
THE STAR
SPANGLED
TENNIS TOUR

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THE STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR

(Abstract)

CONSORTIUM CONGLOMERATES (C/C) is an extremely wealthy, multinational banking corporation specializing in credit cards. Its chairman, **ALPHONSO RAND**, is a tennis fanatic. Consequently, when it's decided by the C/C board to sponsor a sporting event as a promotional vehicle in C/C's secondary markets, Rand cleverly maneuvers the emphasis away from golf (the obsession of the company's president **RON LAZAR**) and creates the **STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR (SSTT)**, a second level men's tennis circuit for aspiring players.

The management of the SSTT settles on **AUDREY CUTENICK**, a close friend of Lazar's (especially promoted from Word Processing for the task) who knows nothing about tennis and even less about management. She makes decisions with her glands instead of her head and is susceptible to any male under sixty-five. Thus, when **BARRY HONEYCUT**, a southwestern land-sales swindler, appears at C/C headquarters in New York City, Audrey is smitten and agrees to the following. Barry is the owner of the non-existent **FERTILE VALLEY COUNTRY CLUB** near Yucca Flats, Nevada. He was stuck with acres of sand when the government exposed desert land-sales swindles. He decides that if C/C can be convinced to use the Fertile Valley Country Club as the site of the grand finals of the SSTT, he will be able to raise enough money to develop his land and build his club.

What Barry doesn't realize is that the middle-level executives running the SSTT are totally inept, almost as inept at tennis management as he is at developing land and raising money. One misunderstanding leads to another as the SSTT moves ever closer to an unprepared Fertile Valley: Army General

ADELAIDE CRANE, a fanatic, right-wing tennis mother, drops in on various tournaments with armed men; **NUNCIO CICCARELLA**, a New Jersey casino mob boss and a determined tennis father, not only sponsors an entire tournament, just so his clumsy son can play tennis, but also (for the same reason) loans Honeycut enough money to at least partially develop his club. Of course, he comes in at the end to “collect”; **JOHN O’LUNNEY**, the charming Irish sports P/R “expert,” makes off with \$10-million in SSTT checks.

This is further complicated by a cast of off-the-wall tennis players, the sudden demise of Rand during a pro/am at his own country club, and the subsequent rise of C/C’s *golf* loving president, Ron Lazar. Naturally, the tournaments are a series of fiascoes. The rogues get away with the money and the Fertile Valley tournament becomes a melee of immense proportions when General Crane, in a fit of pique, raises a billowing mushroom cloud in the not distant enough distance.

* * * * *

MAJOR CHARACTERS

- BARRY HONEYCUT** Promoter, owner and manager of the Fertile Valley Country Club. In his 30's, he's an inept con-man in spite of his smooth exterior. He has failed in a mail order desert land swindle and is stuck with acres of sand.
- AUDREY CUTENICK** She's the C/C tour manager, attractive, in her 20's. She exudes sensuality. She's inept and got her job because she sleeps around.
- JOHN O'LUNNEY** Hard drinking Irish ex-big-time promoter. In his 50's, he's on his last legs. He's head of his own, sleazy New York sports P/R firm. He's hired by C/C because he knows Mike O'Houlihan.
- GENE McQUEEN** Hired by O'Lunney to do P/R on the road. He's about 30, charming, and constantly amazed at the incompetence of the C/C personnel.
- MIKE O'HOULIHAN** V.P. of C/C Sports Promotion. Corporate type, 45-55. He's dedicated to mediocrity and is a toady who wants the SSTT so he can party.
- RED-EYE COOPER** Partner of Barry Honeycut. He's an old prospector type (a la Gabby Hayes) who got the name Red-Eye because he drinks too much.
- JERRY CROUTCHLOW** Ex-coach turned players rep and C/C tour director. 30-45 years old, he's very gay, always patting players on the butt and talking about taking showers.
- MINDY JUNIPER** C/C's Public Affairs Assistant, in her mid 20's. Pretty, all American and awed by anyone with more experience.
- TOM COLLINS** C/C's traveling checkwriter, 18 and a "hippie" type who's always stoned. He got this job because he's Ron Lazar's nephew. He's in charge of \$10-million of C/C's money.
- CISSY BELLE COOPER** Red-Eye's busty daughter. In her early 20's. She has tremendous boobs and is not very bright (a "Daisy Mae" type).

SECONDARY CHARACTERS AND CAMEOS

- NUNCIO CICCARELLA** A tennis “father” mafioso-type who agrees to finance Barry Honeycut if he lets his son into the Fertile Valley Tournament.
- EFILIO TOSTADA** An aging Mexican player, ex-Davis Cupper. The C/C tour is his last fling. He was great, but he’s too old to win much now.
- GENERAL CRANE** Player John Crane’s mother. A bullet-headed, racist “hawk” who always travels with a squad of armed men. She is dedicated to her son’s career. She’s in her 50’s.
- JOHN CRANE.** All-American ivy leaguer. Tall and strong, but naive. He’s a potential world champion but lacks a killer instinct. About 22. (Must be an outstanding tennis player.)
- FERNANDO CRUZERO** Big, handsome womanizer. Incredibly crude. Another potentially great player, but undisciplined and lazy; about 22. He calls himself “The Puerto Rican Bull.” He has VD stenciled on his racquet. (Must be an outstanding player.)
- WAYNE HEPPLWHITE** About 35-40, a southern gentlemen who is easily “appalled.” Thick, Georgia accent.
- LETITIA TWITS** A southern reporter, 30-50, who’s obsessed with Philipp Petzscher. She runs amok.
- SAMURAI #1** A Japanese tennis player.
- ALPHONSO RAND.** Chairman of C/C, about 50. He’s crazy about tennis and sex.
- RON LAZAR.** Rand’s enemy, President of C/C. 45-50. He’s crazy about golf and sex.

OTHER CHARACTERS

PERCY RITTER C/C's V.P. of Accounting and responsible for the SSTT budget. Mid-30's, small, thick glasses, vicious and is definitely on Ron Lazar's "golf-loving" team.

JETHRO WASHINGTON C/C's V.P. of Public Affairs. In his mid-30's, he's the company's token black. He's soft spoken and so afraid of his and C/C's image that he can't make a decision.

ANIMAL. An Australian player, about 27. He drinks endless quantities of beer. He's crude, arrogant and a terrific player when he's not drunk.

DINK SCOGGINS. A young player, about 22, who looks a lot like Philipp Petzscher. He's southern and new on the circuit. A fine player.

MORT PARSONS. C/C's man in Las Vegas. About 40.

COLONEL CREIGHTON General Crane's Aide de Camp, about 45.

LARRY MONTE The Tennis pro at the North Chester Country Club, about 26.

JO-JO. A "Dog Faced Boy". He's a circus "freak" who wins the pro/am and decides to go on the tour. No lines.

RENFIELD. A strange, silent player who eats insects. Fine player. No lines.

ASSORTED MAFIA GOONS, CORPORATE FLUNKIES, MISC. PLAYERS, ARMED SOLDIERS, SECRETARIES, FREAKS, etc.

* * * * *

FADE IN:

EXT. LAVISH COUNTRY CLUB GROUNDS - BRIGHT, LATE AUTUMN MORNING - HIGH ANGLE ESTABLISHING SHOT

THE CAMERA PANS a lush golf course, then a sea of empty tennis courts.

THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN on one court as ALPHONSO RAND, Chairman of CONSORTIUM CONGLOMERATES (C/C), a pudgy, middle-age man in tennis whites, hits erratically against an electric ball machine. He's awful but he thinks he's great.

THWOCK! The balls fly. Suddenly, the machine malfunctions. Rand is ready but no ball comes. Disgusted, he turns toward the clubhouse. THWOCK! Another ball shoots out. He rushes to position, waits. Nothing. He turns to go. THWOCK! He's hit in the back of the head. Grimly, he drops into "ready" position.

CU OF RAND'S HEAD as sweat drips down his face. THWOCK! Another ball comes. He desperately reaches for it, and a huge corporate limousine SCREECHES to a halt beside the court. Rand's distracted and misses. He's furious.

CUT TO LIMOUSINE as MIKE O'HOULIHAN, C/C's Vice President of Sports Promotion, gets out. Rand throws his racquet at O'Houlihan, who dodges as it bounces harmlessly off the car. With great aplomb, O'Houlihan crosses to Rand and hands him a document. Rand snarls until he sees it, then registers pleasure and signs it. O'Houlihan takes it and gets back in the car. THWOCK! Another ball hits the back of Rand's head.

THE CAMERA ZOOMS OUT on limousine as the DRIVER "lays rubber." The car SCREECHES down the drive and out the front gate. Simultaneously, a computer screen displaying the following email **FADES IN OVER THE ACTION**.

EMail #1: FROM : Alphonso Rand, Chairman of the Board
 TO : M. O'Houlihan, VP of Sports Promotion
 SUBJ : STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR; Sponsorship of
 DATE : 10/2/15

Pursuant to your email of 9/28/15, your budget in the amount of \$15,584,636 is approved.

AR : mpl

CC : R. Lazar, P. Ritter, J. Washington, file

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MODERN NYC OFFICE BUILDING - MUSIC - TITLES SUPERIMPOSED OVER ACTION - ESTABLISHING SHOT

A MONTAGE of busy SECRETARIES typing emails. Much OFFICE NOISE on the soundtrack. The following texts flash across computer screens and spew out of printers in various ways.

CONTINUED

EEmail #2: FROM : M. O'Houlihan, VP of Sports Promotion
TO : P. Ritter, VP, Accounting
SUBJ : STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR; Funds for
DATE : 10/5/15

Pls. be advised that the SS/TT has been approved. We should meet ASAP.
Call my secretary for an appointment.

MO : rms

CC : A. Rand, R. Lazar, J. Washington, M. Juniper, file

EEmail #3: FROM : M. O'Houlihan, VP of Sports Promotion
TO : J. Washington, VP of Public Affairs
SUBJ : STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR; P/R for
DATE : 10/5/15

Jed—We need to discuss how your department can interact. Pls. call my
secretary for an appointment.

MO : rms

CC : A. Rand, R. Lazar, P. Ritter, M. Juniper, file

EEmail #4: FROM : Jethro Washington, VP of Public Affairs
TO : M. O'Houlihan, VP of Sports Promotion
SUBJ : STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR; Existence of
DATE : 10/5/15

What tennis tour? Star Spangled what? I thought we were doing golf again
this year. Pls. advise.

JW : ddq

CC : A. Rand, R. Lazar, P. Ritter, M. Juniper, A. Celot, file

EEmail #5: FROM : P. Ritter, VP, Accounting
TO : M. O'Houlihan, VP of Sports Promotion
SUBJ : STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR; Funds for
DATE : 10/6/15

Have we discussed this? What accounts do we use? Is it public affairs or
a sports promotion? Who will manage? What happened to the golf classic?

PR : grt

CC : A. Rand, R. Lazar, J. Washington, M. Juniper, A. Celot, C. Dickens, file

EEmail #6: FROM : R. Lazar, President, Card Division
TO : A. Rand, Chairman of the Board
SUBJ : STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR; Sponsorship of
DATE : 10/7/15

I thought when I left for Palm Springs that the Board had approved the golf
classic. Now, I find we're doing tennis. Could we meet? Warm regards.

RL : hmt

CC : M. O'Houlihan, P. Ritter, J. Washington, M. Juniper, A. Celot, C. Dickens,
W.J. Cataldi, J.H. Ewing, file

CONTINUED

EEmail #7: FROM : R. Lazar, President, Card Division
TO : M. O'Houlihan, VP of Sports Promotion
SUBJ : STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR; Killing of
DATE : 10/7/15

CONFIDENTIAL: What happened to the fucking golf classic? I get Neal Patrick Harris to M.C. and now I've been shafted by that bastard Rand. What about Audrey Cutenick? She's supposed to leave Word Processing and manage the damned thing. I'M PISSED, O'Houlihan. I hope you know that!!

RL : hmt

EEmail #8: FROM : M. O'Houlihan, VP of Sports Promotion
TO : R. Lazar, President, Card Division
SUBJ : STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR; Continuance of
DATE : 10/7/15

Might I respectfully suggest that Ms. Cutenick manage the tennis tournament instead of the golf classic. I've interviewed her. She doesn't know anything about either sport so one assumes she'd be equally as useful in either case. Regarding your phone call. I can't imagine how Mr. Rand got a copy of your confidential memo. Some computer snafu, perhaps?

MO : rms

CC : A. Rand, P. Ritter, J. Washington, M. Juniper, A. Celot, C. Dickens, file

EEmail #9: FROM : Alphonso Rand, Chairman of the Board
TO : M. O'Houlihan, VP of Sports Promotion
SUBJ : STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR; Manager of
DATE : 10/8/15

Who is Audrey Cutenick? Ignore Lazar. He's a piss-ant.

AR : mpl

EEmail #10: FROM : P. Ritter, VP, Accounting
TO : M. O'Houlihan, VP of Sports Promotion
SUBJ : STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR; Continuance of
DATE : 10/8/15

I understand from Mr. Lazar that this is going to be cancelled. Pls. advise.

PR : grt

CC : A. Rand, R. Lazar, J. Washington, M. Juniper, A. Celot, C. Dickens, file

EEmail #11: FROM : Jethro Washington, VP of Public Affairs
TO : M. O'Houlihan, VP of Sports Promotion
SUBJ : STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR; P/R for
DATE : 10/9/15

Are we still doing this? I haven't heard from you.

JW : ddq

CC : A. Rand, R. Lazar, P. Ritter, M. Juniper, A. Celot, V. Putin, file

CONTINUED

EEmail #12: FROM : Alphonso Rand, Chairman of the Board
TO : M. O'Houlihan, VP of Sports Promotion
SUBJ : STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR; ???????
DATE : 10/9/15

What the hell is going on?

AR : mpl

EEmail #13: FROM : Alphonso Rand, Chairman of the Board
TO : M. O'Houlihan, VP of Sports Promotion
SUBJ : STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR; Manager of
DATE : 10/12/15

I met Audrey Cutenick Saturday night at the Lollypop Lounge. Hire her!!!

AR : mpl

EEmail #14: FROM : M. O'Houlihan, VP of Sports Promotion
TO : A. Cutenick, Word Processing
SUBJ : STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR; Manager of
DATE : 10/12/15

Pls. be advised that you have been promoted to Manager of Sports Promotion, effective immediately.

MO : rms

CC : A. Rand, R. Lazar, P. Ritter, J. Washington, M. Juniper, C. Dickens,
K. Dobkin, J.H. Ewing, B. Obama, J. Kerry, V. Putin, J. O'Lunney, file

EEmail #15: FROM : M. O'Houlihan, VP of Sports Promotion
TO : A. Cutenick, P. Ritter, J. Washington
SUBJ : STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR
DATE : 10/12/15

Pls. be advised that in spite of the rumors, the SS/TT is going to take place. Pls. meet in the small 23rd floor conference room 10/13/15 at 1:00pm.

MO : rms

CC : A. Rand, R. Lazar, M. Juniper, A. Celot, C. Dickens, K. Dobkin,
J.H. Ewing, B. Obama, J. Kerry, J. O'Lunney, R. Dodson, file

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMALL, WINDOWLESS CONFERENCE ROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON - CU OF AUDREY CUTENICK

Audrey looks confused as **CAMERA PULLS BACK** to take in the room.

We are at a meeting at C/C headquarters in New York City. Its purpose is to select a sports public relations firm. Seated at a table are O'HOULIHAN, CUTENICK, WASHINGTON and JUNIPER. A NERVOUS YOUNG EXECUTIVE, head of his own P/R firm, is finishing an elaborate slide presentation. During the meeting, sundry OFFICE TYPES enter the room, and, oblivious to the

CONTINUED

meeting, cut across the projector beam to use the coffee machine. The Young Executive stands at a movie screen, gesturing with a pointer.

YOUNG EXECUTIVE

Now, here are a series of posters we did aimed at the public acceptance of nuclear power.

Slide #1: A great mushroom cloud. Caption: BREEDER REACTORS GIVE REBIRTH TO A BOOMING ECONOMY.

Slide #2: A gas station attendant pumps gas but a tiny mushroom cloud is coming out of the hose. Caption: HOLOCAUST OF OIL PRICES DOWN WITH NUCLEAR POWER.

Slide #3: A child switches on a light, but the bulb is a little mushroom cloud. Caption: LET MUSHROOM POWER LIGHT UP YOUR LIFE.

O'HOULIHAN

Interesting concept, young man. What do you think, Audrey?

CUTENICK

Uh, well, ur, I guess, well . . .

JUNIPER

Where'd you get all those cute little mushroom clouds.

YOUNG EXECUTIVE

The Third World Film Service.

O'HOULIHAN

Well, that certainly is interesting, isn't it, Audrey?

CUTENICK

Uh, well, I guess, uh, well . . .

O'HOULIHAN

We'd like to thank you for coming in Mr., uh, Mr., uh . . .

JOHN O'LUNNEY barges in with GENE McQUEEN. He glad-hands everyone in sight, including two SECRETARIES at the coffee urn. The Young Executive leaves unnoticed. Everyone ad-libs greetings. Finally, O'Houlihan looks around for the Young Executive.

O'HOULIHAN (Cont'd)

Well, we'd, uh, where is he?

CONTINUED

O'LUNNEY

He's a nice lad, but he don't know nothin' about tennis.

O'HOULIHAN

Yes, well . . .

O'LUNNEY

And tennis is the name of the game. Tennis, ah, tennis. Autumn days, clear sunshine, healthy bodies . . .

CUTENICK

Those little bitty shorts.

O'HOULIHAN

Yes, well, I guess you've all heard about John O'Lunney here. He's the man put World Team Tennis back on its feet. (To O'Lunney) Transvestite tennis. How'd you ever think of it, John?

O'LUNNEY

Inspiration.

WASHINGTON

I liked Mr., uh, well, that young man gave a fine presentation. What did you think, Audrey?

CUTENICK

Uh, well, I guess, uh well . . .

RITTER

. . . and he works cheap.

O'Lunney nudges McQueen who's staring at Cutenick. He nods toward Juniper. McQueen flirts with her.

O'HOULIHAN

You have a point there, Perry, but we can afford the best and John here is the best. Tell us what you plan, John.

O'LUNNEY

(Improvising) Uh, yes, well, first, I'd like to mention that Gene here has a solid tennis background.

CUTENICK

(To Mindy) . . . and a solid little butt.

CONTINUED

O'LUNNEY

He'll be going on the tour as media representative to make sure C/C gets credit in local papers.

All acknowledge McQueen who squirms. He's embarrassed.

O'LUNNEY (Cont'd)

As you know, my firm handles some of the biggest sports events in the country. Big Toe Wrestling from Zamboanga, sudden death snipe hunting from Myanmar, Skully from Canarsie . . .

CUTENICK

I've heard of him.

All MUMBLE in assent. Much wise head nodding.

WASHINGTON

He's the great white hope, that Skully from Canarsie.

O'HOULIHAN

Yes, well, I'm sure we're all familiar with the big, wide, wonderful world of sports, and that's good. But, let's not forget, the purpose of the SSTT is to breed champions. What about that, Audrey?

CUTENICK

Uh, well, I like the part about . . . uh, breeding.

Audrey looks at McQueen, licks her lips. He winks. O'Lunney HARRUMPHS and moves between them.

WASHINGTON

But, this is different from the big ones Mr. O'Lunney's handled in the past. It'll need a more subtle approach.

RITTER

Yes, we've put up \$50,000 prize money for each of these tournaments and we want to see C/C get enough publicity to justify its investment. We've got to watch the budget. (To O'Lunney) What did you say your fee was going to be, John?

CONTINUED

O'LUNNEY

I, uh, ur . . .

O'Houlihan moves in to save the contract for the Irish.

O'HOULIHAN

Uh, you're so right, Percy. The club owners and managers will expect a good gate to cover their costs. Perhaps Gene could share with us what he has in mind to draw the crowds.

McQUEEN

I, uh, well, I guess . . .

CUTENICK

I already said that.

O'LUNNEY

Well, of course, Gene has some brilliant ideas, but first . . .

JUNIPER

I have an idea.

O'Lunney is glad to be interrupted.

O'LUNNEY

Go ahead, Mindy darlin' . . .

JUNIPER

Why don't we have bake sales at the tournaments?

There's much mumbled APPROVAL and head nodding.

JUNIPER (Cont'd)

We'll ask the players what their favorite pastry is . . .

O'HOULIHAN

Interesting thought, Mindy. Hold that a sec, will you?

McQUEEN

Write it down so you don't forget.

WASHINGTON

We can publish a cookbook of the player's mother's recipes.

JUNIPER

. . . and we can sell ads to Rachel Ray.

CONTINUED

O'HOULIHAN

Now, that's good creative thinking. What do you say, John? Gene?

O'LUNNEY / McQUEEN

I, uh, ur, well . . .

O'LUNNEY

I agree with Audrey.

Everyone looks at Audrey.

CUTENICK

I, ur, well . . .

O'HOULIHAN

Exactly, Audrey. But we can't discuss specific P/R proposals until we've secured the tournament sites. (To others) Audrey's already looking into that. Whatabout it, Audrey?

CUTENICK

Ur, uh, well . . .

O'HOULIHAN

Exactly. We're going to hold our tournaments at some of the finest country clubs in the United States.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT NEAR YUCCA FLATS NEVADA - MIDDAY - HIGH ANGLE ESTABLISHING SHOT

A panorama of tumbleweeds, incessant WIND and sand blowing across a shabby, half-buried tennis court. Nearby is a broken down Quonset hut with a "FERTILE VALLEY REAL ESTATE" sign. This is the office of BARRY HONEYCUT and his aged partner, RED-EYE COOPER. They invested "everything" in desert land, hoping for a killing in the mail order land business. When this sort of fraud was exposed, they were left with acres of sand. Periodically, one of their "model houses" is blown flat by the wind.

CAMERA PANS to Red-Eye Cooper, an old prospector type, trudging through the blowing sand toward the Quonset hut. He enters the hut.

CUT TO:

INT QUONSET HUT - IMMEDIATELY AFTER - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Barry Honeycut, who's sitting behind a cluttered desk, jumps up as the door opens.

CONTINUED

HONEYCUT

Let me say right now, friend . . . Oh, Red-Eye. It's you. I thought it was a buyer, maybe.

Barry sits again and picks up an opened copy of the COYOTE GAZETTE. He reads it during the following.

RED-EYE

Well, it ain't. Ain't no buyer. Jes' an ol' sucker, been out a-lookin' at his bee-you-tee-full desert ess-tate.

We hear a CRASH from outside.

RED-EYE (Cont'd)

That was the pool house. Don't matter, though. Ain't seen the pool since Thursday.

CISSY BELLE bustles in with coffee and pours for them all.

CISSY BELLE

Now, daddy. Yer exaggeratin' again. Don't matter, nohow 'cause you cain't swim.

RED-EYE

Don't sass yer daddy, gal. 'Sides, if it hadn't been fer yew bringin' him in an' the two o' you talkin' an' a-talkin' 'bout all the money we could make out here in this bee-you-tee-full desert paradise, I'd be shack'd up in Vegas with some big-assed red-headed floozy and I'd still have muh bank account.

CISSY BELLE

Yer last red-headed floozy took ever'thin' but the laces outta yer shoes.

RED-EYE

But, she had one hell of a butt.

CISSY BELLE

Now, I'm not gonna have any dirty talk an' I don't want you pickin' on Barry. All we gotta do is sell some lots, then ever'thin'll be jes fine.

CONTINUED

RED-EYE

She-it. How we gonna do that? Them lots blow around too much.

HONEYCUT

We could say we struck oil.

RED-EYE

She-it, boy. You don't know no more about oil than you do 'bout land.

CISSY BELLE

Now, daddy. That ain't such a bad idea.

RED-EYE

You don't know nothin' 'bout it, neither. Why, when I was wildcattin' in Texas . . .

CISSY BELLE

Mama tol' me 'bout yer wildcattin' daddy, an' it weren't wildcattin', it was tom-cattin', that's what it was, ain't that so, Barry?

HONEYCUT

(Still reading) Either of you ever heard of Consortium Conglomerates?

CISSY BELLE

Ain't that that there big credit card company?

RED-EYE

I heard o' them. The crooks with the card.

HONEYCUT

They're organizing a bunch of tennis tournaments. Says here it's a million dollar circuit.

RED-EYE

Seen tennis on TV oncet. Bunch o' sissy boys runnin' 'round in little bitty pants.

HONEYCUT

I wonder . . .

RED-EYE

Lordy, lordy, Cissy belle. He's gettin' that look in his eye. (Grabbing at his crotch)

CONTINUED

RED-EYE (Cont'd)

Hold onto yer moneybags, folks. The Fertile Valley gee-nee-us is a-comin' after yer cash. Think I'll go look for the pool.

Red-Eye starts for the door. Barry stands up and stops him.

HONEYCUT

No, look here. It's on the sports page. They're looking for country clubs with tennis courts.

RED-EYE

They'd haveta look fast t' find one here.

CISSY BELLE

Now, daddy. I think Barry's serious.

RED-EYE

Serious? Aw, now, Barry. She-it. Them people wouldn't even give you a credit card.

Cissy Belle sees a tumbleweed roll by a window.

CISSY BELLE

You gonna get somebody t' play tennis here?

HONEYCUT

Why not? Look where they hold the Davis Cup.

RED-EYE

Where's that?

HONEYCUT

Well, someplace. I forget. But, look. This could put Yucca Flats back on the map. We'll turn this dump into a country club. Folks will come running to buy lots.

RED-EYE

She-it. We don't know nothin' 'bout tennis.

CISSY BELLE

I know about tennis, daddy. Watch the bouncing balls.

CONTINUED

Cissy Belle jumps excitedly up and down. Her breasts bounce. Both Red-Eye and Barry are fascinated.

RED-EYE

Well, we do need somethin'. Folks avoid us like they's still droppin' bombs out here.

HONEYCUT

How much money we got in the kitty?

CISSY BELLE

I didn't know we had any.

HONEYCUT

Red-Eye?

RED-EYE

Aw, she-it. Here it comes. I knew it was comin'. I knew it.

HONEYCUT

Never mind that. I gotta go to New York City.

CISSY BELLE

(Thrilled) New York City?

RED-EYE

Well, yew can jes' put yer ticket on yer credit card.

HONEYCUT

If I can talk that company into holding a tournament here, we're home free. We'll get publicity, rich people, celebrities . . .

RED-EYE

Red-headed floozies with big butts?

CISSY BELLE

(Bouncing again) Oh, daddy, please? Please?

RED-EYE

Well, she-it. I guess I can find a few bucks. But, damn it, Barry . . .

CISSY BELLE

Oh, goody, Barry. Bring me somethin'. Bring me somethin' from Bloomeydales.

CONTINUED

RED-EYE

Can you bring me a red-headed floozy?

HONEYCUT

Would you settle for a bagel?

RED-EYE

A bagel? What's a bagel?

HONEYCUT

(Pulling on his jacket) Call Matt Chapinsky over at Cochise World Airways and tell him to warm up the plane.

RED-EYE

Damn fool waste o' money. Jes' a-wastin' and a-wastin' . . .

CISSY BELLE

Shut up, daddy. Barry's going to Bloomeydales.

RED-EYE

I thought he was goin' t' New York.

HONEYCUT

(Dancing with Cissy Belle) I'll be back soon's I can. We're gonna be rich. Hot damn. We're gonna be rich.

Barry runs out the door.

CISSY BELLE

Oh, daddy. Ain't it excitin'?

RED-EYE

She-it, Cissy Belle. Them there con-glo-me-rate folks got enough money to buy Peru. They didn't get it by bein' stupid. Ain't no chance they's a-gonna give Barry Honeycut no damn tennis tournament. Ain't no chance a-tall.

DISSOLVE TO:**INT. AUDREY CUTENICK'S TINY OFFICE AT C/C HEADQUARTERS - DAYTIME - ESTABLISHING SHOT**

Audrey's furious, standing, on the phone and trying to pace. This is impossible. Her office is crammed with boxes of tee-shirts. Hundreds of shirts, all sporting the SSTT LOGO, have mistakenly been delivered to her office. **THE CAMERA INTER-CUTS** for telephone dialogue.

CONTINUED

CUTENICK

. . . and I've got a million tee-shirts here. A *million* shirts. What do you mean, you don't know anything about it? Isn't this the mailroom?

CUT TO THE MAILROOM. It's filled with POT SMOKERS and SMOKE. A Poker game is underway. Packages and letters are ignored as they pour down the mail chute. The MAILROOM PERSON on the phone giggles.

MAILROOM PERSON

. . . yeah, this is the mailroom, but I don't know nothin' 'bout no tee-shirts. (He yells at the CARD PLAYERS) Hey? Anybody know anything about tee-shirts?

We hear "OH, WOW" and "NO WAY" on the soundtrack.

MAILROOM PERSON (Cont'd)

Sorry, lady. Don't know nothin' 'bout no tee-shirts.

CUTENICK

Well, someone must. They didn't just appear.

MAILROOM PERSON

Oh, wow. I don't think anybody does, but I'll ask around. Can I put you on hold?

CUTENICK

Oh, God! No! Please! Not hold! Anything but . . . (He puts her on hold) . . . hold! Shit!

Angrily, she "stabs" another number. McQueen enters. He's agitated. He holds a sheaf of paper.

McQUEEN

Audrey, I don't see . . .

CUTENICK

(Into phone) Dixie? Yes, Audrey. Is Mr. Washington there?

CUT TO WASHINGTON'S OFFICE. He's reading 12 YEARS A SLAVE. He looks up as his SECRETARY peeks in the door.

WASHINGTON

Audrey? (The secretary nods.) Tell her I'm in a meeting.

CUT BACK TO CUTENICK'S OFFICE.**CUTENICK**

(Slamming down the phone) Damn!

McQueen is very aware of Audrey's proximity.

McQUEEN

Audrey, we can't send these applications out until we know where the tournament is going to be.

Audrey "stabs" another number. Her SECRETARY speaks over the intercom.

SECRETARY (VO)

Audrey? Leonard Potts of Potts Sports-wear is on line three.

Trying to deal with the intercom *and* the phone, Audrey "stabs" at every button in sight.

CUTENICK

Just a . . . just . . . just a . . . damn it. (She finds another button) Just a minute, Marie. (Another button) Hetty? Hetty, is that you? Audrey Cutenick here. Is Mr. Lazar in?

CUT TO LAZAR'S OFFICE. Golf club in hand, he "putts" on the carpet.

LAZAR'S SECRETARY (VO)

(Through intercom) Audrey Cutenick on three-eight, Mr. Lazar.

LAZAR

I'm in a meeting.

CUT TO AUDREY'S OFFICE. She "stabs" at another button.

CUTENICK

Dammit! The whole world can't be meeting.

MCQUEEN

Audrey, we have to talk.

SECRETARY (VO)

What should I tell Mr. Potts?

McQUEEN

What about the sites?

CONTINUED

CUTENICK

(She screams several times) No! No! I'm all right. I'm fine. Everything's fine. You're fine. I'm fine. (Abruptly changing tone) Hello? Mary Lou? Is Mr. Rand in?

CUT TO RAND'S OFFICE. He hits tennis balls off his wall. His SECRETARY BUZZES. The next ball breaks a window.

CUT TO AUDREY'S OFFICE.

CUTENICK

The whole world is meeting and I wasn't invited.

McQUEEN

Now can we discuss . . .

CUTENICK

(Stabbing another button) Just a minute, Gene. Is Mr. O'Houlihan in, please?

CUT TO CROWDED CONFERENCE ROOM. The Young Executive is giving another presentation. O'Houlihan holds the phone.

O'HOULIHAN

I'm in a meeting, Audrey. Is it important?

CUT TO AUDREY.

CUTENICK

Mike, I'm surrounded by . . .

Barry Honeycut enters. Audrey sees him; MUSIC, BELLS, flashing lights. The mood changes abruptly. They stare at one another for the rest of the scene.

CUTENICK (Cont'd)

Mike, I'm going to put you on hold.

Cutenick puts O'Houlihan on hold.

HONEYCUT

I'm Barry Honeycut.

CUTENICK

Thank God.

McQUEEN

Audrey?

The intercom BUZZES frantically. Audrey ignores it.

CONTINUED

HONEYCUT

I own the Fertile Valley Country Club.

CUTENICK

Does it have a tennis court?

The intercom BUZZES, the phone RINGS. Ignoring these, Audrey gets her purse and takes Barry's arm. They exit the office, staring at one another.

CAMERA TRACKS.

McQUEEN

(Furious) Audrey, we can't go on like this.

McQueen follows them as indicated, reading from an iPad. Audrey's Secretary calls out as they pass.

SECRETARY

Mr. Potts is getting abusive and Mr. O'Houlihan is furious. (She rises to follow.) Also, Mr. Wejekowski called from Boston about the programs. He said the blues *were* sent down and he can't imagine *why* you haven't got them.

CUTENICK

(Still staring at Barry) Some mix-up in the mailroom, no doubt.

SECRETARY

. . . and Schlomo Guggenstein wants to know about the trophies.

CUTENICK

(To Barry) You have the cutest little twitch in your left eye.

HONEYCUT

I know.

They round a corner and run into an hysterical Juniper, who joins the procession and screams at the oblivious Audrey.

JUNIPER

Audrey? Have you seen this letter? Have you seen it? From Wayne Hepplewhite of the Southern Comfort Tennis Association? He says his balls are falling apart. All those new Crown balls, the ones we got in the public relations trade-off?

CONTINUED

JUNIPER (Cont'd)

Hepplewhite tried them and they're lousy
and he's going to sue.

She grabs Audrey and shakes her.

JUNIPER (Cont'd)

Don't you understand? His balls are
falling apart. They're falling apart.

Barry and Audrey move on.

HONEYCUT

(To Audrey) Balls? What Balls?

CUTENICK

Wayne Hepplewhite's balls. They're
falling apart.

HONEYCUT

Whose aren't?

They pass the HALL RECEPTIONIST as they head for the elevator. McQueen is still following, too.

McQUEEN

. . . and the contracts? The NTA is
screaming for the contracts. But we can't
issue the contracts until we have the
sites.

HALL RECEPTIONIST

(Calling out) Ms. Cutenick? Legal's on
the line. What should I tell them?

Audrey presses the elevator "down" button, keeps staring at Barry.

CUTENICK

(To Receptionist) What do they want?

HALL RECEPTIONIST

Something about cookbook contracts for
Rachel Ray.

McQUEEN

Cookbook contracts? Cookbook contracts?
What about tennis playing contracts? What
about them, huh? What about them?

CONTINUED

HALL RECEPTIONIST

Legal says the copyrights and assigns have all been thoroughly examined in McDonegal Breweries versus the State of Ohio.

The elevator arrives. Barry and Audrey enter it and turn. **POV BARRY AND AUDREY**, looking out the elevator door. McQueen looks in.

McQUEEN

See? See? What about legal? What about McDonegal Breweries? What about the State of Ohio?

Audrey presses the “down” button and the door closes, sealing McQueen out as she says the next line.

CUTENICK

Tell them I’m in a meeting.

CUT TO:

INT. OF THE ELEVATOR - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

As the elevator descends, Audrey and Barry are lost in a romantic fog.

HONEYCUT

There’s no ground floor button in this car.

CUTENICK

You can’t get to the ground from here.

HONEYCUT

Where are we going?

The elevator stops.

CUTENICK

Guess.

The door opens into the mailroom. Pot smoke and STONER MUSIC fills the car.

CUTENICK

This is a short cut to the ground. We catch the freight elevator here.

They cross the mailroom to another set of elevators. **CAMERA TRACKS.** This is the same mailroom described earlier. A MAILROOM PERSON holds up a package wrapped in Christmas glitter.

MAILROOM PERSON

Hey, I think it’s Christmas. Anybody know anything about Christmas?

CONTINUED

Mumbles of “OH, WOW” and “NO WAY, MAN” on the soundtrack.

HONEYCUT

(Sniffing the air) Is there a fire?

CUTENICK

No, hash.

HONEYCUT

Is this the cafeteria?

CUTENICK

No, the mailroom.

Audrey presses the “down” button. She and Barry turn to face the camera. **MEDIUM TWO-SHOT OF AUDREY AND BARRY.** As they wait, they breathe more and more of the thick smoke.

HONEYCUT

This takes us to the ground?

CUTENICK

This goes to twenty. We change again there.

They breathe and breathe.

HONEYCUT

Then we go to the ground?

CUTENICK

Yes.

HONEYCUT

I thought we might have to take a plane.

They breathe some more, wait some more.

CUTENICK

Sometimes it’s late.

They breathe marijuana smoke as long as it’s funny.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COZY ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Audrey and Barry are at a small table. Both are stoned, have the munchies and are eating everything in sight. Barry mouths off as Audrey eats breadsticks.

CONTINUED

HONEYCUT

. . . as well as bring President of the Yucca Flats Desert Development Corporation and owner of the Fertile Valley Country Club . . .

CUTENICK

Yes.

HONEYCUT

. . . if I say so myself, the most beautiful club in the Southwest . . .

CUTENICK

Yes.

HONEYCUT

. . . and it is at this beautiful oasis in the perfect desert air that I would like to hold the final tournament of the Star Spangled Tennis Tour.

CUTENICK

This bread's great.

HONEYCUT

Of course, we're a new club and still building, yes, that's true, but we certainly have more than the necessary facilities.

CUTENICK

Yes.

HONEYCUT

. . . and there's the proximity of Las Vegas.

CUTENICK

Proximity is good.

HONEYCUT

We'll draw hoards of people.

CUTENICK

Hoards is good.

HONEYCUT

Hundreds.

CUTENICK

Yes.

CONTINUED

HONEYCUT

Thousands.

CUTENICK

Yes.

HONEYCUT

Hundreds of thousands.

CUTENICK

Have a breadstick.

HONEYCUT

We have courts, a pool . . . almost. A wonderful, uh, clubhouse, and, of course, gambling. Yes, I say again, gambling.

CUTENICK

Night clubs, tennis players . . .

She lewdly fondles the last large breadstick.

HONEYCUT

What else do you handle, uh, do at C/C, Audrey?

CUTENICK

Well, I've pretty well got my hands full, uh, with the tennis tour.

She CHOMPS down and devours the breadstick.

HONEYCUT

I can see that.

The breadsticks are gone. They gnaw indiscriminately; flowers, candles, etc. This is overtly sexual.

CUTENICK

I know it doesn't *seem* like much. I mean, the tour only lasts six weeks, but there's so much setting up to do.

HONEYCUT

It must be exhausting.

CUTENICK

I have to choose the tournament colors and buy the tee-shirts and get the sign painted and, well, gosh. Just everything.

CONTINUED

HONEYCUT

Decisions, decisions, decisions.

CUTENICK

It does take a lot out of one.

HONEYCUT

(Eyeing her breasts) But, you're up to it, Audrey. I can see that. You're one hell of a woman.

CUTENICK

You noticed that, did you? Where'd you say you were from, again?

HONEYCUT

Yucca Flats. Yucca Flats, Nevada.

CUTENICK

I've heard that name somewhere.

HONEYCUT

The garden spot of . . . of . . . the garden . . . uh . . .

CUTENICK

It must be heavenly.

HONEYCUT

The garden spot of . . .

CUTENICK

Why don't we fly out there this week-end? We could look over the courts, the stands, your . . . development . . .

HONEYCUT

Uh, well, uh, I have some meetings first. Bankers, market analysts, that sort of thing.

CUTENICK

Then, let's go to *my* place. We can check on *my* development.

They stare for another moment, then abruptly explode from their chairs. Barry fumbles for his wallet.

CUTENICK

(Impatiently) Never mind. We'll put it on the card.

CUT TO:**INT. BUSY OFFICE - DAYTIME - MEDIUM SHOT OF JUNIPER AT HER DESK**

Juniper types a press release on her computer. The text rolls out of a printer and is displayed on C/C letterhead.

DATE: 5/9/16

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR SITES TO INCLUDE

1. **THE NORTH CHESTER COUNTRY CLUB**
North Chester, New York
2. **THE HORSE HEAD ISLAND GOLF AND RACQUET CLUB**
Horse Head Island, North Carolina
3. **THE INTRA-WORLD COUNTRY CLUB AND CASINO**
Atlantic City, New Jersey
4. **THE OLDE GLOUCESTER TENNIS AND CHOWDER SOCIETY**
Cape Cod, Massachusetts
5. **THE LAND'S END RACQUET CLUB**
Land's End, Louisiana
6. **THE FERTILE VALLEY COUNTRY CLUB**
Yucca Flats, Nevada

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT: M. Juniper—X54

DISSOLVE TO:**INT. A SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - MIDDAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT**

Juniper, Cutenick, O'Houlihan, O'Lunney, WASHINGTON, RITTER, and an unidentified BLOND MAN sit at a table. All but Cutenick and the Blond Man leaf through blue-bound tournament site contracts. O'Lunney surreptitiously pours vodka into his coffee cup. The Blond Man is confused.

JUNIPER

Doesn't anyone think "The Consortium Conglomerates Olde Gloucester Cape Cod Caper at the Minnehuthut Country Club" is kind of a long name? I mean, can we get it on the sign and everything?

O'HOULIHAN

What's this? "The Consortium Conglomerates Land's End Racquet Club Sullivan Sandwich Special?" It sounds like lunch.

CUTENICK

The names are up to the club managers, you all know that. Sullivan Sandwich is a local co-sponsor.

CONTINUED

WASHINGTON

I'm wondering about this "Consortium Conglomerates Scungilli Slot Machine Tennis Grand Slam" at the Intra-World Country Club and Casino in Atlantic City. Just who is this Nuncio Ciccarella, anyway?

O'LUNNEY

(A bit tipsy) Mr. Ciccarella is a personal friend of mine and a respected businessman in his community.

RITTER

Where does he live? Leavenworth?

O'LUNNEY

He's a great athletic supporter. His son's going to play on the tour, as a matter of fact. Of course, four-foot-eight is a little short for a tennis player . . .

CUTENICK

The point is, we've got our sites and we've got our contracts. (To Blond Man) What do you think?

BLOND MAN

Well, ur, uh . . .

JERRY CROTCHLOW swishes in. Also, a SECRETARY that makes coffee.

CROTCHLOW

Oh, I'm late. I know I am. I'm late and I'm sorry, but I was passing the West Side "Y", donchaknow, and I thought I'd just . . .

CUTENICK

. . . pop in for a quickie?

O'Houlihan looks up from the contract he's studying, rises.

O'HOULIHAN

No problem, Jerry. No problem. You all know Jerry Crotchlow. He'll be directing the tour for the National Tennis Association.

CONTINUED

CROTCHLOW

I just loooove tennis.

O'Houlihan ad-libs introductions, finishing with . . .

O'HOULIHAN

. . . and John O'Lunney.

O'LUNNEY

Sure, now. Mr. Crotchlow an' me're old friends."

CROTCHLOW

You're an older friend than I am. Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha."

All laugh faintly. Then, silence. We hear WATER DRIPPING into the Mr. Coffee machine. It sounds like someone urinating. All turn and look at the machine. Finally, embarrassed, O'Houlihan speaks to the Blond Man and everyone stares at him.

O'HOULIHAN

And this is Mr., uh . . . Mr., uh . . . Who are you, anyway?

BLOND MAN

Isn't this the organizational meeting for the Superbowl?

JUNIPER

That's down the hall, next to the candy machine.

BLOND MAN

(Rising) I thought this was the organizational meeting for the Superbowl.

O'HOULIHAN

It's not.

BLOND MAN

I thought it was.

CUTENICK

Aughh! Auggh! Auggh! It's not! It's not the Superbowl! It's not! That's down the hall! Get out! Get out!

BLOND MAN

(Trying for dignity) I'll just get a cup of coffee . . .

CONTINUED

CUTENICK

Get out! Get out! Get out!

He runs out. The coffee making Secretary also exits.

CROTCHLOW

I just loooove violence.

O'HOULIHAN

If you'll all take your seats again, I think we should get on with this.

TOM COLLINS sticks his head in the door. He's stoned.

COLLINS

Like, hey, troops? Uh, is this, uh, hey, like is this the place where, uh, where . . . is this the place?

CUTENICK

(Grimly) It *must* be.

RITTER

(Standing as he speaks) Tom. Glad you could make it.

COLLINS

Oh, yeah. Then, this must be the place.

RITTER

This is Tom Collins, everyone. He'll be handling prize money disbursements during the tour.

COLLINS

Oh, hey, yeah. That's what I'm gonna do. Like, I'm sorry I'm late, uh, but, uh, I was getting this, uh, candy bar, like, ya know, and this guy came running down the hall yelling something about the Dallas Cowboys, ya know, and, well, like . . .

CROTCHLOW

I just loooove the Dallas Cowboys.

COLLINS

I think I have to go to the Superbowl or somethin' . . .

CUTENICK

(Appalled) Percy? Can I see you outside a minute?

CONTINUED

O'HOULIHAN

Yes, I think we'd all three better meet outside.

Cutenick and O'Houlihan rise and head angrily toward the door.

RITTER

Have I mentioned that Tom is Mr. Lazar's nephew?

They all turn back, smiling.

O'HOULIHAN

Tom, boy. Welcome aboard.

CUTENICK

The very person for the job.

WASHINGTON

A paragon.

CROTCHLOW

I just loooove nephews.

COLLINS

Oh, wow. Can I still go to the Superbowl?

O'LUNNEY

(Slyly) Cash disbursements, you say?

RITTER

We have to pay out almost ten-million dollars during the tournaments. Someone has to do it.

COLLINS

Yeah, well, like, I guess it has to be, uh, you know, like, me.

O'LUNNEY

(Stunned) Eight-million . . .

RITTER

This will be a summer job for Tom. He'll be going back to San José State in the fall.

JUNIPER

Really? What's your major?

COLLINS

Oh, wow, well, it's, uh, it's, oh, wow. It was right on the tip of my tongue.

CONTINUED

CROTCHLOW

I just loooove tongues.

O'LUNNEY

Ten-million . . .

JUNIPER

Are we done with this? I have things to do.

O'LUNNEY

(Throwing his arm around Tom) Since we'll be travelin' together, lad, I think we better get acquainted. I'm John O'Lunney.

COLLINS

Oh, wow, like, great. Like, Skully from Canarsie, right?

O'LUNNEY

Bright lad. We'll have to think o' someplace safe to keep your checkbook.

They exit, followed closely by Washington.

WASHINGTON

(Calling after O'Houlihan) Just a minute, John. Since we seem to be finished, I'd like to discuss . . .

CUTENICK

Hey, wait a minute. What about the applications?

SECRETARY

(Looking in door) Mr. O'Houlihan? Mr. Rand's on Three.

O'HOULIHAN

Did he say what he wants?

SECRETARY

Something about the opening tournament, I think.

O'HOULIHAN

I'll be right there. (To Audrey) Well, things look fine, Audrey. Fine. Let me know about this Fertile Valley place. That's a new one on me, but I can see, things are going swimmingly.

CONTINUED

O'Houlihan exits. Crotchlow follows on line.

CROTCHLOW

I just loooove swimming.

CUTENICK

(Very upset) What about the applications?

JUNIPER

Can't we just go ahead and send them out?

CUTENICK

(Snapping) We're supposed to screen these players first!

JUNIPER

My goodness. A tennis player's a tennis player. What in heaven's name could happen?

CUT TO:

EXT. PUERTO RICAN SLUM - MORNING - CU OF FERNANDO CRUZERO

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as a filthy, barefoot CRUZERO smashes a tennis ball off the side wall of a shack. A shiny rental car comes to a stop nearby. Two MALE TOURISTS watch as Cruzero reaches a near orgasmic frenzy with BOLERO-LIKE MUSIC on the soundtrack. Finally, after one last, climactic hit, the ball goes flat and just lays there.

TOURIST #1

(Lisping slightly) Donde esta El Yunce, por favor?

CRUZERO

Hey, man. I spik Eeenglish.

TOURIST #2

. . . and very well, too.

TOURIST #1

(Quivering with ecstasy) You're so *passionate* when you play.

CRUZERO

You wanta see passionate? Come take a look at my seester. Chee passionate enough for anybody. Only cost you ten bucks, man.

CONTINUED

TOURIST #2

(Giggling) Well, the price is right, but we were looking for something a little more . . . forceful.

Cruzero considers this as his sister, CHIQUITA, rushes up waving an SSTT application in the air. She's eleven and dressed in a flour sack.

CHIQUITA

Fernando? Esta los gran aplicacion para el tennis tournamento de las compania del credit card.

CRUZERO

Well, I do need a new racquet.

TOURIST #1

Thank God for small favors.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMURAI TENNIS SCHOOL SOMEWHERE IN JAPAN - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Ten SAMURAI in full regalia use tennis racquets as swords. They do a rigid drill, shouting in unison as their racquets SMASH. SAMURAI #1 swings violently and his racquet breaks. Next, we see him with his head through a racquet frame. He points at his head (a la Poncho Segura) and mumbles in subtitled Japanese: "THAT'S THE HEAD ADVANTAGE."

THE SAMURAI MASTER unrolls an ornate scroll. He reads aloud in Japanese, once again subtitled: "CONSORTIUM CONGLOMERATES ANNOUNCES THAT APPLICATIONS ARE NOW BEING ACCEPTED . . ." The Players grunt approval.

CUT TO:

EXT. A MAKESHIFT TENNIS COURT ON AN AMERICAN MILITARY BASE - EARLY MORNING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

GENERAL CRANE, in combat fatigues and holding her mail, is courtside with her Aide, COLONEL CREIGHTON, while her civilian son, JOHN CRANE, plays tennis with the Spanish POST PRO. FOUR ENLISTED MEN hold up the net. In the background, TROOPS are doing their thing. **THE CAMERA INTERCUTS** from game to conversation.

GENERAL

Whaddya think o' that little son of a bitch o' mine? Beats the shit outta them balls, don't he?

CONTINUED

CREIGHTON

Takes after his mother.

GENERAL

It's in the genes, Creighton. My boy's never lost a match.

CREIGHTON

He wouldn't dare.

GENERAL

What was that?

CREIGHTON

I said it's great air. The, uh, morning air. It's great.

GENERAL

What's that got to do with tennis?

CREIGHTON

Well, it's great to be playing tennis in, uh, in the morning air.

John falls in a hard point. The General yells at him.

GENERAL

Get up, boy. Goddammit. Come on. Get off your ass and beat the shit outta that enlisted spic.

CREIGHTON

Don't you think he lacks a certain killer instinct?

GENERAL

Get up, boy, goddammit. Get your butt off that tarmac.

John rises, and sees his mother's face on the ball as he hits a ferocious ace.

GENERAL (Cont'd)

That's it. That's the ticket.

She ad-libs "obscene" encouragement as she opens her mail. An ORDERLY rushes up as she reads. The play continues.

ORDERLY #1

Urgent message from the President, sir.

GENERAL

Get your ass outta here, son. I'm busy.

CONTINUED

ORDERLY #2

(Rushing up) The driver sends his respects, sir, and asks if the general will please board the vehicle.

Still mumbling and reading, the General gestures **ORDERLY #2** toward the court. He rushes to the net-holding enlisted men and screams as **ARTILLERY BOOMS** and **MEN SHOUT** on the soundtrack.

ORDERLY #2

Hup! Hoop! Heep! Hip!

The net holders “snap to” and fold up the net as the General, still reading, moves toward a nearby Jeep. John, in the middle of a game, is understandably confused when the net vanishes. He sputters and joins his mother. **CAMERA TRACKS** as she thrusts the application at him.

GENERAL

Enter this.

CRANE

Aw, mom. I don't want to enter this.

GENERAL

Why not?

CRANE

God, mom. You know what low-lives these players are, the ones on this level. The top names are bad enough.

They reach the Jeep and the Enlisted Men with the net pile in front.

GENERAL

Low-lives? Low-lives? Listen t' me, you worthless hunka snotnosed horse pucky, everybody on this God damned field is a low-life and **THEY'RE DEFENDING YOUR COUNTRY**, so don't talk to me about low-lives.

She climbs into the back of Jeep. John cringes. Jets **SHRIEK!** When she's in, she turns and, still standing, points down at John.

GENERAL (Cont'd)

NOW, YOU ENTER THE GODDAMNED TOURNAMENT AND YOU WIN THE GODDAMNED TOURNAMENT AND IF YOU DON'T WIN THE GODDAMNED TOURNAMENT . . .

CONTINUED

Throwing her arm up, her voice (echoed) suggests the voice of God.

GENERAL (Cont'd)

. . . HEADS ARE GOING TO ROLL!!!

The Jeep takes off, the General falling back as we

CUT TO:

INT. MIDDLE CLASS ITALIAN FAMILY DINING ROOM - EARLY EVENING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

NUNCIO CICCARELLA and his eight CHILDREN sit at a dining table as MAMA serves spaghetti sauce. Nuncio wears a shoulder holster and no jacket. Four other LARGE GOONS wearing guns peek out the windows, etc. Nuncio is waving an SSTT application at JUNIOR, his oldest son.

NUNCIO

. . . I buy a whole goddamned tennis tournament so you can play tennis and what happens? You don't wanta play tennis. How you think you're gonna get into Yale if you don't play tennis?

He wads up the application and throws it at Junior who tries to catch it. He's a klutz (a la Jim Carrey). He fumbles and drops it in his spaghetti. Mama moves around the table, ladling out spaghetti sauce.

MAMA

Nuncio, mange, mange.

NUNCIO

So, just tell me, why don't you wanta play? Huh? Tell me. Why have I been paying for lessons all these years? Huh? Just tell me. I'm a smart guy. I'll understand. Just tell me.

JUNIOR

I can't win, Papa.

MAMA

Nuncio, mange, mange.

The Gunmen begin firing out the windows. One throws hand grenades. The Family doesn't appear to notice. They eat. This fight continues.

NUNCIO

Whaddayamean, you can't win? Huh? Whaddayamean you can't win. At my casino, a Ciccarella wins.

CONTINUED

MAMA

Nuncio, mange, mange.

She ladels spaghetti sauce over the application on Junior's plate. A vase on the table explodes as it's hit by a stray bullet. The family placidly eats.

CUT TO:

CU OF JUNIOR'S SAUCE-STAINED SSTT APPLICATION. We hear an intercom BUZZ, then John O'Lunney's voice.

O'LUNNEY (VO)

Yeah, Mable?

MABLE

Ms. Cutenick's here. Shall I send her in?

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INT. JOHN O'LUNNEY'S CRUMMY OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

O'LUNNEY (VO)

Oh, God. Tell her I'm out. Tell her the Russians are coming. Tell her . . .

Cutenick and Collins enter.

O'LUNNEY (Cont'd)

. . . tell her I'd be delighted to, uh, never mind, Mable. Hi, Audrey. Tom, m'lad.

O'Lunney stuffs a whisky bottle into a desk drawer. He's a little drunk and hiccups constantly during the scene.

O'LUNNEY (Cont'd)

Don't think nothin' about this mess. We're redecoratin'.

CUTENICK

I don't . . . uh, won't, John. What's this about the Russians?

O'Lunney gestures them into chairs. He "improvises."

O'LUNNEY

Uh, well, yeah, I just got this, uh, call from the, uh, Communist Tennis League.

COLLINS

Oh, wow. Communists. Like, uh, like, that's really heavy, man.

CONTINUED

O'LUNNEY

Uh, well, yes . . . but they aren't coming. They . . . they object to the prize money, say it's too much. They'd rather play for something else.

CUTENICK

Warsaw and Kiev, no doubt. You remember Tom Collins, our traveling check writer?

O'LUNNEY

How could I forget. All that money. All those checks. the "boy with the boodle," so to speak.

COLLINS

Aw, like, hey, man. It, uh, it ain't nothin'.

O'LUNNEY

Oh, no? A lot of responsibility there. Think you can handle it?

COLLINS

Like, hey, man . . . Uncle . . . uh, Uncle . . . uh . . .

CUTENICK

Ron?

COLLINS

Oh, wow, I knew it was short. Yeah, Uncle Ron thinks I, uh, can.

O'LUNNEY

Well, who am I to dispute Uncle Ron?

COLLINS

You're nobody, man.

O'LUNNEY

Well, I wouldn't put it quite like that.

Audrey idly picks up an unopened application off O'Lunney's desk and opens it. A "rubber" falls out. She holds it up and studies it for a moment.

CUTENICK

Huumm! Extra large.

She tosses it over her shoulder and reads the application.

CONTINUED

CUTENICK (Cont'd)

Fernanda Cruzero, Puerto Rico. Well, this Cruzero seems to have a lot going for him.

O'LUNNEY

Fine player. Fine.

CUTENICK

That, too.

O'LUNNEY

Rated forty-three by the National Tennis Association.

CUTENICK

Did you get the material I sent?

O'Lunney paws at the litter on his desk; sweat sox, old whisky bottles, jock straps. Finally, he finds a paper.

O'LUNNEY

O' course. Got it right here. I think it's great Mr. Rand wants to begin the circuit at his own club. The North Chester Country Club is one of the most prestigesssh, uh, prestishable, uh, prestigitable, uh, it's got nice courts. But, well, do we need quite so many tap dancers and gypsies?

CUTENICK

Alphie's Uncle's Son's mother-in-law's brother's in show biz.

O'LUNNEY

I see. Well, then, what about this Fertile Valley Country Club? You find out anything about it?

CUTENICK

I've checked out Mr. Honeycut's, uh, development, and I'm satisfied it's in excellent shape.

O'LUNNEY

But, what about the club? Where is it?

COLLINS

Oh, wow. Somebody lost a club?

CONTINUED

CUTENICK

It's not lost. It's about ten miles from Yucca Flats, Nevada.

COLLINS

Hey, man, like I heard o' that somewhere.

O'LUNNEY

Wonder why I haven't?

CUTENICK

Oh, it's brand new. An oasis in the perfect desert air.

DISSOLVE TO:

CU of an elaborate model of the proposed Fertile Valley Country Club; tennis courts, stadium, community center, locker rooms and golf course. It's built on a bed of real sand.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO

INT. BOARD ROOM OF A POWERFUL NEW YORK CITY BANK - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

BARRY HONEYCUT is trying to finance his country club. He beams proudly over the model of his "oasis in the perfect desert air" as several BANK OFFICERS look on.

HONEYCUT

This is it, gentlemen. The Fertile Valley Country Club. Our opening will coincide with the final tournament of the Consortium Conglomerates Star Spangled Tennis Tour.

A SECRETARY enters and switches on a fan in the corner. The model's sand and tiny buildings blow all over the room. Sand is everywhere.

BANK OFFICER #1

Now I recall that God-forsaken place.

BANK OFFICER #2

Isn't that where they used to test atom bombs? Hell, putting money there would be like putting money into an ATM.

BANK OFFICER #1

I suggest you try one of the downtown banks, the ones with all the pots and pans in the windows.

CUT TO:**INT. A NICE BANK LOBBY WITH A PROMINENT DISPLAY OF POTS AND PANS - EARLY AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT**

Barry sits at a LOAN OFFICER's desk. He's glued parts of his model onto cardboard. It looks shabby.

HONEYCUT

But, I've got a wonderful piece of property here.

LOAN OFFICER

That doesn't make any difference, Mr. Honeycut. I know that area. It makes Death Valley look like a tropical rain forest. I'm sorry.

HONEYCUT

But . . .

LOAN OFFICER

No!

CUT TO A MONTAGE showing Barry trying to raise money. He carries his pathetic little model and in each sequence it's smaller. **MUSIC OVER.**

INT. LOAN COMPANY OFFICE, DESKS LINED UP IN ROWS - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

A SCRUBBY SHYLOCK shows Barry unceremoniously to the door as a PUERTO RICAN LADY with five KIDS is handed a check.

CUT TO EXT. A LOWER EASTSIDE PAWNSHOP - LATE AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The door opens. Barry and his tattered model are shown being thrown out the door by a THUG.

CUT TO EXT. DIRTY ALLEY - EARLY EVENING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Barry and a SHADY LOOKING MAN are standing beside the open trunk of a car. As Barry points to a broken model of a tree, the man shakes his head and slams down the car trunk. Barry looks hysterical as we

DISSOLVE TO:**INT. OF DINGY OFFICE CUBICLE - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT**

McQueen laboriously types a press release on O'LUNNEY SPORTS PROMOTION press release letterhead. He's actually using an old-fashioned typewriter, so we hear CLICKITY-CLACK on the soundtrack. He finishes soon after the establishing shot and the release flashes across the screen.

CONTINUED

DATE: 5/25/16

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

CONSORTIUM CONGLOMERATES TO SPONSOR THE 2016 CONSORTIUM CONGLOMERATES NORTH CHESTER COUNTRY CLUB INVITATIONAL TENNIS CLASSIC.

SOME OF THE FINEST TENNIS TALENT IN THE WORLD TO PARTICIPATE.

CONTACT: G. McQueen—X3

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT - EVENING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Crane and Cruzero sit across the aisle from one another. Both have racquets between their legs. A STEWARDESS passes and Cruzero pats her butt. She's annoyed until she sees the "Puerto Rican Bull," then she smiles. Crane is shocked as Cruzero speaks.

CRUZERO

Hey, man. These stewardesses want to know you got somethin' between your legs besides tennis racquets, you know, man?

CRANE

I beg your pardon?

CRUZERO

You going to the Consortium Conglomerates tournament?

CRANE

Yes, I am.

CRUZERO

Me, too, man. My name's Fernando Cruzero. I'm the "Puerto Rican Bull," man.

CRANE

Uh, Crane. John Crane.

They shake hands.

CRUZERO

Weren't you Junior Champ a few years back, man?

CRANE

Yes.

CONTINUED

CRUZERO

You ever play Rios?

CRANE

I beat him.

CRUZERO

She-it, man. I beat Rios. He's so short he hits practice balls off the curb in front of his house.

Cruzero smiles, Crane doesn't respond. He tries again.

CRUZERO

That stewardess got a nice ass, don't she, man?

CRANE

(Shocked) I beg your pardon?

CRUZERO

Hey, man. You don't have to beg. You're with me. I'm gonna fuck that tonight. You want me to fix you up?

Crane's tempted. He wavers, almost smiles, then regains control.

CRANE

I . . . I . . . you know, it's people like you that give tennis a bad name. I don't know what makes you think a nice girl like that would . . .

The Stewardess passes. Without pausing, she drops a key card labeled "AIR-PORT MOTEL, #251" in Cruzero's lap. He grins, holds it up to taunt Crane.

CRANE

Well, I . . . I haven't time for such foolishness. I'm a serious player and I have to save my . . .

The Stewardess passes again. Her butt swings temptingly.

CRANE (Cont'd)

. . . uh, my "energy" for the game.

CRUZERO

You save too much energy, man, yer balls gonna fall off.

CONTINUED

CRANE

You are really a low-life. How'd you get in this tournament, anyway?

CRUZERO

I got a big dick.

CRANE

Do you think the people at Consortium Conglomerates are going to put up with these shenanigans?

CRUZERO

"Chee-nan-ee-can." Ain't that some kinda Chinese rubber?

CRANE

You won't last three minutes in this tournament. I assure you, Mr. Cruzero, the people running the SSTT know there's more to life than having a good time.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE CIRCUS TENT ERECTED AT THE NORTH CHESTER COUNTRY CLUB ADJACENT TO THE LOBBY - BRIGHT, SUN-LIT MID-MORNING IN JUNE - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The place is a madhouse. Two WORKMEN carry a banner reading "THE NORTH CHESTER COUNTRY CLUB INVITATIONAL TENNIS CLASSIC." The club personnel, BALLBOYS, WAITERS, etc., wear CCSSTT tee-shirts that don't fit. THE CAMERA INTERCUTS between conversations as indicated. We hear totally inappropriate COUNTRY MUSIC. COOKS prepare an elaborate buffet, but every time they put food down, a hoard of TENNIS PLAYERS descends and gobbles it up.

A podium is at one end of the tent where a WORKMAN says "TESTING" as the P.A. system SQUEAKS and SQUAWKS. Expensively dressed CLUB MEMBERS are jostled by a motley group of GYPSIES, TAP DANCERS and SIDE SHOW FREAKS. C/C hired circus acts to add "color" to their kick-off tournament, but the agency mixed up the order and sent a cheap carnival. A FORTUNE TELLER sets up a card table near the podium. Her table-top neon sign flashes, spelling out "MRS. CARTER — KNOW THE FUTURE."

Juniper rushes up to a four-piece COUNTRY AND WESTERN BAND playing near the podium. It stops as she screams at the BAND LEADER.

CONTINUED

JUNIPER

No, no, no! Who are you? Where did you come from? I ordered a string quartette.

BAND LEADER

(In thick country accent) Well, we're sorry, m'am. But the agency was outta string quartettes, so they sent us. Course, we are a string quartette, so t' speak.

Cutenick runs across screaming at someone off-frame.

CUTENICK

No, no, no! The scoreboard goes outside, by the tennis courts. Not by the clam dip.

O'HOULIHAN

(Rushing up to Mindy) My God. My God. Mr. Rand's arriving. Mr. Rand's arriving. Where's the honor guard? Where's the Marine Band? Where's the red carpet?

O'Houlihan grabs the Band Leader's lapels and shakes him.

O'HOULIHAN (Cont'd)

Where's the red carpet? He can't walk on the ground! Where's Audrey? Oh, God. Audrey? Audrey?

He goes off screaming for Cutenick.

JUNIPER

(To Band Leader) Play something. Oh, dear. Rand's coming. Play something. Play anything.

The Band plays SHE'LL BE COMIN' 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN as the Fortune Teller carries on like a NATIONAL INQUIRER HEADLINE.

FORTUNE TELLER

Oh, woe. Woe to Kim and Kanye. Woe to Lindsey Lohan, but good news for Beyoncé. Oh, woe, woe and double woe for Madonna. Learn the future. Corner the market. Ten bucks.

We hear this sort of thing on the soundtrack from time to time during this scene.

CUT TO a phalanx of gray-suited FLUNKIES pouring in. Behind them is a CRANKY OLD JANITOR with a rolled up red carpet which he has to lay alone. He does so as Rand enters. Rand steps onto the carpet, then sees it's still being laid. He refuses

CONTINUED

to get off so is forced to step forward one foot at a time as the Janitor slowly unrolls it. The Flunkys step in unison with Rand.

RAND

(Mumbling) Goddam, son of a bitch,
fuckin' asshole scumbag . . .

A DRUNKEN LOUDMOUTH (a la "THE GRADUATE") walks by Rand with his arm around a young TENNIS PLAYER. **THE CAMERA TRACKS.**

LOUDMOUTH

Spastics! That's right, spastics! Remember that. I seen you play and the others are spastics.

They walk off-frame as O'Houlihan rushes through. **THE CAMERA TRACKS O'HOULIHAN.**

O'HOULIHAN

Audrey? Audrey? Where are you,
Audrey?

JUNIPER

(Rushing up) She's in the lobby, Mr.
O'Houlihan.

A BEARDED LADY and a MIDGET walk by. O'Houlihan is horrified.

O'HOULIHAN

My God. What is this? Who are they?
Where are we?

JUNIPER

Oh, dear. Well, the rental agency got the
order mixed up, you see. They were
supposed to send a circus, but they sent
carnival acts.

A BLACK DUDE enters and sets up a THREE CARD MONTE PITCH. CARMONA, TOSTADA and GUADALAJARA appear and surround him, cussing in Spanish as they bet and lose. O'Houlihan watches, mouth open. Finally, he clenches his fists and walks off screaming.

O'HOULIHAN

Audrey? Audrey? You can't hide forever,
Audrey.

CUT TO a bar set up in the lobby. O'Lunney and Collins are getting loaded. RENFIELD stands between them in tennis whites, eating flies off the cherries on the bar. O'Lunney ignores him. Tom stares openly.

CONTINUED

O'LUNNEY

Eight million dollars worth o' checks must get awful heavy.

COLLINS

Oh, yeah. Heavy, man. Heavy.

O'LUNNEY

And to think, you can write those checks out to anybody you want.

COLLINS

Oh, wow. Like, I guess so, uh, probably ...

O'LUNNEY

(Noticing Tom staring) You and Renfield know each other?

Renfield produces a particularly odious beetle and CACKLES as he eats its legs. He moves off-frame.

COLLINS

Uh, wow, I mean, I don't know. (Calling to Renfield) Hey, man? You ever been to Miami?

O'Houlihan walks through and sees Renfield. He SCREAMS.

O'HOULIHAN

Audrey? Audrey Cutenick?

CUT TO THE BUFFET TABLE. O'Houlihan can be heard in the distance.

O'HOULIHAN (Cont'd)

Audrey? You can't hide forever.

Cutenick is at the buffet table trying to seduce Crane. Uninterested, he eats a chicken leg. Crotchlow is nearby.

CRANE

Gee, this is a great leg.

CUTENICK

(Feeling Crane's thigh) This is a great thigh.

CROTCHLOW

I just loooove thighs.

Juniper rushes through yelling off-frame. **THE CAMERA TRACKS HER.**

CONTINUED

JUNIPER

No, no, no! The press bar is separate. Reporters should stay in the lobby. In the lobby. For heaven's sake, keep them away from the children.

Juniper passes Washington and his WIFE who have just come in. **THE CAMERA TRACKS** as they cross to the buffet.

WASHINGTON

How do you like all this, honey?

MRS. WASHINGTON

Frankly, I think I prefer Snoop Dogg.

They exit as **THE CAMERA LINGERS** on MRS. ALPHONSO RAND talking to Cruzero at the buffet. Carmona, Tostada and Guadalajara are also there, using crepes and caviar from a carved ice swan to make tacos.

MRS. RAND

So, you're the "Puerto Rican Bull?"

CRUZERO

Yeah, baby. That's me. What's your name?

MRS. RAND

I'm Mrs. Rand. That's my husband over there.

THE CAMERA INTERCUTS TO RAND. He's halfway to the podium, still on the carpet as the Janitor *slowly* lays it. He argues with Mike O'Houlihan.

MRS. RAND (Cont'd)

But, I want to know about you. Do they call you the "Puerto Rican Bull" because of your big, healthy tennis game?

CRUZERO

(Grinning lewdly) Yeah. They call me that because of my big, healthy strokes.

MRS. RAND

Maybe you'd like to show me some of your big, healthy strokes?

Cruzero pulls her under the buffet table. They're hidden by the tablecloth.

The Ciccarellas pass the buffet on the way to the front desk. They look like they just got off the boat. Nuncio leads with Junior second. Several GOONS escort them. **THE CAMERA TRACKS.** Junior carries a violin case. When they arrive at the desk, Crotchlow is behind it.

CONTINUED

NUNCIO

Hey, my kid's here t' sign up for the tournament, know what I mean?

CROTCHLOW

(Terrified) Uh, uh, uh . . .

He sees Junior's violin case and sinks behind the desk.

JUNIOR

Jeese, dad. Why can't I have a real racquet case?

NUNCIO

Shut up! I tol' you. That case was good enough for me, it's good enough for you. (Shouting at Crotchlow) Hey, creep? Whatsamattayou? Tennis is a nice game, you know what I mean? (To Junior) Come on, kid. Let's go hit a few.

They leave as Crotchlow peeks out. **CROTCHLOW POV.** He sees ANIMAL and his MATES (Australians), dressed in bush hats and dirty tennis whites. They carry racquets and beer cans. Crotchlow looks at them and "swoons".

CUT TO Rand, finally on the podium, with O'Houlihan. The Janitor rolls the carpet up a lot faster than he unrolled it. The Flunkies are grouped around.

O'HOULIHAN

(Into P.A. mike) May I have your attention, please? May I . . . uh

The noise goes on as everyone ignores O'Houlihan. The Band finishes a mournful TRUCKER'S LAMENT. The carnival freaks and gypsies come forward and collect in front of the podium; JO-JO THE DOG FACED BOY, a FAT LADY, the Bearded Lady and the Midget, etc

O'HOULIHAN (Cont'd)

May I have your . . . uh . . . (Noticing the Freaks) . . . uh, I'd like to introduce Mr. Alphonso Rand, Chairman of the Board of Consortium Conglomerates. Mr. Rand?

The Freaks APPLAUD and WHISTLE. The Band plays a lively (and totally inappropriate) COUNTRY AND WESTERN TUNE.

RAND

I would like . . . uh, I would like, if I may, uh, to take you on a strange journey . . .

CONTINUED

Rand bends down and whispers to O'Houlihan as he nods toward the Band.

RAND (Cont'd)

Have them shot, will you?

CUT TO THE FRONT DESK. Crotchlow is approached by DINK SCOGGINS who looks a lot like Philipp Petzscher.

SCOGGINS

How're y'all doin'? Name's Dink Scoggins.
They don't call me Dink 'cause I pattycake
the ball. She-it, no sir. I beat the livin' piss
outta that mother. I played football, too,
an' all sports like that. Outta Cowpens,
Cherokee County, y'know?

CROTCHLOW

I just loooove indians.

We hear SHOTS in the background and the C&W MUSIC stops abruptly.

CUT TO RAND. O'Houlihan returns as he addresses the assembled Freaks.

RAND

Welcome, ladies and, uh, gentlemen, to
the kickoff tournament of the Star Spangled
Tennis Tour. (Whispering to O'Houlihan)
Where are the reporters?

O'Houlihan signals Juniper who's nearby. She runs to the lobby door and opens it. REPORTERS (etc.) stampede in, trampling Juniper as they attack the buffet. They ignore Rand who tries to keep going over the noise.

RAND (Cont'd)

. . . and, uh, furthermore . . .

CUT TO the front desk. Scoggins and Crotchlow are still talking.

SCOGGINS

Cowpens? Why, hell. We're the cat's ass
in North Carolina. Right at the crossroads
o' the new south. But that don't have
nothin' t' do with why I'm here. I come
here t' win me some o' that Yankee
money. Woowee. Sign me up. Who do I
play?

CROTCHLOW

(Captivated) I don't think there'll be any
problem, particularly since I'm in charge
of who gets in. I handle the draws.

CONTINUED

Cutenick slinks by.

SCOGGINS

Speakin' o' drawers, I'd like t' get in her drawers. Hot damn.

CROTCHLOW

(Abruptly changing his tone) Of course, you'll have to qualify first.

SCOGGINS

Aw, she-it. Do I haveta?

CROTCHLOW

You do now.

CUT TO Rand, still addressing the Freaks.

RAND

. . . uh . . . now, this afternoon we're going to have a pro/am tournament. That's the professionals against the amateurs for you non-tennis players. I'll be playing in that, too. (Still ignored, he yells louder) I say, I'll be playing in that, too.

He's still ignored. He whispers to O'Houlihan who whispers to the Flunkys. As one man, they lift the podium with Rand on it and set it down behind the buffet. The Reporters stop eating briefly and look up at Rand.

RAND (Cont'd)

I'll be playing in that, too. Now, I see we have a question from the floor. Yes?

REPORTER #1

Mr. Rand, what about C/C's underhanded attempt to take over the domestic publishing interests of McCaw and Brill?

RAND

I don't care to discuss that now. This is a tennis luncheon. Any tennis questions? Yes?

REPORTER #2

What's your handicap?

CUT TO FRONT DESK. The Samurai in full regalia strut up to Crotchlow. Each has a camera, several racquets and a sword. Samurai #1 leads. He mumbles to Crotchlow who's talking to LARRY MONTE, the club pro.

CONTINUED

CROTCHLOW

What's that? I don't understand. Do you speak French or Greek?

Impatiently, Samurai #1 points at a terrified Monte.

CROTCHLOW (Cont'd)

Him? He's Larry Monte, the club pro.

This builds until the Samurai gets mad, throws a tennis ball into the air and slices it in four pieces. He then HOWLS and cuts the desk in half.

CROTCHLOW (Cont'd)

Well, there's no need to get huffy.

CUT TO RAND, finishing his speech. The Reporters have deserted the buffet and been replaced by the ever faithful Freaks.

RAND

. . . and, so, in conclusion, in the inimitable words of . . . of . . . in the inimitable words . . . uh . . . in the . . . uh . . . let the play begin.

The Freaks CHEER and APPLAUD as Cruzero and Mrs. Rand crawl out from under the buffet table.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TENNIS COURTS OF THE NORTH CHESTER COUNTRY CLUB - AFTERNOON - FAST MONTAGE OF VARIOUS PLAYERS SERVING DURING THE PRO/AM

Cruzero serves. THWOCK! His OPPONENT is hit in the head by the 150 mph serve. he doesn't flinch or even get out of position. He just keels over.

CUT TO Scoggins (rebel) yelling as he serves a tremendous lob to Junior Ciccarella. Junior SCREAMS, throws his racquet in the air and runs.

CUT TO Renfield serving. Then he grabs flies out of the air and feasts as he waits to return. His return is tremendous.

CUT TO John Crane as he prepares to serve to Jo-Jo, the Dog Faced Boy, who is one of the Carnival freaks. This is a pro/am, after all. Crane is understandably disconcerted as Jo-Jo lopes about with his tennis racquet. Finally, Crane throws up his hands as his opponent BARKS.

CUT TO CU of a terrified Larry Monte. **MONTE'S POV.** He's facing *all* the Samurai, although only Samirai #1 is actually serving. The others are lined up behind him for moral support. The execute an elaborate serving ritual as Larry watches. Then, with a ferocious SCREAM, Samurai #1 serves.

CONTINUED

THWOCK! When we next see Monte he's flat on his face. The ball has shaved a strip down the back of his head as well as exposed a three-inch strip of his back.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CLUB COURT WHERE DINK SCOGGINS IS PLAYING HIS MATCH - MID-AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Several LITTLE OLD LADIES sit under a striped umbrella. They CHATTER away during a lull in the match.

LADY #1

Don't you just love tennis, Mavis?

LADY #2

Oh, yes, and it's such a constructive discipline for the young.

LADY #3

Oh, look, girls. He's getting ready to serve.

THE CAMERA PANS to Scoggins, who's serving. He yells across the court.

SCOGGINS

Dig in, motherfucker. Here it comes.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SMALL BAR SET UP AT COURTSIDE - MID-AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Animal chugs beer as his Mates keep count. In the background, Rand gets ready for his pro/am match with Animal.

MATES

Twelve!

AUSSIE #1

Better not drink too much, mate. he might be tough.

ANIMAL

Tough, my ass. That old fart?

He chugs another beer.

MATES

Thirteen!

CONTINUED

AUSSIE #2

Maybe you ought to tank the match, Animal? Rand's a big wheel. He'd probably pay to win.

AUSSIE #1

Fair dinkum. You've gone into the tank, too, mate.

Animal downs another beer.

MATES

Fourteen!!

ANIMAL

(Burping) I ain't gonna throw it. Old fat-ass can't beat his meat, mate. Even with fifteen beers under my belt I can whip the runt, and I just ate, mate.

He downs another beer. The Mates CHEER.

MATES

Fifteen!!

Animal staggers onto the court. His Mates follow. He's so drunk he can hardly stand. He gets ready to serve. **THE CAMERA INTERCUTS** between Rand and Animal. Rand's nervous, shaky. He perspires freely. Animal, on the other hand, is acting like a chimpanzee; jumping and grunting. He threatens to serve, then backs down. Finally, Rand stands and yells.

RAND

All right, son. Enough's enough.

Animal serves, a towering lob. **RAND'S POV.** The ball comes and comes, slow motion. **POV SHIFTS.** Rand's face grows redder and redder until he simply falls to his knees. Aides swarm onto the court.

AIDE #1

Stand back. let him breathe.

RAND

Tennis is beautiful.

Rand falls back and dies. Animal yells over the net.

ANIMAL

Hey, mate? Is he dead?

AIDE #2

I . . . I think he is.

CONTINUED

ANIMAL

(To Mates) Whoopee! Let's play, you bloody bastards. We got the court 'til three.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUSH GOLF GREEN, PRESUMABLY NOT AT NORTH CHESTER - SUNLIT AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Lazar, who's golfing, is handed a memo by a quaking O'Houlihan. he reads it, leers at the camera and CACKLES evilly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AUDREY'S OFFICE AT C/C - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Juniper and McQueen sit on tee-shirt boxes looking forlorn. Audrey paces as best she can. She's mad! Various WORKMEN are carting out the furniture.

JUNIPER

. . . I mean, it was over so fast.

CUTENICK

How could he cut eight-and-a-half-million out of my budget just like that?

JUNIPER

I mean, Rand dying and his wife running off to Puerto Rico with no warning . . .

McQUEEN

I don't even think O'Lunney can pay my salary. Hell, this was his last big account.

CUTENICK

Well, if he thinks he's going to get away with this . . .

Audrey reaches for the phone. Before she can pick it up, one of the WORKMEN unplugs it and takes it away.

JUNIPER

. . . and who'd ever have thought Jo-Jo the Dog Faced Boy would win the pro/am?

Two WORKMEN pick up and remove Audrey's desk.

JUNIPER (Cont'd)

. . . I mean, think how that'll look on the trophy.

CONTINUED

A WORKMAN begins removing the bulbs from the light fixtures.

JUNIPER (Cont'd)

I can just *see* the press release. Jo-Jo the Dog Faced Boy wins Consortium Conglomerates . . . oh, it's too much. Too much. What else can happen? What else?

The lights go off. They are now in total darkness.

CUTENICK

(After a beat) Well, I'm not going to stand for this. I'm not.

McQUEEN

What can you do? Even Mike O'Houlihan won't take your calls and his office is next door.

Audrey strikes a match.

CUTENICK

There's more than one way to skin a cad.

She blows out the match.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTER OFFICE OF RAND'S FORMER SUITE - AFTERNOON - MED SHOT OF DOOR

Audrey bursts in like a cyclone. A WORKMAN who's been scraping Rand's name off the door, hangs on it as Audrey opens and slams it. She speaks firmly to HETTY, Lazar's secretary.

CUTENICK

All right, Hetty. I want to see him and I want to see him now.

Hetty runs to guard the "inner sanctum" door.

HETTY

I'm sorry, Audrey. Mr. Lazar's in a meeting.

CUTENICK

I know what that means.

Cutenick advances. Hetty retreats. Audrey goes through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. LAZAR'S LAVISH NEW TOP FLOOR SUITE - A SUNNY AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

CONTINUED

Lazar is on the terrace, hitting golf balls out over the city. An AIDE places balls on a tee when necessary. Audrey crosses and bursts onto the terrace.

CUTENICK

Excuse me, Mr. Lazar. May I see you a moment, sir? Alone?

Lazar dismisses the Aide who leaves.

LAZAR

How did you know I was up here?

He drives another ball out over the city.

CUTENICK

There've been reports of unidentified flying objects all day. Looks like you're hitting pretty well . . . (Seductively) . . . Ronnie . . .

LAZAR

Thanks, baby. last week I hit one through old man McCaw's window. (He points) The McGaw/Brill building's way over there, see? The old bastard was mad as hell.

CUTENICK

(Openly sexual) Ronnie? It's about my budget.

She oozes toward him. He's mesmerized by her breasts.

CUTENICK (Cont'd)

I mean, we've gone so far. We can't just stop now, can we? All those tennis clubs. All that bad publicity . . .

She begins sliding her arms around his neck.

CUTENICK (Cont'd)

Can we?

CUT TO:

INT. CUTENICK'S OFFICE - MID-AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Juniper types another news release on her computer and prints it out on C/C paper. Behind her, Cutenick directs workmen as they return her furniture. The following text is displayed.

CONTINUED

DATE: 6/15/16

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

STAR SPANGLED TENNIS TOUR REVIVED. PLAY RESUMES NEXT WEEK WITH THE CONSORTIUM CONGLOMERATES ALPHONSO RAND MEMORIAL HORSE HEAD ISLAND INTERNATIONAL TENNIS OPEN.

TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE AT THE GATE.

CONTACT: M. Juniper--X54

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE FERTILE VALLEY QUONSET HUT - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Honeycut holds a letter which he reads aloud to Red-Eye and Cissy Belle.

HONEYCUT

“. . . so I know it will be no problem for you to have a grandstand, press room, locker room facilities, a complete match schedule, a list of publicity events and six courts available for tournament use only. Sincerely, Audrey Cutenick.”
(Bleakly) Shit! Anybody seen the court?

RED-EYE

The wind uncovered one o’ the net posts last night. But, dammit, Barry. I thought you said they was a-gonna cancel the blamed thing.

HONEYCUT

They were. I thought we were off the hook, but now it’s back on and I still don’t have any money and where in hell am I going to come up with a grandstand and a list of publicity events?

RED-EYE

Well, I tol’ ya. I tol’ ya, but you wouldn’t listen. I said, Barry, I said, you don’t know shit about tennis an’ . . .

CISSY BELLE

Shut up, daddy. The problem ain’t who tol’ who what, the problem is, about a million people gonna be here in little over a month an’ where we gonna put um all?

CONTINUED

HONEYCUT

I guess we could double up.

RED-EYE

She-it! I ain't givin' up my room, even if it does have the best view o' the pool.

Barry studies the letter again.

HONEYCUT

. . . and there's a P.S.

RED-EYE

How much *that* gonna cost?

HONEYCUT

It says, "don't forget to have the greens refurbished. Mr. Lazar loves his golf."

RED-EYE

Well, if Mr. Lay-zar loves his golf, well, that makes all the diff'ence. We better get t' ree-fur-bish-ment o' them greens. Saw green oncet. Made me seasick.

CISSY BELLE

You ain't helpin' a-tall. What they doin' at them other places, Barry, 'bout that there stuff on the list?

HONEYCUT

Who in hell knows?

RED-EYE

Maybe we could rent it all some'eres. Yule Huggens over at the Yucca Flats Farmers Co-Operative store says he rents anythin'.

CISSY BELLE

Oh, daddy. You cain't rent a golf course.

RED-EYE

Well, I ain't heard the Fertile Valley on-ter-per-nur come up with anythin' better.

HONEYCUT

Come on, Cissy Belle. Maybe I can still talk Matt Chapinsky into putting up some money. Seems to me Cochise World Airways has a stake in this thing. He has to fly everybody in.

CONTINUED

RED-EYE

Doubt many folks'll be flyin' in from
Dead Horse Gulch.

CISSY BELLE

Why don't you go to one o' them other
tournaments, Barry, an' see what they's
a-doin'. Where's it at this week?

HONEYCUT

Horse Head Island. But the finals are
today, it's almost over. Best to wait until
next week and go to Atlantic City.

RED-EYE

Any red-headed floozies in Atlantic City?

HONEYCUT

One or two.

RED-EYE

Maybe I oughta go along this time.

CISSY BELLE

Now, daddy. We hardly have enough
money to send Barry, let alone you.
Come on, Barry. Let's go talk to Matt.

Barry stands and they start to go.

RED-EYE

Uh, Barry? This Miss, uh, Cutey? She got
red hair?

HONEYCUT

Why, no, Red-Eye. What gave you that
idea?

RED-EYE

Just thought she might.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. MOVING AUTOMOBILE ON A NORTH CAROLINA ROAD - HOT,
SULTRY MORNING - ESTABLISHING SHOT**

O'Lunney, McQueen, O'Houlihan, Juniper, Cutenick and Collins are in a rental car on an endless, straight, two-lane road, somewhere in the Great Dismal Swamp. Cypress trees and Spanish moss overhang it. They're on their way to Horse Head Island. The heat and humidity are almost unbearable. Cutenick drives. The CAR RADIO plays quietly.

CONTINUED

O'LUNNEY

You better slow down, Audrey. There's cops comin' outta the woodwork down here.

CUTENICK

Don't worry. I can "charm" my way out of any ticket.

McQUEEN

They jail you for that in North Carolina, Audrey.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (VO)

. . . the temperature right now in downtown Greensboro, 100 sizzling degrees, so y'all keep cool now, y'hear? Now, here's a . . .

JUNIPER

Oh, those poor players, having to play in this heat. I hope there's lots of lemonade.

O'HOULIHAN

It's bourbon and branch water down here, Mindy.

CUTENICK

I could use a good stiff one right now.

O'LUNNEY

(Looking at the speedometer) What are you trying to match, Audrey? The temperature or the humidity?

McQUEEN

She's in a hurry to find a stiff one.

We hear a POLICE SIREN. A police car appears and pulls them over. A SOUTHERN SHERIFF comes to the window.

SHERIFF

Y'all was runnin' kinda fast, wasn't ya, m'am?

CUTENICK

Oh, sheriff, I'm so sorry. I won't do it again.

SHERIFF

(Writing ticket) Prob'ly not. Prob'ly not.

CONTINUED

O'LUNNEY

Excuse me, sir, but me very own brother is the Police Commissioner o' New York City an' . . .

SHERIFF

Do tell. Well, I was in that there New York City oncet. I know what goes on. A little ol' parkin' ticket's about four hunderd dollars an' they steal yore car while they's at it, an' y'all talk 'bout southern speed traps.

CUTENICK

But, sheriff . . .

SHERIFF

Well, ain't that a coincidence. This's gonna cost yew just what it cost me when I tried to park on Lex-ing-ton Avenue. That'll be four hundred and twenty dollars.

CUTENICK

. . . a bargain, a real bargain. (Looking in her purse) But, I don't seem t' have any cash.

SHERIFF

Well, I hate t' take y'all in. 'Course, if'n I haveta . . .

CUTENICK

Wait. Do you take the card?

Grinning, the Sheriff pulls out a credit card validator.

SHERIFF

Well, shore. Why didn't ya say so in the first place?

He puts Audrey's card in the validator. **CU OF VALIDATOR.**

SHERIFF (VO)

Here ya go, an' welcome to North Carolina. Hope y'all have a real good time.

CUT TO:

CU ANOTHER CREDIT CARD VALIDATOR. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INT. GLASS ENCLOSED LOBBY OF HORSE HEAD ISLAND GOLF AND TENNIS CLUB - EARLY AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

CONTINUED

Crotchlow, wearing a pith helmet, is at the desk as TWO PLAYERS register. Other PLAYERS are everywhere. Jerry is validating one of their credit cards. He removes it from the validator and hands it back.

CROTCHLOW

Okay, guys. Take court twelve and watch out for alligators.

He points toward the busy courts which are completely visible through the lobby's huge picture windows.

PLAYER #1

Gators? You're kidding?

PLAYER #2

No, he's not. I saw three on the way in. That's why everybody's carrying two racquets. One's for beating off alligators.

CROTCHLOW

I never got to beat off an alligator.

CUT TO Audrey striding into the lobby, followed (in line) by Mike O'Houlihan, Juniper and McQueen. O'Lunney and Collins bring up the rear. O'Houlihan is almost hysterical. **THE CAMERA PANS.**

CUTENICK

How did I know he was going to follow us down the road with his radar device?

O'HOULIHAN

Three tickets. Three tickets. Who's going to pay for them?

CUTENICK

Nobody. We put them on the card.

They arrive at the front desk as the PLAYERS leave. O'Lunney and Collins head for the bar.

CUTENICK (Cont'd)

How's it going, Jerry?

During the following, PARATROOPERS begin landing outside on the courts, the golf course, etc. We see them clearly through the lobby's glass walls.

CROTCHLOW

Well, one of our co-sponsors, Ludowici Airlines, flew fourteen of our top players to the everglades by mistake. They never showed up.

CONTINUED

CUTENICK

Oh, dear. Will they make it to Atlantic City?

CROTCHLOW

Probably not? The police have impounded the plane to search for drugs. They think it was disguised and flown in from Columbia.

JUNIPER

Oh, my. Public Affairs isn't going to like this.

McQUEEN

Let's hope they just search the plane. If they look in the luggage we're lost.

CUTENICK

What about Cruzero and Crane?

CROTCHLOW

For once, luck was with us. They're playing the finals match this afternoon.

McQUEEN

Well, that's something. They're the best, anyway. We can play up their rivalry.

CROTCHLOW

. . . and then there's Wayne Hepplewhite of the Southern Comfort Tennis Association.

CUTENICK/JUNIPER

Oh, God!

HEPPLEWHITE (VO)

. . . and they jes' fell apart, I mean, who'd o' thought a tennis ball could jes' fall apart by hittin' it?

CROTCHLOW

I think I'll see if I can find an alligator.

HEPPLEWHITE arrives with LETTIA TWITS, reporter.

JUNIPER

Mr. Hepplewhite, I'm so sorry about your balls.

HEPPLEWHITE

You should be.

CONTINUED

CUTENICK

Isn't that Fernando Cruzero over there?
Oh, Fernando . . .

She hurries off to avoid Hepplewhite. He knows it.

HEPPLEWHITE

(Yelling after her) Miss Cutenick, I
presume?

BRIEF CUT TO HEPPLEWHITE POV. Audrey's read end.

McQUEEN

How did you ass-ertain that?

HEPPLEWHITE

She's a-goin' in the other direction.

TWITS

(Mispronouncing as misspelled) Where's
Philipp Paycher-er?

CROTCHLOW

I don't know, darling, but if you find
him, save a piece for me.

HEPPLEWHITE

This is Miss Letitia Twits of the
Turbanville Times Picayune.

CROTCHLOW

My, Miss Twits is sagging, isn't she?

TWITS

Where's Philipp Paycher-er?

JUNIPER

(Taking Twits' arm) Miss Twits, I'm Mindy
Juniper of the C/C Public Affairs depart-
ment.

TWITS

Do you know Philipp Paycher-er?

JUNIPER

Uh, no, but I have his mother's recipe
for Strössel Tort. perhaps we could . . .

O'Houlihan finally notices the Paratroopers.

CONTINUED

O'HOULIHAN

Uh, has anyone heard anything about an impending invasion of North Carolina?

Efilio Tostada walks by in tennis whites.

TWITS

Is that Philipp Paycher-er?

CROTCHLOW

Not unless he shrunk.

A SQUAD OF SOLDIERS doubletimes through the lobby.

CORPORAL

Hup! Twop! Threep! Fourp!

HEPPLEWHITE

Mah, mah. There does seem to be a military presence of some sort.

CROTCHLOW

Isn't it heaven?

O'HOULIHAN

(Yelling) Audrey? Audrey?

O'Houlihan goes to find Audrey as a handsome SARGEANT comes to the desk and speaks to Crotchlow.

SARGEANT

Sorry, sir. I have to clear this area or my ass'll be in a sling.

CROTCHLOW

One of my favorite things.

McQUEEN

Mindy, why don't you take Ms. Twits on a tour of the premises. Fill her in on the big picture, so to speak?

HEPPLEWHITE

(Stalking off) I've already got the big picture.

JUNIPER

Miss Twits, if you'll just come with me.

TWITS

(As they go off) Will we see Philipp Paycher-er?

CUT TO:**EXT. THE HORSE HEAD ISLAND GROUNDS - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING - ESTABLISHING SHOT**

Players and Paratroopers are everywhere. **THE CAMERA TRACKS** as Mindy and Ms. Twits come out the lobby door.

JUNIPER

One can never tell, Ms. Twits. Now, over here are the courts and that is a tennis player.

They walk past a court where Animal and the Samurai are playing. Both are cheered on by their respective groups.

JUNIPER

. . . and, of course, here at the Horse Head Island Club, the courts are brand new. These were put in especially for our tournament. The contractor layed them all in thirteen days.

Behind them, the Samurai jumps for a shot, then drops through the tarmac into a hole. Ms. Twits sees it.

TWITS

Was that Philipp Paycher-er?

CUT TO ANOTHER COURT. Mindy and Twits again walk by. Jo-Jo the Dog Faced Boy and Renfield play. Jo-Jo has presumably been encouraged by his pro/am win and has come on the tour. Renfield is doing his thing.

JUNIPER

. . . with some of the finest young tennis talent in the world.

TWITS

(Seeing Jo-Jo) That's not Philipp Paycher-er.

JUNIPER

(Also seeing Jo-Jo) . . . and, we are, of course, an equal opportunity employer.

We hear Cruzero URINATING INTO A TENNIS CAN.

JUNIPER (Cont'd)

Oh, someone's making coffee.

They turn to the next court and see Cruzero doing it. Behind him, Crane is appalled and furious. Juniper reacts with aplomb as she leads Ms. Twits off.

CONTINUED

JUNIPER (Cont'd)

Have you seen our Rachel Ray cookbook?
There's a wonderful recipe for pee-can pie.

TWITS

Was that Philipp Paycher-er?

THE CAMERA LINGERS on Cruzero and Crane. Suddenly, General Crane parachutes into the shot, yelling at Cruzero as she falls.

GENERAL

You God damned, mother-fucking
wet-back spik! How dare you try to
intimidate my son!

She struggles to get her pistol out of its holster. She clearly intends to shoot Cruzero.

GENERAL (Cont'd)

God damned Army issue . . .

She lands on the near empty bleachers and they collapse.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUBHOUSE BAR - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Mindy and Miss Twits enter and approach O'Lunney and Tostada who are drinking at the bar.

JUNIPER

. . . and that's the big picture, Ms. Twits.
Do you have any questions?

TWITS

(To O'Lunney) Have you seen Philipp
Paycher-er?

O'LUNNEY

Sure now, I think I saw him a-goin' in
the locker room. It's the door right over
there.

Miss Twits sprints off toward the locker room. Mindy follows hysterically.

JUNIPER

Ms. Twits? Ms. Twits? You can't go in
the locker room. Ms. Twits?

THE CAMERA LINGERS on O'Lunney and Tostada.

CONTINUED

O'LUNNEY

(Calling after Ms. Twits) That's right, darlin', the door labeled "men". (To Tostada) Give um all a thrill.

TOSTADA

Chee gonna chock the chit outta them, man.

O'HOULIHAN

(Walking through) Audrey? Where are you, Audrey?

TOSTADA

(To O'Houlihan) Have you looked in the steam room, man?

Suddenly, men SCREAM. PLAYERS erupt from the locker room wearing jock straps and towels. Finally, Dink Scoggins runs out with Ms. Twits in hot pursuit. Mindy follows closely. They all immediately leave the frame.

TWITS

Philipp? Philipp? Philipp?

SCOGGINS

Rape! Rape!

JUNIPER

Ms. Twits? That's not Phiipp Petzscher. Ms. Twits.

O'LUNNEY

(Calling out) You're blowin' in the wind, Mindy darlin'.

TOSTADA

Cesus! Audrey does that, too. I donno, man. These corporation broads are crazy. They want it all the time, man.

Wayne Hepplewhite enters and stalks up to O'Lunney.

HEPPLEWHITE

Mr. O'Houlihan, you are supposed to be the public relations man for this heah travesty. Well, here we are, on the day of the finals and there is practically no one, ah say again, there is practically no one in what's left of our stands. the SCTA is goin' t' protest, Mr. O'Lunney. We are goin' to protest to the National Tennis Association.

CONTINUED

O'LUNNEY

Well, now, Mr. Hepplewhite, I wouldn't run amok.

HEPPLEWHITE

Just how do you explain the absence of spectators, Mr. O'Lunney?

O'LUNNEY

Well, one problem was competition from the local Shrimp Shuckers Shuck-Off. Seems a major network added it to their "Big Wide Wonderful World of Sports."

HEPPLEWHITE

Why, I never . . .

TOSTADA

Chou Chould try, man. Do you good.

HEPPLEWHITE

I am a-palled. I'm going to get out of this madhouse and lodge my protest just as soon as I find Miss Twits.

TOSTADA

Che's Chrinking fast, man.

HEPPLEWHITE

(Exiting) Ah wish you'd *all* Chrink!

O'LUNNEY

It's a crime what I have to put up with, an' speakin' o' crime, Efilio, old man, it's time for you and me to retire.

TOSTADA

I know what chu mean, man. I'm tired. I can't beat nobody no more.

O'LUNNEY

Well, the time has come to cash in the chips, and I don't mean Fritos.

TOSTADA

Choot, man. Lay it on me.

O'LUNNEY

You know Tom Collins, the darlin' boy?

CONTINUED

TOSTADA

Chure, man. He's the one smiles all the time, right?

O'LUNNEY

Well, he has this checkbook, you see . . .

A SQUAD OF SOLDIERS doubletimes through the bar. Behind them come the General, Cruzero and Crane. **THE CAMERA TRACKS** as they cross through the bar to the front desk where Crotchlow and Cremona chat.

CORPORAL

Hup! Twop! Threep! Fourp!

GENERAL

No God damned son of a bitchin' foreigner is gonna intimidate my kid.

CRANE

Look, mom. I was playing great. We were even until you showed up.

They reach the desk. Immediately, in the background, the Soldiers begin close order drill. The Corporal's ORDERS can be heard distantly on the soundtrack.

CRUZERO

Chit, man. When you gonna know how lucky you been an' get back to normal?

GENERAL

Piss off, you no good son of . . .

CRUZERO

Hey, I already did that! That's why you're mad, right?

CRANE

You can't talk to my mother that way.

CRUZERO

Cheesus, this your mother? No wonder you can't make out, man.

CROTCHLOW

I take it one of our matches has come to a successful conclusion?

GENERAL

This snot-nosed guttersnipe pissed in a tennis ball can and ruined my son's game.

CONTINUED

CRUZERO

Nothin' like a good piss, man.

CROTCHLOW

My very thought.

GENERAL

I want this match replayed. I won't have it, God dammit! I'll blow this place to hell!

CROTCHLOW

(Looking at the General) I think I'm in love.

CRUZERO

(To General) Chit on you, man. I won fair and square.

GENERAL

I won't have it, dammit. I have ways.

The Soldiers do something flashy with their rifles.

CORPORAL

Hup! Twop! Threep! Fourp!

CRANE

Mom, please . . .

JUNIPER

(Rushing up) Has anyone seen Miss Twits? She's been missing since we passed the hot tub.

GENERAL

. . . and who are you, young lady?

JUNIPER

Why, I'm with the C/C Public . . .

GENERAL

Ah, ha! An official!

JUNIPER

(Intimidated) Oh, no, I'm not an official. I don't think you could call me an official. No, official is definitely not the word to . . .

CRUZERO

They tryin' t' cheat me, man. They sayin' I didn't win fair an' square.

CONTINUED

JUNIPER

No, official is not the word to use.

CRANE

Mom, please. He won, okay? Drop it. I'll get him next time.

JUNIPER

(Aside to Crotchlow) What is going *on* here?

CROTCHLOW

I don't know, but it's going to make a great musical.

GENERAL

(Glaring at John) You say he won? That what you're sayin'? That this shitass won?

CRANE

Yes, mom. He won.

CRUZERO

I tol' you, man.

THE CAMERA PANS as the General wheels about and joins her men. She turns and glares at those at the desk. In back, outside, tanks move across the golf course.

GENERAL

All right, but I'll see you again, and next time, I won't come alone.

The General shouts UNINTELLIGIBLE ORDERS at the Corporal. He repeats them verbatim and the squad forms an honor guard around the General.

GENERAL (Cont'd)

You better win next time, boy.

They all march out. Outside, the General mounts a tank and goes off looking like George Patton.

CROTCHLOW

Well, that was stimulating. (To Cruzero) I take it you won the finals?

CRUZERO

Yeah, man. Where's my check?

CONTINUED

CROTCHLOW

Tom Collins will give it to you. He's over there.

CRUZERO

'Bout time, man. (To Crane) You ever think 'bout leavin' home?

CRANE

Constantly.

They exit. Mindy is overwhelmed.

JUNIPER

This has been the strangest day.

Cutenick suddenly appears with Animal.

CUTENICK

Well, things seem to be fine, Jerry. Just fine.

CROTCHLOW

Have we been watching the same tournament?

ANIMAL

Fair dinkum, mate. it's been a pip, ain't it?

JUNIPER

First, that odd little sheriff with the card validator . . .

Collins approaches with O'Lunney.

COLLINS

Like, wow, man. Can, uh, like, you know, can there *be* ten winners in one tournament?

O'HOULIHAN

Audrey? Where are you, Audrey? (She enters) Ah, ha! You *do* exist. Audrey, we *must* talk

JUNIPER

. . . then all those men falling out of the sky . . .

CROTCHLOW

Makes one feel like Chicken Little.

CONTINUED

Wayne Hepplewhite appears.

HEPPLEWHITE

I am going to sue. I swear, I am going to sue Consortium Conglomerates for everything it's worth. This has been a travesty, a prostitution of the noble sport of tennis.

CROTCHLOW

So many of my favorite things in one afternoon.

O'HOULIHAN

Now, don't be hasty, Mr. Hepplewhite . .

CUTENICK

Well, I think things are splendid, just splendid. So solid . . .

She squeezes Animal's arm. McQueen rushes in.

McQUEEN

Audrey? Dink Scoggins was just found in back of the hot tub. He seems to be in shock.

HEPPLEWHITE

There's nothing else could happen.
There's nothing else that could happen.
It's already happened. It's all already taken place.

Miss Twits appears, totally disheveled and very happy.

CROTCHLOW

I think it has, yes.

TWITS

I found Phillip Paycher-er.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RENTAL CAR - SAME AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The same group plus Animal. He sits next to Audrey.

O'HOULIHAN

I hope Scoggins will be all right.

COLLINS

Like, wow, man. He had, like, uh, like a hernia or something.

CONTINUED

O'HOULIHAN

We'll be lucky if he doesn't sue the hell out of us.

McQUEEN

What about Hepplewhite?

JUNIPER

He is going to sue the hell out of us.

COLLINS

Like, uh, like I didn't see Uncle Ron. He was coming, uh, I think, like he wanted to play, uh, he wanted to play . . .

McQUEEN

Golf. It's played with a ball and a stick.

COLLINS

Yeah. Well, I guess it's uh, something like that he wanted to do.

O'HOULIHAN

I thought he was coming, too. I never saw him, though. Did anyone?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE AUTOMOBILE - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The car passes the Horse Head Island Golf Course. Through the trees, Ron Lazar and his Flunky's are being chased down the fairway by an alligator.

CUT TO:

INT. MS. TWITS' TURBANVILLE TIMES PICAYUNE OFFICE - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Letitia CACKLES as she types a headline. We see it as a finished front page flashes across the screen:

CRUZERO PULLS IT OUT AT HORSE HEAD ISLAND!
TOURNAMENT CONTINUES. ON TO ATLANTIC CITY.

DISSOLVE TO:

CU OF SLOT MACHINE HANDLE BEING PULLED - CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INT. GLITTERING GAMBLING CASINO - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The slot machine is courtside. There's one court right in the middle of the casino floor. SHOW GIRLS dance. The tournament sign hangs over a huge

CONTINUED

“Wheel of Fortune.” GAMBLERS, TENNIS PLAYERS, O’Lunney, O’Houlihan and Juniper gamble. Collins and Crotchlow watch as Scoggins and Carmona play their match. Crotchlow bounces up and down as he dances to the soundtrack MUSIC.

COLLINS

Like, uh, what the fuck, man? What, uh, kind of tournament is this? Only one, uh, one . . .

CROTCHLOW

Court?

COLLINS

Uh, yeah. Only one of . . . of . . . those, and the play, like, goes on for, uh, twenty-four hours a day.

CROTCHLOW

I think it’s just ducky.

JUNIPER

(Entering) Jerry, who picked this place? It’s going to take just forever to play the matches. (Yelling off-frame) Mr. Ciccarella? Mr. Ciccarella? Will you come over here, please?

CROTCHLOW

Are you sure you want to do this?
Broken legs hurt.

Nuncio arrives with two BODYGUARDS.

NUNCIO

Yeah, whaddayawant, sweet chips?

JUNIPER

Uh, Mr. Ciccarella, honestly? How do you expect us to do anything with only one court?

NUNCIO

Sudden death, honey.

Nuncio and his Goons exit the frame.

CROTCHLOW

That was cryptic.

Cutenick and Honeycut enter. She carries a clipboard.

CONTINUED

CUTENICK

See, Barry. This time everything is going, uh, weren't there more courts here before? When I signed the contract they had six courts. Right here. They had six.

JUNIPER

Mr. Ciccarella assured us it would be all right.

COLLINS

Uh, yeah, like, he's gonna shoot anybody that complains.

CUTENICK

Where are the spectators?

JUNIPER

Either gambling or at the beach.

CUTENICK

Well, public affairs is really falling down on the job. Absolutely no one's watching the match. What do we have to do to get people here.

COLLINS

Start a crap game?

JUNIPER

I don't think that's fair at all. We're doing what we're supposed to be doing. It's John O'Lunney who isn't . . .

CUTENICK

(As she walks off) I don't want to talk about it now. I've had an exhausting day. Come on, Barry. Let's have a drink.

CUT TO INT. CASINO BAR - IMMEDIATELY AFTER - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Audrey and Barry slide into a booth. The bar is empty.

HONEYCUT

I read that the Horse Head Island Tournament was a great success. It must have been something to see, Cruzero pulling it out like that at the last minute.

CONTINUED

CUTENICK

I've never seen anything quite like it.

HONEYCUT

Where's the waiter?

CUTENICK

Probably shooting craps.

NUNCIO

(Walking up with his Goons) Well, if it ain't Ms. Cutey-pie. How ya doin', sweetie?

CUTENICK

Uh, well, hello again, Mr. Ciccarella. This is Barry Honeycut from . . .

NUNCIO

Yeah, terrific, terrific. My kid's gonna play soon. Why don't you come out and watch?

CUTENICK

Mr. Ciccarella, weren't there . . .

NUNCIO

Nuncio, baby, Nuncio. You called me Nuncio last time.

CUTENICK

Well, then, Nuncio, weren't there 6 courts the last time I was here?

NUNCIO

Yeah, but we had to cover um over. Needed room for a new roulette wheel.

CUTENICK

Well, of course, if you needed the room, but . . .

NUNCIO

Didn't you hear me say my son was playing? Come on, let's get out there.

CUTENICK

But, we came in for a drink . . .

NUNCIO

(Menacingly) The waiters are off duty. Everybody wants to see my kid play.

CONTINUED

CUTENICK

But, I'm sure he's not scheduled now.
John Crane and . . .

NUNCIO

(Slapping the table) My kid's gonna play,
now! His grandmother came all the way
from Palermo and she can't wait any
longer. She's 96.

CUTENICK

Well, if it's an emergency.

The Goons look down sternly. Barry and Audrey rise. The Goons flank them
as Nuncio leads the way to the court. **THE CAMERA TRACKS.**

NUNCIO

I knew you'd reconsider. It's my kid
we're talkin' about. He's got talent. Real
talent.

CUTENICK

(Aside to Barry) Everybody has some-
thing.

NUNCIO

What was that?

CUTENICK

Nothing, nothing.

They arrive courtside. Nuncio's FAMILY awaits as Crane and Animal warm
up. Junior is hiding behind a slot machine. Nuncio strides into the middle
of the court as Crane prepares to serve.

NUNCIO

All right, let's have it quiet. (He's
ignored by all but Crane and Animal,
who are furious.)

CRANE

Hey, this is *my* match.

ANIMAL

Wot the bloody 'ell's goin' on?

Nuncio signals the Goons who "remove" Crane and Animal.

NUNCIO

All right, now can I have it quiet?

CONTINUED

He's still ignored. He signals a GOON who fires a SHOT into the air for instant silence. Every eye is now on Nuncio.

NUNCIO

That's better. Hit it, Maestro.

The CASINO ORCHESTRA plays a "LAS VEGAS" FANFARE. The lights go out and the court is suddenly bathed in colored "spots." Waters dance. The CASINO M.C. is heard, announcing Junior's match as if he's touting an ice show. Courtside, the C/C people are frantic.

M.C.

Ladies and gentlemen, the Intra-World Casino takes great pride in presenting one of the most important matches of the Consortium Conglomerates Scungilli Slot Machine Alphonso Rand Memorial Intra-World Tennis Grand Slam . . .

More MUSIC. **THE CAMERA PANS THE C/C PEOPLE.**

JUNIPER

What is this? Who's he going to play?
He's not scheduled yet.

O'HOULIHAN

He is now.

M.C. (VO)

Here he is, the one and only Nuncio
Giovanni Ciccarella, Junior . . .

The Orchestra PLAYS as the spots sweep the court. Finally, they converge on the courtside slot machine behind which Junior hides. MAD APPLAUSE. Once Junior's located, Nuncio crosses and kicks his ass onto the court. **THE CAMERA PANS THE CICCARELLA FAMILY.** GRANDMA rocks slowly back and forth, looking dead.

CUT TO THE C/C PEOPLE

McQUEEN

Who's he going to play? He's not
scheduled for three hours yet. His
opponent's not here.

CROTCHLOW

I have an idea.

CUTENICK

Thank God. Do something. Anything.

CONTINUED

CROTCHLOW

(Calling out) Rennie, baby? Oh, Rennie?

Renfield lopes up, something long and disgusting dangling from his mouth. All but Jerry are horrified.

CROTCHLOW (Cont'd)

You're on, Rennie baby.

Renfield hits the court as Nuncio joins the C/C group.

NUNCIO

That's my kid out there.

CROTCHLOW

Do tell.

The play begins. Junior is hopelessly inept.

HONEYCUT

He looks great.

MEDIUM TWO SHOT OF HONEYCUT AND NUNCIO

NUNCIO

Yeah, thanks. He does look good, don't he? How ya doin', Honeycut? Gettin' thrown outta any casinos lately.

They watch the play as the dialogue continues.

HONEYCUT

You recognized me, huh?

NUNCIO

Hey, that was my place? I always remember the bums we throw out.

HONEYCUT

Oh, well . . .

NUNCIO

Forget it. You like tennis. You can see my kid's got talent.

Junior lunges for a ball and falls flat on his face.

HONEYCUT

He certainly is dedicated. You can see that.

NUNCIO

What would it take to get him into your tournament?

CONTINUED

HONEYCUT

On the level?

NUNCIO

On the level.

HONEYCUT

Well, I have had a little trouble getting a co-sponsor and I'm a little short of cash.

NUNCIOHey, now you're talkin' my language.
How much?**HONEYCUT**

On the level?

NUNCIO

What are you, some kinda instant play-back? I wanta get the kid in another tournament. I know he's kinda raw . . .

On the court, Junior runs wide for a ball. He misses and nosedives onto a roulette table, spilling drinks all over everything. This triggers a casino wrecking melee. Nuncio doesn't seem to notice.

HONEYCUT

Well, assuming we can work out a few financial details, I'm sure he'll do well in my tournament.

NUNCIO

That's what I like to hear. Commona my office. We'll work it out.

HONEYCUT

(Gesturing toward the fight) What about . . . uh . . .

NUNCIO

My boys'll take care of it. Like I was sayin', all my son needs is a chance to play.

They exit as **CAMERA PANS TO STRICKEN C/C GROUP.****O'HOULIHAN**

The Board isn't going to like this.

CUTENICK

I don't like this.

CONTINUED

CROTCHLOW

I loooove it.

JUNIPER

Maybe we can hide in Mexico. I hear it's warm there.

MCQUEEN

It's warm here. I suggest we leave.

O'LUNNEY

But, what about the rest of the tournament? I mean, Tom hasn't even had a chance to give out any prize money, have ya, Tom boy?

COLLINS

Well, wow, like, I guess, uh, well, I guess, uh, not . . .

O'LUNNEY

See.

CUTENICK

We're indemnified. We'll claim an unexpected earthquake. besides, it'll give me a week off. I need to get my hair done. Where's Mr. Honeycut? Anyone seen him?

HONEYCUT

(Returning) Here I am.

CUTENICK

God, Barry. I am at my wits end.

She takes his arm and they all head toward the door. They have to pick their way through the fighters.

CUTENICK (Cont'd)

I need a rest. Why don't I fly back to yucca Flats with you? Soak up some of that perfect desert air? I have time to kill.

HONEYCUT

Uh, well, that wouldn't be such a great idea just now. We're building a new stadium, you know. There's a lots of dust around. Lots of dirt.

CUTENICK

It'll be ready for the tournament, I hope.

CONTINUED

HONEYCUT

(Confidently) Oh, no problem there.
Everything's fine now, just fine.

They reach the door.

CUTENICK

Well, then, since we can't go to your
place, let's compromise and go to mine.

HONEYCUT

Great idea. Great.

CUTENICK

God, I don't know. I'm so tired. I can't
wait to get to Nevada. I'm beginning to
think you're the only promoter who
knows what he's doing.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. BLEAK, YUCCA FLATS PANORAMA - EARLY MORNING SUNRISE -
HIGH ANGLE ESTABLISHING SHOT**

Red-eye and Honeycut squat and gaze out over the empty sand. Cissy Belle
is standing. There's no wind. Occasionally, a breeze picks up a wisp of sand,
but the mood is quiet. **THE CAMERA SILHOUETTES FROM BEHIND.**

RED-EYE

Well, there it is. The bee-you-tee-full
Fertile Valley Country Club. Them greens
look a mite peaked.

HONEYCUT

Oh, shut up.

RED-EYE

Well, don't blame me. I can't help it if
you couldn't get any money.

CISSY BELLE

But, daddy. Barry got all sorts of money
from Mr. Ciccarella.

RED-EYE

When did you say them folks was a-
gonna be gettin' here?

HONEYCUT

Today's the First of July. That gives us
thirteen days.

CONTINUED

RED-EYE

Oh, that's jus' nifty. All we need's t' throw up a grandstand, a locker room, a press room, six tennis courts and a golf course. She-it. I shoulda spent my money on a red-headed floozy.

HONEYCUT

You're such a help.

RED-EYE

Well, we can't do it, damn it.

HONEYCUT

We have to try. The way Audrey talks, the whole C/C board is expecting to fly in here and land on our jet strip.

RED-EYE

My gawd, my gawd. Now it's jet strips. Next thing you know we'll have t' build a center fer the pre-for-min' arts. Well, I ain't about t' have a bunch o' dancer boys prancin' 'round here with their nuts hangin' out. Tennis players is bad enuf . . .

CISSY BELLE

Now, daddy. You're bein' too hard on Barry.

RED-EYE

Well, she-it, Cissy Belle. Them city dudes is a-gonna be flyin' in here in their pissy-ass jets an' expectin' somethin' that looks like a movie set. The only decent set in a hundred miles are you'rn.

CISSY BELLE

Daddy!!!

HONEYCUT

Wait, Red-Eye. What was that you said about a set?

RED-EYE

My gawd, my gawd. The voice o' doom is a-speakin' t' us again.

CONTINUED

HONEYCUT

No, listen. They shot a movie over at Suggs' Ranch, built a whole damn town for it. Of course, they were only props, but it looked great.

CISSY BELLE

Why, Barry. That's a wonderful idea.

RED-EYE

Wait, now. You a-sayin' we oughta put up a fake country club . . .

CISSY BELLE

They call 'em "flats," daddy. I learned that when I was a showgirl in Vegas.

RED-EYE

Well, I don't know. Maybe . . .

HONEYCUT

There's no maybe about it. It's a great idea. We'll build flats. Instead of Yucca Flats, we'll call the place "Flats Flats."

CUT TO:**EXT. FLATS FLATS - MID AFTERNOON - HIGH ANGLE ESTABLISHING SHOT**

A meagre work crew busily nails up "Flats Flats." There's no wind and the place is looking amazingly like a proper development, with a clubhouse flat fronting the Quonset hut. Red-Eye hammers away and Cissy Belle paints. Once this is established, Barry drives up in a jeep.

HONEYCUT

Hey, Red-Eye? Cissy Belle? I was just down at the State Bank and the President's heard about the building we're doing out here and he's decided to loan us \$25,000 more. How's that for luck?

Suddenly, the Jeep sinks into the sand. We hear CANVAS RIPPING. The entire Jeep vanishes in a cloud of dust.

RED-EYE

Whooooopee, Cissy Belle. Barry's found the pool.

DISSOLVE TO:**INT. THE HOSPITALITY TENT AT THE CAPE COD TOURNAMENT - A BLEAK, RAINY AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT**

Rain and more rain. The tent's empty, the tournament banner and C/C promotions droopy. Through the tent flaps, Crotchlow, Cutenick, O'Lunney and Juniper watch Scoggins and Tostada splash around the court. Various PLAYERS sit dejectedly, waiting to play. We hear **INDIAN DRUMS** that gradually get louder as the scene progresses.

CROTCHLOW

Isn't this cozy?

O'LUNNEY

Jaysus, what a mess, bein' stuck here for a week with a bunch o' smelly tennis players.

CROTCHLOW

There's just no satisfying some people.

CUTENICK

Well, I'm going to scream if we don't do something. We've got to do something. Something must be done.

CROTCHLOW

Call Ron Lazar. Have him speak to God.

JUNIPER

Audrey's right. The manager of this place floated away twenty minutes ago, and all my cookbooks fell apart. We've got to do something.

CUTENICK

We've got to do something!!

Brief silence as they stare at one another. Finally, O'Lunney speaks.

O'LUNNEY

All right, here's a suggestion. Hire a helicopter. It can hover over the courts when the rain stops and dry the surfaces.

JUNIPER

That's not a bad idea. Would the budget cover it, Audrey?

CUTENICK

We can always put it on the card.

CONTINUED

The DRUMS are louder as a wet Tom Collins stumbles in.

COLLINS

Hey, uh, like, wow, man. I keep hearin',
you know, little . . . uh, these . . .
little . . . uh . . .

O'LUNNEY

Drums?

COLLINS

Oh, wow. You hear um too.

O'LUNNEY

Don't worry, m'lad. I was talkin' t' the
club manager . . .

Scoggins and Tostada come in from playing. For once, neither has anything to say.

CUTENICK

Oh, there *is* a club manager? I thought
this place rose up out of a lake.

The DRUMS get louder.

JUNIPER

You can hardly complain, Audrey. You
signed the contract.

CUTENICK

Well, I didn't know we'd have to build
an ark!! (A la Bette Davis) . . . and those
drums, those drums. They never stop.
On and on. They're driving me crazy, I
tell you. Crazy.

COLLINS

Oh, wow. She hears um too.

SCOGGINS

Hey, we finished our match. Any of y'all
care?

O'LUNNEY

(Ignoring Scoggins) We all hear um, Tom.
The manager said it's the Hipdewhade-
quoit Indians was makin' that noise.

COLLINS

Oh, wow. Peace pipes.

CONTINUED

CUTENICK

That's all we need, an indian massacre.
It's times like this that make me realize
how peaceful things were in Word
Processing. I'm going to see if I can hire
me a helicopter.

She pulls herself together and runs into the rain.

JUNIPER

That's the first useful thing she's done in
weeks.

O'LUNNEY

Now don't be catty, Mindy m'darlin'. Why
don't *you* do something useful an' Google
up some dry courts on your computer.
I gotta talk to Tom here.

JUNIPER

I guess someone has to do it. I'll go see
what I can find.

CROTCHLOW

I'll go with you. You might have to turn it on.

They leave.

O'LUNNEY

Now, Tom, m'lad. Do you have that list
o' winners I gave you?

COLLINS

(Pulling out a huge list) Oh, yeah. Like, I
gotta write checks to all these?

O'LUNNEY

Whenever you get to it, boy. Five, ten
minutes.

COLLINS

Like, sure, but, uh, well, there seem to
be so many. You know, like, uh, well,
like, there's twenty-six here.

O'LUNNEY

That many?

COLLINS

And, well, like, uh, well, they all seem to
be, uh, well, Spanish, you know?

CONTINUED

O'LUNNEY

Are you questionin' me word, darlin' boy?

COLLINS

Oh, wow, well . . .

O'LUNNEY

Well, we can't have that now, can we?
Let's ask one of the other players.

COLLINS

Uh, well . . .

O'LUNNEY

(Calling off-frame) Oh, Efilio? Efilio, m' lad?
Come over here a moment, will you?

Tostada appears, drying himself with a towel. He curses in Spanish.

O'LUNNEY (Cont'd)

I was just tellin' Tom here about the
winners o' the tournament.

TOSTADA

Oh, chure, man. The winners. Lotsa
winners. A whole chit-load o' winners.

O'LUNNEY

There, now, Tom, m'lad. All your worryin'
was for nothin'.

COLLINS

Uh, wow. Like I, uh, like I really feel
better now. Wow.

TOSTADA

Chure man. You write those checks, then
we go out an' smoke a funny cigarette,
man. Hot chit.

COLLINS

Oh, wow. Got a pen?

They exit as Juniper and McQueen walk through and out

JUNIPER

I mean, really, Gene? What else can
happen?

THE CAMERA PANS out the tent door, across the empty, wet court and
into the deep woods where we find TWO INDIANS.

CONTINUED

Since they studied at Oxford, these Indians have English accents. They're huddled in a dry shelter that was outfitted by Abercrombie and Fitch. Each has an unlit torch. They're in full warpaint and listening to a recording of INDIAN DRUMS on an iPad.

INDIAN #1

I say, old man. They can't really do that, you know? Take our land and cover it with tennis courts.

INDIAN #2

Absolutely not. it isn't done, old chap, at least, that's what they said at Oxford. Shall we exact our barbarian vengeance again?

INDIAN #1

Tickety poo.

He turns off the iPad. They stand, light their torches, make faces at one another and grunt as long as it's funny.

INDIAN #2

Ugg! Burn paleface pro-shop!

BOTH

Ugg!!

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB PRO-SHOP. The Indians reach it just as the rain stops. They set it on fire. A CHEER is heard off-camera. A HELICOPTER sound comes up.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITALITY TENT - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Everyone looks out through the tent door at a helicopter hovering over the court and CHEERS. Suddenly, WAGNER'S RIDE OF THE VALKERIES sounds from the copters speakers. It's blades fan the pro-shop flames.

CROTCHLOW

Why do I feel I've seen this somewhere?

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH ANGLE ESTABLISHING SHOT

The helicopter descends to the court in front of the tent. The pilot's unaware that its blades are fanning the pro-shop flames. The shop burns in seconds. Nevertheless, Cruzero and Crane go out to play tennis. They are joined by several soggy SPECTATORS carrying umbrellas.

CONTINUED

NOTE: This is the first of several **SPEEDED-UP MOTION** sequences with events varying as follows: The rain stops. The copter descends and dries the court. Frantic little figures dart out and lob the ball around. The rain starts again. The figures run inside. After the first sequence:

CUT TO INT. TENT - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

CRUZERO

(To Crane) You're lucky it's raining, man.
I was beating the shit outta you.

Before a furious Crane can answer, Audrey calls out.

CUTENICK

The rain's stopped. the rain's stopped.

Add MUSIC and repeat the **SPEEDED-UP MOTION** sequence as many times as it's funny.

CUT TO INT. TENT - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

As the now bedraggled Players come in, McQueen enters.

McQUEEN

Listen, everybody. I rented the
Hipdewhadequoit Indoor Tennis club for
the rest of the tournament. (Aside to
O'Lunney) Thank God they take the card.

With a SHOUT, they all desert the tent. It's ghostly now, silent but for the sound of STEADY RAIN.

CUT TO EXT. IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Renfield comes out of the woods. He's stark naked and does a tightrope walk across the net using the two racquets for balance. Nearby, under a tree, the two Indians watch.

INDIAN #1

. . . and they call us savages.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HIPDEWHADEQUOIT CLUB COURTS - SOON AFTER - A MONTAGE DEPICTING THE PLAYERS TANTRUMS

This place is a dump. Buckets catch leaking rain as the Players try to play. The Samurai's return hits the top of the net and falls back on his side. He begins to get mad.

CUT TO Crane, throwing his racquet up in disgust. It doesn't come down. It's caught on an air conditioner.

CONTINUED

CUT TO the Samurai, again hitting the top of the net. He's getting madder.

CUT TO Cruzero whipping his racquet through the wall of the old building.

CUT TO the Samurai hitting the net again. He's near boiling point.

CUT TO the Animal whipping his racquet overhead. He brings down an entire bank of fluorescent lights.

CUT TO the Samurai hitting the net again. He walks to the side, gets his sword and walks back to slice the net in half.

CUT TO John Crane, repeatedly smashing his racquet on a net post. It turns to splinters and he sits down at courtside, his head in his hands.

CRANE

I killed it. It's dead, dead, dead.

CUT TO:

INT. FERTILE VALLEY QUONSET HUT - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

HONEYCUT stands and talks on his cell phone as RED-EYE hovers.

HONEYCUT

What? You're coming early? Audrey, how could you? I mean, uh, Audrey, how can you, uh, get away from Louisiana so soon? Huh, huh. I see. The Land's End Chickin Lickin' closed and they can't feed the players? Well! So! You're coming! Well! Audrey, uh, why don't you meet me in, uh, Vegas? Yes. Let's meet in Vegas. I'll show you some of the town and we can . . . Oh, you will? Fine. Fine. Let me know when you'll be . . . oh? This afternoon? (He checks his watch) Huh, huh. At three. Well, that's pretty soon, isn't it? It's twelve-thirty here. Well. I'll meet you at the airport at three. Fine. Good. Yes. Good . . . good . . . good bye.

He disconnects the phone and whirls around to face RED-EYE.

HONEYCUT (Cont'd)

God! She's coming! She's coming early! We're not finished. What can I do to keep her away for a week? How can I keep her in Vegas?

CUT TO:**EXT. GARDEN OF PARADISE MOTEL, LAS VEGAS - EARLY EVENING - ESTABLISHING SHOT**

Honeycut and Cutenick look sleazy in dark glasses as they tiptoe guiltily into Room #419 of this dingy place. The door slams, the drapes are drawn.

CUT TO:**INT. ROOM #419, THE GARDEN OF PARADISE MOTEL - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING - CU THE BED.**

Audrey and Barry grapple hysterically. Much passion and flesh.

HONEYCUT

Darling, how nice to see you. You're early.

CUTENICK

I know, I know. I hope you don't mind.

HONEYCUT

Ummm! Ummm! I wasn't expecting you.

CUTENICK

(Pulling away) Why? Is something wrong?
My God, don't tell me something's wrong.
I don't think I can take it if anything's wrong.

HONEYCUT

(Attacking her again to shut her up) No, no. Everything's fine. Everything's fine. Just great. Just great. I'm just (kiss) surprised (kiss) to see you (kiss, kiss).

A moment of passion, then

CUTENICK

I'm so glad the Chickin' Lickin' closed. I needed some rest. Thank God for ptomaine poisoning. When can we go out to Fertile Valley?

HONEYCUT

Soon, soon. (Kiss, kiss.)

CUTENICK

Don't you have things to do out there?

HONEYCUT

Well, my . . . partner's taking care of everything . . . I hope.

CONTINUED

CUTENICK

Can we go out in the morning?

HONEYCUT

(Breathing hard) Sure, uh, hon. Just as soon . . . as . . . we're . . . finished . . . here.

They succumb to lust.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLATS FLATS - MID-AFTERNOON - SPEEDED-UP SEQUENCE OF COMPLETION OF THE FERTILE VALLEY COUNTY CLUB - MUSIC UP

Three days pass during this short sequence during which Red-Eye, Cissy belle and various WORKMEN finish the "Flats." This should end concurrently with the MUSIC.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GARDEN OF PARADISE MOTEL, ROOM #419 - THREE DAYS LATER - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Barry and Audrey are still in bed. Every time Audrey mentions going to Yucca Flats, Barry makes love to her. She's getting bored, he's almost dead. He sits on the bed and stares. Audrey watches TV.

CUTENICK

Barry, don't you think we ought to go out to the Club? Surely there are things you have to do.

Barry stares dully, his words stick in his throat.

HONEYCUT

Aw, gee, hon. Why go out there? We're having such a good time here.

Dutifully, he begins to paw her. She picks up the T.V. remote control and changes channels.

CUTENICK

But, we've been here for three days. The tournament begins in four. I haven't even seen your facilities.

HONEYCUT

(Trying for passion) You've seen quite a few of my facilities. Let's . . .

What he suggests is muffled in her breasts. She giggles.

CONTINUED

CUTENICK

Barry, you're so naughty. I've never seen anything like it. You're so attentive, but, I really think we should go out to . . . uh .

. . .

Barry GROANS softly as he crawls on top of her again.

HONEYCUT

Don't worry. Everything's fine. Everything's fine. Don't worry.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLATS FLATS - MID-DAY - HIGH ANGLE ESTABLISHING SHOT

THE CAMERA PANS across the Flats. They gleam, look almost like a real country club. But, here and there, a tumbleweed rolls by as a reminder. There's a makeshift grandstand and a reception tent with a long banner on top. There's very little wind. The tennis courts stand off by themselves, with no backdrops or windscreens.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITALITY TENT - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Crotchlow sits at a table, working. There are very few people around, only a few PLAYERS who've arrived early. Dink Scoggins enters with his racquet.

SCOGGINS

Jerry, where in hell's the practice court?
I been lookin' an' lookin'.

CROTCHLOW

You haven't looked at my place.

SCOGGINS

Aw, she-it, Jerry. You know what I mean.
I swear, 'tween you'n that Letitia Twits, I
been worn down to a frazzle.

CROTCHLOW

Well, Red-Eye told me they found the
practice court. It's being dug out now.
You'll be first on.

SCOGGINS

Dug out? She-it, Jerry.

CONTINUED

CROTCHLOW

Now, be nice, Dink. You're early, you know. Things aren't quite ready yet and all these new developments have problems.

SCOGGINS

Problems? She-it. They don't even have showers. Jes' nozzels that ain't even hooked up.

CROTCHLOW

You can shower at my place.

SCOGGINS

Thanks a lot, Jerry, but I think I'll clean up back at the Road-Runner Inn. She-it, that's bad enough. I have t' share the place with eight guys.

CROTCHLOW

Some people have all the luck.

McQueen, Juniper and O'Lunney enter. They pass Jerry and Dink and move on to another part of the tent. **THE CAMERA TRACKS.**

JUNIPER

Where is she? She left New York days ago. I thought surely she'd be here when we arrived.

O'LUNNEY

Now, Mindy, darlin', Audrey can take care o' herself.

McQUEEN

What we *do* need to worry about is the gate. It's three days to the tournament and we haven't sold one ticket. The way things look, Fertile Valley isn't going to be any more successful than any of the others.

Red-Eye enters, mad, as usual.

RED-EYE

So, where are the gol-darn reporters? I got everythin' ready an' I ain't seen a soul. An' where are all them big cheeses from Con-sore-tee-um Con-glo-mee-rates?

CONTINUED

RED-EYE (Cont'd)

Who's gonna give away the prize money?
Where's my tee-shirts? Where's the
programs? Where . . .

O'LUNNEY

Now, now, Mr. Cooper. Red-Eye, is it?

Red-Eye is not at all taken in by O'Lunney's charm.

RED-EYE

You kin call me Mr. Cooper.

O'LUNNEY

Well, Mr., uh, Cooper. None of the brass
is going to show up before the finals
match. That's a week and more off.

RED-EYE

Oh, yeah? Well, then, what about my
thousand paid admissions a day? And
what about publicity and . . .

JUNIPER

(To O'Lunney) Yes, what about the
publicity?

O'LUNNEY

Well, now, I wouldn't worry. I want this
tournament to be a success, you know.
(Vaguely) Lots of people to confuse the
issue.

JUNIPER

What?

O'LUNNEY

Nothin', nothin'. Don't worry. I got a few
ideas . . .

JUNIPER

I was wondering about the golf course.
Mr. Lazar will be here soon and . . .

RED-EYE

Uh, well, the golf course is over by
Rattlesnake Butte.

JUNIPER

(Limply) Rattlesnake . . . Butte? Oh, dear.

CONTINUED

O'LUNNEY

Well, me'n Gene got work t' do.

McQUEEN

We do?

O'LUNNEY

Sure, now, lad. We have t' earn our money, now, don't we?

McQUEEN

Isn't it a little late for . . .

O'LUNNEY

Now, never you mind. We all got work to do. Mr. Cooper has to dig out the practice court and Mindy has to unpack her cookbooks.

JUNIPER

We haven't sold *one* cookbook. Not one. I just don't understand.

O'LUNNEY

. . . an' you an' me have to get hold of the media . . .

McQUEEN

Why start now?

O'LUNNEY

. . . and the rest o' the players will be here soon. We have to get ready for them.

JUNIPER

Where do you suppose they are? I hope they haven't got lost.

RED-EYE

She-it, uh, gol-dern, uh, ma'm. There ain't but one road. Can't get lost out here. Them boys're probably passin' thru Yucca Flats Township 'bout now. They'll be fine. Don't you worry none.

CUT TO:**EXT. TRUCK STOP BAR, THE TOWN OF YUCCA FLATS - MIDDAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT**

CONTINUED

Yucca Flats is a “one-horse berg” where two roads cross.

CUT TO:

INT. YUCCA FLATS TRUCK STOP BAR - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

COUNTRY MUSIC up. Six RED NECKS and a BARTENDER drink as ANIMAL and his MATES enter in tennis whites and cross to the bar.

RED NECK #1

Hey, Hank? Don't they look cute in them puny little shorts?

RED NECK #2

Must be some o' them Nancy-boys from over 't the tennis tournament.

RED NECK #3

Tennis? Shit. Real men don't play tennis. This here's football country.

ANIMAL

(To Bartender) How 'bout some beers here, mate?

AUSSIE #1

You wouldn't have a Forsters back there, wouldya, mate?

RED NECK #3

Forsturds? What in hell's Forsturds? I heard o' horse turds but this's one good ol' boy ain't never heard o' Forsturds.

RED NECK #1

Force turds? Ain't that what ya do when you're constipated?

The Red Necks laugh. Aussie #2 speaks to them.

AUSSIE #2

It's beer, mate.

RED NECK #2

Who you callin' mate, asshole? Out here we mate with women.

ANIMAL

Looks like your old lady mated with a horses ass, mate.

CONTINUED

A melee ensues. The place is wrecked.

CUT TO:

INT. A PARKED RENTAL CAR ON A DESERTED ROAD IN THE DESERT - MIDDAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Juniper nods vigorously as she talks on her cell phone.

JUNIPER

. . . to improve Consortium Conglomerates' relations with members of your community. Yes, I know the Coyote Gazette is a small newspaper. I'm sure you *do* have good circulation. So does my grandfather since he started jogging. Ha, ha. No, just a joke. Yes, sir. Joggers do clutter up the roads. The only good jogger is a dead jogger? And they're going to die of heart attacks, anyway? Yes, sir. Couldn't agree with you more. What? Oh, the tennis tournament. Uh, yes, I did hear about the Little League game. A calf roping contest, too? My, my. Well, I only thought you might be able to mention the tournament in your paper. There's quite a bit of money involved. Fifty thousand dollars. The name? Right. It's the Consortium Conglomerates Alphonso Rand Memorial Yucca Flats Desert Development Corporation Cochise World Airways Scungilli Slot Machine State Bank Open at the Fertile Valley Country Club. Yes, sir. That's C-O-N-S-O-R . . .

CUT TO:

CU THE FRONT PAGE OF THE COYOTE GAZETTE

The headline reads LITTLE LEAGUE GAME THIS WEEK. **THE CAMERA PANS** down the page and we see a story on the calf roping contest and more local news. At the very bottom, in tiny type, we see TENNIS TOURNAMENT THIS WEEK AT YUCCA FLATS – PLAY STARTS 10*am* MONDY.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLATS FLATS' BLEAK TENNIS COURTS - BRIGHT EARLY MORNING, ESTABLISHING SHOT

CONTINUED

It is the first day of qualifying rounds. Audrey and Barry look at the empty courts. There's no wind so everything's fine. Still, it's far from what Audrey expected. She has a premonition.

CUTENICK

Oh, dear.

HONEYCUT

. . . and that's the clubhouse.

CUTENICK

Oh, dear.

HONEYCUT

. . . and the pool.

CUTENICK

Oh, dear.

JUNIPER

(Rushing up) Audrey? Audrey? Where have you been? We've been worried sick. The tournament starts in 30 minutes and we *have* to talk.

CUTENICK

Oh, dear.

HONEYCUT

Audrey, hon, go talk to Mindy. I have lots to do.

JUNIPER

Come on, Audrey. I'll show you the . . . the, uh, snackbar.

CUTENICK

Oh, dear.

Audrey and Mindy go off. Barry feels his crotch, winces when it hurts, then crosses the sand to the newly built entrance gate. **THE CAMERA TRACKS.**

In back we see a multitude of Players head for the courts. Crotchlow bustles about, feeling asses, etc. As Barry approaches the gate, Cissy Belle, who's standing beside a small ticket booth, talks and flirts with a PLAYER. She sees Barry, SQUEALS and runs to hug him.

CISSY BELLE

Oooo! Barry! You're back. How was your week in Vegas?

CONTINUED

HONEYCUT

Deflating. How was yours?

She takes his arm as they walk to the gate.

CISSY BELLE

We got it all done. Don't it look nice?
Kinda real, almost.

HONEYCUT

It does look pretty good.

CISSY BELLE

Course, we haven't sold any tickets, but
Mr. O'Lunney says he has somethin' in
mind.

HONEYCUT

He'd better. Don't let anyone in without
a ticket, unless they have a C/C pass, of
course.

They stop at the gate. McQueen approaches with MORT PARSONS, the C/C rep in Las Vegas.

McQUEEN

Barry, glad you're back. This is Mort
Parsons, C/C's man in Vegas.

HONEYCUT

Lucky Mort.

PARSONS

Howdy, Barry. It's a pleasure.

HONEYCUT

We'll see. You're the local C/C rep, huh?

PARSONS

Yep! I get all the restaurants and stores
in the area to use the C/C card. Maybe
you'd like to sign up your country club?

HONEYCUT

Why, for christ's sake?

PARSONS

Well, hell, Barry. I hear the whole dang
New York office is coming. They'll starve
if they can't use the card.

CONTINUED

HONEYCUT

If only we could be sure.

PARSONS

What was that?

HONEYCUT

Nothing. I'll think about it, but, right now, why don't you and Mort go watch a match, Gene?

McQUEEN

Sure, Barry. See you later. Come on, Mort.

PARSONS

(As they go off) I don't know a thing about tennis. You'll have to tell me what's going on.

CUT TO a nearby court. McQueen and Parsons stop to watch Cruzero and Scoggins play.

PARSONS (Cont'd)

Was that a good shot, Gene?

McQUEEN

Yeah, Mort. That was a great shot. Cruzero looks unbeatable.

PARSONS

Was that a good shot, Gene?

McQUEEN

Yeah, Mort.

PARSONS

Was that a good shot?

McQUEEN

Yeah, Mort.

PARSONS

What kind of strings do they use in their racquets, Gene?

McQUEEN

(Testily) Ukranian goat gut, Mort.

PARSONS

Damn, you really do know about tennis. Was that a good shot, Gene?

CONTINUED

McQUEEN

Yes, Mort.

PARSONS

What's the score, Gene?

McQUEEN

How the hell should I know? We just got here.

THE CAMERA PANS TO SCOGGINS AND CRUZERO

We see a snatch of good tennis as **THE CAMERA PANS** to the scoreboard. At the moment it reads MONDAY-QUALIFYING ROUNDS. **NOTE:** The tournament name is so long (*The Consortium Conglomerates Alphonso Rand Memorial Yucca Flats Desert Development Corporation Cochise World Airways Scungilli Slot Machine State Bank Open*) that a flat board has been added at the top of the scoreboard to get it all on. There's also a blank draw sheet posted.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. FRONT GATE - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Cissy Belle counts tickets. Crotchlow reads a dirty book.

CISSY BELLE

Oh, Mr. Crotchlow. I jus' think this is wonderful, all these tennis players an' ever'thin'. It's so excitin'.

CROTCHLOW

So is jumping off a cliff.

CISSY BELLE

Oh, you are so funny. I can't tell you how stimulat'in' it is, bein' exposed to all you so-phis-tee-cated city folks.

CROTCHLOW

(Eyeing her breasts) I don't think I'd expose myself any more than necessary, dear.

The Ciccarella Family appears at the ticket booth. Crotchlow and Cissy Belle are turned away and don't see them at first.

CISSY BELLE

Oh, now, be nice. This experience is introducin' me to a whole new class of people.

They turn and see the Ciccarellas. Two GOONS carry Grandma, who drools and counts prayer beads. Nuncio is flanked by more GOONS with machine guns. Other GOONS carry slot machines.

CONTINUED

CROTCHLOW

How succinct.

CISSY BELLE

Why, Mr. Ciccarella. I'd have recognized you anywhere.

CROTCHLOW

Leavenworth, Sing-Sing, the Tombs.

NUNCIO

You know who I am, huh?

CISSY BELLE

Oh course. My, my. What a crew. Let's see. That'll be . . . (She counts) . . . uh, eighteen tickets. Oh, goody.

Nuncio slaps down a pile of passes as we hear the first faint, lusty strains of WALTZING MATILDA sung by men's voices. This gradually gets louder.

NUNCIO

Sorry, sis. We're a partipatin' sponsor. Where's Honeycut?

CISSY BELLE

Why, he's right over there in the office if you want to see him.

NUNCIO

You bet your bouncin' boobies I want to see him. (To the family) You, take care of Grandma. You, Gino, look around the place. Put those machines where people will see um. You, Tito, set up a defensive position over by the club-house. No tellin' who might show up. Come on, Junior. We got business. (They scatter, leaving Cissy Belle and Crotchlow at the gate. WALTZING MATILDA is now very loud.)

CISSY BELLE

Mr. Crotchlow? Do you hear singin'?

CUT TO a ratty old car careening across the desert. It's filled with singing Australians. The song builds as the car turns, spins and rolls, to come up on its wheels opposite the gate. The Animal and Mates pile out, beer cans in hand. They stop singing and freeze, struck dumb by Cissy Belle's breasts.

CONTINUED

CROTCHLOW

Drive much?

CUT TO:

INT BARRY'S OFFICE - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Barry's at his desk. Red-Eye shakes his head as he hangs up the phone.

RED-EYE

Well, the weather lady says it's gonna be fair and mild, but, las' time she said that we lost the pool. I guess . . .

The door flies open. Nuncio, Junior and various Goons enter. One Goon sets up a slot machine as Barry rises.

NUNCIO

All right, Honeycut. We're here. When does my kid play?

HONEYCUT

Uh, Mr. Ciccarella. Uh . . .

Barry offers his hand, but Nuncio ignores it as he sits in Barry's chair. One Goon sets up a slot machine as Barry rises.

RED-EYE

I think I'll just tiptoe outside for a quick . . .

NUNCIO

(Snapping his fingers) Hey, wait a minute. Who're you?

RED-EYE

Who, me? Nobody. Nobody. Jes' passin' through is all.

HONEYCUT

This is my partner, Red-Eye Cooper.

NUNCIO

So, when's my son gonna play?

HONEYCUT

(Improvising) Well, Red-Eye was just going to take care of that, weren't you, Red-Eye?

CONTINUED

RED-EYE

Oh, sure. I was jes' gonna take care o'
that very thing.

The Goons finish setting up the machine. They move to either side of Barry as Nuncio stands.

NUNCIO

See that you do. It'd show lack of respect if
you went back on your word. You wouldn't
wanta show lack of respect, now, would ya,
Honeycut?

The Goons pick Barry up and he dangles between them.

HONEYCUT

Uh, me? Never. Show lack of respect?
Don't be silly. Uh, of course, you aren't
silly, are you? Ha, ha. You really aren't.

The Goons drop him behind the desk.

NUNCIO

(Leaning over the desk) I'll be around,
settin' up a few things. let me know
when the kid plays, an' it better be
soon.

Nuncio, flanked by his Goons, strides out the door. Junior follows.

RED-EYE

She-it, Barry. That there ain't a nice
man, a-tall. What we gonna do?

HONEYCUT

I'll talk to Crotchlow. You call the
Weather Bureau and see if they can be
any more explicit than "fair and mild." If
the wind picks up, we're dead.

RED-EYE

From the looks o' them friends you
brung back from New York, we're dead
anyways.

HONEYCUT

I can't talk about it now, Red-Eye. I have
to keep it from happening. Call Vegas.

Barry exits, leaving Red-Eye mumbling as he picks up the phone.

CONTINUED

RED-EYE

She-it. I knew it wasn't gonna work.
Con-glo-mee-rates and mah-fee-o-so,
an' the worst part is, there ain't a decent
red-headed floozy in the whole damn
bunch. Hello, Weather Lady?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CU THE TOURNAMENT SCOREBOARD - EARLY ON WEDNESDAY

The board reads WEDNESDAY. The draw sheet is filled in. Our principal Players are listed. One name's been scratched out and Junior's name has been added with a magic marker.

THE CAMERA PANS TO THE COURT. Barry, Nuncio and the ubiquitous Goons are courtside. Junior plays Jo-Jo. The Family CHEERS.

NUNCIO

This ain't exactly what I had in mind.

HONEYCUT

(Uneasily) Well, this is only Wednesday and Jo-Jo is a legitimate entry. If Junior wins, he'll go on to another match tomorrow.

NUNCIO

Whaddayamean, *if* he wins? He's *gonna* win. Ain't that right, Tito? Ain't that right, Carlo?

TITO and CARLO step forward. Barry blanches.

HONEYCUT

Well, of course, if you say so. You probably know better than I do. I'm, uh, sure he'll win . . .

NUNCIO

Damn straight. He better.

Junior does some dumb thing as Jo-Jo BARKS tauntingly.

NUNCIO (Cont'd)

Lotsa talent, there. Lotsa talent.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITALITY TENT - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

CONTINUED

Players, Samurai and GAMBLERS mill about. Collins sits at a cardtable, writing checks. Tostada walks in. He's wearing a beard and a moustache, pretending he's German. O'Lunney plays a nearby slot machine.

TOSTADA

Achtung, man. I vant my check.

COLLINS

Oh, wow. Another winner.

O'LUNNEY

The play goes on, m'boy.

COLLINS

Oh, wow. How much does he get?

O'LUNNEY

It's a thousand dollars. Write it out, now.
There's a good lad.

COLLINS

Oh, wow. That's a lot. Oh! Like, wow. I made a mistake. I put the comma in the wrong place. It says, like . . .

O'LUNNEY

Ten thousand. That's what it says, all right.
That is a mistake, Tom. Write another an' be more careful. I'll throw this one away.

He takes the check and carefully puts it in his pocket.

COLLINS

(Writing another) Boy, am I lucky to have you here. Uh, like, I'd lose track of, uh . . .

O'LUNNEY

No need to thank me, Tom, boy. You're a good lad an' deservin' o' me help.

Tom gives Tostada the new check. O'Houlihan walks up.

TOSTADA

Auf wieder . . . uh, auf . . . uh, wieder . . .
uh, so long, mann.

He exits as Cruzero saunters up.

O'HOULIHAN

Excuse me. Has anyone seen Ms. Cutenick?

CONTINUED

CRUZERO

Hey, Mr. O'Houlihan? How many tournaments I gotta win before I get in one of your commercials, man? The ones where the athletes hold up the C/C card?

O'HOULIHAN

I, ur, well . . .

CRUZERO

I got this great idea, man. I'm introduced as the Puerto Rican Bull and I come on and say "here's the card that makes you hard."

O'HOULIHAN

Well, that's certainly, uh, interesting.

CRUZERO

"An' if you get rolled, we got offices everywhere can give you new cash quicker'n Poncho shoots his load."

O'HOULIHAN

I think I'll look for Ms. Cutenick. Audrey? Audrey? (He exits.)

McQUEEN

(Rushing up) Mr. O'Lunney, I've got to talk to you. I really don't think this is a good idea.

McQueen waves a handful of leaflets.

O'LUNNEY

Willya excuse me, lads? I have t' talk t' me associate.

CRUZERO

Chure, Man. Come on, Tom. I got somethin' you're gonna like.

Ad libs of "OH, WOW" as they walk off.

McQUEEN

Mr. O'Lunney, I don't think we *can* offer prizes to people who buy tickets. I mean, have you checked this with anyone at C/C?

CONTINUED

O'LUNNEY

Now, do ya think I'd offer a thousand dollars t' anyone at the finals who picks the winner without askin' the company?

McQUEEN

But, theoretically, half the people in the stands could win.

O'LUNNEY

Now, don't you worry. I cleared it with the, uh, the front office. Now, did ya post those signs like I asked ya?

McQUEEN

Well, yes, but none of the casinos liked it very much.

O'LUNNEY

Good, good.

McQUEEN

But, what about this part? (Reading a leaflet) "If you guess the exact score . . ."

O'LUNNEY

You just do yer job, m'boy. I pay your salary, if you'll recall.

McQUEEN

But, this doesn't seem like the sort of thing C/C would do.

O'LUNNEY

Not another word, now. This is gonna be my biggest promotion. Thanks to C/C I'll be able to retire.

McQUEEN

But . . .

O'LUNNEY

(Exiting) Not another word. You pass out them leaflets. I'm gonna watch some o' the play.

CUT TO:

MAIN COURT - IMMEDIATELY AFTER - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Cremona and Guadalajara play as they scream in Spanish.

CONTINUED

CREMONA

The ball is out, man.

GUADALAJARA

Su madre. The ball is good.

They wrestle in the dust as O'Lunney walks up.

O'LUNNEY

Here, now. What's this all about?

CREMONA

The ball, she was out.

GUADALAJARA

The ball, she was good.

O'LUNNEY

Hold on, now. You have a line judge.
Ask him.

They look at the scoreboard. Red-Eye, in a wooden chair, is propped against it, asleep. **THE CAMERA PANS** to the board. The day-sign changes to FRIDAY. The draw shows that Junior lost Thursday's match with Renfield. He's playing Friday, however. Again, another player has been scratched out and Junior's name added in magic marker.

CUT TO:

FRONT GATE - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

A forlorn Cissy Belle fans herself. Ron Lazar's limousine pulls up at the deserted gate. He jumps out and looks around as his CHAUFFEUR gets his golf clubs out of the trunk.

CISSY BELLE

Wouldya like to buy a ticket, sir?

LAZAR

Ticket, hell. You think he's carrying those heavy golf clubs so I can watch tennis? Where's the golf course?

CISSY BELLE

I'm sorry, sir, but y'all have t' have a ticket to get in here.

LAZAR

Young woman, do you know who I am?

CISSY BELLE

No, sir. I don't know you.

CONTINUED

He pulls out his C/C card and shows it to her.

LAZAR

Now, do you know me?

CISSY BELLE

Uh, no.

LAZAR

I'm the one's financing this Goddamn tournament.

CISSY BELLE

Mr. Ciccarella's already here.

HONEYCUT

(Walking up) It's all right, Cissy Belle. This is Mr. Lazar, of the company.

LAZAR

Where's the golf course?

HONEYCUT

I'm Barry Honeycut, sir, the owner of the club. Like to look around?

LAZAR

I've had enough of a look. Where's the golf course?

HONEYCUT

Then, why don't you go on over to the golf course? You'll love it. Lots of sand traps.

LAZAR

How do I get there?

HONEYCUT

Cissy Belle, why don't you show Mr. Lazar the course? (He sees Crotchlow coming) I have to talk to Mr. Crotchlow.

CISSY BELLE

You wanta see the golf course with me, Mr. Lay-zar?

LAZAR

Does a dinosaur lay eggs? Come on, sweet meat. In the car.

CONTINUED

Cissy Belle giggles as they get in the car. It departs as Crotchlow joins Barry.

CROTCHLOW

Mr. Honeycut, I mean, really. Junior Ciccarella is a joke. He can't hit the ball and he moves like a cement mixer. I can't keep letting him play. What will everyone say? The NTA? My mother?

HONEYCUT

I'm sorry, Jerry. It's out of my hands.

THE CAMERA PANS the Ciccarella "defensive" position, which bristles with guns.

CROTCHLOW

I mean, we're lucky that Australian got sick. I don't know where I'd have put him otherwise, and Junior playing John Crane is laughable. Ah, ha, ha. See. I'm laughing.

HONEYCUT

Nuncio's been blessedly quiet since Junior started playing and I want to keep him that way. Either you cooperate or I'll tell him it was you axed the kid and I wouldn't be surprised if he took you out and cut off your . . .

CROTCHLOW

All right, all right. But, it's a travesty. The whole damn thing's a travesty.

HONEYCUT

Deal with it. I have to go into Vegas later to have dinner with the C/C people. I want Junior on tomorrow's draw sheet when I get back.

CROTCHLOW

But, that'd put him in the semi-finals. I can't let Junior play in the semi-finals.

HONEYCUT

You want Nuncio to cut off . . .

CROTCHLOW

All right, all right. It'll be the first time in history that three matches have been played at a semi-finals.

CONTINUED

HONEYCUT

Tennis will survive. I'll see you later.
Right now, I have to find O'Lunney. God
knows what he's up to.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. YUCCA VALLEY BANK - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

O'Lunney's in tennis whites. He argues with a TELLER.

O'LUNNEY

Hell, yes, it's good. Can't you see it's a
C/C check? I'm a tennis player, the Irish
champion. I just won a tournament.

OFFICER

(Walking over) Any problem here?

TELLER

Would you okay this check, sir?

O'Lunney holds up his C/C card. The Officer signs it.

OFFICER

Oh course. I know you.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER BANK - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Tostada is at a TELLER's window. The above scene is repeated in Spanish,
concluding with an English subtitle that says: I KNOW YOU.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POSH VEGAS RESTAURANT - EVENING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Cutenick and O'Houlihan are at table waiting for Juniper and McQueen.
SLOT MACHINES and MUSIC on soundtrack.

O'HOULIHAN

What's wrong, Audrey? Depressed?

CUTENICK

I don't know. Nothing's gone like it
should have. I'd so hoped that Yucca
Flats would turn out to be a success,
but it's too remote. Nobody's coming
and Lazar . . .

CONTINUED

JUNIPER

(Entering with McQueen) Lazar will what?

CUTENICK

He's going to notice that no one's coming and use that as an excuse to shoot down next year's circuit.

They all take seats.

McQUEEN

You'd do this again?

Barry approaches unnoticed and overhears the following.

O'HOULIHAN

(To McQueen) How you doing with the Las Vegas papers?

McQUEEN

No interest at all. We can't seem to get anybody . . .

HONEYCUT

(Mad as hell) Well, what in hell do you expect? I can't get O'Lunney away from the slot machines or you away from your fancy restaurants or your Goddamn chairman away from the links long enough to do anything about getting some paying customers to this farce. Where are my thousand paid admissions a day? All I've got are a bunch of beer swelling animals, and now I'm in trouble with the Yucca Flats Police because they wrecked the Goddamn town. Shit! I'm getting raped so your Goddamn company can get two lines in the Coyote Gazette and you're sitting around acting like the tooth fairy was running the show.

CUTENICK

Easy, Barry. Easy.

HONEYCUT

Easy? That's what everybody calls you.

O'HOULIHAN

Now, Barry. You're making a scene.

CONTINUED

HONEYCUT

Making a scene? You're damned right
I'm making a scene. This thing is a joke.
The laughs are compounding faster than
the interest on one of your bills.

O'LUNNEY

(Entering) What's wrong, boyo? I could
hear ya all the way down t' the casino.
Broke me lucky streak, ya did.

HONEYCUT

Jesus, I'm dying here and he's worried
about his lucky streak. I NEED SOME
PAID ADMISSIONS!!

O'LUNNEY

I know you do, lad. I know, an' I have a
surprise. You just watch yer TV set
tomorrow at three.

HONEYCUT

Oh, the hell with it. All I get are words.
Asshole, double-talk words.

He walks off. Cutenick rises to follow. **CAMERA TRACKS.**

CUTENICK

Barry, wait, please.

HONEYCUT

Haven't you done enough? You've had
me every way there is.

CUTENICK

You don't really mean that, Barry. I . . .
I do love you, you know?

HONEYCUT

Shit! Everybody's had you but Jo-Jo the
Dog Faced Boy.

CUTENICK

Well . . .

HONEYCUT

Why don't you just get the hell out of my life?

CUTENICK

Barry, please. I do love you. I do. Please
believe that. I love you. Please.

CONTINUED

HONEYCUT

What about all those players?

CUTENICK

Well, it's hard to work in tennis without handling the balls, but that's over now. After my week with you, well, I know what I want.

HONEYCUT

If you really mean that, Audrey, it's got to be no one but me.

CUTENICK

I'll . . . try. I really will.

They kiss deeply. Finally, Barry breaks it.

HONEYCUT

But, damn it. I'm really in hock. I owe Ciccarella \$100,000 and State Bank \$50,000. If this gig flops, I might just as well be at ground zero for the next nuclear test.

CUTENICK

Don't worry about money. I have that much in my contingency budget.

HONEYCUT

But, that's C/C's money. You can't get at that, can you?

CUTENICK

Why don't we discuss it? I know the coziest little place . . .

CUT TO:

**INT. GARDEN OF PARADISE MOTEL, ROOM #419 - MID-AFTERNOON
THE NEXT DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT**

Barry and Audrey lay back after making love. Audrey turns the TV to local news. **THE CAMERA INTERCUTS** between the motel room and the TV studio.

ANNOUNCER

And, now, out at Fertile Valley, it seems they're holding a tennis tournament that's part of the Star Spangled Tennis

CONTINUED

ANNOUNCER (Cont'd)

Tour. I have the Publicity director, John O'Lunney, here to explain what could well be one of the biggest promotions Vegas has ever seen. John?

O'LUNNEY

Thanks, Mr. O'Casey. The thing is, every ticket buyer has a chance to win a thousand dollars. You pick between the players in the finals. Your man wins, you get a grand.

ANNOUNCER

I understand you had three semi-final matches out there today, John. Isn't that pretty unusual?

O'LUNNEY

Well, this is a pretty unusual tournament, Mr. O'Casey. But, that's not all. Anyone who picks the exact score wins a 2015 Tesla Model S and a world tour, *plus* a C/C credit card to pay their expenses, and you'll see some fine tennis.

ANNOUNCER

. . . and to prove it, we have a video clip of one of today's semi-final matches.

The clip comes on and we hear O'LUNNEY's VOICE OVER.

O'LUNNEY (VO)

Here we see Fernando Cruzero, "The Puerto Rican Bull," winning against the "Animal from Down Under."

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Sounds like a colorful cast, John.

O'LUNNEY (VO)

It is. It is.

Cruzero and Animal play. This ends with a shot showing Cruzero toweling off as Animal swills beer.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Must have been hot out there.

CONTINUED

O'LUNNEY (Cont'd)

That it was. That it was.

Animal kills his beer, then makes a face directly at the TV camera. He clutches his throat and mouths the word "Piss". The TV camera cuts quickly to Cruzero who flips a "bird." The clip abruptly stops.

ANNOUNCER

Well, ur, uh . . .

O'LUNNEY

So, there is it, an' tomorrow Cruzero'll be playin' another fine lad, John Crane. John won his match today against Efilio Tostada.

ANNOUNCER

Well, uh, and that's the news.

They smile as TV credits roll. O'Lunney thinks they're off the air. He offers the Announcer money.

ANNOUNCER (Cont'd)

(Smiling grimly) Not now, John.

CUT TO the motel bedroom.

HONEYCUT

Whoooopee! That's great! Just great!
How'd he ever get C/C to agree? It'll cost
a fortune. You were right, Audrey, you
were right. C/C is going to back me up.

CUTENICK

(Stunned) Oh, dear.

CUT TO:

INT. FLYING FORTRESS COMMAND PLANE - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

General Crane is holding an iPad. She turns it off after watching O'Lunney on TV. Creighton is with her. We hear JETS roaring on the soundtrack.

GENERAL

When'll we be over Vegas, Creighton?

CREIGHTON

In about thirty minutes, General.

GENERAL

Where are the ground troops?

CONTINUED

CREIGHTON

They should be moving into position. I'm amazed we haven't had more flack from the public.

GENERAL

What with them public relations jerks in Washington, we don't have as much trouble keepin' a secret as we used to.

CREIGHTON

That certainly is a relief, General.

GENERAL

They didn't say much about John on that broadcast.

CREIGHTON

I noticed that, General.

GENERAL

I think I'll drop in there an' see what's goin' on. Shit, they don't hardly mention a red-blooded boy like John. All they talk about is them fuckin' spics.

CREIGHTON

Australians aren't spics, General.

GENERAL

Well, they's foreigners, ain't they? Tell the pilot t' angle over toward Fertile Valley.

CREIGHTON

But, General. The new exercise is scheduled for the same . . .

GENERAL

The hell with that. Get me a cell phone. I can direct it jes' as good from the tournament. Better.

CREIGHTON

Very well, General.

GENERAL

Ain't no Goddamn spics gonna get the better o' my son. Hot damn, Johnny. This is gonna be one finals match that's gonna surprise um all. Whoooooopeeeee!

CUT TO:

EXT. OF PLANE. It ROARS as it pulls away from **THE CAMERA** in a steep arc.

CUT TO:

EXT. FERTILE VALLEY COUNTRY CLUB ON FINALS DAY - BRIGHT, HOT MORNING - HIGH ANGLE ESTABLISHING SHOT

Cars pull up in droves. Cissy Belle sells tickets like mad as the crowd packs the grandstand.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITALITY TENT - FOLLOWING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

O'Lunney and Tostada lean over Tom as he writes checks.

O'LUNNEY

. . . write the next one for Efilio here.
His mother's starvin', ya know, an' her
six kids, back across the border.

TOSTADA

Si, Tom. She has eight mouths to feed
and the money I make on this crummy
circuit is not enough.

COLLINS

I thought you said, uh, it was, uh, like,
six kids, Mr. O'Lunney.

O'LUNNEY

What's in a number. Keep writin'.

Honeycut walks up as O'Lunney plays the slot machine.

O'LUNNEY (Cont'd)

Well, now, Barry. How do ya like the
crowd we're gettin'?

HONEYCUT

I can't thank you enough. How did you
get C/C to do it?

RED-EYE

(Rushing up) Jesus, Barry. We gotta talk
an' we gotta talk now. It cain't wait a
second. We gotta talk.

HONEYCUT

Sure, Red-Eye. Excuse me, John.

CONTINUED

Red-Eye and Barry move to the side. **THE CAMERA TRACKS.**

RED-EYE

I just called the weather lady an' she's predictin' high winds. High winds, Barry, what're we gonna do? I knew . . .

CROTCHLOW

(Rushing up hysterically) Barry? Barry? Cissy Belle wants you. She needs you. I've never seen anything like it.

Barry GROANS and they all rush out of the tent.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE - IMMEDIATELY AFTER - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Cissy Belle looks up at a tank with General Crane on it. Planes ROAR overhead. An armoured column streams across the desert. Red-Eye, Barry and Crotchlow rush up.

RED-EYE

Good God! We's bein' invaded. I knew it. It's the Rooshians, I know it is. It's the Rooshians.

GENERAL

Where's John Crane playing?

HONEYCUT

(Having trouble hearing) What?

GENERAL

Where's John Crane playing?

HONEYCUT

What?

The General mumbles as she and her Flunkys get out of the tank.

GENERAL

Now, I asked ya where John Crane was playin'?

RED-EYE

Say, ain't you "Quick Draw" Crane? You was here durin' them noo-klear tests. You's the one had all them soldiers standin' out there.

CONTINUED

GENERAL

Where's John Crane playing?

CISSY BELLE

You wanta buy a ticket, sir?

GENERAL

Where's John Crane playing?

HONEYCUT

Over in the stadium, General.

Wordlessly, the General and her Flunkys stalk off.

RED-EYE

Don't go gettin' huffy with me, yer Generalship. I voted for ya when ya ran for president on the America for Americans ticket.

CISSY BELLE

He didn't *buy* a ticket.

HONEYCUT

She, Cissy Belle. The General's a she.

CISSY BELLE

Goodness.

Suddenly, a gust of wind blows over the flimsy ticket booth. It happens fast and nothing else is damaged. Frantic, Red-Eye clutches Barry's arm.

RED-EYE

Oh God. I knew it. I knew it. I can jes' see the headlines. 3,000 people blown to death in Fertile Valley.

Before Barry can answer, a nervous Cutenick arrives.

CUTENICK

Barry, we *have* to talk.

HONEYCUT

Surprise, surprise.

McQUEEN

(Rushing up) Barry, the stands are jammed and the crowd's getting difficult.

RED-EYE

Thirty years to life. I *knew* it. I *knew* it.

CONTINUED

CUTENICK

(Anxiously) We *have* to talk, Barry.

CISSY BELLE

It jes' blew over. My pretty little booth
jes' blew over.

HONEYCUT

All right! All right! Everybody SHUT UP!!

They all look shocked.

HONEYCUT (Cont'd)

Now, calm down, Red-Eye. Don't worry
about things that haven't happened. I
want you to keep an eye on the General.
You, Audrey, I'll meet under the stands
as soon as I've started the match. I just
don't know, Cissy Belle. Looks like the
booth's shot to hell, 'course, everything's
shot to hell, so, what the hell? Come on,
Gene. Let's get this over with.

They all troop off toward the stands.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE PACKED FERTILE VALLEY STADIUM - IMMEDIATELY
FOLLOWING - HIGH ANGLE ESTABLISHING SHOT**

Barry and Red-Eye enter. **THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN** on Red-Eye as he
enters the box next to the General. This box, reserved for C/C, is empty
except for O'Houlihan and Crotchlow. Red-Eye ad-libs HELLOS as he takes
a seat. In the next box, MILITARY AIDES set up maps, communications gear,
etc. Barry goes to the umpire's chair with Gene. He takes the microphones
to make introductions.

RED-EYE

Howdy do, General. My name's Red-Eye
Cooper. Me'n my partner own this here
club.

The General ignores Red-Eye as an aide produces a red cell phone.

AIDE

Where you want your phone, General?

GENERAL

At my right hip, boy. They don't call me
"Quick Draw" fer nothin'.

CONTINUED

The Aide hands the phone to the General. CHEERING as Crane comes on court.

RED-EYE

That there yore son?

GENERAL

Uh-huh.

RED-EYE

Fine lookin' boy.

Red-Eye pulls a pint bottle out of his pocket and drinks. He and the General pass it back and forth.

GENERAL

Uh-huh.

RED-EYE

Had a friend name o' "Quick Draw"
oncet. He was a flasher.

Red-Eye passes the bottle. The crowd ROARS for Cruzero.

GENERAL

Shit! There ain't no good clean sports no
more. It's all sex and money an' then they
all root fer the foreigners. Shit! That's
turned into the American Way. Why, wipin'
out this whole damned bunch'd be no
worse'n killin' a bunch o' sheep.

She takes a drink from the bottle and passes it back to Red-Eye.

RED-EYE

What was all them trucks I seen
goin' out t' the old test site yesteddy,
General?

GENERAL

(Anxiously) Trucks? What trucks?

RED-EYE

Looked like the kind that was around when I was
a kid. Back when you was a'testin' the big bomb.

Honeycut's VOICE comes over the P.A.

HONEYCUT

Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your
attention, please?

CONTINUED

GENERAL

Good times back in fifty-three. Americans knew what it meant to be an American, then.

CUT TO UMPIRE'S CHAIR - MED. SHOT BARRY AND MCQUEEN

Barry speaks in the microphone. **CAMERA INTERCUTS** as indicated.

HONEYCUT

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the finals of the Consortium Conglomerates Alphonso Rand Memorial Yucca Flats Desert Development Corporation Cochise World Airways Scungilli Slot Machine Open at the Fertile Valley Country Club. (Aside to McQueen) God, that makes a fellow dry.

McQUEEN

If the perfect desert air doesn't get him first.

HONEYCUT

(Into microphone) Well, that's quite a title, but, we've got quite a match for you now. And, before we begin, I want to make sure you all stop in at our model home to check out the advantages of living in Fertile Valley.

The crowd YELLS for the match.

HONEYCUT (Cont'd)

Uh, well, yes, so, without further ado, I present, on my left, Fernando Cruzero, the "Puerto Rican Bull."

The crowd goes wild. APPLAUSE/CHEERS. A Puerto Rican flag appears.

HONEYCUT (Cont'd)

And, to my right, John Crane. A rising star from the Ivy League.

In the nearby desert, tanks shoot a TWENTY-ONE GUN SALUTE. Planes BUZZ the stadium. **THE CAMERA INTERCUTS** to the General on her red phone. The crowd is so dazzled that the applause stops.

CUT TO CU of General Crane.

CONTINUED

GENERAL

(Gripping phone) Lookit that. The bastards don't even clap for a clean American boy. Well, let's see what happens to the American Way today.

CUT TO Honeycut and McQueen.

HONEYCUT

(Into microphone) Mr. Crane has won the toss and will serve first.

McQUEEN

Barry, are you sure you don't want to call the match.

HONEYCUT

(To McQueen) You gotta be kidding. I don't even know how to keep score.

McQUEEN

(Wearily) Why doesn't that surprise me?

McQueen climbs into the umpires chair to call the match. It begins. The crowd is excited and many side bets are placed. Both Players win points, but whenever Cruzero does, the General's hand tightens on the phone. The Players take a break on odd games to towel off.

CRUZERO

(To Crane) Hey, man? This is the whole ball o' wax. You're playin' outta your mind, man. When you gonna wake up an' play normal.

CRANE

As soon as your sister stops claiming she's a virgin, man. That's when.

Cruzero goes crazy. He foams, he raves. Play resumes.

McQUEEN

Ladies and gentlemen, the score is six-all. We will now have a nine point, sudden death tie-breaker. The first player to get five points wins.

Crane wins. The General's in agony, but, for the moment, the red phone is untouched. Cruzero takes the second set but he's mad and playing erratically.

CUT TO:**EXT. NEAR THE FRONT GATE - IMMEDIATELY AFTER - ESTABLISHING SHOT**

O'Lunney waits with a suitcase. Tostada rushes up.

O'LUNNEY

Efilio, m'boy. Where ya been? You got the rest of the checks?

TOSTADA

Right here.

O'LUNNEY

Where's Tom.

TOSTADA

I got him two dozen donuts, man. He's pigging out, somewhere.

O'LUNNEY

Let's get goin', then. We'll cash the rest o' the checks tomorrow in Vegas, then beat it to Acapulco.

TOSTADA

Let's go, man. I know a place they'll *never* find us.

CUT TO:**EXT. UNDER THE STANDS - IMMEDIATELY AFTER - ESTABLISHING SHOT**

Honeycut and Cutenick are talking.

CUTENICK

Come on, Barry. We've got to get to the airport.

HONEYCUT

The airport? Why? Don't you want to see the match?

CUTENICK

Haven't you figured it out yet? O'Lunney set C/C up. I checked with New York and nobody knows a thing about this crazy promotion. O'Lunney made it all up and there's not going to be anybody here to pay off when the match is over.

CONTINUED

HONEYCUT

Oh, God. I knew it was too good to be true. Why'd he do it?

Collins rises up from behind a pile of lumber.

COLLINS

Oh, wow. Like, uh, like Mr. O'Lunney made it all, uh, up?

Honeycut and Cutenick stare at Tom. After a beat

HONEYCUT

Do you have any idea why he might have done that, Tom?

COLLINS

Oh, wow, well, who, uh, you know. Like, who knows? He's been acting so, like, strange, lately.

CUTENICK

How do you mean, strange?

CUTENICK

Well, he kept wanting me to write, uh, you know, he wanted me to write so, uh . . . so many . . .

HONEYCUT

Checks?

COLLINS

Oh, wow. You know.

Honeycut and Cutenick look at one another. Ciccarella and his Goons appear in the distance. Nuncio yells.

NUNCIO

Hey, Honeycut? My boy ain't playin' today. I want my money.

HONEYCUT

(To Audrey) The airport. Thirty minutes.

They nod and split in opposite directions.

COLLINS

Hey, anybody want a donut?

Nuncio's Men SHOOT. Tom dives behind the lumber. A CHEER rises from the stands.

CUT TO:**EXT. THE STADIUM - IMMEDIATELY AFTER - ESTABLISHING SHOT**

The Players finish a hard point and towel off. We hear McQueen on the P.A.

McQUEEN

. . . the third set and the match will be decided by another tie-breaker.

CUT TO:**INT. YUCCA FLATS AIRPORT - IMMEDIATELY AFTER - ESTABLISHING SHOT**

Honeycut and Cutenick run in and find O'Lunney and Tostada waiting for a plane. O'Lunney reacts nervously.

O'LUNNEY

Well, now, this is a surprise. And where might *you* be off to?

HONEYCUT

We were going to ask you the same thing.

O'LUNNEY

Well, uh, well, me'n Efilio here, uh . . .

CUTENICK

. . . are running off with eight million dollars worth of C/C checks?

TOSTADA

Oh, chit.

O'LUNNEY

Uh, well, how did ya . . .

HONEYCUT

We already knew you'd made up the give-away scam. Then Tom told us you'd been making him write a lot of checks and it all makes sense. You filled the stands with people who're going to be *very* mad, just so you two can get away in the confusion.

O'LUNNEY

Well, now, what're you gonna do?

CUTENICK

We want in.

TOSTADA

Oh, chit.

CONTINUED

O'LUNNEY

Well, now, I think that could be worked out. There's plenty o' money to go around.

CUTENICK

I can get cash out of the CCSSTT account on my corporate card. There's close to eight-hundred thousand left.

TOSTADA

Hot damn, man. All right!

O'LUNNEY

Well, we could cash the checks faster with a little help. So, onward, m'friends, to a life of vice an' uninterrupted corruption, but such comfortable sinnin', donchaknow?

As they turn to go, Barry stops.

HONEYCUT

Wait a minute. What about the people back at the tournament? What about Cissy Belle and Red-Eye?

CUT TO:

EXT. YUCCA FLATS STADIUM - IMMEDIATELY AFTER - CU OF RED-EYE AND CISSY BELLE

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as the tiebreaker goes to the last point. There's silence as it begins. **THE CAMERA PANS** to the General as she stands and grips the red phone. We hear only the sound of the ball being served. THWOCK! The crowd CHEERS as we see the General turn and march toward her plane. Red-Eye and Creighton follow.

THE CAMERA PANS (or similar) across the desolate Yucca Flats "moonscape" to the golf course at Rattlesnake Butte. The Samurai are atop the butte taking pictures. Lazar slices golf balls around. Everything is total, absolute silence. Suddenly, there's a rumble and a great mushroom cloud rises in the distance. The wind comes up and bits of the Fertile Valley Country Club fly by. Sand is everywhere. Lazar looks up, sees the cloud and goes back to his shot.

CUT TO:

CU SAMURAI #1. He watches the blast, then mumbles in JAPANESE (sub-titled): "OH NO! NOT AGAIN!" MUSIC UP as the Cochise World Airways plane is seen flying off into the "sunset." **CREDITS OVER.**

FADE OUT.

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