TIN CUP

ROY
Hey look, she was crying when she came out there alright.

MOLLY
Okay. Okay. Roy...

ROY
So maybe it's something you said.

MOLLY
Okay Roy! That is a patient exit room...

ROY
Well, I knew it was some kind of room. I mean it wasn't painted and there were no magazines out there.

MOLLY
Roy, Why are you here?

ROY
Therapy.

MOLLY
You've come for therapy? Roy you really need to make an appointment, because I have a client in a half an hour.

ROY
That's enough time, thirty minutes. Hell, I'm not that fucked up.

MOLLY
Okay, Roy. Why don't you just have a seat. Right over there.

(Long Pause)

ROY
Okay, so how do I do it? Therapy, I mean, how do I start doing it?

Molly
Well, in parlance you might understand, just kick back and let the Big Dog eat.

He sighs and plunges in.
ROY

Suppose there's this guy. He's standing on the shore of a big, wide river. And the river's fulla all manner of disaster, like alligators and piranhas and currents and eddies, and most people won't even go down there to dip a toe. But on the other side of the river's a million dollars, and on this side of the river there's a rowboat. I guess my question's this: What would possess the guy on shore to swim for it?

MOLLY

He's an idiot.

ROY

No. He's a hell of a swimmer, see. His problem's more like... why's he always gotta rise to the challenge?

MOLLY

He's a juvenile idiot.

ROY

You don't understand what I mean by the river.

MOLLY

We're talking about you and what you like to call your inner demons, Roy, that human frailty you like to blather about, not some mytho-poetic metaphor you come up with in a feeble and transparent effort to do yourself credit.

ROY

Y'mean you're gonna make me feel lousy? I came here to feel better.

MOLLY

No.

ROY

What kinda therapy is this?

MOLLY

Roy, you don't have any inner demons. What you have is inner crapola, inner debris -- garbage, loosewires, horseshit in staggering amounts.
ROY
I ain't just some jerk driving-range pro who drinks too much
boozé and eats too few vegetables.

MOLLY
You're being defensive -- cut to
the chase and tell me why you're
here.

ROY
Woman.

MOLLY
Have you asked her out?

ROY
She's seeing a guy. I don't know
how serious it is, but the guy's a
real horse's ass, if you ask me...

MOLLY
If you shared your heart with this
woman -- maybe asked her out to
dinner -- then it would force
these issues out in the open.

ROY
I'm afraid she'll say no.

MOLLY
So what you're saying is
that all your speeches about
swimming across the shark infested
waters are really just about your
golf game -- not about your
personal life.

ROY
I didn't know we were
gonna get into my personal life!

MOLLY
This is therapy!

ROY
Well, I know, but I didn't
think it was that kind of
therapy...
MOLLY
Look, it's rather simple. Those risks that you love to take on the golf course, the risks you talk so passionately and poetically about -- you need to apply those risks to your personal life with the same passion.

ROY
You mean I should just ask her out.

MOLLY
Yes!

ROY
I should risk coming right over the top and snap-hooking it out of bounds left.

MOLLY
Yes!

ROY
Risk hitting it a little thin and --

MOLLY
Ok, Roy, that's enough!

ROY
Right. Sorry.

MOLLY
S'okay...
(beat)
Look, just walk up to this woman, wherever she is, look her in the eye let down your guard and don't try to be smooth or cool or whatever -- just be honest and take a risk - Whatever happens, if you act from the heart, you can't make a mistake.

Tin Cup rises with new confidence. He does several deep breathing exercises, trying to work up the courage. She stares at him. And he walks right up to her.

ROY
Dr. Griswold.

Molly
Yes?

ROY
I think I'm in love with you.
Molly is stunned.

**MOLLY**

What?!

**ROY**

From the moment I first saw you I knew I was through with bar girls and strippers and motorcycle chicks, and when you started talking I was smitten and I'm smitten more every day I think about you — and the fact that you know I'm full of crapola only makes you more attractive to me because usually I can bullshit people but I can't bullshit you and in addition, most women I'm thinking about how to get into their pants from Day One but with you I'm just thinking about how to get into your heart —

Molly was clueless. She just stares.

**MOLLY**

Roy...

**ROY**

(optimistically, proudly)

Stunned, huh? So what about dinner and we can talk about 'us' and if we have a future and how to drop that horse's ass boyfriend of yours —

**MOLLY**

Roy, slow down —

**ROY**

Hey! I just hit a eight degree driver off a cart path here, I'm staring eagle in the face —

**MOLLY**

This is a terrible mistake!

Tin Cup is knocked off his horse. Into deep rough.

**ROY**

I'm acting from the heart so I can't make a mistake?! Right?
MOLLY
Wrong. Roy. Shit!...

(beat)

I didn't know you were
talking about me.

ROY
Would your advice have been
different?

She’s frustrated and at a loss for words.

MOLLY
Roy, this session's over. I have
someone coming. I think you better
leave.

ROY
I take it your answer’s no.

MOLLY
Well, our relationship is and will
remain strictly professional.

ROY
That’s it?

MOLLY
Yeah.

Crushed, Tin Cup heads to the door, stops and turns.

ROY
I'm gonna qualify for the U.S.
Open and kick your boyfriend's
ass.

(Beat)

ROY
Whatever you think of me, you
should know that your boyfriend
hates old people, children, and
dogs. And that broad’s out there crying
still, alright in the exit room.

He exits.