



CHAPTER 8

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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
Mmmm.

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.

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)

6 CONTINUED:

6

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 shake 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.

13

CONTINUED:

13

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?

*

14

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

14

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.

*

15

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM / FIELD. DAY.

15

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)

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)

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:

EXT. CASA LIFE STRIP CLUB. NIGHT.

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)

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.

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.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM / PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

*

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.