



## CHAPTER 8

by  
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1 INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. 1

STEVIE JANOWSKI goes doggie style on a motel bed with an African-American prostitute named SUGAR SNAP. He MOANS.

\*  
\*

STEVIE  
Ohhhh godddd.

Sugar Snaps moans in mockery.

SUGAR SNAP  
Mmmmm.

STEVIE  
I feel like I could go all fucking night.

SUGAR SNAP  
You only paid for an hour, baby.

STEVIE  
Right, but if I had paid for --

He then stops and quivers with a sudden orgasm.

STEVIE (CONT'D)  
Oh God. Oh God.

SUGAR SNAP  
That's it, baby. Let it all out.  
Get a good return on that dollar.

*SUPER: EL PASO, TEXAS*

2 INT. MOTEL ROOM. LATER. 2

Stevie stands in a T-shirt and watches as Sugar Snap writes him a receipt and hands him his credit card.

STEVIE  
Thank you, Sugar Snap. I didn't even know you hoes took credit cards until recently.

SUGAR SNAP  
Well, some do, some don't. The good ones do though.

Stevie puts the items away in a lame travel purse then digs out a Kenny Powers baseball card and shows it to Sugar Snap.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

STEVIE

Do you remember servicing this man?

Sugar Snap takes a good look at it.

SUGAR SNAP

I don't know. Maybe. Who is he?

STEVIE

Just an old friend I've been  
looking for.

Sugar finds this a bit odd.

SUGAR SNAP

So... you wanted to fuck me because  
your friend fucked me?

STEVIE

I wanted to walk a mile in his  
shoes. Today's shoes happened to be  
a big old comfy pair of black  
boots.

Stevie taps her ass and winks.

SUGAR SNAP

Bitch, don't call me boots.

STEVIE

Can I ask you something else?

\*

SUGAR SNAP

What?

STEVIE

How was he?

SUGAR SNAP

You asking me if he was better than  
you?

STEVIE

Nope. Just more about him.

Sugar Snap gives it a beat as she looks over Kenny's card and  
then turns to Stevie, looking him dead in the eyes.

SUGAR SNAP

That motherfucker was an animal.

Stevie smiles.

(CONTINUED)

**FREEZE FRAME: EASTBOUND & DOWN.**

*The THEME Song extends a bit as we see:*

3                      EXT. ROAD. DAY.                      3

A bus travels the passing landscape of Mexico, then comes to \*  
stop at a traffic light. A FAMILY stands on the corner. \*  
Stevie looks at them from the window. They look back at him. \*  
The light changes and with a creepy calmness, Stevie extends \*  
his arm and flips them the bird.

CUT TO:

4                      INT. BASEBALL STADIUM / LOCKER ROOM. DAY.                      4                      \*

Kenny looks tired as hell as he sits getting ready for \*  
practice. He glances around and then does a bump of cocaine. \*

KENNY (V.O.)  
Chapter 8: JOINING A NEW TEAM.

5                      EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM / FIELD. DAY.                      5                      \*

Kenny stands in formation with the TEAM doing jumping jacks.

KENNY (V.O.)  
Over the course of my career, I've  
played on many different teams.  
Some I liked and some I really  
fucking hated. I'm not mentioning  
names, but let's just say Seattle \*  
can tongue-kiss my shit hole.

ROGER and the COACHING STAFF watch the team run drills. \*

KENNY (V.O.)  
The best way to get a new team on \*  
your side is to trash the last team  
you played for. Talk shit about  
how their fans suck and their women  
have pancake titties.

Kenny tosses a ball around with CESAR, the third baseman. \*

KENNY (V.O.)  
And if that doesn't work, then just  
like prison, you pick the biggest,  
baddest dude on the team... and you  
kick him in the fucking teeth. \*

6 EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM / FIELD. LATER. 6 \*

Kenny walks in front of a LINE OF CHARROS. He passes a few INTIMIDATING PLAYERS and then finds ALEJANDRO, the bat boy. \*

KENNY  
This one. I'll throw to him. Start at the top. Best of the best. \*

ROGER  
That's our bat boy, Kenny.

KENNY  
Fine. Then I choose...

Kenny eyes, JUANITO, the diminutive first baseman. \*

KENNY (CONT'D)  
Him. Como te llamas, amigo?

SMALL PLAYER  
Juanito.

KENNY  
Of course it is.

Juanito takes the bat. Roger and the rest of the PITCHING STAFF stand by with a radar gun and clipboards. \*

ROGER  
All right Kenny, we just wanna see what you got. Don't blow your arm out. Save that for the game. \*

Kenny takes the ball and looks to CARLOS, the catcher. He takes a deep breath and fires a fast ball. Juanito takes a massive swing and... comes up LATE! \*

Kenny lines up again. He lets another one fly. Juanito swings and MISSES again.

Kenny lines up once more and fires! STRIKE FUCKING THREE! \*

Kenny pumps his fist and turns to Juanito. \*

KENNY  
Don't beat yourself up, buddy. You basically had the whole universe working against you there.

PABLO, the pitching coach, shows the radar gun to Roger. \*

KENNY (CONT'D)  
What was that? A hundred?

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

Ninety.

KENNY

Felt like a hundred.

ROGER

Make sure you ice that shoulder.  
It's been a while, but stay focused  
and you're going to do just fine.

\*

\*

KENNY

That's cute Roger, but you can save  
your pep talks for someone who  
needs 'em. I got this comeback on  
fucking lock down.

7

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM / PARKING LOT. DAY.

7

\*

After practice, Kenny is cleaned up and heading for his moped  
when a large, intimidating man named PETRUS approaches.

\*

PETRUS

Mr. Powers. Petrus Marcos. I work  
for Mr. Cisneros.

KENNY

Congrats, who the fuck is that?

PETRUS

The owner of the Charros. Your new  
boss. He would like to meet you.

CUT TO:

8

INT. SEBASTIAN'S MANSION / MAIN FLOOR. DAY.

8

\*

Petrus leads Kenny through the Spanish-style mansion. The  
home is beautiful but nothing tasteful. It's mostly just  
filled with expensive electronics and stuff.

\*

\*

KENNY

Look at all this shit.

As Petrus escorts Kenny into the main room, we can start to  
make out the sound of FIGHTING NOISES, getting nearer.

\*

\*

PETRUS

Mr. Cisneros is training with his  
Sensei.

\*

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

Through a window in the large open room we can see SEBASTIAN  
CISNEROS (30s), shirtless and in billowy kung fu pants,  
wielding a samurai sword on the patio outside. An ASIAN  
SENSEI tutors him as they engage in mock battle.

\*

\*

A9

EXT. SEBASTIAN'S MANSION / PATIO. DAY.

A9

\*

Petrus leads Kenny outside. Sebastian doesn't look  
particularly athletic as the Sensei parries each blow.

\*

\*

PETRUS

Sir, Kenny Powers is here.

Sebastian stops with the swordplay.

SEBASTIAN

That will be all for today, Sensei.

Sensei bows and exits. Kenny and Sebastian shake.

KENNY

Nice sword.

SEBASTIAN

Do you like it? Mexican Nihonto  
Society. Charter member. Cost me  
almost twenty large.

Petrus helps Sebastian put on a silk kimono.

KENNY

I see you got the only Asian dude  
in Mexico training you to be a  
ninja. Gotta say, pretty damn cool.

\*

\*

SEBASTIAN

He's not from Mexico. I fly him in  
from Tokyo, straight from the tap.

Sebastian leads Kenny to a small sitting area on the patio.

\*

KENNY

Well, I'd say by the looks of this  
fine blade, hearing about how  
you're importing and exporting  
chinamen, and the fact that you own  
the Charros, I'm guessing you must  
be loaded. Out of curiosity how  
much does it cost to buy a Mexican  
baseball team? Ten bucks and a  
burrito?

(CONTINUED)

Kenny laughs. Sebastian eyes him and then chuckles.

SEBASTIAN

I love that. Racism is hilarious to me as well. I can tell by the look on your face you didn't even know there where rich people in Mexico.

KENNY

Not going to argue with you on that one. You seem young for someone so rich. How'd you make your loot?

\*

SEBASTIAN

My parents were taken from me in a plane wreck. Papi died instantly, Mother lingered. I had to make a tough decision and pull the plug.

\*

KENNY

Shit. That sucks.

\*

SEBASTIAN

It does suck to be an orphan... but being a millionaire has its advantages as well.

\*

\*

KENNY

I bet it does. Yeah, I'm pretty much an orphan too. I was raised by my mom. My old man split on me and left nothing but hepatitis on the toilet seat. I had to make my own fortune in life.

SEBASTIAN

You also have fame. I constructed a recording studio in my parents old bedroom. One day my goal is to become a world famous producer.

\*

KENNY

I cut a country rap single back in the 90s. A lot of people think I could have easily dominated the recording industry, but I chose to focus all my shit on baseball.

\*

SEBASTIAN

That's very admirable. Do you need anything from me or the team?

\*

(CONTINUED)



KENNY

Funny you ask. Friday is going to be the first time Kenny Powers steps on the mound in a long time. Obviously, it's a big goddamn deal. And not just for me. But for this team, you, all the villagers.

\*

SEBASTIAN

You want me to get the publicity department to organize something?

KENNY

Remember how your people lit up the Alamo? That's the level I'm talking. When I take the field I basically want the pageantry of an Alabama concert. Fireworks, smoke, moonwalks--

\*

SEBASTIAN

A showman. I like it.

KENNY

Not a showman. A retired gunfighter who's been called out of retirement for one more showdown.

SEBASTIAN

But you will be playing with us for more than just this one game?

KENNY

Yeah, of course.

SEBASTIAN

We'll get this done then. I look forward to working with you, Kenny.

\*

They shakes hands once again.

KENNY

Likewise.

Kenny parks his moped, carrying a white paper bag with him. He walks over to the donkey and pulls out a taco salad.

\*

\*

KENNY

Supper time, Jackass.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

He sets the salad on the ground and the donkey starts eating. \*  
Kenny pats him on the mane and walks over to the house. As \*  
he approaches he notices that the front door is ajar. He  
slowly leans down and retrieves his concealed handgun.

Kenny listens and can hear someone RUSTLING AROUND inside.  
He points the gun into the open door... and then just starts \*  
blindly BLASTING OFF SHOTS into the house!

Kenny KICKS the door open. \*

10 INT. KENNY'S CASA. CONTINUOUS.

10

Kenny, gun drawn, sees Stevie crouched in fear on the floor. \*

STEVIE

Kenny!--

BLAM! Without thinking, Kenny blasts off another SHOT and  
tags Stevie right in the leg.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Oh fuck. I'm hit, I'm hit!

KENNY

Shit! I didn't process it! I just--

STEVIE

You shot me, Kenny!

KENNY

I know I shot you! Hang on!

Kenny awkwardly tries to lift Stevie off the ground.

11 INT. KENNY'S CASA / BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS.

11

Kenny plops Stevie in the bathtub. He's bleeding and in a \*  
lot of pain. Kenny then turns on the shower, spraying water. \*

KENNY

What the hell are you doing here?!

STEVIE

I came to find you-- Shit, Kenny.  
I'm not doing so good.

Kenny grabs a dirty towel and a bottle of Jack from on top of \*  
the toilet.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Stevie's about to pass out when Kenny puts the towel in Stevie's mouth, takes a swig from the bottle, and then dumps the Jack all over the wound. Stevie kicks and SCREAMS.

\*

KENNY

It's to kill the infection.

Kenny reaches behind the toilet, grabs another bottle, dumps it. Stevie spits out the towel, SCREAMING bloody murder. Kenny looks at the bottle.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Fuck, my bad, that's Margarita mix.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. CATUEY'S CASA. NIGHT.

12

Catuey opens his door to find Kenny looking bloody and gross.

KENNY

Do you all have any band aids or cotton swabs or any shit like that?

Catuey yells back inside of his place.

CATUEY

(in Spanish)

Maria? Do we have a first aid kit?

\*

(to Kenny, English)

\*

My wife's sister, Maria. She's a nurse. Are you hurt or something?

13 INT. KENNY'S CASA / BATHROOM. NIGHT.

13

\*

Kenny, Catuey, and MARIA look at Stevie passed out in the tub with a shitty blanket and a couch cushion for a pillow.

\*

\*

CATUEY

What happened?

KENNY

I think he might have shot himself  
in the leg.

Maria steps forward and examines the wound. Stevie stirs.

STEVIE

Fire. My leg is on fire.

(CONTINUED)

KENNY

You're not on fire, Stevie. You're  
in a tub. These people are friends.  
The lady one is going to fix you.

\*

Kenny leans down next to Maria as she applies ointment.

\*

KENNY (CONT'D)

You can fix him right?

MARIA

(in Spanish)

I can help but he's going to need  
to rest here for a while.

\*

KENNY

English please, por favor.

CATUEY

She can fix him. But he's going to  
have to stay put.

KENNY

As in stay put here? In my home?

\*

INT. KENNY'S CASA / LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

The curtains are drawn. Stevie's on the couch sleeping.  
Kenny sits in a chair across from him. Thinking.

Kenny reaches over to pull up the blanket, and instead  
gingerly takes Stevie's travel purse off of him.

He opens it up, grabs a couple bills, finds the baseball card  
of himself. He looks the card over and then puts it back.

\*

\*

He then pulls out Stevie's cell phone. A picture of Kenny  
flipping the bird is the screen saver. Kenny opens Stevie's  
photo album and A PICTURE OF STEVIE DRESSED GOTH with his  
middle finger pops up. Kenny skips to the next one, STEVIE  
WITH SUNGLASSES flipping the bird. Picture after picture.  
Stevie flipping the bird. Kenny looks at his sleeping guest.

\*

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM / FIELD. DAY.

The CHARROS run drills. Kenny pitches into a net.

\*

TWO WORKERS hang a HUGE KENNY POWERS BANNER. On it a low res  
picture of Kenny with a sombrero photoshopped on top of his  
head. In his hands are two photoshopped beer cans. The  
banner is written in Spanish stating "two for one beers."

\*

(CONTINUED)

Roger approaches the pitcher's mound.

ROGER

Nice banner.

KENNY

I hope you're joking around. My face is all pixilated and computery.

ROGER

Actually this is a lot of fanfare for the Charros.

\*  
\*

KENNY

Hmm. Good point. I probably need to have a talk with the team, don't I?

\*

ROGER

No, we don't need you to interrupt practice, Kenny. We need you to warm up that arm and get ready for--

\*  
\*  
\*

KENNY

(calling out to the team)  
Everybody, bring it in real quick!  
Let's hustle, guys! Bring it in, take a knee.

The CHARROS all look at each other in confusion before slowly bringing it in and surrounding the pitcher's mound.

\*

KENNY (CONT'D)

All right, I'm gonna go ahead and address the elephant in the room. I know you see the banners, the bobble heads, the glow stick necklaces and think "just who does Kenny Powers think he is bringing all this celebrity juice to the Charros?" Well the truth is, I'm just a humble ball player like yourselves. Sure people care more about me, but at our cores, we're the same. In fact, you're all major indirect components to the Kenny Powers success machine because I can't do it alone. It's too big for one man. I need my team behind me.

\*  
  
\*  
\*  
\*  
  
\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

KENNY (CONT'D)

And I want you to know that when I return to the stage this Friday in the biggest comeback celebration any of you have ever seen, that's exactly where you'll be. Behind me.

\*  
\*

Kenny nods his head, letting his words sink in.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Please don't be intimidated by my stature. Coaches, this also includes you.

\*

MATATAN, the big right fielder, looks to ISDEL, the pitcher.

\*

MATATAN

(in Spanish)

Who the fuck is this guy?

\*

16 INT. KENNY'S CASA / LIVING ROOM. DAY.

16

Stevie opens a box labelled, "NEW MANUSCRIPT." Inside are several cassette tapes. He puts one of the tapes into the tape recorder and puts on headphones. Stevie presses play.

\*

KENNY (V.O.)

On the eighth day, the dexty's ran dry and all the DMT in the world couldn't keep the memories of her in the rearview where they belong.

As he listens, Stevie wanders around the apartment snooping.

\*

17 INT. KENNY'S CASA / BEDROOM. DAY.

17

Stevie opens the door to Kenny's bedroom and just takes a look: it's a disaster area. Clothes everywhere. Machete on the floor. Syringe on the dresser.

KENNY (V.O.)

I wasn't sure of where I was going.  
But wherever I went, she would  
follow. Pushing me forward and  
holding me back.

18 INT. KENNY'S CASA / BATHROOM. DAY.

18

Stevie pulls back the shower curtain. Empty beer cans litter the tub. A pocket pussy rests in the soap dish.

\*

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

KENNY (V.O.)

No amount of ketamine or bomb ass weed would keep this knowledge at bay.

\*

19 INT. KENNY'S CASA / KITCHEN. DAY.

19

\*

Stevie opens the fridge and there's a python inside.

KENNY (V.O.)

Unsure of where to start, I stopped for the night in Jackson. April flowers bring May showers, but goddamn if it wasn't raining it's ass off.

\*

20 EXT. KENNY'S CASA. DAY.

20

Stevie stares at the broken down Denali, trying to make sense of Kenny's new life. Behind him the jackass sniffs at his heels. Stevie runs his fingers through the jackass' mane.

\*

STEVIE

What is thy name, steed?

Just then Kenny pulls up on his moped.

KENNY

Stevie what the hell you doing out here? You're going to fuck around and get a goddamn staph infection.

Kenny hops off his moped.

STEVIE

I'm just checking out your new digs, man! This donkey is cool.

KENNY

He's a jackass. Guess if you're walking around you must not be hurt too bad.

STEVIE

No, it hurts pretty bad. Being shot definitely hurts.

KENNY

So does having a gun go off by accident in your hand.

(CONTINUED)

STEVIE

I guess my surprise didn't really go over as planned.

KENNY

Yeah, well, this is Mexico. You don't go around trying to surprise people down here. Unfortunately, a lesson you had to learn the hard way.

STEVIE

Honestly, I don't even care about being shot. I'm just really fucking glad to see you, man.

Stevie holds back a tear and hugs Kenny tight.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

I have like fucking really missed you, Kenny.

\*

Stevie smiles and opens up his bloody travel purse. He pulls out a wad of credit card statements.

\*

STEVIE (CONT'D)

When the charges first started showing up on my card I thought it was fraud. Then I started looking at what was being purchased: beer, Jäger, whippets. That's when it clicked. You were leaving me a trail of fucking bread crumbs.

KENNY

Bread crumbs?

STEVIE

Yeah! Twenty-two thousand dollars worth of bread crumbs that led me straight to you, Kenny.

KENNY

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

STEVIE

Those charges were like the star in the sky that the wise men followed to find baby Jesus.

Kenny can't believe Stevie isn't mad. He goes with it.

(CONTINUED)



KENNY

Welcome to the manger, my friend.  
I'm glad you were able to decipher  
my complex code.

\*

STEVIE

I'm glad you sent me a code, I'm  
ready to fucking party!

A hot STRIPPER shakes her ass on stage. Kenny and Stevie sit  
at a table full of empty shot glasses. Stevie's trashed.

\*

STEVIE

This is awesome. When that girl  
bends over you can see the outline  
of her asshole.

KENNY

This is me every night, amigo.

\*

STEVIE

Can you imagine if I lived here  
too? If me and you could just tear  
this shit up all the fucking time?

\*

KENNY

Yeah, it'd be awesome. When are you  
planning on heading home?

STEVIE

Whenever I want! I got an open  
ended ticket, nigga! Let's buttfuck  
this place.

KENNY

Wish I could. Things have changed.  
I'm playing ball now and that  
pretty much takes up all my time.

\*

\*

STEVIE

Fuck yeah! What happened to Tampa?

\*

KENNY

Tampa can suck it. I said fuck that  
place and came here. Looking for  
adventure and good times as opposed  
to a goddamn Scientology compound  
and a bunch of faggotry.

\*

\*

STEVIE

Good choice, man. Fuck Tampa.

\*

KENNY

So what's the haps back in bumfuck?

\*

STEVIE

You know that shit hole, nothing  
ever changes. Clegg is in rehab.

\*

\*

KENNY

Again?

STEVIE

Yep. I was coming over to your  
brother's house a lot after you  
left. Something must have happened  
cause Dustin told me I wasn't  
allowed to play with the boys when  
he wasn't there. What the fuck  
ever.

\*

KENNY

I don't care about any of them.  
What's April's deal?

\*

Stevie gets distant. He calls for the COCKTAIL WAITRESS.

\*

STEVIE

Mas wine, gracias.

KENNY

Stevie, I asked you a question.

STEVIE

I haven't really seen much of  
April.

KENNY

She's probably been pretty  
depressed. Hope she's not hooked on  
meds now. That's a slippery slope.

STEVIE

After you left, I guess her and  
Cutler ended up getting back  
together and... well, they finally  
got married.

KENNY

Married? You got to be shitting me.

This news hits Kenny hard.

(CONTINUED)

KENNY (CONT'D)

With fucking Cutler?

Stevie nods and looks away.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Well good for her then. Good thing  
I'm doing great here. In the midst  
of a monumental comeback. Idiot.  
Her loss. I feel sorry for her  
though, must be tough living a life  
that's nothing but compromises.

\*

STEVIE

Yeah, fuck her. And at least you  
have this!

Stevie reaches into his pocket and pulls out a big ass BRA.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Torpedoes, baby!

Kenny looks at the bra curiously.

KENNY

Is that?

STEVIE

April's bra, dog! Tig old biddies!

KENNY

Why are you carrying that around?

\*

STEVIE

I found it in your old truck.  
Thought you might like to have a  
little souvenir of the past with  
you. It still smells like her, too.

Stevie hands him the bra. Kenny rubs the fabric between his  
fingers for a bit. He gets lost in the moment for a second.  
Just then the stripper leans down and picks up the bra.

\*

\*

STRIPPER

(in Spanish)

What's this?

The stripper playfully slips the bra on.

\*

STRIPPER (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

You want a dance? I'll wear your  
special bra for you.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

KENNY

You're getting your whore dust all  
over it. Take that shit off.

STRIPPER

(in Spanish)

Don't you like it?

The stripper dances in the bra like she's fucking around.

\*

STEVIE

He said take the bra off, bitch.

A BOUNCER looks over and sees Stevie forcefully ripping the  
bra off the stripper. He comes running over.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

FUCKING GIVE IT!

BAM! Stevie is nailed by the Bouncer's fist and then shoved  
out the door.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

22 EXT. CASA LIFE STRIP CLUB. NIGHT.

22

\*

Kenny exits the strip club. LOCALS are out drinking. Stevie  
is wasted and flips them the bird.

\*

KENNY

Knock that shit off.

VIDA

Steve!

Kenny and Stevie both turn around and see VIDA.

VIDA (CONT'D)

Where have you been? You haven't  
come to see me in a while.

\*

Stevie looks confused.

STEVIE

Well, I just kind of got into town.

KENNY

She's talking to me, dipshit.

(to Vida)

I've been busy. How you been?

(CONTINUED)

VIDA

Good. I'm playing tonight. You and your friend should come see me.

\*

KENNY

I can't come see you tonight, Vida. I just got some devastating news and need to sort out some hormones. Also, my name's not Steve. It's Kenny. And I'm not a cockfighter. I play ball for the Charros. I just thought you should know that.

\*

\*

VIDA

Wait, your name's not Steve?

KENNY

No. "Steve" just felt like a good name for someone who had no hope of ever doing anything worthwhile.

\*

Just then Stevie PUKES all over the place.

\*

VIDA

Looks like your friend is sick. You should get him home.

KENNY

Yeah, I'll get him home.

CUT TO:

Stevie opens his eyes and sees a MEXICAN MAN staring at him. He sits up and realizes he's in the bed of a moving pick-up truck filled with LABORERS.

STEVIE

Excuse me, where is this truck headed?

MEXICAN MAN

America.

STEVIE

Yes, I'm American. But this truck, where is it going? Which town?

MEXICAN MAN

Si, America. Estados Unidos.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

STEVIE

Oh shit.

24 EXT. ROAD. DAY.

24

\*

The truck speeds through the middle of nowhere swiftly on its way to the old U.S., kicking up a dust cloud as it goes.

KENNY (V.O.)

On the road to success don't be surprised if you gotta spill a little blood to get shit done. With all great dreams somebody usually gets fucked.

25 EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM / PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

25

\*

WORKERS hang Kenny Powers signs and banners announcing his debut game. On the posters Kenny is all smiles.

KENNY (V.O.)

And that's fine, you shouldn't lose any sleep over it. But what do you do when the reason you were fighting does something stupid like marry a fucking dork?

\*

26 EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM / FIELD. LATER.

26

\*

The game is in full swing.

IN THE STANDS: The decent CROWD is enthusiastic. TECATE CHEERLEADERS dance and cheer for the fans. The MASCOT tries unsuccessfully to start the wave.

\*

\*

\*

KENNY (V.O.)

And then you're left in the midst of a battle that suddenly means nothing. Standing there with blood on your hands, a pile of dead zips at your feet, and a lot of questions on your mind.

\*

ON THE FIELD, the AWAY team knocks a weak pitch out of the fucking park making the score 4-3 Charros. A bit too close for comfort. The wrong team is getting momentum at the wrong time. You can sense the disappointment in the crowd.

IN THE DUGOUT, Roger spits and watches in disgust. Alejandro comes running up to him.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

ROGER  
(in Spanish)  
Is he ready?

ALEJANDRO  
(in Spanish)  
He's not in the bullpen.

ROGER  
(in Spanish)  
Where the hell is he?

27 INT. BASEBALL STADIUM / LOCKER ROOM. NIGHT.

27 \*

Roger comes in and finds Kenny sitting on a bench by himself.

ROGER  
Jesus, Kenny, what are you doing?

\*

KENNY  
Just thinking.

ROGER  
Well come on, man. We called time  
out. Let's get you in the game.

Kenny is visibly in another world. He's somber, reflective.

KENNY  
I can't go out there, Roger.

ROGER  
Why not?

Kenny just hangs his head low.

KENNY  
I'll be honest. I'm just not  
feeling it. I was primarily  
mounting this comeback to  
eventually get a girl. And now that  
it looks like the girl has fucking  
moved on. Well, this shit is just  
starting to seem like a lot of  
work. I'm starting to fear that  
maybe I have lost my inspiration  
for this whole fucking comeback.

\*

ROGER  
You're really going to drop this on  
me right now?

(CONTINUED)

KENNY

I'm just not feeling it, dude. I'm not feeling motivated at all right now for some reason.

ROGER

Not feeling motivated?

\*

KENNY

Not too much, no. I don't know if a pep speech would do the trick or not, nobody's tried it yet.

Roger sighs. He can't believe Kenny's making him go through the motions. He sits down beside Kenny.

ROGER

Kenny, I know that this locker room isn't exactly what you had in mind when you were a kid dreaming of playing ball one day. But I've been involved in this game all my life and if there's one thing I know it's talent. And you got it. That arm of yours can take you wherever you want to go. You just have to put it to work, Kenny. Don't do this comeback for some fucking girl. Do it for you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KENNY

Do you see what's happening here? We're having one of those coach star player moments. I haven't had one of these in a long ass time.

ROGER

Well, how about it then. You feel like playing now?

\*  
\*

KENNY

I still don't, but I'm going to do it anyway. Sebastian hooked up all these nice Kenny Powers decorations. I guess the least I could do is go out there and drop the fucking knowledge. Capture the hearts and minds of these villagers.

\*

ROGER

Good enough. Now let's get out there and make some damn noise!

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)





BACK ON THE FIELD, Kenny takes the American flag off his shoulders and spikes it on the ground like it's a football. \*

IN THE DUGOUT, Roger watches as smoke pours over the field and the music continues.

ROGER

What the hell is this shit?

He looks across the way and notices that the other team's dugout is now full of smoke. They try to wave it the hell out of there, coughing as they do.

BACK ON THE FIELD, Kenny does a jump kick into the air. For his big finale, he falls to his knees. Collapsing to the ground, as the song hits it's final big note.

Kenny stands up and looks around proudly like he nailed it. He half-ass waves to the crowd as the smoke clears. \*

At last, Kenny turns to the BATTER ready to actually pitch.

He gets a signal from Carlos, the catcher. No, not that one. Carlos gives another signal. Nope. Carlos gives a third signal. Kenny nods. That's the one. \*

KENNY

(to himself)

Wolverines.

Kenny winds up. His form has never been better. He releases the first pitch and...

The Batter swings and misses. The ball hits Carlos's mitt with a THUD and the UMPIRE signals the strike. \*

Kenny smirks. He knows he's still got it.

We see the next two pitches in QUICK CUTS and the results are the same. The batter misses each time and on the third strike, Kenny pumps his fist and yells out a familiar song:

KENNY (CONT'D)

You're fucking out!!!

He holds up his arms in celebration expecting his teammates to rush the mound and the crowd to go ballistic. But instead, neither happens.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

VINICIO (O.C.)

\*

(in Spanish)

Thank you for coming to tonight's game. Please drive safely on your way home.

The speakers then pump out some lame EXIT MUSIC and Kenny just stands there, amazed at the apathy of it all.

31 EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM / PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

31

\*

Kenny walks out of the stadium carrying a duffel bag. He walks past Matatan and RODRIGUEZ, the 2nd baseman who sign an autograph or two, but no one seems to even notice he's there.

\*

KENNY

Adios, Rodriguez. Good game, Matatan. Any of you guys up to no good tonight or anything? Maybe chase a little tail?

They don't even answer him. Dejected, Kenny gets on his moped. Just then, a taxi pulls up out front. The door opens and Stevie steps out. He looks rough as fuck. His leg is wrapped in a dirty ass bandage. He limps over towards Kenny.

\*

KENNY (CONT'D)

Wasn't expecting to see you here.

STEVIE

Did I miss the game?

KENNY

Yep. Didn't have anybody there I knew to support me. It's all right.

STEVIE

I'm sorry I missed it. I don't know what happened. I think I must have got kidnapped or something.

\*

KENNY

You weren't kidnapped, Stevie. I put you on that truck so I wouldn't have to deal with you.

STEVIE

What?

KENNY

You remind me of home. And for obvious reasons home is painful.

(CONTINUED)

STEVIE

You miss the children?

KENNY

Yeah, Stevie, I miss the fucking children. Look, I'm not proud of how certain things went down there. And seeing your face reminds me of that shit. I'm sorry. I wish it didn't. But I guess your face and our friendship is the collateral damage.

\*

STEVIE

So you just see me as some sort of spirit destroyer? Some little cunt?

KENNY

Yes.

Stevie drops down to his knees. Some LOCALS watch them.

STEVIE

Kenny, I kneel before you as a man, begging a much better man to please let me stay and join you on this Hispanic adventure. I work in a fucking coffee shop back in Shelby. Please don't make me go back there. Let me stay here and fuck this place up beside you. I will do whatever you want!

\*

KENNY

Get up, man. Are you crying?

\*

Stevie shakes his head.

KENNY (CONT'D)

It's a different game down here. If you were to stay I can't guarantee you'll make it home alive. You'll be responsible for watching not only your own back but mine. You'll also be responsible for some of my personal errands and, more than likely, laundry.

STEVIE

I'm ready to get hardcore with fucking errands or anyone who wants to step up and get slapped in their fucking face.

(CONTINUED)

Kenny gives it a beat. Then...

KENNY

Welcome to the resistance.

Kenny and Stevie stand there in front of an empty baseball stadium on a warm summer night. They are far, far away from home, but they are together.

CUT TO BLACK.