

Wingman

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. WINSLOW'S MINI-GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

The night is clear with the bright lights shining down on the mini golf course. People of all ages enjoy their game.

MITCH MURDOCH, 31, and PETE PARADISE, 32, both dressed nicely, EXIT the mini-golf building and arrive at the first hole while holding their clubs.

PETE

You see? If we wait long enough inside for some ladies to start their game, that's when WE arrive, too.

MITCH

Didn't think it was gonna take two damn hours.

PETE

Well, now we're blessed with four beautiful, sexy ladies ahead of us. Time for Paradise Pete and Magnificent Mitch to make it in the hole!

Mitch rolls his eyes as Pete moves forward. Four attractive girls ready themselves to start the game. CHLOE signals to her friend MANDY to start off.

CHLOE

Go ahead, Mandy, you're up first!

MANDY

Okay. I'm not very good at this game. Hopefully I can get at least one hole in one!

Pete rushes up next to Mandy, who is about to putt.

PETE

Perhaps I can help you with your stroke? Pete Paradise.

He sticks his hand out. Startled by him, she slowly shakes his hand.

MANDY

Mandy. Nice to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

Of Plymouth motors. So! What do you say? Shall I instruct you on the ways of swinging? Perhaps ASSess you?

Mandy glances at Chloe and her other two friends for advice. Chloe smiles.

CHLOE

Go ahead, Mandy. He's pretty cute.

PETE

Perhaps, if you're interested... um... Chloe? Is it?

CHLOE

Yes.

PETE

Well Chloe, perhaps my good friend and very single buddy, Magnificent Mitch, can teach you a thing? He's not too shabby as well.

MITCH

(to himself)

Again with the nickname.

She glances at Mitch, who awkwardly smiles back.

CHLOE

Sure. He's cute.

PETE

Okay then! Let's do this!

Pete positions himself behind Mandy. He rests his chin on her right shoulder, while placing his right hand above hers on the putter.

PETE (CONT'D)

Now, the best way to hit the ball is to get a good grip of the putter. If you know what I mean?

MANDY

Not really.

PETE

Good. Now swing the putter back...

With his left hand, Pete grabs Mandy's left ass cheek as she's about to swing.

(CONTINUED)

MANDY

Ah! What the hell was that?!

As she drops the putter, Pete backs up while smiling.

PETE

Paradise golfing! That's what I call Swinging for ass!

Mitch makes his way over to him.

MITCH

Are you serious, Pete? You can't do that!

With anger, Mandy picks up her putter and begins to swing at Pete. Chloe and her other two friends hurry over with their putters in hand.

CHLOE

Creeps on the mini-golf course, I should of known!

She swings and HITS Mitch on his left arm.

MITCH

Ouch! What the fuck, I didn't grab anything!

She attempts to hit Mitch again, but he moves just in time.

Mitch pulls Pete over to him.

MITCH

Let's get the hell out of here!

Mitch runs over to the fence and jumps over it.

Pete continues to taunt Mandy.

PETE

Oh, but it hurts so good!

He laughs some more before getting HIT in the leg hard.

MANDY

Bastard!

PETE

Ouch, you fucking wrench!

He quickly heads over to the fence and hops over it, knocking into Mitch.

(CONTINUED)

The two quickly stand to their feet.

MITCH

Awesome, Pete, just awesome.
Fucking Paradise golfing....Give me
a break.

PETE

There are some ladies out there
that know just what I'm talking
about. I always try to stuff the
shrimp into the Barbie!

MITCH

Shut up.

Mitch shoves a laughing Pete away from him.

INT. SYLVESTER'S BARCADE - NIGHT

Mitch and Pete sit at a high-top table pounding beers down.
Pete notices a very attractive woman playing a shooting game
with her young son.

PETE

12 O'clock behind you. Hot woman,
but bounded by a young kid.

MITCH

You mean 5 O'clock for me. 12 would
be for you.

PETE

Who gives a fuck man. Turn around
and check out this beaut!

Mitch turns to face an attractive blonde woman having a good
time with her son playing a first person shooter game.

MITCH

She is pretty hot.

PETE

No shit! Here's the plan. I'm gonna
talk to her for you and you're set!

MITCH

That's the plan? Just like that,
huh?

(CONTINUED)

PETE
Just like that!

Pete chugs the rest of his beer, stands, and readies himself.

MITCH
How will I know when to come over?

PETE
I'll clap my hands together.

MITCH
Okay?

Pete fixes his collar and slowly makes his way towards the woman.

PETE
Why, hello.

The WOMAN turns around to face Pete, who stands close to her.

DEBRA
UM, hello, close-up guy.

PETE
Am I? Sorry. I couldn't help seeing your beauty, while playing this magnificent game with...is this your son?

DEBRA
Yes. This is Tyler.

PETE
Please to meet you Tyler.

Pete sticks his hand out looking for a handshake, but Tyler doesn't budge.

PETE (CONT'D)
Okay.
(to Debra)
And you are?

DEBRA
Debra.

PETE
Please to meet such a fine, sexy fox here. Pete Paradise.

(CONTINUED)

The two shake hands.

DEBRA

So do you always come here looking for women?

PETE

What? No. I usually come here just to, you know, relax, have a couple beers, play games.

Pete takes a drink from his beer.

PETE (CONT'D)

I never really do this, but your prettiness caught my eye, and when something catches my eye I just can't ignore it.

DEBRA

Oh, I see.

PETE

Seeing is right. I'm also here with my pathetic, loser friend over there.

He points out Mitch, who sits at the table sipping his beer.

PETE (CONT'D)

He never gets out, but I told him that he needs to expand his pathetic life, and not sit in his apartment building models of bikini models.

DEBRA

That's nice of you to take him out and try to show him a good time.

PETE

I try. So, how is this game?

DEBRA

I don't play video games. Of course, Tyler loves to. We come here every now and then to play. In fact, you want to give it a try?

PETE

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

Pete takes the gun from Debra as she steps back. Mitch looks on annoyed from the table as he tries to subtly better his appearance.

PETE (CONT'D)

Okay Tyler, so what's the plan?
Should I follow your lead?

Debra's phone begins to RING. She takes it out of her bag.

DEBRA

Oh, I've got to take this. Someone
that I work with.

She takes her phone and steps away. As she does, Pete's character is shot down.

PETE

What the fuck? I wasn't even
playing yet!

TYLER

You suck!

PETE

Excuse me? Um, we didn't even start
the damn game yet.

TYLER

You should always be ready. You
suck!

PETE

Listen kid, you suck!

TYLER

No, you do!

PETE

Why don't you do me a favor and
casually walk away, so I have a
chance to bang your hot-ass mom.
You demon spawn.

Tyler KICKS Pete's right shin.

PETE (CONT'D)

Ouch! What the fuck kid!

TYLER

I don't like you.

PETE

I don't like you either, you little punk.

Debra hurries back over to the two.

DEBRA

What's going on? What happened?

PETE

Your kid here kicked me in my shin.

TYLER

He's being mean, Mom! He's cursing at me!

DEBRA

What!

PETE

No, I wasn't.

TYLER

He kept saying fuck, fuck, fuck.

DEBRA

He's never said that word before.

Pete holds back for a moment, until he can't anymore.

PETE

Your son deserves it! Kicking me in the shin and what not. Who teaches their kid violence huh? Huh?

DEBRA

It's called self-defense and clearly he had to use it on a creep like you!

She picks up her drink and THROWS it on Pete.

PETE

What the fuck!

TYLER

See Mom, fuck!

DEBRA

Why don't you go back and sit down with your loser friend over there. You two can keep each other company.

She picks up her bag and grabs Tyler's hand.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
Let's go Tyler!

The two hurry off. Pete looks at the mess on his shirt. He then slowly makes his way back to Mitch.

MITCH
What the fuck happened over there?
Why'd she throw her drink on you?

PETE
I told her about you and what not.
Said you loved kids and almost had
one yourself, until you got an
abortion, because you weren't ready
yet.

MITCH
What? Why in the hell would you say
something like that?

PETE
It's just what came to mind.

MITCH
For crying out loud.

The two sit quiet for a while drinking their beers.

Pete notices another pretty woman behind Mitch.

PETE
You're 12 O'clock, again, hot
bitch.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

The place is filled with people bowling. It goes dark as the music is turned up and the disco ball reflects the laser lights going all around.

Mitch and Pete grab their shoes and head to their assigned lane.

MITCH
This place is crawling with hot
chicks.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

You can say that again. I see two
over there straight ahead.

Pete points out two sexy ladies in tight black yoga pants
bowling by themselves.

PETE (CONT'D)

Better yet, the lane next to them
is open. Let's move.

MITCH

Wait a minute, our assigned lane is
the other way.

PETE

Who gives a flying fuck? You want
to talk to these majestic beasts or
what?

MITCH

Well yeah, of course.

PETE

Then, get off your high horse and
let's move!

Reluctantly, Mitch follows Pete as they make their way to
the lane next to the two women.

PETE (CONT'D)

Yep, this is our lane.

The brunette girl looks over at Pete. He flashes her a smile
back.

MITCH

Alright, let me set up our names.

PETE

Put mine as, "Sex Paradise".

MITCH

What! Why?

PETE

Because the sex with Paradise is
always good!

He glances over at the two women, who glance in return
giggling.