

RED OAKS

"Pilot"

written by

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TITLE CARD:    **NEW JERSEY, 1985**

EXT. PUBLIC TENNIS COURTS - NIGHT

A father-and-son tennis game is going on under mercury vapor lights on a sticky June night.

DAVID MYERS (lanky, 19) plays with dad SAM, (potbelly, 49). Sam is huffing and puffing, David barely breaking a sweat.

*Pok-pok...*

DAVID

What's the big deal? I still passed.

SAM

Barely.

DAVID

A "C" isn't barely passing. That's a "D." A "C" is "satisfactory."

SAM

A "C" is a Jewish "F."

DAVID

Dad...

SAM

I'm not trying to be a ballbuster. I'm just trying to understand how you can get an "A" in... What was it again?

DAVID

Cinema of the French New Wave.

SAM

An "A" in French Cinema, but a "C" in your major?

DAVID

It's not my major yet.

SAM

And that's what I'm worried about. How's it going to look this fall when you apply to the CPA program and they see you just squeaked by Intro Accounting?

David makes a half-hearted attempt to return his dad's shot and the ball whizzes past.

DAVID

(glum)

Like I don't belong there...

Sam comes around the net and puts a hand on David's shoulder.

SAM

Look. I get it. I was your age once. The first couple of years at college are about having fun... Going to keggers. Smoking a little reefer. Figuring things out. But there comes a time when you have to knuckle down. Get serious about your future.

DAVID

I know.

SAM

This summer job is a terrific start. You'll network. Make a lot of new contacts. Meet some very wealthy people who will remember you down the road... when they need someone to do their taxes.

A fatherly smile. Utterly clueless. David looks miserable.

SAM (CONT'D)

Now how about one more game before the mosquitoes get too bad?

DAVID

(unenthusiastic)

You serve.

Sam grins and starts jogging back to his side of the net. David broods as he returns to his own baseline and gets into position, limbering up, etc.

When he glances up he notices his dad just standing at the far end of the tennis court with a funny look on his face.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(calling)

You going to serve or what?

Sam acts like he didn't hear him.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Dad? What's wrong?

SAM  
(in a fog)  
Not sure... all of a sudden I...

His racquet drops from his hand and clatters to the ground.  
He grabs his shoulder, grimacing in pain, white as a sheet.

His knees start to buckle.

DAVID  
Dad!

He races across the court, vaults the net, and catches Sam  
just as he's collapsing... easing him down onto his back.  
Sam looks up at his son with a mix of confusion and pain.

SAM  
My chest... feels like...

DAVID  
Oh god. Oh shit.

He casts around frantically for help and sees a group of  
SKATEBOARDERS goofing off just outside the cyclone fence.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(hollering)  
CALL 9-1-1!

SKATEBOARDER  
Huh?

DAVID  
HE'S HAVING A FUCKING HEART ATTACK!

Two of the skateboarders sprint off to find pay phone. David  
cradles his dad's head in his lap as Sam looks up at him and  
struggles to speak.

SAM  
... David... son... I'm sorry...  
need you to know... how much I love  
you... How proud...

DAVID  
Jesus Christ! What are you doing?  
Don't say that! Okay? Just shut up!  
You are NOT allowed to do this!

SAM  
... promise me... won't make...  
mistakes we did...

DAVID  
Who?

SAM  
... your mother and I... never  
loved each other... would have  
split years ago... if you hadn't  
come along...

DAVID  
What?!

SAM  
... Should've married Soon-hi...

DAVID  
Who's Soon-hi?

SAM  
... girl I knew in Korea... such  
beautiful eyes... always loved  
Orientals...

DAVID  
Okay.

SAM  
... also... I'm pretty sure your  
mother is a lesbian... or I guess  
technically "bisexual"...

DAVID  
Maybe you shouldn't try to talk.

As he cradles his father...

SLOWLY CRANE UP from the tennis courts as if rising with a departing spirit casting off this mortal coil, until we are gazing out over the rooftops and street lights of suburbia, sultry on this humid night, sounds of cicadas and distant SIRENS growing faint as all worldly concerns slip away...

VOICE (PRE-LAP)  
Good news, folks...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER

WE'RE CLOSE ON THE FACE OF a friendly DOCTOR (30s, scrubs).

DOCTOR

He's going to be fine. As heart attacks go this was pretty mild. More of a wake-up call to ditch the cigarettes and take up jogging.

REVERSE ON

David and his mom JUDY (40s, Billie Jean King hair) receiving the good news. Judy looks relieved. David like he's been tasered.

JUDY

Can we see him?

DOCTOR

(smiles)

I'll take you back.

She's starting to go with him when she notices David making no move to follow.

JUDY

Honey?

DAVID

I'll catch up.

She kisses his cheek, exits.

We STAY ON DAVID as he struggles to process what the fuck just happened tonight.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - MORNING

MUSIC: Robbie Dupree's "Steal Away" PLAYS over a MONTAGE.

A new day dawns on the pampered links of a private golf and tennis club in north Jersey, just across the G.W. Bridge from Manhattan.

Deer graze on the back nine. Sprinklers water lush greens. The staff (many of whom we'll meet by name soon) prepare for the first day of the summer season. Maintenance men trim hedges and touch-up paint the "Red Oaks Country Club" sign. By the pool a male and female lifeguard, (clearly a couple) slather each other in suntan lotion.

In the empty parking lot two valets get high. In an exercise studio the aerobics instructor chooses mix tapes. In the women's lounge a masseuse wipes down her pleather massage table. In the clubhouse dining hall waitresses fold linen napkins and fill salt shakers. (etc.)

MUSIC & MONTAGE  
ENDS ON:

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

David watches while his boss, head tennis pro NASSER ("Nash," East Indian, late 30's) sets up a tennis ball machine.

NASH

Base salary's three hundred a week.  
But of course the serious *gelt* is  
in private lessons. Your fee is \$50  
an hour, which you split sixty-  
forty with me.

DAVID

Am I sixty or forty?

Nash peers over the top of his Ray-Bans: "What do you think?"

NASH

If you hustle you can pocket nine  
bills a week... How's that compare  
to Video City?

DAVID

Not bad...

NASH

Damn right it's "not bad."

DAVID

Though I will miss the free porn.

NASH

We've got our perks too.

DAVID

Like?

NASH

We eat for free. Whatever you want.  
King crab, New York strip, chef's  
salad... Just sign for it.

DAVID

They serve New York strip in the staff cafeteria?

NASH

The fuck do I know? I'm not staff.

DAVID

You're not?

NASH

Neither are you. We're tennis pros. We eat in the dining hall with the members. We shower in their locker room, take a steam in their saunas and a shit in their bathrooms. Only difference between them and us is we don't get to *schtup* their wives, even if they want us to and believe me *boychik* there will be some who will want you to...

He breaks off and beams at an over-tanned JERSEY WIFE in a short tennis dress.

NASH (CONT'D)

Good morning, Mrs. Shapiro! Go ahead and warm up. I'll be right with you...

After she's out of earshot he says to David, deadly serious:

NASH (CONT'D)

Case in point. I could hit that. But I don't. And do you know why?

DAVID

Because you're married?

NASH

Because of who she might be married to. You never know. Could be some *schmuck* makes a living doing knee replacements. Or busting kneecaps. *Capice?*

David nods.

NASH (CONT'D)

Good...

(RE: tennis ball machine)

Take over for me. And don't forget you've got a kids clinic starting in ten minutes.

Nash hurries off to attend to Mrs. Shapiro. David smiles and kneels by the tennis ball machine.

EXT. VALET PARKING - DAY

Head valet WHEELER (20, husky) is having a heated discussion with his fellow VALETS.

WHEELER  
Boba Fett?!

VALET  
He's a badass.

WHEELER  
He wears cargo pants for chrissake!  
You want a badass? Try Scaramanga.

VALET  
Who?

WHEELER  
The Man With the Golden Gun, you  
fucking philistine...

A FERRARI pulls up and Wheeler hurries to greet the driver.

WHEELER (CONT'D)  
Welcome back, Judge Ferraro!

The JUDGE palms him a tip.

JUDGE  
Park it somewhere safe.

WHEELER  
Yes sir!

Wheeler climbs inside...

INT. FERRARI - CONTINUOUS

Wheeler shuts the door and drives the sports car around to a distant parking space.

He kills the engine, takes out a fat joint, and sparks up.

INT. AEROBICS STUDIO - LATER

David slips in the back to watch his girlfriend KAREN (19, cheerleader peppy) teach a class of WOMEN in thong Danskins and tights.

KAREN  
 ...keep breathing... three...  
 two... one... You made it!

The class ends.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 Great work, ladies!

As the aerobicizers collect their things and go David walks over to see Karen.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 (excited to see him)  
 How's your first day going?!

DAVID  
 Pretty good. Some guy tipped me  
 fifty bucks!

KAREN  
 What are you gonna buy me?

David moves closer, makes a teenaged stab at seductiveness.

DAVID  
 Why don't we discuss it after work?  
 Mom's been spending nights at the  
 hospital... we'll have the house to  
 ourselves.

He goes for a kiss but she pulls away, nodding to the WOMEN starting to trickle in for her next class. ("Not at work.")

KAREN  
 We can't tonight. Remember? We have  
 the party...

DAVID  
 What party?

She puts a finger to his lips to signal "Not so loud."

KAREN  
 (low)  
 The staff's summer kick-off kegger.  
 Everyone's going.

DAVID  
Am I allowed to?

KAREN  
Why wouldn't you?

DAVID  
Because I'm not staff... I mean,  
technically.

KAREN  
(wry)  
Technically?

DAVID  
According to Nash.

KAREN  
Nash is full of shit. And himself.

David concedes this with a laugh. As more WOMEN arrive:

KAREN (CONT'D)  
You'd better go. My next class is  
starting...

A quick peck and she's gone, her ass spectacular in Spandex.

INT. GRILL PATIO - DAY

An outdoor dining area overlooking the pool. Members lunch  
at umbrella-shaded tables.

Nash and David arrive. As they make their way across the  
patio Nash works the crowd, shaking hands, flirting, etc.

A MEMBER calls to Nash:

MEMBER #1  
Think Connors has a shot at winning  
Wimbledon?

NASH  
Hard to say. He ain't getting any  
younger. And his net game is for  
shit.

MEMBER #2  
Ever play him?

NASH  
Once.

MEMBER #1

Who won?

A wily Jack Nicholson grin:

NASH

(feigns modesty)

Well he did make me work for it...

The table erupts in cheers. Nash is basking in the adulation when suddenly he stops in his tracks as he sees his nemesis, the club's GOLF PRO (Skip, 30s).

GOLF PRO

Nasser.

NASH

Skip.

They give each other a wide berth as they continue past.

DAVID

(whispers)

Who was that?

NASH

Golf pro...

(under his breath)

Cocksucker.

David and Nash take a seat at a TABLE OVERLOOKING THE POOL. As David looks at the menu, Nash lights a cigarette.

NASH (CONT'D)

So... why NYU?

DAVID

(shrugs)

I don't know. It's a good school.  
Commuter's easy--

NASH

I mean why are you doing the whole college thing?

DAVID

Why does anyone?

NASH

To get laid.

DAVID

And hopefully a job.

NASH  
You've got a job.

DAVID  
I mean one I can still be doing  
when I'm forty.

NASH  
I'm thirty-eight.

DAVID  
But you played on the pro circuit.

NASH  
Briefly.

DAVID  
You beat Jimmy Connors.

Nash gives him a sly look.

NASH  
When he was fourteen.

A WAITRESS comes over. David is about to order when --

NASH (CONT'D)  
Two club sandwiches, extra mayo,  
and a couple of Arnold Palmers.  
Thanks, sweetheart.

She collects their menus, exits. Without missing a beat:

NASH (CONT'D)  
I just hate to see a bright young  
guy like you throwing your life  
away on an education. And for what?  
A desk job and a fax machine? Two  
weeks paid vacation in Florida? I  
spend the whole *winter* in Florida,  
on the resort circuit getting paid  
to work on my tan...

It's a compelling argument. David is giving it some thought  
when he's suddenly distracted by someone who has just exited  
the womens' locker room.

SKYE, 19

Brunette, bikini-clad, and absolutley foxy.

Heads turn and time slows as she makes her way to a chaise, eyes inscrutable behind Ray-Bans, kicks off her Dr. Scholls, and pads to the diving board...

She's about to step onto the metal ladder when she turns and glances David's way.

Is it his imagination or does she show him a secret smile?

David watches her climb the ladder and swan dive into the pool below with the rapt look of man having a holy vision.

INT. TENNIS PRO SHOP - LATER

David is behind the counter stringing a racket when he's approached by a club member named GETTY (late 40s, trim) wearing white shorts and a salmon Le Coq Sportif polo with the collar turned up.

GETTY

So... you the new assistant pro?

DAVID

(nods)

David.

GETTY

Doug Getty... You wanna hit?

DAVID

Excuse me?

GETTY

I'm pretty good. It'll be fun for you. And I have some time to kill.

David is confused.

DAVID

Are you asking to book an hour with me?

Getty looks impatient.

GETTY

(aggravated)

Fine. Whatever. I'll pay for the hour. Let's just play, already.

David grabs his racquet.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - LATE AFTERNOON

As the afternoon sun gets lower we begin a MONTAGE of match between David and Getty. David barely breaks a sweat as he runs Getty around the court. Getty gets increasingly pissed. Worried, David starts letting Getty win a few points, and even a game or two... but when David glances at his watch and notices the hour is almost over he turns on the heat, scoring point after point against a red-faced Getty.

Finally:

DAVID  
Match point Mr. Getty.

He serves the ball, Getty returns, and they volley for a bit, until finally David slams a crosscourt shot past Getty to end the match.

GETTY  
Fuck.

Instead of a tantrum, Getty just grabs his things and walks off the court without a word or a glance in David's direction.

Leaving David standing there wondering what just happened.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Families arrive for visiting hour.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

David watches as his mom fusses over his convalescing father.

JUDY  
You have to eat.

SAM  
But the food here is so bland.  
It's worse than Army chow. Dave,  
old buddy, run down to the corner  
and get your old man some White  
Castle...

JUDY  
Don't you dare, David.

She gives Sam a stern look.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Your White Castle days are over.  
When you get home you're going on a  
diet and doing my Richard Simmons  
tapes with me. I won't have you  
scaring me like you did again.

She kisses his bald spot. To all appearances they seem like  
an ordinary married couple.

A pretty KOREAN NURSE, 30, enters.

NURSE

How are we doing in here?

Sam immediately perks up.

SAM

Great!

He blushes like a schoolboy as she listens to his heart.

JUDY

Has anyone ever told you you have  
the most beautiful eyes?

David looks hopelessly confused.

INT. KAREN'S CAR - NIGHT

Karen waits outside the hospital entrance in her Honda Civic.

David gets in.

KAREN

How's your dad?

DAVID

Fine. I guess.

Still trying to process his parents' very odd marriage.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You want to swing by my house so I  
can swipe some booze from my folks  
liquor cabinet?

KAREN

It's okay... I stole a sixpack of  
my mom's wine coolers.

DAVID

Won't she miss them?

KAREN

She's too wasted on Darvon to notice.

DAVID

What's that?

KAREN

(nods)  
Painkillers, for cramps.

DAVID

They any good?

KAREN

When I left she was watching Wheel of Fortune and trying to buy vowels that don't even exist.

She puts the Civic in gear.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I swear to god I can't wait to get out of the house... Hey, I have an idea! Want to look at apartments this weekend? I know we can't move in together until after graduation, but it can't hurt to look, right?

DAVID

Sure.

With forced enthusiasm.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

The summer kickoff kegger is in full-swing on the back nine.

The entire staff mingles on the moonlit greens, drinking from plastic cups, passing joints, joy riding in golf carts. MUSIC from someone's boombox floats on the humid night air, mixing with the rasp of CICADAS and DRUNKEN LAUGHTER.

EXT. PUTTING GREEN, GOLF COURSE - THAT MOMENT

Nash is playing "strip golf" with TWO GIRLS (mid 20s). He's down to his boxers and socks, and the girls are in bras and panties.

David strolls over.

NASH  
Boychick! When did you get here?

DAVID  
Just now.

NASH  
Flying solo?

DAVID  
Karen went to say hi to some  
friends...  
(then)  
Where's your wife?

Nash looks at him, deadpans:

NASH  
Picking up the dry cleaning.

GIRL #1  
Hi. I'm Dawn.

NASH  
Dawn is a massage therapist here,  
and Kimberly waitresses in the  
Grill.

DAVID  
(to Kimberly)  
I thought you looked familiar.

GIRL #1 (DAWN)  
Want to play?

DAVID  
Too many mosquitos.

NASH  
No kidding...  
(slaps at mosquito)  
Little fuckers love me.

GIRL #2 (KIMBERLY)  
(seductive)  
What do you taste like, Nash?

NASH  
Tikka masala and scotch.

He lines up his shot, sinks his putt. Looks up to give David  
a wink and sees him leaving.

NASH (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

DAVID  
To get a beer.

NASH  
Don't go far. We need to talk.

DAVID  
About what?

NASH  
Work stuff...

Just then the girls unhook their bras and suddenly whatever it is becomes less urgent.

NASH (CONT'D)  
It can wait. I'll come find you.

David laughs as he walks away.

EXT. "KEG TREE", GOLF COURSE - LATER

A group of STONERS (valets, busboys, etc.) hang out under a tree on the 14th hole by the kegs.

Wheeler holds court. He's wearing his valet vest over a Pink Floyd t-shirt. He takes a hit from a bong and resumes speaking animatedly.

WHEELER  
...You wanna know what's wrong with the world? I'll tell you. One word: Plastic.

STONER #1  
Plastic?

WHEELER  
It's ruining porn. The country too. Everything's turning plastic. Tits. Money...

STONER #2  
I like fake tits.

WHEELER  
Because Dow Chemical wants you to. The same way Gillette wants you to like a tidy bush.

STONER #1

What's wrong with a tidy bush?

WHEELER

It's unnatural. Women aren't action figures. They're mammals. With fur. Big bushes are sexy. The bigger the better...

STONER #2

Like a badger?

WHEELER

In a Russian hat.

The stoners laughter dies as they see someone approaching: STEVE LEFEVRE (tank top and Jams, 20's), the head lifeguard. The stoners fall quiet in the presence of an Alpha male.

LEFEVRE

Which one of you is Wheeler?

WHEELER

The one you went to high school with...

LEFEVRE

Huh?

WHEELER

And junior high. Also our moms are best friends.

Zero recognition. LeFevre cuts to the chase.

LEFEVRE

I hear you got weed.

WHEELER

Depends... How much you need?

LEFEVRE

Just a dime.

WHEELER

I think I can help you out...

He digs in his pocket and produces a \$10 baggie of pot.

LEFEVRE

(inspects it; scowling)  
This shit better not be all stems and seeds.

Wheeler is stoned, but even if he wasn't, he could never be on this guy's wavelength.

WHEELER  
(as LeFevre forks over the money)  
How's Misty?

LEFEVRE  
Not my fucking problem any more.

Wheeler is rocked by this, but tries to act nonchalant.

WHEELER  
You two broke up? Wow. I'm sorry.

LEFEVRE  
(surly)  
I'm not.

He collects his change, splits.

STONER #1  
What a joystick.

STONER #2  
Yeah, why'd you even sell him any,  
Wheeler?

But Wheeler doesn't respond, still processing the huge news of the Misty-LeFevre breakup.

EXT. FAIRWAY, GOLF COURSE - LATER

David goes in search of Karen, two plastic beer cups in hand. He scans the moonlit fairway and spots her talking to a guy in a Hawaiian shirt: BARRY (Tom Sellick 'stache, 28).

They look up as David arrives.

KAREN  
There you are!  
(to Barry)  
Barry, this is my boyfriend, David.

BARRY  
Hey.

He barely acknowledges David, his eyes fixated on Karen.

KAREN  
Barry's a freelance photographer.  
He shoots all the weddings and bar  
mitzvahs here.

BARRY

(blasé)

Obviously it's not why I went to art school. I'm a photojournalist by training. But it pays my condo fees, know what I'm saying? And gives me the freedom to pursue my real passion.

DAVID

Spelunking?

Barry shoots him a "Fuck you" look.

BARRY

Fashion photography...

(smiles at Karen)

Matter of fact I was just trying to convince your lady here to pose for me sometime.

DAVID

Any luck?

KAREN

No!

BARRY

Give me one reason why not?

KAREN

I'll give you two...

She cups her small breasts.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Have you seen Kathy Ireland's boobs lately?

BARRY

Kathy doesn't have your eyes.

Is this guy for real? David looks pissed. But Karen seems to be buying it.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Think about it, sweetheart...

He looks at David.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Nice meeting you, Dan.

DAVID  
David.

BARRY  
Right.

He gives Karen a final eye-grope before sauntering away.

KAREN  
Spelunking?

DAVID  
That guy is so full of shit.

KAREN  
You don't think I'm pretty enough  
to model?

DAVID  
Stupid enough to by that line.

KAREN  
Barry's just a friend.

DAVID  
...Who wants you to wear his balls  
like an eyemask.

KAREN  
You pervert.

She gets a frisky look.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
I've never seen you jealous before.

And it's turning her on. She kisses him. Getting him hot.  
She reaches to brush a hand against the front of his jeans.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
(naughty smile)  
I see someone brought his putter.

DAVID  
Nine-wood...

KAREN  
(teasing)  
Try six.

He gooses her and she yelps.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 (seductive)  
 Feel like playing a round?

She takes off her shirt and pulls him down on the soft grass.

EXT. EIGHTEENTH HOLE, GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

Lifeguard MISTY (Farrah hair, 20) sits alone in a GOLF CART nursing a beer and a broken heart, the sounds of the party quiet in the distance.

WHEELER (O.S.)  
 Hey.

She startles... Sees Wheeler... Doesn't recognize him.

WHEELER (CONT'D)  
 Nice night, huh?

MISTY  
 No offense but I kinda want to be alone.

WHEELER  
 Sorry. Sure.

He starts to go.

MISTY  
 Wait.

Something familiar about him...

MISTY (CONT'D)  
 Why do I know you?

WHEELER  
 I was your Drivers Ed partner.

Her jaw drops.

MISTY  
 Oh! I'm sorry. God, what a total ditz I am...

WHEELER  
 It was a long time ago.

MISTY  
 Sophomore year... feels like a lifetime...

(MORE)

MISTY (CONT'D)

(then)

I was still a brunette then.

WHEELER

And I was still fat.

This wins a laugh from her.

MISTY

You're funny... I remember that.

Wheeler's heart soars. Emboldened, he takes out a joint.

WHEELER

Feel like...?

("Getting high?")

She hesitates, finally nods. He climbs into the golf cart.

MISTY

You know I still don't know how to parallel park.

They both crack up.

EXT. FAIRWAY, GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

A post-coital David and Karen lay in a sweaty tangle gazing up at the starry sky.

KAREN

What are you thinking?

DAVID

"I hope nothing crawls up my ass."

KAREN

Be serious.

DAVID

I'm not thinking about anything.

KAREN

(sarcastic)

Your mind is a total blank?

DAVID

It's taking some effort but yeah. And I'm kinda digging it. In fact I think I need to do it more often.

KAREN

Not think?

DAVID  
Just... be.

She props herself up on an elbow so she's looking at him.

KAREN  
Want to know what I was thinking?

DAVID  
What?

KAREN  
(smiles)  
I was just imagining what it'll be like when you're done with NYU and I'm finished nursing school and we both have good jobs and a cute little place together with curtains and a garbage disposal and a cat... and it suddenly occurred to me, "Holy shit! Someday we could be members here!"

David stares up at the night sky with the look of a guy who's spotted an inbound asteroid.

EXT. EIGHTEENTH HOLE, GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

Wheeler and Misty sit in the golf cart sharing a joint and talking quietly.

WHEELER  
Did he give a reason?

MISTY  
He said he "wasn't ready for the real thing." Whatever that means.

WHEELER  
It's a douchier version of "It's not you, it's me."

MISTY  
I just assumed it means he wants to screw other people.

WHEELER  
That too.

A melancholy beat.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

I know you don't want to hear this  
right now but I think you're better  
off. He's a dick. Always has been.  
(heartfelt)  
...You deserve better.

MISTY

Thanks.

Wheeler looks over at her. It pains him to see her so  
heartsick and miserable.

Eager to cheer her up he suddenly turns the golf cart on and  
grabs the steering wheel.

MISTY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

WHEELER

Taking a spin. For old time's sake.  
Drivers-ed class!

The golf cart lurches into motion.

EXT. FAIRWAY, GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

David and Karen are getting dressed when they see the GOLF  
CART careening toward them. They jump clear of its path as  
it goes barreling past.

David scowls after the golf cart, recognizing its driver.

DAVID

Wheeler?

INT. GOLF CART (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Misty holds on for dear life as Wheeler takes her on a wild  
ride over the hilly greens, testing the upper speed limit of  
the golf cart's motor.

KAREN

You're crazy!

Wheeler steers towards the crowd milling around the kegs,  
sending people scattering.

Suddenly up ahead they see...

Steve LeFevre putting the moves on another female staffer. He blanches at sight of the incoming golf cart speeding at him and starts running.

Wheeler laughs maniacally as they chase the fleeing LeFevre across the golf course until he has no choice but dive into a sand trap to escape them.

Now Misty is laughing too, triumphantly, her hair whipping in the breeze, until --

The joyride suddenly turns scary as they hit a bump and she's CATAPULTED OUT OF THE CART.

It happens so fast it's shocking: one moment she's laughing, having the time of her life, the next she's ejected with such force a broken neck seems certain...

If not for the WATER TRAP that fortuitously breaks her fall. She lands with a BIG SPLASH and quickly disappears from view.

Wheeler is horrified.

WHEELER

Misty!

He scrambles out of the cart.

Misty pops back into view, her soaking tee clinging to her. Neither she nor Wheeler speak for several stunned seconds as they both marvel at the fact she's unhurt... before burst into relieved laughter.

Wheeler grins, strips naked and CANNONBALLS into the water. Soon they are splashing each other and frolicking like kids in a swimming pool.

Soon their co-workers running from all directions, shedding clothes and leaping into the water, in what quickly escalates into an impromptu skinny-dip.

TIME CUT - LATER

David parties with the other staffers in the water trap. He's wasted, any worries about the future obscured by a fog of alcohol and pot smoke.

Suddenly he bumps into Nash, who has a girl on his shoulders.

DAVID

Nash!

NASH  
Having fun?

DAVID  
Epic.

He's about to take a hit when Nash confiscates the joint.

NASH  
You might want to go easy on this.  
In fact a little coffee wouldn't be  
a bad idea...

DAVID  
Why?

NASH  
(downplaying it)  
We've got a little problem. That  
k'nocker you played earlier today?  
Getty?

DAVID  
The one who got so pissed when I  
beat him?

NASH  
(nods)  
Well he's president of the board.  
And unfortunately he feels your  
game isn't strong enough for you to  
be employed here.

DAVID  
But I beat him!

NASH  
He says he got three games off you.

DAVID  
Only because I let him! He was such  
a sore fucking loser I felt sorry  
for him.

NASH  
He's pressuring me to fire you.

David is stunned.

DAVID  
Are you? Firing me?

NASH

I won't have any choice if you don't wipe the court with him. I mean it. You can't let him get a single game off of you. Not one.

DAVID

What are you talking about?

NASH

I got him to agree to a re-match. He can't get a single game off you. You beat him 6-0, you get to keep your job. If not... it's back to charging rewind fees at Video City.

David is quiet as this sinks in.

DAVID

When?

NASH

Tomorrow morning.

He suddenly frowns, checks his Timex, corrects himself:

NASH (CONT'D)

Sorry. This morning. Seven sharp.

He claps David on the back: Everything's gonna work out...

But David's not so sure.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - FOUR HOURS LATER - MORNING

Nash checks his watch for the umpteenth time as Getty limbers up for the re-match.

GETTY

Looks like your guy is a no-show.

NASH

Let's give him a few more minutes.

GETTY

This is exactly what I'm talking about, Nasser. It's not just skills the kid lacks. It's the maturity. Respect for the game. He's a punk. He doesn't belong here, he should be working a fry station at Mcdonalds...

Just then David shows up. He's wearing dark sunglasses to hide his bloodshot eyes.

Nash hands him a sports bottle. David sips it and chokes.

DAVID  
What is this?!

NASH  
Hair of the dog. Absolut and  
Gatorade.

He hands him a racquet, briefs him like a boxer's cornerman.

NASH (CONT'D)  
You're serving against the wind so  
I strung it a little looser. Watch  
his backhand. He's a baseliner so  
keep the ball deep with plenty of  
topspin.

DAVID  
Ugh...I'm hurting so bad....can't  
do this.

NASH  
You ARE GOING TO fucking do this.

DAVID  
Why?

He looks at his boss.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Why do you care, Nash? I mean it  
can't be that hard to replace me.  
Must be dozens of guys good enough  
to work here.

Nash gives this some thought. His expression serious.

NASH  
I don't know, kid. I suppose you  
remind me of myself at your age...  
beige-r, not as well endowed... But  
gifted. Hard working. Lotta hustle.  
Lotta heart...  
(then)  
Also, none of the other guys I  
interviewed would accept the shitty  
split you agreed to on their hourly  
rate. Sixty-forty! Jesus! What a  
schmuck!

David doesn't know whether to be touched or pissed by this.  
Nash slaps him on the ass.

NASH (CONT'D)  
Now go get him, Tiger.

David and Getty walk to their respective baselines and ready themselves to do battle.

As the match gets underway...

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

MUSIC: Kiss's "I Was Made For Loving You" plays over SHOTS of David fighting for his job - Clearly hurting, but still hitting winner after winner. INTERCUT with the following:

EXT. POOL - THAT MOMENT

Wheeler is coming to visit Misty on his break when he sees her canoodling by the lifeguard's stand with Steve LeFevre. The two clearly reconciled.

Off Wheeler's crestfallen look...

EXT. TENNIS COURT - AS BEFORE

David calls a "time out" and walks over to the sidelines where he pukes.

Off Getty's disapproving look...

INT. AEROBICS STUDIO - THAT MOMENT

Karen is wrapping up a Jazzercise class when she sees Barry arrive with a coffee for her.

Off Barry's smarmy smile...

EXT. TENNIS COURT - AS BEFORE

David (who desperately wants to get this over with so he can go to bed) scores another win.

Off Getty's temper tantrum...

EXT. HOSPITAL - THAT MOMENT

A nurse wheels a newly discharged Sam outside where Judy is waiting with their Honda.

Off Sam's efforts to tip the nurse...

EXT. TENNIS COURT - AS BEFORE

David is about to serve when he sees a surprise spectator following the tennis match...

It's Skye, the dark-eyed beauty from the pool.

David's concentration is blown and he misses Getty's shot.

Nash curses from the sidelines.

David takes a breath to settle his stomach and re-focus...

And an eerie calm comes over him as the world drops away and with it all worries...

As he lightly tosses the tennis ball up and watches with soft eyes as it floats skyward and seems to hang there against the brilliant blue for an eternity...

Before David SLEDGEHAMMERS IT past Getty in a blazing blur.

And wins the match.

GETTY  
FUCK! FUCK FUCK FUCK!

Getty exits in a huff. An ecstatic Nash bear-hugs David.

NASH  
Fantastic, kid! Fucking incredible!

He peels off three hundred dollar bills and gives it to him.

DAVID  
What's this?

NASH  
Your cut of the winnings.

DAVID  
You had money on me?

NASH  
Five hundred a game! You just made me three grand!

He's so happy he kisses him David full on the mouth.

NASH (CONT'D)  
Bloody Mary's at the Grill on me!

David sees Skye waiting outside the cyclone fence for him.

DAVID  
I'll catch up.

He walks over to talk to Skye.

SKYE  
Good match.

DAVID  
Thanks. I'm David, by the way.

SKYE  
I know.

Her eyes mischievous.

DAVID  
You gonna tell me your name?

SKYE  
No.

DAVID  
Why not?

SKYE  
(sexy smile)  
More fun to make you work for it.

And she turns to go.

DAVID  
Wait.

SKYE  
Yes?

DAVID  
Why did you come to watch?

SKYE  
To see if you were any good. And to see you beat him.

DAVID  
You know that asshole?

Another secret smile.

SKYE  
He's my father.

She enjoys David's look of surprise, then turns and goes.

David is standing there, watching her walk away, when all of a sudden --

VOICE  
Better watch out for that one...

An impish OLD CLUB MEMBER (HERB, 70s, tennis whites) is standing beside him.

DAVID  
Think so?

HERB  
(nods sagely)  
Take it from me, son, the female of the species is deadlier than the male.

David laughs.

DAVID  
I'll have to remember that, Mr....?

HERB  
Herb.

DAVID  
Any other advice?

HERB  
We'll talk.  
(then)  
Nice match, by the way...

His eyes twinkle mischievously as he turns and toddles off.

David stands there alone, exhausted, sweaty, hugely hungover. And wondering what the hell to make of this strange place...

And then he smiles.

THE END