

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

A slab of plywood leans against the fence.

A square painted in the lower half has five holes cut out.

LAYLA (O.S.)  
There's nothing more to do.

A baseball flies through a hole, clangs off the fence.

LAYLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Get out. Now.

Another one follows, slams into the plywood, drops to the ground.

Ian Hunter, 9, stands across the yard, removes his hat with left hand and wipes his forehead.

He counts the balls in the front of the plywood. Six.

He tosses his glove into the empty bucket on his left.

He grabs the glove off the ball to his right, places it on his right hand, squares up, throws the pitch, strike.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Ian walks down the stairs and past mounds of clothes by the washer and dryer.

He walks on the right side of the worn strip of duct tape that separates two beds.

He tosses his glove onto the bed to his right and kicks clutter under the bed to the left.

Max Hunter, 12, lays across the bed. Asleep.

Ian pulls back the curtain to the small window above their beds.

Sunlight lights up a wall full of Ian's first place trophies.

He bounces across his bed and adjusts a trophy.

The reflection dances on Max's empty wall and settles on his eye.

Max's face twitches, he pulls the covers over his face with a grunt.