

**LEGENDS OF MINIGOLF: THE FLAMINGO'S CHALLENGE**

Casting sides

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JEFF

Early-to-mid-twenties. Male.

The story's protagonist, Jeff is a more or less average sort of guy, both in attitude and appearance. He is trying to get his life back on track. However, as the story opens, he encounters the Flamingo while out with his friends Mark and Troy. In a moment of unqualified boasting, Jeff is overheard by the Flamingo who takes the game and Jeff's claims quite seriously, challenging him to an exhibition match. Jeff initially dismisses this, but finds himself drawn to practicing minigolf at the local course.

INT. MINI-GOLF COURSE DAY

In this scene, Jeff's gone back to the mini-golf course and has met up with Chelsea and a friend of hers. They accidentally encounter the Flamingo again.

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 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.

EXT. PLAYHOUSE - DAY

In this scene, Jeff and Mark have just picked up tickets for a friend's play, which they're both expecting to be horrible. At this point, Jeff has been given some grief for his evolving mini-golf obsession, which has resulted in him skipping classes occasionally and devoting most of his free time to practice.

Jeff and Mark walk out of a playhouse, each holding a pair of tickets. Mark is on his cell phone.

MARK

Thanks, dad. Alright, talk to you later.

(hangs up)

You know, one day, when I get older, I hope I have my own mechanic and a plumber and--I don't know--a

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statistician, like my dad does. So, whenever someone has a problem, I can just say, "Hey, I know a guy."

JEFF

That's when you know you've arrived.  
"Tell 'im Mark sent you."

MARK

Totally. Yeah, I so guess it's just a leaky oil pan is all. I can probably pick it up at the end of the day. But thanks for the lift, dude.

JEFF

No, problem, man. Besides, me coming with allows us to avoid some whole ridiculous ticket imbursement-reimbursement scheme.

(beat)

Lord, I'm really not looking forward to this thing.

MARK

Eh, what can you do? So, what now?

JEFF

Need a ride to class?

MARK

Yeah, sure.

They arrive at Jeff's car and stop next to the doors. Jeff unlocks his door with his key. They talk to each other over the roof of the car.

JEFF

Cool, I'll drop you off.

MARK

You're not going to class today?

JEFF

Um, yeah, no, I'm gonna go.

(beat)

What is it?

MARK

I know I've been giving you shit for it, man, but you probably really ought to let this whole mini-golf thing go.

JEFF

C'mon, man. You were there. You saw how that Flamingo guy... can I say "stepped to me?" Is that what he did?

MARK

Yeah, but that doesn't mean you have to give him what he wants. Did it occur to you that you could just, like, not show up?

JEFF

And what? Forfeit?

MARK

Don't look at it as forfeiting. Look at it as letting him down. Come on, you want to let him down, don't you?

JEFF

Well, of course I've thought about it. And what I really want *is* to let him down. But, thinking about that guy, he's totally gonna to look at it as forfeiting. A victory for him. No, the only way to let him down is to actually beat his ass.

MARK

Eh.

JEFF

What, eh?

MARK

Does it really matter? Beating his ass? Proving a point?

JEFF

Look. I'm tired of talking about it. Really. Everything's gonna be fine. Let's just go.

MARK

(sighs)

Alright, man.

They climb into the car.

INT. JEFF AND TROY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In this scene, Jeff has skipped the play in question without notice, after promising both Jenna and Chelsea that he would be there. He made this decision at the last second, opting to practice minigolf until the last second and instead working on a paper.

Jeff has a couple of books open. He's typing on a laptop, sitting on the couch.

There's a knock on the door.

JEFF

Come in?

Jenna bursts into the apartment, dressed formally.

JENNA

Looks like you left this in the car.

Jenna tosses him his cell phone.

JEFF

Oh, hey, sorry I didn't call. Was the play any better than it read?

JENNA

How's the paper going?

JEFF

Oh, uh, nearly finished, I think.

JENNA

Took a little longer than you thought?

JEFF

Well, um, yeah.

Jenna glares at him.

JEFF

I mean, I think I can actually be finished in just a few min--

JENNA

What the hell, Jeff?

JEFF

What?

JENNA

How do you just skip out like that?

JEFF

I--I had to write this paper. It's due tomorrow.

JENNA

You also had to be there for Chelsea tonight. Like no one's going to notice that you sluffed it.

JEFF

Well, I'm trying to keep my grades up, you know. I mean, this is ultimately more important.

JENNA

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There would be time for it if you  
wouldn't--oh, my god.

Jenna fixes her eyes on Jeff's tie.

JEFF  
Oh, your god, what?

JENNA  
You were playing that damned game right  
up till the play, weren't you?

JEFF  
No.

JENNA  
Yeah, you started the paper at the  
absolute last second. Am I right?

JEFF  
Okay, fine, I did, but I had to do this  
paper.

JENNA  
You know who else came to the play?  
Maybe, like, ten, twelve other people.  
Chelsea needed your support tonight.

JEFF  
Right, like everyone's supporting me  
with my mini-golf challenge.

JENNA  
That's different!

JEFF  
How?

JENNA  
Your mini-golf "challenge" is stupid.

JEFF  
Chelsea's play is stupid! You said so.

JENNA  
That's different. And if it weren't for  
your stupid thing, you would have been  
able to go.

JEFF  
The paper.

JENNA  
Forget about the paper! You had a  
choice, you made it, and it's just rude,  
and I had to apologize to Chelsea for

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you, and I don't like doing that,  
because I knew exactly why you couldn't  
make it, because it was your choice to  
choose mini-golf over our friend.

JEFF

No, it's not about Chelsea.

JENNA

Well, it sure looks that way.

JEFF

I'm sorry. But I had this paper.

JENNA

Fine. But I want you to call Chelsea  
and apologize to her yourself. I'm  
going.

JEFF

What?

JENNA

I'll call you later. Just call her,  
okay?

JEFF

Okay, fine.

JENNA

Bye.

Jenna leaves.