

# TIN CUP

42 INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - FEW BEATS LATER - DAY

42

**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 booze 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 clue-less. 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.