

HAPPY GILMORE

By

Tim Herlihy
&
Adam Sandler
&
Dean Lorey

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FADE UP ON:

A tiny six year old kid (YOUNG HAPPY GILMORE) wearing hockey gear several sizes too large. He stands on roller skates in front of a makeshift goal on the street in front of a quaint suburban house. His FATHER, also dressed in hockey gear and skates, plays street hockey with him.

HAPPY (V.O.)

My name is Happy Gilmore, and ever since I was old enough to skate, I loved hockey.

CUT TO:

INT. HOCKEY STADIUM - NIGHT

Young Happy, with a hotdog and coke, sits next to his father watching Gordie Howe and the Houston Aeros play The New England Whalers.

HAPPY (V.O.)

My dad and I used to go to games all the time to watch our favorite player, Gordie Howe.

HAPPY'S FATHER

(shouting)

Go Gordo!

YOUNG HAPPY

(copying his dad)

Go Gordo!

HAPPY (V.O.)

Life was great but it was also uncertain -- as I soon discovered.

Happy's Father turns to Young Happy.

HAPPY'S FATHER

One day son you'll be down there, skating with the pros. You'll be one of the greats and I'll be up here in the stands cheering you on, yelling --

(stands up)

-- GO HAPPY!

ON THE ICE

a player hauls off and WHACKS the puck. It sails through a hole in the netting, heading straight for Happy's father.

HIS POV

as the puck arrows towards him, filling the frame and we

CUT TO:

BLACK

HAPPY (V.O.)
After the funeral...

FADE UP ON:

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

A big, handsome Victorian.

HAPPY (V.O.)
...I was sent to live with my Grandma
in the house my Grandfather built.
I hardly knew her and I was sure she
didn't like me.

Young Happy, straining to carry a large suitcase, walks up the front walk of the house. He looks around tentatively, nervous about his new surroundings. He arrives at the front door.

Someone suddenly opens the door wearing a Richard Nixon mask.

NIXON
Let me make one thing perfectly
clear: I am not a crook!

Happy is terrified. Grandma lifts up the mask.

GRANDMA
Happy, my dear, it's only me.

Grandma sweeps Happy off the doorstep into a giant hug.

HAPPY (V.O.)
After that, I loved my
Grandma...almost as much as I loved
hockey.

CUT TO:

A 1970's photo of a junior hockey team.

HAPPY (V.O.)
Hey, there's me, top row, second from
the right.

ZOOM TO THAT SPOT ON THE PHOTOGRAPH

The player's face has been blacked out.

HAPPY (V.O.)
(continuing)

Unfortunately, I got suspended for punching my coach and they blacked out my face. My temper's been kind of a problem for me over the years. After my dad died, it never took much to set me off. My teachers decided I needed to see a counselor.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Young Happy sits across the desk from a nasty COUNSELOR.

COUNSELOR
I'm going to hold up some pictures, Happy, and you tell me what you see.

The counselor holds up a picture of a family having a picnic. Young Happy stares at it.

YOUNG HAPPY
Bunch of people gettin' ready to go to a hockey game.

The counselor's eyes narrow slightly and he holds up another drawing -- a man and a woman laying in bed.

YOUNG HAPPY
(continuing)
Two people tired from playin' hockey.

The counselor holds up another -- a drawing of a dog.

YOUNG HAPPY
(continuing)
A dog thinkin' "boy, I wish I was a human so I could play hockey".

CUT TO:

Grandma and the Counselor talking while Young Happy sits, arms folded, in the waiting room.

COUNSELOR
It's an unhealthy obsession. Hockey is a violent sport -- it feeds his temper. I'm telling you, lady, if this continues, he'll never amount to anything.

Grandma slugs him.

HAPPY (V.O.)

With Grandma's patience and love, I
did amount to something. I graduated
high school --

CUT TO:

A high school yearbook showing pictures of students.

MOVE TO REVEAL

Happy's picture. Underneath are the words: Happy Thomas
Gilmore "Most Likely To Die In A Bar Fight".

HAPPY (V.O.)

-- and then I got a bunch of jobs --

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Happy, a gas station attendant, fills a woman's car with oil but ends up spilling it all over the engine. He looks both ways, shifty-eyed, then closes the hood.

HAPPY (V.O.)

-- but nothing really stuck, you
know? Finally, a couple weeks ago,
I landed a good paying job in
construction.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

A bunch of guys work on a construction site.

ON HAPPY

With a nailgun, he shoots at beer cans lined up on a beam. He misses one and the nail ricochets off into the hardhat of another guy.

The guy slowly turns around -- it's Richard Kiel, the guy who played "Jaws" in "The Spy Who Loved Me".

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Happy, escorted by Grandma, is limping out the front door.

HAPPY (V.O.)

They released me from the hospital
just in time to make hockey tryouts.
You may wonder how a guy with a
lacerated kidney could play hockey.
Well, that's 'cause you never seen me
play...

CUT TO:

INT. HOCKEY RINK - NIGHT

Happy smashes someone's face up against the glass.

HAPPY

That's my puck! Don't you touch my
fucking puck!

The COACH and the ASSISTANT COACH watch the game.

COACH

Number 18 -- is that Gilmore again?

ASSISTANT COACH

(nods)

Guy's got a lot of intensity.

COACH

Not a real strong skater, though.

Happy skates awkwardly with the puck --

ASSISTANT COACH

Ain't the best puck handler, either...

Happy loses the puck to the other team --

COACH

But, my God --

WHACK! -- he hits the puck so hard it sails across the rink
like a rocket, shattering the glass behind the goal.

ASSISTANT COACH

-- What a shot.

Happy, oblivious to his own power, addresses the ref.

HAPPY

Is that goal regulation size? I mean
that - whoa!

Happy slips and falls to the ice.

CUT TO:

THE PLAYERS IN A LINE

Sweaty and tired, they all stare expectantly at the Coach. As each player's number is called, he skates off towards another group of players -- those that have been picked for the team.

COACH

...number 12 and number 52. If your number wasn't called, thanks for coming and better luck next season.

Happy, not picked, skates forward.

HAPPY

Hey, uh, Coach. What about me?

COACH

I'm sorry, Gilmore -- didn't I call your number?

HAPPY

No.

COACH

Oh. Then better luck next season!

The Coach and the picked players LAUGH. Happy skates over to the coach, tackles him and starts pummelling him.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

An attractive, blue-collar Italian Woman, TERRY, waits on the ninth floor for the elevator. She has a duffel bag full of stuff.

The elevator arrives, the doors open and Happy, bandaged and bruised, wearily walks out, carrying a giant gym bag full of hockey stuff and two bags of Taco Bell.

HAPPY

Hey, babe. I got us dinner.

TERRY

Gee, Taco Bell. Nothing but the best for "Happy's Girl".

She steps past him, into the elevator.

HAPPY
Where you goin'?

TERRY
(seriously)
I'm leaving, Happy.

HAPPY
No, you're not. I had a real bad
day. C'mon, let's eat tacos together.

TERRY
Goodbye, Happy.

The doors start to close, Happy blocks them with his Hockey
stick.

HAPPY
Wait a minute. You're not leaving
for real are you?

TERRY
All you ever talk about is being a
hockey player but every year you just
get older and slower. You're going
nowhere, Happy, and you're taking me
with you.

HAPPY
That's not true. I'm goin'
somewhere! I'm gonna sign with the
Bruins.

TERRY
I feel sorry for you, Happy.

HAPPY
You know what -- good! Go!

The elevator doors shut.

HAPPY
(continuing)
You're off Happy's team, Terry!
Don't even try to come crawling back!

CUT TO:

INT. HAPPY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A typical lower middle class one-bedroom. Happy unlocks the
door and quickly enters. He rushes to the intercom and
pushes the "talk" button.

HAPPY
Terry! Wait!

EXT. HAPPY'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Terry walks out the front door of the building when she hears Happy on the intercom.

HAPPY
Hold on, Babe! Wait a second!

Terry pauses, listens.

HAPPY
(continuing)
I'm sorry, baby, you're not off my team. I shouldn't yell. I just get crazy sometimes.
(screaming)
But who the hell are you to talk?!

Terry rolls her eyes and walks off into the night.

HAPPY
(continuing)
I'm sorry, baby. I don't mean to yell. I just get so scared sometimes.

A small crowd -- bike messenger, small boy and middle aged Chinese lady -- has gathered on the sidewalk, listening.

HAPPY
(continuing)
Please come back up. Everything's gonna be alright.
(singing)
Everything is gonna be alright.
Everything is gonna be alright --

CUT TO:

INT. HAPPY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Happy is nearly licking the intercom.

HAPPY
...I'll give you smoochy-smoos...Kissy-Wissy...

Suddenly, the DOOR BUZZER RINGS. Happy eagerly flings open the door.

It's the middle aged Chinese lady, smiling big.

CUT TO:

INT. HAPPY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Happy awakens from underneath a pile of blankets on some couch cushions on the floor. He slowly stands and scratches his ass for an unusually long time.

Suddenly, the PHONE RINGS.

HAPPY
(answering phone)

Hello?

(beat)

What?!

Happy grabs a leather jacket and runs out the front door.

The middle-aged Chinese lady comes out of the kitchen wearing Happy's hockey jersey.

CHINESE LADY
Hey! You no want breakfast?!

CUT TO:

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Happy's Duster screeches up in front of Grandma's house. Happy jumps out and sees a giant moving truck parked at the curb.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Happy rushes inside to find the living room completely empty of furniture except for her couch which two movers, MOVERS 1 and 2, are carrying towards the door.

HAPPY
(to movers)
Hey! Is that your couch!

MOVER 1
Ain't mine -- it's the IRS's.

ON GRANDMA

walking out from the kitchen. She now wears hugely thick glasses. She squints at the three men.

GRANDMA'S POV

Happy and the two movers are just three blurs.

GRANDMA

Well, well, well -- the Bee-Gees.

Happy turns to Grandma as the Movers continue moving the couch out.

HAPPY

Grandma -- what are they doing with all your stuff?

CUT TO:

INT. IRS OFFICE - DAY

Happy and Grandma sit in front of the desk of the IRS AGENT.

IRS AGENT

We repossessed it.

HAPPY

But she's an old woman. Look at her -- she's old. You can't just take her stuff. She's too old!

IRS AGENT

(sarcastically)

Your argument is very convincing. But the fact is unless you can come up with --

(checks paper)

-- one hundred twenty seven thousand three hundred five dollars and thirteen cents in back taxes --

(looks up)

-- she loses her stuff and her house.

Happy turns to Grandma.

HAPPY

Grandma, why didn't you pay your taxes? Didn't you get, like, notices in the mail?

GRANDMA

When can we go on the ferris wheel?

HAPPY

Aw, Grandma...

CUT TO:

INT. HAPPY'S DUSTER - DAY

Happy and Grandma turn onto a long driveway.

HAPPY
Silver Acres! Hell, looks like a
country club.

It looks nothing like a country club -- more like an insane
asylum. They are driving past a patchy lawn where old people
mill about.

HAPPY
(continuing; unsure)
You'll make friends in no time.

Suddenly a CRAZY OLD LADY leaps at Happy's window like a
zombie from Night of the Living Dead.

CRAZY OLD LADY
Mistah! Get me out of here! Mistah!
Mistah!!

Happy shrieks and throws some Taco Bell out the window.

HAPPY
Here! Eat this! Don't hurt me!

INT. GRANDMA'S ROOM - DAY

Grandma is sitting on the bed in this very plain nursing home
room. Happy paces in front of her.

HAPPY
(a little agitated)
Why won't you just come live with me,
Grandma?

GRANDMA
This is just fine, dear. How's work?

HAPPY
Work's fine. Look Grandma --

GRANDMA
-- And how's Terry?

HAPPY
Hit by a car. Dead. Look, this
place is just temporary. I'm gonna
find some big money somehow and get
your house back for you.
(more)

HAPPY (cont'd)
That's a promise.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMA'S ATTIC - DAY

The two Movers are now finishing cleaning Grandma's attic while Happy watches despondently.

HAPPY
You guys know any way to pick up some quick cash?

MOVER 2
How much you lookin' to make?

HAPPY
Hundred grand, give or take.

MOVER 1
That's all? Hell, become a mover -- we make that in a week!

The guys LAUGH. Mover 2 pulls a book out of one of the boxes.

MOVER 2
(reading)
Check this out: "January 24, 1967:
Got the test results back today -
Happy is definitely not retarded..."

HAPPY
Aw, put that shit away...

MOVER 2
(still reading)
"He sure isn't the smartest baby in
the world, but thank God he's not
retarded..."

Happy pulls a driver out of an old bag of golf clubs. He knocks the diary out of the mover's hands.

HAPPY
Get going, already! I wanna finish up here before the Alabama-Florida game.

MOVER 1
(grabbing golf bag)
No problem. We're professionals.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

The two movers stand on the large front lawn of the house with the golf clubs.

MOVER 2

Bet I can knock it past that tree.

MOVER 1

Go ahead and whack it, princess.

Mover 1 tosses him a ball. Mover 2 swings and tops it. The ball rolls ten yards.

MOVER 1

(continuing;
sarcastically)

I guess your membership at the country club expired.

MOVER 2

Twenty bucks says you can't do better.

Mover 1 grabs the club and -- WHACK! He slices the ball -- terrible shot.

MOVER 1

Say goodbye to Mr. Ball!

ON HAPPY

charging out of the front door.

HAPPY

Hey! Quit wasting time on that pansy shit!

The movers glance at each other.

MOVER 2

It may be pansy but it ain't as easy as it looks.

MOVER 1

Yeah, I'd like to see you try it.

HAPPY

No way.

MOVER 1

Cause you can't 'cause you suck.

He eyes Happy challengingly. Happy grabs the club out of his hand.

HAPPY

I can do anything better than your
fat ass.

Happy drops a ball and awkwardly prepares to hit it -- it's
clear he's never held a club in his life.

MOVER 2

This is gonna be hilarious.

Happy draws back, uncoils and SMACK!

HAPPY

Where'd it go?

HAPPY'S POV

The shattering of glass is FAINTLY HEARD. From a house about
400 yards away, a man runs out shaking his fist and looking
around.

MOVER 1

Holy shit!

HAPPY

See, told you I could hit it.

MOVER 1

No -- that house is like four hundred
yards away!

HAPPY

Is that good?

MOVER 1

Are you kidding?

MOVER 2

Twenty bucks says you can't do it
again.

WHACK!

Down the street, the man is still shaking his fist and
looking around when a faint plunk is heard. At that point,
the man begins staggering around his front yard, holding his
head.

MOVER 1

You hit that guy!

HAPPY

Well, he shouldn't have been standing
there.

MOVER 2
One more time...

Happy draws back and -- WHACK!

The man is still staggering around when the sound of BREAKING GLASS is again faintly heard. After a second, a woman tumbles out a second-floor window, rolls down the roof and drops at the man's feet.

HAPPY
(a little nervous)
We better go back inside.

MOVER 1
(to Mover 2)
You made a bet. Pay the man.

Mover 2 digs in his pocket and hands Happy twenty bucks.

Happy looks at the money -- and suddenly gets an idea...

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - DAY

A big sign reads "WATERBURY MUNICIPAL DRIVING RANGE AND GOLF COURSE." Underneath, a message board reads "TOMORROW: WATERBURY OPEN".

ON HAPPY

He draws back and WHACK! 375 yards.

He turns to a stunned golfer with a big smile.

The guy shakes his head and digs in his pocket. He hands Happy fifty bucks.

HAPPY
Thanks. This is fun, isn't it?

A small crowd begins to gather.

MOVE TO REVEAL

a guy standing in the shadows, smoking a cigar. This is CHUBBS PETERSON. He eyes Happy carefully, evaluating him.

Happy awkwardly hits the ball again -- 410 yards.

HAPPY
(continuing)
Ho, mama!

Someone in the crowd yells out.

CROWD GUY
This is insane. Are you a pro?

HAPPY
Nope.

SMACK, 400 yards. Chubbs continues watching from the shadows.

HAPPY
(continuing)
Ka-pow!

CROWD GIRL
What a freak! How often do you play?

HAPPY
Never. First time.

CROWD
Oooooooooooooo....

HAPPY
Who's next? Hundred bucks says I can hit the four hundred sign.

CROWD GUY
Hey, dude -- you playing in the Open tomorrow?

ANOTHER GUY
If you win, you're on the pro tour.

HAPPY
Nah.

CHUBBS (O.S.)
Sure he is.

Chubbs emerges from the shadows. Happy reacts.

CUT TO:

EXT. DELI - NIGHT

Happy and Chubbs sit on the hood of Happy's Duster in the parking lot of a deli, drinking Budweiser. Dangling from the rearview mirror, in lieu of fuzzy dice, is a picture of Grandma.

CHUBBS
You hit a golf ball pretty good, kid.

HAPPY

I don't play golf. I play hockey.

CHUBBS

Yeah, well hockey's loss is golf's gain. I've never seen anyone hit a ball that good.

HAPPY

What do you mean, "hockey's loss"? What's hockey losing?

CHUBBS

You. Cause you're gonna give that shit up and concentrate on golf.

HAPPY

Blow it out your ass, pal. I don't like golf, I don't play golf -- I'm not a golfer.

CHUBBS

Look, golf's no different than any other sport, including hockey. Requires talent and self-discipline.

HAPPY

Golf requires goofy pants and a fat ass. You should be talking to my neighbor, the accountant; probably a great golfer. Huge ass.

CHUBBS

Your neighbor can't drive the ball 400 yards. Look, son, I'm offering to teach you. For free.

HAPPY

No thanks.

CHUBBS

"No thanks"? I happen to be one of the most sought-after golf instructors in the game.

HAPPY

Never heard of you.

CHUBBS

Everyone's heard of me!

Happy turns to two guys walking out of the seven-eleven.

HAPPY

Hey -- you guys ever hear of Chubbs Peterson?

GUY 1

Peterson?

GUY 2

(realizing)

Oh -- you mean ole' wooden hand?

CHUBBS

(suddenly angry)

Don't ever call me Wooden Hand!

Chubbs thrusts his right hand into the air -- it is indeed sculpted out of wood.

HAPPY

(frightened)

Ahhh!

Chubbs angrily slams his wooden hand down on the hood of the Duster, putting a dent into it.

HAPPY

(continuing)

Hey! Watch the car!

CHUBBS

I was good at golf, real good -- until I ran into the business end of a gator. I tore out one of the bastard's eyes though.

Chubb's reaches into his pocket and pulls out a mummified gator eye.

HAPPY

That's real sick, Chubbs.

CHUBBS

But even before it happened, I never had a gift like you. I had the passion but not the talent. You -- you're loaded with it.

HAPPY

So what?

CHUBBS

So you could get on the pro tour! Win the open tomorrow, you're on it.

(more)

CHUBBS (cont'd)

Then, who knows -- maybe you win the
Masters one day...

(wistfully)

...get that green jacket like I never
got to.

Happy slides off the hood. Chubbs follows.

HAPPY

Yeah, well, who cares about a stupid
jacket? This golf stuff is just for
hustling. See ya.

Happy gets in the driver side of the car and starts it up.

CHUBBS

(eyeing him carefully)

My mistake, kid. I thought you were
pro material, primed to make the big
bucks. I guess I was wrong.

Chubbs walks away.

Happy glances at Grandma's picture, which is hanging from
his rearview mirror.

HAPPY

(calling after him)

Hey! Chubbs!

Chubbs looks back.

CHUBBS

Yeah?

HAPPY

(turns off engine)

What kinda big bucks?

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERBURY MUNICIPAL GOLF COURSE - DAY

The lawns are being mowed, the carts are being gassed up, the
sand traps groomed. It's Open time.

MOVE TO REVEAL

A sandwich board sign that shows the cover of a videotape
called "Shooter's SuperGolf". The text above the video
reads: "MEET PRO GOLFER SHOOTER MCGAVIN - TODAY".

PAN TO:

A big limousine in the parking lot.

INT. LIMO - DAY

ON TV IN THE LIMO

A handsome, tan golfer, SHOOTER MCGAVIN, stands on a golf course addressing the camera. Graphics pop up as he lists each point.

SHOOTER (ON TV)

Always remember the four most important things about your swing: Good posture, Open stance, Loose hips and Fun, fun, fun! That spells golf!

ON SHOOTER

sitting in the limo. He's all smiles as he watches himself on TV along with Virginia Venit, 25.

SHOOTER

Remember this next part?

VIRGINIA

I produced the video, Shooter. I remember every part.

ON THE TV

Shooter stands next to a big, ugly Muppet.

SHOOTER (ON TV)

Well, hello there. Who are you?

MUPPET (ON TV)

I'm Bad Habits. I like to ruin swings and make golf a frustrating experience.

SHOOTER (ON TV)

Well, we sure don't need you around here. Bye-Bye.

Shooter pulls back and whacks the Muppet with a club, accompanied by a goofy sound effect.

The Muppet falls to the ground, writhing in pain.

MUPPET (ON TV)

Oh, God in Heaven!! Shooter McGavin, you've destroyed me!! Sweet Jesus, the pain!!

IN LIMO

SHOOTER

You think that guy was overdoing it?

VIRGINIA

A little.

SHOOTER

At least I was good.

VIRGINIA

(checking her watch)

Shooter, the Open's already started.
You should get out there and start
hawking this video.

SHOOTER

(annoyed)

Keep your shirt on, Miss Public
Relations. This thing sells itself.

VIRGINIA

Shooter, everybody does publicity.
Couples, Norman, Trevino...

SHOOTER

Those guys are has-beens, babe. I'm
the king now. I'll go out when I'm
ready.

Shooter turns back to the TV.

EXT. WATERBURY MUNICIPAL FIRST TEE - DAY

Happy is sitting in a golf cart with Chubbs, looking
embarassed to be there.

STARTER

(over the loudspeaker)

Next up: Murphy, Daniel and Gilmore,
Happy!

CHUBBS

Let's go, Cowboy. Tee-off time.

Chubs hands Happy his clubs and pushes him onto the tee.

Happy looks around at the small crowd surrounding him. At
the tee with him is a local banker-type, DAN MURPHY, and a
PIMPLEFACED KID.

PIMPLEFACED KID

Mr. Gilmore? I'm Scott. I'll be your caddy today.

The kid tries to take Happy's golf bag. Happy pulls his bag back to him.

HAPPY

Don't touch my bag, punk.

PIMPLEFACED KID

What should I do then?

HAPPY

What do I care?

Shooter and Virginia walk up to Chubbs, who's on the edge of the crowd.

SHOOTER

(nasty)

Hey, Chubbs.

Chubbs doesn't respond.

Happy is standing around the tee.

STARTER

Mr. Gilmore, Mr. Murphy will be teeing off now.

HAPPY

Okay. Good luck there, Murph.

STARTER

Get out of the way.

Happy is standing directly in front of Murphy's ball. The crowd LAUGHS. As Happy gets out of the way, he stares down the people in the crowd LAUGHING THE LOUDEST.

Shooter stands on the edge of the crowd with Virginia and Chubbs. As he talks, he signs a couple autographs.

SHOOTER

This guy's a hoot. I hope he gets on the tour -- he'd be like comic relief. A rodeo clown for golf. Just like you used to be, Chubbs.

Chubbs glares at him.

Murphy draws back and whacks one about 220 yards. He watches it sail off, then walks off the tee towards Happy.

MURPHY

Probably the only good one I'll hit
all day, heh-heh.

Pimpleface tees up Happy's ball. Happy looks around and sees Chubbs, Shooter, Virginia and the rest of the crowd staring at him expectantly.

PIMPLEFACED KID

Mr. Gilmore, you're up.

Somewhat nervous, Happy walks over to the ball and squares to hit. He draws back, swings...and misses.

The crowd LAUGHS. Happy's eyes bulge with rage.

HAPPY

(beating the ground
with the driver)

Shit! Shit! Shit!

SHOOTER

(to Chubbs)

He's terrific! A real find!

CHUBBS

Time!

Chubs runs up from the crowd to Happy.

CHUBBS

(continuing)

What's the matter?

HAPPY

I missed the goddamn ball, that's
what's the matter!

CHUBBS

Relax. You're doing fine, kid.
Look, it's all about concentration --

Chubbs grabs the club from behind Happy and adjusts Happy's grip as he talks in his ear.

CHUBBS

(continuing)

Pretend the club's an extension of
your arm. Just keep your head down,
left eye on the ball...

From the crowd's POV it appears that Chubbs is mounting Happy. The crowd LAUGHS.

HAPPY

Jeez, cut it out, would ya'?!

Happy pushes Chubbs away.

CHUBBS

Just breakin' the tension, kid, just
breaking the tension.

ON SHOOTER AND VIRGINIA

SHOOTER

You believe this?

Happy, a little more relaxed now, addresses the ball, draws
back to hit and -- WHACK!

The ball soars into the air, hits the green 400 yards away,
bounces, then rolls into the cup.

Shooter's eyes go wide.

HAPPY

(to Chubbs)

You call this a sport?

The crowd goes wild!

Shooter has a "moment of clarity."

SHOOTER

Uh-oh...

EXT. WATERBURY MUNICIPAL FIRST FAIRWAY -DAY

Several members of the crowd, still excited by Happy's shot,
follow Shooter and Virginia as they walk down the fairway.

CROWD GUY

Shooter, what do you make of this guy?

CROWD GIRL

You think he has what it takes to
play on the tour?

SHOOTER

(recovering)

Well, you know, there's a big
difference between some yahoo
whacking a golf ball and playing on
the pro tour...

Virginia veers left, so she's walking near Happy.

SHOOTER
(continuing)

...As I point out in my new video "Shooter's SuperGolf", don't let yourself be intimidated by these "one trick ponies". They end up choking, every time...

ON VIRGINIA AND HAPPY

VIRGINIA
That's an amazing stroke.

Happy turns to her. Instant hard-on.

HAPPY
I've got another amazing stroke.

Happy smiles. Virginia doesn't know what the hell to make of him -- he is cute.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERBURY MUNICIPAL SECOND TEE - DAY

WHACK! Happy hits another one about 400 yards. It bounces to a stop a few yards from the hole. The crowd ROARS ITS APPROVAL.

HAPPY
(to crowd)
Yeah, you like that?! Thanks a lot!
(sotto, to Chubbs)
What are they cheering for? I missed the hole by ten feet.

CHUBBS
You got it damn close. Getting it close makes it easier to putt.

HAPPY
Yeah, I meant to talk to you about that putting stuff... -

CUT TO:

THE GREEN

Happy grabs the putter like a hockey stick, one hand about a foot lower than the other. He hits the ball. It goes wide right, ten feet past the hole into a sand trap.

The crowd "Ooohhs".

CUT TO:

Happy punching the ball out of the sand trap -- about a foot.

CUT TO:

Happy hitting it wide left, four feet past the hole.

CUT TO:

Happy awkwardly hitting it about two feet towards the hole.

CUT TO:

Happy hitting it another foot closer.

CUT TO:

The crowd, watching, wracked with nerves and

CUT TO:

Happy, a foot away. He finally gets it in.

ON CHUBBS

CHUBBS

We gotta work on your short game.

BEGIN MONTAGE SEQUENCE

Happy whacks one 400 yards.

The name "Happy Gilmore" appears on the leader board.

Happy jumps up and down then hugs Pimpleface.

Happy misses an easy putt.

The name "Happy Gilmore" is taken off the leader board.

Happy chokes Pimpleface.

Chubbs gives instructions to Happy.

Happy whacks one 400 yards, over another twosome's heads.

Happy runs down the gallery, slapping five with the crowd.

Happy's name is second on the leader board.

END MONTAGE SEQUENCE



EXT. WATERBURY MUNICIPAL EIGHTEENTH TEE - DAY

Murphy whacks a fine drive, about two hundred yards. He walks dejectedly off the tee. Happy pats him on the back.

HAPPY

No, that was good, Murph. Really.

Happy looks at Chubbs and rolls his eyes.

CHUBBS

This is the eighteenth hole, Happy. All you have to do is par it and you win.

HAPPY

No problemo.

CHUBBS

The prize money'll be all yours.

HAPPY

(suddenly alert)

Money? I thought this was just to get on the tour. You mean they pay you for this one?

CHUBBS

Sure. Two-thousand bucks.

Happy is starting to get nervous.

HAPPY

You said I gotta par it, right?

CHUBBS

Right. It's a par five, so that means you need to sink it in five strokes or less.

Happy steps up and whacks the ball -- 400 yards. It lands on the green, four feet from the hole.

Neither Chubbs nor Happy seem particularly thrilled.

CHUBBS

(continuing)

You only have four more chances to get it in the hole. You understand that, right?

HAPPY
I'll get it in.

CUT TO:

THE EIGHTEENTH GREEN

Happy, followed by Pimpleface, Chubbs and a sizeable crowd, marches up from the fairway onto the green. On the far side of the green, Shooter shakes hands with some fans. Virginia is with him.

VIRGINIA
(to Shooter)
That guy Happy Gilmore is in first place.

SHOOTER
Well, hooray for Happy Gilmore.

Happy looks very calm. He walks over to the ball and quickly, confidently taps it. It goes two feet.

He walks up to it and hits it again. It goes another foot, leaving it one foot from the hole.

CHUBBS
Remember, you only get five hits total and you've used up three, so you only have two left.

HAPPY
I got it, I got it...

Happy looks up to see Virginia watching him closely. He smiles nervously to her.

HAPPY
(continuing; calling to Virginia)
Don't worry, I got it! Two hits left.

Virginia smiles and nods. Happy hits the ball. It rolls right over the cup, stopping two feet away.

The crowd GASPS.

CHUBBS
Happy, that means you only --

HAPPY
-- I know already!

Happy walks to the ball, takes a deep breath --

HAPPY
 (continuing)
 Get in the hole you stupid...

Happy hits it.

It goes right into the cup.

HAPPY
 (continuing)
 YES!

Everyone applauds.

SHOOTER
 (to Virginia)
 This is ridiculous. This baboon is
 going to be on the pro tour with me?

VIRGINIA
 (admiring Happy)
 He won the open.

SHOOTER
 Well, I just have to play with him;
 you and your marketing team have to
 explain his existence to America.

MOVE TO REVEAL

Happy bumping stomachs with a fat guy in the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUBHOUSE BAR - DUSK

Chubbs gives Happy his first place check for two thousand
 dollars.

CHUBBS
 Congratulations, Happy. You're a pro
 golfer on your first day in the sport.

HAPPY
 Easy with that "pro golfer" stuff.
 I'm just making some cash for my Gran-
 (catching himself)
 ..self.

CHUBBS
 You better stop worrying about money
 and start worrying about your game.
 (more)

CHUBBS (cont'd)

With that freak shot of yours you've got a chance to be huge -- but it takes discipline and passion and commitment. You've got to really want it.

HAPPY

The better I score the more money I make, right?

Chubbs nods.

HAPPY

(continuing)

I want it.

Chubbs darkens.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Happy walks in with a present for Grandma -- a new flannel nightgown. There's an old man sitting in a chair near the window. Happy sees that Grandma is sleeping.

As he does, Grandma wakes up.

GRANDMA

Morris? Did you bring protection?

HAPPY

No, it's me, Grandma. Happy. Big news -- I'm a professional golfer now.

GRANDMA

You don't say! You know, you just missed Chi-Chi Rodriguez - he was here a few hours ago.

OLD MAN

That was the janitor.

HAPPY

Thanks.

(to Grandma)

Take a look at this --

Happy hands her a sheet of paper.

ON THE PAPER

Happy has drawn the outline of Grandma's old house. He's divided it up into thousand dollar blocks -- the total is one hundred twenty eight thousand.

HAPPY
(continuing)
I just made two thousand bucks today
playing golf, so look --

Happy colors in two of the thousand dollar blocks.

HAPPY
(continuing)
-- When I go on the tour, I'm gonna
call you every week and let you know
how much money I make for the house.
You just fill in the blocks and when
the house is full, we can buy it back.

GRANDMA
You're such a good boy.

HAPPY
Goodbye, Grandma. I gotta go
practice now, get ready for the tour.

He smiles and kisses her on the head.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Where's my kiss?

A CRAZY OLD MAN sits by the window. Happy walks over and kisses him on the head, too. Unfortunately, the man's hairpiece gets caught in Happy's teeth. Happy, trying not to alert the man, pulls it out of his teeth and sets it back on the man's head.

HAPPY
Shit. Sorry about that.

GRANDMA (O.S.)
Thanks for the hat.

ON GRANDMA

She's wearing the nightgown on her head.

CUT TO:

EXT DRIVING RANGE - DAY

Happy whacks one 400 yards.

CHUBBS

Happy, I wanted you to chip it. Try hitting it like... fifty yards.

HAPPY

Why would I ever want to hit it only fifty yards?

CHUBBS

(sarcastically)

Oh, I don't know. Let's say you were fifty yards away from the hole.

HAPPY

I can do without the sarcasm. And why do I even need to practice -- I've won every tournament I've ever been in.

CHUBBS

Yeah, one. And that was against dry cleaners and accountants. From now on you play against pros. So start chipping.

HAPPY

Oh, chip yourself, you no-good, washed-up, wooden-hand, bad-breathed, bow-legged...

CUT TO:

INT DRIVING RANGE SHACK -DAY

Chubbs is defiantly standing with his back to the door. Happy's voice comes from the other side.

HAPPY (V.O.)

How many times can I say I'm sorry? I'm sorry, alright? Come on out! I need you! I want to learn how to chip! It's all I think about! Come out! I'm sorry!

EXT WATERBURY MUNICIPAL SEVENTEENTH TEE - DAY

Happy whacks the ball hard into a stand of trees 200 yards away. He kills a bird.

CHUBBS

I would've avoided the trees to the left and chipped on from there.

HAPPY

Well, you're not me! Get that
through your head!

CHUBBS

Yeah, thank God I'm not you - then
I'd be a smelly fool. Ha-ha-ha-ha.

HAPPY

You're losing it, Coach.

EXT WATERBURY MUNICIPAL EIGHTEENTH GREEN - DAY

Happy lines up a four-foot putt. He only hits it a foot.

HAPPY

Shit.

Happy flings his club. It lands near Chubbs.

CHUBBS

You hit it too soft.

HAPPY

(sarcastically)

Wow. Thank god I'm getting these
great free lessons. I'm learning so
much.

CHUBBS

Now who's being sarcastic?

HAPPY

Sorry. Hey, could you grab that club?

CHUBBS

No.

HAPPY

C'mon, just help me out.

CHUBBS

No. You threw it, you pick it up.

HAPPY

I'm sorry. Please pick it up.

CHUBBS

You pick it up.

HAPPY

You pick it up.

CHUBBS

You pick it up...

EXT DRIVING RANGE - DAY

Happy tries to chip the ball. It goes way left.

CHUBBS

You suck! Did you practice your chips after I left last night?

HAPPY

(shifty-eyed)

Yes.

CHUBBS

That's it. I'm done with you. I don't need the aggravation.

HAPPY

No, I'm done with you. I don't need the "nag-gravation."

CHUBBS

Don't come crawling back to me! We're through! On the pro tour, you're on your own!

HAPPY

Fine.

CHUBBS

Fine.

Happy storms off. Chubbs thinks for a second, then calls out after him.

CHUBBS

(continuing)

Just keep your head down, jackass!

Happy keeps walking towards his car.

HAPPY

Take care of yourself, dipshit!

EXT. TUSCON RESORT - DAY

The Duster pulls into the driveway of a fancy resort and parks next to a forest green Mercedes, which Happy admires.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

A sign on an easel reads, "The Bearwood Resort Welcomes The Professional Golf Tour. Welcome Reception, 9 to 11 P.M."

PAN TO:

Happy, reading, smiling. He walks on.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT

About 20 men, obviously golfers (wearing obnoxious golf clothes) are having drinks and talking in a nice hotel bar. Two of them, GREG NORMAN and QUINN, are having a discussion.

QUINN

I'm telling you, Watson's swing is totally different now.

GREG NORMAN

I watched him warm up this afternoon. It's the same swing he's been using for twenty years.

IN THE HALLWAY

Happy looks in tentatively. He sees some famous faces. He's nervous. Finally, hesitantly, Happy enters the bar. He wears jeans and a tee-shirt. He tries to move unnoticed to the bar, but Norman calls out.

GREG NORMAN

(continuing)

Excuse me. Are you Happy Gilmore?

Happy comes over to Norman and Quinn.

HAPPY

Yeah.

Norman shakes his hand.

GREG NORMAN

Well, welcome to the tour, Happy!
I'm Greg Norman. Have you met Gerry Quinn?

HAPPY

No, not yet. How ya doin'?

Happy shakes Quinn's hand.

QUINN

Just fine. Heard all about you, Happy. Most of us had to play for years before we got on the tour. I can't wait to see your game.

Happy is starting to loosen up.

HAPPY

Thanks, man. Listen, you guys know who owns the forest green Mercedes in the parking lot?

GREG NORMAN

I think that's Fuzzy Zoeller's.

HAPPY

Cause that model had a helium-based fuel injection system and I wanted to see what it looked like.

GREG NORMAN

I think Fuzzy's taking a nap right now.

HAPPY

Oh.

(a beat)

Hey, can I borrow some shampoo from one of you guys? I forgot to bring some.

QUINN

There should be some in your bathroom. The hotel provides it.

HAPPY

Free?

ON SHOOTER

across the room. He's talking to LEE TREVINO when he suddenly spots Happy.

SHOOTER

Good God, he's here.

(to Trevino)

Wanna have a little fun?

LEE TREVINO

Sure.

ON HAPPY AND NORMAN

GREG NORMAN

So basically, all the toiletries, the maid service and anything left on the pillow are free, but room service, the mini-bar and most movies cost money.

HAPPY

What about towels?

GREG NORMAN

Free to use, not to keep.

ON SHOOTER

He CLEARS HIS THROAT.

SHOOTER

(loudly)

Gentlemen, gentlemen -- I'd like to introduce you to the newest member of the tour -- Happy Gilmore.

Shooter leads the APPLAUSE. Everyone applauds politely.

SHOOTER

(continuing)

Happy, if you're not doing anything later, why don't you join us at midnight on the ninth green.

HAPPY

What happens there?

SHOOTER

Secret of the pros.

Shooter gives him a wink.

HAPPY

I'll be there. See you later.

Happy turns to leave.

SHOOTER

Oh, and Happy? Dress nice.

HAPPY

You got it.

Happy leaves.

LEE TREVINO

That was mean.

CUT TO:

EXT. NINTH GREEN - MIDNIGHT

Happy waits on the ninth green. He's alone. He's wearing a suit. He looks at his watch.

HAPPY

Almost midnight.

A beat.

The sprinklers suddenly go on. Happy is doused.

EXT. TUSCON RESORT - NIGHT

Virginia is directing a team of workers putting up signs and posters for the Open. Happy trudges off the course in his sopping suit. Virginia sees him.

VIRGINIA

What happened to you?

HAPPY

I got wet.

VIRGINIA

Did Shooter pull the old "Ninth Green at Mid --

HAPPY

(interrupting)

-- It would appear so, wouldn't it?

VIRGINIA

Awww.

Virginia goes over and starts brushing drops of water off Happy.

HAPPY

I was so excited. I went out and bought a new suit and now it's ruined.

VIRGINIA

No, it isn't. The polyester repels water...

Happy gives her a miserable look.

VIRGINIA
 (continuing)
 Hey, he's jealous. Jealous of your
 power.

HAPPY
 (brightening)
 Really?

VIRGINIA
 Sure. You're a threat to him. He's
 the longest hitter on the tour. Or
 at least he was.

HAPPY
 You know, I bet you're right.

VIRGINIA
 Get some sleep, Gilmore. Tommorrow's
 the big day.

HAPPY
 Right again.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON OPEN - DAY

The tournament is about to begin. The contrast to the Open
 is amazing: the course is much nicer, the crowds are larger,
 there are TV cameras everywhere and the parking lot is filled
 with Mercedes, Jaguars -- and one Duster.

INT. TUSCON CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Happy, dressed in hockey jersey and sweatpants, stands in
 front of a registration table.

REGISTRAR
 Name?

HAPPY
 Happy Gilmore.

REGISTRAR
 (checks him out)
 So you're Gilmore. Caddy's name?

HAPPY
 I don't know. They haven't given me
 one yet.

REGISTRAR

On the pro tour, you provide your own caddy. You're required to have one to play.

HAPPY

Really?

EXT. TUSCON CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Happy looks around frantically. Suddenly he spots --

A HOMELESS GUY

sleeping next to a trashcan.

HAPPY

Sir? Hello? I know this sounds weird, but would you be my caddy?

The homeless guy regains consciousness and slowly focuses on Happy.

HOMELESS GUY

Okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON OPEN FIRST TEE - DAY

A crowd of several hundred spectators surround the tee-off area along with several television cameras. Off to the side, Shooter is interviewed by an army of reporters.

SHOOTER

Sure, I hold the course record -- I've had a lot of luck here, I love the people of Tuscon -- but with all the fine players we have here today it's really anyone's tournament...

ON HAPPY

climbing onto the first tee. The Homeless guy carries his bag. A helicopter flies overhead. POTTER, another pro golfer who's Happy's partner for the day, walks over and shakes his hand.

POTTER

Gary Potter. Great to have you on the tour, Happy. I feel a lot of positive energy coming out of you -- a good, solid aura. Great, great, it's all great.

HAPPY

Nice to meet you Gary. Is it always like this with all the people and the TV and shit?

POTTER

Oh, yeah. Lotta pressure. Gotta rise above it. Harness the good energy, block out the bad.

HAPPY

Right. Thanks.
(to himself)
This is gonna suck.

STARTER

Next up -- Happy Gilmore.

Happy tees up his ball. Everyone falls SILENT.

HAPPY

How 'bout a club.

HOMELESS GUY

Which one?

HAPPY

(laughs, to Potter)
"Which one"? Like I care which one?

Happy grabs a four iron from the bag then walks back to the tee. SILENCE. Happy is nervous. He glances at the crowd, then down to the tee. He draws back his club, stares at the ball, swings --

He misses.

HAPPY

(continuing)
Oh, you stupid--

CUT TO:

INT. TV ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

Happy's reaction to his miss is shown on the announcer's monitor, with the curses bleeped

HAPPY

-- motherf***ing c***sucker! F***!
Stupid g**damn ball! G**dammit!
C***sucking ball! S**tty Goddamn --

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON OPEN FIRST TEE - DAY

HAPPY
-- ball!

Happy spots a boy of six in the crowd who is on the verge of tears because of Happy's bad language.

PAN TO:

ARNOLD PALMER, shaking his head in a combination of disbelief and disappointment over what Happy did to the kid.

HAPPY
(mumbling)
Sorry.

Happy swings again -- WHACK! 400 yards.

INT. TV ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

Happy's shot is shown on a monitor with a "Happy Gilmore" graphic at the bottom of the screen.

ANNOUNCER 1
What a shot by Happy Gilmore!
(covering mic with
hand)
Who the hell is Happy Gilmore?

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON OPEN FIRST TEE - DAY

Happy dances around then turns to a TV camera.

HAPPY
(into TV camera)
Oh yeah -- you like that? Plenty
more where that came from, baby.
That's right...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

we're watching this on a TV in

INT. PGA DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DOUG BEARWOOD, President of the tour, watches Happy on the TV. He pushes a button on his intercom.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Yes?

DOUG
Get Virginia Venit up here.
Immediately.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON OPEN THIRD GREEN - DAY

Happy misses an eight inch putt. He falls face down on the green in disgust.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON OPEN EIGHTH FAIRWAY - DAY

Shooter chips from a sand trap up onto the green and into the hole. The crowd CLAPS POLITELY. Shooter waves to them and smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON OPEN EIGHTH FAIRWAY - DAY

Happy is standing with Potter.

HAPPY
Yo, man. Do you smell lettuce? Like
really bad, old lettuce...

Happy trails off as he sees the Homeless Guy staring at him sadly.

CUT TO:

EXT TUSCON OPEN TENTH TEE - DAY

Happy hits a four-hundred yarder.

To celebrate, he does a weird dance, like he's riding a bull.

HAPPY
Yee-hah! Yee-hah!

CUT TO:

The crowd, confused.

CUT TO:

INT. NURSING HOME LOUNGE - DAY

Grandma watches Happy on the TV.

GRANDMA
I didn't know Freddie Prinze was
still alive...

CUT TO:

INT. CHUBB'S OFFICE - DAY

Chubbs, now back in his office, watches Happy on TV as he lights a cigar.

CHUBBS
What an idiot...

Unbeknownst to him, he lights his wooden hand on fire.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON OPEN FOURTEENTH GREEN - DAY

ON POTTER

putting on the green.

MOVE TO REVEAL

Happy, lying in a sandtrap with his shirt off, catching some rays.

EXT. TUSCON OPEN EIGHTEENTH GREEN - DAY

Happy and Potter are both on the green.

Happy is two feet away from the hole. He prepares to putt...

GRANDMA
Go in you son-of-a --

He putts -- misses.

HAPPY
(bleeped out)
****sucking mother***er! Damn stupid
f***ing....

CUT TO:

INT. PGA DIRECTOR'S SUITE - DAY

Doug and Virginia watch Happy on the TV, stunned.

VIRGINIA
(slight smile)
Colorful, isn't he?

DOUG

He throws his clubs, he swears like a sailor, he intimidates the other players -- and I don't even know who the hell he is!

VIRGINIA

His name is Happy Gilmore. This is his first pro tournament.

DOUG

How the hell did he get on the tour?

VIRGINIA

Have you seen his drive -- unbelievable.

DOUG

He's turning the game into a joke! Has the network recieved any calls?

VIRGINIA

A hundred and thirty-six to say how dare we let someone like him on the air...

DOUG

You see!

VIRGINIA

...And three hundred and eighteen to say they think he's...cool.

DOUG

Cool? Let me explain something. Golf is not like boxing -- we don't cater to the lowest common denominator. Golf is a gentlemen's game of skill and courtesy. I will not have its reputation tarnished by a trailer park animal no matter how far he can hit a ball. Is that clear?

VIRGINIA

Yes, sir.

DOUG

I'm making this ape your personal responsibility. You either control him or you lose your job.

VIRGINIA

Yes, sir.

DOUG

Get out.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUBHOUSE BAR - DUSK

Happy is at the bar.

HAPPY

Hey, buddy, can I get a couple of cases of beer here?

BARTENDER

Sure.

Shooter appears, drinking a gin and tonic.

SHOOTER

Last place today, huh Gilmore?

HAPPY

(through clenched
teeth)

Howdy, Shooter.

SHOOTER

(nods to the beer)

Drowning your sorrows? I guess I shouldn't say "drowning", after your little shower last night.

HAPPY

That wasn't very nice, Shooter. But I'll have my revenge. Soon.

Shooter grabs a handful of peanuts from the bar.

HAPPY

(continuing)

So you'd better watch your back -- what you sit on, what you drink, what you eat...

Shooter looks at the peanuts in his hand...and dumps them back in the bowl.

SHOOTER

Look, Chump, this is my tour. I've been working hard my whole life, paying my dues; this is Shooter's time. And I'm not going to have my reign at the top spoiled by some freak sideshow clown.

HAPPY

Who you calling a clown? Look, buddy, don't make me crack your head open. I'm on your stupid tour for one reason: Money.

SHOOTER

(dead serious)

Then just stay out of my way. Or you'll pay. Listen to what I say.

Shooter walks off. Happy yells after him.

HAPPY

How bout I just eat some hay? A little hay every day? I can lay by the bay and make things out of clay! I just may!

The bartender slams a case of beer on the bar.

BARTENDER

How you gonna pay?

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

The lights and sounds of the "Golfer's Banquet" emanate from the ballroom as we...

PAN TO:

EXT. TUSCON GARAGE - NIGHT

Happy sits outside the garage where they keep the carts and maintenance equipment, drinking the beers that Happy bought. With him are some caddies, greenskeepers and other course workers. The Homeless Guy is asleep on the floor.

Potter's caddy, ANTONIO, toasts Happy.

ANTONIO

Thanks for the beers, man.

HAPPY

I'm celebrating my last place finish today.

ANTONIO

You were just nervous. You'll do better tomorrow.

HAPPY

Well, I can't do any worse.

IAN, Shooter's caddy, pipes in.

IAN

You need a real caddy to help you out. This guy...look at him.

ON THE BUM

snoring loudly, pieces of biscuit stuck in his beard.

IAN

(continuing)

He's really hurting you.

Happy thinks for a second.

HAPPY

You're right.

He wakes up the bum.

HAPPY

(continuing)

Hey, bum --

The bum blearily opens his eyes and looks at Happy -- wide-eyed and innocent. Happy tries to fire him...but can't.

HAPPY

(continuing)

Good, ah, good work there today.
More tomorrow.

HOMELESS GUY

My sister is a witch.

He passes back out asleep. The Caddies react, then turn to Happy.

EDGAR

Guess it was a tough day for all of us.

HAPPY

Yeah. You think anyone was upset that I, you know, kind of lost my temper today?

CADDIES

(ad-libbed)

No! No, of course not! Never

HAPPY

You're right. Toss me another.

Antonio tosses Happy another beer as we

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

ON VIRGINIA

dressed to kill. She wanders out of the party, looks around, then stops a golfer and his guest.

VIRGINIA

Have you seen Happy Gilmore anywhere?

GOLFER

Over there. With the caddies.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON GARAGE - NIGHT

Everyone listens to Happy.

HAPPY

...Then Messier skates around behind the goal, so's Nicholls can't see him. Sure enough, Nicholls gets the puck and Kaboom! Messier takes him down from behind with a shirt-fall!

ANTONIO

What's a shirt-fall?

HAPPY

Oh, it's when a player, uh... -

HAPPY'S POV

Doug (PGA Pres.) walks by the garage entrance.

HAPPY

(continuing)

I'll show you.

Happy comes up behind Doug, grabs the back of his jacket then Happy drops to the ground, taking Doug with him.

Virginia sees Happy and Doug on the ground and runs over.

Doug, speechless, glares at Virginia -- then storms off.

Virginia turns to Happy.

VIRGINIA
Come with me.

ON THE CADDIES

CADDIES
(ad-libbed)
Ooooh! Happy's in trouuuuble! Ooooh!

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

Happy and Virginia stroll along the course in the moonlight.

VIRGINIA
Happy. I'd like to talk to you about
your actions on the course today.
You see, golf is a civilized sport
with very refined rules...

HAPPY
Rules? What rules?

VIRGINIA
Like no swearing for instance. Or
throwing clubs.

HAPPY
That's in the rules?

VIRGINIA
Well, they're sort of unwritten
rules. Doug Bearwood, the head of
the PGA --

HAPPY
-- Don't know him.

VIRGINIA
(exasperated)
He's the guy you just tackled.

HAPPY
Oh.

VIRGINIA
It's within his discretion to suspend
you from play if you he feels your
actions are a detriment to the sport.

HAPPY

"Detriment"? You're talking like a book. I thought you were cool.

VIRGINIA

I am cool. But if you don't act how I tell you to act, you'll be kicked off the tour and I'll be fired.

Happy turns to her.

HAPPY

Admit it -- from the minute you saw me, you've been having fantasizing about how great it would be to have sex with me, haven't you?

VIRGINIA

I'm not joking around, Happy -- you straighten up tomorrow or I'm going to have to throw you off the tour.

She starts to walk away.

HAPPY

(calling after her)

I'll make you a deal.

(she turns back)

I'll act good tomorrow if you go on a date with me tomorrow night.

VIRGINIA

(considers, then)

No swearing, no club throwing, no intimidating the other players...

HAPPY

Do we have a deal?

VIRGINIA

(thinks, then:)

Deal.

She walks away.

HAPPY

Finally, a date with a chick who's cool! How do I know she's cool? She told me herself! "I am cool", she said...

ON VIRGINIA

walking away. She can't help but smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON OPEN FIRST TEE - NEXT DAY

The crowd's slightly bigger today. Intermingled among the white collar folks are a few BLUE COLLAR FANS.

Virginia stands front and center, eyeing Happy (who is still dressed in hockey shirt and shorts).

STARTER

Now teeing off: Happy Gilmore.

Happy turns to his caddy -- the homeless guy.

HAPPY

Gimme a club.

The caddy pulls a six iron out of the bag and hands it to him.

HOMELESS GUY

The government put a transistor in your head.

HAPPY

I'll look into that.

EDGAR, Quinn's caddy, whispers to Happy --

EDGAR

(whispered)

You'd be better off with a wood, Happy.

HAPPY

Really? Thanks.

Happy swaps his iron for a wood.

HAPPY

(continuing; to Homeless Guy)

Why can't you be like him?

Happy walks up to the tee when a guy in the crowd starts yelling. One white collar guy starts SHOUTING AT HIM:

JEERING FAN

Hey, Gilmore! You gonna hit it on your first try this time or you gonna miss, like a jackass!

(more)

JEERING FAN (cont'd)
That's what you are, you know -- a
big, fat jackass!

HAPPY
Hey, suck my fat co --

HAPPY'S POV

on Virginia. She shakes her head.

HAPPY
(continuing; to fan)
Hey, pal, you shouldn't yell when a
guy is trying to hit.

JEERING FAN
You shouldn't play golf when you're
a jackass.

Happy, gritting his teeth, swings. WHACK! The ball goes 400
yards but slices into heavy rough.

JEERING FAN
(continuing)
Ha-ha-ha, just like I predicted -- a
poor shot! Ha-ha-ha!

Happy walks off angry.

CUT TO:

THE GREEN

Happy has laid a construction level on the green between the
ball and the hole.

HAPPY
Slightly uphill.

HOMELESS GUY
And slanting left.

HAPPY
No. It only seems that way because
you only have one shoe on.

The Homeless Guy is missing his left shoe.

HOMELESS GUY
Oh, yeah.

Happy approaches the putt -- a three footer -- with
trepidation. The crowd watches anxiously.

He putts. It goes two feet past the hole.

HAPPY
SON-OF-A --

Happy is about to fling the putter when, once again, he sees Virginia.

He smiles.

Gritting his teeth he walks back to the ball. Taking a deep breath, he hits the putt and knocks it in.

HAPPY
(continuing)
Yes.

The crowd applauds.

EDGAR
Congratulations, Happy -- you parred it.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

ANNOUNCER 1
Finally, a good hole for Happy Gilmore. After a disasterous start yesterday he may actually be able to make something of this tournament.

CUT TO:

INT. CHUBB'S OFFICE - DAY

Chubb's watches the game on TV in the darkness of his office.

CHUBBS
(sadly to himself)
It won't last.

CUT TO:

INT. NURSING HOME LOUNGE - DAY

Grandma watches the game.

GRANDMA
Yay Happy! Good for you!

The Crazy Old Man steps in front of the TV, holding a pork chop bone under his nose.

CRAZY OLD MAN
Hey, guess who I am?

Grandma is scared and baffled.

CRAZY OLD MAN
(continuing)
Magnum, P.I.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON OPEN FIFTEENTH GREEN - DAY

Happy chips out of one sand trap, over the green, right into another. Enraged, he runs over, grabs the rake and starts to throw it into the woods. He looks over at Virginia.

She's talking to someone, not looking at Happy.

Happy chucks the rake.

PAN TO:

Arnold Palmer, shaking his head.

MONTAGE OF GOLF SHOTS

Happy is playing relatively well although his putting is still terrible. He moves up the leader board from last place to thirty-second.

ZOOM TO THE TOP OF THE LEADERBOARD

It's Shooter -- in first place.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON OPEN EIGHTEENTH TEE - DAY

ON SHOOTER

He's about to tee off when a blue collar fat guy wearing a pit-stained tee-shirt yells at him.

FAT GUY
Gonna get it on the green from here,
Shooter?

SHOOTER
That's not possible, sir.

FAT GUY
Happy Gilmore did it, 'bout an hour
ago.

SHOOTER
 (really sarcastic)
 Well, good for Happy Gilmore, fatso.

Shooter hits. It's wide right.

SHOOTER
 (continuing)
Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. PGA DIRECTOR'S SUITE - DAY

Shooter, extremely angry, stands in front of Doug's desk.

SHOOTER
 You've got to get rid of him. He's
 an embarassment to golf! Look at
 him...

Shooter gestures towards the window.

Through it, we see Happy out on the lawn in front of the clubhouse, apparently demonstrating some kind of self-defense technique to a group of caddies.

SHOOTER
 (continuing)
 He's teaching the caddies how to
 break peoples arms!

DOUG
 There's nothing I can do -- he was on
 his best behavior today.

SHOOTER
 That's not the point -- it's the
 "element" the guy attracts. It's
 only his second day playing and
 already the course is littered with
 condoms and beer bottles! Hell, some
 shithead was heckling me on the
 eighteenth hole!

Doug gets up, walks around to Shooter.

DOUG
 Relax, Shooter. I've known guys like
 Gilmore all my life. Born losers.
 They get their moment in the
 spotlight, they can't handle it, they
 self-destruct.
 (more)

DOUG (cont'd)
 Trust me: Gilmore will be off the
 tour within a week. He won't be able
 to help himself. Here, have a nut.

Doug extends a bowl of cashew nuts to Shooter. Shooter takes
 one...then remembers Happy's threat. He puts it back.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE - DAY

Happy talks on the phone.

HAPPY
 (into phone)
 I came in tenth, which means I get
 three thousand one hundred dollars.
 That means you can fill in three
 boxes.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMA'S ROOM - DAY

Grandma, talking on the phone in her private room, fills in
 three more boxes on the sheet with the house diagram.

GRANDMA
 (into phone)
 Whatever you say, Happy. But I don't
 know why I'm coloring in a picture of
 a dinosaur.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE - DAY

Virginia walks up as Happy finishes talking on the phone.

HAPPY
 (into phone)
 Just color in the boxes, Grandma.
 I'll talk to you tomorrow.

Happy hangs up.

VIRGINIA
 You ready, Mr. Well-behaved?

HAPPY
 (smiles)
 Datey time?

VIRGINIA
Where do you want to go?

CUT TO:

INT. HOCKEY RINK - NIGHT

The stadium is completely empty except for the ZAMBONI GUY who drives around, doing his job.

Suddenly Happy and Virginia skate out of the players tunnel onto the ice. Virginia is clearly shaky on the skates -- Happy helps to steady her.

HAPPY
There you go. Keep your weight forward. Lookin' good --

They skate past the Zamboni Guy.

HAPPY
(continuing)
Could we get a little time here, bub?

ZAMBONI GUY
For Happy Gilmore, anything.

The Zamboni Guy drives off the ice and kills the engine.

VIRGINIA
You have a lot of pull with the workers of the world.

HAPPY
I wish I had some pull with you.

VIRGINIA
I'm here, aren't I?

HAPPY
Good point.

Suddenly the main lights click off -- only the emergency lights are on.

HAPPY
(continuing)
Uh-oh, power failure. Scary, yet somehow romantic...

VIRGINIA
Did you set this up?

OVER THE LOUDSPEAKERS

"Endless Love" starts playing.

HAPPY
(shifty-eyed)

No.

VIRGINIA
You're impossible.

HAPPY
Couples skate --

Happy takes her hand and leads her in a couples skate around the rink.

HAPPY
(continuing)
Okay now backwards couples skate.

Happy spins around. He and Virginia get all tangled up and crash, knocking them onto the floor in a heap -- a potentially romantic moment between them. Breaking it:

HAPPY
(continuing)
Make you another bet. Ready?

Happy pulls a puck out of his jacket.

VIRGINIA
You always carry a puck around?

HAPPY
Yes.

Happy skates over to the side and grabs a hockey stick.

HAPPY
(continuing)
Now, if you can get this puck into that net over there...

Happy points to a net 80 feet away.

HAPPY
(continuing)
I'll never bother you again, but, if you miss, you have to make out with me.

Virginia considers this, then stands and skates over to the puck. She raises the stick and awkwardly hits it.

The puck sails right into the net.

HAPPY
 (continuing)
 Geez, talk about your all-time
 backfires.

VIRGINIA
 Happy?

HAPPY
 Yeah?

VIRGINIA
 I didn't see it go in...

She wraps her arms around Happy and plants a long wet one on his lips.

While he's kissing her, Happy opens his eyes and sees the Zamboni Guy whacking it behind the Zamboni.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON GARAGE - NIGHT

The caddies are hanging out. Happy enters in a great mood.

HAPPY
 (barking "Jingle
 Bells")
Woof-woof-woof, woof-woof-woof, woof-
 woof-woof-woof-woof!

He glances around.

IAN
 Hey, Happy. What's up?

ANTONIO
 Where's our beer?

HAPPY
 That was a one night thing, fellas.

EDGAR
 I'm going to bed then.

HAPPY
 C'mon -- the night is young!

IAN
 You don't have to carry Shooter's bag
 for eighteen holes.

HAPPY

You guys work too hard -- you deserve
a little fun. Just because you're
caddies don't mean you can't have fun!

ANTONIO

What can we do that's fun?

HAPPY'S POV

on a rack of paint guns leaning against the garage wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

A tree stands tall and silent in the moonlight.

Happy crashes into it, quickly turning around and pressing
his back against it. He is holding a paint gun and breathing
heavily. He looks scared.

CUT TO:

A lone figure warily walking on the course.

CUT TO:

Happy, smiling.

He moves swiftly and silently behind the figure. As soon as
he gets in range, he starts firing the paint gun

HAPPY

Die, scum!

The figure raises his hands in surrender. It's Ian.

IAN

Shit! You got me!

Suddenly, a golf cart rolls out of the darkness. Antonio is
driving and firing at Happy.

ANTONIO

Here I come! Here I come!

Happy escapes into the woods.

CUT TO:

Potter, walking alone in the woods. He sees a flower growing
near his feet and picks it. He smells the flower. He smiles.

Happy drops out of a tree on top of Potter. They both land in a heap on the ground.

HAPPY
Potter! What are you doing out here?

POTTER
I like to take walks late at night.
Cleanses me of negative thought
impulses.

HAPPY
Oh.
(a beat)
You want to play "army"?

POTTER
Okay.

CUT TO:

A water hazard. Slowly, a head surfaces from the reed-covered water. It's the Homeless Guy, ready to kick some ass.

CUT TO:

Potter and Happy walking warily down a fairway.

PAN TO:

Edgar and ANOTHER CADDY, standing in a five-foot-deep foxhole they dug out of a sand trap.

EDGAR
Sitting ducks...

He raises his paint gun, taking aim at Happy and Potter, who are indeed sitting ducks.

Suddenly, Antonio drives his golf cart out of the woods, heading towards Happy and Potter.

ANTONIO
Here I come! Here I come!

Antonio doesn't see the hole his teammate Edgar has made and he drives right into it. Edgar and the other caddy jump out just in time.

HAPPY
Holy shit! That was Antonio!

Everyone rushes up to see if Antonio is okay. Suddenly...

ANTONIO

Here I come! Here I come!

Antonio runs out of the foxhole with his paint gun, firing at Happy and Potter. They flee.

CUT TO:

THE EDGE OF THE GREEN

Several trees have been felled to make a mini-fortress on the green. A half-dozen caddies man the wall.

CADDY

Here they come!

Potter leads a group of caddies, including the Homeless Guy, up over the green.

POTTER

Charge!

Potter's caddies attack! The caddies in the fortress fire through holes in the fortress, mowing down Potter's caddies.

POTTER

(continuing)

Retreat!

Everyone retreats except the Homeless Guy, doused with paint, who scales the wall.

HOMELESS GUY

Die, you yellow dogs! I'm going to kick your asses all the way back to Hanoi!!

The Homeless Guy vaults over the wall. He falls eight feet to the ground on the other side. The fortress caddies surround him, concerned.

HOMELESS GUY

(continuing)

Hamburger.

The Homeless Guy passes out.

Suddenly, a rumble is heard: it's Happy, driving a huge tractor. He drives it over the green, tearing it to pieces.

HAPPY

This one's for Grandma!

Happy grabs the flag, then crashes into the tree fortress, destroying it. Everyone scatters as we

CUT TO:

EXT. TUSCON CLUBHOUSE - NEXT MORNING

A beautiful day. The golf course is destroyed. The green is chewed up. Holes are dug in the sand. A golf cart is half submerged in the lake. Trees are laying in the fairway and paint covers everything.

Doug stands in the middle of the wreckage -- stunned, bewildered, nearly hyperventilating.

INT. PGA DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Happy, Potter, Shooter and the Caddies are there. Shooter is sitting at Doug's desk, with his feet up on it.

HAPPY

(to Shooter)

Well, where is he!

SHOOTER

He told me to round up you guys and meet him here.

HAPPY

What are you, his bitch?

Doug and Virginia burst into the office. Shooter quickly stands up.

Doug is so upset he can't talk.

SHOOTER

So what's the damage, Doug?

Doug, wild-eyed, just throws his hands in the air.

SHOOTER

(continuing)

Pretty bad, eh?

Doug just gestures wildly.

SHOOTER

(continuing)

Those responsible should be severely punished, right? Everyone, all the caddies...

Doug gestures affirmatively.

Happy steps forward.

HAPPY

Hey, it was all my fault, Doug. I thought it was a good idea, but I guess it got out of hand...

Doug just stares angrily at Happy.

SHOOTER

(to Doug)

Happy's a bad man, isn't he?

Doug nods violently.

SHOOTER

(continuing)

He should be thrown off the tour.

Doug nods even more violently.

VIRGINIA

You can't do that!

SHOOTER

Oh yes he can. And what about you, Virginia? Didn't Doug make you responsible for Happy's behavior?

HAPPY

Keep her out of it, nancy boy.

DOUG

(recovering)

Mr. Gilmore, you're out. Ms. Venit, you're fired. And Mr. McGavin, don't you ever, ever put your feet on my desk again or I swear to God I'll kill you.

A beat.

SHOOTER

Well, I guess we're all taking our lumps today.

(to Happy and

Virginia)

See you never.

Shooter walks away. He opens the double doors to leave and...

HIS POV ON THE PARKING LOT

Absolutely packed with fans! It's a massive tailgate party -- there must be thousands of people out there!

CROWD

HAPPY! HAPPY! HAPPY!

Doug and Virginia walk over to the door. They all stare wide-eyed at the crowd -- they literally can't believe their eyes.

DOUG

Oh my God...

VIRGINIA

Looks like he has a couple of fans...

FANS

Happy is the man! We love you
Happy! Kick ass, Happy!

Happy strolls calm and smiling past Virginia, Shooter and Doug and walks out the door. The crowd goes nuts.

Happy quiets the crowd.

HAPPY

Uh, hi. I'd like to introduce you to Doug Bearwood, President of the PGA tour. He has an announcement he'd like to make.

Doug grimaces -- he slowly walks out the open doors like a man going to the gas chamber. He smiles shakily at the massive crowd.

DOUG

(sweating)

Hi...

ON THE CROWD

waiting expectantly.

DOUG

(continuing)

I...I'd just like for all of us to give a big round of applause to golf's newest superstar -- Happy Gilmore!

A HUGE CHEER! Everyone APPLAUDS.

HAPPY
 (sotto, to Doug)
 And Virginia...

DOUG
 And Virginia Venit, PR Director for
 the Tour.

MORE APPLAUSE

Shooter shakes his head in disbelief and we

CUT TO:

"HAPPY RULES" MONTAGE

EXT. DALLAS OPEN - FIFTEENTH TEE - DAY

WHACK! Happy drives a ball four hundred yards. The massive, mostly blue-collar CROWD GOES WILD!

ON SOME FANS

Five guys up front have no shirts on. They have "H-A-P-P-Y" painted on their chests. They TURN TO REVEAL that they have "R-U-L-E-S" painted on their backs.

CUT TO:

EXT. DALLAS CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Shooter sits at a table signing autograph.

SHOOTER
 Here you go, shorty... Consider your
 day made, ma'am... Good for you
 stinky, you got my autograph...

He turns to Happy who sits beside him autographing as well.

SHOOTER'S POV ON HAPPY

There's a huge crowd in front of Happy. Presently, Happy is signing a girl's chest -- she SCREAMS WITH DELIGHT.

Shooter grimaces.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEVELAND OPEN - FIFTH TEE - DAY

Happy draws back and hits -- WHACK! 390 yards. The crowd erupts!

Happy runs over to the crowd and does a beer bong that someone offers him. The crowd goes even more nuts.

CUT TO:

EXT. DALLAS OPEN - DAY

ON THE LEADERBOARD

Shooter is in first place. We MOVE DOWN to eighth place to find Happy's name.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMA'S ROOM - DAY

Grandma's room is filled with flowers all with cards from Happy. Presently on the phone with him, she fills in more boxes on the chart of her house -- it's now about one third full.

CUT TO:

INT. PRO SHOP - DAY

The OWNER of a pro shop takes down a Shooter McGavin display ad then puts up a Happy Gilmore display ad.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEVELAND OPEN - NINTH TEE - DAY

Shooter walks up onto the green, smiling and waving.

CROWD

SHOOTER SUCKS! SHOOTER SUCKS!

Shooter is stunned.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Happy displays a mock up of a golf course of his own design to a GROUP OF JAPANESE INVESTORS who watch intently.

ON THE MODEL

All the holes radiate out in a circle from the clubhouse -- which is called "Happy's".

Each hole is exactly the same -- straight, no traps or rough, 400 yards to a green which slopes inward to the cup like a funnel.

The investors APPLAUD EAGERLY.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEVELAND OPEN - DAY

ON THE LEADERBOARD

Shooter is, as always, in first place. Happy is in ninth place.

CUT TO:

INT. NURSING HOME LOUNGE - DAY

As Grandma watches happy on the TV, she continues filling in blocks of the house -- now 2/3rds full.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAYOU OPEN PARKING LOT - MORNING

Doug pulls his Jaguar into the course parking lot which is the scene of a wild tailgate party. Boom boxes are BLARING, barbeques are fired up. Doug gets out, shakes his head.

SCALPER

(to Doug)

I got tickets, fourteenth tee, great view, fifty bucks.

DOUG

I don't need tickets, sir. I'm president of the tour.

SCALPER

Well, whoop de doo.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAYOU OPEN - NINTH TEE - DAY

Happy is about to tee off when a HUGE CHESTED WOMAN runs out of the crowd, chased by two SECURITY GUARDS. She plants a big kiss on Happy then runs off.

The crowd APPLAUDS AND CHEERS.

Happy chases after her.

HAPPY
 Don't start what you can't finish,
 mama!

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEVELAND OPEN - DAY

Happy shoots an instructional golf video on the green.

DIRECTOR
 And...action!

The big, ugly muppet from the video Shooter made pops up next to Happy.

HAPPY
 Who are you?

MUPPET
 I'm Bad Habits. I like to ruin
 swings and make golf a frustrating
 experience.

Happy, smiling, takes out a baseball bat.

MUPPET
 (continuing)
 Hey, that wasn't in the script.

HAPPY
 It's called "improvisation".

The Muppet takes off. Happy chases.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAYOU OPEN - DAY

ON THE LEADERBOARD

Shooter, once again, in first place. Happy is in sixth place.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMA'S ROOM - DAY

On the phone with Happy, she fills in more boxes -- only five left to go (\$5,000) before it's full.

END MONTAGE as we

CUT TO:

EXT. EVERGLADES OPEN - PAY PHONE - DAY

Happy finishes talking to his Grandmother.

HAPPY

So I should have the rest of the money by the end of the day. I'll get on a plane tomorrow and we'll go buy your house back.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANDMA'S ROOM - DAY

GRANDMA

I can't wait to see you.

Grandma opens her window. Unfortunately, the air conditioner braced against it plummets to the ground. We hear a MAN'S SCREAM, a THUD and then SILENCE.

GRANDMA

(continuing; calling down)

Would you like to come up for ice cream?

Grandma holds up a jar of Elmer's Glue.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVERGLADES OPEN - FIRST TEE - DAY

As always, an enormous crowd. Happy waits by the first tee when ED MCMAHON walks up and shakes his hand.

ED MCMAHON

How you doing, Happy? I'm Ed McMahon.

HAPPY

Hey, Ed. Nice to meet you.

ED MCMAHON

Looks like you and I will be playing together today.

HAPPY

What?

ED MCMAHON

Nobody told you? This is a pro-am. Each golfer is playing with a celebrity.

HAPPY

Oh. Okay. Cool.

ED MCMAHON

Well, good luck. Just watch out for the alligators.

HAPPY

Oh-kay...have another one, Ed.

Ed steps back. Happy prepares to swing when --

JEERING FAN

Hey, Gilmore! Ready to whiff?!

HAPPY

Oh, shit. This guy.

JEERING FAN

Oh, you remember me? It's an honor to be remembered by such a big jackass.

HAPPY

(to Ed)

Did you and Johnny have to put up with this kind of stuff?

JEERING FAN

Don't talk to Ed! Ed's not talking to you, I'm talking to you! Ed has nothing to do with this.! This is between me and Happy Gilmore -- A.K.A. The Big Jackass!

Happy angrily wallops the ball. It goes 410 yards, right onto the green. It's rolling towards the hole when an alligator runs onto the green and eats it.

HAPPY

Son-of-a-bitch!

Happy runs towards the hole.

EXT. EVERGLADES OPEN - FIRST GREEN - DAY

Happy catches the alligator and starts beating the hell out of it.

HAPPY

Gimme my ball! Cough it up! Dirty bastard, I'll rip it out of you!

Suddenly the alligator lunges at his right hand. Happy dives out of the way, just in time.

Momentarily stunned, he glances at his right hand, then at the gator.

The gator is missing one eye.

HAPPY
(continuing;
whispered, to
himself)

Chubbs...

(to gator)

You took his hand!

The gator ROARS at him. Happy leaps up and beats the gator to death with his club as the crowd stares in shock -- then APPLAUDS.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVERGLADES OPEN - THIRD GREEN - DAY

Happy lines up a putt.

ED MCMAHON
Nice and easy now, Happy...this ain't
no gator...

Happy hits the ball. It rolls off the green and into the woods.

ED MCMAHON
(continuing)
That wasn't nice and easy.

Happy glares at Ed.

EXT. EVERGLADES OPEN - SEVENTH GREEN - DAY

Happy leans over a three foot putt. Ed hovers right behind him.

ED MCMAHON
Careful now...concentrate...

Happy grits his teeth and hits the ball. It stops half an inch from the hole.

ED MCMAHON
(continuing)
Wow. You missed a three footer.

HAPPY
No fucking shit, Ed.

EXT. EVERGLADES OPEN - TWELFTH TEE - DAY

Happy tees off -- right into a sand trap. Ed goes up and puts his arm around Happy.

ED MCMAHON
Happy, I was kind of hoping to win this thing. Are you even trying?

HAPPY
(snapping)
Alright, let's go.

Happy starts pummelling Ed.

HAPPY
(continuing)
You like that, old man?

Ed gets in a few punches.

ED MCMAHON
Is that all you got, punk?!

The CROWD CHEERS!

CUT TO:

EXT. EVERGLADES OPEN - CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Shooter and JOHN TESH stand in front of a sign announcing the "Crack Mothers Pro-Am Tournament". Shooter holds up his \$25,000 check as they smile and shake hands in a posed shot while a photographer takes their picture.

JOHN TESH
Nice playing with you. I'll make sure I send you that copy of "Sax By The Clubhouse".

SHOOTER
You're the best, John.

Shooter gives him a wink as the photographer snaps a picture and we

CUT TO:

HAPPY AND ED MCMAHON

Beaten and bloody, they stand in front of the same sign, smiling through gritted teeth. Happy holds up his five thousand dollar check while they try to crush each others hands as they shake.

HAPPY
(through forced smile)
You best watch your back, old man.

ED MCMAHON
(through forced smile)
Anytime, anywhere, punk.

The photographer snaps the picture and we

CUT TO:

HAPPY AND VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA
That was a little nuts today with
the alligator and all.

HAPPY
Unfinished business.

VIRGINIA
What about you and Ed?

HAPPY
Violence is in my blood. I'm a
hockey player.

VIRGINIA
You're a golfer.

HAPPY
I'm no golfer.

VIRGINIA
Bullshit. You're just afraid; afraid
that if you give it everything you've
got, if you really try to win, then
you'll have nothing left if you fail.

HAPPY
Who are you, Tony Robbins? Look,
this is like a vacation for me: a
little song, a little dance, a little
seltzer down the pants and then I'm
gone.

VIRGINIA

You're the best driver in the game, a guy with a decent shot to win the green jacket, yet you're going to leave the game with nothing to show for it?

HAPPY

Except a few hundred grand.

VIRGINIA

I don't buy it. There's a real golfer inside you, Happy.

Shooter appears and grabs the check out of Happy's hand.

HAPPY

Hey!

Shooter holds up his check next to Happy's.

SHOOTER

Look at these checks: at first glance, virtually identical. Yet check out this one...

(indicating his)

The number is bigger! Much bigger!

VIRGINIA

Take it somewhere else, Shooter.

HAPPY

Just give me my check back, alright?

Happy grabs his check back.

SHOOTER

Gee, when I get a check that small, I throw it back.

HAPPY

Good for you, asswipe. But I need this check.

SHOOTER

To buy gum?

HAPPY

To buy my Grandmother's house back from the IRS.

Virginia is stunned.

VIRGINIA
You did this for your Grandma...

HAPPY
I was gonna tell you...

Virginia hugs Happy.

VIRGINIA
(whispered in his ear)
You're the cool one...

Happy smiles. Shooter skulks away.

EXT. SUNNYVALE NURSING HOME - DAY - EST.

Several loonies wander the grounds.

INT. GRANDMA'S ROOM - DAY

Grandma sits on her bed next to her luggage. There's a KNOCK ON THE DOOR. The door opens -- Happy stands there, with Virginia.

HAPPY
Hi, Grandma.

GRANDMA
There's my boy!

Grandma stands up and gives the coat rack a big hug.

HAPPY
This is my friend, Virginia.

Grandma hugs a lamp.

Happy holds up the five thousand dollar check.

HAPPY
(continuing; smiles)
Let's go get your house back.

INT. IRS OFFICE - DAY

Virginia, Happy and his Grandmother walk up to the desk of the IRS agent. Happy dumps a load of money onto it.

HAPPY
Here you go -- one hundred twenty eight grand.

GRANDMA

I didn't know they let goats work for the IRS.

IRS AGENT

I'm sorry, Mr. Gilmore. The house has been sold.

VIRGINIA

What?

IRS AGENT

Yesterday. We closed this morning.

HAPPY

That's impossible! Who bought it?

CUT TO:

INT. SHOOTER'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The door opens to reveal Shooter behind it. Shooter smiles.

SHOOTER

Hello, Happy.

HAPPY

I want that house back.

SHOOTER

Gee, I wish I could sell it to you, but I plan to burn it down and piss on the ashes. Sorry.

Shooter tries to close the door -- Happy stops it.

HAPPY

What do you want, Shooter?

Shooter sneers.

SHOOTER

You know what I want. What I've wanted since the first minute you became a pro -- I want you off the tour. Quit and the house is yours.

HAPPY

(angry)

Holy shit. I want to beat the hell out of you right now...

Shooter steps out into the hallway.

SHOOTER

Who do you think you are, Gilmore?
You're just a circus freak, a
performing monkey. You don't belong
with real golfers. You see this
jacket --

Shooter gestures to his green Masters jacket, which he wears.

SHOOTER

(continuing)

This isn't something you can buy,
something you can win in a popularity
contest. You have to earn it...and
you never will.

HAPPY

Let's find out. I'll make you a
deal -- If I beat you at the Masters,
you sell the house back to me. If
you beat me -- I'll quit.

SHOOTER

You're on!

Shooter and he shake hands, sealing the bet.

SHOOTER

(continuing)

You're in big trouble, pal. I eat
pieces of shit like you for breakfast.

HAPPY

You eat pieces of shit for breakfast?

Happy walks off. Shooter thinks of a comeback, and yells
after him.

SHOOTER

No!

CUT TO:

INT. CHUBB'S OFFICE - DAY

ON CHUBBS

sitting in the shadows, smoking a cigar.

CHUBBS

I knew you'd come crawling back to me.

ON HAPPY

Who sits across the desk from him.

HAPPY
Who's crawling? I ain't crawling!

CHUBBS
Then I'm not helping you.

HAPPY
Okay, I'm crawling.

CHUBBS
You ready to work this time? Do
whatever I tell you?

HAPPY
I'm ready.

CHUBBS
Then let's go beat that cocky
bastard.

CUT TO:

TRAINING MONTAGE

Chubbs helps Happy adjust his swing.

Happy practices his chipping with marshmallows. The Homeless Guy is running around trying to catch them in his mouth.

Chubbs draws golf holes on a blackboard. Happy pinpoints positions of the best possible lies.

Happy drives golf balls at targets in the shape of Shooter that Chubbs has placed on the driving range.

END MONTAGE

INT. HAPPY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Happy is getting dressed when there's a KNOCK ON THE DOOR. He opens it to see Chubbs.

CHUBBS
(looking at his
outfit)
Where are you doing?

HAPPY
I'm going to the movies with Virginia.

CHUBBS

Yeah. The movie you're gonna see is "Happy Practices His Putting All Night." It's a comedy.

HAPPY

Putting? C'mon, Chubbs, I been working on my short game all week.

CHUBBS

I know. That's why we're gonna do something a little...different.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF PLACE - NIGHT

Full of windmills, dragons and other Miniature Golf Acoutrements. Happy and Chubbs walk to the first hole. Happy's the only one with a club.

CHUBBS

Here's what we're gonna do: there's nine holes on this course. If you can do all nine in, say, twenty shots or less you can go on your date. More than twenty -- you gotta do it again.

HAPPY

Allright, let's get going.

Chubbs drops the ball on the first tee like it's a hockey face-off.

CHUBBS

Go.

Happy hits the ball. It hits the arm of the windmill obstacle in front of him and breaks it off. The ball trickles back to where it was.

Happy bites his lip hard.

He hits it again. It hits the side of the windmill and ricochets off the putting surface.

CHUBBS

(continuing)

That's two.

Happy is a bubbling cauldron of rage.

CHUBBS
 (continuing)
 Let it out, Happy. Release your
 anger.

HAPPY
 You sure?

CHUBBS
 Do it. Let it out.

Happy stomps his foot down through the wood floor of the
 course.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Happy's ball misses a little wooden bridge and falls into a
 puddle. Happy kicks the bridge about thirty feet.

The owner of the mini-golf place, an ITALIAN GUY, reads the
National Enquirer in his little hut. Over his shoulder, we
 can see Happy repeatedly slamming his club down on a
 gingerbread house.

Happy gently hits the ball up a hill towards a hole. The
 ball stops on the lip of the hole, rolls back down past
 Happy, off the course, through the parking lot and out onto
 the street. We hear the sound of a car accident.

Happy makes a pretty good shot through a tube to the green.
 Unfortunately, the ball rolls back down. Happy crushes the
 tube with his foot.

Happy whacks the shit out of a castle with his club

PAN TO:

Arnold Palmer on the hole next to him, shaking his head.

END MONTAGE

Happy is on the final hole.

CHUBBS
 Hit it in the clown's mouth and you
 get a free coke.

Happy putts up a ramp and into the clown's mouth. The BELL
 RINGS.

HAPPY
 Whoopee...

They walk over to the proprietor's hut.

HAPPY

(continuing)

Hey, mister, I got it in the clown's mouth.

ITALIAN GUY

I no heara the bell.

HAPPY

Yeah but I got it in.

ITALIAN GUY

No heara the bell, no coke.

Suddenly, the BELL RINGS AGAIN from someone else who got it in the clown's mouth.

ITALIAN GUY

(continuing; shouting
to guy)

I no heara nothing!

The guy turns his back on Happy. Happy shakes his head.

Happy and Chubbs walk off toward the parking lot. Suddenly, from behind them:

ITALIAN GUY (O.S.)

Sirrrrr!

They turn to see the Mini-Golf Guy standing amidst the ruins of his course.

ITALIAN GUY

Sirrrr! You think this isa some kinda joke? You think it isa funny to be doing this? Maybe it is also funny if I do this to you!

The guy grabs a club and madly charges them. They dash back to the Duster and pull away just in time.

CUT TO:

INT. HAPPY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Chubbs drinks from a bottle of whisky as Happy sits in a chair by the open window. A breeze flutters the curtains.

HAPPY

I was hitting some putts there towards the end.

CHUBBS

You sucked continuously.

A beat.

HAPPY

I feel kind of bad about what I did to that guy's course.

CHUBBS

You need to control your anger, Happy. Oh, and one other thing...

HAPPY

What?

CHUBBS

I'm gonna give you one last piece of advice. This is Chubb's "key to golf". Consider it my final gift to you.

HAPPY

(reminded)

That reminds me -- I have a gift for you, too.

Happy takes a fairly large giftwrapped box out of his closet and hands it to Chubbs.

CHUBBS

It's heavy. What is it?

HAPPY

Open it.

Chubbs clumsily unwraps it (his wooden hand hinders him). With a smile, he opens it.

Inside is the one-eyed severed head of the alligator Happy killed -- the one that bit off Chubb's hand.

CHUBBS

AHHHHHHHHHH!

Out of reflex, Chubbs leaps backwards.

Unfortunately, he falls through the open hotel window and plunges down fifteen stories, SCREAMING ALL THE WAY.

A beat.

HAPPY
Chubbs?

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

CLOSE ON A BURIAL URN AND CHUBB'S WOODEN HAND

Both rest on an altar in this funeral home. The place is filled with people paying their last respects.

Happy and Virginia sit in the back.

HAPPY
I thought he'd be thrilled to see that I killed it for him.

VIRGINIA
(patting his hand)
I know. I've been watching you these past few weeks. You've been practicing real hard.

HAPPY
I don't want to be a joke anymore, Virginia. I want to be a good golfer.

She gives him a smile. He smiles back.

Shooter walks past them.

SHOOTER
Congratulations, murderer. You killed the guy who taught me to golf.

HAPPY
You knew Chubbs?

SHOOTER
He was like a father to me.

HAPPY
Really?

SHOOTER
Know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna dedicate my performance at the Masters to Chubb's memory. I'm playing for Chubbs.

HAPPY
Fuck that -- I'm playing for Chubbs.

SHOOTER
I called it first!

HAPPY
You son-of-a --

Happy leaps for him. Everyone in the funeral parlor turns to them. Virginia restrains him.

VIRGINIA
If you want to beat him, beat him on the course.

Shooter walks off. Happy wearily sits down.

HAPPY
(to Virginia)
Doesn't matter anyway. I'm gonna lose. Chubbs died before he finished teaching me.

Suddenly, the Homeless Guy leans forward from the row behind Happy and Virginia.

HOMELESS GUY
My sister's a witch.

HAPPY
(dismissive)
Yeah, yeah, I know.

The Homeless Guy grabs Happy's arm.

HOMELESS GUY
Seriously, dude. Come with me.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE IN WOODS - DAY - EST.

It's a small cottage deep in the forest.

INT. HOUSE IN WOODS - DAY

ON ROSA

sitting cross legged in front of a circular table. Sexy and seductive, Rosa dresses like a gypsy. The place is decked out with scarves, colored lights, crystals -- weird. The mood is somber.

Happy and the Homeless Guy stand on the other side of the table.

HAPPY
Hi there, crazy sister of bum.

ROSA
Sit.

They sit.

ROSA
(continuing)
My brother tells me that you desire
to contact someone who has departed
the realm of the living and now
enjoys the fruits of the after-life.

Happy turns to the Homeless Guy.

HAPPY
You said that?

The Homeless Guy shrugs.

ROSA
In order to channel your friend from
beyond this world, I will need
something personal from him, some
object.

Happy puts Chubb's wooden hand on the table.

ROSA
(continuing)
Fine.

Rosa BEGINS TO HUM. She stares at Happy seductively.

ROSA
(continuing)
I can feel the ache of your manhood
from across the table.

The Homeless Guy leans in to Happy and whispers:

HOMELESS GUY
She's talking about your wiener.

HAPPY
Thanks, I got it.
(to Rosa)
So how does this work here? You fly
around on a broom, cast spells and
drink blood?

ROSA

I need to become one with you.

HOMELESS GUY

She means she's gotta do it with you.

HAPPY

Yeah, I got it, thanks.

(to Rosa)

Look, Ms. Witch, I got a girlfriend, see and I don't think she'd be too keen on my letting you, you know --

ROSA

Do you want to speak to the beyond?

HAPPY

Yeah.

ROSA

Then come.

Grabbing Chubb's wooden hand, she leads Happy to

A BACK ROOM

She shuts the door, turns to Happy and drops the sarong she wears, leaving herself naked.

HAPPY

Oh, boy...

ROSA

Let us begin.

She approaches Happy.

HAPPY

Look lady, I'm taken. I'm not going to do this. Is there any other way we could contact him?

She shrugs.

ROSA

We really only have to make out. I was just trying to get laid.

Happy thinks about this.

HAPPY

Make out? Hmmm. Well, I gotta talk to him...

He crosses to Rosa and they begin making out. She reaches down to his crotch.

HAPPY
(continuing)
Stay on first base, sweetie.

Happy moves down Rosa's face, and starts kissing her neck.

ROSA
(moaning)
Ohhhhhhh. You are invited, Mr.
Chubbs! Enter me! Enter me!

Suddenly, Rosa SCREAMS. From now on, when she speaks, it's in CHUBB'S VOICE.

ROSA
(continuing; in
Chubb's Voice)
Happy?! What the hell are you doing?!

Happy freezes, his lips still pressed against Rosa's neck.

HAPPY
Chubbs?

ROSA
(in Chubb's Voice)
Are you kissin' my neck?!

HAPPY
Would you believe... you asked me to?

Chubbs (in the body of Rosa) pushes Happy away. He looks down and sees the body he's in.

ROSA
(in Chubb's Voice)
Ahhh! I've got tits!

HAPPY
Sorry about this, Chubbs, but the
Masters is tomorrow and you died
before you gave me that final piece
of advice.

ROSA
(in Chubb's Voice)
That's what this is all about?!

Chubbs (in Rosa's body) walks over to him and sits down.

ROSA
 (continuing)
 Allright, here's what you gotta do,
 you ready?

HAPPY
 Yes.

He leans in and WHISPERS INTO HAPPY'S EAR as we

CUT TO:

EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - MASTERS - DAY

The course is sheer perfection -- dogwoods, deep green grass and blue, blue sky above. It's the Masters, and there's nothing in the world like it.

INT. CADDY SHACK - DAY

In the darkness of the caddy shack, in a series of CLOSE UPS, we see Happy preparing for the day.

Shining the clubs. Oiling the heads. Opening packages of balls. Sharpening tees. Finally:

CUT TO:

EXT. CADDY SHACK - DAY

Emerging from the darkness of the workshop we see Happy -- dressed for the first time as a golfer. Plaid pants, golf bag slung over his shoulder. He marches triumphantly up the lawn towards the clubhouse.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - MASTERS - DAY

The place is now swarming with all the activity that comes with the greatest golf tournament in the world.

INT. TV ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

ANNOUNCER
 There may be 63 professionals vying for the title of "world's best" here at the Masters today but in the minds of spectators there are really only two -- straight arrow Shooter McGavin and golf's "Bad Boy" Happy Gilmore.
 (more)

ANNOUNCER (cont'd)

It promises to be a grudge match the fans here at Augusta National won't soon forget.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST TEE - MASTERS - DAY

Shooter is giving an interview to several television reporters.

SHOOTER

I'm dedicating my game today to the memory of Chubbs Peterson, one of golf's greats, fatally struck down in his golden years by Happy Gilmore.

CUT TO:

The crowd seems evenly divided between White-Collar and Blue-Collar fans. There is an uneasiness between the two.

Virginia and Grandma escort Happy to the tee, stopping on the edge.

HAPPY

Grandma, I'm sorry it's come to this.

GRANDMA

Nonsense. If you lose, I'll just stay in the nursing home. I've made lots of friends there - Tom Selleck, Lorenzo Lamas, Magilla Gorilla...

Happy turns to Virginia.

HAPPY

I have to tell you: I made out with that witch. It was the only way I could get in touch with Chubbs.

VIRGINIA

I understand. As long as you didn't enjoy it.

Happy gets shifty-eyes.

HAPPY

Yeah. Well, wish me luck.

VIRGINIA

Good luck.

Happy ascends to the tee. The Blue Collar fans go nuts.

Shooter, Ian and the Homeless Guy are waiting for Happy. The Homeless Guy hands him a driver.

HOMELESS GUY

Happy, best of luck. And as Kipling once wrote, "the world belongs to those who dare to dream."

Everyone stares at the Homeless Guy. Nervous, he takes a biscuit out of his pocket and eats it.

Shooter walks over to Happy.

SHOOTER

Nice outfit.

Happy just smiles.

SHOOTER

(continuing; trying to be casual)

So I heard you got some secret info from Chubbs last night. What was it?

Happy tees up a ball.

SHOOTER

(continuing)

Cause I was his student once, too, you know? He would've wanted me to know, too.

HAPPY

You know something? I'm so confident, I suggest we move up our bet -- whoever wins today's match wins the whole thing.

SHOOTER

Fine by me.

Suddenly, a voice cries out from the crowd:

JEERING FAN

Idiot alert! Idiot alert! King Idiot Happy Gilmore is now on the course! Repeat, the King Idiot is on the course!

Happy SIGHS, controls his temper, then turns to him.

HAPPY

Hey, I give up. I am an idiot.

JEERING FAN

This just in: Happy Gilmore admits
idiocy! Stop the Presses!

HAPPY

Yes, I'm an idiot and a bad golfer so
why don't you come out here and show
me how to play.

JEERING FAN

(less confident)

News flash: Idiot Loses Mind.

HAPPY

You heard me. C'mon over here!

The blue-collar crowd JOINS IN:

CROWD

Go Over There! Go Over There! Go
Over There!

Reluctantly, the Jeering Fan goes out to the tee.

HAPPY

I'm looking forward to getting a
lesson from the master. Here.

Happy hands him the club.

HAPPY

(continuing)

Swing away.

JEERING FAN

(barely audible)

I can't play.

HAPPY

Do it.

The Jeering Fan swings effeminately. Really effeminately.

The crowd, White-collar and Blue-collar, roars.

HAPPY

(continuing)

Wow, that's some swing.

JEERING FAN
 (screaming)
I can't play, alright!!!

Upset, the Jeering Fan runs off.

STARTER
 Assuming no one else wants to try,
 Mr. McGavin - you're up.

Shooter snorts and stalks off. The hole is a dogleg right -- the green is hidden by trees. Shooter goes up to the tee and hits -- 275 yards. A great shot. The crowd APPLAUDS.

SHOOTER
 Not bad, eh, loser.

Happy points towards the trees.

HAPPY
 I thought the green was over there.

SHOOTER
 It's called setting up your approach shot.

STARTER
 Mr. Gilmore, you're up.

He stares straight ahead, then suddenly turns and angles himself so he's aiming directly at the trees towards the green.

He swings and WHACK!

The ball sails over the trees and lands on the green.

HAPPY
 (to Shooter)
 Approach that, bitch.

The CROWD GOES WILD!

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

of Shooter and Happy on the front nine. Shooter plays well but Happy plays astonishingly well.

ON THE LEADERBOARD

We see that, going into the back nine, Happy is in first place with seven under and Shooter is in second place with three under.

EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - MASTERS - TENTH FAIRWAY - DAY

HAPPY

is walking down the fairway, trailed by the Homeless Guy. He waves to Virginia and Grandma in the gallery.

Suddenly, a beat-up Volkswagen emerges from behind a cluster of trees. Happy can't see it.

VIRGINIA

Happy! LOOK OUT!

Too late. Happy goes flying over the hood of the Volkswagen. As the car drives off towards the road, the Jeering Fan shakes his fist out the window.

JEERING FAN

Nobody makes a fool out of me!
Nobody!

Unfortunately, he slams into a tree and the car explodes leaving nothing but twisted wreckage.

ON HAPPY

Laying on the ground. Everyone rushes over.

DISSOLVE TO:

Happy lays on a bench. Hovering over him are Virginia, Grandma and a doctor.

DOCTOR

You're a little banged up, but there were no serious injuries. Just stay off your feet for a few days.

HAPPY

To hell with that! I gotta finish!

DOCTOR

Fine. Do whatever the hell you want. What do I know, I'm just a Doctor.

The Doctor leaves.

VIRGINIA

Are you sure you feel okay enough to play?

HAPPY

I feel fine. Besides, I got no choice.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - MASTERS - TENTH HOLE - DAY

The crowd is once again calm. Shooter hits -- 270 yards.

Happy walks up to the tee. He draws back to hit and -- WHACK!

240 yards -- 30 yards shy of Shooter's ball.

Shooter smiles.

SHOOTER

Well, well, well. Happy Gilmore is human after all.

HAPPY

The car accident. It must have screwed up my back or something. My power is gone!

SHOOTER

Yep, so you're just a regular hitter. Which means now you're my bitch. It's over.

Happy looks off into the distance. This is his moment of truth.

HAPPY

You think so? The way I see it, I've only just begun...

MUSIC: "We've Only Just Begun" by the Carpenters.

CUT TO:

Happy and Shooter progressing through the holes. Happy seems unable to hit the long drive any more, although his short game is terrific.

Shooter gains on him.

ON THE LEADERBOARD

Going into the eighteenth hole, Shooter is in the lead by one stroke.

EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - MASTERS - EIGHTEENTH HOLE - DAY

Shooter, Happy and Doug stand by the tee. The crowd is huge.

DOUG

Gentlemen, the eighteenth hole is a par three, 160 yards. Mr. McGavin is currently one stroke ahead. Mr. Gilmore, you're up.

Happy turns to his caddy.

HAPPY

Gimme a ball that feels lucky.

The caddy picks one out, thinks about it, puts it back, pulls out another one, puts it back.

HAPPY

(continuing)

Gimme one that feels lucky today.

The caddy grabs a seven iron, smiles and hands it to Happy. Happy walks up to the ball, exhales and hits.

It lands on the green, fifteen feet from the hole.

The CROWD ROARS.

Shooter steps up to the ball, breathes deep and hits.

It lands on the green but bounces off and rolls into the blue-collar crowd which roars even louder.

Shooter and Happy march off toward the hole.

EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - MASTERS - EIGHTEENTH GREEN - DAY

Shooter walks off the green to find his ball. He's faced with a wall of snarling blue-collar fans.

SHOOTER

(stepping under rope)

Excuse me...pardon me...just looking for my ball...

Shooter looks down, avoiding hostile eye contact. Finally, he spots his ball -- it's on someone's shoe. He follows the leg up -- it's the Fat Guy.

FAT GUY

This your ball?

SHOOTER

Um, yes...

FAT GUY

You hit my foot.

SHOOTER

I'm really truly sorry.

The Fat Guy turns his foot and dumps the ball on the ground. Everyone takes a step or two back: far enough to let Shooter hit but close enough to intimidate him.

Shooter squares to hit. The Fat Guy is literally breathing down his neck. Shooter hits -- it goes two feet.

SHOOTER

(continuing)

Dammit!

The crowd LAUGHS. Shooter, rattled, squares to hit again and does. It bounces up onto the green about twelve feet from the hole.

FAT GUY

That's three so far, Shooter.

Shooter, away from the crowd, is emboldened.

SHOOTER

You can count! Good for you!

FAT GUY

And you can count on me waiting for you in the parking lot.

Shooter gulps. Happy watches intently as Shooter, who is still away, prepares to putt. Shooter swings and sinks it. He stomps angrily off the green.

Happy steps up to the ball.

VIRGINIA

Sink this and you win, Happy.

Happy stares intently at the ball. Everyone holds their breath. There is utter SILENCE until a faint voice is heard...

ITALIAN GUY

Sirrrr! Hear me!!! Sirrrr!

The Mini-Golf Guy is running down the fairway with a shotgun. He FIRES A SHOT into the air. Everyone SCREAMS.

ITALIAN GUY
(continuing)

Stay right where you are, sirrrr! We
will now be seeing who is doing the
joking! I will destroy you.

ON VIRGINIA

who gasps.

ON DOUG

running away.

ON GRANDMA

GRANDMA

Wheeeeeeeee!

ON THE HOMELESS GUY

in a water trap taking a bath.

ON SHOOTER AND HAPPY

as Shooter hides behind Happy.

ON ROSA

in the crowd. She eyes Happy lasciviously.

She closes her eyes and BEGINS TO HUM...

CUT TO:

INT. HOCKEY RINK - DAY

The Zamboni guy is calling a "1-900" gay sex line.

MACHO VOICE

What's your name?

ZAMBONI DRIVER

Randy.

MACHO VOICE

Well, Randy, what do you want me to
do to you?

ZAMBONI DRIVER

I wanna do sex with you.

MACHO VOICE

You're a bad boy, aren't you?

ZAMBONI DRIVER

Yes.

Behind the Zamboni Guy, the driverless Zamboni turns on by its own and drives out of the arena.

EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - MASTERS - EIGHTEENTH GREEN - DAY

The Mini-Golf Guy finally reaches the green.

HAPPY

Take it easy, pal.

ITALIAN GUY

Maybe you should take it easy on my little golf course! But you refuse!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Zamboni is driving very fast down the highway, passing a Porsche.

EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - MASTERS - EIGHTEENTH GREEN - DAY

The Mini-Golf Guy is now standing between Happy and the hole.

ITALIAN GUY

What I am about to do, I do for the small businessman who works his fingers to the bone only to see some pig tear his dream in two.

The Mini-Golf Guy pulls a grenade from his jacket.

The CROWD GASPS.

He pulls the pin.

THE CROWD GASPS

He swallows it.

The CROWD GASPS.

Suddenly, Happy sees the driverless Zamboni approaching from behind the Mini-Golf Guy.

HAPPY

Hey, pal, what does "Zamboni" mean in English?

ITALIAN GUY

It means it is time...for you...to die!

The Zamboni runs over the Mini-Golf Guy. A moment later, the grenade goes off, lifting the Zamboni about an inch into the air and creating a BURPING SOUND.

It sinks a foot into the green.

HAPPY

Of all the possible outcomes to this situation, "crazed gunman killed by runaway Zamboni" was pretty low on my list.

Shooter emerges from behind Happy. Virginia runs over and embraces Happy.

VIRGINIA

Are you allright?!

HAPPY

Yeah, sure...

Doug yells from the tree he is hiding behind.

DOUG

You need to finish the hole, Mr. Gilmore!

The Zamboni is directly between Happy's ball and the hole.

HAPPY

What about the Zamboni?

DOUG

Play the ball as it lies!

VIRGINIA

Just hit it to the left. You'll have a clear angle from there -- then sink it and it's a tie. Tomorrow, you and Shooter go one-on-one in sudden death.

Virginia walks off.

Happy squares to putt.

SHOOTER

(eyeing him)

Loser...loser...not worthy of the green jacket...

The crowd is murmuring excitedly. A helicopter whirs overhead. Shooter keeps muttering.

Happy stares blankly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE IN WOODS - DAY

In a hazy flashback, Rosa whispers in Happy's ear.

ROSA

(in Chubb's voice)

It's just you and the hole. You
gotta block everything else out.
Block it out...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - MASTERS - EIGHTEENTH GREEN - DAY

Happy is still staring blankly. There's still a lot of noise.

CHUBBS (V.O.)

Block it out...

SLOWLY, ALL SOUND DIES OUT

HAPPY'S POV

He can see Shooter's lips moving, but he hears nothing coming out.

CHUBBS (V.O.)

(continuing)

Block it out...

SLOWLY, EVERYONE BESIDES HAPPY DISAPPEARS

Happy is alone on the hole (with the Zamboni) He breathes deeply, then quickly changes his stance towards the hole. He brings the club down hard.

It's a chip.

The ball flies over the Zamboni and right into the hole.

SOUND AND PEOPLE REAPPEAR

The place goes nuts. The barriers break, the crowd rushes the green.

ON SHOOTER

disgusted, he throws his putter. It flies through the air and whacks the Fat Guy in the head.

Shooter's eyes go wide.

The Fat Guy runs after him. Shooter, SCREAMING, runs off with the Fat Guy chasing him as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DUSK

Happy, Virginia and Grandma get out of Happy's Duster. Happy (now wearing the green Masters jacket) pulls a bottle of champagne out, pops the cork and pours three glasses.

HAPPY
(raising his glass)
To Chubbs -- wherever he may be.

Suddenly, floating above the house, Happy sees three ghostly, smiling apparitions: Abe Lincoln, John Lennon and Chubbs.

They wave. Happy waves back.

GRANDMA
Who you waving at, Happy?

HAPPY
No one, Grandma. Let's go home.

The three of them walk towards Grandma's house as we

PAN TO:

ARNOLD PALMER

watching them. He turns, looks directly into the camera and shakes his head.

THE END