

CADDYSHACK II

by

Peter Torokvei

&

Harold Ramis

and

Rodney Dangerfield

SECOND DRAFT

WARNER BROS. INC.
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522

August 28, 1987
© 1987
WARNER BROS. INC.
All Rights Reserved

CADDYSHACK II

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BUSHWOOD GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

1

It is a beautiful summer day. An attractive young foursome is gathered at the fifteenth tee. TODD MAYHEW, a rich, young law student, hits a perfect drive. He retrieves his tee and joins MIFFY YOUNG, a twenty-year-old country club snob, and her guest KATE CZERVIK. Miffy's younger cousin, Barbara Hicks, known as HICKY, prepares to take her turn.

HICKY

Did you hear what happened to Mary Ellen Coeburn? Total humiliation. She found out her boyfriend is part Italian. I bet I know which part, too.

(she takes a couple of practice swings)

What are you, Kate?

Kate's the same age and also very pretty, but clearly nicer and more human than the others.

KATE

Me? Oh, we're New Yorkers originally.

HICKY

Really? Miffy tells me you two roomed together at Vassar? I was at Smith. I'm surprised we never met.

KATE

Well, I just transferred last year from Michigan.

HICKY

I knew someone once who went to Michigan. I think it was our maid.

(looks right AT CAMERA and frowns)

What the hell are you looking at?

2 TWO CADDIES

2

Caught ogling her, they feign innocence. HARRY EDMUNDS, a likeable college-age caddy, tries to cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Nothing. Just checking your alignment.

His partner, TIM, gawkier and less cool, laughs at Harry's lame excuse.

*
*

TIM

Right. Checking your alignment.

*
*

HICKY

Well don't.

(she swings and
drives poorly)

Damn! These clubs are terrible.

She practically throws the driver at Harry who catches and bags it as Miffy crosses to the tee.

MIFFY

Don't listen to Hicky, Kate.
She's an even bigger snob than
I am.

(to Harry)

Oh, caddy, would you go get me
a diet cola, please?

HARRY

Um... the nearest soda machine is
way back at the clubhouse.

MIFFY

I know where the soda machine is.

HARRY

Just checking.

He leaves his golf bags and jogs off.

ROLL CREDITS. The CREDITS PLAY OVER a:

MONTAGE

of beautiful fairways, good golfers, bad golfers, golf course flora and fauna, with Harry jogging THROUGH each SHOT. He takes a short cut past the caddyshack, and his fellow caddies wave as he trots by. He reaches the clubhouse, gets the diet cola and jogs back with it, reaching the fifteenth green as the CREDITS END.

4

FIFTEENTH GREEN

4

The others are putting on the green as Harry, sweating and exhausted, hands Miffy her drink. Miffy takes one little sip.

MIFFY

Ummm, that's great. Thank you.

She drops the nearly full can into a trash barrel and joins the others. Harry looks like he wants to strangle her. Then he notices Kate looking at him sympathetically. He shrugs.

*
*

HARRY

Well, I won't be a caddy all my life. I'm going to car wash school in the fall.

*
*
*
*

She laughs and goes back to her game.

*

MIFFY

So what do you think of Bushwood, Kate?

*
*
*

5

KATE

5

She drops a short putt and picks up her ball.

KATE

These greens are so nice. I learned to play on public courses.

Todd prepares to putt.

TODD

(to Kate)

You know, country clubs originally had nothing to do with golf. They were just clubs in the country where city people could go relax. Isn't that interesting?

HICKY

(mocking)

Oh, yeah, real interesting, Todd. We're totally fascinated.

MIFFY

Shut up, Hicky. Why don't you ask your father to join Bushwood, Kate? That would be so great. Do you think he would?

KATE

I don't know. He might.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

MIFFY

Maybe if he saw how dignified
and elegant everything is here.

KATE

(thinking)

Dignified and elegant. Yeah.
He'd fit right in.

6 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - TIGHT ON KATE'S FATHER - DAY 6

AL CZERVIK, a lusty and exuberant self-made millionaire
real estate developer.

AL

(bellows right INTO
CAMERA)

What are we waiting for? Let's
get high!

PULL BACK to reveal that he's riding on the steel hook
and wrecking ball hung from a large crane in the middle
of a busy construction site. The crane lifts him up the
side of the steel superstructure of a building under
construction, and deposits him on the top floor.

*
*

AL

(over his shoulder)

Pick me up in five..

7 TOP FLOOR

7

He steps off the crane bucket and walks quickly along the
narrow girders as if taking a stroll in the country,
oblivious to the height and the danger.

AL

(calls out to a
welder)

Hey, Carmine. Thank your mother
for the scungiles. Great, just
great.

*

8 CARMINE

8

answers him cheerfully in Italian as Al makes a sharp
right turn, steps onto an even narrower beam, and calls
out to three carpenters talking on the floor below him.

AL

All right, all right. Break it up,
boys. That's how a strike starts.

laugh and wave to Al as he passes overhead. Al looks up and sees a young worker coming toward him on the same beam, edging slowly along, terrified of the height.

AL

(without slowing down)

Step aside, step aside.

The worker looks down in panic. At the last moment Al embraces him like a ballroom dancer, pirouettes him around and continues walking without missing a beat.

AL

Relax, will ya. I'm insured.

Al steps onto a finished portion of the floor where RAY TYLER, his hulking, slow-witted foreman, is working with an electrician on a junction box.

AL

Hey, Ray!

RAY

Oh, hi, Mr. Czervik. I wasn't expecting you. You surprised me.

AL

Yeah, my wife said the same thing. That's why we're divorced. Come here, I want to show you something.

Al turns on his heel and quickly walks along another narrow girder. Ray follows with difficulty.

AL

(over his shoulder)

What did I tell you yesterday?

RAY

(thinking hard)

Yesterday? I think you said, 'What did I tell you yesterday?'

AL

Right. So what did I tell you two days ago?

RAY

That's gonna take some thinking.

AL

Here, I'll save you some time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AL
(points to a
finished section
of exterior wall)
What's this?

**

RAY
A wall?

AL
You're half-right. It's half a
wall. When you gonna finish?

RAY
It's gonna take at least two weeks.

AL
Two weeks! I got twenty-five
plasterers and five thousand four
by eights of Sheetrock coming in
here. I need it tomorrow.

RAY
Okay. You'll have it tomorrow.

AL
Good.

He slaps Ray on the back, turns and steps off the girder
into space. At that precise moment the crane bucket
comes up to meet him and carries him away.

AL
(to Ray)
I'll meet you downstairs.

*

10 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - LATER

10

Al and Ray come around the side of the building and cross
toward the adjacent property.

AL
Now what's with these people?

*

RAY
I don't know. They got everything
stopped back here and they won't
move. I told 'em last time --
'You want to save a crummy old
house that's about to fall down,
come over to my place.'

**

*

11 AL'S POV

11

He sees a dowager, MRS. CYNTHIA YOUNG, standing with two well-tailored gentlemen and a couple of other fashionably-dressed ladies. They look very out of place. They are blocking the path of a huge bulldozer, staunchly protecting a dilapidated old carriage house.

*
*
*

12 AL

12

He sizes up the situation.

AL

All right, let me handle it.
This may require some diplomacy
and tact.

(shouts)

Hey! Lady! What are you, out of
your mind? We're trying to work
here.

He confronts the dowager and the other members of her
group.

CYNTHIA

(affronted)

And who might you be?

AL

I might be the guy who tells the
bulldozer to run over you if you
don't get off my property.

The younger gentleman, L.D. PIERPONT JUNIOR, steps in.

*

L.D. JUNIOR

Allow me, Cynthia.

(to Al)

Mr. Czervik, I presume. We
represent the Historical
Preservation Society. I have here
a temporary injunction restraining
you from demolishing any
structures on the Armstrong Estate
until the City Planning Commission
can rule on our appeal.

*
*
*

He hands Al a document.

AL

(looking it over)

What's this all about? What're
you so excited about this old
house for?

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

CYNTHIA

(interrupting)

This building is over seventy years old. It's part of our heritage.

AL

What heritage? It's a garage. You come from a long line of mechanics?

CYNTHIA

It's a carriage house and it's one of the original buildings on what was originally the Armstrong Estate, the property line of which originally ran to that brook.

She points.

AL

Brook? It's a sewer.

CYNTHIA

Originally it was a brook.

AL

And originally someone in your family was a monkey. So you want to stay in the past or you want to wake up and get in the game? This place has been sitting here rotting for twenty-five years and nobody cared. I buy it to put up some decent apartments that people can afford and suddenly we got a historical problem. This wouldn't have anything to do with a lot of rich people wanting to keep working people out of the neighborhood, would it?

CYNTHIA

I'm not going to stand here and argue with you. If you want us to move you're going to have to move us.

AL

No problem.

He signals the bulldozer driver who REVS the big diesel ENGINE and starts CHUGGING toward the Preservation Society members.

13 CYNTHIA AND LAWYERS

13

They hold their ground for a moment as the huge juggernaut lumbers toward them. Then the lawyers panic and bolt, followed by Cynthia Young.

14 AL AND RAY

14

They watch the group flee unceremoniously across the muddy field.

RAY

Was that diplomacy or tact?

AL

Just balls.

15 EXT. BUSHWOOD CLUB - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

15

Al's classic Rolls-Royce comes down the long manicured drive.

16 INT. ROLLS - SAME TIME

16

Al is dressed for golf, Kate for tennis.

AL

Why would you want to join a place like this? Bunch of snobs. Their children are all so and so junior, or such and such the third. What's that all about? They can't even think up a new name for a kid. Pathetic.

KATE

Please, Daddy. Make an effort, okay? Miffy's father isn't just president of the club, he's head of the membership committee, too.

AL

(pulling into
the driveway)

Okay, okay. I know how to talk to these people. You make believe you're in pain all the time.

17 EXT. PORTICO - CONTINUOUS ACTION

17

Al steps out of the car and greets some passing members in a strangled upper class British accent.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

AL

Hello there. How are you?
Taking in a bit of the old fresh
air? Splendid day, isn't it?

PARKING VALET

How long you going to be, sir?

AL

We shant require the car until
later this afternoon. We'll no
doubt lunch here after our games,
so shall we say threeish. Or
three-thirtyish? No later than
fourish, though.

(opens the trunk
revealing his golf
bag)

And have these taken down to the
links, will you? There's a good
fellow.

(tips him big)

Here. Buy yourself an accent.

KATE

(cautioning)

Dad --

AL

What?

She takes his arm and they enter the clubhouse.

18 INT. CADDYSHACK - SAME TIME

18

A number of CADDIES, including Harry Edmunds and Tim, are
lounging on wooden benches and old lawn chairs, playing
cards, reading comic books, etc. LOU LOOMIS, the
caddymaster, comes out of his office with CHANDLER YOUNG,
Miffy's father, the president of Bushwood, a smug,
arrogant, late middle-aged athletic preppe. Lou gets
the Caddies' attention.

LOU

All right, you guys, listen up.
Mr. Young has something to tell
you.

CHANDLER

As you all know, Buzzy Nickerson,
our club pro left us a few weeks
ago for greener pastures --

(CONTINUED)

CADDY

I heard he got caught trying to molest a kid in the locker room.

*

CHANDLER

That's not true, fella! They don't come any better than Buzzy. He was a fine athlete and we're going to miss him. In any case, the good news is we've got a new club pro and it's none other than your caddymaster, Lou Loomis.

*

The Caddies cheer.

CADDIES

All right, Lou! Way to go!

LOU

All right, all right, settle down. Go ahead, sir.

CHANDLER

Why don't you take this one, Lou.

*

LOU

(reluctantly)

Okay. Just one more announcement. The club recently purchased fifty Cushman Golfmaster electric golf carts which means that once they're delivered, your services as caddies will no longer be required.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

The Caddies react with stunned silence.

HARRY

Does that mean we're fired?

CHANDLER

Sorry, sport. Progress. Enjoy the rest of the summer, boys. Lou, I'll speak to you later.

*

*

LOU

(extremely grateful)

Thank you, Mr. Young, thank you very much.

CHANDLER

Let's say six o'clock at my office.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

LOU

At your convenience. Thank you,
sir.

CHANDLER

(leaving)

See you then.

LOU

Yes, and thank you.

As soon as Chandler is gone, the Caddies erupt, complain-
ing noisily.

LOU

Look, it's not my fault! Did you
ever think maybe you brought this
on yourselves?

HARRY

How, by being caddies?

LOU

Exactly. You don't see doctors
being replaced by golf carts, do
you? On the bright side, you got
two weeks' notice and I'll see what
I can do about getting them to let
you keep the T-shirts. Now let's
go. We got golfers waiting.

The Caddies file out grumbling.

TIM

This really sucks. Now what do
we do for work the rest of the
summer?

HARRY

I'm told there are a lot of
openings in aluminum can recycling
down at the beach.

They exit.

19 EXT. CLUBHOUSE - LITTLE LATER

19

Chandler and Al cross toward the first tee.

CHANDLER

Well, it's a pleasure to finally
meet you. Your daughter is a
charming young lady, Al.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

19

CONTINUED:

19

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

Have you met my daughter, Miffy?

AL

Miffy? No, cute name, though. I knew a girl in school, we called her Muffy. Probably for different reasons though. Ugly girl. She had a coming out party. They made her go back.

CHANDLER

(repeating)

'... Made her go back.' Yes, that's very good.

20

FIRST TEE

20

ELIZABETH PIERCE, a trim, attractive sportswoman with a great smile and a healthy glow, is waiting for them.

CHANDLER

Al, this is Elizabeth Pierce. I hope you don't mind, I've asked Elizabeth and my wife to join us. Make a foursome of it.

Al likes her immediately.

AL

(takes her hand)

A foursome sounds charming. I'd even consider two twosomes. Or four onesomes. Whatever you want.

Elizabeth laughs and shakes his hand.

ELIZABETH

Nice to meet you.

CHANDLER

And this is my wife, Cynthia.

Al turns to see Cynthia Young, the dowager from the building site, step onto the tee area. Cynthia sees him and reacts immediately.

CYNTHIA

(instantly resolute)

Oh, no! Out of the question! Absolutely not! I refuse to play golf with this man.

(CONTINUED)

CHANDLER

Ah, then I take it you've met.

AL

We had a slight disagreement the other day.

CYNTHIA

Slight! He tried to run me over with a steamroller.

AL

Bulldozer.

(to Chandler)

Women.

(to her)

All I can say is it was wrong of me to do it and I'm terribly terribly sorry.

Chandler notices that this small commotion is attracting the attention of other members.

CHANDLER

(to Cynthia)

Darling, a word?

(to the others)

Excuse us a moment.

He takes Cynthia out of earshot.

CHANDLER

Let's not make a scene, my dear.

CYNTHIA

The man tried to kill me!

CHANDLER

Well, I'm sure he had his reasons. The fact is he's here now, I promised Miffy we'd play, and I don't see how it could hurt to make the man feel welcome. You can catch more flies with honey, etcetera, etcetera.

*

Cynthia reflects on the obvious wisdom of that.

Al tries to cover. Elizabeth seems amused.

*

(CONTINUED)

AL

Nice to run into Mrs. Young again.

*

ELIZABETH

Much nicer than the first time you almost ran into her, I bet. Glad I wasn't there.

*
*

AL

That was for them. I'd never run a piece of heavy equipment over a woman like you.

ELIZABETH

Good to know there are still a few gentlemen left in the world.

AL

(looks her over)

Yeah, well, I'm not one of them.

Chandler and Cynthia rejoin them. She is scowling.

CHANDLER

(bright)

So, everybody happy now?

(to Elizabeth)

This should be fun, don't you think?

ELIZABETH

I don't see how.

CHANDLER

Al, you're the guest. Why don't you go first. Usual rules, I assume.

AL

(from the tee)

Yeah. None.

*

Al presses a button on the handle of his special driver and an EXPLOSION from the club HEAD shoots the ball down the fairway. He saunters back to the group, blowing smoke from the barrel of what is obviously some sort of golf gun.

*

CHANDLER

Interesting club. What would you call that?

AL

A twelve gauge.

22 CADDIES

22

Al crosses to his unusual golf bag and finds Harry and Tim marveling over the size of it.

*

AL

Great bag, huh, boys?

HARRY

I don't mean to complain -- I know you're probably planning on an enormous tip -- but this thing weighs a ton. How am I supposed to carry it?

*
*
*
*
*

AL

You're not. That's the problem with young people today -- too old. Get with it.

*

He pulls a small remote controller from his pocket and pushes a button.

23 HIS GOLF BAG

23

It comes to life robotically, extends an antenna, sprouts wheels, tilts forward and follows Al as he walks off down the fairway.

24 CADDIES

24

They are visibly impressed.

25 EXT. FAIRWAY - LITTLE LATER

25

Al and Elizabeth walk toward her ball with Al's golf bag following them down the fairway.

AL

So, are you married or what?

ELIZABETH

I'd rather not discuss my personal life.

*

AL

That bad, huh?

ELIZABETH

(laughs)

Pretty bad. Married, divorced, married, divorced. I decided to stop at two.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

AL

Any kids?

ELIZABETH

No. Never got around to it
actually.

AL

No kids? So what do you do for
aggravation?

He spots his ball in the tall grass just off the fairway
and presses a button on the remote control.

26

GOLF BAG

26

An arm extends out of the front and lifts the ball, a
mini-lawn mower pops out and cuts the grass, and the ball
is replaced, all in one smooth movement.

ELIZABETH

What an incredible bag!

AL

So's my ex-wife.

(takes his shot)

Maybe we could go out to dinner
and then I could chase you around
my apartment for an hour, hour
and a half. How's tomorrow
night?

ELIZABETH

I'll have to take a raincheck on
that. There's a charity ball at
the club. Why don't you come?
Bring your daughter.

AL

I'm not the charity ball type.
I usually end up getting loaded
and offending a lot of people.

ELIZABETH

Perfect. Then I won't have to
do it.

AL

Okay.

Al BEEPS his bag and they walk off.

27 CYNTHIA

27

She assumes her unique squatting stance over her ball, but in the middle of her backswing Al's robot golf bag bumps into her from behind. She screams and tries to jump out of the way but the bag automatically counters trying to get out of her way. She tries going the other way, but the bag cuts her off. She fakes right and goes left, but again the bag stays right with her. She makes one final desperate lunge to get away from the bag, then falls to the turf completely exhausted. The robot bag goes neatly around her prostrate form and rolls off after Al.

28 EXT. GREEN - LITTLE LATER

28

Chandler hails Al as they walk up the slope to the green.

CHANDLER

Enjoying yourself, Al?

AL

(overdoing it)
Are you kidding? Great place you got here. This is the kind of place where a man could really relax and grow old quickly. What's a membership go for here? Fifteen, twenty grand?

CHANDLER

(hedging)

Well now, Al, we think of membership in Bushwood as a privilege that can't be bought and sold. It's thirty thousand actually, but first you have to be nominated, visit a few times, get to know people and let them get to know you. Family background, social position, that sort of thing. Not everyone belongs at Bushwood, if you catch my meaning.

Chandler winks.

AL

Right. Keep out the riffraff, the hoi polloi.

CHANDLER

Exactly.

*

*

*

*

*

29

ROBOT GOLF BAG

29

rolls over Chandler's feet on its way to Al. Al puts away his "gun" and takes out an even more complicated-looking device.

ELIZABETH

Out of ammunition, Al?

AL

A friend of mine at NASA sent me this.

CYNTHIA

I'm surprised you bother coming out at all. Surely you could get some sort of gadget that would allow you to just sit in the clubhouse and push buttons all day.

AL

(lining up the device)

I've got some guys working on it.

He turns it on and a laser light web covers the green.

ELIZABETH

Doesn't that take some of the sport out of it?

AL

Not really. Batteries could be low. Could get static. All kinds of things could go wrong. In fact, I'm told sometimes the signal can interfere with pacemakers, things like that.

30

CADDIES

30

In the b.g., behind them, they can see a distinguished-looking older member clutching his heart and falling to the ground. The rest of his foursome rush to his aid.

31

AL

31

He taps his ball, the lasers guide it through a sharp right hand break and straight into the hole.

AL

Bingo!

He shuts off the device and the laser web disappears.

32 FAIRWAY

32

The older member with the pacemaker seems to recover immediately and is helped back to his feet.

33 AL AND CHANDLER

33

They walk off the green together.

AL

So what are my chances of getting in here you think?

CHANDLER

Well, that may just depend on you, Al. This is a lovely neighborhood and people don't want to see it mucked up with a lot of cheap apartments. I can't tell you your business, but you know what they say: 'One hand washes the other.' 'You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours.' You wouldn't want to disappoint your daughter, now would you?

They look over to the adjacent tennis courts.

34 AL'S POV

34

Kate sees Al and waves cheerfully. She looks radiantly happy to be there.

AL (O.S.)

No, I wouldn't.

35 AL AND CHANDLER

35

CHANDLER

(claps him on the back)

Then why don't we get you a membership application and just leave this real estate business to the lawyers. I'm sure they can work something out.

36 INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

36

LARRY BLUNT is Al's attorney and general counsel of Servico Industries.

(CONTINUED)

At the moment he is pacing around the room in a meeting with L.D. Pierpont, Junior, and his father, L.D. SENIOR, the two very polished attorneys for the Historical Preservation Society, neither of whom suspect that Larry is seriously disturbed.

LARRY

(too polite)

Now I didn't go to one of those big fancy law schools like you did, Mister Pierpont, so you're going to have to explain this to me. You want my client to voluntarily stop building on that site and move this entire housing project somewhere else?

L.D. SENIOR

(very smug)

That's correct.

LARRY

Why would he want to do that?

L.D. JUNIOR

(more heated)

I'll tell you why, mister. Because there's no way in hell we're going to let you guys come barging into Bushwood Estates and throw up a lot of cheap housing for a bunch of blue collar families! Get it?

LARRY

(blinks, but stays calm)

I don't see how you can legally stop us?

L.D. SENIOR

(smooth)

Let me explain how the legal system really works, Mister Blunt.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

L.D. SENIOR (CONT'D)

Your client can voluntarily cease and desist now, or we can go through the long and very costly process of injunctions, lawsuits, motions, counter motions, hearings, appeals, state courts, federal courts, all of which could take many years and cost so much in terms of legal fees, construction delays, loan payments, defaults, etc. that you'll wish you'd never heard of the Historical Preservation Society. Do I make myself clear?

Larry's replay starts off calmly enough, but builds to a rabid, roaring, screaming harangue.

LARRY

Uh-huh. Now let me explain how the Larry Blunt system works. See, I don't bother with lawsuits or motions or any of that technical stuff. No, what happens is I find out where you live, then I come to your house, and I beat down the door with a fucking baseball bat! Then I'm gonna rip your heads off and shit down your necks!! I'm gonna wipe my ass with your law degrees!! Yahh! Yahhh! I'm gonna fuck your pets!!

INT. OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Al comes to the desk of Larry's SECRETARY.

AL

Howya doin', Martha, is he in?

We hear LARRY'S SCREAMING through the closed door.

MARTHA (SECRETARY)

He's in a meeting.

A moment later, the door opens and the Pierponts, Senior and Junior, very pale and very shaken, exit for the elevators. Larry, calm again, stands by the door and watches them with a smile. Al approaches.

AL

How did it go?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

LARRY

Not so good. I tried to sweet-talk them, but they weren't going for it.

AL

Yeah, I heard. Just do me one favor. When we get to the hearing, don't try to sweet-talk the planning commission, all right?

They exit together.

38 EXT. CITY HALL - LATER

38

Al and Larry come down the marble steps arguing. Ray is with them, dressed in an ill-fitting suit and loud tie.

AL

(irate)

What a bunch of bullshit. Somebody got the fix in. So what's this restraining order mean?

He holds up a legal document.

LARRY

It means we can't build anything on the Bushwood site until we get a final ruling from the planning commission. You should've let me handle it. I'm your lawyer.

AL

Right. My lawyer.

(to Ray)

I met him at a rape trial. He was defending himself.

39 EXT. BUSHWOOD COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

39

The charity ball is in progress. Well-dressed members and guests are arriving outside. A society ORCHESTRA can be heard inside playing a MONTAVANI version of "Born in the U.S.A."

40 INT. LOBBY - SAME TIME

40

Al enters with Kate, both of them formally dressed. He looks glum.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

You look worried. How did your hearing go?

AL

Like a house on fire. A lot of smoke, a lot of screaming.

KATE

Well, can you cheer up? There are a lot of important people here tonight.

AL

I'm tired of auditioning for these chinless fonzonoon.

KATE

What's a fonzonoon?

AL

You don't know what a fonzonoon is? What do they teach you at that college? A fonzonoon is a guy who farts in the bathtub and bites the bubbles.

KATE

Nice.

Todd Mayhew approaches.

TODD

(exuberant)

Kate, hello! I'm so glad you could make it.

AL

(to Kate)

That's a fonzonoon.

TODD

(to Al)

Mr. Czervik, Todd Mayhew.

They shake hands manfully.

AL

(way too preppie)

Hello, Toddy. Smashing to see you. Did you take Dad's car?

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED: (2)

40

TODD

I don't think I follow.

KATE

Daddy, please.

AL

It's all right. Forget about it.

TODD

(takes Kate's arm)

Well, shall we go in?

They enter the ballroom.

41

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

41

Chandler and Cynthia are chatting with the Pierponts when they notice Al and Kate enter. Cynthia nudges her friends and everything stops as a ripple of hostility runs through the room and all eyes turn to the door. *

42

AL AND KATE

42

They stand on the threshold feeling awkward and out of place.

AL

Look at this. What am I doing here? I feel like a one-legged man at an ass-kicking contest.

TODD

(to Kate, feeling the heat)

Shall we get some punch?

Kate looks at Al. *

AL

Go ahead.

They exit leaving Al alone. The music starts up again and everyone turns a cold shoulder to Al as he makes his way through the room toward the bar.

AL

(to the backs of people as he passes)

Good evening. Nice almost seeing you. We should get together more seldom.

43 ELIZABETH

43

Standing with friends, she sees Al's predicament, excuses herself and follows him to the bar.

44 BAR

44

Al is standing alone waiting for a drink.

ELIZABETH

(comes up behind him)

How about buying me something smooth, cold and wet?

AL

Bartender, give the lady a dead fish.

ELIZABETH

(turns to leave)

Good-bye.

AL

(catches her)

No wait. Hold on. I'm sorry.
I don't know why I said that.
This crowd. I warned you. I'm
not at home here. I look at you,
I feel like you should be kicking
me off your yacht.

ELIZABETH

No, I was hoping you'd come.
These things are usually pretty
bad, but tonight was exceptionally
dull until you walked in.

AL

Oh, yeah? Well, let me buy you
a drink. Maybe I'll get lucky.

(to the Bartender)

Bartender, you got a nice Fume,
or what's that in the bucket?

A Pouilly Fuisse?

The bartender hands him an open bottle from the ice bucket. Al examines the label, then sniffs the wine.

AL

Good nose.

(swigs right

from the bottle)

Nice ass, too. We'll take it.

He pours two glasses and hands one to Elizabeth.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

AL
(toasting)
Here's to the nicest people we
know.

As they drink he notices people looking at them.

ELIZABETH
You feeling a little conspicuous?

They look around the ballroom.

45 AL AND ELIZABETH'S POV

45

Everyone in the room simultaneously turns away as if they
haven't been staring at them.

46 AL AND ELIZABETH

46

The band starts a snappy tango, "I Get Ideas."

AL
I guess we got an audience.
Might as well give 'em a show.

He sweeps her into his arms and dances her out onto the
floor.

47 DANCE FLOOR

47

Other dancers make way as Al and Elizabeth tango passion-
ately across the floor. He's a remarkably good dancer.

AL
(singing)
'When we're dancing and I'm
dangerously near you, I get ideas,
I get ideas...'

ELIZABETH
(delighted)
Where did you learn to dance
like this?

AL
I was a prisoner of war.

He swirls and dips her in one smooth move.

48

TABLE

48

Across the room, Kate is sitting with Todd, Miffy, and Hicky. Hicky giggles and points at Al on the dance floor.

HICKY

Oh, gawd! I'm sooo sure. Look at that.

Kate and the others see Al making a spectacle of himself.

HICKY

Who is that clown? *

Miffy turns to Kate, secretly enjoying her embarrassment.

MIFFY

Don't listen to her. It's not your fault.

KATE

Excuse me.

She gets up and exits, struggling to maintain her composure.

49

AL AND ELIZABETH

49

By now the dance floor has cleared as Al and Elizabeth continue dancing with even more style and grace.

50

CHANDLER AND CYNTHIA

50

They are aghast at the display.

CHANDLER

A gentleman should know how to dance, but not that well. That man dances like an Argentine gigolo.

CYNTHIA

(voice of experience)
No, he doesn't.

Chandler looks askance at her, then lets it pass.

51

AL AND ELIZABETH

51

As the song ends, they finish their tango with several dizzying spins, dips and flourishes, Al finally catching Elizabeth in a sensuous back bend with her head just inches off the floor.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Instead of the expected applause, their performance is received with silent stares.

AL
(to Elizabeth, still
holding her suspended)
Now this is a tough room.

52 EXT. PRACTICE TEE - SAME TIME

52

Harry stands on the tee driving golf balls into the darkness. Kate approaches carrying her shoes, walking barefoot in the wet grass. Harry doesn't see her.

KATE
What are you doing?

HARRY
(startled)
Oh! Hi. I was just practicing.

KATE
In the dark? How can you tell
where the ball went?

HARRY
(tees up another)
You can't. That's why you don't
see a lot of night golf.

He takes a beautiful swing and drives the ball deep into the night.

HARRY
Felt good.

KATE
Looked good.

Harry sits next to her on a bench.

HARRY
Can't ask for much more than that.
How's the party?

She bursts into tears.

HARRY
That's what I figured. Looked
pretty depressing in there. This
place doesn't exactly rock and
roll, does it?

(CONTINUED)

KATE

(recovering)

Well, there's more to life than
rock and roll.

HARRY

(quickly)

No, hey, I agree. I'm not one of
those 'sex, drugs and rock and
roll' yo-yos.

KATE

I'm not saying there's anything
wrong with rock and roll --

HARRY

No, me either. Rock and roll is
great. Sex is great.

KATE

Are you going to agree with whatever
I say?

HARRY

Pretty much. That was my plan.

(as she laughs)

My older brother used to tell me
that if you can listen to a girl
for forty-five minutes and just
agree with everything she says,
you're in.

KATE

Your older brother's a jerk.

HARRY

I know. He's a total sleaze. He
wears these cheap neck chains they
advertise in T.V. Guide so he's
got this permanent green line
around his neck. You feeling a
little better?

(as she nods)

Want to hit a few?

KATE

I'm not really dressed for it.

HARRY

Well, that's the great thing about
night golf.

She joins him on the tee.

53

INT. BALLROOM - LITTLE LATER

53

Al and Elizabeth with plates in hand make their way to a table. Three other couples are already seated there but completely ignore them. Undaunted, Elizabeth introduces Al to the couple nearest him.

ELIZABETH

Mr. and Mrs. Jamison, have you met Mr. Czervik yet?

MR. JAMISON

(very cold)

Good evening.

AL

(thinking)

Jamison, Jamison. You're in the junk business, right?

MR. JAMISON

Iron and steel.

AL

Yeah, right. She irons and you steal.

MRS. JAMISON

Well, I never!

AL

Honey. You're married to him, I don't blame you.

The Jamisons leave in a huff. Al turns to the elderly couple on the other side.

AL

So, what's your story?

They look panic-stricken but a voice from the stage rescues them.

54

STAGE

54

Cynthia Young is at the microphone.

CYNTHIA

Attention, everyone. It's time for our little slave auction. You all know how it works.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED:

54

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Ten of our most distinguished members have volunteered to be slaves and whoever bids the highest gets to put them to work for a whole day. Remember it's all for charity, so get out your checkbooks and think Mandingo while I introduce this year's willing slaves.

She starts the introductions.

55

AL'S TABLE

55

He turns to Elizabeth as the introductions continue.

AL

So what's this all about?

ELIZABETH

It's just a little game they play for charity. You buy the judge or the chairwoman of the symphony and they straighten up your garage or help you plant roses and you give them a nice lunch and a martini at the end of the day. It's all very civilized.

AL

Yes, everybody's so civilized. On the surface, it's all 'How do you do?' and 'So nice to see you.' Underneath -- animals, full of puss and hate and violence.

(emphatic, to the
old lady next to him)

Man, it's a jungle!

He sees Chandler and his tone changes instantly.

AL

Chandler, how do you do? So nice to see you.

CHANDLER

Yes, hello, Al, Elizabeth. Al, can I have a word with you -- in private.

AL

Certainly.

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

55

They move away from the table.

CHANDLER

Here's the thing. My wife and I discussed this with several of the other members and we all feel that after tonight it might be better if you didn't visit the club for a while.

AL

What do you mean -- 'for a while'?

*

CHANDLER

Well, ever actually. We just don't feel you're Bushwood material. This whole messy apartment business, the attempt on Cynthia's life, you understand, I'm sure.

*

*

*

AL

Yeah, I understand.

*

*

He exits leaving Al alone, neglected and humiliated.

56

ELIZABETH

56

She can tell Al is not happy as he returns to the table.

ELIZABETH

Something wrong?

AL

No, everything's great. I got 'em just where they want me -- out.

57

STAGE

57

Cynthia starts the auction.

CYNTHIA

Now our first society slave going up for bids is Mrs. Muriel Jamison. She gardens like a Mexican and she bakes like Aunt Jemima so let's start the bidding at \$50. Do I hear fifty?

Standing beside Cynthia, Muriel Jamison blushes at the compliments as the bidding quickly runs to \$300 and stops.

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED:

57

CYNTHIA
I have three hundred dollars. Do
I hear 325? 325? All right,
going once at 300 -- going twice --

AL
(shouts)
325!

Cynthia and Muriel blanch.

CYNTHIA
(worried)
325 is bid.
(pointedly)
Do I hear 350?
(notes Muriel's
look of terror)
Please?

58

FLOOR

58

Mr. Jamison bids to save his wife from Al.

MR. JAMISON
350.

AL
(quickly)
400.

MR. JAMISON
(reluctant)
450.

AL
500.

MR. JAMISON
(near his limit)
Five -- ten.

AL
Thousand bucks.

The members buzz with excitement.

59

STAGE

59

Cynthia and Muriel can't believe their ears.

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

CYNTHIA

(trembling)

I have a thousand dollars bid. Do
I hear more?

She and Muriel glare at Mr. Jamison.

60

MR. JAMISON

60

He averts his eyes.

CYNTHIA

Going once -- going twice --

MURIEL

(cries out)

Please, Reggie!

Mr. Jamison hides his face in his hands.

CYNTHIA

(bangs the gavel)

Sold to Mr. Czervik at 1000 dollars.

61

AL

61

He beams at Elizabeth.

AL

Hey, this is all right. If you
can't beat 'em, buy 'em.

62

EXT. PRACTICE TEE - SAME TIME

62

Kate is at the tee, wearing Harry's jacket over her
cocktail dress, driving golf balls into the dark. He's
sitting on the bench enjoying her swing.

HARRY

I can't believe that guy's your
father. What's your mother like?

KATE

I'll give you a hint. They got
divorced because she thought my
father was too straight.

HARRY

Oh, geez. So there's no chance
you'll turn out normal.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

No. I've pretty much given up on that. That's why I wanted my dad to join Bushwood. It's so normal. I grew up in a houseful of oddballs. I just want to fit in somewhere. Wouldn't you want to belong here?

HARRY

Not me. The only good thing about country clubs is that they've got golf courses attached to them. Can I show you something about your swing?

KATE

Sure.

Harry comes up behind her, puts his arms around her and guides her hands through the proper arc.

HARRY

It's right up here at the top that you're losing your power.

Todd interrupts their banter.

TODD

(ignoring Harry)

Kate? What are you doing out here?

She turns, suddenly embarrassed at her apparent intimacy with Harry.

KATE

Oh, hi, Todd. We were just hitting some golf balls.

HARRY

Want to hit a few?

TODD

Oh sure. In my tuxedo? Without my gloves or my spikes? Aren't you an employee? Isn't there some rule about how close you're allowed to stand to members and guests?

HARRY

Yeah, I think it's three and a half feet but only during working hours.

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED: (2)

62

TODD

Well, if you're not working you
shouldn't even be here, wise guy.
I could have you fired for this.

HARRY

Already been fired.

TODD

(to Kate)

Kate, are you coming back in?

KATE

Actually I think I might just go
home from here.

TODD

Good. I'll drop you. We can stop
at Buddy Weston's on the way.
He's having a little party.

She wants to stay with Harry but is ashamed to admit it.

KATE

(to Todd)

Fine. Good. Then we should go.

(to Harry)

Well -- good night.

(returns his jacket)

And thanks -- for everything.

HARRY

No problem.

She exits with Todd. Harry watches her go.

63

INT. BALLROOM - BIT LATER

63

Cynthia is onstage auctioning off the last of the slaves,
Chandler himself.

CYNTHIA

(tight-lipped)

\$1100 going once -- going twice --
and once again sold to Mr. Czervik
who has so graciously bought all
our society slaves for a grand
total of \$11,950. On behalf of
United Charities, thank you so
much.

64

AL

64

He rises and bows to a smattering of grudging applause.

CYNTHIA

I do hope you can find enough
little chores to keep them all
busy.

AL

I think I can find something.

65

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

65

Mrs. Jamison in a dress and heels, her hairdo collapsing,
struggles up a ladder lugging a hod full of bricks.

66

LARGE DUMPSTER

66

L.D. Pierpont Senior and L.D. Junior try to get a heavily-
loaded wheelbarrow of debris up a plank, but they lose
it at the top, dropping the load and pitching L.D.
Senior into the dumpster.

67

RAY TYLER, FOREMAN

67

He sees L.D. Senior tumble and shouts at him.

RAY

Hey, stupid! Get out of there.
What are you, nuts?

L.D. JUNIOR

This is an outrage!

RAY

You're tellin' me. I asked for
laborers. A laborer is a guy
with big arms, bad teeth, pimples
on his neck, just broke up with
a waitress, wants to go to school
to become a second chef. You
guys are like a coupla
congressmen, for Christ's sake.

He walks away in disgust.

68

CHANDLER

68

He staggers up a ramp to the cement mixer struggling
under the weight of a leaking bag of cement.

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

His sleeveless undershirt is completely soaked with sweat and on his head is a handkerchief tied at the corners. Ray appears, takes the bag and easily empties it into the cement mixer while Chandler stands there gasping for breath.

RAY

You're doin' all right, buddy.

He puts his arm around Chandler and gives him a manly squeeze.

CHANDLER

(his head practically
buried in Ray's
sweaty armpit)

Thank you. Thank you very much.

RAY

A bunch of us are gonna go bowl
a few lines and grab some beers
after work. You wanna come?

CHANDLER

Yes -- bowl a few lines --
splendid.

69

EXT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - SAME TIME

69

Al is watching the society slaves at work. Carmine, the Italian welder, approaches and complains passionately to Al in Italian. Al nods and responds periodically.

AL

Right... uh-huh... yeah, yeah...
okay... right.

Carmine shakes his hand and exits as Ray approaches.

RAY

What did Carmine want?

AL

I have no idea. I know him
twenty years. He still thinks
I speak Italian.

RAY

You don't speak any?

AL

No. But I listen fluently.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Let me ask you. What did you pay for these new people?

AL

Cost me eleven thousand, nine hundred for the day.

RAY

You got burned. That old broad can't carry bricks for shit.

AL

Then get her some knee pads. See if she can putty nail holes.

RAY

Okay, but if she kicks, I'm not responsible.

Chandler staggers up to them, sweating, gasping, with the Pierponts right behind him.

CHANDLER

All right, Czervik. You've had your fun. What are you trying to prove with this?

AL

I'm not trying to prove anything. I just wanted you and your friends to see that most people work hard for a living and get paid dick for it.

CHANDLER

Don't tell me about hard work, mister. I've cut more firewood up at the lake than you'll ever see. It'll take more than you've got to break Chandler Young.

He shoulders his shovel and wheels around for dramatic emphasis, but the shovel strikes L.D. Junior on the head knocking him into a deep hole.

L.D. Junior falls onto a plank which springboards a heavy sump pump into the air.

71 L.D. SENIOR

71

He reflexively catches the sump pump in his arms, staggers backwards with the heavy weight and crashes into the ladder on which Muriel Jamison is standing.

72 MURIEL

72

As the ladder falls away she desperately grabs onto a girder and hangs there, kicking and screaming until she loses her grip and drops into a passing gravel truck.

73 AL AND RAY

73

They watch the truck drive off with Muriel waving and shouting from the back.

RAY

Now where the hell is she going?

(checks his watch)

It ain't even lunchtime yet.

74 INT. BUSHWOOD STEAM ROOM - LATER

74

Chandler, Jamison, the Pierponts, Sr. and Jr. and their cohorts are taking the steam, wrapped in sheets like Roman senators, massaging their sore muscles and conspiring against Al.

CHANDLER

All in favor?

Everyone's hand goes up.

ALL

Aye.

CHANDLER

Opposed?

(as no one speaks)

Then it's decided. Mr. Al Czervik is finished in this city. Freddie, you handle the I.R.S. and other federal jurisdictions. L.D., why don't you contact the police, fire and public safety commissioners. I'll handle the phone company and the other utilities. Tom, you go to work on his suppliers and subcontractors.

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED:

74

L.D. JUNIOR

Excuse me, gentlemen, but don't you think we're being a little childish about the whole thing? Is punishing this boob really worth all this time and effort?

CHANDLER

(after a thoughtful pause)

Yes. I think so. Definitely.

(as the others all concur)

I'll tell you this. He'll wish he never set foot in this club.

75

INT. SERVICO INDUSTRIES OFFICE - NEXT DAY

75

Al enters to find dozens of his office employees and construction workers sitting or standing around idly, the office lit only by the natural light from the windows. Without electricity, no typewriters, no computers, not even a pencil sharpener is operating. Ray Tyler comes out of Al's private office.

AL

What's going on here?

RAY

We got problems. We got no cement, no lumber, no steel, no nothing. And the building inspector just pulled the permits on all our other job sites.

*
*

AL

Where's the electricity?

RAY

Oh yeah. That's something else we ain't got. You know what I think? There's some kinda conspiracy going on.

AL

You figure that out all by yourself?

RAY

Well, no. Larry told me.

AL

Where is Larry?

(CONTINUED)

75

CONTINUED:

75

RAY

I think he's talking to the
electric company.

AL

Great. At least we got phones.

76

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

76

Larry is talking on the phone.

LARRY

Well, you're the electric company.
Can't you tell me why we don't
have any power?

77

INT. UTILITY COMPANY - SAME TIME

77

Chandler and Jamison stand like adolescent pranksters
beside a service SUPERVISOR who is on the phone with
Larry.

SUPERVISOR

(into phone)

I'm afraid that's hard to say.

Chandler and Jamison almost giggle.

78

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

78

LARRY

(into phone)

Hard to say. Well, how long will
it take for you to check our
records and get the power turned
back on?

(pause)

Hard to say? I see.

(screaming)

Is it as hard to say as 'Oh God,
help me there's a man in my
office with a flame thrower'?
Ahh! Ahh!

79

INT. UTILITY COMPANY - SAME TIME

79

Larry SCREAMS with such force, his voice THROUGH the
PHONE blows the Supervisor's toupee right off his head.

80

EXT. STREET - LITTLE LATER

80

Al and Larry come out of the Servico building.

AL

They want to play rough, we'll play rough..

LARRY

I know a couple of gypsies, for two hundred bucks they'll take a guy and bond-o his head. Seal the whole thing, two coats of lacquer paint -- what do you think?

AL

Not that rough. I'm just gonna look up an old friend.

They get to Al's car and find a POLICEMAN writing a parking ticket.

LARRY

This is not where we parked, Officer. Somebody moved this car.

POLICEMAN

(not buying it)

Oh, really?

LARRY

Yeah, really! Maybe if you spent more time going after the people that have been moving these cars and less time harassing innocent citizens this city would be a safer place to live.

He rips up the ticket and walks away as Al drives off.

81

EXT. WEBB MANOR - BIT LATER

81

Al pulls up at an extraordinary old mansion, gets out and heads up the walk to the house.

82

INT. WEBB MANSION - BALLROOM - LATER

82

Al is sharing a Chinese take-out meal with TY WEBB, still very much the healthy, wealthy wiseguy he was in the first movie. The room is littered with adult toys, sound equipment and the messy remains of a big party.

(CONTINUED)

TY

So how's business, Al? Still building those apartments -- that peasant housing?

(corrects himself)

Not peasant... what do you call them... people!

AL

Yeah, yeah. Low and middle-income housing. There's no money in it, but I sleep well at night.

TY

That's interesting. I sleep well in the daytime.

AL

Yeah, where? In a cat box? What's with you? You look terrible.

TY

Whoa, hold on there, Al. I've been under a lot of pressure here. Managing a large inheritance is a full-time job. Lawyers and accountants send you things. I have to sign stuff. It's a lot of work for a measely couple of million bucks a year.

AL

You having any fun?

TY

A bit. I think a healthy life needs that balance between work and play, give and take, in and out, Yin and Yang.

AL

I hear you're getting more Yang than you can handle.

TY

Thank you.

AL

You still play golf?

TY

I still play. Just not outdoors.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

TY (CONT'D)

(tees up a ball and
grabs a driver)

I fanlly got it down to the
absolute basic essentials. The
ball, the club, the swing. The
rest is just walking around a park
wearing funny pants.

He drives the ball across the room.

AL

You think it's safe to hit golf
balls in here?

TY

Of course. It's a ballroom. So
what did you want to see me about?

They cross the large room to Ty's ball.

AL

(comes to the point)

I want to buy the Bushwood Country
Club.

TY

(shrewd).

Uh-huh. I see.

(hits a five iron
out into the hall)

Well, let me ask you this. Do I
own it?

83 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

83

They walk down the hall as if playing on a golf course.

AL

I checked. You own 53 percent of
their stock.

TY

Good old Dad. No flies on him,
huh? And very few on Mom as I recall.

Ty hits a seven iron into the dining room, SHATTERING some
fine old CRYSTAL in an antique cabinet.

TY

Guess that's why they call it a
breakfront. Now that's a tough
lie.

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED:

83

AL

Ty, talk to me. You wanna sell or what?

TY

Not so fast, Al. We're going to have to negotiate, there'll have to be phone calls, maybe some mail. We're talking mucho dinero. Probably some American money, too.

AL

I don't care what it costs. I want it.

Ty gets up on a Louis XIV chair and smashes his ball out of the cabinet, through the closed French doors and out onto the back lawn.

TY

Al, if I sell you that stock, half the people I grew up with will never speak to me again.

AL

They don't speak to you now.

TY

That's a very good point.

They exit through the French doors.

84

EXT. BACK LAWN - CONTINUOUS ACTION

84

TY

Tell you what, Al. Let me think about it and get back to you.

He putts across the lawn and holes out into an overturned cocktail glass.

TY

Yes!

85

INT. BUSHWOOD MEN'S LOUNGE - DAY

85

Chandler, Jamison, the Pierponts and their cronies are sitting around the wood-paneled inner sanctum of the club congratulating themselves on their victory over Al.

CHANDLER

Well, gentlemen, I think we've seen the last of Mr. Al Czervik.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED:

85

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

(raises a glass of
cognac and leads the
others in a toast)

I guess he's learned a little
something about who calls the
shots in this city.

OTHERS

Here, here!

As they drink, Chandler glances out the window and sees
Al, Larry and Ray approaching.

CHANDLER

Unbelievable. What incredible
nerve.

Al enters and looks around the dark and stuffy bar.

AL

Whew! The room that time forgot.
How's it going, boys?

CHANDLER

What is it with you, Czervik?
Can't you read? Don't the words
'private' and 'members only' mean
anything to you? What is it about
new money that makes people like
you think you can just walk into
a private club uninvited and
stroll around like you own the
place?

AL

(holding up a bundle
of stock certificates)

'Cause I do own the place.

Chandler snatches the stock certificates and examines
them.

CHANDLER

What are you up to, Czervik?

AL

I don't know. Construction
business is pretty tough right
now, so I'm going into country
clubs. Now if you'll excuse us,
we got a lot of work to do.

LARRY

(loud)

Okay, everybody out!

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED: (2)

85

The cronies hesitate, confused and reluctant to move.

LARRY

Come on! I said let's move!

He starts taking the drinks out of their hands.

CHANDLER

(to Al)

You'll never get away with this, you know. The Bushwood tradition goes back over fifty years.

AL

Traditions are like underwear. If you don't keep changing 'em, pretty soon they start to stink. Maybe you haven't noticed the smell around here.

CHANDLER

The members will never stand for this.

AL

A lot of 'em can't stand anyway.

CHANDLER

(exiting)

We'll see about this, mister.

86

EXT. BUSHWOOD PATIO - BIT LATER

86

Al and Larry step out of the clubhouse onto the now deserted patio dining area.

LARRY

I don't know what you want with a country club. There's no future in golf. It's a pussy game. There's no contact in it.

AL

What do you mean 'contact'?

LARRY

The way it is now everybody stands back, you got a big open hole, you knock the ball in, what's the big deal? It's too easy. My way, we go one on one, no pads. I defend the hole, you try to score. With those clubs flying around, some stiff body checking, you got yourself a good game.

(CONTINUED)

AL

And no teeth.

LARRY

Yeah, that's what makes it a sport.

Al sees Kate waiting for him on a bench. She doesn't look happy.

AL

(to Larry)

Why don't you take a walk. I gotta talk to Kate. She's gonna be mad.

LARRY

If she gives you any shit about this, let me know. We could cut her off without a cent. See how she likes that. She'll be on her fucking knees.

AL

Take it easy. She's my daughter. I love her.

LARRY

Okay. Have it your way. It's a sucker play, but if that's how you want it...

Larry drifts away as Al crosses to Kate.

AL

So I guess you heard, huh?

KATE

Yeah. So much for my social life.

AL

Well, you wanted to be a member.

KATE

I asked you to join, not buy the place.

AL

They didn't give me any choice. Someone hits me, I hit 'em back.

KATE

What happened to turning the other cheek?

AL

I turn both cheeks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED: (2)

86

AL (CONT'D)

I just gotta put enough pressure on 'em to make 'em back off. That housing project is important to me. It's the first decent thing I've ever done in my life and I don't want to blow it.

KATE

(hugging him)

I know, Daddy. I just wish there was some other way.

AL

Look, if these people are really your friends, they'll stick by you no matter what.

KATE

God, I hope you're right.

87

EXT. BUSHWOOD FRONT GATES - BIT LATER

87

As the last of the members' luxury cars exits the club, Ray and Carmine swing shut the heavy iron gates revealing a sign that reads: "Closed for Renovation - Pardon our dust! Servico Construction Company."

88

EXT. BUSHWOOD RIDING CLUB - DAY

88

Riders in formal English attire are practicing jumps in a large show ring.

89

INT. STABLE - SAME TIME

89

Miffy and Hicky are currying their horses, prior to saddling up, while Kate watches.

HICKY

(snotty)

I'm surprised you don't ride, Kate.

KATE

(uncharacteristically sharp)

Well, I grew up in the city. We took cabs. Didn't really need a horse, Hicky.

HICKY

Well, I really get off on it.

KATE

I bet you do. So did Catherine the Great.

MIFFY

Ooh, interpersonal tension. I love it. Go get her, Kate.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED:

89

HICKY

(to Kate)

I'm going to let this go, because I know you're just upset about your father being a major social blunder.

KATE

You know, Hicky, I could just take you and pound the shit out of you.

HICKY

Is that how you settle things in the city?

Todd enters, limping.

TODD

Well, that's it for me today. I think I might've dislocated a testicle or something. Oh, Miffy, your father's up if you want to watch him.

MIFFY

Thanks, Todd. Come on, Kate. You won't believe how good he is.

They exit the stable.

90 EXT. SHOW RING - BIT LATER

90

Chandler is putting a beautiful jumper through his paces, easily clearing the series of fences, walls and hedges.

91 EXT. BLEACHERS - SAME TIME

91

Miffy watches Chandler jumping, her Electra complex just barely repressed.

MIFFY

God, look at those flanks. So beautiful.

KATE

It's a beautiful horse.

HICKY

She's talking about her father.

KATE

Oh.

92

CHANDLER

He takes the last jump and canters over to the spectators' bleachers.

MIFFY

That was great, Daddy.

KATE

It really was, Mister Young.

CHANDLER

(falsely modest)

Thank you, Kate. He's coming along nicely.

(pats the horse)

You know, jumping a fine horse is a very special blend of strength, courage and grace. It's a beautiful thing to watch when it's done right.

An O.S. shout causes them all to turn and look.

AL (O.S.)

(shouts)

Slow down, stupid!

93

BRIDLE PATH

93

Al comes pounding up to the show ring out of control, wearing a full formal riding habit, his knees and elbows flapping, his seat bouncing in the saddle. His horse looks like one of the Budweiser Clydesdales.

AL

(shouts)

Whoa! Where's the brakes?

He hauls back on the reins and pulls the horse up into a rearing, spinning stop.

AL

(to the horse)

Easy, Dogfood! Easy, boy.

Kate gets to him first as he dismounts clumsily.

KATE

What are you doing here, Daddy?

AL

You want me to be a gentleman. Gentlemen ride, don't they?

(CONTINUED)

KATE

Not like that, they don't.

Elizabeth and Larry come riding up to the ring.

ELIZABETH

(Dismounting, to Al)
Are you all right?

AL

Yeah, yeah. He just got away from me.

(to the horse)

You do that again, you're going right back to the beer truck.

Chandler rises up.

CHANDLER

Quite an entrance, Al. For a moment there I was afraid you might fall and break your neck or your arm or perhaps strike your head on a fencepost or maybe be dragged for several miles over rough terrain.

AL

Nice to see you, too.

The following dialogue is punctuated by the sound of LOUD O.S. FLATULENCE.

CHANDLER

How're things over at Bushwood?

AL

Great. In fact, I'm glad I ran into you. This Sunday's the big reopening. I hope all the members are gonna show up.

CHANDLER

Yes. We got your invitations in the mail. Wouldn't miss it for the world.

ELIZABETH

(to Al)

Can we go now? You promised me lunch.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

CHANDLER

(goads)

Oh, you're not going to be jumping today?

ELIZABETH

I don't think he's ready for jumping, do you, Chandler?

CHANDLER

Nonsense. Nothing to it. You just hold on tight, grip with your knees and let the animal do all the work.

AL

Sounds like my wedding night.

CHANDLER

Come on, Al. Mount up. Just do exactly what I do. It's great fun. Of course, if you're too frightened, I'd understand.

AL

What, me scared? Lead on, McNuggets.

They ride out.

ELIZABETH

(to Larry)

Your horse has quite a gas problem.

LARRY

It's not my horse.

94

CHANDLER

94

He canters over to a groom and leans close.

CHANDLER

(confidential)

Raise all the jumps.

95

LARRY AND ELIZABETH

95

They take seats in the bleachers next to Kate and the others.

(CONTINUED)

95

CONTINUED:

95

KATE

This is crazy. He could get hurt.

LARRY

Almost definite, I'd say.
Anyplace I could get a bet down?

96

SHOW RING

96

Several grooms finish building up the jumps, and scurry away as Chandler and Al canter into the ring.

CHANDLER

(over his shoulder)

Just stay behind me and do exactly what I do.

Chandler rides with incredible poise, Al like a sack of potatoes as they make one warm-up lap.

97

FIRST JUMP

97

Chandler charges at the high, Styrofoam brick wall. His horse goes up and over.

98

AL

98

He thunders toward the wall. Dogfood blasts right through it like a tank, not even bothering to jump.

99

CHANDLER

99

He looks back over his shoulder.

CHANDLER

(calls to Al)

You may want to urge him a little more, Al.

He races toward the second jump, a hedge and rail combination, and clears them with just inches to spare.

100

AL

100

He urges his horse on.

AL

Come on! Over it! Go over it!

(CONTINUED)

100

CONTINUED:

100

Dogfood pounds right up to the jump, but stops dead. Al goes flying over his head and lands in the hedge.

AL

(getting up)

I meant both of us.

Chandler rides up and taunts him.

CHANDLER

Had enough, Al?

AL

(mounting up)

No, we're just getting the hang of it.

CHANDLER

Good. One more jump then. We'll make it an easy one.

101

LOW ANGLE - LAST JUMP

101

It looks like a skyscraper. The CAMERA PANS UP the wall and OVER the top to reveal that it's actually a triple jump. Chandler and Al thunder toward it.

102

BLEACHERS

102

Elizabeth stands up, aware of the danger.

ELIZABETH

(alarmed)

He'll never make it.

KATE

Oh, God!

(to Larry)

Do something!

Larry looks.

103

AL AND CHANDLER

103

They gallop toward the first fence.

104

LARRY

104

He screams at Al's horse.

LARRY

Jump!

105 DOGFOOD 105

His ears go up and he leaves the ground, just a step behind Chandler's horse.

106 AL 106

He hangs on for dear life as they go up and over the first fence.

107 HORSES 107

Dogfood pulls up even with Chandler's horse as they go up for the second, even higher fence. They land on the other side and Dogfood surges ahead.

108 WALL (SLOW MOTION) 108

Dogfood leaps at the incredibly high wall and seems to go straight up.

109 OTHER SIDE (SLOW MOTION) 109

Dogfood appears rising over the top.

110 AL 110

His eyes bug out of his head as they come over the top.

111 WALL (SLOW MOTION) 111

Dogfood lands on the other side with Al somehow managing to stay on. Chandler's horse clips the top of the wall and he falls off.

112 CHANDLER 112

He lands face down in the muck.

113 BLEACHERS 113

Kate, Elizabeth and Larry cheer in relief. Miffy looks shocked.

114 CHANDLER 114

He sits up groggily, then looks around and screams.

115 CHANDLER'S POV

115

Dogfood jumps over him.

116 CHANDLER

116

He ducks, then whirls around to see Al ride off.

117 CHANDLER'S POV

117

It's two backsides, horse and rider, as Al jumps the big horse over the show ring fence and goes galloping off down the bridle path.

AL

(shouting)

Whoa! Slow down! Reverse,
reverse!

They disappear around the bend.

118 EXT. BUSHWOOD FRONT GATES - DAY

118

Chandler's big Mercedes turns into the Bushwood driveway and passes a new sign. The old bronze plaque has been replaced by a colorful billboard that reads, "Al's Bushwood Country Club" with a photo of Al looming over it, welcoming visitors with a mechanically-waving arm.

119 EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

119

Chandler and Cynthia walk toward the doors, expecting the worst.

CYNTHIA

That sign! I can't stand it.
Let's just go home. Why are we
here anyway?

CHANDLER

Because the last thing we want
to do is let him think that he's
winning.

CYNTHIA

But he is winning!

They enter the club.

120 INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

120

Chandler and Cynthia cross the tasteful lobby looking for changes.

CYNTHIA

(pleasantly surprised)
Well, it's no different, is it?

CHANDLER

Perhaps it won't be so bad after all.

They go through the French doors that lead to the club grounds and stop dead in their tracks.

121 THEIR POV

121

The club grounds have been transformed into a cross between Disneyland and Central Park. Vendors hawk food, balloons, and novelties from booths and carts placed along the walkways. Familiar cartoon characters stroll around greeting and taking pictures with children, and hordes of visitors line up for a variety of amusement park rides and attractions.

122 CHANDLER AND CYNTHIA

122

They stand there gaping at the scene.

CYNTHIA

I think I'm going to be sick.

CHANDLER

(in shock)
I'll be on the golf course if you need me -- that is, if there still is a golf course.

123 EXT. FRIST TEE - LATER

123

Chandler and the Pierponts are teeing off under a brightly painted arched sign that reads "Goofy Golf -- Start Here" in Toys R Us-type letters.

L.D. SENIOR

This is outrageous!

CHANDLER

I don't want to discuss it. Let's just play.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

Chandler is about to tee off when a LOUD ROCK AND ROLL SONG disrupts his swing.

CHANDLER

Now what the -- !

124 AL

124

He pulls up to the first tee in a specially designed, custom built, double-decker electric golf cart. It looks like a small, open-air London bus with a wet bar, limousine seating and built-in everything. A mobile party is going on involving numerous pretty girls. Ray is aboard, getting down with the girls.

AL

Chandler! Boys! You made it.
What do you think? Great, huh?

CHANDLER

I suppose this is someone's idea
of a good time.

AL

(unable to hear)

What?

CHANDLER

(shouts)

Perhaps you could turn the music
down, you idiot!

AL

Oh, right.

(shouts up at the
top deck)

Hey! Lionel! Cool it for a
minute, will ya?

125 UPPER DECK

125

LIONEL RITCHIE is at the keyboard jamming with two sidemen. He waves and turns down the volume on his synthesizer.

126 RAY

126

He gets off the cart with his golf bag and a loaded beer cooler.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

AL
(to Chandler)
We made a few changes on the golf course, you know. Take Ray with you. He'll show you.

RAY
(swigging from a long-neck beer bottle)
Hey! My buddy. How you doin'?
Let's play some 'small ball.'

CHANDLER
Good God.

127 AL

127

He drives off with the girls.

AL
(calls back)
Have fun, boys!

128 RAY

128

He goes to the tee still holding his beer.

CHANDLER
You only have a driver and a putter. How can you play with just two clubs?

RAY
How many you need?

He holds the beer bottle between his teeth and drives with incredible power, guzzling the beer on his follow-through.

129 CHANDLER AND L.D. SENIOR

129

They cross to their golf cart and drive off. Ray follows in another cart with L.D. Junior.

L.D. SENIOR
Let me remind you, Chandler. It was your idea to antagonize this buffoon. If this thing backfires the boys downtown are going to blame you.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

CHANDLER

Don't worry. He can't hold on much longer and we've got Freddie Talbot at the planning commission ready to rule against him when the case comes up. And that should be that.

L.D. SENIOR

I certainly hope so -- for your sake.

130 FIRST FAIRWAY

130

Chandler and L.D. Senior come around a dogleg and discover that a large Dutch windmill now sits blocking the green like a giant miniature golf hole.

RAY

(pulling up next
to them)

Looks good, don't it? We had a hell of a time finding all them plastic tulips.

131 EXT. SWIMMING POOL - BIT LATER

131

Cynthia Young comes out of the ladies' locker room in a swimsuit, sunglasses and picture hat and whimpers as she gets her first look at the revamped pool area.

132 CYNTHIA'S POV

132

A huge water slide has been installed, screaming kids are splashing around in the pool and young women in shocking bathing suits are parading around torturing sons of the actual club members.

133 JAMISONS

133

They angrily confront Cynthia on their way out.

MURIEL (MRS. JAMISON)

This is intolerable, Cynthia.
We've had quite enough. We're leaving.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

CYNTHIA

Muriel, we all agreed. Any show of weakness now just helps that barbarian.

MURIEL

I don't care. This is disgusting.
(to her husband)
Come along, Reggie.

She looks around but he's gone.

134 WATER SLIDE

134

Reggie Jamison comes down the water slide sandwiched bobsled-style between two bikinied young women, really whooping it up.

135 MURIEL AND CYNTHIA

135

Shocked.

MURIEL

Reginald!

She storms off to reclaim her husband. Cynthia sees Elizabeth and crosses to her.

CYNTHIA

I want you to know, I hold you personally responsible for all this, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

Thank you, but I can't take all the credit. It really wasn't my idea, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

Don't be flip with me, cousin. I know you encourage that madman.

ELIZABETH

Believe me, that madman doesn't need any encouragement.

They turn at the sound of a MUSICAL AUTO HORN.

136 AL'S GOLF CART

136

The outlandish double-decker pulls up to the pool and Al steps off as his entourage of girls scampers to the pool. He sees Elizabeth and crosses to her.

137

CYNTHIA

137

She turns away and ignores Al who sits down at the foot of Elizabeth's lounge.

AL

(to Elizabeth)

Here you are. I been looking for you all day.

ELIZABETH

Really? Looked like quite a little search party you had there.

AL

What, those girls? Nah, they think of me like a father. They keep asking me for money.

CYNTHIA

(oiling up with suntan lotion)

Hah!

AL

(noticing her)

Oh, Cynthia, didn't see you there. How you doing?

CYNTHIA

Do you mind? You're blocking my sun.

AL

Your sun, huh? I'm doing you a favor. You keep lying out here, you're gonna wind up with a face like an alligator bag. You'll be wearing luggage tags for earrings.

(to Elizabeth)

What do you say? You want to get wet?

ELIZABETH

Do I have a choice?

He takes Elizabeth by the hand and leads her off.

138

EXT. GOLF COURSE - SAME TIME

138

Ray, Chandler and the Pierponts are standing in what appears to be a jungle clearing complete with native huts and PIPED-IN DRUMS.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

RAY
(pointing off)
I'd use a five iron and try to put
it over the lagoon just past those
zebras.

139 THEIR POV

139

Before them is a tropical lake and beyond it a mini-Serenghetti plain with fake zebras, wildebeest, giraffes and elephants grazing. A steaming volcano sits atop the green in the distance.

RAY (O.S.)
From there it's a chip shot to
the crater.

140 L.D. SENIOR

140

He's at the edge of the lagoon ready to hit, when a mechanical hippo rises out of the water and opens its huge maw. L.D. Senior turns and fixes Ray with a deadpan glare.

RAY
Cute, huh? Kids love it.
(sees Chandler heading
for his ball)
Mr. Young! I'd stay out of that
sand trap if I were you.

141 CHANDLER

141

On the edge of the trap.

CHANDLER
(determined)
Well, you're not me.

He steps into the sand trap, addresses his ball and begins to sink into what is obviously quicksand.

142 EXT. SWIMMING POOL - BIT LATER

142

Al and Elizabeth come streaking down the big water slide and splash into the pool.

143 POOLSIDE

143

Hicky, Miffy, Kate and Todd are sitting on loungers, watching Al cavort in the water.

TODD

I really admire your dad, Kate.
He seems to enjoy himself so much.

MIFFY

Just drop it, Todd. Can't you see
that Kate is completely and
totally humiliated?

KATE

(embarrassed, but
reluctant to show it)
No, I stopped apologizing for my
dad a long time ago. Besides I
really think people these days are
too enlightened to judge us based
on our parents. Don't you think
so?

HICKY

You wish. When this gets around
you'll be finished at school.

KATE

Thanks a lot. That's encouraging.

HICKY

Just realistic.

144 AL

144

He climbs out of the pool and teases a disgruntled
matron in a bathing cap.

AL

If you're cold, I just left a warm
spot right over there.

(as she gasps)

I'm kidding, honey.

(notes her pink
bathing cap)

Nice hat. Isn't there a hose that
goes with that?

145 KATE

145

She averts her eyes, embarrassed by Al's antics. Harry
appears and greets Kate.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

So I guess I look pretty good in a bathing suit, huh? You've probably been watching me all afternoon.

KATE

Except for a couple of split seconds when I had to blink. My eyeballs get dry, you know.

MIFFY

(to Harry)

Weren't you all fired or something?

HARRY

Yes, Your Highness. Your father fired us. Her father hired us back.

TODD

What for? There're carts now.

HARRY

Hey! It's a country club. Somebody's gotta run the Ferris wheel.

(to Kate)

Your father's a pretty great guy, you know. We got a raise, health plan, the whole shot.

MIFFY

Look, if you've got a job why don't you go do it?

HARRY

I am doing it. Special security detail. I'm a plainclothesman.

(to Kate)

Well, no-clothesman actually.

She laughs.

TODD

That's funny. Go away.

HARRY

Excuse me. Was I speaking to you? I'm talking to Kate here.

TODD

Fine. You tell him, Kate. Do you want him to stay?

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: (2)

145

KATE
(on the spot)
Uh --

TODD
(stands up)
You heard her Now leave.

He menaces Harry.

HARRY
Wait a second!

Todd gets rough and manhandles Harry who shoves back, but takes a shot in the face from Todd. Al arrives suddenly and separates them.

AL
That's enough! Hold it! What's going on?

HARRY
(looks at Todd,
then at Kate)
Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

AL
(not unkindly,
to Harry)
Okay. Beat it.

HARRY
(to Kate)
That was pleasant. Thank you.
I'll just return to my station in life.

He exits. Al hangs there for a beat looking quizzically at Kate, then follows Harry.

146 AL AND HARRY

146

Al catches up and puts a paternal arm on Harry's shoulder.

AL
Forget about it. They're jerks.

HARRY
Not Kate.

AL
Oh, yeah? You really like her,
huh?

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

HARRY
(enthusiastic)

Yeah.

AL
You'd like to go out with her,
wouldn't you?

HARRY
You bet I would.

AL
(nods)
And would you take care of her,
and respect her and treat her
right?

HARRY
Absolutely.

AL
Good. You ever go near her again,
I'll kill you.

He pats Harry on the back and exits.

147 WATER SLIDE

147

Todd climbs up to the top and calls to the others.

TODD
Kate! Miffy! Watch me!

148 POOLSIDE

148

Everyone turns to watch him slide down.

149 HARRY

149

Standing near the back of the slide, he makes a quick
decision and turns off the water that runs down the
slide.

150 SLIDE

150

The water stops flowing, leaving the plastic surface dry.

- 151 TODD 151
He flips neatly onto the slide and starts down fast, realizing almost immediately that the slide is no longer wet.
- 152 SLIDE 152
Todd jutters painfully down the slide, dry SKIN rubbing against dry PLASTIC with an awful SCREECHING sound.
- 153 MIFFY, KATE AND HICKY 153
They react as Todd screams.
MIFFY
He's such a showoff.
- 154 SLIDE 154
The friction is so great, Todd's butt starts to smoke as he comes down the bottom section of the slide and plunges into the water.
- 155 KATE 155
She sees Harry standing near the slide and gives him a suspicious look.
- 156 KATE'S POV 156
Harry looks back at her and shrugs innocently.
- 157 EXT. GOLF COURSE - SAME TIME 157
Ray, Chandler and the Pierponts are trudging through fake snow on a fairway that's been transformed into a Winter Wonderland motif.
A replica of Santa's workshop blocks any direct shot to the hole.
RAY
You may want to use an orange ball on this one.
Ray hits a sensational shot that carries over Santa's workshop and lands near the tall candy cane that serves as the pin.

158 L.D. JUNIOR

158

He's on the "green" ready to putt. Suddenly Larry Blunt jumps out wearing a scary goalie mask, shin-guards, helmet and padded gloves, holding a 9-iron like a hockey stick.

LARRY

(screaming)

Come on! Come on! Shoot!

He defends the hole against L.D. Junior.

L.D. JUNIOR

(scared)

Could you please move?

LARRY

(suddenly calm)

Oh, sure. I'll move.

He steps aside and L.D. Junior putts from nine or ten feet away. However, just as the ball rolls up to the hole, Larry screams and jumps in to knock the ball away like a goalie. Then he takes L.D. Junior out of the play with a strong body check, steals Chandler's ball, stick-handles it to the pin and slams it into the hole.

LARRY

(shouts)

He shoots, he scores!

159 GOLFERS

159

They watch in disbelief as Larry scoots around the green, his golf club raised in triumph, celebrating his goal.

RAY

I didn't know he played golf.

CHANDLER

I think that's enough for today,
don't you?

160 EXT. TENNIS COURTS - LATER

160

Two young Servico CONSTRUCTION WORKERS and their girl friends are playing in jeans and street shoes, randomly bashing a number of balls around having lots of noisy fun.

161 CENTER COURT

161

Chandler and Cynthia are playing mixed doubles with another couple. Chandler is about to serve when a loose ball strays onto his side.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

(shouts)

Hey! Whitey! Ball up!

Chandler gets the ball and taps it back. He prepares to serve again but another ball bounces in.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

(shouts)

Yo! Little help!

Chandler retrieves the ball but this time he slams it back at the Construction Worker.

CHANDLER

(to Cynthia)

That's it. I think this fellow needs a little talking to.

162 CYNTHIA'S POV

162

Chandler crosses to the next court and in LONG SHOT we see him upbraiding the Construction Worker. Then the Construction Worker takes a tennis ball out of Chandler's hand, says something to him, and whacks the ball far over the fence and out of sight.

163 CYNTHIA

163

As Chandler returns.

CYNTHIA

What did he say?

CHANDLER

He said if I didn't go away he was going to take my eye out and show it to me. Let's just leave quietly, shall we?

They start walking off the court and run into Al and Elizabeth who are now dressed for tennis.

AL

Chan, you quitting already? How was your game?

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

CHANDLER

Didn't actually have a game, Al.
I was too busy being ball boy for
Sid Vicious over there.

AL

Oh, I'm sorry about that. You
want to play with us?

CHANDLER

(condescending)

I don't think so. I'd run you
right into a coronary.

AL

I'll take my chances.

CHANDLER

All right. How's this then?
Singles, you and me, one set, five
hundred dollars.

AL

(laughs at the
amount)

Make it a thousand.

CHANDLER

You're on, mister.

He turns on his heel and marches back onto the court.

ELIZABETH

(to Al)

He was senior men's champion four
years running.

AL

Yeah? Well, if you hit the ball
right you don't have to run.

Al walks to the baseline.

164

CHANDLER

He uncorks a blistering serve. Al taps it back.
Chandler jumps on it and hits a sizzling return. Al
scoops it up neatly and slices one to the sideline that
takes a strange bounce just out of Chandler's reach.

AL

That's one-zip.

164

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

164

CHANDLER
(corrects him)
Love-fifteen.

Chandler serves again with even greater force.

165 MONTAGE

165

The crowd of spectators grows as Al wins point after point with a combination of brains, finesse, touch shots, trick shots, drop shots, chop shots, top spin, back spin, high lobs and passing shots, all done without even breaking into a sweat.

166 AL

166

He notices Chandler's condition.

AL
You all right, Chan? You want
to quit?

167 CHANDLER

167

His face is purple. Sweat is pouring off him. The veins in his forehead are pulsing visibly.

CHANDLER
Never.

He summons all his strength, takes a deep breath and hits an incredibly strong serve.

168 AL

168

In perfect position, he takes one step, sticks out his racquet and returns a high lob -- a very high lob.

169 CHANDLER

169

He charges forward looking up for the ball.

170 CHANDLER'S POV

170

The ball is silhouetted against the bright sun.

171 AL'S POV (SLOW MOTION) 171

Chandler grits his teeth and runs harder, his gaze locked on the ball as it comes down, his racquet raised to smash the ball down Al's throat.

172 CHANDLER (NORMAL SPEED) 172

He runs into the net at full speed and flips over it, landing flat on his back on Al's side of the court. The ball lands in play on Chandler's side of the net. Game, set, match.

AL
(concerned, to the
spectators)
Is there a doctor here?

All the people in proper tennis outfits raise their hands.

173 EXT. FIRST FAIRWAY - EVENING 173

Al's golf cart is now set up like a bandstand on the first tee with a live band playing to the picnic crowd which is spread out across the fairway like an outdoor concert audience. The younger people are dancing to the music while the older folks sit on blankets just enjoying the perfect summer evening. Children run around the edges of the crowd chasing fireflies.

174 BANDSTAND 174

Larry Blunt is playing insanely hot riffs on an electric guitar while miming obscene sexual acts with the girls dancing around him. Al is singing back-up with the girl group behind Lionel Ritchie as he cranks out an original hit single that appears as the first cut on the CADDYSHACK II album, tape and compact disc.

175 KATE 175

She stands alone under a tree watching Al onstage.

176 AL 176

He steps up and joins Lionel in a duet on the chorus of the song.

177 HARRY

177

He and the other caddies are dancing up a storm with the girls we saw earlier around the pool. He looks over and sees Kate.

178 KATE

178

She looks sad and beautiful in the glow of the Japanese lanterns hung in the trees. She sighs and walks off into the darkness.

179 HARRY

179

He excuses himself and follows her.

180 EXT. CADDYSHACK - BIT LATER

180

The porch area is bathed in moonlight and MUSIC from the concert can be heard in the DISTANCE as Kate enters lost in thought. She turns suddenly, startled by Harry's presence on the porch.

KATE

God, you scared me.

HARRY

You think you're scared? Your father said he'd kill me if I ever got near you.

She crosses to him and sits down next to him on a bench.

KATE

Sometimes I think he's actually insane -- and that maybe it's hereditary.

She shivers slightly and he puts his arm around her. She reacts, but doesn't object.

KATE

Do you think I'm desirable?

HARRY

So-so.

They listen to a few bars of the DISTANT MUSIC, then Harry leans over and kisses her. They start necking in earnest.

(CONTINUED)

180

CONTINUED:

180

KATE

(wistful)

If you were real, and you didn't know me, would you think I was lower-class, middle-class or upper-class?

HARRY

Oh, I'd say middle-upper maybe.

KATE

What are you -- I mean, at home -- when you're not being a caddy?

HARRY

Me? At home we're upper-lower, but when I'm away at school I like to pretend I'm lower-middle. Why are you so obsessed with this class thing?

KATE

I'm not obsessed. It's just that the kids I know happen to be very competitive. It's extremely important that you look a certain way, have the right friends, join the right sorority --

HARRY

Important? No. The possibility of war in Central America -- that's important. Attacking oil tankers in the Persian Gulf -- very important. You getting in the right sorority? I don't think that'll be coming up for debate in the U.N. this year.

KATE

(insulted)

Well, it matters to me!

HARRY

Excuse me, but I think that's a totally bullshit way to live.

KATE

(standing up)

You know, I'm not really interested in what you think.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED: (2)

180

HARRY

That's funny. I think you're
totally controlled by what other
people think.

KATE

Oh, really?

HARRY

Yeah, really.

KATE

Good night.

She exits without looking back.

181 EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF CITY - NIGHT

181

PULL BACK to reveal Al and Elizabeth on the terrace of
his penthouse apartment looking out over the twinkling
cityscape.

AL

You look like a million bucks.
I'd like to get my hands on a
few thousand.

(pouring her
another martini)

Say when.

ELIZABETH

How about right after this drink.

She kisses him.

AL

You're too much, you know that?
I'll never understand what a woman
like you sees in a guy like me.

ELIZABETH

Unlike most of the people I
associate with, you really know
how to have fun. I bet you have
a different girl up here every
night.

AL

Yeah, but it seems like the girls
I usually meet are all trying to
get their kid back. Right now I'd
be happy if I could find a
meaningful one-night stand.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

ELIZABETH

Don't you think women want the same things men do?

AL

Women. Who knows what they want? They put on a wig, makeup, false eyelashes, nose jobs, face lifts. Then they meet a guy, they want truth.

ELIZABETH

How about you? When you meet a woman what's the first thing you look for?

AL

(moves closer to her)

A room.

She laughs and they embrace.

AL

I never thought I'd be the boy in this scene.

They start kissing, but at that moment the door opens and Kate enters. She glances at them, but crosses straight to her bedroom without saying a word.

182 INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

182

Kate is throwing clothes into an overnight bag as Al enters.

AL

Where are you going?

KATE

(tense)

I'm going to stay at Miffy's for a while.

AL

Miffy's? Why?

KATE

Because I can't live with you anymore. You embarrassed me in front of my friends, you ruined my summer and you may have ruined my whole life.

(CONTINUED)

182

CONTINUED:

182

AL

How did I do that?

KATE

How? You took a perfectly beautiful country club and turned it into Coney Island. It was so nice before. You just couldn't stand it, could you? You had to make it cheap and common and low.

AL

Listen to you! You sound like one of them.

KATE

Don't you understand? I want to be one of them.

AL

Then go -- and don't bother coming back either.

KATE

That's fine with me.

She exits. Al stands there until he hears the DOOR SLAM, then sits down heavily on her bed.

183

INT. CITY PLANNING COMMISSION - NEXT DAY

183

The commission is hearing final arguments. Cynthia is at the witness table with the Pierponts. Chandler is in the gallery with the Jamisons. Elizabeth sits alone.

One of the commission members, a robust mature Oriental woman, MARGARET FONG, is questioning L.D. Senior.

MS. FONG

So in your opinion, you feel there is more than enough low and middle-income housing to meet the needs of the community?

L.D. SENIOR

That is correct. We think it would be a crime to demolish a fine architectural landmark just to line the pockets of another unscrupulous, quick-buck developer like Mr. Czervik, and we trust the commission will agree and rule in our favor.

(CONTINUED)

183

CONTINUED:

183

MS. FONG

Thank you, Counselor. I have no further questions.

The chairman, COUNCILMAN TALBOT, an old ward-heeler and patronage dealer, continues.

TALBOT

That concludes the case for the Historical Preservation Society. And very well presented, I must say.

L.D. SENIOR

Thank you, Freddie.

AL

(loud)
Freddie?

Al sits at the other witness table with Larry and Ray.

L.D. SENIOR

Sorry -- Councilman Talbot.

TALBOT

That's all right, L.D. Now, representing Servico Development Corporation we have Mr. Al Czervik, Mr. Larry Blunt and...
(consults notes)
... Mr. Ray Tyler, is it?

184

AL'S TABLE

184

Ray leans into the microphone.

RAY

(nervous)

I'm innocent, Your Honor.

185

TALBOT

185

TALBOT

This is not a courtroom, Mr. Tyler, and I am not a judge. We're just a simple planning commission trying to reach a fair and impartial decision here.

186 AL'S TABLE

186

Larry leans close to Al and confers privately.

LARRY

(sotto)

Let me do all the talking. I found out this guy's a Mo. I'm gonna nail him with it.

187 TALBOT

187

He is ready to hear the testimony.

TALBOT

Mr. Czervik, can you now show cause why this commission should not terminate the development you've begun on the site in question?

188 AL AND LARRY

188

Larry starts to rise. Al stops him.

AL

(to Larry)

Take it easy.

(to the commission)

Okay, what are we talking about here? Real estate, right?

'Estate' like in money and land and 'real' like in let's get real. This city is full of poor people who broke their backs in factories and slaughterhouses so people like...

(pointing to Cynthia)

... they could grow up in big mansions on the hill. And all this historical preservation stuff is really about making sure that the wrong people stay out of the right neighborhoods. But I'm telling you, if someone doesn't start building some decent housing that people can afford, this whole city's gonna go under and we're gonna have a lot more people with nowhere to live and no place to go.

(confronts a glaring commissioner)

Now I put it to you --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AL (CONT'D)

(notes the commissioner's scowl and turn to Ms. Fong)

... No, I put it to you. Which do you want to save? The past or the future?

L.D. JUNIOR

(raising an objection)

Oh, please, Mr. Chairman, I think we've heard the complaining pleas of the so-called needy before, haven't we? I for one am sick of it. He wants to help? I think I need only point to what Mr. Czervik has done to Bushwood Country Club as proof that he is nothing but an uncaring slob who means only to destroy a neighborhood and profit from the very people he claims he wants to help.

AL

First of all, I don't want to destroy anything. I'm trying to build something. And second of all, no honest developer gets rich off of low-income housing. I don't know if you heard, most poor people don't have a lot of money. You want to make big money in real estate, first thing you gotta do is join 'the club.'

TALBOT

And what club is that, Mister Czervik?

AL

The back-scratching club. You know, 'You come up with the scratch and I'll turn my back.' You're a member, aren't you, Freddie?

Talbot practically swallows his dentures. The commission and the crowd of spectators come alive.

TALBOT

(indignant)

Just what are you insinuating?

(CONTINUED)

188

CONTINUED: (2)

188

AL

I'm not insinuating nothing. I'm saying it. Guys like you and Pierpont and Chandler Young have been running this city for so long you think it belongs to you. This whole hearing is nothing but kangaroo bullshit and you're all a bunch of crooked....

Pandemonium erupts with calls for order and gaveling and shouting. In the midst of the chaos Larry jumps to his feet and calls out above the din.

LARRY

Speaking of taking it up the butt...

189

EXT. BUSHWOOD PATIO - LATE AFTERNOON

189

The golf course looks like pure gold in the late afternoon sun. Al is sitting alone at a table brooding about his recent series of personal problems. Elizabeth enters and sits down.

ELIZABETH

You just don't know when to stop, do you. You had a perfectly reasonable point to make, some of the commissioners actually seemed to be sympathetic, but you just couldn't resist going after Freddie Talbot, could you.

AL

He had it coming.

ELIZABETH

That's not the point. A lot of people have it coming, but do you always have to be the one to give it to them? Is it necessary to go through your whole life bashing rich people because you grew up poor?

AL

Not my whole life. Just until I'm too old to walk anymore. Then I'm gonna hire guys to do it for me.

(CONTINUED)

189

CONTINUED:

189

ELIZABETH

Your daughter was right, you know.
You just don't feel comfortable
unless you can drag things down
to your level.

AL

Well, you seemed to get off on it
pretty good until now.

ELIZABETH

Because I thought you were trying
to do something decent for people.
I thought you were some kind of
very nasty Boy Scout. But you're
not. You're just a big gorilla.

AL

Don't kid yourself. I never
pretended to be nothing that I
ain't. Beneath this rough exterior
is a very rough interior.

ELIZABETH

I can see that now. And I hope
you and Larry will be very happy
together.

She exits. Al just sits there shaking his head.

AL

How come whenever there's an
argument I never get to be the
one who walks out?

190

INT. BUSHWOOD BAR - EARLY EVENING

190

Al and Ty Webb are sitting at the piano bar while Larry
plays moody jazz.

AL

(very depressed)

You know, she was right. I am a
gorilla. Worse. I'm the stuff
under a gorilla. I'm the lowest
of the low. No matter how rich,
no matter how successful I get,
I'll always be a low-class, small-
time nothin'. I'm trash. I'm
nothin' but garbage. I'm the scum
of the earth.

(looks at Ty)

Hey! You can contradict me
anytime, you know.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

190

TY

Nope. No argument here. I make it a point never to interfere in other people's relationships.

(gets philosophical)

Women are -- women are -- women are the ones with the breasts and the long hair, right? Right. Well, I say the best thing is to just have sex with them and leave them tied to the tree. Anything else is just asking for trouble.

LARRY

(still playing the piano)

It's tough, man. They'll hurt you. I felt so bad when Doreen left me. Hurt so bad I wanted to die, but I sat down and wrote this song.

(plays an arpeggio)

Maybe it'll help you like it helped me.

(starts the song, screaming)

You bitch! You whore! I hate your fuckin' guts! If I ever see you again I'll cut your fuckin' heart out! Ahhh! Ahhh!

Ty snaps his fingers and bobs his head to the nonexistent musical beat.

191 EXT. BUSHWOOD PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

191

Chandler and Cynthia encounter Harry and Tim on their way into the club. They seem almost giddy with delight.

CHANDLER

Oh, hello, boys. Wonderful evening, isn't it?

HARRY

I guess.

CHANDLER

Well, do me a favor, will you? It appears now that Mr. Czervik may be giving up his interest in Bushwood, so tell the other caddies that as soon as he does, they're fired -- again. Will you do that? Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

191

He heads toward the door.

HARRY

(to Tim)

Sometimes I get the feeling we're nothing but helpless pawns in a vast chess game we can neither see nor comprehend. You know what I'm saying?

TIM

No. It just seems like getting fired again is a pretty shitty deal.

HARRY

That's what I'm saying.

192 INT. BUSHWOOD BAR - BIT LATER

192

Chandler enters with Cynthia and a couple of his cronies.

CHANDLER

(in high spirits)

Hello, Ty. And Al! Just the man I was looking for. Excellent performance at the hearing today. Just wonderful! Couldn't have enjoyed it more. Especially when you accused Freddie Talbot of bribery, graft and criminal conspiracy. Oh, that was good. Very good indeed. Surprised you didn't bring up his homosexuality.

AL

Cheer up, will ya. This ain't over yet.

CHANDLER

Oh, it isn't? You're right. I can hardly wait for the commission's ruling. It would be a miracle if you ever get another building permit in this city.

AL

You got something to tell me or are you just gonna annoy me all night?

(CONTINUED)

192

CONTINUED:

192

CHANDLER

I thought perhaps you might be interested in selling back your Bushwood stock. At a whopping loss, of course. Quite frankly, my friend, looks like you're finished.

AL

(stands up)

Oh yeah? Well, I've had it with you and your bullshit. You want your club back? I'll shoot you for it. Eighteen holes. You win, I sell you back your club. I win, you call off your dogs and let me get back to business.

CHANDLER

(startled by the bet)

That's a pretty hefty wager --

AL

You're a sport, right? Take it or leave it.

Chandler gulps and makes his decision.

CHANDLER

You're on.

193

EXT. BUSHWOOD PARKING LOT - LATER

193

Chandler and Cynthia get into their Mercedes and start down the driveway. Suddenly they see an unusual and menacing sight.

194

THEIR POV

194

Coming toward them, completely blocking the road are row after row of golf carts driven by caddies, their faces hidden by motorcycle helmets, wearing mismatched sports equipment right out of Road Warrior. ROCK MUSIC starts pounding, underscoring the pitifully underpowered electric HUM of the cart MOTORS.

CHANDLER (O.S.)

What the -- !

195 DRIVEWAY

195

The Mercedes is forced to turn back into the parking lot. Chandler speeds toward another exit, but more carts appear and cut him off. He turns desperately, but more carts appear to force him back. He tries going in reverse, but runs into a cart, denting both his trunk and the golf cart. From that point on, the confrontation turns into a big bumper car game as the Mercedes is struck from all angles by the golf carts.

196 INT. MERCEDES

196

Chandler is driving wildly while Cynthia shouts into the car phone.

CYNTHIA

(into the phone)

We're in a parking lot being
attacked by golf carts!

(pause)

Of course they're from this planet!

197 EXT. PARKING LOT

197

The game ends as Chandler decides to go off-road and runs the Mercedes through the bushes and off into the woods. The caddies cheer and drive around in crazy circles.

198 LEAD CART

198

Harry pops up his visor and pulls off his helmet for a victory lap.

199 EXT. PRACTICE TEE - EARLY NEXT MORNING

199

Al is at the tee with two buckets of balls talking to Ty Webb. Harry and Lou watch.

AL

(to Ty)

I had to open my big mouth. I
can't do nothin' right. When my
ship comes in I'll be at the
airport.

He swings hard and hooks a ball so badly it travels
around behind him.

200 EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

200

Miffy is just driving up in her white Rabbit convertible when Al's shot strikes her WINDSHIELD and SHATTERS it.

201 EXT. PRACTICE TEE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

201

Lou tries to help Al.

LOU

What you're doing is picking your head up as you contact the ball --

HARRY

(joining right in)

And I notice that you're lifting your left elbow way too much on the backswing.

They start prodding and positioning Al into a better stance and alignment.

LOU

And you want to bend your knees a little more --

HARRY

And really get around with this hip on the follow-through --

TY

Hold it, hold it. You're just confusing the man. It's simple, Al. There's really nothing to it. First of all, get rid of these.

(tosses away Al's club and kicks away his ball)

Now what you want to do is clear your mind, take a deep breath, close your eyes and just... be the ball.

He goes into a kind of tai chi golf swing. Al tries to imitate him.

TY

(quietly)

Just be the ball.

Al looks ridiculous doing tai chi.

TY

Al, you're not being the ball.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

201

AL
(losing it)
Look, if I was gonna be some kind
of sports equipment I'd be a
ladies' bicycle seat.

TY
Okay, okay. Then just be the
bicycle seat.

They continue the tai chi lesson.

202 INT. STEAM ROOM

202

Chandler and his cronies are getting nervous as the day
of the match approaches.

L.D. SENIOR
What if he wins?

CHANDLER
He's not going to win.

L.D. JUNIOR
Chandler, let's be realistic.
He's been practicing round the
clock and, face it, you're not
the world's greatest golfer.

CHANDLER
I'm better than he is and I'm
willing to stoop as low as I have
to to prove it.

203 EXT. PRACTICE TEE - LATER

203

Al is now loaded up with mechanical devices to correct
his swing -- a rigid bar to keep his feet the right
distance apart, another to separate his knees, a strap
around his forehead attached to his belt to keep his head
down, another strap pinning his right upper arm to his
body, horse blinders on both eyes to maintain his concen-
tration, and a strap to keep his wrists together. In
addition to all this, he's wearing a wide belt with safety
ropes attached to either side like those worn by gymnasts
when practicing dangerous stunts. Harry and Lou hold
the safety ropes as Al addresses the ball.

AL
This is nuts. I can't do this.

(CONTINUED)

203

CONTINUED:

203

TY

Nonsense. You've got the spiritual part down. Now you just have to master the swing.

*
*
*

Al takes a jerky backswing, the club goes flying out of his hands and he starts to fall over, unable to move or bend in any direction. Harry and Lou jerk the safety ropes and catch him before he hits the ground.

TY

You're right. You can't do this.

AL

I got too much stuff here!

He starts pulling off all the correctional gear.

AL

Let me just try it my way.

*
*
*

Al addresses the ball, concentrates hard and takes a mighty swing. The ball goes straight up in the air, Ty gets under it like a catcher going for a pop-up and shags the ball neatly as it comes down.

TY

You're out.

*

204

EXT. BRIDAL PATH IN COUNTRY - EARLY MORNING

204

A horse and rider come INTO VIEW. As they approach we can see that it is Chandler. He steers his horse through a cut in the fence and down a pathway.

*

205

EXT. ISOLATED GLADE - FEW MOMENTS LATER

205

In a LONG SHOT, we see Chandler, leading his horse, approach a man standing alone on a hill.

CHANDLER

I'm Chandler Young. I believe our mutual friend told you about me.

The man is CAPTAIN TOM EVERETT, United States Marine Corps, Retired, a deranged veteran in the Gordon Liddy, Oliver North mold. He's wearing sunglasses and L.L. Bean hunting clothes.

(CONTINUED)

EVERETT

Tom Everett.

(noting the horse)

I was expecting someone with some sort of vehicle. I'm going to need a ride back to town.

CHANDLER

(a little intimidated)

Oh. No one told me.

EVERETT

Typical. It's the details that'll kill you. Well, don't worry about it.

CHANDLER

You're familiar with the Bushwood Country Club?

EVERETT

I made a covert reconnaissance last night. Heat maps, topographicals, that sort of thing.

CHANDLER

(humoring him)

Ah, excellent. I heard you had a military background.

EVERETT

You bet your civilian butt I do. Captain, United States Marine Corps, Retired. I had fifteen years in, covert stuff mostly, a lot of it is still classified so I can't go into detail without compromising parts of our foreign policy. Mostly demolition work of an interpersonal nature, that kind of thing. Then there was some kind of damn bureaucratic snafu and I end up in a V.A. mental health facility. Typical.

While talking, he has unpacked some of his gear and set up a tripod with a telescope.

CHANDLER

Ah, yes. So -- typical. Well, I believe our mutual friend explained the problem?

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED: (2)

205

EVERETT

Yes, and I have the solution.

(opening a steel box)

These are six ounce, mercury filled, steel jacketed, dum-dum golf balls. In the right hands, these can redefine the term handicap.

He indicates that Chandler should look through the telescope as he assembles a special golf club.

206 VIEW THROUGH TELESCOPE

206

A hundred yard away, a melon hangs from the branch of a tree.

207 EVERETT

207

He tees up a ball.

EVERETT

Let's assume that melon represents the head of our problem.

*

He hits a beautiful drive. The sound is heavy and kind of nasty.

208 VIEW THROUGH TELESCOPE

208

The ball hits the melon and causes it to disintegrate.

209 HILL

209

Chandler turns from the telescope and hands Everett an envelope full of money.

CHANDLER

I'm very pleased, Mr. Everett.

EVERETT

It's Captain Everett. But in all future communications you will refer to me as 'Mr. Sanderson' and I will refer to you as 'Mrs. Esterhaus.'

CHANDLER

Good. Now I want to be very clear about this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

209

CONTINUED:

209

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

You're to follow the match closely, but stay out of sight and do nothing unless you receive a signal from me. Should my opponent start to win, I will tip my cap. The rest is up to you. The less I know the better.

EVERETT

That's always been a general policy with me, too. That way if we're captured and interrogated we can honestly say we're completely ignorant.

(whips out a large
commando knife)

Do you think we should swear some kind of blood oath or something?

CHANDLER

I don't think that will be necessary.

(starts to mount up)

Thank you very much Cap -- Mr. Sanderson.

EVERETT

Goodbye, Mrs. Esterhaus.

Chandler rides off leaving Everett muttering to himself.

EVERETT

Typical.

He buries the knife deep into a log and starts gathering his gear.

210

EXT. FIRST TEE - EARLY MORNING

210

Chandler and Al face each other like duelists in the morning mist. Lou, acting as referee, judge and umpire, gives final instructions.

*

LOU

Gentlemen, you both know the rules. Fewest strokes wins the hole, most holes wins the match.

CHANDLER

And no tricks or gimmicks either.

(CONTINUED)

210

CONTINUED:

AL

Don't worry about it. I'll play
you straight and beat you fair.

Lou tosses a coin and covers it.

LOU

(to Chandler)

Call it, sir.

CHANDLER

Heads.

Lou looks at the coin.

LOU

Heads it is. Your honor, Mr.
Young.

As Chandler steps up to the tee, Al turns and sees
Elizabeth. They both feel awkward but conciliatory.

ELIZABETH

Good luck.

AL

I'm gonna need it. Have you seen
my daughter?

ELIZABETH

I think she's over there with
young Lady Macbeth.

She gestures toward the clubhouse.

AL

Still mad at me?

ELIZABETH

No. I thought about it. I was
probably wrong.

AL

No, I was wrong.

ELIZABETH

I was.

AL

Okay, you were wrong.

They hug.

211 EXT. CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

211

A large gallery of spectators wait for the match to begin. Kate and Miffy join Todd and Hicky in the growing crowd. Miffy is gushing nonstop to Kate. *

MIFFY

Ti summer's already been great,
but once this mess is over we are
just going to have the most
fantastic time together, you'll
see.

Kate looks over to the tee and makes eye contact with Al.

212 AL

212

He looks back at Kate, disappointed.

213 KATE

213

She looks away.

MIFFY

(still chattering)

I'm going to introduce you to all
the right people, we're going to
all the right stores, the smartest
parties --

(looks critically
at Kate)

-- Who cuts your hair?

KATE

Is something wrong with it?

MIFFY

Nothing. Really. It's fine.

HICKY

On a golden retriever.

MIFFY

(pokes Hicky)

You are sooo lame!

(to Kate)

Don't listen to her, Kate. You
look great.

(sees Chandler --
at the tee)

Oh, quiet now! Daddy's teeing
off.

Kate takes the opportunity to slip away.

214

CHANDLER

214

He hits a nice safe drive and turns to the crowd for approval. Al steps up to the tee running a mental checklist of do's and don'ts.

AL

Knees bent, elbows in, arms straight, hands up, dick down, firm grip -- wait a second, that can't be right. What am I doin' here?

215

HARRY

215

Kate comes up beside him. He looks at her without surprise or greeting.

KATE

I hear you've been helping coach my father.

HARRY

(taciturn)

Uh-huh.

KATE

Think he might win?

HARRY

Why? Worried about how it could affect your social life?

KATE

I was just asking, okay?

HARRY

He's doing all right. He hits 'em real long now -- just not that straight.

216

AL

216

He swings powerfully and smoothly. The ball takes off like a shot.

217

AL'S POV

217

The ball soars very far and very high, heading for the windmill, but curves drastically to the right and disappears over the trees.

*
*

218 EXT. SUBURBAN BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS ACTION 218

Al's ball comes sailing over the trees and bounds through a crowded intersection into a mini-mall.

219 EXT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 219

The automatic doors open as a customer exits and the ball bounces into the store.

220 INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 220

A clerk looks up as the ball bounces past the cashier's counter, rolls through swimwear and tennis equipment, into the golf section and finally right into the hole of a putting practice device.

*

221 EXT. GRASSY KNOLL - SAME TIME 221

Away from the gallery and out of sight of the contestants, Captain Tom Everett (Ret.) appears dressed all in black lugging a heavy golf bag and some kind of utility case. An enormous pair of military field glasses hangs around his neck. He drops his gear and starts scanning the scene with his binoculars.

222 EVERETT'S POV - BINOCULAR MATTE 222

He sees Al ready to hit a five-iron.

EVERETT (O.S.)

That must be the objective.

(as Al swings and
shanks the ball
into the rough)

Well, he's no threat.

Everett SCANS the gallery and FINDS Cynthia Young and Muriel Jamison watching the match.

EVERETT (O.S.)

(aroused)

Ooh, that's all I need. How am I supposed to keep my mind on the job with smerf like that around?

(as Muriel bends over
to pull up her
argyle knee sock)

Ooh, you did that on purpose. That's naughty. I may have to put you in the duck suit.

223 EVERETT

223

His reverie is broken by an O.S. CHIRRUP. He turns quickly just in time to see a GOPHER sitting up in its hole, staring at him.

*
*

EVERETT

What are you looking at, you
subversive vermin?

224 EXT. JUNGLE FAIRWAY - LATER

224

Chandler hits a competent seven-iron right into the midst of the wildebeest herd.

*
*
*

225 AL

225

He gets set to hit out of the deep jungle over on the right side of the fairway. Harry offers some vital tips.

*

HARRY

You're slicing everything off to the right. Try closing the club face a bit and be sure to snap your wrists as you hit through the ball.

Chandler walks up and taunts Al.

CHANDLER

Should've brought a machete, Al.
Well, at least you found this one.

*

Al pushes his remote controller and his robot golf bag runs right into Chandler's groin. Chandler cries out and limps off doubled over in pain.

HARRY

(to Al)

Don't listen to him. It's match play. Strokes don't count in this game. You're only down four holes.

AL

We only played four holes.

He swings and hits a booming hook way off to the left and out of sight.

226 EXT. WINTER WONDERLAND - BIT LATER

226

Chandler hits an iron from the middle of the Winter Wonderland and it drops on the snowy green pin-high.

*
*

227 KATE AND MIFFY

227

Kate applauds politely as Miffy calls out encouragement to Chandler.

MIFFY

(shouts)

Great shot, Dadd,

(to Kate)

He's so good at everything, isn't he? We're so alike.

(looks around)

Where's your father?

228 EXT. DEEP WOODS - SAME TIME

228

Al is standing on a dead tree trunk in the middle of a pond. His ball is resting on a lily pad floating on the surface of the water.

HARRY

(on dry land)

If you can, try hitting under the ball --

AL

Shut up.

HARRY

Okay.

Al is just about to swing when a mechanical alligator rises out of the water and swallows his ball. He beats it on the head with his club as it sinks back into the pond.

*
*
*
*
*

229 EXT. GREEN - LATER

229 *

Chandler sinks a long putt on what appears to be a normal green.

*
*

230 AL

230

He putts from six feet away. The ball rolls to the cup, misses by an inch and miraculously continues rolling across the green, over the fringe, down a gentle gully, up a small hill, through the gallery and out of sight.

231 EXT. SIXTH TEE - BIT LATER

231

The sixth hole is a tough par three over a lake to a small green dotted with Indian teepees.

*

(CONTINUED)

231

CONTINUED:

231

Chandler has the honor. He tees off and almost carries the lake but his ball splashes in on the far side, costing him a penalty stroke.

*

CHANDLER

Damn!

Al steps up and starts teeing his ball.

232

MIFFY AND KATE

232

Todd joins them.

TODD

Everybody's over at Bunny Schuyler's brunch. If we left by the ninth or tenth hole we could probably still make it.

MIFFY

This thing may only go ten holes. Kate's dad hasn't won one yet. It's like too embarrassing.

Kate looks at Al, sad for him.

233

AL

233

He looks back at Kate and smiles as if to say, "Forget about it." Harry steps up to coach him on the tee shot.

HARRY

You corrected your slice, but you turned it into a hook. I think you have to try locking your wrists and maybe --

AL

Hey! Enough! I tried it your way. Thanks for the help, but now I gotta try it my way.

He lines up his tee shot, aiming almost ninety degrees in the wrong direction. The gallery on that side runs for cover.

HARRY

(pointing)

Ah, Mr. C., the green is over there.

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED:

233

AL

I know.

He swings and hits a tremendous drive that bananas out over the trees and then curves radically back over the lake and onto the green, bouncing to less than three feet from the hole.

234 AL

234

He flashes the "okay" sign and winks at Kate.

235 KATE

235

She claps with genuine enthusiasm. Miffy sneers at what she considers Al's dumb luck.

236 CHANDLER

236

He scans the horizon looking for Everett, not yet worried, but wanting to be prepared.

237 EXT. GRASSY KNOLL - SAME TIME

237

Everett is sitting on the ground with a headset on and a listening probe stuck deep inside the gopher hole, oblivious to the progress of the golf match.

EVERETT

Must be hundreds, thousands of them, burrowing, tunneling, undermining everything that's good and decent. It's always the same. It starts with a little hole in the ground and the next thing you know you got devil-worshipping English rock 'n' roll singers jumping around on television with their units hanging out. Typical. Well, I got news for 'em -- the buck stops here.

238 ANOTHER GOPHER HOLE

238

The gopher appears, watches Everett for a moment and shakes his head.

239 EXT. NINTH FAIRWAY - LATER 239

Chandler hits a disappointing five-iron that lands well short of the green.

240 AL 240

He pitches up to the ninth. The ball takes two bounces and lands in the hole. The gallery cheers and applauds.

241 EXT. SNACK BAR - LATER 241

The players and spectators take a short break at the rest area between the ninth and tenth holes. Elizabeth sees Kate sitting alone on a bench and crosses to her.

ELIZABETH

Getting exciting out there, don't you think? Your father's certainly playing way over his head.

KATE

Nothing he does surprises me. I love him, honestly, but I just can't live with him anymore.

ELIZABETH

I could. He's the best thing that's happened around here since I can remember. And you may not believe this but a lot of other people think so, too.

KATE

Oh, sure.

ELIZABETH

It's true. Just not that bunch of smelvins you've been hanging around with.

Cynthia enters, clearly on edge and hostile.

CYNTHIA

Oh, hello, Elizabeth.

(she sits without
being asked)

So, you must think you're quite the rebel, quitting the society and all. Just remember, cousin, you can't turn your back on your heritage.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED:

241

ELIZABETH

Oh, come off it, Cynthia. Loosen up. You were a great girl once. You could still be a great woman if you just lose the attitude.

CYNTHIA

(very affected)

I have an attitude?

Kate excuses herself and exits.

*

242 HARRY

242

He's just coming from the food service window when Kate intercepts him.

KATE

Hi again. Can I talk to you?

HARRY

Aren't you afraid somebody will see us?

KATE

That's what I want to talk to you about.

Miffy and Hicky enter.

MIFFY

(ignoring Harry completely)

Katy, Hicky and I have decided. Even though you're a sophomore you've got to pledge the sorority. I mean the thought of living in the dorms again is just too too, don't you think?

HICKY

And if you're not a Kappa, I mean, what's the point?

MIFFY

The only thing is, would you consider changing your name? What about Kate Sherwood? Doesn't that sound great?

HARRY

I gotta get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

KATE

No, stay.

(to Miffy)

What's wrong with my real name?

MIFFY

Nothing. It's just that it sounds so...

KATE

So what?

HICKY

You don't want people to think you're -- you know --

MIFFY

Different.

KATE

You know what? I am different.

MIFFY

But that's the point. Nobody has to know.

KATE

Miffy, I want to be different. I don't want to be just like you. I don't even want to be a little like you.

MIFFY

Who do you want to be like?

KATE

Me!

MIFFY

Why?

KATE

(to Harry)

Do you understand what I'm saying?

HARRY

Absolutely. Couldn't agree more.

She puts her arms around him and they kiss and keep kissing. Miffy is appalled but Hicky's fascinated. Todd enters and sees Harry and Kate still embracing, kissing tenderly, oblivious to everything around them.

(CONTINUED)

242 CONTINUED: (2)

242

TODD

(to Kate)

If we're going to Bunny Schuyler's
we'd better get a move on.

He waits for a response, but getting none, he wanders off
into obscurity.

243 EXT. TENTH TEE - BIT LATER

243 *

Al goes to his golf bag for his driver. Kate is standing
there.

AL

(reserved)

So how you doin'?

KATE

Better.

AL

That's good.

KATE

Still love me?

AL

Love you? You think you can
insult me to my face, walk out,
and then just come back, throw
your arms around me, say you're
sorry and everything will be all
right, huh? Is that what you
think?

KATE

Yeah.

AL

Come here. I love ya.

They hug and kiss, happy to be reconciled.

244 EXT. TEE - MOMENTS LATER

244

Al hits a beautiful drive, very straight and very long.

245 CHANDLER

245

Jamison and the Pierponts confront him, worried about his
play.

(CONTINUED)

245 CONTINUED:

245

JAMISON

Chandler, what is going on? You were five holes to none. Now he's won four in a row. You promised me he wouldn't win.

CHANDLER

He can't win if he doesn't finish.

He turns and tips his hat to signal Everett, then realizes he has no idea where Everett is. Taking no chances, he tips his hat in all directions. His cronies look at him with growing concern.

246 EXT. GRASSY KNOLL - SAME TIME

246

Everett is on his knees with his head and shoulders buried inside a gopher hole which he's digging out with a folding shovel. He shines a flashlight into the tunnel.

247 INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

247

The gopher has his back flat to the tunnel wall to avoid the flashlight beam. Cautiously, he peeks out as far as he can without being seen.

248 EVERETT

248

He screws a silencer onto the muzzle of an automatic machine pistol with a laser sight mounted on top.

EVERETT

This is where those science boys could've really helped. Take your squirrel, for instance. Also a rodent, but basically a tree dweller. Somebody could probably cop the Nobel for some sort of squirrel-gopher breeding experiment. Might be a little tricky, there could be some reluctance, but with time and patience and some thick gloves, who knows. It's a million-dollar idea. A gopher that lives in trees...

He hunkers back down into the hole, switches on the laser and SQUEEZES OFF a WHOLE CLIP OF AMMO.

249 INT. TUNNEL - SAME TIME

249

The gopher runs down the tunnel dodging the laser beam and the BULLETS THUDDING into the dirt all around him.. *

250 EVERETT

250

He stops firing and pulls his head out of the hole, troubled by an afterthought.

EVERETT

... Unless of course you ended up with a squirrel that digs holes.

The gopher pops up safe and sound from a hole behind him.

EVERETT

You know, if I don't watch myself, this could really turn into some sort of obsession.

His eyes cross strangely and he massages his temples.

EVERETT

Maybe I shouldn't have stopped taking the pills.

251 EXT. FOURTEENTH GREEN - LATER

251

Al stands by his ball which is less than three feet from the cup. Lou stands on the edge of the elevated green looking into a deep sand trap. Chandler is in the trap so deep that all we see is the shower of sand every time he swings and misses. The gallery watches in embarrassed silence as another explosion of sand indicates yet another miss.

LOU

Mr. Young?

CHANDLER (O.S.)

(after a beat)

Yes?

LOU

Uh -- that was your fourteenth stroke and Mr. Czervik's lying three, pretty close to the pin.

CHANDLER (O.S.)

So?

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

251

LOU

Well, would you like to concede
the hole or let him hole out?

A shower of sand flies over the edge of the trap.

CHANDLER (O.S.)

All right. Let him have it.

252 EXT. PATH - LATER

252

Larry Blunt, in a suit, carrying his briefcase, joins Al
as he walks from the seventeenth green to the eighteenth
tee.

AL

What did you find out?

LARRY

Nothing. I spent the whole
morning at the planning commission.
They're still debating. They're
supposed to vote this afternoon.
How's it going here?

AL

Terrible. I'm hungry and I have
to go to the bathroom.

LARRY

I'm talking about the game.
What's the score?

AL

Eight-eight-one even. We're all
tied up, last hole. The pressure's
too much. I can't take it.

LARRY

How's Chandler holding up?

AL

Him? Take a look.

253 CHANDLER

253

He is waving his hat crazily in all directions.

L.D. SENIOR

Are you sure you're all right,
Chandler?

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED:

253

CHANDLER

Don't be ridiculous! I'm
perfectly fine!

254 EXT. GRASSY KNOLL SAME TIME

254

Everett is setting a mini-crossbow on a tripod pointing at the gopher hole. He ties a string to the trigger and starts backing away, tearing off bits of sandwich and tossing them toward the hole. Suddenly he spots Chandler waving and grabs his field glasses.

255 HIS POV (BINOCULAR MATTE)

255

Chandler is waving frantically.

EVERETT (O.S.)

Very subtle, Mrs. Esterhaus. I
read you loud and clear.

256 EVERETT

256

He goes for his golf gear, forgetting that he's still holding the string.

257 TRIPOD

257

The unsecured crossbow pivots and fires.

258 EVERETT

258

He stands up suddenly as the short arrow pierces his calf
OUT OF FRAME.

EVERETT

(grimacing against
the pain)

Now that hurts.

He reaches down OUT OF FRAME, pulls the arrow out of his leg, and holds it up to examine the bloody tip.

EVERETT

I think the poison was a big
mistake.

259 EXT. EIGHTEENTH TEE - A LITTLE LATER

259

Al tees up his ball. The eighteenth hole is adorned with
life-sized cartoon figures.

*
*

260 EVERETT 260

He tees up one of his projectiles.

261 AL 261

He starts his backswing.

262 EVERETT 262

He does the same.

263 AL 263

He looks down and sees his ball fall off the tee.

264 EVERETT 264

He swings and hits a mighty drive.

265 TEE 265

Al bends down to replace his ball. Just as he does, the
PROJECTILE SCREAMS over his head and slams into a Tweety
Pie replica. Its HEAD EXPLODES.

*
*

CHANDLER
(covering badly)
Good God! No need to panic.
Probably just a tremendous buildup
of pressure from the -- uh --
intense heat. Someone find out
who manufactures that particular
canary and tell them -- not to.

*
*

Al tees off.

266 EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - MINUTES LATER 266

Al is playing his second shot from the edge of the rough
near some big trees. He's just about to hit when he
changes his mind about his club selection.

AL
(to Harry)
You're right. I better hit a
three-iron.

He steps away as one of the weighted golf balls embeds
itself in the tree trunk behind him, leaving a smoking
hole where it went in. No one notices.

267 CHANDLER 267
He sees the miss and bellows toward the woods in a rage, *
smashing the head off Wiley Coyote with his golf club. *

CHANDLER
Damn you!

Then he turns back to see everyone staring at him.

268 EXT. FAIRWAY - BIT LATER 268
Al hits a towering nine-iron that catches the edge of the
green and stops 30 feet from the pin.

269 CHANDLER 269
He pitches up and lands close to Al's ball, but slightly
farther from the cup.

270 EXT. EIGHTEENTH GREEN - AT LAST 270
Lou addresses the contestants and the gallery.

LOU
Gentlemen, this match is all even.
Mr. Young, you are away.

Chandler lines up his putt.

271 CYNTHIA AND MIFFY 271
They watch Chandler prepare.

MIFFY
If Daddy loses to him, I won't be
able to show my face anywhere.

CYNTHIA
Oh, shut up, Mary Francis.

272 CHANDLER 272
He looks back at his unhappy family then bends over his
ball, muttering to himself. A hush comes over the
gallery and he taps the ball smartly.

273 BALL 273

It rolls straight for the hole, breaks right then left, hits the lip of the cup and spins out, stopping less than one foot from the hole. The gallery oohs and ahs sympathetically.

274 CHANDLER 274

He taps his ball in and the crowd applauds but instead of just tipping his cap, Chandler starts waving it like the starter at Indianapolis.

275 EXT. CLEARING - SAME TIME 275

Everett, his face pale, sweating profusely, sees Chandler waving, picks up a range-finding device and targets Al on the green. *

276 EVERETT'S POV (CROSS HAIR MATTE) 276

The images goes IN and OUT OF FOCUS as Al crouches, studying the break in the green. Everett sights on Al's head and a digital display shows the distance, wind speed and wind direction.

277 GREEN 277

Al starts grooming the grass between his ball and the hole, picking up loose leaves and twigs.

CHANDLER

Would you get on with it?

AL

Hey, you had your turn, okay? Now it's mine.

He takes a battery-powered DUSTBUSTER from his golf bag and starts VACUUMING the entire putting surface between his ball and the hole. Larry crosses to him at the pin and walks back with him.

LARRY

(quietly)

You okay? Nervous? I know this is important. Can I tell you just one thing? If you miss this...

(screams)

... We're fucked! We're ruined!
It's over!

(CONTINUED)

277 CONTINUED:

277

Al goes to his ball, takes a deep breath and lines up his putt for the last time. When he looks up he sees all his friends and loved ones nodding their encouragement.

278 CHANDLER

278

He searches the horizon, chanting to himself.

CHANDLER

Now, now, do it now. Do it, do it, do it --

279 CLEARING

279

Everett struggles against the poison as he addresses his lethal golf ball.

EVERETT

If I don't start sucking my leg soon it's all over.

280 GREEN

280

Chandler is apoplectic.

CHANDLER

Now! Now!

281 CLEARING

281

In SLOW MOTION, Everett takes a powerful swing.

282 GREEN

282

In SLOW MOTION, Al smoothly strokes the ball.

283 CHANDLER

283

Also in SLOW MOTION, he mouths the word "Now," and is immediately struck on the head by Everett's off-target drive. He staggers and falls OUT OF FRAME.

284 AL

284

In SLOW MOTION he watches his ball roll toward the hole.

285 HOLE

117.

285

SLOW MOTION again, as Harry pulls out the flag and Chandler falls INTO FRAME onto the soft grass behind the hole. His eyes are open but he's sinking fast.

286 CHANDLER'S POV

286

At ground level, Chandler sees Al's ball roll toward the hole in SLOW MOTION. Then his vision goes double and he sees the ball separate in two and roll toward separate holes.

287 GALLERY

287

Everybody holds their breath as the ball heads for the cup.

288 BALL

288

It rolls right up to the cup, circles the rim and drops.

289 GREEN

289

A great cheer goes up from all assembled. Al is mobbed by friends and well-wishers. Kate throws her arms around him and gives him a big hug.

KATE

Oh, Daddy, you're the greatest!
Can I move back in?

*

AL

Better wait. I rented out your room.

He turns, sees Elizabeth and gives her a big kiss. Ms. Fong, the feisty Oriental planning commissioner, grabs him next.

*

MS. FONG

Come here, you big lug! Give me one of those.

AL

You bet, baby!

He gives her a big squeeze and a kiss then realizes he has no idea who she is.

(CONTINUED)

289

CONTINUED:

289

AL

Just tell me one thing. Who are you?

MS. FONG

Janet Fong, from the planning commission. We voted today. You won!

Larry, Ray, Elizabeth and Kate congratulate Al and each other.

290

CHANDLER'S FRIENDS

290

They turn accusingly in Chandler's direction, don't see him at first, then notice him lying on the ground.

291

CLEARING

291

Everett and the gopher look down at the pandemonium on the green.

EVERETT

(woozy)

I'll bet I'm going to have one hell of a time getting my final payment from that guy.

(limps off into the woods, muttering)

Typical.

292

GOPHER

292

He watches Everett exit, then hears CHATTERING in the tree above him. He looks up.

293

GOPHER'S POV

293

A squirrel looks down at him and winks.

294

GOPHER

294

He gets a sly look and starts rotating his hips suggestively as MUSIC FADES UP.

295

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAYS LATER

295

The SONG CONTINUES UNDER as Al, in golf clothes and hard hat, shouts, "Fore!"