

You Gotta Be Shitting Me!

by

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Bacardi Draft

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EXT. DELOREAN DEALERSHIP - LOT - DAY

SUPER: MIAMI - 1982

A huge Big-Boy style cut out of a tennis player crouched low and holding a racquet looms over a sprawling car lot. The sign below the figure reads: FINN CONLON -- MIAMI DADE DELOREAN.

The bright Florida sunshine dances across rows of sparkling new stainless steel DELOREAN SPORTS CARS. Balloons and banners sprout up from the fresh parking lot asphalt. It's the dealership's opening day.

Standing deep in the lot and dressed in late 70's tennis whites, FINN CONLON himself is locked in a sales pitch with a balding and bespectacled DOCTOR GOLDBERG, 50s. Finn is mid 30's, handsome with a growing pot belly; no longer a model of athleticism as depicted in the sign overhead.

DOCTOR GOLDBERG

And you said that it handles better than the Mercedes 560?

FINN

This baby's handmade in Dublin, Ireland. Drives smoother than a bottle of single malt.

DOCTOR GOLDBERG

They make cars in Ireland?

FINN

Hell, yes! Doc, they call John DeLorean the King of new Detroit for a reason. He's an innovator. Look at these gullwing doors, this stainless steel body. DeLorean and his magical leprechaun crew have given birth to the car of tomorrow under the golden sunshine of today.

DOCTOR GOLDBERG

I don't know. What if they go out of business? Where will I get spare parts?

FINN

Go out of business?! Are you kidding me? Doc, you need to worry about your IMAGE. You're a medical doctor, for chrissakes! You save lives!

FINN(cont'd)

Once the ER nurses catch you in a DeLorean, you'll be getting handjobs between surgery and sponge baths before breakfast. Now tell me that doesn't rev your engine?

The Doctor rubs his chin, deliberating.

FINN (CONT'D)

Paging Doctor Goldberg, your future is waiting.

DOCTOR GOLDBERG

Alright, I'll take it!

Finn slaps the hood, pumped, as a fat, nerdy salesman named PETEY CHARMS approaches quickly. He's early 30's unattractive, sweating through his tennis-whites sales uniform.

PETEY

Sorry to bother you, champ, but there's a "Mr. Lopez" in your office.

FINN

(quietly)  
You gotta be shittin' me! Now?

PETEY

I couldn't stop them.

FINN

Doc, this is my associate Petey Charms. He's gonna take it from here.

Finn turns and walks off leaving Petey and Goldberg.

DOCTOR GOLDBERG

What kind of name is "Charms?"

PETEY

Maori Indian. On my mother's side.

Finn walks toward the main building, passing three 10-year-old CUBAN CHILDREN playing hopscotch on the front curb.

Finn rushes the kids, grabbing a mop off the ground and handing it over.

FINN

What the hell is this? Jose, Ramon, Roberta! Get back to work.

FINN(cont'd)

You're still on the clock! Let's go, I don't run a charity for street urchins here.

The kids scatter to resume their chores.

INT. DELOREAN DEALERSHIP - FINN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Glass brick walls illuminate a large office, decorated entirely with Sharper Image gadgets and furniture where three Cuban gangsters have made themselves at home. THEY ARE:

PINTO. He wears a flashy wide-lapelled pink suit, and his face is wrapped in white bandages, making him resemble a Las Vegas mummy. He draws a moustache on a framed PHOTOGRAPH of Finn with his arm around John McEnroe.

PACO. A heavier, hulking thug with a bushy moustache. He removes a wooden racquet from a display case, and tests its strength by smacking it against a chair.

The Head Honcho, ANGEL LOPEZ, is a Tony Montana/Scarface-styled druglord dripping in gold and Versace. He sits with his custom cowboy BOOTS on Finn's desk, crazy-eyed and laughing at what's playing on the LARGE TELEVISION.

ON TV: A Slo-mo clip of Finn chasing down a tennis ball.

VOICE (ON TV)

The heart of performance requires perfection --

ON TV: A DeLorean sports car races around a mountain curve.

VOICE (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Perfection only a winner can deliver.

ON TV: Finn stands on the hood of a DeLorean, dressed in Tennis whites, raising his racquet victoriously in SLO-MO.

VOICE (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Two winners. Together at last. Seize perfection. Taste performance. Finn Conlon Miami Dade DeLorean.

Paco mimics the figure on screen, raising his racquet too. Then, he SMACKS it against a chair, nearly cracking it.

PACO

Ees a strong racquet.

FINN (O.S.)

Took me to the quarters at the U.S. Open. But don't worry, it doesn't have any sentimental value.

The goons turn, see Finn at the doorway. Angel smiles.

ANGEL

Finn! Come in. I just think to stop by and see how my investment ees working.

FINN

Pounding on all cylinders, Angel. I've got orders out the a-hole.

ANGEL

That is good. Because your first payment ees due in two days. Seventy-five thousand dollars.

FINN

No problemo, Angel. You've got the hottest car in the county sold by one of the greatest players of the game. How could you lose?

Angel laughs hard followed by Paco and Pinto.

FINN (CONT'D)

Okay... I never won a major but I was pretty damn good.

ANGEL

You know, the words on the street are that your Juan DeLorean makes this car with monies like my monies. He deals in my business, it is right that I deal in his, no?

FINN

Rumors and innuendo, Angel.

Angel smiles.

ANGEL

I'm passionate just about my business is all. You should know that. A perfectionist.

FINN

The heart of performance requires perfection.

ANGEL  
 Exacto! I like you Finn. I think  
 we do business a long time!

Finn winces as if he's just been sentenced to life in prison.

EXT. DELOREAN DEALERSHIP - LOT - CONTINUOUS

Beside a white stretch LIMO - A 12 year old Cuban girl,  
 ROBERTA, holds a machete to Petey's throat while a 10 year  
 old boy, JOSE, rifles through his pockets.

PETEY  
 I swear to god! That's all I have.

ROBERTA  
 You lie, flaco!

ANGEL (O.S.)  
 Roberta!

Roberta turns to see Angel, Pinto, Paco and Finn come through  
 the doors.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
 What did I tell you about playing  
 pirates?

ROBERTA  
 (innocently)  
 That the raping is first?

ANGEL  
 To only play at night. When the  
 enemy is sleeping.

ROBERTA  
 Oh. Si, Senor Lopez.

ANGEL  
 (to Finn)  
 I love children at this age. They  
 are leettle sponges for knowledge.  
 See you on Monday. Two days, mi  
 amigo.

Angel breezes past and gets into his limo.

Roberta and Jose creep away from Petey, who stands shaken by  
 the young violent offenders.

ROBERTA

I know where you sleep.

Petey and Finn watch the limo pull out.

PETEY

I knew it wasn't a good idea to hire Cuban boat children.

FINN

What could I do? Lopez "recommended" them. And you know what he can do if you don't take his recommendations.

PETEY

I've seen it on the news. Guys with Colombian neckties and their eyes scooped out with melon ballers. You better be careful.

FINN

Shit. Lopez was the only one who would front me the cash for this place. After I torched the JoJo's franchise, the Miami banking elite wasn't exactly returning my calls.

PETEY

I don't want to see you end up on the wrong end of a chain-saw.

FINN

We just closed that Doc without breaking a sweat. We're gonna be just fine. Come on, let's celebrate and head down to Baby Barnacles.

PETEY

It's only three in the afternoon.

Finn smiles mischievously.

FINN

But it's tits o'clock somewhere.

INT. BABY BARNACLES GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - DAY

Joan Jett's "I Love Rock n Roll" SCREAMS out of the JUKEBOX. UP ON THE STAGE, a burnt-out 40's bare-breasted stripper in a sailor outfit, TAWNY, pole dances, humping the air.

Skanky topless STRIPPERS casually roam the club as if they're in the prison yard, working a dozen or so down-and-out male PATRONS scattered through the club. This is seedy Miami.

Finn and Petey fill up plates with disgusting Mexican food that smolders beneath the heat lamps of a buffet table.

PETEY

Are you sure this is a good idea?  
We still need to sell five more cars before Monday just to make the minimum payment to Lopez.

FINN

We're in a room full of ta-tas and all you can think about is business. Show some respect.  
(looking up at the stage)  
Oh, Tawny. Sweet, weathered Tawny.

PETEY

Hey, I want you to see something.

Petey pulls out a paper flier and shows it to Finn. It reads: "MIAMI OPEN 1982"

FINN

Miami Open. So what?

PETEY

So, I sort of signed you up.

FINN

Sort of signed me up?! The hell does that mean? How can I sort of be "signed up" for the Miami Open?

PETEY

Long story short, someone dropped out last minute and I talked to Tommy Longribbons--

FINN

That crazy Seminole Indian who used to ball boy for Sloan Van DeKamp?

PETEY

--who is now a high ranked official on the tour. He owed me a favor and moved you in.

Finn hands back the flier, forks some enchilada in his mouth--

FINN

This isn't a favor, Petey. You know I'm not allowed on any sanctioned court. You heard what the Committee said. I don't have the "temperament" to handle competition.

PETEY

I checked with the rules committee. You were only banned for a year. And that was six years ago. Besides, it's gonna be great publicity for the dealership! There's even a cash prize. Heck, it'd be a great way to show that Lisbon didn't totally break--

FINN

Petey -- what did I tell you about Lisbon?

PETEY

I know, but--

FINN

Fuck, Petey. You want to make me the laughing stock of Miami? I haven't picked up a racquet since Patty Hearst circle jerked the Simbionese. My playing days are over. There's my future--

Finn looks up at the TV behind the BAR. Images of DeLoreans flash on screen.

Then Finn realizes, it's a breaking NEWS FLASH!

FINN (CONT'D)

Bert, turn that up! Bert!

BERT

Hold on to your jockstrap, Conlon.

Crusty old bartender BERT grunts, grudgingly turns it up.

PETEY

Hey, we're on the news!

ON TV: A grave-sounding anchor addresses camera, standing in front of FINN'S DEALERSHIP, swarming with cops in the b/g!

TV ANCHOR (ON TV)

--John DeLorean, legendary automobile executive and creator of the new DeLorean Motor Car, has been arrested on charges of cocaine smuggling and racketeering, which investigators say he used to finance his fledgling company. This is the scene today at a local DeLorean Dealership. Police are impounding DeLorean lots just like this one all over the country, calling these cars "evidence"--

PETEY

That could really negatively effect this month's sales cycle, Finn.

FINN

Fuck me.

EXT. DELOREAN DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

The lot is crawling with police cars, DEA AGENTS, COPS and FIREMEN. Flashing lights reflect off the DeLoreans.

Finn's DELOREAN pushes through ROAD BLOCK signs, scratching the hell out of the fender and popping out a HEADLIGHT. It screeches to a halt and Finn jumps out, yelling at a CITY WORKER erecting a RAZOR WIRE FENCE around the lot.

FINN

What's going on? What is this?

VOICE (O.S.)

Reap the whirlwind, Conlon.

Finn turns to find DETECTIVE DELANCEY -- a mid 30's, mullet-haired cop wearing a pastel t-shirt and parachute pants -- reclining on the hood of a white Pontiac Fiero.

Next to Delancey is his partner, SERGEANT TOMMY "POOH BEAR" TOMS, a smooth-looking Jamaican with a glistening jheri curl.

They're the poor man's Crockett and Tubbs.

FINN

Why is there a chain link fence around my car dealership!?

DELANCEY

Your pal, John DeLorean, tried to sell twenty-five keys of Columbian Rowdy Powder to Federal agents.

POOH

Dis place stink of drug money, mon. You movin' dat Florida snow too, Big Santa?

FINN

I'm a car salesman, not a drug pusher!

DELANCEY

Cry me a river, pally. We're impounding this whole joint.

POOH

Evidence.

DELANCEY

Know what happens to evidence? It gets locked up until the case goes to court. Your lot is sealed off until the DeLorean trial is over.

FINN

When is that going to be?

DELANCEY

Could be months.

POOH

Could be years.

FINN

I could be fucked.

DELANCEY

You are fucked.

DELANCEY (CONT'D)

Unless you turn state's evidence. County records show your buddy Angel Lopez owns half this place.

FINN

He's not my buddy, he's just an investor.

DELANCEY

He's South Florida's most notorious narco. Everything that man touches turns to coke. Go state's and we'll take down this fence right now.

FINN

You gotta be fuckin' shittin' me! That's blackmail! No way! I told you. I'm not involved with any drug business.

POOH

Fine, mon. Have it your way.  
(to Delancey)  
When he can't pay Angel Lopez, dat crazy Columbian gonna carve him up like a Sunday ham at grandma's house.

A short young guy, TJ, stands behind Delancey and scribbles in his notebook.

TJ

"Ham at grandma's house." That's good, I like that.

FINN

Who the fuck is this?

DELANCEY

TJ's a writer from Hollywood. He's making a TV show about Miami cops. Naturally, he wants to learn from the best.

TJ

Actually, I'm spending time with a number of officers within the department.

Pooh gets in Finn's face.

POOH

Including da best!!!

FINN

Well, you can forget about me ratting on Lopez.

He spins around and crosses the lot as Delancey and Pooh heckle him-

DELANCEY

Then I hope you like to wear your  
guts on the outside, Connie.  
Game's love forty. Your serve.

Petey races up to Finn holding a big boxy Motorola DynaTAC  
8000X BRICK mobile phone. It's HUGE.

PETEY

Angel's on the phone.

Finn grabs the cell and smashes it to the ground.

FINN

I'm not here. I was never here!

Finn bear hugs Petey.

FINN (CONT'D)

I want you to know, that if I don't  
make it, I've left everything to  
you.

PETEY

Finn, don't talk like--

FINN

My will's in the top left drawer of  
my desk. The dealership, the fresh  
case of Cutty Sark, my collection  
of Tatum Oneal love letters -- it's  
all yours. You were always my  
favorite ball boy.

PETEY

Where are you going?

FINN

Far away, amigo. It's time to pull  
anchor on the Double Fault and ride  
like the wind.

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Finn walks swiftly down the wooden pier past boat slips.

He comes to the end of the dock to a paint-peeling, rotted  
out SAILBOAT "Double Fault" and ducks into the cabin.

INT. FINN'S BOAT - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Finn cuts through the messy sea of dirty laundry, old pizza boxes, empty booze bottles and random sporting equipment.

He furiously begins to pack, stuffing clothes into his duffle when -- BZZZZZ! -- the sound of a chainsaw stops him cold.

FINN

Lopez! Fuck, fuck, fuck!

The chainsaw continues BUZZING. The cabin vibrates and shakes. Finn makes a run for it, darting out of the cabin --

EXT. FINN'S BOAT - DECK - CONTINUOUS

THWACK! Paco clotheslines Finn, sending him across the deck!

Finn looks up and sees Pinto standing on the deck, waving a BUZZING chainsaw like Leatherface.

Pinto swings the chainsaw, cutting into the MAST of the ship -  
- wood chips fly in the air like confetti -- until TIMBER!

Finn rolls out of the way just as-- CRASH! The mast smashes down next to him.

FINN

Please don't kill me! I'm too young! Too beautiful!

AND WHAM! A PUNCH to the face and Finn is out cold.

BLACKNESS!

INT. LOPEZ LIMOUSINE - MOVING - LATER

As he comes to, Finn finds himself in a dimly lit moving limousine. Landscape races by through the windows.

Across from him sit two nude GIRLS, body-painted to resemble tigers. They each snort a big line of coke and ROAR. Finn JUMPS!

SUDDENLY-- Lopez leans out of the shadow, eyes bulging. He SNAPS a revolver into Finn's temple, cocks the hammer back!

ANGEL

What did you tell la policia!?

FINN  
Nothing! I swear to God.

ANGEL  
Where are my monies, Conlon?!

FINN  
The cops seized everything. There's nothing I can do! Please don't kill me!

Lopez sees Finn's sincerity, lowers the gun. Then -- he is overwhelmed with emotion. Knot in his throat.

ANGEL  
Finn, Finn, Finn. I like you. And this is a problem because if I let you walk, I will look weak. The streets are talking.

FINN  
I could work it off. Run errands. Sweep up. Maybe mule a few keys up from Colombia? I've got an anus like the Batcave!

ANGEL  
I'm afraid we are running out of options.

Angel trains the gun on Finn again--

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

Finn opens the door and--

EXT. FLAMINGO SANCTUARY - SUNRISE

He steps out into a swampy grass field. Flamingos pepper the landscape. Angel follows Finn, gun trained on him. Finn backs up with his hands in the air, protesting as Angel directs Finn deeper into the swamp.

FINN  
Wait, what are you doing?

ANGEL  
You look very tired, Finn. Perhaps you need to sleep with the flamingos?

FINN

You gotta give me time. I'll get your money! I give you my word.

Angel sizes Finn up, eyes on fire. Then, he nods--

ANGEL

Okay, Finn Conlon. Because Angel sees such a nice person, I give you ten days.

FINN

Thank you, Angel. Thank you. Ten days. You'll have your money.

ANGEL

You'd better not be shitting on me.

FINN

Angel, I wouldn't dare shit on you.

Angel spins, heads back to the limo and climbs inside. The limo speeds off, leaving Finn in its wake. He swallows hard. Only one thing to do now.

EXT. DOUBLE FAULT - DECK - DAY

Petey watches Finn DOUSE the boat deck in gas.

PETEY

You can't do this, Finn! This is your pride and joy!

FINN

Desperate times. Desperate measures. I keep this baby insured out the ass for a reason.

PETEY

Well, after depreciation and amortization, I don't think you're gonna get much for it.

FINN

Lopez is gonna amortize my nuts if I don't pay him his money.

PETEY

State Farm is gonna start seeing a pattern here. First the JoJos, then the Double Fault.

PETEY(cont'd)

You want more investigators  
breathing down your neck?

Finn exhales deeply, knowing he's right.

FINN

Well, what else can I do!?

PETEY

The Miami Open! The prize money is  
ninety thousand dollars.  
The tournament starts on Thursday,  
the finals are next Sunday --  
that's ten days. Just enough time  
to pay off Lopez.

Finn pulls out a cigarette and a match--

FINN

Ninety grand, huh?  
(thinks)  
Nah, I'd rather burn the boat. It's  
a lot easier.

Finn strikes the match.

PETEY

Don't do it! Just play in the  
tournament.  
(pleading)  
The world's been waiting for you to  
come back to tennis, Champ. I've  
been waiting. It's your time.  
Right now!

Finn stares at the match, then to the Double Fault,  
considering it--

FINN

You know what happens to me when  
I'm on the court. What if I lose  
it? Have another meltdown. Go loco  
in the cabeza?

PETEY

Your temper is yesterday's news.  
It's time for the great Finn Conlon  
to return to tennis. You can do it,  
Finn. You can win.

FINN

The great Finn Conlon, huh?

PETEY  
The great Finn Conlon.

Petey blows out the match.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - PRACTICE COURTS - DAY

PLAYERS hit balls back and forth. As Finn strolls through a MAZE of tennis courts, he takes a swig from his FLASK, pulls out a pack of Merits and lights one up. Petey arrives.

PETEY  
So, there's been a little change in plans.

FINN  
What change in plans?

PETEY  
The other players protested your walk-on status and now you have to beat the runner up from the qualifying tournament.

FINN  
You said I was in already!

PETEY  
You practically are. You just have to beat Bill Cuntty.

FINN  
Bill Cuntty! He's not dead yet? I thought he had a heart attack.

PETEY  
He had two. Still tickin. I'm gonna go check you in. You should probably start stretching.

FINN  
You got it.

Petey walks off down the path. Finn takes a swig from his flask and puffs on his smoke.

Suddenly-- a loud GRUNT echoes from a distance. Finn's ears perk up. Then another grunt. It sounds like-- a girl!

FINN (CONT'D)  
What the--

Finn walks swiftly, rounding corners of the green maze, following the sound of the grunts as they become louder.

VOICE (O.S.)  
OOH! AAHH! UNHH!

It's sexual -- almost like a woman having multiple ORGASMS. He finally rounds the corner and sees-

A jaw-droppingly hot teenage girl -- blond, tall, and busty -- IRINA VLADISAVA, is practicing on the court in a short tennis skirt and tight top. She GRUNTS with each strike of the ball.

FINN  
(to himself)  
Xanadu.

Finn stares, gawking. Cigarette dangles from his lips, ash about to drop. Irina stops hitting and wipes the sweat from her chest. Good lord. Finn stares motionless.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Can I help you?

Finn doesn't move, his eyes are focused on Irina -- bending down to get a towel.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Excuse me! Can I help you?

Finn snaps out of it, turns--

FINN  
What?

Standing in front of him is KAREN BENNET, late 20's, classically pretty brunette with hair pulled back in a tight ponytail. She's dressed in a perfectly matched tennis skirt and shirt, and sternly purses her lips at Finn.

KAREN  
I'm calling the police. I've had enough of you people.

FINN  
What are you talking about? What people?

Karen pivots, marches off. Finn follows--

KAREN  
Diddlers. Perverts. Pedophiles.

FINN

Whoa there, darlin. Number one, I'm no kiddie licker. Number two, that girl's got woman parts.

KAREN

She's sixteen.

FINN

You gotta be shitting me.

Karen spins back to take a closer look at Finn.

KAREN

You're Finn Conlon.

FINN

You're damn right I am. And if you play your cards right, I just might show you ladies a thing or two.

Karen swings her racquet, SMACKING Finn across the head and sending him to the ground.

FINN (CONT'D)

Jesus! What the hell was that for?

KAREN

Still the same sad sack Conlon. Always a one liner, but never a winner.

FINN

Do we know each other?

KAREN

New York - U.S. Open - 1976.

FINN

Wait. Were you the ball girl? And by that, I mean the girl who licked my balls.

KAREN

I won Wimbledon. Twice.

FINN

Twice, huh?

KAREN

You took me on a date to Studio 54  
and got in a fight with the bouncer  
before you ditched me to dry hump  
Grace Jones.

It dawns on him.

FINN

You're Karen Bennet! I can't  
believe it -- Bad Dog Bennet!

KAREN

(sharply)  
No one calls me that anymore.

FINN

You were a naughty little girl back  
in the day. You know it's too bad  
you didn't hang with me and Grace  
that night, cause she had this  
thing called the ménage a Jones--

KAREN

Well, this little reunion has been  
great. Now if you don't mind, the  
Miami Open starts this weekend and  
my student has a lot of practicing  
to do.

FINN

Oh, I've heard. I'm playing in it.  
Say, how 'bout we all get a drink?  
You, me, and your girl over there?

KAREN

Goodbye, Finn.

FINN

No three way, I swear.

Karen turns and walks away. Her incredibly perfect ass  
bounces back and forth. He whistles to himself--

FINN (CONT'D)

Ay, Mami!

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURTYARD - LATER

Finn sits back on a bench while Petey holds Finn's old Adidas  
sneakers in his lap and threads up new laces.

PETEY

Straight up snob, champ. Thinks she's out of your league just cuz she won Wimbledon twice. Ha. You're the one with a DeLorean dealership.

FINN

And, hell if she isn't calling the kettle black. She was a tiger, that one. I can't tell you how many times I tried to get her in the sack.

PETEY

Probably better you didn't. What I hear, she's got a lot of baggage.

Finn nods, knowingly--

FINN

Herpes?

PETEY

Worse.

FINN

AIDS?

PETEY

Lawsuit. Her dad was her coach and stole every last cent from her. She partied so much, she never noticed. Was all over the news. She finally sobered up and sued him, but by that time, he'd spent all the money.

FINN

Yeah? On what?

PETEY

Transvestite prostitutes.

FINN

Chicks with dicks, eh? They'll burn ya everytime.

Petey finishes the lacing.

PETEY

There you go champ. Ready for the court.

PETEY(cont'd)

Now, remember, Bill Cunty is still  
a tough competitor despite his age.  
Don't underestimate him.

FINN

Don't sweat it. Let's suit up.

Petey and Finn nod to each other.

PETEY

Just like old times.

CUE BLACK SABBATH'S "IRON-MAN":

A SERIES OF SHOTS IN SLOW-MOTION as Finn and Petey SUIT UP.

-ELASTIC STRAPS snap against Finn's flabby belly.

-Finn unzipping his case, pulling out his racquet.

-Petey tightening his ball boy belt.

-Petey holstering a can of fresh tennis balls.

-HEADBAND snaps against Petey's forehead.

-Finn and Petey WALK OUT ON COURT in SLOW MOTION GLORY!  
Their uniforms WAY TOO tight and completely out of fashion.  
They look ridiculous.

INT. PRESS BOX - DAY

PAT DRAWBRIDGE, an older silver haired, stately announcer in  
a network blazer sits next to a young, pooka shell necklace  
wearing, suntanned, toe-headed Australian, MICKEY NEWTON-  
JOHN. Big orange microphones sit in front of the two.

PAT (INTO THE MIC)

Hello folks and welcome to a  
special preliminary round of the  
1982 Miami Grass Court Open. I'm  
Pat Drawbridge and with me today is  
Australian hard court legend,  
Mickey Newton-John.

In a heavy, almost unintelligible Australian accent--

MICKEY (INTO THE MIC)

G'day Pat. I'm grilly like a donger-  
doo to be in Miami.

PAT (INTO THE MIC)  
 Donger-doos indeed, Mickey. Top  
 story of the tournament: Finn  
 Conlon, back after a seven year  
 hiatus.

MICKEY (INTO THE MIC)  
 He's gotta smash journeyman Bill  
 Cuntly to make it into the tourney.

PAT (INTO THE MIC)  
 And if he manages, the question on  
 everyone's mind is: does he have a  
 shot at a re-match with Chance  
 Motherwell?

MICKEY (INTO THE MIC)  
 Not a cat lunch in grundies, Pat.  
 Cuntly's tuned like Panzer.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - OUTER COURT - CONTINUOUS

A mid-sixties, red-haired, stockily built tank of man, BILL  
 CUNTY, stands holding a racquet like a battle axe.  
 Shirtless, a PACEMAKER protrudes from his hairy chest.

Finn stands across from him, a little freaked out.

FINN  
 You sure you're alright to play?

CUNTY  
 (thick Scottish accent)  
 I eat scrappers like you for  
 breakfast.

FINN  
 And I drink Scotch for breakfast,  
 so I guess that makes us even.

CUNTY  
 Victory or death, Conlon. Only one  
 of us walks away alive.

Finn shows his nerves.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-Balls whizz past Finn's racquet.

-Cuntly's mean, fiery eyes.

-Cunty smashing balls into Finn's body, punishing his existence.

PAT (O.S.)  
Conlon's storied good looks and strapping physicality have most certainly faded.

Finn screaming in frustration.

Finn throwing racquets.

MICKY (O.S.)  
But he's still got his wild dingo temper. Bananas, Pat. Wild bananas.

Finn is passed and pummelled even more.

Finn is hit one last time in the ass by Cunty's shot. Humiliating. Cunty laughs.

CUNTY  
Ya'er pathetic, Conlon.

Finn boils with anger. He picks up the tennis ball and launches it at Cunty, hitting him in shoulder. Cunty charges.

CUNTY (CONT'D)  
Ya want a piece of me, ya black Irish trash?

FINN  
Yeah, I want a piece of you!

CHAIR UMPIRE  
Penalty, Conlon. Unsportsmanlike behavior.

FINN  
Penalty! Penalty! You gotta be shitting me!

CHAIR UMPIRE  
I'm warning you, Mr. Conlon.

CUNTY  
Why don't ya just quit while ya'r behind.

FINN  
I'll quit when I'm goddamn ready, Cunty.

FINN(cont'd)

And after that, I'm gonna fly over to Scotland and shag your mom like an old Shetland pony.

CUNTY

Ya keep Maw outta this!

As Finn and Cuntty get in each other's faces on the court--

FINN

Should I bring in "y'ar good ol' sis?" Let's not forget your fifty-year old daughter. Get her in on the action.

Cuntty hyperventilates, apoplectic!

FINN (CONT'D)

Hell, I'm down for a cross-court Cuntty family fuckfest!

CHAIR UMPIRE

Mr. Conlon! Final warning!

Cuntty's face is boiling. He clutches his chest then -- down goes Cuntty, flat on the court, lifeless.

The crowd gasps in horror. COACH, DOCTOR and PARAMEDICS race to his body.

Finn stands amid the chaos, looking around.

PAT (O.S.)

Looks like it's Conlon by default!

UP IN THE STANDS

A late 50's Cuban man, TITO SANCHEZ, sits wearing a Groundskeeper uniform, shaking his head with disapproval.

INT. LOCKER-ROOM - DAY

Finn is fresh out of the shower, standing in front of a mirror, combing back his hair. He whistles happily until Tito Sanchez, appears behind him holding a watering can.

TITO

You gave in to your anger.

Finn turns around.

FINN

Huh?

TITO

Your anger cannot mask your fear. I can smell it. Your competitors will smell it too.

FINN

That's Old Spice and victory you're sniffing. Because if I'm not mistaken, I won today.

TITO

What you did today was not winning.

Finn glares at him, angry but defensive. Tito's right.

PETEY (O.S.)

Finn! Champ!

Petey merrily walks in to see Finn and Tito staring each other down. Tito turns and walks away.

Petey cocks his head -- he recognizes the man.

PETEY (CONT'D)

You know who that was?

FINN

Another critic.

PETEY

That's Tito Sanchez.

FINN

Who?

PETEY

One of the greatest, Finn. Went to the French Open finals six times. Practically invented the top spin forehand.

FINN

Never heard of him.

PETEY

That's because he choked every finals match. Couldn't take the pressure at the top.

FINN

Pussy. What does he know about the Great Conlon? I'm gonna sweep this tournament!

PETEY

That's the spirit. So, you ready to check out the competition?

INT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - PLAYERS LOUNGE

The room is old school, wood-paneled with trophies, photos and tennis memorabilia. It buzzes with activity -- PLAYERS, COACHES, HANGERS-ON and above all, SPONSORS.

PETEY

This is the competition, Champ.

They survey the busy room's business-like atmosphere.

Sponsor LOGOS cover the player's shirts, hats and bags -- MAXELL, REDKEN, VANTAGE, QUASAR, RON RICO, FUJI, CASIO, PERRIER -- big brands of the early 80's.

FINN

Look at them. They're not players, they're goddamn walking billboards.

PETEY

Times have changed, champ. Tennis is big business now.

FINN

Back in the day, this lounge was filled with horny players, short skirts and enough rum to drown the Vienna Boys Choir. Now look at it. It's like a goddamn insurance convention. Who are these people?

Petey pulls out a stack of DOSSIERS, opening one up.

PETEY

I got the low-down from the other ball boys. Over there-

Petey points to a lanky, brooding German, GRIGORI STENDL. Next to him is STRANNICK, a wiry grey haired scientist in a white lab coat, attaching an electronic pulse machine to Stendl's arm.

PETEY (CONT'D)

That's Grigori Stendl -- precise, deadly, German -- a triumph of modern sports medicine. People say his coach conducted experiments for the Nazis.

Petey next points to a tiny Asian kid, WANG XIANG, in an abnormally limber back bend, head between his legs.

PETEY (CONT'D)

That's Wang Xiang. His parents were Taiwanese acrobats. Won the Pacific Rim Ping Pong Nationals when he was ten and decided to take up tennis. Fast as lightning.

An early 30's player, JOHNNY SIMMONS, with a child-like chili bowl haircut sits at a table and is spoon-fed oatmeal by his leathery mother, DENISE SIMMONS.

PETEY (CONT'D)

And of course, you know Johnny Simmons. And his mother.

Johnny swallows his oatmeal and his mother Denise rewards him with a long kiss on the mouth, more sexual than motherly.

FINN

You believe the rumors?

PETEY

Even if he doesn't sleep with his mom, something's very wrong with that guy.

Denise affectionately runs her hands through his hair.

FINN

So wrong it's right.

AHHHH! A girl screams wildly.

FINN (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

The crowd parts to reveal a young, spikey-haired player, LAMBO CASIRAGHI, in hot pink shorts and checker board bandana, vamping for the cameras. Next to him is Irina, the Russian girl Finn saw Karen coaching. She hangs all over him.

PETEY

Lambo Casiraghi.

FINN

Sounds like an Italian sportscar.

PETEY

They call him the 'zero to sixty' kid.

PETEY(cont'd)

Highest paid player in terms of endorsement deals and he's never even won a major. Toyota, Penzoil, Firestone. The kid is white hot right now.

FINN

Looks like a pubescent rooster.

PETEY

A pubescent millionaire rooster.

FINN

The world is a mystery, Petey.

VOICE (O.S.)

What's a mystery is how your tired bag of bones swindled its way into this tournament.

Finn turns and facing him is CHANCE MOTHERWELL, a mid 20's, strapping, elegant, healthy, handsome player dressed in crisp whites plastered with logos. He looks smugly at Finn.

FINN

Motherwell.

CHANCE

Conlon. Heard about your victory on court three. If you call giving a man a heart-attack a victory.

FINN

From that smug grin on your face, it looks like you haven't taken a shit in ten years.

Chance chuckles to himself--

CHANCE

Sarcastic as usual. It's nice to know that some things never change.

FINN

Like the shriveled little prune you call your penis?

CHANCE

Like the fact that I'm number one and you, you're still, oh, how should I put this -- a loser.

Finn explodes, flailing punches at Chance. Petey's pulling with all his might. Other PLAYERS intercede to break it up.

Finally, Chance and Finn are distanced, but still scowl at each other.

PETEY

Come on, guys. Where's the sportsmanship!

CHANCE

Finn lost it in Lisbon!

FINN

I'm not through with you, Motherwell!

CHANCE

That's funny because I was done with you a long time ago.

Chance turns and confidently struts away. Finn turns and beelines it for the bar. Petey trails after him--

PETEY

What was that about? You've got to control yourself.

Finn flags down a BARTENDER--

FINN

(to the Bartender)

Schnapps on the rocks. Make it a double.

PETEY

Finn, don't do this. You need training not Rumpel Minze!

FINN

I just need to take the edge off!

Finn downs the schnapps in one giant, disgusting gulp.

FINN (CONT'D)

Bartender! Uno mas!

Finn downs the next shot with angry fervor. He slams down the glass against the bar.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - PRACTICE COURT - DAY

Karen's next to a bucket of balls, feeding them to Irina on the other side of the court. Irina keeps hitting them out, in the net, off the racquet. She's frustrated. Karen stops.

KAREN (CONT'D)

What's the problem? You've been off all morning. Are you fighting with Lambo?

IRINA

(Russian accent)

Everything fine with Lambo. He has body of man and mind of child. I only use him for making sexy.

Irina heads off court to the water fountain. Karen follows.

KAREN

Okay. So that's not it.

IRINA

This morning I receive call from Immigration. They tell me I go back to Russia without visa. Karen, I cannot be returning behind iron curtain!

KAREN

Look, everything is fine. It's just taking a little longer than I imagined to get sponsorship for the Juniors Association. You're not being sent back.

IRINA

If you say this is true, then I believe.

Irina spots Finn who lies passed out in a flower bed, mouth open, legs spread, drool dripping from his mouth.

IRINA

Drunk man remind me of Russia.

KAREN

Reminds me of dad. C'mon, let's go work on that backhand.

We stay with Finn as Karen and Irina go back to the court.

Suddenly-- A STREAM OF WATER sprays Finn, awakening the sleeping drunk like an angry bear.

FINN

Ahhh! Fucking Christ.

Finn looks up and it's Detective Delancey holding the hose with Pooh standing next to him. TJ is there as always, taking notes.

DELANCEY  
Wakey wakey, sleeping beauty.

FINN  
Tell me this is a bad dream.

POOH  
Just a nasty hangover, mon.

Finn struggles to his feet.

DELANCEY  
We want Lopez. Served on a platter  
of justice.

POOH  
With a side of revenge.

Pooh looks over at TJ, hopeful. He shakes his head "no".

TJ  
Feels cliché.

POOH  
C'mon! I'm giving you gold here!

FINN  
Look, I told you. Lopez is just an  
investor. I don't have anything on  
him.

DELANCEY  
Just an investor? I've got an  
undercover cop missing. He was deep  
with Lopez, about to make a career  
bust. He was supposed to check in  
but the call never came.

FINN  
That has nothing to do with me!

DELANCEY  
If we can put a murder rap on him,  
he's going away for life. We want  
you to wear a wire. You can get  
close to Lopez. He trusts you.

POOH

If you help us put Lopez away, he can't get to you.

FINN

And if he finds out that I'm working with you yahoos, he'll give me a haircut with a chainsaw. I've got my plan, thank you very much.

DELANCEY

Yeah, what's that? Drink yourself to death before he kills you?

FINN

I'm going to win the Miami Open.

Silence. Pooch and Delancey look at each other. Then, they crack up with mocking laughter. BELLY LAUGHS. Finn glares--

POOH

Oh, dat's good, mon. Seriously, what's da plan?

FINN

I am serious. I'm gonna win the prize money and pay Lopez.

DELANCEY

But you're a wash-out, Conlon.

FINN

I was the number twelve player in nineteen-seventy four!

DELANCEY

Exacta mundo, pally. You can't beat Motherwell! The man is poetry personified. When I see Chance's graceful body move cross court, laying waste to his opponents with strokes so beautiful they should be called works of art, well, I get a little excited, if you know what I mean.

TJ

What do you mean?

DELANCY

I'm just, you know, he's a good player. Don't write any of that down!

FINN

Fuck Chance Motherwell! Fuck you guys. Fuck this Hollywood twerp taking notes. And fuck wearing a wire. All I need is a little training.

Delancey and Pooh watch Finn stomp off like an angry child.

POOH

You'll be back, mon!

DELANCEY

Conlon! One way or another you're ours!

INT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A dark wood panelled, old school office. Chance hovers over a BILLIARDS TABLE, CRACKS a ball in the pocket.

DIRECTOR

You got a way with the balls, son.

Standing next to Chance with a pool cue in hand is a mid 50's cigar-chomping man in a western suit. He's a sweatier, sketchier version of JR Ewing. Meet THE DIRECTOR.

CHANCE

And as the Director of Miami Open, I'm assuming you have a way with bringing me my sponsorship money for the Junior Tennis Association.

DIRECTOR

Straight to business. I like that. Just so happens I got a call from Dirk Saunders over at Baby Girl Cigarettes. Get this: they're ready to pony up three hundred grand. With our twenty percent brokering fee, and the finders fee our cut comes out to a cool hundred and twenty K! At sixty-thousand bucks a piece, that's honey on a hand grenade!

Chance hammers another ball in the pocket and looks up.

CHANCE

Not a bad start.

DIRECTOR

What I'm worried about is your little fiancee.

CHANCE

I'll take care of Karen.

DIRECTOR

You better. She's Chairman of the Juniors Association and that means we need her vote to push this sponsorship deal through. So far, she's turned down good money from Jack Daniels and Penthouse magazine just cuz they don't give junior tennis a positive image. The hell they don't! This could be our last offer! We don't get her on board this time we might never make a dime off those little brats.

Chance gently sinks another ball, running the table.

CHANCE

It's all about finesse. If the Juniors Association doesn't have money in the bank, all those poor little foreign children lose their visas and sweet Irina's on a one way flight back to Mother Russia. So, this morning I placed a little anonymous call to Immigration, merely as a concerned citizen. As soon as Karen realizes that her little players face deportation, she'll agree to anything.

DIRECTOR

Chancey, you're a devious sumbitch!

CHANCE

I prefer to think of myself as resourceful.

Chance lowers himself over the table, lining up.

DIRECTOR

Now, you're sure Karen doesn't know anything about our brokering fees? If she found out that her fiance was skimming from the kiddies, well-

CHANCE

As far as she knows, Chance  
Motherwell just wants to help the  
children.

CRACK! Chance fires the cue ball drilling the 8 in the hole.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURTS - LATER

A BALL MACHINE spits balls over the net to Finn who tries in  
vain to return them. PING, off the racquet. POP, in the net.  
He looks horrible out here -- heaving, barely making contact.

Angry, he smashes one of the balls and it sails off, over the  
net, hitting the ball machine. Gears grind. Something's  
loose. The balls continue out but quicker and faster.

Finn flails, trying to hit them, but they're coming too fast.

SMACK! Finn takes a ball to the head. POW! To the chest. He's  
under attack! They keep coming, pummelling his body. He can't  
get away. Finn charges the machine like a soldier up Iwo  
Jima, dodging, dancing BUT IT'S RAINING BALLS!

BAM! BAM! BAM! He's down! The motor cuts. He looks out. Is  
it safe yet?

VOICE (O.S.)

Finn!

Finn sees Petey standing over the Ball Machine, having pulled  
the plug. Finn gets up and walks to an ice chest on the side.

FINN

Thanks, Petey. Just... doing a  
little training.

Finn cracks a Coors tallboy and shotguns it down.

PETEY

Looking great out there, champ.  
Just like old times.

Finn burps, crushes the can and throws it on the ground. The  
can lands near a pair of dusty work boots. Finn's eyes follow  
the boots up to the legs, chest and face of Tito Sanchez, the  
gardener from the locker room.

FINN

What the fuck are you doing here?

PETEY

Meet your new coach. Tito Sanchez.

FINN

No thanks. I need to work on my backhand, not my pruning.

TITO

Maybe Finn is right. A court is only useful with players, just as a player is only useful with heart.

Tito hands over a set of keys to Petey and walks off.

PETEY

I'm sorry to be the one to tell you this, but you're not looking so good out there.

FINN

What are you talking about? I won out there today.

PETEY

Not all of your opponents are going to have pulmonary heart conditions.

FINN

You don't know that.

PETEY

Angel Lopez is going to kill you if you don't win this tournament! Chainsaws, Finn. Chainsaws!

Finn contemplates this. Then--

FINN

Fine. Alright. I'll do it.

PETEY

Now we're talkin'! So, go and apologize to him. He's sensitive. And give him these.

Petey hands Finn a set of car keys.

FINN

The keys to a DeLorean?

PETEY

Good coaches aren't like ball boys, Finn. They work for money. Now, go!

EXT. GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

An out of breath, Finn catches up with Tito, who now waters the plants.

FINN

Hey! Chico! Wait up! Look, I'm sorry.

TITO

It's Tito. My name is Tito.

FINN

Yeah, I meant to say Tito. So, listen. I would like-- I'd like it if--

(struggles)

I would like you to be my coach. Please.

Tito turns his head and looks at him. STARES.

FINN (CONT'D)

What do you want me to do, get down on my knees and blow you? I said I was sorry. Fuck.

TITO

Keys.

Finn hands him the keys.

TITO (CONT'D)

If I agree to this, you must follow all my instructions.

FINN

Alright, where do we start? Volleys? Serve?

Tito places his hand over his heart.

TITO

We begin with the heart.

FINN

Fuck. I hate cardio.

INT. GREENHOUSE - LATER

Tito lights a SAGE STICK, waving the smoke like a Shaman and slowly circling around Finn who sits cross-legged on top of stacked fertilizer bags, eyes closed. Petey watches from the corner.

TITO

Anger is the enemy. Anger comes from within. Anger is one's anger with one's self. In order to conquer your anger, you must conquer your fear. Breathe deeply and go inside yourself.

FINN

This is gay.

TITO

Breathe.

Finn inhales, holds it, then exhales.

TITO (CONT'D)

What is your fear, Finn? What are you running from?

FINN

Uh, let's see here. Well, my uncle Carl touched my butt-hole when I was twelve. And I never learned to read. Then, of course, premature ejaculation. That's a doozy.

Tito whacks Finn across the back with a switch.

FINN (CONT'D)

Ow!!

TITO

Focus, Finn. Clear your mind. Now I want you to think of a tennis court. And around that tennis court, there is a crowd. Do you know where you are, Finn?

FINN

On a tennis court?

TITO

You're back in Lisbon, seven years ago. You're losing.

Finn opens his eyes and un-crosses his legs, angry.

FINN

Why'd you have to go and bring up  
Lisbon, Tito? You shut your mouth  
about Lisbon!

TITO

Or what? Are you going to chop down  
another umpire's chair with your  
racquet?

FINN

It's called bird dogging. How else  
was I going to get that ump down? I  
need to work on the tennis, Tito,  
not psychotherapy!

TITO

But you're back to fighting,  
screaming, threatening.

(pauses)

Do you know what love means in  
tennis?

FINN

It's zero. Fifteen, thirty, forty,  
game.

TITO

Love is where tennis begins. A  
true champion does not play for  
money or glory. He plays for the  
love of the game. And that's what  
you lack, Finn. Love.

FINN

Don't tell me that a Deuce is when  
you pinch a loaf in your  
girlfriend's purse because I knew  
that already.

TITO

You know nothing.

FINN

This, coming from a six time loser.  
A choker.

TITO

I did not choke.

FINN

Tell that to the history books,  
Tito. Facts are facts.

TITO

Let me tell you the facts, Finn.

(pauses)

I grew up in Havana. Very poor. My  
tennis took me out of poverty and  
gave me success but I left behind a  
love -- Rosalia. When Castro took  
over Cuba, things were not very  
good for Rosalia. I knew a man in  
Miami with powerful connections in  
Cuba, powerful enough to take  
Rosalia away from the misery there.  
His name was Don Fratello Gambotti.

PETEY

The mobster?

TITO

He agreed to get Rosalia out of the  
country if I agreed to throw a  
match. So, I did.

FINN

And Rosalia came to meet you in the  
States. Okay, I get it--

TITO

No. Rosalia had gone to El  
Salvador. And shortly after there  
was a military junta that  
imprisoned the country. I had to  
throw another match to take  
Rosalia away, this time to Panama.

FINN

Let me guess--

TITO

Rosalia became caught in the  
changing political winds.

FINN

And you threw another match?

TITO

To finally get her to Chile.

FINN

Don't cry for me General Pinochet.

TITO

But after all my cheating, I didn't feel worthy of her. Ashamed because my life had become a lie.

PETEY

Wow. Gambotti must have made some nice coin betting on those matches.

TITO

And it cost me my soul. So play with love Finn. Play with love.

FINN

"Play with love" "Conquer your fear" "take a shit in my girlfriend's purse". You sound ridiculous! I'm going back to the ball machine.

Finn storms out of the greenhouse. Petey looks over at Tito.

PETEY

He doesn't have a chance in hell of winning does he?

TITO

Doesn't look good.

INT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

Chance and Karen sit on a couch in the waiting room outside an office. A SECRETARY types away at a desk next to them.

CHANCE

Come on now, darling. You're the Chairman of the Juniors Association and you owe it to the children to keep an open mind.

KAREN

But tennis and cigarettes?

Through the door bursts the Director and trailing him is DIRK SAUNDERS, an early 30's, greasy man in a business suit, puffing on a cigarette. Everything about him -- teeth, hands, skin -- is nicotine stained.

DIRECTOR

Chancey boy!

They shake hands.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 Karen. Chance. This here is Dirk  
 Saunders with Baby Girl Cigarettes.  
 With a few bucks from his company,  
 we'll be high on the hog in no  
 time. Ain't that right, Dirk?

Dirk exhales a huge cloud of smoke and extends his hand.

DIRK  
 Let's get smokin'!

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Dark paneling, leather club chairs and CLOUDS OF SMOKE fill the office. Chance, Dirk and the Director all puff away.

Dirk is flanked by cardboard posters of pie charts, graphs and other presentational Baby Girl materials.

DIRK  
 --And to show our dedication to the  
 youth of tomorrow, Baby Girl  
 Cigarettes will pledge three-  
 hundred thousand dollars to the  
 Juniors program. In exchange for  
 this donation, Baby Girl merely  
 requests the exclusive right to  
 adorn all Junior Tour apparel with  
 our trademarked slogan.

On the other side of the conference table, Chance and the Director nod with enthusiasm. Karen sits beside them, stern. She reads the banner hanging behind Dirk--

KAREN  
 "Smoke a Baby and you're smokin'  
 fresh"?

DIRK  
 Catchy, isn't it?

DIRECTOR  
 You've made me a believer, Dirk.  
 Praise Jesus.

KAREN  
 Am... I the only one that thinks  
 this raises some ethical questions?

DIRK

Look, this isn't about telling the children about the low-tar advantages of Baby Girl brand Cigarettes. It's not even about our new line of smooth and delicious peach-flavored slims. This is about the kids. Pure and simple.

Karen stands. She's heard enough.

KAREN

I'm sorry, but I can't sacrifice the dignity of this Junior Association for a few dollars.

Dirk and the Director roll their eyes. Chance heads Karen off at the door, pulls her aside, WHISPERS --

CHANCE

Karen, come on. How are we going to support these kids without any money? The children don't care about where the money comes from. All they want is to play tennis. Help the children play tennis.

Karen is torn. She looks into Chance's eyes, so sincere.

KAREN

It isn't right.

CHANCE

Think of Irina. If we don't get the money for the Juniors, she's back in Moscow. Where there isn't any tennis. Or God. Do you really want that for her?

Karen thinks hard again. Chance takes a beat, sincere:

CHANCE (CONT'D)

Trust me.

She buckles for his puppy dog eyes.

KAREN

Alright. Fine.

(then, to Dirk)

But don't try and peddle cigarettes to these kids.

DIRK  
Not until they're eighteen.

Karen heads out. Chance turns to Dirk, a grin on his face.

CHANCE  
Game, set, match.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURT 1 - DAY

MATCH PLAY: Chance pounds back and forth with a lanky Swedish player, NILS JOHAANSEN. The rally reaches a fever pitch as Chance charges the net and puts away an amazing volley. The crowd CHEERS.

Finn hobbles up beside the stands, bag of ice strapped to his back and sipping a Coors TALLBOY. He scans the crowd and sees Karen in the second row, watching the match intently.

FINN  
(to himself)  
Ooh, hello there.

Finn moves through the stands, forcing a seat next to an annoyed COUPLE. Karen pretends not to notice.

FINN (CONT'D)  
Hey, foxy.

Karen stays focused on the match.

FINN (CONT'D)  
I was thinking, since you're in town, I'm in town, we should get together for a cocktail. Or coffee. Or cocktail before bed, coffee the next morning.

Eyes still on the match, Karen raises her hand, displaying her diamond engagement RING.

KAREN  
I'm engaged.

FINN  
Bad Dog Bennet engaged? To who?

Karen's finger points down towards the court as the Umpire announces "Game, Motherwell."

FINN (CONT'D)

To the umpire? He's like sixty-five years old. Don't tell me you're into gerontophilia -- old dusty balls, withered pasty--

Karen turns, annoyed.

KAREN

Chance. I'm engaged to Chance Motherwell.

FINN

What?! Bad Dog, you gotta be-

KAREN

Will you STOP calling me Bad Dog. I'm not that person anymore.

FINN

Fine, Karen. But Chance Motherwell? You're a summer breeze and he's a stiff fart in the wind. Never gonna work. Mark my words.

KAREN

As opposed to you?

FINN

Uh, yeah. What's wrong with me?

KAREN

You're reckless, bloated, womanizing, impatient, temperamental, untrustworthy--

FINN

I mean, besides the obvious.

KAREN

You're like a child, Finn. Throwing tantrums when you don't have your way.

FINN

I haven't had my way with you and I'm not throwing a tantrum.

KAREN

Do you take anything seriously?

FINN

For your information, I'm serious about this tournament. And after I shred through three more opponents, your fiancée is gonna be caught in Finn Conlon's crosshairs; provided he pulls this one out.

ON THE COURT: Chance smashes a monster serve, acing Nils. The crowd cheers. Finn grimaces.

UMPIRE (O.S.)

Game, set, match, Motherwell.

The crowd stands and cheers as Chance waves in victory.

KAREN

You'd better have some strong ammo, shooter.

Finn looks over and sees Nils Johansen, bawling into his hands. Chance has just destroyed Nils. This could be Finn.

EXT. LOPEZ MANSION - STUDY - DAY

BANKS OF TELEVISIONS broadcast all kinds of sporting events -- HORSE RACING, JAI LAI, BASEBALL, SOCCER.

Five super-hot WOMEN are dressed in tights and leg warmers, following a Jane Fonda Workout video on a separate big screen TV. Angel watches from a throne-like gold chair, snorting cocaine and wearing only his leopard print underwear.

ANGEL

And one!  
(snort)  
And two!  
(snort)  
And three!

The door opens and Paco escorts Petey in. Petey sweats and twitches from fear -- he knows what he's dealing with.

PETEY

Uh, hello, Mr. Lopez.

ANGEL

Meester Charms. Call me Angel, like one of Jesus' flying babies.  
(snort!)  
Where ees your master, Finn Conlon?  
Did he send you with my monies?

PETEY

Finn's playing in the Miami Open. He's going to win the tournament and use the prize money to pay you back.

Angel breaks out into hysterical laughter.

ANGEL

That ees so stupid. I love it!

PETEY

Look... I-- I know that if he doesn't win the tournament, he doesn't get the money. And if he doesn't get the money--

ANGEL

BANG! I blow his brains out.

PETEY

Yeah, um. Well, I think I found a way where that won't be necessary.

ANGEL

Leestening...

PETEY

Well, I thought that you could go to Finn's opponents and you know, make sure they don't win.

ANGEL

And how would I do that?

PETEY

Men like you have ways.

ANGEL

Men like me. And what would a man like me have to gain?

Petey points to the banks of TVs -- horse racing, football.

PETEY

I checked the odds around town. It's a 80 to 1 Finn makes it to the next round. 1000 to 1 that he makes it to the finals. You bet on a long shot like Finn, and you stand to make a lot of money. Finn gets the dealership back. Everybody saves face. Win win.

ANGEL

Petey Charms, you impress me! I thought you were retarded.

PETEY

I'm not retarded. Just a ball boy.

ANGEL

Well, I like it. I do it! We will have so much fun, you, me and Finn!

PETEY

About that -- I think it's best that just you and me know about this. No need for Finn to be involved.

ANGEL

Suits for yourselves.

PETEY

Thank you, Angel. I appreciate it.

ANGEL

Adios!

Petey walks out. Paco looks on at Angel.

PACO

Boss, how are we going to make sure el Conlon wins?

Angel pulls his pistol and BANG! shoots out one of the televisions, sparks flying everywhere. The girls in work-out gear cower and SQUEAL!

ANGEL

Persuasion.

TOURNAMENT MONTAGE:

MUSIC UP: "What a Fool Believes" by The Doobie Brothers

DRAW: A huge tournament board displays 80 names matched up on the edges with blank spaces moving inward to the finals.

INT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - PRESS BOX (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Pat Drawbridge and Mickey Newton John sit in front of their orange microphones--

PAT  
 We're off and running as the Miami  
 Open gets under way. Pain,  
 pleasure, sweat, and tears -- like  
 lovers in the bedroom, these modern  
 gladiators have come to play hard.  
 Many will grasp for glory, but only  
 one will be crowned champion.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURTS (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Flash serving between: Lambo, Chance, Simmons, and Irina.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURTS (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Finn digs down for his first serve. A deep breath.  
 Concentration. WHAM!

INT. HOTEL FOUNTAINBLEAU - BAR - NIGHT (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Grigori sits at the bar, while the bartender fixes him a  
 smoothie. Two of Lopez's Girls saddle up next to him and  
 shoot bedroom eyes. It's on.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURTS (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

PAT (O.S.)  
 The zero to sixty kid is burning  
 rubber.

Lambo hits an overhead smash at his opponent. The crowd BOOS.

DRAW: Lambo advances

INT. HOTEL FOUNTAINBLEAU - GRIGORI'S ROOM

The girls are half naked, tearing off Grigori's clothes and  
 mounting him on the bed. One girl pulls out a riding crop and  
 cracks him on the ass to his delight. The other whips out  
 handcuffs. Grigori smiles -- he's done this before.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURTS (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Chance hits an incredible drop shot. He's in the zone.

INT. PLAYERS LOUNGE (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

REPORTERS surround Chance, microphones in his face.

REPORTER 1  
Chance, do you think you'll meet  
Conlon in a rematch?

CHANCE  
You might find monkeys in space but  
not in professional tennis.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURTS (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

SCOREBOARD: Finn Conlon vs. Grigori Stendl

At courtside, Finn stands in front of the Chair Umpire,  
tapping his watch. Grigori is a no-show, because he is--

INT. HOTEL FOUNTAINBLEAU - GRIGORI'S ROOM

--handcuffed, gagged and tied to the bed. The girls blow  
kisses and walk out the door as he struggles to get free.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURTS (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Finn taps his watch again, cocks his head. Umpire nods.

CHAIR UMPIRE  
Match Conlon.

Conlon pumps his fist. The crowd sighs.

INT. PLAYERS LOUNGE - DAY - (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

This time Finn is surrounded by Reporters.

FINN  
Chance Motherwell, I'm coming for  
you!

INT. GREENHOUSE (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Tito trims a bonsai tree. Gazes at a faded PHOTO of a young  
Tito and a pretty GIRL -- ROSALIA.

INT. FOUNTAINBLEAU HOTEL - KAREN'S ROOM (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Karen tears the wrapping paper off a present revealing the Grace Jones' Album, "Living My Life" with a handwritten note: "Can't wait to meet you! Finn says you're hot - XO GRACE"

Karen scowls. Throws the album in the trash.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURTS (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Johnny Simmons and Finn warm up. Denise Simmons sits courtside, mixing up pudding for Johnny. She gets up for a moment while Paco and Pinto pour Ex-Lax into his pudding.

Denise fetches the pudding and runs over to spoon feed Johnny.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURTS (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Johnny Simmons winds up for a serve and SQUIRT! poops his shorts as he hits the ball.

Finn returns strong and Simmons chasing after, trying run with a load in his shorts. He misses the ball. Simmons looks around embarrassed, scared.

JOHNNY  
MOMMY!!!

INT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURTS (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Johnny Simmons is draped over Denise's lap as she fastens his diaper. She shoos him off into the court, wearing a diaper instead of shorts. The crowd laughs, points. He's horrified.

Finn winds up and ACES the shell-shocked Simmons.

DRAW: Finn advances

PAT (O.S.)  
It's bedtime for baby Simmons. Next time, he'd better make poopy off-court.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURTS (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Chance hits a miraculous backhand to win a match.

MICKEY (O.S.)  
Wankers and white pointers!

DRAW: Chance advances

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURTS (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Lambo is racing across the court, jumps into the air and hits an almost inhuman cross-court forehand. He lands, pumps his fist and mugs for the cameras.

EXT. MIAMI SKY SCRAPER (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Paco's hair is blowing in the wind -- he's holding Wang by the ankles out of a ten-story building. Wang chuckles like a little kid.

Paco lets Wang fall from the window -- who pikes, hands to toes, grabs the fire escape, whips up and lands on his feet -- safe.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURTS (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Wang is dominating Finn on the court -- leaping and smashing.

INT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - LOCKER ROOM (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Paco and Pinto unwrap a sheet of BLOTTER LSD and wrap it into Wang's China RED HEADBAND. Paco holds it up to Pinto--

PACO  
L-S-D! Make him go loco!

AROUND THE CORNER is Tito who is watching this unfold. His suspicion is visibly aroused.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURTS (TOURNAMENT SEQUENCE)

Scoreboard: 6-0, 5-0 -- Wang. Finn looks scared, AS--

Wang adjusts the SAME RED HEADBAND now atop his head. Sweat pours down his forehead. He blinks his eyes wildly.

He holds up his tennis ball, licks the fuzz.

LATER. Wang is stripped down to his jock strap and softly, sensually dry humping referee's chair.

LATER. Wang is tangled in the net, moaning softly, body limp. A ball speeds past him.

UMPIRE  
Game, set, match. Conlon.

DRAW: Finn advances into a slot next to Lambo, his next opponent.

END MONTAGE.

PAT (O.S.)  
Finn's just one opponent away from  
a head to head with Motherwell.  
Will these two Adonises meet on the  
courts one more time, or will the  
zero to sixty kid give him a solid  
rear ending?

ON TITO

Finn comes over to high-five the coach. Tito does so, but does not share his student's enthusiasm. Finn hugs Petey.

PETEY  
You did it, Champ!

Tito furrows his eyebrow -- glaring at Petey.

Finn exits victorious.

Tito quickly walks up to Petey and yanks his arm.

TITO  
I saw some men in Wang's locker  
room poisoning him. You need to  
tell me the truth right now. Have  
you been sabotaging Finn's matches?

PETEY  
What? You don't think that Finn is  
good enough to win his own matches?

TITO  
No.

PETEY  
Yeah, me neither. I asked Angel  
Lopez to help out. He makes a few  
bets. Pulls in some coin. It's win  
win.

TITO

Do you have any idea what you've done?

PETEY

But Tito, I've never seen him so-- alive. Please don't tell him!

TITO

Living a lie is not living.

Tito spins, huffs away. Petey watches him go, worried.

INT. PLAYERS LOUNGE - LATER

Chance stands up at the podium, addressing a mass of reporters. Next to him, Dirk holds an OVERSIZED CHECK for \$300,000.

CHANCE (INTO THE MIC)

Give tennis to the children and you give water to the seed. I remember when I was just a little boy with nothing but a country club membership and a dream. I had every opportunity, and now it's my opportunity to GIVE opportunity.

Chance waves over Irina and Karen.

CHANCE

Irina? Come here, please.  
(to the reporters)  
I'd like you to meet Irina Vladisava.

IRINA (INTO THE MIC)

If not for Junior association I would be back in USSR, prostitute for politurbo.

CHANCE (INTO THE MIC)

And thanks to Baby girl Cigarettes, she can now unpack her bags and get her head back in the game!

Karen hides her disdain. Reporters' attention begins turning to commotion in the back of the room.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Hey! Finn Conlon's buying drinks for everyone!

Reporters STAMPEDE away from Chance, into the back room.

CHANCE  
 (yelling)  
 Excuse me! We're about to give away  
 money to the children!

A frustrated Chance looks at Karen who's angry as well.

KAREN  
 I'll take care of this.

AT THE BAR:

Finn is surrounded by Reporters, glasses of WHISKEY raised.

FINN  
 I'd like to toast all the non  
 believers, all the nay sayers, all  
 the PENCIL DICKS who didn't think  
 Finn Conlon still had his hustle.  
 Who thought Finn Conlon was washed  
 out and wouldn't make it past the  
 first round. To all those a-holes:  
 up yours! Finn Conlon's in the  
 semifinals, baby!

REPORTER  
 To the semifinals!

CHEERS abound. Everyone downs their booze.

FINN  
 Bartender! Another round for my  
 friends!

More cheers as Finn is swiftly PULLED into the corner. Before  
 he knows it, Karen is in his face.

KAREN  
 Chance and I were about to announce  
 the Junior sponsorship. We need  
 the press out there, not in here  
 getting drunk.

FINN  
 Aw. Did I steal Chance's thunder?  
 Again?

KAREN  
 Do you know how important this is  
 to Junior Tennis?

KAREN(cont'd)

Do you know what this means to Irina and the other foreign players? They depend on me! But you wouldn't know how that feels because you only care about yourself.

FINN

Hey, I have my charity work. Fuck, I love my charity work. I just don't flaunt it like Chance. Hell, I could raise that money without breaking a sweat.

KAREN

I'll bet.

FINN

Alright then. Let's make it a wager. If I raise money for the Juniors Association, you have to go out on a date with me.

KAREN

If it means you'll shut up long enough for me and Chance to make our announcement, then I'll bet my Wimbledon trophy.

FINN

The date's all I want.

KAREN

Fine, whatever.

FINN

You underestimate me, Karen.

Karen walks off just as Tito arrives, in a huff--

TITO

Finn! There's something I need to tell you --

FINN

Me too, Teets! I'm on a roll! Winning matches and slaying snatches.

Finn points to Karen finally delivering the press conference.

FINN

This tournament has given me new confidence, Tito. I feel -- great!

FINN(cont'd)

Better than I have in years!  
You're right! Tennis is love! A  
big pile of fuckin' love!

TITO

Finn, you must know--

FINN

Oh, I know, Tito.

TITO

You do?

FINN

I didn't do this on my own. You  
coached me. You know, I thought  
that your fortune cookie ninja  
philosophy was a bunch of bullshit,  
but hell, it worked! Thank you,  
Tito. From the bottom of my heart.

This hits an emotional nerve. Tears roll down Finn's cheeks.

FINN (CONT'D)

I'm crying, aren't I?

TITO

A little.

FINN

A little's a lot for me.

TITO

It's been an honor to coach you.

Finn clears his throat, catching himself--

FINN

What was it you needed to tell me?

TITO

Nothing, Finn. Nothing important.

INT. HOTEL FOUNTAINBLEAU - LOBBY - LATER

Karen strides through the lobby, heading toward the  
elevators.

VOICE (O.S.)

Miss Bennet. Miss Bennet.

Karen turns and as a BELLHOP catches her and hands her a  
stack of letters.

BELLHOP

Your mail, Miss Bennet.

KAREN

Thanks, Charles.

She hands him a tip and he leaves. Sifting through the mail, she comes to a pink FLYER reading "CONLON'S KIDS FUND RAISER: An evening of charity for the children."

Karen cracks a smile and continues to sift through the mail until she stops at an envelope addressed to Chance, emblazoned with a Baby Girl Cigarettes logo.

INT. HOTEL FOUNTAINBLEU - PENTHOUSE SUITE - LATER

Chance lounges on the couch, dressed in warm-ups and watching "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous" on TV. Karen steps in front of the TV, hands on her hips.

KAREN

Are you taking money from the Junior program?

CHANCE

What? No. You're blocking the TV. Move over. They're about to show Michael Jackson's new pleasure ranch.

She throws the Baby Girl letter into his lap, already opened. Chance pulls out a check from the envelope.

KAREN

You're stealing money from kids and putting it straight into your pocket!

CHANCE

Darling, tennis is a business. These are standard processing fees that go along with donations. I'm in it to earn money.

KAREN

Off children?

CHANCE

Off playing, off promotion, and yes, off sponsors that give money. I'm not your father, Karen. I'm not exploiting anyone.

KAREN

Why did I think that I could trust you? When people whispered about how much of a 'stuck up prick' Chance Motherwell is, I told myself that they were just jealous -- that they didn't know Chance Motherwell like I did. Well, I'm done playing the fool. I'm taking back my vote on the Baby Girl deal.

CHANCE

What about Irina? Are going to send her back to prostitution and godlessness? You don't have a choice!

KAREN

I have plenty of choices and you're not one of them. Sorry baby, but that check's gonna bounce.

Karen pulls off her engagement ring and throws it at him.

CHANCE

Karen! Karen get back here!

CLUNK! The door slams shut.

INT. BABY BARNACLES - DAY

We're back in Finn's favorite strip club. Petey sits with Tawny the stripper and Bert the crusty bartender. Finn circles the group, passing out stapled booklets.

Tawny folds her arms, impatient, while Bert can barely keep his eyes open. He's drifting off to sleep.

FINN

Thank you for taking time out of your busy schedules to attend this emergency meeting of the Conlon's Kids Board of Directors.

TAWNY

I got five minutes before I have to get on stage and shake my ass to "Centerfold".

FINN

The J. Geils Band can wait, Tawny. We have approximately 26 hours to put this bitch in boogie, so I don't wanna see any dilly dally. A lot of people are counting on us. Young kids with dreams and shit. Now, in front of you you'll see a detailed itinerary and list of responsibilities broken down for each board member.

PETEY

Ooh, can I be in charge of face painting?

FINN

I've got a special mission for you, Petey. Highly classified.

PETEY

Yes!

THEN -- daylight shines on the room as the front door opens up. A figure, backlit and in shadows. Who could it be?

IT'S KAREN.

FINN (CONT'D)

Karen! What are you doing here?

TAWNY

Nice tits.

KAREN

Tito told me I would find you here. I want to help with the fund raiser.

FINN

Really?

KAREN

Really.

FINN

Then, we've got a lot of work to do, people. Chop fucking chop!

MUSIC UP: Hall and Oates "You Make My Dreams Come True"

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. EMPTY LOT - DAY

An empty lot with cracked pavement, covered in trash and tumble-weeds. A SERIES OF SHOTS

--Finn waves a large CRANE through the chain-link fence.

--Petey throws an old tire onto a pile of trash.

--Karen pulls scrub brush off the lot.

--Sweaty STRIPPERS push lawn mowers and weed wackers.

--Finn mans the Crane controls digging a hole in the ground.

--Karen drives a stake into the ground, pulls a string taught around another stake.

--Strippers get dirty mixing concrete in a tub.

--Petey helps Finn pour the concrete into the hole.

--Karen and the Strippers smooth out and level the concrete.

--Bert smokes a cigarette, while standing next to a BOUNCE CASTLE that slowly inflates.

--Finn chugs a Coors tallboy, staring at--

--Strippers cooling themselves down by rubbing ice on their hot sweaty skin. OOPS. Just a daydream.

--In choreographed unison, strippers roll green paint on the concrete.

--Karen lays down taped lines.

--Finn applies white paint between the tape.

--Attached to a steel post is a crank that Karen and Finn both pulls hard together until--

UP GOES THE NET and finally we see -- A NEW TENNIS COURT!

Finn and Karen high five and admire the court.

FINN

Hungry?

KAREN

Starved.

EXT. FINN'S BOAT - DECK - SUNSET

Three empty WINE BOTTLES lean against the downed mast. Dirty plates lie unattended on the table. The sun sets over the horizon, reflecting in the shimmering water. Pure romance.

Sitting beside each other, Finn tops off Karen's glass.

KAREN

Then I threw the ring at him and said "your check's gonna bounce, baby."

Finn CRACKS UP. He loves it.

FINN

Now that's the Bad Dog Bennet I know! What happened to her, anyway?

KAREN

You know the story, my father, my money, my "wild child" ways. I guess I blamed myself for what he did. I thought that if I became someone new, everything would be different and I'd be happier.

FINN

And are you?

KAREN

Obviously, I've made some poor choices with my personal life, but the work I'm doing is important to me. It may sound corny, but coaching those kids out there -- it's better than winning.

Finn nods, gazing starry-eyed at Karen.

FINN

Yeah, it's true what they say. Tennis is love.

KAREN

What about you? Why are you back playing tennis again?

FINN

I guess it all started with this car dealership I opened. Sweet rides.

FINN(cont'd)

And then I ran into a money problem. A big sociopathic Colombian money problem --

KAREN

So you're like everyone else, out for the prize money?

FINN

At first I was. But now, it's also about something bigger. Ever since Chance beat me in Lisbon, my life has gone straight down the shitter. Everything I touch seems to go up in flames.

KAREN

Finn, it's not blind luck that makes you throw racquets, or yell at officials, or set things on fire.

FINN

I know. I'm trying to change. I have changed. I just feel like if I beat Chance, I win my life back.

KAREN

That's ridiculous, Finn. Beating Chance won't change your life or make your problems disappear. You have to change what's in here.

Karen puts her hand on Finn's chest. Finn looks into her eyes, both their guards down.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Chance doesn't matter to me -- and he shouldn't matter to you. What you're doing. Coming back. Giving like this to the kids. That's what's important.

FINN

Yeah. Guess it is.

KAREN

(beat)

You surprised me, Finn. For some strange reason, I believe in you.

Finn and Karen lock eyes. He leans in for a kiss and...it's magical.

The passion heats up. Karen climbs onto Finn's chair, practically mounting him. Finn's hands move all over Karen's body until suddenly -- she pulls away, panting.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I can't.

FINN  
What's wrong?

KAREN  
It, it's just too soon. I don't want to lose control, Finn.

FINN  
That's alright. Listen, I don't want a one night stand with Bad Dog Bennet. I want something real with Karen Bennet. And if Karen Bennet wants to wait, I'll wait. I'm here for you. Anytime. Anywhere.

Karen's touched by Finn's sincerity.

KAREN  
Fuck it.

Karen's jumps back in, kissing Finn.

EXT. EMPTY LOT - DAY

We see the TENNIS COURT freshly built by Karen and Finn with a large pink RIBBON wrapped around it. PULL OUT to reveal that the Lot is actually next door to Baby Barnacles.

A hand-painted banner reading CONLON'S KIDS TENNIS CENTER barely covers the T & A sign for Baby Barnacles.

The lot buzzes with CARNEYS working up to the last minute -- raising a TENT, setting up BINGO, RAFFLE, and BANDSTAND.

Finn stands underneath the CRANE, smoking nervously and checking his watch when Petey arrives in a white VAN. He hops out, smiling--

PETEY  
Champ!

FINN  
Jesus, Petey! Where the fuck have you been? Where are the kids from the church youth group?

PETEY

They were double booked for a charity car wash and choral recital.

FINN

This is a Conlon's Kids fundraiser and we don't have any goddamn kids!

PETEY

Not to worry, champ. I've got us covered. With the dealership closed, I figure the Cuban boat children could use some work.

Petey pulls open the van's side door to reveal a load of CUBAN BOAT CHILDREN. The children file out and stand in line.

FINN

You realize you've brought felons and murderers to my charity event.

PETEY

Some of 'em, maybe.

Finn can't decide.

FINN

Fuck it. They'll have to do.

(to the kids)

Alright, listen up. Today you are Conlon's kids. And as Conlon's kids you are not to pick-pocket, scam, grift, extort, threaten or stab anybody at the Conlon's Kids fund raiser. You will conduct yourselves with dignity and respect. You will pact happy and you will be paid twenty dollars at the end of the night provided you have not broken any of these rules. Are we clear?

Kids silently look at their feet.

FINN (CONT'D)

Are we clear!?

KIDS

Si, senor!

FINN

Let's get to work. Big smiles!

As they file out, Petey hands each a "Conlon's Kids" tee. Finn stops a short girl, Roberta, from the dealership.

FINN (CONT'D)  
Roberta, hold on.

Finn starts patting down Roberta and pulls out a pair of BRASS KNUCKLES from her pocket. She shrugs her shoulders.

ROBERTA  
Que?

FINN  
Brass knuckles. No bueno.

ROBERTA  
Si, senior.

Karen approaches.

KAREN  
And who is this little cutie?

FINN  
Oh, uh-- this is Roberta.

KAREN  
Are you gonna be a tennis player when you grow up?

ROBERTA  
I'm a pirate! Would you like to play pirates?

FINN  
Roberta, didn't you promise to play pirates with Petey first?

ROBERTA  
Ah, si senior!

INSERT BINOCULAR POV OF THE ENTIRE SCENE

Roberta walks away as Finn continues talking to Karen.

REVERSE ON

DELANCEY'S FIERO PARKED ACROSS THE STREET. Inside, Pooh puts the binoculars down. Delancey sits next to him, lighting up his last smoke and crushing his empty pack of Baby Girl Cigarettes. TJ is in back, scribbling notes as always.

POOH

Roberta Maria Rodriguez, a.k.a.  
Robbi "The Blade".

DELANCEY

Half of Miami's most wanted just  
rolled out of that van.

POOH

And dey all be workin' for Finn.  
Look like kiddie labor to me.

DELANCEY

I smell a bust, Pooh.

A beat. TJ sighs. Delancy turns back to him.

DELANCY

What?

TJ

Nothing.

DELANCY

You sighed. I heard you sigh.

TJ

It's just... is this all you do?  
Just -- sit here and talk about how  
you're gonna bust the guy, but  
never really do it? Because if  
that's the case, then my show about  
the Miami cops is gonna be pretty  
fucking boring.

DELANCY

Boring?

Pooh whips out a sawed off shotgun.

POOH

Yeah? How's dis for boring?

EXT. PARKING LOT - EVENING - LATER

The fair is packed with PEOPLE eating cotton candy, playing  
midway games, etc. The Director stands next to Finn,  
admiring a displayed DELOREAN.

DIRECTOR

Goddamn beautiful chariot there  
Conlon.

FINN

Thank you, Director. That's the car  
of the future.

DIRECTOR

(staring into the hood)  
I can see my reflection -- and I'll  
be damned, I like it. How much did  
you say this dealership brings in a  
week? Must be a goldmine. You ever  
thought about bringing in a  
partner?

FINN

Let's not talk shop, Director.  
Today's about the kids.  
(then; shouting across the  
crowd)  
Manuel! No grifting, please!

BENEATH THE MAIN TENT

Tawny stands in front of a sign that reads "DONATIONS". She's  
wearing tiny shorts and a Conlon's Kids t-shirt, cut off so  
that it barely covers her nipples.

A big LOCK BOX sits on a table next to her.

TAWNY

Let's go, people, cough it up for  
Conlon's Kids.  
(to a passing man)  
How 'bout you, honey? Slap and  
tickle for twenty?

IN FRONT OF THE TENNIS COURT

A CROWD gathers at attention as Finn taps the microphone and  
stands with a pair of GIANT SCISSORS in front of the ribbon.

FINN

I want to thank everyone who came  
out to support great tennis and  
great kids. And when I talk about  
great kids, I'm talking about  
Conlon's Kids. Jose, Griselda,  
come on out here.

Two dirty looking Cuban boat kids amble onto the stage.

AT THE BACK OF THE DONATION TENT

Roberta sneaks up on the LOCK BOX full of donation cash and tucks it beneath her arm. As she turns to make her escape--

She comes face to face with...DETECTIVE POOH!

POOH

Don't tell me you gonna bring dat  
money to da bank, little girl.

FRONT OF COURT

Finn stands at the mic, proudly presenting the Conlon's Kids now standing behind him in a row.

FINN

People ask me why I sacrifice so  
much to teach these young children,  
but the truth is, these little  
angels teach me.

AT THE DONATION TENT

Roberta pulls a BUTTERFLY KNIFE and expertly whips it open, threatening Pooh.

POOH

You wanna dance, Chicquita?

ROBERTA

Chinga tu madre!

Roberta swipes at Pooh. As he recoils, she ducks between his legs, then swivels back and stabs him deep in the thigh!

POOH

MAMI!

FRONT OF COURT

FINN

I believe it was Cat Stevens who  
asked, "Where do the children  
play?" Well, Cat, here's your  
answer.

Finn cuts the ribbon with his giant scissors. APPLAUSE. Then, as Photographers snap photos, another SCREAM!

POOH (O.S.)

Stop dat girl!

Roberta suddenly DARTS from behind the tent. Pooh limps after her, giving chase. Suddenly--

DELANCEY pops up from the crowd, gun leveled at Finn.

DELANCEY  
Miami PD! Reach for the sky,  
Conlon!

Roberta leaps into the CRANE's control seat, hits buttons frantically, activating the ARM! The arm swings quickly, hitting Delancey and KNOCKING HIM OVER.

POP! Delancey's gun accidentally FIRES as he falls.

SCREAMS! The crowd scatters. It's CHAOS.

Pooh races towards Roberta at the controls, threatening--

POOH  
Com'ere!

With Pooh advancing, Roberta escapes from the control seat and climbs onto the arm of the swiveling crane.

With no one at the controls, the arm SWINGS wildly towards the stage. It hits Finn, scooping him up!

Finn barely holds on, now hanging twenty feet in the air.

Down below on the court, Delancey tries to aim his gun.

DELANCEY  
Pooh, get Conlon!

Pooh reaches the crane's control seat, pushes buttons to stop the swiveling crane! But he hits the WRONG BUTTON and--

The arm starts BUCKING UP and DOWN like a bronco. Roberta and Finn hold on for their life. The crowd GASPS!

AT THE CONTROLS -- Pooh pulls hard on a lever and UP goes the arm, sending Roberta FLYING into the air like a rag doll!

She's falling, falling, falling towards her death when...SWOOSH!

Finn CATCHES HER WITH ONE ARM, holding onto the crane with the other. Miraculous.

FINN  
Gotcha!

ROBERTA  
Chinga!!

The crane has stopped bucking. A BEAT... And.. The CROWD CHEERS.

Finn and Roberta swing from the crane as PHOTOGRAPHER'S FLASH BULBS go off. CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

As they dangle, Delancey approaches--

DELANCEY  
You're under arrest, Conlon.

FINN  
For what?

DELANCEY  
Conspiracy to engage in child labor.

INT. MIAMI POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

A blinding spotlight illuminates Finn's sweaty, haggard face.

SMACK! Finn's slapped backhanded by Pooh.

Delancey leans in face to face.

DELANCEY  
Where are the bodies buried, Connie!?

FINN  
What bodies?

WHAP! Another slap!

FINN (CONT'D)  
OW! Mother of Christ!

DELANCEY  
Bodies. Dead ones. Lopez's enemies, rivals, ex-business partners. Where are they? The bottom of the bay? Hacked up and down the toilet?

FINN  
I told you guys, he's just an investor.

DELANCEY  
We're throwin' the book at you Conlon, unless you come clean.

POOH

You got eight counts of child exploitation riding on ya. Ten years a count-- eighty years of eating ass.

FINN

You can't do that!

POOH

Maybe we can, maybe we can't.

DELANCEY

Lemme ask you this, wise-guy. After you choke this tournament, where do you think Lopez is gonna take you to blow your brains out?

FINN

Oh man. Don't say that.

DELANCEY

Dollars to donuts, that's where the bodies are.

FINN

I do like donuts.

WHAP! Pooh slaps him again.

FINN (CONT'D)

Fuckin' A! Quit it!

POOH

You wanna end up like the rest? Sleeping with the fishes?

FINN

More like sleeping with flamingos.

KNOCK. KNOCK. Door swings open, an OFFICER leans his head in.

OFFICER

Delancey. Pooh. Lieutenant's here to see you.

DELANCEY

You hear that, Connie? The Lieutenant himself came down.

POOH

D'ere gonna like you in jail. Hair so soft. Satin white skin.

Pooh and Delancey exit, slamming the door.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A fat, mustachioed, balding cop, LIEUTENANT TRUJILLO, slams down the FRONT PAGE of the Miami Herald with snapshots of Finn saving Roberta and Delancey cuffing Finn.

The headline reads: "COPS BUST KIDS FOR HAVING DREAMS".

TRUJILLO

You two loose cannons just unleashed a media shit storm! The mayor's been up my ass since three a.m. telling me to drop charges.

Delancey and Pooh jump--

POOH

Drop da charges!? Those kids was workin' for Conlon.

TRUJILLO

That ain't the way the media's playin' it. Conlon's a hero for savin' that girl, and you two look like the goddamn Gestapo!

DELANCEY

Conlon's dirtier than a two-dollar whore!

TRUJILLO

I don't care if he's Tricky fuckin' Dick. Nobody, I mean nobody, disgraces my department like this. I'm puttin' you two on traffic duty. You're off the case!

POOH

We been working Lopez for eight months!

DELANCEY

What about TJ?

TJ sits on a couch in the corner, flipping through a MUGSHOT BOOK of prostitutes.

TJ

Thanks guys, but I think I'm going to spend some time with the canine squad.

TRUJILLO

Turn it over fellas. Your guns and the keys to your vehicle.

Delancey is horrified--

DELANCEY

Not the Fiero!

POOH

What about law, order, and hot Miami justice?

TRUJILLO

Take a cold shower, Pooh, cuz it's gonna be long time before you two pack heat again.

DELANCEY

What about Conlon?

TRUJILLO

Conlon's free to go.

INT. MIAMI POLICE STATION - LOBBY

Finn emerges from behind huge doors to the bustling ground floor of the police station.

KAREN

Finn! Over here.

Finn sees Karen and Petey rushing to him across the floor. Karen wraps her arms around Finn and hugs him tightly.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Thank god you're alright. I was so scared.

FINN

Everything's fine, baby.

KAREN

People are saying all those kids were slave workers at your dealership.

KAREN(cont'd)

That you had them mopping floors  
and changing oil and serving  
liquor. It's not true, right?

Karen's eyes eat at Finn's heart. Finn grabs Karen's hand  
and looks into her eyes, sincerely. He's gonna come clean--

FINN

Of course not.

INT. HOTEL FOUNTAINBLEAU - HALLWAY - MORNING

Karen happily walks down the hallway whistling Herman's  
Hermit's "I'm Into Something Good". Her hair is let down and  
free. She stops at a door and knocks.

KAREN

Irina? Are you ready?

There's yelling inside. Crying. CRASH!

KAREN (CONT'D)

Irina!!

Karen twists the lock -- closed -- putting her body into it --  
PLOW -- Karen comes through the doorway into the room where--

INT. HOTEL FOUNTAINBLEAU - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lambo is screaming at a crying Irina. A fruit platter is on  
the ground and PHOTOS are scattered across the bed.

LAMBO

You set me up! You seduced me!

IRINA

I did not do anything. I swear!

LAMBO

Blackmailer! Cheap Russian spy!

Karen immediately pulls Lambo back.

KAREN

Lambo! Calm down!

Lambo continues yelling at Irina over Karen's shoulder--

LAMBO

You know what this could do to my  
career?

LAMBO(cont'd)

My sponsors are gonna pull out on me! You planned this with Conlon.

IRINA

Lambo, I know nothings!

KAREN

Everybody shut up!!!

Lambo and Irina freeze.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Now, what's this about Finn Conlon?

Lambo holds a PHOTO to Karen's face -- slowly, her eyes bulge and jaw drops.

INT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - LOCKER ROOM

The murmur of activity outside is muffled through the walls. The locker room is empty except for Petey and Finn. Finn does stretches on the ground as Petey paces beside him--

FINN

Where the fuck is Tito? He should be here by now.

CLUNK, CLUNK, CLUNK -- someone's pounding on the door.

KAREN (O.S.)

Open up, it's Karen.

Petey opens the door. In walks Karen -- madder than a hornet.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Petey. I'm sorry but-- GET OUT.

FINN

Baby, why so hot and bothered?

KAREN

You! Shut your mouth.

Petey tip-toes out.

FINN

What's gotten into you?

Karen throws Irina's photos at Finn.

KAREN

Look familiar?

Finn picks one up and stares, wide-eyed.

FINN

Good Mary mother of God. Where did you get these pictures of Irina -- and Lambo -- having sex!

(flips to another photo)

And why is he wearing a cape?

He grabs another photo and licks his lips.

FINN (CONT'D)

Can I keep these? Strictly for personal use, I swear.

KAREN

I know all about your little scheme -- blackmailing your opponents so they'll throw the match.

FINN

What are you talking about?

KAREN

Your big Cuban goons took those pictures and blackmailed Lambo to take the fall.

FINN

Sexy photos ain't gonna make him a bad tennis player.

KAREN

Not the sex! He's in a Datsun Z. If Pontiac ever caught wind of this, he'd lose his sponsorship.

FINN

Karen, this is insane.

KAREN

You know what's insane? Me thinking that you've changed. Me falling for your bullshit. Me trusting you.

FINN

You can trust me!

KAREN

Okay. Let me ask you this: Those charges of you hiring the Cuban boat children, how true were those? Were they really Conlon's Kids?

FINN

Karen, that's complicated.

KAREN

I thought so. At least Chance was man enough to fess up to what he did. You're pathetic.

FINN

Karen!

Karen storms off, slamming the door. Finn stands, blank. Shell-shocked.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - COURT 1 - DAY

A large, rowdy crowd has gathered in the stands for the men's semifinal. A horde of FINN FANS waves signs and cheer.

SCOREBOARD: 5-0 Conlon leads Casiraghi

UP IN THE PRESS BOX:

PAT

Finn Conlon has been defiling the back end of the beautiful young buck, Casiraghi.

MICKEY (O.S.)

Lambo's lobbed a brown-eyed mullet.

ON THE COURT

Finn serves solid but not too hard. An easy shot. Lambo moves sluggishly and gets ACED.

CHAIR UMPIRE

Point. Conlon.

Lopez leaps to his feet in the stands, cheering on Finn.

LOPEZ

VIVA EL CONLON!

LATER:

SCOREBOARD: 6-0, 4-2

Lambo serves hard -- Finn returns to his forehand. Lambo moves in and FLICKS the ball softly, floating into Finn's court. Finn trots over and delicately hits it back.

The dainty volleys continue. Finn and Lambo play like two Victorian women.

PAT (O.S.)

Mickey, what is going on here? This isn't the type of tennis we've come to expect from these two, sweat-soaked throbbing male bodies.

MICKEY (O.S.)

Milko's stuffed the tinker, Pat.

Fed up, Lambo finally SLAMS it into the net.

CHAIR UMPIRE

Love forty.

Finn walks over to Lambo at the net and whispers to him.

FINN

What's wrong with you?

LAMBO

You want me to lose faster?!

LATER:

Finn and Lambo rally back and forth. Lambo's dragging.

Finn hits a top spin lob -- easy shot for Lambo. Lambo runs up full tilt and angrily SMACKS it high up INTO THE STANDS.

CHAIR UMPIRE

Point Conlon. Game. Set. Match.

Lambo screams and throws his racquet on the ground. Finn and Lambo both approach for the requisite hand shake.

Finn looks into Lambo's eyes -- they're welling up. Sadness and anger in his face. Even though Lambo's an asshole, nobody deserves this.

Finn walks off the court, sullen. It was an empty victory.

Lopez is elated, clapping and whistling as the stands clear.

LOPEZ

EL CONLON! Champion!

Finn looks up and sees Lopez. Blood rushes to his face.

FINN  
(to himself)  
Lopez.

Finn runs off the court, pushing through the crowd of fans patting him on the back and congratulating him.

Finn finally spots a swaggering Lopez -- in the PARKING LOT, in front of his WHITE LIMO where Paco holds the door.

FINN  
Lopez!

Angel turns and sees Finn approaching quickly.

FINN  
You fixed the matches, didn't you?

ANGEL  
Finn! I have faith in you, but not as a tennis player. You need to pay me back, so I make sure you win. On the side I make bets and win some money myself. It's win - win -- for both of us. You see, Angel is a pretty good guy, no?

FINN  
You're a common thug.

Lopez grabs Finn's jaw and squeezes.

ANGEL  
You know what you are, Conlon?  
You're nothing. You're the funny guy that everybody laugh at.

Finn throws a punch at Angel who stops it with his hand and squeezes Finn's fist.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
You'd be dead right now, sleeping with the flamingos, if I didn't have monies on the final match. But don't worry, Finn. You're going to win. That Chance guy is clean. We couldn't find shit on that pendejo, so we had to get a little physical. He's okay to play, though. Not that it matters, eh?

FINN  
I'm not playing another fixed  
match. I may be a lot of things but  
a cheat isn't one of them.

ANGEL  
Then you get me my monies by  
tomorrow.

FINN  
You'll get your damn money.

Petey rushes towards Finn--

PETEY  
Finn! You won't believe it!

ANGEL  
Hello, Petty. I was just telling  
El Conlon about the fun we have  
with his leetle tennis games.

FINN  
Wait -- you knew about this?

ANGEL  
Knew? Ha! It was his idea!

FINN  
Did Tito know about this?

PETEY  
Finn--

FINN  
Betrayed by my very own ball boy!  
Was it that obvious? Did everybody  
know except for me?

Finn burns with rage by the betrayal. Too much for him to  
handle, Finn walks off.

PETEY  
Finn. Listen! I need to tell you  
something. *Finn!*

EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Finn stands on the dock next the Double Fault. He strikes a  
match and holds it out.

FINN

We've been through a lot, milady. A lot of late nights. A lot of spilled fluids. But it's you or me right now. Good bye, Double Fault. Hello insurance money.

Finn tosses the match -- it arches through the air until--

VOICE (O.S.)

WAIT!!

The match hits the deck and WHOOF! the Double Fault lights up like a fireball, illuminating the sky and throwing Finn back.

The voice belongs to Petey who runs down the dock as the Double Fault sits ablaze.

PETEY

Finn! What are you doing!

FINN

I'm not playing some crooked match for Lopez to get a few laughs. I'm not a joke. I'm doing what I should've done in the first place -- the right thing. And that's insurance fraud.

PETEY

Finn, listen--

FINN

Piss off!

PETEY

The charges against John DeLorean have been dropped! Larry Flynt found a video -- it was a set-up. The dealership's back, champ. We're back in business!

FINN

What?

PETEY

You can have the dealership back. The cops can't hold it as evidence anymore.

FINN

Why the fuck didn't you tell me that before I torched my boat!?

PETEY

I tried.

FINN

Well don't try! Stop trying! You lost me my girl, my integrity, everything! You didn't think I could do it on my own. Nobody did.

PETEY

I do believe in you. Why do you think I've been by your side all these years?

FINN

Lopez was right. I'll always be a loser.

Finn gets up and walks away down the dock.

PETEY

Where are you gonna go?

FINN

Away.

PETEY

You wanna stay at my place?

FINN

No!

Finn gets to his DeLorean and pulls open the gullwing DOOR and SMASH! The door falls clean off the car, rattling onto the asphalt.

PETEY

We'll fix that tomorrow.

Finn climbs into the car and starts the engine.

EXT. DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

The car pulls up to the DeLorean Dealership. The razor wire is gone and the police tape is strewn about the asphalt.

INT. FINN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Finn opens the door to a DESTROYED OFFICE, ripped through by the cops. He bends down and picks up his old racquet amid the clutter. He stares at it for a moment then tosses it.

Next to the shattered PHOTO of Finn and McEnroe is a half-empty bottle of Cutty Sark. Finn takes a long pull as he--

Spots an old VHS tape with a label that reads "LISBON -- Motherwell/Conlon."

Finn slips the VHS tape into the VCR, presses play:

ON TV:

-Archaic graphics flash COPA LISBOA 1976 in front of a shot of red clay courts.

-A young, fit Finn Conlon warming up.

-A young Finn SCREAMS at the CHAIR UMPIRE. Kicking over chairs. Young Chance just watches, smirking.

-Finn's is chopping down the Umpire's Chair with his racquet screaming--

YOUNG FINN (ON TV)  
YOU GOTTA BE SHITTIN' ME!

-A young PETEY unsuccessfully tries calming Finn down.

TITO (O.S.)  
Turn that off, Finn.

BACK ON FINN in the office:

Finn turns to see Tito in the office, holding a suitcase.

FINN  
Why? This is who I am, right?

TITO  
Or just put it on pause then. I need you to show me to my DeLorean.

FINN  
You're still taking a car?

TITO  
Obligations must be honored.

FINN  
Right. I just thought--

TITO

That the coach has returned to mend the broken wings of his student and elevate his heart with enough optimism and strength to overcome the final, daunting challenge?

FINN

Yeah.

TITO

No, I just want the car.

FINN

Fine. Sure.

Finn hangs his head in sadness. Tito's choked up. He gulps the lump in his throat.

TITO

I'm leaving to find Rosalia. When I saw you yesterday, happy, full of life, I realized that a man's past does not define him unless he lets it. Back in Lisbon, you lost yourself and you ran. You ran from responsibility, you ran from heart, you ran from your past.

FINN

And a burning JoJo's franchise.

TITO

Don't you see? There's always the hope for redemption, but you must face it head on. You might fail but you will never know unless you try.

FINN

Like trying to play in the Miami Open? It's over, Tito.

TITO

It's not over, Finn. This is the match -- your life. The ball is in your court now. Dig deep and you shall find what you need.

FINN

I still have a few gallons of gasoline. I suppose I could torch the dealership.

TITO  
Remember, it's about the journey,  
not the destination.

FINN  
I just hope my destination isn't a  
bullet from Lopez and a nice long  
nap with the flamingos.

Finn's jaw drops. He's thinking...he's got it. Epiphany!

FINN (CONT'D)  
That's it! The flamingos. Sleeping  
with the flamingos!

Tito smiles.

TITO  
Goodbye, Finn. Swing with your  
heart.

Tito picks up his suitcase and walks out the door. Finn  
checks his watch.

FINN  
There's not much time.

Tito peeks back in.

TITO  
Almost forgot. Which one's my car?  
They all look the same.

INT./EXT. FINN'S DELOREAN, HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING

Finn speeds down the causeway, talking on his MOBILE PHONE.

FINN  
(into the phone)  
Detective Delancey, I'm sorry they  
took your Fiero, but I'm gonna make  
it up to you!  
(pause)  
No, I don't have a new Fiero for  
you. No, you can't have a  
DeLorean! Jesus! Anyway, I got  
something better -- a plan.  
(pause)  
Just meet me at the marina in  
twenty minutes.

Finn hangs up the phone and guns the DeLorean.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - CENTER COURT - MORNING

The worn grass of center court is rolled by the GROUNDSMEN. Early FANS begin to line up outside. CONCESSIONS open for business. Excitement fills the air.

INT./EXT. FINN'S DELOREAN - SAME

Finn's on the phone again as the DeLorean exits the highway heading toward the water.

FINN

Petey, you heard me right. See if he's still interested.

(pause)

Uh, huh. CASH!

EXT. PINK PELICAN MARINA - MORNING

Detectives DELANCEY and POOH stand on the BOAT DOCK waiting. Pooh teases his jheri curls with a hair pick.

DELANCEY

I don't like this, Pooh. Conlon is one Miami screwball I don't trust.

POOH

How does my hair look, mon?

FINN (O.S.)

Glistening perfection.

Pooh and Delancy turn to see Finn and TJ.

DELANCEY AND POOH

TJ!

Delancy hugs TJ.

POOH

We missed you, mon.

TJ

Finn says were gonna drop some hot justice.

DELANCEY

What's with all the cloak and dagger, Conlon? Whaddya got for us? You gonna wear that wire?

FINN

Better. I'm gonna make your careers  
-- but we do it my way.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Chance has his head down, lacing his sneakers. He looks up and we see a big BLACK EYE on his angry face.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - CENTER COURT - DAY

The stands are packed. The crowd is chattering. Ball Boys run to and fro. GREENS KEEPERS check the turf one last time. This is the final match and the mood is electric.

IN THE PRESS BOX:

Pat Drawbridge pours a tiny bottle of Beefeater in his OJ while Mickey Newton-John cracks a Fosters oilcan.

PAT (INTO THE MIC)

It's a beautiful day and the 1982 Miami Open men's championship match is about to get under way with a doozy of a match. It was nearly seven years ago when these two muscular, vigorous men faced off in Lisbon, launching the career of one player and all but destroying the career of another.

Chance and Finn walk out onto the court. The crowd goes BALLISTIC, but both men are oblivious. They're focused on the match. Chance stares daggers at Finn.

EXT. MARINA - BOAT - SAME

Blue skies shine down on Delancey and Pooh standing in a CIGARETTE BOAT. They check their ammo and load their guns.

DELANCEY

Today the good guys win, Pooh.

POOH

And the bad boys get the lead.

TJ writes in his notebook, nodding his head.

TJ

Great. Great. Keep'em coming.

EXT. CENTER COURT

Finn and Chance stand at the net with the UMPIRE.

PING! The umpire's coin dances up in the air.

FINN

Heads.

SLAP! The Umpire flips it on the back of his hand.

UMPIRE

Heads it is.

FINN

I'll serve.

UMPIRE

Conlon to serve first.

Chance moves closer to Finn.

CHANCE

I knew you were dirty. But not this dirty.

FINN

There's something you need to know.

CHANCE

Save it. The only thing I know is the first set's mine.

EXT. FLAMINGO SANCTUARY - CONTINUOUS

FLAMINGOS in cages are everywhere, screeching. COPS are digging furiously into the ground. A SHOVEL penetrates the dirt and stops short. Two COPS stand over the hole.

COP 1

I got something.

INT. LOPEZ MANSION - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

A coked-out Lopez struts around in a silk kimono with the big screen TV blasting the finals broadcast.

ANGEL

Viva el Conlon!

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - CENTER COURT - CONTINUOUS

Finn prepares to serve, bouncing the ball.

UMPIRE (O.S.)  
Quiet please.

EXT. FLAMINGO SANCTUARY - CONTINUOUS

Cop 1 brushes off some dirt to reveal the FACE OF A DEAD BODY with a police badge hanging around his neck. COP 2 yells into his walkie-talkie--

COP 2  
We got it, sir. It's Angel's graveyard. They're all here.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - CENTER COURT - CONTINUOUS

IN SLOW MOTION: Finn tosses the ball up, up into the air -- winding up, racquet coming back--

EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Delancey, Pooh and TJ in bulletproof vests slice through the water in the cigarette boat. Delancey into the walkie.

DELANCEY  
GO GO GO!

INT. LOPEZ MANSION - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Lopez watches Finn toss the ball on television when -- windows SHATTER, glass flying everywhere. SWAT TEAM POLICE with MACHINE GUNS rappel through the window. DOOR BREAKS DOWN--

SWAT 1  
Miami PD! FREEZE!

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - CENTER COURT - CONTINUOUS

POP! Finn SLAMS the BALL and it SAILS across the net.

INT. LOPEZ MANSION - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Lopez whips out a pair of NICKEL PISTOLS, blasting away.

LOPEZ  
Say hello to my little friends!

BODYGUARDS run in, unleashing Uzis! PTHD! PTHD! PTHD!  
Police dive for cover and fire back! BLAM! BLAM!  
KAPOW! - furniture shredded - moldings peeling off.  
This is a fucking SHOOTOUT!

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - CENTER COURT - CONTINUOUS

Chance rallies back a hard forehand. Finn chases it down, returning strong cross-court.

INT. LOPEZ MANSION - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Angel runs and dives out of the windows, escaping the fire fight along with Paco. Guns continue to blaze.

EXT. LOPEZ MANSION - BOAT DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Delancey, Pooh, and TJ come racing up in the cigarette boat as two figures run down the dock -- Lopez and Paco -- heading toward another GOLD BOAT tethered at the end.

Lopez hops into the gold boat. Paco pulls his pistol but Pooh is already there - POW POW - blasting open Paco's chest.

Lopez leaves him, tries to START UP the gold boat, kimono flapping in the wind. But Delancey's there, gun on Lopez-

DELANCEY  
Don't even think about it, Lopez.

Lopez raises his hands. It's over.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - CENTER COURT - CONTINUOUS

Finn smashes cross-court and moves to the net. Chance lobs it over Finn's head who runs back, back, will he make it -- turns and SMACK -- miraculously hits a perfect passing shot past Chance, paints the line, bounce -- it's in!

The CROWD ROARS WITH EXCITEMENT. Epic!

Finn smiles ear to ear -- surprised with himself.

EXT. LOPEZ MANSION - DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Delancey stands over Lopez who lies on his chest, head facing down while Pooh cuffs him.

DELANCEY

Angel Lopez, you're under arrest.  
Murder.

ANGEL

This is bullshit.

TJ

And this is hot Miami justice,  
sucka!

Pooh looks at TJ.

POOH

That's my line.

TJ

Sorry. Got carried away there.

As Pooh swings Lopez around, we REVEAL a wierd, twisted version of LOPEZ! Suddenly, we realize -- this ISN'T LOPEZ!

IT'S PINTO! DRESSED AS LOPEZ. His plastic surgery has made him resemble Lopez. But Pooh and Delancey DON'T KNOW THIS.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - CENTER COURT - DAY

Scoreboard shows 1-0. Conlon. Finn and Chance walk to their seats for water and court change.

CHANCE

That was it, Conlon. That's the  
only clean one you're gonna get.

THEN -- Petey, dressed as the ball boy, races up to FINN at the side of the court and hands him a MOBILE PHONE.

EXT. LOPEZ MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Delancey shoves Pinto (as Lopez) into a squad car while talking into his phone.

DELANCEY (INTO THE PHONE)

We got'em. Lopez is in bracelets.

INTERCUT WITH:

FINN (INTO THE PHONE)  
Hold on. You need to tell it to  
someone.

PAT (O.S.)  
What's going on down there?  
Conlon's taking calls on center  
court.

Finn hands the phone to Chance.

CHANCE  
What's this?

FINN  
Just take it.

Takes the phone.

CHANCE (INTO THE PHONE)  
Hello?

DELANCEY (INTO THE PHONE)  
This is Detective Delancey with the  
Miami PD. The man threatening you  
is in custody. Lopez is out of the  
picture.

CHANCE (INTO THE PHONE)  
So?

DELANCEY (INTO THE PHONE)  
So kick Conlon's ass.

Chance lowers the phone and looks at Finn.

CHANCE  
Why?

FINN  
Because I'm going to beat you fair  
and square. Just like I should have  
in Lisbon. Pencil dick.

Finn gets up and walks to his side, turning back and calling  
to Petey. He runs up to Finn with a fresh ball--

FINN (CONT'D)  
Get me a towel, Petey. It's hotter  
than a ménage à Jones out here.

Petey turns, WHISTLES. Suddenly, little Roberta, dressed in regulation ball-girl wear, RACES up with a towel--

FINN (CONT'D)  
What's this?

PETEY  
She's a Conlon's kid, champ.

ROBERTA  
You want my shank for that flaco?

FINN  
Just a towel, Roberta, but thanks.  
Glad to know I have you in my  
court. I mean that.

Finn wipes off, hands the towel back.

FINN (CONT'D)  
Petey, time for phase two. Go find  
Karen and give her the package.

PETEY  
You got it champ.

FINN  
And give her this, too.

Finn hands over a LETTER.

FINN  
Make make sure she reads it.

PETEY  
No sweat.

Finn walks back to the baseline as Petey pivots and takes off with his mission.

Finn bounces the ball, rolls back on his feet, tosses the ball in the air and SMASHES the shot like a cannon barrelling over the net and WHOOSH past Chance. Ace!

The crowd goes WILD. Chance SCREAMS in frustration.

INT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

Karen sits at the conference table. In front of her are CONTRACTS and a pen. She picks up the pen and looks across the table to the Director and Dirk.

DIRECTOR

I'm glad that you came to your senses, darlin'. This is win - win for all of us.

KAREN

Please, don't make this worse than it already is.

Karen grips the pen, moving it down to the page, beginning to write her name on the dotted line when-- Petey comes blasting through the door.

PETEY

Karen, wait!  
(off her blank stare)  
It's me. Petey?

KAREN

I... who?

PETEY

Petey? Finn's ball boy.

KAREN

Please go away. Just leave me--

PETEY

(panting)  
I, I got this-- for you.

Petey holds out a bulging Sunshine State Savings and Loan ENVELOPE. Karen takes it.

DIRECTOR

Charms, what in the Sam Hell are you doing here? I thought our business was over this morning!

Karen opens up the envelope. Inside is a fat wad of CASH.

KAREN

What is this?

DIRECTOR

That's my money!!

PETEY

It's from Finn. He sold the dealership today. He sold it so you wouldn't have to sign with Baby Girl.

Karen's shocked. Wide-eyed at the money.

DIRECTOR

He sold it to ME! This ain't right.

PETEY

It's for you, Karen. It's for the juniors. Don't sign.

DIRK

You said this was a done deal!

DIRECTOR

Karen, you've gotta sign off on this sponsorship. Where's your integrity? Your ethics?

Karen stares at the money. Puts the pen down and pushes the contracts away.

KAREN

I'm sorry, Director. Dirk. You'll have to find someone else to smoke fresh.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - CENTER COURT - CONTINUOUS

Finn gulps down water like a thirsty horse and coughs. He's drenched in sweat and haggard.

SCOREBOARD: 7-6, Finn

Chance lightly towels off, smirks. He calls to Finn--

CHANCE

Tired, Conlon?

(laughs)

You only have another two sets to win.

UMPIRE

Gentlemen, resume play.

Chance hops up. Finn slumps.

MUSIC UP: "Hello" by Lionel Ritchie

Winners whiz past Finn. He strains for balls. Chance is a monster, killing balls left and right.

Ace. Ace. Ace.

Scores flash. "Game Motherwell" "Point Motherwell" "Set Motherwell."

Finn's heels drag. The sun moves. Scoreboard changes. Finally he falls to the ground.

SCOREBOARD: 7-6, 2-6, 0-3

IN THE PRESS BOX

PAT (INTO THE MIC)

After winning the first set, Finn Conlon loses the second in under twenty minutes and is well on his way to losing the third.

EXT. MIAMI RACQUET CLUB - PATHWAY

Karen walks down past the Greenhouse and opens the thick envelope, looking at the money. She pulls out a folded sheet of paper from the envelope -- it's a handwritten LETTER from Finn. She reads:

FINN (V.O.)

Dear Karen, I know I've been a dick.

Karen crumples the letter and throws it on the ground. She stops and looks at the money. The least she could do is read the letter. Karen turns back, picks up the letter and resumes reading:

CONTINUE V.O. From the letter throughout the following action sequence.

FINN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You were right about me. I haven't changed. I was the same sad sack Conlon, always a one liner, never a winner.

A SUCCESSION OF SHOTS:

--Finn serves hard. WHACK! Again. CRACK! WIFF!

--Finn's Addidas sneakers grind into the grass.

--Sweat dripping off both players who dive, dodge, smash and volley.

FINN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And you were right about something else, there's more to life than winning. I guess I had to lose you to find that out.

--Racquet heads whipping through air. Balls being crushed.

--Courtside the FINN FANS cheer.

FINN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

By the time you read this, I'll be on the court, playing an honest match. Please know that I tried to make things right. To be a better man. And maybe one day, good enough for you. Yours on the court and off, anywhere, anytime, Finn.

--The Umpire's voice echoes "Game Conlon" "Advantage Conlon" "Game Motherwell" "Point Motherwell" "Set point Conlon"

--Scoreboard changing. SCOREBOARD: 7-6, 2-6, 3-6

ON THE COURT:

During the court-change. Petey returns to the court, alone.

FINN

Where's Karen?

PETEY

I don't know. I gave her the letter and then she left.

FINN

And did she read it? I told you to make sure she read it.

PETEY

Yeah, I think so.

Finn hangs his head, disappointed and saddened.

PETEY

Hey, Finn. I'm sorry, champ.

FINN

It's not your fault, Petey. It's mine. It's all mine.

Petey doesn't know what to say. Finn shakes his head.

UMPIRE  
Resume play!

POINT SEQUENCE:

Service. Return.

Volley. Volley. Smash!

Ball paints the line. Ball in the net. Bodies pump and twist.

Time elapses. Scoreboard changes.

SCOREBOARD: 7-6, 2-6, 3-6, 0-5

PAT (O.S.)  
Conlon's tied it up to thirty all  
in the fourth set. He's down zero  
to five. If Chance wins this game,  
it's all over for Conlon.

Finn bounces the ball, tosses and WHACK -- ace down the line.  
The crowd cheers.

UMPIRE  
Forty thirty.

Silence on the court. You could hear a pin drop.

Finn bounces the ball. Once. Twice. Toss. WHACK. Strong  
serve. Finn and Chance rally back and forth, both holding  
tough. Chance hits a floater and Finn WHIPS a beautiful top  
spin back hand cross court, nicking the line.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)  
Out!

FINN  
What?

Finn walks up to the Umpire Chair, burning with rage.

The crowd eggs on Finn, "Say it!" "Let'em have it!" "You  
gotta be shitting me".

UMPIRE  
Quiet, please.

FINN  
Don't tell them to be quiet! They  
saw the shot and the ball was in!

PAT (O.S.)  
I'm getting flashbacks from Lisbon  
seven years ago. Here it comes.

FINN  
You are a cesspool, sir!

UMPIRE  
Mr. Conlon, please resume play.

FINN  
I'll resume play when you get your  
head out of your ass!

UMPIRE  
Warning to Mr. Conlon.

FINN  
You're a disgrace!

Finn throws his racquet to the middle of the court.

The crowd eggs him on "chop down that seat" "kick his ass,  
Conlon" "fuck him up, Finny." Chance chuckles to himself.

PAT (O.S.)  
We've seen this nightmare before.

Finn walks to his racquet, burning with rage. He bends down,  
picks up his racquet and grips it hard. The Umpires gulps.

Finn races across the court, raising his racquet like a  
tomahawk, letting out a chilling Apache war cry AHHHHH!

The Umpire screams as Finn closes in, ready to strike, he  
jumps, flying through the air, racquet cocked for contact--

SLO-MO -- CLOSE ON FINN'S FACE -- inside his head:

FLASH SCENES

--Finn and Tito in the greenhouse.

TITO (V.O.)  
In order to conquer your anger, you  
must conquer your fear.

--Finn screaming at Bill Cunty.

TITO (V.O.)  
It takes more courage to try and  
fail than not to try at all.

--Finn and Karen laughing on the Double Fault.

TITO (V.O.)  
Dig deep and you shall find what  
you need.

BACK ON FINN:

WHOOSH! - Finn flies right past the Umpire without touching him, landing on the soft sideline grass, head held low.

The crowd grumbles.

MICKEY (O.S.)  
Lollies and mongrels, Conlon's  
turned a yewy.

The crowd BOOS.

PAT (O.S.)  
And his fans hate it. They want  
blood from the gladiator man child.

Finn continues in his crouch, breathing heavily.

UMPIRE  
(clearing his throat)  
Mr. Conlon. Please resume play.

Finn rises, standing tall. He's tamed the beast within. He walks back to the baseline and catches a ball from Roberta.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)  
Deuce.

Finn breathes deep, bounces the ball, tosses it up and SERVES. Chance returns hard. Finn pivots and hits a weak shot. Chance trots up to the ball and softly drop shots. Bounce. In.

Finn shakes his head and walks back to the baseline.

FINN  
(to himself)  
Dig deep, Finn.

UMPIRE  
Advantage Motherwell.

Finn winds up and serves. Chance hits a drop shot again. Anticipating, Finn is already en route to the net -- he's there. Finn taps the ball over the net softly, bringing in Chance -- but it's a floater --

Chance is going to smash this -- Finn's in front, staring down an approaching Chance who -- winds up and SMASH -- Finn moves left, anticipating Chance's shot -- guesses correct -- and volleys hard past Chance. IN!

The crowd ROARS. That was some smart, ballsy playing.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Deuce.

Finn sets up to serve. Ball in the air. He torque's his body hard -- everything is going into this...BALL TWISTING THROUGH THE AIR, HITS THE GROUND, IN.

Chance lunges, barely returning across the net. Finn moves hard to return. Chance counters moving him back. SMACK. Finn advances, drop shots, moving to the net.

Chance comes in hard, ready to kill -- just like before -- Finn moves left -- BUT Chance hits right, passing Finn expertly and IN. Winner.

FINN

Agghh!

Finn is angry, disappointed. Frustrated. He's fucking spent, about to fucking explode. Chance looks across the net at Finn.

CHANCE

You made a great effort, you really did, "champ."

Chance cackles like the douchebag that he is.

And then, from out in the crowd, someone yells--

VOICE (O.S.)

It's not over, Finn!

Finn recognizes this voice but can't place it. He scans the crowd, back and forth, up and down, until he sees -- Karen! -- standing at the top of the stairs, clutching Finn's letter. Her eyes are locked into Finn's. No words need to be exchanged. He knows -- she's his.

Finn screams A la ROCKY:

FINN

KAREN!!

KAREN  
(yelling)  
Give'em hell!

The crowd cheers.

Finn is filled with a confident calm. Renewed with love.

UMPIRE  
Advantage Motherwell. Match point.

Finn breathes deep, grips the ball.

His body aches. Knees have turned to jelly.

He DIGS DOWN DEEPER than ever before.

Finn grits his teeth, tosses the ball and serves hard.

Chance races towards it. And punches it strong back.

Using every ounce of soul, Finn runs, lunges and hits a strong shot back, catching Chance off-guard.

Chance runs down the ball and smacks it back BUT WAIT --

Finn is already at the net, waiting for the shot and volleys it perfectly in the other direction, sending Chance racing cross court.

Chance barely gets the tip of his racquet on it, popping it up high into the air. HIGH. HIGHER. Moving over Finn's head.

Finn backpedals -- looking up as ball is coming down and -- jumps high in the air -- SCISSOR KICK OVERHEAD SMASH!

The ball sails and lands IN. Chance scrambles again and gets a racquet on it, sending it barreling across court.

Finn scrambles cross court. He's a mess. It's all heart at this point. He's got the ball in his sights.

Finn LEAPS racquet first -- FLYING through the air HORIZONTAL -- and WHOOSH! -- ball flies past his racquet, landing barely inside the line.

Finn belly flops to the ground, pounding hard and sliding across the worn, dusty grass.

UMPIRE  
Game, set, match. Motherwell.

The CHEERING IS DEAFENING. The crowd is in ecstasy. Almost glad that it's over.

Chance waves his arms in the air. He makes his way around the perimeter of the court, blowing air kisses while taking his sweaty shirt off.

PAT (O.S.)

There you have it, folks. Chance  
Motherwell defends his title  
against the Cinderella story Finn  
Conlon. Lisbon be damned. Conlon  
gave it his all.

Finn remains face down on the court. Sprawled out. Defeated.

The cheers get LOUDER. Chance soaks up the adulation, waving to the chanting crowd....

Then he realizes-- The chants aren't for him! We hear too!

"Finn!" "Finny!" "Way to go, Finn!" pop from the crowd.

ON FINN:

Hearing the chants, he slowly uncovers his head from under his arms and peaks out. LOUD CHEERS. Finn gets up on his elbows -- The CHEERS ARE DEAFENING!

CROWD

CONLON! CONLON! CONLON!

Finn lifts himself slowly, the applause giving him strength. Knees. One foot up. Rising.

Now on his feet. Finn scans the stadium. He can't believe it.

His FIST rises in the air -- TRIUMPHANT! THE CROWD ROARS!

KAREN pushes her way down to the edge of the court and jumps onto the court, running to Finn. He sees her and they embrace.

KAREN

Finn, that was amazing, I, I-

FINN

You got the money?

KAREN

Yes, I got the money. Finn, you didn't have to-

FINN

I did have to do it. You're my  
DeLorean. You're my scotch. You're  
my tennis. You're my everything.

Karen and Finn kiss deeply -- dirt, sweat and tears smearing  
their faces.

Fans begin to stream onto the court. The crowd blows past  
Chance as if he's invisible and head straight to Finn.

He's hoisted on the tops of shoulders and paraded around like  
a king.

Slowly a PISTOL rises out of the crowd like a periscope.  
Someone screams "GUN!" People scream and scatter, exposing  
ANGEL LOPEZ!

He POINTS THE PISTOL TOWARD KAREN.

ANGEL

You take something from me? I take  
something from you!

Finn jumps down and races cross-court just as POP! A gunshot  
rings out. He dives, racquet in hand, SLOW-MO, through the  
air, crossing in front of Karen, intercepting the bullet with  
his racquet -- PING -- the bullet ricochets off the racquet --  
tearing through wood and cat gut -- spiralling towards Finn --  
and WHOOSH -- the bullet strafes Finn's shoulder in and out.

CRASH - he hits the ground, gripping the broken racquet.

SECURITY GUARDS immediately subdue Lopez, wrestling him to  
the ground, beating and cuffing him. As he's carted off-

ANGEL (CONT'D)

You haven't seen the last of me,  
Conlon!

Karen holds a bleeding Finn in her arms.

KAREN

Oh my God. You're bleeding.  
Somebody get a doctor!

FINN

It's alright, Karen. It's okay.

KAREN

You saved my life.

FINN  
Just used a little top spin, babe.  
Sometimes, that's all it takes.

KAREN  
Don't die on me, Finn Conlon. Don't  
you dare.

Finn smirks and feigns a deep pain.

FINN  
How could I die? You still owe me a  
date.

KAREN  
Anytime. Anywhere.

FINN  
Grace Jones has a villa in Jamaica.

Finn bats his puppy dog eyes and flashes a shit-eating grin.

FINN (CONT'D)  
No three way. I swear.

KAREN  
You've gotta be shitting me.

Karen grabs Finn and they kiss once again.

MUSIC UP: "Angel is a Centerfold" by The J. Geils Band

We slowly PULL OUT of the celebration and chaos of Center  
Court until a shimmering MIAMI glows in the pastel sunset.

THE END

OR IS IT?

END CREDIT SEQUENCE

INT. FLORIDA STATE PENITENTIARY - JAIL CELL

Four male INMATES are in ultra-gay work out clothing,  
bouncing to a Jane Fonda video. PULL OUT TO REVEAL Lopez,  
grilling a cheese sandwich in the toilet.

ANGEL  
Who wants the famous Lopez grill  
cheese sandwich?

ANGEL(cont'd)  
(to the dancers)  
Arriba, chicas! And one. And two-

EXT. MOVIE SET

Set of Miami Vice:

Delancey and Pooh demonstrate to Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas how to pull their weapons.

DON JOHNSON  
And this is hot Miami justice!

POOH  
More feeling, mon.

EXT. SUNSHINE SAVINGS & LOAN - DAY

Flashbulbs and microphones surround The Director as he's led away in handcuffs outside his Sunshine Savings & Loan bank.

INT. LAS VEGAS WEDDING CHAPEL

Lambo is at the wedding altar with his bride -- Irina.

They drive off in a new Datsun Z.

EXT. MOUNTAINS OF CHILE

Outside a mountain HOME, an OLD WOMAN cooks food over an open flame. A DeLorean speeds down the dirt road and stops in front. The Old Woman is frozen.

The door opens and out steps Tito, clutching his photo of Rosalia. Their eyes meet. The Old Woman is Rosalia. They finally embrace, together at last.

EXT. POLICE AUCTION

Assets of the Director and Lopez are being auctioned off.

AUCTIONEER  
And next up is Lot 45, the Miami  
Dade DeLorean dealership.

Finn waits with a paddle.

EXT. DELOREAN DEALERSHIP - DAY

Tennis courts instead of cars fill the parking lot. A new banner reads: "CONLON'S KIDS TENNIS ACADEMY"

EXT. DELOREAN DEALERSHP - TENNIS COURTS - SAME

A group of young girls in tennis skirts are doing drills. Across the net, Karen feeds them balls.

KAREN

That's it, ladies. Get down, move into the ball. Attack!

MOVE TO THE NEXT COURT:

Finn is surrounded by a group of boy tennis players who hang on Finn's every word.

FINN

So, love is tennis. Tennis is love. If you want to win at both, you gotta swing with your heart.

BOY 1

Where should we put our balls?

Boys snicker.

FINN

Excellent question. Let's start with the forehand.

MOVE TO NEXT COURT:

Roberta is playing against another, bigger GIRL. We see the same hardened determination on her face as she rallies back and forth, digging down and really punching the ball.

Roberta gets a set-up and SMASHES the ball to win the point. Determination gives way to joy. She pumps her fist, gripping her BRASS KNUCKLES, and thrusts it into the air, victorious.

THE END OF THE END