

TIN CUP

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

TINNY CHEATIN' HEART MUSIC, the dull GROAN of a TRACTOR, CRICKETS CHIRPIN' love songs, sporadic ZAPS from BUG LIGHTS, and an occasional random THWOCK as we --

FADE IN:

1 EXT. TEXAS - DRAMATIC ANGLE - SUNSET 1

Out west where the sun descends gloriously over desolate mountains. A sense of timeless and incorruptible beauty if you ignore the TWANG of the MUSIC, the SPUTTER of the TRACTOR, the ZAPS, the THWACKS... and something else...

... MEN'S VOICES. Garrulous with drink, fraternity and amusement.

We PAN DOWN TO:

2 EXT. DRIVING RANGE - LATE DAY 2

A man, JOSE, is on the roof, wrestling with a rickety satellite dish, stringing wire, trying to get it to work. (We get glimpses of him throughout the scene as he struggles with what is assuredly a pirate operation.)

Four of six floodlights nailed to the roof cast pools of yellow into the gathering darkness. ROY "TIN CUP" McAVOY stands under the swarm of moths crowding the brightest light, hitting golf balls. THWOCK...! Launching them, really, into the deepening night. There's a beer between his legs. Behind him:

A group of men forms a semicircle, facing away from Tin Cup. These men are the range regulars: CURT, CLINT, EARL, and DEWEY. Each man has money in one hand and his preferred libation in the other. They're all looking back and forth between the bug lights hung on the back wall, and muttering what sounds like bets to:

ROMEO POSAR -- a smaller man, he stands at the center of the group with a handful of cash. Romeo is a part-time bookie and full-time driving range man. Born across the river in Mexico, Romeo is Tin Cup's caddie, confidante, best friend.

ROMEO

Okay, all bets are down!

Their eyes rivet on the bug lights, edgy, hopeful, until... ZAP! A BUG is ELECTROCUTED. And Dewey cheers triumphantly while the other regulars mutter curses about how they woulda, coulda, shoulda bet.

ROMEO

Number one is the winner! Dewey
has the winner. Pays five to two!

Romeo quickly pays Dewey and more quickly takes money from the losers. It's fast-paced, inane, time-killing gambling. Tin Cup looks over.

TIN CUP

Don't you shitheels ever get
bored?

The regulars flap dismissive palms and mutter in the negative as they turn back to Romeo and the action at the bug lights.

TIN CUP

... 'Cuz I got a riddle.

Tin Cup leads the regulars inside.

CUT TO:

A3 INT. DRIVING RANGE - LATE DAY

A3

Tin Cup holds court.

TIN CUP

Takes about two ounces of brains
to figure it out. Anyone think
they got a brain with two ounces
of brains in it?

The regulars silently look at each other, reluctant to reveal the heft of their brains.

TIN CUP

For Chrissakes, boys! A little
self-confidence from the players'
gallery. We ain't talking long
division.

EARL

(timidly)

How much we gotta lose?

TIN CUP

You want to liven things up, Earl?
That's a hell of an idea. Say
everyone puts in twenty bucks and
the pot goes to whoever solves the
riddle.

DEWEY

You going to get the riddle, Tin
Cup?

TIN CUP

(patiently)

Dewey. I'm the one asking the riddle. I already know the answer. I don't getta guess. Although... We could say if I get to five hundred bounces and no one gets the riddle, I get the pot. And I know what you're thinking. It's an impossible riddle. Well, It's not. It's an easy riddle. And if somehow by the grace of fluke luck I win, and you all don't agree it was an easy riddle, hell, I'll refund your money.

EARL, CLINT & ALL

I'm in... We're in... Count us in... etc...

TIN CUP

Okay, a man's driving down the road with his son and they get in a crash. Two ambulances come and take the man and his son to different hospitals. Son goes into the operating room, the doctor looks at him and says, 'I can't operate on this boy. He's my son.' How's that possible?

(beat)

The clock's ticking boys...

Tin Cup begins bouncing a ball on the face of his wedge.

EARL

Father didn't sneak back in, right? He's still at the other hospital?

TIN CUP

It ain't 'Star Trek,' Earl. No one beamed him aboard.

That eliminates the most plausible theory in their minds. The men think harder.

EARL

Well... if the father married the son's daughter --

TIN CUP

It's a family riddle, Earl. Think clean thoughts.

The regulars puzzle some more.

CLINT
Give us a little hint.

MOLLY (O.S.)
The doctor's a woman.

All heads turn to take in the arrival of:

3 MOLLY GRISWOLD

3

Standing just inside the door -- she's a fresh-faced beauty in her early thirties, and she's got all new everything the sport of golf requires: new bag, new clubs, new shoes, new clothes, new visor... she looks like she stepped out of an ad in Golf Digest. And all the men are asking themselves the same question: what's she doing here? The silence invites Molly to supply the riddle's answer.

MOLLY
The doctor is the son's mother.
Feminists pose the riddle to
reveal how deeply our sexual
stereotypes run.
(directly to Tin Cup)
I take it you're a feminist?

Tin Cup misses the ball he's been bouncing, breaking the spell. The regulars wait for Tin Cup's response.

TIN CUP
Ma'am, I've been called a lot of
things -- but no one's ever
saddled me with that one.

MOLLY
You might try being saddled
sometime -- the smell of leather,
the sting of a whip...

The regulars snicker, enjoying her one-upmanship.

TIN CUP
(slightly taken
aback)
I'm just a humble golf pro...

MOLLY
You're Roy McAvoy the golf pro? I
pictured something... different.
I have a seven o'clock lesson.

TIN CUP
I thought I had a Doctor Griswold

at seven.

They hurry out to the range, Tin Cup oblivious to his gaffe.

And the regulars gather to look out the window --

4 THEIR POV - THROUGH WINDOW 4

To the range, where Molly is stretching and Tin Cup is discreetly waving to the regulars to get lost.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT 5

The lesson begins. Tin Cup can be slightly condescending in these situations, though she's got him a little wary.

TIN CUP

The first thing you gotta learn about this game, Doc, is it ain't about hitting a little white ball into some yonder hole. It's about inner demons and self-doubt and human frailty and overcoming all that crap. So... what kinda doctor'd you say you were?

MOLLY

I'm a psychologist -- in layman's terms call me a neo-Jungian, post-modern Freudian, holistic secularist.

TIN CUP

Damn.

She begins unpacking one of her bags, pulling out every golf gimmick on the market -- swing aid straps to pull your elbows together, a ball pendulum that hangs from your hat, a metal contraption for your feet, etc.

MOLLY

Inner demons and human frailty are my life's work. I used to practice in El Paso but I've moved here now...

TIN CUP

What're those?

MOLLY

I ordered these from the Golf Channel.

He stares in disbelief as she tries to wriggle into some of this stuff. He's enchanted and dismayed.

TIN CUP

That stuff's a waste of money.

MOLLY

I'm sure there are excesses and repetitions here, but I believe in the gathering of knowledge and I figured, well, there must be some truths about the golf swing illustrated by these devices -- and that you'd help me sort through it.

She stands there with contraptions coming from every limb.

MOLLY

I have dozens of golf videotapes, too... And a golf watch.

TIN CUP

(irritated, impatient)

Take it off. All of it. Now!
You're a smart woman, for Chrissakes -- don't you know the work of charlatans when you see it?

She deposits all the golf gimmick devices in a pile.

MOLLY

No. I can always tell when someone is lying to himself, but I'm quite susceptible and frequently wrong when that person lies to me.

(pointing to the pile of devices)

That stuff cost me over 200 dollars --

TIN CUP

Then it's 200 dollars of shit...

He tees a ball, hands Molly her driver and steps back.

TIN CUP

Go ahead. Take a swing.

Molly takes a pitty-pat swing and whiffs, and mutters under her breath with the ease of a longshoreman.

MOLLY

Aw, fuck...

TIN CUP

Well, you talk like a golfer --

Molly unloads a mighty second swing. The club head bounces off the mat. The ball sits untouched.

MOLLY

Shit.

TIN CUP

'Fuck...' 'Shit...' these are highly technical golf terms and you're using them on your first lesson -- this is promising.

MOLLY

Awright, wise ass, show me.

Tin Cup takes the club from Molly, motions for her to step back, tees up a ball, and rockets a drive into the night.

TIN CUP

Something like that.

He hands her back the club and tees up another ball. Molly just looks at him.

MOLLY

Impressive. Y'know, I tend to process things verbally. Can you break down into words how you did that?

Tin Cup takes a deep breath -- this is his speech.

TIN CUP

'What is the golf swing?' -- by Roy McAvoy.

(beat)

The golf swing is a poem.

TIN CUP (CONT'D)

Sometimes a love sonnet and sometimes a Homeric epic -- it is organic and of a piece, yet it breaks down into elegant stanzas and quatrains. The critical opening phrase of this song is the grip, in which the hands unite to form a single unit by the simple overlap of the smallest finger...

(displays grip)

... held lightly, a conductor's

baton.

(starts swing)

Lowly and slowly the clubhead is pulled back, led into position not by the hands but the body which turns away from the target, shifting to the right side without shifting balance. Tempo is everything, perfection unobtainable, as the body coils, now to the top of the swing, in profound equilibrium. And then a slight hesitation, a nod to the gods...

MOLLY

A nod to the gods?

TIN CUP

To the gods, yes... that he is fallible. As the weight shifts back to the left pulled now by powers inside the earth -- it's alive, this swing, a living sculpture -- and down through contact, always down, into terra firma, striking the ball crisply -- with character -- a tuning fork goes off in your heart, your balls -- such a pure feeling is the well-struck golf shot -- And then the follow through to finish, always on line -- The reverse 'C' of the Golden Bear, the steelworker's power and brawn of Carl Sandburg's Arnold Palmer, the da Vinci of Hogan, the unfinished symphony of Roy McAvoy.

MOLLY

What? What's unfinished?

TIN CUP

I have a short follow through -- my swing can look unfinished.

MOLLY

Why?

TIN CUP

Some say it's because that's the best way to play through the winds of West Texas... and some say it's because I never finish anything. You can decide. The point is every finishing position is unique as if that is the signature left to the artist, the warrior athlete who,

finally and thereby, has asserted his oneness with and power over the universe by willing a golf ball to go where he wants and how and when, because that is what the golf swing is about...

(finally)

It is about gaining control of your life, and letting go at the same time.

Molly stares back, exhausted and intrigued.

MOLLY

Jeez Louise...

TIN CUP

There is only one other acceptable theory of how to hit a golf ball.

MOLLY

I'm afraid to ask. What's the other theory?

TIN CUP

Grip it and rip it.

MOLLY

While I appreciate your poetic sensibility, Mr. McAvoy --

TIN CUP

Call me Roy, Molly...

MOLLY

Call me Dr. Griswold...

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Roy... but at this point I think I'm more of the 'grip it and rip it' school. Hand me the driver.

Tin Cup does. She tees it up.

TIN CUP

Waggle it, Doc, don't forget to waggle.

(as she stares at him)

Waggle... the club head...

(shows her)

... it's a little relaxing ritual...

She waggles the club head, then takes the club back.

TIN CUP

Let the Big Dog eat!

She stops, lets the club fall.

MOLLY

What Big Dog?

TIN CUP

The driver, the number one wood --

MOLLY

It's metal.

TIN CUP

Yeah, woods are metal -- don't worry about it -- and the driver's known as the Big Dog and I'm just saying to turn him loose, let 'er rip, let the Big Dog eat!

MOLLY

Oh.

She swings. Tops the ball. It goes ten feet.

MOLLY

This is, without a doubt, the stupidest, silliest, most idiotic grotesquery masquerading as a game that has ever been invented.

TIN CUP

(cheerfully)

Yes, ma'am, that's why I love it.

(beat)

And if you hit one good shot -- if that tuning fork rings in your loin -- you can't wait to get back.

She cracks one dead solid perfect out into the night. It felt great and she knows it.

MOLLY

I think the Big Dog ate something.

TIN CUP

Did the tuning fork ring in your loin?

MOLLY

I wouldn't go that far.

TIN CUP

Always quit on a good shot. We'll call that lesson number one...

(confidentially)
 ... and if ya wouldn't mind paying
 me in cash -- there's a little
 I.R.S. situation I'm dealing with
 --

MOLLY

If you're such a legendary striker
 of the golf ball as everyone says,
 then why are you, at your age, out
 here in the middle of nowhere
 operating a barely solvent
 establishment, ducking the I.R.S.,
 collecting a few pathetic dollars
 to buy your next sixpack -- when
 you're capable of so much more?

Her speech is delivered without judgement or rancor, so
 matter of factly that he's disarmed.

TIN CUP

Perhaps I'm chocked full of inner
 demons?

MOLLY

No, you're chocked full of
 bullshit --
 (cheerily)
 Same time next week?

She heads off to the parking lot. He stares.

TIN CUP

What did you mean I should try
 'being saddled' sometime?

TIN CUP (CONT'D)

Were you being literal or was that
 some kind of Freudian type deal?
 Molly? Doctor?
 (beat)
 What kind of saddle?

CLOSE ON MOLLY

As she walks into the West Texas night. She smiles,
 enjoying Tin Cup's confusion.

Tin Cup just stares into the night, holding his cash, until
 JOSE'S VOICE ECHOES down from the roof.

JOSE

I got it! Esta bien! The flag
 is up!

CUT TO:

7 INT. DRIVING RANGE SHACK - NIGHT

7

Tin Cup enters, cash in hand, as the regulars all gather excitedly around the TV monitor now coming in.

TIN CUP

A class act there, boys -- probably the first actual 'lady type' female ever seen on these premises --

ROMEO

Shut up, boss -- we got the Corpus Christi dog track on the dish --

EARL

This is yer dead mortal cinch lock bet with Do-reen.

Everyone's glued to the set. A greyhound race comes on from a remote Texas track on the gulf.

TIN CUP

Free money, boys, what does Doreen know about the fine art of Greyhound breeding?

ROMEO

All she knows is she likes the three dog 'cause his name is Pride of Odessa 'cause she's from Odessa.

TIN CUP

Get ready for Oddessa-lation, boys. How deep we in?

ROMEO

You gave her twenty to one --

EARL

It's only fifteen to one on the toteboard --

TIN CUP

Yeah, but I got every other dog in the race. I'm just getting even with Doreen -- I'm not trying to clean her clock.

CLINT

So how much you stand to lose?

ROMEO

Twelve thousand.

TIN CUP

Hundred.

ROMEO

Thousand.

TIN CUP

(panicky)

Hundred.

ROMEO

You said to shoot the wad.

TIN CUP

I said get even, Pod. I didn't say shoot the wad. We better see that three dog rolling on his ass.

All eyes on the monitor -- the dogs break.

EARL

Except... if he breaks slow, he won't get creamed...

The starting box opens -- "THERE GOES THE RABBIT" -- the three dog breaks slow and trails down the front stretch.

REGULARS

Three dog's dying, T.C.... easy money... (etc.)

The one dog veers wide, going into the escape turn, annihilating the field. Dogs fly ass over teakettle like bowling pins, and --

REGULARS

Uh-oh.

The three dog clears the pileup, untouched, hugging the rail. It has a ten length lead as it moves down the backstretch and past the toteboard. The race is over -- the three dog wins.

Deathly silence. Somebody flips OFF the TV. Finally, in a lame attempt to lighten the moment, Romeo speaks --

ROMEO

So, Roy, you were saying you felt a little flutter for this doctor lady?

TIN CUP

Yes, I was saying that... just before I was interrupted by... bankruptcy -- a development that the 'Doctor Lady,' as you call her,

will consider utterly predictable.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. GOLDEN TASSEL NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 8

The marquee advertises: EXOTIC DANCERS/STEAK \$4.00. The parking lot is full of pickup trucks and beer cans.

Tin Cup and Romeo head toward the entrance.

ROMEO

We lost everything, boss! We owe Doreen twelve thousand bucks!

TIN CUP

I think I been dating too many big-haired blondes.

ROMEO

Them big-haired blondes are a lot smarter 'n us...

(beat)

... how we gonna pay her?

TIN CUP

You underestimate me, Romes.

Romeo doesn't realize the truth in his own response.

ROMEO

It's a bad habit I picked up from knowing you so long.

TURK (THE BOUNCER)

Hey, Tin Cup, Doreen's looking for ya --

TIN CUP

I'm sure she is...

They enter the strip joint.

CUT TO:

9 INT. GOLDEN TASSEL - NIGHT 9

A nearly-NAKED DANCER on stage to a lot of whooping cowboys. Tin Cup moves in this world with ease and something that passes for grace. Everyone knows him.

WAITRESS/STRIPPER

Hey, Tin Cup, haven't seen ya in three days!

TIN CUP
 Busy man, Courtenay, busy man --

As they pass the stage, even the Naked Dancer interrupts her moment with a bunch of guys offering dollar bills --

NAKED DANCER
 Tin Cup! Hi, sweetie!

TIN CUP
 Hiya, honey -- lookin' sweet...

And backstage they go, easily waved through by another bouncer. They come up to a dressing room door. And knock.

A voice from inside.

VOICE (O.S.)
 That better be you, Roy.

10 TIN CUP AND ROMEO

10

enter this holy of holies with complete familiarity. And there she is -- DOREEN, 35, at least, the classic chesty, hippie, big-wigged Texas goddess. She's older than the other girls, and more experienced in every way. She's smoking a cigarette and finishing up the touches on her stripper's outfit.

Tin Cup and Romeo stand at her beckoning.

TIN CUP
 Doreen...

ROMEO
 You're looking particularly lovely this evening -- This is nicer than the leopard suit --

DOREEN
 Cut the horseshit, guys. So... the one and two dogs always run wide and the three dog always breaks slow, so I figure there's gonna be a big ol' pile of fur at the turn and the three dog's gonna tiptoe around it and walk on home... I was right.

(smiles)
 You owe me twelve thousand dollars.

ROMEO
 We going to pay you.

Tin Cup squirms as Doreen babbles a bit.

DOREEN

I know you're going to pay me.

DOREEN (CONT'D)

(admiring her own
outfit)

Y'know I finally got rid of the
leopard suit thing -- it was so
retro, y'know... it's not easy
being a post-modern stripper...

(beat)

So... twelve big ones?

Tin Cup finally digs into his coat pocket and produces
some official-looking papers. He hands them to her.

TIN CUP

There. With equity and inventory
it's worth twelve grand... more or
less.

Doreen leans forward to examine the papers. She looks at
Tin Cup with surprise.

DOREEN

This is how you think you can
settle up? By deeding me your
driving range?

TIN CUP

Only on condition you don't sell
right away, and me'n Romeo keep
our jobs.

DOREEN

What in the world would I want
with your stupid driving range?

TIN CUP

Equity, inventory, cash flow...
not to mention an enhanced stature
in the community, and prepaid
membership in the Salome Chamber
of Commerce.

For a moment, Doreen can only stare dumbly at Tin Cup,
caught off guard by this unexpected turn of fortune. Then
she starts to consider the idea more seriously.

DOREEN

What are your labor costs?

(off no response
from Tin Cup)

Payroll, Roy. What do you pay

your help?

TIN CUP

Let's see... the tractor kid gets five bucks an hour. Romeo, he gets ten cash --

DOREEN

What do you pay yourself?

TIN CUP

Myself?

Doreen nods in a way Tin Cup finds threatening.

DOREEN

To hit golf balls all day... when you're not breaking for beers or corn dogs or to gather the guys and lay bets on which crow flies off the fence next.

TIN CUP

You're referring to my managerial salary?

DOREEN

I'm referring to every nickel you snatch out of the till and every bag of beer nuts you lift from the rack, is what I'm referring to.

(beat)

I'll say it's worth ten and you still owe me two.

She smiles, he sighs.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. PAWN SHOP - MORNING

11

Tin Cup parks his big old red Cadillac convertible out front. He goes around to the trunk, opens it, takes out his golf clubs, and carries them into the pawn shop.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. DRIVING RANGE - RIDGE - PARKED WINNEBAGO - MORNING

12

Tin Cup's domicile, parked near a slow-moving river. The red Cadillac is parked out front next to Romeo's Mercury Comet.

ROMEO (V.O.)

(with horror, inside

the Winnebago)
You hocked your golf clubs?!

A13 INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

A13

Tin Cup sits on the couch, swigging Maalox.

TIN CUP

I still got two grand to pay off.
And I can't see my new salary of
seven bucks an hour plus lessons
getting it done.

ROMEO

But your clubs are your livelihood.

TIN CUP

Well the hood ain't too lively at
the moment.

A CAR HORN SOUNDS from outside.

TIN CUP

Whoever it is, tell 'em I'm in
Houston on business.

Romeo opens the door, and steps outside.

ROMEO

David Simms! What you doing in
town?

Romeo steps outside to greet Simms. Warily.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

13

Romeo and Simms under the awning. A spiffy new car
parked nearby.

DAVID SIMMS, 38, looking every bit like the successful
tour pro he is... Payne Stewart to Tin Cup's Maynard G.
Krebs.

SIMMS

Romeo! It's been awhile. Is
Tin Cup around?

Romeo is evasive.

ROMEO

He's on business in Houston... You
supposed to be out playin' on the
golf tour.

SIMMS

(unfazed)

Well, you tell him I'm in town for my big charity best-ball tournament, and I got a spot for him when he comes back from... whatever.

ROMEO

You got a spot for Tin Cup? I thought you hated him.

SIMMS

Romeo! You wound me. I'm fond of the guy, going way back to our days at University of Houston, when we won all those titles together.

ROMEO

He says he carried you on his back.

Simms won't be drawn into this adolescent competition -- he's too comfortable with himself and his success.

SIMMS

I didn't have much craft back then -- just a little native ability. Roy's a great ball-striker....

ROMEO

Why you here?

SIMMS

I want to win my own tournament, and he can help me if we can manage to behave like grownups together. Tell him that.

Tin Cup suddenly appears in the doorway.

TIN CUP

What's the catch?

SIMMS

There is no catch. I put together a tournament with an elite field and a half-million dollar purse, and I'm tired of seeing all the money head out of town.

TIN CUP

Then make more birdies.

SIMMS

I need you on my team.

TIN CUP

You ain't that friendly a guy...

SIMMS

We're playing Cottonwood where you once shot fifty-nine, where you can shoot sixty-five in your sleep 'cuz you know every bump on every fairway, every subtle break on every green --

TIN CUP

(warily)

You an' me --

SIMMS

Me an' you -- like the old days.

Tin Cup can't quite believe this offer from his old nemesis but there aren't many options out there. He grabs Simms's hand and starts pumping it, gushing with enthusiasm.

TIN CUP

... Well, put 'er there, partner! These two homeboys are gonna show the world what golf in West Texas is all about!

SIMMS

No, Roy. I didn't mean I want you to play with me. I just want you to caddie for me, read my putts, club me, that kinda stuff.

Tin Cup wilts like a time-lapsing daisy. His hand falls free of Simms's. Words fail him.

ROMEO

You son of a bitch.

TIN CUP

(to himself, blankly)

Caddie? Me?

SIMMS

I can't bring a guy in off the street to play in my tournament. It's a big-time event, corporate sponsors, thirty dollar tickets... I got a network to cover --

ROMEO

(interrupting,

outraged)
 This guy off the street, he could
 kick your ass on that golf course.
 Like he kicked your ass in junior
 golf. Like he kicked your ass in
 college. Like --

SIMMS
 I'll pay you a hundred for the
 loop, five percent of any
 earnings --

ROMEO
 Get the hell outta here! Take
 your goddamn color coordinated
 corporate sponsored soul and get
 outta here.

SIMMS
 Okay, okay, just thought I'd offer
 you some work...

Simms heads to his car.

TIN CUP
 Simms!

SIMMS
 (stops)
 What?

TIN CUP
 I'll take the job.

ROMEO
 We'll take the job.

Simms nods in agreement, and exits. Tin Cup stands there
 with Romeo, feeling humiliated.

POV SHOT - SIMMS

drives away down the road.

TIN CUP (O.S.)
 That man stands for everything I
 hate in life.

ROMEO (O.S.)
 You mean like... success?

CUT TO:

Banners and galleries and concession tents create the atmosphere of a polite circus.

A15 EXT. COTTONWOOD GOLF COURSE CHARITY EVENT - 16TH GREEN - DAY A15

BILLY MAYFAIR putts out on the 16th green to polite applause.

B15 EXT. COTTONWOOD GOLF COURSE - 16TH TEE - DAY B15

The two twosomes tee off and the caddies follow, including Tin Cup.

15 EXT. COTTONWOOD - 16TH FAIRWAY - DAY 15

A leader board reads: SIMMS/STADLER -10, MICKELSON/MCCORD -8.

A giant gallery lines the fairway and rings the distant green which is fronted by a lake, as:

STADLER hits a three wood toward the green -- the BALL PLUNKS in the middle of the lake. The GALLERY GROANS.

Stadler just shrugs to Simms, as if to say, "I thought I had enough club."

SIMMS

Like I told you, it was more'n you had in the bag.

STADLER

Yeah, well... I had to go for it after your caddy said he could get home from here.

Simms swivels his head around to look at Tin Cup.

TIN CUP

I could.

Simms looks away, at the shot he's facing: a two hundred fifteen yard carry over water. He looks back at Tin Cup, shaking his head.

SIMMS

I gotta hand it to you, Roy. For fifteen holes you've seemed to grasp the concept here: I'm trying to win and your job is to help me.

TIN CUP

Five percent of your earnings does numb the gag reflex.

SIMMS

Give me the seven iron. I'm laying up.

TIN CUP

You can make that shot.

SIMMS

The smart play's to lay up.

TIN CUP

These fans didn't pay thirty bucks to watch a tour star lay up on a short par five.

SIMMS

I'm sitting on a two shot lead with three to go, and my partner's in his pocket. Suddenly, par's a good number. Gimme the seven Iron.

TIN CUP

No way. You're going for the green. These fans paid good money to see golf shots they can't hit, not golf shots they feel shitty about themselves for having to hit.

Simms reaches for the seven iron. Tin Cup clamps a hand over the club.

TIN CUP

Thirteen years on tour and you're still a pussy. Hit the fucking one iron, Dave.

SIMMS

Thirteen years in a driving range and you still think this game's about your testosterone count.

Simms removes Tin Cup's hand from the seven iron and grabs the club, stepping up to address the ball. Tin Cup mutters to the gallery.

TIN CUP

Two-fifteen to carry, and the tour star's laying up.

And the remark summons gallery voices suddenly urging Simms to go for the green. Simms motions for Tin Cup, as

if reconsidering.

SIMMS

But if you're gonna editorialize,
do it on the other side of the
ropes. I got no qualms about
firing your ass right here, right
now.

TIN CUP

Fire me? Hell, I should fire you.

Simms steps back to his ball with the seven iron, and:

16 Stadler's still standing back where he hit the shot into 16
the lake. MICKELSON and GARY McCORD, the other team in
the pairing, are there with him. Romeo, Stadler's caddie,
stands just behind them.

McCORD

(to Mickelson)

I know you could knock it on from
here, I'm just saying that caddie's
been drinking muddy water if he
thinks he can.

ROMEO

He can.

All the players look at Romeo as:

Simms dumps his seven iron shot safely down in front of
the water to a smattering of polite applause.

Simms tosses the club back to his bag as Tin Cup
retrieves the divot. And:

STADLER

Hey, Dave! We in a hurry?

Simms looks several yards back where Stadler is still
standing with McCord and Mickelson.

STADLER

'Cause I just bet McCord and
Mickelson that your caddie could
knock it on from here.

SIMMS

We're trying to win a tournament,
pardo.

STADLER

I know. But I'm getting five to
one.

17 EXT. TV TOWER 17

The ANNOUNCER from the GOLF CHANNEL looks at the monitor where a hand-held camera is picking up Stadler motioning Tin Cup over.

GOLF CHANNEL ANNOUNCER

From two-fifty from a snarly lie,
over water, on national TV, with
no warmup... I'd give ten to one
to a tour pro.

18 BACK TO COURSE 18

Stadler, McCord, and Mickelson are smiling at the bet.

This is golf. But Simms snarls at being challenged. Stadler drops a ball in the rough for Tin Cup to hit.

STADLER

Here ya go. Take a hack at it.

SIMMS

Balls versus brains, Roy. You
hit that shot, just keep walking,
'cuz your ass is fired.

Tin Cup mulls over the warning, as:

STADLER, McCORD, MICKELSON

Come on, Roy! Your fans are
calling!

Stadler waves his arms to summon a cheer from the gallery. Tin Cup puts down Simms's golf bag.

TIN CUP

How you gonna fire me in front of
all these people? Especially when
I knock it on the green.

And he heads over to where Stadler and the others stand waiting.

19 OMITTED 19

PETER KOSTIS, with a hand mike, following the group, begins to describe the extraordinary event unfolding.

KOSTIS

(on mike)

It seems like the Charity
Tournament is taking a little

break for a side bet, here --

Gary McCord moves toward the camera and takes the microphone.

McCORD

Peter, I've done a little background here -- this unfolding disaster's a driving range pro named Roy McAvoy, who everyone calls Tin Cup. Locals claim he he was a pretty good college lick and knocked around the mini-tours...

20 Tin Cup steps up to hit the shot. McCord lowers his voice. 20

McCORD

... but I guarantee you, he's about to suffer brain arrest. He's thinking about the cameras and the gallery and the water, and all that gray matter between his ears is turning to goo... and incidentally, Stadler's got it booked at ten to one...

Tin Cup swings, and:

21 The CAMERA PICKS UP the ball arching high and true off the club. It lands on the green. The CROWD ROARS... and the roar becomes deafening as the ball rolls three feet from the pin. 21

KOSTIS AND McCORD

He's not that good... he's definitely not that good... (etc.)

22 BACK TO the course -- a scuffle's breaking out. 22

David Simms helping some guy over the gallery rope. Simms walks the guy back to his golf bag... and now Tin Cup understands what's happening, and:

SIMMS

Take a hike, Roy -- the loop's over.

TIN CUP

You can't fire me. How can you fire me? I just knocked it stiff from two fifty. Gimme that bag.

Tin Cup reaches for the bag. The guy holds onto it. They wrestle briefly, as Simms sighs with fatigue and looks for a marshal.

SIMMS

Security!

Tin Cup gives up wrestling when he sees a couple marshals approaching. He turns his anger on Simms.

TIN CUP

What about my money?

SIMMS

You just hit the shot that took you out of the money. Welcome to life on the tour.

Tin Cup goes after the bag again. The guy still hangs on. The marshals arrive, and begin to wrestle with Tin Cup. He goes berserk... a WWF battle royal.

CUT TO:

23 INT. DRIVING RANGE BAR - CLOSE ON TELEVISION - NIGHT 23

Sports highlights. Introducing "Sports Machine" with George Michaels...

GEORGE MICHAELS (V.O.)

And finally Sports Machine brings you a bizarre incident...

A brief highlight of Tin Cup, going crazy, wrestling with the marshals and replacement caddie.

GEORGE MICHAELS (V.O.)

Driving range pro, Roy 'Tin Cup' McAvoy...

MALE LAUGHTER greets the shot, and:

EARL (O.S.)

Hey, Tin Cup! You made the news!

WIDER

The Regulars crowd under the TV on the wall above the till, hooting at what they just saw. Tin Cup is nowhere in sight.

24 INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT 24

Romeo scoops balls into wire buckets from the garbage can of water where the balls are washing. Tin Cup sits on a bench, alternately swigging cheap whiskey and Maalox.

TIN CUP

If I had it all to do over, I'd still hit that shot.

ROMEO

(nods with neither rancor nor irony)

The look comes over your face, you would bury yourself alive to prove you can handle a shovel.

Tin Cup looks over at Romeo for signs of an implied pejorative. But Romeo's just washing and scooping balls... and looking badly in need of perspective.

TIN CUP

You know why I'd still hit that shot?

Now Romeo looks over... and he decides that Tin Cup is the one in need of perspective.

ROMEO

'Cuz it's the only way you can beat David Simms. 'Cuz you never got over that he is on tour and you are not. 'Cuz you get that look on your face...

TIN CUP

No...

(pauses, adding weight to his thoughts)

I'd hit it again because that shot was a defining moment. And when a defining moment comes along you define the moment or the moment defines you. I did not shrink from the challenge. I rose to it.

Romeo nods, holding his peace.

ROMEO

1981, Fort Washington Golf Club, Fresno, California, final round of the Tour Qualifying School...

Tin Cup cringes at the memory, then moves for the high ground.

TIN CUP

I was playing to win.

ROMEO

A defining moment when you tried to hit the same impossible cut

three wood into the wind from a hilly lie -- four in a row out of bounds -- until you finally pulled it off and tapped in for a thirteen.

(beat)

When a twelve woulda got you on the tour! That was a defining moment and the definition was shit!

TIN CUP

Greatness courts failure, Romeo. That's why most people, in their whole lives, never ever reach for the brass ring, never know when to dig deep and try for the impossible shot...

ROMEO

You're right about that, boss, but sometimes... sometimes... par is good enough to win.

Tin Cup tosses down another Maalox cocktail.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. GOLDEN TASSEL - NIGHT 25

Parking lot full of the usual suspects as a BUMP AND GRIND VERSION of "YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS" floods outside.

26 INT. GOLDEN TASSEL - NIGHT 26

Doreen dances in a yellow rose outfit, a more classic strip look than her protegees.

CLOSE ON ROW OF DOLLAR BILLS

held aloft by the eager locals in the front row... and then a handful of papers held aloft by one Roy McAvoy, also in the front row.

Doreen dances over and picks the papers from his hand, reading them as she dances.

DOREEN

The DieHard/West Texas Calcutta, the Duvall County Boys Club Pro/Scratch, Woody's Steak House One Club Scramble... what do I want with all these entry forms?

TIN CUP

It's a business proposition. I'm offering you my winnings from all them tournaments this summer.

DOREEN

In exchange for what?

TIN CUP

My driving range back.

She dances away from him, not exactly sold on the idea.

She dances back to him, reclines a leg on the partition, and moves her face opposite his.

DOREEN

Roy, I'm not as dumb as my hair makes me look.

TIN CUP

They ain't all strictly minor league. One of 'em pays almost two grand!

She twirls off. He chases her, beer and entries in hand.

TIN CUP

Now wait, Doreen. You gotta do the math, and you gotta look at how good I'm playing. I hit the shot of the tournament at the best-ball. They put it on national TV.

DOREEN

I saw.

TIN CUP

And what does that tell you?

The MUSIC comes to an END. The club is momentarily silent.

TIN CUP

(shouting)

And what does that tell you?

DOREEN

It tells me you took an unauthorized day off. Next time it happens, you're fired. In the meantime, I'm putting in a time clock.

TIN CUP

I'm not punching in no time

clock like some working stiff!

CUT TO:

27 INT. DRIVING RANGE - NEXT DAY 27

Tin Cup punches the new time clock which is located under the awning near the ball wash.

KACHUNK goes the TIME CLOCK as he hurries outside --

29 EXT. DRIVING RANGE - DAY 29

-- and there he finds Molly, waiting on the tee with her driver and a bucket of balls.

TIN CUP

Am I early?

MOLLY

Mr. McAvoy, I can appreciate that you have a fairly laid-back, relaxed lifestyle -- but I have hours to keep.

TIN CUP

A former paramour once ascribed my fluid sense of time to being born under the sign of Pisces -- something about floating through the universe --

He tees a ball for her and steps back. She's staring at him, half-amused.

MOLLY

You amuse me, Roy. But I'm the only woman in America born after World War II who thinks astrology is a crock of shit.

(beat)

Now let's see if the Big Dog'll eat.

TIN CUP

Waggle.

MOLLY

I'm waggling...

TIN CUP

Set up to the ball like I showed you last time.

Molly addresses the shot. Her stance is rigid, overly

mechanical. Tin Cup winces. But she looks terrific.

TIN CUP

Quit trying to wring that club's neck, Molly. Show it a little warmth and compassion...

He moves around behind her to reposition her shoulders.

TIN CUP

Remember, this game's about trust and touch and letting go. So while I'm subtly enhancing your technical prospects, why don't you tell me all about your personal life...

MOLLY

It's none of your fucking business, Roy.

Tin Cup's hands move down to square her hips. He's discreet and professional.

TIN CUP

Your boyfriend's a golfer -- that's my bet -- and he's why you're taking this game up. Hell, I probably even know him --

SIMMS (O.S.)

Get your hands off her ass, Roy.

And, as Tin Cup's hands recoil in alarm...

DAVID SIMMS steps onto the range.

MOLLY

(to Simms)

Hi, sweetie...

TIN CUP

Not him...

CLOSE ON TIN CUP

Crushed and bewildered.

CLOSE ON SIMMS

A killer smile. The man is absolutely at ease with his own success and charm.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

30

A shadow paces across the drape in the lighted window.

TIN CUP (O.S.)

He's taking her to Miami for the
fucking Doral! How am I supposed
to compete with that?

31 INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

31

Romeo ponders Tin Cup's dilemma from the couch.

ROMEO

Man, you are having a bad week.

TIN CUP

She must think I'm such a nothing,
such a loser... a lousy driving
range pro living in a Winnebago,
making five bucks an hour plus
lessons.

ROMEO

She don't know you live in a
Winnebago.

TIN CUP

Well, she sure as hell knows I
ain't taking her to no Doral for
massages and mimosas all weekend.
I gotta do something with my life.

He reflects deeply while Romeo shrugs.

TIN CUP

I gotta rise to a level worthy of
the women that think I'm a joke.

ROMEO

Well... you could go out and win
The Open.

TIN CUP

(pausing, as
if jarred)
Romeo, that idea has promise.

ROMEO

I was joking.

TIN CUP

I ain't.

ROMEO

We talking about the same tournament? The U.S. Open? The Biggest golf tournament in the world?

TIN CUP

Not just the biggest golf Tournament in the world; the most democratic.

ROMEO

What do you mean?

TIN CUP

I mean it's open. Anyone's got a shot at it. You just gotta get past a local and a sectional qualifier, and unlike Doral or Colonial or the A.T.T., they can't keep you out. They can't ask you if you're a garbageman or a bean-picker or a driving range pro whose check is signed by a stripper. You qualify, you're in.

ROMEO

And then you pay out of your own pocket to go there and get all nervous and intimidated --

TIN CUP

Who's intimidated? I just told you I'm gonna win the damn thing!

ROMEO

You don't got the game.

TIN CUP

I got every shot in the book.

ROMEO

I said you don't got the game. The mental game. The head game.

TIN CUP

You suggesting I err on the side of excess?

ROMEO

You always go out to shoot zero. Sometimes you pull it off. But you can't play like that at the Open. You win by taking what the course gives you. You win by being humble, which you aren't, and patient, which you never will

be.

Tin Cup comes over to the couch, sits down, and puts an arm around Romeo.

TIN CUP

Well, since you're the authority,
How'd you like to teach me how to
be what I ain't and never will be?

ROMEO

You don't ever listen to me.

TIN CUP

This time'll be different. I
promise.

ROMEO

I don't know, man. Right now you
don't even got the money to get
your clubs out of hock.

TIN CUP

Yeah, well... my sticks may be in
a pawn shop, but I got a rake and
a hoe at the range.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. MESQUITE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

32

Expensive cars in the parking lot -- A putting green in
b.g.

CLOSE ON TRUCK OF MERCEDES

The trunk opens. A set of expensive golf clubs is
removed by a wealthy looking guy, BOONE, 40'S. He
turns to face Tin Cup and Romeo who is reaching into
the trunk of Roy's Cadillac.

BOONE

Let me get this straight -- you're
going to play me for four hundred
dollars with those?

Romeo removes an old golf bag from the trunk. It
contains a rake, a hoe, a baseball bat, and assorted
garden tools.

TIN CUP

And I'll give ya two a side... I
got the title to my car as
collateral.

BOONE

I'm not interested in that piece of shit.

TIN CUP

That's cuz you think of it as transportation, Boone. Think of it as bragging rights. Think of yourself sitting around the bar crowing to your buddies about the Cadillac you won off Tin Cup McAvoy.

(the real kicker)
They'll forget all about the Winnebago you lost to me.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. MESQUITE COUNTRY CLUB - FIRST TEE - MORNING 33

Boone addresses the ball on the first tee.

BOONE

No mullies, no gimmes, no bumping the ball --

And he rips a drive down the fairway.

BOONE

Nuttet it.

Tin Cup selects the baseball bat from his golf bag. Romeo hands him a pink ball and Tin Cup shows it to Boone.

TIN CUP

I'll be playing a Pink Lady today.

BOONE

That little pink fag ball supposed to rattle me?

Tin Cup moves over to the tee markers.

TIN CUP

Not unless I knock it by you.

And he tosses up the Pink Lady and fungoes it long and straight down the fairway.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. MESQUITE FIRST FAIRWAY - DAY 34

Tin Cup stops at his ball, and looks twenty yards back to

where Boone has arrived with his caddie at his drive.

TIN CUP

Yep, I caught this thing way the
Hell on the toe.

Boone knocks an iron onto the edge of the green.

BOONE

Drive for show, putt for dough, big
shot.

TIN CUP

Did you hear that, Romeo? Boone
was being profound! He has
revealed to me the essential
mystery of golf! Drive for show,
putt for dough...

(holds out
a palm)

Louisville Slugger, please.

Boone's a little rattled by Tin Cup's insouciance.

ROMEO

You got Boone shakin' already --

(studying the
approach)

Front left bunker's your best
angle to the pin.

TIN CUP

(calling his shot)

Front left bunker -- plugged lie.

He tosses up the ball and fungoes a lazy fly ball.

CUT TO:

35

EXT. MESQUITE 1ST GREEN AND SAND TRAP - DAY

35

Boone gazes with malicious delight at Tin Cup's ball,
buried in the front left bunker. He watches Tin Cup take
the hoe from Romeo and move down into the trap.

BOONE

I want to see a legitimate swing.
No scooping.

Tin Cup holds up a hand like a gallery marshal requesting
silence.

TIN CUP

Stand, please. Gallery, please,
stand.

He addresses the ball, choking down on the hoe, positioning the blade at an odd angle. He hacks at the ball with an unorthodox chopping motion. The ball pops up in the air, lands on the green, releases and rolls up a foot from the hole.

Boone's jaw drops. Tin Cup hit an impossible shot with utter ease and facility.

TIN CUP

I'll finish.

Tin Cup trades Romeo the shovel for the rake, takes the pin out of the hole, and pool cues the putt home. Par. Boone looks at his own sixty-foot putt and he knows he's just been had... utterly, embarrassingly, and thoroughly.

Without a word he counts four hundred dollars from his roll and drops it on the green.

BOONE

Get the hell off my course.

38 EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

38

Tin Cup and Romeo emerge, Romeo carrying T.C.'s sticks.

TIN CUP

Listen, swami, your job is to teach me patience and humility, not to advise me on my love life.

ROMEO

No. My job is to get your head straight so you can qualify for The Open, much less win it. To get your head straight you got to forget about the doctor lady.

They head up the street under a collonade toward Tin Cup's waiting Caddy.

TIN CUP

Not all my thinking occurs below the belt. I actually stand for a few things beside where my next romantic interlude is coming from.

ROMEO

Then you got no problem telling the doctor lady you can't teach her no more till after the Open.

Tin Cup blinks silently a moment, feeling slightly cornered.

TIN CUP

That would make an issue of something that ain't an issue. Besides, I'm focused.

Romeo responds with a Spanish curse.

TIN CUP

I mean, this is my quest!

ROMEO

Ahhh... your quest... chingaso...

TIN CUP

This is where I stand up for all the little guys everywhere who've had their fill of soulless robots like David Simms --

ROMEO

He may be a soulless robot but he's a rich, happy soulless robot with a beautiful doctor lady girlfriend who's got you by the huevos --

(beat)

Besides, how is getting into the U.S. Open gonna change what she thinks about you?

TIN CUP

It'll prove to her that I'm not who she thinks I am.

ROMEO

But you are who she thinks you are! Look, I don't bet on a horse with a hard-on.

TIN CUP

Hard-on?! Hard-on?! Hard-on?! Here, touch me, feel --

(as Tin Cup grabs himself)

I don't feel nothing! Here!

ROMEO

(embarrassed)

Hey, hey... shit... cool it...

The car disappears down the street. Tin Cup cools off, chilled, really -- and full of chagrin.

TIN CUP

Okay, okay... maybe I got a semi.

CUT TO:

40 INT. GOLDEN TASSEL - DOREEN'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 40

Doreen's on the phone, between shows, and is adamant.

DOREEN

I cannot give you time off to win
The Open. I don't care if it's
your 'quest'...

(listens)

... or your 'destiny'...

(listens)

... or any of those terms you
vaguely remember from your Cliff
Notes...

(listens)

You shoulda treated me nicer when
we were an item -- then maybe I
wouldn't be such a nasty boss.
G'bye, Roy -- I have a business to
run.

She hangs up and heads out on stage as the music calls.

CUT TO:

41 INT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT 41

Tin Cup hangs up the phone and turns to Romeo.

TIN CUP

Man, ever since I let her dump my
ass she just can't resist kicking
me in it.

ROMEO

Maybe you should treat her more
like a lady.

TIN CUP

After she ran off with that Dallas
banker?

ROMEO

She did that after you let her
dump you. It wouldn't kill you
just once to tell her she's
beautiful, she can dance, she's

sexy.

TIN CUP

Romeo... are you sweet on Doreen?

ROMEO

No more'n you are for that doctor lady.

A couple of deep sighs. Two losers with fluttering hearts.

TIN CUP

Great, Romeo, just great... just when I need you to be my friend and coach, you go get all gooey about one of my ex-girlfriends who just happens to be our boss.

ROMEO

Anybody comes to me for help on their love life about women is already too far gone.

TIN CUP

I don't recall asking you for advice.

(beat)

Women are tougher to figure out than a feathered one iron from a tight lie --

Suddenly a golf image relaxes them into their comfort zone.

ROMEO

Actually if you open the club face a hair and play it off your back foot --

TIN CUP

Shut up, Romeo... I wasn't really seeking golf tips...

ROMEO

It's all I'm good for -- but you can count on me for that, at least.

TIN CUP

How far off the back foot?

ROMEO

'Bout three balls...

Silence. Golf is so much easier than life.

TIN CUP

I'm ready to charge forth in pursuit of my mythic destiny and I can't get time off work to do it.

ROMEO

I'm no expert, but it seems to me that the `pursuit of a person's mythic destiny' is not the sort of thing that a person needs to get off a five dollar an hour job in order to do...

TIN CUP

I'm stuck. Buried. My life's a plugged lie in a kakuyi bunker with a tight pin position on a green with a stimp meter reading of thirteen.

(beat)

I need help. I need advice. I need counsel...

(beat)

I need a shrink.

ROMEO

You don't know no shrinks.

TIN CUP

I know one.

ROMEO

Not the doctor lady?

TIN CUP

Why not?

ROMEO

You can't ask advice about the woman you're trying to hose from the woman you're trying to hose!

TIN CUP

Hose?! Hose?! Get your mouth outta the gutter! This is a matter of the heart!

CUT TO:

A42 EXT. MAIN STREET (SALOME) - DAY

A42

Tin Cup's Caddy pulls up and he gets out, goes to the front of a store that is now a health services office. He looks around warily -- as if someone might see him entering such a place -- and ducks inside.

CUT TO:

B42 INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

B42

It's the exit, "cool down" room, not the waiting room.

Tin Cup sits nervously, he's slightly overdressed for the occasion. He looks childlike.

The door to the inner office opens -- a woman comes out and sits down across from him. She's weeping uncontrollably. He stares. He fidgets. He's nervous, out of place.

Finally Molly enters through the same door because she hears the crying. She sees Tin cup -- an awkward moment, then --

TIN CUP

I didn't do anything!

MOLLY

I know... I know... wait in there.

Tin Cup slips into the main office while Molly consoles the weeping woman.

CUT TO:

42 INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - FEW BEATS LATER - DAY

42

Tin Cup is dutifully lying on the couch because he heard that's what you do. He stares at the ceiling. Molly enters and sits down.

MOLLY

Roy... are you okay?

TIN CUP

I need therapy.

MOLLY

Obviously.

TIN CUP

What do I do? I mean... to do it ... therapy... I mean, how do I start doing... it.

MOLLY

In parlance you might understand, just kick back and let the Big Dog eat.

He sighs and plunges in.

TIN CUP

Okay, okay, let 'er rip...

(deep breath)

Suppose there's this guy. He's standing on the shore of a big, wide river. And the river's fulla all manner of disaster, like alligators and piranhas and currents and eddies, and most people won't even go down there to dip a toe. But on the other side of the river's a million dollars, and on this side of the river there's a rowboat. I guess my question's this: What would possess the guy on shore to swim for it?

MOLLY

He's an idiot.

TIN CUP

No. He's a hell of a swimmer, see. His problem's more like... why's he always gotta rise to the challenge?

MOLLY

He's a juvenile idiot.

TIN CUP

You don't understand what I mean by the river.

MOLLY

We're talking about you and what you like to call your inner demons, Roy, that human frailty you like to blather about, not some mytho-poetic metaphor you come up with in a feeble and transparent effort to do yourself credit.

TIN CUP

Y'mean you're gonna make me feel lousy? I came here to feel better -- what kinda therapy is this?

MOLLY

You don't have any inner demons. What you have is inner crapola, inner debris -- garbage, loose wires, horseshit in staggering amounts.

TIN CUP

I ain't just some jerk driving-range pro who drinks too much booze and eats too few vegetables.

MOLLY

You're being defensive -- cut to the chase and tell me why you're here.

TIN CUP

Well... I'm smitten with a woman.

MOLLY

That's good. Is she smitten with you?

TIN CUP

Not yet.

MOLLY

Have you asked her out?

TIN CUP

She's seeing a guy. I don't know how serious it is, but the guy's a real horse's ass, in my opinion...

MOLLY

If you shared your heart with this woman -- maybe asked her out to dinner -- then it would force these issues out in the open.

TIN CUP

I'm afraid she'll say no.

MOLLY

Ahh... so what you're saying is that all your speeches about swimming across the shark infested waters are really just about your golf game -- not about your personal life.

TIN CUP

Christ, I didn't know we were gonna get into my personal life!

MOLLY

This is therapy!

TIN CUP

Well, jeez, I know, but I didn't think it was that kind of therapy...

MOLLY

What were you expecting? Ann Landers?

TIN CUP

Yeah.

MOLLY

Look, it's rather simple. Those risks that you love to take on the golf course, the risks you talk so passionately and poetically about -- you need to apply those risks to your personal life with the same passion.

TIN CUP

I should ask this woman out.

MOLLY

Yes!

TIN CUP

I should risk coming right over the top and snap-hooking it out of bounds left.

MOLLY

Yes!

TIN CUP

Risk hitting it a little thin and --

MOLLY

For God's sake, Roy, that's enough!

TIN CUP

Right. Sorry.

MOLLY

S'okay...

(beat)

Look, just walk up to this woman, wherever she is, look her in the eye with those big beautiful green eyes of yours, let down your guard and don't try to be smooth or cool or whatever -- just be honest and take the risk -- you can do it!

Tin Cup rises with new confidence. He does several deep breathing exercises, trying to work up the courage. She stares at him. And he walks right up to her.

TIN CUP

Dr. Griswold -- I think I'm in

love with you.

Molly is stunned.

MOLLY

What?!

TIN CUP

From the moment I first saw you I knew I was through with bar girls and strippers and motorcycle chicks, and when you started talking I was smitten and I'm smitten more every day I think about you -- and the fact that you know I'm full of crapola only makes you more attractive to me because usually I can bullshit people but I can't bullshit you and in addition, most women I'm thinking about how to get into their pants from Day One but with you I'm just thinking about how to get into your heart --

Molly was clue-less. She just stares.

MOLLY

My God...

TIN CUP

(optimistically,
proudly)

Stunned, eh? So what about dinner and we can talk about `us' and if we have a future and how to drop that horse's ass boyfriend of yours --

MOLLY

Roy, slow down --

TIN CUP

Hey! I just hit a eight degree driver off a cart path here, I'm staring eagle in the face --

MOLLY

This is a terrible mistake!

Tin Cup is knocked off his horse. Into deep rough.

TIN CUP

I'm acting from the heart so I can't make a mistake?! Right?

MOLLY
 Wrong. Aw, shit...
 (beat)
 I am one horrible shrink...
 jeez... I didn't know you were
 talking about me.

TIN CUP
 Would your advice have been
 different?

She's frustrated and at a loss for words.

MOLLY
 Session's over. You better leave.

Crushed, Tin Cup heads to the door, stops and turns.

TIN CUP
 I'm gonna qualify for the U.S.
 Open and kick your boyfriend's
 ass.

MOLLY
 Please leave.

TIN CUP
 Whatever you think of me, you
 should know that your boyfriend
 hates old people, children, and
 dogs.

He exits. She just sits there.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. DRIVING RANGE - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

43

The lone figure of Tin Cup stands on a tee, arching SEVEN IRONS -- THWOCK! -- into the night, serenaded by CRICKETS and the occasional BUG-LIGHT ZAPPING a fly.

Romeo and the regulars stand behind Tin Cup observing approvingly. Tin Cup mutters something with every swing. It sounds like he's saying --

TIN CUP
 (just before
 swinging)
 Dollar bills...

Tin Cup hits another shot, totally focused.

TIN CUP
 Dollar bills...

ROMEO

How'd it go with the doctor lady,
boss?

TIN CUP

If she was a par three, I'd'a made
a nine.

ROMEO

Stroke and distance, eh?

TIN CUP

(nods, deep in
concentration)

Dollar bills...

Romeo backs off to let the man practice, and Clint asks:

CLINT

What's he saying?

ROMEO

Dollar bills. His divots got to
look like dollar bills. 'Course
Moe Norman hits divots like bacon
strips 'cuz he come over the top,
but that's gettin' too technical
for you.

Clint turns and nods approvingly to the rest of the
regulars.

CLINT

See that, boys? He's hitting
dollar bills. Tightening his
game.

They murmur approval, but Earl catches Clint's eye and
jerks his head at Tin Cup, indicating Clint isn't doing
his job as group spokesman. Clint takes a step forward.

CLINT

Uh, something us shitheels want
you to know, Tin Cup, is uh, well,
we been to see Doreen, and we told
her we'd stage a customer's strike
if she didn't give you time off to
win the Open.

This remark penetrates Tin Cup's concentration. He turns
with a smile to the regulars.

TIN CUP

You perverts did that for me?

JOSE

We believe in you, man.

EARL

And if you get past the local
qualifier, we gonna sponsor you.

Tin Cup looks at the beaming faces of the regulars and
smiles broadly.

TIN CUP

Thanks, boys -- a man couldn't
have better friends. Now move the
hell back and shut the fuck up.
You're messing up my
concentration.

And with big smiles, they move each other back so as not
to mess up Tin Cup's concentration. And he pulls out
another ball, mutters dollar bills, and hits another
perfect shot.

DISSOLVE TO:

44 EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT (LATER) 44

Everyone's gone home except Tin Cup, who keeps drilling
beautiful shots into the Texas night.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. ADJACENT HIGHWAY - NIGHT 45

A car is parked unnoticed. A figure sits alone, watching
Tin Cup from a distance. Molly.

MOLLY'S POV - SOLITARY FIGURE OF TIN CUP

With his elegant swing, as graceful as he is crude, a Zen
ritual. Finally, weary at last, Tin Cup tosses his club
in his bag and drags it toward his ever-present
Winnebago, which we see him enter.

CUT TO:

46 INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT 46

He drops his clubs on the couch. The place is a wreck,
and he collapses in a chair, CRACKING a CAN of cheap
BEER.

A KNOCK at the door. He's startled.

TIN CUP

Debt collection? Process server?

Ex-flame? Jesus, I'm clean.
 (disguises his
 voice)
 Who is it?

The door opens -- Molly enters. He's surprised but well-settled into his bath of cynicism.

MOLLY
 God, you've got a beautiful
 swing --

TIN CUP
 -- And big, beautiful green eyes
 -- I'm a beautiful guy.

MOLLY
 I came here to apologize.

TIN CUP
 For what?

MOLLY
 Well, I counseled you, you did
 exactly what I said, and I just...
 poured cold water over your
 effort.

(quickly)
 I didn't get it. I'm a terrible
 shrink, probably... I should've
 never got out of real estate --
 actually I should never have
 left Ohio for that cowboy in
 Armarillo -- have you ever been
 to Amarillo?

TIN CUP
 A cowboy?

MOLLY
 It's not as romantic when you're
 actually with one -- a wrangler,
 y'know -- so of course the oil
 man in Dallas looked great after
 that -- I don't know what I was
 thinking... That's when I went to
 the gulf and ended up in, well,
 trailer sales and then all those
 condos in Corpus Christi -- the
 bottom fell outta the market and
 I needed a new gig --

TIN CUP
 A new gig?

MOLLY
 Therapy. I took all the classes.

I'm licensed, y'know.
 (suddenly dejected)
 Oh God...

(reaching into her
 purse)
 Mind if I smoke?
 (lights up)
 Anyway, I'm flattered you asked me
 out. I can't accept because I am
 involved with David and I haven't
 seen any evidence that he treats
 old people, kids or dogs badly.

TIN CUP
 I got a little carried away, I
 guess. I shoulda just layed up,
 made my par, and moved on.

MOLLY
 Look, I want to propose something
 -- as long as you understand this
 is professional -- we're not going
 out together --

TIN CUP
 Tee it up.

MOLLY
 I can help you with the mental
 aspects of the game. You've got
 Romeo to be your swing doctor, I
 can be your head doctor.

TIN CUP
 But you said you were a lousy shrink?

MOLLY
 Well, yeah... I'll improve.

TIN CUP
 I got no money to pay for you.

MOLLY
 I'll trade my services for golf
 lessons and help you through the
 qualifying. If you get into the
 Open, well, you're on your own.

TIN CUP
 You'll be with David.

MOLLY
 Yeah...

Silence. A deal. It's the best they can do.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. COTTONWOOD - FIRST TEE - MORNING

47

Local qualifier. The First Tee of the Local Open Qualifier. And the voice of the starter.

STARTER (V.O.)

... the next group... Roy McAvoy,
Salome, Texas... who will be
playing with...

The regulars applaud and whistle and shout way too many "You the man's!" as Tin Cup steps onto the first tee, followed by his Sancho Panza, Romeo. Tin Cup is feeling on top of the world, at his cocky best.

ROMEO

How ya feelin', boss?

TIN CUP

I'm feelin' like par's a bad
score, podnuh -- fifty-eight's
within the realm!

ROMEO

Jesus, the doctor lady's here --

POV SHOT - MOLLY

standing not far from the regulars.

TIN CUP

Didn't I tell ya? She's gonna be
your guru partner. You handle my
swing mechanics and she handles my
brain mechanics.

ROMEO

Long as you keep your dick out of
it --

TIN CUP

Me an' the 'big guy' have an
understanding. He's gonna lie low
till I get in the Open -- then...
then...

ROMEO

The Big Dog'll eat?

TIN CUP

The Big Dog'll hunt, that's for
sure...

Tin Cup steps up to the tee, a couple quick limber

swings, and he tees it up. As he does, Romeo slips over to Molly.

ROMEO
 (softly)
 Looks like we partners, Dr. Molly
 --

MOLLY
 I just have to help him keep his
 head on straight --

ROMEO
 If you can, you be the first.

MOLLY
 He does have the occasional
 tendency towards self-destruction
 it seems.

ROMEO
 It ain't occasional and it ain't
 no tendency -- it's a fact of life
 that he gonna blow sky high, it's
 just a matter of when and how
 fast can the pieces be put back
 together.
 (beat)
 Behind that twinkle in his eyes is
 nitroglycerin.

Tin Cup waves and motions to his team.

TIN CUP
 Quiet in the gallery! A man's
 trying to do his job.

And Tin Cup uncoils a mighty drive with an elegant
 stroke, fully confident and smooth. The gallery
 applauds.

TIN CUP
 (generally
 announcing)
 Got my 'A' game with me today,
 folks... you're in for a real
 treat!

Molly leans to Romeo just before they all head down the
 fairway and confides --

MOLLY
 I find him mildly attractive when
 he's obnoxious and arrogant like
 this --

ROMEO

Good. 'Cause it's his best side...

And they head down the fairway, a scruffy little gallery on a so-so course. With a lot at stake...

CUT TO:

48 MONTAGE OF TIN CUP'S FRONT NINE 48

He hits a perfect wedge -- and says to himself, Romeo, Molly, the gallery, the universe --

TIN CUP

Dollar bills...

49 He nails a two iron straight as a string. 49

TIN CUP

Nuttet it...

50 He rifles another drive into the stratosphere. 50

TIN CUP

Ben Hogan? Who's he?

51 Putt after putt drains into the jar. 51

52 CLOSE ON the SCOREBOARD -- The red numbers (under par) are going up quickly as every shot he hits is dead, solid perfect. Minus one, two, four, five, seven... 52

CUT TO:

53 EXT. COTTONWOOD LOCAL QUALIFIER - TENTH TEE - DAY 53

Tin Cup's in a zone, talking to himself, full of himself, in a fabulous, indomitable state of mind.

Molly and Romeo keep looking at each other and shrugging, Tin Cup's on a roll and needs no help. So far...

A couple of the regulars shout out encouragement.

CLINT/EARL

You the man, Tin Cup! You the man!

ROMEO

They bugging you, boss -- I can shut 'em up?

TIN CUP

The way I'm swinging today,

nothing bugs me -- except
 insufficient applause.
 (surveying the
 fairway)
 Gimme the lumber.

But Romeo is handing him a two iron.

ROMEO
 I think two iron's safer.

TIN CUP
 I said I want the Big Dog.

Romeo looks warily down the fairway of a tight dogleg
 left par five.

ROMEO
 Tight par five, out of bounds
 left... you don't want to hit
 driver.

TIN CUP
 I'm not going left of those trees.
 I'm going over those trees... with
 a little draw. That way I get
 home in two. That way I'm putting
 for eagle.

ROMEO
 You don't need eagle to qualify!
 You need to get used to playing
 smart -- no mistakes wins the
 Open.

TIN CUP
 Qualify? I want the course
 record! Now gimme the lumber!

Tin Cup reaches for the driver. Romeo shifts the golf
 bag beyond Tin Cup's reach.

ROMEO
 You not going to listen to me?
 You don't care I'm trying to help?
 You think I'm full of shit?

TIN CUP
 I think I'm gonna get penalized
 for slow play if you don't give me
 that fucking driver.

ROMEO
 You a head case, boss, always
 were, always will be.

TIN CUP

Then let's ask the head doctor.

Dr. Griswold?

(to Molly)

Dr. Griswold, should I hit the Big Dog or the two?

Suddenly an OFFICIAL steps forward.

P.G.A. OFFICIAL

Soliciting shot selection advice is a two-stroke penalty.

MOLLY

Trust your feelings, Roy.

TIN CUP

(to Romeo)

Ha! Gimme the driver and shut up.

Romeo pulls out the driver and he snaps it in half over his knee. He tosses the two halves on the ground near Tin Cup.

ROMEO

... Go ahead. Hit the driver.

Tin Cup looks at the two halves of his driver, curbing his anger, not giving Romeo the satisfaction of a reaction.

TIN CUP

I changed my mind. Gimme the three wood.

ROMEO

You can't clear the dogleg with a three wood.

TIN CUP

Wanna bet?

Romeo pulls out the three wood, snaps it over his knee, and tosses the halves on the ground next to the driver halves. Tin Cup turns with amusement to his playing partners, lest they think management has lost the upper hand with labor.

TIN CUP

Guess I'm going with the safe shot, boys.

Tin Cup reaches for the two iron, studies it a moment, frowns, and then:

He snaps it over his knee. He dumps these halves on the ground with the halves of the driver and three wood.

Romeo stares, aghast. Tin Cup merely shrugs.

TIN CUP
 Sometimes I fan that two iron.
 Better gimme the three.

Romeo warily hands Tin Cup the three iron. Tin Cup looks at it, frowns, then:

He snaps it over his knee and tosses it on the ground.

Molly leans over to the regulars.

MOLLY
 Is this normal behavior for him?

EARL
 The word 'normal' and him don't
 collide in the same sentence too
 often.

She watches in amazement as --

TIN CUP
 Sometimes I catch that three a
 little thin...

He drops the three iron halves with the other halves, and steps past Romeo and sequentially yanks all but the seven iron from his bag.

He snaps them over his knee, one by one, citing the crimes of each club with mounting absurdity and ire.

TIN CUP
 And I've hooked my four iron...
 (snap)
 ... and hit flyers with the
 five...
 (snap)
 ... and shanked the six...
 (snap)
 ... and skulled the eight...
 (snap)
 ... and fatted the nine...
 (snap)
 ... and chili-dipped the wedge...
 (snap)
 ... and bladed the sand wedge...
 (snap; then pauses
 to reflect
 contemptuously
 on his putter)
 ... and then there's Mister
 Three-putt...

He snaps the putter in half and dumps it in the pile of

broken clubs at his feet.

Then, he reaches for the last club in his bag, the seven iron. The regulars hold their breath, thinking this is the end of Tin Cup's Open bid. But...

Tin Cup smiles and caresses the seven iron affectionately.

TIN CUP

But the seven iron, I never miss the seven iron. It's the only truly safe club in my bag.

He moves to the tee, drops a ball, and hits it down the middle with the seven iron.

TIN CUP

You happy, Romeo?

ROMEO

No, boss, I'm tired... my life's too short to spend it watching you fall apart. I done it too many times.

Romeo turns and starts walking away.

TIN CUP

What's this? You're quitting? First sign of adversity, you're quitting?

(as Romeo continues)

Anyone want to bet me I can't par in with a seven iron?

(to Molly)

Doc? Take the bet?

MOLLY

Roy -- just shut up and hit the ball.

CUT TO:

54	QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS	54
	Tin Cup's magic with a seven iron. He drives with a seven iron.	
55	He chips with a seven iron.	55
56	He blasts out of sand with an open-bladed seven iron.	56

CUT TO:

57 EXT. COTTONWOOD LOCAL QUALIFIER - EIGHTEENTH HOLE - DAY 57

Tin Cup drains a ten foot putt -- also with the seven iron, and left-handed to boot. He's past the local qualifier.

The regulars erupt in cheers. You'd have thought he won the Masters.

And Tin Cup shrugs to the tiny gallery, with insouciance and cockiness, and pronounces --

TIN CUP
An easy game, this golf...

CUT TO:

58 EXT. 19TH HOLE - OUTDOOR BAR - DAY (LATER) 58

Tin Cup holds court surrounded by his regulars and much of the gallery. He's a local hero -- but Molly's not impressed.

A WAITRESS delivers a tray of long neck beers.

19TH HOLE WAITRESS
Beer for everybody.

CLINT
You the man, Tin Cup!

A toast is raised to their king, and Tin Cup eats it up.

TIN CUP
Thanks, boys, what'ya think was my best shot -- the seven iron on twelve, the seven iron on fourteen, or maybe it was the bunker shot on eighteen which, to my recollection was a -- seven iron?

Much laughter. This is the Tin Cup they love.

EARL
You definitely the man!

TIN CUP
How'd I do, Doc?

MOLLY
(cheerfully)
You failed miserably.

TIN CUP

What?! I parred the back nine with a seven iron, I qualified for the regionals, I --

MOLLY

Your job is not just to qualify for the Open, it's to prepare for the Open. My job is to help you prepare.

TIN CUP

You said to 'trust my feelings'!

MOLLY

I didn't know you felt like breaking all the clubs in your bag.

CLINT

He didn't break the seven!

EARL

He smoked that seven, brother --

MOLLY

From what I understand, the U.S. Open is the most difficult golf tournament in the world played under the most difficult circumstances with the greatest players -- winning it means controlling yourself, managing your emotions, staying cool, not getting in a pissing contest with your caddie who, incidentally, quit.

TIN CUP

He always quits, he always comes back.

MOLLY

Nonetheless, from the mental aspect -- which is my domain -- you have regressed and are fumbling somewhere between delusion and denial.

TIN CUP

'Regression, delusion, denial'? You gotta use all this psychological language?

MOLLY

I'm a psychologist.

Tin Cup turns to the regulars for support.

VOICE (O.S.)
Have a bad day, Roy?

Everyone turns to see David Simms enter the conversation.

MOLLY
Hi, honey...

TIN CUP
I shot 65 -- parred the backside
with a seven iron.

SIMMS
(intrigued)
Why?

MOLLY
That's the question -- why?

Silence.

CLINT
'Cause he broke all his other
clubs.

EARL
Snapped 'em in two -- even the
putter.

SIMMS
Jesus, Roy, I'm on your side here.
We go way back... I hope you get
into the Open, but if you don't
play under control, you'll get
slaughtered. Good players shoot
82 in the Open. You can't always
go for it.

TIN CUP
Swear to God, Doc, this guy is
not who you think.

CLINT
It's a well-known fact that if a
camera's not on him, he treats old
people and children like dirt.

EARL
And dogs.

TIN CUP
Yeah, don't forget the dogs.

MOLLY
I think we should go, David.

SIMMS

I think so...

Tin Cup's worst characteristics flare up, he won't let go.

TIN CUP

You ever shoot par with a seven iron?

SIMMS

It never occurred to me to try.
 (to Molly)
 C'mon, let's go. The car's over here....

TIN CUP

I'll bet you a thousand dollars against my car that I can beat you in any game -- any game, you name it -- with a seven iron.

SIMMS

This is ridiculous.

TIN CUP

You a coward? You gonna lay up the way you did at the Masters last year?

REGULARS

(taunting, like children)

Chickie, chickie, chickie...

Simms is a little drawn in, not so much by the challenge as the desire to shut up Tin Cup.

SIMMS

Any game, I name it?

MOLLY

Oh, come on, David --

SIMMS

I just want to teach him a lesson.

MOLLY

Why do men insist on measuring their dicks?

Tin Cup takes her literally and rises, starting to unbuckle his belt.

TIN CUP

Awright, awright! Let's measure,

right now!

MOLLY

For God sakes, I wasn't being literal!

(beat)

David, let's go.

SIMMS

Molly, trust me on this one. Call it part of his mental preparation for the Open, where the rough is deep, the greens are slick, and the nerves are shattered.

(to Tin Cup)

I'll take the bet.

MOLLY

Oh, jeez...

The Regulars cheer -- this is what they live for. Simms hands a roll of cash to Molly. Tin Cup hands her his car keys.

TIN CUP

Awright! What's the game?

SIMMS

One swing each. Who can hit the longest seven iron --

TIN CUP

It's a lock! I hit the seven like John Daly hits a three!

The Regulars whoop it up. Their man's a cinch. Tin Cup pulls a ball from his pocket, drops it right on the ground in the middle of the patio.

TIN CUP

From right here, okay?

SIMMS

Fine with me.

MOLLY

You guys are really being childish --

SIMMS

Molly, leave this one to me.

TIN CUP

Dr. Griswold, I know what I'm doing.

Tin Cup takes a couple of swings to limber up, aiming out

onto an open area of the course. Serious, intent, the look of eagles...

TIN CUP
(to himself)
Dollar bills...

He takes a full back-swing, opens beautifully, and launches a seven iron like a rocket out toward some driving range markers... to "oohs" and "ahhs" from his faithful.

The ball lands at a 170 yard marker and bounces further.

CLINT
Them signs are at least thirty yards farther -- that ball musta gone 220...

TIN CUP
That ball's about 2-2-7... toed it a bit... but it'll do...

REGULARS
Nearly 230 with a seven! Pureed it, baby, he pureed it!

Tin Cup hands Simms the seven iron.

TIN CUP
Take a minute to limber up, fine with me --

SIMMS
Don't need to.

Simms is still in a sport jacket, slacks, no golf shoes.

TIN CUP
Take your jacket off?

SIMMS
No, no, I'm fine.

Simms drops a ball about where Tin Cup's sat. He stands above the ball and addresses it.

TIN CUP
(cockily)
You're gonna need to muscle up, big guy -- give it the old steroid jerk...

Simms is cool as ice. He smiles, then moves around to the other side of the ball, suddenly facing away from the course. This baffles everyone.

REGULARS

What the hell you doin'? Wha's
this?

And David Simms hits an effortless seven iron out toward
the desert, onto the lonely highway...

59 ... and the ball bounces and bounces and bounces, for 59
About three miles, forever. It's probably still going...

60 CLOSE ON TIN CUP 60

The hustler's been hustled.

CLOSE ON MOLLY

She shrugs and smiles.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. COTTONWOOD CLUBHOUSE - DAY (MOMENTS LATER) 61

Molly drives away in Simms' car -- followed by Simms in
Tin Cup's Cadillac convertible. Simms waves.

Tin Cup and the Regulars stand alone. Weakly, lamely, a
couple of the Regulars speak. Without conviction.

CLINT

You the man, Roy...

EARL

You definitely the man...

CUT TO:

62 INT. GOLDEN TASSEL - NIGHT 62

A nearly nude dancer named SAMMANTHA on stage to a big
Saturday night crowd. Tin Cup's in the front row,
sitting with Doreen and a beer. Disconsolate.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Bring out those bills, boys, if ya
wanta see a little more of
Sammantha!

Guys pull out singles and larger bills around the runway,
placing them on the railing for the gyrating stripper.

SAMMANTHA

(to Tin Cup)

Hey, honey...

Tin Cup tosses some money onstage with a lackluster wave, he's depressed -- or something.

TIN CUP

Hey, honey...

DOREEN

I heard you qualified for the Regionals -- why you so down?

TIN CUP

I broke my clubs -- don't ask why, my caddie's pissed off at me, I lost my wheels in a sucker bet, and my shrink thinks I'm a fool -- 'cause I probably am...

DOREEN

You're seeing a therapist?!

TIN CUP

Yeah, what's wrong with that?

DOREEN

Only way you'd ever go into therapy was if the shrink was a doll and you were trying to get her into the rack --

TIN CUP

You're so shallow. The Good Doctor and I are dealing with my regression and denial --

DOREEN

Oh, Tin Cup, what a crock. You got a hard-on.

A GUY from the next table leans over, interrupting.

GUY

You `Tin Cup'? Won the Local with a seven iron?

TIN CUP

That's me.

GUY

McAvoy? The Tin Cup McAvoy?

DOREEN

There's only one -- thank God...

TIN CUP

Yeah. You looking for a game?

GUY

No, but I'd sure like to show you my grip...

Doreen can't keep his attention. Neither can Sammantha, who writhes only a few feet away.

DOREEN

How long have you been seeing this `Good Doctor'?

TIN CUP

Excuse me, Dor', the man's having trouble with his grip --

The Guy slides over to Tin Cup, quickly joined by his buddies.

GUY

See, I used to play a real weak grip. But you look at Couples, he's got a left hand way over here...

Tin Cup glances at the guy's grip.

TIN CUP

No, grip it like this, so you're holding on with the last two fingers of your left hand.

The Guy nudges the COWBOY next to him.

GUY

See that? Tin Cup McAvoy says you grip a golf club like this, with these two fingers.

DOREEN

Roy?

(off no response)

Roy? Tin Cup? Hello?

TIN CUP

The grip and address are about 90 percent of the golf swing, so pay attention here...

COWBOY

When you're done with him, can I ask you about my club position at address?

Sammantha can't keep their attention, either, even though she's down to a G-string, inches away. At the height of the MUSIC, she stops dancing and looks down at Doreen --

SAMMANtha

Am I doing something wrong?

DOREEN

No, honey, you ain't -- but a healthy woman's only got two choices in this world of ours...

(beat)

Either fall in love with another woman -- or take up golf.

And Doreen heads to the dressing room, disgusted, but not at all surprised. She knows Tin Cup -- she knows men.

TIN CUP

... Now the stronger right-hand grip can help ya draw the ball, which I plan to do at the Regionals next week in Tulsa... just shift the hand over a little bit... blah, blah, blah...

... And naked women dance before them, unnoticed.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. ROUTE 66 (SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHWEST) - DAY 63

The WINNEBAGO CHUGS along in the middle of nowhere.

64 INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY 64

Tin Cup drives, as most of the Regulars lounge -- all are there including Turk (the bouncer). But Romeo is missing.

CLINT

We get through the next 36 holes and we in the Open!

EARL

I got the yips and I ain't even teeing it up...

TIN CUP

Nothing to worry about, boys --

JOSE

But you ain't got Romeo?

TIN CUP

Don't need him till the Open -- he'll be back.

CLINT

But you don't got the doctor lady?

TIN CUP

Oh no, I got her. Right here.

He holds up a tape cassette.

TIN CUP

She can't travel to Arizona for the Regionals -- she's got a busy practice, y'know... so she made me this tape to play while I'm out there... keep me calm, cool, and collected...

EARL

What's on it?

TIN CUP

A little James Taylor, little George Jones, little Kahlil Gibran, little this, little that... and a lotta the voice of the smartest chick I ever met.

EARL

The good doctor herself...

CLINT

Can we hear it or is it personal?

TIN CUP

Since when is therapy personal, eh?

He punches into his deck and the Winnebago is filled with the sounds of MOLLY'S TAPE, beginning with George Jones...

... and the voice of GEORGE JONES takes us into...

DISSOLVE TO:

65 EXT. LA PALOMA GOLF CLUB (ARIZONA) - DAY

65

The Regional Qualifier -- 36-hole tournament pitting all the local winners. This is a much bigger deal than the local tournament -- more commercial, bigger crowds, tougher.

MONTAGE OF REGIONALS

Accompanied by MOLLY'S VOICE and the MUSIC of JONES, TAYLOR, OTHERS.

CLOSE ON TIN CUP

He puts the Walkman headset over his ears on the first tee. We hear what he hears, and --

MOLLY (V.O.)

(on tape)

... `Private victories precede public victories. You cannot harvest a crop before you plant it...'

Kaboom! He launches a tee shot down the middle.

MOLLY (V.O.)

(on tape)

... `How you view the problem, is the problem...'

66 TIN CUP chips into the cup. 66

67 TIN CUP drains putt after putt with confidence. 67

MOLLY (V.O.)

(on tape)

... `Follow your bliss...'

68 TIN CUP takes a club from Earl who's huffing and puffing a little too hard for a caddie, and -- 68

Tin Cup crisps a three iron over water to a tight green.

Tin Cup is carrying his own bag now -- Earl is several paces behind, dragging his body slowly, exhausted.

69 CLOSE ON SCOREBOARD -- Even par, even, even, one under... 69

MOLLY (V.O.)

(on tape)

... `Say not that I have found the truth but that I have found a truth...'

70 CLOSE ON TIN CUP -- Still in a zone, confident, relaxed, hitting lots of good shots. But the score is close, the competition tougher. He's near the top, but not first. 70

71 TIN CUP lips out a fifteen-foot putt -- heartbreak. 71
He starts to lose it, but...

MOLLY (V.O.)
(on tape)
...'You can't have the fruits
without the roots...'

And Tin Cup just smiles and taps in.

72 SCOREBOARD tells us we're down to the 36th, final hole. 72

73 TIN CUP 73
Whattya think, Earl?

EARL
I think three under will qualify.
You need birdie. I could shit.

TIN CUP
A little more confidence there,
Earl...

EARL
I wish Romeo was here. I ain't
cut out to do this. I'm a
spectator by nature. An observer.
I'm a --

TIN CUP
Shut up and hand me the Big Dog.

EARL
You got it.

Tin Cup takes the driver and uncoils a beauty.

TIN CUP
The Force is with me, pods...

CUT TO:

74 TIN CUP hits a wedge approach -- the ball lands inches 74
from the hole. The crowd gasps... but --

The backspin grabs it and the ball spins back and back
and back, ten, twenty, thirty feet before coming to a
rest.

The men head solemnly to the final green.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. LA PALOMA - 18TH GREEN - DAY

75

Tin Cup surveys the thirty-foot snake of a putt. Earl's of absolutely no use.

TIN CUP

We need this one big time, Earl, whattya think?

EARL

(unsurely)

Looks straight to me.

TIN CUP

Straight?! Thing's a roller coaster breaks four ways and dies at the hole -- you're blind!

EARL

Actually, I am blind... 20-60 in one eye -- and that's the good eye...

TIN CUP

I got a blind caddie... just hold the stick, Earl -- and be sure to pull it out...

Tin Cup studies the hell out of this putt. If it goes in, he's in the Open. He misses, back to Salome.

MOLLY (V.O.)

(on tape)

... when the going gets tough,
the, the, the, whirrrrrrrrrrr,
the, the...

Tin Cup shakes the Walkman and pounds his ears.

TIN CUP

Doc? Doc?

(panicky)

Earl, Earl -- the tape's jammed!
She's abandoning me!

MARSHAL

Are you okay?

TIN CUP

Yeah, yeah... I'm flying solo now...

MARSHAL

What?

TIN CUP

I gotta make this putt.

MARSHAL

Obviously.

Tin Cup stares endlessly at the long putt.

TIN CUP

... just pick the line, feel the speed -- bad timing, doc, Jesus...

He steps up to the putt, still talking to himself.

TIN CUP

Like a million others you made in your life, Roy. Just see it going in. Just feel it... right in the back of the jar... just pull the goddamn trigger, you pussy...

76

He strokes the putt -- It starts right, curls back left, straightens out, over the ridge, back again, endlessly...

76

TIN CUP

Pull the stick, Earl, pull it!

Earl's having trouble with the flagstick, shaking it, panicking, and finally -- he snaps it free, but...

The ball stops dead on the lip of the cup.

Tin Cup contorts in anguished body-English, then falls to his back like a shot animal.

TIN CUP

Choking dogs die!

And the BALL falls into the cup with a CLICK -- and a ROAR.

Tin Cup takes a peek at the cup. The ball stays in the hole.

CUT TO:

77

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

77

The Winnebago returns home, a travelling party of beer, boisterousness, and celebration. We hear them all, led by Turk the bouncer and his guitar, singing "The Double bogey Blues"... all the way back to Texas.

CUT TO:

Tin Cup arrives, fresh from the qualifier. Romeo is shafting glubs.

TIN CUP

Romes! You've come back!

(no answer)

You shoulda been there, Romes, I drained a 30-foot snake to qualify!

(off no answer)

Earl gave me a straight read -- the thing broke half a dozen times -- missed ya, pods!

Romeo gives him the silent treatment.

TIN CUP

Okay, don't talk to me -- but you're still my guy...

(losing patience)

It's a little late to be pissed off! We're in the Open! You and me!

Still nothing from Romeo.

TIN CUP

Awright, be that way --

(switches course)

-- say... has Molly been around?

ROMEO

I knew you had the hots for her.

TIN CUP

What's this? Garbo speaks? Of course I have the hots for her and I'm doing a damn good job of keeping things platonic and professional till I kick Simms' ass and show her I ain't who she thinks I am because, in fact, I am who she thinks I am but if I win the Open I won't be.

Romeo stares back at that curious logic.

ROMEO

Well, I don't think her nor me nor the God of Golf his self can keep you from blowing up in the Open...

TIN CUP

I made it this far! I just got to hold it together for 72 more

holes!

ROMEO

There's a lotta triple bogeys out there waiting to grab your ass.

TIN CUP

(cheerily)

You're complaining again! Romeo's back! Whining, bitching, pissed off -- you're my man!

Silence. Some chagrin.

ROMEO

You didn't fall in love with Earl to be your caddie?

TIN CUP

He was a wheezing heart attack waiting to happen -- cost me three strokes a side...

(beat)

I carried my bag the last four holes. I love ol' Earl but I need you.

ROMEO

You don't love me?

TIN CUP

(exasperated)

I love you, too, God damn it!

ROMEO

As much as Earl?

TIN CUP

I don't know! Yes, yes, as much as Earl --

(beat)

More than Earl!

ROMEO

Am I special?

TIN CUP

If you can remove the sexual connotations and overlay a golf theme, Romeo -- I am your Juliet.

Romeo ponders it all.

ROMEO

Muy bien, Julietta. In that case -- I am your caddy once again.

TIN CUP

Podnuh.

They shake hands.

TIN CUP

Awright... now that we got that
bullshit outta the way, I'm gonna
hit me some balls and start oilin'
that sweet swing o' mine for the
big boys...

Romeo sits back in the shade, still washing the thousands
of golf balls in the rack, watching as --

79

Tin Cup drops a bucket of balls on the hardscrabble
ground, pulls out a club and limbers up.

79

TIN CUP

Nobody heard from Molly, eh?

ROMEO

You got it bad, don't ya?

TIN CUP

Somethin' about that chick...

Tin Cup addresses the ball and takes a swing. Everything
looks normal in his swing, but...

Thwock! -- the BALL squirls off to the side and RATTLES
against a fence. Ugly.

TIN CUP

Hmmm... little chili dipper
there...

ROMEO

Be sure to do that in the Open.

Unfazed, Tin Cup steps up to hit again, but... once
more --

Thwock! -- Another horrible-looking squib to the right.

Romeo stops washing balls and notices, watching Tin Cup.

Thwock, thwock! -- Something's terribly wrong.

CLOSE ON TIN CUP

Concern crosses his face.

TIN CUP

Romeo!

ROMEO

I'm watching.

TIN CUP

It ain't no chili dipper.

ROMEO

Yeah, boss, you got the 'S' word.

TIN CUP

What am I doing wrong?

ROMEO

Shanks are like a virus -- they just show up. Nobody can figure 'em out.

Thwock, thwock, thwock! -- Three more chili dippers. Our man definitely has the shanks. And he's panicking.

TIN CUP

Romes! Something's terribly wrong. What's your guess?!

ROMEO

It's the woman.

TIN CUP

I thought you said it was a virus?

ROMEO

A woman can have the same effect.

TIN CUP

What do I do?

ROMEO

Keep swinging...

DISSOLVE TO:

80 EXT. RANGE - THAT NIGHT (MUCH LATER)

80

Thwock, thwock, thwock! -- Night has fallen and he still has the shanks.

The regulars have gathered and are huddled, murmuring. The word has spread like wildfire -- Tin Cup has the shanks.

CLINT

Never thought it would happen...

EARL

The shanks is for us mortals, not

for the great ones...

JOSE

Esta muy feo... muy, muy feo...

(It is very ugly, very, very ugly...)

Tin Cup angrily throws his club out into the night and turns to the regulars.

TIN CUP

Y'know why they named this game
'golf'? 'Cause the words 'fuck'
and 'shit' were already taken!

A CAR HORN HONKS -- All heads turn to see:

POV SHOT - PINK CORVETTE

pulls in -- Doreen gets out, carrying a big package.

DOREEN

Hiya, fellas!

TIN CUP

What is this? Everybody like to
watch a train wreck?!

Doreen approaches the regulars, and we notice for the first time that there are a number of bags and packages with the boys.

DOREEN

He's in one of his pleasant moods,
I see --

ROMEO

He's got the shanks. We got the
makings of a Greek tragedy here.

DOREEN

(shouting to
Tin Cup)
Quit whining and get over here.
We've got something for you.

Tin Cup drags his sorry ass to the group.

TIN CUP

Unless it's a 'swing thought,' I'm
not interested...

DOREEN

(ignoring his
attitude)
We're here to sponsor you in the

Open. Me an' the boys have pooled our resources and come up with some cash so you can look and feel as spiffy as all them big-name pros.

TIN CUP

But I got the shanks --

DOREEN

Yeah, and you obviously still have a hard-on for the doctor chick -- your face is all screwed up and tight like you haven't been laid in awhile --

TIN CUP

Is it really that obvious?

DOREEN

It's not a good look for you. Roy, your heart is not the only organ you wear on your sleeve. There's a certain, vulgar appeal to your transparency.

Tin Cup shrugs. She always has him outflanked.

CLINT

C'mon, Tin Cup, we're trying to make you a presentation --

TIN CUP

Awright, awright...

She unwraps a tour golf bag -- Big gold and red lettering advertises "The Golden Tassel." Pastie tassels hang from all over the bag. Doreen sets it down proudly.

DOREEN

I got the Golden Tassel to sponsor you at the Open.

TIN CUP

You expect me to pack that around?

ROMEO

I'm carrying the bag.

DOREEN

It's worth four hundred dollars endorsement money to you --

Earl steps forward with a golf shirt bedecked with sewn on patches and logos.

EARL

See, Dewey got you First State Banking of Salome, and Clint got you Short-Haul Trucking and I got you Brink and Brown sanitation --

TIN CUP

I'm being sponsored by a sewage disposal system?

EARL

We call it human resources management, Roy, please...

Jose steps forward with a golf cap, also emblazoned.

JOSE

I've got Wally's Smokehouse for ya -- kind of a nice sign...

DEWEY

And since I couldn't get the post office to come aboard, me and my girl friend Muriel's gonna buy a fan club patch you can put anywhere you want.

Doreen and the regulars look at Tin Cup proudly.

TIN CUP

I'm supposed to wear this shit?

JOSE

This shit is us, man. You can't win without us.

DOREEN

You're the pride of Salome!

TIN CUP

Hell, I won't even make the cut!

DOREEN

What happened to your confidence?

ROMEO

He's shanking his love life so he's shanking the golf ball.

DOREEN

Must be true love.

ROMEO

He's a goner.

Tin Cup surveys all the bizarre sponsorship loot, and starts loosening up. These are his people, after all,

and they're behind him all the way.

TIN CUP

Look, everybody, this is great.
I'm sorry I'm acting so pathetic
but my swing's never abandoned me
before. I just need a little time
to work it out.

EARL

Anything you want --

CLINT

Give him some room, boys --

TIN CUP

(to anyone who'll
listen)

Maybe it's my grip... maybe I'm
opening up too soon... too late...
coming over the top... no,
dropping underneath...

(beat)

Oh, sweet Jesus, why have you
abandoned me?

DOREEN

(to the regulars)

He's trying to talk to God. It's
time for us to go.

Doreen and the regulars quietly slip away to leave Tin Cup with his newly sponsored gifts and, more importantly, his newly lost grip, swing, and confidence.

ROMEO

You want me to stay, boss?

TIN CUP

I need to be alone.

ROMEO

You got it.

And Romeo herds the rest of them out to their cars in the lot. And as they drive away, Tin Cup sits down, his head in his hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

81 EXT. RANGE - NEXT MORNING

81

The Winnebago sits forlornly in the parking lot next to the range which has never looked lonelier.

Tin Cup's Caddy convertible pulls up to the Winnebago.

But Roy isn't driving -- Molly is. She gets out, goes to the door.

She knocks.

MOLLY
Roy? Anybody home?

There's no answer so she tries the door, and walks in on:

CUT TO:

82 INT. WINNEBAGO - MORNING

82

Tin Cup stands there caught, like a deer in the headlights, like a man caught cross dressing, a private confession made public -- he can't run and he can't hide...

Roy "Tin Cup" McAvoy is wearing every gimmick that Molly first arrived with -- plus many more. He wears a pendulum cap, his arms are strapped together, a curious triangular coat hanger type contraption connects his elbows, there's a neck brace, an ankle anchor, an arrow attachment to his left hand, a bucket for right foot, he swings a collapsible club... and a BEGINNERS GOLF VIDEO PROJECTS loudly from his VCR, so loudly that he never heard her knocking.

MOLLY
My God...

TIN CUP
Aarghh...

MOLLY
Roy...

TIN CUP
Dr. Griswold...

A moment of pathetic silence, then:

Molly starts laughing -- He is destroyed.

TIN CUP
The therapist laughs at her patient? Is that how it works? A man is laid bare before God and he's the butt of the cosmic joke?

MOLLY
I'm sorry, I just...

TIN CUP
Some of this shit might actually

work, y'know... I mean I think there's something to this hat with the pendulum golf ball thing... may be on to something here...

MOLLY

Oh, Roy, Jesus... Quoting yourself, 'It is the paraphernalia for lost and desperate souls.'

Tin Cup lets down. The wind goes out of his sails and he loses his defensiveness.

TIN CUP

Well, God damn... a lost and desperate soul stands before you.

(beat)

I assume I have the confidentiality of doctor-client privilege in regards to this outfit?

MOLLY

Of course you do. What happened?

TIN CUP

I got the shanks.

MOLLY

Are you taking penicillin?

TIN CUP

It can't be treated! It's much worse than whatever you thought it was.

(beat)

There's a glitch in my swing.

MOLLY

So it's in Romeo's department?

TIN CUP

He thinks it's your department -- says it's a head thing.

MOLLY

Oh. Well. I just came over to congratulate you on the regionals and return your car -- David says he doesn't want it, just wanted to make a point with you --

(beat)

But I suppose we could have a therapy session right here and now --

TIN CUP

I don't want therapy. I want you.

MOLLY

Roy... I gotta get some air --

TIN CUP

Look at me --

(considering what
that means)

Well, not right at the moment --
but listen to me. You're with the
wrong guy. I'm the right guy.
Everyone tells me my face is all
screwed up tight as a drum 'cause
I've been crazy about you from
the day you showed up wearing
this stupid stuff and the whole
damn thing has both inspired
me to get here on the verge of
greatness yet it's also caused
me to get the shanks which
could humiliate me in front of
a zillion people.

(beat)

Such is life. So dump that phony
bastard and come to the Open in my
corner -- you can delay your
romantic urges, which I know are
lurking in there among the excess
of brain cells you possess --
until the appropriate time...

(beat)

Tell me you're not at least
moderately attracted to me.

Tin Cup stands there with the ball still dangling from
his hat, the leather straps, the bucket, the arrows --
for the moment he's forgotten how stupid he looks.

MOLLY

You have moments.

TIN CUP

Tell me which ones are my moments
and I'll try to duplicate them.

MOLLY

This is a moment. You look great.

TIN CUP

Now?!

MOLLY

Utterly exposed, completely
vulnerable, the inner child trying
to get out.

TIN CUP

My inner child needs spanking.

MOLLY

You always liked that part about
saddling up, the smell of leather
--

TIN CUP

C'mon, let's have a drink. Call
it therapy. Charge me 75 an hour.
Little Cuervo, little Freud...

She's thinking about it.

MOLLY

Naw... I gotta go.
(turns to leave)
Oh, I don't have a car, I
need a ride.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. ALONG RIVER BACK TO TOWN - DAY

83

Tin Cup and Molly in his convertible. He works on her
without pushing too hard.

TIN CUP

I know a spot along the river's
great to watch the sunset?

MOLLY

Not tonight.

TIN CUP

'Not tonight' means maybe some
other night?

MOLLY

I didn't mean it like that.

TIN CUP

Consciously you didn't mean it
like that -- but how about
unconsciously, you're the expert,
did you mean it unconsciously?

MOLLY

Unconsciously, Roy, I don't have a
clue what I'm talking about.

TIN CUP

I feel we're making progress.

MOLLY
I do too. But I have no idea what
it's progress towards...

A84 EXT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - DUSK

A84

The Caddy pulls up in front of her office at the new
mall. She gets out.

MOLLY
Good luck in the Open, Roy.

TIN CUP
Put your money on me, Doc, the
odds are fabulous and God knows
I'm overdue...

He drives away, and we stay:

CLOSE ON MOLLY

Watching Tin Cup careen away in his Caddy.

CUT TO:

84/85 EXT. SOUTHWESTERN HIGHWAY - DAY

84/85

The intrepid Winnebago on the way to the Open. Romeo
drives -- Tin Cup stares out the window.

ROMEO
You got to relax, boss --

TIN CUP
Goin' to the U.S. Open with the
shanks. Gonna be chili dipping my
way around the course on worldwide
television... sure, relax.

ROMEO
I'm gonna get rid of them shanks
for ya. No hay problema.

TIN CUP
Molly and I are circling each
other... I can feel it...

ROMEO
She the enemy, boss.

TIN CUP
Naw...

ROMEO

Well she wakin' up with the enemy
-- same thing.

TIN CUP

Tell me something, Romes -- the
absolute truth -- you think I can
go 72 holes without falling apart.

Romeo keeps driving, pretends not to hear.

TIN CUP

You heard me! I don't want no
bullshit... do you think I can do
it?

ROMEO

I don't know, boss, I just don't
know.

And Tin Cup puts on his Walkman, and stares out the
window endlessly at a thousand miles of passing scenery,
to the MUSIC of GEORGE JONES...

DISSOLVE TO:

86 EXT. DESERT - DAY 86

The WINNEBAGO RUMBLES out of the country heading east,
and --

DISSOLVE TO:
94.

87 EXT. CENTRAL TEXAS PLAINS - DAY 87

The Winnebago heads out of the high plains.

DISSOLVE TO:

89 EXT. PINE HILLS GOLF CLUB (NORTH CAROLINA) - DAY 89

The Winnebago passes through a "tunnel" of tall, old
pines into a cathedral environment of old money and
old golf.

90 INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY 90

Romeo and Tin Cup stare out into the trees, the lushness
-- a couple of wide-eyed kids.

TIN CUP

I bet this is the first Winnebago
they ever saw here...

ROMEO

Yeah... and the first Mexican...

The Winnebago pulls up to a guard gate -- A SECURITY GUARD comes to the window. A banner hangs above the entrance a few paces past the security gate, proclaiming: "Old Pines -- U.S. Open Championship."

SECURITY GUARD

Yes?

ROMEO

Como esta, amigo. I have with me one of the legendary ball strikers in the history of golf --

The Security Guard strains to see in.

SECURITY GUARD

Who's that? Mr. Crenshaw? That you? Mr. Price, Mr. Norman? No?

Tin Cup leans across Romeo to introduce himself.

TIN CUP

Roy 'Tin Cup' McAvoy.
Representing the great American Southwest.

The Guard backs off quickly, turns to his SECOND.

SECURITY GUARD

Do we have a... McCormack... on the list.

ROMEO

McAvoy -- Roy McAvoy -- he's a legend!

SECURITY GUARD

We got over 150 legends in this tournament. Sorry.

Romeo starts cursing in Spanish. The Guard is unphased.

SECURITY GUARD

Call the police.

ROMEO

Police?

The police quickly appear to take over the situation. Tin Cup leaps out of the Winnebago to argue his point.

TIN CUP

There's a mistake here, fellas!

A COP grabs Tin Cup and Roy is ready to fight. It's getting ugly real fast.

COP

We'll throw your ass in jail right now, pal -- there's a lotta lunatics here and we don't take chances...

At that moment David Simms pulls in, driving a convertible sponsor's car. He sees the scuffle, gets out.

SIMMS

What's the problem here?

SECURITY GUARD

This clown says he's in the Open...

Simms spots Tin Cup -- a delicious moment for him. Tin Cup wants to hide but he just gamely covers his face.

TIN CUP

Hiya, David... nice sweater.

SECURITY GUARD

He's not on the list.

Simms takes the clipboard with the list.

SIMMS

Hiya, Roy... welcome to the big leagues...

(checks the list)

Here ya go, Charlie, his name's right here.

(to Tin Cup)

They spelled your name wrong -- easy mistake with a total unknown.

SECURITY GUARD

(to Cop)

Let him in.

Simms smiles at Tin Cup, the easy smile of a man on top.

Tin Cup doesn't respond, just asks the Guard:

TIN CUP

Which way to the practice range?

As Tin Cup tries to regain some dignity, and climbs back into the Winnebago --

SECURITY GUARD

(to Simms)

He said he was a 'legend'?

SIMMS

Oh he is... he's a very big name
at a driving range in Salome,
Texas...

They all have a good laugh, and --

CUT TO:

91

EXT. PRACTICE RANGE - DAY

91

Lots of the big names are there. Romeo is like a kid at
the ballpark.

ROMEO

Look! Right there! Fred
Couples... and Ray Floyd!

Romeo notices that Tin Cup is staring at the pile of
practice balls lying there on the tee.

TIN CUP

Look at these balls. Brand new
Titleists. Lookit 'em, every one
a brand new Titleist.

(lowers his voice)

Sneak a few in the bag when you
get a chance. We swipe enough
free shit we might even pay for
this fiasco.

Tin Cup limbers up, trying not to be in awe of the real
legends who line the practice range, hitting beautiful
shot after beautiful shot with graceful ease.

ROMEO

You think it would be
inappropriate to ask Ray Floyd for
an autograph?

TIN CUP

I think it's a dead giveaway,
Romes... but if I still got the
shanks we're gonna be found out
real fast...

Tin Cup nudges a ball from the pile into address
position. Romeo hands him a different club.

ROMEO

Hit the seven iron. You never
miss the seven...

TIN CUP
 Good thought, Pods...

Tin Cup waggles, shakes, limbers, addresses...

TIN CUP
 Dollar bills...

And he swings.

THWOCK! A hideous shank squirrels across line, almost hitting a group of U.S. Open officials. Heads turn.

TIN CUP
 (to anyone who'll
 listen)
 Who hit that shot? Anybody see?

He addresses another one. And swings.

THWOCK! A disaster. He crumbles.

ROMEO
 A little thin, Boss.

TIN CUP
 A little fucking thin?! I still
 got the shanks! Everybody's
 watching! Christ, Simms is here...

Simms has arrived and is watching Tin Cup with delight as he loosens up.

ROMEO
 Maybe we should work on putting.
 Ya can't shank a putt.

Tin Cup pretends to limber a little more before daring to strike another ball.

TIN CUP
 If you're the Mexican Mac O'Grady,
 Romes, you gotta figure out why
 I'm still shanking the ball.
 (beat)
 What's the problem? I'm catching
 it on the hosel, right? Moving my
 head? I'm laying off it, I'm
 pronating, I'm supinating, I'm
 clearing too early, I'm clearing
 too late, I'm off plane, I ain't
 dropping in -- oh, God, my swing
 feels like an unfolding lawn chair.

ROMEO
 You got a virus in your brain. I

got to kill the brain to kill the virus.

TIN CUP
Anything. Kill me now!

ROMEO
Put all your change in your right pocket.

Tin Cup follows orders, not questioning the logic.

ROMEO
Very good. Now tie your left shoelace in a double knot.

Again, Tin Cup dutifully follows orders.

ROMEO
Esta bueno. Now, turn your hat around backwards and put a blue tee behind your right ear...

TIN CUP
I'll look like a fool.

ROMEO
What you think you look like hitting those squirrely chili peppers up Freddy Couples' ass, eh? Do what I say or I quit.

TIN CUP
Okay, okay...

ROMEO
Perfect... now hit a seven iron into that tree over there. You're ready.

Tin Cup hits a perfect seven iron into the trees.

TIN CUP
How'd I do that?

ROMEO
You ain't thinking about shanking, you ain't thinking about the doctor lady, you ain't thinking period. You just lookin' like a fool and hittin' it pure -- your natural state.

TIN CUP
Fuck you.

ROMEO

You cured.

TIN CUP

That's it?

ROMEO

That's it. Your brain was getting
in the way.

TIN CUP

That's rarely been a problem.
What now?

ROMEO

Well, I should recommend you go
work on your short game but I
think it's better if you go get
drunk instead.

TIN CUP

Get drunk?

ROMEO

Yeah. You always play better when
you're wasted.

Tin Cups stares at the swami, and --

CUT TO:

92 INT. WINNEBAGO (IN PARKING LOT) - NIGHT

92

Again to GEORGE JONES on the CASSETTE PLAYER, Tin Cup is
doing a slow dance with his driver.

Romeo sits on the couch, stone cold sober, pouring drink
after drink for Tin Cup, who's thoroughly plastered.

TIN CUP

It's three in the morning, Romes,
what time I tee off?

ROMEO

Seven-o-five... first group off...
Keep drinking, keep dancing...

TIN CUP

That's four hours from now?

ROMEO

You're drinking till five...
c'mon, c'mon, have another --
(a tough coach)
Get you in shape --

Tin Cup tosses down yet another drink, and staggers around the room with his driver until, finally, he collapses in a heap on the floor. Romeo looks down at him coolly, like horse trainer Wayne Lukas sizing up his Derby entry.

ROMEO

Nothing like the sight of a
finely-tuned athlete on the verge
of greatness...

Romeo tosses a blanket over Tin Cup lying on the floor.

CUT TO:

A93 EXT. PINE HILLS CLUBHOUSE - EARLY MORNING A93

Two figures hurry across the lawn to the first tee. Our intrepid Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

93 EXT. GOLF COURSE - EARLY MORNING 93

The first tee -- the early morning air is heavy and still. The course is quiet and wet with dew. The gallery is sparse. The silence is broken by the starter's voice.

STARTER (V.O.)

With the honor in the 7:08
pairing, from Salome, Texas,
Mr. Roy McAvoy.

A half-dozen people clap, and --

Tin Cup and Romeo stagger to the tee, barely making it on time. Tin Cup is massively hung-over and unshaven.

TIN CUP

No time for a bucket, eh?

ROMEO

Almost missed the starting time
trying to get you off the floor,
boss. You don't handle the hooch
like you used to...

Tin Cup tries to get warm quickly, taking a few hurried practice swings. The early tee times are strictly for the longest of long shots, and almost nobody is around. Tin Cup's hand shakes as he closes the Velcro flap on his glove. He's wearing the hat and shirt with the sew-on patches, as he stares down the first fairway.

Romeo hands him a driver.

ROMEO

I seen this hole on TV. Hit the
big dog down the chute --

TIN CUP

No, I've learned my lesson. Gonna
play it safe, smart, conservative.
Fairways and greens. Hand me the
two iron.

ROMEO

You sure?

TIN CUP

Thought of the day is -- `be
humble.'

And Tin Cup launches a two iron down the first fairway.

DISSOLVE TO:

94 EXT. SCOREBOARD - DAY (LATER)

94

The scorer posts an eighty-three next to Tin Cup's name.

Tin Cup stares, shell-shocked, as his score is posted.

ROMEO

Eighty-three. Well, you humble
now.

TIN CUP

Eleven bogeys and seven pars. I
didn't make a three. I didn't
make one goddam three all day.

ROMEO

You weren't trying to make threes.
You were trying to avoid making
thirteen.

TIN CUP

I was hungover!

ROMEO

Maybe that was a coaching error on
my part.

TIN CUP

Thanks, amigo...

CUT TO:

95 INT. CLUBHOUSE BAR - CLOSE ON TELEVISION ABOVE BAR -
DUSK

95

David Simms is interviewed.

SIMMS (V.O.)
 (on the television)
 I'm the last person who expected
 me to come out of the blocks with
 a sixty-seven and lead the Open...
 It's been a long time since I
 played this game with the fire and
 determination you need to win...

TIN CUP
 The Anti-Christ shoots 67, you
 believe it?

ROMEO
 Ol' Anti-Christ got a hot
 putter...

SIMMS (V.O.)
 (on television)
 ... you see, this game is all
 about integrity and tradition and
 honor...

TIN CUP
 What? It's about cheating and
 racism and bullshit!

ROMEO
 Easy, boss...

CUT TO:

96 EXT. JUST OFF EIGHTEENTH - DAY (SAME TIME)

96

Live coverage of the Simms interview. Molly is among a
 small crowd gathered to watch. He doesn't seem to know
 that she's there.

SIMMS
 (live on mike)
 So tomorrow I'll just go out there
 and try to make some good swings
 and, Lord willing, maybe I can put
 up another good number. Thank
 you.

NANTZ
 Thank you, David Simms, a
 brilliant opening round 67 to take
 the lead.

Simms walks away, now off-camera. FANS call out --

FANS

David! David! Over here!

SIMMS

Gotta go.

Simms cuts down behind the tent toward the clubhouse, away from the galleries. The marshals open a rope allowing him to avoid the crowds, but --

An ELDERLY COUPLE with a young child are there. The lady has a tiny dog in her arms.

OLD MAN

Excuse me, Mr. Simms!

(off no response)

Can you sign an autograph for our grandson?

SIMMS

(snaps)

Can't you see I'm busy?! I'm working! This is my office! Do I come to your office and ask you for an autograph?! Jesus...

He practically stiff-arms them as he passes, heading up to the clubhouse. They stand there in shock.

SIMMS

(muttering to himself)

Who the fuck these people think they are...

CAMERA PANS OVER TO the edge of the tent. Molly, trying to get to David, has seen the whole thing.

CLOSE ON MOLLY

She speaks to herself.

MOLLY

Old people, children, and dogs...

CUT TO:

97 INT. CLUBHOUSE BAR - SUNSET

97

Simms enters to numerous congratulations from officials, caddies, other PLAYERS. Instantly, in public, he feigns humility with convincing flair.

PLAYER #1

Helluva round, Dave!

SIMMS
Got lucky out there...

PLAYER #2
Great start, Simmsy...

Simms stops when he sees Tin Cup and Romeo drowning their sorrows.

SIMMS
Hey, Tin Cup -- heard you put a monster number up there...

TIN CUP
Coulda been worse...

A small bar crowd is enjoying Simms' taunts.

SIMMS
I played in the Pro-Am with some asshole movie star shot 82 here once... how did a great ball-striker like you, a 'legend,' manage to shoot an 83?

TIN CUP
I missed a four foot putt on the eighteen for an 82, that's how...

SIMMS
It ain't like playing some muni track in Brownsville, is it?

A voice interrupts.

MOLLY
Does, 'integrity, tradition, and honor' include kicking a man when he's down?

SIMMS
Oh, Mol', this is just guy stuff, bar talk, part of the game -- no offense, right, Cup?

No answer. Tin Cup's about as low as one can go.

MOLLY
(defensively)
This man still has a lot of good golf shots in his system --

TIN CUP
(trying to hide)
Molly, it's okay, go away... I don't need any attention right

now...

SOME GUY AT THE BAR

(to Tin Cup)

You the guy shot 83?!

MOLLY

David, I'll bet you a hundred
dollars right now that Roy here
can hit a ball --

(looks around)

-- from right here to... through
that door to the patio...

She points to a double door, forty feet away across, the
bar, about an 8 x 8 foot opening.

TIN CUP

Molly, please...

MOLLY

(to bartender)

And give me a vodka tonic with a
twist --

SIMMS

Molly, really, this isn't...
dignified...

MOLLY

Roy?

TIN CUP

I wanta go back to Texas...

MOLLY

What about the river, the piranha,
the immortality? All that
bullshit? You gonna drag your ass
home with an 83?

(looks around)

In fact, two hundred says he can
hit it through that door, over the
patio, into the river, and make
that pelican fly off that post.

Everyone strains to look --

POV - ABOUT 170 YARDS AWAY

A pelican sits on a piling in the river. Impossible.

BACK TO SCENE

SIMMS

This is ridiculous...

But Romeo's sizing it up.

ROMEO

You got that shot, Pods, hood the seven, turn it over, start it low, right to left...

Molly takes a swig of her drink and slaps some money on the bar.

MOLLY

I'm not leaving till one of you men starts acting in a manly fashion.

Simms puts a hundred dollar bill on the counter.

SIMMS

Let's just get this over with. One ball, one swing, one gull.

MOLLY

Roy?

Tin Cup still sits, head half buried at the bar. He's never passed up such an opportunity, but he's pretty low.

ROMEO

You the man.

He turns from his bar stool, glances at the situation.

TIN CUP

One swing? Four to one odds.

SIMMS

I'll make it ten to one. Stick it up your ass. I'm leading the Open.

MOLLY

Now we're talking! Manly men!

Whoas! From the barside gallery. Tin Cup rises and someone hands him a club. Suddenly there's a crowd, including Gary McCord who's been watching from the far end of the bar. He grabs a seltzer hose as if it's a mike and begins announcing.

MCCORD

... He's looking at thirty yards of bar and grill, an opening through the French doors, forty yards of patio umbrellas, a

hundred yards of water, and a
lonely pelican sitting out there
in a 15 mile an hour breeze, south
by southwest...

(beat)

He'll probably try to shut down a
four iron -- no, he's selected his
trusty seven iron...

Tin Cup steps up to a ball lying on the carpet.

TIN CUP

Kind of a thin lie...

SIMMS

Beats all that deep rough you were
in today...

ROMEO

Fore in the grill! Fore on the
patio! You're the legend, boss...

Tin Cup suddenly backs off the swing and turns to Molly.

TIN CUP

What is this all about?

MOLLY

Shut up and hit the ball.

McCORD

(on "mike")

The Ledge still has to be thinking
about that brutal, ego-sapping,
manhood-robbing eighty-three he
buried himself under yesterday. I
mean, that's just an avalanche of
golf swings, a landslide, a
pyroclastic flow --

TIN CUP

Dollar bills...

98 And he swings -- the ball rockets through the hall and 98
clears the open door...

The bettors pile from the bar and grill and race to the
patio to watch the flight of the ball, as --

It's carrying, it's hooking, it's carrying, then:

THWACK! -- It hits the piling! The SEAGULL lifts off,
SCREECHING angrily.

ROMEO

Stiff, baby, stiff!

99 A whoop goes up -- And Simms storms out. 99

SIMMS

I'm outta here. You're all nuts.

MOLLY

I musta been blind thinking you
were worth a shit, Simmsy!

(raucously)

Drinks on me, boys! Helluva shot,
Roy!

TIN CUP

Actually I thinned it a little or
that pelican'd be flying around
with a Titleist up his ass...

This is the old Tin Cup -- and he's in the clubhouse with
an eightyfuckingthree.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. WINNEBAGO IN PARKING LOT - NIGHT 100

Pouring rain -- Lightning and THUNDERSTORMS. It pours
down on the club and the beat-up RV.

Romeo stands outside with an umbrella, dragging on a
cigarette, trying to stay warm.

101 INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT 101

Tin Cup and Molly in bed, lit only by light spilling in
from a parking lamp. They make love with enthusiasm,
finally wobbling to a stop.

Silence, except for the rain. Until:

TIN CUP

I kinda shanked it, eh?

MOLLY

No, no, no... you were great...

TIN CUP

Tempo is everything...

MOLLY

Perfection's unobtainable...

TIN CUP

Mighta rushed it on the downswing...

MOLLY

Come over the top a little...

TIN CUP

Yeah... well, as Walter Hagen once said -- 'Sex and golf are the only two things you can be bad at and still enjoy...'

MOLLY

Let's take a mulligan and tee it up again --

They embrace with enthusiasm and start thrashing again.

102 BACK OUTSIDE 102

Romeo's patience is getting thin. He pounds on the door.

ROMEO

You guys done yet? This is no time for a marathon...

The rain keeps coming down.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. GOLF COURSE - NEXT DAY 103

Galleries line fairways and fill stands. The course is wet, the skies threatening, but play is underway.

104 EXT. TELEVISION TOWER - DAY 104

JIM NANTZ in the booth.

NANTZ

The sun is struggling to come out, the course is drying up, and in case you're just joining us, the leaders have just reached the ninth hole because of delayed starting times --

(beat)

-- David Simms is clinging to a one shot lead over Peter Jacobsen... but the real story is out on sixteen where a driving range pro who shot an opening eighty-three is making a run at perhaps the most legendary round of golf in Open history, Johnny Miller's sixty-three at Oakmont -- Ben Wright is in the tower at

sixteen...

CUT TO:

105 EXT. SIXTEENTH HOLE - DAY

105

We hear Ben Wright's voice as Tin Cup marks his ball on the green. A small gallery has begun to follow him.

WRIGHT (V.O.)

If anyone was ever to make a run at what is the most storied number in Open history, Miller's sixty-three, it would be today when the rain has softened the greens, enabling the players to take dead aim at the flags. Still, the unswerving courage of an unknown driving range pro from Salome has raised that humble journeyman from the ashes of an ignominious eighty-three to wave a mighty fist at the pantheon of golf's immortals. This man, this Roy McAvoy has laid siege to the record book by birdieing the first seven holes. A brave par from the water at eight, and a glorious birdie three at the daunting twelfth, another at thirteen...

Tin Cup gets his read, and steps up to putt.

WRIGHT (V.O.)

... this putt to go ten under for the day...

Tin Cup putts -- When the ball is still two feet from the hole, Tin Cup raises his putter in triumph... and sure enough, the ball drops in the hole.

CUT TO:

106 EXT. GOLF COURSE - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

106

Golf fans stream from other fairways to catch up as:

A107 EXT. SEVENTEENTH GREEN

A107

Tin Cup knocks his approach to within six feet of the cup. The swelling gallery at the green roars.

CUT TO:

107 INT. DRIVING RANGE (SALOME) - EVENING

107

Doreen is behind the till. The regulars and several customers crowd the counter, staring up at the TELEVISION as Dewey rushes in from his job.

DEWEY

They said on the radio he was ten under --

EVERYONE

Shhhh!!!

Silence, everyone watching the TV, everyone starting to contort in body-English, then:

A joyous roar -- Tin Cup's putt went down. Earl twirls with glee.

EARL

He's shooting the lowest round ever!

CLINT

And eighteen's a par five. A birdie there, he shoots sixty!

DOREEN

We gotta go, boys. We gotta get us on a Continental Trailways and find this damn place!

CUT TO:

108 EXT. TELEVISION TOWER - DAY

108

The MONITOR shows Tin Cup approaching his ball in the fairway. Ken Venturi is commentating.

VENTURI

McAvoy's hit another big drive, but this is not a shot he wants to get aggressive with...

109 EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - DAY

109

Tin Cup and Romeo survey the shot -- a long downhill carry over a lake to a slightly elevated green. A shot similar to the one he pulled off at the best-ball.

ROMEO

Two-sixty to carry, Roy. You got to lay up, man. I don't care how good you swinging. You got to lay

up.

Tin Cup looks at the iron Romeo proffers. He looks back at the shot, throws some grass in the air, testing the wind. He looks at the gallery, the lake, the green, the whole grand setting... and then:

He locates Molly behind the gallery ropes, watching. She makes a little charging gesture with her fist. And:

Tin Cup reaches defiantly past Romeo and pulls out the three wood.

110 EXT. TELEVISION TOWER - DAY

110

Venturi and Nantz watch Tin Cup set up to play the shot.

VENTURI

His adrenalin's gotten the better of him, Jim. If he lays up he takes bogey out of play.

VENTURI (CONT'D)

But if he knocks this ball in the water he could make seven or eight. And he still has to think about making the cut.

SUMMERALL

Well, every golf fan in America is pulling for him.

111 Wearing that look, the look of eagles, Tin Cup addresses 111 his ball... And he swings -- The ball arches off his club, the gallery roars, and...

TIN CUP

Nope.

... Tin Cup drops the three wood on his bag, even as:

ROMEO

Carry, honey! Please! Carry!

LAKE

The ball plunks in the water inches short of dry land. The GALLERY GROANS.

BACK UP FAIRWAY

Tin Cup smiles at Molly with chagrin but not defeat. He turns to Romeo.

TIN CUP

What the hell. You ride 'er till she bucks you or you don't ride at all. I can save par from here.

Tin Cup hits a wedge to within five feet.

ROMEO

Up an' down...

CUT TO:

112 INT. PRESS TENT - EVENING

112

Tin Cup is on the dais, fielding questions from REPORTERS.

REPORTER #1

How do you go from shooting an eighty-three one day to a record-breaking sixty-two the next?

TIN CUP

Well, it wasn't from clean living...

Laughter from the reporters. Reporter #1 follows up.

REPORTER #1

If you had to do it again, would you still go for the green on eighteen?

TIN CUP

Yeah. And I'll go for it tomorrow and I'll go for it Sunday, cuz I didn't come here to play for no second.

CUT TO:

113 INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

113

Tin Cup, Molly, Romeo all asleep -- In the same bed.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. GOLF COURSE - LEADER BOARD - DAY

114

showing Simms -8 through twelve, Jacobsen -7 through fourteen and McAvoy -7 through seventeen.

115 EXT. EIGHTEEN - DAY

115

A huge gallery lines the fairway and girds the green as Tin Cup approaches his ball in the middle of the fairway. The fans holler "You da man" at Tin Cup.

CUT TO:

116 INT. TELEVISION TOWER - DAY 116

Nantz and Venturi in the booth. Tin Cup is on the monitor, arriving at his ball. We hear SHOUTS from the GALLERY, encouraging him to go for the green.

VENTURI

It's the same shot he knocked in the water yesterday. And the thing for him to do right now is to tune out the gallery, rein in his emotions, and forget what he said in yesterday's interview. He has to lay up.

117 EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - DAY 117

Romeo palms the seven iron, waiting for Tin Cup to decide on his play.

TIN CUP

Gimme the three wood.

Romeo picks up some grass and flips it in the air. It blows away from the green.

ROMEO

There's wind up there.

TIN CUP

I know.

118 INT. TELEVISION TOWER - DAY 118

The announcers see Tin Cup taking out the three wood.

NANTZ

Well, he hasn't shown an ounce of fear all day.

VENTURI

This isn't courage, Jim. This is inexperience, pure and simple.

119 EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - DAY 119

Tin Cup steps up to his shot.

TIN CUP

This is for Venturi, up there in
the booth, thinking I should lay
up...

(addressing his ball)

Dollar bills...

He swings and holds the pose. He caught the ball
perfectly -- it sails high and true into the luffing
breeze, the GALLERY ROARS, and...

... the ball drops, SPLOOSH! into the WATER, a couple
feet short of dry land. The GALLERY GROANS.

BACK TO TIN CUP

Staring amazed, almost betrayed, that his ball didn't
carry the water.

TIN CUP

That's a long fucking ways.

(holds out his hand)

Gimme another ball.

ROMEO

Roy...

TIN CUP

What?

ROMEO

It's a water hazard. You go up
there and take a drop. Try to
save par like you did yesterday.

Tin Cup's eyes blink with thought as Romeo's words get
through to him.

TIN CUP

You're right. What the hell was I
thinking?

And he starts down to the water. A THUNDEROUS OVATION
greet's his approach, and he raises his hat to salute the
fans saluting him.

CUT TO:

Tin Cup snarls at the impudent question of Reporter #3.

TIN CUP
I saved par, didn't I?

REPORTER #3
I'm just trying to understand your thinking. You were in the same spot on eighteen yesterday without a headwind and you --

TIN CUP
You don't think I can knock it on from there?

REPORTER #3
It seemed like a low-percentage shot.

TIN CUP
So am I! Look at me. I'm playing for...
(points at his
sew-on patches)
... Rio Grande Short-Haul Trucking, Brink and Brown Sanitation, First State Bank of Salome, Wally's Smokehouse... You think a guy like me bothers to think about the percentages? --

CUT TO:

121 EXT. WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT 121

A low-rent roadside cafe specializing in waffles.

122 INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT 122

Tin Cup, Molly and Romeo study the menu.

MOLLY
I've got some money from the pelican bet -- why don't we go somewhere fancy and celebrate -- get ready for the final round.

TIN CUP
Nothing to celebrate yet. Plus these are my people. I'm a waffle house guy -- gotta stay in touch with that...

ROMEO
Plus he needs his carbohydrates --

TIN CUP

If the boys from Salome was in town -- this is where they'd be...

The boys from Salome walk in -- with Doreen, all looking like hell from the long bus trip. They're ecstatic to see Tin Cup and Romeo.

CLINT

The legend!

EARL

God damn, we been driving for two days to help you in the last round --

JOSE

Saw the Winnebago outside -- we're starving...

DEWEY

Sixty-two! Sixty-two!

TIN CUP

We're home now!

ROMEO

You boys a sight for sore eyes. We so damn sick of guys in blazers and slacks that don't wrinkle. It ain't natural 'round here...

DOREEN

Congratulations, Roy -- we're with you all the way.

TIN CUP

Doreen, meet Dr. Griswold... er, Molly... my shrink --

MOLLY

Ex-shrink.

(matter-of-factly)

We're sleeping together now so I can't be his therapist.

DOREEN

I knew it.

MOLLY

Knew what?

DOREEN

Nothing, dear. Good luck.

(looking around)

Say, I have a little extra cash -- why don't we go somewhere fancy and celebrate -- y'know, kinda get

ready for the final round?

But the Regulars overwhelm her.

DEWEY

This is the Waffle House, Doreen --

CURT

Hell, I been dreaming of waffles
for 1800 miles...

EARL

They got a waffle house in Odessa
just about like this...

JOSE

Odessa? It's in Midland, ain't it?...

CLINT

No, it's in Odessa.

They all pull up chairs and settle in for a long evening
at the Waffle House.

Tin Cup leans back in his chair, turns to Molly.

TIN CUP

It just don't get much better than
this...

CLINT/EARL

You the man, Cup, you the man...

Romeo leans over to Doreen amidst the chaos and speaks
with suave elegance.

ROMEO

You're looking particularly lovely
this evening... the coif is
extraordinary.

DOREEN

Why thank you... Romeo.

CUT TO:

123 INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT (LATER)

123

All twelve of them are asleep or nearly so in the R.V.,
sprawled on and over every surface. Much snoring.

CLOSE ON MOLLY

Her face close to Tin Cup's. Both awake.

MOLLY

You nervous about tomorrow?

TIN CUP

Yeah, I'm nervous. So's everybody else. But I only gotta come and catch Simms. Sixty-seven guys gotta come and get me...

Silence. Except for the random snore.

TIN CUP

It won't always be like this... y'know... with me... surrounded by all these guys... snoring... a stripper ex-girlfriend on the floor... my caddie sleeping next to her... all of us damn near broke... won't always be like this...

She puts her finger over his mouth gently.

MOLLY

Yes it will... yes it will... and it's okay...

CUT TO:

A124 EXT. WINNEBAGO - DAWN

A124

Tin Cup slips out of the trailer -- Romeo follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

B124 EXT. RANGE - EARLY AM

B124

Tin Cup hitting golf balls alone, except for the faithful Romeo, getting ready for the final round of the U.S. Open.

CUT TO:

C124 INT. WINNEBAGO - MORNING

C124

Molly serves coffee to the regulars. She's upset.

MOLLY

Which one of you is the bookie?

DEWEY

We all are, but Earl's the best.

MOLLY

What are the odds that Roy will win?

EARL

Vegas has him at ten to one. They're sure he's gonna self-destruct.

MOLLY

Those sound good to me -- I want you to place a bet for me. Five thousand nine hundred dollars on Tin Cup to win.

They stare nervously.

CURT

That's your nestegg.

EARL

That's a bad idea, honey -- we love him, but he's gonna fuck-up --

MOLLY

I said put it all on Roy. Got it?

DEWEY

We can't let you --

MOLLY

Boys --

Silence. Molly's in charge. She hands them a roll of cash.

MOLLY

Put it all on Tin Cup.

Earl reluctantly takes the money.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. PUTTING GREEN - MORNING

124

Tin Cup hits putts, intense, focused. Peter Jacobsen works his way over to Tin Cup.

JACOBSEN

Looking a little tight, Ledge.

TIN CUP

Musta got too much sleep last night. How you choking?

JACOBSEN

Just got one thought in my head.
Ten under. That's my number.

Tin Cup looks up, amused by the gamesmanship.

TIN CUP

No one's ever been ten under for
the Open, not even Nicklaus.

JACOBSEN

That's right, Ledge. Not even
Nicklaus.

And he moves off to putt. Tin Cup drops a couple balls
on the green to putt, and:

A ball rolls past them and into a hole. Tin Cup looks
over and sees Simms.

SIMMS

Sorry, Roy, can't believe I didn't
see you with all that high-priced
endorsement crap you're flaunting.

TIN CUP

That's always been your problem,
Dave. You don't think about
winning; you just want to look
good.

(turns away
to putt)

Thing is, this ain't a beauty
pageant.

(turns back, getting
in Simms' face)

And it ain't a rain-shortened Quad
Cities or a Greater Greensboro you
can back into. This is you'n me,
pal. This is match-play, and this
time you ain't getting no three
shots.

CUT TO:

125 EXT. FIRST TEE - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

125

A large gallery surrounds the tree and lines the fairway
as:

STARTER

With the honor in the final
pairing, from Salome, Texas, Mr.
Roy McAvoy.

Boisterous applause. Tin Cup tips his cap and nods at

David Simms, his pairing in this the final twosome of the final round of the U.S. Open.

TIN CUP

Fairways and greens, Dave... and don't forget to wave as I blow by.

SIMMS

You mean blow up? Like you always do?

And Tin Cup moves to the tee.

His hand shakes worse than it did the first day as he tees his ball. Stepping back to line up his shot, he peers down the fairway through a narrow corridor of faces. A daunting sight. He edges over to Romeo and tautly whispers:

TIN CUP

Do me a favor. Bet me a buck I don't put it in the fairway.

ROMEO

I bet you a hundred.

TIN CUP

Okay, good.
(going to tee off)
Puts things back in perspective.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. FIRST HOLE - MINUTE LATER

126

Tin Cup looks at his ball, almost invisible in the deep rough. He tries to locate the green beyond the trees that surround him. In golf parlance, he's in jail. He selects a club.

ROMEO

Which way you going?

Tin Cup points over the trees. Romeo grimaces. Tin Cup addresses the shot. Then:

Tin Cup swings -- the ball flutters weakly out of the rough and disappears into the branches of a bushy tree, dropping eventually next to its trunk, and:

CUT TO:

127 LEADER BOARD

127

A scorer changes the number beside Tin Cup's name from -7

to -5. Simms is still -7.

CUT TO:

128 EXT. THIRD TEE - DAY

128

Tin Cup arrives on the tee where Simms now has the honor.

SIMMS

Nice double, Roy.

TIN CUP

Just keep making pars, asshole.

SIMMS

I'll take eighteen of 'em.

TIN CUP

And I will own you.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. THIRD GREEN - DAY

129

Molly and Doreen stand together behind the big gallery. Molly is using a cardboard periscope to look over the gallery to the green. Doreen is on her tip-toes but all she can see are the backs of heads.

A swell of cheers builds, then turns to groans.

MOLLY

Oh no, Tin Cup ran it five feet past.

(beat)

How did he get the name 'Tin Cup'?

DOREEN (O.S.)

He played catcher on the high school baseball team. The star pitcher had this big-league curve, and not all his pitches hit Roy in the mitt. Finally, you gotta respect a man's doggedness. You know?

(beat)

The team decided Tin Cup sounded better than Clank.

Molly puts down the periscope at that remark, and hands it to Doreen.

MOLLY

'Clank''s not a good name for a man...

Doreen looks through the periscope.

PERISCOPE'S POV - TIN CUP

lining up a putt. She pans over to Romeo helping him.

DOREEN (V.O.)
Tell me something, Molly... have
you ever had a Latin lover?

CUT TO:

130 EXT. LEADER BOARD

130

The regulars study the board -- the scruffiest lot ever seen at an Open. Next to them stand a group of U.S.G.A. officials, all in neat, matching blazers. The contrast is thrilling.

CLINT
Our boy's in trouble... ya think
he's chokin'?

EARL
Our boy don't choke. He fucks up
but he don't choke...

The scorer changes the number beside Tin Cup's name to -- -4. Simms is -7, and --

CUT TO:

131 EXT. TV TOWER - DAY

131

Wright looks at the monitor where Tin Cup stands among some trees.

BEN WRIGHT
This is disaster for McAvoy.
After losing three shots to par in
the first four holes, he should
have just taken iron off the tee
to get the ball in play. Does he
have any shot at all, Gary McCord?

132 EXT. FIFTH HOLE - DAY

132

Tin Cup's ball lies on dirt next to the trunk of a tree. He surveys his options. Behind him, wearing a headset, McCord analyzes the situation for the TV viewers.

MCCORD

This is definite jail. This is life without parole. His only chance to stage a jail-break is go at the ball left-handed and hope he can somehow snake it back into the fairway, and save par from there.

Tin Cup glares balefully back at McCord. Then he walks over to a nearby tree, and surveys the line to the green from it. He walks back for his ball, turns to McCord... and we see that familiar fierceness aflame in Tin Cup's eyes.

TIN CUP

Fifty bucks says I knock it on... with a seven iron.

And he selects the seven iron, addresses the ball right-handed, and:

He swings -- the ball rockets low off his club, and...

... it ricochets off the trunk of a nearby tree, and...

... it bounces up the fairway, skitters past a trap, and trickles onto the green, stopping ten feet from the pin.

The gallery goes crazy as Tin Cup steps from the woods collecting his money from McCord while jabbing a taunting finger at Simms.

133 INT. TELEVISION TOWER 133

Nantz and Wright stare at the monitors.

NANTZ

That took balls...

134 EXT. GOLF COURSE 134

Simms ignores Tin Cup's taunt, and lines up his shot.

SIMMS

(to himself)

That's just Roy being Roy. Just wait him out, Dave. Just make pars. Let him make the mistakes.

And he hits his iron to the fat part of the green, and --

TIN CUP (O.S.)

Beauty, Dave. Par written all over it.

135 EXT. LEADER BOARD 135

The scorer posts a -5 next to Tin Cup's name. Simms is still at -7, and --

CUT TO:

136 EXT. GOLF COURSE - NINTH GREEN 136

Tin Cup intently follows the flight of his iron shot, as:

The ball lands near the front of the green, bounces, then rolls, following the contour of the green. It finally stops five feet from the pin.

A SWELLING, DEAFENING ROAR from the GALLERY accompanies the unfolding shot, and --

137 EXT. TENTH TEE 137

Jacobsen looks toward the roar at the ninth green.

JACOBSEN

He's making his run.

138 EXT. LEADER BOARD 138

The scorer posts a -6 next to Tin Cup's name. Simms is still at -7.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. TENTH GREEN - DAY 139

Molly and Doreen watch Tin Cup drain a putt.

MOLLY

(still watching
Tin Cup)

So why'd you leave him?

DOREEN

You ever dated a guy who actually believes in soul mates?

MOLLY

Actually, no.

DOREEN

He thinks he's a tough guy, but he's a hopeless romantic.

And as the gallery falls silent, she turns to watch Tin Cup.

CUT TO:

140 EXT. ELEVENTH GREEN - DAY 140

Tin Cup's firmly-struck putt spins out of the hole. The GALLERY GROANS, sharing his agony, and --

141 EXT. TWELFTH TEE 141

Jacobsen, pausing to watch, sighs with relief before starting down the fairway.

CUT TO:

142 EXT. THIRTEENTH HOLE - DAY 142

Tin Cup follows the flight of his approach, and up ahead on:

143 EXT. FOURTEENTH TEE - DAY 143

Peter Jacobsen hears the GALLERY ROAR. He turns to his caddie, incredulous.

JACOBSEN

He's throwing darts back there.
We gotta make birdies, Squeaky, or
we are playing for second.

And he snatches his driver from the bag, determined to make birdies.

CUT TO:

144 EXT. LEADER BOARD 144

The scorer posts -7 next to Tin Cup's name. Simms is still at -7, as is Jacobsen. And...

145 EXT. FOURTEENTH GREEN - DAY 145

Jacobsen rolls a long putt into the hole, and as the GALLERY CHEERS, he points a finger of challenge back at --

Tin Cup waiting in the fairway. Tin Cup seems to enjoy the taunt.

TIN CUP

That's right, Peter. You'n me.
That's all there is.

And he selects a club, and...

CUT TO:

146 INT. DRIVING RANGE (SALOME) - DAY 146

Tin Cup's fans, deeply into the beer by now, contort with body-english and holler at the TV screen.

FANS

Get in there! Come on! Go down!

They explode with cheers. Some twirl with glee. Others exchange high fives.

EARL

He's tied for the lead again! And they're running outta holes!

CUT TO:

147 EXT. TELEVISION TOWER - DAY 147

The leader board is superimposed on the monitor. McAvoy -8, Jacobsen -8, Simms -7.

NANTZ

So it's come down to the seventy-second hole of this great championship, and the skill and courage of three Texans who have duelled throughout the day for the chance to be crowned Open Champion... Peter Jacobsen is on the fairway at 8 under, McAvoy at the 18th tee is tied at minus 8, and David Simms trails by one...

148 EXT. EIGHTEENTH TEE 148

Tin Cup and Romeo watch Jacobsen hit his shot.

TIN CUP

Jacobsen's laying up.

(turning to Simms)

You ain't gonna have that luxury, Dave. Not if you play to win.

He moves to the tee, and...

CUT TO:

149 EXT. TELEVISION TOWER

149

The monitor shows Tin Cup's drive bounding down the middle of the fairway.

NANTZ

McAvoy's hit a perfect drive, Ken.

VENTURI

I'm not sure that's good news for McAvoy. With his inexperience, the last thing he needs is an excuse to fool with that water again today.

150 BACK TO TEE

150

Tin Cup whispers to Romeo as Simms tees up.

TIN CUP

I didn't catch it all.

ROMEO

Then you got to lay up.

Simms rips a drive down the middle, the ball landing a little short of Roy's.

151 EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - DAY

151

Tin Cup in the fairway, studying his shot.

TIN CUP

So birdie wins it.

He looks at Simms, ten yards across the fairway from him.

TIN CUP

You or me, Dave?

Simms points to himself. He has a wood in his hands, but he puts the club back and reaches for an iron. Tin Cup edges closer to Romeo.

TIN CUP

(whispering)

He's laying up. Birdie to tie, eagle to win, and that gutless wonder's laying up.

ROMEO

(whispering)

Par to tie, birdie to win... you lay up too, Roy. You can make birdie laying up.

They watch Simms lay up. Then Romeo offers Tin Cup an iron, hoping he'll take it.

TIN CUP

You know something, Romeo? Eagle puts me ten under. No one's ever finished an Open ten under, not even Nicklaus.

ROMEO

You don't need an eagle. Birdie wins, par ties.
(firmly)
Hit the lay up. Hole a wedge for goddamn eagle.

Tin Cup throws some grass in the air, looks back at the green, the gallery, the whole grand setting... and he seeks out Molly's face in the crowd. He moves over so she can hear him.

TIN CUP

This is everything, ain't it?
This is the choice it comes down to. This is our immortality...

ROMEO

No time to be thinkin'
'immortality,' Cup... time to be thinkin' 7 iron.

Molly stands with Doreen, hearing Tin Cup's words. Thrilled and terrified and spellbound, she finds herself nodding. Doreen, on the other is turning ash-white.

DOREEN

Oh no. This is what always happens. He's going for it.

MOLLY

Go for it!

DOREEN

No! He just needs par to tie!
Tell him to lay up! He listens to you!

MOLLY

Go for it, Roy! Knock it on!

DOREEN

This is why we split up -- he always went for it...

MOLLY

My problem is I've never been with

a man who went for it...

DOREEN
Well, honey, he's your guy.

BACK TO TIN CUP

He selects the three wood. Romeo sighs.

152 EXT. TELEVISION TOWER - DAY 152

NANTZ
Good Lord, he's going for the
green.

VENTURI
This could be tragic.

153 EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY 153

Tin Cup's eyes focus with the look of eagles as he
addresses the shot.

TIN CUP
One swing, Roy. One good swing.
Dollar bills...

He swings -- the ball explodes off his club. Tin Cup
holds the pose...

TIN CUP
We're home...

Suddenly a gust of wind blows, out of nowhere, and Tin
Cup's cap blows off, provoking immediate concern.

TIN CUP
... little gust there, Romes...

154 TELEVISION MONITOR 154

Picking up the flight of the ball approaching the green,
carried it seems by the swelling roar of the gallery.
The ball clears the water...

... and lands at the top of the slope fronting the
elevated green. It pops up in the air, lands just past
where it hit, and comes momentarily to rest. The gallery
roars. And then:

The ball starts trickling back down the slope, gaining
speed, moving towards the water, even as the gallery
screams for it to stop...

... until finally it disappears into the water with scarcely a ripple.

155 BACK TO TIN CUP

155

He stares first with betrayal, then with anger, and looks at Romeo, who just shrugs, then at Molly.

MOLLY

You can still make par from up there --

ROMEO

She's right, Pods, a drop and a stroke, up and down par -- we'll win it in sudden death.

But Tin Cup still has the look of eagles. He's staring at the shot he just made, still holding the three wood.

TIN CUP

I nudded that thing. Little gust from the gods cost me...

ROMEO

Helluva move you put on that sucker, now let's get up there, take the drop, and make our par, tie Peter...

TIN CUP

I can make this shot.

ROMEO

Not now.

TIN CUP

Now.

Tin Cup throws another ball on the ground.

TIN CUP

I'm playing it from here.

MOLLY

Take your drop and make your par!

Tin Cup addresses the ball.

CUT TO:

156 EXT. TELEVISION TOWER

156

Venturi nearly comes out of seat watching Tin Cup take a

drop from his original lie.

VENTURI

I don't believe this. He just took himself out of the tournament with that drop. He could have walked up to the hazard line, saved par with a wedge and forced a playoff with Jacobsen. Now he needs a miracle shot.

McCORD (V.O.)

Ken, I'm right behind McAvoy here. And all he said to his caddie was: I can make it across.

157 EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - DAY 157

Tin Cup swings again -- The ball sails long and true once again, and once again...

158 ... it lands into the hill, bounces once, and trickles back into the water. 158

VENTURI (V.O.)

Oh, my. This is tragic.

159 BACK TO TIN CUP 159

Holding his hand out to Romeo, as the gallery murmurs uncomfortably.

TIN CUP

Gimme another ball.

BACK TO DOREEN AND MOLLY

watching behind the ropes.

MOLLY

I can't believe he's doing this.

DOREEN

(unfazed)

I can, honey...

MOLLY

He can blow the whole tournament!

DOREEN

It's a miracle he lasted this long...

CUT TO:

160 REGULARS

160

waiting at the green, amidst the rest of the gallery who's in shock about Tin Cup's decisions to keep going for it, keep trying to prove a point.

CLINT

He done blew a gasket, boys...

EARL

The wheels is definitely falling off now...

JOSE

It was a miracle while it lasted...

REGULARS' POV

Tin Cup swings a third time.

CUT TO:

161 EXT. EIGHTEENTH GREEN - DAY

161

A BALL lands SPLOOSH! in the WATER, and...

162 BACK UP FAIRWAY

162

Tin Cup holds out his hand for yet another ball, saying nothing.

Romeo hands him another ball.

Tin Cup unloads another 3-wood. Another splash.

Tin Cup holds out his hand again.

ROMEO

This is your last ball, man. If this gets wet, you disqualified.

TIN CUP

I can make it across.

Tin Cup snatches the ball from Romeo's hand.

163 EXT. TELEVISION TOWER

163

Venturi and Nantz can barely look at the monitor.

VENTURI

This is the most painful thing
I've ever watched.

MCCORD (V.O.)

Jim, this is the last ball he has
in his bag. If he doesn't finish
the hole with it, he can't turn in
a card. He'll be disqualified.

Venturi and Nantz cover their eyes.

Tin Cup unloads another three wood -- another splash.

164 BACK TO TIN CUP

164

He looks at Molly.

CLOSE ON MOLLY

She's just laughing.

Romeo tosses down another ball -- Tin Cup launches
his fifth attempt to clear the pond. Splash.

MOLLY

You're right, Roy, what the hell!
Let 'er rip!

DOREEN

You two are made for each other.

BACK TO TIN CUP

This is still all business to him. He sets his jaw,
addresses the shot, and:

TIN CUP

Dollar bills...

He swings -- another perfect shot... but this time the
wind relents a knot, and:

165 BALL

165

clears the water, clears the slope, hits the front of the
green, rolls up toward the pin, and drops in the hole.
The gallery goes berserk!

166 BACK TO TIN CUP

166

Raising his three wood aloft in triumph, he looks over at
Molly and finally cracks a smile.

166 CONTINUED: 166

And when she smiles back, he takes his hat off and walks to the green, to as great an ovation as the game has ever heard.

CUT TO:

167 BACK IN TELEVISION TOWER 167

Venturi and Nantz slump, drained, over their monitors.

CUT TO:

168 INT. SCORER'S TENT - DAY 168

Tin Cup and Simms sign their cards and get up to leave in unison. Simms turns to Tin Cup and has to shake his head.

SIMMS

I gotta hand it to you, Roy. When you go down, you go down in flames.

TIN CUP

Someday you can tell your grandchildren you finished second in the U.S. Open...

(beat)

-- just don't tell 'em how.

And he moves brusquely past Simms and out of the tent, congratulating Tubbs, the winner, as he passes.

TIN CUP

Good job, Tubbsy... you won it.

And out of the scorer's tent...

169 EXT. SCORER'S TENT 169

A roar goes up from the milling fans as Tin Cup emerges. He tries to smile, but it's all dawning on him.

TIN CUP

My God... I just gave away the Open...

And then McCord is there, shoving a mike in Tin Cup's face.

McCORD

Ledge, I know it's tough to talk right now, but --

TIN CUP

It's not difficult to talk... it's difficult to explain... I coulda laid up and still won. I made a twelve on the last hole of the U.S. Open. You know how much money that cost me?

McCORD

Cost you a bundle...

TIN CUP

I gotta get outta here.

McCORD

It was the greatest 12 I ever saw. Back to you, Jim...

Tin Cup exits the scorers' tent and runs into the regulars -- They're beaming, undyingly loyal.

CLINT AND EARL

Greatest 12 I ever saw... you crunched that dog, baby... gorgeous shot, etc...

He looks up and there's Molly -- He stops short. They embrace.

TIN CUP

Molly, I'm an idiot. I gave away the Open. The one time in my life I know the play is to hit the lay up -- my whole life and future and career on the line, and I still can't make myself do it. I am a twisted human being and a cautionary tale. And I guess I'm a fool?

MOLLY

Yes. A magnificent fool...

DISSOLVE TO:

A170 EXT. DRIVING RANGE (SALOME) - NIGHT

A170

Mosquitoes, pools of light, the TRACTOR CHUGS around picking up balls.

CUT TO:

B170 INT. DRIVING RANGE CAFE - NIGHT

B170

Romeo and Doreen eye each other -- locked in a stare of longing and mystery. TANGO MUSIC comes from a BOOM BOX. They begin to move toward each other in a tango step.

CUT TO:

170 EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

170

Tin Cup and Molly are sitting, feet up, a couple Lone Star beers beside them, just taking in the warm Texas night. Her head rests on his shoulder. The world at peace.

TIN CUP

Some people don't like West Texas but I think it's the most beautiful place on earth...

MOLLY

It has its charms...

(beat)

Y'know, by finishing in the top 15 at the Open you qualified to be in it next year --

TIN CUP

Damn, I didn't know that...

MOLLY

I'm thinking with your game you should go back to the Qualifying School, try to get out on tour...

TIN CUP

Then I wouldn't see you...

MOLLY

Actually, I picked up a whole bunch of new clients at the Open. Lotta guys on the tour said if I could do that much for you, imagine what I could do for them...

TIN CUP

There's a lotta head cases out there, you could make a bundle...

MOLLY

And sleep in the Winnebago at night...

Silence.

TIN CUP

Y'know... a man goes through what I've gone through, he's supposed to learn something.

(beat)

I'm trying to figure out what I learned. Did I learn anything?

MOLLY

You're learning some discipline and self-control...

TIN CUP

And that there's a time in life to play it safe...

MOLLY

That's great, Roy... and I'm learning how to listen to the tuning fork, throw caution to the wind, and take crazy risks I never thought were possible...

TIN CUP

C'mon, Molly, when did you ever take a crazy risk?

MOLLY

I fell for you...

WIDE SHOT - LANDSCAPE

A desolate driving range outside of Salome, Texas. Bugs, trucks passing in the night, and a tiny RADIO SENDING GEORGE JONES across the plains.

FADE OUT.

THE END