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Tin Cup

By Ron Shelton

1.

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

IN:

1 EXT. TEXAS - DRAMATIC ANGLE - SUNSET 1

Out west where the sun descends gloriously over desolatemountains. A sense of timeless and incorruptible beautyif you ignore the TWANG of the MUSIC, the SPUTTER of theTRACTOR, 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 ricketysatellite dish, stringing wire, trying to get it to work.

(We get glimpses of him throughout the scene as hestruggles with what is assuredly a pirate operation.)

Four of six floodlights nailed to the roof cast pools ofyellow into the gathering darkness. ROY "TIN CUP" McAVOY

stands under the swarm of moths crowding the brightestlight, 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 TinCup. These men are the range regulars: CURT, CLINT,

EARL, and DEWEY. Each man has money in one hand and hispreferred libation in the other. They're all lookingback and forth between the bug lights hung on the backwall, 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-timebookie 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 cheerstriumphantly while the other regulars mutter curses about how they woulda, coulda, shoulda bet.

2.

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?

3.

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.

4.

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 5.
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.
Damn.

TIN CUP :

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.

6.

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.
7.

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 8.

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,
9.

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.
10.

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...
11.

(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:

12.

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.
13.

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,
14.
will consider utterly predictable.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. GOLDEN TASSEL NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 8
The marquee advertises: EXOTIC DANCERS/STEAK \$4.00.
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!
The

TIN CUP :

I think I been dating too manybig-haired blondes.

ROMEO :

Them big-haired blondes are a lot smarter 'n us...
(beat)
... how we gonna pay her?

TIN CUP :

You underestimate me, Romeos.
Romeo doesn't realize the truth in his own response.

ROMEO :

It's a bad habit I picked upfrom 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!
15.

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.

16.

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
17.
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?
Myself?

TIN CUP :

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
18.

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.

David Simms!

town?

ROMEO :

What you doing in

Romeo steps outside to greet Simms. Warily.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. WINNEBAGO - DAY 13

Romeo and Simms under the awning.
parked nearby.

A spiffy new car

DAVID SIMMS, 38, looking every bit like the successfultour pro he is...

Payne Stewart to Tin Cup's Maynard G.

Krebs.

SIMMS :

Romeo! It's been awhile.

Tin Cup around?

Is

Romeo is evasive.

ROMEO :

He's on business in Houston... You
supposed to be out playin' on thegolf tour.
19.

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.
20.

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,
21.
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:

14 EXT. COTTONWOOD GOLF COURSE CHARITY EVENT - DAY 14
22.

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

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

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.

23.

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
24.
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.

25.

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
26.
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 pronounced 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.
voice.
McCord lowers his 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. 27.

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.

28.

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
29.

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 OneClub Scramble... what do I want
with all these entry forms?
30.

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

31.

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.

Am I early?

TIN CUP :

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.
him, half-amused.
She's staring at

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.
Waggle.

TIN CUP :

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
32.
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:

33.
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 thefucking Doral! How am I supposedto 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 drivingrange pro living in a Winnebago,
making five bucks an hour pluslessons.

ROMEO :

She don't know you live in aWinnebago.

TIN CUP :

Well, she sure as hell knows I
ain't taking her to no Doral formassages 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.
I was joking.

ROMEO :

I ain't.

TIN CUP:

34.

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.

36.

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 :

Nutted 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 37.

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.

38.

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.
39.

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...

39

Suddenly a convertible passes -- Simms and Molly, 39 laughing, carefree, enjoying each other. The couple in the car doesn't see Tin Cup grabbing his crotch making a fool of himself on the sidewalk -- but Tin Cup and Romeo see them.

40.

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 winThe Open. I don't care if it's your 'quest'...

(listens)

... or your 'destiny'...

(listens)

... or any of those terms youvaguely remember from your CliffNotes...

(listens)

You shoulda treated me nicer when

we were an item -- then maybe Iwouldn'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.
hearts.
Two losers with fluttering

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.
42.

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.
43.

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.

Obviously.

MOLLY :

TIN CUP :

What do I do? I mean... to do it

... therapy... I mean, how do I start doing... it.

MOLLY :

In par-lance you might understand,
just kick back and let the Big Dog
eat.

He sighs and plunges in.

44.

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:

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.
45.

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...
46.

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 Godsakes, 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
47.

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?
48.

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...
49.

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.
50.

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?

51.

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. 52.

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:

53.

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
54.

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 -
55.

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.

TIN CUP :

Nuttet it...

49

50

51

52

He rifles another drive into the stratosphere.

TIN CUP :

Ben Hogan? Who's he?

Putt after putt drains into the jar.

CLOSE ON the SCOREBOARD -- The red numbers (under par)
are going up quickly as every shot he hits is dead, solidperfect. Minus

one, two, four, five, seven...

CUT TO:

50

51

52

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/EARLYou 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,

56.

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.
57.

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.

58.

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 fattened 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

59.

broken clubs at his feet.

Then, he reaches for the last club in his bag, the seveniron. The regulars hold their breath, thinking this isthe end of Tin Cup's Open bid. But... Tin Cup smiles and caresses the seven ironaffectionately.

TIN CUP :

But the seven iron, I never miss

the seven iron. It's the onlytruly safe club in my bag.

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

TIN CUP :

You happy, Romeo?

ROMEO :

No, boss, I'm tired... my life'stoo short to spend it watching youfall apart. I done it too manytimes.

Romeo turns and starts walking away.

TIN CUP :

What's this? You're quitting?

First sign of adversity, you'requitting?

(as Romeocontinues)

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

(to Molly)

Doc? Take the bet?

MOLLY :

Roy -- just shut up and hit theball.

CUT TO:

54 QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS 54

Tin Cup's magic with a seven iron.

seven iron.

He drives with a

55 He chips with a seven iron. 55

56 He blasts out of sand with an open-bladed seven iron. 56

60.

CUT TO:

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

Tin Cup drains a ten foot putt -- also with the seveniron, and left-handed to boot. He's past the localqualifier.

The regulars erupt in cheers.

the Masters.

You'd have thought he won

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.

61.

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.
62.

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.
63.

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,
64.
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 65.
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.

66.

REGULARS :

What the hell you doin'?

this?

Wha's

59

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

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

59

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)

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:

61

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 yawanta 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...

67.

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?
68.

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 -
69.

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 eventeeing 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.

70.

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.

71.

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 precedepublic victories. You cannot
harvest a crop before you plantit...'

Kaboom! He launches a tee shot down the middle.

MOLLY (V.O.)

(on tape)

... 'How you view the problem, isthe problem...'

66 TIN CUP chips into the cup. 66

67 TIN CUP drains putt after putt with confidence.

MOLLY (V.O.)

(on tape)

... `Follow your bliss...'

67

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

68

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

72.

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

71

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

Whattya think, Earl?

73

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.

You got it.

EARL :

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 from the hole. The crowd gasps... but -74

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:

73.

75 EXT. LA PALOMA - 18TH GREEN - DAY 75

Tin Cup surveys the thirty-foot snake of a putt.

of absolutely no use.

Earl's

TIN CUP :

We need this one big time, Earl,

whattya think?

EARL :

(unsurely)

Looks straight to me.

TIN CUP :

Straight?! Thing's a rollercoaster 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, whirrrrrrrrrrrrr,
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!

Are you okay?

MARSHAL :

TIN CUP :

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

What?

MARSHAL :

TIN CUP :

I gotta make this putt.

74.

Obviously.

MARSHAL :

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 backleft, 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.

hole.

The ball stays in the

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 Doublebogey Blues"... all the way back to Texas.

CUT TO:

75.

78 EXT. DRIVING RANGE - DAY 78

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

Romeo is

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 76.

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.
77.

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 79
ground, pulls out a club and limbers up.

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!

78.

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
79.
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
80.
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.
81.

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,
82.

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.
83.
But Roy isn't driving -- Molly is.
the door.
She gets out, goes to
She knocks.
Roy?

MOLLY :

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.
My God...

MOLLY :

Aarghh...

TIN CUP :

Roy...

MOLLY :

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
84.

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
85.

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.

86.

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.
87.

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 newmall. 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.

drives -- Tin Cup stares out the window.

Romeo

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 worldwideo 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.

Naw...

TIN CUP:

88.

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...

89.

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!
90.

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 -

91.

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...
92.

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

93.

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.
94.

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 -
95.

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.
intrepid Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

Our

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.

96.

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 -95

DUSK:

97.

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 -
98.

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!

99.

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
100.
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:

101.

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
102.

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!

103.

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 youwere worth a shit, Simmsy!

(raucously)

Drinks on me, boys! Helluva shot,

Roy!

TIN CUP :

Actually I thinned it a little orthat pelican'd be flying aroundwith a Titleist up his ass...

This is the old Tin Cup -- and he's in the clubhouse withan eightyfuckingthree.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. WINNEBAGO IN PARKING LOT - NIGHT 100

Pouring rain -- Lightning and THUNDERSTORMS.

down on the club and the beat-up RV.

It pours

Romeo stands outside with an umbrella, dragging on acigarette, trying to stay warm.

101 INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT 101

Tin Cup and Molly in bed, lit only by light spilling infrom 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...

104.

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
105.
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:

106.

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. 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!
Earl twirls

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 gotto lay up, man. I don't care how good you swinging. You got to lay
107.

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.
108.

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
109.

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.
blows away from the green.

ROMEO :

There's wind up there.

TIN CUP :

I know.
It
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

110.

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
greets his approach, and he raises his hat to salute the

fans saluting him.

CUT TO:

120 INT. PRESS TENT - AFTERNOON 120

Tin Cup snarls at the impudent question of Reporter #3.
111.

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 -
112.

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
113.
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.
114.

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.
115.

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 fuckup

-

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?

116.

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
117.

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.

addresses the shot. Then:

Romeo grimaces. Tin Cup

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
118.
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...

119.

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... haveyou ever had a Latin lover?

CUT TO:

130 EXT. LEADER BOARD 130

The regulars study the board -- the scruffiest lot everseen 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 thinkhe's chokin'?

EARL :

Our boy don't choke.

but he don't choke...

He fucks up

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 inthe first four holes, he should
have just taken iron off the teeto 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.

120.

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.

121.

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.

122.

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.

123.

And he selects a club, and...

CUT TO:

146 INT. DRIVING RANGE (SALOME) - DAY

Tin Cup's fans, deeply into the beer by now, contort withbody-english and holler at the TV screen.

FANS :

Get in there! Come on! Go down!

146

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.

-8, Jacobsen -8, Simms -7.

McAvoy

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 dueled 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:

124.

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.

125.

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

126.

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 headdresses the shot.

TIN CUP :

One swing, Roy. One good swing.

Dollar bills...

He swings -- the ball explodes off his club.

holds the pose...

TIN CUP :

We're home...

Tin Cup

Suddenly a gust of wind blows, out of nowhere, and TinCup'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 theelevated green. It pops
up in the air, lands just pastwhere it hit, and comes momentarily to rest.
The gallery

roars. And then:

The ball starts trickling back down the slope, gainingspeed, moving towards
the water, even as the galleryscreams for it to stop...

127.

... 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 nipped 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.

Not now.

ROMEO :

Now.

TIN CUP :

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 128.

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.

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...

129.

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.

130.

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.

131.

166 CONTINUED:

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.

132.

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:

133.

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 LoneStar 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 atnight...
134.
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: