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

FADE IN:

1 EXT. TEXAS - DRAMATIC ANGLE - SUNSET

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

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

We PAN DOWN TO:

2 EXT. DRIVING RANGE - LATE DAY

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

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

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

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

ROMEO

Okay, all bets are down!

Their eyes rivet on the bug lights, edgy, hopeful, until... ZAP! A BUG is ELECTROCUTED. And Dewey cheers triumphantly while the other regulars mutter curses about how they woulda, coulda, shoulda bet.
ROMEO
Number one is the winner! Dewey
has the winner. Pays five to two!

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

TIN CUP
Don't you shitheels ever get
bored?

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

TIN CUP
... 'Cuz I got a riddle.

Tin Cup leads the regulars inside.

CUT TO:

A3 INT. DRIVING RANGE - LATE DAY

Tin Cup holds court.

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

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

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

EARL
(timidly)
How much we gotta lose?

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

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

EARL, CLINT & ALL
I'm in... We're in... Count us in... etc...

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

(beat)
The clock's ticking boys...

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

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

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

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

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

TIN CUP
It's a family riddle, Earl. Think clean thoughts.
The regulars puzzle some more.

CLINT
Give us a little hint.

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

All heads turn to take in the arrival of:

MOLLY GRISWOLD

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

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

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

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

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

The regulars snicker, enjoying her one-upmanship.

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

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

TIN CUP
I thought I had a Doctor Griswold
at seven.

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

And the regulars gather to look out the window --

4
THEIR POV - THROUGH WINDOW

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

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

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

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

TIN CUP
Damn.

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

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

TIN CUP
What're those?

MOLLY
I ordered these from the Golf Channel.
He stares in disbelief as she tries to wriggle into some of this stuff. He's enchanted and dismayed.

TIN CUP
That stuff's a waste of money.

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

She stands there with contraptions coming from every limb.

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

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

She deposits all the golf gimmick devices in a pile.

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

(pointing to the pile of devices)
That stuff cost me over 200 dollars --

TIN CUP
Then it's 200 dollars of shit...

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

TIN CUP
Go ahead. Take a swing.

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

TIN CUP
Well, you talk like a golfer --

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

MOLLY
Shit.

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

MOLLY
Awright, wise ass, show me.

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

TIN CUP
Something like that.

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

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

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

TIN CUP
'What is the golf swing?' -- by Roy McAvoy.
(beat)
The golf swing is a poem.

TIN CUP (CONT'D)
Sometimes a love sonnet and sometimes a Homeric epic -- it is organic and of a piece, yet it breaks down into elegant stanzas and quatrains. The critical opening phrase of this song is the grip, in which the hands unite to form a single unit by the simple overlap of the smallest finger...
(displays grip)
... held lightly, a conductor's
baton.

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

MOLLY
A nod to the gods?

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

MOLLY
What? What's unfinished?

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

MOLLY
Why?

TIN CUP
Some say it's because that's the best way to play through the winds of West Texas... and some say it's because I never finish anything. You can decide. The point is every finishing position is unique as if that is the signature left to the artist, the warrior athlete who,
finally and thereby, has asserted his oneness with and power over the universe by willing a golf ball to go where he wants and how and when, because that is what the golf swing is about...

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

Molly stares back, exhausted and intrigued.

   **MOLLY**
   Jeez Louise...

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

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

   **TIN CUP**
   Grip it and rip it.

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

   **TIN CUP**
   Call me Roy, Molly...

   **MOLLY**
   Call me Dr. Griswold...

   **MOLLY (CONT'D)**
   Roy... but at this point I think I'm more of the 'grip it and rip it' school. Hand me the driver.

Tin Cup does. She tees it up.

   **TIN CUP**
   Waggle it, Doc, don't forget to waggle.
   (as she stares at him)
   Waggle... the club head...
   (shows her)
   ... it's a little relaxing ritual...

She waggles the club head, then takes the club back.
TIN CUP
Let the Big Dog eat!

She stops, lets the club fall.

MOLLY
What Big Dog?

TIN CUP
The driver, the number one wood --

MOLLY
It's metal.

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

MOLLY
Oh.

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

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

TIN CUP
(cheerfully)
Yes, ma'am, that's why I love it.
(beat)
And if you hit one good shot -- if that tuning fork rings in your loin -- you can't wait to get back.

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

MOLLY
I think the Big Dog ate something.

TIN CUP
Did the tuning fork ring in your loin?

MOLLY
I wouldn't go that far.

TIN CUP
Always quit on a good shot. We'll call that lesson number one...
(confidentially)
... and if ya wouldn't mind paying me in cash -- there's a little I.R.S. situation I'm dealing with --

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

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

TIN CUP
Perhaps I'm chocked full of inner demons?

MOLLY
No, you're chocked full of bullshit --

(cheerily)
Same time next week?

She heads off to the parking lot. He stares.

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

TIN CUP (CONT'D)
Were you being literal or was that some kind of Freudian type deal? Molly? Doctor?

(beat)
What kind of saddle?

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

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

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

CUT TO:
INT. DRIVING RANGE SHACK - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROMEO
You gave her twenty to one --

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

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

CLINT
So how much you stand to lose?

ROMEO
Twelve thousand.
TIN CUP

Hundred.

ROMEO

Thousand.

TIN CUP

(panicky)

Hundred.

ROMEO

You said to shoot the wad.

TIN CUP

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

All eyes on the monitor -- the dogs break.

EARL

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

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

REGULARS

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

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

REGULARS

Uh-oh.

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

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

ROMEO

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

TIN CUP

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

CUT TO:

8 EXT. GOLDEN TASSEL NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

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

Tin Cup and Romeo head toward the entrance.

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

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

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

TIN CUP
You underestimate me, Romes.

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

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

TURK (THE BOUNCER)
Hey, Tin Cup, Doreen's looking for ya --

TIN CUP
I'm sure she is...

They enter the strip joint.

CUT TO:

9 INT. GOLDEN TASSEL - NIGHT

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

WAITRESS/STRIPPER
Hey, Tin Cup, haven't seen ya in three days!
TIN CUP
Busy man, Courtenay, busy man --

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

NAKED DANCER
Tin Cup! Hi, sweetie!

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

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

A voice from inside.

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

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

Tin Cup and Romeo stand at her beckoning.

TIN CUP
Doreen...

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

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

(smiles)
You owe me twelve thousand dollars.

ROMEO
We going to pay you.
Tin Cup squirms as Doreen babbles a bit.

DOREEN
I know you're going to pay me.

DOREEN (CONT'D)
(admiring her own outfit)
Y'know I finally got rid of the leopard suit thing -- it was so retro, y'know... it's not easy being a post-modern stripper...
(beat)
So... twelve big ones?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DOREEN
What are your labor costs?
(off no response from Tin Cup)
Payroll, Roy. What do you pay
your help?

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

DOREEN
What do you pay yourself?

TIN CUP
Myself?

Doreen nods in a way Tin Cup finds threatening.

DOOREN
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?

DOOREN
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

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

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

ROMEO (V.O.)
(with horror, inside
the Winnebago
You hocked your golf clubs?!

A13 INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

Tin Cup sits on the couch, swigging Maalox.

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

ROMEO
But your clubs are your livelihood.

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

A CAR HORN SOUNDS from outside.

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

Romeo opens the door, and steps outside.

ROMEO
David Simms! What you doing in town?

Romeo steps outside to greet Simms. Warily.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

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

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

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

Romeo is evasive.

ROMEO
He's on business in Houston... You supposed to be out playin' on the golf tour.
SIMMS
(unfazed)
Well, you tell him I'm in town for
my big charity best-ball
tournament, and I got a spot for
him when he comes back from...
whatever.

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

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

ROMEO
He says he carried you on his
back.

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

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

ROMEO
Why you here?

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

Tin Cup suddenly appears in the doorway.

TIN CUP
What's the catch?

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

TIN CUP
Then make more birdies.
SIMMS
I need you on my team.

TIN CUP
You ain't that friendly a guy...

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

TIN CUP
(warily)
You an' me --

SIMMS
Me an' you -- like the old days.

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

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

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

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

ROMEO
You son of a bitch.

TIN CUP
(to himself, blankly)
Caddie? Me?

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

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

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

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

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

Simms heads to his car.

TIN CUP
Simms!

SIMMS
(stops)
What?

TIN CUP
I'll take the job.

ROMEO
We'll take the job.

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

POV SHOT - SIMMS
drives away down the road.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

15 EXT. COTTONWOOD - 16TH FAIRWAY - DAY


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

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

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

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

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

Simms swivels his head around to look at Tin Cup.

TIN CUP
I could.

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

SIMMS
I gotta hand it to you, Roy. For fifteen holes you've seemed to grasp the concept here: I'm trying to win and your job is to help me.
TIN CUP
Five percent of your earnings does numb the gag reflex.

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

TIN CUP
You can make that shot.

SIMMS
The smart play's to lay up.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TIN CUP
Fire me? Hell, I should fire you.

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

Stadler's still standing back where he hit the shot into 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.
EXT. TV TOWER

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.

BACK TO COURSE

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.

OMITTED

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

KOSTIS
(on mike)
It seems like the Charity Tournament is taking a little
break for a side bet, here --

Gary McCord moves toward the camera and takes the microphone.

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

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

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:

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TIN CUP
What about my money?

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

Romeo scoops balls into wire buckets from the garbage can of water where the balls are washing. Tin Cup sits on a bench, alternately swigging cheap whiskey and Maalox.
TIN CUP
If I had it all to do over, I'd still hit that shot.

ROMEO
(nods with neither rancor nor irony)
The look comes over your face, you would bury yourself alive to prove you can handle a shovel.

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

TIN CUP
You know why I'd still hit that shot?

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

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

TIN CUP
No...
(pauses, adding weight to his thoughts)
I'd hit it again because that shot was a defining moment. And when a defining moment comes along you define the moment or the moment defines you. I did not shrink from the challenge. I rose to it.

Romeo nods, holding his peace.

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

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

TIN CUP
I was playing to win.

ROMEO
A defining moment when you tried to hit the same impossible cut
three wood into the wind from a hilly lie -- four in a row out of bounds -- until you finally pulled it off and tapped in for a thirteen.

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

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

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

Tin Cup tosses down another Maalox cocktail.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. GOLDEN TASSEL - NIGHT

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

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

CLOSE ON ROW OF DOLLAR BILLS

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

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

DOREEN
The DieHard/West Texas Calcutta, the Duvall County Boys Club Pro/Scratch, Woody's Steak House One Club Scramble... what do I want with all these entry forms?
TIN CUP
It's a business proposition. I'm offering you my winnings from all them tournaments this summer.

DOREEN
In exchange for what?

TIN CUP
My driving range back.

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

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

DOOREN
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.

DOOREN
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?

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

TIN CUP
I'm not punching in no time
clock like some working stiff!

CUT TO:

INT. DRIVING RANGE - NEXT DAY

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 --

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - DAY

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

TIN CUP

Am I early?

MOLLY

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

TIN CUP

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

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

MOLLY

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

(beat)

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

TIN CUP

Waggle.

MOLLY

I'm waggling...

TIN CUP

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

Molly addresses the shot. Her stance is rigid, overly
mechanical. Tin Cup winces. But she looks terrific.

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

He moves around behind her to reposition her shoulders.

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

MOLLY
It's none of your fucking business, Roy.

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

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

SIMMS (O.S.)
Get your hands off her ass, Roy.

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

DAVID SIMMS steps onto the range.

MOLLY
(to Simms)
Hi, sweetie...

TIN CUP
Not him...

CLOSE ON TIN CUP
Crushed and bewildered.

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

CUT TO:
A shadow paces across the drape in the lighted window.

TIN CUP (O.S.)
He's taking her to Miami for the fucking Doral! How am I supposed to compete with that?

INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

Romeo ponders Tin Cup's dilemma from the couch.

ROMEO
Man, you are having a bad week.

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

ROMEO
She don't know you live in a Winnebago.

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

He reflects deeply while Romeo shrugs.

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

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

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

ROMEO
I was joking.

TIN CUP
I ain't.
ROMEO
We talking about the same
tournament? The U.S. Open? The
Biggest golf tournament in the
world?

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

ROMEO
What do you mean?

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

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

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

ROMEO
You don't got the game.

TIN CUP
I got every shot in the book.

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

TIN CUP
You suggesting I err on the side
of excess?

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

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

CLOSE ON TRUCK OF MERCEDES

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

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

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

TIN CUP
And I'll give ya two a side... I got the title to my car as collateral.
BOONE
I'm not interested in that piece of shit.

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

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

CUT TO:

33 EXT. MESQUITE COUNTRY CLUB - FIRST TEE - MORNING
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
Tin Cup stops at his ball, and looks twenty yards back to
where Boone has arrived with his caddie at his drive.

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

Boone knocks an iron onto the edge of the green.

BOONE
Drive for show, putt for dough, big shot.

TIN CUP
Did you hear that, Romeo? Boone
was being profound! He has
revealed to me the essential
mystery of golf! Drive for show,
putt for dough...
(holds out
a palm)
Louisville Slugger, please.

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

ROMEO
You got Boone shakin' already --
(studying the
approach)
Front left bunker's your best
angle to the pin.

TIN CUP
(calling his shot)
Front left bunker -- plugged lie.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. MESQUITE 1ST GREEN AND SAND TRAP - DAY

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

BOONE
I want to see a legitimate swing.
No scooping.

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

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

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

**TIN CUP**

I'll finish.

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

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

**BOONE**

Get the hell off my course.

---

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

**TIN CUP**

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

**ROMEO**

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

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

**TIN CUP**

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

**ROMEO**

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

Tin Cup blinks silently a moment, feeling slightly cornered.
TIN CUP
That would make an issue of something that ain't an issue. Besides, I'm focused.

Romeo responds with a Spanish curse.

TIN CUP
I mean, this is my quest!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(as Tin Cup grabs himself)
I don't feel nothing! Here!

ROMEO
(embarrassed)
Hey, hey... shit... cool it...

Suddenly a convertible passes -- Simms and Molly, 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.
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:

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

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

DOREEN
I cannot give you time off to win The Open. I don't care if it's your 'quest'...
   (listens)
... or your 'destiny'...
   (listens)
... or any of those terms you vaguely remember from your Cliff Notes...
   (listens)
You shoulda treated me nicer when we were an item -- then maybe I wouldn't be such a nasty boss. G'bye, Roy -- I have a business to run.

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

CUT TO:

INT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

Tin Cup hangs up the phone and turns to Romeo.

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

ROMEO
Maybe you should treat her more like a lady.

TIN CUP
After she ran off with that Dallas banker?

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

TIN CUP
Romeo... are you sweet on Doreen?

ROMEO
No more'n you are for that doctor lady.

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

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

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

TIN CUP
I don't recall asking you for advice.
(beat)
Women are tougher to figure out than a feathered one iron from a tight lie --

Suddenly a golf image relaxes them into their comfort zone.

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

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

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

TIN CUP
How far off the back foot?

ROMEO
'Bout three balls...

Silence. Golf is so much easier than life.
TIN CUP
I'm ready to charge forth in pursuit of my mythic destiny and I can't get time off work to do it.

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

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

(beat)
I need help. I need advice. I need counsel...

(beat)
I need a shrink.

ROMEo
You don't know no shrinks.

TIN CUP
I know one.

ROMEo
Not the doctor lady?

TIN CUP
Why not?

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET (SALOME) - DAY
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.
INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

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.

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

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

MOLLY
Roy... are you okay?

TIN CUP
I need therapy.

MOLLY
Obviously.

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

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

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

MOLLY
He's an idiot.

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

MOLLY
He's a juvenile idiot.

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

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

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

MOLLY
You don't have any inner demons. What you have is inner crapola, inner debris -- garbage, loose wires, horseshit in staggering amounts.
TIN CUP
I ain't just some jerk driving-range pro who drinks too much booze and eats too few vegetables.

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

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

MOLLY
That's good. Is she smitten with you?

TIN CUP
Not yet.

MOLLY
Have you asked her out?

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

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

TIN CUP
I'm afraid she'll say no.

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

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

MOLLY
This is therapy!

TIN CUP
Well, jeez, I know, but I didn't think it was that kind of therapy...
MOLLY
What were you expecting? Ann Landers?

TIN CUP
Yeah.

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

TIN CUP
I should ask this woman out.

MOLLY
Yes!

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

MOLLY
Yes!

TIN CUP
Risk hitting it a little thin and --

MOLLY
For 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
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 clueless. She just stares.

MOLLY
My God...

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

MOLLY
Roy, slow down --

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

MOLLY
This is a terrible mistake!

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

TIN CUP
I'm acting from the heart so I can't make a mistake?! Right?
MOLLY
Wrong. Aw, shit...
(beat)
I am one horrible shrink...
jeez... I didn't know you were
talking about me.

TIN CUP
Would your advice have been
different?

She's frustrated and at a loss for words.

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:

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

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

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

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

Tin Cup hits another shot, totally focused.

TIN CUP
Dollar bills...
ROMEO
How'd it go with the doctor lady, boss?

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

ROMEO
Stroke and distance, eh?

TIN CUP
(nods, deep in concentration)
Dollar bills...

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

CLINT
What's he saying?

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

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

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

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

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

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

TIN CUP
You perverts did that for me?

JOSE
We believe in you, man.
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.

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:

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT (LATER)

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

CUT TO:

EXT. ADJACENT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

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

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:

INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

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.

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

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

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

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

MOLLY
I came here to apologize.

TIN CUP
For what?

MOLLY
Well, I counseled you, you did exactly what I said, and I just... poured cold water over your effort.
(quickly)
I didn't get it. I'm a terrible shrink, probably... I should've never got out of real estate -- actually I should never have left Ohio for that cowboy in Armarillo -- have you ever been to Amarillo?

TIN CUP
A cowboy?

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

TIN CUP
A new gig?

MOLLY
Therapy. I took all the classes.
I'm licensed, y'know.
    (suddenly dejected)
Oh God...
    (reaching into her purse)
Mind if I smoke?
    (lights up)
Anyway, I'm flattered you asked me out. I can't accept because I am involved with David and I haven't seen any evidence that he treats old people, kids or dogs badly.

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

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

TIN CUP
Tee it up.

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

TIN CUP
But you said you were a lousy shrink?

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

TIN CUP
I got no money to pay for you.

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

TIN CUP
You'll be with David.

MOLLY
Yeah...

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

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

STARTER (V.O.)
... the next group... Roy McAvoy, Salome, Texas... who will be playing with...

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

ROMEO
How ya feelin', boss?

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

ROMEO
Jesus, the doctor lady's here --

POV SHOT - MOLLY
standing not far from the regulars.

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

ROMEO
Long as you keep your dick out of it --

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

ROMEO
The Big Dog'll eat?

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

Tin Cup steps up to the tee, a couple quick limber
swings, and he tees it up. As he does, Romeo slips over to Molly.

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

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

ROMEO
If you can, you be the first.

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

ROMEO
It ain't occasional and it ain't no tendency -- it's a fact of life that he gonna blow sky high, it's just a matter of when and how fast can the pieces be put back together.

(beat)
Behind that twinkle in his eyes is nitroglycerin.

Tin Cup waves and motions to his team.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF TIN CUP'S FRONT NINE

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

TIN CUP

Dollar bills...

He nails a two iron straight as a string.

TIN CUP

Nutted it...

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, solid perfect. Minus one, two, four, five, seven...

CUT TO:

EXT. COTTONWOOD LOCAL QUALIFIER - TENTH TEE - DAY

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

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

A couple of the regulars shout out encouragement.

CLINT/EARL

You the man, Tin Cup! You the man!

ROMEO

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

TIN CUP

The way I'm swinging today,
nothing bugs me -- except insufficient applause.
(surveying the fairway)
Gimme the lumber.

But Romeo is handing him a two iron.

ROMEO
I think two iron's safer.

TIN CUP
I said I want the Big Dog.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROMEO
You a head case, boss, always were, always will be.
TIN CUP
Then let's ask the head doctor.
Dr. Griswold?
(to Molly)
Dr. Griswold, should I hit the Big Dog or the two?

Suddenly an OFFICIAL steps forward.

P.G.A. OFFICIAL
Soliciting shot selection advice is a two-stroke penalty.

MOLLY
Trust your feelings, Roy.

TIN CUP
(to Romeo)
Ha! Gimme the driver and shut up.

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

ROMEO
... Go ahead. Hit the driver.

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

TIN CUP
I changed my mind. Gimme the three wood.

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

TIN CUP
Wanna bet?

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

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

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

He snaps it over his knee. He dumps these halves on the ground with the halves of the driver and three wood.
Romeo stares, aghast. Tin Cup merely shrugs.

**TIN CUP**

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

Romeo warily hands Tin Cup the three iron. Tin Cup looks at it, frowns, then:
He snaps it over his knee and tosses it on the ground.

Molly leans over to the regulars.

**MOLLY**

Is this normal behavior for him?

**EARL**

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

She watches in amazement as --

**TIN CUP**

Sometimes I catch that three a little thin...

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

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

**TIN CUP**

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

He snaps the putter in half and dumps it in the pile of
broken clubs at his feet.

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

Tin Cup smiles and caresses the seven iron affectionately.

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

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

TIN CUP
You happy, Romeo?

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

Romeo turns and starts walking away.

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

(as Romeo continues)
Anyone want to bet me I can't par in with a seven iron?

(to Molly)
Doc? Take the bet?

MOLLY
Roy -- just shut up and hit the ball.

CUT TO:

54 QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS

Tin Cup's magic with a seven iron. He drives with a seven iron.

55 He chips with a seven iron.

56 He blasts out of sand with an open-bladed seven iron.
Tin Cup drains a ten foot putt -- also with the seven iron, and left-handed to boot. He's past the local qualifier.

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

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

**TIN CUP**

An easy game, this golf...

---

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

A WAITRESS delivers a tray of long neck beers.

**19TH HOLE WAITRESS**

Beer for everybody.

**CLINT**

You the man, Tin Cup!

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

**TIN CUP**

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

Much laughter. This is the Tin Cup they love.

**EARL**

You definitely the man!

**TIN CUP**

How'd I do, Doc?

**MOLLY**

(cheerfully)
You failed miserably.
TIN CUP
What?! I parred the back nine with a seven iron, I qualified for the regionals, I --

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

TIN CUP
You said to 'trust my feelings'!

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

CLINT
He didn't break the seven!

EARL
He smoked that seven, brother --

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

TIN CUP
He always quits, he always comes back.

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

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

MOLLY
I'm a psychologist.
Tin Cup turns to the regulars for support.

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

Everyone turns to see David Simms enter the conversation.

MOLLY
Hi, honey...

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

SIMMS
(intrigued)
Why?

MOLLY
That's the question -- why?

Silence.

CLINT
'Cause he broke all his other clubs.

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

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

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

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

EARL
And dogs.

TIN CUP
Yeah, don't forget the dogs.

MOLLY
I think we should go, David.
SIMMS
I think so...

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

TIN CUP
You ever shoot par with a seven iron?

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

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

SIMMS
This is ridiculous.

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

REGULARS
(taunting, like children)
Chickie, chickie, chickie...

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

SIMMS
Any game, I name it?

MOLLY
Oh, come on, David --

SIMMS
I just want to teach him a lesson.

MOLLY
Why do men insist on measuring their dicks?

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

TIN CUP
Awright, awright! Let's measure,
right now!

MOLLY
For God sakes, I wasn't being literal!
(beat)
David, let's go.

SIMMS
Molly, trust me on this one. Call it part of his mental preparation for the Open, where the rough is deep, the greens are slick, and the nerves are shattered.
(to Tin Cup)
I'll take the bet.

MOLLY
Oh, jeez...

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

TIN CUP
Awright! What's the game?

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

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

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

TIN CUP
From right here, okay?

SIMMS
Fine with me.

MOLLY
You guys are really being childish --

SIMMS
Molly, leave this one to me.

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

Tin Cup takes a couple of swings to limber up, aiming out
onto an open area of the course. Serious, intent, the look of eagles...

\[ \text{TIN CUP} \]
\[ \text{(to himself)} \]
\[ \text{Dollar bills...} \]

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.

\[ \text{CLINT} \]
\[ \text{Them signs are at least thirty yards farther -- that ball musta gone 220...} \]

\[ \text{TIN CUP} \]
\[ \text{That ball's about 2-2-7... toed it a bit... but it'll do...} \]

\[ \text{REGULARS} \]
\[ \text{Nearly 230 with a seven! Pureed it, baby, he pureed it!} \]

Tin Cup hands Simms the seven iron.

\[ \text{TIN CUP} \]
\[ \text{Take a minute to limber up, fine with me --} \]

\[ \text{SIMMS} \]
\[ \text{Don't need to.} \]

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

\[ \text{TIN CUP} \]
\[ \text{Take your jacket off?} \]

\[ \text{SIMMS} \]
\[ \text{No, no, I'm fine.} \]

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

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

Simms is cool as ice. He smiles, then moves around to the other side of the ball, suddenly facing away from the course. This baffles everyone.
REGULARS
What the hell you doin'? Wha's this?

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

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

CLOSE ON TIN CUP
The hustler's been hustled.

CLOSE ON MOLLY
She shrugs and smiles.

CUT TO:

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:

INT. GOLDEN TASSEL - NIGHT

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

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Bring out those bills, boys, if ya wanta see a little more of Sammantha!

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

SAMMANTHA
(to Tin Cup)
Hey, honey...
Tin Cup tosses some money onstage with a lackluster wave, he's depressed -- or something.

TIN CUP
Hey, honey...

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

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

DOREEN
You're seeing a therapist?!

TIN CUP
Yeah, what's wrong with that?

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

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

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

A GUY from the next table leans over, interrupting.

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

TIN CUP
That's me.

GUY
McAvoy? The Tin Cup McAvoy?

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

TIN CUP
Yeah. You looking for a game?
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.

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

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

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

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.

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.

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

Roy?  (off no response)
Roy?  Tin Cup?  Hello?

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

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

Sammantha can't keep their attention, either, even though she's down to a G-string, inches away. At the height of the music, she stops dancing and looks down at Doreen --
SAMMANTHA
Am I doing something wrong?

DOREEN
No, honey, you ain't -- but a
healthy woman's only got two
choices in this world of ours...
(beat)
Either fall in love with another
woman -- or take up golf.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. ROUTE 66 (SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHWEST) - DAY
The WINNEBAGO CHUGS along in the middle of nowhere.

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

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

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

TIN CUP
Nothing to worry about, boys --

JOSE
But you ain't got Romeo?

TIN CUP
Don't need him till the Open --
he'll be back.
CLINT
But you don't got the doctor lady?

TIN CUP
Oh no, I got her. Right here.

He holds up a tape cassette.

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

EARL
What's on it?

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

EARL
The good doctor herself...

CLINT
Can we hear it or is it personal?

TIN CUP
Since when is therapy personal, eh?

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

MONTAGE OF REGIONALS

Accompanied by MOLLY'S VOICE and the MUSIC of JONES, TAYLOR, OTHERS.
CLOSE ON TIN CUP

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

MOLLY (V.O.)
(on tape)
... `Private victories precede public victories. You cannot harvest a crop before you plant it...'

Kaboom! He launches a tee shot down the middle.

MOLLY (V.O)
(on tape)
... `How you view the problem, is the problem...'

66 TIN CUP chips into the cup.

67 TIN CUP drains putt after putt with confidence.

MOLLY (V.O.)
(on tape)
... `Follow your bliss...'

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

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

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

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

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

MOLLY (V.O.)
(on tape)
...`You can't have the fruits without the roots...' And Tin Cup just smiles and taps in.

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

TIN CUP
Whattya think, Earl?

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

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

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

TIN CUP
Shut up and hand me the Big Dog.

EARL
You got it.

Tin Cup takes the driver and uncoils a beauty.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

The men head solemnly to the final green.

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

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

EARL
(unsurely)
Looks straight to me.

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

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

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

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

MOLLY (V.O.)
(on tape)
... when the going gets tough, the, the, the, whirrrrrrrrrrrr, the, the...

Tin Cup shakes the Walkman and pounds his ears.

TIN CUP
Doc? Doc? (panicky)
Earl, Earl -- the tape's jammed!
She's abandoning me!

MARSHAL
Are you okay?

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

MARSHAL
What?

TIN CUP
I gotta make this putt.
MARSHAL
Obviously.

Tin Cup stares endlessly at the long putt.

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

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

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

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

TIN CUP
Pull the stick, Earl, pull it!

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

The ball stops dead on the lip of the cup.

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

TIN CUP
Choking dogs die!

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

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

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

TIN CUP
Romes! You've come back!
(no answer)
You shoulda been there, Romes, I drained a 30-foot snake to qualify!
(off no answer)
Earl gave me a straight read -- the thing broke half a dozen times -- missed ya, pods!

Romeo gives him the silent treatment.

TIN CUP
Okay, don't talk to me -- but you're still my guy...
(losing patience)
It's a little late to be pissed off! We're in the Open! You and me!

Still nothing from Romeo.

TIN CUP
Awright, be that way --
(switches course)
-- say... has Molly been around?

ROMEO
I knew you had the hots for her.

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

Romeo stares back at that curious logic.

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

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

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

TIN CUP
(cheerily)
You're complaining again! Romeo's back! Whining, bitching, pissed off -- you're my man!

Silence. Some chagrin.

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

TIN CUP
He was a wheezing heart attack waiting to happen -- cost me three strokes a side...
(beat)
I carried my bag the last four holes. I love ol' Earl but I need you.

ROMEO
You don't love me?

TIN CUP
(exasperated)
I love you, too, God damn it!

ROMEO
As much as Earl?

TIN CUP
I don't know! Yes, yes, as much as Earl --
(beat)
More than Earl!

ROMEO
Am I special?

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

Romeo ponders it all.

ROMEO
Muy bien, Julietta. In that case -- I am your caddy once again.
TIN CUP
Podnuh.

They shake hands.

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

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

Tin Cup drops a bucket of balls on the hardscrabble 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
Hmm... little chili dipper there...

ROMEO
Be sure to do that in the Open.

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

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

Romeo stops washing balls and notices, watching Tin Cup.

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

CLOSE ON TIN CUP
Concern crosses his face.

TIN CUP
Romeo!
ROMEO
I'm watching.

TIN CUP
It ain't no chili dipper.

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

TIN CUP
What am I doing wrong?

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

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

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

ROMEO
It's the woman.

TIN CUP
I thought you said it was a virus?

ROMEO
A woman can have the same effect.

TIN CUP
What do I do?

ROMEO
Keep swinging...

80  EXT. RANGE - THAT NIGHT (MUCH LATER)  80

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

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

CLINT
Never thought it would happen...

EARL
The shanks is for us mortals, not
for the great ones...

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

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

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

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

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

POV SHOT - PINK CORVETTE
pulls in -- Doreen gets out, carrying a big package.

DOREEN
Hiya, fellas!

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

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

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

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

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

Tin Cup drags his sorry ass to the group.

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

DOREEN
(ignoring his attitude)
We're here to sponsor you in the
Open. Me an' the boys have pooled our resources and come up with some cash so you can look and feel as spiffy as all them big-name pros.

TIN CUP
But I got the shanks --

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

TIN CUP
Is it really that obvious?

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

Tin Cup shrugs. She always has him outflanked.

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

TIN CUP
Awright, awright...

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

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

TIN CUP
You expect me to pack that around?

ROMEO
I'm carrying the bag.

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

Earl steps forward with a golf shirt bedecked with sewn on patches and logos.
EARL
See, Dewey got you First State
Banking of Salome, and Clint got
you Short-Haul Trucking and I got
you Brink and Brown sanitation --

TIN CUP
I'm being sponsored by a sewage
disposal system?

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

Jose steps forward with a golf cap, also emblazoned.

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

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

Doreen and the regulars look at Tin Cup proudly.

TIN CUP
I'm supposed to wear this shit?

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

DOREEN
You're the pride of Salome!

TIN CUP
Hell, I won't even make the cut!

DOREEN
What happened to your confidence?

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

DOREEN
Must be true love.

ROMEO
He's a goner.

Tin Cup surveys all the bizarre sponsorship loot, and
starts loosening up. These are his people, after all,
and they're behind him all the way.

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

EARL
Anything you want --

CLINT
Give him some room, boys --

TIN CUP
(to anyone who'll listen)
Maybe it's my grip... maybe I'm opening up too soon... too late... coming over the top... no, dropping underneath...
(beat)
Oh, sweet Jesus, why have you abandoned me?

DOREEN
(to the regulars)
He's trying to talk to God. It's time for us to go.

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

ROMEO
You want me to stay, boss?

TIN CUP
I need to be alone.

ROMEO
You got it.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

81 EXT. RANGE - NEXT MORNING
The Winnebago sits forlornly in the parking lot next to the range which has never looked lonelier.

Tin Cup's Caddy convertible pulls up to the Winnebago.
But Roy isn't driving -- Molly is. She gets out, goes to the door.

She knocks.

MOLLY

Roy? Anybody home?

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

CUT TO:

INT. WINNEBAGO - MORNING

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

MOLLY

My God...

TIN CUP

Aarghh...

MOLLY

Roy...

TIN CUP

Dr. Griswold...

A moment of pathetic silence, then:

Molly starts laughing -- He is destroyed.

TIN CUP

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

MOLLY

I'm sorry, I just...

TIN CUP

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

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

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

TIN CUP
Well, God damn... a lost and desperate soul stands before you.
(beat)
I assume I have the confidentiality of doctor-client privilege in regards to this outfit?

MOLLY
Of course you do. What happened?

TIN CUP
I got the shanks.

MOLLY
Are you taking penicillin?

TIN CUP
It can't be treated! It's much worse than whatever you thought it was.
(beat)
There's a glitch in my swing.

MOLLY
So it's in Romeo's department?

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

MOLLY
Oh. Well. I just came over to congratulate you on the regionals and return your car -- David says he doesn't want it, just wanted to make a point with you --
(beat)
But I suppose we could have a therapy session right here and now --
TIN CUP
I don't want therapy. I want you.

MOLLY
Roy... I gotta get some air --

TIN CUP
Look at me --
(considering what that means)
Well, not right at the moment --
but listen to me. You're with the wrong guy. I'm the right guy.
Everyone tells me my face is all screwed up tight as a drum 'cause
I've been crazy about you from the day you showed up wearing
this stupid stuff and the whole damn thing has both inspired me to get here on the verge of greatness yet it's also caused me to get the shanks which could humiliate me in front of a zillion people.
(beat)
Such is life. So dump that phony bastard and come to the Open in my corner -- you can delay your romantic urges, which I know are lurking in there among the excess of brain cells you possess --
until the appropriate time...
(beat)
Tell me you're not at least moderately attracted to me.

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

MOLLY
You have moments.

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

MOLLY
This is a moment. You look great.

TIN CUP
Now?!

MOLLY
Utterly exposed, completely vulnerable, the inner child trying to get out.
TIN CUP
My inner child needs spanking.

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

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

She's thinking about it.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. ALONG RIVER BACK TO TOWN - DAY

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

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

MOLLY
Not tonight.

TIN CUP
'Not tonight' means maybe some other night?

MOLLY
I didn't mean it like that.

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

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

TIN CUP
I feel we're making progress.
MOLLY
I do too. But I have no idea what it's progress towards...

EXT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - DUSK

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

MOLLY
Good luck in the Open, Roy.

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

He drives away, and we stay:

CLOSE ON MOLLY

Watching Tin Cup careen away in his Caddy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTHWESTERN HIGHWAY - DAY

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

ROMEO
You got to relax, boss --

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

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

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

ROMEO
She the enemy, boss.

TIN CUP
Naw...
ROMEO
Well she wakin' up with the enemy
-- same thing.

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

Romeo keeps driving, pretends not to hear.

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

86  EXT. DESERT - DAY
The WINNEBAGO RUMBLES out of the country heading east,
and --

DISSOLVE TO: 94.

87  EXT. CENTRAL TEXAS PLAINS - DAY
The Winnebago heads out of the high plains.

DISSOLVE TO:

89  EXT. PINE HILLS GOLF CLUB (NORTH CAROLINA) - DAY
The Winnebago passes through a "tunnel" of tall, old
pines into a cathedral environment of old money and
old golf.

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

TIN CUP
I bet this is the first Winnebago
they ever saw here...
ROMEO
Yeah... and the first Mexican...

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

SECURITY GUARD
Yes?

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

The Security Guard strains to see in.

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

Tin Cup leans across Romeo to introduce himself.

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

The Guard backs off quickly, turns to his SECOND.

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

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

SECURITY GUARD
We got over 150 legends in this tournament. Sorry.

Romeo starts cursing in Spanish. The Guard is unphased.

SECURITY GUARD
Call the police.

ROMEO
Police?

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

TIN CUP
There's a mistake here, fellas!
A COP grabs Tin Cup and Roy is ready to fight. It's getting ugly real fast.

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

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

SIMMS
What's the problem here?

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

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

TIN CUP
Hiya, David... nice sweater.

SECURITY GUARD
He's not on the list.

Simms takes the clipboard with the list.

SIMMS
Hiya, Roy... welcome to the big leagues...
(checks the list)
Here ya go, Charlie, his name's right here.
(to Tin Cup)
They spelled your name wrong -- easy mistake with a total unknown.

SECURITY GUARD
(let Cop)
Let him in.

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

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

TIN CUP
Which way to the practice range?

As Tin Cup tries to regain some dignity, and climbs back into the Winnebago --
SECURITY GUARD
(to Simms)
He said he was a 'legend'?

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

They all have a good laugh, and --

CUT TO:

EXT. PRACTICE RANGE - DAY

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

ROMEO

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

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

TIN CUP

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

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

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

ROMEO

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

TIN CUP

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

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

ROMEO

Hit the seven iron. You never
miss the seven...
TIN CUP
Good thought, Pods...

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

TIN CUP
Dollar bills...

And he swings.

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

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

He addresses another one. And swings.

THWOCK! A disaster. He crumbles.

ROMEO
A little thin, Boss.

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

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

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

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

TIN CUP
If you're the Mexican Mac O'Grady, Romes, you gotta figure out why I'm still shanking the ball.

(beat)
What's the problem? I'm catching it on the hosel, right? Moving my head? I'm laying off it, I'm pronating, I'm supinating, I'm clearing too early, I'm clearing too late, I'm off plane, I ain't dropping in -- oh, God, my swing feels like an unfolding lawn chair.

ROMEO
You got a virus in your brain. I
got to kill the brain to kill the virus.

    TIN CUP
Anything. Kill me now!

    ROMEO
Put all your change in your right pocket.

Tin Cup follows orders, not questioning the logic.

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

Again, Tin Cup dutifully follows orders.

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

    TIN CUP
I'll look like a fool.

    ROMEO
What you think you look like hitting those squirrelly 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.
You cured.

That's it?

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

That's rarely been a problem. What now?

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

Get drunk?

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

Tin Cups stares at the swami, and --

INT. WINNEBAGO (IN PARKING LOT) - NIGHT

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.

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

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

That's four hours from now?

You're drinking till five... c'mon, c'mon, have another -- (a tough coach) Get you in shape --
Tin Cup tosses down yet another drink, and staggers around the room with his driver until, finally, he collapses in a heap on the floor. Romeo looks down at him coolly, like horse trainer Wayne Lukas sizing up his Derby entry.

**ROMEO**

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

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

---

**EXT. PINE HILLS CLUBHOUSE – EARLY MORNING**

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

**EXT. GOLF COURSE – EARLY MORNING**

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

**STARTER (V.O.)**

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

A half-dozen people clap, and --

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

**TIN CUP**

No time for a bucket, eh?

**ROMEO**

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

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

Romeo hands him a driver.
ROMEO
I seen this hole on TV. Hit the big dog down the chute --

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

ROMEO
You sure?

TIN CUP
Thought of the day is -- 'be humble.'

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCOREBOARD - DAY (LATER)

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:

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

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

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

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

Simms walks away, now off-camera. FANS call out --
FANS
David! David! Over here!

SIMMS
Gotta go.

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

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

OLD MAN
Excuse me, Mr. Simms!
(off no response)
Can you sign an autograph for our grandson?

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

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

SIMMS
(muttering to himself)
Who the fuck these people think they are...

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

CLOSE ON MOLLY
She speaks to herself.

MOLLY
Old people, children, and dogs...

CUT TO:

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

PLAYER #1
Helluva round, Dave!
SIMMS
Got lucky out there...

PLAYER #2
Great start, Simmsy...

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

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

TIN CUP
Coulda been worse...

A small bar crowd is enjoying Simms' taunts.

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

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

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

A voice interrupts.

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

SIMMS
Oh, Mol', this is just guy stuff, bar talk, part of the game -- no offense, right, Cup?

No answer. Tin Cup's about as low as one can go.

MOLLY
(defensively)
This man still has a lot of good golf shots in his system --

TIN CUP
(trying to hide)
Molly, it's okay, go away... I don't need any attention right
now...

SOME GUY AT THE BAR
(to Tin Cup)
You the guy shot 83?!

MOLLY
David, I'll bet you a hundred dollars right now that Roy here can hit a ball --
(looks around)
-- from right here to... through that door to the patio...

She points to a double door, forty feet away across, the bar, about an 8 x 8 foot opening.

TIN CUP
Molly, please...

MOLLY
(to bartender)
And give me a vodka tonic with a twist --

SIMMS
Molly, really, this isn't... dignified...

MOLLY
Roy?

TIN CUP
I wanta go back to Texas...

MOLLY
What about the river, the piranha, the immortality? All that bullshit? You gonna drag your ass home with an 83?
(looks around)
In fact, two hundred says he can hit it through that door, over the patio, into the river, and make that pelican fly off that post.

Everyone strains to look --

POV - ABOUT 170 YARDS AWAY

A pelican sits on a piling in the river. Impossible.

BACK TO SCENE
SIMMS
This is ridiculous...

But Romeo's sizing it up.

ROMEO
You got that shot, Pods, hood the
seven, turn it over, start it low,
right to left...

Molly takes a swig of her drink and slaps some money on
the bar.

MOLLY
I'm not leaving till one of you
men starts acting in a manly
fashion.

Simms puts a hundred dollar bill on the counter.

SIMMS
Let's just get this over with.
One ball, one swing, one gull.

ROY?

Tin Cup still sits, head half buried at the bar. He's
never passed up such an opportunity, but he's pretty low.

ROMEO
You the man.

He turns from his bar stool, glances at the situation.

TIN CUP
One swing? Four to one odds.

SIMMS
I'll make it ten to one. Stick it
up your ass. I'm leading the
Open.

MOLLY
Now we're talking! Manly men!

Whoas! From the barside gallery. Tin Cup rises and
someone hands him a club. Suddenly there's a crowd,
including Gary McCord who's been watching from the far
end of the bar. He grabs a seltzer hose as if it's a
mike and begins announcing.

McCORD
... He's looking at thirty yards
of bar and grill, an opening
through the French doors, forty
yards of patio umbrellas, a
hundred yards of water, and a lonely pelican sitting out there in a 15 mile an hour breeze, south by southwest...

(beat)

He'll probably try to shut down a four iron -- no, he's selected his trusty seven iron...

Tin Cup steps up to a ball lying on the carpet.

TIN CUP
Kind of a thin lie...

SIMMS
 Beats all that deep rough you were in today...

ROMEO
Fore in the grill! Fore on the patio! You're the legend, boss...

Tin Cup suddenly backs off the swing and turns to Molly.

TIN CUP
What is this all about?

MOLLY
Shut up and hit the ball.

McCORD
(on "mike")
The Ledge still has to be thinking about that brutal, ego-sapping, manhood-robbing eighty-three he buried himself under yesterday. I mean, that's just an avalanche of golf swings, a landslide, a pyroclastic flow --

TIN CUP
Dollar bills...

And he swings -- the ball rockets through the hall and 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!
A whoop goes up -- And Simms storms out.

SIMMS
I'm outta here. You're all nuts.

MOLLY
I musta been blind thinking you were worth a shit, Simmsy!
(raucously)
Drinks on me, boys! Helluva shot, Roy!

TIN CUP
Actually I thinned it a little or that pelican'd be flying around with a Titleist up his ass...

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

CUT TO:

EXT. WINNEBAGO IN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Pouring rain -- Lightning and THUNDERSTORMS. It pours down on the club and the beat-up RV.

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

INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

Tin Cup and Molly in bed, lit only by light spilling in from a parking lamp. They make love with enthusiasm, finally wobbling to a stop.

Silence, except for the rain. Until:

TIN CUP
I kinda shanked it, eh?

MOLLY
No, no, no... you were great...

TIN CUP
Tempo is everything...

MOLLY
Perfection's unobtainable...

TIN CUP
Mighta rushed it on the downswing...
MOLLY
Come over the top a little...

TIN CUP
Yeah... well, as Walter Hagen once said -- 'Sex and golf are the only two things you can be bad at and still enjoy...'

MOLLY
Let's take a mulligan and tee it up again --

They embrace with enthusiasm and start thrashing again.

102 BACK OUTSIDE
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
Galleries line fairways and fill stands. The course is wet, the skies threatening, but play is underway.

104 EXT. TELEVISION TOWER - DAY
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
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 puts -- 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:**

**EXT. GOLF COURSE - HIGH ANGLE - DAY**

Golf fans stream from other fairways to catch up as:

**EXT. SEVENTEENTH GREEN**

Tin Cup knocks his approach to within six feet of the cup. The swelling gallery at the green roars.
Doreen is behind the till. The regulars and several customers crowd the counter, staring up at the TELEVISION as Dewey rushes in from his job.

DEWEY
They said on the radio he was ten under --

EVERYONE
Shhhh!!!

Silence, everyone watching the TV, everyone starting to contort in body-English, then:

A joyous roar -- Tin Cup's putt went down. Earl twirls with glee.

EARL
He's shooting the lowest round ever!

CLINT
And eighteen's a par five. A birdie there, he shoots sixty!

DOREEN
We gotta go, boys. We gotta get us on a Continental Trailways and find this damn place!

CUT TO:

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...

Tin Cup and Romeo survey the shot -- a long downhill carry over a lake to a slightly elevated green. A shot similar to the one he pulled off at the best-ball.

ROMEO
Two-sixty to carry, Roy. You got to lay up, man. I don't care how good you swinging. You got to lay
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.

EXT. TELEVISION TOWER - DAY

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.

Wearing that look, the look of eagles, Tin Cup addresses 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:

ROME0
Carry, honey! Please! Carry!

LAKE

The ball plunks in the water inches short of dry land. The GALLERY GROANS.

BACK UP FAIRWAY

Tin Cup smiles at Molly with chagrin but not defeat. He turns to Romeo.
TIN CUP
What the hell. You ride 'er till she bucks you or you don't ride at all. I can save par from here.

Tin Cup hits a wedge to within five feet.

ROMEO
Up an' down...

CUT TO:

112 INT. PRESS TENT - EVENING

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

Tin Cup, Molly, Romeo all asleep -- In the same bed.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. GOLF COURSE - LEADER BOARD - DAY

showing Simms -8 through twelve, Jacobsen -7 through fourteen and McAvoy -7 through seventeen.

115 EXT. EIGHTEEN - DAY
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

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

Romeo palms the seven iron, waiting for Tin Cup to decide on his play.

TIN CUP
Gimme the three wood.

Romeo picks up some grass and flips it in the air. It blows away from the green.

ROMEO
There's wind up there.

TIN CUP
I know.

118 INT. TELEVISION TOWER - DAY

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
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:

INT. PRESS TENT - AFTERNOON

Tin Cup snarls at the impudent question of Reporter #3.
TIN CUP
I saved par, didn't I?

REPORTER #3
I'm just trying to understand your thinking. You were in the same spot on eighteen yesterday without a headwind and you --

TIN CUP
You don't think I can knock it on from there?

REPORTER #3
It seemed like a low-percentage shot.

TIN CUP
So am I! Look at me. I'm playing for...

(points at his sew-on patches)
... Rio Grande Short-Haul Trucking, Brink and Brown Sanitation, First State Bank of Salome, Wally's Smokehouse...
You think a guy like me bothers to think about the percentages? --

CUT TO:

121 EXT. WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT
A low-rent roadside cafe specializing in waffles.

122 INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT
Tin Cup, Molly and Romeo study the menu.

MOLLY
I've got some money from the pelican bet -- why don't we go somewhere fancy and celebrate -- get ready for the final round.

TIN CUP
Nothing to celebrate yet. Plus these are my people. I'm a waffle house guy -- gotta stay in touch with that...

ROMEO
Plus he needs his carbohydrates --
TIN CUP
If the boys from Salome was in
town -- this is where they'd be...

The boys from Salome walk in -- with Doreen, all looking
like hell from the long bus trip. They're ecstatic to
see Tin Cup and Romeo.

CLINT
The legend!

EARL
God damn, we been driving for two
days to help you in the last round --

JOSE
Saw the Winnebago outside -- we're
starving...

DEWEY
Sixty-two! Sixty-two!

TIN CUP
We're home now!

ROMEO
You boys a sight for sore eyes.
We so damn sick of guys in blazers
and slacks that don't wrinkle. It
ain't natural 'round here...

DOREEN
Congratulations, Roy -- we're with
you all the way.

TIN CUP
Doreen, meet Dr. Griswold... er,
Molly... my shrink --

MOLLY
Ex-shrink.
(matter-of-factly)
We're sleeping together now so I
can't be his therapist.

DOREEN
I knew it.

MOLLY
Knew what?

DOREEN
Nothing, dear. Good luck.
(looking around)
Say, I have a little extra cash --
why don't we go somewhere fancy
and celebrate -- y'know, kinda get
ready for the final round?

But the Regulars overwhelm her.

DEWEY
This is the Waffle House, Doreen --

CURT
Hell, I been dreaming of waffles
for 1800 miles...

EARL
They got a waffle house in Odessa
just about like this...

JOSE
Odessa? It's in Midland, ain't it?...

CLINT
No, it's in Odessa.

They all pull up chairs and settle in for a long evening
at the Waffle House.

Tin Cup leans back in his chair, turns to Molly.

TIN CUP
It just don't get much better than
this...

CLINT/EARL
You the man, Cup, you the man...

Romeo leans over to Doreen amidst the chaos and speaks
with suave elegance.

ROMEO
You're looking particularly lovely
this evening... the coif is
extraordinary.

DOREEN
Why thank you... Romeo.

CUT TO:

INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT (LATER)

All twelve of them are asleep or nearly so in the R.V.,
 sprawled on and over every surface. Much snoring.

CLOSE ON MOLLY

Her face close to Tin Cup's. Both awake.
MOLLY
You nervous about tomorrow?

TIN CUP
Yeah, I'm nervous. So's everybody else. But I only gotta come and catch Simms. Sixty-seven guys gotta come and get me...

Silence. Except for the random snore.

TIN CUP
It won't always be like this... y'know... with me... surrounded by all these guys... snoring... a stripper ex-girlfriend on the floor... my caddie sleeping next to her... all of us damn near broke... won't always be like this...

She puts her finger over his mouth gently.

MOLLY
Yes it will... yes it will... and it's okay...

CUT TO:

A124  EXT. WINNEBAGO - DAWN
Tin Cup slips out of the trailer -- Romeo follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

B124  EXT. RANGE - EARLY AM
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
Molly serves coffee to the regulars. She's upset.

MOLLY
Which one of you is the bookie?

DEWEY
We all are, but Earl's the best.
MOLLY
What are the odds that Roy will win?

EARL
Vegas has him at ten to one. They're sure he's gonna self-destruct.

MOLLY
Those sound good to me -- I want you to place a bet for me. Five thousand nine hundred dollars on Tin Cup to win.

They stare nervously.

CURT
That's your nestegg.

EARL
That's a bad idea, honey -- we love him, but he's gonna fuck-up --

MOLLY
I said put it all on Roy. Got it?

DEWEY
We can't let you --

MOLLY
Boys --

Silence. Molly's in charge. She hands them a roll of cash.

MOLLY
Put it all on Tin Cup.

Earl reluctantly takes the money.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. PUTTING GREEN - MORNING

Tin Cup hits putts, intense, focused. Peter Jacobsen works his way over to Tin Cup.

JACOBSEN
Looking a little tight, Ledge.

TIN CUP
Musta got too much sleep last night. How you choking?
JACOBSEN
Just got one thought in my head.
Ten under. That's my number.

Tin Cup looks up, amused by the gamesmanship.

TIN CUP
No one's ever been ten under for
the Open, not even Nicklaus.

JACOBSEN
That's right, Ledge. Not even
Nicklaus.

And he moves off to putt. Tin Cup drops a couple balls
on the green to putt, and:

A ball rolls past them and into a hole. Tin Cup looks
over and sees Simms.

SIMMS
Sorry, Roy, can't believe I didn't
see you with all that high-priced
endorsement crap you're flaunting.

TIN CUP
That's always been your problem,
Dave. You don't think about
winning; you just want to look
good.

(turns away
to putt)

Thing is, this ain't a beauty
pageant.

(turns back, getting
in Simms' face)

And it ain't a rain-shortened Quad
Cities or a Greater Greensboro you
can back into. This is you'n me,
pal. This is match-play, and this
time you ain't getting no three
shots.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST TEE - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

A large gallery surrounds the tree and lines the fairway
as:

STARTER
With the honor in the final
pairing, from Salome, Texas, Mr.
Roy McAvoy.

Boisterous applause. Tin Cup tips his cap and nods at
David Simms, his pairing in this the final twosome of the final round of the U.S. Open.

    TIN CUP
    Fairways and greens, Dave... and
don't forget to wave as I blow by.

    SIMMS
    You mean blow up? Like you always
do?

And Tin Cup moves to the tee.

His hand shakes worse than it did the first day as he tees his ball. Stepping back to line up his shot, he peers down the fairway through a narrow corridor of faces. A daunting sight. He edges over to Romeo and tautly whispers:

    TIN CUP
    Do me a favor. Bet me a buck I
don't put it in the fairway.

    ROMEO
    I bet you a hundred.

    TIN CUP
    Okay, good.
    (going to tee off)
    Puts things back in perspective.

CUT TO:

126    EXT. FIRST HOLE - MINUTE LATER

Tin Cup looks at his ball, almost invisible in the deep rough. He tries to locate the green beyond the trees that surround him. In golf parlance, he's in jail. He selects a club.

    ROMEO
    Which way you going?

Tin Cup points over the trees. Romeo grimaces. Tin Cup addresses the shot. Then:

Tin Cup swings -- the ball flutters weakly out of the rough and disappears into the branches of a bushy tree, dropping eventually next to its trunk, and:

CUT TO:

127    LEADER BOARD

A scorer changes the number beside Tin Cup's name from -7
to -5. Simms is still -7.

CUT TO:

128 EXT. THIRD TEE - DAY

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

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' isn't a good name for a man...
Doreen looks through the periscope.

PERISCOPE'S POV - TIN CUP
lining up a putt. She pans over to Romeo helping him.

DOREEN (V.O.)
Tell me something, Molly... have you ever had a Latin lover?

CUT TO:

130  EXT. LEADER BOARD

The regulars study the board -- the scruffiest lot ever seen at an Open. Next to them stand a group of U.S.G.A. officials, all in neat, matching blazers. The contrast is thrilling.

CLINT
Our boy's in trouble... ya think he's chokin'?

EARL
Our boy don't choke. He fucks up but he don't choke...

The scorer changes the number beside Tin Cup's name to -- -4. Simms is -7, and --

CUT TO:

131  EXT. TV TOWER - DAY

Wright looks at the monitor where Tin Cup stands among some trees.

BEN WRIGHT
This is disaster for McAvoy. After losing three shots to par in the first four holes, he should have just taken iron off the tee to get the ball in play. Does he have any shot at all, Gary McCord?

132  EXT. FIFTH HOLE - DAY

Tin Cup's ball lies on dirt next to the trunk of a tree. He surveys his options. Behind him, wearing a headset, McCord analyzes the situation for the TV viewers.
McCord
This is definite jail. This is
life without parole. His only
chance to stage a jail-break is go
at the ball left-handed and hope
he can somehow snake it back into
the fairway, and save par from
there.

Tin Cup glares balefully back at McCord. Then he walks
over to a nearby tree, and surveys the line to the green
from it. He walks back for his ball, turns to McCord...
and we see that familiar fierceness aflame in Tin Cup's
eyes.

Tin Cup
Fifty bucks says I knock it on...
with a seven iron.

And he selects the seven iron, addresses the ball right- handed,
and:

He swings -- the ball rockets low off his club, and...
... it ricochets off the trunk of a nearby tree, and...
... it bounces up the fairway, skitters past a trap, and
trickles onto the green, stopping ten feet from the pin.

The gallery goes crazy as Tin Cup steps from the woods
collecting his money from McCord while jabbing a taunting
finger at Simms.

INT. TELEVISION TOWER

Nantz and Wright stare at the monitors.

Nantz
That took balls...

EXT. GOLF COURSE

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.
The scorer posts a -5 next to Tin Cup's name. Simms is still at -7, and --

CUT TO:

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 --

Jacobsen looks toward the roar at the ninth green.

JACOBSEN
He's making his run.

The scorer posts a -6 next to Tin Cup's name. Simms is still at -7.

CUT TO:

Molly and Doreen watch Tin Cup drain a putt.

MOLLY
(still watching Tin Cup)
So why'd you leave him?

DOREEN
You ever dated a guy who actually believes in soul mates?

MOLLY
Actually, no.

DOREEN
He thinks he's a tough guy, but he's a hopeless romantic.
And as the gallery falls silent, she turns to watch Tin Cup.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEVENTH GREEN - DAY

Tin Cup's firmly-struck putt spins out of the hole. The GALLERY GROANS, sharing his agony, and --

EXT. TWELFTH TEE

Jacobsen, pausing to watch, sighs with relief before starting down the fairway.

CUT TO:

EXT. THIRTEENTH HOLE - DAY

Tin Cup follows the flight of his approach, and up ahead on:

EXT. FOURTEENTH TEE - DAY

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:

EXT. LEADER BOARD

The scorer posts -7 next to Tin Cup's name. Simms is still at -7, as is Jacobsen. And...

EXT. FOURTEENTH GREEN - DAY

Jacobsen rolls a long putt into the hole, and as the GALLERY CHEERS, he points a finger of challenge back at -- Tin Cup waiting in the fairway. Tin Cup seems to enjoy the taunt.

TIN CUP

That's right, Peter. You'n me.
That's all there is.
And he selects a club, and...

CUT TO:

146 INT. DRIVING RANGE (SALOME) - DAY

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

FANS
Get in there! Come on! Go down!

They explode with cheers. Some twirl with glee. Others exchange high fives.

EARL
He's tied for the lead again! And they're running outta holes!

CUT TO:

147 EXT. TELEVISION TOWER - DAY

The leader board is superimposed on the monitor. McAvoy -8, Jacobsen -8, Simms -7.

NANTZ
So it's come down to the seventy-second hole of this great championship, and the skill and courage of three Texans who have 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

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:
EXT. TELEVISION TOWER

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.

BACK TO TEE

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.

EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - DAY

Tin Cup in the fairway, studying his shot.

TIN CUP
So birdie wins it.

He looks at Simms, ten yards across the fairway from him.

TIN CUP
You or me, Dave?

Simms points to himself. He has a wood in his hands, but he puts the club back and reaches for an iron. Tin Cup edges closer to Romeo.

TIN CUP
(whispering)
He's laying up. Birdie to tie, eagle to win, and that gutless wonder's laying up.

ROMEO
(whispering)
Par to tie, birdie to win... you lay up too, Roy. You can make birdie laying up.
They watch Simms lay up. Then Romeo offers Tin Cup an iron, hoping he'll take it.

TIN CUP
You know something, Romeo? Eagle puts me ten under. No one's ever finished an Open ten under, not even Nicklaus.

ROMEO
You don't need an eagle. Birdie wins, par ties.
(firmly)
Hit the lay up. Hole a wedge for goddamn eagle.

Tin Cup throws some grass in the air, looks back at the green, the gallery, the whole grand setting... and he seeks out Molly's face in the crowd. He moves over so she can hear him.

TIN CUP
This is everything, ain't it? This is the choice it comes down to. This is our immortality...

ROMEO
No time to be thinkin' 'immortality,' Cup... time to be thinkin' 7 iron.

Molly stands with Doreen, hearing Tin Cup's words. Thrilled and terrified and spellbound, she finds herself nodding. Doreen, on the other is turning ash-white.

DOREEN
Oh no. This is what always happens. He's going for it.

MOLLY
Go for it!

DOREEN
No! He just needs par to tie! Tell him to lay up! He listens to you!

MOLLY
Go for it, Roy! Knock it on!

DOREEN
This is why we split up -- he always went for it...

MOLLY
My problem is I've never been with
a man who went for it...

DOREEN
Well, honey, he's your guy.

BACK TO TIN CUP

He selects the three wood. Romeo sighs.

152  EXT. TELEVISION TOWER - DAY

NANTZ
Good Lord, he's going for the green.

VENTURI
This could be tragic.

153  EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY

Tin Cup's eyes focus with the look of eagles as he addresses the shot.

TIN CUP
One swing, Roy. One good swing.
Dollar bills...

He swings -- the ball explodes off his club. Tin Cup holds the pose...

TIN CUP
We're home...

Suddenly a gust of wind blows, out of nowhere, and Tin Cup's cap blows off, provoking immediate concern.

TIN CUP
... little gust there, Romes...

154  TELEVISION MONITOR

Picking up the flight of the ball approaching the green, carried it seems by the swelling roar of the gallery. The ball clears the water...

... and lands at the top of the slope fronting the elevated green. It pops up in the air, lands just past where it hit, and comes momentarily to rest. The gallery roars. And then:

The ball starts trickling back down the slope, gaining speed, moving towards the water, even as the gallery screams for it to stop...
... until finally it disappears into the water with scarcely a ripple.

BACK TO TIN CUP

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 nutted that thing. Little gust from the gods cost me...

ROMEO
Helluva move you put on that sucker, now let's get up there, take the drop, and make our par, tie Peter...

TIN CUP
I can make this shot.

ROMEO
Not now.

TIN CUP
Now.

Tin Cup throws another ball on the ground.

TIN CUP
I'm playing it from here.

MOLLY
Take your drop and make your par!

Tin Cup addresses the ball.

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEVISION TOWER

Venturi nearly comes out of seat watching Tin Cup take a
drop from his original lie.

VENTURI
I don't believe this. He just
took himself out of the tournament
with that drop. He could have
walked up to the hazard line,
saved par with a wedge and forced
a playoff with Jacobsen. Now he
needs a miracle shot.

McCORD (V.O.)
Ken, I'm right behind McAvoy here.
And all he said to his caddie was:
I can make it across.

157  EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - DAY
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
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...
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:

EXT. EIGHTEENTH GREEN - DAY
A BALL lands SPLOOSH! in the WATER, and...

BACK UP FAIRWAY
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.

EXT. TELEVISION TOWER
Venturi and Nantz can barely look at the monitor.
VENTURI
This is the most painful thing
I've ever watched.

McCord (V.O.)
Jim, this is the last ball he has
in his bag. If he doesn't finish
the hole with it, he can't turn in
a card. He'll be disqualified.

Venturi and Nantz cover their eyes.

Tin Cup unloads another three wood -- another splash.

BACK TO TIN CUP
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:

BALL
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!

BACK TO TIN CUP
Raising his three wood aloft in triumph, he looks over at
Molly and finally cracks a smile.
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

Venturi and Nantz slump, drained, over their monitors.

CUT TO:

168 INT. SCORER'S TENT - DAY

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

A roar goes up from the milling fans as Tin Cup emerges. He tries to smile, but it's all dawning on him.

TIN CUP
My God... I just gave away the Open...

And then McCord is there, shoving a mike in Tin Cup's face.
McCord
Ledge, I know it's tough to talk right now, but --

Tin Cup
It's not difficult to talk... it's difficult to explain... I coulda laid up and still won. I made a twelve on the last hole of the U.S. Open. You know how much money that cost me?

McCord
Cost you a bundle...

Tin Cup
I gotta get outta here.

McCord
It was the greatest 12 I ever saw.
Back to you, Jim...

Tin Cup exits the scorers' tent and runs into the regulars -- They're beaming, undyingly loyal.

Clint and Earl
Greatest 12 I ever saw... you crunched that dog, baby... gorgeous shot, etc...

He looks up and there's Molly -- He stops short. They embrace.

Tin Cup
Molly, I'm an idiot. I gave away the Open. The one time in my life I know the play is to hit the lay up -- my whole life and future and career on the line, and I still can't make myself do it. I am a twisted human being and a cautionary tale. And I guess I'm a fool?

Molly
Yes. A magnificent fool...

Dissolve to:

EXT. DRIVING RANGE (SALOME) - NIGHT

Mosquitoes, pools of light, the TRACTOR CHUGS around picking up balls.
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:

Tin Cup and Molly are sitting, feet up, a couple Lone Star beers beside them, just taking in the warm Texas night. Her head rests on his shoulder. The world at peace.

TIN CUP
Some people don't like West Texas but I think it's the most beautiful place on earth...

MOLLY
It has its charms...
(beat)
Y'know, by finishing in the top 15 at the Open you qualified to be in it next year --

TIN CUP
Damn, I didn't know that...

MOLLY
I'm thinking with your game you should go back to the Qualifying School, try to get out on tour...

TIN CUP
Then I wouldn't see you...

MOLLY
Actually, I picked up a whole bunch of new clients at the Open. Lotta guys on the tour said if I could do that much for you, imagine what I could do for them...

TIN CUP
There's a lotta head cases out there, you could make a bundle...

MOLLY
And sleep in the Winnebago at night...
Silence.

TIN CUP
Y'know... a man goes through what I've gone through, he's supposed to learn something.

(beat)
I'm trying to figure out what I learned. Did I learn anything?

MOLLY
You're learning some discipline and self-control...

TIN CUP
And that there's a time in life to play it safe...

MOLLY
That's great, Roy... and I'm learning how to listen to the tuning fork, throw caution to the wind, and take crazy risks I never thought were possible...

TIN CUP
C'mon, Molly, when did you ever take a crazy risk?

MOLLY
I fell for you...

WIDE SHOT - LANDSCAPE

A desolate driving range outside of Salome, Texas. Bugs, trucks passing in the night, and a tiny RADIO sending GEORGE JONES across the plains.

FADE OUT.

THE END