

CROOKED CREEK

By: Patrick McFadden Jr.
A golf course comedy

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FADE IN:

EXT. A CROWDED GOLF COURSE PARKING LOT ON A BEAUTIFUL SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

An interracial family in a brand new sedan pulls into the parking lot and the car stops.

WOMAN

(Driving)

Honey, do you really think this is a good idea? The black golf balls my father gave you for Christmas last year were a joke... that's all, a joke. Why do you even care what my father thinks anyway? So what... so your name is LARRY BIRD, and he still finds that funny after all these years... who cares?

MAN

(Looking back to his kids)

A joke? You're still convinced that was only a joke, CAROLINE? Well, if you fail to remember, your father stenciled the letters, "NBA" into every golf ball he spray painted and gave me last year... and that was just after he apologized for his neighborhood not having any back alley dogfights to offer me.

EXT. SAME PARKING LOT

A flamboyant Japanese playboy arrives in the best luxury car that the fledgling company, Daewoo, has ever produced. He steps out of his vehicle with an unparalleled air of narcissism about him as he tries to corral a couple of teenage bagworkers who are flying through the parking lot in a golf cart.

JAPANESE PLAYBOY

(Waving at the boys)

Boys... my bags... right here...

TEENAGE BAGWORKER

(Driving the golf cart, whizzing by)

Oh look out, we got zipperheads at 12 o'clock! Somebody grab the 5 mile snake and some Drano, this toilet is gettin' clogged! Christ, did you see that guy's hat? I told you those people couldn't see.

The Japanese playboy standing by his car has never heard himself referred to as a zipperhead before, nor has he ever been so publicly shamed.

JAPANESE PLAYBOY
Zipperhead?

INT. THE GOLF COURSE'S OSTENTATIOUS CLUBHOUSE

Strolling through the ornate and luxurious clubhouse, Larry Bird can feel the prying eyes from all corners of the room. He does his best to look the part, advertising to everyone staring that the clothes he is wearing were manufactured by Izod and Polo, not Sean John and Tommy Hilfiger. He follows protocol by making his way into the golf course's pro shop in order to check in with the shopkeeper and pay up.

LARRY BIRD
(Stepping up to the cash register)
Yeah, I'd like to play some golf today... how much is it?

PRO SHOP ATTENDANT
(Hesitant)
It'll be eighty five dollars, sir... do you have a tee time, Mr...?

LARRY BIRD
Bird... Larry Bird, no I don't.

The shop attendant snickers.

PRO SHOP ATTENDANT
Well... I'm sorry... Mr. Bird, our apologies... we're fully booked right now... however, if you care to sit in the lounge and hope for a no-show you're more than welcome. I have to be honest though, your chances of playing today aren't good... you see, our tee sheet is just overflowing.

LARRY BIRD
(Annoyed)
Really? Overflowing? You're telling me that as of now, high noon, with over eight hours of daylight left, I have very little chance of even seeing the golf course? Well, in that case, I think I'll just wait right here... I'll just spend some time with your... trying out your... huh? What are these?

PRO SHOP ATTENDANT

Those are putters, Mr. Bird, and please... they're brand new and very expensive. Please... please, Mr. Bird, there is no need to bang them against the wall like that... I assure you they're quite durable and sturdy.

Walking into the pro shop as Larry Bird steps aside and begins browsing some clothes is the flamboyant and charismatic Japanese playboy. Behind the shop's counter an older and more disheveled looking man, who is almost asleep, sees the Japanese man coming and quickly shoves the young attendant to the side.

OLDER ATTENDANT

Can I help you, sir?

JAPANESE PLAYBOY

(Discernible broken english)

Yes... hi, one golfer and one errectric cart, prease...

OLDER ATTENDANT

Certainly sir... that'll be four hundred dollars...

JAPANESE PLAYBOY

(Leaning back)

Four hundred dollar! Why so much... last week I pay only eighty five dollar?

OLDER ATTENDANT

Well you see sir, that's because last week the weather was shitty, cloudy out, as we like to say here east of Seoul, you followin'? Let me know if I'm goin' too fast for ya. You see, our prices here at Crooked Creek are based on the weather... the amount of sunlight you as golfers get to enjoy out there. And today, since there isn't a cloud in the sky, the rates are pretty much a small fortune. You know how it goes though I'm sure... you seem traveled. Some courses they hit you up for a simple green fee, other's charge you twenty bucks for a hot dog...we here, well, we just close our eyes and hope for the best... kind of like your drivin'.

JAPANESE PLAYBOY

(Giving in)

Okay... but I still think four hundred dollar is too much money for you to be charging... I understand weekend rates appry, but... okay, here you go, here's my American Express card. Did you know last year it was only fifty dollar to golf here, did you know that?

OLDER ATTENDANT

Really sir? I had no idea, but thank you for reminding me... um see, yeah... this is gonna be a problem, we don't accept American Express.

JAPANESE PLAYBOY

What do you mean you don't accept American Express? I pay here last week with my American Express... this card, right here, I pay that young man sitting in the corner... him right there.

OLDER ATTENDANT

Yes, our sincere apologies, sir... he's one of our special needs cases who we ahh... actually just had to fire this morning... Ssshhh, between you and me, he was bangin' a ball washer out on 17. Ball washing's a tricky term if none of the lights are on upstairs, you catchin' my drift? You can feel me I'm sure, they must do that sort of thing where you come from all the time. My point being, Tony the Tiger here is basically such a degenerate that I'm sure he didn't even charge your American Express card, I wouldn't even worry about it.

JAPANESE PLAYBOY

(Fumbling)

Well, will you accept my Visa card?

OLDER ATTENDANT

No credit cards, sir, just cash... the greenbacks.

JAPANESE PLAYBOY

How about Mastercard?

OLDER ATTENDANT

Sir, please watch my lips move, see them moving? We only accept cash, that's it, nothing else.

JAPANESE PLAYBOY

How bout a check? I have my checkbook right here.

OLDER ATTENDANT

Okay... I'll accept a check.

JAPANESE PLAYBOY

Good.

OLDER ATTENDANT

Be sure and write it out to BILL FULLER, that's two L's in Fuller, not two "R's." That's my boss's boss... he's still on vacation until sometime next year... looking for the abominable snowman or somethin'. He never calls.

As the Japanese playboy reluctantly hands over the check, the older attendant sees his young protege next to him cracking up. He gives him a wink.

OLDER ATTENDANT

Sir, now just one more thing... what time does your bank open in the morning? And, does the drive thru have clearance enough for something like a conversion van?

JAPANESE PLAYBOY

What?

OLDER ATTENDANT

(Putting the check right into his pocket)
Forget it, most banks open at 9... Okay, let's see here... when is the earliest we can have you out on the teebox swattin' some balls? Let's see here... it's 12 noon now... okay, it's looking like I can have you out there and ready to go no later than 4:15... wow, did you luck out... Mr? What is your name, sir?

Larry Bird, who has been feeling up the same shirt for well over five minutes and listening to every insane word being said, finally turns around to have a look at this for himself.

JAPANESE PLAYBOY

CHING... my name is, Ching...

OLDER ATTENDANT

Mr. Chung... perfect, gotcha, there you are... 4:15... Lucky for you The Godfather Part II just started over there in the bar area. So, when that movie's over... and you see the credits start to roll, come on back and check with us.

As Ching leaves the pro shop absolutely baffled at what has just happened to him, Larry Bird drops the shirt he's holding and walks back over to the

counter. He pulls out a policemen's badge and flashes it in front of the corrupt attendant, who immediately freezes.

LARRY BIRD

(Cool while putting the badge away)

So is Bill Fuller really on vacation until 2012... lookin' for some kind of Yeti? Because I could've sworn that when I pulled in here I saw a rusting old shitpile outside that looked an awful lot like a conversion van... and the license plate I could've sworn said, "Bill Fuller" with two L's. Now you gotta figure that sometimes, just sometimes, it doesn't pay to be so full of yourself... Bill Fuller. It could land you in the sand.

OLDER ATTENDANT

(Shaking)

I'm so sorry officer, I'm Bill Fuller, am I under arrest?

LARRY BIRD

Let me make this perfectly clear for you, Bill, just so we understand each other. Unless you see me swinging a golf club on the first teebox at roughly a quarter past now... Well, I think you're picking up what I'm laying down, Bill...

BILL FULLER

Is that it? Is that all you want? What about the check he gave me?

LARRY BIRD

(Thinking)

What's that man's name over there who you just walked all over in your golf spikes?

BILL FULLER

(Looking at the computer)

I think his name is, Mr. Chung or Ching?

LARRY BIRD

Well, which is it?

BILL FULLER

No, it's Chang... yeah. that's it, Chang. I remember now... it's because he said it funny.

Over in the bar area we see Ching, thoroughly dejected, sitting down at a table to a large cup of tea and warm side of Vito Corleone's mother being blown away in surround sound. Larry Bird suddenly has an epiphany.

LARRY BIRD

Alright Bill, here's your deal... you get me and Mr. Chang right there out on the first tee in five minutes and maybe... just maybe, I'll look the other way about you taking him to the cleaners.

BILL FULLER

He's the one taking people the cleaners, I'm sure he owns at least five of them. No, no... no problem officer, no problem at all, it's taken care of! But wait, what about the check he gave me? Can I...

LARRY BIRD

Keep it... I wouldn't know how to explain what you did to him anyway. Just don't do it again. And paint your van outside for Christ's sake, it looks like a kid's nightmare out there.

BILL FULLER

(Relieved almost beyond words)

You bet I'll do that, Officer! Tell Mr. Chong to grab his clubs because you're next on the tee! I'll even throw in free drinks all day long from the cunt-cart... I mean the beer cart, beverage cart... we got a girl out there today with a melon farm on her chest, boy! It'll make you wanna buy a plow, I swear.

Larry Bird gives Bill Fuller a look of pure disgust as he walks over and tells Ching the good news, that they're next up on the tee. Ching, on the other hand, is almost inconsolable, as he is already crying from Vito Corleone being told he has smallpox upon entering Ellis Island.

BILL FULLER

(Looking to his assistant)

Tony, I want you to grab somebody from outside and play the first couple of holes with these guys... make sure everything runs smooth, alright... try and feel him out for me. Then, if you feel comfortable enough, ask him again if he's thinking about turning me in. Play the part for me will ya, tell him I'm still fucked up from the war.

TONY

What war, Bill? I didn't know you were in a war?

BILL FULLER

The fuckin' Peloponnesian War, I don't know... use your head for once.

TONY

But Bill, you just told those guys that you fired me for banging a ball washer out on 17?

BILL FULLER

Yeah? So?

TONY

Wow... really no entry anywhere... thanks Bill, really.

BILL FULLER

Listen to me, I want you to take ROCKET with you, he's the best golfer we got out there and he'll make 'em look stupid. I think that's what we want. But listen to me now, this is important, be sure that before you go anywhere, before you even leave the first tee, you be sure and tell that brainless and bra-less wonder outside who's towin' all the booze that she is to stop for this little United Nations grouping we got here every other hole, you got it? Every other hole now, I mean it. I want 'em wasted when they're done, so I can talk to 'em.

BILL FULLER CONT'D

Be sure and tell DAWN that these two guys are from some kind of foreign legion program too, or some charity or something... don't forget to tell her that now.

TONY

Why Bill?

BILL FULLER

Because her dad's klan, you greasy wop. Don't you know that? He's like Chief Cyclops or somethin'. The last thing I need is a cross burning in my fairway. Now get going! Ho Chi Min's already finished his tea and flown the coop.

EXT. THE 1ST TEE.

With a foursome of women being told they have to step aside off the first tee and make way for another group, tensions are already running high. Each of the middle aged women glare back at Larry Bird and Ching, who wait anxiously for the starter to give them the go-ahead.

LARRY BIRD

(Introducing himself)

I'm Larry Bird... you're Mr. Chang, right?

CHING

No Ching... nice to meet you Rarry Bird.

LARRY BIRD

So it's Mr. Ching? Is that your first name? Is that what I should call you?

CHING

Ching is all my names... Ching Ching Ching. I'm named after my father.

LARRY BIRD

Okay Ching, got it... So, is it just you and me here or what? Aren't we supposed to be paired up or something?

IRATE WOMAN

(Screaming from the ladies' tees)

Hey! You two! I didn't pay 35 dollars to watch a couple faggots mill around like cattle! Either hit the ball or we are going!

As Larry Bird and Ching look at each other in utter disbelief regarding the measly green fee the woman paid, as well as her referring to them as cattle, Tony, the disgraced shop attendant, runs up onto the teebox and takes control of the situation.

TONY

(Yelling to the group of women)

I'm sorry Mrs. Hoveround, we're sorry to keep you waiting... just a slight mix-up that's all.

TONY CONT'D

(Now screaming)

Rocket! Get your ass up here now! Stop admiring Mr. Ching's clubs and get up here and hit the ball... God dammit... move!

TONY

(Looking again to the ladies)

Just one more second Mrs Hoveround, we're almost ready!

MRS. HOVEROUND

(Yelling back)

Tony, if these guys end up suckin' dick, and we're stuck waiting behind you all God damn day, I'm gonna have Sally's husband here blow up your house with you and that disgusting dog in it! You hear me, Tony?! I'm serious! Mob shit, Tony! Mob shit!

Up and onto the teebox steps Rocket, a carefree teenage kid with so much apathy towards life the task of merely forming sentences and rendering speech is a major task for him. He walks by Ching and Larry throws down his cigarette and tees up a golf ball.

LARRY BIRD

(Looking at Tony)

Why do they call him Rocket?

TONY

(Smiling)

Rocket... why do they call you Rocket?

Just as Tony is finished with his question, Rocket blasts a shot some 300 yards down the middle of the fairway.

ROCKET

(Walking away)

I don't know... figure it out while you choke on that you oily ginny... you think you got enough shit in your hair do ya?

As Tony tees up his ball and gets ready to hit, Rocket stands next to Larry and cracks open a beer, gulping it wildly.

LARRY BIRD

(Brow raised)

How old are you Rocket?

ROCKET

Seventeen.

LARRY BIRD

Aren't you a little young for that?

Rocket pulls out a small pipe full of pot and looks around before smoking it, he pays no attention to the handful of people watching him.

ROCKET

Too young for what?

LARRY BURD

Jesus kid, what's next, cocaine?

ROCKET

Why, you need some? I can call my babysitter. Just gimme like a day.

Larry and Ching don't quite know how to decipher Rocket's comment as Ching watches Tony's shot sail dead right and into the woods.

CHING

(Getting ready for his turn)

That's okay, Tony... this is par 5... you can still make 5.

TONY

(Furious)

Okay?! Okay?! I feel like slaughtering a kitten and sucking out its fucking brain! My shot sucks! I suck! The next thing I know you're gonna tell me hitting it in the water is like getting a hole-in-one!

Watching this display of vulgarity and fury from Tony take place over the very first shot of his day, Larry Bird pulls out his policemen's badge and shows it to Rocket, who doesn't even blink.

ROCKET

Yeah, my dad's a pig in the city too... who do you think I get my shit from?

As Ching tees his ball into the ground and readies himself to hit, the golf course's main starter, a decrepit old man well into his 80's who can barely walk, steps up onto the teebox and hobbles over to Ching with a smile on his face and a golf ball in his hand.

OLD STARTER

(Handing Ching the ball)

Take this ball young man... go on take it... I always give a brand new golf ball to my favorite golfer of the day. Go ahead, son, take it and tee it up, it'll bring you luck.

TONY

(Looking to Ching and Larry)

This is Crooked Creek's own ancient mariner, Alistair... he's our starter... he's a kook, but he's harmless.

Switching balls and sticking the lucky one into the ground instead, Ching readies himself to hit. As he cocks back the club he senses something is amiss, but he swings anyway. And then, BOOOOOM!

Everyone hits the deck as the lucky golf ball explodes into a cloud of dust with a deafening concussion!

TONY

(Getting up off the ground)

What the hell did you do that for, you corpse! When are you gonna just die already? These are a couple of VIP's we got here. Both of you can get up now, Mr Ching, Mr Bird... it was just an exploding golf ball, that's all... I should've known what it was when I didn't see a label on it.

ALISTAIR

(Looking at Ching, laughing and pointing)

Look, the yeller one's still shakin'! Sorry about that there, Slappy... just havin' a little fun with ya that's all. You know I gotta say, you move like your granddaddy did during the war, quick little butterhead he was... moved like lightnin'... all over the place.

CHING

My grandfather wasn't in the war, sir.

ALISTAIR

He wasn't? Really? Well, your uncle then... I'll tell you what, you cracker japs sure could move... Golly, this one time I sprayed one with napalm, then just tossed him my cigarette at him... whew boy! Look liked a bad circus stunt.

TONY

(Pushing Alistair off the tee)
Alistair enough! Get off the tee! Mr. Ching, feel free to hit again. I'm sorry about this.

CHING

(Dumbfounded)
That's okay, Tony... no problem... I still shaking a bit... might not be good shot coming.

MRS. HOVEROUND

(Has had about enough)
Hey Tony, you hairy fucking spaghetti! You're about this close to a bowl of roofing nails for breakfast! Do you hear me?!

As Ching waits for Mrs. Hoveround to finish her tirade he addresses the ball. And with a quick movement he swings and hits. The ball goes about 80 yards never once getting more than two feet off the ground.

ROCKET

Nice shot... really chilly-dipped that one?

CHING

Chirry-dip? What chirry-dip mean?

ROCKET

It means you totally suck... and you should try it next time with your eyes open.

CHING

That's chirry-dip? But... my eyes were open.

Larry Bird senses that it's finally his turn to hit. He takes his new white golf ball, tees it up and hits. His lackluster result is a worm-burner that doesn't even make passed the ladies' teebox. The three women surrounding Mrs. Hoveround take cover behind her and then begin laughing.

ROCKET

Oh my God, Tony, you know what this means! Oh shit, I can't believe it! I hope these ladies don't run when they see it!

LARRY BIRD

What are you talking about?

ROCKET

I'm talking about that you have to walk up to those ladies with your dick hangin' out man! You didn't even get it passed the ladies' tees! You gotta show 'em your meat, bro! This is gonna be great! Mrs. Hoveround might grab her bib.

TONY

Don't listen to him, Mr. Bird... it's a running joke in golf that if you don't hit your shot passed the ladies' tees on the first hole, you gotta walk to your ball with your genitals hanging out. Nobody ever does it though.

ROCKET

(Laughing)

Good thing Mr. Miyagi here made it passed Mrs. Hoveround or she'd be lookin' for her glasses! What a zipperhead!

CHING

(Walking to the cart with Larry)

I no like him very much, Rarry... what does zipperhead even mean? Why do these people keep carrying me that? I want to know, Rarry?

LARRY BIRD

(Getting ready to drive the cart)

Well, I think it's from World War II, Ching... my grade school teacher always said that the japanese soldiers got run over by a lot of tanks... and that the tank tracks left a mark on their bodies like a zipper... hence zipperhead

CHING

Huh? Wow.

LARRY BIRD

What is it, what's wrong? I'm sorry if I offended you, Ching.

CHING

No... no Rarry... it's just my grandfather. That's why he never see the war... he hit by tank in training.

Larry gives Ching the strangest of looks and steps on the gas pedal of the golf cart. Within seconds a loud crash is heard behind them. Larry stops the cart and both he and Ching turn around to find that their golf clubs and golf bags have been mysteriously unstrapped from the cart and are now lying on the ground, most likely nicked up.

ROCKET

(Looking back from his golf cart)

Tony look, you were right, they don't think it's funny at all.

TONY

(Turning around)

If anything is damaged fellas... I'll see to it that it comes out of Rocket's paycheck. Don't worry.

CHING

No Tony... everything seems okay. Thank you.

TONY

And you Mr. Bird... are your clubs okay?

LARRY BIRD

Yeah Tony... everything's fine. Hey kid, I'm gonna rocket my fist down your throat the day you turn 18 if you try that again. You got me you punk?

TONY

(Whispering to Rocket)

I told you not to fuck with the black guy.

And with that the two golf carts are off and on their way heading to their next shots, which for Larry Bird is right next to Mrs. Hoveround and her friends on the ladies' teebox.

TONY

(Driving by Mrs. Hoveround)

Thank you for your patience again, Mrs. Hoveround, our sincere apologies for making you wait.

MRS. HOVEROUND

(Yelling as Tony and Rocket drive by)

You're a dead dago wop, Tony! Dead! Have fun looking over your hairy shoulders for the rest of your life!

As the four women continue to stand on the teebox and wait their turn, Larry

Bird walks up and gets ready to hit his shot right next to Mrs. Hoveround.

MRS. HOVEROUND

(Shushing her friends)

Everyone shut up... Sssshhh, be quiet... just in case
he hits it.

The insult Larry hears behind him forces him into an awkward and rushed golf swing, and instead of hitting the ball and advancing it up the fairway like he's supposed to, he digs up about two feet of pure earth with his golf club, completely tearing up the manicured grass on the ladies' teebox. Mrs. Hoveround and her friends are aghast; only Sally, the one the with mob connections, is still laughing.

SALLY

Really gettin' your money's worth today, huh? You should go grab your friend the Chinamen and tell him to come on up here. I think I see his house in that well you're digging.

MRS. HOVEROUND

(Fuming)

Will you just pick your ball up, sir, and continue on before I decide to call the cops for destroying our golf course.

LARRY BIRD

I am a cop.

MRS. HOVEROUND

(With a crescendo)

Then mace yourself and get the fuck out of here! You do not belong here!

LARRY BIRD

(Insulted)

Why don't I belong here, because I'm black?

MRS. HOVEROUND

Yes, that's it because your black... the best golfer in the world is black... you idiot... you fucking jerk... why is the race card always at the top of the deck with you people?

SALLY

Tiger Woods is part Asian too, Gloria... don't forget.

MRS. HOVEROUND

(Watching Larry pick up his ball)

Wonderful... then it sounds like him and his partner should go hump each other and hope for a boy.

LARRY BIRD

(Walking by Mrs. Hoveround)

Lady, you really are a bitch... you know that?

MRS. HOVEROUND

Well then mission accomplished. I'll be sure and tell my husband to stop by with his backhoe later to fix what you're about to do to our course. See ya later. Bye. Have a good time wrecking the place.

LARRY BIRD

(Getting in the cart)

Ching, I swear to God, if owned this place I'd never let people like that play here, only minorities... I'd let only minorities.

CHING

Minorities?

LARRY BIRD

Yeah... you and me... the one's that make up this whole country, the ones the white man can't stand getting swallowed up by.

CHING

Interesting... yeah, that rady was a bitch.

Driving the cart a short ways up the fairway, Larry stops and let's Ching get out. He's very eager to hit his next shot.

LARRY BIRD

Hey Ching nice shot, at least you can say you're in the fairway.

CHING

(Bouncing around, nervous)

Yeah, thanks Rarry... but I hope I don't chirry-dip this one too... okay, here goes.

LARRY BIRD

Stay loose Ching.

With another violent and herky-jerky backswing Ching takes back his club and gets ready to let one rip. He sighs heavily as he sees another ground ball go trickling down the fairway, traveling less than a hundred yards once again.

ROCKET

(Yelling from his cart)

You got some hot dogs for that chili! Nice mechanics, really?! Maybe a blindfold next time... it might help!

CHING

(Disgraced)

Fruck.

MRS. HOVEROUND

(Yelling from the ladies' teebox)

Hey Tonto! Hey, try swinging harder next time... and maybe lose the headdress! Okay! Alright already! Get going! Stop admiring your patheticness and go already?! This was a rhetorical insult!

CHING

(Speaking to Larry)

Rarry, do you want to hit from here too? I'll wait.

LARRY BIRD

No, I don't want to hit from here at all, Ching, I can't take any more direct hits from the death-star back there. She's just too much for me right now.

Driving further up to Ching's second shot, Larry drops a ball and grabs a club. He gets ready, then he swings. This time, just like last, another large chunk of earth, way bigger than a regular sized divot goes flying in the air. The ball goes almost nowhere.

MRS. HOVEROUND

(Yelling from over 100 yards away)

Hey Aladdin, what are you flying magic carpets down there?! Hey, save some grass for the rest of will you! They're golf clubs, not shovels!

As Larry and Ching drive to Ching's third shot, both frustrated and embarrassed, Tony is seen taking off his shoes and socks and rolling up his pants. He begins walking down the stream-bank and enters into the gushing creek to get to his ball.

ROCKET

(Sitting in the cart)

What are you doing Captain Jellyhair? Do you not see all the red paint on the ground here? You're out of bounds, moron. Even if you hit the shot, you're still taking a penalty stroke. I don't know what rules you're playing?

TONY

I'm not taking a stroke if I'm playing winter rules.

ROCKET

Tony, look around... it's fucking July. And what would it even matter if it was December, you're in a river.

TONY

Shut up, will you... just shut up! I'm trying to concentrate here! I think my foot's on a fuckin' turtle or somethin', I can't even stand straight.

Standing in the creek Tony swings, and with an actual spark generated from his club smashing against the rock, the ball moves one full foot and begins its soft and melodic float downstream. He can't believe it! In a matter of seconds Tony loses all control. First the club in his hands is snapped in half and tossed into the water. Then he unstraps his bag from the cart and raises it over his head, his face beet-red with anger.

TONY

This fucking game! I hate this fucking game! I hope Hoveround says one more fucking thing to me, I will kill that fat bitch! I'll fucking kill her! I'll tie her kankles to my fucking bumper and drag that fat slut until her dentures are making road paint! These fucking clubs suck! God dammit!

Tony takes his entire golf bag and tosses it into the stream, watching it float away like garbage. Rocket casually walks downstream and sticks his club into the water and fishes out the golf bag along with all of Tony's soaking wet clubs, as Tony sits in the cart and sulks.

ROCKET

(Carrying the dripping wet bag)

You know, you really are somethin' else. My twins behave better than you... and they're 8.

TONY

What... what? Are you kidding me, Rocket? You had those kids when you were nine years old?

ROCKET

Go fuck yourself, Tony, I was ten when they were born. And forget about me, you're an embarrassment to be around... you know that?

TONY

Rocket, wait a second, what fertile woman in God's name would have sex with a nine year old boy? Seriously, I wanna know.

ROCKET

I thought I told you already? She was a friend of my moms, alright? They used to get drunk and pass out together, so I'd take off her clothes every once in awhile and fuck around with her... what, does that make me criminal?

TONY

No... actually I don't know? It does officially make you the most fucked up person I've ever met, though.

ROCKET

Me? I'm fucked up? You just launched Bill Fuller's golf bag into the creek and you still don't even realize it... you're insane, Tony. You better he doesn't have anything valuable in here.

TONY

(Realizing what he's done)
Oh my God, no! That's not my bag is it?

ROCKET

(Laughing)
You're always trying to be Fuller's butt-buddy anyway, Tony... look at you, you really fucked him now.

Tearing apart Bill Fuller's golf bag, Tony frantically looks inside to see if he damaged anything of value. He begins pulling items from the largest pocket in the bag.

TONY

(Rifling through the bag)

Alright, we're lookin' good so far, we got rain pants,
some extra gloves, some... what the fuck is this?

What Tony holds up in the air for Rocket and him to examine soon becomes crystal clear.

ROCKET

What the fuck... is that what I think it is?

TONY

(Baffled)

Good Christ, Rocket... it's a battery operated... a
battery operated dildo of some sort... and the fucking
thing still works... look, it must be waterproof?

ROCKET

Wow, what a perverted meatball that guy is... Jesus,
what else is in that bag?

TONY

(Looking in the bag)

Oh my God... he's got like a gallon jug of generic
vasoline in here... some extra long golf tees filed
down and each wrapped in bubble tape, now that's just
fucking gross... and he's got, oh no, wait a minute
here... he's got a stack of double D batteries jammed
into a pair of nylons stockings... I think I've seen it
all

ROCKET

What? What is Fuller doing to himself out here
everyday?

TONY

Man alive... no wonder he always wants to play by
himself and go looking for lost balls.

Just as Tony is about to put Bill Fuller's personal belongings back into his
soaking wet bag, Mrs. Hoveround pulls up in her cart.

MRS. HOVEROUND

What in THE fuck is going over here, Tony? You got
Mandela out there digging a pipeline back to Africa...
Bruce Lee's doin' karate instead of golfin' and you,
you're...

MRS. HOVEROUND CONT'D

Are those Bill's clubs?

TONY

(Scared)

No.

MRS. HOVEROUND

Yes they are... that's the watch I gave him for Christmas last year hangin' from the bag... why's it wet?

TONY

Wet? It is?

MRS. HOVEROUND

You just got mad and threw Fuller's bag in the water and thought it was your own didn't you?

TONY

No.

MRS. HOVEROUND

What is that in your hands, let me see it.

Tony is caught red handed, with no pun intended. He slowly raises his arm and shows the dildo he is holding. Mrs. Hoveround goes immediately flush with embarrassment as Sally her partner erupts with laughter.

SALLY

Do you shave your back down every night too, Tony, and wear heels around the house? Look Gloria, that red-rocket he's got looks like the same one I gave everyone as gag gifts a few years back at your house-warming party, remember?

MRS. HOVEROUND

Shut your mouth, Sally... let's go, which tree is your ball by?

As Mrs. Hoveround takes off in her cart, flush and embarrassed, Rocket and Tony are left putting the pieces together.

ROCKET

You think Hoveround and Fuller? No way?

TONY

Now that I think about it, Bill always said that even a machete couldn't cut down the rampant jungle between that woman's legs... he said it would take like an entire forestry crew... I just thought he was jokin'. I didn't know he had actual carnal knowledge sittin' in his back back pocket.

ROCKET

Carnival knowledge? What? You think the two of them met at a fair or something? Or is it because Fuller's a clown?

Standing next to the first green, Larry and Ching wait and wonder what's taking their partners so long, and why they haven't come out of the trees yet. Then a rumbling sound behind them begins to grow louder as they each turn to find an out-of-control golf cart, strapped with a load of liquor to its rear, careening down a small hill and screaming their way. From a distance, Tony sees that Dawn, the promiscuous beer girl, is about to make Larry and Ching's acquaintance, and for the sake of all humanity he cannot afford to miss this.

TONY

(Driving fast)

Fuck, Fuller's really gonna kill me now... I never got a chance to tell Dawn these two were here. Rocket, put the pipe away and pick up your ball when we drive by it. We don't got time to stop and hit your shot. I think that whore's fuckin' tit's hangin' out again.

ROCKET

(Shading his eyes to see)

Yup Tony, there it is... gettin' a suntan.

At full speed Tony pulls up next to Larry and Ching at the exact instant Dawn arrives in her beer cart with one entire full luscious breast sticking clear out of her shirt. Ching and Larry are speechless as Tony gets out of the cart and runs over to Dawn, who is already half intoxicated.

TONY

(Pulling her in close)

Dawn, your fucking tit! Jesus Christ, put it away will you! What is the matter with you?!

DAWN

(Sipping a beer)

Don't touch my boob, Tony, not unless you got a five

spot for me too.

TONY

(Still fixing Dawn's shirt)

What? Will you work with me here please and fix yourself. Come on Dawn, you're showin' your tits again for five bucks? Where's your dignity?

DAWN

Showin' em? I probably breast fed that kid up there more than his momma did. They got strippers with 'em too, but they're nasty. I told them I'd do each of them for twenty bucks apiece in the back of Fuller's van later on, when they were all done... but don't tell Bill though, I don't want to have to split the money with him again.

TONY

(Finished with her shirt)

Dawn, shut the fuck up! The guys behind us... now listen to me carefully...

DAWN

Yeah I was gonna say, Tony... what is it black history week or we havin' Chinese for lunch again... cuz I'm sick of Hunan chicken, Tony... sick of it.

TONY

Just shut up for a second, will you?!

DAWN

(Yelling over Tony's shoulder)

Hey you... hey Godzilla... I'll have a number 51 with an egg roll and pork fried rice... ha ha ha... I'm just kiddin' with him, Tony. Look at him... he's walkin' around in circles anyway.

TONY

Listen to me you crazy bitch, that's Mr. Mandela, the President of all of Africa back there behind me and his friend Mr. Mazda... as in Mazda cars. Now do not fuck with these people do you understand me? I don't care what color they are. Treat them with the utmost respect. You are to serve them as many drinks as they would like for free... you got that? Free! And fix your other tit, it's about to fall out too. These men are

important, do not embarrass all of us here.

TONY CONT'D

(Walking away from Dawn)

Now wait here until we're done with the hole... do not go anywhere.

Tony grabs his putter from the back of the cart and walks towards Larry and Ching.

TONY

Shall we putt, gentlemen?

ROCKET

Putt what, Tony? You're balls floatin' down Crooked Creek, this guy dug himself all the way here, Cheech and Chung said he already lost five balls or six balls, and you made me pick up mine. So what are we putting, Tony? I want you to tell me?

TONY

(Turning around)

Well then okay... gentlemen, how about a beverage? Dawn here makes a slut, I mean a slew of good drinks... and she's got a heavy hand even though she's only got 9 fingers. Don't let that scare you. We'll just take our drinks over to the next hole, that's all... enjoy 'em there.

Dawn doesn't appreciate Tony's comments about her finger and let's him know about it as she walks over to Ching and Larry.

DAWN

Tony, you fucking silverblack gorilla... today was gonna be your lucky day and you blew it... blew it. I was gonna give you a turn when the bachelor party was through with me, but not anymore. And another thing, you better hope my dad doesn't find out about you lettin' me serve a black man and a chinese railroad worker... and they better speak english.

DAWN CONT'D

Hi there... wow, somebody's sure sweatin' like a slave... is the President of Africa thirsty is he? And for you Mr. Pearl Harbor, would you like a beer or maybe something stronger? I'm afraid we're out of sake'

though.

TONY

Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Dawn tends to be a little loose on the job... she also likes to drink a bit too on the job, as you can see.

DAWN

I also like to fuck on the job too, Tony... but not that you'll ever find that out. Why don't you go have a banana and scratch your belly in the shade.

DAWN CONT'D

Mr. Mandela, I must say you look quite amazing for being in jail for so long, I think I remember learning about you in social studies. Can I make you a mind eraser to forget about all those awful years behind bars, or maybe just a kamikaze for your friend here?

LARRY BIRD

Nelson Mandela, Tony? Do I really have to stand for this? And Calling Ching here, Mr. Pearl Harbor? I mean, come on.

CHING

It's okay, Tony... thank you Dawn, I no drink.

DAWN

Well, I'm sorry to hear that... if you let me look in my purse I might have some opium instead... did you bring your pipe and pillow?

TONY

Dawn enough! Just get them whatever they want, and another remark like that and you're done for the day... no bukakke in the back of the van, no nothing!

CHING

Bukakke.. . you do Bukakke?

As Larry, Rocket, Dawn, and Tony look at Ching, Larry finally speaks up.

LARRY BIRD

I'll have an iced tea.

CHING

I rike iced tea too.

TONY

Let me have a beer.

ROCKET

Dawn, gimme a dry martini on the rocks, extra dirty with four olives. And a blowjob at 4. I'm getting off at 4... right in her fucking mouth, yes! You wanted bukakke there Mr. Chunger, maybe she'll let you go right after me?

CHING

You think so?

Suddenly a golf ball from out of the sky flies just over Ching's head and ricochets off the cart. It's Mrs. Hoveround unable to wait another second to hit her shot.

MRS. HOVEROUND

Go put your balls in that filthy hole somewhere else!
Hey Mookie, did I hit ya! Thanks for leaving us in a fucking trench back here! Did you give up the game yet I hope?

LARRY BIRD

That fucking bitch.

Moving along to the 2nd teebox, Dawn takes the cart into some trees to get everyone their drinks. There's no great rush however, even with Mrs. Hoveround's impatience, because a foursome playing directly in front of them has yet to tee off. All the while, Dawn whispers to herself making everyone's drinks.

DAWN

(Hiding what she's doing)

I rike iced tea. I rike iced tea... yeah, you little whopper, you rike iced tea, do ya? Well how about some raspberry rufi tea, you like that... just a half of one of these and you and your friend, Mister Midnight can go date rape each other... how's that sound?

DAWN CONT'D

(Pulling up in her cart)

Sorry the drinks took so long, fellas... just had to put a little sugar in the sun tea for ya.

LARRY BIRD
(Taking the tea)
Thank you Dawn.

CHING
OOhhh, I rove sun tea.

DAWN
Of course you rove sun tea... it's tea... what else
would you possibly drink?

DAWN CONT'D
Fellas, just so there's no hard feelings take one of
these homemade brownies I've been sharing with everyone
today... they're really good.

TONY
Dawn no.

DAWN
It's okay Tony, my mother made these. Besides, do you
really think I'm going to give the President of Africa
some party brownies... we wouldn't want him going back
to jail for another 30 years... would we?

LARRY BIRD
Thanks for the brownie, Dawn. Listen, my name is not
Nelson Mandela, and I'm not the President of Africa. My
name is Larry Bird, and I'm a detective in the city...
see... next to the badge it says, Larry Bird.

CHING
Oh Dawn, this iced tea is dericious... did your mother
make this too?

Dawn is beside herself, sobered up in a single second realizing she just slipped
an undercover police officer a date rape drug. She lowers her head and casually
walks over to Rocket.

LARRY BIRD
Despite our differences Dawn, if this brownie is half
as good your you sun tea then I'm much obliged.

DAWN
(Standing next to Rocket)
Obliged, did you hear that, Rocket? He's obliged. I

just slipped a cop a rufi and a pot brownie all at once
and he's obliged...

ROCKET

Dawn, you didn't? Are you out of your fucking mind?

DAWN

I guess so.

ROCKET

I thought Tony told you that guy was a cop.

DAWN

(In shock)

Tony told me it was President of Africa.

ROCKET

Oh my God, what if it was the president of Africa? You
just didn't give a fuck?

The final player in the group ahead walks to the tee and gets ready to hit his
shot.

TONY

(Loud whisper)

Hey you guys, look! This guy on the tee right now is
blind... seriously, he's blind. He can't see shit.

BLIND MAN

(Stepping back from his shot)

Yeah, that's right, Tony, I can't see shit... but I can
hear it real good... So if you wouldn't mind shutting
the enormous asshole on your face maybe I can hit!

LARRY BIRD

Wow, that guy's really blind... that's incredible.

Ching, if he hits a good shot here I think I might just
go gouge my eyes out.

And with a quick drawback and release of the golf club, the blind man who's
somewhere in his mid-sixties, let's a shot fly long and pure over the lake and
toward the center of the green. His partner in the cart shares his remarks.

BLIND MAN'S PARTNER

(Sitting in the cart)

Oh, you're gonna like this one, BUCKY. Hey, watch out

for the lake now, don't get too close.

BUCKY THE BLIND GOLFER

That felt good, JOHNNY! How am I lookin'?! Talk to me, BALLCHEESE, where am I landing?!

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

You might be landin' yourself on the front page of tomorrow's paper if you put any backspin on this thing.

Slowly Johnny Ballcheese and few others get out of their carts when they see Bucky's shot drop softly onto the green mere feet away from the hole and begin trickling backwards.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

(Watching it all unfold)

Buuucky! Grab your diapers old man! There it goes!
Boom!

And with that, Bucky's golf ball disappears into the cup, and a blind man six and a half decades old, achieves the impossible, a hole-in-one. Everyone goes nuts. Johnny Ballcheese waits for Bucky to turn around before properly blindsiding him and tackling him to the ground.

BUCKY THE BLIND GOLFER

Did it go in?! It really went in?! Oh I wish I could've seen it... oh, I would've given anything to have seen that... oh God Johnny... why? Just for a few seconds let me see something... anything!

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Bucky the important thing is we all saw it, all of us, you have almost ten witnesses here! Do you know how many people make a hole-in-one everyday all by themselves and nobody gets to see it? It happens all the time.

BUCKY THE BLIND GOLFER

Ballcheese, listen to me, I want you punch me in the fucking head right now... I mean it... c'mon do it before I lose my nerve! The last time Bernadette punched me in the head I thought I saw something! Come on, just do it! Don't lecture about cheap shottin' a guy who can't even see a freight train coming!

CHING

Wow... that man really want to get hit. Hey Rarry,
you no gouge out your eyes out now, right?

LARRY BIRD

I might as well Ching... I might as well dig 'em out
with a dull spoon because I think I've just seen it
all.

EXT. 2ND TEEBOX

The golf course has begun to swarm with news of Bucky the blind golfer's hole-in-one. Golfers from surrounding holes nearby have all stopped play to ride over and shake Bucky's hand and extend him a congratulations. Tony informs everyone that he must leave immediately to go and notify the papers, insisting a frustrated Rocket come with him. Even some of the bachelor party, in particular those most bombed with the strippers in their cart, drive down the hill when they hear the news of this miracle. Tony is most displeased when he sees them pull up.

TONY

Ahh, sir you're gonna have to put your shirt back on...
um... and your pants, sir... and refrain from having
her do that you in public here.

The strippers, who are both as banged up as 14 miles of bad road, stop molesting their men and go and sit in a cart together near Larry and Ching as the partygoers one by one go up and shake Bucky's hand.

CHING

Rarry, I no feel so good.

LARRY BIRD

Yeah Ching, I'm startin' feel a bit funky myself... I
really hope she didn't put any alcohol in those drinks.

Next to Larry and Ching the strippers converse in their cart.

STRIPPER #1

You told any of these guys you tested positive yet?

STRIPPER #2

No, have you?

STRIPPER #1

No... I told the fat one I have herpes so he'd leave me
alone.

STRIPPER #2

Did it work?

STRIPPER #1

No, he thought herpes was from a star trek episode... I really might have to get my taser when we stop for lunch.

Suddenly one of the strippers turns and sees Larry has heard every word they've been saying, and that the whites of his eyes are showing.

STRIPPER #1

Oh, don't mind us... just girl talk over here.

Larry goes to turn away when out of the corner of his eye he thinks he spots his worst nightmare.

LARRY BIRD

Oh no...

CHING

(Having stomach pains)
What's wrong Rarry?

LARRY BIRD

Oh God, it's my father-in-law.

As Mrs. Hoveround, who could care less if the blind man's sight was restored upon his shot dropping, sits fuming in her cart at the celebration and subsequent holdup, Larry Bird's father-in-law, LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER, the jewel king of Jersey pulls up right next to Larry with a twelve inch stogie hanging out of his mouth.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

(Engulfed in smoke)
Unbelievable, now this is what you call a horse of a different color. I think I'm seein' it all today HYMAN. We got Helen Keller hittin' a hole-in-one... and Larry Bird, my son-in-law out here on the links.

HYMAN

(Whispering)
His name is Larry Bird, really? That's classic.

LARRY BIRD

How you today Mr. Steingolbberger?

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Probably a hell of a lot better than you... and call me Levi... out here everyone's equal. Who is this? Who do you got in the cart there with you here? Is he asleep... I can never tell with these people, Hyman.

Larry looks over and sees that Ching is passed out cold, with a speck of drool dribbling down his lips.

LARRY BIRD

Oh, this is Mr. Ching... he's not really feelin' that great.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Apparently not. Is it because he's playin' with you? Hey, are you using those balls I gave you last year for Christmas?

LARRY BIRD

No.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Good... I wouldn't want anyone to think I was racist. Hey did you hear they're gonna start showin' dog fights on pay per view? Did I tell you that?

LARRY BIRD

No they're not.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

You're right... they're not.

Seemingly bored by the diatribe, Levi Steingolbberger gets out of his cart and walks over to Bucky and Johnny Ballcheese. Mrs. Hoveround is almost in tears behind them waiting her turn.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Will you and the rest of the pigpen quiet down back there, Gloria... I just wanna congratulate the man.

SALLY

Did he just call us pigs?

MRS. HOVEROUND

I think he did, Sally... does this warrant a call to your husband?

SALLY

(Getting out her cellphone)

That bald heeb just spun his last dradle... he better hope Rocco avoids my call like he always does or he's gonna be sleepin' next to Hoffa tonight instead of his wife.

As Sally gets on the phone, only Levi, not his partner, walks over to the teebox to congratulate Bucky.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

So Bucky the squirrel finally found his nuts... hey congratulations, Bucky. Really milkin' this celebration here for all it's worth, huh? Ballcheese what'd you do? What'd you run up there and drop it in the hole for him? Bucky I thought you could at least hear shit... you didn't hear him drive up there?

BUCKY THE BLIND GOLFER

For your information, Levi... Tony was a witness, I think... Tony was here, right Ballcheese?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Yes he was, Bucky.

BUCKY THE BLIND GOLFER

And Tony told me to wait right here until he went and called the papers and got a camera. He said I might even make the nightly news.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Yeah, you'll be on the news alright... when you realize this whole thing's joke and you drop dead of a heart attack.

BUCKY THE BLIND GOLFER

You should congratulate Johnny too, Levi... he lined me up and told me what to do.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Oh yeah? What'd he tell you to do? Swing?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Fuck you Levi, his hips were all messed and his grip was...

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

AAAhhh, save it Ballcheese, you couldn't coach a hot dog into a bun. The old fucker's blind, you're lucky he didn't foul one off and kill ya. Now, if you were willin' to wager on this bullshit you're peddlin', maybe I'd stick around and listen to the instructional video for the blind you're sellin'...

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Hey Steingoldberger, how much you wanna bet me that I can fix anybody's golf swing out here? Anybody.

Walking away Levi Steingoldberger is stopped dead in his tracks.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Anybody?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Anybody, I mean it. I'm sick of you flashin' your money around here thinking you can scare everyone. Not me Berger, not me? Thousand bucks a hole starting on the back 9, we'll handicap it when we get there. Come on now, you got some balls between your legs, or is it just a star of David hangin' there?

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

(Pointing)

Alright Ballcheese, I want him, right there.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Right where?

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Right... where the fuck did he go?

Rushing over to the cart, Levi Steingoldberger finds his son-in-law splayed out in the grass, passed out cold; while his Japanese counterpart is slumped over just about to fall out of the cart himself. Mrs. Hoveround and her companions have been laughing for sometime as Dawn is now nowhere to be found.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Bet's off Steingoldberger, I can't work with a dead guy.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Bullshit... you hooked this fish and now you're gonna real her in. You got eight holes to shine that shine up and then you're all mine. Maybe you should try a cattle-prod or somethin', to get him off the ground at least. Did I mention he's my son-in-law?

Getting back in his cart and driving away, Levi Steingoldberger leaves John Ballcheese realizing he might've made a grievous error. The four women are taunting John.

SALLY

Hosed again, hey Ballcheese? I'm sure old Billy boy's got some nipple-zappers in his bag... just wait for Tony to get back here that's all. He'll wake right up.

MRS. HOVEROUND

Sally, please...

MRS. HOVEROUND FRIEND

Why don't you try one of those energy drinks and some vodka or rum... my husband always gives me some of his and whew, it's like rocket fuel! I'm cleanin' the steps with a toothbrush.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Really? You think that'll work? I mean look at these guys... I don't know even know if the Chinese one is breathing anymore?

MRS. HOVEROUND FRIEND

I think it should work. Here comes Bill and Tony... ask them to radio for Dawn, I know she's got some energy drinks in her cooler.

Rolling up to the scene is Bill Fuller. He's all smiles and ready to shake the hand of a blind man who is dangerously close to the lake. He is just about to navigate Bucky away from the water when he sees Larry Bird and Ching collapsed in and out of their cart. He goes running up the teebox; Tony is close behind as Bill Fuller is frantically yelling.

BILL FULLER

Jesus Christ! What the fuck happened to them?!

SALLY

Bill is that Jesse Jackson?.

BILL FULLER

Gloria, what do I do?

MRS. HOVEROUND

I don't know, Bill? Why don't you bury him in one of the holes he dug up in the first fairway.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

MRS. AEROSOL said they needed some rocket fuel... an energy drink with some vodka or rum in it... can you call Dawn?

BILL FULLER

Dawn! Fucking Dawn! That's who did this.

Bill walks over to Larry and Ching's cart and sees the two empty cups in their console. He grabs the radio attached to his belt.

BILL FULLER

Dawn come in.

BILL FULLER CONT'D

Dawn!

BILL FULLER

Dawn, you road-trash whore, pick up your fucking radio!

SALLY

Wow, she can't here a thing, her mouth is definitely full of something.

DAWN

(Over the radio)

Oh hey Bill... some of the guys in the bachelor party up here on six were wondering if they can hire a band to ride around with them on the back nine?

BACHELOR PARTIER

(Yelling through the phone)

Dawn, is that the creepy guy from the pro shop? Tell him that he looks like Megan's law. Go on tell him.

Suddenly a roaring voice is heard ripping through the golf course a few holes away.

BACHELOR PARTIER CONT'D

Hey buddy! You look like Megan's law! Dawn says Mrs.
Hoverboard jams tees up your ass!

Bill is furious as he is unable to help a quick glance to Gloria Hoveround who is herself mortified. He then directs Tony to halt all play off the first tee and turns to head back to his cart. He stops immediately.

BILL FULLER

Where's Bucky? Ballcheese where'd Bucky go?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Yeah? Where is he? He was just right here?

Fuller and Ballcheese then look at each other in horror. Could he have fallen down the hill and into the lake!?

Under water Bucky is drowning. Through the dark murkiness he sees, for the first time in years, flashes of his life pass before him. He is at peace with himself as he rests on the bottom and watches his life fade out like a television show. He sees his childhood, his wedding day, the birth of his twins, and the day his derelict grandson blew up his house when the meth lab he was hiding downstairs sprang a leak... blinding Bucky forever. Then, from out of nowhere a hand reaches down and plucks Bucky up from the bottom. It's Johnny Ballcheese and he is dragging Bucky to shore. Immediately after Ballcheese starts CPR Bucky begins coughing up water. His eyes are blinking feverishly.

BUCKY THE BLIND GOLFER

(Coughing)

Ballcheese... oh God... talk to me Ballcheese.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

I'm right here Bucky... are you okay? Can you hear me?
How many fingers am I holding up? Shit, that's right,
that won't work.

BUCKY THE BLIND GOLFER

Four.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

(surprised)

What?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE CONT'D

(Looking to Bill Fuller)

Bucky... Bucky! How many fingers am I holding up?

BUCKY THE BLIND GOLFER

(Coughing)

Two.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

(Holding up his middle finger)

What the fuck? One more time Bucky. How many fingers am I holding up?

BUCKY THE BLIND GOLFER

One... and fuck you too.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Holy shit Bill, I think he can see. Can you see me Bucky? Can you see me?

BUCKY THE BLIND GOLFER

(Talking to himself)

So this is heaven, huh? Ballcheese is a sand-nigger and and they're lettin' pedophiles in?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

I'm not a sand-nigger, Bucky... I'm tan...

BILL FULLER

Yeah, and I'm not a child... wait what?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Bucky can you really see me? Can you see me and Bill?

BUCKY THE BLIND GOLFER

What? You mean I'm not dead? This isn't hell?

Bucky gets up off the ground and staggers just a bit. He is so overwhelmed by the sudden gift of sight, that after letting out a cry of bliss, he collapses from shock. Ballcheese goes right back to work on him as Bill Fuller can't take another second. He turns around and sees Dawn talking to the four women who are telling her what has happened.

DAWN

Bucky fell in the lake? That's funny, Bill. What's wrong with these two rainbow warriors... I thought there was no sleeping on the course?

BILL FULLER

I don't know Dawn, you tell me. They drink the drinks you made them and then collapse. Hmmm, what could the white film be in the bottom of their cups possibly be?

DAWN

Maybe it's your dandruff, Bill?

BILL FULLER

What? What did you just say? Listen to me you wench...

DAWN

No, you listen to me Bill, and don't you talk to me like that. I'll have my dad down here so fast with his buddies that your whore-wagon will be in more pieces than you are. Now, I just told those boys in the bachelor party up there about their little sluts-for-hire having aids, so they are all mine... and I plan on cleanin' up. So the doors to your van better be open in and the keys better be in the ignition.

BILL FULLER

Fine... fine! Just... can you make these two something that will wake them the fuck up! The local papers will be here soon... I got enough on my plate already with Bucky doing his interpretive dance down here. Apparently he can see now.

As all the women including Dawn are in shock from the news of Bucky regaining his sight, Dawn steps off to the side and begins mixing two cocktails which will hopefully wake Larry and Ching back up.

MRS. AEROSOL

I think you're supposed to use vodka or rum, my husband always...

DAWN

Shut up bitch, you want the rally at your house tonight?

Dawn finishes mixing her cocktails and walks over to Ching and Larry. She props each one's head up and drips a little of her concoction down their throats. Upon holding each man's head she feels a strong tingle between her legs from the different texture of each one's hair. A spark of fondness quickly ignites in her for the two men. After a few sips a piece Larry and Ching start coming alive. They initially flinch when seeing Dawn's face directly in theirs, but her

comforting nature along with the refreshing beverage brings them too. Then she unwraps her brownies and begins feeding them a few bites at a time.

MRS. HOVEROUND

Let me guess, Dawn... you got about half the hashish in Turkey in those brownies ?

DAWN

Close... c'mon now boys just a couple more bites.

MRS. HOVEROUND

You really think that's a good idea, Dawn... I mean look at what you just did to them.

DAWN

I didn't do this... the Rufinol did.

SALLY

So you date raped them?

DAWN

No... how could I? I haven't fucked them... yet.

Sitting in the cart and slowly regaining consciousness Larry and Ching are suddenly visited by Levi Steingolberger and his partner Hyman, who pull up from out of nowhere.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Hey Larry, it's good to see you awake. How ya doin' there, Kimosabe, nice hat. How ya feelin', Lare? Fit? Did Ballcheese tell you what you're in for yet?

LARRY BIRD

Ballcheese?

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Ballcheese, yeah... oh you really did just wake up didn't you? Johnny Balchese', the Italian guy right down there. He's gonna teach you how to play golf today. Don't worry about his name though, the real reason we call him Ballcheese doesn't happen anymore... I think it? Hey Johnny! Get up here!

Running up the teebox is Johnny Ballcheese, he's out of breath.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Levi... Levi, you're never going to believe this, Bucky can see, he can see!

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

You're right, I don't believe it. So Ballcheese, here's your man, he may not look like much... hell, he may not even be that much, but he's got himself a pulse and that's a start.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Levi, did you hear me? Bucky can see!

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

First he hit's a hole-in-one and now the man can suddenly see?! Should I start calling you Ballchrist instead? Now listen to me good, Saint Ballcheese, just shut the fuck up and listen. Don't talk. Here, right here... here's your miracle... here's what you need to be concentrating on... him, my son-in-law... if you can polish this turd of a golf swing up, then I will follow you anywhere... except to your house of course.

Larry and Ching are still not all with it. Both are slurping down water from the jug put out on the teebox.

LARRY BIRD

(Slurring)

I don't want to play glorf with you... you.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Sure you do, Larry, I'll pick up the mortgage to your house if you beat me today, how's that? If my daughter heard you passed on that she'd kill you herself.

CHING

Rarry, I no feel so good.

LARRY BIRD

Me neither, Ching. Eat some more of your brownie, it's makin' me feel a little better... God dammit...

CHING

(Opening his brownie)

Rarry, He a crazy Jew.

LARRY BIRD

He's my father-in-law, Ching.

CHING

Rearry... you no look from Israel?.

From down near the lake Bill Fuller comes scampering up the teebox.

BILL FULLER

Gloria, you and the girls can play through now, the papers won't be here until later.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

So a blind man hits a hole-in-one, regains his sight after fallin' into a lake and the newspapers still won't come? Well, with a reputation like you carry around town Bill, it's a wonder you get golfers here at all.

BILL FULLER

Thank you, Mr. Steingolbber...

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Save it. Stick it in the meat packing plant between your ears. Come over here for a sec, Grimace, me and Ballcheese wanna talk to you.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

What's the matter with Bucky, Bill... why's he crying?

BILL FULLER

He says it's all startin' to go dark again, Johnny, and the crying's keeping the lights for him. Poor guy, he's havin' quite a day.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Oh Bucky.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Yeah, oh Bucky's right. You two matzo balls didn't even see him just throw himself right back into the lake did you? I didn't hear a splash, Ballcheese... he mighta missed the water completely this time...

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER CONT'D

Fuller you stay here, I wanna talk to you. Now listen to me Fuller, me and Balchese' are goin' a grand a hole

on the back 9...

BILL FULLER

You are?! Can I be the referee, please, don't ask Tony this time... please?

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Shut up, yes you can be the referee, under one condition: I do not lose. If by some freak of nature my head falls off, or I should blow up, or worst of all my son-in-law hits a good shot... God forbid a couple of times in a row... I win this match regardless, understood?

BILL FULLER

Yes, Mr. Steingoldberger...

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

If you go the extra mile and make me look really good, I might even let you start parking that disgusting vehicle of yours out front from now on.

Johnny Ballcheese hurries up the teebox in a state of panic.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Will you two please come help me... Bucky won't stop trying to jump back into the water!

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Fuller listen, do us all a favor and just let the man drown... seriously, he's been cloggin' up the tee sheet for weeks... you said it yourself.

BILL FULLER

Excuse me, Mr. Steingoldberger, I have to at least try and help.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Hey Ballcheese! You got exactly 90 minutes starting from whenever you fish out that friend of yours! You might wanna grab a spatula while you're at it too, just in case you gotta scrape this little project of yours up off the ground again. No offense, Lare... but I've just never seen a man pass out from drinking iced tea before. Real nice job.

Levi Steingolberger gets back in his cart ready to drive off.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

So Larry, remember, the golf swing's a lot like diving, the more flips and twists you do with your eyes closed the better. And make sure to stand on one foot when you putt. Hey Ballcheese, good luck! If you wanna wager on the chinamen just let me know.

CHING

I Japanese, sir.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

I know, but what's the difference?

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER CONT'D

Oh Hyman, the old holiday dinner table's gonna have two turkeys at it this year. I can't even wait.

Johnny Ballcheese comes walking back up the teebox as Bill Fuller is seen restraining Bucky in the background. Larry tries getting out of the cart but realizes his legs are about to fail him. He chugs water as Johnny comes near.

LARRY BIRD

What's wrong with that man?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Who, Bucky? The poor bastard's blind again, he says the only thing that'll bring back the light is more head trauma. The old time bandit's gonna dead five minutes after I drop him off tonight... I just know it.

LARRY BIRD

Then why drop him off?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

I live in the back of a whorehouse... it's not necessarily the best place to bring a man who doesn't know if his dick's in his pants or not.

LARRY BIRD

Yeah.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Listen, I understand you're name's Larry, and you're Mr. Chung?

CHING

Ching.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Chong?

CHING

Ching.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Chang?

CHING

Ching.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

How bout I call you Mr. Lee?

CHING

Okay... if you must..

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Now Larry, Mr. Lee... this hole is a 173 yard par 3 that carries mostly over water... now, if each of you wouldn't mind choosing a club and showing me what kind of swings I'm dealing with here.

LARRY BIRD

But I have no swing.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

So I've heard... but please Larry, we must start somewhere. Can you at least let go of the cart?

LARRY BIRD

I don't know.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Mr. Lee do you feel strong enough to swing.

CHING

I don't know... I give try. Rarry what happened to me?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

No, Mr. Lee the hole's over that way... over the lake

there.

CHING

Oh okay... but it's Ching... No Mr. Ree.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Mr. Chang?

CHING

Mr. Ree is fine.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

No... Mr. Lee, you're holding the club upside down?

CHING

I am?

LARRY BIRD

He is?

Johnny yells down the teebox to Bill Fuller who is trying along with Tony to somehow subdue Bucky.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Bill can you come up here please, I need your help!
Tony can handle him!

Bill comes back up the teebox.

BILL FULLER

I heard about your little wager with Steingoldberger,
I'm the referee you know?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Fine... call the color commentary I don't give a fuck.
But can you please get Dawn on the radio ask her to
come down here and fix what she did to these men... I
have no idea what she did to them... I have no idea if
they're drunk, high, stoned, hallucinating or what?

BILL FULLER

Dawn come in.

BILL FULLER CONT'D

Dawn, put the cock down and pick up your radio!

Dawn is up on the 7th hole engaged in an unprecedented act of debauchery that none of the men in the bachelor party have ever seen before: She has surrounded the golf hole with her legs and now all the men in the bachelor party are taking their turns putting at her vagina.

DAWN

Oh hey Bill. Hey listen, apparently some band named, Death Zombie is gonna be pulling into the parking lot pretty soon. Can you gimme a holler on the radio when they get here?

BILL FULLER

Dawn I don't care if there's a cross burning in my living room tonight, can you please get the fuck down here and set these two gentlemen straight... please!

DAWN

I wouldn't light a cross in your house, Bill... my dad might, or my brother. Listen, did they finish their brownies yet?

BILL FULLER

Johnny, did they finish the brownies?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Fellas, did you finish your brownies?

LARRY BIRD

Brownies?

CHING

Is this Japan?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

I think so, they got chocolate all over their lips.

BILL FULLER

I think so, they got chocolate all over 'em.

DAWN

How can you tell, the one guy is a brownie.

Bill examines Larry's face.

LARRY BIRD

Ching, why's he lookin' at me like that?

BILL FULLER

Yeah Dawn I'm positive, he's got brownie shit all over his teeth. So whatta we do now?

DAWN

Just wait another few minutes... you'll see. I gotta go, I think I got a ball stuck in my vag... very nice shot, Jeremy! Do you want your prize now or later? Bill I gotta go.

From across the golf course an angry voice is heard.

ANGRY GOLFER

Hey Fuller you fat fuck! How long you plan on closing down the first tee!? If my boys don't get out because of you I'll feed you those disgusting dentures!

BILL FULLER

Our apologies Mr. Madden... we'll be back on time shortly!

BILL FULLER CONT'D

Get goin' Johnny and good luck... I'll take Bucky back inside with me and Tony and sit him down in front of the TV or something...

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

He doesn't watch TV, Bill... he's blind... again... remember?

BILL FULLER

Don't worry, I'll just shove drinks down his throat... he'll think he's in Jurassic Park by the time you make the turn. Remember you got about 45 minutes before it's time to meet up with Steingolberger on the 10th hole. He wanted me to tell you that if you're interested, he's willing to do whatever it takes to get Wang Chung here into a match versus old Hyman.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Hyman? He's as bad as it gets isn't he?

BILL FULLER

Like finding dog shit at the breakfast table, Johnny... horrible.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Yeah? Horrible? Do you realize that Japanese guy has been walking in circles and smelling his own hat since you walked up here? And look behind me... is this guy still droolin'? I bet he is. Dawn better be right about these fucking brownies or Legs & Eggs is going under, no doubt... that skin joint's all I got left you know...

Bill Fuller walks away with a wry smile.

BILL FULLER

Good luck, Ballcheese.

Turning around Johnny sees Ching is over the ball and ready to swing. He bites his lip and retracts what he is about to say, holding his breath. Ching brings the club back slowly, much more gracefully than before, and then he swings. Missing the ball completely Ching somehow loses his grip on the club and the club goes helicoptering high off into the air and straight into the middle of the lake.

CHING

Uh oh.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Oh my God... listen to me. Do you do that a lot?

CHING

Do what?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Do what? Throw your club like this is a fucking decathlon, that's what.

Ching along with his short term memory are apparently still very much out to lunch.

CHING

I throw club? Where?

Ballcheese raises his hands and rolls his eyes.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Why don't you go sit in the cart. Hey Larry, would you mind coming up here and taking a swing so I can see

your mechanics?

Staggering up to the tee Larry tries putting his ball into the ground and falls on his face, literally.

LARRY BIRD

I'm all right.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Good Lord. You want me to snap a tree branch off to prop you with? I'm doomed.

LARRY BIRD

Just let me hold onto to the grass here for a second...
okay, there we go... it's in.

Larry stands up and readies himself the best he can, preparing to swing; however, he and Ching are suffering from the same sorts of problems.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Hold it! Hold up! Jesus Christ... you and the kung fu fighter over here. That right there is the 18th hole. And that right there is the 15th hole. You're flag is right here, straight ahead over the lake... turn around now, turn completely around... there you go.

Finding his bearings, Larry turns around and sees that he was way off. He re-addresses the ball once more and gets ready to swing. Johnny Ballcheese shoves his knuckles between his teeth after muttering only a few words.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Remember, stay down on the ball.

Like Ching, Larry cocks his club back slowly and then... catastrophe. Swinging harder than Babe Ruth and Joe Dimaggio combined, Larry hacks down at the ball and digs the club so far into the ground that before even reaching the ball the shaft of the club, under extreme duress, snaps in half and sends Larry flying forward. The club is sticking out of the ground like a fence post. Larry gets up.

LARRY BIRD

Sorry... just a practice swing. Wow, I think I mighta broke my arm.

Johnny Ballcheese steps in. He insists that Larry drop the broken club in his hand and follow him around the lake, in order to see if either one of them can

sink a putt or not. Ballcheese knows that if either one of them cannot even complete the simple task of putting the ball in the hole from just a few feet away, he is utterly doomed.

Johnny gets in his cart and takes off. Holding Ching up by the neck like a ventriloquist, Larry hits the gas and follows Johnny, driving with one hand on the wheel and two disoriented eyes looking in all directions except the cart-path. Suddenly a small bridge appears from out of nowhere. Without even flinching or turning the wheel Larry drives right around the bridge down the steep bank and into the rushing water of Crooked Creek.

Before his very eyes Johnny Ballcheese is astonished to see the power of the swollen creek take hold of the cart, with men and clubs aboard washing them downstream a few dozen yards. Larry and Ching jump out almost immediately, nearly drowning themselves as they each watch their cart and all of their clubs sail away.

Helping each soaking wet man up the bank Johnny turns around and finds that Dawn has pulled up behind them. She pays no attention to the insane sight of a golf cart floating away downstream. She runs up to Johnny, whispering.

DAWN

Ballcheese, I gave them the wrong brownies! There was nothing in the ones I gave them. You have to get them to eat these! I put a little extra something in them to get 'em up and goin' quick.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

What did you put in them?

DAWN

yak.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

What's yak?

DAWN

Crank, meth, and coke combined... I'm tellin' you it's a winner a I just had some.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

What? They're not gonna eat that... besides the black guy's a cop.

DAWN

Give them to me. Here gimme the brownies.

Dawn grabs the brownies and peruses over to Ching and Larry who are both just as much drenched as they are in shock. She places the brownie in her cleavage and squeezes her breasts together, subsequently crushing the brownie between her boobs. She keeps them pressed firmly together as she entices Ching first.

DAWN

Here you go you Asian adonis... tell me what you see down there in my wishing well.

Soaking wet and disheveled, Ching's mind comes to immediate attention when he sees Dawn's offer hanging right there in front of him, he cannot resist. Looking like he's in a pie eating contest, Ching goes for broke and buries his face deep within Dawn's cleavage devouring every crumb of brownie he can. Larry and Johnny admiring Ching's performance also notice that Dawn is thoroughly enjoying things herself, becoming slowly privy to Ching's adept understanding of carnal activity. When Ching is finally finished Dawn's legs are left shuddering.

DAWN

Where... oh my God! Where did you learn to do that?

CHING

You rike? My father teach me to treat women like bowl of rice... you need to rearry get in there.

As Dawn is left weak in the knees she makes her way over to Larry who is partially revived after seeing Ching's performance. He is adamant that as much as he would love to peek down into Dawn's wishing well, he's very much a married man. She tries again but Larry will not budge. All he wishes to do is go home.

LARRY BIRD

Ching I'm done here, I'm goin' in... I'm sorry but this game just isn't for me.

Ching is gone. From the looks of things, the effects of the amphetamine salad Dawn just gave to Ching are already taking hold. He is sprinting around the lake as fast as he can. When he finally circumnavigates the entire body of water he rushes back up to Larry, Dawn, and Johnny barely out of breath.

CHING

I try drying clothes rike this... running rear fast.
Mr. Barrcheese I ready to pray now. Dawn may I have more brownie?

Explaining to Ching that in lieu of the golf cart floating down stream and taking out a few small bridges they really need to get back to the clubhouse to

regroup. Larry insists once again that he is done for the day and maybe his entire life and explains that he will be calling his wife upon immediate return to the pro shop. With that, Johnny Ballcheese invites Larry to ride with him back to the clubhouse as Ching gladly steps onto Dawn's liquor cart. Dawn is quietly falling love. As they drive back they see the sheer damage the floating golf cart inflicted to everything in its path. To everyone's amazement the cart is now nowhere to be found anymore; it's floating away that far.

INT. CLUBHOUSE LOUNGE

Walking into the building Larry storms straight into the pro shop as Johnny Ballcheese spots Levi Steingolberger sitting at a table with old Hyman. He walks over to them.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Bet's off Steingolberger... you're boy's had enough.

Levi is caught off guard.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

What? What do you mean? I'm payin' the fucker's mortgage on his house if he beats me... he can't back out, my daughter won't hear off it. He better not make me call her... what happened out there?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

What happened? I'll tell you what happened. First of all, the chinamen after waking up out of a dead coma proceeds to hammer-throw his club right into the lake on his very first swing. And then your son-in-law, after he was finally finished holding onto the ground for stability, hacked up the teebox so bad it looks like somebody removed a tree stump out there... not to mention he broke his club and probably his arms with it. And then..

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

There's more?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Oh... why don't you come to the window here and take a look outside with me. Do you see where the creek is absolutely overflowing and there is strange debris everywhere... go ahead take a closer look.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Is that...

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

That's right, that's there golf cart. Your boy missed the bridge out on 2 by about ten feet and before I could even do anything about they were canoeing down Crooked Creek. Now I'm not welching out of this bet here Steingolbberger but...

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Where is he... my son-in-law?

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

He's in the pro shop calling his wife.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Good, now why don't you take a hike back that converted fifth wheel you call a whorehouse and have one of your sasquatches show you where your nuts used to be. Excuse me.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

Don't you dare talk to me like that Levi, I'm not one of your mindless peasants.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

No, you're worse. Let me tell you something. The fact that you have been eating that lard ass chef in there's ball cheese and ass crust for the last two years and have never once complained about the food. Let me make this real clear. It's amazing I don't throw up every time I see.

Johnny Balchese' is horrified.

JOHNNY BALLCHEESE

What?

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Yeah, where do you think the nickname Ballcheese came from anyway? Did you really think it was because your last name was Balchese'? Nobody cares about you that much. It's from that disgusting chef back there, Lars, or whatever his fat fucking name is. My friend, the butter on your toast is from his body crevices.

And with that Johnny Ballcheese sprints to the bathroom, sick to his stomach. Levi walks away completely unfazed.

Walking by Bucky the blind golfer who's sitting in front of a fishbowl size margarita with more umbrellas in it than Seattle, Levi strolls into the pro shop and finds Larry on the phone with his wife. Larry is distraught and almost on the verge of tears as Bill Fuller laughs quietly behind the counter.

LARRY BIRD

Caroline, can you please come get me... I can't stand this place! I need you to come get, please... I hate this fucking game.

LARRY BIRD CONT'D

No. No! He has nothing to do with this. I haven't even seen your father today.

Levi is standing in front of Larry quietly.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

What are you doing?

LARRY BIRD

I'm talking to my wife Mr. Steingoldberger, can I please have a minute?

Through the phone Larry's wife's furious voice is heard.

CAROLINE

You said you haven't seen my father today! How dare you lie to me in front of him! I should never come get...

Levi steps in takes the phone from Larry.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

May I, Larry? I'll settle this for you... after all she's still my favorite.

Levi puts the phone up to his ear.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Hi honey... yeah it's me, it's dad. Yeah, Larry's had a bit of a rough afternoon so far, he's... hold on... honey, slow down now...

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER CONT'D

The reason he's not calling from his phone honey, is because he had a little accident.

CAROLINE

What kind of accident?!

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Well, the kind of accident where things go bye bye... in this case a lot of things went bye bye, including his phone, but he's okay, don't worry.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER CONT'D

Caroline, I want you to listen to me. How much do you have left on that mortgage of yours?

Larry steps in.

LARRY BIRD

Mr. Steingoldberger, no!

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

I'm serious honey, how much do you have left on your mortgage? What's that... 87 thousand and change. Well, I have a little proposition for you and Larry and I want you to listen to me very carefully... honey, he's fine... believe me.

Larry's fretting has turned into full fledge nervousness as he paces in circles around the pro shop.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

You always tell me that you wished I spent more time with your husband, and that we share much more in common than just a fondness for dominoes. Well here's my proposition: I want Larry to join me on the back 9 this afternoon. I'm going to give him a ton of extra strokes to even the playing field... and then, if he beats me, I will pay off your mortgage first thing tomorrow when the banks open. How's that sound?

CAROLINE

Really? And what if Larry doesn't win?

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Then he gets to go home a loser and nothing changes.

CAROLINE

Dad, put Larry back on the phone.

LARRY BIRD

Hi honey...

CAROLINE

You listen to me and you listen good. That man has bought my brother his house and my sister. I have been waiting for him to do this for years... years! Now, I don't care if he calls you a nigger to your face, you call him a Jewbag kike right back and suck it up. You always said you wanted to play sports for big money, well here you go.

LARRY BIRD

Caroline, but I think I might've broken my arm.

CAROLINE

Then hold the club with your teeth! You can do this now... I believe in you. Do not call me until you're done.

LARRY BIRD

Baby please...

CAROLINE

You do whatever it takes to beat that man... do you hear me? Shed the schoolboy shit and the Mr. Steingoldberger this and Mr. Steingoldberger that and you tear that dirty jew apart.

LARRY BIRD

But baby, you're his daughter and your jewish...

CAROLINE

Not today, Larry... I want you to win... do you hear me... win. Do whatever it takes.

The phone goes dead. Larry turns around and sees Levi standing there with a gaping smile.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

She read you the riot act didn't she? Did I hear her call her own old a man a filthy jew... because if I did that's my girl.

LARRY BIRD

You're a Jewbag kike you know that?

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Well, well... sounds like somebody's finally ready to dance. I knew you had it in you. Now where do you suppose you partner, Mr. Fuji ran off to? Hey Fuller, stop pickin' your nose... let's hook these two up some rental clubs alright. You can worry about gettin' your clubs out of the river later.

INT. BILL FULLER'S CONVERSION VAN

Inside the rust ridden conversion van Bill Fuller has spent ample time porning out to perfection. The entire interior from side to side and top to bottom is green shag carpeting. And beneath a small disco ball hanging from the ceiling is a round bed.

Currently putting the round bed to the fullest extent of its use, Dawn and a very hopped up Ching are interlocked in what looks to be some kind of tantric anaconda mating ball. Ching is showing Dawn moves that she never thought possible with the hillbilly lovers she's so used to. At one point Ching even caresses the nub that once used to be her pinky finger. Suddenly the back door of the van swings open and the lovemaking stops. Dawn and Ching sit up like a pair of deer in headlights as Bill Fuller, Larry, Levi, and old Hyman stand looking at them, shocked.

HYMAN

Hope you put a rubber on kid.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Yeah... and I hope it's made out of kevlar. Hey Fuji, you got about five minutes to either finish up or wait for your dick to fall off... we'll be on the teebox waiting for you.

BILL FULLER

God damn, what kind of underwear is he wearin'?

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

I don't know, I think it's a diaper... shake a leg now Fuji. Hey Dawn is it true what they say about chinamen, that they're the size of a...

DAWN

...of a waffle iron. Yeah, don't believe everything you hear there Berger king.

Dawn blows Ching a kiss as he rushes to put his clothes back on and follow the men to the 10th teebox

EXT. 10TH TEEBOX. BEGINNING OF THE BACK 9.

BILL FULLER

Dawn, your job is to serve drinks, not to follow this man around all day... get goin'. Go check on your bachelor party you were supposed to be laying down. I think you and Mr. Chan have had enough of each other...

CHING

It's ching.

BILL FULLER

Of course it is.

Dawn and Ching once again blow a farewell kiss to one another as Dawn drives off and leaves her man vibrating from the amphetamines she gave him.

BILL FULLER

Alright gentlemen, the game is best ball. The teams are as such: Hyman and Mr. Steingolberger versus Larry Bird, excuse me... and Mr. Wok.

CHING

I keep terring you it's Ching.

BILL FULLER

You like to eat caramels in the spring? I don't understand?

CHING

Ugh!

BILL FULLER

Each man will hit his shot, which ever shot is deemed best by each team will be the next shot hit, so on and so forth. The waging is as follows: Mr. Levi Steingolberger if beaten here today agrees to pick up the mortgage on the birdhouse... ha ha ha. And, and Mr. Bird if defeated here today agrees to a vasectomy.

LARRY BIRD

What?

BILL FULLER

Just kidding, Mr. Steingoldberger wanted me to throw that in there. No, Mr. Bird, if you are beaten here today you have to sit at the children's table on Thanksgiving... that apparently is the deal offered by Mr. Steingoldberger.

LARRY BIRD

Fine.

BILL FULLER

For four hours.

LARRY BIRD

What?

BILL FULLER

Now, there will be a side-bet between Mr. Ching and Hyman here...

CHING

Hey, he finarry get my name right, Rarry.

BILL FULLER

Can we agree on a price per hole, gentlemen... Hyman, Mr. Bling?

CHING

No, Ching, you finally get right...

HYMAN

Thousand bucks a hole.

CHING

Oh, I don't know... that a rot of money.

HYMAN

What, did your new girlfriend take your balls with her? Did she tell you how she lost her finger?

CHING

Rarry, I think he talk trash?

LARRY BIRD

He's not talking trash, Ching, he's talkin' shit...
hardcore shit... the kind you flush immediately. Are
you okay man, you're shakin' bad.

CHING

I am? I feer great! Rarry you should rearry eat your
brownie... it's good, rearry good.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Well, what's it gonna be, Wong? I don't want Hyman here
dyin' of old age before we tee off. You ready?

CHING

Okay... thousand bucks a hore. Hey Rarry, ret's try to
think rike Hitler and kirr these Jews, huh?

Larry is stunned by Ching's sudden audacity and nerve as old Hyman steps up to the teebox and gets ready to hit. His frailness and many years on earth translate into his golf swing as he brings his club back and through. His shot, to everyone's surprise goes right down the middle just shy of 200 yards, he's in good shape.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Nice shot, Hymie... I probably could've thrown it
farther, but it went straight, very nice...

CHING

Oh no.

LARRY BIRD

What?

CHING

He say thousand bucks, didn't he? I mean thousand
yen... oh no Rarry, I no have that kind of money.

LARRY BIRD

Oh Ching... how much is one thousand yen?

CHING

Ten dollar... and eleven cent... I think.

BILL FULLER

Mr Chink... if you wouldn't mind please, it's your turn
on the tee.

Ching trembles and shakes his way up to the tee almost in a state of shock.

CHING

Did you carr me Mr. Chink?

BILL FULLER

I'm not sure... now if you please, there is such a thing called night.

Ching tries to relax his muscles but he can't, he tries setting himself yet still he shakes. Then he swings. In the most violent, ungraceful, and discombobulated effort Ching draws back his club and lets her rip. Another low-lining ground ball scoots up the fairway and right into a sand trap.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Nice swing Tojo... I hope you brought about a billion yen with ya. Hey Hyman you might be wipin' your ass with Ben Franklin's face all day when you're done with this guy.

Levi Steingoldberger steps right up after Ching and tees up his ball.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Hey Birdbrain... watch this.

Levi draws back and uncorks a beautiful drive right down the middle of the fairway, leaving himself in ideal position.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

That shot right there's kind of like my daughter before you met her... perfect.

Larry knows full well that Levi is just trying to get under his skin, but he takes offense anyway. With all the confidence he can muster, which is not much, he walks up to the tee and sticks his ball in the ground. He closes his eyes and visualizes what he has to do.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Larry, we're golfin' here... not masturbatin'... c'mon.

Larry opens his eyes and gets ready to hit. He cocks the club back nice and slow, and when the clubhead finally reaches its apex he swings.

Shooting off 90 degrees to the right the ball whizzes right passed Hyman and Ching and flies by the golf carts. Within an instant a grounds crew worker who's

doing nothing more than mowing a fairway lets out a grunt and falls off his mower. The man, who is about fifty yards away, is down and he's hurt bad.

LARRY BIRD

Oh my God... is he dead?

BILL FULLER

You better hope not. That's Dawn's brother-in-law, ROLF. When he finds out he just got knocked off his mower by a black man... oh shit, this ain't gonna be good.

Rushing over to the other fairway in their golf carts all five men converge on the downed man. Rolf is slowly coming too.

BILL FULLER

Rolf, are you all right?

ROLF

Who the fuck just hit me? Tell me the spade did it... please tell me the spade did it...

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

The spade did it.

Everyone looks at Levi as Rolf, who is a big man picks up his hard-hat and gets to his feet. There are dimple marks from the golf ball on the side of his face and everyone sees them but Rolf.

ROLF

Bill, how's my face... it hurts... it hurts bad.

BILL FULLER

Your face? Why shit Rolf... looks good as new. Right fellas... wouldn't even know you were hit by a Titliest.

The faint trace of the word "Titliest" can be seen on Rolf's face as Larry Bird is quick to apologize.

LARRY BIRD

If there is anything I can do... you have no idea how sorry I am.

ROLF

You're right, I don't have any idea how sorry you

are... and neither do you, but you're about to. Do you know what the Ku Klux Klan is motherfucker?

LARRY BIRD

The KKK?

ROLF

Right... the KKK... do you know what that is?

LARRY BIRD

The Ku Klux Klan.

ROLF

Right, we've established that. You have no idea what we even do... do you?

LARRY BIRD

Yeah... you dance around a fiery cross dressed in linens your wife probably got from Bed, Bath, & Beyond.

ROLF

Why you walking shitstain! I'm gonna fuckin' kill you.

Rolf suddenly grabs the golf club out of Levi Steingoldberger's hands and drops a golf ball onto the ground he's retrieved from his mower. He's furious.

ROLF

You got exactly five seconds before I start drillin' golf balls at you... you fuckin' Shaka Zulu like motherfucker. Ready... 1!

LARRY BIRD

Come on man, it was an accident, I apologized! Do you think I was aiming for you on purpose? Bill! Yo Fuller! Help me here!

ROLF

2!

Larry finally takes off running as Rolf rushes to set his feet and quickly counts to five. Then he fires a missile right passed Larry's head as Bill Fuller begs him to stop. Rolf hits a few more shots, each one nearly hitting and seriously wounding Larry. Then, from out of nowhere, Ching walks over and applies pressure to Rolf's neck, dropping him to the ground instantly. Rolf is out cold.

LARRY BIRD

Jesus Christ, Ching... how did you do that? Did your father teach you or something?

CHING

No, Star Trek, rearn rots from that show.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Well Birdshit... if the Green Hornet here would've knocked this maniac out a little sooner before he actually hit your ball across the street, then you might not be disqualified from the hole, but this hole's mine! You're more than welcome to come up and putt with us. You're likely to kill somebody doing that.

CHING

Don't worry Rarry... you get him back next hore. Let's go my ball, I still got chance to beat 539.

LARRY BIRD

539? What's 539?

CHING

539 spell "Jew" on terephone... you no know that?

In the time it takes Larry to pull himself back together, both Hyman and Levi have hit their balls onto the green and are in good shape. Ching and Larry ride to Ching's ball which is buried deep and plugged in the middle of the sand trap. Levi and Hyman pull up to the survey Ching's shot.

HYMAN

Looks like a fried egg, Levi. What's it gonna be Hideki? You gonna pray to it or swing at it?

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Look we're watchin' SNN Hymie. It's my favorite Japannel on TV nowadays.

HYMAN

What's SNN?

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

It's the Struggling Nip Network. Ssshhh, stop laughing, he's getting ready to hit.

Enraged, Ching takes a hack at the ball and sends sand flying everywhere, missing the ball the completely. Levi and Hyman begin counting his strokes.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

That's two there, Top-suey.

Ching takes another hack, and then another.

HYMAN

Three.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Four... five... six. Son. Son! Take it easy! This isn't a karate dojo. You're not even hitting sand anymore... you've dug all the way down to the dirt... now stop it. I think it's time you start thinking about conceding the hole to Hyman and going down a "G."

Levi and Hyman drive off leaving an extremely dejected Larry and Ching behind.

HYMAN

Look at him... I think he's gonna cry.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Cheer up there, Nagasaki... old Hymie here didn't drop the bomb on you just yet. We'll see you on the next tee!

EXT. 11TH TEEBOX.

Directly in front of the 11th teebox runs the rushing water of Crooked Creek. To everyone's amazement, the gushing creek has brought forth with it, incredibly all the way across the course, the now demolished golf cart that Larry and Ching drove right into the water. The fact that the cart has now buttressed itself against a rock and is almost entirely blocking the 11th tee is somewhat mind-boggling and comical to everyone except Larry and Ching. The five men stand staring at the cart.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

You're a real piece of work there, Birdman. I'd expect something like this out of the Bonzai tree over here, but you... I don't undersand, how did you manage to drive straight into a river? Is this game making you wanna kill yourself that bad?

Larry has had about enough.

LARRY BIRD

The only thing that's killin' me, Levi, is you flappin' those Hasidic gums. Why don't you just tee off already and shut up.

The unexpected ultra-anti-semitic remark has gotten to Levi.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Tee off, you want me to tee off... alright. okay. How about I tee off on my daughter's inheritance after that remark... how about that?

Levi steps up and readies himself to hit.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

You fuckin' spooky mook... this oughta teach ya.

At the very top of Levi's swing, just as he's readying himself to come down on the ball and hit, Bill Fuller's radio goes off. It's a male's voice pretending to sneeze.

RADIO

A Jewwww!!!!

Levi's shot along with his swing are hideous to observe as his ball goes screaming off into the woods, disappearing out of sight. He is absolutely furious. Levi is just about to lose his mind on Bill Fuller when suddenly Dawn's voice comes over the radio.

DAWN

Gazuntite, Teddy... Sorry Bill, one of the boys back here just sneezed. Did you need anything from me?

Levi storms over and grabs the radio out of Bill's hand, pushing him backward.

LEVI STEINGOLDBERGER

Yeah, you 9 digit wench! We need you to shut the fuck up while people are trying to hit!

Ching and Larry look at each other, both wearing a wry smile. Now, it's old Hyman's turn to step up onto the tee and hit. He sets his feet and gets ready to swing. Again, with the most punctual of timing, at the very top of Hyman's swing, the radio goes off. It's the man's voice again and his tactics of distraction are superb.

RADIO
Baaaallllld Jewwww!!!

It is unclear what turns out to be more horrible, Hyman's swing or the result of his shot ricocheting off the sinking golf cart and coming back to hit him in the stomach. He is on the ground immediately as Levi rushes over to Bill Fuller and grabs the radio off his belt. He yells a slew of the most horrible profanities ever muttered to Dawn, and then, launches the radio into Crooked Creek.

Ching and Larry are both beaming from the small dose of redemption they've received, as Hyman gets to his feet and points through the trees. There, a few hundred yards away, is Dawn and some guy cracking up from the havoc they've caused the two Jewish golfers. Suddenly Dawn yells at the top of her lungs.

DAWN
Knock his Hebrew dick in the dirt, my Chinese stallion!

Larry is laughing.

LARRY BIRD
You're gonna have to tell her you're Japanese, Ching...
not Chinese.

CHING
I know, Rarry. You know, I think she do drugs.