COACH SAMPSON  
The day of reckoning comes for us  
all like a thief in the night,  
Tremont, that's what the good book  
says.

ADAM  
Ain't that a fact.

COACH SAMPSON  
Why aren't you home with your  
family?

ADAM  
I think I lost them.

COACH SAMPSON  
Bullshit. You just need to get  
right with them.

Adam shakes his head slowly.

COACH SAMPSON (CONT'D)  
You know, Tremont, when you shake  
your head at me I can hear your pea  
brain pinging around like a baby  
rattle.

ADAM  
It's just I had this dream since I  
was a kid of making the big  
leagues.

COACH SAMPSON  
Hmm. The thing about childhood  
dreams is they don't account for  
real world living. You came on  
board later than most and with  
roots set deep. Did you think  
uprooting everything wasn't going  
to be painful or costly?

Adam shrugs and slowly shakes his head again.

MRS. SAMPSON walks into the room, a beautiful middle-aged  
black woman carrying a large coffee.



MRS. SAMPSON  
Baby, you're awake.

She kisses Coach Sampson.

COACH SAMPSON  
Mm-mm, sugar-sweet!

MRS. SAMPSON  
Thank you so much, Adam, for  
watching over the coach.

COACH SAMPSON  
Yes, thank you, Tremont, now take a  
hike.

Adam turns to leave as Coach and Mrs. Sampson engage in  
patter.

MRS. SAMPSON  
Now you be nice to that young man,  
he's sweet.

COACH SAMPSON  
Sweet? He's been nothing but a  
pain in my ass.

MRS. SAMPSON  
By winning games?

COACH SAMPSON  
By aggravating me to no end.

MRS. SAMPSON  
Don't blame no one but yourself -  
you and your fried foods.

COACH SAMPSON  
Woman - you the one fried it all up  
for me!

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Adam walks away from Coach Sampson's room with a grin as  
Coach Sampson and Mrs. Sampson tease each other.

The hallway starts to sway and wobble as Adam COUGHS blood  
and blood spurts from his nose. He collapses.

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

Christopher and Justin sit at the kitchen island as Elaine serves them grilled cheese and tomato soup. Jacksie and Aarti (and baby) sit at a breakfast table drinking coffee as James stands leaning against a counter reading a newspaper. Brent talks on the phone.

BRENT  
(into phone)  
Okay. Hey, I appreciate the  
update... Naw, let him sleep.  
We'll call later... Yep, bye.

Brent hangs up the phone.

JUSTIN  
Is Daddy okay?

BRENT  
Yeah, buddy, he was just  
dehydrated.

CHRISTOPHER  
Daddy's derattled?

JUSTIN  
No, dehydrated, stupid.

CHRISTOPHER  
You're stupid.

ELAINE  
Now boys, eat your lunch. Daddy  
got sick because he wasn't getting  
his vitamins and minerals - now eat  
up.

Christopher and Justin eat their food.

JAMES  
(mumbling)  
Because that bump on his head  
really jarred something loose.

ELAINE  
James.

AARTI  
Jacksie - Brent and I will watch  
the boys if you want to go down and  
be with Adam.

AARTI (CONT'D)

I'm sure he can use your support  
for the big game in Jersey  
tomorrow.

BRENT

I already offered - she don't want  
to go.

CHRISTOPHER

I want to see Daddy.

JUSTIN

We're gonna see him whip those  
Bears on TV, right mom?

JACKSIE

(to the children)

Mind your lunch you two.

Christopher and Justin turn sadly to their food.

JACKSIE (CONT'D)

(to the adults)

As for the rest of you - your  
concern is noted, but this is my  
business and I'll tend to it as I  
see fit... right or wrong.

JAMES

This isn't just your business,  
Jacksie, this is family business.  
You're not some island unto  
yourself. You're a daughter and a  
sister and an aunt and these are  
our grandchildren. You plop a  
pebble into our pond and we all  
feel the ripples.

BRENT

He's right, Jacksie. And when the  
old man is right - he's right.

JAMES

Goddamn right, I'm right.

ELAINE

James.

James looks at Christopher and Justin.

JAMES

(to the children)

Grandpa's sorry for his potty  
mouth, boys.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(to the adults)

When you mess with the natural  
order things get turned upside down  
and all around. And a women's  
place is by her man's side no  
questions asked - not holding up  
'till he comes crawling back.

The three women turn in synch and glare at James. Brent  
raises his hands up in surrender.

BRENT

You're on your own now, Dad.

James holds the women's stare for a beat then ruffles his  
paper and goes back reading it.

JAMES

(mumbling behind the  
paper)

Just saying what's in the Bible.

INT. TEAM LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Suited up, Adam sits alone in the locker room; the SOUND OF  
THE GAME dull in the background.

SLOW PUSH IN ON ADAM

Adam's jaw is set as he reflects intensely.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

Adam recalls key events INTERCUT with slow push shot on Adam  
in locker room.

EXT. BOSTON COLLEGE BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

A nineteen year old Adam plays shortstop for Boston College.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And it's a line drive... Holy  
Bejeezus!

Adam takes the line drive square in the face.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Tremont is down!

EXT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

CRACK! The branch breaks from Adam's weight and he falls.

ADAM'S POV

Brent's out stretched arm tries in vain to grab Adam, but has only air between him and Adam. Jacksie mouths:

JACKSIE  
(mouthing)  
Noooooooooooooooooooo!

... as the image of Jacksie, Justin, and Brent recedes in jerks, flashes, and rough cuts.

EXT. INSIDE TURNER FALLS CEMENTARY - DAY

Adam standing by Pops at Adam's mother's grave.

POPS  
(shaking his head in  
disgust)  
You got an itch, boy, you got a  
mighty itch and you ain't gonna  
know 'till it gets real dark for  
you, then you'll know.

INT. POPS TREMONT'S HOME - DAY

Adam standing by Pops' dead body.

INT. CAMPANELLI STADIUM/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Adam talking to Coach Reeves.

COACH REEVES  
Yeah, well, I ain't got two young  
ones and a pretty wife counting on  
me.

Adam's smile drops and he grits his teeth.

ADAM  
I know what I'm doing.

COACH REEVES  
You don't know shit, Tremont.

INT. COACH SAMPSON'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Adam talking to Coach Sampson.

COACH SAMPSON  
Why aren't you home with your  
family?

ADAM  
I think I lost them.

COACH SAMPSON  
Bullshit. You just need to get  
right with them.

EXT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE - DAY

ANGLE ON ADAM

Adam falls slowly grasping at the air.

ADAM  
(mouthing)  
Noooooooooooooooooooo!

ANGLE ON JACKSIE

As the image of a sad Jacksie looking out the window at a  
falling Adam recedes from Adam's POV, she turns away and back  
into the room.

ANGLE ON ADAM

Adam falls slowly grasping at the air.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
(mouthing)  
Noooooooooooooooooooo!

INT. TREMONT'S HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

POV FROM WINDOW TO STREET

Through the blood splattered window, Adam watches Brent and  
Jacksie get into Brent's car in slow motion and drive off.

INT. TEAM LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Ryan turns and faces Adam.

RYAN  
What price are you willing to pay  
for those lights, bubba?

END FLASHBACK.

INT. TEAM LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP ON ADAM

Adam wipes blood from his nose.

EXT. RIVERFRONT STADIUM - NIGHT

HIGH SHOT

The CRACK of the bat erupts the CROWD into a ROAR.

SUPERIMPOSE: "RIVERFRONT STADIUM, NEW JERSEY. PRESENT DAY."

EXT. RIVERFRONT STADIUM/INFIELD - NIGHT

SHORTSTOP throws BATTER out at first. The Crowd is a mixture of GROANS and ecstatic CHEERS.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
... and he's out at first! What an  
incredible battle between the Roxs  
and the Bears here in Riverfront  
Stadium for the last game of the  
championship series.

Adam steps up to the plate to bat. The Crowd goes NUTS!

EXT. RIVERFRONT STADIUM/STANDS - NIGHT

PAN CHEERING FANS

The Crowd is on its feet and various fans hold signs in support of Adam.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
And they're putting in Tremont late  
in the game - didn't think he'd get  
play time tonight - listen to that  
crowd! They sure love this guy who  
came out of nowhere this season to  
become the league's leading hitter  
and dynamite on the diamond.

EXT. RIVERFRONT STADIUM/INFIELD - NIGHT

Adam takes his batting stance and stares out at the pitcher's mound. His eyes are red and he blinks the dryness away. He wipes at a trickle of blood from his nose.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
He's had medical problems, but  
looks like the doc's cleared him  
just in time to play. If anyone on  
the Rox's team can shut down Ryan's  
perfect game it's Adam Tremont.  
And that would be something since  
Tremont and Ryan were team mates  
for most of the season before the  
Bears lured Ryan over to their  
side.

Adam gives a nod of respect and familiarity to...

ANGLE ON PITCHER'S MOUND

Ryan returns the nod.

ANGLE ON HOME PLATE

Adam places his finger along side his nose and gestures by swiping his finger off his nose, pointing at Ryan.

ANGLE ON PITCHER'S MOUND

Ryan furrows his brow and shakes his head.

ANGLE ON HOME PLATE

Adam nods his head, his expression set and determined.



ANGLE ON PITCHER'S MOUND

Ryan closes his eyes and takes a breath. He winds up and throws the pitch.

WIDER ANGLE

Everything slows down, even the ROAR of the crowd, as the ball head towards the plate. Adam starts his slow motion swing.

CUT TO BLACK.

Sound of bat connecting with ball - CRACK! - and ROAR of the crowd.

CUT BACK TO  
SCENE:

ANGLE ON RYAN

Ryan stands in disbelief and looks in his glove that holds the ball Adam just hit to him.

Crowd is a combination of CHEERS and JEERS.

Ryan looks up towards Adam - holding back emotion.

ANGLE ON ADAM

Adam looks back towards Ryan. He gives Ryan a sad nod and then grins. Adam turns to the crowd and bows.

WIDER ANGLE

Adam walks towards the pitcher's mound.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Tremont up to his famous antics  
again - must be feeling right as  
rain!

ANGLE ON PITCHER'S MOUND

Crowd continues it's combination of CHEERS and JEERS.

Adam walks up to Ryan and holds out his hand.

ADAM  
Game ball? For the kids.

Ryan gives Adam an incredulous side-glance. Ryan smiles and places the ball in Adam's open hand.

RYAN  
Didn't need your help tonight,  
Tremont.

ADAM  
I know. But I needed yours.

The two men share a moment of understanding.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
If you're ever in Turner Falls...

RYAN  
Yup.

WIDER ANGLE

Adam walks off the field.

ANNOUNCER  
What could these two ex-team mates  
and now competing athletes have  
been talking about? What the heck  
is happening in this championship  
game? The crowd is near bursting -  
I'm near bursting - the stakes have  
never been higher!

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Jacksie, Christopher, Justin, James, Elaine, Brent, and Aarti (with baby) sit in front of the TV. They look around at each other in disbelief.

CHRISTOPHER  
Where's Daddy going?

JUSTIN  
Is Daddy coming home?

EXT. RIVERFRONT STADIUM/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Adam walks pass the cars in the packed parking lot, carrying his duffle bag as best as he can;

the SOUNDS of the crowd still watching the game under way fade in the background. He is clearly in pain and not doing well: blood sputters from his nose and he is overcome by coughing fits followed by vomiting or dry heaving.

INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

DEREK, a thin older black man, is the driver of the 1965 Lincoln Continental Executive Limousine. He sees Adam stumbling towards him.

DEREK  
What the shit is this, Lord?  
Zombie invasion?

EXT. RIVERFRONT STADIUM/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Adam takes a break by the black limo; hands against his thighs as he bends over to catch his breath. Derek gets out.

DEREK  
Hey, young man, you can't be  
bleeding and puking on this here  
limo.

ADAM  
(weakly)  
Why? Whose limo is it - Robert  
Johnson's?

DEREK  
(perturbed)  
Robert Johnson? Why you... Son, he  
dead. What do you know about  
Robert Johnson any how?

ADAM  
Sold his soul to the devil for fame  
and fortune, didn't he?

DEREK  
So they say - who'd you sell your  
soul to, cause you look like you  
being chased by the hellhound.

Adam CHUCKLES and shakes his head.

ADAM  
Whose limo is it?

DEREK

It's my goddamn limo. I just rent it out. And tonight it's rented out to George Broadshaw - the general manager of the Brockton Roxs - you know who he is.

ADAM

Yeah. Know who I am?

DEREK

You must be that fella who just put the nail in the coffin for the Roxs. Mister Broadshaw ain't gonna be happy with you.

ADAM

Yeah, that's me. What's your name friend?

DEREK

Derek - we'll just keep it like that.

ADAM

I'm Adam Tremont, Derek, as you correctly identified.

Adam doubles over in pain and Derek goes to help, but Adam waves him off. Adam straightens out and catches his breath.

ADAM (CONT'D)

And I probably did lose the game for my team - no doubt. But Derek, if I don't get home I'm going to lose my family. I don't want to die without a family, you know what I mean? I need your help, Derek.

DEREK

Son, you need to get to a hospital fast.

ADAM

I need to get to Turner Falls in Mass.

DEREK

Oh, you crazy from the blood loss - that's at least three - four hours away.

ADAM  
I got a thousand dollars in my  
duffle says you can get me there in  
less time than that.

Adam COUGHS and WHEEZES, growing more weak. Derek looks  
heavenward.

DEREK  
Oh, Lord, why did Tony Orlando have  
to cancel? I could have been  
driving Tony to the casino with  
free tickets, but instead I'm here  
with this sad soul.

Adam recovers.

ADAM  
I ain't got much time, Derek.

DEREK  
(shaking his head,  
mumbling)  
Sometimes being a Christian is  
hard.  
(to Adam)  
Get in the damn car and stop  
testing my faith!

EXT. INTERSTATE 91 - NIGHT

Black limo speeds down the interstate.

INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Adam looks at his phone that indicates a dead battery. His  
eyes droop and he nods off.

Derek looks in the rearview mirror at Adam who has slumped  
into sleep.

EXT. INTERSTATE 91 - NIGHT

Connecticut State Trooper's emergency lights snap on and the  
car takes off after black limo.

EXT. INTERSTATE 91/SHOULDER - NIGHT

Derek is outside of the black limo talking passionately to STATE TROOPER. Derek reaches in through rolled-down driver's side window and activates rear-passenger window, rolling it down. State Trooper looks into the limo's back seat where Adam, pale with bloodshot eyes, gives a weak wave and smile.

EXT. INTERSTATE 91 - NIGHT

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

State Trooper car with lights flashing leads black limo providing an escort.

TV NEWSCASTOR (V.O.)  
Initial reports were sketchy  
alleging that after the  
championship game with the Bears  
shutting out the Roxs, a limo  
driver for General Manager George  
Broadshaw was abducted by a member  
of the Roxs who has shown unstable  
behavior this season.

INT. STATE TROOPER'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

State Trooper talking on his radio.

INT. BLACK LIMOSINE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Derek talking on his cell phone.

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Aarti sits on the sofa holding her baby with Christopher and Justin sleeping near her on the sofa in front of the TV. Brent points to the TV as he waves Jacksie, James, and Elaine into the room.

TV NEWSCASTOR (V.O.)  
Information coming in from  
Connecticut State Police  
contradicts earlier reports.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Ryan and Coach Reeves sit at the bar watching the news cast.

TV NEWSCASTOR

Adam Tremont, a member of the Rox,  
apparently *hired* the limo driver to  
take him home.

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

The family watches the TV in disbelief.

TV NEWSCASTOR (V.O.)

This story takes another strange  
twist with a call from local  
baseball legend G - J Ryan. Ryan  
stated Adam Tremont has been  
battling medical issues and is  
trying to get home to his family  
following a sharp decline in health  
during the championship game. Ryan  
wished his former teammate god  
speed.

EXT. INTERSTATE 91 - NIGHT

BIRD'S EYE VIEW FROM CHOPPER

Connecticut State Trooper car pulls off to the side as limo  
crosses the state line into Massachusetts where a number of  
Massachusetts State Trooper cars take up the escort.

TV NEWSCASTOR (V.O.)

We are getting some live footage  
from our eye in the sky as this  
dramatic story unfolds.

Cars have pulled off to the side of the road, honking and  
flashing their lights as the Troopers and black limo zip by.

CHOPPER REPORTER (V.O.)

It's an amazing sight as Mass  
Troopers pick up the escort for  
this limo and double time it north  
on 91. Travelers have pulled off  
to the side of the road and are  
honking and flashing their lights  
in support.

INT. POLICE OFFICER JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake sits in his boxers and a T-shirt in front of a TV while he eats his dinner off a TV tray.

Jake's MOTHER, and elderly women in housecoat and hair net walks into the room holding Jake's police uniform.

TV NEWSCASTOR (V.O.)

Posts and tweets on this story are inundating our systems. One viewer posted concerns that Adam is not being taken straight to a hospital. Another viewer retorted - 'Hey, where would you rather be at the end?'

MOTHER hands Jake his uniform - Jake looks at her with an understanding nod.

INT. BLACK LIMOSINE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Adam stirs from his drowsy state and looks out the limo windows at all the police lights and cars waiting on the side of the road.

ADAM

What's going on?

DEREK

You're what's going on, friend. You're all over the news - a hero cause you're trying to get home to your family.

ADAM

That's crazy - I'm no hero. I'm just a guy who got lost.

DEREK

Well, for tonight, you're a reminder to these folks that what was once lost can be found.

INT. THE MARTIN'S HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Jacksie opens the door while the others fill in behind her. Jake humbly stands at the door and holds his hand out to Jacksie - the emergency lights of his squad car flashing in the background.



DEREK (V.O.)  
That's the power of hope, brother,  
and that's what heroes deliver...  
hope.

EXT. TURNER FALLS CEMENTARY - NIGHT

Jake's squad car speeds by the cementary.

INT. JAKE'S SQUAD CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jake talking into his radio; Jacksie sits next to Jake.

EXT. INTERSTATE 91 - NIGHT

Limo passes sign "Exit 26 1 mile Rest Area/Visitor  
Information Center."

INT. BLACK LIMOSINE (MOVING) - NIGHT

DEREK  
Looks like we're being escorted to  
the rest area. I can see  
ambulances waiting.

ADAM  
Well, it was a good run, Derek.  
Figured someone would get nervous  
about a possible death on their  
watch.

EXT. EXIT 26 REST AREA - NIGHT

The rest area is lit up from the flashing lights of police  
officers cars, rescue vehicles, ambulances, and fire engines.  
The limo pulls in and comes to a stop.

INT. BLACK LIMOSINE - NIGHT

Derek peers through the windshield, blinks, rubs his eyes,  
and looks again.

EXT. EXIT 26 REST AREA - NIGHT

Jacksie stands facing the limo, nearby headlights cast an  
otherworldly glow on her.

DEREK  
Maybe it's me that's dying 'cause  
I'm seeing an angel.

Adam leans forward to see what Derek is talking about. When he sees Jacksie his face becomes heavy with emotion.

EXT. EXIT 26 REST AREA - NIGHT

ALTERED TIME

The passenger door of the limo opens and Adam steps out. He walks toward a stoic Jacksie, but then falters, his knees buckling, and he goes down to one knee.

Adam looks up at Jacksie who reaches her hand out and beckons him to come to her. Adam gets up again, blood sprays from his nose, he grits against the pain that is shooting through his body.

Adam starts a staggered walk towards Jacksie who begins to walk towards Adam.

INT. BLACK LIMOSINE - NIGHT

Derek clasps his hands in prayer and closes his eyes.

EXT. EXIT 26 REST AREA - NIGHT

ALTERED TIME

Adam falters again and he goes down to one knee. Jacksie is near - she reaches out to Adam's outstretched hand - their fingers almost touch...

CUT TO BLACK.

Sound of heart monitor FLAT LINING.

Sound of metal cart ROLLING into place, implements CRASHING.

Sound of defibrillator WHINING up...

MALE VOICE  
Clear!

Sound of defibrillator administering a SHOCK.

FEMALE VOICE  
What's happening?

MALE VOICE  
Nurse, clear the area!

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ICU - DAY

ADAM'S POV

Adam's blurry vision clears, taking in the scene of a TRAUMA TEAM working on a PATIENT across the way from Adam. A distraught WOMAN stands by as a curtain is pulled around the patient and Trauma Team.

JUSTIN (O.S.)  
Mommy is that man gonna be all right?

JACKSIE (O.S.)  
Yes, sweetie - the doctors are going to help him.

CHRISTOPHER  
Daddy's eyes open.

JACKSIE (O.S.)  
Hey, sleepy head. You awake?

ADAM'S POV PANS AROUND

Jacksie, Justin, and Christopher come into view.

WIDER ANGLE

Adam has wrapping around his head.

CHRISTOPHER  
Sleepy head.

JUSTIN  
Daddy!

ADAM  
Hey, guys.

Jacksie reaches out and claps Adam's hand.

JACKSIE  
Hey, baby. You gave us quit a  
scare. You've been out for three  
days.

JUSTIN  
The doctor said they took a golf  
ball out of your head.

CHRISTOPHER  
Can I play with it, Daddy?

JUSTIN  
I already called dibs.

CHRISTOPHER  
But I had second dibs.

JACKSIE  
Boys, it was a tumor the size of a  
golf ball. Not an actual golf  
ball.

JUSTIN  
Does it hurt, Daddy?

ADAM  
No, buddy, I'm all better.

Adam looks at Jacksie whose previous brave facade is fading  
from relief.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
(to Jacksie)  
We're all going to be all better.

Jacksie smiles, SNIFFING back tears, and nods as she holds  
tight to Adam's hand.

EXT. TURNER FALLS HIGH SCHOOL/BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "SIX MONTHS LATER."

Adam, wearing high school's team jersey and ball cap, stands  
at the dugout by Coach Reynolds. The team is coming in from  
the field.

ADAM  
Hustle it in boys! Last inning!  
One more shot at this!

LATER

Adam and Coach Reynolds secure ball equipment as BOYS bring them bats, balls, helmets ... Jacksie walks up.

JACKSIE  
I can't believe you guys lost to  
Greenfield.

COACH REYNOLDS  
Did you see the size of those kids?

ADAM  
We should demand drug testing.  
There's some steroid voodoo going  
on, I swear.

JACKSIE  
It's baseball, boys. It's not a  
size game.

COACH REYNOLDS  
We'll pick it up in practice.

ADAM  
Speaking of practice...

JACKSIE  
(rolling her eyes)  
Oh, boy.

Adam smiles and gives Jacksie a kiss.

EXT. GUS'S FAMILY FUN PARK/BATTING CAGE - DAY

Adam slams away, connecting solid with each blazing pitch  
shot his way: cool as a cucumber.

FADE OUT.

END