

EAST BOUND AND DOWN

a pilot
written by
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OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE: MONTAGE OF CLIPS FROM BOB COSTAS'
"ON THE RECORD"

EXT. BRAVES STADIUM. NIGHT

KENNY POWERS(19), a young redneck with a long mullet stands on the pitcher's mound of a jam packed world series game.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
After a point shaving scandal left
the Braves without a relief
pitcher, game seven of the '97
World Series hung in the hands of a
19 year old rookie.

Kenny looks around, the bases are loaded, two strikes, two outs, bottom of the ninth. The LARGE BATTER (28), readies himself. Kenny takes a deep breath.

Kenny gives it everything he's got...the ball flies past THE BATTER. THE UMPIRE signals strike. Kenny freaks out!

KENNY
YOU'RE FUCKING OUT!!!

The Braves rush the field and hold Kenny over their heads.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
That night a legend was born. And
his name was Kenny Powers.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE. DAY

Kenny Powers signs with THE OWNERS of the Atlanta Braves. PRESS fills the room snapping pictures.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD. NIGHT

Kenny Powers steps on the mound. Where he always had a mullet before, now he has it down to perfection. What would become his signature look, two lines shaved into each side and 100% fan mullet in the back.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
Kenny Powers was immediately signed
to a multi million dollar deal with
the Atlanta Braves. A folk hero to
many, Kenny Powers represented all
that is great in baseball; gut,
passion, and God given talent.

Kenny throws the heat.

FREEZE FRAME: This becomes a snap shot baseball card.

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BOB COSTAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He was unstoppable and Powers Fever
was sweeping the country.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL. DAY

A LARGE GROUP OF LITTLE KIDS look into the news camera.

LITTLE KIDS
YOU'RE FUCKING OUT!

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM. DAY

Fans sporting the Kenny Powers mullet and shaved lines fight
for the attention of the camera.

FANS
YOU'RE FUCKING OUT!

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM. DAY.

Kenny Powers, wearing a Braves uniform, winds up and hurls a
pitch. A COACH clocks it on his radar gun: 101 MPH.

INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT

COMMERCIAL. Kenny Powers walks through a club wearing a
sleek black duster. Ladies swarm around him. He holds a can
of BODY SPRAY up to the camera.

KENNY
If you're not taking care of
yourself for the ladies - You're -
BEEPIN- out.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD. NIGHT

KENNY POWERS MUSIC VIDEO. Kenny, dressed in his black
duster, sings a horrible country song. As the fiddles kick
in, he starts rapping.

KENNY
*I told my baby's momma there's no
need to shout. Kenny P's fucking
rich and, bitch...you're fucking
out!*

INT. BOOKSTORE. DAY

Kenny sits behind a desk signing copies of his book. He
holds up a copy and addresses the camera.

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KENNY

If you get tired of reading boring books and let's face it, that's most of em, pick up a copy of my memoirs. "You're fucking out. I'm fucking in: The Kenny Powers Story." Now available in that audio book CD thing too.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO. DAY

CHARLTON HESTON reads from Kenny's book into a microphone.

HESTON

And it was then that I knew I needed to strike that mother fucker out. Send his ass back to the fucking rice field he came from.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER. DAY

Kenny is surrounded by crazy fans and beautiful women signing autograph after autograph.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

It seemed the whole world loved Kenny Powers, but perhaps no one loved him more than Kenny Powers himself.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

Kenny Powers sits behind a table. Press fill the room.

KENNY

I'm sick and tired of carrying the weight and the owners and coaches not giving me the things I need to win. Atlanta, you're fucking out. Kenny Powers is now a free agent.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

It wasn't the hair. It wasn't the slogan. It would be the foot in mouth disease that would become Kenny Power's new trademark.

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM. DAY.

Kenny Powers throws a fastball. The Speedometer drops significantly to: 97 MPH.

EXT. PRESS CONFERENCE. DAY

Kenny, miserable, being interviewed in a Yankees' Uniform.

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REPORTER

So, Kenny, how do you feel about playing for the Yankees?

KENNY

Yeah, I just love playing for the Jew York Yankees.

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM. DAY.

Kenny Powers throws another fastball. The Speedometer reading gets worse: 94 MPH.

EXT. PRESS CONFERENCE. DAY

Kenny, miserable, being interviewed in a Giants' Uniform.

KENNY

I thought the blacks in Baltimore were bad. They're nothing compared to these fags you got in San Francisco.

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM. DAY.

Kenny Powers throws the heat...sort of. The Speedometer reads: 90 MPH. The COACH shakes his head.

Kenny screams and kicks dirt. Kenny winds up and angrily hurls another pitch. The Radar Gun reads: 91 MPH.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD. DAY

Kenny Powers, now shredded with muscles wearing a Red Sox Jersey, gives an interview to a FEMALE REPORTER.

KENNY

I said I'm not on fucking steroids!

Powers takes a swing at the FEMALE REPORTER. She ducks to the ground and Kenny's teammates grab him.

EXT. TRAINING FIELD. DAY

Kenny pitches another fast ball. The Speedometer reads a pathetic: 85 MPH.

BOB COSTAS

Powers was losing his heat. Bounced from one team to the next. A mere splinter of the mighty ball player he used to be.

INT. MARINERS' STADIUM. NIGHT

Kenny stands on the mound wearing a Mariners' Jersey. He looks like shit, hung over, strung out, and apathetic.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

If the Gods have a sense of irony this would be their magnum opus. Kenny Powers was called in as a last minute replacement during the ninth inning to pitch against a then unknown rookie Chuck Mackworthy. Kenny had a chance to turn things around in much the same fashion as he started his career.

Kenny Powers winds up and CHUCK MACKWORTHY cracks a home run.

BOB COSTAS (CONT'D)

But it wasn't meant to be. Chuck Mackworthy would become the hero of that game 7.

Kenny drops his glove and walks off. The fans BOO and chant "YOU'RE FUCKING OUT!", he flicks them all off and exits.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That night Kenny Powers would walk off the field and into oblivion. His charmed run finally at its embarrassing conclusion. Kenny Powers, a man who once had it all, now left alone in a sea of nothingness.

The sounds of fans dies out as we end on....

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

KENNY POWERS, now an out of shape washed up man, sits in a mini desk in a dingy room. His hair is messy and outgrown, the old shaved lines of victory long grown in. His clothes are plain blue, with no sense of flash, almost like a prison uniform. In fact, he could be in prison.

In front of him sits a packet. At the head of the room stands an ADMINISTRATOR (50) going over all the info in an authoritative voice while Kenny and the OTHERS listen.

ADMINISTRATOR

Write your name in the top right corner, followed by birth date and social security number with the provided #2 pencil.

(MORE)

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ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)
 Fill out the form completely, do not, I repeat, do not skip any lines. Place your packet in front of the desk for us to pick up. And welcome to the Shelby County school system and to your new exciting career as a substitute teacher.

Kenny stares at a lame poster reading "TEACHER'S PET" with a kitten sleeping next to an apple. This ain't prison but it might as well be.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT. DAY

Kenny exits the building, he throws on some shades and makes his way toward his truck, which is towing a jet ski. Just as he crosses the parking lot--

DUDE
 Kenny Powers?! Holy shit!

Kenny keeps walking without saying a word.

DUDE (CONT'D)
 I'm Mark Shank. You banged my step sister back in tenth grade. Man, I can't believe it's really you! What are you doing back here?

KENNY
 (rubbing his arm)
 Just taking a break, doing a little rehab on my shoulder, and of course, gettin my drink on.

Dude notices the employee handbook in his hands.

DUDE
 What is that? You don't work here do you?

Kenny tucks the handbook away.

KENNY
 Nah, fuck that.

Administrator steps out and waves.

ADMINISTRATOR
 See you Monday, Kenny.

KENNY
 Just temporary.

DUDE
 Jesus Christ! A job here?! Are you kidding me?! Doing what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNY

Subbing gym at the middle school-

DUDE

Fuck you! Kenny fucking Powers teaching fucking gym! How does this even happen, man? You were the fucking king! I mean really, what in the fu--

Kenny punches Dude right in the face. Dude drops. Kenny gets into his truck and drives on out.

TITLE CARD: **EAST BOUND AND DOWN**

MONTAGE OF SHOTS: Kenny driving through Shelby. He chugs a beer as he drives through small town life, BOJANGLES, CIRCLE Ks, and country. God's country. He chucks his empties out the window, littering.

INT. DINING ROOM/POWERS HOUSE. NIGHT

Kenny sits around the dinner table with his Brother DUSTIN (31), his wife CASSIE (30) and their three kids, WAYNE (12), DUSTIN JR. (6), and ROSE (4 MONTHS).

WAYNE is finishing up a prayer; everyone's eyes are closed, except for Kenny's. He looks around with his head bowed. Dustin Jr. opens his eyes too and spots Kenny. Kenny shuts his eyes quick, as if they've been shut the whole time.

WAYNE

...and thank you for letting me make good grades on my French test, and for my family, and I hope you kill Al Qaeda, and thanks for making me make cross country and Brandon Wilcox not making it.

CASSIE

Wayne, we don't pray against things like that. Ask for forgiveness and say Amen.

WAYNE

Forgiveness. In Jesus' name, amen.

KENNY

Amen!

Dustin looks over at his brother and laughs.

DUSTIN

Good to have you here, Kenny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNY

Remember them joke prayers we use to say as kids.

Cassie shoots a look to Dustin.

KENNY (CONT'D)

It ain't nothing bad. Rub a dub dub thanks for the grub. That kind of stuff.

The kids laugh.

KENNY (CONT'D)

You like that? Here's another one. Lord I pray, while I sit, give me the strength to eat this shit.

The kids crack up.

KENNY (CONT'D)

See they like it. It's funny to make jokes to God.

Cassie tries to change the subject.

CASSIE

Did you get the Christmas cards we sent you last year?

KENNY

Probably. I get a shit load of fan mail. Did you guys get the tanning bed I sent you last year?

CASSIE

The one you sent three years ago? Yes. Its in the garage.

KENNY

Really? That long ago? Well it is a tanning bed. I got to tell you my mind is still blown that you got three kids. I only remember you having the one.

DUSTIN

Yea, well we got three.

Kenny looks over the kids and to the baby.

KENNY

Three handsome young men. The Powers way.

Cassie clears her throat, irritated.

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CONTINUED: (2)

DUSTIN

The littlest one is a girl.

CASSIE

Her name is Rose. Named after Kate Winslet in Titanic.

DUSTIN

That's Cassie's favorite movie.

KENNY

You gotta be shitting me.

EXT. FRONT PORCH/POWERS' HOUSE. NIGHT

Kenny and Dustin sit on front porch sharing a dip cup.

DUSTIN

Shane Smith is married. He goes to the same church as us. I played golf with Terry the other day. Oh, and did you hear about Bryant he got his face burnt off in that motorcycle accident.

KENNY

I heard about that.

DUSTIN

Yea, he's a dumb ass though. And, Clegg, he's the bartender at Sha-Booms!

KENNY

Shit, I need to get over there and see him.

DUSTIN

If you do, tell him to go fuck himself. And tell him thanks a lot for leaving me high and dry on that sheet rock job last month. And tell him I think he's a piece of shit.

KENNY

Will do. How is work going?

DUSTIN

The remodeling stuff is doing pretty good, but man, I'm finding that the real money is in sun rooms. I basically have a corner on the market here.

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DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Pretty much if you're living in Shelby and you want an affordable, stylish way to add square footage to your home you're calling me.

KENNY

Big time, huh?

DUSTIN

I mean it ain't baseball money but it's keeping me month's bills plus one.

There's a long pause...neither with anything else to say.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

So Kenny, we were wondering just how long you were planning on, you know, staying here.

KENNY

We?

Dustin sighs.

DUSTIN

Look, it ain't like that, it's just-

KENNY

How many times I gotta say this, I got the IRS all up in my shit, I got to take a stupid job just so the government can garnish my fucking wages, goddamn Gatorade is still trying to get a piece of my ass, damn accountant got arrested and his jerk ass has all my pass codes.

DUSTIN

So what does that mean?

KENNY

It means that as soon as I get my cash flow going and get me some walking around money, I'll be fine.

DUSTIN

And how long is that gonna be?

KENNY

What? I gotta give you an exact goddamn date? Come on man, we're brothers.

Suddenly Kenny jumps up. Wayne is sitting on his jet ski pretending to ride it.

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CONTINUED: (2)

KENNY (CONT'D)

Are you fucking stupid!? Get Down!

Wayne jumps off the jet ski, scared shitless and runs away.

DUSTIN

Damnit Kenny you can't talk to my son that way!

KENNY

I don't give a fuck, that jet ski ain't a goddamn toy!

DUSTIN

Yes it is!

KENNY

It's a goddamn Kawasaki 800SXR Superstock modified with a V8 and a custom made wetpipe. 0 to 70 in less than 3 seconds. It was hand painted by Jesse fuckin' James himself. This \$45,000 toy costs more than your whole fuckin' house.

DUSTIN

No it doesn't.

KENNY

I'm just sayin.

DUSTIN

You know, if you're really strapped for cash, you could probably sell the Jet Ski.

KENNY

Like that's gonna happen. I don't tell you what to do with your money, don't tell me what to do with mine.

Kenny crushes his beer can and drops it on the floor.

KENNY (CONT'D)

And can you please tell Cassie to pick up more than a case. I mean come on, man, you got a guest at home.

INT. DEN/POWERS' HOUSE. NIGHT

Kenny lays on the couch under a sheet with the lights off, staring at the ceiling. Upstairs the baby begins crying. Kenny turns to look at the small digital clock: 9:00pm.

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Kenny then begins softly crying to himself. A grown man weeping. His sobs synching with the baby's cries upstairs.

INT. HALL - DAY

APRIL BUCHANNON (31) fumbles with a stack of books. She's a gorgeous woman, full figured, and professional.

She walks down the hall catching the eye of every male student she passes. They're all way too young but each of them knows what they'd like to do. Feeling their tiny stares she smiles and turns the corner.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE/FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL. MORNING

Kenny sits in a chair flipping through a HIGHLIGHTS magazine.

SECRETARIES, PARENTS, and STUDENTS come in and out, the place is bustling, Kenny ignores it all until someone entering the office catches his eye...April walks into the room.

KUBRICK STYLE ZOOM: on April, the picture of beauty. Kenny smiles to himself. The ZOOM continues until it finally stops on her ENORMOUS CHEST.

KENNY

April Buchanan! Get out of town!
You work here?!

April looks up and sees Kenny.

APRIL

Kenny Powers. I heard a horrible rumor that you were going to be working here.

KENNY

Rumors true. God you look good!
Come here, you ding dong.

Kenny gives April a hug. April hugs him back, but Kenny takes it too far. He just keeps on holding the embrace.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Man this feels familiar, huh? Just you in my arms.

APRIL

Same old Kenny, still pushing it.

April pulls away, Kenny keeps his arms on her shoulders.

KENNY

You know me. And it looks like you ain't aged a goddamn day. Big Cannons in the house!

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Kenny smiles big.

KENNY (CONT'D)
How crazy is this? High school
sweethearts, first true loves.

He winks at her. She leans in close...

APRIL
(she whispers to him)
If you think I'd hook up with you
after all this time then you've
lost your fucking mind.

She smiles to him. Kenny nods and wets his lips.

KENNY
(seductively)
Maybe you've lost your fucking mind
too.

He puts a hand on her back.

LAWRENCE CUTLER
Kenny Powers in my school!

LAWRENCE CUTLER (35), the principal, comes striding up to
Kenny and April. He's a confident and fit man who has a
pleasant demeanor.

LAWRENCE CUTLER (CONT'D)
It's a true pleasure to meet you.
I'm a huge fan. Lawrence Cutler,
Principal.

The two men shake hands, however, Kenny gives Cutler the left
because his right hand rubs April's back.

KENNY
We were just talking about you.
Saying how I couldn't wait to meet
the boss man.

Kenny winks at April, not secretive at all.

LAWRENCE CUTLER
When I heard you were subbing here,
I almost lost my mind.

KENNY
Well good for you.

LAWRENCE CUTLER
I'm a little bit of a athlete
myself. I've been training for a
Triathlon.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED: (2)

LAWRENCE CUTLER (CONT'D)
Running every morning, cycling,
swimming. I'm sure you know how
that is.

KENNY
Nah, man I play real sports. I
ain't trying to be the best at
exercising.

Kenny smiles at April, cocky.

LAWRENCE CUTLER
This guy, hilarious. Well let's
get that paperwork started and I'll
show you where you're going to be
working.

KENNY
Why don't you go ahead and get
started? I'm gonna finish catching
up with April.

LAWRENCE CUTLER
You know April?

APRIL
We went to high school together.

KENNY
We used to date.

LAWRENCE CUTLER
You used to date?! April you never
told me you dated Kenny Powers!
That is so cool.

KENNY
Yeah, it's too early to tell, but I
think we're going to probably get
something started again.

LAWRENCE CUTLER
God, you are hilarious.

APRIL
Oh I didn't get a chance to tell
you, Kenny, I'm engaged now.

KENNY
Engaged. Yeah right. Who are you
engaged to?

LAWRENCE CUTLER
To me!

April holds up her hand revealing a nice engagement ring. She
smiles.

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CONTINUED: (3)

KENNY

Oh. Oh. Okay.

Kenny is still rubbing her back. Realizing it's weird he recoils.

LAWRENCE CUTLER

May 11th, save the date, because Kenny Powers is definitely coming to my wedding. You can throw out the first pitch!

He slaps Kenny on the ass sportsman style.

INT. LOCKER ROOM. DAY

Kids run around horse playing and changing into their gym clothes as COACH BOOTH (60), a grizzly old PE teacher, gives Kenny the grand tour and pops some Vicodin.

COACH BOOTH

So that's where the balls are kept. The extra whistles are in the closet. And I already showed you the crank for the basketball goals.

KENNY

Sounds simple enough. Just one question, what exactly am I supposed to teach?

COACH BOOTH

Well, seeing as I'm only out until my back heals up, I would say that you don't have to do a whole lot. Just make 'em run a little, shoot some hoops, and get a decent workout in. Oh, and this is the most important thing. Make sure the kids shower after class. They're at that age where they're starting to sweat like men, but haven't learned the fine art of applying deodorant. The teachers will complain if you send them off to class stinking and believe me, some of them can really reek. Especially the niggers.

KENNY

Got it.

INT. GYMNASIUM. DAY

Kenny stands in front of a SIXTH GRADE GYM CLASS.

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CONTINUED:

KENNY

I'm Kenny Powers and I'll be your PE teacher while Coach Booth is away. I'm sure you all recognize me as a great baseball player. So, I'm sure you all have lots of questions for me, so at this time, I will take some of those.

A FAT KID raises his hand.

FAT KID

Do we have to run the mile this year?

KENNY

Running's for fags. And who gives a shit about the goddamn mile anyway?

The kids OHHHHHH in response to his language.

KENNY (CONT'D)

That's right I cussed. Your new teacher cusses so let's get used to it. Now aren't there any real questions out there? I'm a national celebrity, aren't you curious what that's all about?

A SMARTASS KID raises his hand.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Yes, you.

SMARTASS

When you did steroids did they make your balls shrink?

The class laughs loudly.

KENNY

No, to answer your question, steroids did not make my balls shrink, but they did make my buddy's balls shrink. A man named Mark McGuire. Next question.

UGLY KID

Is it true you were in jail?

KENNY

Jail?! Hell no, rehab.

UGLY KID

Did you hurt yourself?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KENNY

No I didn't hurt myself.

UGLY KID

But Coach Booth says that after his back surgery, he has to go to rehab?

KENNY

Oh, yeah, I hurt myself. I hurt my nose.

Kenny winks to the class.

NERDY GIRL

How did you hurt your nose?

KENNY

By shoving cocaine up it. Next question.

A TIMID KID raises his hand.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Timid Kid.

TIMID KID

My Mom says you are a sex addict.

KENNY

Is your Mom pretty?

TIMID KID

Yes, Sir.

KENNY

Tell her to call me...I'm just playing. Unless you think she'd do it. I'm kidding. No, I am not a sexaholic. Do I like the company of lady friends? Yes. Supermodels, movie stars, 'farmer's daughters, I've fucked- Made love to them all. You ever heard the term A True Cocksmith?

TIMID KID

No.

KENNY

Got time for one more.

A BULLY kid raises his hand.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BULLY

My Dad says you ruined baseball.

KENNY

Your dad's a fuckin bitch.

INT. CAFETERIA. DAY

Kenny gets his tray and exits the lunch line. The old first day of school blues. Not really sure where he should sit.

He spots April and Cutler laughing it up and sitting together with a handful of TEACHERS at the FACULTY TABLE. He musters up a game face and moves in.

CUTLER

Mr. Powers! Come join us. I'm not sure if you've met everyone or not.

An ANGRY BLACK TEACHER stands up.

ANGRY BLACK TEACHER

Yeah, I know this piece of shit. You still hate black people, Kenny?!

KENNY

No. Not really.

ANGRY BLACK TEACHER

You racist ass!

Black Teacher gets up and leaves in a huff.

CUTLER

Okay, so that was Mrs. Mahalik, she teaches civics. You already know Ms. Buchanon, Then we got Mr. Nesbitt who teaches Drama, Mrs. Jones who teaches English, and our band teacher, Mr. Janowski.

STEVIE

We know each other already too.

KENNY

We do?

STEVIE

Yea, Stevie, Stevie Janowski. We went to high school together. I was the drum major.

KENNY

What in the fuck is that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All the teacher's take a breath, surprised at Kenny's unflinching use of the "f" bomb...a few look over their shoulders to see if kids heard. Kenny is clueless.

STEVIE

I lead the whole marching band. I made all those t-shirts when you went to state and got everybody to wear them at the pep rally.

KENNY

Nothing. Sorry. I've had a lot of memories in my life and sometimes the smaller ones get dumped to make room for the bigger ones.

He looks over at April.

KENNY (CONT'D)

But sometimes when you try to dump the smaller ones you think they're gone but they're not. They're still there, ready to pick up where they left off. No matter if there are new memories standing in their way or not.

Everyone just looks at him. Confused.

APRIL

I think I left some sculptures in the kiln.

She kisses Cutler and walks away. Kenny watches her as she goes. Stevie moves closer to Kenny and pats him on the back.

STEVIE

Man, in high school we would have never sat together at lunch. Look at us now!

INT. HALL / POWERS' HOUSE. AFTERNOON

Kenny comes out of the bathroom and sees Wayne in his bedroom mirror holding a HANDGUN. Kenny walks into the bedroom and snatches it out of Waynes's hand.

KENNY

Don't go through my shit.

Kenny tucks the handgun into his pants and walks out.

INT. DEN / POWERS' HOUSE. AFTERNOON

Kenny slams a cold one. His feet kicked up on the coffee table watching TV while Cassie cleans up after the kids.

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CONTINUED:

KENNY

Cassie, let me ask you a question. Hypothetical. When you were engaged to get married to Dustin, if one of your old boyfriends asked you out, what would you have done?

CASSIE

Well I was pregnant when Dustin asked me to marry him so...

KENNY

Right, who's gonna want to touch that? Okay, so pretend you weren't preggers, you were just normal. What then?

Cassie stops short at the comment but tries...

CASSIE

Well, Kenny, I would say no. I love Dustin and I know that with all my heart. I always have known that so it wouldn't have mattered if someone else asked me out.

KENNY

What if the guy who asked you out was really good looking?

CASSIE

Still no.

KENNY

He was famous.

CASSIE

Nope.

KENNY

Not even if he was ultra famous, amazing athlete, knew all about the big cities, your one true love, good sense of humor... A hunter.

CASSIE

None of that stuff matters if the person who your heart calls to at-

KENNY

Wait, shut up for a second.

On the TV SCREEN is a wild locker room with several BASEBALL PLAYERS spraying champagne all over CHUCK MACKWORTHY, baseball's number one grand slammer and Kenny's arch nemesis.

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CONTINUED: (2)

CHUCK

I just thank god every day that he has given me this gift. Sometimes when I get a good crack at one, I can feel the holy spirit moving inside me. Truly blessed.

KENNY

Kiss my ass!

Kenny punches the remote control across the room. He takes one last swig of his beer -- crushes it.

INT. SHA-BOOM'S SPORTS BAR. NIGHT

Kenny sits at a bar and from the look of the empty glasses and the half-cocked expression, he's been here for a bit. Behind the bar, a burnt out Bartender, CLEGG (30), serves him up.

CLEGG

Yeah man, that was basically college for me, just fuckin' tourin' with Widespread all across the USA and parts of Canada. World wide, dude.

KENNY

Never really got into them.

CLEGG

I'll burn you some shit man, just the choice nugs.

Kenny nods to this.

CLEGG (CONT'D)

Man, look at us.

He holds his fist out for a pound.

CLEGG (CONT'D)

We got out there didn't we? The hell if we were gonna stay in this goddamn shit hole all our lives.

KENNY

You're goddamn right about that.

CLEGG

I mean who gives a shit if we're here now. For a while we were free and they can never take that away from us. Besides, we're still two young fistin' journeymen.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

CLEGG (CONT'D)

Lots of adventures to come. Like I just bought a new barbecue.

KENNY

Yeah?

CLEGG

Big time. You know shit's gonna get crazy this summer. I mean, I just can't wait to party.

KENNY

Oh yeah, I'm gonna recharge the shoulder and get drunk.

BERNIE

You gotta change the kegs, Clegg.

BERNIE, an old beat up bag of smashed assholes, stands at the cash register reading an issue of HIGH TIMES.

CLEGG (UNDER HIS BREATH)

Fucking Bernie.

(calling out)

When you gonna let me book my music, Bernie?

Clegg walks back to change the kegs and Kenny takes a long pull on his beer.

DRUNK WOMAN (O.S.)

Mind if I take a dip?

Kenny turns and finds a DRUNK WOMAN (35). Kind of hot and kind of dirty. Like she's spent a few sloppy nights in the back of a pick up.

She seductively reaches into his skoal, grabs a pinch and puts it under her lip, right below a suspicious cold sore.

DRUNK WOMAN (CONT'D)

I know you. I've seen you on TV.

She starts rubbing Kenny's leg.

DRUNK WOMAN (CONT'D)

It ain't too often we get stars in here. Something about stars that...oh how do I say it? Just get me all wet between the legs. You know what I mean?

KENNY

I think I got it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEGG (O.S.)

Oh hell no, Tracy, your drunk ass
can't be in here-

TRACY

Fuck you, Clegg, I'm just talkin'.
(winks at Kenny)
Besides, I just need a little TLC.

CLEGG

And a shit ton of Valtrex! Now get!

With that Tracy saunters out, stumbling into a wall.

CLEGG (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. You can catch
aids just by lookin' at that bitch.
Let's blow some rails in my office.

INT. STOCK ROOM/SHA-BOOMS. NIGHT

Kenny hits a big rail of blow. These motherfuckers are in a
cramped stock room, working their way through a gram of coke.

KENNY

You know April Buchanan works at
the Middle School?

CLEGG

April Big Cannons? You hittin' that
shit again?

KENNY

Nah, man. She's engaged to the
fucking principal over there. Some
jackoff that wants to be me. It's
like she's switchin' from a
Cadillac to a Hyundai, and not even
like a Sonata, I'm talking like a
fucking Accent. The littlest
shittiest one they make.

CLEGG

I'm sure with the caliber of
bitches you've been dick deep in
that ol' girl ain't nothin but a
little blip on the radar.

KENNY

Yeah, a little blip with two big
ass titties.

Clegg takes a big bump.

CLEGG

Fuck yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNY

Big old poppers attached to a sell out. Goddamn shame.

CLEGG

You just need to bone some other shit and then you won't care.

KENNY

Who said I care? I don't give a fuck.

Kenny hits another big line.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

Kenny is pouring a pack of alka-seltzer into a mug of coffee. He looks like shit, hung over and strung out. Kenny farts. The other TEACHERS in the lounge look at Kenny appalled. He doesn't give a shit.

April walks in...makes herself a cup of coffee.

APRIL

Good morning, Kenny.

KENNY

Yea, of course it is. Every morning is a million bucks to me.

He downs the shitty coffee and almost gags. He throws the ceramic mug into the trash and exits.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. DAY

Kenny, looking like shit, sits across the desk from Cutler.

LAWRENCE CUTLER

Look, Kenny, there's something I want to talk to you about.

Kenny shifts in his seat.

LAWRENCE CUTLER (CONT'D)

Coach Booth died this morning.

KENNY

That's shitty. How'd he go?

LAWRENCE CUTLER

They're not sure but it looks like he may have been taking too many of the pain pills the doctors gave him for his back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNY

That'll do it. Drop dead on the
shitter Elvis style. A Boone's Farm
and Vicodin cocktail. Been there.

LAWRENCE CUTLER

Look, I know you're a free agent,
but since Booth isn't coming back I
was just wondering if maybe you
wanted to come to this team full
time. I'd love to add you to the
permanent roster. At least for the
rest of the year. I mean, the kids
could benefit from having a star
athlete such as yourself around and
it could be good for you as well.
I mean, we're talking health
insurance, 401K plan, and in a few
years you'll have tenure. Find me a
ball player who's got tenure.

Kenny looks like he wants to die.

LAWRENCE CUTLER (CONT'D)

Think about my offer. You don't
have to make up your mind now. Just
sleep on it. You want a smoothie.

KENNY

Nah, I'm straight.

Lawrence stands up and start mixing a smoothie.

KENNY (CONT'D)

So you know I took April's
virginity-

Lawrence turns on the blender. He stops it.

LAWRENCE CUTLER

What's that?

KENNY

Nothing.

INT. GYMNASIUM. DAY

Kenny Powers stands in front of the kids and vents.

KENNY

I mean, I'm a goddamn national
hero. What am I even doing here
anyway? Nothing against you all,
but don't get used to me being your
gym teacher.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNY (CONT'D)

A guy like me can't be contained by these walls with limitless room for this star to shine. This job is temporary. Part time is me, full time is you. At any moment, that phone is going to ring and it's going to be the majors and they're going to say, "Kenny Powers, here's a whole bunch of money. Would you please come back to baseball and save the world." You all mark my words. That phone will ring.

The phone on the wall RINGS. Kenny Powers stops dead. He walks slowly over to the wall. Kenny picks up the phone.

KENNY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello...yeah...yeah...okay.

Kenny hangs up the phone. He turns slowly to the class.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Class. It's time to go get screened for head lice.

INT. LOCKER ROOM. AFTERNOON

It's after school...Kenny is buck naked showering "after game" style and drinking a beer in the tiny boys' showers. A COUPLE OF KIDS run through the background.

Stevie comes in with a mission and a sparkle in his eye.

STEVIE

I'm looking for the world famous Kenny -- Oh-

Stevie stops dead in his tracks when he sees a naked Kenny.

KENNY

Spit it out.

Stevie tries to look away and keep cool.

STEVIE

Uh, yea, Cutler was asking for each teacher to pair up and pick a school activity to oversee. I was just wondering if maybe you wanted to pair up with me and we could head up the canned food drive or maybe the Sadie Hawkins dance.

KENNY

I ain't doing any of that bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVIE

I think we have to do one.

KENNY

Fuck this place.

Kenny closes his eyes, the hot water rolls down. Stevie is left standing there awkwardly as Kenny ignores him.

INT. KENNY'S TRUCK/SCHOOL PARKING LOT. DAY

Kenny sits in his truck parked in the half empty school parking lot.

KENNY

Tad!

INT. TAD WINKS' OFFICE/SPORTS AGENCY. DAY

TAD WINKS (35), a slick sports agent talks through a bluetooth head piece. Cut back and forth as needed.

TAD

KP, my fucking man. How's the dirty dirty treating you?

KENNY

Change of plans.

TAD

Talk to me, homeboy.

KENNY

I've been thinking, and I'm ready, man. I'm ready to rock back into action. Albuquerque, Topeka, surely somebody needs my heat.

TAD

Listen pimp, the way you left things with the league I think the best move for now is to just wait it out, get some distance.

KENNY

Alright, then get me something fucking else! A goddamn fan convention or some autograph bullshit!

TAD

I got nothing, big dog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNY

Nothing? I'm a fucking superstar, dude. You're telling me nobody out there needs a fucking superstar?

TAD

KP, this is a marathon, not a sprint. Have faith. A career is gonna be filled with ups and downs and this is just a down...we'll line something up.

Across the parking lot Kenny spots April and Cutler getting into Cutler's Ford Taurus together.

KENNY

Fuck that. I'm done with this small town shit!

As Kenny slams the phone down we can faintly hear Tad on the other end...

TAD

I love you, dog.

INT. DUSTIN AND CASSIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Dustin and Cassie lay in bed, lights off...suddenly there's a large BANG outside.

CASSIE

What is that?!

Dustin springs up.

DUSTIN

He's throwing the goddamn baseball against the house.

CASSIE

Baby, please. Kill him.

DUSTIN

I can't.

CASSIE

You can though. You could push the air conditioning unit out the window and smash his head open.

DUSTIN

Then how would we keep it cool in here?

He leans down and kisses her forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

I'm the older brother. I can't kill him but I can lay his ass out. And he knows it.

EXT. BACKYARD/POWERS' HOUSE. NIGHT

Kenny is piss drunk. He throws a baseball against the side of the house making another huge BANG! It's a great pitch and Kenny is really slinging it.

Dustin comes running out of the house.

DUSTIN

What the hell are you doing?

KENNY

Look at me. I'm a fucking icon!
WOOOO!

Kenny throws the baseball at the house again. BANG!

DUSTIN

You're fucking up my siding!

KENNY

Man, fuck your siding. God's taking a shit on my face. The love of my life doesn't want to fuck me because she's getting married to some smoothie eating fairy. The only job opp I got is teaching a bunch of piss pants how to tie their fucking shoes. This is where I'm at, Dustin, take a picture.

DUSTIN

Get a hold of yourself.

KENNY

Everything in my life is shit.
Fuck you world! Suck my dick!

DUSTIN

Look, I know the last few years have been tough. But come on, man. Now you gotta live with all us regular folks. Big deal. You're acting like it's a prison sentence or something. Sorry if life here ain't the glitz and glamour you're used to but you can't just run around acting like a baby. You need to take a good look at yourself and buck up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kenny stares at him for a moment. The drunk gears spinning in his head. He begins to nod.

KENNY

Wow, you just nailed it. I hear you loud and clear. You're saying I got to get back on top again.

DUSTIN

I'm saying that you need to stop being an asshole, you need to stop disrespecting my house, my family--

KENNY

Nah, man, what you're saying is that I need to become the fucking winner I used to be. I need to remember that I AM better than everybody else.

DUSTIN

No, Kenny, that's not what I'm saying at all.

KENNY

I mean, I just really need to go deep. I'm a bullet proof tiger. It's the bottom of the ninth and it's up to me to win it. I need to remind myself and everyone else in this goddamn town just who the fuck Kenny Powers is. I'm a goddamn shooting star!

Kenny lets another fast as shit ball slam against the siding.

DUSTIN

Knock that shit off!!

KENNY

Don't get mad, bro. You've helped me see the light. That's huge. Now, I'm gonna help you. Yes I am. I'm going to sell my jet ski.

DUSTIN

You are?

KENNY

Hell yeah. I need to focus. No time for toys and distractions. Besides, it can pay for a lot of bills and things for your kids. Jet ski, you're fuckin' out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUSTIN

Well, Cassie will be glad she can park in the driveway again.

KENNY

Shit yes. I love you, big brother. You goddamn sage.

He grabs Dustin and hugs him.

INT. BATHROOM/POWERS' HOUSE. MORNING

Kenny gets out of the shower. He looks at himself in the mirror. He stares hard and then his gaze goes to the electric razor charging.

INT. HALLWAY/SCHOOL. MORNING

There's a big banner for the Pep Rally...it's long and reads "GO REBELS!!" in shitty puffy letter hand writing.

IN SLOW MOTION: Right through the center of it bursts Kenny Powers. He's shaved the LINES in his head like back in the day. In fact he's changed his entire look to how it was in his prime. Trim mullet, Oakley blades, long duster. He looks like a fucking action hero.

As Kenny walks all of the KIDS prepping the pep rally protest and yell at him, angry and pissed. To Kenny, in SLO-MO, it just reads as cheering. Cheering for fucking Kenny Powers.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE. DAY

Kenny throws the door to the office open. A CHINESE AV KID and OFFICE ASST. are in the middle of morning announcements.

CHINESE AV KID

On Tuesday the Junior Future Farmer's of America will-- Hey!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. DAY

Cutler is in the middle of a warrior one to downward dog yoga move when the loudspeaker whines.

KENNY (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)

How the hell do work this damn thing? Am I on can they- Hello.

Cutler stares up at the loudspeaker.

INT. BAND ROOM. DAY

Stevie stares, along with the rest of the class at the loudspeaker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNY (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)
 Good morning students, teachers,
 janitors, lunch people.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE. DAY

KENNY
 This is Kenny Powers, professional
 baseball player, and I got
 something I want to say.

INT. ART CLASSROOM. DAY

April turns away from the loudspeaker.

KENNY
 A lot of people out there think
 they got a pretty good idea of who
 Kenny Powers is.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE. DAY

KENNY
 Well I'm here to say that all you
 people don't know sh-

INT. HALLWAY/OFFICE DOOR. DAY

Cutler shows up to the Office and finds the door locked.

KENNY
 -well y'all don't know anything.

INT. HALLWAY/SCHOOL. DAY

TWO JANITORS lean against their mops listening.

KENNY
 There comes a time in every man's
 life where he has to look in the
 mirror and decide who he really is.
 I came to that crossroads and I
 have decided.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE. DAY

Kenny is now pacing around the room holding the mic. The two
 AV kids stare in disbelief.

KENNY
 Kenny Powers is a man. Kenny Powers
 is an athlete. Kenny Powers is a
 lover. But the most thing he is, I
 mean the thing that Kenny Powers is
 the most...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kenny takes a dramatic pause.

CUT TO:

CU - STEVIE

CU - CUTLER

CU - APRIL

KENNY
Is a goddamn champion.

April winces.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE. DAY

KENNY
And the one thing a champion never
does is quit.

Cutler comes in through the door with the keys in his hands.
He looks at Kenny and the men stare face to face.

KENNY (CONT'D)
A champion conquers his enemies...

He winks at Cutler. The principal stares back, baffled.

KENNY (CONT'D)
And wins.

Cutler tries to take the microphone.

CUTLER
I think maybe we should-

Kenny presses two fingers to Cutler's lips.

KENNY
That's why, I'm here to say, to you
all, that Kenny Powers is
officially taking the job as your
new PE coach...until I get called
back up to the majors.

Kenny hands the mic to Cutler, beaming proudly, and exits.
Cutler, stands dumbfounded with the mic in his hands.

INT. BAND ROOM. DAY

Stevie begins clapping, encouraging his students, who weakly
join in. One kid smashes two cymbals together.

INT. ART CLASSROOM. DAY

All the kids are laughing.

APRIL

Alright everyone, shows over, let's just-

STUDENT

Ms. Buchanan?

STUDENT nods to the door. April turns. There, standing in all his glory is Kenny Powers. For a moment the two just stare at each other.

Then, fast as a gunslinger, Kenny raises his arm and points, taking dead aim at her. He mouths the following to her...

KENNY

I'm coming for you.

Then, just like that, he moves on.

INT. HALLWAY/SCHOOL. DAY

Kenny proudly strides out, walking between the two janitors and giving them two simultaneous high fives, and then walking straight out the front doors and into the sunlight.

JANITOR #1

Where the fuck is that dude going?
It's still first period.

SLOW MOTION CLOSE UP OF KENNY, WIND BLOWING THROUGH HIS LAME HAIR. KENNY TAKES A LONG PULL ON A MASTER CYLINDER OF SHLITZ.

EXT. POND. SUNSET

Kenny is on his jet ski, thundering around a small pond. He ain't alone either. Riding bitch, with her arms wrapped snugly around him is Tracy, the drunk seducer, from the bar.

Kenny does a power turn slinging her off.

KENNY

You tell anybody about my jet ski
I'll kill you!

He guns it and smiles in victory as he rips across the lake.

FREEZE FRAME