

Puddy McFadden - License to Golf

Screenplay

by

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EXT. SCOTLAND'S HIGHLANDS - DAY

Eerie, robust, distant Scottish bagpipes call out to all the beleaguered souls seeking freedom from their oppressors.

**SCREEN READS: NORTHERN SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - 1152**

EXT. HIGHLAND MOUNTAIN RANGE VISTA - DAY

A burly, war-worn, rugged Scotsman, FITZGERALD MCKENZIE MCFADDEN (60's), crests over a rocky Highland vista.

McFadden wears a thicket of a beard, a ragged kilt, torn leg wraps, leather-type moccasins, his lungs violently heave and plume inward and outward.

Momentarily, all of Scotland before him, his tormentors now behind him - a free man!

COUSIN MCFADDEN

Arrrrrggghh!!! Ah, ha! FREE!!!  
FREE!!! Those dainty, booze-baggin,  
stoatin' tatties be chitterin' and  
poken' deep in the loch's to find  
us now! Ay?

McFadden turns back to see...

Three more bulky SCOTS climbing up the mountainside: COUSIN MCFINN (40's) ARTAIR MUSSLEBURGH (50's) and IRONSMITH ANGUS MCQUIGLEY (60's). All wear beards, raggedy, moth-eaten kilts, freezing - the fear of God in their eyes.

COUSIN MCFINN

You've got us committed now don't  
ya' cousin McFadden! Away from the  
hags, we followed ya', now deep in  
the pyre with ya'!

McFadden grabs McFinn by the scruff of the neck.

COUSIN MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

Oh, in the name of St. Andrews are  
ya' missin' the wailing and the  
complainin' already, Cousin McFinn?

ANGUS MCQUIGLEY

And, the bossen, the milkin'. It  
never stopped.

COUSIN MCFADDEN

That's right, Angus!! It never  
stopped and it never would.

(MORE)

## COUSIN MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

Stand tall and without fear you sad  
fuds!! Look at ya'! The brave rams  
of Scotland, shaking and shiverin',  
handing over your own man-fries  
like docile little lambs strolling  
without a care to your own  
afternoon castration. God-given  
they were yours, and God-given you  
shall keep 'em!

EXT. VILLAGE - SCOTLAND - 4 AM - DAY

Four frantic, shivering, freezing bulky SCOTTISH HOUSEWIVES  
(40's) burst toward the magic village well like a pack of  
angry, unpaid ironsmiths.

## MAIDEN MUSSLEBURGH

They're gone. Not a one left in  
Keis Broch.

## MAIDEN MCFADDEN

Shhh... Speak in hushed tones,  
sisters. We shant' wake their  
brother-elders.

## MAIDEN MCQUIGLEY

We're on our own. They're not  
coming back. What do we do, Maiden  
McFadden? The tilling, seeding, the  
harvesting?

## MAIDEN MCFADDEN

Gird your loins, maidens. The lots  
been drawn. We take back what is  
rightly ours. We dig in with the  
"McTiernan's Curse".

INT. ROCK AND MUD HUT - DAY

A small fire burns, comfortable. McFadden, McFinn, McQuigley  
and Mussleburgh sit at a small, make-shift table passing  
around drink.

## COUSIN MCFADDEN

Ah, here's to ya' gents. A little  
peace and quiet, huh? "Gentlemen  
Only" and by the good name of  
Cainnech of Aghaboe, "Ladies  
Forbidden".

INT. MCQUIGLEY'S IRON SHOP - DAY

Maidens McFadden, Mussleburgh, McQuigley, McFinn stare into a large, stinky, bubbling, heated caldron - Braveheart faces painted for battle conjure up the dreaded "McTiernan curse."

MAIDEN MCFADDEN

The McKenzie "Coat of Arms" will be nothing more than a shield of shame... Speaking wicked tongues before nobles and royals, hell to pay from the castles of kings. We call on the wicked sons of McTiernan, Scotland's darkest witches of warcraft... Good sisters, send them to the furnace of hell itself!

MAIDENS

Awa' an bile yer heid!

INT. ROCK AND MUD HUT - DAY

A small fire burns.

McQuigley hands McFadden the equivalent of a Medieval Scottish Playboy - Viking girls half-dressed. (A deer parchment scribbled with coal).

MCFADDEN

God's given, lovin' peace at last.

We pull back away from the small table and back out through the small door.

EXT. ROCK AND MUD HUT - DAY

A warning Scottish fog whirls about revealing a sign over the door and McFadden Crest which reads: Uaisle Amháin - mBan Toirmisce.

**SCREEN READS: GENTLEMAN ONLY - LADIES FORBIDDEN.**

EXT. MCFADDEN'S MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - CURRENT - DAY

The tattered, cursed Scottish McFadden Family Crest dangles precariously over the entrance of MCFADDEN'S MINIATURE GOLF.

Screen reads: NORTH LAS VEGAS NEVADA - 2025

Burning desert winds blow dust and debris about McFadden's weed infested arcade putt-putt park. (Real Serio Leone stuff).

PUDDY MCFADDEN (60's) unknown keeper of the McTiernan curse, heir to the misbegotten Highlanders themselves, snoozes in a torn and beaten-up lounge chair. He wears stained and outdated dolphin shorts.

Whipping sand pepper face and legs.

Nearby, a watchful PIT BULL named SANDY (6) sleeps on the landlord's distressed trailer porch. Dust blares from her nostrils like a taunted Spanish bull.

Sleeping in the face of a 100 degree desert windstorm, Puddy is oblivious and dreams of better days.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Jordon, Rory. Boys, you know better. Avoid the dogleg, then blow by the trap with the 52. Don't be heroes.

EXT. EAST HAVENS COUNTRY CLUB - 1ST TEE - DAY

A handsome staff of waiters and waitresses mill about the upper crus, pristine offering finger food and expensive aperitifs.

**SCREEN READS: EAST HAVENS COUNTRY CLUB**

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE (70's), owner of the famed East Havens Country Club is a man whose cunning outpaces his charm. He wears dark rim glass and a sturdy gaze like that of a hardnose warden. Stonehouse runs his operations with pride, a tight-fisted joy - East Havens is everything he's spent his life building up, his very worth.

A beautiful woman, KALANA (30's) (Real name - ANNIE TOMLINSON) stands within earshot of Stonehouse. She's an East Havens staff member and a very reluctant trophy escort to Stonehouse himself and there at the function solely to make Stonehouse look more youthful.

A female friend and WAITRESS (30's) of Kalana's approaches her with a tray of charcuteries

WAITRESS

I see Stonehouse has you all dolled again for his sponsors.

KALANA

He booked me in the big room for the kick-off dinner. It's extra money. I don't make enough as a cadet in training.

Stonehouse approaches the podium to applause - in his element.

WAITRESS

Good luck with all that.

Sponsor banners flank the press podium. Stonehouse approaches the speakers podium and stands surrounded by a number of the elite, high-end executives including the VIAGRA EXECUTIVE TEAM.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE

Thank you... Thank you... Today, after a long road of recovery for East Havens, and a lot of hard work by our staff, I'm happy and very proud to announce, along with our very generous partners and underwriters, East Havens Country Club will be the host-course of the fifteen million dollar - Viagra Classic.

Applause fills the air.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE (CONT'D)

Today marks a new day for our treasured, East Havens where the world's greatest golfers will come and play...

A SPORTS REPORTER (35) steps out from the crowd.

SPORTS REPORTER

Does your invitation extend out to "Puddy" McFadden? The "big" that's beaten the "big's" Mr. Stonehouse?

Stonehouse grows cold-stone sober. He looks a bit uncomfortably over to his sponsors - stiff.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE

Well, I think we're all too well-aware of the disgrace Mr. McFadden has brought to the game, to East Havens, to himself.

The crowd laughs but it's "Warden" Stonehouse who stands with a murderous chill in his eyes.

SPORTS REPORTER # 1

Rumors were he tried to turn East Havens into a men's only golf course. Can we report it's not a grudge that's holding him out, Mr. Stonehouse?

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE

Fair to say Mr. McFadden's day has come and gone. I think we can do better than a man who thinks his swing smells like cologne.

EXT. ADJACENT STREET WALL - DAY

Four neighborhood gang members: ERNESTO (13), DESHANTE (14) REGINALD (15), and TOMMY D (14) climb the fence, zero in on Puddy and take up their attack positions with high-powered, wrist rockets.

Binoculars - scouting. Through the whipping sand and dirt, Puddy is targeted.

DESHANTE

He's dreaming again. Lock and load!  
Fire at will.

EXT. MCFADDEN'S MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Small rocks land like rounds coming in from a Mekong River gunboat. Puddy comes under attack. His eyes come into focus.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Where are you??

SMACK in the chest! SMACK in the stomach! Puddy falls back in his lounge chair head over heels into a cloud of dirt and dust.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

Agggghh!

Puddy gets to his knees, then to his feet. Another ping in the pecs, another, and another. Pop! Pop! Pop!

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna' crush you little  
pythons!

He gives chase but only trips over the 7th hole sending the laughing cowboy crashing down, precariously straddling Puddy who is now on all fours'.

He looks back up to see the cowboy somewhat thrusting in the wind back and forth having his way with him.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
Get off me!!

Puddy sheds the cowboy and gets to his feet - once more - demoralized - no escaping it. He turns and makes his way through the dust storm to the standing windblown outhouse.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
I know their names... I know where they live!!

INT. OUTHOUSE - DAY

Puddy steps in and closes the door.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Only place where a man can get some peace these days.

Flies buzz about. ZZZZZZZZZZZ. This place is hot and it stinks. Puddy reaches for a hidden magazine behind the toilet seat.

He drops his shorts and sits.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
At least they can't take this away.

Puddy unfolds a Playboy centerfold.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
Those were the days, hey Mac?

Hidden inside its pages, we see an old GOLF DIGEST magazine circa 2001. We see a picture of Puddy Mac McFadden, a wondrous, illustrious youth swinging off the first tee at Augusta.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Bernard Langer Augusta, narrow fairway, approach plays uphill. Those were the days huh, Bernie?

EXT. SECOND ADJACENT SIDEWALL - DAY

The Gang of Boys appear once more near the outhouse but this time with real firepower. Ernesto holds a bag of firecrackers and M-80's.

ERNESTO

Hasta la vista, Puddy McFadden!

Deshante lights the fuse. Ernesto tosses the bag over the wall and into the open fumes stack of the outhouse. The boys run.

INT. OUTHOUSE - DAY

Puddy hears the bag plunge through the vent above and down into the methane-bloated slosh beneath him.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Oh, God no!

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

A sewery' explosion, KABOOM. The outhouse rips upwards in fire and flames. Splintered, corrugated tin metal flies upwards and outwards, leaving a charcoaled Puddy sitting shell-shocked.

Puddy clutches the last burning remains of his Sports Illustrated magazine cover photo.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Don't. Please don't. Go?

A gentle burst of wind pushes a small lick of flame over the last words seen on Puddy's cover - "CHAMPION".

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

No.

Puddy's last remaining kindred memory of self - forever gone. Ashes. He shivers from the blast, throne-side, smoldering.

MELVIN DEALER (O.S.)

I come at a bad time?

Above Melvin's head, the McFadden Family Crest is covered in sewage. Melvin steps back to avoid any droppings.

Puddy turns to see a familiar, slick looking, slightly less than confidant, ex-sports manager MELVIN DEALER (50's).

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Jerome Dealer? If I had pants, I'd chase you off the property.

INT. MCFADDEN'S HALF HOME - HALF AUTO SHOP - DAY

Dirty, oily - riches to rags.

Puddy enters and makes for the wash basin. Melvin follows Puddy inside - taking it all in.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
There's no more meat on the bones  
if that's what you want.

On the nearby wall we see a poster of his ex-wife, REBECCA MCFADDEN(40's). A wedged pick-axe protrudes from her forehead.

MELVIN DEALER  
Clean break, huh Mac? Is this all  
she left you?

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Even less. I rent. Bigfoot in  
fishnets lives in the trailer.  
Stick around, you might get a  
sighting.

MELVIN DEALER  
You at least get visitation with  
Andy?

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
She took everything. Some big high  
and mighty lawyer. She took  
everything. You think little Miss  
"Smash and Grab" would let him come  
out here to this scorpion rodeo?

Puddy then springs for Melvin's throat with both hands and drags him over an oil drum!

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
"Lifestyles of the broke and  
nameless." Ain't, love grand?

Puddy pushes Melvin's head down into the drum.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
You ruined me! You've RUINED ME,  
Melvin!

MELVIN DEALER

I ruined you?! You ruined us! After that Gentlemen Only, Ladies Forbidden stunt with Stonehouse, they lost nearly three quarters of the female memberships! Millions. You put Stonehouse in the dark ages.

Melvin's eyes bulge. He can't breathe. He gasps.

MELVIN DEALER (CONT'D)

He called. He called asking for YOU!! He didn't want to but he buckled to the sponsors.

Puddy pulls Melvin out of the barrel.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

What sponsors?

MELVIN DEALER

He's got a tournament. He wants you in it. You have a second chance, Mac!!

Puddy gets Melvin to his feet. The phone rings.

MELVIN DEALER (CONT'D)

The Viagra Classic. Stonehouse, he's cautious but he wants to work something out. Took me two weeks just to find you!

Phone rings again.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Hold up. You stay where you are, Melvin! I'm not done with you. Hello, Nicole. Sort of busy, yeah. My friend? Oh, nobody. Oh, that... just methane.

Puddy eagerly begins packing a bag. He cups the phone.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

Give me your keys!

Melvin tosses Puddy his car keys.

Puddy turns back to the phone, holds his breath and begins speaking in French.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
 Uh, jeune et attrayante petite  
 fille.

MELVIN DEALER  
 You speak French now?

Puddy cups the phone.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Had to find a way to stop rubbing  
 her feet!

EXT. LANDLORD TRAILER - DAY

Window blinds slide down. A chubby female face keeps herself  
 in the shadows - waiting to strike!

EXT. MECHANIC'S QUARTERS - DAY

Melvin Dealer looks out to the impending, awaiting dust-  
 swirling gauntlet. Puddy shoulders up with his golf bag slung  
 over his shoulder.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 She scares me, man.

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Puddy and Melvin bolt toward the links and the adjacent  
 street. The trailer begins to shake while the men break  
 across the compound.

The trailer door opens.

A 500 pound dainty NICOLE (40's), wearing thigh-highs and  
 fishnets, steps out to the porch brandishing a shotgun.

She engages a round into the chamber - click, click. Phone in  
 hand - pouts.

NICOLE  
 Poo-dy? Where you going?

Puddy momentarily darts behind the castle turret at the 13th  
 hole but his clubs protrude upwards.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Don't make eye contact!!

NICOLE  
 Poo-ddy Wuddy?

Puddy and Melvin catch their breath then bolt for the last leg of the open crossing.

PUDDY

RUN!

FULL SCENE - MORE - VARIOUS

PUDDY MDFADDEN

Serpentine.

Puddy and Melvin zigzag from left to right sprinting to Melvin's car.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Serpentine!

Nicole levels her weapon and fires. Boom! The 7th hole Cowboy's head explodes in splinters - she fires another and another. BOOM! BOOM! The Castle Turret on the 9th hole explodes, the dinosaur on the 14th is obliterated into pieces.

Our heroes get to the car.

Puddy fumbles with his clubs to get them in the trunk. Nicole squats and reaches for the collar of Sandy the Pit Bull and lets her go!

NICOLE

Prends-les mon petit chiot.

The dog bolts full tilt! Puddy fumbles for the right key for the door.

Sandy the pit bull rushes the men and bounds furiously over the links. Puddy continues to fumble.

MELVIN DEALER

We're going to die! Open the door!  
Open the door!!

The two men scramble and slam the doors. Vawumph! Vawumph!!  
Doors shut.

INT. CAR - DAY

Puddy sits behind the wheel. Melvin hyperventilates.

BAMM! The Pit Bull suddenly slams against Melvin's window with curling, frothing, foaming teeth, peeled back and looking for steak.

MELVIN DEALER  
AGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!

Puddy guns the car, gravel and dirt fly!

INT. CAR - DAY

210 Freeway. All calm. Eyes straight ahead. Nonplussed. Puddy at the wheel - elevator music, Melvin catches his breath, then...

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Ever blow Bubbles as a kid?

MELVIN DEALER  
All the time. Why?

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
He just called. He's waitin' for ya' in the park.

Puddy's hands ruthlessly fly off the wheel and swing towards Melvin's throat.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
I hate you, Melvin!

INT. DRIVING RANGE PARKING LOT - DAY

Puddy reaches in the trunk and gets his clubs. He sees a bullet hole in his bag.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Look at that. Nicole shot the head off of my Cobra King. She Really knows how to get to a guy.

MELVIN DEALER (CONT'D)  
Listen, the Viagra Invitational is delicate. It's not only a comeback for you but for Stonehouse, too.

Puddy lifts his clubs over his shoulder and walks. Melvin catches up from behind with more tournament details.

On the move...

MELVIN DEALER (CONT'D)  
We have to adjust. We have to be apologetic, accommodating, deferential.

PUDDY MDFADDEN

What do you mean?

MELVIN DEALER

We're in the "woke" atmosphere these days. You can't go stomping through life like you're used to.

PUDDY MDFADDEN

What the hell does that mean?

MELVIN DEALER

Two hot dogs, a beer at a baseball game, does not constitute going out to dinner anymore. You have a TV out there at your little desert Oasis?

PUDDY MDFADDEN

Nicole wouldn't let me have one. She thought my massages suffered.

MELVIN DEALER

Oh, boy. Let me explain. You lead with the same attitude that got you kicked off the tour in the first place, you'll never hit off a tee anywhere, anytime again. Stonehouse will make sure of it! The world has changed since you've been out there in weed-land.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Sounds scary.

MELVIN DEALER

Terrifying. No longer is it only divorced women who get even - it's all of them.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

I don't like the sound of that.

MELVIN DEALER

Nobody does!

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - SECOND TIER - DAY

Puddy places his first ball on the rubber tee. Melvin paces.

MELVIN DEALER

Just focus. Breathe.

McFadden rubs his fingers together by way of an old habit. Puddy draws the club back and takes a swing, hard shank far left.

Weeeeiishhhh!

PUDDY MCFADDEN

See what you're doing to me?

WHAM! Another ball takes a wicked flight skyward and tears towards a nearby light-pole. BAM! Shards of glass rain on a foursome below.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

Sorry! Sorry...

Puddy slams another ball. It strafes skyward and actually hits a passing seagull. The bird drops dead on a nearby fairway.

MELVIN DEALER

This isn't a skeet range, Puddy!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A golf ball hits a 90, YEAR-OLD SENIOR walking along with his wife in the back of the head. He drops to his knees, then to his face.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A MAN and WOMAN (30'S) make love. A fourth ball rips through the window, and sticks in the man's cheeks. He stiffens up like an ironing board to the delight of his lover.

YOUNG FEMALE LOVER

Oh, Raymond!

YOUNG MALE LOVER

I think I have a golf ball in my  
ass.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - SECOND TIER - NIGHT

Puddy takes another wild stroke. The ball ricochets against the cement divider wall, ping-ponging 1/2 a dozen times.

EXT. GOLF CAFE - DAY

A ball slams across two tables knocking over scalding coffee onto the laps of another retiring ELDERLY COUPLE.

The man ducks under the table.

SENIOR MAN

Find a foxhole, Helen. Some asshole  
is lettin' loose up there!

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - SECOND TIER - DAY

Puddy - horrified, stone-faced. He stares at his once prized  
long-ball driver. His game is over, gone. Melvin, speechless.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

These hands aren't even mine  
anymore. My long game is over!

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

A small cramped room. Hawaiian Tonga dancers prep for the 7  
PM review.

Kalana, away from Stonehouse and East Havens, moonlights with  
her Hawaiian act - once more putting on the Hawaiian Hula  
Skirt, a lei and the oversized, Otea Meranei Hei Moana Crown  
propping her breasts up with her coconut top.

The sea-shell phone rings.

KALANA

Brock? Hi, baby. I'm just about  
ready to go on. What's the matter?

A male DANCER (20's) comes in wearing a Hawaiian headdress  
and gives Kalana the signal "2 minutes."

DANCER

Torches are lit. Two minutes.

KALANA

Okay.

Kalana places her wig on - adjusts - becomes Kalana the "Hula  
Dancer."

KALANA (CONT'D)

Mama's got to go sweetheart. Maybe  
this weekend. Okay. I love you,  
too.

INT. HAWAIIAN TONGA HUT BAR - NIGHT

The restaurant is overly decorated in schmaltz-Hawaiian. Puddy and Melvin wear Hawaiian flowered leis and sit next to a small extended stage.

Puddy stares blankly in a daze, inconsolable.

PUDDY MDFADDEN

I could always count on my long game. I'm condemned. Condemned to a life of weed-infested miniature golf courses. I guess this is how it ends.

Young, cute waitress KIKI (19) serves umbrella drinks and wears a tightly-cropped grass skirt and a coconut top.

KIKI

Can I get you guys something?

Puddy keeps his eyes down.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

How about a straight shot of, "My life is over."

KIKI

Do you know what's in that?

Puddy lifts his eyes. Her unapproachable beauty and youth - a lifetime ago for the elder Puddy McFadden.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

My God. How old are you?

KIKI

Nineteen.

Puddy - resigned. (Maybe years ago).

MELVIN DEALER

Um, before my friend here asks you to sign his yearbook, how about a martini, dry. And, whatever he's having.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Shrimp cocktail.

Kiki spins and turns away. Melvin digs into his coat pocket. Hands a note over to Puddy.

MELVIN DEALER

I got a prelim list of the invitees. You're not going to like it.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Let me see that.

Puddy's finger scrolls down to one name in particular. We see MICKEY O'TOOLE.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

Mickey, McFinn O'Toole? Son of a bitch. They invited that guy?! I don't know how he even walks upright.

MELVIN DEALER

Sponsors like "That guy". He plays ball. He doesn't wander off the farm.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

I'm on the farm, Melvin.

MELVIN DEALER

Men's only course up in Monterey? Sex workers moonlighting as cart girls?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

That was a "Work-scholarship program". I still have the paperwork.

MELVIN DEALER

Yeah, the only reason you may have the paperwork is in case the Feds come knocking.

Puddy flashes with anger.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Little Miss LPGA wanted to hit off the back tees and be "Man of the Year". It was a protest purchase for men everywhere.

MELVIN DEALER

You divorced your first wife for littering!

PUDDY MCFADDEN

I caught her in my own bed with a midget. Out of spite.

MELVIN DEALER

Shh... You can't, you cannot say that. It's "little people" here in the 21st Century.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Whatever you want to call 'em, I can't get the image out of my head.

MELVIN DEALER

Now I can't. I just lost my appetite.

Kiki returns - one martini, one shrimp cocktail, nachos, sauce. She leans over in front of Puddy and places down the dish.

KIKI

Here you go "handsome".

Kiki-Torch turns and leaves. Puddy's predictable expression crawls across his face again...

PUDDY MCFADDEN

See that Melvin? Chicks, dig me!

MELVIN DEALER

She's working hard not to give you a sponge bath.

Puddy reaches for a finger full of shrimp - throws it down the hatch.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

You're very cynical, Melvin. Not an attractive trait.

MORE - STAGE - VARIOUS - STAGE - MORE

Hawaiian warrior drums signal.

A very strong, warm and heavy-set Hawaiian man, RONNY KALUAH (30's) steps on stage. He reaches for the microphone.

RONNY KALUAH

Thank you and welcome to the "King Kamayamaya Tiki-Tonga Hut." We have a special guest tonight. Someone who's paddled in all the way from the big island itself. Please give a brave, King Kamehameha "Warriorette" welcome, to Kalana Keihanaiku.

Volcanic explosions emanate from behind the red curtain - straight Hawaiian tourist cheese.

Puddy reaches for a napkin and wipes a bead of sweat off his forehead.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Getting warm in here isn't it?

MELVIN  
It's the volcano.

On a large draped-canvas is a painting of the big island's Diamond Head. The red curtain is slowly pulled back.

MELVIN DEALER  
Watch the show, Puddy. Try to relax.

Smoke weakly spews. The stage rumbles. Music gets underway. We hear the sounds of Hugo Winterhaulter going "Big Island."

BACKGROUND DANCERS covered in island war-paint, flood the floor with twirling lit, fire-batons.

Tonga drums pound while swirling torch flames blur before us. Puddy finds it hard to keep conscious. His eyes close and open again - nauseous.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Think I got a bad shrimp.

Warrior-Dancers then part on either side to reveal: an under-dressed, hip shaking, grass skirt wearing, exotic-erotic looking - Kalana.

KALANA  
(singing)  
Tahuawai la a tahunai wai la. Ehu  
hene la a pili koo lua la.

Puddy stands - his head swirls. He reaches for the table to balance but it tilts.

MELVIN DEALER  
Hey, Mac? Where you going?

Puddy makes his way toward the side of the stage heading towards the bathroom inching his way through the crowd.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Excuse me. Excuse me. Sorry about  
that. Excuse me.

Puddy passes the stage. The Warrior Dancers move close with  
their twirling batons of fire.

Wushhh. Fire. Wush!

WARRIOR DANCER  
Hey, buddy look out! Working with  
fire, here.

A fiery baton breaks loose, spins and smacks Puddy in the  
face - sparks and flame.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Arrghh!

Puddy braces to fall on a table but it tilts and gives way  
inward toward the stage and its dancers.

Going down, Puddy reaches while stripping the microphone cord  
away from Kalana's hands. Thud! "Down goes Puddy!"

The dancers continue and the drums grow louder.

KALANA  
Hey, buddy?

Kalana's foot gets caught on her own grass skirt and is  
forced to step over Puddy's face straddling him. Drums pound!

KALANA (CONT'D)  
Get your face out of my grass skirt  
you jerk!!

With the shrimp taking its toll, Puddy looks up and finds his  
face full Polynesian car-wash. Swish, swish, swish.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Huh?

Hula grass washes over Puddy's face like a Cat 4 hurricane.  
Kalana's skirt then catches fire. Wooosh! Embers drip onto to  
Puddy like a downed power line.

KALANA  
All fixed - AAaaaaa Ronny?! FIRE!

Smoke and flame. A melee ensues. The audience begins to panic  
and rush for the doors.

KALANA (CONT'D)  
 Ronny? Get this guy!! Creep!!!

Ronny rushes the stage. He grabs Puddy with clinched fists and gets him to his feet.

RONNY KALUAH  
 What's your problem, man?

KALANA  
 Haven't you heard of "boundaries?"  
 FREAK!

Kalana fires off a haymaker and drops Puddy with a hip-cocked, short right-hand.

INT. LA COUNTY JAIL HOLDING PEN - LATER - NIGHT

Two male INMATES, one Black, JARNEL (30's), one Hispanic JULIO (30's) kiss passionately in the corner of the jail cell.

Puddy, bruised and nauseous stands to the side of the cell covered in white fire retardant.

A third large inmate LASHAWN(50's) has snuggled up close to an unaware Puddy. He's got sleepy bedroom eyes and inmate intentions.

LASHAWN  
 I've been hiding a nice, white  
 toilet Chablis. Interested?

Pull back to reveal the inmate's pants are down around his ankles. Puddy turns to see his half-naked, cell mate.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Hey! Back off, Beef Tips!

Melvin Dealer led by an L.A. SHERIFF'S OFFICER (40's) arrives.

MELVIN DEALER  
 C'mon, we made bail.

The jail door slides open. Puddy steps out.

LASHAWN  
 Call me?

EXT. SKID ROW MOTEL - NIGHT

Melvin's car pulls up outside the parking lot. Bad side of town - real bad. Lights off. Live gun shot rounds go off in the distance.

INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Prostitutes, rats and shady characters fill the hallways. Puddy and Melvin make their way down to room 201.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Nice digs, Melvin.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Melvin pushes the door open.

This place is bad. It has one single bed and a TV. The wallpaper is stained and dirty brown.

The Men step in and close the door behind them. Not sure where to move or what to touch.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Smells like dead cats and dirty socks. Where's the other bed?

MELVIN DEALER  
I wasn't sure you'd be getting out of county, tonight, so...

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
We're sharing a bed, Melvin?

Puddy sits on the bed - been a long day. It makes a distinct, plastic-type, crinkly sound.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
You booked the room with a "Pee mattress?."

Melvin makes himself at home without a care in the world.

MELVIN DEALER  
Front desk said the room came with an amenity. I guess that's it.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
In case I have to take a leak, I won't bother getting up.

Melvin ducks into the bathroom.

MELVIN DEALER (O.C.)  
 Tomorrow, first thing, we go see  
 Stonehouse.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 I'm sure he'll be thrilled to see  
 me again.

The framed artwork on the wall begins to jiggle in front of Puddy. The moaning from the adjacent room amplifies.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
 Oh, I'm not taking that!

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Puddy - nerves frayed, rubs his eyes. He arrives - pounds on the door.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Hey? Some people are trying to get  
 some sleep down here!

The door suddenly opens wide.

Puddy stands before his Hispanic and Black Jail Cell Inmates, Julio and Jarnel whose bodies both shine from baby oil.

INMATE JULIO  
 Oh. Hey, Jarnel. Look who's here.  
 Senor Puddy, golf-man.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 You guys?

From below, a little person named MIDGE (30's) pushes his way through Jarnel and Julio, wearing only a towel and a Samurai headband - gun belt with two plastic six-shooters.

INMATE JARNEL  
 This is our little friend, Midge.  
 Say, hello', Midge.

Midge steps closer. WHAM! A quick short-hand right to Puddy's groin. Puddy is pushed up against the hallway wall and drops.

MIDGE  
 Don't you ever let someone walk up  
 on you like that!

The door shut.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Melvin stands before the mirror wearing a white robe, and a hair net. With a motorized gadget, he trims his nose-hairs.

Puddy enters crossing the bathroom.

MELVIN DEALER  
What was that noise?

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Just my testicles punched into my  
throat.

Puddy sits. Pee mattress squishes. Numb, he reaches to turn the TV on i.e., sports, motel channel, porn, local news.

A TV Commercial appears featuring wide-faced, nemesis MICKEY MCFINN O'TOOLE (50's).

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
"The Finn."

Puddy turns up the TV and moves closer. Mickey is loud, successful, arrogant - he's got too white of smile - it actually sparkles.

MICKEY MCFINN O'TOOLE (TV)  
We're thrilled to be opening  
O'Toole's 10th Pro-Am Golfing  
Galaxy right here in Chula Gardens  
where we have 25,000 square feet  
dedicated to every single part of  
your golf game. We have the latest  
in Dave Pelz, the Fujikura Motore  
F1 Shafts!

Puddy turns off the TV.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
I'm cursed.

The art on the wall begins to shake once more.

Melvin, without a care turns out the light and moves close to the bedside. He removes his bedroom slippers and takes a small slice of the bed.

MELVIN DEALER

We'll have Preston B. Stonehouse  
eating out of the palm of our hands  
in no time.

Gunshots strafe in the distance - sirens.

MELVIN DEALER (CONT'D)

Mind if I sleep on the right side?  
National Sleep Foundation says  
sleeping on the right side will  
decrease my acid reflux.

EXT. PARKING LOT - FOLLOWING MORNING - DAY

Two gang-type punks approach the car and smash the window in,  
get inside and taking what they can. The boys hustle out and  
toss a flare into the front seat.

Melvin's car is on fire - smolders, smoke plumes.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

In a deep sleep, Puddy and Melvin find themselves having  
gravitated inside the arms of the other. Melvin dreams...

MELVIN DEALER

Hi, cupcake. Of course I like the  
Catholic skirt.

Smoke from the outside nudges Puddy awake. Puddy's eyes open.  
He sees Melvin's hands inside those of his own.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

What the..? GET OFF ME!!!

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER - DAY

Melvin's car is on fire. A team of firefighters stand by with  
hoses dousing out the remaining flames.

Melvin and Puddy approach.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Hey look. You got a convertible  
now.

EXT. EAST HAVENS PRIVATE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

A mystical Scottish Bagpipe warmly invites.

The morning sun breaks majestically over the 18th hole of East Havens Country Club Golf Course.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB OFFICE - DAY

Stonehouse stands before a large bay window. His beautiful East Havens course lies before him - stunning.

Three Viagra Advertising executives, MR. STEVENS, MR. LONGS and MR. COLE (60's) sit comfortably across from Stonehouse's desk.

MR. COLE  
Course is beautiful, Preston B..  
All as advertised.

Kalana, regrettably near Stonehouse all too often, pours morning coffee wearing white gloves and a taut white uniform.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE  
Thank you, Henry. We're bursting  
you've chosen East Havens for the  
Viagra.

Stonehouse turns - now dismissive of Kalana..

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Kalana. That'll be all  
for this morning.

Kalana exits. Door closes. Stonehouse sits.

MR. STEVENS  
Preston B., we couldn't be more  
pleased. The greens, the press  
area, reception, the dining room,  
every touch you've made is just top-  
notch.

The Ad guys lean forward - get a bit excited.

MR. LONGS  
Championing the idea of the  
"comeback" for a guy like McFadden?  
Couldn't find better branding.

MR. STEVENS  
McFadden was known as the comeback  
kid, himself. Our marketing teams  
are going to have a field day with  
this.

Stonehouse covers his nausea well but not all too well.

MR. COLE

And stepping right back into the  
spotlight right where he left off.

MR. LONGS

Like every man wants to.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE

It practically writes itself.

EXT. ENTRANCE OF EAST HAVENS COUNTRY CLUB - LATER - DAY

Puddy drives Melvin's smoldering wreck toward the plush East  
Havens' valet.

MELVIN DEALER

Remember, we're here for  
redemption. Don't antagonize him.

INT. STONEHOUSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Puddy and Melvin sit across from an intense Preston B.  
Stonehouse who paces back and forth before his bay window and  
all of East Havens.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE

So, McKenzie "Puddy" McFadden?! The  
legend in the very flesh after all  
these years. Heard you were  
managing a little, weed-infested,  
condemned miniature golf course out  
in North Las Vegas? And, now  
plucked out of obscurity where I  
left you for the storied comeback.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

I've addressed those demons, Mr.  
Stonehouse.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE

Shut up, McFadden.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Yes, sir.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE

You know the disgrace you brought  
to this country club? It's taken me  
almost twelve years to get East  
Havens back from the hell you left  
it.

MELVIN DEALER

We don't look for any trouble, Mr. Stonehouse.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE

Shut up Dealer you little two-bit circus troll!

MELVIN DEALER

Yes, sir.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE

Let me make this as clear as possible! You're here only because I have no other choice but to have you here. It's not me who wants you but the advertisers. They think you're limp-manhood will play well to their demographic. So, that's the hell I'm in right now. But the minute, the second you're off the cut by even one stroke, you'll be escorted off the grounds of my East Havens, "Mr. Puddy!". We understand each other?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

And, if I make the cut?

Stonehouse takes off his warden-like black framed glasses and meticulously cleans his lenses.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE

If you make the cut? Then I'm stuck with you until you're pinched off the leader board like the boil you are. Now get out of my office!

INT. COUNTRY CLUB RESTAURANT - DAY

Puddy and Melvin make their way through the crowded players' lounge.

MELVIN DEALER

I think that went well.

Near the bar, we see FIFTEEN or so other PGA GOLFERS eating, drinking and listening to the stories of one man in particular - the handsome, charismatic, annoying, MICKEY MCFINN O'TOOLE (50's).

Puddy holds in his tracks, takes it in.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Looks like cheese-dick is holding  
court.

Mickey's a handsome guy, broad in build, athletic, an iron  
jaw, white-bright smile and wears short white cropped hair.

MICKEY MCFINN O'TOOLE  
So, this woman is hitting off the  
sixteenth tee and she absolutely  
crushes it, right? Then, this bee  
comes out of nowhere. Swoops down  
like a hawk. It lands right between  
the lady's shoulder blades, drops a  
stinger like a back-hoe. She throws  
her club, pushes her Caddie in the  
lake, and runs all the way back to  
the clubhouse. So, she gets to the  
Doc and the Doc says "what  
happened?" She says, "I got stung  
between the first and second hole."  
He says, and get this...

Puddy mouths the punch line to Melvin.

MICKY THE FINN	PUDDY MCFADDEN
You must have had an awfully wide stance!"	You must have had an awfully wide stance.

The group roars with laughter.

MICKEY MCFINN O'TOOLE  
Right? Lady, you got a "wide  
stance."

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
He's not even original.

MATT CRENSHAW (50's) sees Puddy on the fringe standing by.

MATT CRENSHAW  
Is that... Mac McFadden standing  
over there?

GOLFER # 2  
IT SURE IS!

Stealing thunder - the rest of the guys turn and move over to  
Puddy welcoming him back as if not to have missed a day.

THE GUYS  
Hey, Mac!! Mac McFadden! Great  
seeing you!! Welcome back!

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Hey, Jim. Tony. Dave, good seeing  
 you guys. Matt, how have you been?

The Guys surround Puddy and Melvin, and in doing so, quickly forget O'Toole. Puddy, the everyman's man, finds himself quickly back at home among his true comrades.

O'Toole stands back and inventories - jealous. He grows prickly, stolen thunder irritates. He crosses and approaches.

MICKEY MCFINN O'TOOLE  
 Well, well, well. We were all  
 wondering if Stonehouse had you on  
 his radar? The great long ball  
 hitter himself, McKenzie "Puddy"  
 McFadden! Live and in the flesh.

Uneasily, they shake hands both giving vice-lock shakes.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Hello, Mickey.

MICKEY MCFINN O'TOOLE  
 What bunker they pull you out of?  
 North Las Vegas? Running some  
 miniature golf course out there  
 with the snakes, strippers and  
 scorpions.

Puddy takes the dig and looks around to the guys. Puddy looks for an out. Doesn't want trouble.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Well, guys ah, look, I guess we'll  
 be seeing you out there on the  
 greens, huh?

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 Hey, where you going? No rush is  
 there? You going to give me a  
 chance to win back some of that  
 money you took from me aren't you?

"Oohs and ahhs." Puddy smiles but let's it go.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Sorry, Mick. Keeping my nose clean  
 this time around.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 Still have that competitive edge  
 don't you, Mac? True champion never  
 loses that.

A GROUP OF WOMEN (40-50's) enter the lounge. One of them is  
 REBECCA MCFINN O'TOOLE MCFADDEN (43).

(One-time wife to Puddy).

MELVIN DEALER  
 Holy shit, Mac. Incoming!

Puddy turns. Ex-wife, Rebecca removes her golfing gloves.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 What the hell is she doing here?

Rebecca turns and faces the group. Glowing - beautiful.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 You know my wife don't you?

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Your wife?

Rebecca, without batting an eye, carries herself to the group  
 like walking on air. Puddy stiffens.

Rebecca approaches - tight sweater, designer golf skirt with  
 entourage in-tow.

REBECCA  
 Hello, Mac.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 You married oven-breath here?  
 Where's Andy?

REBECCA  
 Providence Branson. He's in Private  
 School now.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 Getting the best education money  
 can buy.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 And who's paying for that?

MICKEY THE FINN

I am. While you were out there chasing spiders, someone had to look out for your boy.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

You're a real asshole, O'Toole. Can't beat me on the course so you work your way in through my son?

Rebecca extends a very large diamond ring.

REBECCA

"Oven-breath" knows the value of a woman. Unlike other people.

MICKEY MCFINN O'TOOLE

We're still registered at SAKS. Could use some hand towels for the guesthouse.

Melvin mouths the name "STONEHOUSE."

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Ah, you win, Mick. I'll send over a set of knives. We'll see you on the greens.

Puddy and Melvin push past towards the door. They get close to their exit until...

MICKEY MCFINN O'TOOLE

Hey, Mac? I got 10,000 dollars in petty cash in the trunk of my car.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

So?

MICKEY MCFINN O'TOOLE

One putt, sixty-feet. Closest to the hole. You win? 10,000 dollars right now in your pocket. I win, the great Mighty Puddy shanks his way back home to his little, Desert Shores Scottish, putt-putt.

Puddy and Melvin hold in their tracks. They confer. The room gets quiet.

MELVIN DEALER

15 million dollar purse. If we're out of it, we're out it forever!

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
He's raising my kid.

MELVIN DEALER  
Don't do it! Please?

MICKEY MCFINN O'TOOLE  
What's it going to be, McFadden?

EXT. PUTTING GREEN - MINUTES LATER - DAY

A growing crowd surrounds the green. Puddy and Mickey step up to the hole. Both men carry their putters.

Melvin holds out a 25 cent piece.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
Tails.

Melvin flips, the coin lands on heads.

MELVIN DEALER  
Heads it is.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
My call. I'll take the second shot.

Puddy and Mickey take sixty steps - stride by stride away from the pin.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
Let me ask you something. You ever  
blow Bubbles as a kid?

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
All the time. Why?

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
No reason.

50 paces. Puddy turns and shares unpleasant looks with ex-wife, Rebecca. Mickey steps up and addresses the ball.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
Good luck.

Mickey draws back his club. He looks to the gallery then skillfully strokes the ball with ease.

Beautiful cresting trajectory.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE

There it is.

The ball rolls with a delicate grace and just does slides up 5 inches away from the hole.

The gallery bursts out in applause. Puddy may be doomed.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE (CONT'D)

Well, you got all the way through the lounge at least.

Melvin shakes his head in defeat. Incoming call - name reads - VITALIE. He sends it to VM.

Puddy drops his ball - looks around and takes in the growing gallery including ex-wife, Rebecca.

He steps forward, addresses the ball. He eyes the pin with fierce concentration.

PUDDY

Good Mother of the Lord Almighty,  
give me the power to dominate.

He brings his club back with precision and strokes through the ball like the old pro he was.

All eyes of those in the Gallery follow as the ball rolls.

The ball rolls with a keen sense of direction. The pin-flag is lifted, the ball approaches and begins to slow, may not have enough to beat O'Toole.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE

Not enough heh, Pud? It's been nice.

Puddy's ball then gradually passes Mickey's and comes to a rest on the lip of the hole - finally, eventually, and thankfully, dropping in the cup.

The Gallery erupts! Melvin reaches for his heart. Bends at the knees in relief.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE (CONT'D)

Hell of a shot, Mac. You make life newsworthy that's for sure.

Puddy visibly on edge, gathers his composure and turns.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Guess that's why we play the game  
 huh, Mick?

EXT. MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE'S BMW - DAY

Smiling all the way, Mickey opens up his trunk and digs into his golf bag.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 Maybe all that miniature golf stuff  
 has helped your short-game?

O'Toole produces a wad of money and tosses it to Puddy.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE (CONT'D)  
 Man of my word, Mac. I got your ex-  
 wife, and you got my 10,000.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 She kick you yet?

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 Kick me?

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Restless Leg Syndrome. When you're  
 sleeping. Generally before big  
 tournaments. Kicks like a pack-  
 mule.

INT. MELVIN'S CAR - DAY

Puddy tosses the money to Melvin and gets behind the wheel of their burnt-out convertible.

MELVIN DEALER  
 What was that all about?

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Years of bad blood.

MELVIN DEALER  
 C'mon, let's take care of this  
 court appearance, then we can find  
 a place off the grid and get ready  
 for O'Toole.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

On the bench sits the HONORABLE JUDGE MARIE KEYS (40). The no-nonsense judge works through her docket of cases.

Puddy and Melvin sit and wait among the others whose cases are being heard.

From the rear of the courtroom Kalana enters and finds a place to sit. She now wears a police officer's uniform with hair pulled back, and appearing stern, pulled together and very much down to business.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Little Miss Diamond Head just  
rolled in.

MELVIN DEALER  
She doesn't look too happy.

Kalana looks over to the see FIVE YOUNG JUVENILE BOYS (13-14) in orange detention jumpsuits who await their fate.

One of those boys is Kalana's son BROCK (14).

Brock's in trouble. He's sweet but also withdrawn, the kind of kid aching for a positive male role model.

Mother and son exchange strained glances.

PUDDY MDFADDEN  
She's going to tell the judge I  
groped her. Shot right out of the  
gate!

Sitting besides Puddy and Melvin is Puddy's court APPOINTED ATTORNEY (20's).

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Hey, Kid? You ever hear a case  
before?

APPOINTED ATTORNEY  
I spoke to the Judge in chambers. I  
explained everything. That it was  
an accident. She's not a hanging  
judge but the prosecutor is  
aggressive.

BAILIFF  
The people versus Mr. McKenzie  
McFadden!

Puddy stands up next to his appointed attorney. The Bailiff reads the charges.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)  
Case number 10-G-230 penal code 45A-F12, creating a disturbance in a public place, possible arson, assault and battery.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Assault and battery?

JUDGE MARIE  
How do you plead?

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Your Honor, this a big misunderstanding. You see I had a bad shrimp and the way those Tonga torches were spinning I didn't have a chance...

The boys in the detention jumpsuits perk up and begin snickering to themselves.

PROSECUTOR  
Your Honor, we have a number of cell-phone videos of the evening in question.

The Bailiff moves the TV in position. Opposing PROSECUTOR BANKMAN (40's) steps up before the bench.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)  
If it pleases the court?

JUDGE MARIE  
Proceed.

The prosecutor turns on the TV. We see what looks like Puddy lunging onto the stage, falling, Kalana stepping over his face, flames igniting, Kalana's skirt catching fire - people running away from the stage - mayhem.

PUDDY MDFADDEN  
Those torches warmed up that shrimp! That cocktail was served at room temperature!

Not helping, the youths in gallery cheer Puddy on!

PROSECUTOR

But it's also come to our attention Mr. McFadden has a bit of an anger issue. With the court's permission, we'd like to enter into evidence a piece that goes to Mr. McFadden's past public outbursts and probable state of mind on the night in question.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

State of mind? Get up, kid! Do something! I'm getting railroaded!

APPOINTED ATTORNEY

We object, your honor! Not relevant.

JUDGE MARIE

Overruled. Continue.

The Bailiff turns on the 2nd video.

PROSECUTOR

Your, Honor, we feel this next piece of evidence goes to Mr. McFadden's ongoing, public displays of outward hostility.

The tape shows ESPN footage of Puddy on a green surrounded by a gallery of onlookers.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

That's the President's Cup. How'd they get that footage?

EXT. PRESIDENT'S CUP - DAY

The Video. Puddy, in a high-profile tournament, misses a crucial putt.

His cool exterior is quickly lost. He dumps his bag on the green - begins throwing his clubs towards the gallery.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

You think you're better than me?

People in the gallery go running for the hills.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

The Bailiff turns off the TV. The Boys in the gallery burst out in laughter!!! The Judge pounds her gavel.

JUDGE MARIE  
Quiet!! You think that's funny,  
boys?

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
That was ten years ago, your Honor.  
I led the field, then...

Kalana grows curious.

JUDGE MARIE  
You appear to have a bit of an  
anger and rage problem, Mr.  
McFadden.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
I was trying to putt and they let a  
baby in the gallery. Not cool.

JUDGE MARIE  
You see those boys over there? Most  
of them think it's somehow pretty  
great to walk in the kind of shoes  
you wear. You're an example to  
them. You provide a permission  
structure either good or bad with  
how you act publicly.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
I do that? John McEnroe never got  
arrested.

JUDGE MARIE  
My judgment is this. You're going  
to work in the County Mentor Youth  
Program, Mr. McFadden with these  
boys over here in the gallery.  
You're going to teach these kids  
the finer aspects of golf,  
sportsmanship, self-respect and  
maybe even a few of the finer  
aspects of real sportsmanship -  
what it means to be a real mature  
human being - functioning in a  
civilized society. We understand  
each other?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

But your Honor, I'm here in town  
for the Viagra at East Havens.  
There's no time.

JUDGE MARIE

You're going to make the time.  
You'll have just the platform to  
show these young boys what it means  
to be a good role model won't you?  
Or, do you want to discuss the  
arson at the Tonga Hut?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

No, ma'am.

Puddy looks over to the motely crew sitting in the courts  
detention area. His eyes then track over to Kalana.

JUDGE MARIE

Next!

EXT. VACANT UNIVERSITY FRATERNITY HOUSE - DAY

Melvin's car pulls in the driveway. Puddy and Melvin get out.  
Puddy opens the trunk and gets his clubs.

A real estate woman DORIS REELY (50'S) stands by.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

What the hell is this, Melvin? A  
frat house?

MELVIN DEALER

It's empty, isolated. Off the  
radar. No distractions. Doris  
Reely?

DORIS REELY

Hello.

INT. EMPTY FRATERNITY HOUSE - DAY

The big wide front doors open. The entryway is oversized and  
Gothic.

DORIS REELY

Mr. Dealer, everything you asked  
for, plenty of room, spacious, and  
inconspicuous.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Inconspicuous? You running from the  
mob?

A dark distressed stairwell leads to the basement below. Odd sounds come from it i.e., water dripping, creaks, hull of a ship type stuff.

Puddy looks over the stairs.

DORIS REEL  
"Off the grid" as Mr. Dealer  
requested. Only two thousand a  
month - 12,000 sq. Feet.

PUDDY MDFADDEN  
You work it out, Melvin. I'm  
hittin' the range.

EXT. LAKEFOREST MUNICIPAL DRIVING RANGE - DAY

A retired, driving range attendant wears a protective helmet and putters his cart around picking up golf balls.

Sighting in at 250 yards out, Puddy's begins rubbing his fingers working to bring back the old magic. SWING! His 3 wood falls 100 yards short of the marker. Puddy hits another and another - another short shot, and another.

Puddy brings the club up close to his face, wiggles his once-trusted fingers.

PUDDY MDFADDEN  
Where'd you go buddy? Where'd you  
go?

INT. EAST HAVENS COUNTRY CLUB - LATER - NIGHT

Tournament kick-off dinner. A TWENTY PIECE FORTIES BIG BAND plays the soft and soothing Glen Miller piece.

Standing center-microphone is the ravishing and beautiful East Havens own, Kalana. Her gown flows with an off-shoulder neckline, hair adorned with a pinkish orchid.

KALANA  
(sings)  
"I stand at your gate and the song  
that I sing is moonlight..."

EXT. VALET - NIGHT

Melvin and Puddy screech in with their half-fried, convertible sedan.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Stonehouse has left no stone unturned. The main ballroom for the Viagra kick-off dinner is nothing short of spectacular. Rows and rows of round tables fill the main floor, a riser houses a 30 piece BIG BAND. Enlarged posters of all the top golfers loom above, tables and tables of the industry's top players, sponsors and executives mingle and chat.

Puddy and Melvin enter - full suits - handsome.

Puddy's eyes go directly to the orchestra and even more directly to the beautiful woman who sings for the band - Kalana.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Look. Little Miss Waikiki. That's the woman in court.

MELVIN DEALER

I'm gonna' look around. Meet you at our table.

Melvin goes left. Puddy steps forward. Puddy catches the eye of Kalana. She sings "Moonlight Serenade" - enchanting.

KALANA

"The roses are singing a Moonlight Serenade."

EXT. VERANDA - NIGHT

Melvin secures his privacy - looks around. He makes a call on his cell..

Russian thug VITALY (40's) steps out from the shadows holding out his phone that is ringing from Melvin's call. A second thug, DOMINIC (50's) walks up the steps in front of Melvin.

Both men are knuckle-breaking specimens and even carry with them a sense of upscale charm.

VITALY

Hello, Melvin.

INT. EAST HAVENS COUNTRY CLUB - HEAD TABLE - NIGHT

Sitting at the head table holding court is Preston B. Stonehouse. Mickey's new wife, (Puddy's ex) Rebecca sits directly to his right. The rest of the Advertisers i.e., Mr. Stevens, Burt Longs and Henry Cole sit alongside with their own respective wives.

Mickey holds court, finishing up with his go-to, tiring, off-color Bee joke about the Bee on the Fairway.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE (CONT'D)  
 ... so, the Doctor says and get  
 this, "You must have had an awfully  
 wide stance!"

The table roars with laughter but for Rebecca - it's a bit of tiring act.

MR. STEVENS  
 A wide stance! My God, the bee  
 stung her, like, between the...  
 OUCH!

Over the laughter, Stonehouse gestures to Kalana on the bandstand to join them.

MORE VARIOUS - FULL SCENE

Kalana steps down, crosses the room and makes her way to the head table.

Puddy looks on, keeps his eye on Kalana as she makes way over through the tables to Stonehouse.

Stonehouse stands, Kalana approaches. Stonehouse gropes and fawns over her - signals to a waiter to bring over another chair.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE  
 Ladies and gentlemen, this is East  
 Havens own, prized possession, the  
 very talented, Kalana.

The chair arrives and those at the table sit. Kalana knows where her bread is buttered and she puts on the gracious overtures.

KALANA  
 Good evening, everyone. I trust  
 East Havens is meeting all of your  
 expectations.

Stonehouse snaps his fingers. A WAITER (30's) immediately brings a tray of Champagne glasses. The execs fawn.

MR. STEVENS

So far, we think so. We couldn't be happier with the marquee line-up Preston B. has secured and the way the course looks.

Puddy catches the attention of the Advertising Exec's at Stonehouse's table.

HENRY COLE

Hey, there's Mac McFadden.

BURT LONGS

The legend himself. Let's get him over to our table, Preston B. before he sits down somewhere else!

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE

Yes, of course.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE

I'm sure he's...

REBECCA

Give it a rest, Mick. No sense in fighting it.

MR. STEVENS

Mac? Mac McFadden? Over here!

Puddy makes for the table through the room. His one-time dominance still fills his stride and those who know of the golf giant take notice.

MORE - VARIOUS

Stonehouse, stands, cold and edgy but professionally receptive. Kalana sits stunned that her Tonga Hut defendant now stands across the table from her.

Their eyes meet.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

You look familiar. Have we met?

KALANA

I can't place the face.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Yeah, okay.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE

McKenzie McFadden! Let me introduce our generous executive team - Burt Longs, Richard Stevens, and Henry Cole, all from Viagra...

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Mr. Stonehouse. It's a pleasure, sir. Gentlemen. Fantastic. You couldn't have selected a more meticulous host than Mr. Stonehouse and the gem of the west, East Havens. And, your beautiful companion, Mr. Stonehouse?

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE

Yes, of course. Forgive me. Kalana. She's our resident singer with the orchestra.

A chair is brought over for Puddy. Room is made. Rebecca - Puddy's ex-wife, nudges Mickey. Puddy and Mickey exchanged a competitive glance.

Those at the table sit. The Viagra boys eagerly lean in toward Puddy nearly elbowing out Mickey O'Toole.

BURT LONGS

I've dreamed of someday sitting with you, Puddy. You're the comeback kid!

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Well...

HENRY COLE

Don't be modest. Ankle surgery couldn't hold you from being 9 back to Ted Purdy at the start of the final round at the U.S. Open. You shot 64 to Purdy's 73. I was there!

MR. STEVENS

One of the greatest comebacks of all time.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Well, we had good weather and I was hitting 'em long and straight that day.

Puddy fires off a wink at Mickey.

PUDDY MDFADDEN (CONT'D)  
 And, Mialini? I've never heard  
 Glenn Miller done before with a  
 Queen Lili'uokalani influence.

KALANA  
 You know, Lili'uolalani?

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Who doesn't? Queen of the Big  
 Island.

Kalana, repulsively charmed by Puddy, as "The Most  
 Interesting Man in the World".

KALANA  
 ... yeah, okay.

Stonehouse slides his hand under the table and rests it on  
 Milani's thigh. She's not happy but all-too dreadfully used  
 to it.

Rebecca basks with the passive-aggressive, competitiveness  
 between Puddy and O'Toole. She swirls and sips her cocktail.

REBECCA  
 It only took him 30 seconds to kick  
 you off the leader board, Mick.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 Yeah, you're not helping.

EXT. GRASSY KNOLL - NIGHT

Vitali and Dominic take it to Melvin pretty good. Open hand,  
 SLAPS!! SLAP!! Poor Melvin trips and tumbles down a patch of  
 grassy knoll near the lake.

VITALI  
 Mr. Giancomo doesn't like people  
 being late.

Whack!

INT. EAST HAVENS COUNTRY CLUB - HEAD TABLE - NIGHT

Puddy now holds court. His competitors, supporters, detractors, ex-wife and Kalana all now are within view, earshot and striking range. (Tonga Huts and arson charges are kept between the parties).

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Your band is terrific, "On fire"  
I'd say.

KALANA  
Well, a girl has to try and make a  
living whether "On fire" or "Not on  
fire".

Each keep a watchful eye on the other. A confusing air floats above the table.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
Hey, Puddy? Word in the links is  
that you're a direct "Heir-to-Golf  
itself". An actual, "Highland  
Ancestor" when the first swings  
were taken...

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Just an old wives-tale, really. I  
think it's brought me more curses  
actually than it has magic.

Those at the table are charmed. Mickey leans forward.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
You must be referring to what Golf  
Digest called "The missing years?"

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
I like to refer more to it as "the  
time of Sabbatical".

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
Or, the "Deportation".

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
"Leave of absence".

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
"Exiled".

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
"Spiritual cleansing".

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 "Enema retreat".

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE  
 Okay, boys... let's keep this on  
 the links shall we?

Kalana stands and the others politely follow suit.

KALANA  
 My band leader is gesturing me  
 back. Gentlemen it was nice to sit  
 with you. The next one is dedicated  
 to those here at the table.

All stand. Puddy extends his hand.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Miss Kalana.

KALANA  
 Good luck in the tournament, I'm  
 sure I'll see you when you hold  
 "court" again, Mr. McFadden.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Maybe under a less heated  
 circumstance.

Kalana steps away from the table. All eyes follow. Puddy's  
 smitten. Kalana turns.

INT. BANQUET BATHROOM - NIGHT

Puddy enters the bathroom. Five stalls. A Man's feet are seen  
 in the second stall. He appears sitting.

Puddy glances in the mirror. Melvin steps out. His  
 handkerchief is covered with blood from the heavy slapping.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 What happened to you?

MELVIN DEALER  
 Tripped over a sprinkler.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Sprinkler? Let me see that.

Puddy inspects Melvin's red face.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
Sprinklers don't leave  
fingerprints.

MELVIN DEALER  
It's not what you think.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
It probably is. What are you into  
now?

Puddy reaches for his own handkerchief and covers Melvin's  
nose.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
We gotta' get out of here before  
Stonehouse takes a leak.

EXT. FRONT OF THE FRATERNITY - NIGHT

Melvin's car pulls up to the Gothic style fraternity. Both  
get out. The night grows stormy.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Didn't this frat have a bar  
downstairs? C'mon, before your  
friends find us.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS FRATERNITY BAR - NIGHT

Melvin sits at the bar. He looks pretty alone in this big,  
empty place. Puddy circles and works his way behind the bar,  
finds a small refrigerator, two glasses.

He places some ice in a napkin and extends it to Melvin.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Put this on your face, it's going  
to swell.

MELVIN DEALER  
Thanks.

Puddy pours a drink for the two of them.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
How much do you owe?

MELVIN DEALER  
A buck fifty.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

At 40%? And, those guys are going to break your legs aren't they if you don't come up with the money?

MELVIN DEALER

Legs, head, teeth.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

And, you were thinking you'd track me down, scoop me up, I'd win the Viagra so you could square off with those guys?

MELVIN DEALER

It was the only card I had left.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

You have quite an imagination. If Stonehouse gets wind of any of this, it'll be all he needs to make his case. We'll be picking weeds again in no time.

MELVIN

I'm sorry, Mac.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

We just better hope he doesn't find out.

EXT. PRESS DAY- EAST HAVENS - VARIOUS - FOLLOWING - DAY

A crowded scene! The Kickoff Viagra Media Press Junket.

Champagne is uncorked! GOLFERS, FAMILIES and FRIENDS mill about the various booths which display the latest in golf clubs, apparel, golf games, golf travel etc.

Stonehouse addresses a handful of REPORTERS.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE

We've been in talks for quite some time to bring this Classic here at East Havens.

Kalana works in a white waiter's jacket behind a temp-bar pouring drinks. She looks up to see Puddy and Melvin approaching stopping near the press area.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Little, Miss Waikiki at 10 o'clock.

A handsome and sharp looking Mickey McFinn O'Toole takes front and center as usual before a bank of microphones.

MICKEY MCFINN O'TOOLE  
The field is a competitive one and that's the way we like it. No golf "tools" in this tournament!

EXT. THE PUTTING GREEN - DAY

Puddy and Melvin approach the green for more photos.

MELVIN DEALER  
Image, Mac. Image. Humble pie. Control. Even keel.

A REPORTER approaches Puddy.

REPORTER # 1  
Hey, Mac! There was a one-time rift with your status here at East Havens. How's it feel to be back?

Mickey walks by and eavesdrops.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
East Havens and I put that all that, bad blood behind us. No more Hooter style antics. Lessons learned, lessons taken.

Mickey O'Toole butts in from afar, coming towards us.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE (O.S.)  
He sure is a new man. Let me tell you.

Mickey steps next to Puddy and the reporter - overtakes the interview.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE (CONT'D)  
O'Toole's Golf Parkland is just off the expressway at 20890 Indiana Avenue would even like to be the proud sponsor of the comeback kid, here.

REPORTER # 1  
Is that right? Setting up the rivalry early, Mickey?

MICKEY MCFINN O'TOOLE  
 Tell you what Puddy Ole' Boy, why  
 don't you come by the store today  
 and we'll get you all set up on the  
 house. 20890 Indiana Avenue just  
 off the expressway at exit 292.  
 Anything you need. Anything at all.  
 We'll take care of everything!

EXT. FIRST TEE - DAY

All the Golfers and Execs pose. Mickey and Puddy stand  
 shoulder to shoulder.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 That way, when you go down in a  
 fiery ball of flames you can do it  
 in red-hot style.

EXT. THE DRIVING RANGE TEES - DAYS LATER - DAY

Puddy and Melvin wait standing by the burnt out convertible.  
 A correctional van pulls up to the back of the tees.

PAROLE OFFICER BERNICE (30's) steps out from the van. Her  
 teen inmates step out of the bus.

PAROLE OFFICER BERNICE  
 Line 'em up, inmates!

The Boys line up from left to right in prison order. Brock  
 (14), (Kalana's son), BILLY (15) MICHAEL D (15), PABLO (15),  
 TYRONE-TYRONE (16), more...

PAROLE OFFICER BERNICE (CONT'D)  
 They're all yours, Mr. McFadden.

Puddy walks the line sizing up each one. He comes to Tyrone-  
 Tyrone and Pablo.

MICHAEL D  
 Golf's for PUSSIES, man!

BERNICE  
 Good luck.

PUDDY  
 GET YOUR CLUBS FROM THE SHOP AND  
 GET YOUR ASSES OUT THERE!

EXT. FIRST TEE - DAY

Drill-bit Puddy marches up and down the driving stalls as the boys try their best to hit - no direction - pretty pathetic.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
C'mon, ladies. Mama's not around to  
coddle you out here.

Kalana stands from afar in her police uniform looking at both Puddy swinging his 5 iron and the instruction he's giving to her son.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Balls fly all over the fairway in no particular order.

INT. CADDY'S AREA - DAY

Puddy sits across from his youthful inmates. Brock sits quiet, withdrawn - doesn't want any trouble.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
All right, Listen up. We're going  
to get to know each other a little  
bit before you go back to jail  
today. I want you all to begin  
working on the "worthwhile". The  
stuff that matters.

Boys groan.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
Quiet down, girl scouts. You guys  
ever hear of Rocco Mediate, Tiger  
Woods? Rory Mcllroy?

TYRONE-TYRONE  
They rap?

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
They'd rap your head if they were  
out here.

Parole Officer Bernice steps in.

PAROLE OFFICER BERNICE  
There's one of the parents upstairs  
in the reception room. She'd like  
to talk to you in private. I'll  
take over here.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Just in time.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

An empty room. Kalana, wears a Police Officer's Uniform and sits at an old piano tucked in the corner. She softly plucks a key or two.

Puddy enters, caught off guard, stands and listens.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

I'm not looking for any trouble,  
Kalana. If you're here about the  
grass skirt, I told the prosecutor  
I'd be happy to buy you a new one.

Kalana turns.

KALANA

No, I'm here to make peace and am  
single mother with a wayward son.  
Brock. He's mine.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

You're Brock's mother?

KALANA

Yes. My real name is Annie. I took  
the Tonga Hut job as a way of  
making some extra money, the  
waitress and singing job at East  
Havens to keep my place, and the  
law-officer-in-training job to quit  
the first two. Almost there.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Just for the record, I didn't try  
to light you on fire. I was making  
my way to the bathroom, the guy  
with the Tonga torched my eyebrows.

KALANA

I'm sorry. Ronnie gets protective.  
We get bad guys in the club all the  
time. Ah, I'd appreciate if you  
wouldn't say anything to Mr.  
Stonehouse about my moonlighting. I  
need to keep up appearances there  
at East Havens - at least until I  
graduate the academy.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

He's no friend of mine. I'm a  
single dad too. Your story with me  
is in the vault.

KALANA

Thanks. Since Brock's dad died in the line of duty last summer, I'm extra cautious. I don't think he has any friends in there. He could use one. If you're open, I mean. Maybe someone to watch his back?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

On one condition.

KALANA

What's that?

PUDDY MDFADDEN

You have dinner with me tonight?

KALANA

Dinner..? You're making that a condition?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

More of a polite request. Strictly platonic. A bit of self-reinvention. I'm working on a new "Puddy". And, plus that, I owe you for lighting you on fire.

KALANA

For Brock. Here's my number. Text me your address. I'll be there.

Kalana turns and begins walking - then turns back.

KALANA (CONT'D)

Oh, by the way, you're leaving your hands wide-open with the 5. It's why you're slicing right.

EXT. CAR - THE FRONT OF THE FRATERNITY - DAY

Melvin and Puddy barrel into the driveway nearly missing half-a-dozen little people dressed in summer-cabana-wear making their way to the back of the house.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

What the hell is this?

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - DAY

A LITTLE PEOPLE pool party rages! Pool floats, Cabanas, and "Midge" (from the hotel) spins music from his DJ perch.

A little person QUEEN BEE (30's) sits center stage wearing oversized sunglasses, a bikini surrounded by Little People Muscle Men who drape her with oil.

Gate opens. Before Puddy and Melvin - a Hard Rock Spring Break, MTV party-packing pool.

This thing is raging hard! Speakers stacked - rock music pounds.

Puddy strides for the D.J. Melvin follows - approaches the perch.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Hey, buddy?

Midge turns. He wears glasses and white sun guard on his nose.

MIDGE

Yeah, man. You gotta' request?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Hey! I know you! You're that little ball-punchin' bastard from the hotel!

Puddy reaches for Midge's throat and drags him off his perch across sound system - SCRATCH!!! Music comes to a stop.

The party comes to a complete standstill.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

You're coming with me little man!

Puddy grabs Midge by the back of the neck and hauls him around the pool. He arrives to the Queen Bee, throwing Midge to the ground.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

You look like the boss here.

Midge tumbles at Queen Bee's feet like a tossed out bag of garbage.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

This guy a friend of yours', little Miss oil slick?

Queen Bee gets up.

QUEEN BEE

Never seen him before.

She makes a run for it. Puddy grabs her by the neck.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Hey? Not so fast you little squatter. I want some answers otherwise I start squeezin'.

QUEEN BEE

Okay, okay, okay. We're just having a little summer, pool, pop-up party. When the kids leave for summer, we use the pool. We thought the house was empty!

Puddy pulls Midge up from the ground - deadly like.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Alright, listen up! I got a date tonight. RIGHT HERE! And, you're all going to help me pull it off. Otherwise, Midge goes back to jail! Understand?

EXT. FRONT OF THE FRATERNITY - LATER - NIGHT

Kalana, looking magnificent, knocks on the door. The door opens but it appears no one is there.

MIDGE (O.C.)

Down here.

She looks down to see Midge who now wears a tuxedo. Pulled together - hair slicked back, handsome.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

Good evening. We've been expecting you. Won't you come in?

INT. FRAT RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Kalana is graciously led inside by Midge. She curiously looks around. Music comes from the other room.

Melvin approaches. He too wears a tuxedo.

MELVIN DEALER

Good evening, and welcome. May I take your coat?

Melvin takes her coat and exits. Kalana, stands picturesque and stunning. Midge politely extends his arm forward.

MIDGE

Would you care to wait in the sitting room, or sit in the waiting room?

INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

ARTIE (a Little Person - (70's) plays softly "The Girl From Ipanema" on the Baby Grand Piano - all cheese.

Da, da da, da, da da da...

Puddy stands handsomely nearby wearing a white tuxedo coat - chilling champagne in an ice bucket.

MIDGE

Lord, Puddy? Your guest has arrived!

Puddy turns - more handsome than ever. Kalana stands beautifully awaiting.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Ah, Kalana, splendid. Welcome to McFadden Manor. Thank you, Midge.

Midge exits.

KALANA

Lord Puddy, huh? You have quite a place here at the "McFadden Manor?"

Puddy approaches with his eyebrow cocked and a warm smile.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Our little summer retreat.

Kalana, plays along, warms to Puddy and smiles.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

Veuve Clicquote, 61, my favorite year. Sublime au-delà.

KALANA

Speak French too?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Learned it on my tour of duty.

KALANA

Iraq?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

North Las Vegas.

Puddy hands Kalana a glass. Artie nods to Kalana. He plays softly.

KALANA

Music, servants. Champagne. An estate right out of the Adam's Family. You really know how to impress a girl.

Melvin enters and nods.

MELVIN DEALER

Dinner will be served in just a few moments. But they are ready for you in the pool area, sir.

KALANA

Pool area?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

A little something I threw together.

INT. LONG HALLWAY - NIGHT

Puddy and Kalana stroll down the long hallway towards the backyard entrance.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT)

So, if I can just make the first 24. I might have a chance, but it's the long-game that scares me.

Puddy and Kalana arrive at the white French double doors. Puddy leans forward and pushes the doors wide.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

Allow me.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - NIGHT

Puddy and Kalana enter. Signature trumpet sounds of Tower of Power's "You're Still a Young Man". A small band with a brass horn section plays at the far end of the pool.

Puddy and Kalana step through the doors.

KALANA

Is that, Tower of Power?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

In town for the tournament.  
Friends.

Kalana and Puddy look out into the pool to see it filled with LITTLE PEOPLE who are now swimming in a deeply choreographed, Hawaiian synchronized dance.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

We thought we'd bring back a little  
bit of the island.

Tiki torches burn and reflect off the water. Cabanas are filled with Little-People-Hawaiian-Dancers dressed in grass skirts.

KALANA

You just whip all this up?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Synchronized water aerobics? Oh,  
no. Kind of a hobby of mine, lost  
art-form actually.

Puddy reaches for Kalana's hands.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

Close your eyes and make a wish.

She shuts them, then reopens again.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

Was your wish, something like this?

Puddy opens up his cupped hands and fingers and fireflies take flight encircling them both like a dream.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

A little luck and magic? For Brock,  
and the both of us.

Our couple looks to the pool and take in the extravaganza before them - swimmers snapping their inverted legs into the symbol of a heart!!

Kalana and Puddy step towards the spectacle. TWO CABANA SERVANTS (30's) approach with a drink for each.

CABANA SERVANT # 1

I took the liberty. Chilled glass,  
mixed, not stirred, umbrella to the  
left, just enough shade, orange  
slice to the right.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Thank you, Benjamin.

KALANA

Who are you?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Puddy McFadden - License to Golf.

**MONTAGE BEGINS:**

INT. PUDDY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING - DAY

Puddy's early alarm goes off. He struggles to awaken - throws his legs over the bed - first day of serious conditioning. He cracks a few eggs into an empty glass and drinks it down - Rocky time.

EXT. COLLEGE TOWN ALLEYWAY - DAY

Puddy jogs down an alleyway. Shop owners toss out their garbage and cheer Puddy on. His stride gets stronger and stronger - the people's champion.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - DAY

Puddy and Kalana both tee up and send them long. Whack! Whack! Whack!! His game is straightening out but the long drives are still falling short.

KALANA

Your club is coming too inside on  
the way down. You're losing power.

EXT. FRATERNITY STREET - DAY

A car is parked ominously near the fraternity - Vitali and Dominic scan the neighborhood looking for Melvin - closing in on Melvin.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Midge, Queen Bee, Melvin and Kalana sit in the back of an empty truck while Puddy jogs behind. Midge tosses golf balls while Puddy catches and tosses them back.

INT. O'TOOLE'S GOLFING CENTER DAY - DAY

Puddy, along with Kalana carries an extra skip in his step. Whimsically Puddy loads up a shopping cart with all he can get his hands on.

Security cameras whirl and follow Puddy up and down the aisles.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
I'll take the Pings, the Callaways,  
the Taylor Made's.

INT. FRATERNITY BATHROOM - DAY

Puddy chips into the urinal with a wedge filled with golf balls. Pop. Pop. Pop.

INT. FRATERNITY HALLWAY - DAY

Puddy putts down the empty hallway blindfolded. Melvin mentors.

MELVIN DEALER  
Feel the club, Mac. That club is  
you! Adjustments.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Puddy again escorts Kalana to Melvin's burnt out car. Old habits die hard. Puddy leaves Kalana on her side of the car, trots around the front of the hood. Self-correcting, he turns back in full stride and opens her door.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Sorry.

INT. MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE'S BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Mickey lies wide awake. Rebecca's leg kicks under the sheets like a rabid, pack-mule. Whack! Whack!!

REBECCA  
(mule-like)  
Ee-or. Ee-or.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
For the love of God.

EXT. GOLF PARKING LOT - FOLLOWING - DAY

The bus of wayward adolescent convicts pulls to a stop and the boys hustle out but this time in a neat and orderly fashion each holding their drivers.

Puddy awaits, Kalana stands by keeping her eye on Brock.

OFFICER BERNICE  
Company, PRE-SENT!!

The line of boys tighten up in military fashion. Brock steps out from the group.

OFFICER BERNICE (CONT'D)  
They want to show you something,  
Mr. Puddy.

BROCK  
We appreciate the time you've spent  
with us. We want to show our  
appreciation. Company, ATTEN-TION!!

The boys snap to attention with golf clubs held like those in a military parade.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
Sidestep, quarter flank, huh!

The boys spread out between themselves. With precise movements, with clubs in hands.

BROCK (CONT'D)  
1, 2, 3, 4... Everywhere we go...

ALL BOYS  
People want to know.

BROCK  
Where we come from...

ALL BOYS  
So we tell them who we are...

BROCK  
We are!

ALL BOYS  
Mighty, mighty juvenile, working on  
the worth-while!

In an elaborate team display of unity, movement, precision and focus, Brock leads his youthful command, exhibition, precision drill team ending in one slow and controlled golf swing.

The boys turn to Puddy and hold a steady salute.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Thank you, boys. You've done good.

EXT. EAST HAVENS CEREMONY STAND - FOLLOWING DAYS - DAY

A 60-piece SCOTTISH BAGPIPE MARCHING BAND moves through the lower-concourse proudly wearing traditional Scottish kilts and bearskin hats.

Cannons explode, doves are released, banners are waved. Stonehouse and the Viagra Execs - full regalia.

HENRY COLE

Masterful presentation, Preston B..  
Simply, masterful!

EXT. EAST HAVENS PRESS AREA - DAY

All FORTY-EIGHT GOLFERS pose with Stonehouse and the Executives for the Press, the Gallery and the Fans.

Click! Click! Flash!!

Puddy and Mickey stand shoulder-to-shoulder.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

I appreciate the clubs, Mick. I  
almost feel like a real golf-pro.

Kalana, decked out, looks on from the gallery as does Rebecca.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE

Just want to make sure you're as  
good looking going out as you were  
coming in.

EXT. EAST HAVENS PARADE GALLERY WAY - DAY

The 60 piece Bagpipe Marching Band moves past the press area - majestic!

We then see, positioned in the middle, our four, 1000 year-old, SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS Cousin McFadden, Cousin McFinn, McQuigley and Mussleburgh, purgatory-like ghosts wear insect eaten kilts, long beards down to their knees and very weary expressions.

ANGUS MCQUIGLEY  
McTiernan's curse. Nothing but a  
world of bagpipes and wanderin'!

Cousin McFadden casually notices Puddy McFadden posing with the others. (They look nearly identical). O'Toole, carbon-copy of Cousin McFinn.

COUSIN MCFADDEN  
Are you seein' what I'm seeing, mo  
charaids? WE FOUND THEM!! LOOK!  
THERE THEY ARE!!!

COUSIN MCFINN  
Two of the son-of-son's, of son's,  
of SONS! The Curse of McTiernan's  
day has come!

COUSIN MCFADDEN  
Quick. To the loch for some  
plannin'!

The men break from the bagpipe marching band for the small lake near the fairway knolls and trees.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

Network Intro: PHIL OLGIVEY (50's) and TIM WEIR (60's) both wear blue East Havens sport-coats and are joined by all-time LPGA great, CELINE KORDA (40's). Also joining the panel wearing a gray suit, white shirt, black tie and holding/hiding a drink is late-night, quick-witted, off-network talk show host, DICK ROSSI (60'S).

PHIL OLGIVEY  
Well, here we are at the  
spectacular East Havens Country  
Club for the First Annual Viagra  
Classic! I'm Phil Olgivey alongside  
Tim Weir, LPGA Champ Celine Korda,  
and a special behind the scenes  
correspondent for the Viagra, late  
night talk show host, Dick Rossi.  
Dick, good to see you.

DICK ROSSI

Hey, boys. Celine? Couldn't be more excited but I'm lucky to even be here, Phil.

TIM WEIR

What happened?

DICK ROSSI

I missed the Viagra turn-off and hung a right at "Pyrones". That dogleg took me almost into the next county where they zone for neighborhood strip clubs.

CELINE KORDA

I guess we'll be seeing more "dick" for the next two days, huh Phil?

DICK ROSSI

That's right Celine, you can see more Dick as we're having two of the top players on the show after the first 18. Maybe you want to swing by afterwards, a little late-night chippin'?

CELINE KORDA

I don't think so.

Dick places his hand under the table on Celine's thigh.

DICK ROSSI

You sure?

Celine turns and slaps Dick in the face off his chair sending him backwards.

PHIL OLGIVEY

That's a first. Rossi taking a hard right hand.

Crew members rush in and get Dick onto his feet and back in his chair.

PHIL OLGIVEY (CONT'D)

Two day tournament competition play, 36 holes featuring 48 of the world's best players, 24 of those will be cut after today's round on a very unforgiving course.

TIM WEIR

Celine? Who do you have your eye on today?

CELINE KORDA

Well, Rossi for one but I think the story here and the actual one to watch is McKenzie "Puddy" McFadden. He's the one-time big who's beaten all the bigs'. But his storied career has also been plagued by personal troubles, working to open up a Men's Only wing actually right here at East Havens. He became the "Ron Burgundy" of golf itself, a laughing stock, completely washing out when he came on to a woman with seven kids in Dubai wearing a burqa.

DICK ROSSI

Yeah, baby! That'll get ya' on the disabled list.

EXT. FIRST TEE - DAY

With pride and pageantry, Mickey steps out to greet his fans and take the first stroke. Puddy and other competitors stand by.

A beaming Stonehouse stands by the Viagra Execs.

Midge appears out of the gallery with Puddy's golf bag and approaches. (The Bag is bigger than he is).

PUDDY MCFADDEN

What the hell are you doing here?  
Why do you have my clubs?

Puddy takes back his Callaway bag.

MIDGE

Your caddy is now carrying for Mickey. Confederate. I'm your Caddy, daddy.

Puddy looks over to Mickey to see one of East Havens golf pros all bought-off with new clubs and equipment, clothes, etc.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

So, that's how it's going to be, huh Mick? You steal my caddy?

Mickey approaches Puddy and whispers into his ear.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 Little payback. Rebecca's midnight  
 donkey twitch. Now, it's personal.

Puddy relents.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 What do you know about golf?

MIDGE  
 I have Scottish ancestors from  
 Orkney.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Yeah, that's believable.

MIDGE  
 I know lightning struck Lee Trevino  
 twice!

Mickey sets the ball. He swings and drives it down the  
 fairway but gets hung up in a breeze. The gallery applauds.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 You're on a hole by hole basis.

Puddy crosses.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 All about the big wide opens, Pud.  
 Let's see if you still got it?!

Puddy characteristically reaches for his long driving,  
 trusted one wood. Midge moves in closer. He whispers...

MIDGE  
 Don't do it. Resist. Forget the  
 wood. Breeze off the lake. It hung  
 up the Finn. Play the clean second  
 up to the green.

Puddy's impressed.

MIDGE (CONT'D)  
 I told ya'. The ancestors are  
 speaking to me.

He sets his ball. Puddy looks down the fairway. Midge hands  
 him a 3 iron.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

All right, Midge, you screw this up  
for me, you'll be packing it back  
up to the land of Oz.

MIDGE

Don't be short with me.

Puddy looks to the gallery who's looking at him, Kalana,  
Brock, Rebecca. Puddy sets up, characteristically rubs his  
fingers together.

He strokes and hits well. Ball drops within range of an  
unobstructed second shot. He tosses his club to Midge.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

You earned yourself another hole.

The tournament - officially begins.

EXT. TREES - DAY

Cousin McFadden and the other Scottish Ancients follow the  
action through the cover of trees and bush keeping their  
sites on Puddy.

EXT. THIRD HOLE - DAY

Golfers stroke off the tee, Puddy reaches for a wood, Midge  
hands him a soft 7 iron.

MIDGE

183 yards uphill, semi-blind par 3.  
The greens, deeper than they look.

Puddy strokes - very nice controlled lay up.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE

Looks like you have a little lucky  
charm there don't you, Pud?

MIDGE

Hey, buddy! I'll start with your  
shins, eat your fucking balls and  
take it all the way up to your eyes  
understand?

Midge makes his move for Mickey. Puddy grabs him by the back  
of the neck!

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE

Keep him on a leash, McFadden!

EXT. EAST HAVENS FAIRWAYS - MONTAGE - DAY

We begin moving through the holes, 4th, 5th, & 6th. Gallery moves down the fairways. The tone has been set.

Dick Rossi provides off and on commentary.

Puddy's into the roughs and fights his way out! Scoreboards flutter and change leads. O'Toole climbs, McFadden holds steady at the cut-off point.

EXT. SEVENTH HOLE - DAY

Mickey cranks out a beautiful drive. Puddy strokes another down the fairway. Not far but straight enough.

The Leader Board, again scrambles with changes.

PHIL OLGIVEY (V.O.)  
McFadden looks a little uneasy.

TIM WEAR (V.O.)  
But I'm impressed, Phil. Nobody knows who his new caddy is but he's keeping McFadden in a controlled game, and actually, keeping him in this tournament.

CELINE KORDA (V.O.)  
We'll all be interested to see if he can keep his cool this time around.

EXT. TWELFTH HOLE GREEN - DAY

Mickey bangs in a short putt. ROCCO MEDIATE (55) chips up onto the green. Puddy chips a twenty-footer and it goes in.

Dick Rossi stands greenside and provides color commentary.

DICK ROSSI  
That's right Celine... Like the time when he caught all the heat for selling women's lingerie up in Monterey. Fat Otter Cove? "For her lap try burlap". They sure turned on him for that!

EXT. SIDE OF FAIRWAY - DAY

The Scottish Ancients follow the gallery through the treeline - face paint, weapons for wild game in hands.

COUSIN MCFADDEN

We pay our kin a visit, make our  
introductions, make camp near the  
lock.

EXT. EIGHTEENTH HOLE - DAY

The Leader Board flips and spins with winners and losers.  
Puddy's 25th on the board. Puddy faces a fifteen-footer.

PHIL OLGIVEY (O.S.)

Keep in mind, McFadden is just  
looking to make the day's first  
cut. He'll need this one to fall in  
order to keep any hope he may have  
to stay alive.

Puddy draws back, gallery hushes - he putts and the ball  
rolls, just enough to the hole and circles itself in.

The gallery explodes!

Puddy looks to the Board. He just makes the 24th spot. Mickey  
falls in 6th position.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE

So, Puddy lives to fight another  
day.

EXT. 18TH HOLE - CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Puddy and Midge walk and talk heading for the clubhouse  
locker room.

PUDDY

24th. Short game kept me in it but  
it's long game that's going to win  
it. You better put the "Big-Think"  
on it!

MIDGE

I'm working on it.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

A Dozen Golfers load their lockers and begin working their  
way out of the room. Puddy sits alone - worried.

He stares at his 1 wood driver - a God awful mystery.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Where have you gone my long-ball  
friend?

The Four Ancient Scotsman appear without notice and now make their way towards Puddy.

COUSIN MCFADDEN

Ay! There he is. Look at him. Me own son-of-son's of son's. He looks like me, now don't he now?

Cousin McFadden cautiously approaches. Puddy works his locker - wallet, a watch, puts his golf shoes away.

COUSIN MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, sir. Are you a "McKenzie McFadden" true and true?

PUDDY

Huh? Oh, you guys with the bagpipe corps?

Puddy takes a nearby hand towel and scribbles out his name.

PUDDY (CONT'D)

McKenzie Fitzgerald "Puddy" McFadden. There you go.

Cousin McFadden roars with laughter from the depths of the Highlands itself.

COUSIN MCFADDEN

Hear his voice, lads. McKenzie Fitzgerald McFadden!

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Ah, I'm sure that bagpipe bus is just waiting for you guys.

COUSIN MCFADDEN

Look into me eyes, McKenzie. Do you see something familiar? Something familiar at all?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

I smell something familiar.

Puddy glances. There is something familiar and it's more than just strange. Maybe a Scottish melody he hears? Puddy closes his locker door.

The Scots surround Puddy even closer.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

Hey!

ANGUS MCQUIGLEY

We've been searching for you for a thousand years.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

You're not with the women's rights club are you?

It then gets awkward. Puddy tries to leave. The ancients press him up to the locker wall.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

Hey!? Oh, Melvin! Of course. Look, We'll get the money! We just need a little bit more time.

COUSIN MCFINN

Ay, McKenzie McFadden, we're not trying to hurt ya', we need your help!

PUDDY MCFADDEN

You're not here for the money? Not here for Melvin?

The Men exchange a look. They release Puddy. Puddy is then held by a kind of, fascination.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. Who are you guys?

ARTAIR MUSSLEBURGH

There's no time. Tell him straight, Fitz!

COUSIN MCFADDEN

You see, dear son, our bloodline, with the McFinn's, Mussleburgh's and the McQuiqley's here, ever since 1052, has been a bit tainted and we're thinking you may have been having a bad streak of luck.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

How do you know that?

ANGUS MCQUIQLEY

We tried to open up a little cabin we men could call our own.

ARTAIR MUSSLEBURGH

Ay, and the price we paid. Harmless enough, or so we thought.

COUSIN MCFADDEN  
 Just a little mud hut up in the  
 Highlands. Uaisle Amháin - mBan  
 Toirmiscthe. Gentlemen Only -  
 Ladies Forbidden.

The ancients step back from Puddy - it's all sinking in.

COUSIN MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
 Have you felt... cursed?

Puddy's face shrieks of panic.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 What do you want with me?

COUSIN MCFADDEN  
 It's the McTiernan curse. You're  
 the key to unlock our hell and that  
 of your own.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 McTiernan curse?

COUSIN MCFADDEN  
 Ay. And there's four things to be  
 done to lift it up off our backs,  
 and yours too!

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 What are they?

COUSON MCFADDEN  
 Win two wagers away from cousin  
 McFinn, and renounce the men's club  
 in the public square.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Cousin McFinn? You guys related?

COUSIN MCFINN  
 Ay.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Cousins? What's the fourth?

COUSIN MCFADDEN  
 Shake the hand of your enemy, and  
 reunite the clans.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

With Mickey McFinn O'Toole? That guy? He's now a distant cousin? You know what he's done to me? He married my ex-wife out of spite and is raising my own son.

COUSIN MCFADDEN

... the curse. It's in play.

COUSIN MCFINN

You'd be doing it to lift the weight of McTiernan off us, off yourself, and off of any future McFadden's.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Andy.

COUSIN MCFADDEN

If not already fetchin' down a darkened, highland pathway.

PUDDFY MCFADDEN

I can't let him go through that.

COUSIN MCFADDEN

Ay.. "Slàinte Mhath."

PUDDY MCFADDEN

I took fifteen-grand off him in a putting contest. That's one. So, I need one more bet, the shake of his hand, and to renounce the men's club. Right?

COUSIN MCFADDEN

Ay'... That'll do it, lad.

INT. DICK ROSSI LATE NIGHT TALK SHOW SET - LATER - NIGHT

We're coming in from a commercial break, with JUANITA (50'S) and Dick Rossi's "All Woman Orchestra" leads us back with their horn section.

A TV camera swings from the Dick Rossi Late Night Show logo on the set curtain over to Dick, sitting at his desk with a drink in one hand and a burning cigarette in another.

The ever concerned Melvin Dealer stands nearby.

A black eyed Dick Rossi, back in his natural element as the unrefined, relaxed, late-night, uncouth provocateur pulls his clinched hand downward like a train whistle stopping the JUANITA and her ALL WOMEN'S ORCHESTRA. Music stops.

DICK ROSSI

I can never get enough of that,  
never! Juanita and the girls, you  
keep outdoing yourselves. And,  
those outfits? Spats? Huh? How'd  
they ever get by the network?

Sitting next to Dick is late night, smarmy, drink holding, open-collar wearing, sidekick and funny # 2, SPATS MANCHESTER (40'S).

SPATS MANCHESTER

I don't know. This is a family show  
for God sakes, Dickie!! I hereby  
call for raises for all!

Spats and Dick laugh a bit too much at each other. Dick leads the audience in a thunderous round of applause for the "All Woman" brass section.

SPATS MANCHESTER (CONT'D)

So, how was your week?

DICK ROSSI

I was out at the Viagra today. East  
Havens. They had me on the panel -  
a little color commentary.

SPATS MANCHESTER

Sounds nice. You wear the corduroy  
with the elbow patches?

DICK ROSSI

No, went with the light cotton.

SPATS MANCHESTER

Good choice. How was that?

DICK ROSSI

Celine Korda, you know her right?  
Miss LPGA.

SPATS MANCHESTER

Oh, she's wonderful.

DICK ROSSI

She took a whack at me. A swing from the back tees! Had to put some cold chicken on it.

SPATS MANCHESTER

On camera?

DICK ROSSI

Live. Right there on the panel. Whack!

SPATS MANCHESTER

We should have her on. Let her mix it up with Juanita and the girls. I'll bring the pillows.

DICK ROSSI

I'll bring the feathers. But I'll tell you we do have on tonight. This is really special. Two of golf's biggest legends. No love lost between them here. In fact, let's bring 'em both out. Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome two of the PGA's finest, McKenzie "Puddy" McFadden and Mickey The Finn O'Toole.

The men step out from behind the curtain with Mickey leading the way. Applause erupts throughout the studio audience.

Mickey takes the lead and a shmaltzy golf swing and finds his way sitting next to Rossie, Puddy sits closer to Spats.

DICK ROSSI (CONT'D)

Have a seat. Get comfortable on the coach. So... The Viagra. 18 rounds behind you guys, another 18 tomorrow. Feeling pretty good I imagine, huh Puddy using Mickey's gear out there at East Havens?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

How'd you know that?

DICK ROSSI

It's all over the TV. Let's run the clip, Danny.

TV Monitor - Commercial Clip.

INT. O'TOOLE'S GOLFING GALAXY - DAY

From the security camera footage is cut together of Puddy's visit to Mickey's golf center. We see Puddy filling up his push cart with all of the latest gear from Mickey's store.

Puddy excitedly reaches for this, reach for that, fills his cart - giddy.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE (V.O.)  
 Even the 12 time PGA champ finds  
 his wedges for the precise shot out  
 of the trap, long drivers when the  
 fairways are as far as you can see  
 at O'Toole's Golfing Galaxy.

The audience applauds.

Back to Scene:

INT. DICK ROSSI LATE NIGHT TALK SHOW SET - NIGHT

The clip comes to an end. Puddy's agitation grows.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 You're an asshole, O'Toole!

DICK ROSSI  
 You've got stores up and down the  
 eastern seaboard is that right?

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 I didn't agree to that! How'd you  
 get that footage?

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 When you came in the store.  
 Security. I didn't think you'd  
 mind.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Mind? You think you can steal a  
 commercial with me in it?

DICK ROSSI  
 All in good fun, boys.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 I think Mick's not getting his  
 sleep, Dick. He's a little deranged  
 because my ex-wife who's got a case  
 of restless syndrome.

(MORE)

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

She's drop-kicking him in the balls  
in bed every night like a hungry  
Emu.

DICK ROSSI

Wait? What? Mickey O'Toole is  
married to your ex-wife? Mickey,  
you married Puddy's ex?

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE

And, raising his boy Dick, truth be  
told! They found Puddy out in  
Nevada desert barely able to raise  
himself. I've been doing him a  
favor.

(Jerry Springer is unleashed)!

PUDDY MCFADDEN

He can't beat me on the golf course  
so he marries my ex out of spite!

SPATS MANCHESTER

Dumpster fire stuff, Dick! A spite  
marriage!

DICK ROSSI

You hear that, Juanita? Spite love.  
You have a melody for that?

Juanita and The All Girl Orchestra kick something up loud,  
pulsing and rumble-tumble. It's getting messy - real Maury  
Povich.

Dick Rossi begins snapping his fingers and tapping his desk.

DICK ROSSI (CONT'D)

Yeah, baby! Sounds a little  
Polynesian.

Mickey stands up off the couch and points his finger in  
Puddy's face.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE

It's McKenzie who's the cursed one!  
His ancestors have done a number on  
him.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Get your fat finger out of my face,  
Mick.

Puddy now stands. He dabs his own finger back in Mickey's chest. Mickey grabs Puddy in a headlock.

DICK ROSSI  
Juanita? Send in the troops!

MELVIN DEALER  
Puddy? NO!

Half of the All Girl Orchestra drop their horns and jump on the backs of both Puddy and Mickey to separate them - they swirl around the stage swinging and wrestling.

It's a mess!

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
They're your ancestors too,  
dickwad?

DICK ROSSI  
Hey, Spats? We got a situation.  
Turn on the bubble machine! We  
better get out of here. Danny? Take  
us to break!!

EXT. FRATERNITY BACKYARD - NIGHT

Helicopter gunship rotor blades whirl above in the distance. Rain pounds, thunder overhead.

Covered in camouflage face paint, Midge moves slowly, methodically in the rain through Tai Chi moves like Captain Willard at the Saigon Hotel.

MIDGE (V.O.)  
"Shit. I'm still only in East  
Havens. Every time I think I'm  
going to wake up in the jungle."

A bolt of lightning strikes Midge where he stands knocking him to the ground. POW!

A piece of burnt, frayed, Scottish kilt floats down like Forrest Gump's feather and lands across his face.

His eyes open. His answer - delivered!

MIDGE  
The whispers...

INT. PUDDY'S BEDROOM - 3:30 AM - NIGHT

Puddy leans up and drops his legs over the side of the bed - rubbing his forehead, worried, dark night of the soul stuff.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Andy...

Puddy stands and puts on a robe. Restless, can't sleep.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS FRATERNITY BAR - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Puddy comes down the stairs and sees Melvin sitting bar-side.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Can't sleep either, huh?

MELVIN DEALER

I tried.

Puddy plugs in the frat jukebox. It lights up. He drops some quarters in - plays something familiar. Puddy circles back around the bar.

MELVIN DEALER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Mac. I've brought you my trouble. I just haven't had much luck since Stonehouse and the PGA blackballed the both of us. Guys like you just aren't out there.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

So, what happened? Why'd you borrow money from loan sharks?

MELVIN DEALER

My dad got sick. I mortgaged his house to pay for his long-term care. I was going to lose it. I borrowed the money where I could get it.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

You on the line with me?

MELVIN DEALER

Yeah. That's it. My dad was the only thing that ever really mattered to me. Then, I read about the Viagra. I reached out to their execs, went behind Stonehouse.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

You got to them?

MELVIN DEALER

Pitched you as the "Comeback Kid" with something to prove. Like all the weekend warriors out there. I thought it might fit their marketing - and, it did.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

I know what trouble feels like. Even my son's been turned against me. My little desert exile was nothing compared to my ex-wife holding out on Andy.

MELVIN DEALER

Yeah... So, what now? What are we going to do?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

I can't go back to the little "Miss French Connection". Basically as I see it, there's only one thing to do.

MELVIN DEALER

Yeah, I can probably get half the money back for the rental. I'll just have to face those guys somehow.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Or...

MELVIN DEALER

Or, what?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Or, we make some half-time adjustments, put The Finn back in the hole where he came from and try to win this thing.

EXT. EAST HAVENS - EARLY MORNING - DAY

Parking lots begin to fill. Tickets are being sold. Fans begin to flood the prized spots in the gallery-rope lines.

MORE - VARIOUS

129 Stonehouse walks alongside the Ad Executives - inspecting  
 129 Golfers take their practice drives at the nearby range -  
 stretch out - give interviews - photos with family members.

Vitali and Dominic arrive on the scene and keep vigil over  
 Melvin. Melvin spots them - cowers back into the crowd.

EXT. PRACTICE PUTTING GREEN - DAY

Puddy takes a few strokes. Kalana approaches.

KALANA

Hi. Saw you on Dick Rossi last  
 night.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Yeah, good times.

The Correctional Van pulls up nearby. Brock and the kids get  
 out along with Officer Bernice.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

Worked out a little surprise for  
 you and Brock today.

KALANA

They're here? I'll be right back.

Kalana rushes over to the bus. The kids unload. The kids are  
 met by their respective parents.

Ex-wife, Rebecca approaches Puddy. She too now looks amazing  
 but of course a deep, bitter river flows between them.

REBECCA

I know you're not much interested  
 in speaking to me, but, for  
 whatever it's worth, good luck out  
 there today.

She turns and begins walking away.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Eighteen years should've meant  
 something.

Rebecca turns back to Puddy.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

I may have been a lousy husband,  
 but I've never been a lousy father.

(MORE)

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
 You didn't have to keep Andy away  
 from me.

Rebecca, turns back and goes - a little shrunken. Puddy hits  
 a ball. Mickey approaches.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 Hey, Mac. Got a little out of  
 control on Rossi last night.

The Ancient Scots catch Puddy's eye - encouraging Puddy to  
 settle with Finn. Shake hands - SHAKE!

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Oh, but, yeah, listen... I'm ah,  
 trying to bury a few old grinds,  
 Mick. Get to a clean slate. No  
 reason this can't be fun. Right?  
 What do you say we put all this  
 behind us? Have a great, next  
 round?

Puddy extends his hand. The Ancient Scots - edge of their  
 seats. Mickey remains frozen - suspicious.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 Yeah..? I don't know. Why don't we  
 wait on that one. That way after  
 today you can shake the hand of a  
 Champion.

EXT. PRACTICE PUTTING GREEN - DAY

Melvin, on the sidelines, nervously looks around. Sunglasses  
 and head down.

Golf Sports Network field correspondent AMANDA BALIONIS (33)  
 approaches Puddy green-side along with a sizeable crowd.

AMANDA BALIONIS  
 Playing conservatively, you just  
 did make the cut, but is it enough  
 to compete in this morning's line-  
 up?

Kalana, the convicts and the parents gradually surround the  
 putting green and listen.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Times like these I find myself  
 considering everything. Life, my  
 swing, how I've done things.

Puddy sees Cousin McFadden, Mussleburgh, McQuigley and Cousin McFinn approach. PGA and LPGA pros circle about, along with Stonehouse and the Ad Executives step forward.

Kalana steps forward with her son Brock. Rebecca nearby.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

You know, I've always loved this game - even though at times maybe it didn't seem that way. I didn't treat it so well. And that "Men's Club" idea. There's just no room for that anymore.

AMANDA BALIONIS

Second round adjustments?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Something like that.

COUSIN MCFADDEN

He's going to renounce!

PUDDY MCFADDEN

I, ah "re-nounce" it all. The old ways of Puddy have come and gone. And, I'm here to lead if our female counterparts would have me, we should all share in equal footing.

AMANDA BALIONIS

What then is the new Puddy McFadden suggesting?

PUDDY MDFADDEN

I'd like call on the PGA to actually rename the sport of "GOLF" itself!

AMANDA BALIONIS

Rename the sport?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Something more inclusive like, Gentlemen's "Open" & Ladies "Forever"! See? More inclusive. Nicer.

The gallery begin to shake their heads in agreement. Puddy gives a wink to the ancients.

COUSIN MCFADDEN

He renounced! He renounced!!

EXT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

Phil Olgivey, Tim Weir, Celine Korda and Dick Rossi sit camera ready.

PHIL OLGIVEY

Well, when you think you've seen everything. There it is folks, Puddy McKenzie McFadden, self-proclaimed poster-boy for women's equality.

CELINE KORDA

Trying to bury the days when he was selling women's skimpy lingerie at his men's only Otter Cove golf course. We'll see if Puddy's evolution translates to the course.

EXT. ISOLATED PATHWAY - DAY

Mickey gestures his own CADDIE (40'S) out of earshot from the rest.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE

I think it's time to do some about Puddy's little, Mr. St. Andrews.

EXT. FIRST TEE - MINUTES LATER - DAY

The golfers stand by: FRED JAYS, HASS PERRY, STEWART SHERRIL, RYOTO KAZIK, ROCCO MEDIANE, ETC...

PHIL OLGIVEY (V.O.)

Here we go. The world's top players vying for the Viagra 15 million dollar purse.

Mickey approaches the ball - waves to the gallery.

TIM WIER (V.O.)

Yesterday means nothing other than to separate out the wheat from the chaff.

CELINE KORDA (V.O.)

Twenty-four golfers were sent packing, twenty-four remain.

Mickey sizes up the ball and hits it beautifully down the fairway. The Gallery applauds.

PHIL OLGIVEY (V.O.)  
 Nice, long drive. It's entirely a  
 brand new match today. Number of  
 players, conditions a bit different  
 from yesterday.

Puddy steps up to the tee. Midge approaches wearing a full-on-  
 Scottish Kilt. Hair in war braids, face, painted for battle.

DICK ROSSI (V.O.)  
 And Puddy's caddie - looks like he  
 just got back from the Glasgow  
 Highlander convention.

Midge holds out the torn kilt cloth from the lightning  
 strike.

MIDGE  
 (heavy Scottish accent)  
 I've been given the gift of the  
 "secret whispers".

PUDDY  
 Then whisper me a seven iron.

MIDGE  
 Oh, no Mighty Puddy. There's no  
 layin' up today. Straight down the  
 fairway, caraid dhòmhsa. "Swing for  
 the Highlands, man!"

Midge pulls out the Big Bertha - a driver.

MIDGE (CONT'D)  
 "Lang may yer lum reek"

WHACK!! The ball flies beautifully down the fairway. It rolls  
 a bit past Mickey's.

MIDGE (CONT'D)  
 Today, we trust the long game!

EXT. EAST HAVENS - VARIOUS - MORE - LATER - DAY

The speed of the day picks up pace. Hole 1, 2, and 3. Puddy  
 drives menacingly well. Drive! Drive! Drive! His focus is of  
 a "champion".

PHIL OLGIVEY (V.O.)  
 McFadden looking like a player who  
 knows something more than he did  
 yesterday.

MORE - VARIOUS

The gallery moves along with the pace of play. Golfers tee off, they wedge-up, they putt for par and shoot under par.

The Leader Board turns scores over, names drop down, others are placed above.

PHIL OLGIVEY (V.O.)  
 Rich Chatfield turned the tables on  
 Justin Withrow, who'd beaten him by  
 the same score in 2015.

EXT. LEADER BOARD - DAY

7th hole. Leader Board reads: O'Toole in third position with 1 over par. Puddy in 9th position with 4 over par.

Our Scottish Ancient Elders follow in and out of the trees, bushes and lakes. McQuigley carries a dead, mule deer carcass over his shoulders along the sixth fairway.

EXT. GALLERY - DAY

Kalana, Brock and the other parents and juvenile inmates follow closely within the gallery. Melvin, every vigilant.

Rebecca takes a long look at Kalana - jealous. (McKenzie McFadden - inklings of the man she once married)

EXT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

Phil, Tim and Celine.

TIM WEIR  
 This is where the field will  
 tighten. The back nine of East  
 Havens can be treacherous.

PHIL OLGIVEY  
 Generally a place where we see  
 these players make their moves.

CELINE KORDA  
 McFadden having trailed by four  
 strokes so far,

DICK ROSSI  
 And by the way, for Puddy, so far,  
 no mention of... "burlap" for "her-  
 lap".

EXT. 12TH HOLE GREEN - DAY

Mickey sinks a 14 foot putt. Puddy bangs down a twenty-footer shaving a stroke off the lead. The crowd erupts.

A clear rivalry unfolds.

TIM WEIR (O.S.)  
 Changing tactics from yesterday  
 from the short conservative game to  
 the long one, McFadden's definitely  
 asserting himself and catching most  
 of the field off-guard.

EXT. 13TH - 14TH - 15TH HOLES - DAY

The Convicts, Officer Bernice, Kalana, Brock and the rest of the parents share pencils and scorecards - keep moving with the gallery.

EXT. 16TH HOLE - 140 YARDS OUT - DAY

Mickey's calm demeanor begins to get a little nasty - caddie stands by.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 Give me that 6 iron, Jim.

Puddy and Midge stand by. Mickey takes another stroke and viciously let's go of his club in the back swing.

The club flies head over grip across the fairway shoulder and drills Midge directly in the forehead! He drops to his knees, then to his face. Out!

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 O'Toole!!!

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 I'm sorry. Not sure how that just  
 slipped out like that. Crazy!

EXT. GOLF PATH - MINUTES LATER - DAY

An ambulance awaits with its doors open. Midge lies on a gurney with a six iron divot out of his forehead. Puddy stands by.

MIDGE  
 Sorry, Mac I can't be there for  
 you. I think Mickey knocked the  
 "whispers" out of me.

The EMT's move Midge into the gurney. Drive off. The crowd gathers.

Puddy, turns and is now stranded for a sage caddy, looks over to his convict apprentices. Stonehouse stands nearby with his Viagra execs. He looks pleased Puddy is without his prized caddy.

Puddy crosses and approaches Kalana.

KALANA

Looks like O'Toole took out your right-hand man.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Guy lives a life of knee-capping.

Stonehouse looks on and grows uncomfortable. The Viagra execs sense trouble.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

I could use someone who knows the course, knows the game, and knows me.

KALANA

You asking me to be your caddy?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

No. My partner. But Stonehouse will fire you for siding with me if you do it.

Kalana throws a look over to her boss.

KALANA

Yeah, he would wouldn't he?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

If I can win, I'd split the caddie fee between you and Midge.

KALANA

That means I'd have to take a chance on you?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Yeah. I guess you would.

KALANA

Can Brock carry your clubs?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Yeah.

Kalana turns and walks straight to Stonehouse.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE

Kalana. Unfortunate about the  
caddie.

KALANA

I quit, Mr. Stonehouse. You can get  
someone else to drool over.

Kalana walks away, then turns back for one last thing...

KALANA (CONT'D)

And by the way Preston B.  
Stonehouse, I'm out of your league.

EXT. 16TH HOLE FAIRWAY - DAY

Kalana, now wearing a caddie vest, reaches for a scorecard while Brock carries Puddy's bag. The other Convicts follow on the sides cheering on their Mentor - Puddy!

TIM WEIR (V.O.)

And, Mac McFadden showing a bit of  
flare of his own, after losing his  
caddy, pulls East Havens lounge  
singer out of the gallery and gives  
his bag to a young boy to finish  
the round.

CELINE KORDA (V.O.)

For Puddy McFadden, does that  
officially conclude the battle of  
sexes? Ladies and gentlemen, that  
might just be the sound of hell  
freezing over.

EXT. FAIRWAY GALLERY - DAY

The gallery on either side follows, along with Kalana, Melvin, the ancient Scots, Vitali and Dominic.

PHIL OLGIVEY (V.O.)

Signaling McFadden is clearly  
throwing caution to his rival.

EXT. 16TH HOLE - DAY

Mickey sizes up his putt, a nine-footer. He takes his club back and strokes the ball beautifully. It goes down!

Leader Board reads O'Toole 2 under par. Puddy takes a look.

TIM WEIR (O.S.)

If McFadden can sink this fourteen-footer, that'll be a birdie putting him tied for 1st position with O'Toole, and no doubt it'll come down to the last stroke on the 18th!

Puddy takes counsel from Kalana. She gestures to the small grade on the green. Puddy, nods and approaches the ball.

It's a long putt. He looks to Brock. Brock gives him the nod. Puddy takes his club back and strokes.

A nice roll and it does just drop! Gallery explodes.

CELINE KORDA (V.O.)

And, McFadden's new caddy not missing a beat. Is it possible he actually trusts her?

TIM WEIR (V.O.)

And what's more astonishing Celine, he's doing it with O'Toole's borrowed clubs!

EXT. 18TH HOLE - DAY

With the clubhouse in view, the Golfers make their way to the final tee.

Dick Rossi lines himself up with his camera man.

DICK ROSSIE

Phil, Tim, Celine, here at the tee, the tension on the 18th is palpable.

The Gallery, Stonehouse, Melvin, Kalana, the kids, the Ad Exec's, the Scottish Marching Band surround the green.

DICK ROSSI

St. Andrews has nothing on East Havens today. Preston B. Stonehouse and Viagra certainly have the tournament they were hoping for...

All coming down to the last hole.

The Scottish forefathers sit camp-side with a burning fire, dressing out a dear carcass - cooking and eating venison steaks.

DICK ROSSI (CONT'D)  
 If O'Toole can close, he'll have  
 long-last beaten someone who has  
 had his way with him in nearly  
 every major PGA tournament.

EXT. THE 18TH TEE - DAY

Mickey takes a look down the fairway - visibly nervous. He looks on to Rebecca but she's not there.

1st shot. Mickey swings nicely and the ball flies. Championship caliber. The Titleist drops mid-fairway like a dream.

The Gallery applauds and now looks to Puddy and Kalana.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 What do you think?

Kalana looks down the fairway - checks the breeze. Brock stands at the ready.

KALANA  
 Par 5. Long hitters can unleash but  
 that's if you trust your stroke. A  
 string of bunkers to the right,  
 slopes gently from front to back.

Brock hands Puddy the Callaway Bertha.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Then it's time to bring him back  
 home, Brock. Big Bertha it is.

1st shot. Puddy takes the club and approaches his tee. The world awaits, the moments of his life - unfolding.

He approaches the ball and swings away. Straight down the middle, long and far. The ball flies and carries with speed.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
 Nice call, Brock.

EXT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

Phil, Tim and Celine can only shake their heads.

PHIL OLGIVEY

From where McFadden placed  
yesterday to the effort he's put in  
today. It's unbelievable!

TIM WEIR

It's stunning, Phil. His caddy  
takes an iron to the head, he  
plucks a lounge singer out of the  
crowd...

CELINE KORDA

...then goes back to the trust of  
his swing playing the long game to  
make a run for it!

EXT. 18TH FAIRWAY - DAY

2nd Shot. O'Toole stands a healthy distance away from the pin  
but in good position. He reaches for a 3 wood.

Mickey brings the head of the club through the ball  
perfectly. WHACK! We follow the line drive ball off the  
fairway and towards the green.

2nd Shot. Puddy navigates.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

What do you think?

KALANA

Stay away from the trees. Breeze  
carries right.

Puddy strokes the ball but it's got a long way to fall.  
O'Toole tracks.

The ball drifts toward the rough, hits a branch and tumbles  
into the tall grass deep inside the trees.

The gallery sighs depression. Brock - devastated.

PHIL OLGIVEY (V.O.)

Bad break for MacFadden.

TIM WEIR (V.O.)

Great stories are often set up, but  
rarely do they pay-off.

3rd Shot. Mickey extends his hand out to his Caddy.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
Give me the 4 iron.

CADDY  
Bunkers to the right.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
Shut up! Just gimme' damn the club!

Mickey steps up to his ball. He throws a look over to Puddy then focuses eyes down. He draws back the club and strikes.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE (CONT'D)  
That's it.

Ball carries very well. We follow its flight. It lands directly in the middle of the course.

2 shots away for even par.

TIM WEIR (V.O.)  
Now for O'Toole, a wedge and a putt for even par could put this away.

CELINE KORDA (V.O.)  
McFadden will have to fight for second or even third position depending how he comes out of that treacherous rough.

The Gallery begins to now follow O'Toole - leaving Puddy behind.

TIM WEIR (V.O.)  
And, how fast the crowd can turn. For once, it appears Mickey O'Toole just might outpace McFadden and quite possibly close out The Viagra for the lion's share of the fifteen million dollar purse.

O'Toole signs autographs along the way. Puddy can only absorb the inevitable.

EXT. FAIRWAY TREE - DAY

Melvin holds himself out of view. But then behind him, Vitali and Dominic approach. Puddy looks over to Melvin now pressed by the two thugs.

DOMINIC  
Hello, Melvin.

EXT. THE ROUGH - DAY

3rd shot. Puddy's in trouble. A wide bunker lies in his path before the green. Trees obstruct.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
I'm going to have to find a way to get on that green from here. A 52 over the bunker and pray it bites?

KALANA  
It's an aggressive shot.

Puddy focuses. He then hits. It's high enough and trending over the trap.

The ball hits the green to the roar of the gallery but then catches the slope sliding down the green itself and towards the sand-trap.

TIM (V.O.)  
And to McFadden's credit, giving himself every opportunity to win, but now a nearly impossible lie.

EXT. EDGE OF GREEN - DAY

4th shot. O'Toole bears down for the win. Mickey takes out his wedge. Silence on the green. Mickey steps up and brings his club back. Not a sound. He swings.

The ball chips nicely and heads decidedly towards the hole. It just may have an outside chance of getting in.

PHIL OLGIVEY (V.O.)  
And, O'Toole with a devastating wedge shot for McFadden. It may just have a chance!

The ball rolls literally an inch from the hole and just does stop. O'Toole walks the green, taps it in and calls it a Classic.

The gallery erupts! O'Toole soaks up the adulation.

The Leader Board snaps and readjusts. Puddy - miles away from a win, or free from the curse, considers his options. He's as lonely as ever.

TIM WEIR (V.O.)  
 O'Toole, with the probable win and  
 McFadden in the trap with only an  
 iron and a prayer.

EXT. THE FULL GALLERY - DAY

Those in the bleachers stand on their feet and begin  
 applauding Puddy as he approaches the trap, respectfully  
 tipping his hat - it's all been a good fight.

EXT. SCOTTISH ANCIENT'S CAMP - DAY

The Scottish forefathers kick dirt in their fire, tiredly get  
 up accepting the inevitable - a thousand more years wondering  
 the earth.

COUSIN MCFINN  
 He hasn't made the bet, or shaken  
 the hand. We're done in. The curse  
 will keep us.

EXT. 18TH GREEN - DAY

Those familiar to Puddy find themselves within view. Melvin,  
 Kalana, the Boys, Queen Bee and all her friends.

Its been an odd strange journey for Mac "Puddy" McFadden but  
 still, somehow maybe another card to play.

He looks around, takes in the eager faces, the other Golfers,  
 O'Toole, Kalana, the Exec's and Stonehouse.

The Scottish Elders then appear as they circle the green.  
 Their faces, forlorn and dreadful.

Kalana and Brock approach Puddy, gets awfully quiet for how  
 to play this one.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 What do you think, Brock? Your dad  
 have something in his bag for this?

BROCK  
 He'd want me to make sure I knew  
 what I was doing.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 That's good advice. Hold my club  
 and stay near the bag.

Puddy hands Brock his club and begins walking off the green to the nearby Clubhouse.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
I'll be back.

KALANA  
What are you doing?

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
I have an idea.

Puddy turns and walks off the green. The gallery follows.

TIM WEIR (V.O.)  
Hey, Dick. What's going on down  
there?

Rossi adjusts his headset and turns into his field camera.

DICK ROSSI  
McFadden handed his wedge to his  
bag boy, and is heading off the  
course towards what looks like the  
clubhouse. And he's bringing the  
gallery with him.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE PATHWAY - DAY

Puddy leads the way. The gallery follows, golfers, follow,  
the bagpipe band follows.

Melvin catches up to Puddy looking over his shoulder.

MELVIN DEALER  
Mac, these guys are going to put my  
kidneys on Ebay. What are you  
doing?

Puddy turns to face Vitaly and Dominic. He calls out!

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Hey? You two? Double or nothing on  
Melvin. I can cover. Make your  
call!

Vitali reaches for his phone to confirm. Puddy keeps walking  
to the clubhouse.

Bewildered GOLF OFFICIALS huddle up. O'Toole makes for Puddy  
and catches up to the front.

CELINE KORDA(V.O.)  
 Looks like the seams have finally  
 came undone for McKenzie Puddy  
 McFadden. I Think we can all agree  
 it was entertaining!

Puddy leads in to the clubhouse - the gallery follows pushing  
 through the door.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Inside, Mick!

INT. CLUBHOUSE BAR - DAY

Puddy strides to the bar and takes a stool. Mickey shoulders  
 up right next to him. The BARTENDER (50) approaches.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Ancient Clan Blended. Two shot  
 glasses.

Cousin McFadden, O'Toole, McQuigley, Mussleburgh push close -  
 anxious. A grinding Stonehouse appears from behind the bar.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE  
 What are you doing McFadden? Taking  
 my tournament down the toilet with  
 you?

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Settling up a few scores Stonehouse  
 before we do this. Here's what  
 we're going to do. For starters,  
 you're going to lay off Kalana, and  
 you're going to give her a raise  
 and you're going to keep her on as  
 East Havens entertainment.  
 Otherwise, I don't take one more  
 putt.

PRESTON B. STONEHOUSE  
 FINE!! FINE!!

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 And, Mickey? We're going to settle  
 this thing right here, right now.  
 Then we'll settle the rest of it  
 out there on the green.

The Bartender carefully pours.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 What'd you have in mind?

Puddy turns and addresses the crowd. Puddy turns to the whole crowd tucked inside the bar.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Now as everyone here knows, I'm going to need a miracle shot out of that bunker to win this thing. So, here's my offer to my greatest competitor! If I miss this putt, and lose today, I'll go back from where I came, and you'll never see me again. And! I'll stay out of Golf forever. You have my word.

MICKY THE FINN O'TOOLE

And if you hit the shot?

PUDDY

I take my 1st place stake and I buy in as an equal partner to your franchise, we put this curse between the McFadden's and the O'Toole's behind us, and I see my son, and share him equally with my ex-wife. That's what I want.

MICKY THE FINN O'TOOLE

You think you're going to hit that shot?

Puddy extends out his hand to shake.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

It's worth risking it all. But the question is? Are you man enough to shake my hand, O'Toole?

All eyes fall on Mickey. He of course hesitates.

MICKY THE FINN O'TOOLE

Shake your hand, huh?

The Scottish Ancients hold their breath - a second bet, a handshake and the timeless ax buried!

MICKY THE FINN O'TOOLE (CONT'D)

Partners with you? If you hit that 60 footer? And never see you again if you don't?

PUDDY MCFADDEN

That's what I'm saying.

The Forefathers - desperately hold their breath.

COUSIN MCFADDEN  
He's setting us free!

Mickey slowly reaches for Puddy's hand and shakes.

COUSIN MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
He's shaken the hand, now he needs  
to win the bet!!

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
You're crazy, but it's a bet!! Game  
of golf will be happy to be rid of  
you.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Fair enough.

Puddy lifts his Scotch as does Mickey. Both men throw it  
back!

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
Now let's play some golf!

EXT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

Puddy leads the way back out to the green as the gallery  
ensemble follows. The crowd twists and turns along the  
pathway. Momentum gathers.

PHIL OLGIVEY  
Simply put, this is where legends  
are made, reputations forever  
etched in stone, and the Gods of  
golf are born.

EXT. THE 18TH HOLE - DAY

The gallery surrounds. Puddy marches down to the trap. Brock  
holds his position. The entire green is now surrounded.

The Thugs confirm with a nod to Melvin, "their bet is on."

MELVIN DEALER  
I'm a dead man.

Kalana gives a nod of assurance. The Gallery holds their  
collective breath!

EXT. THE TRAP - DAY

Puddy focuses. The Elder Cousins come into view.

A dangerous bunker-lip sits before him. The hole resides deep in the green, sloping left.

TIM WEIR (V.O.)

That bunker is double-dealing,  
duplicitous, and as treasonable as  
anything I've ever seen on the PGA  
Tour.

Puddy brushes off the sand on his wedge and studies his approach.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Say a prayer to your dad, Brock.

Puddy cocks the shaft of his wedge, eyes down, shoulders square, feet in position.

Puddy brings the club through and beneath the base of the ball.

The ball lifts upwards through a cloud of sand just cresting over the trap's lip, and begins to carry toward the far slope of the green - seemingly very far away from the hole.

PHIL OLGIVEY (V.O.)

A gallant run at O'Toole, but...

EXT. THE GREEN - DAY

The Titleist rides up on the shoulder of the green and begins taking it's own path downward - a path directly toward the hole itself.

The Gallery gets to their collective feet in disbelief.

PHIL OLGIVEY (V.O.)

Are you seeing what I'm seeing  
right now, Tim?

The ball has a long way to go but its trajectory is perfect. It gathers momentum from the slant of the green.

KALANA

C'mon, Mac!

Mickey grows nervous.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
That's not going in. That's not  
going in.

We move closer to the ball as its impressions dig for traction into the green! Puddy steps forward out the trap to look on - his very life lies in this balance.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Go, baby!

Approaching the hole, it's got another twenty-feet to roll. The gallery begins chanting. Roll! Roll! Roll!

TIM WEIR (V.O.)  
It just may have enough. My God!

The ball begins to slow.

It approaches, yet appears to be just a sliver off to the right - but then, it catches the edge of the hole and whips around gently falling in.

PHIL OLGIVEY (V.O.)  
He did it! He did it!!!

The Gallery erupts!! Fans rush the green!! News Crews position their reporters and cameras.

The forefathers of McTiernan's Curse run for the loch and make a leap for the clean waters getting centuries worth of grime off of themselves.

Puddy - surrounded.

The Convict Kids rush to him on the green. Puddy throws the ball into the stands! Stuff of dreams, legends are made of!

PHIL OLGIVEY (V.O.)  
Not even a million to one wager placed against Carlyle's' battle scarred giants could have stopped Mac McKenzie McFadden from achieving the impossible today. Simply put, UNBELIEVABLE!

Mickey, beaten, demoralized, approaches Puddy, does stretch out his hand.

DICK ROSSI (V.O.)  
Bedlam down on the green, Phil. I'm signing out and going to enjoy it.

MICKEY THE FINN O'TOOLE  
 Hell of a shot, Mac. You deserve  
 it! Congratulations.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Thank, you. Partner.

Melvin's Thugs turn and sink away. Melvin himself  
 hyperventilates, breaks to his knees in relief.

MELVIN DEALER  
 My god. My god! Oh, my god!

And, with all of the extolling fury that surrounds our hero,  
 it suddenly grows quiet for Puddy.

He then senses something else. Another kind of fairy dust in  
 the air - but this time, one of magic rather than one of  
 curses.

He turns to see the gallery behind him. The crowd begins to  
 part like the Red Sea.

Standing at the far edge of the green, it's Rebecca who  
 stands motionless. She then motions.

A young boy approaches her.

It's ANDY (16). Shy kid, one who's been waiting to have his  
 own dad back.

Andy proudly wears a Tee shirt - on it, the unsoiled name and  
 honored family crest of the MCFADDENS.

Rebecca nods and points his father.

REBECCA  
 There's your dad, Andy. Go  
 congratulate him.

The young boy looks on to his father who is being cheered by  
 the gallery and piers as the champion he's become.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Andy...

Father and son begin walking toward each other - then the  
 pace quickens!

In the middle of the green with a surrounding gallery, for  
 all of the world to see, father and son embrace - not letting  
 go anytime soon.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)

I love you, son.

ANDY

I love you too, dad!

Brock steps near his mom. The other Convicts near their own parents. Puddy nods to Rebecca. A truce is had.

EXT. EDGE OF THE 18TH GREEN - DAY

Puddy, with his arm on his son's shoulder and a golf club in the other, looks back down the fairway from which the last 18th hole was played.

He gives his son the wedge with which he hit the winning shot. The gallery surrounds and cheers.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

Make a wish.

ANDY

I wish you'd come home again.

Puddy nods to his boy.

PUDDY MCFADDEN

It'll happen now. Let it fly!

Andy whirls and throws the golf wedge high in the sky and down the fairway. We follow the club endlessly skyward, spinning, twirling.

EXT. FAIRWAY - DAY

The wedge lands in the middle of the green grass against a sinking golden sunset like the sword of William Wallace himself.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (V.O.)

And in the year of our Lord, two thousand and twenty-five, fellow competitors in the name of Golf, fought ferociously on the greens of East Havens. Fighting off an ancient curse, and playing like Warrior poets, freedom was had, and generations... set free!

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - MONTH'S LATER - DAY

Kalana now takes front and center with Tower of Power standing on deck as their lead singer. "You're Still a Young Man". Dozens and dozens of Little People, swim, barbecue, play pool-volleyball while basking in the sun.

Puddy sits with realtor Doris Reely and signs the last pages of his purchase contract for the frat house.

DORIS REELY  
Congratulations, Mr. McFadden. It's  
all yours. Enjoy it.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
Call me, Puddy.

Doris picks up her bag and works her way around the pool.

Puddy gets up from the table and finds his chase lounge chair between the lounging Melvin and Dick Rossi.

Puddy lies back.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
Nice lady.

Dick Rossi gets a shoulder rub from the Queen Bee. He keeps his eyes on the exiting Doris Reely.

DICK ROSSI  
Yeah, nice get away sticks.

Puddy basks in the sun on a chase lounge chair alongside Melvin who sun-shields to his right. Melvin sips from an umbrella drink and takes it all in.

MELVIN DEALER  
I thought we were gonners'. Hell of  
a comeback.

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
I say we get back out there on the  
tour, Melvin. We have one or two  
more in us don't we? Cialis  
Invitational?

The guys click their drinks.

O'Toole stands in the shallow end - overpowering his serve on his little people opponents. Wham!!

BUBBLES THE CLOWN (50'S) appears poolside through the doors and begins to mingle, card tricks, animal balloons.

PUDDY MCFADDEN (CONT'D)  
 Hey, Mick? Bubbles is here. I think  
 he's looking for ya'!

Andy, now wearing a pair of Ray Bands spins records with Midge up on the DJ perch. He steps down and we follow him back to his dad.

Sports broadcaster, Celine Korda gets her shoulders rubbed from one of the muscled up little people.

CELINE KORDA  
 I like what you did with the place!

PUDDY MCFADDEN  
 Thanks, Celine. A little Greek  
 Revival mixed with Modern Tudor.  
 Hey everybody? This place is now  
 mine. Summer's on me.

The entire party cheers!

The pool clears and once more the synchronized water ballet gets underway with our aquatic team of water-dancing little people.

We slowly pull back from Kalana and the band.

KALANA  
 (sings)  
 You're still a young man...  
 baaaabe... eeewee... don't waste  
 your time...

Andy approaches and sits next his dad. Father and son, side by side, both sporting the Ray Bands.

ANDY (V.O.)  
 Hey, dad? Did you really say that  
 "your swing smells like cologne?"

PUDDY MCFADDEN (V.O.)  
 I may have, son. I may have.

We slowly begin to, fade to Black.

THE END