

third draft

5/18/79

CADDYSHACK

by:

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THE JP ORGANIZATION

FADE IN

EXT. NOONAN HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

It's seven o'clock and the birds are singing in the trees outside an old, two-story frame house with a sagging front porch and peeling white paint, only half-covered by a partial paint job.

MRS. NOONAN (v.o.)
(shouting cheerily)
Let's go kids! Rise and shine! Let's
hit the deck! Let's go-go-go!

A dog begins BARKING.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Doors fly open and a half dozen children start pouring into the hall, racing for the bathroom, and rough-housing down the stairs.

MRS. NOONAN

She stands at the foot of the stairs calling up to the gang of kids. She's a plump, cheerful woman with a helpful, supportive manner. The family COLLIE runs up the stairs still BARKING.

MRS. NOONAN
(calling out)
Up, up, up! Andy? Billy? I'm
not hearing any movement up there!
Make sure Danny's up, please. Uppie-
uppie everybody!

INT. DANNY NOONAN'S BEDROOM - DAWN

The first light of day filters through the window revealing an incredibly messy boy's bedroom littered with dirty laundry, books, comics, broken toys and an electric guitar. The walls are covered with KISS posters, framed athletic awards and cheesy trophies on a homemade bookshelf, Little League team pictures and a poster-sized blow-up of John Belushi. A broken model spaceship dangles from a thread from the ceiling fixture.

Three brothers share the room. ANDY and BILLY, twelve and thirteen are getting dressed. DANNY NOONAN, age eighteen, sits on the edge of his bed rubbing his eyes. He's a manly, good-looking, athletic kid with a kind of quick, natural intelligence -- the oldest and biggest of the Noonan kids.

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DANNY

(shouts)

I'm up.

He hops out of bed and heads for the bathroom.

HALLWAY

BILLY, ED and KATHLEEN are already lined up at the bathroom door, waiting impatiently in their pajamas.

DANNY

(impatiently)

Who's in there?

KATHLEEN

Danny, will you tell Nancy to get out of there?

BILLY

She's been in there an hour!

Danny goes right to the bathroom door, knocks once and barges in, catching twelve year old NANCY in her panties, her mother's rouge and lipstick smeared on her mouth.

DANNY

Come on, Nance!

NANCY

(screams)

Danny!

She grabs her robe and runs out.

NANCY

(off camera)

Mother! Danny saw me naked!

DANNY

There's not much to see.

Danny puts some Crest on his toothbrush and leaves the bathroom.

THE HALLWAY

As Danny comes out, Billy, Ed and Kathleen fight to get in next.

ED

I'm next! I called it!

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KATHLEEN

(pushing him)

Oh no you don't!

BILLY

Shotgun!

Danny heads back to his bedroom and almost trips over a three year old sitting on a potty.

THREE YEAR OLD

I'm pooping, Danny.

DANNY

(laughs)

I'm proud.

INT. DINING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

MR. NOONAN, Danny's father, is trying to eat breakfast and read the newspaper while the kids pop in and out of the room. He loves his children, but over the years, with each new addition to the family, he's come to feel more and more like a forgotten guest in his own home.

Danny comes through the dining room on his way to the kitchen.

DANNY

Hi, Dad. Can I ---

MR. NOONAN

No.

DANNY

(protesting)

You didn't even hear ---

MR. NOONAN

Whatever it is -- no!

Danny goes through the open door into the kitchen unfazed by his father's churlishness.

INT. KITCHEN

MRS. NOONAN is busy making fried egg sandwiches. A crying four year old clings to her apron while other kids pillage the refrigerator, spill milk and orange juice, and slop cereal into bowls. The dog is barking, the phone is ringing and the radio plays loudly. Danny gets a bowl and spoon from the cupboard.

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MRS. NOONAN

-- as soon as you guys get back from Little League, maybe we can get some painting done on the house.

Thirteen year old SAM runs in and grabs a sandwich.

SAM

The Douglasses got fake brick. You don't have to paint it.

MRS. NOONAN

Hooray for the Douglasses.

A baby in a high chair throws a cup.

MRS. NOONAN

Dory! Bad girl!
(to the crying
four year old)
Sally, honey, you don't have to be up yet. Go back to bed.

Danny grabs the Cheerios and is almost out the door.

MRS. NOONAN

Danny? No word from St. Copius yet?

DANNY

(evasive)

No, but I'm not so sure about that place anymore. I talked to a guy who went to college there. It's right in the middle of a cornfield. They get eight feet of snow ---

MRS. NOONAN

It's a fine college and you know it.

DANNY

I don't know anything.

He escapes to the dining room, and without sitting down, grabs the pitcher of milk off the table and pours some on his Cheerios.

MR. NOONAN

You get out yesterday?

DANNY

(spooning lots of
sugar on his cereal)

Twice. I caddied for Mr. Webb in the morning and then doubles in the afternoon.

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MR. NOONAN

How much is that?

DANNY

Twelve-sixty plus about three bucks
in tips.

MR. NOONAN

Well? Put it in the college fund.

Danny sighs, puts down his bowl and goes to a kitchen cupboard, digging into his pocket. Mr. Noonan watches him through the open door. Mrs. Noonan is wiping up spills and feeding the dog at the same time.

MRS. NOONAN

Maybe you should call the St. Copius
scholarship people. They should've
let you know by now. Sally, honey,
don't put eggs in your hair.

DANNY

(pulling bills
out of his pocket)

I heard there's only two girls there
and they're both nuns. This guy had
to take a cow to the prom and the
cow had to be in early.

MRS. NOONAN

Well, the Mazenak boy went to
St. Copious and he had a marvelous
time.

DANNY

(taking a cookie
jar off the shelf)

He's the one who went out with the
cow.

He stuffs the money into the cookie jar trying to hide it
from his father.

MR. NOONAN

(from the dining room)

I saw that! That was about five
bucks and change.

Danny comes back into the dining room eating his cereal.

DANNY

I had a couple of burgers and some
Pepsis for lunch.

He flees toward the kitchen.

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MR. NOONAN

How many Pepsis?

DANNY

(from the kitchen)

Four or five.

MR. NOONAN

What are you -- a diabetic!?

KIDS

Hit him, Dad! Get the strap!
Danny's a diatetic!

Danny dumps his dirty dishes in the sink.

MR. NOONAN

(shouts from
the dining room)

You're not leaving this house till
we settle this college thing.

DANNY

I'm just going upstairs for a
minute.

He dashes out of the kitchen and up the stairs.

MR. NOONAN

(o.s. to Mrs. Noonan)

I'm telling you, if he hasn't got
anything lined up by September,
I'm going to ask Tom Burdick to
put him on at the lumberyard.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM

He can hear his parents arguing as he rummages in his closet.

MRS. NOONAN (o.s.)

He's not going to work in the lumber-
yard!

Danny grabs a faded windbreaker and a letter drops out of the
pocket. He reads it with a grim expression.

THE LETTER

It reads: The St. Copius scholarship foundation regrets to
inform you that your application for student aid has been
refused, etc.

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MR. NOONAN (o.s.)

Well, he's not going to be a caddy
all his life, is he?

DANNY

He folds up the letter and hides it on a shelf.

MRS. NOONAN (v.o.)

Danny? Devilled ham or tuna? I can't
open both.

DANNY

(shouts)

How about neither?

With the argument continuing downstairs, he goes to the window and jumps out. For a moment we think he's committed suicide.

EXT. DANNY'S WINDOW

He swings nimbly to a downspout, hops to a tree branch, climbs through a weathered treehouse and slides down a rope to the ground. Then he jumps on a Sears ten speed bike and pedals away.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET

Danny rides down a street lined with houses like his own.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET

The houses are bigger, the lawns wider and greener, as Danny crosses over into a more exclusive section of the suburbs.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET

Now Danny is riding past large mansions on rambling estates.

EXT. BUSHWOOD COUNTRY CLUB

Danny turns down a private driveway flanked by two stone columns. On one column is a brass plaque that reads:
Bushwood Country Club. END CREDITS.

EXT. THE GOLF COURSE - A LITTLE LATER

Early morning mist rises from the golf course and shafts of sunlight slant through the trees as we look at two figures standing on the tee five hundred yards away. One of the figures swings, a click is heard and ball sails into the air. It hangs for a long moment and drops right in the middle of the fairway, two hundred yards from the green.

The golfer hands his club to his caddy and starts walking toward the ball.

As they approach, we begin to see them more clearly. It is Danny, caddying for TY WEBB, a handsome, thirty-ish bachelor with clear eyes and an air of relaxed self control. His outfit is all soft flannel and cashmere. Everything about him tells us that he is the perfect golfer.

TY AND DANNY

They walk along in quiet conversation. Danny tries hard to match Ty's easy, elegant stride.

DANNY

Mr. Webb, can I ask you something?

TY

Sure.

DANNY

When you were eighteen, do you remember having trouble deciding what you wanted to do with your... uh, you know...life?

TY

Sure. I didn't know whether to go to West Point, sail my father's ship to the islands or just take a year off skiing in the Alps. Why?

DANNY

Forget it. I don't think you'd understand.

TY

Come on. I know what you mean. I had the same problem at eighteen, at twenty-one, twenty-five, twenty-nine and thirty-two -- and yesterday. I almost blew my brains out with a silver-plated Beretta. So what's your problem?

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DANNY

What isn't my problem? Did you have to take the Cooter Preference test when you were a senior in high school?

TY

Yes. It said I should be a firewatcher. What are you supposed to be?

DANNY

An underachiever.
(shakes his head)
I gotta go to college. I gotta!

TY

Do you want to go to college?

DANNY

In Nebraska? Besides, it costs like eight thousand dollars a year. My Dad can't afford it. And I haven't even told him about the scholarship I didn't get. I'll probably have to work in a lumberyard for the rest of my life.

TY

What's wrong with lumber. I own two lumberyards.

DANNY

I notice you don't spend too much time there.

TY

I don't know where they are.

They reach Ty's ball.

THE LAKE

Ty's ball rests near the edge of a beautiful lake that cuts across the fairway. On the opposite shore is a lovely green flanked by sandtraps.

TY

Okay, Danny. I think you've suffered enough. First lesson. Did you see Star Wars?
(he takes a silk scarf out of his golf bag)

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DANNY

Yeah ---

TY

All right. I'll be Alec Guinness
and you be the wimpy kid from the
space farm.

DANNY

Thanks.

TY

(blindfolding
himself)

There's a force in the universe
that makes things happen. All
you have to do is get in touch
with it.

He fumbles with the clubs in his bag, feeling for a seven
iron. Finally he lifts the blindfold a little and takes
the right club. Then he goes to his ball and takes a
blindfolded practice swing.

TY

Find your center -- stop thinking
-- let it happen -- 'Be the ball' --
(he swings and
hits the ball)

THE BALL

It sails over the lake, hits high on the green and rolls back
down to within inches of the hole.

DANNY AND TY

Danny stands there amazed. Ty starts blindfolding him.

DANNY

(surprised)

What?

TY

Hit one. Try it.

Danny peeks to line up the shot, then lowers the blindfold
and gets ready to hit.

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TY

(droning
hypnotically)

Just relax -- be the ball -- find
your center -- turn off all the
sound -- picture the shot -- be
completely still ---

DANNY

(impatiently)

It's a little hard with you talking
like that.

TY

Oh! All right -- I'll shut up --
I'm shutting up now -- I've stopped
talking.

Danny swings and hits the ball. Ty watches it rise and
drop into the lake.

DANNY

(taking off
the blindfold)

Where'd it go?

TY

Right in the lumberyard. We'll
work on it -- honestly. Just
figure out what you really want.
Once you know, everything else
takes care of itself.

They walk off together. A mechanical roar is heard.

A HUGE TRACTOR MOWER

A huge grasscutter appears suddenly over a rise, it's big
plaid blower bags ballooning out from its sides. The
GROUNDSKEEPER waves casually to Ty and Danny from his
tractor seat as he rumbles past them.

CUT TO

EXT. THE STREET

A public transit bus stops across the street from the main
entrance to the club. The route sign on the front of the
bus reads: FROM THE CITY. The bus pulls away revealing a
half dozen teenage CADDIES arriving for work. They cross
the street, rollicking and punching at each other. A few
Black and Latin Maids and Kitchen Helpers arrive with them.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT

The caddies come up the driveway. Leading the group is TONY D'ANNUNZIO, nineteen, a tough-looking, inner-city kid with disco haircut and a cigarette dangling negligently from his lips. With him are his brothers -- ANGIE, a mild-mannered, dopily smiling seventeen year old and JOEY, fourteen, Bushwood's newest caddy, tough like Tony, but cuter.

TONY

He accosts one of the maids.

TONY

Hey, Maria! The Immigration guy was lookin' for you yesterday. You know, there's a law if you screw an Italian, you're an automatic citizen.

She laughs uncomprehendingly and continues talking in Spanish to her friends.

Two other caddies have arrived with the D'Annunzio's -- GOOFY, a gawky, bespectacled sixteen year old and MOTORMOUTH, a fast-talking, eighteen year old class clown.

As they cut across the parking lot, they check out the cars of the club members.

MOTORMOUTH

(like an announcer)

We're here at the Thirteenth Annual Bushwood Auto Show and what a collection of four-wheel fantasies we have here, right Goofy?

(raps a stationwagon)

-- Here's a newcomer to this morning's show, Mr. and Mrs. Newburger's 1981 Ford Country Square.

GOOFY

Breathtakingly beautiful.

MOTORMOUTH

An absolute hog.

A PORSCHE

A black Porsche Turbo Carrera with prominent "MD" markings races up the access road toward the parking lot. The driver has to slam on his brakes to avoid hitting the D'Annunzio's

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who are deliberately slow getting out of the way. The horn honks frantically. The caddies slowly clear the road as the driver guns his motor. The moment they're clear, he lurches forward to pass them.

JOEY

He does a flip off the car as if he's been hit and lands sprawled on the grass.

JOEY
 (rolling around
 in mock agony)
 Yaaaaaaaaaaah!

THE PORSCHE

It screeches to a halt. The tinted window WHIRS down revealing DR. BLAINE BEEPER, a rich, conceited big-city surgeon. He looks back, shocked.

DR. BEEPER
 Oh my God!

JOEY

He's on the grass twitching and flopping, the other caddies standing around in horror.

THE PORSCHE

Beeper grabs his black doctor's bag and leaps from the car. He stops.

THE DRIVEWAY

Both Joey and the caddies have disappeared.

BEEPER

He slams his doctor's bag against a tree trunk in a rage and then looks at it realizing what he's done. He gives the bag a tentative shake and hears a \$6,000 tinkle of broken glass and instruments.

EXT. CADDYSHACK

Several caddies are lounging in the yard in front of the caddyshack -- a one-story white frame building with green tile roof and green shutters. Joey D'Annunzio practices hook shots against a backboard attached to the wall.

GOOFY

He's sitting on a bench with RAY, an old, professional caddy wearing a dirty golf cap with an emblem from the 1946 Buick Open. His suntanned arms are covered with tatoos. Goffy dunks doughnuts into his coffee as Ray talks.

RAY

I jumped ship in Hong Kong and made my way to Tibet where I got on as a looper at this golf club up there in the Himalayan Mountains.

GOOFY

A looper?

RAY

A caddie -- a jock! So I tell 'em I'm a pro, so who do they give me? The Dalai Lama himself -- flowin' white robes and everything. So I give him his driver and he tees off -- right into this glacier and his ball goes down this 10,000 foot crevice. And you know what the Dalai Lama says?

GOOFY

No.

RAY

'Shit.' Yeah -- 'Shit!' And you know what else. I'm full of shit. Yeah.

Goofy stares at him with his mouth full of doughnut.

DANNY

He crosses the caddyard. From the way the caddies greet him, we can see that he's both liked and respected. A basketball rolls up to him.

JOEY

(shouts)

Hey, Noonan! Little help!

Danny picks up the ball, closes his eyes and takes a hook shot at the basket.

THE BASKET

The ball sails high over the backboard and onto the roof of the caddyshack.

JOEY

He glares at Danny.

JOEY

Thanks a lot, wipehole!

Danny goes into the caddyshack.

INT. CADDYSHACK

More caddies are lounging on benches, playing cards, etc. Danny enters and goes to the window of the caddymaster's office. Tony D'Annunzio is in the office.

DANNY

(holding up
a ticket)

Hiya, Tony. Where's Lou?

TONY

He went to the Pro Shop for a minute. You wanna take over till he gets back?

DANNY

Where you goin'?

Angie, Tony's rat-like brother, appears.

ANGIE

Noonan, you wanna buy some clock radios?

DANNY

Nah ---

ANGIE

Got any friends who want clock radios?

DANNY

How many you got?

ANGIE

How many you need?

Angie walks away laughing.

A BENCH

INJUN JOE, a big silent Indian of indeterminate age is playing a game with FEEB, a twitching adult caddy with just a hint of mental deficiency. They take turns bowling at wooden tees with a golf ball, betting on each roll.

FEEB

(to Injun Joe)

Do you have a dime for ten pennies?

ANGIE

(making fun of him)

Hey, Feeb! What do you want a dime for when you got ten pennies? Ten is more than one.

FEEB

Pennies only work in the gumball machine. I want M & M's.

JOEY

(joining Angie)

Here, Feeb. I'll give it to you.

Feeb holds out the pennies to Joey who slaps his hand, scattering them all over the caddyshack.

DANNY

He turns to look and sees the little D'Annunzio's bothering Feeb.

DANNY

(to Tony)

Your brothers are animals.

(shouts at them)

Cut it out, moron!

FEEB

He's on his knees looking for his pennies.

INJUN JOE

Here, Feeb. Here's a dime.

FEEB

Thank you, Injun Joe.

He gets off his knees, but Angie snatches his cap and tosses it to Joey.

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FEEB

(calls plaintively)

Dan -- ny -- They got my hat again.

DANNY

(steps in)

Give it back to him, Joey.

JOEY

Here.

(he tosses it
back to his brother)

Angie!

Danny turns to Angie.

ANGIE

You want it, Noonan? Take it.

Danny grabs for him but Joey jumps on his back and they go down, knocking over a gumball machine which breaks and sends gumballs rolling all over the place. Then Angie jumps on Danny to help Joey, but Tony arrives and yanks Angie to his feet, cuffing him sharply a couple of times. Danny gets a good grip on Little Joey's neck and pastes him to the wall.

Younger caddies scurry around after the pennies and gumballs. Injun Joe laughs.

THE DOOR

LOU LOOMIS, the Caddymaster, enters. He's a likable master sergeant type with a veneer of toughness to keep the caddies in line.

LOU

(over the noise)

Okay, break it up! Pipe down!

All of you!

Angie takes on last wild swing at Danny but accidentally hits Lou on the arm. The caddies go suddenly quiet. Lou grabs Angie and pushes him over to a sign on the wall.

LOU

What's the sign say?

ANGIE

No fighting.

LOU

What's it mean?

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ANGIE

No fighting.

LOU

You owe me one gumball machine.
Now clean up that mess.

(Angie starts
to protest)

Now!

(turning to
Danny and Tony)

What is this? I count on you guys
to keep these monkeys in line.

(squinting
at Joey)

What's that candy wrapper doing
there?

(Joey looks down)

Don't you see it? Well, pick it up!

Joey picks it up. Lou addresses all the caddies.

LOU

(turning to
cowed caddies)

Now, I'm not going to have any
trouble from you guys this summer.
I'll put it right on the line --
there's been a lot of complaints
already -- fooling around on the
course. Bad language. Smoking
grass. Poor caddying.

(the caddies
hang their heads
in mock shame)

So if you want to get fired, just
keep it up.

Somebody belches. Lou turns to Joey, hands him a kleenex
for his bloody nose.

LOU

And another thing. If any of you
are thinking of going to college--
Noonan, you may want to listen to
this -- Carl Lipbaum died last
week in summer school from a severe
anxiety attack.

The caddies mutter in surprise and sympathy.

GOOFY

I heard he swallowed his vomit
during a test.

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LOU

However it happened, he was a good caddy and a good kid.

TONY

He was a brown nose, Lou. You hated him.

LOU

Anyway, that means the caddy scholarship is available -- and anyone who wants it should go see Judge Smails.

MOTORMOUTH

And kiss his ass.

LOU

That would help. Now let's go. We got golfers waiting.

The caddies start to file out the door.

LOU

You, Joey! Pick up that blood.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM

A cloud of steam billows from the steam room as the door opens. Several portly members can be seen through the mist. They look like ancient Roman senators wrapped in their sheets and towels. Several other members stand or sit around the locker room, playing cards or changing in and out of golf and tennis togs.

JUDGE SMAILS

A rich old fart and presiding head of Bushwood holds out a pair of golf shoes to SMOKE, the black locker room attendant.

SMAILS

(irritably)

Oh, Westinghouse! Look at the built-up wax on these shoes. This is quality leather. I want the wax stripped, and I want them creamed and buffed with a soft chamois, and I want them now. Chopchop.

SMOKE

Yes, your Honor.

Smoke applies one shoe to an electric buffer.

DR. BEEPER

BEEPER

(on the phone)

We're just about to tee off now
so move all my appointments back
a half hour. Testing now:

(he unhooks an
electronic beeper
from his belt)

Three, two, one, test.

(his beeper goes off)

Check.

SMAILS

He's now in the middle of a joke.

SMAILS

(bad Jewish accent)

...and then we eat and eat, and
screw and screw until we drop
from exhaustion. Every day!

A fat OLD CRONY begins to giggle.

SMAILS

(continuing)

...and Solly says, 'Moe! Moe!
Heaven sounds wonderful! and
the other Jewish fellow says ---

TY WEBB

He's sitting behind another row of lockers listening to the
joke as he ties his shoes.

SMAILS (v.o.)

Heaven? What do you mean heaven?

JUDGE SMAILS

He rises to the punchline, but Ty beats him to it.

TY (v.o.)

(shouts, interrupting)

...I'm a bull in Montana!

Smails winces and looks sharply at Ty, who appears from
the lockers.

AN OLD CRONY

His pudgy pink face jiggles as he laughs.

OLD CRONY

You have to hand it to the Jews --
they know how funny they are.

ANOTHER MEMBER

You're not suggesting we change
our membership policy.

The CRONY puts on a Bishop's collar and closes his locker.

BISHOP

Oh, no. They have many fine clubs
of their own.

SMAILS

(icily)

Oh, hello Webb. What'd you shoot
today?

TY

I don't keep score, your Honor.

Ty heads for the exit and stops, blocked by Beeper's
stretched-out phone cord.

TY

Beep-beep.

Beeper jumps and Ty exits.

SMAILS

(shakes head
contemptuously)

That fellow's got a real chip on
his shoulder too bad for his father.

(changing mood)

Say, Bishop, did you hear the one
about the little colored boy who ---

SMOKE

He frowns and presses the Judge's golf shoe against the
buffing wheel until the shoe begins to smoke and sparks
shoot out. Then he looks at the shoe and smiles at the
big burned patch on the toe.

EXT. THE GOLF COURSE

The caddies troop up the path to the first tee area.

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MOTORMOUTH (v.o.)

Well, it's a lovely day for looping here at the beautiful Bushwood Country Club.

MOTORMOUTH

He holds a candy bar like a hand mike. Goofy and Danny walk alongside.

MOTORMOUTH

We've got about twenty-five loopers all primed and ready to be assigned their prospective loops by Looper Leader Lou Loomis. And gee, they're an excited bunch of caddies -- all pumped up to hump those fifty pound bags about five miles. Right, Danny?

DANNY

That's right, Mouth. It's a grueling test of strength and ignorance.

EXT. THE PRACTICE TEE

Danny approaches the practice tee and sees SAM RIVIERA, the club's golf pro, finishing a lesson with MR. & MRS. HAVERCAMP. Sam is about forty, deeply tanned and dressed in pastel golf sweater and slacks. The Havercamps are a cheerfully senile old couple, dressed in matching outfits, who keep gamely trying to hit their practice shots. They succeed only in gouging deep holes around their golf balls as they repeatedly swing and miss.

SAM

He watches with weary patience as the Havercamps ineptly flail away.

SAM

Okay, Mr. Havercamp, try looking at the ball this time. Mrs. Havercamp, you've got your clubface turned around again.

The old man swings and gouges a huge divot.

MRS. HAVERCAMP

(she giggles, swings and hits a short dribbler)

Whee!

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Danny picks up their matching baby-blue golf bags and approaches the Havercamps.

DANNY

Morning, Mr. Havercamp, Mrs. Havercamp.
I'm Danny. You're next up.

MR. HAVERCAMP

Let's go, Dolly. I'm hot today.

THE FIRST TEE

MRS. HAVERCAMP is about to drive.

MRS. HAVERCAMP

(winding up)

Ready for blast-off! Whee!

She tops the ball and it rolls thirty feet down the fairway.

MR. HAVERCAMP

(applauding)

That was a peach, hon!

SAM RIVIERA

He stands next to Danny watching Mr. Havercamp.

SAM

(shouting
encouragement)

Excellent!

(to Danny)

Good luck, Noonan. This could
be the longest eighteen holes
ever played.

THE SNACK SHOP

Several tables are filled with members having sandwiches and beer.

THE COUNTER

MAGGIE, a very cute, rosy-checked Irish girl in her early twenties. When her last customer exits, she turns to the frozen custard machine, takes the bigger size sugar cone and dispenses for herself an incredibly tall, very precarious Softee Freeze. She takes a happy lick and spots Danny coming off the ninth.

DANNY

He trudges up to the Snack Shop completely exhausted, his shirt soaked with sweat. Maggie smiles and signals covertly to him. Danny slips around to the back of the Snack Shop.

THE BACK DOOR

Maggie comes out and gives him a free burger and a shake.

DANNY

Hi, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Hi. Don't let the Judge see you.

(Danny tries to
steal a kiss but
she ducks it)

Not here.

(she hands him
a pair of boys
underpants)

You left these last night when you
ran off.

DANNY

(embraces her)

I had to babysit. You want to go
out again tonight?

MAGGIE

Out to my room? Look, Danny, I
like you a lot, but let's not make
a regular thing out of it. We've
got a good friendship going and
I'd like to keep it that way.
Besides, I got some bad news today.

DANNY

(nibbles her ear)

What?

MAGGIE

(hugs him tightly)

They won't renew my work permit.
I have to go back to Ireland at
the end of the summer.

DANNY

(sincerely)

Gee, that's a drag, Mag.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGGIE

I really want to stay.
 (hinting cheerfully)
 If I were married to an American,
 I could.

DANNY

(laughs)
 No problem. You could live in
 my room -- under the bed.

MAGGIE

Aren't you going to college?

DANNY

Doesn't look like it -- unless
 I get the caddy scholarship.

MAGGIE

You'll get it.
 (teasing)
 And we'll get married -- just for
 show, of course -- and I'll be a
 stewardess for Aer Lingus and be
 flyin' all over the place. Now
 doesn't that sound like something?

TONY

He comes around the corner of the Snack Shop.

TONY

Aer Lingus? I know her sister --
 Connie.

MAGGIE

(laughing)
 You've got a smart mouth.

TONY

That's what Connie told me.

Danny sees Mr. Havercamp looking around for him.

DANNY

(rushing off)
 I gotta go!

MAGGIE

(calls out)
 Come by later!

TONY

Hey, Maggie. The Immigration guy
 was lookin' for you yesterday ---

THE FAIRWAY

SANDY MacFIDDISH, Bushwood's Scottish greenskeeper, is standing by his electric utility cart with his tartan tam in his hands, taking orders from Judge Smails.

SMAILS

(irate)

Do you know what moles can do to a golf course?

SANDY

They must be tunnelin' in from that construction site across the road.

SMAILS

I don't care where they're coming from. I want every last mole exterminated or Bushwood will start looking for a new greenskeeper. Is that clear?

SANDY

Very clear, sir.

A MOLE

It pops its head out of a hole and cocks its head. Then it hears a noise and ducks back in.

SANDY

He drags a thick water hose onto the fairway and sticks the nozzle into the mole hole.

EIGHTEENTH GREEN

Danny comes off the course really exhausted now, followed by the Havercamps, indomitable despite having played the worst round of golf imaginable.

DANNY

(handing them
their scorecards)

I get 188 for you, sir, and 202 for your wife.

MR. HAVERCAMP

Hold on a minute, son. I get 186 for me. Well, let's not make a federal case out of it. This is for you -- and thanks.

(hands him a tip)

DANNY'S HAND

holding two shiny quarters.

DANNY (v.o.)
(disappointed)
Thank you, sir.

DANNY

He trots wearily across a fairway lugging both golf bags. He trips over Sandy's water hose and falls flat on his face. The clubs spill out of the bags with a noisy clatter and two dozen golf balls go rolling off in all directions.

DANNY
(totally exasperated)
God damn son of a bitch!

His anger is cut short as he spots someone walking toward him.

LACEY

Danny sees LACEY UNDERALL, a very beautiful girl, walking toward him in a short, very alluring tennis skirt. She has slim, shapely legs, long, golden hair, a great tan and a cover-girl complexion. She's carrying a tennis racquet and with one smooth move, she bends slightly and scoops up one of the golf balls that rolled away from Danny.

LACEY
(tossing the
golf ball to Danny)
Walk much?

DANNY
(stuffing the clubs
back into the bags)
Oh, no. I just -- I was just
resting.

She smiles and walks away with a toss of her curls. Her walk is both sexy and athletic. She absently brushes a fly off the back of her thigh with her racquet.

DANNY

He gapes at her and suddenly water comes shooting up out of a dozen moleholes, falling like rain on Danny.

THE HAVERCAMPS

They stand looking up at the sky, getting completely drenched.

EXT. THE TENNIS COURTS

The tennis courts are hidden behind dense bushes but the pock-pock of balls being hit can be heard as Danny saunters by. He nods casually to a pair of golfers as they pass, then as soon as they're gone, Danny ducks into the bushes.

DANNY

We can hear the sound of youthful laughter as Danny peers through the hurricane fence at the tennis courts.

THE TENNIS COURTS

Lacey is playing with three young club MEMBERS. Her partner is SPAULDING SMAILS, a pudgy, truculent-looking seventeen year old -- Judge Smails' spoiled grandson.

Lacey hits a nice backhand, then waits for there turn, but Spaulding insists on taking the next shot.

SPAULDING

I got it! It's mine!

Lacey backs off reluctantly and watches Spaulding hit a lame forehand right into the net.

SPAULDING

Shit!

(blaming Lacey)

Will you stay out of my way!

He flings his racquet in disgust.

LACEY

Christ, Spaulding! I hope you screw better than you play tennis.

THEIR OPPONENTS

NOBLE NOYES, a tomboyish girl with fuzzy red hair walks up to the net.

NOBLE

Hey, Lacey, are you coming to the dinner dance tonight?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LACEY
Will it be any good?

NOBLE
No.

LACEY
(walking back
to the base
line to serve)
You talked me into it.

THE BUSHES

The TENNIS PRO, a middle-aged, red-faced man wearing whites and a floppy tennis hat, walks by and sees Danny's ass sticking out of the bushes. He puts down the basket of practice balls he's carrying, winds up to swing with his racquet, and swats Danny hard on the backside.

INT. CLUB KITCHEN

Danny comes flying through the door into a maelstrom of activity. It's all banging pots, and sizzling stoves with food and people flying everywhere. He's in a white jacket, carrying a big tray of dirty dishes.

THE COOK

CHARLIE, the Hungarian cook is screaming at everyone as he carves a big roast with a huge butcher knife.

CHARLIE
(pounding the knife)
This! This!
(chops a
sponge in half)
That! That!
(waves his arms
and the knife goes
flying out of his hand)

A BUSBOY

The huge knife sticks in the wall just in front of his face. He drops two racks full of glasses.

MAGGIE

She snags Danny and pulls him through the swinging doors.

CLUB DINING ROOM

Danny and Maggie bustle over to a service area and start loading trays with ice water, rolls and butter. Danny looks around the room and spots Lacey.

LACEY UNDERALL

She's sitting at a table with Judge Smails, his wife MRS. SMAILS, a Wagnerian dowager, Spaulding Smails, the Judge's loathsome grandson, Dr. Beeper and his wife, CONNIE BEEPER who is obviously much too charming and attractive to be married to a creep like Dr. Beeper.

Lacey looks great in an off-the-shoulder white cotton dress. Judge Smails is handling the introductions when Danny and Maggie arrive with the bread and butter.

JUDGE SMAILS

(clasping Lacey's
luscious shoulder)

Lacey Underall, certainly you remember Dr. and Constance Beeper from Hope Sound last winter. Lacey's mother has sent us her daughter for the summer. I think she's being saved for a real debutante ball.

DR. BEEPER

(leering obnoxiously)

Of course.

CONNIE BEEPER

We did meet. You wore that wonderful g-string bathing suit at the beach. The doctor here almost had a heart attack.

DR. BEEPER

That's not funny, Connie.

CONNIE BEEPER

What brings you to this backwater anyway?

LACEY

Uh -- Daddy wanted to broaden me.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CONNIE BEEPER

Here? Good luck, doll.

MRS. SMAILS

I think our community has a lot to offer, Connie -- really.

Danny has worked his way around to Lacey and is loading up her plate with butter -- about a pound of it.

LACEY

(noticing)

I think I have enough butter now.

DANNY

Oh, sorry.

(backs off)

If you need anything ---

Maggie drags him away.

THE BUSSING STATION

Danny and Maggie arrange bowls of salad on their trays.

MAGGIE

(burned)

Is that why you showed up tonight?

DANNY

Why?

MAGGIE

Lacey Underall. She's the biggest whore in Philadelphia...It's all over the club.

Danny looks at Lacey with even greater interest. The NOISE of a glass breaking startles him.

ANOTHER TABLE

In contrast to the Smails' table, these guests are having a rollicking good time. It's the FUN COUPLES: SCOTT, GATSBY and their foxy, tipsy wives, SUKI and WALLY. They are hosting a new face at Bushwood, AL CZERNAK, a stocky, balding, cement block in a flaming leisure suit. His voice is loud, his manner is deliberately offensive and he seems to really enjoy the company of these rich, young marrieds.

Danny arrives to clean up the broken glass.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

AL CZERNAK

...So when Mona died suddenly last winter, I said to myself, 'Al, if you keep bustin' your hump sixteen, twenty hours a day, you're gonna wind up with a sixty million buck funeral for yourself.'

He farts loudly; Danny can't believe it.

AL CZERNAK

Sorry -- somebody step on a duck?

The Fun Couples laugh.

AL CZERNAK

So I --

(catches Maggie's
eye, grabbing her
skirt)

Hey, doll, could you scare up another round for our table -- and tell the cook this is low-grade dog food, okay? And happy birthday.

He slips a twenty into Maggie's hand.

MAGGIE

(delighted)

Oh! Thank you.
(exits)

AL CZERNAK

(to Fun Couples)

Gad, I've had better food at the ballgame.

The Fun Couples break up again. Danny stares at Al, enjoying his outrageous antics.

AL CZERNAK

Anyway, so now I just keep to real estate -- I mean with the market these days, if you own anything but dirt, you own a popcorn fart.

(notices Danny
laughing behind
him, slips him \$5)

Hey, junior, ask our waitress if she wants to get married.

SMAILS' TABLE

The stiffes all stare at Czernak. Only Connie is amused. Lacey is just bored.

CZERNAK

Al notices Judge Smails staring coldly at him from the next table.

AL CZERNKA

Hey, who's the mummy?
(waves)

Hiya.

He pretends to blow his nose in his loud tie; Smails' jaw drops.

THE HUNGARIAN COOK (CHARLIE) - KITCHEN

He screams, wide-eyed, into the camera.

CHARLIE

Dog food?!!

He grabs his cleaver and heads for the door. Two assistants tackle the enraged alien, knocking over a tower of freshly-washed pots, causing a tremendous din.

CZERNAK'S TABLE

Al Czernak's table bursts into loud applause at the crash and continued commotion behind the kitchen door.

LACEY

Danny bobbles a dish of ice cream at the sound of the tremendous crash in the kitchen and spills a few drops of hot fudge on Lacey's shoulder.

LACEY

Ow! That's hot!

CLOSE-UP - LACEY'S SHOULDER

A couple of drops of hot chocolate sauce run down Lacey's bare shoulder.

DANNY

He stares, open-mouthed, reaches into his pocket, pulls out the underpants Maggie gave him earlier, and starts wiping Lacey's shoulder with them.

LACEY

She stares at the underpants, then at Danny. Danny beats it. A band starts playing in the next room.

INT. CLUB BALLROOM

Members and guests drift into the wood-panelled lounge and ballroom area. A very boring, six-piece COMBO is playing a bad Beatle tune at half-speed.

THE FUN COUPLES

They stop at the edge of the the dance floor with Al Czernak, watching the club members as they dance sedately.

CZERNAK

(loud)

Yike -- Dance of the Living Dead!

The dancing COUPLES steer clear of Czernak, afraid to get too close to his pink leisure wear.

THE BAR

Handsome, slick Tony D'Annunzio is moonlighting as a bartender. He makes an elaborate show of mixing drinks while he talks a mildly sarcastic stream of patter to the slightly deaf and nearly senile Havercamps.

TONY

So how was dinner, huh? You each get a special bowl of mush?

(pouring
their drinks)

Here you go -- two special extra-flat Shirley Temples straight up yours. To your health.

Danny enters lugging a bin of ice.

TONY

(to Danny)

Noonan! Did you see her, man?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DANNY

Who?

TONY

Her! The new one.

LACEY

She stands against the wall listening to Dr. Beeper as he fawns all over her.

TONY (v.o.)

Twinkle-tits. Slurp-slurp.

THE BAR

Danny is staring at Lacey again.

TONY

She's the biggest whore on the East Coast.

Danny looks at her with even greater interest. Two young PRE-DEBS come up to the bar.

FIRST GIRL

I'd like a G&T, please.

SECOND GIRL

Make it two.

TONY

What? Two T&A's? You want to give me two T&A's -- good. Let's have a drink first, okay? Then I'll show you where the shark bit me.

The girls giggle as Tony mixes their drinks. One of them smiles coyly at Danny. He smiles back politely, but keeps watching Lacey.

TY WEBB

He wanders into the ballroom looking very suave in his hand-tailored evening wear. He lights a cigarette and leans against the wall as he surveys the action in the ballroom.

FUN COUPLES

Czernak and Suki are dancing on the fringe of the dance floor, trying to make the most of a very dull situation. Suki spots Ty and dances Czernak over to Wally.

SUKI

Hunky guy alert!

TY

He waves at the Fun Couples, glad to see some people he likes, and joins them.

WALLY

(hugging Ty)

Hiya, beautiful.

SCOTT & GATSBY

(clapping him
on the back)

Hunka-hunka.

SUKI

Meet somebody, Ty.

(turning to Czernak)

Ty Webb, this is Al Czernak.

(to Ty)

Al built our condo in Palm Beach.

TY

Really? You also built a new shopping mall in the middle of a bird sanctuary last year, didn't you?

AL

(laughs)

Yeah, and it wasn't easy, either. The Audubon Society put me on their hit list. I was getting obscene phone calls from Marlin Perkins. We had to relocate every godamn last grouse, crow and chickadee to a kids' aviary next to the Woolco. You should see it.

TY

(ruefully)

I have.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CZERNAK

(laughs)

It's a regular birdshit factory.

SUKI

(nudging Ty)

Heads up. I think somebody's giving you the big eye.

LACEY

She gazes steadily at Ty over the top of her cocktail glass.

TY

He looks back at her without wavering.

TY

Who is she?

CZERNAK

The best piece in town is my guess.

GATSBY

No kidding.

WALLY

Oh, I don't believe it. She's coming over here.

DANNY

He stands at the kitchen door holding a tray of little cakes and pastries, watching Lacey as she crosses the room toward Ty Webb. Suddenly Maggie bursts through the door, banging it hard into Danny's back and sending the pastries flying off the tray. They both stoop to pick up the cakes and pastries.

TY

He watches Lacey as she comes up to meet him.

LACEY

Hello. My name is Lacey Underall. I'm seventeen and I'm trouble.

Ty is amused and intrigued by her boldness.

TY

Ty Webb. I bet you're not as bad as your reputation.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LACEY

(provocative)

Better. Will you dance with me?

TY

Sure.

She takes his hand and leads him to the dance floor. The Fun Couples make a big show of raising their eyebrows and elbowing each other in the background.

THE BAR

Tony is still hustling the two Pre-Debs.

TONY

So what you girls gonna do when you grow up, huh? Drop acid in France not even wearing no tops probably, an' then you burn out and marry some suit who's into squash. I bet you're still into the Captain and Tenille.

(the girls laugh)

Let's face it, girls, it's bigger than both of you, if you know what I mean.

Czernak steps up to the bar.

CZERNAK

(to Tony)

Pal, can you make a Bullshot?

TONY

Can you make a shoe smell?

He starts to mix the drink. Czernak peels some bills off his huge wad and tosses them on the bar.

CZERNAK

Funny. Here, treat yourself to a real haircut.

TONY

Thanks!

THE DANCE FLOOR

Lacey is coming on to Ty as they dance, but he manages to keep a little distance between them.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LACEY

Well, Ty, what do you do for excitement around here?

TY

I play a lot of golf.

LACEY

Golf? Jesus, Nixon plays golf. I bet you've got a lot of interesting stories about your ball landing in the road.

TY

What do you do, then?

LACEY

Oh, I enjoy skinny-skiing, going to bullfights on acid...hey, I bet you've got a lot of nice ties.

TY

What?

LACEY

Would you like to tie me up with some of your ties, Ty?

TY

Hey, I got an idea, let's pretend we're human beings.

CZERNAK

He crosses the dance floor greeting and goosing people on his way to the bandstand.

JUDGE AND MRS. SMAILS

They're doing an arthritic fox trot near the bandstand. Czernak bumps into them and lifts his glass in a friendly toast, spilling half his drink on the floor. Mrs. Smails glares at him as Czernak mounts the bandstand.

MRS. SMAILS

(to the Judge)

Who is that disgusting man?

JUDGE SMAILS

(scowling)

I think he's a guest of the Scotts.

THE BANDSTAND

Czernak taps the BANDLEADER on the shoulder. He's an aging Don Ameche look-a-like in a very crummy tuxedo.

CZERNAK

(slipping him
some bills)

Listen, Ramon, there's another Jackson in it for you if you can goose the old thermostat a little.

The Bandleader abruptly cuts off the band in the middle of a number.

BANDLEADER

Gentlemen, number forty, please.

Czernak showers the band with bills.

CZERNAK

And make it hot!

THE DANCE FLOOR

The band starts blaring out a noisy disco number. Most of the older couples leave the floor immediately, but a few try to keep up with the kids who are starting to boogie.

The Fun Couples are doing a wild, drunken Salsa.

Judge and Mrs. Smails stand on the sidelines glowering at the Fun Couples. Czernak dances up to them and grabs Mrs. Smails' hand.

CZERNAK

(to the Judge)

Hey, give somebody else a chance,
you lucky devil.

He drags the reluctant matron onto the dance floor and propels her through a goofy John Travolta imitation.

CZERNAK

(cheek to cheek
with Mrs. Smails)

Oh, baby! You must've been something
before electricity.

THE BEEPERS

Connie is laughing at Czernak's crazy floorshow. Judge Smails comes storming up to them holding his wife's coat.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JUDGE

(to Doctor)

Find out who invited that man --
and tell them never to do it again.

SMAILS

He goes out onto the dance floor and pries Mrs. Smails away
from Czernak.

SMAILS

(to Czernak)

You're no gentleman!

CZERNAK

(dancing away)

I'm no doorknob, either!

DANNY

He's watching Ty talking to Lacey at a table in the corner.
Tony grabs him and starts walking him to the bar.

TONY

Cover for me, Noonan. I gotta
go out for a minute.

THE TWO PRE-DEBS

They stand waiting for Tony at the doors to the terrace.

THE BAR

Danny goes behind the bar and finds the Bishop waiting for
a drink.

THE BISHOP

Another Rob Roy, m'boy.

Danny is so intent on Lacey that he starts ineptly improvising
a drink for the Bishop -- Grenadine, Tequila and Slivowitz.

TY AND LACEY

They stroll out of the ballroom arm in arm.

DANNY

He tosses the bar rag into the punch bowl and leaves.

The Bishop takes a sip of his drink, gags and spits it out.

EXT. A SAND TRAP - MORNING

An explosion of sound rises, and a ball sails upward.

A FLAGSTICK

The ball hits the flag and almost drops in.

TY

He straightens and marvels at his shot.

TY

Wow! I am the best! Did you
see that?

Danny backs into frame raking the trap as Ty steps out.

DANNY

(sullen)

No.

Danny throws the rake and it bounces, almost hitting Ty.

TY

What's the matter? You getting
lazy?

DANNY

(hearing Lacey)

No -- you getting her?

TY

(not getting
the pun)

Pardon me? What are we talking
about? Did you ever get that
college thing settled?

DANNY

I've got one more chance --
maybe I can win the caddy
scholarship if I suck up to
Judge Smalls.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TY

(taking putter
from bag)

Okay, second lesson -- first,
forget everything I told you
last time.

Ty drops some balls on the green. He turns to Danny and
backhand putts perfectly, into the hole.

TY

Never rush your swing, stay loose,
don't press.

Ty casually taps two balls at once into the hole.

TY

If you obsess on your desire
you may clutch at the end like
Sneed in the 79 Masters....

Ty casually kicks a ball right to the edge of the hole.

DANNY

Missed.

Ty lines up another ball between his legs.

TY

In one model of the physical
universe the shortest distance
from one star to another can be
in the opposite direction.

Ty taps the ball and it hops over the kicked ball and into
the cup. Danny blinks.

TY

(continuing)

Basho the Zen Master once wrote,
'a flute without holes is not a
flute; a doughnut without a hole
is a danish.'

Ty sinks a ball shooting between his legs. He falls to his
hands and knees to line up his last ball.

TY

If you need something from some-
one, you should never appear to
need it....

(looks up
at Danny)

Don't move, Grasshopper.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TY (Cont'd)

(he uses the club
like a pool cue,
bouncing the ball
off Danny's shoe)

If you want to get what you want,
you have to stop wanting it first.

The ball heads right for the hole and drops. Danny can't believe his eyes.

CUT TO

EXT. BUSHWOOD PARKING LOT

A big yellow Cadillac convertible roars up to the clubhouse entrance and lurches to a halt. The license plates read "CZERNAK".

Al Czernak gets out wearing a fluorescent pink shirt, orange slacks and red and white, two-tone shoes. A little Japanese businessman, MR. YAMAMOTO, gets out the other side dressed in a business suit.

THE PRO SHOP

Sam Riviera, the club pro is behind the counter waiting on Judge Smails and his grandson, Spaulding.

SMAILS

Sam, Spaulding needs some balls.
(he looks in the
display case)
How much is that new Vulcan D-10
with the high compression center?

Sam reaches into the display case and takes out a ball that comes in its own velvet pouch.

SAM

Three dollars each, your Honor.

JUDGE

(hiding his
surprise)

Uh-huh. And how much are these?

He reaches into a goldfish bowl full of used balls.

SAM

They're forty cents each, sir.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JUDGE SMAILS
(selecting some balls)
That's more like it.

SAM
Ah, Judge, that's a Queen Royal.

JUDGE
So?

SPAULDING
It's a ladies ball!

Judge Smails drops it quickly and selects another.

JUDGE
This Ram-2 looks all right.

THE DOOR

Czernak comes barging in followed by Yamamoto.

CZERNAK

He beckons to Sam's ASSISTANT, a twenty year old college type.

CZERNAK
Hey, kid! I'm Al Czernak -- I'm
playing with Drew Scott today and
this is my guest, Mr. Yamamoto. You
can give me a half dozen of those
Vulcan D-10's with the whole shmeer --
clubs, bag, shoes, glove, pants, shirt --
(to Yamamoto)
You want one of those things that tell
you how far you walked?

Mr. Yamamoto nods uncomprehendingly.

SAM RIVIERA

His eyes light up when he hears Czernak's order, and he
practically runs over to Czernak, leaving the Judge alone.

SAM
(very solicitious)
Sorry, Mr. Czech! I didn't see you
come in, sir.

CZERNAK
(wandering around)
Hey! Orange balls! Gimme a coupla
those -- and a box of those naked lady
tees -- and one of those, and that --
stop me! I'm a nut.
(picking up a hat)
Oh! This is the worst looking hat
I ever saw.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He tries it on and turns to see Smails wearing the same hat.

CZERNAK

Ooops! Looks good on you, though
-- seriously.

Smails stalks out of the Pro Shop with Spaulding right behind him.

A GOLF BALL - EXTREME CLOSE-UP

The word "DAMAGED" is stamped on the ball in big red letters. A putter taps the ball out of frame.

PRACTICE GREEN

Spaulding Smails, the Judge's grandson, is practicing putting, cursing every time he misses. Motormouth and Goofy stop to watch.

SPAULDING

Dammit!

THE STARTING BOARD

Lou, the caddymaster, is chalking the names of the players on a board near the first tee. The caddies are waiting for their assignments. Danny looks nervous.

LOU

Okay, Smails, Smails, Beeper and
Bishop Pickering. Who wants it?

The caddies hoot derisively.

DANNY

(a little embarrassed)
Uh -- I'll take Smails if no one's
got him.

THE CADDIES

(sing-song)

Brown-nose, brown-nose.

Danny gives them the finger as he goes off to caddy.

EXT. FIRST TEE - LATER

The caddies are lazing around the fringes of the first tee area watching the Smails team greet Beeper and the Bishop. The Bishop's golf shirt has a small white cross where the alligator should be.

MOTORMOUTH

Well, it's quite a moment when two
gruesome twosomes like the Beep and
the Bish tee off against the Smails
Experience, right, Tony?

TONY

Looks like Noonan's up to his neck
in boogers.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Spaulding takes his driver from his golf bag, which is on a two-wheel golf cart, and tees up his ball.

SPAULDING

He swings and misses. His ball drops off the tee.

SPAULDING

Turds!

(teeing up the
ball again)

That was practice.

SMAILS

Spaulding! How many times have I
spoken to you about your language!

SPAULDING

Sorry, Grandpa. I forgot.

He swings again.

DANNY AND GOOFY

Their eyes move to follow the flight of the ball, but quickly return to the tee with the ball sitting on it.

SPAULDING (v.o.)

Double-turds!

SMAILS

Spaulding!

Goofy starts to crack up, but Danny stifles his own laughter and turns around to hide his smile.

AL CZERNAK

He comes up the little hill to the first tee talking at the top of his lungs. Yamamoto tags along in a bizarrely uncoordinated golf outfit with price tags still attached to everything.

CZERNAK

So where do we tee off?

(sees Scott and
Gatsby and waves)

Fellahs!

(sees the Smails' party)

We waiting for these guys? Hey, Smells!
Nice hat!

Smails tees up his ball.

SMAILS

Do you mind? I'm about to tee off.

CZERNAK

I bet you slice into the woods.
(holds up a bill)
Hundred bucks.

CONTINUED

THE CADDIES watch the confrontation with rapt delight.

SMAILS turns to Czernak, really indignant.

SMAILS
Gambling is illegal at Bushwood,
sir. And I never slice.

CZERNAK
(winking)
Oh, yeah, sure.

Smails snorts and tees off, slicing it right into the woods.

THE CADDIES are practically rolling on the grass, trying not to laugh out loud.

CZERNAK puts the bill away.

CZERNAK
Okay, you can owe me.

SMAILS
I owe you nothing!

He shakes his head and stomps off down the fairway after the rest of his foursome. Danny and Goofy shoulder the bags and follow. Spaulding trails after, pulling his two-wheel golf cart.

BACK AT THE FIRST TEE

Lou announces the next foursome.

LOU
(checking them off
the start board)
Scott, Gatsby, and guests.
(to the caddies)
Joey, get the big mouth -- Grace,
take the little guy -- Tony, you
got Scott and Gatsby.

JOEY

He walks along the bag rack, looking at each one until he comes to a huge super deluxe model, fully twice as large as any normal golf bag. "CZERNAK" is stencilled on it in huge letters. Tiny Joey is dwarfed by it as he drags it out of the rack.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

THE FIRST TEE

Grace, the six-foot girl caddy, walks up to Yamamoto with his bag. All his equipment still has price tags on it, too. She looks down at him, he looks up at her towering pulchritude and they both giggle amiably.

JOEY crosses to the tee, hobbling under the weight of Czernak's incredible bag as the caddies cheer and jeer at him.

JOEY
(to Czernak)
You want your driver?

CZERNAK
No, tell him to pick me up later.
Hah! No, yeah, gimme it.

Al pulls the club out, removes its boxing glove cover and tosses it to Joey. Then he tees up his ball.

CZERNAK
(to Scott and Gatsby)
I'm new at this game so you'll have to go easy -- say, ten cents a hole?

SCOTT
Fine.

CZERNAK
(addressing the ball)
An' Mr. Moto and me'll have a little side bet.
(to Yamamoto)
A ten thousand dollar Nassau with optional press and a one hundred Bingo-Bango -- no, Bongo, hai?

MR. YAMAMOTO
(more interested
in Grace)
Hai.

THE ROUGH

Smalls finds his ball, looks around, and tosses it back onto the fairway.

SMALLS
(to Danny)
Don't count that. I was interfered with.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DANNY

Yes, sir.

SMAILS

(lining up
his next shot)By the way, what did Mr. Webb shoot
this morning?

DANNY

He doesn't keep score, sir.

SMAILS

I know, but just guess -- eighty?
Seventy-five?

DANNY

More like sixty-eight, I think.

SMAILS

(really jealous)

Bah! I don't believe it!

CZERNAK

He drives off the first tee with no technique but with
amazing power.

SMAILS

He's just about to swing when Czernak's ball bounds into
frame and strikes him in the chest. He falls over.

CZERNAK

He waves apologetically.

CZERNAK

(bellows)

Fore!

His foursome starts walking down the fairway. Joe struggles
to keep ahead of them, his whole body hidden by the enormous
golf bag.

JOEY

(turning around)

Wha'd'ya got in here, anyway --
rocks?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CZERNAK

Come on, when I was your age, I used to lug fifty pounds of ice up five, six flights of stairs.

JOEY

(unimpressed)

So what?

CZERNAK

So let's dance.

He reaches over and switches on a radio built into his golf bag. A LOUD disco tune BOOMS out over the course.

JUDGE SMAILS

He's just about to hit when the loud music comes wafting over the course.

SMAILS

Now what in heaven?

(he turns and
shakes his fist
at Czernak in
the distance)

That man is a menace.

(shouts)

Turn that off!

(Czernak waves back)

Gad!

The Judge hits a bag shot and stomps off after it. Danny walks alongside, taking his club.

SMAILS

That music is a violation of my personal privacy. He's breaking the law.

DANNY

Really? I've always been very fascinated with the law.

SMAILS

Oh? What areas?

DANNY

All areas. Personal privacy laws -- noise statutes. I planned to go to Law School after I graduate, but now it looks like I won't have enough money to go to college.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SMAILS

(coldly)

Well, the world needs ditch diggers,
too.

Danny nods politely, then makes a face behind Smails' back.

THE FIRST GREEN - A LITTLE LATER

The Bishop sinks his putt as Spaulding lines up a fifteen-footer.

BISHOP

(to Smails)

Put me down for a five.

Goofy holds up eight fingers behind the Bishop's back for Danny to see.

SPAULDING putts and misses.

SPAULDING

Hell!

He quickly putts again and misses again.

SPAULDING

Damn!

BISHOP

(admonishing him)

Easy, son.

SPAULDING

Well, that Caddy's right in my
line.

(to Danny)

Move over, stupid!

Danny moves away slowly and watches. Spaulding misses again, picks up a "gimme", and storms off the green.

SPAULDING

(practically running
Danny down)

Get out of my way.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DANNY'S FOOT

Spaulding's cart wheel rolls over Danny's foot.

DANNY

He glowers at Spaulding, shoulders the golf bag he's carrying and walks toward the second tee.

CZERNAK'S FOURSOME

They march toward the first green. Czernak is drawing a beer from a tap built into his golf bag. He's entertaining Scott and Gatsby by jazzing the caddies, Tony and Joey.

CZERNAK

You guys really know how to carry golf bags. This is considered skilled labor for Italians, isn't it? What else can you do?

TONY

I know how to make a Polack by rubbin' two pieces of shit together.

Czernak stops at his ball on the fringe of the green and takes out a putter equipped with a Norden bombsight.

CZERNAK

Yeah? Well, I'm Hungarian -- not Polish.

TONY

Then I need three.

Czernak lines up his putt and adjusts the bombsight.

CZERNAK

(remembering Tony)
Hey! The bartender! You poured me a drink last night.

TONY

I poured ya about thirty, sir.

CZERNAK

(laughing, taps his ball)
Bombs away!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The ball curves toward the hole and drops.

CZERNAK

(as it drops)

BOOM!

(imitates big explosion)

THE FOURTH TEE

Smails gazes at a row of new ranch homes across from the course, visible from the elevation of the tee.

SMAILS

You know, Reverend, when we started Bushwood, you couldn't see a single house from here. We called it a 'country club' because it was in the country. Now look! They're almost on top of us.

BEEPER AND DANNY

The Bishop tees off in the background.

DANNY

I think surgeons are like the fighter pilots of a hospital.

BEEPER

(slipping on his aviator sunglasses)

Hmm. Interesting analogy.

DANNY

I want to go to Medical School, but right now my parent's can't afford to send me to college even.

BEEPER

Wait! I know a way a college-bound fellow could pick up some money fast.

DANNY

(excited)

You do?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BEEPER

Yes! My regular man is sick and I need someone to mow my lawn. Sunday morning. I'll make it well worth your while.

Beeper walks off to the tee. Danny gives him the finger behind his back.

THE THIRD GREEN

Czernak spies the row of ranch houses.

CZERNAK

(yelling to
his party)

Hey! Look at all those houses! I bet they'd love a great shopping mall right here! Condos over there -- (he gestures) -- plenty of parking. Racquetball, adult twin theaters -- a kiddie playground. We'll make a fortune, believe me. Y'know, country clubs and cemeteries are the biggest wasters of prime real estate. Dead people don't wanna be buried these days -- ecology, right? An' you know who belongs to country clubs -- the newly wed and the nearly dead.

SMAILS

He's on the fourteenth fairway about to hit.

Danny stands with the Bishop watching him.

BISHOP

I'll tell you, son, my real love is working with young people like you down at our new Youtheran Center. You ought to stop by some time.

DANNY

I've often thought of entering the priesthood.

BISHOP

You're Catholic?

(Danny nods)

Oh well...then you -- uh -- can't come.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SEVENTEENTH TEE

Czernak, Tony and Joey are watching a Cubs' baseball game on a five-inch TV screen built into Czernak's golf bag. Al is a little bushed, consequently relaxed and reflective.

CZERNAK

(reminiscing)

-- I used to steal a lot of stuff when I was a kid. Turned out to be a good practice for the business world. Growing up on the street is the best education you can get.

(sees something
on the fairway)

Hey, look! A groundhog!

A MOLE

It streaks across the fairway chased by a bizarre-looking dog. Sandy, the groundskeeper, follows with a butterfly net. The mole dives into a hole just ahead of the snarling dog.

TONY

He shouts to Sandy.

TONY

Sandy! Who's the pooch?

SANDY

He stands by the hole as the dog digs frantically.

SANDY

(shouting)

It's a Scottish Molehound! Best damn rodent dog in the world.

The mole pops out of another hole a few feet away. The dog leaps at it as Sandy lunges with the net. He nets the dog which goes berserk, snarling and yapping in the net as the mole scurries away.

EIGHTEENTH GREEN

Smalls is just about to putt when he sees the molehound in the distance, fighting with the groundskeeper.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SMAILS

(rattled)

What now!

THE FAIRWAY

Czernak shouts at Smails as he locates his ball.

CZERNAK

(bellows)

Hey, Smells! Thousand bucks you miss that putt.

THE GREEN

Smails has had it. He turns red and looks up to see that a number of people have stopped to watch him putt. Besides Danny and Goofy, Dr. Beeper and the Bishop, a few other players and caddies who just finished are waiting for him to putt. Also, a few women in tennis clothes on their way to the clubhouse patio have stopped to watch.

SMAILS

He concentrates, taps the ball, and misses. The spectators groan sympathetically. In a rage he hurls his putter.

DANNY AND GOOFY

Their eyes follow the club as it sails over a tall hedgerow. A woman screams, and a crash is heard.

THE CLUBHOUSE PATIO - A MOMENT LATER

Judge Smails is apologizing to a startled crowd as Dr. Beeper revives a stunned WOMAN MEMBER. An umbrella table is torn.

WOMAN'S HUSBAND

(angry)

Well, if you didn't throw it, how did it get here?

SMAILS

It slipped out of my hand.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The Club Manager RICHARD RICHARDS runs up.

MANAGER

What seems to be the trouble?

HUSBAND

He almost killed my wife with his club!

SMAILS

It was an accident -- it slipped.

DANNY

(stepping in)

I noticed your grips were worn -- I should've mentioned it to you, sir. Sam could put some stick'em on them for you.

SMAILS

(to Danny - grateful)

Good idea. Next time be more careful.

(to angry husband)

I'm really terribly sorry about this -- I'll sign for your lunch, all right?

(to Manager)

And I'll sign for the umbrella.

MANAGER

Oh no, Judge -- if it was an accident -- no need.

JUDGE

Fine.

(signals waiter)

A double scotch-and-soda over there.

(to Danny)

Danny, come over to the table and I'll sign your card.

A TABLE - A LITTLE LATER

Danny stands by as Smails signs his card. Danny knows he's onto something.

SMAILS

Thanks for your help back there. You're a fine caddy and that's something to be proud of. Say, did you know that we're awarding another Caddy Scholarship this year?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DANNY

Yes, I have heard something about it, but my grades in high school weren't actually that outstanding.

SMAILS

There are more important things than grades, son. You just turn in an application and let me take care of the rest.

(he gets up)

By the way, I'm launching my new sloop at the Yacht Club Sunday afternoon. A lot of the young people will be there. Why don't you join us?

DANNY

That sounds great, sir. Thank you.

JUDGE

(good-humored)

And you tell Ty Webb that I'm gunning for him. If he's that good, I want to see it.

INT. THE LOCKER ROOM

Smoke is vacuuming the rug when Spaulding approaches him. Smoke turns off the machine.

SPAULDING

(confidentially)

Uh -- Westinghouse, do you know where I could get any -- stuff?

SMOKE

(looking around)

Well, Master Spaulding, I might be able to get some fine Bongolese later to day for seventy-five.

SPAULDING

Seventy-five!

SMOKE

(shrugs)

It's the best.

Spaulding reluctantly hands Smoke the cash and splits.

CONTINUED

INT. CAMPUS SHOPPE

Danny browses around an exclusive habdashery and stops to admire an elegant Ivy League suit on a mannequin. A SALESMAN apperas at his shoulder and notes Danny's faded jeans and battered jacket.

SALESMAN

(icily)

Is there something you want?

DANNY

(feigning disinterest)

No.

(disdainfully fingers
the suit material)

Not is this is the best you've got.

SALESMAN

(suddenly obsequious)

Of course not, sir! If you'll just
come with me and slip off your --
uh -- jacket.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. CAMPUS SHOPPE - LATER

Danny comes out with several bags and boxes.

EXT. CLUB MAINTENANCE GARAGE

The two-story converted stable has the feeling of an 18th Century English farm -- grasscutting equipment, gardening tools and piles of mulch litter the courtyard. A potting shed is just opposite.

SMOKE

He's pulling dead, dry weeds out of the ground and stuffing them into a plastic baggie. He slips away as Danny comes walking across the yard carrying a golf bag.

DANNY

He stops and turns at the sound of a voice.

MAGGIE (v.o.)

(calls musically)

Oh Danny boy --

He looks up.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGGIE

She's leaning over the railing of a balcony in her uniform smiling down at him. You can see right up her skirt.

MAGGIE

Can I give you a hand with your bag?

DANNY

DANNY

(smiles)

Hi Mag.

MAGGIE

Oh, so it's Mag now?

(sings)

Mary Margaret Mag the Hag,
another bag?

DANNY

(laughing)

Cut it out. I can see up your dress.

MAGGIE

(naughty)

I know. Come on up.

Danny looks around nervously, then trots up the stairs.

CUT TO

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM

Maggie lies seductively on the bed in her uniform and white shoes. Her room is simple but tidy and charming. Photos of home and family occupy places of honor atop her desk and dresser along with a major standing crucifix, a blow dryer and a glass snowball souvenir from Disneyworld.

Danny sits down on the bed and they kiss.

MAGGIE

How's your little friend?

DANNY

(unbuttoning her uniform)

Who?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Maggie starts to pull his T-shirt off but deliberately gets it stuck over his head, pinning his arms.

MAGGIE

(enjoying making
him struggle)

Lacey Overalls -- the girl with the enormous appetite for butter.

Danny yanks on his shirt and tears it nearly in half.

DANNY

She's not my friend. It's the Judge I'm after.

MAGGIE

(rueful)

Oh, that one. When I get home I'm going to send him a letter bomb.

DANNY

(weakly)

He's really not that bad, y'know.

MAGGIE

(pulling back)

You traitor! Tony D'Annunzio needs money worse than you do but he'd never go oiling up to the Judge like that.

DANNY

Yeah, well Tony doesn't want to go to college. He didn't even want to go to grade school.

MAGGIE

That doesn't make you better than him.

They lie together in silence for a moment.

DANNY

Who told you Lacey's a whore?

Maggie shoves him off the bed.

EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - EARLY SUNDAY MORNING

A 62' Chevy stationwagon with rusting fake wood panelling is parked in the driveway. Church bells are ringing all around the neighborhood. All the Noonan kids come running out the side door of the house dressed for church. They pile into the wagon, fighting for good seats, jumping in and out of the windows like a barrel of monkeys.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Mrs. Noonan comes out last in her best Sunday outfit, including white gloves and hat with veil. She takes her accustomed place in the front seat. Danny closes the door for her then runs around to the driver's seat. He backs out of the driveway fast and speeds off down the street.

INT. THE CAR

MRS. NOONAN

Danny, don't drive so fast, dear.
Andy, honey, don't pick that. It'll
fall off by itself.

INT. THE WAGON

Mrs. Noonan is about to get out, but stops. Danny is desperate to get going.

MRS. NOONAN

(to Danny)

It wouldn't kill you to go to Mass,
you know.

DANNY

I went last night! They had a special
midnight Mass for people with summer
jobs.

MRS. NOONAN

Yeah -- I bet!

DANNY

I gotta deliver papers, I gotta
mow Beeper's lawn and I'm --

MRS. NOONAN

--going to a party at the Yacht Club.
I know. Hooray for you. Remind your
father to pick us up after Mass, all
right?

DANNY

You told me a thousand times!

MRS. NOONAN

(getting out)

And you'll still forget.

She closes the door and Danny peels away.

EXT. NOONAN GARAGE - A LITTLE LATER

Danny and Andy are loading the wagon with heavy stacks of fat Sunday papers.

CONTINUED

ANDY

(reluctant)

We gotta tie 'em better!

DANNY

I don't have time. Let's go.

He jumps behind the wheel.

BACK DOOR

Mr. Noonan comes out carrying his golf bag on a cart, golf shoes and a bag lunch. He's dressed to play golf, looking snazzier and happier than we've seen him.

The car speeds off down the driveway.

MR. NOONAN

(seeing his transportation disappear)

Hey!

EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET

The Chevy wagon speeds down the street. Andy whips papers out of the open tailgate.

A FRONT DOOR ON THE STREET

A MAN in a bathrobe opens his front door to get his newspaper. He looks at his own lawn in shock, then turns and looks up the street.

THE STREET

The front lawns on both sides are almost covered with a mess of papers swirling in the summer breeze. A dog chases the Chevy wagon as it squeals around the corner and disappears.

DR. BEEPER'S MAILBOX

The mailbox is a beautiful replica of a country home with the name "Beeper, M.D." painted neatly on it.

DR. BEEPER'S LAWN

It's easily seven rolling acres of carefully landscaped lawn, gardens, fountains, statuary and topiary. The grass is a foot high. A very small, rusty, push-mower stands unattended

CONTINUED

in the middle of the vast, uncut expanse. A mechanical roar is heard approaching.

DR. BEEPER'S MAILBOX

It begins to vibrate as a monstrous machine passes.

THE GREENSKEEPER'S TRACTOR-MOWER

Danny sits atop the mechanical monster we saw on the golf course and steers it up Beeper's driveway. He manhandles the thing onto the spacious lawn and cuts the grass with incredible efficiency, doing the whole job in one sweeping circuit of the grounds.

DANNY

He turns around to admire the wonderful job he's done when suddenly he's clotheslined by a line of laundry that catches him by the neck and pulls him off the mower. A BLACK MAID runs out of the house yelling at him.

THE MOWER

Danny and the Maid watch in horror as the unattended mower runs over a carefully sculpted hedge and chops it up like a Vegematic.

NEXT DOOR

Beeper's neighbors are having an elegant lawn party. Suddenly, they hear the roar of a motor and turn to see the mower eat its way through a tall thick hedge and right into their yard. The guests run screaming as the mower runs right over a loaded buffet table sending up a shower of chopped cold cuts. Then it runs over a bed of carefully planted tulips and exits the yard by eating through the hedge on the other side. The guests look after it stunned as Danny comes through the new opening from Beeper's yard. He trots through the debris, bowing politely to everyone and disappears through the newly cut exit on the other side.

A GAS STATION - A LITTLE LATER

Danny's stationwagon pulls up to the pumps. He jumps out, sweating and nervous, shouts something to the gas station attendant and dashes into the Men's Room carrying a Dop kit and the boxes from the Campus Shoppe.

CONTINUED

EXT. MEN'S ROOM DOOR - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Danny exits the grungy Men's Room looking like the Prince of Whales in a blazer, white pants, shoes and ascot. He sports a white yachting cap. He gives the amazed attendant a dollar and drives off.

A SIGN

GREAT LAKES YACHT CLUB
MEMBERS ONLY

YACHT CLUB PARKING LOT

Danny drives into the lot and looks around at the expensive Mercedes, Cadillacs and shining sports cars parked in the lot. Danny starts to back out when a red-jacketed parking attendant jogs over, staring at the smoking heap. He tries to open the door for Danny, but the handle comes off in his hand.

DANNY

It's a classic. My father's having it restored for his collection.

INT. THE YACHT CLUB

Danny enters a large beamed room decorated with real ships' bulls, models and pennants. A local rock band is playing "More" amidst a crowd of madras and cranberry pants types. Danny looks around uncomfortably.

LACEY

She and her friends are dancing, all dressed very casually in a variety of T-shirts, jeans and cut-offs. Lacey is dancing with a long-haired suburban freak. They all turn and stare at Danny, standing stiffly at the entrance.

NOBLE

He looks like Dick Cavett.

They all giggle and smirk.

DANNY

He pulls his yachting cap down over his eyes and shrinks off toward the bar. Some unkind WOLF WHISTLES and APPLAUSE is heard from the young rich set. Danny reaches for a glass of white wine on a tray, but a hand clamps down on his shoulder, scaring him so much that he drops the glass of wine.

CONTINUED

DR. BEEPER AND DANNY

Beeper has his creepy hand on Danny's shoulder.

DR. BEEPER
Hello, son. How'd it go?

DANNY
Uh -- the lawn looks great.
(Beeper's beeper
beeps; a ship's
whistle is heard)

MRS. SMAILS

She stands in front of the band, shushing them. She blows a gold bosun's pipe strung around her neck.

MRS. SMAILS
All right, children, we're launching the sloop now -- you can shake your booties down on the dock.

The young people groan.

MRS. SMAILS
Go on, scamper!
(claps hands)

DANNY AND BEEPER

Danny's standing around nervously. He turns to leave, only to encounter Noble Noyes and Spaulding Smails.

SMAILS III
Ahoy, polloi. Hey, Noonan, whadja just come from -- a scotch ad?

DANNY
Eat it.

MRS. SMAILS

walks by and stops.

MRS. SMAILS
My, what a nice-looking young man!
You're from Bushwood, aren't you?

SPAULDING
He's not a member -- he's a caddy,
Granma.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DANNY

(quickly)

Judge Smails invited me yesterday
at the Club.

MRS. SMAILS

Oh yes, the boy who wants to be in
the Senate. Too bad more of your
generation don't follow your
example, young man --

(to Spaulding)

You look like boogies! Now scamper!

They leave. Danny stands there for an uncomfortable moment
with Mrs. Smails.

DANNY

(gulping, offers
her his arm)

May I escort you out, ma'am?

Mrs. Smails gasps with delight and takes his arm.

MRS. SMAILS

You are a nice young man!

Danny pulls his cap even lower over his eyes and starts to
walk out with her. Judge Smails appears dressed just like
Danny. CHUCK SHICK, an athletic young man, is with him.

SMAILS

(exuberant)

Hold on, son! Trying to make time
with my best girl?

Danny looks at Mrs. Smails and manages a sickly smile.

DANNY

Thank you for inviting me, sir.

SMAILS

Have you met Chuck Shick, Danny?
Chuck is clerking for me this
summer until he passes the bar.

(they shake hands)

Danny's going to Law School, too,
Chuck.

CHUCK

Really? You going to Harvard?

DANNY

(quietly)

St. Copious.

CHUCK

Where?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DANNY

St. Copious of Northern Nebraska.
They have an excellent golf program ---

SMAILS

(to Danny)

Speaking of golf, I've done some
checking up on you, son. I hear
you're quite a golfer yourself.
Danny won our Caddy tournament
two years in a row. Gonna win it
again this year, Senator?
(he winks)

DANNY

I'm going to try, sir.

SMAILS

That's the spirit. See you on deck.

Smails salutes Danny and walks off with Chuck and Mrs. Smails.

LACEY walks up to Danny with her hairy friend, TERRY.

LACEY

Hey, Cary Grant -- want to get high?

DANNY

What?

TERRY

(annoyed)

Hey, I only got a little.

LACEY

Then fart off, okay, Terry?

Terry splits angrily. Lacey smirks at Danny's outfit.

DANNY

I guess I'm a little overdressed.

LACEY

(shrugs)

It depends on what's underneath.

DANNY

What?

She sighs and pulls him toward the door.

LACEY

C'mon.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

EXT. THE MARINA

Most of the boats are out on the lake, but a few beautiful yachts are still in their slips.

JUDGE SMAILS' SLOOP

The Judge is peevishly supervising two dock workers. They are finishing the slip-rails under the hull of Smails' new thirty-foot racing sloop, The Bluebird. Some members watch with mild interest.

SMAILS

Lovely day for a launch, isn't it? Easy! Easy! Shoes off if you're coming aboard.

THE SHORE

Spaulding, Noble and Terry lounge on the shore passing a large joint.

SPAULDING

Did you see that kid?
(passes a joint)
He's not even a member.

TERRY

He tried to do my blow.

NOBLE

Hey, this reminds me a little of the Bosphorous. Mummy took us last year when Daddy flipped out.

SPAULDING

No one goes there anymore -- it's been totally ruined by rich Americans. Europe's been ruined for years...

TERRY

They ruined Morocco, man. No one goes there anymore -- too many plastic hippies.

NOBLE

(inspecting joint and coughing)
Hey, what kind of shit is this?

SPAULDING

It's the best, man. Got it from a Negro. It comes on slow -- you're probably so high already you don't even know it.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TERRY AND NOBLE

Really.

MRS. SMAILS

She blows her whistle and beckons the guests to gather on the floating docks near the sloop.

MRS. SMAILS

All right, everybody! It's time!

She takes a champagne bottle as the Judge prepares a little speech from the boat. Polite applause.

JUDGE SMAILS

Thank you, everyone -- it's been many years and, frankly, many dollars to reach this point --
(polite laughter)

DANNY AND LACEY

She's sitting next to him on a cushioned lounge on the patio, reading his palm. Danny has now shed his blazer and rolled up his sleeves.

LACEY

...And this is your fate line. You look like you're going to make a lot of money when you're older ---

DANNY

(interested)

Oh yeah? When? How?

LACEY

(looking closer)

Not for a few years yet -- could be either the market or a game show. And this is your saliva line...

(she licks his hand slowly)

DANNY

What does that tell?

She continues to lick his wrist and up his arm. Danny almost swoons.

LACEY

How hot I can get you.

They kiss.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

THE SLOOP - SAME TIME

Mrs. Smails winds up with a champagne bottle.

MRS. SMAILS

I hereby christen thee 'The Bluebird.'

She smashes her champagne bottle down and breaks the bowsprit off the boat without breaking the bottle. The boat begins to slide into the water.

SMAILS

(aghast)

Pookie!

A HUGE PAIR OF BINOCULARS

A familiar voice booms above a loud roar, blaring music and laughter.

CZERNAK (v.o.)

It's my buddy!

CZERNAK'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - JUDGE SMAILS

He can see Smails gesticulating wildly as his sloop slides into the water.

CZERNAK (v.o.)

(yelling orders)

Hard right turn! All ahead all the engines! Go over there!

CUT TO

DANNY AND LACEY - SAME TIME

Lacey is rubbing the back of Danny's neck, touching his nose with hers lightly.

LACEY

Do you like me?

DANNY

(weak)

Oh, yes.

LACEY

More than being a Senator?

DANNY

Oh, yes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

LACEY

Then say it.

DANNY

I like you more than being in the Senate.

THE SLOOP - SAME TIME

The sloop docks off shore with Smails aboard. The guests remove their shoes and follow the small boat along the two floating docks, giggling drunkenly.

SMAILS

(holding his bowsprit)

God damnit! Where's the first mate? Somebody get a bottle of glue!

DANNY AND LACEY - SAME TIME

She's drawing it out, teasing.

LACEY

More than being President of the world?

DANNY

More than being President of the world.

LACEY

Wow.

She leans over to kiss Danny's trembling lips. Suddenly there is a huge GRONNK of notes that sound like an ice cream truck for dinosaurs. They turn of the camera, interrupting the kiss.

LACEY

Let's get out of here.

She takes his hand and leads him off.

CZERNAK'S BOAT - LOW SHOT

The enormous hull roars by the camera. The whole boat has been "customized" with chromed horns, lamed life rings, futuristic radar and a snarling "flying tiger" face painted on the prow. We read the name, "Thunderball II" on the side as its entire length roars by, throwing up a huge wake.

CZERNAK

He's on the bridge in a loud Hawaiian shirt, now at the wheel of his 110-foot power pleasure cruiser. White-jacketed servants tend to the Fun Couples and other guests, including bikini-

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

clad cuties. They drink and wave to the Yacht Club partiers.
Loud music.

CZERNAK
(through bullhorn)
Hey, Smails! My dinghy's bigger than
your whole boat! Ha ha ha!

SMAILS

He waves off Czernak's enormous craft.

SMAILS
Go away! Go away! Heave off!

CZERNAK

Struggling with the wheel.

CZERNAK
(through bullhorn)
Save me a parking place. I'm comin' in!

He hits a horn that blares out "Mary Had a Little Lamb".

EXT. PARKING LOT

Lacey gets into a Mercedes 450SL. Danny gawks at the car.

LACEY
Would you rather take your car?

Danny's Chevy wagon is right behind her.

DANNY
(reaching)
No -- my back speakers are out.

THE MARINA

Czernak's giant vessel slams into the small harbor, sideswipes a bell buoy, snaps a line of floats and snags the line of a dockside fisherman, yanking him into the water.

A SMALL ROWBOAT

Terrified people leap from the craft as Czernak's bow slices it neatly in half.

CZERNAK

He spins the wheel in both directions, oblivious.

CONTINUED

CZERNAK

Okay, let's back 'er up.

(looks around)

Where's the rearview mirror?

CZERNAK'S BOAT

It's banging into boats on every side like a bull in a china shop, and steams right into the Yacht Club dock.

THE YACHT CLUB DOCK

Piled shoes begin to fall in the water as the GUESTS try to balance on the bobbing, teetering platforms and slide into the water shrieking.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

My hair! My hair!

SMAILS

He looks up in terror at Czernak's looming hull.

SMAILS

(furious)

Stop!

Czernak leans over the bridge and waves at Smails.

CZERNAK

Oaky! Drop anchor!

Suddenly, Czernak's huge anchor CRASHES down through the deck of Smail's boat. It starts to sink with Smails aboard looking like the Captain of the Titanic.

LACEY'S CAR - LATER

She's driving incredibly fast down winding country roads.

LACEY

You scared?

DANNY

(exhilarated)

Yeah!

LACEY

Me, too!

EXT. THICK WOODS - LATER

Danny and Lacey are picking their way through lovely, dark woods. Afternoon sunlight is filtering through the trees.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Butterflies flutter around brightly-colored wildflowers and delicate ferns.

LACEY

Wanna do some real MDA?

DANNY

Pardon me?

LACEY

MDA -- I got it from a guy I know in medical school. Go ahead.

DANNY

(taking a pill)

You sure this is okay?

LACEY

Oh, it's all bad for you.

Danny gags in mid-swallow. Lacey sees a deer and touches Danny's hand to still him.

LACEY

(whispering)

Wow -- a deer!

FADE TO

A BUBBLING BROOK BY A TINY WATERFALL - MINUTES LATER

Danny and Lacey are dabbling their feet in the cool water in dappled sunlight. They stare intently at the water. A frog is croaking.

DANNY

(awed)

It looks like a painting.

LACEY

Monet.

DANNY

Right. Him definitely.
(points)

Look!

A BEAUTIFUL DRAGONFLY hovers and skips above the water.

LACEY

It looks like jewelry that's alive.

DANNY

Uh-huh.

She leans on Danny.

CONTINUED

LACEY

It's nice here. It reminds me of the
Black Forest.

DANNY

Yeah.

CLOSE-UP - THEIR FEET IN WATER

Lacey's feet become entangled with Danny's.

DANNY

It's like a dream.

DANNY AND LACEY fall over in an embrace. A bullfrog croaks grandly. A beautiful musical theme begins. They tug at each other's clothes. A turtle slides into the water. The bullfrog jumps away with a croak.

MONTAGE - DANNY AND LACEY

There follows a MONTAGE of soft-focus, non-explicit lovemaking. Both Danny and Lacey look really spaced. END THEME MUSIC.

FADE TO

A MOURNING DOVE hops on a branch, giving a low, cooing note.

DANNY AND LACEY

lie in each other's arms, spent. Lacey's eyes are closed; Danny stares straight up as the dove coos.

DANNY

Lacey?

LACEY

(smiling,
eyes closed)

Um-hmm?

DANNY

(with difficulty)

I want you to know that just because
of this you don't have to stop seeing
other people.

Lacey says nothing, then, little by little, she begins to break into slight tremors, then giggles, then uproarious laughter.

DANNY

Why are you laughing?

CONTINUED

LACEY

Oh, nothing -- really.

DANNY

(half serious now)

What's so funny?

Lacey begins to giggle again.

DANNY

He begins dressing, suddenly embarrassed by his nakedness. Lacey, still giggling, tickles Danny's feet and he starts with surprise and giggles a little too.

CUT TO

DANNY AND LACEY

running through the woods. They look extremely happy.

DANNY'S HAPPY FACE

He closes his eyes as he runs.

DANNY'S POV

Tree branches and birds whiz by as he runs. A flash of the turtle.

CLOSE-UP - DANNY

He opens his eyes, laughing puzzledly. He closes them again.

DANNY'S TECHNICALLY ALTERED POV

Another travelling flash and a bird image, only he seems to be rising through the branches. He bursts through the trees and rises into the air like a bird.

CUT TO

THE ELEVENTH HOLE

Danny and Lacey burst through the tree line and gambol onto the fairway. Danny stops in mid-gambol shocked at what he sees.

CUT TO

THE SNACK SHOP

A bunch of caddies and a few members have been watching them frolicking. The caddies applaud wildly and whistle. Maggie stares at Danny from behind the counter, shakes her head in disappointment and goes back to a conversation with Tony.

CONTINUED

JOEY

(squishes the foamy
ballwasher machine)

Hey, Danny, you find your balls okay?

The caddies laugh.

FADE TO

INT. SMAILS HOUSE

It's a spacious main floor furnished with real baronial overkill, expensive but depressing. A MAID goes to open the front door just as Judge Smails enters, still dripping wet and furious. He stalks down the hall muttering to himself. The maid follows a step behind him, mopping up the wet footprints. He turns and goes upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

Smails marches down the long hallway and barges through the door into his bedroom.

INT. THE MASTER BEDROOM

The door flies open and Smails enters.

DANNY AND LACEY

She's lying nude in Smails' bed, her head in Danny's lap. He's wearing Smails dressing gown, drinking his best cognac, smoking a Havana cigar. They both turn to the door in surprise.

SMAILS

His eyes go wide, his face turns bright red and his mouth goes up and down but no sound comes out. He grabs a golf club leaning up against the wall and charges at Danny. Danny drops the cognac and cigar and grabs for his underpants. Smails swings at him with the golf club but Danny dodges and Smails wipes out a shelf of his own golf trophies. Danny bounds across the bed trying to put on his underpants as he runs. Smails swings again but Danny catches his foot in his underwear and falls. Smails club whizzes over his head and knocks out one of the columns of his four-poster. The canopy falls down on Lacey and the Judge. Danny goes hopping across the room still hobbled by his jockey shorts and escapes into the bathroom.

INT. THE BATHROOM

He locks the door behind him, panting hard. As he bends to

CONTINUED

pull up his shorts he suddenly becomes aware of something. The shower is running and a huge silhouette is splashing and scrubbing behind it. Suddenly, Mrs. Smails hand emerges from the shower holding out a long, tubular abrasive sponge.

MRS. SMAILS

Elihu? Will you loofah my stretchmarks?

Danny does a croupy imitation of the Judge.

DANNY

(more coughing than
talking)

Hrum, hrrump!

Smail starts beating down the door with his club.

MRS. SMAILS

In the shower, wearing goggles, funny shower cap and facial mud pie. She realizes something is wrong and slides open the shower door, revealing...

DANNY'S FACE

The sight of Mrs. Smails naked is a memory he'll have to live with forever. He springs to the connecting door and flees through her bedroom as Smails finally breaks into the bathroom from the other side.

MAIN FLOOR ENTRANCE HALL

The Bishop and three Dowagers arrive from the Yacht club.

BISHOP

What an afternoon! Are we still having tea?

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Danny comes running out of Mrs. Smails bedroom. The Maid is still mopping the marble floor, talking to a Butler holding a tea service on a tray.

Danny runs by almost knocking over the Butler who spins like a top but keeps the tea service from falling. Danny does a perfect stand-up slide on the wet floor that carries him all the way to the backstairs at the end of the hall.

THE BUTLER

Smail goes flying past him, forcing the Butler to spin the other way to keep the tea set balanced on the tray.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SMAILS

He hits the wet part of the floor and slips, slides all the way down the hall on his back and falls down the stairwell at the other end.

THE BUTLER

He shakes his head as he re-balances his tray, takes one step and practically backflips on the wet floor. The tea tray goes flying over the railing of the main stairwell.

THE BISHOP AND THE DOWAGERS

The tea service comes crashing down from upstairs in a hail of china and polished silver.

A DOWAGER

That must be the tea.

EXT. - SMAILS HOUSE

Danny flies out the back door just as Lacey appears at an upstairs window. She tosses down his shirt, pants and shoes.

DANNY

(running away)

I'll call you!

LACEY

(laughing)

Don't!

CLUB BULLETIN BOARD

It reads: CADDY DAY in big letters at the top of the board. Just below it: "ALL CLUB FACILITIES OPEN TO CADDIES AND STAFF." Pull back to reveal Smoke in two-tone shoes, ice cream suit, red tie and panama hat. He struts out of the clubhouse.

EXT. CLUB ENTRANCE

Danny and Goofy ride up on their bikes with worn canvas golf bags over their shoulders. They pass other caddies on foot, some with clubs, some with tennis rackets, others with towels and swimsuits.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS

Angie, Motormouth, Grace and INJUN JOE, a big red-faced Sioux, are playing chaotic doubles in motley tennis outfits.

CONTINUED

EXT. CADDYSHACK

Maggie approaches the caddyshack, sees no one around and goes in.

INT. CADDYSHACK

The room is dark except for the lights on the coke machine. Maggie looks around trepidatiously.

MAGGIE

Danny?

She hears a noise and turns around.

DANNY

He's lying on a bench in the corner, hidden in the shadows.

DANNY

(sitting up)

Hi, Mag.

Maggie opens the shutters on one window and light floods in. Danny rubs his eyes as Maggie crosses to him and sits down.

MAGGIE

I haven't seen you for days.

DANNY

I'm in trouble.

MAGGIE

Me, too. I'm late.

DANNY

Late for what?

MAGGIE

For not being pregnant.

DANNY

Oh -- oh God.

MAGGIE

(quickly)

But I don't hold you responsible. It's my problem and I can handle it. But I thought you should know about it.

(she cries)

DANNY

(puts his arm around her)

I can't let you go through this alone --- whatever happens.

MAGGIE

I'm going to have it. I've already decided.

CONTINUED

DANNY
Well, that's it then. We'll get married.

MAGGIE
You don't have to ---

DANNY
I know but I want to.

MAGGIE
No, you don't.

DANNY
Yes, I do.

MAGGIE
I don't want to get married, Danny.

DANNY
You're just saying that.

MAGGIE
(losing patience)
Danny! It might not be yours!

Danny looks shocked, then suspicious.

DANNY
I know you're lying.

MAGGIE
(exasperated)
I'm not lying, Danny. There's
someone else.

Danny looks at her closely.

DANNY
(still skeptical)
You gonna marry him?

MAGGIE
No. I'll do this alone.

DANNY
(hugs her)
I know you're making this up about
another guy so I won't have to feel guilty.

MAGGIE
(irked)
I'm not making it up!

DANNY
(sincere)
...but I'm going to marry you.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGGIE

(storming out)

I don't want to marry you!

Danny sits there alone shaking his head. Lou the Caddymaster steps out of his office. He heard it all.

LOU

(kindly)

You're a good egg, Noonan. She needs you.

(pauses)

Pick up that Kleenex.

EXT. THE EIGHTEENTH GREEN

A small gallery is watching Tony taking practice swings about fifteen yards from the green. A cigarette dangles negligently from his lips and he uses the nine iron like a Sicilian assassin uses a knife. A crude banner reads -- "35th ANNUAL CADDY TOURNAMENT."

DANNY

About thirty yards farther from the green, Danny closes his eyes for a moment to concentrate, then hits an awful flubber that lands on the clubhouse roof and rolls down into a rain gutter. Danny looks over at the gallery.

THE GALLERY

Mr. Noonan scowls at Danny.

TONY

He smiles at Danny then gets set to hit. He stabs his ball and it arches right for the pin.

THE GREEN

His ball hits a foot past the pin and one-hops right into the hole. The gallery cheers and Joey comes running up with a big gold trophy held high over his head. Tony takes his win with superb greaser elegance. Danny walks off sullenly without congratulating him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Mr. Noonan is getting into the station wagon. Danny stands by the car, depressed.

CONTINUED

MR. NOONAN

(irate, in the
driver's seat)
Who the hell plays golf with their
eyes closed, anyway!

DANNY

(mutters defensively)
I was being the ball.

MR. NOONAN

My son the golf ball! I'm getting
a little worried about you, buster.

He drives off in a cloud of blue exhaust.

EXT. THE SWIMMING POOL - LATER

TWO KIDS are pulling the arms of a Spiderman stretchable doll. Other children are playing in the shallow end of the pool. It's hot and the sun is beating down. A portable radio is playing classical music. YOUNG MOTHERS and a few old retirees are sunning themselves on cushioned lounge chairs.

SPAULDING

He walks to the edge of the pool in swim fins and puts on a nose plug, goggles and a snorkel. A toy sailboat buzzes through the water pursued by giggling toddlers in swim rings. Spaulding jumps into the pool smashing the toy boat. The kids scream.

LIFEGUARD TOWER

GLENN, the Lifeguard, is shaving his leg. He sees the commotion and blows his whistle.

YOUNG MOTHERS

They look up from their paperbacks as approaching DISCO MUSIC drowns out the classical radio station.

TONY AND THE CADDIES

They march into the pool area with a triumphant Tony leading them, Joey beside him with the trophy, disco music pounding from a portable radio. The caddies race to the pool.

GOOFY

Let's get wet!

He tries to vault over a lounge chair as he dives for the water, but catches his foot in it. The chair goes into the water with him.

CONTINUED

TONY

He drops his rolled-up towel and his comb on a vacant chair and strips off his T-shirt, revealing lots of muscles and his "caddy tan": his arms, neck and face are very dark, but his chest and upper arms are very pale. The other caddies all have the same kind of tan.

YOUNG MOTHER

She lifts her sunglasses and sniffs disapproval.

THE POOL

The caddies splash happily in the pool, doing cannonballs, front flips and jack knives, screaming. Tony dives in and surfaces.

GOOFY

You better wear a bathin' cap,
Tony, 'cause we don't want no
oil slick.

The caddies laugh. Tony grabs Goofy and shoves his head under water.

TONY

Hey, Goofy, let's see if you can
stay under water for the rest of
your life.

GRACE

She tucks her hair in her bathing cap as she walks by the pool. Her gawky, skinny elegance is emphasized by her tank suit and bathing cap.

JOEY

Hey! Goony bird!

TONY

(still drowning
Goofy)

Goony, you wanna get married?

GRACE

My name is Grace!

TONY

Hail bathing suit, full of Grace!

She mounts the low board.

MOTORMOUTH

(announcer)

And now for the talent part of the competition.

KNOWITALLJOE.COM

CONTINUED

Grace, flustered, slips and makes an incredibly clumsy swan dive.

GRACE
(in mid-flight)
Shut up!

TONY AND GOOFY

Goofy fights his way to the surface.

GOOFY
(gulping)
This isn't funny!

He goes back down.

JOEY AND GRACE

Joey swims alongside Grace, mimicking her long-limbed strokes.

JOEY
Hey, Bigfoot -- don't trip inna water!

GRACE
(fed up)
That's it!

Grace dives down, comes up with Joey's boxer shorts, and jumps out of the pool. Joey scrambles out bareass and chases Grace around the pool.

JOEY
(screaming)
Gimme it, Goon! Gimme it!

LIFEGUARD

He sees Joey and yells at him, the razor still in his hand.

LIFEGUARD
(shouts)
You get your suit on!

JOEY
You shave your ass!

CUT TO

NASTY MOTHER

She's shocked at the rising commotion. THE LIFEGUARD is blowing his whistle insanely as the caddies play "keepaway" with Joey's bathing suit. GOOFY, now hysterical, is screaming

CONTINUED

and clawing at TONY, trying to pull his head out of the water. Spaulding comes snorkeling past Angie who sticks his finger in the snorkel. Spaulding comes up gasping for air.

INJUN JOE floats serenely in the pool. A BRATTY KID gives him a dirty look.

INJUN JOE
(war-hoop)
YAH-HAH-WEH-HEN! HOOP-HOOP!

The kid yells in fright.

LACEY

Beautifully tan, wearing a tiny black bikini, she comes out of the Women's Locker Room and walks the length of the pool. The commotion ceases as the caddies spot her.

TONY

He sits on the edge of the pool, dangling his feet in the water, watching Lacey, who is reflected in his mirrored sunglasses.

DANNY

He's sitting unnoticed on the edge of the patio area, alone and depressed, watching Lacey at the pool as she climbs the ladder to the high diving board.

THE HIGH DIVE

Lacey steps out to the end of the board and prepares to dive. The pool area goes totally silent. She springs off the board and executes a beautiful swan dive. The caddies whistle and cheer as Lacey swims the whole length underwater and pops up at the shallow end between Tony D'Annunzio's legs. She pulls Tony into the water and they wrestle playfully.

DANNY

His face falls about a mile and a half.

EXT. DOOR TO WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM

The door flies open and Mrs. Smalls marches out.

IN THE POOL the caddies are doing a wild parody of a water ballet.

CONTINUED

TONY AND LACEY

Out of the water now, Tony is towelling off Lacey, who laughs and wriggle as his hands roam freely under the towel.

DANNY

He picks up his clubs and walks off completely destroyed.

MRS. SMAILS

She storms right up to the pool and starts yelling at the caddies.

GRACE AND JOEY

Grace is sitting on the edge of the pool unwrapping a Baby Ruth. Joey tries to snatch it from her. They struggle.

MRS. SMAILS

(shouts)

Stop that! You two! All of you!
I want you out of that pool.

Joey and Grace freeze. After Mrs. Smails passes, Joey makes a face behind her back, snatches the unwrapped Baby Ruth from Grace and tosses it into the pool.

MRS. SMAILS

She shouts at the caddies, but they are slow to respond. The LIFEGUARD joins her, trying to look effective. A little girl's SCREAM causes them both to turn at once.

LITTLE GIRL

She's in the pool pointing at the floating candy bar, screaming hysterically.

LITTLE GIRL

Doody!

The kids and caddies leap straight out of the pool as if a shark were attacking.

MRS. SMAILS

She's rushing around at poolside.

MRS. SMAILS

Oh my God! Don't touch it!

CONTINUED

THE POOL

Spaulding's snorkel is seen sticking out of the water, heading right for the candy bar.

MRS. SMAILS (v.o.)

Spaulding! No!

The snorkel stops, Spaulding raises his head to surface level and peers at the Baby Ruth through his goggles. Then he leaps straight out of the water.

SPAULDING

(screaming)

Doody!

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB SWIMMING POOL - LATER

All the water has been drained out of the pool. Mr. and Mrs. Smails are by the pool talking to a man in a white decontamination suit. Under his arm is his protective hood. Smails is mopping his sweaty brow in shirtsleeves. A loud generator/pump is running attached to a hose.

SMAILS

I want the entire pool scrubbed, sterilized and disinfected.

Another hooded DECONTAMINATOR comes up the ladder from the floor of the pool. In his protective gauntlet is the Baby Ruth. He takes off his mask/hood. He is dripping with sweat.

WORKMAN

Here it is - no big deal.

He bites into the candy bar. Mrs. Smails faints.

CUT TO

INT. PHARMACY COUNTER

Danny catches the attention of a young Drug Clerk.

DANNY

Can I have one of those pregnancy tests?

CLERK

You want the written or the oral?

DANNY

(pissed)

Just get it.

EXT. BUSHWOOD SNACK BAR

Danny goes up to the back door and Maggie hands him a little white

CONTINUED

paper bag.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM

Danny carefully sets up two test tubes in a little plastic stand. Then he opens the white paper bag Maggie gave him and takes out a small Snack Shop drink cup with a snap-on plastic lid. He opens the lid and makes a face as he pours some yellow fluid into the second test tube. Then he drops in a little tablet, looks at his clock and hides the whole thing behind the curtains on the windowsill.

INT. HANGING FLYPAPER

The paper streamer is covered with 637 dead flies.

RADIO (v.o.)

...well, it's already ninety-nine degrees and climbing! Humidity eighty-seven percent with possible thunder showers in the afternoon...

CUT TO

THE CADDIES

They're sitting around hardly moving in the oppressive heat. Listless cardplaying.

RADIO (v.o.)

...it's a real scorcher and I know you kids are all out at the beach today splashing in that cool-liscious surf until party time! Hot one!

DANNY - INSIDE LOU'S OFFICE

He's hanging up the phone and writing down a message. There's a small fan on, but it's even hotter in Lou's little cubicle than in the rest of the caddyshack. Angie, the middle D'Annunzio, comes up to the wire window.

ANGIE

Noonan -- you wanna buy some hairdryers?
(Danny shakes
his head)

Tony comes in exhausted, sweat marking his T-shirt where the bag straps have been pressing. He walks to the office's wire window and tosses his ticket on the counter.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DANNY
 (tosses the ticket
 back)
 I can't pay you -- Lou has to.

TONY
 (irratated)
 Where is he?

DANNY
 (hostile)
 He's out.

TONY
 (throws a
 buck out)
 I know he's out, numb nuts -- gimme
 a coke.

Danny gives him his coke and change.

TONY
 Hey! That's only fifty cents.

DANNY
 Lou raised the price of cokes
 'cause Smails won't let him
 sell any more candy bars.

TONY
 I'm not payin' no fifty cents.

DANNY
 (taking back
 the coke,
 mocking him)
 Then you're not gettin' a coke.

TONY
 You've had it, Noonan.
 (he grabs the wire
 window and tries
 to rip it off)

DANNY
 Watch it, jerk!

TONY
 Come outta there, Noonan.
 (he tries the
 door, it's locked)

DANNY
 Bite it.

Lou walks in. Tony snaps to a casual pose and Danny automatically opens the door to the office for Lou.

CONTINUED

LOU

Noonan, D'Annunzio, you got the Bishop and the Havercamps. Move it! They're waiting.

TONY

He smiles dangerously, rattling the change in his pocket. Danny comes out of Lou's office and Tony follows him out of the caddyshack. Lou goes into his office and the other caddies slip out to see the fight.

EXT. THE CADDY YARD

Tony and Danny walk to a far corner of the yard, followed by the excited caddies.

TONY

(he takes out a zippo lighter and puts it in his fist)

Okay, Noonan -- who'd you say the jerk was, jerk.

Joey snarls like a half-grown wolf.

DANNY

Look, Tony, I don't want to fight...

TONY

I do.

DANNY

(looking away)

Come on, Tony -- why don't we --

(Danny comes around fast and punches Tony in the mouth)

Tony is knocked off balance. He touches his mouth and sees blood.

TONY

Oooh -- now you die.

He leaps on Danny like a tiger and Danny goes down hard. They roll over but Tony comes up on top, pounding him.

THE CADDYSHACK

Lou comes out, sees the fight, stops to pick up a piece of paper, then rushes off to stop it.

CONTINUED

LOU

Hey!

A FAIRWAY - LATER

Tony and Danny are each carrying two bags in the muggy heat. Tony has a swollen lip and Danny has a black eye. The Bishop walks ahead, just out of earshot.

DANNY

Did you screw Lacey?

TONY

Nothin' happened! She didn't wanna go to a show, she didn't wanna go bowlin', she didn't want a pizza -- nothin'! Don't get hung up on that high-priced spread, man. She's just yankin' your chain.

THE BISHOP

Can you see my ball? This is the longest drive I ever hit!

He starts to trot ahead. Huge storm clouds are gathering behind him.

DANNY AND TONY

DANNY

Did you screw her?

TONY

(reluctantly)

Yeah.

Danny leaps on him.

THE GREEN

The Bishop comes up to the elevated green and sees his ball resting just inches from the hole. He whoops with joy at a great shot.

MRS. HAVERCAMP

You must've made a deal with the Devil today, Bishop.

BISHOP

(trembling
with excitement)

I could theoretically break the club record. I can't believe it.

Storm clouds in the sky are getting darker and angrier.

CONTINUED

MR. HAVERCAMP

You'd better put in a good word with the man upstairs if you don't want to get rained out.

BISHOP

Well, I'm sure the Good Lord wouldn't disrupt the...

(he looks up)

best game of my life.

(there is a faint rumble of thunder)

It starts to rain on his face.

CUT TO

DANNY AND TONY

Tony is sitting on Danny again about to punch him when a flash of lightning and a thunderclap distract them. They look up at the sky then at each other. Tony helps Danny to his feet, their conflict instantly forgotten.

Other golfers are starting to move toward shelter.

CUT TO

THE SEVENTEENTH GREEN

A ball bounces past the hole, up an embankment, rolls back down and zig-zaps into the cup as the WIND picks up.

CUT TO

THE BISHOP AND MRS. HAVERCAMP

They're both amazed.

MRS. HAVERCAMP

You have made a deal with the devil!

There's a flash of LIGHTNING and louder thunder.

THE EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - LATER

It's raining very hard now, and the wind is beginning to howl. The Bishop lines up his shot under an umbrella while Danny and Tony shiver in the rain. Everyone else is running for cover.

DANNY

Uh -- Bishop Pickering, sir? Me and Tony have to leave.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BISHOP

Quit now? On the last hole? That's funny!

TONY

I ain't walkin' around with a bag fulla lightning rods.

BISHOP

No! One more hole!

Another FLASH. The caddies drop their bags and run off together.

CUT TO

THE LAST FAIRWAY

It's getting very gothic on the hillock where the Bishop lines up his final approach shot. He flubs his shot stupidly and raises his club in anger.

BISHOP

(shouts)

Oh ratfarts!

A bolt of blue lightning streaks out of the sky and zaps the Bishop.

FADE OUT

EXT. NOONAN HOUSE - DINNERTIME

The rain is pouring down. A pile of undelivered newspapers is turning to pulp in the driveway. Danny rides up on his bike.

INT. DANNY'S ROOM

He enters, dripping wet, and sees his three-year-old sister, Sally, playing with the pregnancy test on the windowsill. Sally has dropped bits of Play-Dough into the test tube and is now dripping her orange juice into it. She knocks over the test tube. Danny sees what's happening and tosses Sally off the bed.

DANNY

(yells)

Dammit!

Sally runs out of the room crying.

INT. DINING ROOM

The whole family is at the table eating, but a real gloom hangs over the scene. Danny can't even look at his father.

CONTINUED

MR. NOONAN

So, you've been lying all summer about the scholarship and then you go out and spend six hundred dollars for clothes! I haven't spent six hundred dollars for clothes total in the last ten years. You must be mental, for God's sake! When are you going to grow up? By the time I was twenty-one, I had a wife and a child ---

MRS. NOONAN

You're talking to him, stupid.

MR. NOONAN

Don't call me stupid, stupid!

MRS. NOONAN

You are a stupid!

Mr. Noonan pounds his fist on the table, accidentally flipping his plate on the floor. The YOUNGEST DAUGHTER begins to cry.

DANNY throws his dishes to the floor and stands.

DANNY

(eyes filling
with tears)

Shut up! Shut up!

MR. NOONAN

You little bastard!
(he swings
at him)

Danny takes a clip on the jaw and reels into a china cabinet.

CUT TO

DANNY ON A BICYCLE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

He pedals away in a teary daze. The rain has stopped and a full moon is rising.

EXT. BUSHWOOD CLUBHOUSE - EVENING

A wedding reception is being held at the Club. The grounds are attractively lit, a large white tent has been set up on the lawn with bar and buffet. An orchestra plays lovely music for two hundred guests in formal attire. The Club never looked more beautiful.

THE PARKING LOT

Danny rides into the lot and takes a final toke on a joint before extinguishing it. He walks his bike around toward the back of the clubhouse.

INT. THE BALLROOM

Chuck Shick and Noble Noyes are the bride and groom, standing in a receiving line with their families, greeting guests.

SMAILS

He's at a table with Mrs. Smails, Spaulding and Lacey.

THE BAR

Tony is bartending, working fast to handle the crush of serious drinkers. Spaulding comes up to the bar.

SPAULDING

Gimme a whiskey sour.

TONY

You got some I.D.?

SPAULDING

You know who I am!

TONY

Yeah - a squirt. No drinks.

Judge Smails comes up to the bar.

SMAILS

Spaulding! Are you drinking?

SPAULDING

(stomping off)

I guess not.

SMAILS

(to Tony)

A double scotch and water - and make it snappy!

TONY

Yes sir.

(to another guest)

Another Rob Roy, Reverend?

The Bishop swivels around on his barstool. He has a big streak of frizzled white hair up the middle of his forehead a la "Bride of Frankenstein." He's wearing a black suit and black clerical shirt with a clip-on bow tie in place of a Roman collar. He looks like hell.

SMAILS

(hostile)

You're drinking too much, your Excellency!

BISHOP

My name is Fred. I'm just a man - same as you are.

SMAILS

For God's sake, Fred! You're not a man, you're a Bishop.

BISHOP

There is no God.

THE PRACTICE RANGE

Ty Webb is out there with his tuxedo jacket off, driving golf balls into the full moon. Danny paces around anxiously.

TY

You know what I'd do if I were you - Nothing.

(hits a ball)

Sometimes the only answer is to accept what is as perfect -

(hits another ball)

The trick is to see the perfection of things no matter how they appear on the surface.

(hits another but it hooks badly)

DANNY

(picks up a club)

That's easy for you to say. You're 35 - you'll be dead soon - but I'm gonna be eighteen with a wife and a kid starting out at the bottom of a lumberyard.

CONTINUED

He hits a vicious drive that really cracks off the tee.

TY

Money isn't everything.

DANNY

(throws down the club and
walks away)

How would you know? You oughta
try being poor sometime!

TY

(shouts)

You're not poor - you're lower middle
class. What are you going to do?

DANNY

(calls)

I don't know - but I gotta do
something!

EXT. PARKING LOT

Danny is speeding away on his bike when he collides with a big Cadillac convertible and takes a spill. Czernak jumps out of the car full of concern and helps him to his feet.

CZERNAK

(slightly drunk)

You okay, kid?

DANNY

Yeah, fine. I'm sorry -

CZERNAK

(waves his hand)

Never apologize after an accident -
it could cost you big bucks in court.

DANNY

(laughs)

I don't have big bucks.

CZERNAK

No problem. You can sue me and
we'll split the take.

DANNY

(confused)

I don't know -

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CZERNAK

I'm kidding, I'm kidding!
 You're too serious, buddy.
 Listen, life's a laugh. When I
 was your age people were standing
 in bread lines, the stockbrokers
 were divin' out the windows and
 you couldn't get a job if your
 life depended on it. Did I care?
 Not in the least. I learned quick -
 if you want something take it.
 Everybody who was ever anybody
 did the same thing. Look at the
 Indians, for Christ sake!
 (he looks at Danny with
 a puzzled expression)
 What am I talkin' about?

DANNY

I'm not sure.

CZERNAK

(laughs)
 Then what the hell are we doin' out
 here?
 (slaps a twenty in
 Danny's hand)
 That oughta cover it.

He walks off toward the clubhouse. Danny gets back on his
 bike just as Tony drives up in a battered Plymouth Duster
 with Joey and Angie.

DANNY

I thought you were working.

TONY

Smalls caught Angie stealin' bottles
 and kicked us out.
 What are you doing?

DANNY

Going crazy.

TONY

Just the man we need!
 Hop in.
 (Danny hesitates)
 Come on!

Danny makes up his mind to join them, stashes his bike in the
 bushes, jumps in and they speed away.

INT. THE DANCE FLOOR

Chuck and Noble are dancing. Smails cuts in and dances off with Noble. Chuck asks Lacey to dance.

CHUCK

(slightly drunk)

You know, Lacey - this might've been our night.

LACEY

I guess I blew it Chuck.
For her sake I hope you've been boning up on foreplay.

Ty Webb appears, taps Chuck on the shoulder and takes Lacey in his arms. Chuck wanders off.

TY

Him, too - huh?

LACEY

It's been a long summer.
You still playing with your putter?

He laughs and dances her toward the veranda.

DANNY - INSIDE TONY'S CAR

He's watching the neighborhood's change for the worse alongside the Expressway as Tony speeds toward a huge full moon looming over the towering skyscrapers in the distance.

DANNY

What happened to all the trees?

TONY

They ran to the suburbs when the niggers moved in.

DANNY

Pass me that bottle.

EXT. THE EXPRESSWAY

Tony whips off an exit ramp and onto a city street that looks like the Allies recently bombed it. Steam rises from the manhole covers into the hottest, muggiest night of the year. The streets are lined with tenement dwellers fanning themselves on curbs and stoops. The car radio plays pure punk rock.

EXT. THE CLUBHOUSE VERANDA

Ty and Lacey are sitting one out together.

TY

So you bo back to Philadelphia -
then what?

LACEY

I don't know. I'm running out
of ways to shock my parents.

TY

Why don't you stop trying?
Sometimes, when you just stop
everything comes to you.

LACEY

(nods)
Okay - I just stopped.

They look into each other's eyes for a long sincere moment,
then kiss softly.

INT. BALLROOM

Spaulding is guzzling the dregs of half-finished cocktails,
looking drunk. He downs half a martini, then looks in the
glass, fishes out a wet cigarette butt and turns green.
He runs off with his hand over his mouth.

FAMILY PORTRAIT

The wedding photographer finishes posing the bride and groom
and their immediate families, then hurries back behind his
tripod.

PHOTOGRAPHER's POV

Through his viewfinder, the family grouping comes into focus
and the picture is snapped catching Al Czernak ad he steps
into frame dressed in outlandish liesure wear.

CZERNAK

He congratulates Chuck and Noble.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CZERNAK

(pulling a wad of bills
out of his pocket)

I didn't have time to buy a card -
(slips Chuck a few bills)

The bride's parents look shocked. Judge Smails rushes up
and grabs Czernak's arm. Mrs. Smails glower at his side.

SMALLS

(angrily)

What are you doing here!

CZERNAK

(shrugs off Smails' hand)

Mr. Shnook have invited me.

Mr. Shick starts to protest.

SMALLS

You have worn out your welcome
at Bushwood, sir.

CZERNAK

Izzat so? Since when did you become
the Pope of this dump? I've been
watching you, Smails, and I think
you're a wrong guy.

SMALLS

Dump? Bushwood a dump? Well, I guarantee
you'll never be a member here!

CZERNAK

Member? Who said anything about being
a member of this tomb? Hell, I'm on the
board of four country clubs already.

(laughs)

Join this crummy little snobatorium?
You gotta be kidding! The only reason
I come here is 'cause maybe I should
buy it.

SMALLS

(horror-struck)

B-buy Bushwood? You're insane?

CZERNAK

Sure -- it's perfect for a mall --
I already got commitments from eleven
stores. My brother-in-law wants the
tenth hole for a used car lot.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Smails lunges at Czernak.

VERANDA - TY AND LACEY

They're dancing close. They kiss. A loud CRASH and a SCREAM send them rushing back inside.

CUT TO

INT. DINING ROOM

Czernak and Smails are being pulled apart by MEMBERS near an overturned table as TY rushes into the middle of the fight.

TY

What happened?

SMAILS

He tried to choke me!
You saw it !

CZERNAK

He called me a baboon! He thinks
I'm his wife!

SMAILS

I'm calling the police.

CZERNAK

Call the chief of police. I
built his condo.

TY

Look! there must be some way to settle
this like adults.

CZERNAK

You only gotta be twenty-one for a
gun permit.

SMAILS

Now he's threatening me!

TY

(steering them away)
Look, why don't you discuss this
in private?

CUT TO

INT. CLUB OFFICE

The office is an intimate wood-and-leather sanctum decorated entirely in golf motifs. Ty stands between the antagonists. Beeper and RICHARD RICHARDS, the Club Manager, are there backing up Smails.

SMAILS

(angry)

I demand satisfaction.

CZERNAK

You want satisfaction? Okay. I'll shoot you eighteen holes for ten thousand dollars.

SMAILS

(caught off-guard; snorts)

I could beat you with one arm.

CZERNAK

Oh -- well, then a team match for twenty -- you can have Doctor Frankenputs, I'll take Ty here.

They all turn to Ty. Ty starts.

TY

Well, actually.

CZERNAK

C'mon, you're an ace -- everybody says so.

TY

(nervous)

I don't like to play for money. Against people...

CZERNAK

C'mon guy -- is winning against your religion or something?

TY

I -- yes. I think it is.

SMAILS

(interrupting)

Excuse me, Ty, might I have a word with you. In private?

He takes his arm.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SMAILS AND TY

Smails puts his head close to Ty's.

SMAILS

Now, Ty, your father and I prepped together, went to war together, golfed together -- we built this very club, he and I. This community is a fine place to live, and we all hope that someday soon you'll take the reins of it, if you know what I mean. Once you settle down a little, I think you'll realize what his sort of element can do.

Czernak wiggles his eyebrows at them from the other side of the room.

SMAILS

(continuing)

Let's face it, son, there are some people who simply do not belong. Do you see what I'm getting at?

TY

I think I do, sir.

SMAILS

(slaps him on shoulder)

Good.

(to Czernak)

Mr. Czernak, Mr. Webb has something to say to you.

CZERNAK

Yah? What?

TY

Let's make it twenty thousand.

Ty shakes Czernak's hand and Smails' face falls.

EXT. THE CLUBHOUSE LAWN

The guests run and point at the sky with delight as a helicopter sets down on the lawn, warning lights twinkling and a "Just Married" sign on it.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

NOBLE AND CHUCK

She throws her arms around her father's neck.

NOBLE

(excited)
Oh, Daddy! Neato!
Thank you!
(she kisses him)

She and Chuck start saying good-bye to family and friends

TY AND LACEY

They stand with the guests who have formed a circle around the helicopter.

TY

(impulsively)
Let's go.

He takes her hand, pulls her to the door of the helicopter and they get in.

THE HELICOPTER

The pilot shakes Ty's hand.

PILOT

Congratulations!

TY

Thanks.

Lacey laughs as the helicopter takes off.

NOBLE, CHUCK AND THE GUESTS

They watch it depart with confused looks on their faces. On cue, a fireworks display starts to accompany the helicopter's departure.

MAGGIE - IN HER ROOM - SAME NIGHT

She's wearing a long, white nightgown, looking out the window at the helicopter and fireworks. She sighs resignedly, gets up and exits her room.

INT. THE HALL

Maggie walks a few steps to a bathroom door, opens it and goes in. A few moments pass, then from behind the closed door a delighted whoop is heard.

MAGGIE
(from the bathroom)
I got it! I got it!

The toilet flushing is heard, then Maggie comes running out, tremendously happy. Other maids in curlers stick their heads out of their rooms and gabble as she streaks by.

EXT. MAINTENANCE YARD - SAME TIME

Something moves in the underbrush on the fringe of the seventeen fairway. Sandy, the groundskeeper, crawls out on his belly wearing a camouflage commando outfit and Scots military tam left over from service in the Burma Campaign of 1943. He cradles a carbine with a sniperscope in his arms. Scottish military music accompanies him.

A MOLE

It pops out of a hole on the fairway.

SANDY

Without making a sound, he props himself up in the prone firing position and sights on the mole. Just then, Maggie dances across the fairway like a fairy vision. He starts and the rifle goes off.

THE PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

The rear tires on a whole row of cars all go flat one after another as the bullet tears through them. Dr. Beeper's Porsche is the first to get it.

MAGGIE

She dances and leaps across the golf course, celebrating everything. She streaks by some thick bushes, laughing.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

THE BUSHES

A tipsy Woman Member stands up, her clothes undone and disarranged.

WOMAN

(to the bushes)

Did you see that?

An electronic BEEP is heard in reply.

THE SEVENTH GREEN

Maggie does a joyful, twirling jig around the flagpole as the full moon sets behind her.

EXT. THE DOCKS

A ship's horn blows as Danny, Tony, Angie and Joey walk stealthily past a big freighter silhouetted against the night sky.

JOEY

(excited)

See? I told ya. It's a Jap freighter.

TONY

Okay! Betamax!

DANNY

You mean we're really gonna steal TV sets?

TONY

Yeah - are you in this?

DANNY

Sure. . . .

(laughing)

you guys are insane.

ANGIE

(tapping his skull)

Yeah, insane like a fox.

EXT. THE FREIGHTER - ANOTHER ANGLE

Two workmen close the back of a truck and walk away.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ANGIE (v.o.)
That's the one! He said he'd leave
the keys on the floor.

Tony, Joey and Danny dash for the truck.

TONY
Angie! Meet us with the car in an
hour!

INT. THE CAB

The three boys climb in, Tony behind the wheel. Danny looks out.

DANNY
Down!

TWO GUARDS

They come around the corner training flashlights on the trucks.

INT. THE CAB

Everybody's scrunched under the dash as the light beams rake
the interior. They can barely stifle their hysterical laughing.

JOEY
(scared whisper)
I bet they got pepperguns!

TONY
(mimicking him)
I bet they got pepperguns!

THE GUARDS

They turn another corner and disappear. Tony starts up the truck.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Tony guns the engine.

TONY
(shifting gears)
Va-va-va-voom!

CUT TO

THE TRUCK

It jumps forward and runs its front tires over the dock edge.

DANNY (v.o.)

Jesus, Tony!

Tony reshifts the lever and puts it in reverse, but the wheels spin ineffectually. They're stuck.

CUT TO

THE TWO GUARDS

They hear the thumping and turn around to check on it.

CUT TO

INT. THE CAB

The boys see the approaching guards and everyone but Tony ducks under the dash.

GUARD #2

What's going on?

TONY

(aggressive)

What's going on? Whaddya goddam thinks goin' on? I'm stuck -- where's your chain?

GUARD #2

Chain? What chain?

TONY

T'get outta here! You think Mr. Ragotti wants trucks divin' off his dock?

CUT TO

THE TRUCK - A LITTLE LATER

The first guard guns another truck and Tony's truck's wheels bump back over the edge. The second guard releases the chain and waves. Tony's truck backs into a pile of wooden flats.

GUARD #2

Watch where you're goin'!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The other guard comes up and watches the truck blunder around, gears grinding.

GUARD #1
Hey, who's Mr. Rigotti?

GUARD #2
Let's get the pepperguns!

THE TRUCK

Tony speeds for a gate, down a row of parked vehicles and cargo. The gate slides shut automatically and Tony does a bad 180° turn in the truck, wiping out a pile of crates marked "PICTURE TUBES". The crates implode on impact.

THE GUARDS

They jump into a Cushman mini-truck marked Security and speed off in a pursuit.

THE TRUCK

Tony speeds toward another gate.

THE GUARDS

The two old codgers are acting like John Wayne. One leans out and fires a shotgun blast at the fleeing truck.

THE TRUCK

The shotgun blast blows away the stop sign as the truck crashes through a wooden barrier and speeds off into the night.

EXT. A WAREHOUSE - 2:00 A.M.

UNCLE VINNIE, a dark dangerous looking mafioso in a suit, stands at the back of the truck as Tony and Danny raise the tailgate.

THE BACK OF THE TRUCK

It's full of smashed boxes of fish -- about 10,000 pounds of it. Two hundred pounds of it fall out onto Uncle Vinnie's new slacks and \$200 shoes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

UNCLE VINNIE

He looks down at his feet, then looks at Tony and takes the toothpick out of his mouth.

EXT. A TRUCK LOADING DOCK - FAZIO'S FISH HOUSE, INC.

Danny and Joey watch from the truck cab as Tony waves goodbye to a Man on the loading dock and hurries back to the truck.

DANNY

He buy any?

TONY

It's his fish
(he shifts gears and speeds away)

EXT. THE EXPRESSWAY - LATER

The truck heads toward the green suburbs as the gloom of night starts to lift.

THE LAKEFRONT - DAWN

The truck is parked on the shore pointing at the sun rising out of the lake. Birds chirp. Twenty cats are sitting patiently around the back of the truck.

TONY (v.o.)

Why'd you do this tonight, Noonan?
(teasing him)

College money?

INT. THE TRUCK

Tony and Danny are both laid back in their seats with their eyes closed. Joey is asleep between them, leaning on Tony.

DANNY

I'm not going to college .
I need money now because I got
a nice girl pregnant.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TONY

Who?

DANNY

(reluctantly)

Maggie.

TONY

(pointedly)

How do you know it was you?

Danny opens his eyes and looks at Tony.

DANNY

(hotly)

I guess I don't.

TONY

Do you want to marry her?

DANNY

(very jealous and hostile)

You must have raped her.

TONY

(more emphatic)

Do you want to marry her!

DANNY

Of course not! I'm eighteen
years old. I've never even been
to New York!

TONY

Well relax, sonny. I been to New York.
I'm gonna marry her..

DANNY

Are you kidding! I'd never let her
do that.

TONY

What're you - her brother? She wants to,
Noonan. I want to.

DANNY

(giving a little)

Does she love you, you think?

TONY

(blinks)

Noonan, who you talkin' to?
All girls love me.

(he starts the engine)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DANNY
 (leans back)
 All right - I accept.

Tony laughs and shifts gears.

TONY
 Thanks. And if the kid looks like
 you we'll mail it to ya'.

EXT. THE TRUCK

It backs up fast, scattering the cats and pulls out onto the street.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - 6:45 A.M.

A POLICEMAN is writing a parking ticket at curbside. He looks up at the sound of a TRUCK PASSING and gets hit by a fish.

EXT. BEEPER'S MAILBOX - 7:00 A.M.

Birds are singing as cool morning sunlight dapples the scale model replica of Beeper's house. BOOM! the mailbox explodes. We hear the truck pull away.

EXT. POOL AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Spaulding comes out the door looking very hungover in his mask and flippers. He runs toward the water, flippers flapping, jumps, looks, and tries to stop in mid-air. He comes down in 10,000 pounds of rotten fish floating in the swimming pool.

DANNY AND TONY

They come walking onto the first tee area looking pleasantly wasted, carrying golfbags.

EXT. THE FIRST TEE

Beeper checks his watch impatiently and crosses to Judge Smails who's standing with their caddies, Spaulding and Terry the Hippy.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Lou Loomis, the Caddymaster, walks up. Smails squints distrustfully at Tony and Danny.

SMAILS

(to Lou)
Do they know the terms of this match?

LOU

(quickly)
These boys can be trusted, your Honor.

Tony, and Danny nod with excessive, phony sincerity. A car horn honking distracts them all.

CZERNAK'S CADILLAC

The car comes floating across the course, slaloming pine trees and pulls right up to the first tee. Ty and Czernak get out.

SMAILS

(running over)
You idiot!

CZERNAK

(boisterous)
Okay, okay, okay! Let's go,
let's go, let's go!

LOU

He nods curtly to everyone and clears his throat.

LOU

Gentlemen, we all know this is illegal and against club practice, and I'd like to ask at this time do you gentlemen agree to waive all sanction against said referee or anything that might get me fired?

SMAILS

Agreed.

LOU

(nods)
Fine. The match is for twenty thousand dollars each, lowest individual score wins the hole in regulation match play.
(holding up fist)
I have a number of tees in my hand --
Your Honor, odd or even?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SMAILS

Odd.

LOU

(looks)

Odd it is. Your Honor, your honor.

Smails blinks at Lou and tees up.

CZERNAK

(offering his hand)

Your Honor, I'm lookin' for a nice clean, gentlemanly, above-board match. And no farting.

SMAILS

(addresses his ball)

Sir, you are beneath contempt, beyond loathing and before the monkey.

(swings and hits a beautiful drive)

BEEPER

He steps up to the tee.

DR. BEEPER

Glove.

CARL SHICK

(holding it like a surgical nurse)

Glove.

DR. BEEPER

(jamming his hand into the glove)

Driver.

CARL

(hands it)

Driver.

Beeper sets and hits a longer drive than Smails.

SMAILS (v.o.)

Good shot!

TY

He cracks off the best shot of all and Czernak steps up.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CZERNAK

(to Joey)
Coffee.

TONY

(handing it)
Watch it -- it's hot.

Czernak gulps down the boiling coffee, tosses away the cup and tees off.

CZERNAK

Boom!....
(watching his ball)
Bum...dumb.

CUT TO

EXT. THE SWAMP HOLE - A MOMENT LATER

Czernak's ball plops into the water. A turtle dives in after it.

CUT TO

THE WOODS

Czernak and Tony are rummaging around the bushes.

TONY

I could've sworn it went in here.

CUT TO

THE TURTLE

It drops Al's ball into its nest with six similiarly- shaped turtle eggs.

CZERNAK (v.o.)

Hey, maybe it went in the hole!

CUT TO

INT. THE CADDYSHACK - LATER

GRACE is sitting by Lou's phone as MOTORMOUTH and GOOFY walk in. She's writing a letter.

MOTORMOUTH

Where's Lou?

CONTINUED

GRACE

He told me to open up for him.
He's reffing a big money match --
it's a secret.

MOTORMOUTH

(leaving)
Way to keep a secret!

CUT TO

INT. THE PRO SHOP - MUSIC

Smoke runs in as SAM is opening his morning mail. He gesticulates toward the course. Sam takes out a wad of bills and slaps down a hundred.

CUT TO

EXT. THE TENNIS COURTS - MUSIC

The FUN COUPLES are playing and drinking mixed doubles as Smoke and Sam go by calling to them. The FUN COUPLES toss down their racquets and sprint after them.

CUT TO

THE GOLF COURSE

Caddies and club members skulk through the bushes, heading toward the match.

SANDY THE GROUNDSKEEPER

He's on his knees stuffing something into a molehole. The molehound digs frantically at the ground. Five feet behind them, a mole stands watching them curiously. Caddies and members pass by in the background.

CUT TO

TY

He drops a long, difficult uphill putt. A cheer is heard from the bushes. The golfers look around but see no one.

THE BUSHES

Grace has her hand clamped over Joey's mouth as they squat out of sight with several members.

CZERNAK - THE SIXTH FAIRWAY

He lines up under the watchful eye of Spaulding, who is jiggling his change nervously in his pocket.

CZERNAK

Hey.

SPAULDING

(still jingling)

Huh?

CZERNAK

You -- jinglebells!

SPAULDING

(noticing)

Oh.

(he stops)

Czernak takes a vicious swipe at the ball.

CZERNAK

(looking up)

Elephant's ass! High and stinky!

The ball drops straight down barely ten feet from where he hit it.

CUT TO

TY AND DANNY

They exchange doubtful looks.

SMAILS

He hits a nice drive.

DR. BEEPER - A SANDTRAP

He blasts out beautifully.

TY

He chips with incredible precision.

CZERNAK

He wings his 9 - iron mightily.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CZERNAK

Wup!

A TWELVE-POUND DIVOT - SLOW MOTION

The mass of turf spins in the air.

SOME BUSHES

MOTORMOUTH (v.o.)

(golf announcer)

There she goes! The Czernak Excavation
Company has just broken ground for
an elephant bomb shelter.

GOOFY (v.o.)

Now we'll have someplace to store
our elephant bombs.

They sneak off through the rough following a growing throng
of spectators.

THE BISHOP - NEAR THE SNACK SHOP

He is strolling along laconically hitting a ball along with
a single club which he drags along in one hand.

BISHOP

(singing softly)

Oh, I've seen fire an I've seen
ra-in...dee dah dah...

A VOICE

Psssst! Hey, Bishop!

BISHOP

(seeing no one)

Lord?

Smoke pops out of the bushes.

SMOKE

No, it's me. They just finished the
ninth. Smails-Beeper are winning -
three up. New odds - four-to-one now.

BISHOP

(doleful)

We're all going to lose in the end.

SMOKE

(starts backing away)

Oh - yeah - that's right.
(he exits in a hurry)

THE SNACK SHOP

Ty and Czernak are at a table having a drink.

AL

(miserable and drinking)
I don't understand it -- I'm
playing the worst game of my
life.

TY

I hope so, for your sake.

CUT TO

EXT. THE BACK DOOR OF THE SNACK SHOP

Danny knocks timidly at the door. Maggie appears.

MAGGIE

Danny! You look terrible.

DANNY

I stayed up all night -- with Tony
D'Annunzio.

MAGGIE

(caught, blushing)
Oh, I did that a few times myself.
Charming, ain't he?

DANNY

(sincerely)
You gonna be all right?

MAGGIE

(hugs him)
You are sweet. Yes, I got my
period.

DANNY

(relieved)
That's good!

MAGGIE

But don't tell Tony.

She kisses him before he can react.

THE BUSHES

The gallery is getting too big to hide, but they still maintain
the fiction.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SMOKE

Fifty dollars says the Smails'
kid picks his nose.

CHARLIE THE COOK

Five dollars say he eat, too.

INJUN JOE

You're on.

MRS. HAVERCAMP

(Looking in change purse)
Me, too.

CUT TO

THE SNACK SHOP

Smails walks over to Ty's table and claps Czernak on the back.

SMAILS

Well, Al -- ready to press on?
My boat needs exactly twenty
thousand dollars worth of repairs.

CZERNAK

So does your brain. Wanna double it?

SMAILS

Fine. Forty thousand a piece.

BEEPER

(panicking)
See here, Judge ---

Bepper's beeper suddenly goes off.

BEEPER

That's my office --
(starts off)
I'd better go ...

SMAILS

(grabbing him)
Oh no you don't -- you're in for
half of eight thousand.

BEEPER

(slumping)
Probably just a routine emergency...

MAGGIE AND TONY

Tony is lying on the grass under an oak tree. Maggie is sitting
beside him with a far-off look.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MAGGIE

I hope Danny isn't hurt.

TONY

(affectionate)

You couldn't hurt that guy with a steam shovel. He's too dopey to be hurt.

MAGGIE

Is it all right if I still love him?

TONY

(sits up quick)

NO - it ain't all right.

MAGGIE

(laughs and grabs him)

Then I won't! I won't. I just want to know he's happy.

Tony sees the golfers starting off again and runs to catch up.

TONY

(shouts)

Meet me at the 18th!

THE TENTH TEE

In quick cuts, Smails, Beeper and Ty tee off nicely.

CZERNAK

He's concentrating really hard.

CZERNAK

C'mon baby...

He takes a tremendous swing, the ball rebounds off the tee maker and bops him on the arm.

CZERNAK

Ow.

(he glances at his arm and decides to make the most of it)

000000000wwwwww! I broke my arm!

Beeper examines his arm. Heads pop up in the bushes around the tee and a quiet hubbub is heard.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BEEPER

Does this hurt?

CZERNAK

Yeeeeeeesssss! Aaaaarrggghh!

BEEPER

Might be a fractured ulna.

CZERNAK

I can't move it. I guess the match is a draw.

SMAILS

(hotly)

Oh no you don't, Shernick! If you don't play, you lose.

(to Lou)

Isn't that right?

LOU

That's right, your honor -- unless you want to allow him a substitute.

SMAILS

Well -- all right -- Spaulding, you play out Mr. Czernak's holes.

TY

Actually, sir, I believe it is up to us to select a new partner.

SMAILS

(reluctant)

Oh. Well, who do you want?

TY

I'll play with Danny Noonan here.

Smails sneers, Beeper laughs out loud.
Danny starts shaking his head, speechless.

SMAILS

(boring into Danny)

Mr. Webb, Danny is an employee of the club. He can't work here and play at the same time -- particularly in something illegal like this.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TY

That makes sense.

CZERNAK

(lying on his back)

Kid -- if you win, you'll make out.

Danny looks at Smails who glowers forbiddingly.

DANNY

(after a long pause)

I'll play.

SMAILS

I guess you don't want that
Scholarship!

DANNY

I guess I don't, fuckface.

A cheer goes up from the bushes. Czernak takes Joey's bag
with his "good" arm and hefts it easily.

CZERNAK

Okay!

CUT TO

THE SPECTATORS

There are so many people watching now, they can't hide
themselves. They run low among the bushes and high grass.

GATSBY

They're off again!

GRACE

Danny's gonna play! I'll bet a
dollar eighty-six!The Bishop is swept along with the crowd, something stirring
in his soul.

BISHOP

(shouts)

The hell with it!
Five hundred on the boy!

CUT TO

DANNY

teeing off. He holds his finishing pose, watching his shot
drop further than the others.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

THE CROWD

Aaaaaaaaahhhh!

The players turn around and see some heads as they walk off onto the fairway. The gallery skips along hiding only perfunctorily.

MONTAGE

Danny hitting every conceivable kind of great golf shot, walking through beautiful landscapes with a really winning musical theme and growing gallery of excited spectators.

TY

On the fifteenth fairway, he hits a crackling drive and downs a flying crow.

THE CROW

It squawks and plummets to the ground, flaps around for a while and flies away.

TY

Czernak comes up to him.

CZERNAK

Don't worry, -- it's good luck.

TY

(freaked)

Yeah -- in Haiti.

He shakes his head and hits another shot.

THE GREEN

His ball rolls over the green and into a sand trap.

TY

He's on the green putting. He strokes the ball, it rolls to the cup and somehow right over it without going in. Ty looks at Danny and shrugs.

DANNY

(confident)

It's okay. I think I got this hole.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MONTAGE CONTINUES

Danny is still holding onto his game but looking increasingly exhausted. Ty's game is falling apart.

EIGHTEENTH TEE

Ty is depressed by his poor play, Danny is concerned.

TY

I'm losing it Danny -- you'll have to carry me.

DANNY

(looking very beat)
I don't think I can make it.

TY

You just have to win this hole.

DANNY

I thought winning isn't important.

TY

Me winning isn't - you do.

DANNY

Great grammar. Earth to Ty -
Earth calling.

TY

See your future, Danny. Be it.
Make it. I'm a veg.

Danny shakes his head and tees off.

THE EIGHTEEN GREEN

Danny is the last of the golfers to get to the green. They all have difficult putts.

LOU

All even, gentlemen. Judge,
you're away.

MOTORMOUTH

Like an announcer.

MOTORMOUTH

Well, it's down to the wire and
you can cut the tension with a
tension -cutter.

SMAILS

He lines up his putt carefully.

SMAILS

Spaulding! Give me the old Billy Baroo.

Spaulding hands him a vintage wooden putter in a custom-made felt cover. Smails strokes the club and coos to it.

SMAILS

Come on, Billy -- Billyyy--
Biiiiilly----

He puts and it drops. He jumps up in the air.

BEEPER

He's sprawled on the turf, nose in the grass, scuttling around like a roach to line up his putt. He gets up, putts and it drops. He giggles hysterically.

TY

Shaking his head over Beeper's idiocy, he taps his ball and misses. He turns to Danny.

TY

If you miss this we lose.

DANNY

He looks at a long downhill lie and gets ready to putt.

CZERNAK

(loud)

Double or nothin' he makes it--
Eighty-thousand bucks.

SMAILS

(exhilarated)

You're on. buster!

Danny looks up and faints.

DANNY POV - LATER

He opens his eyes and looks up at trees and sky and clouds. Birds chirp.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DANNY

(faintly)
What happened?

Smails' face juts into frame.

SMAILS

(mean)
We're waiting!

THE GREEN

Smails and Beeper jerk Danny to his feet. He looks around at the huge gallery now unashamedly circling the green.

TONY

Go, Noonan!

THE GALLERY

Danny sees everyone he likes smiling at him. Tony and Maggie holding hands, Lacey, Lou, Grace, the caddies, Smoke, the Fun Couples, Czernak and the Bishop who is on his knees, praying for Danny with bowed head.

DANNY

He relaxes, steps up, putts, watches the ball roll right to the lip of the cup and -- stop. The crowd groans

THE CUP

Nothing seems to be holding up the ball but some quirk of physics.

THE GREEN

Smails is kissins his Billybaroo, Beeper is jumping up and down like an obnoxious child, Ty and Czernak are forlorn. Danny is frozen with disappointment.

SPAULDING

(taunting Danny)
You lose! You lose, you lose,
you lose!

SANDY

Kneeling on the fourteenth fairway, he pushes the plunger on a detonator. The fairway erupts and sinks like Atlantis.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BIRDS

fly from the trees in a riot of chirping.

A BALLWASHER

It starts to vibrate.

FLAGS

In three quick cuts, the flags on the fifteenth and seventeenth greens start to oscillate powerfully.

EIGHTEENTH GREEN

Everyone looks nervous as the tremor passes.

DANNY'S BALL

It drops.

LOU

He nods officially.

LOU

It's a birdie.

A great cheer goes up from the crowd.

PANDEMONIUM

Everybody kissing everybody.

SMAILS

He takes his precious antique putter and slams it over his knee with an audible crunch of a breaking legbone, does a take to the CAMERA and goes down.

CUT TO

THE FOURTEENTH GREEN

The whole thing has sunk like a moon crater, with the tip of the flag peeking up out of the smoking hole. Sandy surveys the scene in silent awe. A mole pops up behind him and looks curiously at Sandy.

CUT TO

DANNY AND CZERNAK

They are being carried aloft by the hysterical crowd. Money flies around.

THE BISHOP

He's regained his faith.

BISHOP
(congratulating God)
Attaboy!

LOU AND SMOKE

They're collecting a ton of cash and stuffing in their shirts.

SMAILS AND BEEPER

Beeper is examining Smails' leg as the Judge screams in agony.

BEEPER
Does this hurt?

SMAILS - CLOSE UP

His expression is something several degrees beyond physical pain. Beeper's beeper beeps in his face. He grabs it, tries to rip it off Beeper's belt but shreds his pants in the attempt.

DANNY

He has an arm around both girls and is getting kissed like heck as he's borne along, holding his putter. Grace plants a big one on him, almost toppling the human juggernaut.

CUT TO

TY WEBB

He shakes hands with Scott and a couple of stragglers and watches the crowd recede, disappointed in himself.

TY - CLOSE UP

He looks after Danny, a little envious.

DANNY

He turns and waves at Ty, beaming

TY

He smiles and waves back. Then he takes some balls from his bag and begins practising putts in his usual solitary manner.

Lacey walks up and slips her arm through his.

LACEY

(teasing)

Well, you certainly blew it, didn't you.
I've lost all respect for you.

TY

Well, who could measure up to your
high moral standard?

LACEY

Have we got a chance?

TY

Yes, we couldn't possibly think less
of each other.

(they kiss)

INT. THE NOONAN DINNER TABLE - LATER

Danny comes in with his clubs and sits down amid the noise of ten other gobblers.

KATHLEEN

(yelling)

Mommy, tell Andy to stop pinching me!

MRS. NOONAN (v.o.)

(from Kitchen)

Andy, stop pinching Kathy!

ANDY

I'm not pinching!

KATHLEEN

He is too pinching...on my bum!

MR. NOONAN

He's been hiding in his franks and beans, but looks up to see DANNY enter.

MR. NOONAN

(to his franks and beans)

Hi.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DANNY
 (to the wall)
 Hi.

Mr. Noonan wants to apologize but he doesn't know how.

MR. NOONAN
 Glad you're home.

DANNY
 (smiles)
 Me, too.

There is an uncomfortable silence for a moment Mr. Noonan clears his throat.

MR. NOONAN
 (with affection)
 You get out today, Mr. Flunkoff?

DANNY
 (sitting down)
 Uh-huh. One loop.

MR. NOONAN
 Doubles?

DANNY
 Single.

MR. NOONAN
 Well?

Danny looks up.

MR. NOONAN
 Cough it up, buster.
 How much?

Danny reaches into his shirt and pulls out \$ 100 bill and lays it on the table.

MR. NOONAN

His eyes bug out.

DANNY
 A hundred....

He keeps pulling C-notes from all his pockets.

DANNY
two hundred...three hundred...
 that's six --seven hundred....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

THE NOONAN KIDS

They are stunned. MRS. NOONAN comes in with a steaming bowl of broccoli.

DANNY

....two thousand....three thousand....

She drops the bowl.

CUT TO

DANNY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - HIGH AERIAL

DANNY (v.o.)

Let's see -- uh -- twelve thousand --an' those are all G-notes....uh so that's twenny-three thousand... twenny-four...I got some quarters here.

THE SKY

A jumbo jet roars through the frame.

CUT TO

THE AIRPORT - DANNY AND HIS FAMILY - AUTUMN DAY

Wearing a shorter haircut, tie, shined shoes and carrying suitcases, Danny is hugging and kissing each of his family members. His tearful, proud mother hugs him.

SPEAKER

Flight number forty-two for Omaha, Nebraska, now boarding at Gate forty-six.

Danny breaks free and walks outside to his plane. He looks back to see a PRETTY GIRL going through another gate marked "AIR JAMAICA".

GIRL

She smiles at Danny, making a face of disappointment that they are going two different ways.

DANNY

He does the same.

THE OBSERVATION WINDOW

All the Noonan's are yelling and waving and jostling the other observers.

DANNY

He waves back. He glances at the girl.

GIRL

Her line starts to move out her plane. She has a GOLF BAG with her. She looks back at Danny.

DANNY

He looks at her, hypnotized.

MASTER OF BOTH PLANES QUEUES

Danny breaks and trots over to the Air Jamaica line. The PRETTY GIRL is just about to pick up her golf bag when Danny grabs it and slings it easily over his shoulder.

DANNY

Let me show you how it's done.

They go up the steps together, talking and laughing as they board the airplane.

THE END