

**clinton/Daly
or
Back Nine**

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Characters:

Michael
Daly
Clinton

Setting:

"The Lion's Den" -- John Daly's bar in the clubhouse of his golf course "The Lion's Heart" in Dardanelle, Arkansas. Upstage center are four glass doors that look out on the first tee. Right is the bar with stools and behind more windows that look out on the eighteenth green. A flatscreen TV hangs downstage above the bar, facing upstage so the audience can't see what plays on it. Left is the jukebox and entryway to the (offstage) bathrooms. Up left is the main entrance to the bar. Scattered around the room are various tables and chairs.

It is mid-March, around 4:50 AM on a Sunday night/Monday morning.

ACT 1. SCENE 1.

Michael, the bartender, finishes putting the last two bar stools down on the floor. As he moves around back to get behind the bar, he stops a moment and looks out the windows behind him. It looks like somebody is outside but it is hard to tell. The sun doesn't rise for another hour. Michael starts brewing a pot of coffee and then he wipes down the bar. He looks outside again. As he takes out cocktail napkins and straws, he looks to the audience and finally decides to include them in his thoughts.

MICHAEL

Good evening. Well I should actually say, Good morning seeing as it's almost five o'clock in the morning. Normally, you'd think: Bar, I'd be closing up right about now. But this bar is a little different. This is "The Lion's Den". Which means normal rules of rational thought need not apply. And three hundred and sixty-four other days of the year indeed I am not dumpin' ice at this hour (he dumps a bucket full of ice in the trough). But this day is special. And it's especially special for three reasons (he crosses to the jukebox left): first, it's JD's birthday. And John's always been known to throw some monstrous birthday affairs regardless of his current (coughs) financial state.

Secondly, (he slides a five dollar bill into the jukebox) today is the launch of the inaugural Lion's Heart Invitational Celebrity-Am which is kicking off an even bigger endeavor: The John Daly Charitable Foundation. That's right, JD has a charity. It wasn't his idea, mind you. But his heart's in it. His heart always is. But there's a third, and even more important thing happening today--

Enter John Daly through the glass doors upstage. He carries a putter and a can of Diet Coke with him. Michael selects a song on the jukebox.

DALY

(nervous, biting his nails)

Where is he?

MICHAEL

They said around four thirty, right?

DALY

Yeah.

MICHAEL

It's not even five yet. You don't tee off 'til almost six thirty.

Michael selects another song.

DALY

Six twenty-two. First group.

MICHAEL

You've got plenty of time.

DALY

I know...

Song kicks on: The Allman Brothers Band: "Revival" (Michael's choice)

DALY

I just want to talk to him. I need to talk to him. You wouldn't understand. You haven't met him.

Michael selects another song.

MICHAEL

(trying to deliberately get
John's attention)

I'm sure he's Jesus, Elvis, and Einstein all rolled into one.

DALY
(distracted)

What? You got a light. I think I left mine in my bag.

MICHAEL
(pulls a lighter out of his
pocket)

Why are you out there putting in the dark?

Michael selects another song.

DALY

I'll tell you why. Because I can't sink a four footer to save my life. I've gotta get my feel back. Nightputting is one of the best ways. It's all feel 'cause you can't really see anything. Can't see break or depth or even if it's ten feet or twenty feet sometimes. You just gotta go with feel. Four feet of feel. But then when it drops in the cup (he makes the "thok" with his tongue)...that is one of the most beautiful sounds in the whole world...

Michael looks at him sarcastically.

DALY

What! Don't look at me like that! Calcavecchia taught it to me!

MICHAEL

You sure he wasn't messing with you?

Michael crosses back to the bar.

DALY

You know what, you really have no imagination. (playful, not mean) I'm not even sure why I keep you around.

MICHAEL

I'll remember that. There's songs left on there.

Michael returns to behind the bar. Daly paces.

MICHAEL

Will you calm down?

DALY

I gotta keep moving.

MICHAEL

How many Diet Cokes have you had?

DALY

I don't know.

Daly finishes off the remnants left in the bottom of his can of Diet Coke.

MICHAEL

How many?

DALY

Maybe seven.

Michael sighs, disgusted. Then he pours a short glass of Bud Light and puts it down on the bar.

DALY

Naw, I'm all right.

MICHAEL

Come on.

Daly waves him off.

MICHAEL

John Patrick Daly.

Daly walks over and casually down the small glass of beer. He gently puts the empty glass down on the bar.

DALY

Hit me.

Michael casually (and not hard) slaps Daly across the cheek.

DALY

Hey.

MICHAEL

Oh, you want another drink.

Michael pours another Bud Light. Daly lights another cigarette as he waits for the fresh short beer.

DALY

Wiseass.

Michael puts the beer down. Daly casually drains it.

MICHAEL

Better?

DALY

No.

MICHAEL

It's just a charity golf outing. It's not the U.S. Open.

DALY

Yeah. But it's my charity. The launch of my charity. Can you believe I have a charity?

MICHAEL

You're all heart, JD.

DALY

I Wish it was the Open: Baltusrol or Oakmont or Pebble.

MICHAEL

Shit, those courses would scare the hell out of most golfers. Most Pros too.

DALY

Not me.

MICHAEL

You're wired different.

DALY

Yeah. Hot wired. Wired to a runaway golf cart.

MICHAEL

Well that's awfully melodramatic, don't you think?

DALY

(like a switch flipped, he gets
adrenaline and emotion up
fast)

You got a wife in jail!? You owe--(he stops himself)

Quiet. Music: Creedence Clearwater
Revival: "Down On The Corner"
(Michael's choice)

DALY

Sorry.

Michael pours him a Bud Light.

DALY

(and then the high drops and
turns to self-pity)

What am I doing starting a charity? If anyone, I need charity. Ya know?

MICHAEL

No.

DALY

No?

MICHAEL

You're all heart, JD, but the pity po-lice are gonna come down here and arrest your ass for being a pussy.

DALY

Oh, come on, man, I'm just sharing. I know people got it a lot worse off than me. You don't think I know that?

MICHAEL

I know that President Clinton's coming here and you're acting like somebody who's been sleeping under bridges.

DALY

Do I look all right?

MICHAEL

You look like you. Is Clinton any good?

DALY

You mean is he a good guy?

MICHAEL

On the course.

DALY

Oh. Naw. He's terrible. Last time we played, which must'a been...oh, five or six years ago, down at Pinehurst Number Two, tees up, mind you. He shot about 120. But on his card, you know what he shot? 94. Every hole, he'd shave at least a stroke--and mulligans, forget about it, he didn't even count those. I mean it is pretty ridiculous. But who's gonna call him on it. I mean he's the President of the United States. At least was. You can't tell the President, "Oh, hey, excuse me, Mister President, Sir, Man with the Nuclear Launch Codes, uh, yeah, you had a Nine on that par five and not a Seven." Anyway, I think Clinton was of the opinion that no matter what he actually shot, the President is not gonna shoot over 100. That ain't good for anybody. But hey, I don't care. I just play it where it lie. Could be anywhere. Could lie in a divot. Could lie in a ditch. Could even lie in a tree. Well then goddamn it, I'm gonna climb that tree (rubs his belly) Well, actually in my younger days I'd shoot up that tree. Now I'd just pull out a chainsaw and cut that sucker down.

Michael has poured 2 short beers.

MICHAEL

Cheers. (holds up his glass)

DALY

Thanks, Brother. (clinks his glass with Michael's)

They drink. Music: Van Halen: "Panama"
(Michael's choice)

DALY

(gets up, moves around, slowly
getting excited)

I'm gonna win it. I'm gonna win it. This year.

MICHAEL

I believe you, JD.

DALY

I'm gonna do it. Gonna git 'er done.

MICHAEL

You just keep practicing. Like you've been doing.

DALY

I'd like to drop maybe...fifteen pounds--twenty pounds
before. You think I can do that?

MICHAEL

You put your heart into it.

DALY

(points to him)

Exactly. Exactly. It's all about heart. That's what my Mom
used to say. I've got what, like three and a half weeks?

MICHAEL

Somethin' like that.

DALY

I can do it. I've done it before.

Daly looks into the jukebox and chooses
some songs.

MICHAEL

Yes you have.

DALY

It's just been a while.

MICHAEL

Yes, it has.

DALY

(shoots him a look)

All right. Starting tomorrow, nothing but Grapefruit Juice
and Baked Lays.

Michael's face shows that he finds that
combo a Bad/Disgusting choice.

DALY

I want to be in tip top shape. This is my Masters. This year.

MICHAEL

Your year. No doubt. The Daly Year.

DALY

I'm gonna win The Masters.

MICHAEL

(pointing the remote up at the
TV and turning it on, he
remains casual, this could be
a conversation they've had
twenty times)

Gonna win The Masters.

DALY

Then all I'll need's an Open, I'll have the Grand Slam.

MICHAEL

Hogan, Saracen, Player, Nicklaus, Woods,

DALY

Jones.

MICHAEL

That ain't a bad table to be at.

DALY

Hell, I'd bus that table...(looks up at the TV) What are you
playing?

MICHAEL

You know what this is.

DALY

(looking up at TV)

Well, it's The Masters, that much I can tell.

MICHAEL

Yes. But not just any--

DALY

(sees a leaderboard on TV)

Eighty-six. Nicklaus. Now That is what I am talkin' about!

MICHAEL

I thought you'd like that.

DALY

Like? Hell, I Love It! This is like the greatest back nine in the history of golf. Just goes to show you,

MICHAEL

Anything is possible.

DALY

That's right. Nicklaus, who hadn't won a major in five and a half years, hadn't even made the cut in two out of the last three. Was done, washed up, finished, finito, old, put out to pasture--

MICHAEL

And then he wins the damn thing.

DALY

Hell Yes. What is more inspiring than that? Jesus, it just goes to show you, in golf, if you've got the back nine coming up, anything is possible. The man shoots 30, 30! on the back nine. On Sunday! At The Masters!

MICHAEL

At 46.

DALY

Right. I mean, shit, that is inspiring. I want to go play that course right now.

MICHAEL

What's stopping ya?

DALY

Funny.

MICHAEL

Well, shit, JD, you're not even 46 yet.

DALY

I'm also not Jack Nicklaus. Nothing against Tiger, but Jack is the greatest this here sport has seen. Once Tiger wins 19, I'll give it to Tiger. But until then, it's still Jack.

MICHAEL

The Golden Bear.

DALY

That man...I would...Anything he asked...Any time he asked...God! Doesn't this just get you pumped up?! We're not there yet (motions up to the TV) but thru 15, 16, 17 he goes eagle--birdie--birdie. I mean, who does that? On Sunday, at The Masters! I fucking love it.

MICHAEL

You should just carry around a little TV and watch this while you're playing.

DALY

Right.

MICHAEL

Is that even allowed?

DALY

I don't know. I don't see why not. As long as it's not bothering anybody.

MICHAEL

That might be something to try.

DALY

Yeah. You're right. No shit.

MICHAEL

Forget all the Butch Harmon mind games. Forget all the Bob Rotella mumbo jumbo, just watch this back nine while you're playing.

DALY

It does always pump me up.

MICHAEL

Whatever works.

DALY

No shit. Doesn't matter what it is. You're absolutely right. You know what Fuzzy used to do?

MICHAEL

No.

Music: Aerosmith: "Sweet Emotion"
(Michael's choice)

DALY

He'd pretend whoever he was playing with was his Dad. Because his Dad was a real asshole, he used to not only beat the hell out of him but he'd play mind games with him out on the course. You know, stuff like jingling keys in backswings, screaming right before he was about to putt, real amateur hour shit but that stuff'll fuck you up when you're ten. So he'd pretend whoever it was he was playing with was his Dad. And he would have to beat that guy by twenty strokes. Didn't matter who it was or how he was playing. Fuzzy was gonna destroy him. That's why he called everybody he played with Pops. That's how he won the '79 Masters, by pretending the whole final round that Craig Stadler was his Dad.

And then in the playoff Watson was his Pops. Crazy, right? Except that it worked. Of course, you can't keep that sort of thing up, it's too negative, it'll grind you down. But it did win him The Masters.

MICHAEL

This could be your year, JD.

DALY

Yeah. I could use a year. (he downs his beer)

MICHAEL

You could use a decade.

DALY

(corrects him)

Lose a decade.

MICHAEL

Hey. You said it. Not me.

DALY

(shifts tone to self-pity)

What am I gonna do, Michael? Almost 4 million dollars, I don't have it. I don't. Even my quarterly endorsements can't-- What am I gonna do?

MICHAEL

(comforting)

It's okay, JD.

DALY

(he is getting more and more emotional)

How am I possibly gonna keep things together without Sherrie?

Enter Clinton from left, he gives a "Shhh" sign to Michael.

DALY

You know? I mean that's my gal.

MICHAEL

Mm hm. I know.

Michael is put in a tough place: between JD's emotional honesty and Clinton's joking around.

DALY

She's my special lady--

MICHAEL

Yeahp. She is.

DALY

She's--

CLINTON

A Woman.

Clinton surprises Daly.

DALY

Jesus fucking shitballs. Mister President. Sorry.

CLINTON

John. (shakes Daly's hand) John John John.

DALY

(still shaking hands, quickly
composing himself)

Good to see you, sir.

CLINTON

(by now employing the hand-
sandwich and patting the top
of Daly's hand)

You too, John. You too. It has been too long. Too long. How long has it been?

DALY

(drops a joke to get himself
back on track)

We saw each other just last week, Mister President.

CLINTON

(believes him)

We did? Where?

DALY

No, I'm just joshin' ya.

CLINTON

Oh, you. You got me. (he chuckles)

DALY

We haven't seen each other in six years, at least.

CLINTON

My how time flies.

DALY

Yes, it does, sir. This is my buddy, Michael McCallister.

CLINTON

Nice to meet you, Mike.

MICHAEL

You too, Mister President.

CLINTON

Please, call me Bill.

MICHAEL

(nervous)

Okay, Mister President.

They all laugh.

CLINTON

It's harder than you think, isn't it?

DALY

It really is.

MICHAEL

Yes, sir.

CLINTON

That's all right, Mike. Once you feel comfortable enough, you just let it fly. I don't mind.

MICHAEL

Yes, sir, Mister President, sir.

DALY

(starts halfway through
Michael's line above)

Listen, really, thanks for coming, I can't thank you enough
really--

CLINTON

John, it is my pleasure. My distinct pleasure to help you out
with dedicating this beautiful new golf course.

DALY

Well, actually, the golf course has been here. It's my
Charity we're starting. My new Foundation.

CLINTON

(rolls with it)

That's even better. You've got a Foundation now too, eh?
That's great. There really is no better feeling than helping
out those less fortunate, and getting to play eighteen holes
of golf with such a great golfer and a great guy.

DALY

Okay, Mister President. I think that's enough sunshine up my
ass.

CLINTON
(chuckling)

Fair enough.

MICHAEL

It's John's birthday.

CLINTON

Is it? That's great. Well, happy birthday, John.

DALY

Thank you very much. It doesn't matter--Would you like a drink?

CLINTON

No. It's a little early for me. Why? Are you boys drinking? Have you been drinking?

DALY

Just a couple of beers. Nothing crazy.

CLINTON

No white lightning?

DALY

No.

MICHAEL

Would you like an Irish Coffee, Mister President? I just brewed a fresh pot.

CLINTON

Well I was gonna have a John Daly. How do you guys make it?

MICHAEL

It's an Arnold Palmer. Add alcohol. Usually vodka or rum.

DALY

Or both.

CLINTON

(he finds that disgusting)

Oh, Jesus. Why don't I just start out with a Bud.

MICHAEL

One Bud coming right up. You want to shoot something with these beers, JD?

DALY

What do you say, Potus? A little Wild Turkey?

CLINTON

You're trying to get me in trouble. You want me to pass out on the third green?

DALY

Naw, you'll be fine. Come on.

MICHAEL

I know what we need.

Michael grabs the bottle of Jack Daniels and pours 2 shots in rocks glasses. He pours Clinton a regular shot, not a small one.

CLINTON

All right, Johnny. Just this one. Line 'em up, Mike. You can make mine small.

MICHAEL

(pouring)

A little JD for JD.

DALY

Now get one for yourself there, Michael. I mean, come on, how often do you get to drink with a President.

Michael pours himself one. They hold 'em up. Music: Supertramp: "Goodbye Stranger" (Michael's choice)

DALY

To...

MICHAEL

To the birthday boy!

CLINTON

Sure.

DALY

(waving it off, doesn't want it to be about him)

No, no, no.

CLINTON

May your neighbors respect you,
Trouble neglect you,
The angels protect you,
And heaven accept you.

DALY

(turning morose)

And to my wife, Sherrie...

CLINTON

(confused)

Yes. Absolutely.

MICHAEL
(jumping in)
To the Wives!

ALL 3
The Wives!

They down the shots and then chase them
with beers.

CLINTON
(bracing, not used to it)
Wow.

DALY
(finished the shot and the
beer)
Who's ready for another?

Daly takes out a smoke.

CLINTON
No thank you. (Coughs) This Razorback's a little out of
practice.

MICHAEL
No better time to get back in the game than now.

DALY
(re: cigarette)
You mind?

CLINTON
No. Go ahead. Let me stick with the politics. Professional
drinkin' is never gonna be my bag.

DALY
(lights his smoke, playful)
And Pot smoking's definitely not your thing.

CLINTON
(playful)
Watch it.

DALY
(tapping his belly)
The key to heavy drinking is a nice soft bed of beer.

MICHAEL
And carbombs.

DALY
That goes without saying.

CLINTON

I have a carbomb story for you guys.

MICHAEL

I get the feeling it doesn't involve alcohol.

CLINTON

No. The Philippines. 1996.

DALY

Jesus.

CLINTON

(showing off)

No, Bill. Okay. So I'm in Manila for the Asia Pacific Economic Forum. We're on our way to a meeting, my motorcade, when we get diverted down a different route. Now, mind you, I didn't find out about any of this until much later, the secret service like to live up to their name, even to the President of the United States. A radio message is intercepted with the words "bridge" and "wedding" which is code for assassination attempt.

DALY

Jesus.

CLINTON

So this bridge, along the route we're supposed to take, supposed to go over, is found to be loaded with explosives.

DALY

Oh My God.

MICHAEL

Did that happen a lot?

CLINTON

I wouldn't say a lot. But definitely more times than the American public knows about. Ask me about Kennedy sometime.

DALY & MICHAEL

What about Kennedy?

CLINTON

Oh, I'm sure it's still classified. Maybe in a few years. Let's just say it involved Oswald and...

MICHAEL

Come on, Mister President, you can't whet our appetite like that and then not tell us.

DALY

You're not a cock tease, Mister President, are you?

CLINTON

Okay. I'll give you guys this little caveat but you have to keep it under your hat.

MICHAEL

I swear on my Mother.

DALY

Scouts honor.

CLINTON

I can't tell you anything about Kennedy. But that Manila assassination plot back in '96, who do you think was behind that?

Daly and Michael look at each other.

DALY

The Philippines?

MICHAEL

Imelda Marcos?

DALY

The shoe lady?

CLINTON

No. Actually, Fidel Ramos was the President at the time.

MICHAEL

Oh.

DALY

Jeez, Michael, what's your problem?

CLINTON

No. Why would you know that. But the assassination--attempted assassination--you know who was behind it? (he waits, they think) Let's just say it rhymes with Obama.

DALY

Osama?

MICHAEL

Bin Laden?

CLINTON

You said it. Not me.

DALY

Osama Bin Laden tried to kill you?

MICHAEL

In the Philippines?

CLINTON

Who told you that? (he smiles)

Daly smiles. They all share a laugh.

MICHAEL

Seriously?

CLINTON

(deliberately shifting, looks outside)

Starting to see a little light out there it looks like.

DALY

How is Misses Clinton doing?

CLINTON

Oh, great, great. Yeah, she's really doing important important important work.

MICHAEL

Must be important.

CLINTON

Very important.

DALY

Do you see her often?

CLINTON

(blowing through the question)

And Chelsea's doing great too. It's really just--a blessing--I've been so blessed--having two bold beautiful strong--headstrong--smart wonderful women.

DALY

(unmoved)

Uh hun.

MICHAEL

(unconvinced)

Okay. What about your Dad? What was he like?

CLINTON

My Daddy?

MICHAEL

Sure.

CLINTON

My real Daddy died in a car wreck before I was born.

DALY

Jesus.

MICHAEL

Oh, I didn't know, Mister President.

CLINTON

It's okay, Mike. I never knew my real Daddy--Well, that's the wrong word--he might've been my biological father but my "real" Daddy was my Stepfather and he passed away when I was twenty-one.

MICHAEL

Car accident?

CLINTON

No. Cancer. It's funny, though. My biological father dies in a car accident, right? And then my StepDaddy, he runs a Car Dealership. Kind of funny.

DALY

What kind of cars?

MICHAEL

Does it matter?

CLINTON

Buicks. He ran the parts department.

MICHAEL

A good guy?

CLINTON

(over top)

So, John, what's the plan here? With this interview--what are we doing?

DALY

Well, actually, how you doing? You good? (re: his drink)

CLINTON

I'm all set.

DALY

(hands Michael his beer glass,
motions with his fingers for a
shorty of Jack Daniels and one
for Clinton too)

I thought--we've got this charity--my charity--we're
launching my charity--

CLINTON

Right.

MICHAEL

The JD Charitable Foundation and wet bar.

DALY

Exactly.

Daly hands Clinton the short whiskey.
JD and Michael hold up theirs.

CLINTON

Oh, come on now--I'm out of practice--I can't be expected--

DALY

Come on, Mister President--

MICHAEL

Get in there.

DALY

What is it that you have to do today?

CLINTON

Well, there's a phone call with--

DALY

You gotta give a little speech and play some golf. That's it.
So, come on--

CLINTON

No, really--

DALY

Come on.

MICHAEL

Mister President.

CLINTON

Guys, I'm not used to--

DALY

I said, Come on!

CLINTON

Hell-- (Clinton downs the whiskey. Daly and Michael follow
suit)

MICHAEL

Again?

DALY

Absolutely.

CLINTON

Now, wait a second, I can't--

MICHAEL

It's okay, Mister President--

DALY

(lighting a smoke)

Yeah--

MICHAEL

You're absolved. Nobody can be expected to keep up with the J to the D.

CLINTON

No, I am an amateur when it comes to the booze.

DALY

Nah, you're all right. You're just out of practice. A week with me, I swear you'll be right back up there. (Daly puts his arm around Clinton)

CLINTON

(uneasy)

Right...

Music: Willie Nelson: "Always On My Mind" & "Bloody Mary Morning" (Daly's choices)

DALY

Okay. So the way I see it is this: I'll go out there, give a little blah blah: kids, money, helping the poor, cancer, drugs, addiction, want to do good for the community, then maybe I'll take my shirt off. Homeless, unwed mothers, teaching kids golf, introduce You. You come out: happy to be here, my old friend JD, this is a great cause, get a plug in for your foundation, maybe you take your shirt off, beautiful day, can't wait to play, love JD, love his wife Sherrie, Go Razorbacks.

Daly takes a long drink of beer.

Clinton sits stunned. Michael eats some nuts.

DALY

What do you think?

CLINTON

Well, John, there's definitely some good ideas in there-- maybe we could just flesh them out into a more concise--

Daly walks up to Clinton, puts his hand on his knee.

DALY

I'm just shittin' ya.

CLINTON

What? Oh, Jesus! Thank God!

Daly breaks into laughter which leads to a coughing fit. Michael laughs too but more subdued.

DALY

Your face!

CLINTON

I thought you'd lost your mind: Take your shirt off, I take My shirt off--I had no idea--(Daly is coughing) where you were going with this. Jesus, John, come up for some air. (Bent over, Daly waves off Clinton) (to Michael) Get this man some oxygen or something.

MICHAEL

It's his own fault.

Michael pours a glass of water, no ice, and hands it to Clinton.

CLINTON

Jesus, John, maybe it's time you thought about--(turns as he walks over and sees Daly light up a smoke) quitting. (laughs to himself) Here.

Clinton hands Daly the water. Daly drinks it all down. Then JD tosses the glass over his shoulder high above Clinton--

CLINTON

Whoa--Hey!

--over to Michael behind the bar who catches it perfectly.

CLINTON

Nice catch.

MICHAEL

Thank you very much. I'll be here all morning.

DALY

(sits down in chair left)

We can do this however you want, Mister President. We just need to mention my charity, and my wife.

CLINTON

Sherrie.

DALY

You got it.

CLINTON

Okay. Well, let's see: what do I need?

DALY

(like he's memorized it off his pamphlet)

The John Daly Charitable Foundation is devoted to providing relief to the poor, distressed or underprivileged due to poor health or advanced years, with a specific emphasis on the needs of young children...

MICHAEL

And orphans.

DALY

Thank you. I always forget the orphans.

MICHAEL

You're not the only one.

DALY

(catches the joke)

You.

CLINTON

Okay. How does Sherrie play into this?

DALY

It was her idea.

CLINTON

Smart lady.

DALY

You're Goddamn right, Mister President, Sir.

CLINTON

Well, I have to say, John, it all sounds great. Just great. You'll see: when you start a foundation like this it starts out small but once you begin helping people it expands and multiplies until it basically takes over your life. In a good way.

DALY

I hope so. Maybe it can redeem my soul.

CLINTON

Good works always do. Even if your soul's been--

DALY

Beat up, trampled on, crunched, squashed, squeezed, obliterated.

CLINTON

That all?

DALY

For now.

Clinton laughs. Daly laughs. Music: Hootie and The Blowfish: "Let Her Cry" & "Only Wanna Be With You" (Daly's choices)

CLINTON

Here's how we'll do this: (he gets into it, takes over center stage, he is now performing) John, (points to him)

DALY

That's me.

CLINTON

You come out and first you thank everyone for coming: "Thank you all for coming, appreciate it. Isn't it a beautiful day everybody." Then you talk about how excited you are--and really I want to see the excitement--not jumping up and down--but in your eyes and your face--

DALY

I'll probably be wearing my sunglasses.

CLINTON

No. No sunglasses. We need to see your eyes. This is a charity you're launching, not a Nascar race.

DALY

What about the Sun?

CLINTON

What about it? (to Michael) Isn't it supposed to be another beautiful day in the Ozarks?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

DALY

I don't want to be squinting.

CLINTON

(small laugh to himself)

No, we'll set it up so the sun's behind us--that's easy--plus it'll look great with the Sun rising behind us just as we are rising with the John Daly Charitable Foundation.

DALY

I like that.

CLINTON

Of course. (Michael winces a little, the phoniness bothering him slightly) So then, okay, where were we? Right! Excitement for this endeavor. Excitement for the charity. Excitement for being able to help people. And that segues you into introducing me: how thrilled and humbled you are to have me here. Be humbled and amazed. No. Humbled and surprised, that's better. Then make sure you mention my full title:

DALY

Forty-second President of the United States. Bill Clinton.

CLINTON

Before that you can say something about "Arkansas' Own", "Arkansas' Beloved", "Native Arkansas Son", "Hope's Own" - something like that.

DALY

Beloved Arkansas Son.

CLINTON

Ehn, no... (thinks a few seconds)

MICHAEL

Our own Razorback.

CLINTON

No...

DALY

Beloved Native Razorback.

Clinton doesn't need to say anything to reject it.

MICHAEL

Arkansas Favorite Son--

Clinton cuts him off.

CLINTON

Our Favorite Son. Keep it simple.

DALY

(repeating)

Our Favorite Son.

CLINTON

And then I'll take over and then at the end we'll make a few jokes about my golf game. Easy. You can just follow my lead on those. I'll set it up for you.

MICHAEL

What are you gonna talk about?

CLINTON

Oh, Mike, I'll talk about the Lion's Heart--John's Big Heart. How Proud I am to be here. How excited. How committed I know John is to helping those less fortunate than him. The talks we have had about making a difference. And how behind every great man there is an even greater woman and how glad I am that Sherrie had the foresight to start this charity with John. And how together--through the John Daly Charitable Foundation and my own Clinton Foundation, I think we can really help those in dire need of a helping hand. Because a lot of us right now are Down. And there's no shame in that. Good, decent, hardworking people sometimes need a Helping Hand. And I'm just glad and proud and humbled to help in any way I can...Something like that.

DALY

(casual)

Sounds good to me.

Michael doesn't really like all the phoniness and busies himself with cleaning or counting bills, something unnecessary.

CLINTON

(sees he's losing Michael)

But a more important question, Mike, is how many strokes am I getting a side?

DALY

(to Michael)

What do you think, Five?

CLINTON

Five!

DALY

(straightforward)

A side.

CLINTON

A side! That's it? That's insane.

DALY

Well, Mister President, being retired and all now, I figure you must be playing a lot of golf these days--you must be down in the low eighties.

CLINTON

(a little testy)

Actually, no. I don't have a lot of free time for playing--
I'm very busy with--

DALY

No, of course you are. I didn't mean--

CLINTON

Between My charitable foundation, my speaking engagements, I
barely--

DALY

Of course.

CLINTON

--have time to (condescendingly, louder) Tee up a Golf ball.

Pause. Silence.

MICHAEL

So what do you think: fifteen a side?

DALY

Sounds good.

Clinton moves left and messes with the
jukebox. He chooses some songs. He is
testy.

CLINTON

So, Mike, what is it you do?

MICHAEL

You mean besides bartending?

CLINTON

Yes. This is your job...

MICHAEL

One of them. I work here for JD on occasion.

DALY

Michael's my go-to Guy.

CLINTON

And why is that?

DALY

Well, simple. I can trust him. You must know, Mister
President, the more famous you get the more hangers on.
People looking for a handout. Don't want to work. It's hard
to trust people.

But with this man, hell, I'd trust him with my life. No, that doesn't mean shit, especially the way I live my life--

MICHAEL

I thought it was gonna be all Baked Lays and Grapefruit Juice from now on.

CLINTON

What?

DALY

Yeah, right. No, Mister President, I trust this man with my Childrens lives, and I can't say that about...anybody. Michael's pure and true.

MICHAEL

Thanks, JD. (joking) Can I get a new truck?

DALY

(joking)

Hell No. That old F-150 you got is fine. It's a fine truck.

MICHAEL

Oh, it's a good truck.

CLINTON

How long have you two been buddies?

DALY & MICHAEL

3rd Grade.

MICHAEL

JD came in to my school and promptly took over.

DALY

Hey, it's not my fault you had no vision.

MICHAEL

(sarcastic)

A 3rd grader with vision.

DALY

Yeah, uh, this sonofabitch is my oldest friend.

MICHAEL

Him too.

DALY

(re: beer)

Just a shorty.

CLINTON

You got any kids, Mike?

Clinton crosses back to the bar.

MICHAEL

Two, sir. A boy and a girl.

CLINTON

You got pictures?

MICHAEL

Yeah. Of course I do. (he pulls out his wallet)

At the bar Michael shows Clinton his pictures.

MICHAEL

That's my Christine, the eldest, my baby girl. She's 13 now going on 40. (Clinton laughs) And that's the Bill. The Bill man. Sorry, we didn't name him after you, that was Allie's Dad's name. He passed away.

CLINTON

I'm sorry to hear that--

MICHAEL

Oh, it's all right.

CLINTON

How old's your boy?

MICHAEL

Six.

CLINTON

That is a fun age.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

CLINTON

Those are some beautiful children.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

CLINTON

What does their Mama do?

MICHAEL

She's a, she's a Mom.

CLINTON

That's a full-time job in and of itself.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

CLINTON

I'll bet she's a great Momma.

MICHAEL

She is.

DALY

She's the best. (holds up his glass from across the room)

CLINTON

So, Mike, you grew up here.

MICHAEL

Yes, sir.

CLINTON

Went to school--

MICHAEL

High school, yes, sir.

DALY

Michael was in the first Iraq War.

Music: Kid Rock: "Only God Knows Why"
(Daly's choice)

CLINTON

What service?

MICHAEL

Army.

CLINTON

Enlisted?

MICHAEL

Yes, sir.

CLINTON

What division?

MICHAEL

First Infantry, sir.

CLINTON

Ah, The Big Red One.

MICHAEL

Yes, sir.

CLINTON

Desert Storm, First Infantry, you guys were the tip of the sword.

MICHAEL

Yes, sir.

CLINTON

So you saw the Highway of Death.

MICHAEL

I was there, yes, sir.

CLINTON

Brutal, right?

MICHAEL

Yes, sir.

CLINTON

(to Daly)

You remember that. It was the road out of Kuwait and on to Basra. The Iraqi Army, after pillaging and raping Kuwait City, tried to get away. But General Schwarzkopf, a great soldier this country was lucky to have, he bombed the hell out of them. And Mike here had himself a front row seat. I can only imagine...

MICHAEL

Yes, sir.

CLINTON

That was such a brilliantly run war. General Powell really held that thing together. A model of efficiency that war was. I think President Bush was right, though, not to go on to Baghdad. The unknowns there outweighed the knowns. And as we now know, and as my Grandma used to say, you break it, you own it.

DALY

That could be my bumper sticker.

CLINTON

Mike, thank you for your service.

MICHAEL

You're welcome.

CLINTON

How long did you stay in?

MICHAEL

Fifteen years.

CLINTON

And now what are you doing with yourself?

DALY

Michael's my Manager.

MICHAEL

You have a manager?

DALY

Somewhere.

MICHAEL

I'm a teacher.

DALY

Yes he is.

CLINTON

What age?

MICHAEL

I teach High School Physical Edumacation and Health.

CLINTON

Around here?

MICHAEL

At Dardandelle Public High School.

CLINTON

So you're not really a bartender.

MICHAEL

Shhhh, don't tell him that. He doesn't know.

DALY

(playing along)

Don't know what?

MICHAEL

See. (he circles his head to jokingly indicate that John is crazy)

DALY

We're all proud of our Saint Michael--goes off fights in a war then comes back here and takes on the noble duty of teaching our kiddies the difference between the Vas Deferens and the Vagina.

MICHAEL

It's a Gift.

CLINTON

So this is just to earn a little extra money.

MICHAEL

Show me a teacher who can't do with some extra cash and I'll show you--

DALY

An asshole--

MICHAEL

A liar.

CLINTON

How are you and your family doing? All right? If you don't mind me asking.

MICHAEL

Yeah. Everybody's good. Healthy, happy--

DALY

Not in jail--

MICHAEL

Exactly.

CLINTON

That's great. Just great. I have to say, I admire you. I wish I could find some sort of a simple peace. I didn't mean that in any sort of negative connotation.

MICHAEL

Okay.

CLINTON

I don't know. Maybe it's just my being back here, makes me kind of nostalgic for the simple things in life, ya know?

DALY

Diet Coke, Beef Jerky, Skynyrd.

CLINTON

Some days you just wanna chuck it all, come back here, buy a farm, start my own Produce Farm. Organic Produce. Work the land, live off the land, sell my vegetables at some local farmer's market and just...Be. That really all sounds so...

MICHAEL

Boring--

CLINTON

Nice.

DALY

One man's simple life is another man's wet t-shirt contest. I need a drink. Line 'em up.

CLINTON

Well, what do you want, JD?

DALY

(jokes away the question as he
is prone to do)

I want it all. And then I want more.

MICHAEL

What are we doing this round?

DALY

Well, my good man, Whiskey, of course.

Clinton wanders off and discovers one
of Daly's golfbags and set of clubs
leaning against the wall.

MICHAEL

Jack?

DALY

No. You know what. Pull out the special Pappy's.

MICHAEL

Can do.

Michael ducks down under the bar to
retrieve a special bottle hidden away.

CLINTON

John, these your clubs?

DALY

Some of them, yeah.

CLINTON

You mix it up, you don't play with just the same set all the time?

DALY

There's my basic iron set: my Pings. But the woods are always changing. (He thumbs through the clubs) I guess the only real constant is my wedge and putter: I've used both of these-- well, not this exact one, but the same Ping Eye 2 since college.

Clinton pulls out the wedge and putter.

DALY

This Ping Wedge has actually been banned because it has square grooves, but there's a loophole if you have the original club which this is. And then this putter, I've had this same head since high school.

CLINTON

Why not the same shaft?

DALY

Because golf is a life-sucking Bitch. (ie he's snapped a few over his knee)

CLINTON

Fair enough.

DALY

All this other technology constantly changes, with the irons and especially these woods, it's like every other day I get a new Driver--

Clinton pulls out Daly's Driver.

CLINTON

Wow. This is a monster.

DALY

(ignoring)

Yeah. Steak on a Stick. But you can't really get better putter technology. Doesn't matter what sort of angles or weighting they come up with at the end of the day it's all about Feel. Stroke and feel. That's all that matters.

CLINTON

(gripping Daly's driver,
holding it out in front of
himself)

Long John. What's the longest you've ever hit it?

DALY

I once hit a ball 806 yards.

CLINTON

How did you do that?

DALY

It was on a runway at LAX.

MICHAEL

(under the bar, unseen)

A lot of roll.

DALY

All roll.

CLINTON

What's your longest drive on a course, in a tournament?

DALY

I don't know. 400 something. It doesn't really matter.

Daly fiddles with his putter.

CLINTON

That is something. Can I try this today?

DALY

Sure. You can have it.

Clinton messes with the Driver. He casually swings it a few times.

CLINTON

How's that look, JD?

DALY

You swing like a politician.

CLINTON

What's that mean?

DALY

You swing this way, you swing that way.

CLINTON

Well then help me out. Give me some pointers.

DALY

You want a lesson?

CLINTON

I'm here, aren't I?

DALY

All right.

Daly walks over and pulls the 7 iron out of his golf bag. Music: Tom Cochrane: "Life Is A Highway" (Daly's choice)

DALY

You've been kind enough to come all the way down here for my charity, suppose the least I could do is help you out with your golf game. It is the One thing I can do after all.

CLINTON

I mean, it's for charity but I don't want to embarrass myself out there.

DALY

I hear ya, Mister President. Here you go.

Daly holds out the club.

CLINTON

What's this?

DALY

7 iron.

CLINTON

Naw, I like this one better.

DALY

Mister President, are you a professional golfer?

CLINTON

Why no, John, I'm not.

DALY

And what would you say if I told you how to run the country--
how to balance the budget?

CLINTON

(all charm)

Oh, well, John, if it was you I'd listen.

Michael, bottle in one hand, small
flashlight in the other, pops up from
under the bar. Daly continues holding
out the 7 iron and freezes for a few
seconds as if contemplating what he is
going to do next.

DALY

Fine, use the Driver. (Daly retracts the 7 iron) All right.
Show me what you got.

Clinton takes his time setting up. Then
he swings.

DALY

Mmmm hm. Okay.

Clinton swings again.

DALY

Nice.

Clinton swings one more time.

DALY

All right. (to Michael) What do you think?

MICHAEL

That's a real pretty swing, Mister President.

DALY

(pacing around holding the 7
iron)

Yeah, it's pretty all right. But it's also a total mess. Like a drunk prom queen throwing up in the back of a Playground.

CLINTON

What?

MICHAEL

(sort of to himself)

That's a new one.

DALY

Okay. Now I'm gonna give you one thing and one thing only to focus on. Can you do that for me?

CLINTON

You don't have to baby me. I'm a big boy, I can take it.

DALY

Okay, Mister President. Here it is: You listening? Okay?

CLINTON

I'm ready, John.

DALY

(accompanying motions with his
hands)

Okay. Here it is: Keep...Your...Head...Down.

CLINTON

That's it?

DALY

(laughs)

That's it.

Michael smiles.

CLINTON

Okay. I can do that.

Clinton swings.

DALY

No.

CLINTON

Hold on, Hold on. I lost my balance...

Clinton swings.

DALY

No.

CLINTON

All right. Look: I'm gonna overcompensate this time...

Clinton swings.

DALY

Mister President, that was even worse.

CLINTON

God Dammit!

MICHAEL

Down, not Up, Sir.

CLINTON

(a little testy)

I know what down means, thank you.

DALY

Just relax....Breathe...Be conscious of your head...

Clinton exhales, sets up, takes forever, waggles, waggles, waggles, swings: and it's just as bad.

DALY

You want to try the 7 iron?

CLINTON

No, I don't want the 7 iron!

DALY

All right. Try this: pick something out on the floor. Something right out here. (Daly uses his foot) A crack, a piece of dirt, whatever. You got it?

CLINTON

I got it.

DALY

Okay, that's the ball.

MICHAEL

What is it?

CLINTON

It's a hair.

DALY
(he hears Clinton, he's just re-emphasizing)

It's a what?

CLINTON

A hair.

DALY

Where?

CLINTON

Right there.

DALY

You got it?

CLINTON

I got it.

DALY

You sure?

CLINTON

I got it!

DALY

All right. Keep your eyes on that hair. No matter what you do, you stay focused on that hair, no matter what else happens, you are zeroed in like a laser, on that hair, nothing can pull your focus--your laser-like focus from that hair--that hair is all that you see--the rest of the world doesn't exist--

CLINTON

All right. I got the hair!

DALY

(softly, gently)

Now swing.

Clinton swings. His head still sways all over the place. But Clinton does completely finish his swing: full and high. Daly rubs his eyes.

DALY

Mister President, you might have the nicest finish I've ever seen--

CLINTON

(still holding his finished pose)

Thank you, John.

DALY

It's a real thing of beauty. You finish high and full and
you're hips are wide open but before that will you please
keep your fucking head down?!

Daly paces. Clinton and Michael are
stunned.

DALY

(calmer, but the tension
festering)

I'm sorry. Just, just try and keep your head down.

Clinton looks at Daly a long while as
he sets up for another swing. Then
finally Clinton swings, but Daly stops
him in his backswing.

DALY

Head down. Head down. Down.

Daly puts his hand on Clinton's head.

DALY

Down. Now Down. Swing Again.

Daly keeps his hand on Clinton's head,
Clinton is growing increasingly
uncomfortable. Daly puts both of his
hands on Clinton's head.

DALY

Down. Okay. Swing. Swing!

Clinton starts his backswing and then
flips out--he can't stand anyone's
hands on his head putting him in a
subservient role. He loses his cool.

CLINTON

All right! All right! Come on! Jesus!! Come On!!

Daly and Michael are both surprised by
Clinton's sudden outburst. They back
off.

DALY

(putting up his hands)

Okay. All right. Okay, Okay. Whoa.

MICHAEL

It's okay. It's fine. Hey.

CLINTON

I just can't--Not--Don't...

Clinton walks left and blows off some steam.

CLINTON

Sorry.

Clinton exits left to the bathroom.

Music: Shawn Mullins: "Lullaby" (Daly's choice)

DALY

I was just trying to keep his head down.

MICHAEL

I know.

DALY

I was trying to help him out. He asked for the lesson, it wasn't like I was--

MICHAEL

I know.

DALY

(laughs)

Jesus.

MICHAEL

(laughs)

I know.

Daly and Michael share a laugh together.

DALY

(sings the Dukes of Hazzard theme)

Just a good old boy, never meaning no harm, fightin' golf lessons like a true modern day Robin Hood.

MICHAEL

You can't teach an old dog new tricks.

DALY

No, sir, you can't. I just put a hand on his head--you know how many heads I've touched. A six year old--

Enter Clinton.

MICHAEL

Mister President.

Clinton dries his face with a paper towel.

DALY

Everything all right there?

CLINTON

Yes, yes, fine. It was just, uh...JD, sorry about--

DALY

(interrupting to save Clinton
the embarrassment)

We need a drink. Michael, what is taking you so long? Is there something you're waiting for?

MICHAEL

This isn't a race. You've got a long day ahead of you. (he hands Clinton a clean towel) Here you go.

CLINTON

Thank you. (dries his face and neck properly)

DALY

Which is why we need to have a little taste of Pappy's.

MICHAEL

Mister Van Winkle coming right up. Mister President, will you be joining us?

CLINTON

(unsure)

Well, sure, why not.

DALY

We don't have to go crazy. Just a little taste to take the edge off.

Michael finishes pouring 3 neat Pappy's. He pours short Bud Light chasers for them. Music: Steve Perry: "Oh, Sherrie" (Daly's choice)

DALY

To you, Mister President, to a great day, and to Sherrie.

Daly downs it. Michael downs it. It pains Clinton but he downs it. Daly doesn't even need a chaser. Michael casually drinks his beer. Clinton's Bud Light saves him. Daly hears the song playing.

DALY

(bursts into tears)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Excuse me. Just, don't...

Daly starts to exit to the bathroom, returns and takes his cigarettes from off the bar, and then he leaves left.

CLINTON

Is he all right?

MICHAEL

No. Yes. Kind of. He's actually doing pretty good. It's just the whole Sherrie-thing weighs on him.

CLINTON

Is she sick? What's wrong with her?

MICHAEL

No. Nothing like that. It's really, I'd like to tell you, Mister President, it's just really not my place.

CLINTON

Well, come on, Mike, we're all family here, we're all Razorbacks. This aint' nothin' but a bunch of backwood Redneck hillbillies hangin' out.

MICHAEL

No, I know--

CLINTON

What is it? Maybe I can help.

MICHAEL

I don't know how but--

CLINTON

Well if you don't tell me I definitely can't help.

MICHAEL

Yes, that's true, I just, I'm not comfortable--

CLINTON

Mike, will you just tell me what's wrong with JD's wife?

Pause. Silence. Clinton looks at Michael. It is a look Clinton has perfected to get what he wants out of people.

MICHAEL

Sherrie's in prison.

CLINTON

See! Now how hard was that. Thank you. Thank you for telling me. Now, now that I know that: maybe I can help.

MICHAEL

I don't know, sir.

CLINTON

She's in jail. Can I presume she didn't kill anybody?

MICHAEL

No. I mean, Yes. No, she didn't kill anyone.

CLINTON

Okay. What's she in for, drugs?

MICHAEL

No. Kind of.

CLINTON

Jesus, Mike, will you just tell me?

MICHAEL

All right. But you have to promise me you won't tell John.

CLINTON

I promise.

MICHAEL

On what?

CLINTON

On your head.

Pause. Silence. Stare.

MICHAEL

(quieter, looks off left)

She's in Federal Prison. Along with her parents.

CLINTON

Where?

MICHAEL

Kentucky. She's serving five months for money laundering. Some drugs too. She didn't run it, her Dad ran it, but she was involved. He got five years.

CLINTON

What's the earliest she can get out?

MICHAEL

June.

CLINTON

That's only three more months.

MICHAEL

Yes.

CLINTON

Well that's not too bad.

MICHAEL

It's still prison, Mister President.

CLINTON

Of course it is but it's not--I thought you were going to tell me she was serving 30 years to life or something crazy.

MICHAEL

No, sir.

CLINTON

Money laundering? That usually involves drugs. How did JD not know that?

MICHAEL

It was mostly all before they met.

CLINTON

Ah.

MICHAEL

And she did a good job of keeping it hidden from him. I think, more than anything, she was--

CLINTON

Stupid?

MICHAEL

Embarrassed. John's embarrassed about it too. He probably-- You can't mention it to him--You're just here to play Golf and launch the charity--which we really appreciate, by the way--

CLINTON

Oh, don't be silly, it's my pleasure.

MICHAEL

You're just really--John's just been such a big fan of yours over the years--he's so proud of another local Razorback doing so good. (Clinton is beaming throughout Michael's speech) He talks about you all the time--just beaming--high praise--Even when you were going through your...Ya know...John could, John, could empathize 'cause he's had his own...Ups and downs, so it's really great of you, Mister President, coming down here--

CLINTON

(waving off his praise)

Mike, Mike, Please, it is the least I can do. (like a switch is turned, he knee-jerk goes into made-for-TV BS mode. He can't help himself) Helping out the less fortunate by helping My good friend, Long John Daly, start this charity, why let me tell you it is a distinct pleasure and a humbling experience and really makes my heart just swell with pride and admiration for the good work going on right here in the great State of Arkansas.

MICHAEL

(skeptical)

Right...

Enter Daly smoking a cigarette. Music: John Coltrane: "A Love Supreme" (Clinton's choice)

CLINTON

There he is!

DALY

(spent)

Hey.

MICHAEL

You all right?

DALY

(putting on a good face)

Yeah.

CLINTON

Hey, John. Look. Check it out.

Clinton mimes a golf swing without a club in his hand, trying to keep his head down.

CLINTON

Keepin' it down. You see that. All because of you. Keepin' it down.

DALY

(distracted, whimsical)

That's not bad.

Clinton goes into Cheer-up-John Mode.

CLINTON

You know, John, I forgot to tell you, I was talking to one of my Aides about you. (he's lying)

DALY

Oh, yeah?

CLINTON

Yes. He saw this trip on my itinerary and apparently he's a big John Daly fan because he wanted me to ask you about the '91 U.S. Open.

DALY

I wasn't in the '91 Open. You mean the PGA?

CLINTON

Right. The PGA. I always screw that up. The one you won.

DALY

What did you want to know?

MICHAEL

Who is he?

CLINTON

Just one of my Aides.

DALY

What's his name?

CLINTON

(slight pause)

Jeff...something. I think it's Gordon.

DALY

Un hun.

CLINTON

He was just wondering what is was like, going from--

DALY

Zero to Hero?

CLINTON

Something like that.

DALY

(to Michael, sarcastically)

Boy, I've never gotten that question before.

CLINTON

Come on, JD.

DALY

(sitting down)

What do you want to know? It was Magic. Crazy. The most insane five days of my life. And you have no idea going into it. I was the 9th alternate, ya know?

CLINTON

(he has no idea whatsoever)

No, really?

DALY

It took Nick Price's wife, Sue, going into labor. That was how I got in. Last man in.

MICHAEL

First to win.

DALY

Hell, I didn't even get to Crooked Stick until 3 o'clock in the morning Thursday. No practice round. No caddy. I'd never even seen the course...It's the wildest feeling. It's something you can't replicate. You can only have it once. Going from, over the course of 72 hours--at first no one had any idea who I was--my first two rounds we had nobody following us. And then suddenly, late Friday BAM: 8 under, Posted. Leading the PGA. Saturday everybody's high fiving me, "Go get 'em, John!" "Kill it, Long John!" I'm everybody's Son, Buddy, Grandson--We love the underdog, don't we? The Little Guy.

CLINTON

Yes. We do. That's what makes our country great.

DALY

Well Fuck That. See, that's why I was so good. I didn't give a flying fuck. Was I gonna hit Driver every time? You bet your ass. Was I gonna go for every par 5 in two? Of course. There was no backing down. No playing it safe. In fact, I was pretty clueless about the whole thing. Ignorance is Bliss they say. Well, I was having too much damn fun to worry.

CLINTON

(sitting, phony)

That's great. Just great.

DALY

You know, the craziest thing the whole weekend--you know this-

MICHAEL

Well there were two.

DALY

Right. But that Saturday night, now mind you, I'm leading the PGA Championship by 3 strokes heading into Sunday. Well Jim Irsay, owner of the Indianapolis Colts--'cause Crooked Stick's right outside Indy--he calls, huge golf nut, and asks if I'd be his guest at the Cots exhibition game. That Night! Hell Yeah! Now I'd probably go home and take a nap but back then, shit yeah, bring it on. They introduce me at halftime: 50 thousand people screaming for me.

72 hours earlier I'm eating two egg McMuffins at McDonalds and hoping Squeaky, Nick Price's caddy, will carry this nobody Redneck's bag. I mean, how does that happen?

CLINTON

It's amazing. Only in America.

DALY

Well I don't know about that.

MICHAEL

Tell him about Sunday. The note.

DALY

Right. The second crazy thing to happen to me that week--I mean there were about a hundred and forty-seven crazy things that happened but this is at the Top. So back before cell phones and blackberrys, you know, the only way to get a hold of anybody--a player at a Tournament was to get the locker room attendant to leave a note in your locker. So Sunday morning I've got all these fuckin' notes, everybody suddenly wants to be my friend. Right? Of course.

CLINTON

I know exactly what you mean. Everybody wants to be part of a winner.

DALY

Everybody wants to touch greatness because their own lives are so boring. Sorry, that sounds harsh. I didn't mean it like that.

CLINTON

No. It's all right. It's true.

Michael turns his back on them and straightens some bottles.

DALY

Well I got to touch greatness that morning I'll tell you. All these scraps of paper but only 1 stood out. All it said was: "Go get 'em, John." That's it. 4 words. And I'd say nothing probably has Inspired me as much since. You get desensitized to it all. But back then those 4 words meant it all. Meant I was ready to go. Meant I belonged. I wasn't a tourist. I belonged there. And you know who left that note?

CLINTON

(literally just taking a stab
in the dark with the biggest
name golfer he can think of,
he doesn't expect it to be
true)

Jack Nicklaus.

DALY

That's right.

CLINTON

Really?

DALY

Jack Fucking Nicklaus. He was my hero. He was my guy. So, yeah, that helped. And then Sunday, well, you know, the rest is history. Nothing's ever the same again. After that. Ever.

CLINTON

I know what you mean. The same thing happened when I won the Presidency. You don't think really that things are gonna change that much but then suddenly they do. Of course, mine's a bit different because there was the whole campaign and the debates so people already knew who I was and what I stood for. So it wasn't like coming completely out of nowhere like you did. But still, there were some real eye-opening moments. I remember right after I'd been elected--actually it was the day of the election, Chelsea and I went for a jog downtown in the afternoon and we stopped off and got some water at McDonalds--just water--which I'd done countless times before, and the girl behind the counter, dammit I wish I could remember her name, I can even see her face--She says to me, "Governor, I voted for you today." And then her co-worker says, "I did too." And the Manager. And then I hear from in the back, the guy frying up the burgers says, "Me too." And the customers join in--that whole McDonalds--I mean Chelsea and I had to get out of there it was too intense--I thought my head was gonna explode or I might just start crying.

DALY

I voted for Bush.

MICHAEL

Me too.

CLINTON

Really? Why? You didn't want to give any love to your own Governor? You know I won this state with 53 percent of the vote.

DALY

No, it was nothing personal. I'm just a big military guy. (he looks at Michael)

CLINTON

Okay. Fair enough. But then you know, the thing was, after we won, there's that transitional period where you've got to pick your cabinet, you've got to pick your staff--What about '96?

Pause. Daly nods No. Clinton looks to Michael. Michael looks away.

CLINTON

No? You voted for Dole? Why, because he's--(Pause) All right. So. That transitional period--there's nothing like becoming President--nothing at all--Reagan actually offered me some fair warning about that when he gave me a jar of red, white and blue jelly beans--You must have voted for Al?

DALY

Gore? No.

MICHAEL

No.

CLINTON

But--don't you know--he served. He was in the Army in Vietnam.

DALY

(avoiding)

Yeah...

MICHAEL

Right...

Daly and Michael simply didn't like Al Gore.

CLINTON

Kerrey. He was a War Hero for Christ's sake.

DALY

But, see, we were in a war so we couldn't really change Captains mid-trip.

CLINTON

And then McCain, right?

DALY

Yeahp.

MICHAEL

Absolutely.

CLINTON

You guys basically just vote for Republicans.

MICHAEL

It's nothing personal, Mister President.

DALY

We're just all about low taxes--

MICHAEL

--getting rid of big government--

DALY

Yeah, and the military.

CLINTON

Right. Excuse me.

Clinton walks upstage, opens up the double doors and goes outside.

MICHAEL

(looks outside)

Here comes the Sun.

CLINTON

Ahhhh!! (screams and screams and screams)

Then Clinton casually returns, goes to shut the double doors behind him.

DALY

You can leave those open, Mister President.

Clinton leaves the double doors open.
Music: Ronnie Hawkins: "Forty Days" &
"Mary Lou"

MICHAEL

Coffee?

CLINTON

Yes, please.

MICHAEL

Milk? Sugar?

CLINTON

Yes.

Michael pours milk in. Then he spoons in some spoonfuls of sugar, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,

MICHAEL

Is that good, sir?

CLINTON

One more.

Michael drops one more (7th) teaspoon of sugar in. Clinton stirs and then drinks.

CLINTON

Mmmmm!

MICHAEL

No good?

CLINTON

(softly)

Hot.

Michael pours Clinton a glass of water. Daly meanwhile has made his way over to his golf clubs. He's thumbing through them. Then he pulls out his 6 iron. He holds it in his hands feeling the club head weight out in front of him. Then he casually starts swinging the club around but like a baseball bat. Michael notices this and knows what's coming next.

MICHAEL

Uh oh.

CLINTON

(doesn't see what's happening
behind him)

What?

Daly lets out a furious swing and nails a chair.

MICHAEL

Mister President, get back here.

Daly unleashes fury on all the tables and chairs in the room. Clinton abandons his coffee and water and ducks around the back of the bar so he's shielded behind it with Michael. They are both crouched down, their heads occasionally pop up. Daly keeps at it with the 6 iron, a wild animal--a wave of destruction. After knocking around the tables and chairs he swipes Clinton's coffee and water off the bar. He is truly out of control. When he realizes he can't fully destroy a chair with a 6 iron, he knee-snaps the club's shaft in two. Then he picks up a chair and smashes it to smithereens.

He really has no control over his anger, it's just how he copes with stress, he's used to it (and so is Michael) by now. It's also a way to beat himself up. When he runs out of things to use to thrash about the room, he simply resorts to his fists. After a while he wears himself out and plops down on the floor, his back against the bar, panting. Michael's head surfaces, followed by Clinton's. Michael pulls a cigarette out of Daly's pack (the only thing left on the bar that wasn't destroyed). Michael holds the cigarette over the edge in front of Daly's face. Daly looks at the cigarette a second, then he takes it and places the cigarette in his mouth. Michael produces a lighter. Michael reaches his body over the bar and extends the lighter down. He flicks the Bic and it lights. Daly gently moves Michael's hand up to his face so he can light his cig. Then Michael returns to standing behind the bar and Daly exhales smoke. Michael notices Clinton quizzically looking at him. After a moment:

MICHAEL

Cigarette?

CLINTON

(he's a bit dirtied up from the
Daly tirade)

No. Thank you. I think I'm gonna use the bathroom.

Clinton starts to go.

MICHAEL

Okay.

Clinton exits left.

MICHAEL

Jesus, JD. In front of the President? Really?

DALY

He doesn't care.

MICHAEL

No. But...(he lets it go, looks around, takes in the destruction)

DALY

How much money you got?

MICHAEL

(shakes his head, knows where
this is going)

I got nothing to lose.

DALY

Lose? We're not gonna Lose. We're gonna win. Big. Grab the old RV, swing down to Capri. Yeah, Capri. I haven't been there in years. You know they have a two thousand dollar machine down there. Play that for a while. Hit it. Then maybe play some Blackjack. We'll be a team. You and me. Start out small. Start out slow.

MICHAEL

(not excited)

Sure thing, JD.

DALY

Then we'll get to Vegas. The Wynn. Now there they have a five thousand dollar machine. And that machine owes me. And I'll hit it. And I'll hit it again and again. Just keep hitting it over and over again. They'll have to drag my ass out of that casino 'cause they'll be afraid I might just bust the whole place up! 'Cause I've got LadyLuck on my side!

Daly slowly breaks down into tears. Clinton returns. Clinton and Michael look at each other.

CLINTON

Hey, come on now. It's not all that bad.

DALY

It is. I just can't do it anymore.

Daly assumes the fetal position on the floor but still smoking a cigarette so it's funny looking.

MICHAEL

(bored with this or over it)

Yes, you can.

CLINTON

What's wrong, John? Maybe I can help.

DALY

I owe so much money. And I have no love in my life. All my love is gone. Gone!

CLINTON

Sherrie, right?

DALY

(like a wounded animal)

Sherrie!

MICHAEL

Mister President,

CLINTON

She's not gone, John. I mean, she's just in a bad place--

MICHAEL

Sir,

DALY

How do you know--

CLINTON

It doesn't matter. I'm just here to help. That's what I do. Help you with your charity and maybe, just maybe, help you with your wife--

MICHAEL

Mister Clinton--

DALY

Well that would be great--but how'd--

CLINTON

Your good friend Mike here was kind enough to inform me of your situation--

MICHAEL

Bill!

DALY

(rising)

Michael?

CLINTON

Now, JD, Mike was just looking out for you, there's no need--

DALY

You told him about Sherrie?

MICHAEL

I...Um...Well...Yeah.

DALY

Wha--Why, Why did you do that?

CLINTON

Mike was just trying--

Daly "Pshhh's" Clinton, like Cesar Millan.

DALY

Please, Mister President, this is between Me and Michael. Why would you do that?

MICHAEL

Because I didn't know if you were gonna.

DALY

Come here.

Pause. They look at each other.

DALY

I said, Come Here.

Michael walks out from behind the Bar. Clinton is frozen, sure a good old boy fight is about to break out. Michael walks up and stands right in front of Daly, eye to eye about three feet apart. They look at each other...And then Daly hugs Michael.

DALY

I love you so much.

MICHAEL

I know you do.

DALY

I'm hurtin' inside.

MICHAEL

I know you are.

Clinton is relieved but all of this unchecked emotion is wearing him out. Daly and Michael break apart.

DALY

Mister President, I didn't want to ask you...I didn't want to ask you 'cause I was embarrassed. I've done so many Stupid things in my life, and now to top it all off I've got a Wife in jail! My sweet Sherrie baby.

CLINTON

That's all right, John.

DALY

I didn't want to put you in this position, Mister President. But I'm desperate. You're looking at a desperate man. I don't know if I can make it. I want to ask you, hat in hand, my pride all but gone, my feel all but gone. If there is anything you can do, I will do whatever. I just...I just...I need your help.

Michael picks up the mess from the destruction: broken chair, glasses, overturned tables, etc and generally makes the room look presentable again while Daly and Clinton talk.

CLINTON

Well, John, of course, I'll be happy to look over her case or put you in contact with the uh, attorney general of Kentucky, is it?

DALY

Anything you can do. I don't know if I can make it these next few months without her--

CLINTON

Right, right, of course. I'm just, I uh, I don't know--it's a Federal Case--

DALY

Yes it is. I mean, I don't know--I'm not a Lawyer--but just, ya know, I mean, Can ya, Can ya Pardon her? Is that something you can do? (to Michael) Don't they do that?

CLINTON

Well, Yes, I mean, John, as President we have the power to Pardon and, uh--

DALY

Exactly! Sure, that's what I'm talking about--

CLINTON

Well, John--

DALY

If there's anyway, Sir, you could pardon her--

CLINTON

John, I'm not really--I can't--

DALY

(ignoring, over the top of Clinton)

I'd be forever in your debt, Anything, anything you ever need. If you can do this--

CLINTON

John, I'm really--

DALY

It would be so great--

CLINTON

I can't. I'm not--

DALY

--to get my Sherrie back--

CLINTON

I'm not--

DALY

My sweet Sherrie.

CLINTON

I'm not President Anymore!

Silence. Pause. Music: By now, nothing plays (Clinton only put on 3 songs)

DALY

No. I...I know...

CLINTON

I don't--. Well, you think I can just--. I don't have that...Anymore.

Silence. Pause.

DALY

Oh. (the realization sinks in, pause) Well, you know, whatever you can do.

CLINTON

Yeah, I'll see. I'll look into. I'll make--I can make some calls for you?

DALY

(downtrodden)

Sure. That'd be great. (was pinning his hopes on the Pardon idea, now he's deflated) Yeah... (his mind lost) Ya know...Great...Thank you, Mister President.

Exit Daly left to the bathroom.

CLINTON

Oh, come on. I can't--. Did he really think--.

MICHAEL

(his first real words in a while, kind of jumps out as the Peanut Gallery chiming in and Clinton has a knee-jerk reaction)

Anything you can do would be--

CLINTON

I know! You don't think I know!! Help me, Help me, Help me! You know how many times I hear that a day? That's all I do is help people. Walk around in my shoes for a while--everybody wants a piece. Because this is what I do! I help people! I show up--my simply showing up helps people--Do you realize that? I help more than anyone else can. You know why? Because I get Attention. That's it. The spotlight shines on me and I shine a light on...Children dying of Malaria...or Orphans in Haiti, AIDS in Africa, the Homeless right here. That's what I do. (to Michael) What do you do?

Enter Daly.

DALY

(before Michael can answer, defending his friend, taking the heat off of him)

I play Golf.

Clinton's head turns 180 degrees, it sort of brings him back to reality and off of his tirade.

CLINTON

Yes you do. And you play it very well.

DALY

Not so much anymore.

MICHAEL

You've just got to get your feel back.

CLINTON

(to Michael, interested, in more than just a golf way)

How do you do that?

DALY

By sinking a hundred four footers.

CLINTON

How do you get your feel back if you're not a golfer?

MICHAEL

Look yourself in the mirror.

Pause. Silence.

DALY

(could be talking about
himself)

And then you stop feeling sorry for yourself and go and play
the back nine.

CLINTON

F. Scott Fitzgerald said there are no second acts in American
lives...

DALY

I don't know about that. As down as I get, as pathetic as I
get (laughs to himself), there's always the Back Nine. As
long as you've got the back nine ahead anything's possible.

MICHAEL

Especially with Amen Corner.

DALY

Amen to that.

CLINTON

(genuinely doesn't know)

What's Amen Corner?

MICHAEL

Obviously you're not a bowler.

Michael crosses to the jukebox and
chooses some more songs.

DALY

Amen Corner's at Augusta. The Masters. Second shot on eleven,
all of twelve, drive on thirteen.

CLINTON

Why the Amen?

DALY

It got that name after Arnold Palmer's miraculous win in '58.
On the 12th hole, short par 3, you've seen it on TV, it's one
of the most famous holes in golf.

Music: The Band: "The Night They Drove
Old Dixie Down" & "Up On Cripple Creek"
(Michael's choices)

DALY

The course was soaked with rain Saturday night and Sunday
morning so the officials allowed that if your ball was
plugged you could lift it and drop.

So Palmer and Ken Venturi hit their shots on 12 and Arnold's plugs on that steep slope behind the green. Now the Official on that hole and Venturi say that he has to play it where it lies. Well Arnie is furious--he plays it where it lies and makes a 5 on the par 3, but then he basically says fuck you to the Official and drops a second ball, a provisional, which he also plays and makes par. A real ballsy move--

MICHAEL

This is also where the term Arnie's Army came from--

DALY

That's right--it was the first time Army soldiers from the local Camp...(can't remember the name) were given free admission. And the Masters was on TV for the first time--

MICHAEL

The perfect storm.

DALY

Exactly. Where was I?

CLINTON

Makes a 3 and a 5.

DALY

Right. So on 13, the par 5, Arnold makes Eagle and Venturi birdies it. Then by 15 the officials have finally decided and Bobby Jones himself tells them that they're giving Arnie a 3 on 12 so now he's got a 3 shot lead on Venturi and he goes on to win the thing with his Army cheering him on. But none of that would've happened if Arnie hadn't had the balls to say, "Fuck you, I'm dropping another, I know I'm right." Of course Venturi still thinks Arnold cheated. But who knows? Only 3 guys saw that ball--they're the only 3 that know for sure whether it was plugged or not. But it doesn't really matter, Arnold's a stand up guy, and at the end of the day, yeah, as long as you can look yourself in the mirror you're good to go.

MICHAEL

JD's gonna win The Masters.

DALY

Well I don't know about that. Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

CLINTON

You're not gonna win Anything with that attitude. Where's the Lion? You wanna win The Masters?

DALY

(under his breath)

More than anything.

Daly takes a drink of beer.

CLINTON

You wanna win The Masters? You can win The Masters. Go and Do It.

DALY

I got no Feel.

CLINTON

Get your Feel.

DALY

(chuckles)

If only it were that easy, Mister President.

CLINTON

John, look at me, you want your Feel? Go find your feel.

DALY

(re: his putting)

I got nowhere to put my elbows. Nothing feels right.

CLINTON

Make it feel right.

DALY

How do I do that?

CLINTON

First you fake it. Then, the more you do it, the more the fake feels real, and then the more you keep doing it, finally, it's not fake anymore, it is real. At least in your mind. And that's all that matters.

DALY

You want me to Act like my feel's there and then eventually it will be?

CLINTON

Absolutely. I guarantee it. You act like it long enough, it'll become natural. And then you'll have your feel back. And you won't even know it--

DALY

'Til it's there.

CLINTON

You're gonna get your feel back. And like Mike said, you're gonna go win The Masters.

DALY

I like your balls.

CLINTON

Got me to be President.

MICHAEL

That and Ross Perot.

CLINTON

(smirks)

Well...maybe.

MICHAEL

(looking upstage left, outside)

Looks like it's getting busy out there.

Daly & Clinton turn and look.

DALY

We've gotta go do this Interview.

CLINTON

If we're gonna launch your charity we have to. Come on. Put on your happy face. (puts his arm around Daly) Let's go dazzle 'em.

DALY

(walking upstage with Clinton)

Gotta find my happy face.

CLINTON

(laughs, big and fake)

Just follow my lead. (to Michael) Mike, thanks for the hospitality.

DALY

It's Michael, Mister President.

CLINTON

It is?

MICHAEL

Yes.

CLINTON

Sorry about that. (he walks up to the bar, puts his hands in his pockets, pulls out nothing) You know what? (laughs) I don't have any money.

MICHAEL

That's all right.

DALY

Don't worry about it.

CLINTON

Mike--Michael, I'll get you at the turn.

MICHAEL

Sounds good, sir.

CLINTON

All right, JD, let's go. The public awaits...

They walk upstage through the open glass double doors, leaving them open behind them. By now the Sun is out in full--it is a beautiful blue sky day and all the dew is slowly melting away. Michael puts final preparations on the bar for the day ahead. As Daly and Clinton prepare themselves to tee off, Video Footage plays of their taped interview (music out):

THE INTERVIEW

We see Daly on the left, Clinton on the right. The Sun is behind them just reaching full mast over the horizon. Daly takes off his sunglasses and slides them into the neck of his shirt. Daly takes a drink from a can of Diet coke. Daly starts talking as if an unheard (to the audience) question has been asked.

DALY

(in interview, on screen)

Oh, ya know, I'm just so overwhelmed and blessed to be here first of all (small perfectly timed laugh from Clinton). And that the President is here to help launch my charity is just...I'm really humbled and excited. And um...

Clinton jumps right in.

CLINTON

(in interview, on screen)

Kathy, first of all, I'd like to say how happy I am to be back home here in Arkansas. I don't get home as much as I'd like anymore which is why I'm so happy to be here on this beautiful day to help one of our own favored sons, big JD here, launch this really important charity, The John Daly Charitable Foundation. This man has a big heart--And I know how committed John is to helping those less fortunate than him. And this is a great opportunity to help those in need of a helping hand.

And I'd hope that the Daly Foundation would consider partnering with my own Clinton Foundation to bring about real change here for the Children of Arkansas, and all the good People of Arkansas.

Clinton puts out his right hand.

DALY

(shakes Clinton's hand)

Okay. Sure.

CLINTON

(makes his signature hand-sandwich)

Fantastic. Just fantastic. Now...(his tone shifts perfectly to lighthearted) What do you say we go play some Golf?

DALY

I think we have to, Mister President.

CLINTON

I expect some pointers.

DALY

I'll do what I can, sir. (he remembers) Oh, and I'd just like to say, my wife Sherrie, she was--it was her idea to start my foundation, and I'd just like to say that I love her and I'll see her soon.

Clinton is annoyed Daly mentioned his convict wife with him still on camera. Clinton tries to get out of the shot, which he finally does, so off-camera we hear:

CLINTON

Come on, John, Let's Grip It 'N Rip It!

The Camera Man fast pulls out to a wide shot so Clinton's in it as well. As Daly walks away:

DALY

Thank you very much, Kathy.

CLINTON

(to the crowd)

Thank you all for coming.

Video cuts out and Clinton Live takes over.

CLINTON

What a beautiful day! Right, folks?

Applause from the Gallery.

MICHAEL

(from behind the bar, as the
Starter)

Please welcome the 6:22 tee time. From Hope, Arkansas Own
Favorite Son, the 42nd President of the United States,
William Jefferson Clinton!

Applause from the Gallery. Clinton
waves, fiddles with his Driver, takes
off his baseball cap, etc.

MICHAEL

And his playing partner, tournament host, and the birthday
boy, from right here in Dardanelle, our own JD, The Lion,
Long John Daly!

Applause from the Gallery. Daly waves,
messes with his Driver. Then he offers
Clinton honors, Clinton offers Daly
honors. This goes back and forth for a
few seconds until Daly gives in and
tees it up. Clinton hangs back and
poses on Daly's golfbag. Long John
picks his target, addresses the ball,
does his usual waggle, and then (no
practice swing necessary) Daly Grips It
'N Rips It, giving off a loud titanium
Bing--then Silence. His swing completed
high and full, Daly and Clinton watch
the golf ball soar through the Air.

Blackout.

Music: George Jones: "A Good Year For
The Roses"