

## LEGENDS OF MINIGOLF: THE FLAMINGO'S CHALLENGE

Casting sides

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FLAMINGO

Late twenties to mid-thirties. Male.

An eccentric, over-the-top minigolfing supervillain with oodles of dastardly charisma that sets the story in motion as Jeff's minigolf nemesis. He could perhaps best be described as a cad and a scoundrel, of the most classic and classy variety. His mid-Atlantic accent (think Cary Grant or Katharine Hepburn) is exaggerated, adding to his status as a walking cartoon.

INT. MINI-GOLF COURSE DAY

At this point in the story, Jeff has met the Flamingo once, but has not yet accepted his challenge. However, it's been eating at him, and he wanders out to the minigolf course to a) measure his skill and b) tempt fate.

Jeff awkwardly meets up with his friend Chelsea (and a companion of hers, Rob) at the course; she has only heard of the Flamingo.

The Flamingo notices Jeff, and begins to cross the course toward him, a grin on his face.

FLAMINGO

Well, if it isn't the illustrious Jeff, returning with another merry menage of miscreants. Attempting to sharpen your skills in anticipation of our imminent showdown, are you?

CHELSEA

Oh, my gosh! This is him, isn't it?  
You're the Flamingo Man!

Chelsea eagerly jumps behind Jeff, grabbing his shoulders and peeking around at him. Rob stands back unsure.

FLAMINGO

It's merely the Flamingo, my supremely petulant sweet.

The Flamingo snatches the scorecard from Jeff's hands.

FLAMINGO

Oh, my my, this would appear to be 16 over par, my boy. That may put you ahead of the likes of these plebs, but either you are presently facing a shunning from the gods of mini-golf

2

fortune--for which you would have my deepest sympathies, I assure you--or your pretense is entirely unbecoming of your actual capabilities. Dare I suggest that you yourself are not quite the god you intimated?

Jeff snatches the scorecard back.

JEFF

Look, man, just leave me alone, alright? It's just a--it's just--

FLAMINGO

You seem comprised of nothing but pride, pontification, and quite possibly poppycock. But you balk under the puniest application of pressure. And to be frank, sir, I'm beginning to doubt you have even the slightest talent in the Great Game. I fear that in even extending my invitation to match our mettle, I might have merely been insulting my own reputation. Why, I had rather hoped in seeing you here that you'd come to your senses, but now I wonder--

JEFF

Fuck it! You want to see what I got? You want a game? You got it. I will fucking be there. And I will win.

The Flamingo is deeply satisfied with this turn of events. Chelsea is kind of in shock. Rob's still awkward.

FLAMINGO

Very well, then, Jeff. We shall proceed with the challenge as proposed. Prepare yourself, for I fully anticipate that, despite your claims to greatness, you shall require considerable conditioning should you wish to truly compete.

JEFF

Oh, you're on.

The Flamingo extends a hand. Jeff clasps it violently. However, the Flamingo's handshake is firmer and stronger than Jeff's.

Jeff and the Flamingo stare at each other upon release of their handshake. Jeff is intense, furious. The Flamingo is cool, gratified.

FLAMINGO

Till the competition, then.

JEFF  
Damn straight.