

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Marcos cleaning, Kurt stands. You get the idea.

KURT

I was the best pitcher in my high school hands down! The other kids dreamed they could pitch like me!

MARCOS

How did we end up on this conversation?

KURT

I'm telling you I could play baseball like it's nobody's business.

MARCOS

Can you make it none of my business?

KURT

I had this real dumb dream to eventually play for the Dodger's.

Marcos stops in his track and rolls his head to Kurt.

MARCOS

The Dodger's, really?

Kurt shrugs.

KURT

I can't dream?

MARCOS

That's quite a dream.

KURT

But like think about how amazing it would be. Just standin' there in the middle of the Dodger's stadium.

Kurt gets lost in thought.

MARCOS

I could only imagine.

KURT

It's been so long since I've gone.

MARCOS

Consider yourself lucky that you've gone at all.

Kurt turns back in shock.

KURT

You've never gone to the Dodger's stadium? What you don't like baseball?

MARCOS

I loved baseball and the Dodger's, never went though. Parent's couldn't afford it.

Kurt throws his hands up in shock.

KURT

You have to go to Dodger's stadium, at least once!

Kurt's yell caught the attention of one of the other inmates, JT, a large black man with dreads. He turns back in confusion.

Marcos sees this and hushes Kurt.

KURT (CONT'D)

It's your right as an American to go to the Dodger's stadium! This is unacceptable.

MARCOS

Well I'd love to fit a trip there in my schedule but -

He looks down at his jumpsuit.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

I'm pretty booked.

Kurt holds his hand to his chin as he ponders the thought and shakes his head in disagreement.

KURT

I don't care what you've done, especially if you love the Dodgers. I'm getting you into that stadium.

EXT. PRISON GATE - MORNING

Cole is holding a mirror underneath the bus and is walking around it. The inmates are all making their way inside the prison. Another officer is counting the inmates as they make their way in.

Kurt observes all this and makes a mental note.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Kurt is pacing back and forth.

KURT

I won't be able to sneak you out afterwards. I'm gonna have to figure out another way.

MARCOS

I am not listening to you. Can you hear yourself? You're considering a prison breakout!

KURT

Yeah but like only for a day. Not a big deal.

Marcos is baffled.

KURT (CONT'D)

Plus the challenge keeps me busy. So...

Marcos rolls his eyes.

KURT (CONT'D)

How hard can it be?

MARCOS

I'm already in for...who knows how long? Thinking about getting caught just makes me sick.

Kurt stops in place and looks at Marcos.

KURT

You beautiful convict. That's it!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Cole is watching all the men on the highway. Everyone is pretty quiet and tired.

Suddenly Marcos and Kurt rush over to Cole. Marcos has his hands covering his stomach and Kurt looks disgusted. Marcos has blood coming out of his mouth and all over his jump suit.

COLE
What the hell happened?

KURT
I don't know. He just started
spitting it out.

Cole squints his eyes at Kurt and Marcos. He walks up to Marcos and looks him up and down.

COLE
What's going on here?

MARCOS
It's been some time since I've seen
the doctor but I know just as much
as you do.

Marcos groans.

COLE
You've been on this bus for six
years and not once have I seen you
even sneeze.

KURT
The man is spitting out blood and
you're suspicious?

Cole looks at Kurt then back at Marcos.

COLE
Open your mouth.

MARCOS
Excuse me?

COLE
Let's take a look.

Marcos hesitates and begins to open his mouth. He wheezes and suddenly spits out more blood on Cole.

COLE (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

Cole slams Marcos against the bus. He throws his fist up in front of Marcos. Kurt grabs Cole's shoulder.

KURT
Hey, hey. Is this the hill you want
to die on?

Kurt and Cole look at the other convicts watching.

Cole, covered in blood, shuffles in confusion like a mad man.

COLE
We've got six hours left. What the
hell am I supposed to do with him?

KURT
We take him back?

COLE
Fine. I'll do it. You stay and
watch them.

Kurt turns away from the other men.

KURT
I've got to be honest with you. I'm
not too comfortable watching these
men. I don't know what they're
capable of. I'd rather not risk it.
Would you?

Cole struggles with the decision.

COLE
One hour.

KURT
It takes one hour to get there,
tops.

COLE
Don't test me boy.

KURT
Especially with the traffic on the
Five right now.

COLE
Two hours. If you're not back here
in two hours, I'll make sure you
never get that badge back.

KURT
Two hours. Understood.

Cole pushes Marcos away.

COLE
Get him out of my face.

Kurt opens the door for Marcos and gets in the bus.

COLE (CONT'D)
Two hours.

KURT
Two hours.

Kurt starts to the bus and gets on the highway.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Marcos is wiping the blood off his face. Kurt is driving as fast as he can. He puts on a hat and sunglasses.

MARCOS
This is a bad idea. Just take me back.

KURT
And waste ten dollars on that fake blood? Yeah I don't think so.

Marcos grabs the empty pill with disgust. Kurt takes it from him and throws it out the window.

KURT (CONT'D)
Get rid of the evidence.

MARCOS
This won't work. Please.

KURT
You ever watch Gibson's home run back in '88?

Marcos sighs and looks out the window.

MARCOS
Bottom of the ninth.

Kurt chuckles.

KURT
With a pulled hamstring and bad knee, he somehow was still able to get a backdoor slide. It was-

MARCOS
-Like something out of a movie.

They smile. Marcos is still looking out.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kurt and Marcos are hidden behind a corner. A sign on the wall has a Dodgers logo. Marcos is nervous.

MARCOS

We're running out of time. We only
have-

Marcos looks up at a clock on the wall. Kurt interrupts him without looking at the time.

KURT

An hour and a half. An hour and
twenty-six minute to be exact. It
sure was nice there was no traffic
on the five.

MARCOS

Can we just go please? I can't
afford to get in trouble!

KURT

The guards should be taking their
lunch right about now.

Marcos looks confused.

KURT (CONT'D)

I like to be prepared. I came by
yesterday.

Men walk into a tent outside of the stadium. There is a pause between Kurt and Marcos.

The light in the tent is turned off and the men make their way to the parking lot.

Kurt waves at Marcos and they wrap the corner.

MARCOS

I wasn't serious about this!
Really, this is too much for me!
I'd like to go no-

EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT

There stands the stadium in all it's glory. Empty and dark, the huge field mesmerizes Marcos.

He stands there in complete admiration. Kurt takes a comfortable seat in the stand and leans back.

KURT
You gonna waste all nine minutes we
have standing?

Marcos comes back to reality and looks over to Kurt gesturing to him to sit with him.

Marcos takes a seat next to Kurt and continues to view the stadium with his jaw on the floor. They sit there and admire together.

KURT (CONT'D)
Oh, I almost forgot!

Kurt gets up and shuffles past Marcos.

KURT (CONT'D)
I was hoping they wouldn't find
it..

Kurt grabs an old piece of wood barely attached to the wall and pulls it out. He reaches in deep and pulls a six pack of Coronas.

He turns to Marcos, expecting a reaction.

MARCOS
Coronas?

KURT
Yeah, I was torn between this or
Modelo but you seem like a Corona
kind of guy to me.

Marcos sighs.

MARCOS
Somehow you found a way to ruin
this moment for me.

Kurt hands Marcos the Modelo and walks back to his seat.

KURT
What? You're gonna tell me don't
like Corona?

MARCOS
That's not the point. You keep
making these assumptions of me
based on-

Kurt interrupts and points to the lower section.

KURT
Right over there.

They pause.

KURT (CONT'D)
The first time I ever came here
with my dad we sat right there.

Marcos looks over.

KURT (CONT'D)
Watching the Dodgers was the one
thing me and my dad get along on.

Kurt pauses as he looks at the seats. Marcos looks back at him.

MARCOS
Did you two get along at all?

Kurt glances at Marcos.

KURT
He was a drunk. A nasty one, too.

MARCOS
I'm sorry.

KURT
Don't be. He never hurt me. He
wasn't a great father but I still
tell myself he cared.

Kurt takes a big chug of his beer. Marcos fiddles with the beer in his hand.

MARCOS
What happened to him?

Kurt looks into the distance.

KURT
He was shot.

MARCOS
How?

Kurt hesitates

KURT
They told me he provoked some
blackies but I don't believe it. He
won't hurt anyone, he couldn't.

The two sit there.

KURT (CONT'D)
You think I'm racist? You should've
met my dad.

Marcos drinks his beer.

KURT (CONT'D)
But he didn't do it. He didn't.

MARCOS
How can you acknowledge the fact
that you have these prejudices and
not do anything about it?

KURT
I'm working on it. You're here,
aren't you?

MARCOS
Exactly. I'm only here so you can
prove this to yourself.

Kurt shakes his head.

KURT
I'm disappointed in you, Marcos. I
went through all the trouble of
getting you here, didn't I?

Marcos finishes his beer. Kurt hands him another one.

KURT (CONT'D)
Show me where you're from.

Kurt points to the horizon.

Marcos looks at him surprised. He turns and nods to the left.

KURT (CONT'D)
Burbank?

MARCOS
Home sweet home.

KURT
You must've been a movie star, huh?

The two of them laugh.

MARCOS

What? This face doesn't scream Fast
and the Furious 25 to you?

They continue laughing.

KURT

The Rock has got himself some
competition!

They laugh then eventually sigh.

Marcos and Kurt sit there smiling, enjoying this moment.

Kurt checks the time.

KURT (CONT'D)

Time's up.

Kurt stands up.

KURT (CONT'D)

But hey, I had a good time.

Kurt helps Marcos up and the two head out.