

GO AHEAD

Written by

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EXT. BASEBALL PARK - DAY

It is a sunny day. A small Jumbotron shows the score of a baseball game. It is the top of the eighth with the home team leading 4-3. The current batter, whose picture is not shown on the Jumbotron, currently has a 3-1 count.

The pitcher is named Doug McGraw. He is a skinny 20-year-old at about 6 foot 1 and right-handed. He looks up to the stadium around him. The ballpark is fairly small and looks only half full despite its size.

Doug looks back at the batter in front of him, a short and lean man. He holds his bat straight in the air, occasionally twitching it back and forth. Doug sees his catcher points two fingers down but shakes his head. His catcher then points 3 fingers down but doesn't get an acknowledgment. Doug starts winding up his throwing motion, pulling his arm behind his back, and says to himself in a thick Southern accent.

Doug McGraw  
(To himself) Let's see you  
hit this one.

Doug releases the ball with his arm at a 90-degree angle above his head. The ball is fast but goes straight through the middle of the strike zone. The batter connects and immediately takes off running. Doug watches as his centerfielder is still standing still until he finally starts running backward. It lands past the center fielder who quickly throws the ball into the shortstop, but the batter has already reached second base. The meager crowd makes their presence known by booing the mound.

The manager is a short old Italian American, 67, named Phil Marcon. He is fat and irate. Doug watches Phil scream directly at him.

Phil Marcon  
You rotten, no good, SOB! You

always do this! I put you into  
easy games and you piss them away!  
I should come onto that mound  
and teach you some humility!

Doug stares at Phil as he continues to scream while continuously  
glancing over at the away team dugout who are in turn gawking at  
Phil.

The catcher motions timeout to the umpire and runs up to the  
mound. His name is Javier Martinez, 27, Hispanic, fit, and  
short.

Javier Martinez  
Jesus Doug, why the hell'd  
you do that man.

Doug  
I just thought I-

Javier  
I mean seriously I told you  
to throw a curve ball. 3 fingers.  
You gotta start listening man.  
Otherwise, we are gonna end  
this shitty season with  
another loss.

Doug  
You're being a wimp Javi. I  
figured that it was time to  
challenge him. That means  
fastball.

Javier  
Why?! You can't aim your  
fastball for shit.

Doug

Well, I...

Javier

Look, it doesn't matter.  
Can you keep going or do  
you need to come out?

Doug hesitates. While he thinks, the second baseman, Ben Willis, 31, white, walks up to the mound followed closely by the shortstop, Sanada Suzuki, 27, Japanese.

Ben Willis

You know, I haven't seen Phil  
this angry since the last time  
you took the mound, Doug.

Doug

Thanks, Ben. Real encouraging.

Sanada Suzuki

What is taking so long? It is  
not social hour. We should get  
this fucking game over with now.

Doug

Me and Javi were just discussing  
how to face the next couple of  
batters. Got to be careful now.

Javier

Uh, no we weren't. I'm making  
sure you're dumbass isn't gonna  
cost us this game.

Doug checks Javier with his shoulder.

Doug

C'mon man. Not cool.

Sanada

Oh right. Hey Doug, why did you challenge him with your fastball, it's god awful.

Ben

Yeah, I coulda hit that damn meatball.

Doug

Look, it was a calculated risk because somebody was too scared to challenge that nobody.

Javier

For a guy in double-a, you are fucking conceited.

Doug

Well, to answer you're question from earlier, I think I'm good. Let's keep this thing rolling.

Doug claps his hands as he says this. As he does, the other three begin to turn around and head back to their spots in the field. Doug puts the ball in and his hand in his glove watching Javier for the next pitch call.

Javier points 3 fingers down and Doug shakes his head to agree. He throws a ball that starts above the batter's chest but ends just above the batter's knees. The batter, fat, 30, swings and misses. Javier points 4 fingers down and Doug shakes his head yes, throwing a ball that starts at one end of the plate and ends up almost hitting the batter. It is called a ball. Javier then points 2 fingers down and Doug again shakes his head yes, throwing a ball that slides slightly down and in. It is called a

ball. Javier points 2 fingers down and Doug shakes no. Javier then points 3 down and Doug ignores him. Doug moves into his pitching motion before Javier can make another call and throws a ball fast down the center of the strike zone. The batter makes contact and watches the ball for a second as it bloops between the second baseman and centerfielder. The batter then jogs to first while the man on second runs to third before being held by the third base coach. The crowd boos before quickly stopping. Doug puts his glove over his mouth.

Doug

Fuck!

Phil

Get your shit together you  
blind bastard! A toddler could  
get more outs on the mound  
than you! If I had a bullpen  
your ass would be gone!

Doug looks over to his dugout where Phils is, halfway up the stairs, yelling at him.

Doug

Yeah, thank you very much  
Phil! Very encouraging.

The next batter, 23, Hispanic, steps up to the plate. Doug does not wait for Javier to call a pitch and quickly throws a first-pitch fastball. The batter makes contact and Doug watches the ball fly over his head before putting his face into his glove. He hears cheering a second later and pulls his head out of his glove to look into the outfield. The ball was caught on the warning track by the left fielder who throws the ball hard back to the third baseman. The runner on third attempts to tag up but trips over himself and quickly crawls back to third.

Doug smiles at Javier, who just shakes his head from side to side in return.

The next batter, 25, white, steps up to the plate. Javier points 3 fingers down and Doug shakes his head yes. Doug then starts his pitching motion before throwing a ball that drops from the top left of the strike zone to the bottom right. It is called a strike. Javier then points 2 fingers down. Doug shakes yes, starts his throwing motion, and throws a ball that starts in the bottom left of the plate and falls to the middle of the plate but below the box. It is called a ball.

Javier points two fingers down. Doug shakes yes again, starts his throwing motion, and throws a ball that starts at the top right of the box and comes in, almost hitting the batter. It is called a ball. Doug turns around to walk back up the mound and scowls while he does. Javier points 4 fingers down, Doug shakes yes, starts his throwing motion, and throws a ball that moves all the way across the plate but stays above the batter's chest. It is called a ball.

Doug

Fuck!

Doug starts his motion before Javier can move and throws a ball that moves straight but still ends up pegging the batter. The batter smiles while taking his gear off and moving to first base. The bases are now loaded. Doug puts his face in his glove again.

Javier calls time and walks up to the mound.

Javier

What the fuck are you doing  
Doug? You need to do one  
thing, listen. But noooo.  
"I'm Doug, I don't have to  
listen."

Doug

I get you're annoyed Javi,

but those were your pitches  
that were getting called  
balls.

Javier  
You self-entitled little-

As Javier is about to rip into Doug, Ben and Sanada walk up.

Sanada  
何だ

Doug  
English Sanada, please.

Sanada  
What the fuck are you doing?

Ben  
What he said.

Doug  
I was trying something. The  
Calls weren't working so I  
tried a fastball. Sue me.

Javier  
Oh, I just might.

Ben  
I mean seriously Doug, we  
all know it isn't gonna  
work. Where's your common  
sense?

Doug  
Look, I'm sorry. Ok? Ok?!

Sanada



He says he is fucking sorry.

Ben

Doug, no one cares that you're sorry. We need you to think, we can't win otherwise you idiot.

Javier

Get your head out of your ass Doug.

Doug turns around to face the scoreboard. He then looks up to the sky. He stares for a beat and then turns around to face the other guys on the mound.

Doug

Ok, I'm gonna strike these guys out real quick and then uh, who's up after this, Ben, Sanada, and uh Johnson in right field right, yeah you guys are gonna fire up the bats, hit some nukes. We expand the lead and things are gonna be hunky dory ok? OK. Let's get to it.

The four split up and go back to their positions. The next batter, 26, steps up to bat.

Javier points 3 fingers down and Doug shakes his head yes. He Doug throws a ball that starts above the strike zone and in the middle of the plate that ends up a little inside and midway threw the strike zone. It is called a strike. Javier then points 2 fingers down, Doug shakes yes, and throws a ball that drops down and in slightly, ending up a ball below the strike zone. Javier then points 3 fingers down. Doug shakes yes and throws a

ball that drops diagonally all the way across the strike zone. The batter hits it foul along the third baseline.

Javier points 4 fingers down, Doug shakes yes, and throws a ball that starts in the center of the plate but ends up almost hitting the batter. The makes contact with the ball, sending it down and past Javier foul. Javier goes to retrieve the ball and Doug's neck twitches. Javier points 4 fingers down, Doug shakes yes, and throws a ball that starts outside the opposite side of the plate but comes into the center of the strike zone. The batter hits it deep. Doug covers his mouth with his glove while he watches the three runners on base take a couple of steps while in turn watching the ball. It just barely hooks foul down the third base line, landing next to a few fans who dive for the ball. Doug sighs, pulls his glove back down, and turns back to Javier. Javier points 4 fingers down again, Doug shakes yes and then throws a ball that starts halfway through the plate and cuts well in toward the batter, who narrowly dodges. The pitch is called a ball.

Doug  
Fucking god damn it.

Doug stares down the batter, who is waiting next to the plate, without making eye-contact with Javier. Suddenly he hears the crowd that is left start cheering. Doug turns to see the Jumbotron telling the crowd to get loud. He turns back to the batter. Doug readies himself without acknowledging Javier, who has pointed 2 fingers down. He throws a ball straight down the center of the strike zone.

The batter crushes the ball and the entire stadium goes silent for a beat. Doug watches the ball's path out of the park. The outfielders take a few steps but slow to a stop. The whole stadium starts booing. Doug watches as lines of fans begin to trickle up the stairs in the stands of the ballpark. He sees babies crying, the elderly booing and even children flipping him off.

Doug turns back to face the scoreboard, the score is now 4-7 with 1 out.

Javier called timeout. Everyone goes to the mound and Phil comes out of the dugout.

Javier

Yeah, I'm sorry man but  
that's it. You gotta go.

Doug

Yeah, yeah I guess so.  
Better luck next season  
huh?

Javier

Sure man, sure.

Sanada

Have a good winter.

Ben

See you around Doug.

Phil arrives at the mound.

Phil

You need to get the hell  
off my diamond right god  
damn now. And if I so much  
as sniff you again before  
we meet next year so help  
me god I will do things  
that have never been heard  
of before to you.

The camera follows Doug as he walks off into the dugout. The lights overhead flicker on and off for the closer coming out of

the bullpen. The few fans that have survived the grand slam do not cheer for the new pitcher, they continue to boo Doug during his walk of shame. As he walks down the steps of the dugout he hears some fans throwing things onto the dugout ceiling above him. As Doug turns the corner in the dugout for the clubhouse entrance the camera stops following, just watching. The boos continue to echo as the camera suddenly cuts to black.

End Scene.