

3:31 PM, Wednesday September 15th, 2021

(Sound of crowd cheering in the background)

Son: Wow.

Father: Oh my.

Son: This is just. Jesus Christ.

(From off stage) Man: LET'S GO SOX!!!!!!

Son (under his breath): Can it dude.

Father: Yeah.

(Beat)

Son: Can we leave now?

Father: (Sighs) Soon. Let's at least stay for the stretch.

Son: Really?! Why?

Father: We always stay for the seventh inning stretch! It's the best part!

Son: I can't stand it for a second longer. It's not like anything fun's gonna happen. If anything we'll lose 17-3 instead of 12-3.

Father: I thought you loved the stretch! It was your favorite.

Son: WAS. That's when I still thought there was any reason to get excited about any aspect of shitty baseball.

Father: Well first, that's a bit wordy. You need to tighten up your sentences, bud.

Son: True.

Father: Also that's just unfair. The team's getting better-

Son: Are they really?! We're about to lose by like 10 frikin runs and get swept out of our 'home' stadium in front of and by a bunch of smug Bostonians. That doesn't say 'getting better' to me. Or any reasonable person for that matter.

Father: Rude. We're gearing up to compete next year.

Son: It's always 'next year' with this team, isn't it? If they were gonna compete 'next year' you'd think they'd have more than 65 wins in mid September. I'm not buying anything the front office is selling. Kelenic's clearly a bust, all of the pitchers they've picked up have disintegrated, and no one in the line up is picking up the slack. The results aren't lining up with your narrative.

Father: Those are just the results you're choosing to focus on. Our minor league system has never looked better! Even just the energy of the team, when we do win we win fun, close games. That's gotta count for something!

Son: You can buy it all you want. I'm not falling for it. We need better baseball. Now.

(Beat)

Father: I'll get you another ice cream!

Son: You're not going to bribe me with food.

(Beat)

Son: Why do we even watch baseball, anyway?

Father: What do you mean?

Son: We used to care about nature. Humans; I mean. Hell, that's what we needed to do to survive. We'd hunt wild game, we'd tend to the land and in turn it'd care for us. Now look at us. 45,000 people gathered in a crowded stadium, eating junk, driving their cars to and fro, pumping

even worse junk into the environment. And for what? To see the Mariners lose a game 12-3 during another meaningless, lost season? There's no point in sitting through this shit.

Father: I don't know why you have to bring all that up. We're at a game; for crying out loud.

Son: It's your fault for teaching me about climate change.

Father: (sighs) Fair enough.

(A beat)

Father: Well son; here's what I think. You're too focused on the end result of all this.

Son: what are you even talking about?

Father: The people that have the biggest responsibility to focus on the end result of the problems you're describing have fundamentally failed us. Now, we do have some power in holding those folk accountable, as well as doing our part to mend the issue. Not much, but we do. And guess what, the two of us use that power well! We donate to the few good politicians there are, we do community service, and we try and convince people that for whatever reason aren't buying it that it's a worthwhile endeavor! Am I wrong?

Son: A bit wordy, but I guess not?

Father: Exactly! Furthermore; we weren't born when the decision was made to abandon our reliance on nature in favor of technology. No one was really, there are those who exploit that decision, but society as a whole is really what made it.

Son: I see where you're going with this but-

Father: So why can't we enjoy ourselves! Why can't we watch a baseball game, one that's hopeless and in a losing season, sure, but one that's been fun! We ate those delicious hot dogs at our spot, we walked around the beautiful ballpark, I even saw you cheering during the hydro race! The game hasn't been that bad either. Kelenic's a double away from a cycle, and we only started giving up runs after Servais pulled Dunn in the fourth, that bastard. My point is; we're doing all we can, let's have fun!

Son: I don't know why you have to be so damn cheerful all the time.

Father: It's because you're so cute.

Son: Stop.

(A beat. Father is looking at son, who avoids his gaze. Another beat. Son hugs father.)

Son: Another ice cream sounds great. But let's watch the stretch first.

(The scene ends)