

DEAD SOLID PERFECT

Written by

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Based on the book DEAD SOLID PERFECT  
By Dan Jenkins, copyright 1974

EXT. SUBLIME PUTTING GREEN - DAY

XCU on a gleaming white golf ball. Specifically, a Titleist Balata. The very same ball Jack Nicklaus used to sink his famous birdie putt on the 17th hole en route to an improbable win at the 1986 Masters Tournament. As a matter of fact...

**SUPER: 1986 MASTERS TOURNAMENT, AUGUSTA GEORGIA**

ZOOM OUT REVEAL the 46-year-old "GOLDEN BEAR" himself lining up to take that very same famous putt.

FURTHER ZOOM OUT and we are now watching Nicklaus about to sink this putt via the most expensive television of the '80s.

INT. ROOM - NOT REVEALED AS TO WHERE - DAY

We see said television is mounted up on a luxurious bar, and DOZENS OF MEN in full golf regalia are cradling expensive libations, watching the screen with bated breath. We FOCUS IN on TWO SUCH MEN: KENNY LEE PUCKETT (EARLY 30's, TEXAN ALL THE WAY) and DONNY SMITHERN (30's, CALIFORNIA PRETTY BOY).

Nicklaus strikes the ball, follows it toward the hole with his putter stretched upward toward the sky, and walks that fucker right into the bottom of the cup -- knowing it was dead solid in the moment he struck it.

VERNE LUNDQUIST (O.S.)

Yes sir!

The room full of golfers go APESHIT! Yet, there's no way they could be making all that INCREDIBLE UPROAR by themselves.

FINAL PULL OUT REVEAL that we are in the interior of the AUGUSTA NATIONAL CLUBHOUSE, and all these drunk motherfuckers sporting argyle are clearly the OTHER P.G.A. TOUR PLAYERS who finished their rounds earlier.

They HUSH in unison, simply listening to the ROAR OF THE CROWD coming all the way from the 17th hole. Beautiful.

Kenny Lee swallows whatever remains in his goblet of scotch, SLAPS Donny on the back, and turns to leave.

DONNY

The fuck are you going?

KENNY LEE

It's over.

DONNY

Are you serious?! Norman and Kite  
are right up Jack's ass.

KENNY LEE

Next you're gonna tell me  
Ballesteros is up there too.  
Millin' around for diamonds.

Donny points up at the TV -- "well he is, dumbshit."

KENNY LEE (CONT'D)

Nah. Fifty says Bear's shadow  
buries all three of 'em. No playoff  
needed, neither.

DONNY

Make it a hundred.

KENNY LEE

Make it five hundred.

Donny tips his glass towards Kenny Lee -- "you're on." He  
turns back towards the TV to watch the rest of the match.

DONNY

(muttering to himself)  
Schmuck.

P.O.V. Kenny Lee again. He slips out of the clubhouse and  
proceeds down a gorgeous country club corridor. The remainder  
of his walk will be entirely FOURTH WALL BREAK, coming  
directly at us, charming Texas drawl and all.

KENNY LEE

I'm not saying that was the easiest  
five spot I ever made, but it  
wasn't the hardest, neither. No,  
the pleasure of them bills belonged  
to one Spec Reynolds, the orneriest  
sumbitch Ft. Worth ever produced.  
Had to damn near pry those Texas  
pennies out of 'ol Spec's hand with  
my 2-iron after I done whipped his  
ass by twenty strokes one windy  
afternoon at Goat Hills CC.

Kenny Lee pulls out a pack of Marlboro Reds, fires one up  
with from his lucky Caseti Windsor gold plated lacquer flint  
flame lighter, and proceeds to walk outside.

EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL CLUBHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

HORDES OF FANS rush past him, eager to secure a spot so they can watch Norman, Kite, and Ballesteros chase history over the final few holes. No one recognizes Kenny Lee as he cuts through them in the opposite direction of where they're all heading, which suits him just fine.

KENNY LEE

The name's Kenny Lee Puckett by the by, and it's damn fine to meet ya. Especially fine if you ain't some Blue Coat with the crest of your godforsaken country club emblazoned over your black heart. Or if ya ain't my shit heel of a best friend on tour, Donny Smithern, the smug sumbitch I just heisted them five muddy lizards from back there. If you are neither of those two cretins, well then it is my absolute honor to have made your acquaintance on this here Sunday.

EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - PRACTICE RANGE - CONTINUOUS

Kenny Lee plucks an especially BRIGHT PINK AZALEA from one of the ornate flower beds surrounding the practice green and secures it over his left ear. Then he pulls out the Reds again, lighting a fresh one with the current waning one.

KENNY LEE

Let's discard any further convivialities gettin' to know each other and get down to it, shall we? In less than an hour from now, Nicklaus is gonna win the last major tournament of his illustrious career. And dependin' on who you ask, what will follow is to be the golden decade of golf. Some, like me for instance, might even refer to it as the "Dead Solid Decade."

EXT. PLAYERS PARKING LOT - KENNY LEE WALKING - CONTINUOUS

The lot is filled with Porsches, Beamers, and even a few Bentley's. Kenny Lee hands his ticket to a ready VALET and walks over to a stand where all the player's golf bags are waiting. He finds his, UNZIPS a side pocket, and proceeds to pull out a CAN OF BUDWEISER.

He POPS the top, takes a big pull, and PLOPS himself down on a nearby bench to wait for his ride. He leans in close...

KENNY LEE

Ya see, before Tiger Woods will turn pro in '96, there's about to be a run of names atop the weekly leader boards only true aficionados of the game could ever give a shit about. Which means the whole world isn't yet payin' much attention to the PGA tour. Which further means a guy like me, a long baller with initiative from the wrong side of Dallas, still has a place in this here professional organization.

Kenny Lee tips his Budweiser at us, brandishes one hell of a grin, and takes down the remaining brew with one GULP. And just as he discards the can in a nearby trash bin, his ivory 1975 Cadillac Coupe DeVille pulls up. The trunk POPS open.

Kenny Lee grabs his golf bag, walks over to the open trunk, and pulls out the remaining cans of beer from his bag before sliding it into his car. Then he unleashes two twenties from his money clip and hands the bills and the beer to TWO VERY HAPPY VALETS working the parking lot.

Kenny Lee eases into the driver's seat, but just before he's about to close the door and pull away...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hey!

REVERSE ANGLE REVEAL one frightfully stunning JANIE RUTH PUCKETT (LATE 20's, ALL LEGS AND PLENTY OF ATTITUDE).

Her arms are crossed, steam is basically coming out the top of her head, and there's a TENSE BEAT as Kenny Lee eyes her through the rearview mirror. Kenny Lee can feel the anger, the valets can feel the anger, and Janie Ruth? She most definitely can feel the anger.

BEAT.

ONE MORE "WHAT THE HELL'S GONNA HAPPEN?" BEAT.

Finally, Janie Ruth unfolds her arms and HUFFS her way over to the passenger door that a Valet scrambles to open for her.

JANIE RUTH

(once in: to Kenny Lee)  
Asshole much?!

Kenny Lee just smiles at her, takes the azalea out from behind his ear, and hands it to her with his most sincere "I'm really sorry" face.

She fake smiles, delicately accepts the flower, and then MASHES it up, discarding all the petals into the backseat.

Kenny Lee rolls down the window, looks back at the camera, and it's clear he's only speaking to us once more, and that Janie Ruth can't hear what he's saying as she STEWS in her seat, arms folded in indignation again.

KENNY LEE

In case you hadn't surmised, that's the wife, Janie Ruth.

(nodding in her direction)

Most likely fresh off a rushed handjob for some other poor soul who had the misfortune to ever waltz across her path.

Kenny Lee STARTS UP the car. The Eldorado 500 cubic inch engine ROARS to life, HUMMING pure muscle.

Back to the camera...

KENNY LEE (CONT'D)

So maybe don't go feelin' too sorry I could have forgotten her here. Besides, her 'ol man finished 34th today. And this bein' the Masters and all, that's some serious coin for her upcoming shoppin' spree at Lord N' Taylor's to teach me a right lesson. Lord...

(considers a moment)

...and Taylor knows I deserve it.

Kenny Lee gives us a WINK.

Then he POPS in his favorite CASSETTE TAPE, Johnny Paycheck's "TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT," cranks up the stereo for all of Augusta to hear, puts the car in DRIVE, and PEELS AWAY from the valet stand like a man with nowhere and everywhere to be.

And as we're left watching all 19.16 feet and 5,400 pounds of classic American thunder roll out the parking lot, the...

TITLE CARD APPEARS:

**DEAD SOLID PERFECT**