SUPERBRAT

Written by

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TITLE:

IF YOU CAN MEET WITH TRIUMPH AND DISASTER

AND TREAT THOSE TWO IMPOSTORS JUST THE SAME -

- RUDYARD KIPLING

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CENTRE COURT PLAYERS' ENTRANCE - WIMBLEDON

The famous engraving of this Kipling quote, which is inscribed over the players' entranceway to Wimbledon's Centre Court.

SFX: The MUTED ROAR of a capacity crowd.

EXT. CENTRE COURT - ALL ENGLAND LAWN TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUB, WIMBLEDON - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The roar of the crowd is explosive.

John McEnroe, 21, thin and pasty, with an unruly nest of curly rust-colored hair, breathes heavily.

There is terror in his eyes.

The courtside scoreboard shows this has been a marathon match, now tied 6-6 in the fifth and final set.

The capacity crowd is on its feet and screaming.

McEnroe breathes heavily as he takes in the contorted faces of the rabid crowd. From his perspective the crowd is a sinister mob completely against him.

CERTAIN FACES in the crowd are particularly terrifying to McEnroe. He's seen them before. They glare at him malevolently.

In this moment, McEnroe has come to a DISTURBING REALIZATION.

Horrified, he turns to his opponent who is confidently approaching the service line.

Finally, he summons the courage to turn and walk to the baseline.

He takes a breath, and gets into position to return serve. Across the net, his opponent tosses the ball in the air. The ball SLOWLY reaches its apex. His opponent's body uncoils powerfully, and...

SFX: Violent sound of a racquet striking a ball, like a GUNSHOT.

McEnroe's eyes widen in fear.

The screen goes BLACK.

MUSIC: The driving opening chords of "*London Calling*" by The Clash.

TITLE: TWO WEEKS EARLIER

"*London Calling*" continues under the following sequence:

INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, NEW YORK CITY - TWA TERMINAL

McEnroe walks cockily through the terminal with his WILSON TENNIS BAG slung across his back, like Billy the Kid. He wears jeans, a T-shirt, a scuffed brown leather jacket, beat-up tennis shoes, and the bulky foam headphones of the era. He looks more like a punk rocker than a world-class tennis player.

A few people recognize him and turn to look, but most don't. He acknowledges no one.

He stands on an escalator. A woman carrying a baby struggles past him - he doesn't move out of her way, or even notice.

He makes his way to the security line, where he has to wait with everyone else. The security is noticeably more lax than it is in our current era. There are a few people in front of him, including the lady with the baby. He puts his tennis bag on the conveyor belt. A security guard motions to him that he has to take his headphones off.

He pulls his clunky, 1980 Walkman out of his coat pocket, clicks a button, and "*London Calling*" stops abruptly mid-song. He puts the Walkman on the conveyor belt, and walks through the metal detector. On the other side, he picks up his tennis bag and Walkman, returns it to his pocket and presses 'Play'.

MUSIC: "*London Calling*" resumes right where it left off, and strolls casually toward his gate. He sees a Men's bathroom, and enters.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe uses a urinal. Behind him a father and teenage son carrying luggage are exiting the bathroom. They recognize McEnroe, but don't say anything.

McEnroe finishes and exits.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe continues on toward his gate. He notices a newsstand, thinks about it, and decides to check it out.

INT. NEWSSTAND - CONTINUOUS

He walks over to the magazine rack, browses a moment, and sees the famous *Time* magazine cover from 1980 which has a picture of Bjorn Borg and the headline, "The Incredible Tennis Machine".

McEnroe shakes his head and smirks. He moves away from Borg, but the man is unavoidable. He's on the cover of a number of magazines including *Tennis* magazine, which has the headline, "Can Borg Win Fifth Wimbledon?"

McEnroe ignores all this, and grabs what he's looking for: *Rolling Stone*, which has Pete Townsend on the cover.

He goes to the register, snatches a bag of potato chips, pays, and saunters out.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe ambles toward his gate and notices that the father and son from the bathroom are waiting for him. They approach, and the teenager holds up a piece of paper and a pen to ask for an autograph. McEnroe shakes his head 'No', and walks past. The kid is disappointed.

Finally, McEnroe gets to his gate - it's empty, except for a couple of TWA ATTENDANTS. The door to the jetway is being closed. One of the attendants notices McEnroe and waves for him to hurry.

He doesn't hurry. He lackadaisically walks past the annoyed crew.

INT. TWA FLIGHT 242 - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe enters the first class cabin. The other passengers, their take-off delayed, glower at him. McEnroe sees his friend Peter Fleming - 25, tall, blonde - looking at him, shaking his head and smiling. McEnroe pulls out the Walkman and presses 'Stop'. "*London Calling*" abruptly comes to an end.

FLEMING
Nice of you to show up.

McEnroe carefully puts his tennis bag in the overhead compartment, and sits in the empty seat next to Fleming. He smiles.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE: BASED ON A TRUE STORY

INT. TWA FLIGHT 242 - 6:00AM THE NEXT MORNING

The plane has just landed at HEATHROW AIRPORT. Passengers gather their things. McEnroe, disheveled, sleeps. Fleming shakes him awake.

The flight attendants open the cabin door, and before any of the passengers can deplane, VANESSA HANSON, a stout woman with salt and pepper hair, marches in. She's wearing an official Wimbledon blazer and skirt - green with purple piping. She walks directly up to McEnroe.

VANESSA
So nice to see you again, Mr. McEnroe, welcome back to London.

McEnroe looks confused.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Oh, perhaps you don't remember me --

MCENROE
I don't.

VANESSA
-- Vanessa.

This means nothing to him.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Vanessa Hanson.
(turning to Fleming)
And Mr. Fleming. So nice to meet you. Vanessa Hanson.

FLEMING
Nice to meet you, Vanessa.

VANESSA
Why don't you gather your things, and we'll get you through customs one-two-three. You must be simply exhausted.

They grab their tennis bags, and follow her out ahead of all the other passengers.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - HALLWAY

Vanessa leads McEnroe and Fleming through Heathrow Airport, tennis bags slung over their shoulders. People recognize McEnroe, but not Fleming.

The airport is filled with posters advertising events going on in London -- West End Theatre, special museum exhibitions, changing of the guard, etc... The most prevalent ads, however, are posters of Wimbledon. One poster is completely inescapable -- in the large hall approaching customs is a massive image of Borg kneeling in triumph, beneath the slogan: "The Championships".

McEnroe and Fleming stand MESMERIZED by the giant Borg photo. Their reverie is broken by a TWO ENGLISH BUSINESSMEN IN SUITS.

BUSINESS MAN #1
(mocking)
Johnnie Mac!

McEnroe looks at him.

BUSINESS MAN #2
You suck!

MCENROE
Huh?

VANESSA
(defusing, leading them away)
Very well, it's just over here...

The men yell at McEnroe as he walks away.

BUSINESS MAN #2
I said you suck!

MCENROE
Why don't you... go... sweep a chimney, or something?!

BUSINESS MAN #1
Asshole.

BUSINESS MAN #2
Piss off.

They laugh. McEnroe is unnerved.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - CUSTOMS HALL

Vanessa escorts them past several long lines of exhausted travellers holding their passports, leading them to an unattended booth.

VANESSA
Hmmm. So sorry. Someone should be here. If you wait one moment...

She waddles off.

MCENROE
This blows.

FLEMING
(re: the long lines)
At least we don't have to wait in one of those.

McEnroe grows more impatient. A MURMUR of excitement across the hall catches his attention. Everyone turns to look. Suddenly, a crowd of ATTRACTIVE BLONDE PEOPLE sweeps into the custom's area.

As the crowd gets closer, McEnroe and Fleming see the source of the excitement: an entourage with a police escort. At the center of the group is BJORN BORG - 25, long golden locks, handsome, perfect skin - a Swedish God.

Borg's DONNAY TENNIS BAG is slung over his shoulder. Next to him is a woman wearing the same official Wimbledon uniform as Vanessa's. Unlike Vanessa, however, she is young and breathtakingly beautiful.

Everyone in Customs APPLAUDS Borg. He nods and smiles humbly.

Borg and his people stride past McEnroe and Fleming and blow through Customs without even having to pull out their passports.

FLEMING (CONT'D)
Should we say hello?

MCENROE
Nah, he doesn't even notice us.

McEnroe glowers at Vanessa. She shrugs, embarrassed. They wait.

INT. CAR - 1978 TRIUMPH DOLOMITE SPRINT - TWO HOURS LATER

They are stuck in London morning rush-hour traffic. McEnroe and Fleming, in the back seat, are miserable. From the front passenger seat, Vanessa DRONES on.

VANESSA
...I'm sure you're going to want to get some rest when you check in, but I'm afraid I will have to pester you with some paperwork, nothing too knotty... There is a player's breakfast at the Stanhope Club at ten - that's not important if you're still tired...

The car is at a standstill.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
(suddenly excited and pointing)
Oh, my... look over there! It's Ringo Starr!

McEnroe and Fleming get excited and look out the window, scanning the crowd.

MCENROE
Where?

VANESSA
Not really. I'm only having fun. That's my favorite prank.
(then, thinking)
I did see him once, though...

Fleming manages to nod politely. McEnroe just wishes she'd shut up. Unfortunately, the drone continues.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
But there is so much for you to do while you're here in London! You have a few days before the tournament starts, so I'm sure you'll want to see the changing of the guard, visit Harrod's, maybe ee a play - I couldn't recommend *Mousetrap* with more enthusiasm - it's been playing for 28 years, so you know it's good! Of course, there's also the Tower of London, Big Ben --

Vanessa notices they're outside of the British Museum. There's a long line of tourists waiting to go inside.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Oh! And, of course, there's the British Museum! Right now, they have the Cornet of Lugash on display...

McEnroe and Fleming see a GIANT BANNER hanging from the facade of the museum. It says: "The Cornet of Lugash" with an illustration of what looks to be an ornate trumpet. At the bottom, it says, "The Treasures of Lugash."

VANESSA (CONT'D)
It's absolutely the most beautiful thing! I'm sure you've read about it - it's become quite a phenomenon. There are long lines, so you need to go early...

McEnroe and Fleming are desperate for her to stop talking.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
(remembering)
And the Duke's banquet is going to be held there this year. Of course, you'll be invited to that. I'm soooo jealous! Oh, it's going to be magnificent - Prince Charles will be there, your own Vice President Mondale. Rod Stewart will be singing, and --

MCENROE
I'm sorry if this is rude, but we're both really, really tired, and if we could just have some quiet...

VANESSA
Of course, quiet. I completely understand. Transatlantic travel really is exhausting. Yes. Yes. Quiet.

Finally a few moments of peace. Outside the car, a THUGGISH MAN walks by with his EXTREMELY UGLY WIFE and PIMPLY TEENAGE SON. He notices McEnroe, and can't believe it's him. He slowly walks over to the car, and leans into the window.

HOOLIGAN DAD
(to his wife)
No fucking way! It's John bloody McEnroe!
(to McEnroe)
Hey you, American brat! Someone oughta shove a racket up your ass! I hope you lose in the first round, you cunt!!!

He makes a loud hocking noise, and spits a disgusting LUGEE against the window. Fleming grimaces. Vanessa contorts in horror. McEnroe knows he has a long two weeks ahead of him.

EXT. ST. JAMES HOTEL - ONE HOUR LATER

The Triumph pulls up to the entrance of the hotel. A white-gloved valet opens their car door.

VALET
Welcome to the St. James.

McEnroe and Fleming, exhausted, get out of the car. Bellhops begin to unload the luggage, but when they reach for the TENNIS BAGS both players protectively grab their own.

INT. ST. JAMES HOTEL LOBBY

The lobby of the hotel is bustling, mainly with people connected to the tournament: players, fans, members of the media, etc.

VANESSA
Why don't you two wait here, and I'll have you checked in.

She walks off. McEnroe and Fleming survey the lobby.

MCENROE
What a clusterfuck.

FLEMING
I hope this doesn't take long.

Two American women walk up behind McEnroe and Fleming. One is MARY CARILLO, 23, extremely tall with short brown hair.

CARILLO
Well, well, well...

McEnroe and Fleming turn and see their good friend.

CARILLO (CONT'D)
Wow! You two look like shit.

MCENROE
Thanks. You look good, too... for a woman's tennis player.

Carillo, McEnroe, and Fleming exchange hugs.

CARILLO
(re: the woman with her)
Do you guys know Julie Clemons?

They don't. JULIE is late 20s, cute, confident, and not short but looks it next to the six-foot-tall Carillo.

CARILLO (CONT'D)
(to Julie)
This is John McEnroe and Peter Fleming.

JULIE
Great to meet you.

They all shake hands.

CARILLO
Be nice to her... she's a reporter for *Sports Illustrated.*
(then)
We're going to the Player's Breakfast. Do you guys want to come?

FLEMING
Yeah, I'll go. Why not? Sounds like fun.

MCENROE
'Sounds like fun'? Are you kidding me? It sounds more like the most boring thing in the entire world.
(MORE)

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Why would anyone want to go to that? I'm gonna go up to my room, order room service, turn on my TV, and go to sleep.

CARILLO
(mocking him)
That sounds terrific. John McEnroe, everybody.

Fleming catches a glimpse of Vanessa pleading at the front desk. She'd never lose her temper, but her quivering lip betrays the frustration that lies beneath.

FLEMING
(to McEnroe, re: Vanessa)
Tell Margaret Thatcher I'll check in later.

Carillo and Fleming turn to leave. Julie hangs back a moment.

JULIE
John, I know you don't love being interviewed, but I'd love to sit down and talk --

MCENROE
Are you going to make me look like an asshole?

JULIE
Are you going to *act* like an asshole?

This surprises McEnroe and makes him chuckle.

MCENROE
Alright... Well, we're staying at the same hotel, right?

JULIE
(flirtatiously)
Yes we are.

McEnroe, intrigued, watches her leave the hotel.

MCENROE
(to himself)
Yes. We are.

Vanessa approaches with a CONCIERGE in tow.

VANESSA
So, unfortunately, there's been a bit of a snafu. Due to our early arrival, your rooms aren't ready yet.

MCENROE
What are you talking about? We dealt with this in New York. They knew I was getting here early, and they told me my room would be ready.

CONCIERGE
My apologies, Mr. McEnroe. There clearly has been a mistake on our end.

MCENROE
Mistake? What mistake? It's not complicated.

CONCIERGE
I can assure you, you are our top priority...

MCENROE
No, I'm not.

CONCIERGE
...unfortunately, we were booked to capacity last night, and we simply can't force people to leave their rooms until check-out, at eleven.

MCENROE
That's not fair! How does this happen?!

The concierge doesn't know what to say. Vanessa tries to calm things down.

VANESSA
John, every hotel in London is absolutely besieged.

MCENROE
(to concierge, ignoring Vanessa)
I asked you a question!

The concierge is speechless.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Answer me! Don't just stare at me, jerk!

CONCIERGE
Mr. McEnroe, please stay calm.

MCENROE
Calm?! I'm exhausted. I'm here to play a tournament. I need to get some rest. I was promised a room, and I don't want to sit around for three hours IN YOUR FUCKING LOBBY!!!

Everything goes quiet -- the ENTIRE LOBBY is staring at McEnroe.

INT. EIGHTH FLOOR - HALLWAY ELEVATOR BANK - TWO HOURS LATER

McEnroe, contorted uncomfortably, attempts to sleep in a leather chair, next to a bureau with a floral arrangement. He hugs his tennis bag like a teddy bear. Cleaning crews vacuum loudly down the hall. Finally, there's quiet.

After a beat, a baby begins to CRY, impossibly loudly, in a nearby room.

McEnroe grimaces and, with his eyes closed, pulls his trademark Tacchini warm-up jacket out of his tennis bag and covers his head with it.

The elevator doors open, and Fleming, looking well-fed and refreshed, exits carrying a gift bag from the Player's Breakfast. He is followed by a bellhop pulling a luggage cart. Fleming shakes his head and kicks McEnroe in the foot.

FLEMING
Did you just spend the past two hours sitting here?

McEnroe pulls the warm-up jacket off his head and squints at Fleming.

FLEMING (CONT'D)
Pathetic.

Fleming leaves McEnroe there, and follows the bellhop to his room.

INT. MCENROE'S HOTEL ROOM - THAT EVENING

McEnroe's room already a mess - room service trays and clothes are strewn around. A few empty CANS OF BEER sit on his night table. He's sitting cross-legged on the bed, eating a large BANANA SPLIT, and staring at the television. He puts the banana split on his lap, grabs another beer, and removes the PULL TAB.

He watches the 1958 film, *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad*. It's loud, and he looks bored. He puts his banana split down, gets up, walks over, and manually turns the TV DIAL. He flips past a few different stations before landing on the old British game show *Mastermind*.

He gets back in the bed, takes a swig of beer, and digs back into the banana split. He's quickly bored, and gets up again.

He turns the dial until he happens on BBC coverage of Wimbledon. He stands and watches.

(NOTE: if possible, this is actual BBC ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE with the legendary commentators DAN MASKELL and MAX ROBERTSON, which expresses the following...)

DAN MASKELL
...you're absolutely right. If it does rain, it could wreak havoc on the tournament this week.

MAX ROBERTSON
I know you're not one for prognostication, but if you had to make a pick, who would it be?

DAN MASKELL
It's an especially strong field this year. You have the hard-hitting Roscoe Tanner who made it to the finals last year, the fleet-footed Vitas Gerulaitis, the two fiery lefties - Jimmy Connors - who has five grand slam victories under his belt including one Wimbledon - and John McEnroe, with incredible natural talent, but who is perhaps his own worst enemy...

McEnroe furrows his brow and takes a swig of beer.

DAN MASKELL (CONT'D)
...but if you're going to force me to pick...
(MORE)

DAN MASKELL (CONT'D)
I'm going to have to go with the man who has not only won the tournament four years in a row, but at 24 years of age is still at the top of his game, and fresh off of his third consecutive French Open victory.

MAX ROBERTSON
I've never seen anyone more cool under pressure than Bjorn Borg.

This is not what McEnroe wanted to see. He turns off the television, and sits on the bed, quietly finishing his beer and banana split.

EXT. WIMBLEDON - COURT NUMBER FOUR

TITLE: JUNE 23, 1980 - FIRST ROUND

The middle of a point in progress between McEnroe and BUTCH WALTS, an American. Court Number 4 is considerably smaller than Centre Court, but it's 1,000 seats are packed.

The rally continues for so long the crowd holds its collective breath. Finally, Walts makes his move and rushes the net, but McEnroe hits an amazing one-handed backhand shot down the line past him. It obviously lands ON THE LINE, chalk dust flying.

LINE JUDGE
Out!

McEnroe can't believe this. He walks toward the net, looking at the line judge.

MCENROE
What? You're calling that out? That's your call?

Walts stands at the net awkwardly.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
(he turns to the umpire)
That ball was on the line! Chalk flew up! It was clearly in. How can you possibly call that out!?
(motioning to Walts)
He's walking in! Everyone knows it in the whole stadium, and you call it out!? You guys are the absolute pits of the world, you know that?

UMPIRE
I'm going to award a point against you, Mr. McEnroe.

The crowd CHEERS the umpire. McEnroe glares at him, and walks back to the service line. As he prepares to serve, we see that the score of the game is 40-15, he's demolishing Walts 6-3, 6-3, 5-0 -- and is one point away from victory.

McEnroe lobs up the ball, and SMASHES a serve straight up the middle and ACES Walts to win the match. McEnroe pumps his fist.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)
Game, Set, Match, Mr. McEnroe.

McEnroe approaches the net, and shakes hands with Walts. The crowd BOOS.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The locker room is abuzz with players and tournament staff.

McEnroe, freshly showered, changes back into his jeans and ratty T-shirt. Fleming sits on a bench and ties his shoes nearby.

MCENROE
I can't believe it's only the first round and the umpires are already out to get me. It's like a personality attack.

Fleming doesn't respond.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
You know what I mean, Flemington Fur Factory?

Fleming doesn't know what he means and hates that nickname. Suddenly, A VOICE enters singing:

VOICE
(singing)
"I was tired of my lady, we'd been together too long / Like a worn-out recording, of a favorite song."

The VOICE rounds the corner - it belongs to JIMMY CONNORS, 27, lanky, with a BOWL HAIRCUT. He's singing into his WILSON T2000 RACQUET, pretending it's a microphone.

He swaggers with the confidence of someone who knows he's a legend, and enjoys the attention and laughter of the players who look up to him. Fleming, unamused, smiles politely. McEnroe does not.

CONNORS
(louder now)
"So while she lay there sleeping, I read the paper in bed. / And in the personals column, there was this letter I read:"
(really showing off for the chorus)
"If you like Pina Coladas, and getting caught in the rain. / If you're not into yoga, if you have half-a-brain. / If you like making love at midnight, / In the dunes of the cape. / I'm the lady you've looked for, write to me, and escape.

Everyone LAUGHS and encourages Connors. After the chorus, Connors flips his racquet slickly over and pretends its a guitar, and performs a GUITAR SOLO. The crowd loves this, but McEnroe finds him insufferable. Connors notices McEnroe's annoyance, and flips the racquet back around and sings aggressively into McEnroe's face.

CONNORS (CONT'D)
(singing)
"I didn't think about my lady / I know that sounds kind of mean. / But me and my old lady --

MCENROE
(erupting)
Shut the fuck up! Just shut the fuck up!!!

CONNORS
Whoa! Look who's testy!

Other players begin to gather, witnessing this confrontation. Fleming watches, concerned.

MCENROE
The thing about you is that, you think you're funny, but you're a joke.

CONNORS
(to McEnroe and the room)
Correct me if I'm wrong, but it seemed like everyone was enjoying la musica.

MCENROE
No, they're kissing your ass. They're polite to you because you're 'Jimmy Connors'. But you're a moron, and you don't realize everyone thinks you're a fucking jerk.

CONNORS
I might be a 'fucking jerk' as you say, but I'm a fucking jerk who has won this tournament. Something you've never done, Fozzie Bear! And you're not going to do it this year, because you're on my side of the draw - so if you make to the semis, which I sincerely hope you do - Jimbo is gonna kick your ass.

All of the other players notice something, and suddenly get quiet. Even Connors snaps to attention. McEnroe, however, is oblivious.

MCENROE
(angrily)
Go fuck yourself, Prince Valiant!

Connors doesn't react. McEnroe is confused. Then he turns around and sees that Bjorn Borg, in all his majesty, has entered the locker room. Borg looks at them with a disarming smile. Connors and McEnroe realize he must have heard them shit-talking each other, and are embarrassed.

Borg goes to his locker and begins to prepare for his match. Everyone awkwardly returns to what they were doing. After a few beats of SILENCE.

CONNORS
(sings quietly to himself)
"If you like making love at midnight, / In the dunes of the cape. / I'm the lady you've looked for, write to me, and escape..."

McEnroe grabs his tennis bag and exits, annoyed.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Fleming catches up to him.

FLEMING
Hey!

McEnroe keeps walking.

FLEMING (CONT'D)
What's your problem?

MCENROE
What do you mean?

FLEMING
You're spazzing out all over the place.

MCENROE
Connors is a sack of shit!

FLEMING
It's not just Connors. You're wiping the court with Walts, and you start screaming at the umpire?

MCENROE
The ball was in!

FLEMING
Who fucking cares? It was five games to love, you had two match points! The guy had no chance against you! And its the first fucking round!

MCENROE
You play your kind of tennis, and I'll play my kind of tennis, and let's see where we end up.

FLEMING
You think it's going to be so easy, asshole? Guess what? There's a lot of people you need to beat. Me, for one. Connors for two. Everybody wants to beat you, and you make it so easy to get into your head. Tanner, Nastase, Mayer. And if you get past all of us, then you have to deal with Borg.

McEnroe realizes his friend is trying to help and softens.

FLEMING (CONT'D)
And he's calmly biding his time. You can play your kind of tennis all you want against the rest of us, but if you want to beat Borg, you better drop the bad-boy act, and start putting your energy into your tennis. Pick your fights.

MCENROE
(smiling)
You know, you've got a lot of wisdom for a guy who's seeded seventh.

FLEMING
(smiling)
Fuck you.

MCENROE
Yeah. Fuck me.

They walk off together.

MONTAGE - EXT. LONDON - DAY

Carillo, Fleming, and McEnroe ride on a double decker bus through PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

The three friends watch the CHANGING OF THE GUARD at Buckingham Palace.

They watch four ASIAN TOURISTS walk across ABBEY ROAD, and pose for a picture like the Beatles. McEnroe shakes his head at their corniness.

They walk along the RIVER THAMES with BIG BEN in the background. Some PUNKS with mohawks walk by.

They exit HARRODS, Carillo and Fleming with shopping bags.

Fleming has a bunch of pigeons on his arms and head at TRAFALGAR SQUARE. Carillo takes his picture. Again, McEnroe shakes his head at their corniness.

They walk up the steps to THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

END MONTAGE

INT. BRITISH MUSEUM

McEnroe and Carillo wait on line to see The Cornet of Lugash exhibit. The two friends banter playfully.

MCENROE
Why are we waiting in line to see a cornet? I don't even know what a fucking cornet is...

CARILLO
It's like a trumpet.

MCENROE
Oh, okay, now I totally get why we're waiting on line. I'm so glad you took me to the museum, Grandma. It's really interesting. And I can't wait to see Agatha Christie's 'Mousetrap', I mean, that's gonna be--

CARILLO
(interrupting)
I'm sorry, could you help me with something?

MCENROE
What?

CARILLO
Why do I hang out with you?

Fleming walks up to them.

FLEMING
Okay, it's about a 45-minute wait...
(he points to a sign in the distance)
...from that sign way up there.

MCENROE
No way. That's it. I'm out of here.

ILIE NASTASE, 34, walks up to them. He has long, greasy black hair, a deep tan, and wears a silk shirt with the top buttons open exposing an impressively hairy chest. He looks like an adult compared to the three friends and speaks with a thick Romanian accent.

NASTASE
Oh, look who's here, my little American babies.

FLEMING
Hey Ilie.

MCENROE
How's it going, Nasty?

Nastase's attention quickly focuses on Carillo.

NASTASE
You. The tall one. I forget your name.

CARILLO
Mary.

NASTASE
Like the Virgin?

CARILLO
Hm. Original.

NASTASE
I prefer virgins. But either way, I'd like to offer my services.

CARILLO
Thank you, but I can't tell you how much I enjoy not having herpes.

McEnroe and Fleming LAUGH. Nastase is completely unfazed.

NASTASE
I respect that. But, if you change your mind, you know where to find me.

Nastase looks around.

NASTASE (CONT'D)
Where is this fruity nutcake? This basket of fruit from the tournament is supposed to show me around, and then he disappears... Oh, here he is...

LARS SIGURD, 23, walks up to them. He's fair-skinned, blonde, and speaks with an indeterminate Nordic accent. He carries a CANON AE-1 around his neck.

LARS
Sorry, Ilie. I got some great pictures. What an amazing exhibit!
(he notices the Americans)
Hey, you guys!
(MORE)

LARS (CONT'D)
So great to be seeing you! It’s been such a long time! Right on!

NASTASE
(to the Americans)
You know this fruit cocktail?!

MCENROE
Of course we know Lars. We all played juniors together.

LARS
(embarrassed)
I’m working for the tournament as a player liaison.

NASTASE
The only reason he’s here is so I didn’t have to wait on this stupid line. And to help with the pussy.

CARILLO
I can’t believe you’d need any help.

NASTASE
(not understanding she’s insulting him)
He speeds up the process. I point, and he brings it over.

LARS
Guys we should hang out and party! There’s so much cool stuff going on. Anything you want to go to, let me know. I’ll get us in.

No one says anything. Carillo and Fleming obviously think Lars is bad news. It’s awkward. Lars addresses McEnroe directly.

LARS (CONT’D)
Come on, John! Let’s go see some music. The Buzzcocks are playing at the Vortex tonight. I can get you backstage. Anything you want.

MCENROE
Ahh, I can’t. I have to play Rocavert in the morning.

LARS
It's going to be dynamite! If you change your mind, you can get me at the tournament office.

McEnroe, Carillo, and Fleming begin to walk away.

NASTASE
(to Carillo)
And if *you* change your mind, little bunny, I'm in room six fifteen.

CARILLO
(messing with him)
Got it. Six *six*teen.

NASTASE
(concerned)
No! Six *fif*teen!!

INT. THE VORTEX - LATER THAT NIGHT

This smoky, dark, underground shithole is packed with punks, rastas, teenagers, college kids, etc... Onstage, THE BUZZCOCKS power away.

In the back of the enthusiastic crowd, McEnroe holds a beer and enjoys the music. Nobody recognizes him. Lars comes up to him with two BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRLS.

INT. THE VORTEX - LATER

McEnroe stands at the bar drinking with Lars and the two ladies. The Buzzcocks are still playing loudly. McEnroe is flirting with one of the girls in particular. She kisses him. He likes it. She says something to him. He can't hear her. She says it again. He still can't hear her. She laughs and grabs his hand.

INT. VORTEX - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe is led by the hand through the club by the sexy girl. She comes to a door, knocks on it. Someone opens the door, sizes them up, and let's them in.

INT. VORTEX BACKROOM - LATER

You can still hear the Buzzcocks playing, but now it's muffled. McEnroe is in a great mood, very animated.

There are about EIGHT PEOPLE, including Lars, standing and seated on a couple of old couches and chairs. There's a glass coffee table in the middle, with a bunch of COCAINE on it. Lars does a huge line.

MCENROE
(pacing)
Ahhh... I just don't get it. It's not serious. He should have more edge, more grit. He's just a pretty boy... Connery was waaaaay better. I can't take Roger Moore seriously. James Bond is supposed to be a badass.

PARTIER #1
You didn't like Moonraker? The special effects were bloody brilliant.

MCENROE
Moonraker!? It's stupid! James Bond is a spy, not an astronaut! It didn't even look real.

Lars gets up, and walks toward the bathroom.

LARS
I just don't find those movies believable. The villains are always so ridiculous.

Lars enters the bathroom and closes the door. Someone snorts a line of cocaine.

MCENROE
He's right.

The music jerkily comes to a stop. Some in the room notice, some don't.

A COMMOTION begins to build outside. Suddenly, there's a loud SLAM, as the door is KICKED IN. A swarm of POLICE rush in the door. Everyone SCREAMS, and scatters - some, including Lars, escape through other doors.

McEnroe FREEZES, a deer in the headlights.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOURS LATER

McEnroe is seated next to a desk in a police station. He looks strung out and miserable. A number of POLICEMEN walk by and take a look at the celebrity in their midst.

In a far corner, a plainclothes DETECTIVE WITH A MUSTACHE stares at him and smokes. A FRIENDLY POLICEMAN, 50s, walks up and sits behind the desk.

FRIENDLY POLICEMAN
Oh, you're still here? Sorry about this, it doesn't usually take so long.
(then)
I'm sure you'll be out of here any minute now.

The policeman takes a moment to look through some folders.

FRIENDLY POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
I had a chance to see you play last year.

MCENROE
Oh yeah?

FRIENDLY POLICEMAN
Yes. Fourth round. Gullikson. Guess it wasn't the ending you hoped for, but still it was very good tennis.

MCENROE
He destroyed me.

A POLICEWOMAN enters.

POLICEWOMAN
Mr. McEnroe, if you'd come with me please.

McEnroe gets up, and starts to leave.

FRIENDLY POLICEMAN
But my money's on you this year to win the whole tournament. I think Borg has had enough. Don't let me down!

MCENROE
I'll do my best.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY

McEnroe follows the policewoman down the hallway. They make a number of turns, and come to a room. She holds the door open for McEnroe, and then turns and walks away.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe enters the room, and sees two older men sitting on a sofa. TONY HEDGES, a gaunt, prematurely gray 40-year-old, is smoking a cigarette. Next to him is ROGER NEWQUIST, 50s, stocky, with the ruddy-complexion of someone who might be drunk. They stare at McEnroe for a moment.

HEDGES
Have a seat.

McEnroe sits down in an old rolling office chair, with torn vinyl upholstery.

HEDGES (CONT'D)
Interesting choice of friends, Mr. McEnroe.

MCENROE
I didn't know anybody there. I was invited to see a band...

HEDGES
You don't know Lars Sigurd?

MCENROE
I used to play juniors tennis with him. We sort of hung out when I was like 17. I haven't even seen him for two years.

HEDGES
But you do know he's a drug dealer?

MCENROE
He told me he was working as a player liaison for the tournament.

NEWQUIST
But you do know he's a drug dealer?

MCENROE
No. I mean, I know he likes to party. But I don't know anything about him being a drug dealer.

HEDGES
And you've enjoyed "partying" with him.

MCENROE
Look, he invited me to see the Buzzcocks, and I wanted to see them, so I went.
(MORE)

MCENROE (CONT'D)
I don’t know anything about what he does. I barely know the guy.

They stare at him.

MCENROE (CONT’D)
(exasperated)
Come on. If you’re going to charge me with something, then hurry up and do it already. But, if not, I have a match tomorrow, and I’d really like to get some fucking sleep.

Hedges is taken aback, surprised by McEnroe’s arrogance. He looks to Newquist, and they both begin to LAUGH. McEnroe is relieved that his display of confidence worked, and he starts to LAUGH ALONG. The three have a hearty laugh together.

HEDGES
(with sudden rage)
Shut the fuck up!!! You were just caught in a room full of known criminals, Mr. McEnroe! With a pile of cocaine! Aside from your potential legal problems, I believe it’s something that could get you into a lot of trouble with our good friends at the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club. So we will continue at whatever bloody pace we fucking want!

McEnroe hears this loud and clear.

MCENROE
(very politely)
I’m sorry. You’re right. I’m just tired. I had no idea about who I was hanging out with tonight. I don’t know anything, but I’ll tell you whatever I know. I just don’t want any trouble. I came to play tennis, and that’s all I want to do. I’m really, really sorry.

HEDGES
We appreciate that. That’s the kind of attitude we can work with.

NEWQUIST
Much more pleasant.

HEDGES
So, tell us... what do you know about Lars Sigurd?

MCENROE
Honestly, all I know is what I told you. He used to be a pretty okay tennis player - not great - and now he says he works as a liaison for the tournament.

HEDGES
He does work for the tournament. But he also works for a man named Philip Acheson. You've heard of him?

MCENROE
No.

HEDGES
He's a very successful businessman - extremely social, and a generous philanthropist. We know he's dirty, but it's been impossible to link him to anything. It's completely out of character for Philip Acheson to be careless enough to associate with a lowlife like Lars.

McEnroe shrugs.

HEDGES (CONT'D)
So we'd like you to spend some time with Lars, find out what you can about Philip Acheson, and relay that information to us.

MCENROE
But... I don't understand.

HEDGES
We just want you to spend time with your friend Lars, and tell us what he's up to. It's simple.

MCENROE
That's ridiculous. I'm not a spy. I'm a tennis player. I don't infiltrate crime rings. I don't know if you've noticed, but I don't even have particularly good social skills.

Hedges and Newquist LAUGH.

HEDGES
We're not asking you to infiltrate a crime ring. We're just asking you to do what you did tonight - hang out with Lars, and see what he does, gain his trust, see what he tells you, and then report back to us.

NEWQUIST
No one's asking you to jump off of a building, or drive a car through a burning warehouse.

HEDGES
You don't even have to wear a wiretap.

MCENROE
No way. I'm not going to do this.

HEDGES
That's fine, if that's your choice... but then we're going to have to arrest you.
(then)
It's not a major charge, just a summary offence, surely no problem for any decent lawyer. You'll definitely get through central booking in no time and be on your way in say...

He looks to Newquist.

NEWQUIST
Twenty hours?

HEDGES
Probably about twenty hours. What time's your match?

McEnroe knows he's fucked.

EXT. WIMBLEDON - COURT NUMBER FOUR

TITLE: JUNE 25, 1980 - SECOND ROUND

McEnroe stands at the baseline, waiting to return serve. It's RAINY and grim out. He looks miserable: stubble, dark circles under his eyes.

TERRY ROCAVERT of Australia, 25, serves -- McEnroe mishits his return, but it goes over. They rally back and forth for a few strokes, and Rocavert hits a perfect drop shot. McEnroe musters all of his strength, chases the ball to the net, dives and manages to pop it up weakly. Rocavert pounces and SLAMS the ball down, nailing McEnroe.

MCENROE
Guhhhhh!

UMPIRE
Set point, Mr. Rocavert. He leads two sets to one.

EXT. WIMBLEDON - COURT NUMBER FOUR - IN THE CROWD

The crowd is thinner than usual because of the rain. Fleming and Carillo wear ponchos and hold umbrellas. They are shocked that McEnroe is having such a hard time with such an inferior player.

EXT. WIMBLEDON - COURT NUMBER FOUR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe sits in his signature style, with his CHAIR TURNED SIDEWAYS. He SCOWLS. Like a pummelled boxer in his corner, he stands up slowly and staggers back to the court. The RAIN picks up a little - this is going to be a long day.

INT. CLUBHOUSE HALLWAY - LATER

McEnroe, SOAKING WET and MUDDY shuffles down the tunnel, a broken man. He passes a CLUBHOUSE ATTENDANT.

CLUBHOUSE ATTENDANT
Good job, Mac.

MCENROE
(grunts)
Grrrrr.

After a few seconds, a TENNIS PLAYER walks by him.

TENNIS PLAYER
Way to pull it out, Mac.

McEnroe makes a face, meaning ‘I sucked’.

He enters the locker room and hears Lars talking to a couple of TENNIS PLAYERS.

LARS
(to the players)
Yeah, yeah. The horny one. She wants to party with both of you... I'm telling you, it's big time, big time!

Before Lars can see him, McEnroe exits quickly.

INT. ST. JAMES HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

McEnroe enters the lobby still wearing his mud-splattered tennis outfit, tennis bag slung over his shoulder. PEOPLE are surprised to see him wearing his dirty tennis clothes. He gets into the elevator.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

McEnroe enters his room, throws his bag down, and collapses on the bed, exhausted. He closes his eyes. After a beat he opens his eyes. He has an idea. He quickly walks to the desk and picks up a magazine. He flips it open, looking for something. He finds what he's looking for and rips it out. He grabs some tape from the desk and tapes the page of the magazine to his mirror. It's a PHOTO OF BJORN BORG.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

A phone RINGS loudly. McEnroe, asleep in his dirty tennis outfit, stirs. He reaches for the phone but then thinks better of it. He sits up, and lets it continue to RING.

He pulls off his shirt, walks into the bathroom, and turns on the shower. After a long time, the phone finally STOPS RINGING.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

McEnroe, towel around his waist, SHAVES in the mirror. Again, the phone begins to RING. He ignores it, quickly washes his face, gets dressed, and leaves the room. The phone RINGS and RINGS.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

A refreshed McEnroe rides the elevator.

INT. ST. JAMES HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open, revealing the bustling lobby full of people sitting, talking, having drinks. He heads for the door, but then spots Lars near the exit, talking on a HOUSE PHONE. McEnroe does an about face.

He sees the elevator doors closing and walks quickly towards them. He realizes he won't make it and doesn't know what to do. Desperate, he DUCKS behind an ornate column. He takes a breath.

Carefully, he peeks around the column and sees Lars still talking on the phone, making it impossible for him to exit the lobby without Lars seeing him.

McEnroe sees TWO BUSINESSMEN walk behind Lars, and notices one of them stealthily slip an ENVELOPE into Lars' back pocket as they pass him. Nonchalantly, Lars reaches down, grabs the envelope, and pulls it out. He folds it, and puts it in his front pocket. This is exactly the kind of shit McEnroe didn't want to see.

He hears the DING of the elevator opening, and quickly turns to go into it - but slams into a gigantic, six foot eight BEHEMOTH with curly dark hair, a mustache, and a camera around his neck. The man frowns at him.

MCENROE
Sorry.

The giant man doesn't even bother to respond. McEnroe quickly steps around this monster, and just makes it into the elevator as the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe presses himself into the side of the elevator, and desperately pushes the DOOR CLOSE button. Julie Clemons steps in and sees McEnroe strangely squeezed against the side of the elevator.

JULIE
Whoa... someone in the lobby you don't want to see?

MCENROE
(embarrassed)
Ha. I guess.

The doors close, and the elevator starts to go up. McEnroe relaxes a little bit.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
It's a long story.

JULIE
I'll bet.
(then, flirting)
I'd tell you how great you looked against Rocavert today, but... I saw the match.

MCENROE
I won.

JULIE
Yeah. I don't know if Borg saw your match today, but I'm sure if he did he's terrified.

MCENROE
Thanks.

The elevator stops, and the doors open.

JULIE
Well, this is me.

She steps out.

MCENROE
Hey! You can't just insult me and leave.

JULIE
This is my floor. Am I supposed to stay on the elevator long enough for you to think of a witty comeback?

The elevator doors start to shut and McEnroe hits them open with his hand.

MCENROE
Ouch! Aren't you supposed to be kissing my ass, so that you can get an interview with me?

JULIE
You don't seem like the type who responds to getting his ass kissed.

The elevator doors start to shut and McEnroe hits them open with his hand again.

MCENROE
I thought big magazine writers were supposed to be busy all the time. Shouldn't you be interviewing Billie Jean King or something?

JULIE
I've been running around so much since I got here, all I want to do is order some room service, watch television, and call it a night.

MCENROE
Oh, really, you're going to order room service?

The elevator doors start to shut and McEnroe hits them open again with his hand. An awkward pause.

JULIE
Yes. Have you eaten?

McEnroe steps out of the elevator.

MCENROE
No, I was about to, but...

JULIE
Then why don't you join me and order some room service?

MCENROE
Ahhhh... sure.

They smile at each other.

INT. JULIE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Julie and McEnroe sit on the couch eating plates of spaghetti and meatballs. She drinks a glass of wine. He drinks coke through a straw from a can. On the room service tray are bowls of melting ice cream.

MCENROE
I don't mind getting booed once in a while, I mean, whatever. But it does get tiring to have everyone hate my guts everywhere I go. I'm not trying to make anyone look bad when I yell about a point... The way I look at it is: people come out to see me give it my best, and I care about every point.
(MORE)

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Isn’t that a good thing? What do they want? To see someone who doesn’t give a shit?

JULIE
I guess they just have an idea of sportsmanship and how the game should be played.

MCENROE
I’m not going to say that my screaming at a line judge is good sportsmanship. I understand the rules of tennis. But then they have these made up rules here that have nothing to do with tennis - telling you what kind of clothing you have to wear, and you have to bow to the royal box. Fuck the royal box. All that shit has nothing to do with tennis. Why does anybody have to bow to anybody else? They’re just a bunch of rich assholes who do whatever they want. I mean, it’s 1980, why is there still a Queen? These people are all hypocrites.

JULIE
You don’t have to show up.

MCENROE
Are you kidding? It’s the most important tournament in the world.

JULIE
Well, I guess you must really love winning a lot, if you’ll still show up and play for these hypocrites.

MCENROE
No. I don’t love to win. I hate to lose.

JULIE
That’s really interesting. Would you mind if I write that down?

She scrambles quickly for her reporter’s pad and a pen.

MCENROE
Are you serious?

JULIE
Would that make you uncomfortable?

MCENROE
(frustrated)
I thought we were having dinner, hanging out, like we're... I think you're nice, but then... I mean, I knew you wanted an interview, but I didn't think this was it.

JULIE
Oh my God, no. No. I just thought that was an interesting...

MCENROE
You know what? I think I should go.

JULIE
Come on! It's not like that at all. I honestly wasn't thinking of this as an interview. I would never write anything down without your permission.

McEnroe stands up and walks to the door.

MCENROE
Thank *Sports Illustrated* for the meal.

He exits.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe storms down the hall, turns a corner, and walks up to the elevator. He pushes the UP button. He waits a moment, sees the ELEVATOR UP arrow illuminate, but remembers he doesn't want to risk running into Lars, and quickly walks to the stairwell.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

McEnroe puts his key in his door and exhales a sigh of relief.

INT. MCENROE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe closes the door behind him and smells something strange. He walks down the short hallway and sees Tony Hedges sitting on his bed, smoking a cigarette, watching television.

HEDGES
Oh, what a pleasant surprise. I didn't think we'd see you for a few hours...

MCENROE
You can't just come into my room.

HEDGES
It's so early. What's a young lad like you doing in his hotel room, by himself, at half eight? Shouldn't you be out on the town... chatting up tasty birds... shaking your ass...

MCENROE
Get the fuck out of my room.

A toilet FLUSHES. McEnroe turns to see ROGER NEWQUIST exit his bathroom, still wiping his hand with the hand towel. He shoves some wrapped hotel soaps into his pocket.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Great.

NEWQUIST
(re: bathroom)
I'd give it a minute.

HEDGES
(to McEnroe)
What did you find out from Lars today?

MCENROE
I didn't see Lars today.

Hedges and Newquist look at each other.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Seriously, I didn't talk to him.

HEDGES
Oh, come on, Mr. McEnroe. You were arrested last night. And we let you go. Which, all things considered, seems like a pretty generous act on our part. And yet, you don't send a thank you note, you don't show any gratitude whatsoever, and, worst of all, you didn't do the one thing we asked of you - follow around Lars Sigurd.

MCENROE
Jesus Christ, give me a break. I'll talk to him tomorrow. So why don't you two tough guys get the fuck out of here.

NEWQUIST grabs McEnroe by the neck and SLAMS him hard against the wall. This is not funny. McEnroe's face turns RED, and he gags, unable to speak. There is nothing he can do to resist this. Newquist tightens his grip. Hedges stands up, still smoking his cigarette.

HEDGES
Its become abundantly clear that in our conversation last night we failed to impress upon you the gravity of your situation.

HEDGES hauls off and SMACKS McEnroe across the face. Its upsetting. NEWQUIST continues to choke him.

HEDGES (CONT'D)
Now listen to me, you ginger twat -- You are going to hang out with your friend Lars Sigurd. And if that feels inconvenient I'm so very sorry.

HEDGES leans in close to McEnroe and FLICKS him hard in the nose with his index finger.

MCENROE
Gaahhhhh!

HEDGES
But if you don't, you will be arrested for possession of cocaine. And I don't give a shite about whether you get disqualified from this tournament. Do you understand?

McEnroe can't speak because he's still being choked, but we can see that he is answering in the affirmative.

HEDGES (CONT'D)
But you said the same thing last night. Why would we believe you now?

Newquist continues to choke McEnroe so hard he can't speak. Hedges exhales smoke in McEnroe's face, and then walks over to McEnroe's tennis bag, pulls out a racquet, and SMASHES and STEPS on it until it splinters into pieces.

Newquist lets go of McEnroe, and he collapses to the ground, GASPING for air, terrified.

MCENROE
(barely audible)
I'll follow him.

Hedges looks to Newquist.

NEWQUIST
I believe him.

They exit. The PHOTO OF BORG that McEnroe taped to the mirror eerily stares at him.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD PUB - NEXT EVENING

McEnroe and Lars drink beer in the back of a quiet old pub.

LARS
It was out of control. Crazy. Right? Why so many police? I hid in the trash for an hour.

Lars laughs hysterically. McEnroe does not.

LARS (CONT'D)
Thanks God you beat Rocavert. If you lost I would have shot myself.

MCENROE
It's fine. It all worked out. Don't worry about it.

LARS
I tried to track you down yesterday to apologize, but I couldn't find you. I called your room on many different occasions --

MCENROE
(interrupting)
Lars, it's fine.

LARS
I was terrified you were going to get kicked out of the tournament, and it was going to be my fault. How long did they keep you?

MCENROE
A while. It was annoying. But it's over.

LARS
Did they ask you lots of questions?

MCENROE
No, they mostly just made me wait. I think they were doing it to fuck with me. Then this Scotland-Yardy Sherlock Holmes higher-level policeman comes in and starts to talk to me about tennis, asks me for an autograph, and they let me go with a warning.

LARS
(raises his beer)
Here's to being famous. It gets you out of problems and into pussy.

McEnroe and Lars drink to this.

LARS (CONT'D)
Speaking of pussy, we should really get moving. You're going to love this party -- it's going to be impossible not to get laid.
(Lars holds up a shot)
Ready?

McEnroe doesn't want to go. He looks around, and recognizes the DETECTIVE WITH A MUSTACHE that he saw at the police station, sitting at the bar, smoking and eavesdropping. McEnroe picks up his shot, clinks with Lars, shoots it and chases it with his beer.

MCENROE
Absolutely. Yes I am.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - LATER

Early 1980s opulence: Black leather couches, mirrored walls, white wall-to-wall carpeting, formica surfaces. An extremely attractive crowd mills about -- mostly sexy, young women. Mingling with a cluster of hotties is Ilie Nastase, wearing a white suit with a purple silk shirt, unbuttoned to his naval.

Blondie's *Heart of Glass* blasts through the sound system.

McEnroe stands at a window overlooking all of London. He downs another shot. He's clearly had a few, and he bounces to the music. Lars walks up to him.

LARS
Party! Am I right or am I right?

MCENROE
I have to say, I was not in a good mood earlier. I did not want to come out. But you twisted my arm, and I'd be lying if I didn't say I was having a great time right now.

A HANDSOME BRITISH MAN, 60s, wearing a sharp Savile Row power suit walks up behind Lars. This is PHILIP ACHESON. On Acheson's arm is a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN with jet black hair and ONE BLUE EYE and ONE GRAY EYE. Behind them is another beautiful woman, slightly more conservatively dressed, with a BOBBED HAIRCUT.

LARS
John, I want you to meet someone. This is Philip Acheson - this is his place.

McEnroe recalls the name.

MCENROE
Oh, hey, wow, great. Thanks for having me. Really nice place you have.

PHILIP
Well, it's a pleasure to meet you. I'm a big fan. Think you can take the trophy away from Mr. Borg this year?

MCENROE
You know what? If I play my best, I definitely think I can win.

PHILIP
I certainly admire a man who believes in himself. I'm sure your capable of achieving great things.

MCENROE
Thanks, I appreciate that.

PHILIP
Meanwhile, please make yourself feel at home. Enjoy yourself, but remember to save some energy for the court, because there are a lot of us who want to see you succeed.

MCENROE
I will not let you down.

They shake hands, and McEnroe walks away. Philip looks up into a corner to a hidden security camera.

REVERSE ANGLE: 1980-quality video camera surveillance, with the view of Philip Acheson making an expression commenting on McEnroe.

INT. MYSTERIOUS ROOM

Over the shoulder of a SHADOWY FIGURE we see the surveillance video of Acheson.

INT. APARTMENT PARTY - LATER

The music on the stereo changes to Donna Summer's *Hot Stuff*.

McEnroe starts to move to the beat. He gets more and more into it and then sashays into the middle of the dance floor and really starts to get down. He's unselfconscious and having fun. His dance moves are unique to him, but somehow really work.

Other guests start to watch McEnroe dancing, and an especially gorgeous girl dances up to him. They do some great moves together.

The woman with the bobbed haircut observes McEnroe. She glances across the room at Acheson, who is also watching.

Nastase sits on a couch nearby. He watches McEnroe dance, impressed. His white suit jacket is now resting on his lap, and it becomes clear that he's getting a HAND JOB from the woman sitting next to him.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

MCENROE
Uh. Uh. Uh.

DANCE PARTNER
Yes. Yes. Bloody hell!

McEnroe, naked, impales his dance partner from behind. After a few passionate thrusts, ANOTHER NAKED WOMAN rises up, and begins kissing McEnroe.

CLOSE ON: McEnroe's face. He contorts in ORGASM.

MCENROE
Aaaaaaa...

CUT TO:

EXT. WIMBLEDON - COURT NUMBER THREE - DAY

MCENROE
...aaaaahhhhhhh!

McEnroe's face contorts as he serves aggressively. He's in the middle of his match against TOM OKKER of Holland.

TITLE: JUNE 27, 1980 - THIRD ROUND

MONTAGE: McEnroe has found his groove and plays beautifully. A series of points -- McEnroe dominates OKKER.

McEnroe hits an overhead smash.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Yes!

UMPIRE
Game, set, match Mr. McEnroe.

INT. ST. JAMES HOTEL - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

McEnroe, jeans and a T-shirt, knocks on room #308. After a few moments, the door opens. It's Julie, dressed nicely.

JULIE
Hey.

MCENROE
Hey.

JULIE
I didn't expect to see you.

MCENROE
I wanted to say I'm sorry about the other night. It was rude of me to leave the way I did.

JULIE
No, I'm sorry. We were talking casually as friends, and I made it about my job. It was unprofessional and uncool.

MCENROE
No, I over-reacted.

JULIE
Mutual apologies. I love it.

They smile at each other.

MCENROE
Yeah. You're probably busy... but do you want to go get something to eat?

JULIE
I have to go to this annoying Slazenger dinner - I'm sure you were invited.

MCENROE
Oh, maybe... I don't really go to those things.

JULIE
You should come with me. I'm sure it will be boring, but we'll make fun of it together. Free food!

MCENROE
Ahhh... I'm not even dressed.

JULIE
They're not going to care... you're John McEnroe. They're desperate for people like you to show up at these events.

MCENROE
Can we hang out later?

She steps out of her room, and shuts the door.

JULIE
I'd love to. I told Mary I was going to meet her at the bar at six, you should come meet us.

MCENROE
Ok, great. I will.

They walk down the hallway to the elevator. Julie presses the DOWN button, McEnroe presses UP. After a few moments, the elevator stops. It's going down. The doors open, and she steps into her elevator, which has a couple of people in it.

JULIE
Are you sure you don't want to come?

McEnroe smiles and shrugs at her. The doors close and she's gone. McEnroe stands there for a couple of moments, and his elevator arrives going up. He steps in. It's empty.

INT. ELEVATOR

McEnroe is going up.

MCENROE
(to himself)
Idiot!

He quickly presses LOBBY. First, though, the elevator needs to stop at his floor.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Damn it!

The trip down takes forever and he presses the Lobby button over and over.

INT. LOBBY

The elevator doors open and McEnroe bursts out. He runs across the crowded lobby and onto the street. In the distance, he sees Julie getting in a taxi and shutting the door. The cab pulls away quickly, and McEnroe knows he's blown his chance to catch her. He stands there, defeated.

MCENROE
Fuck.

A crappy 1972 DATSUN STATION WAGON pulls up. The driver leans out the window...

HEDGES
Hello, Johnnie Mac. You have a moment to chat?

McEnroe is not happy to see Hedges.

INT. CRAPPY DATSUN STATION WAGON - LATER

The car is parked on a busy street in Shoreditch. The sun shines bright. Hedges and Newquist sit in the front wearing sunglasses. McEnroe squints.

HEDGES
So you were actually in Philip Acheson's flat?

MCENROE
Yeah.

HEDGES
Incredible!
(turns to Newquist)
It's incredible, no?

NEWQUIST
Incredible.

HEDGES
(back to McEnroe)
I have to say, well done you. Did you talk to Acheson?

MCENROE
Yeah, I met the guy.

HEDGES
(to Newquist)
Must be great to be a celebrity.

NEWQUIST
Enviable access...

HEDGES
(back to McEnroe)
What was he like?

MCENROE
I don't know... rich guy. Talked about tennis - said he hoped I won the tournament. Then he told me to enjoy myself at the party, and that was it. He seemed nice enough.

HEDGES
Yeah, nice guy... for someone who buys orphanages in Southeast Asia, so that he can sell virgins to wealthy businessmen.

MCENROE
(disturbed)
He didn't mention that.

Hedges EXITS the car, and walks around to the back. McEnroe has no idea what's going on. The trunk opens and there's the sound of things being shuffled around.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
What's he doing?

NEWQUIST
Sounds like he's looking for something in the boot.

They wait. Hedges opens the back door, and plops down next to McEnroe. He's holding a messy, beat-up file, and hands it to McEnroe.

HEDGES
Take a look through these.

McEnroe opens up the file and finds a stack of surveillance photographs. He flips through them.

HEDGES (CONT'D)
Recognize anyone?

Eventually, McEnroe pauses on a photo of the woman with the BOBBED HAIRCUT from the party.

MCENROE
Her. She was definitely there.

Hedges and Newquist look at each other. They're pleased.

HEDGES
Interesting. Anyone else?

McEnroe goes back to looking through the stack. Some of the people in the photos do look vaguely familiar, but it's hard to tell.

MCENROE
Mmmm...
(he reaches the bottom)
I don't know, the pictures aren't so clear, but definitely her.

Hedges and Newquist are satisfied.

HEDGES
It's a little hard to believe, but you've actually been very helpful.

McEnroe is pleased with himself.

MCENROE
So am I done? Can I go back to being a tennis player?

HEDGES
Of course you're not done. You're not even close to done. You have a personal relationship to Philip Acheson. You're the best connection we have.

MCENROE
Great.

HEDGES
Keep up the good work. We will be in touch.

Hedges reaches across McEnroe, and pushes the door open.

MCENROE
You're not going to drive me back to the hotel?

HEDGES
What do you think? I'm a fucking taxi driver?

NEWQUIST
The tube is right over there.

Annoyed, McEnroe gets out of the car. Hedges and Newquist drive away. McEnroe walks off toward the tube stop.

REVEAL: Across the street, the TWO BUSINESSMEN who slipped the envelope into Lars' pocket in the lobby are sitting in a BLACK 1980 ASTON MARTIN. They've been watching McEnroe with Hedges and Newquist. They shake their heads.

INT. ST. JAMES HOTEL - FRONT DESK

McEnroe enters the hotel and walks up to the front desk.

MCENROE
Can I have my room key?

CLERK
My pleasure.

The clerk turns around, grabs the key from the cubbyhole, and then returns.

CLERK (CONT'D)
There's also a message for you, Mr. McEnroe.

The clerk hands him a folded slip of paper along with the room key. McEnroe reads it, and grimaces. He hands the key back to the clerk.

MCENROE
On second thought, keep this.

He staggers back out.

INT. HYDE PARK - SPEAKER'S CORNER - ONE HOUR LATER

A GAUNT OLD BRITISH MAN stands on a metal folding chair. His upper-class accent contrasts with his homeless appearance.

SPEAKER
...and that's why I say, Mrs. Thatcher, your arrogance is as pernicious as any one of your predecessors.

McEnroe listens along with several others.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)
How long will our nation continue to perform this imperialist symphony of looting, pillaging, and rape? From the Tasmanian genocide to the atrocities in Congo. From the Batang Kali in Malaya to the Hola camp in Kenya to the wanton destruction of Mahdi's tomb at Omdurman. The subjugation of other is sport! Bahrain, the Maldives, Palestine, Belize, The Falkland Islands, Vanuatu, Zimbabwe, Kenya, Cyprus, Suez, Lugash, Aden! The British Empire is, to quote Mr. Orwell, nothing but "a despotism with theft as its final object!"
(screams)
The theft continues!!

McEnroe listens. Behind him a BENTLEY LIMOUSINE with tinted windows pulls up. He doesn't notice. Lars gets out of the back of the limo and walks up to McEnroe. He listens for a moment.

LARS
What a fucking idiot.

McEnroe realizes Lars is next to him.

MCENROE
I was kind of getting a kick out of him.

Lars rolls his eyes, and they start to walk away.

LARS
Politics is stupid.

MCENROE
So what did you want to talk about?

LARS
Philip was very impressed by you.

MCENROE
Oh, really...

LARS
He wanted me to talk to you. About a business proposition. There's a project he's working on doing. He thinks you'd be a great partner in this, and he'd like to talk to you about it.

This scares McEnroe.

MCENROE
Business deal? I'm not really a businessman. What's this deal?

LARS
Something we've been working on. Probably better you hear it from him.

McEnroe knows he has to keep Hedges and Newquist happy.

MCENROE
Okay... sure. I'll talk to him.

LARS
This is great news. How about now?

MCENROE
Now?

LARS
Yes. There is never any time like the present time.

Lars motions to the Bentley limousine. McEnroe did not expect this.

MCENROE
Now now? Here? In that?

He follows Lars over to the door of the Bentley. A GIGANTIC THUG gets out. McEnroe, apprehensive, gets in.

INT. BENTLEY LIMOUSINE - MINUTES LATER

The Bentley is moving. McEnroe sits across from Lars and Philip Acheson, between TWO THUGS.

PHILIP
Pleasure seeing you again, John.

MCENROE
Yeah... good to see you.

PHILIP
I hope you enjoyed yourself the other night.

MCENROE
You really know how to throw a party.

Philip smiles. A long silence. McEnroe is nervous.

PHILIP
You seem nervous.

MCENROE
I’m not nervous.

PHILIP
But you seem nervous.

MCENROE
I’m not.

PHILIP
Are you sure?

MCENROE
Should I be? Nervous?

PHILIP
Of course not.

Philip nods to the thugs on either side of McEnroe, and they begin to frisk him.

MCENROE
What the fuck!?

They frisk him a little bit more roughly, and then, satisfied, stop. Lars is extremely nervous and fidgety.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ!

PHILIP
I'm sorry, for the lack of delicacy, John, but I had to be sure that your ears were the only ones hearing this.

MCENROE
Who else's ears would be hearing this?

PHILIP
There are many people who would like to learn about my current projects. You know, business competitors. I do apologize if Gerald and Maurice startled you.

Philip waits for McEnroe to say something. McEnroe stares back blankly.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
Do you accept my apology?

MCENROE
Okay...

PHILIP
That's a relief. Thank you. Now, the reason I asked Lars to set up this meeting is because there's a project some associates and I are putting together, and there's a role we all agree is perfectly suited to your talents.

MCENROE
My talents? As a tennis player?

PHILIP
In a sense. But, it's actually not your tennis skills that interest us as much as your status as a celebrity.

MCENROE
Not really a talent.

PHILIP
You've been invited to the Duke's banquet, no?

MCENROE
Yeah, I think all the players were invited...

PHILIP
Actually, only the elite.

MCENROE
Well, I usually don't go to stuff like that.

PHILIP
We'd like to ask that you do.

MCENROE
You want me to go to the Duke's banquet?

PHILIP
Yes.

MCENROE
And then what?

PHILIP
That's it. Just go and enjoy yourself.

MCENROE
And that helps you?

PHILIP
There's a hundred thousand pounds in it for you at the end of the evening.

MCENROE
I don't get it.

PHILIP
(laughs politely)
You don't need to.

The limousine pulls to a stop in front of McEnroe's hotel.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
I'll see you at the banquet?

MCENROE
Can I think about it?

PHILIP
(smiles)
Of course, why wouldn't you be able to think about it?

MCENROE
I don't know...

McEnroe, scared, awkwardly smile back at Philip. McEnroe and Lars get out of the limousine, and watch it drive away. When it's out of sight, McEnroe drags Lars down the street and into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY

MCENROE
God damnit! I can't believe you got me into this!

LARS
I thought you'd be excited. It's a chance to make a lot of money.

MCENROE
There's no fucking way I do this!

Lars looks concerned.

LARS
Be careful what you say, John. When Philip Acheson asks you to do a job, he's not really asking you.

McEnroe grabs Lars roughly and throws him hard up against a wall, knocking him down to the ground. It's violent.

Lars stands up, and PULLS OUT A KNIFE. McEnroe can't believe this.

MCENROE
What are you, fucking kidding me?

LARS
Take it easy, John.

McEnroe turns and walks away.

MCENROE
Go fuck yourself.

INT. ST. JAMES HOTEL

McEnroe walks into the hotel's REVOLVING DOOR very quickly.

He gets about halfway through the revolving door, and sees Fleming, Carillo, and Julie Clemons walking across the lobby to the bar adjacent, which makes him remember the plan he made with Julie.

MCENROE
(to himself)
Shit!

Panicked, he continues to walk through the revolving doors and heads back out to the street.

Julie sees him avoiding her and is hurt.

EXT. ST. JAMES HOTEL

McEnroe runs directly into someone else he doesn't want to see... Jimmy Connors, signing autographs for a group of tourists.

CONNORS
(mockingly)
Ooooh, look, it's John McEnroe!
He's always angry!

They tourists laugh. McEnroe turns away, and begins to walk down the street as quickly as possible. His walk becomes a jog and then, eventually, an all out sprint.

INT. BUILDING - LATER

McEnroe stands with his arms crossed. He's disguised in a crappy 'London' hat and cheap sunglasses. He looks around nervously.

REVEAL: He stands next to ALBERT EINSTEIN. Hedges and Newquist walk by. They don't recognize him.

MCENROE
(whispering)
Over here. Over here.

They walk up to him.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
What took you so long? I'm losing
my mind over here.

HEDGES
Just calm down. Take a breath.

NEWQUIST
Nice hat.

HEDGES
Let’s walk.

INT. MADAME TUSSAUD’S WAX MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

They walk and talk quietly.

HEDGES
Now what happened?

MCENROE
They want me to take part in some sort of plan.

NEWQUIST
Who?

MCENROE
Acheson.

As they walk, they pass different wax figures in Madame Tussaud’s. The collection is what it would be in 1980, e.g.: BURT REYNOLDS, ELTON JOHN, JOHN & YOKO, STEVE MARTIN in a white suit and an arrow through his head, ABBA, PELE, MUHAMMED ALI, JIMMY CARTER shaking hands with MENACHEM BEGIN AND ANWAR SADAT, etc...

HEDGES
Philip Acheson wants you to take part in a plan. That’s brilliant.

MCENROE
It’s definitely not ‘brilliant’.

HEDGES
What’s the plan?

MCENROE
I have no fucking idea. They want me to go to the Duke’s banquet at the British Museum. And they offered me 100,000 pounds.

They wait for him finish explaining, but he doesn’t.

HEDGES
To do what?

MCENROE
I don't know. They said there's nothing I have to do - they just want me to be there.

NEWQUIST
Peculiar.

HEDGES
Obviously, they're up to some sort chicanery in the British Museum. That place is a fucking fortress.

NEWQUIST
Impenetrable.

HEDGES
You'd have an easier time infiltrating the bloody Tower of London.
(then)
You said you'd do it, right?

McEnroe stops walking.

MCENROE
Of course I didn't say I'd do it! It's too much. You guys gotta get me out of this. I'm going to get killed or something. Look, you wanted help and I helped you. I hung out with Lars. I met Philip Acheson. I found that something's going down at the British Museum on the night of the Duke's Banquet. Isn't that enough? Can't you take over from here? Can't I go back to my life?

HEDGES
He wants you to go to a banquet, what's the big deal? Weren't you going to go anyway?

MCENROE
They want to give me 100,000 pounds to do nothing! That can't be a good thing!

HEDGES
John, you're doing great. We can't stop now, we don't even know what's happening. You have my word, we'll protect you.

MCENROE
That's so comforting.

HEDGES
Soon enough you'll be back in the states, and you can forget about this whole business.

MCENROE
Yeah, if I'm still alive.

Suddenly, McEnroe is startled. He's ended up next to the wax figure of BJORN BORG.

INT. WIMBLEDON - LOCKER ROOM - NEXT DAY

McEnroe, focused, finishes getting dressed for tennis. After a few moments, we see Fleming getting ready a few feet away. Awkward silence.

FLEMING
How come you didn't come to the bar last night?

MCENROE
I couldn't. I've got a lot going on.

FLEMING
Hey guess what? You're not the only one trying to win a championship.

McEnroe would love to tell Fleming what's going on. Silence.

FLEMING (CONT'D)
Aside from that its stupid to be a dick to a Sports Illustrated reporter, you also don't have to be mean to a nice person.

This bothers McEnroe, because he knows Fleming's right.

FLEMING (CONT'D)
She saw you.

McEnroe feels bad he hurt Julie.

FLEMING (CONT'D)
You know, you have friends. What's going on with you?

MCENROE
(snapping)
Nothing. Nothing's going on. Can't you see I just want to be left alone?

Fleming shakes his head. McEnroe picks up his tennis bag, and walks away from his friend.

EXT. WIMBLEDON - COURT NUMBER TWO

McEnroe exits the tunnel and walks onto the court. The crowd reacts, a lot of CHEERS and a few BOOS. As always, he turns his chair to the side, sits down, and starts organizing his things.

McEnroe hears the crowd react to his opponent's entrance -- it's not as loud as for McEnroe, but there's no booing. Fleming sits in the chair opposite McEnroe.

TITLE: JULY 1, 1980 - QUARTER FINAL

The names MCENROE and FLEMING are on the scoreboard.

In the crowd, Carillo watches her two friends. She looks pained.

MONTAGE: McEnroe completely decimates Fleming. It's ugly, and difficult for Carillo to watch. Repeatedly, McEnroe hits powerful winners. Repeatedly, Fleming chases after balls he cannot reach, watches aces blaze by him, flails for perfect lobs that go over him. It's brutal.

McEnroe wins. He and Fleming shake hands at the net.

MCENROE
I'm sorry I've been a dick lately.

FLEMING
I'm sorry you just kicked my ass.

McEnroe smiles.

FLEMING (CONT'D)
Just win the whole damn thing, okay?

They shake hands with the UMPIRE, and sit down in their chairs, put their warm-up jackets on, and pack their gear into their tennis bags.

FLEMING (CONT'D)
The least you can do is buy me a beer.

McEnroe wishes he could.

MCENROE
Peter, I'm really sorry, but I can't right now. I have to go meet somebody.

Fleming finishes gathering up his stuff.

FLEMING
Yeah. All right, champ.

McEnroe watches Fleming walk away.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe exits the stadium through the tunnel. Instead of going to the locker-room and changing his clothes, he exits through the player's entrance. Still wearing his Tacchini warm-ups and carrying his tennis bag, he walks quickly through the crowd, trying to avoid contact with the fans.

EXT. WIMBLEDON GROUNDS - MOMENTS LATER

McEnroe sees Julie hanging out with a group of journalists. He stops and looks at his watch.

MCENROE
(mumbles to himself)
God damnit.

He jogs up to her. The other journalists turn, impressed by Julie's familiarity with the tennis star.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
(awkward)
Sorry... can I talk to you for a second?

JULIE
(with attitude)
Okay...

They walk a few steps away from the group.

MCENROE
I'm actually running somewhere, but I saw you...
(MORE)

MCENROE (CONT'D)
and I wanted to say I’m sorry I didn’t - sorry I wasn’t able to make it to the bar last night.

JULIE
Yeah, that was weird.

MCENROE
This tournament’s making me crazy.

JULIE
(sarcastic)
I’m sure it’s hard being John McEnroe.

MCENROE
Can I make it up to you?

JULIE
I’m guessing you’re busy tonight.

MCENROE
Yeah, tonight is definitely not good.

JULIE
Well, the tournament’s over Sunday, then Monday I’m back to LA, and you’re back to New York...

MCENROE
Yeah...

McEnroe looks at his watch.

JULIE
Well, you clearly have some place to go...

MCENROE
(panicked)
Would you want to come with me to the Duke’s banquet tomorrow night?

JULIE
Really?

MCENROE
Yeah, really. I would really love for you to come with me. I know I messed up yesterday, but please let me make it up to you.

JULIE
I'm shocked.

MCENROE
So... that's a yes?

JULIE
Yes. Definitely.

For once, McEnroe looks happy.

MCENROE
Great! That's great. I really do have to go. We'll make a plan later. It's gonna be good.

He walks away from her. He moves through the grounds, and ducks out a side exit.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - OUTSIDE WIMBLEDON - LATER

McEnroe stands at the curb. Almost immediately, a London Taxi pulls up.

McEnroe gets into the backseat of the taxi. McEnroe doesn't say an address, but the taxi pulls away. The driver takes a big drag of his cigarette. It's the DETECTIVE WITH A MUSTACHE from the police station and the bar. Neither one speaks.

The taxi passes through many neighborhoods and eventually stops in front of KING'S CROSS STATION.

EXT. KING'S CROSS STATION - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe gets out of the taxi without a word. The streets are loaded with pedestrians. McEnroe runs across the busy Euston Road, and stands on the opposite corner.

A car pulls up in front of McEnroe. He gets in, and the car pulls away. Lars is driving.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Another car turns a corner. It's Hedges and Newquist's CRAPPY 1972 DATSUN STATION WAGON. It begins to follow Lars and McEnroe.

INT. LARS' CAR

Lars drives. The sun is going down.

LARS
I heard you played pretty well today.

MCENROE
Yeah, it was okay.

LARS
Sorry I didn't get a chance to see it.

MCENROE
No problem.

LARS
Always hard to play your best friend.

MCENROE
(annoyed)
Yeah, whatever.

EXT. STREETS

Lars and McEnroe drive through the outskirts of the city. Hedges and Newquist follow.

INT. LARS' CAR

LARS
You don't need to be nervous about this meeting, John. We won't be there very long.

MCENROE
Okay.

McEnroe casually looks in his side view mirror and catches a glimpse of Hedges and Newquist's crappy Datsun behind them. This puts McEnroe a little bit at ease.

INT. HEDGES AND NEWQUIST'S DATSUN

HEDGES
Where the hell is he going?

Newquist shrugs. Hedges glances in the rear-view mirror and sees a BLACK VAN behind them.

HEDGES (CONT'D)
It looks like Lars isn't the only one being followed.

NEWQUIST
Are you sure?

HEDGES
I don't know.

NEWQUIST
Can you shake 'em?

HEDGES
We've got to stay behind Lars.

INT. LARS' CAR

Lars notices McEnroe glancing in his side view mirror, and takes a look in his rear view mirror. He suddenly makes a left turn, and sees that Hedges makes the turn after him.

LARS
Shit. Are we're being followed?

MCENROE
What?

Lars turns right into a residential neighborhood to test the car behind him.

INT. HEDGES AND NEWQUIST'S DATSUN

Hedges makes the turn to follow.

NEWQUIST
Do you think he knows we're following him?

HEDGES
I'm not sure...

Hedges glances in the rear-view mirror and sees the black van still behind them.

NEWQUIST
Shouldn't we peel off if he knows he's being followed?

HEDGES
I don't know.

INT. LARS' CAR

Lars makes another turn, and sees that the Datsun follows him. Lars glances at McEnroe suspiciously.

LARS
(re: Datsun)
Who the fuck are these assholes?

INT. HEDGE'S AND NEWQUIST'S CAR

Hedges looks at the black van behind them.

HEDGES
Who the fuck are these assholes?

INT. BLACK VAN

DRIVER
(re: Hedges and Newquist)
Who the fuck are these assholes?

Inside the black van are the TWO BUSINESSMEN who previously... A) put the envelope in Lars' pocket in the hotel lobby, and B) spied on McEnroe, Hedges, and Newquist from their parked Black 1980 Aston Martin. The driver wears a BLUE SUIT, the passenger a GRAY SUIT.

INT. HEDGE'S AND NEWQUIST'S DATSUN

Hedges and Newquist are getting jumpy.

NEWQUIST
Let's fuck off.

HEDGES
(flustered)
Dammit...

INT. LARS' CAR

LARS
Jesus Christ John. Is this you?

MCENROE
What? I don't know what you're talking about.

INT. BLACK VAN

BLUE SUIT
(figuring it out)
It’s those idiots who’ve been following McEnroe.

GRAY SUIT
This ends now.

Blue Suit steps on the on the gas.

EXT. STREET

With incredible skill, the black van drives up onto the sidewalk and blows past both Hedges & Newquist and Lars’ car. It spins to a stop in front of Lars, forcing him to brake to a screeching halt just inches away from the van.

Hedges hits the breaks but can’t stop his car in time, and rear ends Lars, crashing Lars’ car into the side of the van.

INT. LARS’ CAR

McEnroe sees Blue Suit and Gray Suit leap out of the van, carrying GUNS. He is terrified, but they walk quickly past him and Lars. They go directly to Hedges & Newquist, who have gotten out of their car.

EXT. STREET

On one side of Lars’ car Hedges faces off with Blue Suit and on the other side Newquist faces off with Gray Suit.

HEDGES
Police!

BLUE SUIT
As if that’s not completely obvious. We’re MI-5, moron. So relax.

HEDGES
What’s going on here? What the hell are you up to?

GRAY SUIT
A better question is... what are you up to?

HEDGES
Why is that a better question?

GRAY SUIT doesn't know exactly how to answer. A pause as they all look at each other.

HEDGES (CONT'D)
We're building a case against Philip Acheson. And John McEnroe here is our inside guy.

INT. LARS' CAR

Lars' shoots a look at McEnroe. McEnroe looks away, guiltily.

EXT. STREET

Blue Suit and Black Suit finally understand what's happening. They look at each other and roll their eyes. GRAY SUIT looks at his watch.

GRAY SUIT
I don't have a lot of time to make this point, so you two listen to me closely. You're building a case against Philip Acheson. Good for you. But Philip Acheson is nothing. We've spent the past three years building a case against Philip Acheson's boss...

He quickly flings open the car door, and violently pulls Lars out by the scruff of his collar.

GRAY SUIT (CONT'D)
...and this is our informant.

McEnroe leans out of the car and looks angrily at Lars.

MCENROE
Oh, come on!

NEWQUIST
What do you mean, 'Acheson's boss'?

GRAY SUIT
Philip Acheson is an underling. He works for the Red Snake.

Hedges and Newquist laugh.

HEDGES
The Red Snake? Don't be ridiculous. There is no Red Snake.

GRAY SUIT
We don't have to explain this to you.

NEWQUIST
Fuck you.

BLUE SUIT
Fuck you!

LARS
No, fuck you all!

They all turn to Lars.

LARS (CONT'D)
Let me remind you that if we are late for this meeting it is not going to be pretty for us. Not pretty at all. Because we will be killed.

McEnroe does not like hearing the word "killed".

LARS (CONT'D)
And none of you will ever get Philip Acheson or the Red Snake, if he exists, or anybody! We need to go now. Big time.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MINUTES LATER

Lars' car moves quickly. Following from a distance is the black van.

INT. LARS' CAR

Lars and McEnroe sit in silence, shaken.

INT. BLACK VAN

Blue Suit and Gray Suit drive in silence. Hedges and Newquist sit uncomfortably on the floor in the back.

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL AREA - LATER

Lars' car pulls up to a large warehouse. Lars and McEnroe get out, approach the warehouse, and enter. It is now completely dark outside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The interior is cavernous. In the middle is a cluster of people... Philip Acheson sits behind a table, studying blue prints. To his right is a MAN WITH DARK GLASSES and a SEEING EYE DOG. To his left is the beautiful WOMAN WITH BOBBED HAIRCUT, who McEnroe recognizes from both Acheson's party and the photo from Hedges and Newquist's file.

In front of them is an area set up like a practice area for a crime: tape on the floor demarcating the layout of rooms and doors; tables, chairs, and various props; a table with a DIORAMA OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, a rolling corkboard with photos of various people and rooms. A group of people, including a BEAUTIFUL BALD BLACK WOMAN and an ALBINO, prepare the area.

Lars attempts to adopt a casual tone.

LARS
Sorry we're late, Philip. Johnny Mac had to do some press after his match.

McEnroe nods.

PHILIP
(ignoring Lars)
John, we're so glad you decided to be a part of our team.

MCENROE
Uh huh.

PHILIP
I understand you're attending the Duke's gala at the British Museum tomorrow night?

MCENROE
That's right.

PHILIP
And you'll be coming from your match, so you'll have your tennis bag.

MCENROE
Actually, I'll probably be at the hotel--

PHILIP
(interrupting)
You'll have your tennis bag with you.

MCENROE
(getting it)
Okay... I'll have my tennis bag.

PHILIP
Leave it with the coat check, and then - when we tell you it's time to go home - pick it up, and deliver it to us at a location we will tell you when the time comes. That's easy, right?

MCENROE
Doesn't sound too complicated.

INT. BLACK VAN - CONTINUOUS

Blue Suit, Gray Suit, Hedges, and Newquist eavesdrop on this conversation through a speaker.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Philip looks around at the rest of the people in the room, smiling. Everyone smiles back. McEnroe doesn't smile. He's disturbed.

LARS
(to McEnroe)
I told you it would be easy.

PHILIP
One other thing... you will bring Camilla as your escort. She will meet you in your hotel room at exactly...

Philip turns to the beautiful woman with the BOBBED HAIRCUT. This is CAMILLA.

CAMILLA
...half-past seven.

McEnroe realizes this will fuck up his plan with Julie.

MCENROE
Ahhhhh, I'm not sure if I can bring-

PHILIP
(interrupting)
Is there a problem?

MCENROE
Uhhhhh... no. No problem.

LARS
(to McEnroe)
And I'll be there the whole time, so there's nothing to worry about.

PHILIP
Actually Lars, we have an assignment for you.
(he looks off to the side)
Walter?

From out of the shadows appears the BEHEMOTH WITH THE CAMERA who bumped into McEnroe in the hotel lobby. McEnroe recognizes him. Walter hands a manila folder to Philip.

Philip opens it, extracts some SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS and lays them out on the table.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
Perhaps you could help me with this, Lars?

Lars looks at the photos, and sees they are of him talking to Blue Suit and Gray Suit in the hotel lobby.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
Because I've been studying them for a long time, and I can't come up with a satisfactory explanation.

LARS
Yeah, that's me in the hotel lobby talking to --

Walter rips open Lars' shirt, exposing a WIRE taped to his chest. Everyone stares at Lars. McEnroe is terrified for both of them.

LARS (CONT'D)
(afraid)
But Philip, I ---

The albino rips McEnroe's tennis shirt open, revealing his bare chest. No wire.

PHILIP
Well, that's a relief, Mr. McEnroe.

LARS
(terrified)
Philip, you don't understand. I ---

A single GUNSHOT rings out. Lars' face is blown off. Blood splatters all over McEnroe.

MCENROE
Ahhhhhh...

McEnroe's world is shattered.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
You! Cannot! Be! Serious!!!

McEnroe cowers, terrified that he's going to be shot next.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
(pleading)
You cannot be serious!

INT. BLACK VAN

Blue Suit, Gray Suit, Hedges, and Newquist listen to McEnroe scream.

MCENROE
(through the wire)
YOU CANNOT BE SERIOUS!

NEWQUIST
This isn't good.

HEDGES
We need to go in.

BLUE SUIT
Hold tight.

We hear a SMASH, and the wire goes dead.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Walter stands over Lars' bloody corpse and holds the now-smashed wire. McEnroe continues to freak out. He wails and cries.

MCENROE
You cannot... be... serious!

INT. WAREHOUSE - UPSTAIRS

From a dark platform overlooking the scene, a SHADOWY FIGURE lowers a RIFLE. We never see the shadowy figures face, but we do see a TATOO OF A RED SNAKE on the right side of his neck.

MCENROE
You cannot be serious!!! Oh God...

Tears are streaming down McEnroe's face.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe puts his hand on his face and realizes that he's holding bits of Lars' BRAIN MATTER.

MCENROE
(even louder)
YOU CANNOT BE SERIOUS!!!

PHILIP
Mr. McEnroe, I hope this impresses upon you ---

McEnroe's whimpering is so loud that Philip has to restart his sentence.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
I hope you understand ---

McEnroe's continues whimpering.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
John, please pull yourself together.

MCENROE
(still out of control)
Oh, my God! Fuck me!!!

Another SHOT rings out. The bullet tears up the concrete at McEnroe's feet. He is stunned into silence. Philip looks behind to the shadowy figure upstairs. He turns slowly back to McEnroe.

PHILIP
John, my employer - actually, our employer - does not have a great deal of patience for emotional outbursts. Especially at work.
(MORE)

PHILIP (CONT'D)
Now, I’m sure it’s been impressed upon you that should the two men that your friend Lars was working with approach you, you will politely decline their entreaties.

McEnroe nods, terrified.

VOICE
(echoes)
You’re dead, McEnroe.

EXT. WIMBLEDON - COURT NUMBER ONE - DAY

VOICE
Did you hear me?

McEnroe turns toward the voice... it’s Jimmy Connors.

CONNORS
I said you’re dead, McEnroe.

TITLE: JULY 4, 1980 - SEMI-FINAL

The match is already in progress. McEnroe and Connors are resting in their chairs during their changeover. The scoreboard shows that McEnroe won the first set 6-3 but has lost the second 3-6. He frowns at Connors.

CONNORS (CONT’D)
God, McEnroe, you’re such a baby!
(then, with baby voice)
Does little baby need his diaper changed?

McEnroe shrugs, grabs his water bottle.

CONNORS (CONT’D)
Oh wook, widdle baby wants his bottle!

McEnroe shakes his head, but remains calm.

EXT. WIMBLEDON - NO. 1 COURT - LATER

MONTAGE: Long, grueling points between Connors and McEnroe.

EXT. NO. 1 COURT - CHANGEOVER - LATER

In his chair, McEnroe wipes his sweat off with a towel.

CONNORS
Look, widdle baby has his bwankie! It’s so cute! Is baby potty twained?

McEnroe rolls his eyes at this.

EXT. WIMBLEDON - NO. 1 COURT - LATER

The rivals play a long, intense rally. Connors hits an incredible drop shot. McEnroe charges in, makes an amazing get, barely popping the ball back over. Connors SMASHES the ball as hard as he can right at McEnroe, almost killing him, and winning the point.

The UMPIRE, a 65-year-old man with a bald head with a white fluffy fringe, and a very pronounced big, angular nose, leans into his microphone.

UMPIRE
Game, Mr. Connors.

The crowd CHEERS. McEnroe looks angrily at Connors.

CONNORS
Wah! Wahhhhh! Wahhh! Goo goo gah gah! I want my Mommy!!!

McEnroe takes a step away from Connors.

CONNORS (CONT’D)
I got scared by the fuzzy ball and went poopie in my diaper!

McEnroe stops, turns around, and stares angrily at Connors. He struggles to restrain himself. Connors smiles at him, and walks away. McEnroe doesn’t move. The crowd gets restless.

UMPIRE
Mr. McEnroe, resume play.

Still at the net, McEnroe continues to stare hatefully at Connors, who smiles and waits to return serve. The crowd gets louder.

UMPIRE (CONT’D)
Mr. McEnroe, please resume play.

MCENROE
Shut up, you bald eagle!

The umpire is hurt, because he does resemble a bald eagle. The crowd is outraged and BOOS McEnroe.

UMPIRE
Warning, Mr. McEnroe.

The crowd goes crazy, and CHEERS. Connors, jokingly looks at his wrist, as if commenting on the time that is passing. The crowd laughs.

McEnroe is on the verge of losing it, but for once grits his teeth and walks back to the service line. A ballboy throws him a ball. He immediately - without going through his usual, involved pre-service routine, serves. SMACK! The ball goes by Connors before he can even react. Ace!

EXT. WIMBLEDON - NO. 1 COURT - LATER

MONTAGE: McEnroe annihilating Connors.

The montage ends with a beautiful backhand winner.

UMPIRE
Game, set, match McEnroe.

The crowd BOOS. McEnroe stands and takes in the crowd hating him.

EXT. ST. JAMES HOTEL - LATER

McEnroe walks into the lobby.

INT. ST. JAMES LOBBY

McEnroe walks through the lobby and sees Walter and the other thug who ripped his shirt open in the warehouse, eyeing him. He walks onto the elevator, followed by a BELLHOP with a luggage cart.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe exhales, relieved. The elevator stops on a floor. It’s not his floor, so he doesn’t move. The bellhop exits, pulling the cart.

BELLHOP
(matter of fact)
You need to follow me to room 402.

MCENROE
I do?

The bellhop holds the door open. McEnroe tries to decide whether this guy is a cop or one of Phillip Acheson's men, and then realizes he has to follow him either way.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe, resigned, follows the bellhop. With every bend in the hallway McEnroe becomes more anxious. Finally, the bellhop knocks on the door of 402. It's opened by a MAN McEnroe doesn't recognize. The man steps aside, and the bellhop motions for McEnroe to enter.

INT. ROOM 402 - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe, followed by the bellhop, enters.

HEDGES
Johnny Mac! There's our boy, ready for his big night.

The room is packed with people, many who are smoking: COPS and MI-5 AGENTS, some dressed as bellhops, maids, and hotel chefs. Next to Hedges are Newquist, Blue Suit, and Gray Suit. A young ARISTOCRATIC-LOOKING MAN sits alone in the corner.

A couple of agents begin to take bags off of the luggage cart and unpack them. They are full of surveillance equipment, weapons, etc.

HEDGES (CONT'D)
Come on in, don't be shy, let me introduce you to--

BLUE SUIT
(interrupts and motions to a chair)
Why don't you have a seat, John?

Hedges shuts up, pissed. McEnroe sits down, and waves some smoke away from his face. He coughs. A 60-YEAR-OLD MAN in a pinstripe suit approaches McEnroe.

DIRECTOR SMITH
John, I can't thank you enough for coming. I'm Howard Smith, I'm the Director General of the Security Service, and we all greatly appreciate the work you're doing on our behalf. I know you've already met...
(motions to Blue Suit and Gray Suit)
(MORE)

DIRECTOR SMITH (CONT'D)
...agents Lander and Evans, and...
(motions to Hedges and Newquist)
...those two. But I'd like you to meet...

He turns dramatically to the aristocratic-looking man in the corner.

DIRECTOR SMITH (CONT'D)
...Charles, the Prince of Wales.

A 31-year-old PRINCE CHARLES, wearing his signature blue blazer and tie, walks over to McEnroe, who is shocked.

PRINCE CHARLES
A pleasure to meet you, Mr. McEnroe.

MCENROE
It's a pleasure to meet you... ahh...
(McEnroe doesn't know what he should call him)
...your Royal... ah... sir. Prince.

The room winces at McEnroe's awkwardness. Director Smith steps back in.

DIRECTOR SMITH
We have been tracking the Red Snake for several years now. He's incredibly elusive, and we know very little about him. This is as close as we've ever been. We have reason to suspect he has his eyes on the Cornet of Lugash.

PRINCE CHARLES
For the better part of a decade, the Red Snake has been pilfering the treasures of Europe. I can't impress upon you how meaningful it would be to my family, and the entire United Kingdom, to put an end to his plunder of what belongs to us. And I can assure you, Mr. McEnroe, that should you contribute to his capture a nation would remain forever in your debt.

McEnroe looks around at all of these men in the room.

MCENROE
Okay, that's great. But what's on my mind is that I'm playing in the finals of Wimbledon tomorrow, and I'd very much like not to be shot in the face before that happens.

SILENCE as everyone waits to see how the Prince will take this. After a moment, Prince Charles begins to LAUGH. Director Smith follows Prince Charles' lead, and then everyone else. McEnroe doesn't find it funny at all.

BLUE SUIT
John, there's no reason to worry. The gala at the museum will be full of with MI-5 and London Police. We will have eyes on you constantly.
(opens a briefcase)
That said, we'd all feel better if you'd wear this transmitter.

MCENROE
Are you out of your mind? There's no way I'm wearing that! That's how Lars got killed! What are you, fucking retarded?

John looks around the room, finally locking eyes with Prince Charles.

DIRECTOR SMITH
No need. But... do we have any... tracking devices?

The BELLHOP pulls a small piece of luggage off of the cart, and unzips it.

BELLHOP
We've got a few options... A tie clip, a pocket watch, a billfold, uh...
(rummaging around)
...a cigarette case, a signet ring, a cravat pin...

McEnroe doesn't even know what half of this stuff is.

DIRECTOR SMITH
(interjects)
Perhaps a wristwatch is best for you.

He takes a ROLEX SUBMARINER from the bellhop's case.

DIRECTOR SMITH (CONT'D)
Just a little added security.

He hands the Rolex to McEnroe.

MCENROE
Thanks.

McEnroe puts on the Rolex and looks at them nervously.

DIRECTOR SMITH
John, we know you're nervous. But, I promise you, you're going to be great. This will be over before you know it, and you'll be in bed nice and early with plenty of time to relax before tomorrow's match. Why don't you go to your room now and freshen up. We know you're here to play tennis, and we're all rooting for you. Right everybody?
(the others make an unconvincing effort to agree)
This is going to be easy, John. You're just going to a gala.

McEnroe sees that he's being stared at by the entire roomful of law enforcement agents. And Charles, Prince of Wales.

PRINCE CHARLES
Yes, just going to a gala.

INT. SAINT JAMES HOTEL HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

McEnroe, paranoid, walks quickly to his room. At the door, he glances both ways as he fumbles with the key.

INT. MCENROE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe bolts the door and takes a deep breath, trying not to panic. He enjoys one second of peace before noticing the RED FLASHING light on the phone, indicating a message at the front desk. He ignores it, and goes into the bathroom to splash some water in his face. He sees the picture of Borg that he taped up on the mirror when he first arrived, and is reminded of the real reason he came here.

He exits the bathroom, and sees that the clock says 7:10. He knows he has 20 minutes before Camilla arrives, and lies down on the bed to try and rest for a couple of minutes. As soon as his head hits the pillow, there's a KNOCK at the door.

He gets up, and cautiously goes to the door. He doesn't know who he wants to see less: the police or Acheson's people.

MCENROE
Yeah?

WOMAN'S VOICE
Open the door!

He looks through the PEEPHOLE and sees Julie, dressed for the gala and looking beautiful.

JULIE
What, are you afraid of me, asshole?

MCENROE
(quietly)
Shit!

He braces himself and opens the door.

JULIE
I know that you've been busy, but I've been trying to call you, and I never heard back. I thought we were going to the Duke's gala, so I threw something on, but maybe that was a stupid assumption on my part.

MCENROE
I'm so sorry. I... I can't take you. I just can't take you. I would like to, I really would. I just can't.

Julie stares at him and shakes her head.

JULIE
You're not even going to tell me why? Or at least make up some story? And didn't it occur to you that maybe you should let me know?

MCENROE
I'm sorry... I don't... really have anything to say...
(trying)
You look very beautiful in your dress...

JULIE
I don't believe this! Fuck you! Unbelievable!
(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)
You’re even worse than people say you are. The whole world hates you, and the whole world is right!

This really stings McEnroe, but he knows there’s nothing he can say. He impotently watches Julie storm off.

INT. MCENROE’S HOTEL ROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER

McEnroe, freshly showered, is wearing his tuxedo pants. His tuxedo shirt is on and he clumsily tries to put the studs through the buttonholes. He drops one in the sink, and watches it GO DOWN THE DRAIN.

MCENROE
Fuck.

There’s a knock at the door. He looks at his Rolex and sees that it’s 7:27PM. Camilla is three minutes early.

MCENROE (CONT’D)
(crosses room)
Fuck... fuck.

He opens the door to see Fleming and Carillo in formal wear, glaring at him.

CARILLO
You invite a girl to a huge, incredible party, she buys a dress and you just blow her off?

FLEMING
Just on a human level that’s a dick move... but she’s also writing a cover story about you for *Sports Illustrated,* you fucking moron.

CARILLO
I don’t care whether you beat Borg tomorrow or not - either way you’re a loser.

She walks off down the hallway. Fleming shakes his head at McEnroe and follows Carillo.

INT. MCENROE’S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe closes the door, and goes to the mirror. He attempts to tie his BOW TIE but has never done it before and quickly grows frustrated.

MCENROE
Aaghhhhh!

As his frustration reaches a climax his attention is drawn to the photo of Borg taped to the mirror. He impulsively rips the photo off of the mirror, CRUMPLES it and throws it toward the trash, but he misses his shot and it lands on the floor.

Another KNOCK on the door.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
(yells)
Just leave me alone!

McEnroe goes back to his bow tie. He gives up.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
I can't take this.

VOICE
(O.C.)
Of course you can.

McEnroe is startled to see Camilla -- stunning in her gown -- standing behind him. She reaches around his neck...

CAMILLA
You're John McEnroe.

...and expertly ties his bow tie.

EXT. BRITISH MUSEUM - RED CARPET

Limousines are lined up around the block. LIGHT BULBS FLASH. British aristocracy, celebrities, international politicians, and tennis players walk the red carpet, all dressed in black tie and extravagant evening gowns.

A town car pulls up and Camilla gets out, followed by John, carrying his tennis bag. She looks like a model and he looks like a teenager wearing a rented tuxedo. They make their way up the steps. Giant banners advertise the Cornet of Lugash.

A paparazzo calls out to McEnroe.

PAPARAZZO
What, can't leave home without your racquets, Johnnie?

MCENROE
Just hitting late...

McEnroe and Camilla enter the museum.

INT. MUSEUM LOBBY - COAT CHECK

McEnroe hands his tennis bag over to the coat check girl, who hands him a ticket.

CAMILLA
(re: ticket)
Put that somewhere safe.

They walk arm in arm up the grand staircase. McEnroe notices that all eyes are on him.

INT. MAIN ROOM - COCKTAIL AREA

The room is crowded with people holding drinks. We recognize ROD STEWART laughing with WALTER MONDALE. McEnroe stands still, nervous and not knowing what to do. He's not good at pulling off the spy act.

CAMILLA
Could you try and relax, and look like you're at a party?

MCENROE
What do you want me to do?

CAMILLA
How about making the effort to pretend you're having a good time?

MCENROE
I don't know how to do that.

CAMILLA
Why don't you escort your date to the bar and order her a cocktail?

MCENROE
Okay...

McEnroe turns to the bar. Camilla stops him and pointedly offers her hand. He takes it and leads her to the bar. As he leads Camilla through the crowd, and sees Jimmy Connors talking to a group of sycophants. He takes a sharp turn to avoid Connors but quickly realizes he's heading straight towards Carillo and Fleming. He swerves again, confusing Camilla. Finally, they make it to the bar.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
(to bartender)
Can I have a Coke?
(MORE)

MCENROE (CONT'D)
(he turns around to Camilla)
What do you want?

Camilla's displeased he didn't ask what she wanted first.

CAMILLA
Campari and soda.

MCENROE
(to bartender)
Campari and soda.

BARTENDER
Very good, sir.

McEnroe takes the drinks, and hands Camilla her Campari. She sees someone coming.

CAMILLA
I'm about to pretend you said something charming.

MCENROE
What do you mean?

She LAUGHS as if he just said something charming. They clink glasses, and she kisses him on the cheek. McEnroe feels a hand on his shoulder, and tenses up. What now?! He turns around. It's BJORN BORG.

BORG
(Swedish accent)
Hello John. I saw you over here, and I wanted to say hello.

MCENROE
Hi Bjorn.

BORG
I hate these parties. I never know what to say to anybody.

MCENROE
I know what you mean. I feel the same way.

BORG
I'm glad to see you here. I was told I had to come, and I was afraid you were going to be sitting in your room, resting, getting ready for tomorrow.

John laughs.

MCENROE
Trust me, there's nowhere I'd rather be than asleep in my hotel room right now.

BORG
It's ridiculous. They want us to come here and play our best tennis, but then they make us do all of these things that distract us. We should just be able to play tennis.

MCENROE
You said it, brother.

Borg notices Camilla standing there.

BORG
Hello, I'm Bjorn.

MCENROE
(embarrassed)
Oh, I'm sorry. Camilla, this is Bjorn. Bjorn, this is Camilla.

CAMILLA
Hello.

They shake hands.

BORG
Very nice to meet you.
(re: McEnroe)
That's a good man you've got there.

CAMILLA
I'm surprised to see rivals get along so well the night before their big match.

BORG
Why? We have so much in common. And it's just tennis.
(to both of them)
Well, I hope your evening won't be too boring.
(then)
Let's see if I can make it through this night without having to talk to Connors.

McEnroe laughs. Borg smiles and walks off.

INT. ALCOVE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

McEnroe and Camilla look through a bunch of place cards on a table. McEnroe finds his card and picks it up. A PATRICIAN MAN approaches McEnroe.

PATRICIAN MAN
Mr. McEnroe! Mr. McEnroe! I'm Raymond Wilmott, the new President of the All England Tennis Club! So glad you're here.
(shaking his hand)
Come with me, would you? I'd like to introduce you to a very big fan of tennis who wants to meet you.

McEnroe and Camilla follow him to... Prince Charles.

RAYMOND WILMOTT
(makes introductions)
John McEnroe, I'd like you to meet Charles, the Prince of Wales.

John is uncomfortable, but Prince Charles is adept at pretending he's never met McEnroe before.

PRINCE CHARLES
A pleasure to meet you. I watched you beat Connors this afternoon. I admire your... passion.

MCENROE
Thanks.

An older man standing nearby turns around.

PRINCE PHILIP
My son may find you charming, but I find your outbursts on the court completely antithetical to the spirit of sportsmanship. I can assure that tomorrow, I'll be rooting for the Swede.

PRINCE CHARLES
Well, father, I see great potential in this young man.

Prince Philip harumphs and walks away. Charles turns back to McEnroe.

PRINCE CHARLES (CONT'D)
And I'll be rooting for him.

He gives McEnroe a wink.

INT. LARGE DINING HALL - MINUTES LATER

The dinner is being held in the gallery devoted to the Cornet (and other priceless treasures) of Lugash. Round tables have been spaced throughout this gigantic room, all tastefully decorated with beautiful floral arrangements and fine china.

Displayed prominently in the center of the hall is the centerpiece of the collection: the exquisite Cornet of Lugash. It sits on a pedestal. Golden rails keep people from getting too close. Guests admire it and move on.

McEnroe and Camilla arrive at their table, and sit down. Seated next to McEnroe is an older, BRONZE-SKINNED MAN with a moustache and an accent that is hard to place, perhaps Middle Eastern, perhaps Balkan.

BRONZE-SKINNED MAN
Good evening.

McEnroe is not happy to be sitting next to this guy.

MCENROE
Hello.

McEnroe checks out the rest of his table: unlike the glamorous people that fill the rest of the hall, his table is populated with outcasts, weirdos, and undesirable eccentrics.

As McEnroe’s gaze travels around the table, each tablemate is odder than the last, until his eyes finally land on Ilie Nastase, who smiles at him.

Even in a formal outfit, Nastase is dressed garishly. Seated next to Nasty is Julie. She GLARES at McEnroe hatefully. McEnroe can’t believe how badly this is going.

INT. LARGE DINING HALL - LATER

Dinner has been served, and the gala is alive with conversation and laughter.

INT. MCENROE’S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

The guests at McEnroe’s table, however, are silent. It’s a miserable ghost town. McEnroe looks across the table to see Julie still glaring at him.

Nastase is the only one enjoying himself. He stuffs his face like a ravenous pig, and, with mouth full, turns to the woman next to him.

NASTASE
(re: Julie)
She's my date, not my girlfriend. So really, there's many ways this could go.

Julie rolls her eyes.

SFX: QUIET BEEPING SOUND

Camilla nonchalantly reaches into her purse, and stops the noise. She leans close to McEnroe.

CAMILLA
Don't get up from this table until I come back. Then we'll leave.

She gives him a kiss on the lips. He sees Julie shake her head in disgust. He's too anxious about what's coming next to worry about Julie. He watches Camilla disappear into the crowd as a waiter places a disgusting dessert in front of him. He has no appetite for this quivering mound of goo.

BRONZE-SKINNED MAN
(to McEnroe)
Khalamech.

McEnroe doesn't know what he's talking about.

BRONZE-SKINNED MAN (CONT'D)
It's a classic Lugashian dessert. But like everything else, the English take it and make it horrible.

McEnroe musters a smile.

BRONZE-SKINNED MAN (CONT'D)
Like this horrid gala. The Cornet of Lugash! What a desecration! In Lugash, it was blown to herald the birth of a new monarch. Over a century ago it was plundered by Queen Victoria's hoodlums... and now, they put it on display as if they own it. As if we gave it to them. Such arrogance. Then they throw this "Evening in Lugash"...

He gestures to the hall with all it's Lugash decorations.

BRONZE-SKINNED MAN (CONT'D)
If your Disneyland had a Lugash ride, it would be more authentic than this.

He stops, realizing he's being strident.

BRONZE-SKINNED MAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry...
(extends his hand)
...Ersan Golat, from the Lugashian consulate.

McEnroe is surprised by how much he likes this guy, but becomes distracted by activity in the hall that only he notices... first, he sees the DETECTIVE WITH A MUSTACHE, from the police station and pub, seated at a table costumed as a high-ranking military officer...

MCENROE
John McEnroe.

ERSAN GOLAT
Of course. I know who you are, I'm a huge fan. I love watching you irritate these English pigs.

...then he sees TWO PEOPLE FROM ACHESON'S WAREHOUSE dressed as Museum Security Guards.

ERSAN GOLAT (CONT'D)
You and I both understand something, Mr. McEnroe - the English write the rules to the game, and the rest of us have to play it their way. Tennis was invented in Egypt, but the English tell us we have to wear white and play on grass.

...then he sees THE BEAUTIFUL BALD BLACK WOMAN from the warehouse, walking quickly across the floor, in a beautiful blue gown.

ERSAN GOLAT (CONT'D)
They don't want you to win. You're their worst nightmare. A disobedient insurrectionist. And an American. Even worse -- an *Irish*-American!
(MORE)

ERSAN GOLAT (CONT'D)
They'd love it if an English player could win, but obviously that's not going to happen - so they're happy to give it to the next best thing - a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant Sun God from Sweden with long, flowing blonde hair.

...then McEnroe sees the AGENT WHO WAS DRESSED AS A BELLHOP and ANOTHER AGENT who was in the hotel room, going from table to table taking pictures, disguised as a photographer and his assistant.

ERSAN GOLAT (CONT'D)
They teach their children Rudyard Kipling and engrave him on their walls. An unapologetic racist! The White Man's burden my ass!

...then McEnroe sees WALTER, dressed as a waiter, pouring tea. At the same table, one of the MI-5 AGENTS from the hotel room clears away the dessert dishes. McEnroe can't believe that operatives on both sides are unaware of each other.

ERSAN GOLAT (CONT'D)
The Wimbledon trophy is their treasure, and the hypocrites can't bare to see their precious treasure leave their shores.

...then, up in an ornate balcony, McEnroe sees the ALBINO MAN who ripped his shirt open in the warehouse, in a tuxedo, peek his head out to survey the floor, then disappear again.

ERSAN GOLAT (CONT'D)
We'll never get our Cornet back, but please give me the pleasure of winning that trophy, holding it over your head, and telling the British to go fuck themselves!

Suddenly, the LIGHTS shift theatrically.

MUSIC: VAGUELY MIDDLE EASTERN, VAGUELY BALKAN

A performance is about to begin. The crowd turns with anticipation.

ERSAN GOLAT (CONT'D)
(re: the cheesy music)
Oh God help us...

SIX SEXY WOMEN dance out in “traditional” Lugashian garb, veils cover their faces. The outfits are more Hollywood than Lugash.

Prince Charles and Prince Philip are turned on. The women dance for awhile, then the music shifts and...

SIX MUSCULAR MEN, in Lugashian garb, dance out carrying exact replicas of the Cornet of Lugash. The men and women dance together.

Ersan Golat shakes his head in disgust. Occasionally, the dancers freeze and pretend to blow their Cornets to the sound of pre-recorded cornet BLASTS from the sound system.

McEnroe begins to focus on one particularly sensuous female dancer. After a moment he realizes... it’s Camilla!

THEATRICAL SMOKE begins to fill the room.

McEnroe looks to the back of the room and sees the men controlling the sound and light boards. He recognizes one of the men at the controls as an ACHESON HENCHMAN.

The dance evolves into a courtship, with the women and men tumbling, jumping, dancing, and tossing the prop cornets to each other.

The music builds in intensity and the lighting shifts suddenly to an intense STROBE. The audience watches with amazement as the dancers move through a series of EXPLOSIONS from flashpots.

The dance culminates in A GIGANTIC EXPLOSION, obscuring the entire exhibit in smoke. The smoke dissipates to reveal the performers frozen in a dramatic poses, the women extending their REPLICA CORNETS to the heavens. The audience goes wild. Ersan Golat stares blankly.

McEnroe notices that CAMILLA’S CORNET has more of a golden sheen than the other replicas. Then, he realizes Camilla is positioned next to the real Cornet, which now has slightly less luster.

After a beat, the dancers bow and run off.

INT. LARGE DINING HALL - TEN MINUTES LATER

The evening has come to an end, and the crowd begins to disperse. McEnroe, however, remains glued to his seat, waiting to be told what to do. Ersan Golat is still seated, finishing his coffee.

ERSAN GOLAT
Good luck tomorrow, Mr. McEnroe. They call you a brat, maybe that's what you are. You don't have to defy your nature. Just be the best.

Ersan Golat exits. Nastase and Julie walk over to McEnroe.

NASTASE
The English really know how to put on a show!

JULIE
Where's your girlfriend, John?

McEnroe doesn't have an answer to this. But just then Camilla walks up to the table.

CAMILLA
(to McEnroe)
I'm sorry I was gone for so long, darling. I feel absolutely wretched. Can we go home now?

Awkward looks all around. McEnroe tentatively stands up. Camilla puts her arm in his, and they walk off.

INT. MUSEUM LOBBY - COAT CHECK - TWO MINUTES LATER

Their is a mass exodus in the crowded museum lobby. McEnroe holds his coat-check ticket and waits nervously. He sees that museum security is checking everyone's bag before letting them exit. Camilla can tell that he's nervous and squeezes his hand hard, implying 'keep it together'.

Finally, they reach the front the of line. He gives his ticket to the same coat-check girl he got it from at the beginning of the evening. She takes it and walks away. Sweat drips from his forehead. He's desperate to get out.

Borg walks up accompanied by his fiancee, Mariana Simionescu.

BORG
Well, thank God that's over.

MCENROE
(laughs)
No kidding.

BORG
We've got room in the limo out front. Can I offer you a ride back to the hotel?

McEnroe looks toward coat check for his bag, which has yet to emerge, and then looks at Camilla.

CAMILLA
Oh, darling, we promised we'd meet Terry and Devon.

MCENROE
(to Borg)
Thanks, but... we've got to meet Terry and Devon.

BORG
We'd be glad to drop you off wherever you're going...

McEnroe looks to Camilla again.

CAMILLA
Oh, we wouldn't trouble you. Their flat is right around the corner.

BORG
I understand.
(then, to McEnroe)
Don't stay out too late. I'm going to run you all over the court tomorrow!

Just as Borg says this, McEnroe gets to the front of the line. His tennis bag is placed on the table.

BORG (CONT'D)
Good night.

MCENROE
Good night.

Borg walks off into the crowd.

McEnroe picks up the bag and looks at the coat check girl. It's not the same one who took his ticket, but it is someone he's seen before... the woman with jet black hair and ONE BLUE EYE and ONE GRAY EYE from the party at Philip Acheson's penthouse. She stares at him, menacingly.

Camilla guides McEnroe towards the exit. He sees that he's still being monitored by people from both the law enforcement and Acheson camps.

McEnroe tenses up as he approaches the security checkpoint where they're inspecting bags. He's surprised and relieved that no one stops him as he walks past the checkpoint. But then...

MUSEUM GUARD
Mr. McEnroe!

He stops. The guard stares at his bag suspiciously.

MUSEUM GUARD (CONT'D)
Off to practice at this hour?

Camilla tenses and turns to McEnroe to see how he responds.

MCENROE
Yeah, practice...

The guard smiles.

MUSEUM GUARD
Good luck, then.

Camilla smiles and leads McEnroe out of the museum.

EXT. BRITISH MUSEUM - RED CARPET - CONTINUOUS

There's a line of limos and town cars. In the distance, Borg gets into a large Rolls Royce limo.

Camilla guides McEnroe down the street and into the night.

EXT. DARK SIDE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

They walk quickly down a deserted residential street, the only sound their clicking heels.

MCENROE
Now what?

CAMILLA
Just be quiet and do what I say.

Halfway down the block, they walk into the entrance of a large apartment building, go down a few halls, make a few turns, and exit out the service entrance into a back alley.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

They exit the building and emerge from the alley onto another side street. Halfway down this street, Camilla stops, pulls out a key, and opens up a large iron gate.

EXT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The gate leads to a dark, narrow passageway. McEnroe follows Camilla, clutching his tennis bag. At the end of the passageway, she uses another key and opens another iron gate.

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

This gate leads to another side street, and McEnroe sees a large PARKING STRUCTURE looming in front of them.

They enter the parking structure. There's no life, just a few parked cars.

INT. SIDE STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

They walk up a dark, creepy side stairway, their footsteps echoing loudly. After about six flights, they exit.

EXT. ROOF OF PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

They walk across the roof and approach two identical 1979 MAROON FORD CORTINAS, which are parked side by side.

CAMILLA
It's better if you go separately, in case we're being followed. You take that one.

MCENROE
So... should I follow you?

CAMILLA
(annoyed)
The point is, we go in separate directions in case we're being followed. Instructions are underneath the driver's seat.
(then)
Now give me the bag.

MCENROE
No way, I'm giving this to Philip myself.

CAMILLA
It's safer with me.

MCENROE
He told me to bring it to him, and I'd prefer not to get shot in the face. So I'm going to give it to him, and then I can be done with this.

CAMILLA
Fine then. Don't fuck up.

MCENROE
You know what, I'm not going to fuck up.

McEnroe gets in the left side of the car, and closes the door behind him. Camilla stands there and stares. After a beat, he gets out of the car and walks around to the English driver's side and gets back in. Camilla shakes her head.

INT. MCENROE'S FORD CANTINA - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe reaches under his seat and finds the instructions. He watches Camilla drive off in her Ford Cantina.

He checks to make sure his tennis bag is on the seat next to him. He starts the car and drives down the ramp.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

McEnroe drives through London, making many twists and turns. At one point, he accidentally drives on the American side of the road and HONKED by an oncoming TRUCK.

MCENROE
Jesus!

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

McEnroe pulls the car onto a desolate wharf and shuts off the ignition. He consults his instructions one final time before crumpling them and shoving them in his pocket. He grabs his tennis bag and gets out of the car. He slings the bag over his shoulder, glances around nervously, and walks off toward a pier.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

McEnroe walks to the end of the pier. It's foggy and creepy. He sees a metal ladder leading down to the water and climbs down it. At the bottom is a rowboat.

He looks off in the distance, and through the fog sees a white light blinking about a hundred yards away. The fog clears a bit and he can see the light is coming from a large CARGO TANKER.

EXT. ROWBOAT - NIGHT

McEnroe unties the rowboat, and rows toward the cargo tanker. He has a hard time guiding the boat in the choppy water.

MCENROE
God damnit.

After a great struggle, McEnroe makes it to the tanker, but he has no idea what to do.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Hello??
(he waits)
Little help, please?

No one arrives to help him. He pulls out the crumpled directions. It's too dark to read the instructions, so he puts them down on the rowboat's seat and pulls out a lighter. He ignites the lighter, but a gust of wind sweeps up the instructions and carries them into the water.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Fuck!

He catches sight of a ladder twenty feet away. He rows to it, the violent wake throwing his tiny boat against the giant tanker. Finally, he maneuvers the rowboat as close as possible. He struggles to grab the ladder as his boat bobs up and down. He's able to get one hand onto the ladder and holds a rope with the other. He attempts to tie the rowboat to the ladder, but a sudden surge lifts him twenty feet into the air, pulling the rope out of his hand.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Ahhhhh!!

He holds onto the ladder with all his might, and pulls his body onto it. He clings to the bobbing ladder and turns to watch the rowboat drift off to the sea.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Fuck.

McEnroe climbs up the ladder, finally dragging himself onto the deck. He collapses in exhaustion and lays there for a second to catch his breath.

A light FLASHES from a cabin at the far end of the deck, fifty yards away. He makes his way to the light. A METAL DOOR swings on a hinge, SLAMMING against the wall.

He goes through the door, and enters the large cabin. It's completely empty. He begins to hear a HUMMMMMM in the distance. The humming becomes louder and louder, and turns into a cacophony of motors and helicopters.

SPOTLIGHTS flash on the tanker. McEnroe goes back outside, and sees several boats, and helicopters streaming quickly toward the tanker. He's terrified.

From a helicopter comes a voice through a megaphone:

VOICE
(over megaphone)
London police! Place your hands on your head and get on your knees!

McEnroe does what he's told. Police boats reach the ship, men begin to climb up the sides, and a helicopter lands on the deck, feet away from McEnroe. Men stream onto the tanker. MI-5 agents and London Police swarm the deck.

MCENROE
What the fuck is going on?

Men with guns are running all over the ship, ignoring McEnroe. In the mass of law enforcement, he spots Blue Suit and Gray Suit along with Hedges and Newquist.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Hey! What the hell is happening!?

Men continue to run around the ship. There's a lot of running and doors slamming, but no gunfire. A UNIFORMED OFFICER runs up to Blue Suit.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
There's no one on board this ship, sir.

BLUE SUIT
What?

UNIFORMED OFFICER
There's no one on board. It's empty.

They all look perplexed. Gray Suit has a thought, and quickly walks the few feet over to McEnroe.

GRAY SUIT
(re: McEnroe's tennis bag)
Give me that bag.

McEnroe hands it over to him. Gray Suit quickly unzips it, and empties the contents: rapped in a tablecloth from the banquet is a WILSON TENNIS RACKET with the strings cut open in the middle. Taped the shaft of the racket are two hammers. The final thing Gray Suit pulls out is am embossed business card with nothing on it but the image of a RED SNAKE.

GRAY SUIT (CONT'D)
(realizes what's happened)
Oh, fuck!

He throws the racket down in anger.

NEWQUIST
Where the fuck's the bleeding bugle?

Blue Suit also realizes what going on. He grabs the Uniformed Officer's radio and screams into it.

BLUE SUIT
All units to the Tower of London!

This is the first Hedges and Newquist have heard of the Tower of London, and they can't believe it.

HEDGES
No!

INT. TOWER OF LONDON - NIGHT

THREE THIEVES, dressed commando-style in black outfits with gas masks, move quickly in an underground vault. A vapor fills the air. Uniformed guards lie unconscious on the ground. The thieves' movements are perfectly choreographed and intricate.

One thief kneels by a safe and ignites a small explosion. He opens the safe and pulls out... the CORNET OF LUGASH!!! It's beautiful. Another thief opens a metal briefcase and they place the Cornet inside. They pause for a second to look at their digital watches. The watches count down 4,3,2,1 and then reset at 30 seconds. One gives the thumbs up, and they all immediately run out of the vault. They make some turns and run down an old brick underground passageway. They make their way to a shaft, where they find three hanging cables. They hook themselves up to the cables and check their watches again: 13, 12, 11. When the watches hit 10 the cables immediately pull them up the shaft.

EXT. DARK LONDON STREET - CONTINUOUS

A 1979 MAROON FORD CORTINA travels slowly down the street. The faint sound of sirens can be heard in the distance. They're getting closer.

INT. FORD CORTINA - CONTINUOUS

Camilla sits behind the wheel. She has one eye on the road and one eye on a clock on the dashboard with a red LCD screen. It counts down 9, 8, 7, 6... When the clock reaches "1" the thieves emerge from a manhole right in front of the Camilla's car. The thief with the briefcase gets into the front passenger seat.

The thieves quickly get in the car. As soon as they're in, Camilla steps on the gas and speeds away. Once they've travelled a safe distance from the scene, Camilla turns and smiles at the thief holding the briefcase. He doesn't take his mask off but nods in approval. We see that on the right side of his neck is a TATOO OF A RED SNAKE.

INT. BLUE SUIT AND GRAY SUIT'S VAN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Blue Suit drives with Gray Suit in the passenger seat. In the back are Hedges, Newquist, and a completely shell-shocked and defeated John McEnroe, clutching his empty Wilson tennis bag. They ride in dejected silence, until...

MCENROE
I don't get it. What going on?

BLUE SUIT
What's going on is your career with British Law Enforcement is over.

MCENROE
You guys are still going to protect me, right? I don't want these lunatics following me for the rest of my life.

GRAY SUIT
They obviously knew you were working with us all along. So you did exactly what they wanted. I'm sure they're grateful for your service.

MCENROE
But what the hell was all that tonight?

HEDGES
You were a decoy, Johnny, a distraction, a wild goose for the geniuses at MI-5 to chase. All their fancy tracking devices and data, and where does half the London Police Department end up?

NEWQUIST
On a floating hunk of metal in London Harbor.

HEDGES
Dicks in their hands, on a bloody hunk of metal!

NEWQUIST
With the Wimbledon number two seed lying on the deck like a wee baby.

The van violently SWERVES AND SHRIEKS to a stop at the side of the road. Blue Suit, turns around.

BLUE SUIT
Ok, I'm sick of listening to this shit. Get out.

HEDGES
Ha ha. Very funny.

BLUE SUIT
I'm not joking. Get the fuck out.

HEDGES
Fuck off. We're not going anywhere.

GRAY SUIT
Get out and walk home!

HEDGES
Fuck you, you walk home.

BLUE SUIT
This is our van.

HEDGES
Well, we're not getting out, so you better physically remove us, or drive your publicly subsidized van.

NEWQUIST
Belongs to the British People.

BLUE SUIT
You know what? If you're not getting out then we can all just sit here.

HEDGES
Ok, we'll sit here.

GRAY SUIT
Good, we'll sit here.

Hedges and Newquist make a show of getting themselves comfortable. They all settle in. No one moves. Just silence. After a very long time...

MCENROE
What the fuck is going on here?! We're sitting in the middle of nowhere, and I'm playing in the Wimbledon Finals tomorrow!!

NEWQUIST
Today.

MCENROE
Fuck you!
(he refers to them all one at a time)
And fuck you. And fuck you. And fuck you! Fuck all of you! You can sit here all night long if you want, but I'm out of here!

He squeezes past Hedges and Newquist and opens the door to the van. He gets out and SLAMS the door behind him. Hedges, Newquist, Blue Suit, and Gray Suit sit alone in silence.

EXT. DESERTED STREET

McEnroe walks away from the van into the night.

EXT. ST. JAMES HOTEL - LATER

McEnroe, completely exhausted in his rumpled tuxedo, stumbles up to the entrance of the St. James as the sun begins to rise.

A delivery truck pulls up, a side door opens, and a guy tosses a bundle of newspapers to the curb. McEnroe sees the headline: "Can Borg Do It Again?"

EXT. WIMBLEDON GROUNDS - LATER THAT MORNING

The All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club in all it's glory. Sprinklers tend to the lawns, and grounds crews make their final preparations.

INT. WIMBLEDON - LOCKER ROOM

McEnroe arrives, wearing jeans, a leather jacket, and aviator sunglasses. His tennis bag is slung over his shoulder. He walks past a group of people who wish him luck.

He gets to his locker, sits down, and takes off his glasses revealing blood shot eyes. He drops his head in his hands.

After a few deep breaths, McEnroe gets up and opens his locker and is surprised to see that it's packed with giant, neat STACKS OF 50 POUND NOTES. An envelope sits on top the cash. McEnroe looks around and opens the envelope. Inside is another embossed card with the image of a RED SNAKE. Under the snake is a personal note written by hand: "Thank you for your services."

McEnroe is so stunned he doesn't notice that someone has walked up right behind him.

HEDGES
Now, what do we have here?

McEnroe turns around to find Hedges and Newquist.

NEWQUIST
Curious.

HEDGES
Shocking, really. We come over, feeling bad about not having a proper goodbye, wanting to wish a friend luck, but it seems like maybe he's luckier than we thought.

MCENROE
I have no idea how this got here.

HEDGES
You've put us in a very tricky position.

MCENROE
Look, I don't even know what this is.

HEDGES
A pile of cash and a personal note from the Red Snake does give the impression of a certain quid pro quo. Almost as if you were in his employ the entire time.

MCENROE
I wasn't. Someone is messing with me.

Hedges and Newquist look at each other.

HEDGES
If only that made any sense, John.
(then)
You know, it was actually Newquist's idea to come by and wish you well. I said we should just fuck off and go home. But now I'm glad we did.

Hedges picks up McEnroe's tennis bag, takes out the racquets and hands them to McEnroe. He then opens the bag and looks at Newquist, who stuffs all the money into the bag.

HEDGES (CONT'D)
Well, good luck John!

NEWQUIST
Yes, a pleasure working together.

McEnroe watches them walk away.

EXT. WIMBLEDON - CENTRE COURT

Supplemented by ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE, we see the final preparations for the Championship: grounds crews put in last touches, ball boys get instructions, commentators Dan Maskell and Max Robertson address the BBC cameras, the stands begin to fill, the Royals enter their box, etc...

The buzz of the crowd builds.

INT. WIMBLEDON - LOCKER ROOM

McEnroe, now dressed in his classic Tacchini tennis whites, laces his shoes. He's ready to go. He grabs his racquets and walks out of the locker room.

INT. CENTRE COURT PLAYERS' ENTRANCE - WIMBLEDON - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe is about to walk through the entrance to the court when his eye catches the famous Rudyard Kipling engraving:

"IF YOU CAN MEET WITH TRIUMPH AND DISASTER/ AND TREAT THOSE TWO IMPOSTORS JUST THE SAME - "

McEnroe takes in the words and is interrupted by Fleming.

FLEMING
Hey.

MCENROE
Hey.

FLEMING
Big match today.

MCENROE
Yeah.

It's awkward.

FLEMING
You can beat this guy. Just don't let him --

MCENROE
(interrupting)
I wish I could tell you there was some big, crazy reason that I was a dick. Like something was going on in my life that made me act that way. But the truth is... I was a dick just because I was a dick. And I have no one to blame but myself.

Fleming takes this in for a moment.

FLEMING
Don't let Borg fuck with you. He's a manipulator. He's been getting in your head this whole tournament, and you haven't even played him yet.

McEnroe takes this in. They shake hands. Then, out of nowhere, Borg walks up to them. Fleming nods at Borg. Borg smiles at Fleming.

BORG
(to McEnroe)
Let’s have a little fun.

McEnroe and Borg walk out to CENTRE COURT. The crowd is packed beyond capacity and explodes in a frenzy -- CHEERS for Borg, BOOS for McEnroe.

TITLE: JULY 5, 1980 - MEN’S FINAL

The two combatants bow to the Royal Box, where Prince Charles sits with Prince Philip and the Duke and Duchess of Kent. McEnroe hates this.

INT. BBC BROADCAST BOOTH

Dan Maskell and Max Robertson set up the match.

(NOTE: If possible, this is BBC ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE AND AUDIO, which conveys the following...)

DAN MASKELL
The 94th Wimbledon Men’s final is certain to be an exciting match. We really have a classic confrontation here - the contrasts are remarkable... John McEnroe, perhaps the world’s best serve-and-volleyer versus Bjorn Borg, who possesses the game’s finest return of serve. McEnroe attacks with an aggressive net game while Borg’s groundstrokes make him an impenetrable human backboard. But, perhaps, the most striking contrast of all is John McEnroe, the volatile human powder keg, versus Bjorn Borg, the imperturbable chess master, whose veins flow with ice from the North Sea.

EXT. WIMBLEDON - CENTRE COURT - CONTINUOUS

McEnroe stands on the baseline, preparing to serve. His nerves battle his exhaustion for dominance. He takes some deep breaths, and bounces the ball a few times.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
Bjorn Borg, looking for his 5th consecutive championship, has been playing impeccably the entire tournament, losing only two sets on his way to this final.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
McEnroe's play has also been excellent with the exception of a tough five set match against Terry Rocevert in the second round.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
(joking)
What was he doing the night before that match?

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
The big question today is... does McEnroe have the maturity and focus to knock Borg off his perch?

Across the net, McEnroe sees Borg, waiting to return serve. His expression is impossible to read. He looks EXACTLY like the image in the photo McEnroe ripped off his bathroom mirror.

Finally, McEnroe serves, and Borg hits a strong return, but McEnroe has approached the net and confidently volleys for a winner: a good start. The crowd applauds.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
McEnroe certainly looks like he came ready to play today.

MONTAGE: McEnroe plays extremely well and completely DOMINATES the first set. Shots of Borg being aced, and making unforced errors, and McEnroe wins the first set 6-1.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. WIMBLEDON - CENTRE COURT

The crowd CHEERS. Fleming and Carillo are very excited for their friend. The players go their chairs after the first set. McEnroe, as always, sits with his chair facing sideways.

MCENROE
(quietly, to himself)
Holy shit, you can do this.

Borg, in his chair, tends to his business, unemotionally.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
McEnroe is playing with tremendous conviction.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
Borg seems shockingly off balance. He's going to need to keep McEnroe away from the net.

McEnroe scans the crowd and sees a distinguished gentleman smiling at him... it's Philip Acheson. McEnroe is rattled.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
Keep in mind that Borg has lost the first set in this final before, and still won the championship. In 1977 he lost the first set against Connors, and just last year he lost the first set against Roscoe Tanner, but came back and won both of those.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
I certainly wouldn't count him out.

Borg approaches the service line to start the second set, and McEnroe prepares to return. Borg's first serve is a fault, and his racquet goes flying out of his hand. Has he lost it? He serves again. It's powerful. He has definitely not lost it.

MONTAGE: SECOND SET - Borg is much more in the match now, they are trading winners, and the score reflects that the match has become a SLUGFEST.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
Looks like it's not going to be so easy for McEnroe. A champion like Borg doesn't go down without a fight.

END MONTAGE.

Borg is now up 6-5 in the second set. McEnroe prepares to serve.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
Borg with a chance to break McEnroe's serve for the first time, and win the set.

McEnroe serves. There are several powerful exchanges, but Borg wins the point and the set. McEnroe crouches at the baseline in frustration.

UMPIRE
Game, Mr. Borg. One set apiece.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
We've got a match here!

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
McEnroe failed to capitalize on his chance to take a two set lead.

McEnroe makes his way to his chair and quickly takes a peak at Philip Acheson. Next to Acheson is the MAN WITH DARK GLASSES and a SEEING EYE DOG, who McEnroe recognizes from the warehouse. He is wearing a RED TIE. Could this be the Red Snake? McEnroe is disturbed.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
He certainly does not look at all happy about the situation.

MONTAGE: THIRD SET - Borg dominates. His amazing passing shots blow by McEnroe at the net.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
Another unbelievable passing shot by Bjorn Borg.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
What a complete momentum shift. It's all Borg right now.

Borg SMASHES an overhead for a winner. The crowd goes wild.

UMPIRE
Game, Mr. Borg. He leads two sets to one.

McEnroe is flustered.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
Borg can taste blood! He's one set away from championship number five.

MONTAGE: FOURTH SET - The action is intense. Both players have elevated their game. They make incredible shots, but Borg manages to break McEnroe's serve. This is devastating to McEnroe.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
Borg now has a chance to serve for the championship.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
McEnroe is going to have to dig deep.

MONTAGE CONTINUES and ends with Borg serving 30-15. His serve is excellent and he approaches the net after a slice backhand return by McEnroe. McEnroe rushes over and backhands a bullet down the line, but its wide by a centimeter. The scoreboard tells us that Borg is ahead 5-4, 40-15.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
A gutsy shot by McEnroe, but just out. Now Borg has two match points to bring this match to an end.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
Devastating.

McEnroe looks grim. His tournament is about to end in defeat. Borg serves. McEnroe returns, they rally, and Borg hits it into the net. 40-30.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
McEnroe's fighting for his life here.

Borg serves, McEnroe slices a backhand return, Borg aggressively rushes the net, McEnroe attempts a passing shot, Borg volleys deep into the opposite corner, and McEnroe has to run as fast as he can and makes an incredible running forehand passing shot which blows by Borg and just catches the baseline. The crowd goes nuts.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
An amazing shot by McEnroe to save another match point and bring this game back to deuce!

Borg serves and, after a short rally, he hits the ball into the net.

UMPIRE
Advantage, Mr. McEnroe.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
McEnroe needs to capitalize on this...

Borg's first serve is a fault. He hits his second serve, and McEnroe hits a powerful return and rushes the net. Borg slams the ball right at him - McEnroe goes to volley, but at the last second pulls his racquet away and lets the ball go by. It lands just out. The crowd erupts.

UMPIRE
Game, Mr. McEnroe.

McEnroe is revitalized. Borg, as always, shows no emotion.

MCENROE
(celebrating)
Come on!!

MONTAGE: Borg and McEnroe keep battling until they end up with the score at six games apiece.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
Now, we're going to the tiebreaker. Since the tiebreaker was introduced to Wimbledon in 1971, no one has ever won the championship on one.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
If Borg is the first to reach seven points, we'll be witnessing history.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
Of course, you must win by two. This is wonderful. Tennis nirvana.

NOTE: The following is an EXACT DESCRIPTION of this historic 36-point tiebreaker as it actually transpired. It's a MONTAGE which slows down at key moments.

1) McEnroe's first serve is a fault. He rushes the net on his second serve, volleys a few times, and smashes a Borg lob for a winner. 1-0, McEnroe.

2) Borg serves and McEnroe's backhand return goes into net. 1-1.

3) Borg's second serve leads to a short rally. McEnroe backhands it into the net. 2-1, Borg.

4) McEnroe serves and volleys. Forehand stop-volley for a winner. 2-2.

5) Great McEnroe serve hard down the middle. Borg backhands into net. 3-2, McEnroe.

6) Borg serves and rushes the net. McEnroe ends up at the net, as well, and hits a backhand volley just wide. 3-3. They switch sides.

7) Borg hits a great serve to McEnroe's backhand. Chalk dust flies. McEnroe returns it way out. 4-3, Borg.

8) McEnroe slams a great serve to Borg's backhand. Borg flubs it wide. 4-4.

9) McEnroe serves and rushes the net. Borg hits a perfect backhand passing shot. 5-4, Borg.

10) Borg serves, rushes the net. McEnroe hits a good return which forces Borg to pop it up. McEnroe rushes in and hits a running backhand crosscourt winner. 5-5.

11) McEnroe weakly returns Borg's second serve. Borg rushes in and hits a strong backhand which McEnroe hits into the net. 6-5, Borg.

It's Championship Point, and the crowd erupts.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
Borg can end it all right here.

12) On his second serve, McEnroe rushes net. Borg mishits his return, McEnroe lunges, hits a short forehand volley for winner. 6-6. They switch sides.

13) McEnroe serves and volleys. Borg blows a backhand by McEnroe. 7-6, Borg.

The crowd goes wild.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
Borg with his fourth championship point!

14) Borg serves and rushes the net. McEnroe hits a hard backhand low. Borg lunges for the ball, but hits a backhand volley into the net. 7-7.

McEnroe's grit and courage begins to win the crowd the over. McEnroe gets a charge out of the crowd, while Borg stays calm.

MAX ROBERTSON
And four saves by McEnroe! Unbelievable.

15) Borg serves. It's a long rally. McEnroe passes Borg at the net with a beautiful backhand. 8-7, McEnroe.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
Now it's McEnroe's chance to win this set.

16) McEnroe serves and rushes net. Borg hits an amazing forehand passing shot. McEnroe dives for it and falls to the ground. He lies there, spread-eagle. 8-8.

17) McEnroe serves, rushes in, and hits a backhand volley for a winner. 9-8, McEnroe. He gets a big cheer from the crowd.

18) Borg serves, rushes, backhand volley for winner. 9-9. They switch sides.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
Borg holds on! Remarkable!

19) Borg serves deep and McEnroe hits his backhand long. 10-9, Borg.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
Championship point number five.

20) Spectacular McEnroe serve. Borg defensive backhand wide. 10-10.

21) McEnroe second serve. Short rally. Borg forehand passing shot. 11-10, Borg.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
And another championship point for Borg!

22) Borg second serve. Short rally. McEnroe's backhand hits the netcord and drops in for a lucky winner. 11-11.

The crowd loves it.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
(laughing)
Oh, I say!

23) Great Borg serve. Borg rushes net and drops McEnroe's return, forcing McEnroe to scramble all the way in, only to hit a lunging forehand into the net. 12-11, Borg.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
Championship point seven for Borg.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
I have no idea how McEnroe is withstanding this pressure.

In the PRESS BOX the entire press corps has lost their minds with excitement. Julie, however, watches unemotionally.

24) McEnroe hits a great second serve, and amazing backhand volley for a winner. 12-12. They switch sides.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
They've both looked down the gun barrel and they're both still alive.

25) McEnroe hits a second serve, rushes net, and hits a forehand volley down line for a winner. 13-12, McEnroe.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
Set point, McEnroe.

26) Borg serves deep to McEnroe's backhand, and McEnroe hits it into the net. 13-13.

27) Borg serves hard and rushes, then hits a backhand volley into net. 14-13, McEnroe.

28) McEnroe serves for the set, rushes the net, and hits a forehand volley wide. Unforced error. 14-14.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
Must wonder what demon is working against him here.

29) McEnroe serves and it's called out. Umpire overrules, first serve. McEnroe serves and rushes, hits forehand volley for a winner. 15-14, McEnroe.

30) Borg serves. McEnroe backhand return wide. 15-15. They switch sides.

31) Borg serves, rushes net - McEnroe hits a solid return. Borg miraculously recovers with a lunging backhand volley. McEnroe runs the entire court to thread the needle with a perfect down-the-line forehand winner. 16-15, McEnroe. He screams with delight.

32) McEnroe serves, rushes net, hits backhand volley way wide. 16-16. McEnroe is displeased. The crowd is in a frenzy. Borg is unmoved.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
Just look at Bjorn Borg. That's the calmest man in the place.

33) McEnroe serves and rushes. Borg's forehand return goes just wide. 17-16, McEnroe.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
I don't know how much more of this I can take.

34) Borg serves and rushes, McEnroe hits backhand right at him, Borg hits forehand volley into net. MCENROE WINS!

UMPIRE
Set, Mr. McEnroe. Two sets apiece.

The crowd is in absolute ecstacy. Fleming and Carillo jump up and down.

MCENROE
Yeah! Yeah!

Borg's eyes, for the first time, betray his fear and rage. It's so subtle that no one notices.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
This final has become an absolute classic!

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
What a showing by McEnroe, saving five championship points in the tiebreaker.

DAN MASKELL (V.O)
This is it. We're down to the fifth and final set. It's do or die.

MONTAGE: FIFTH SET - It's an even bout between two exhausted warriors. Finally, McEnroe is serving, down five games to six, 40-40. END MONTAGE.

McEnroe serves. Borg returns short, and McEnroe rushes the net. Borg slams a forehand down the line, and thinks he's hit a winner.

LINE JUDGE
Out!

UMPIRE
Advantage, Mr. McEnroe.

McEnroe walks back to the service line. Borg doesn't move. He stares icily at the umpire, letting him know he's unhappy with the call.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
This is something you never see from Bjorn Borg.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
He does not like that call.

Borg stares for a few more seconds, and then gets in position for the next point.

McEnroe serves powerfully, and follows it to the net. Borg makes an amazing return crosscourt, and McEnroe lunges for it, miraculously getting his racquet on it and falling to his knees. It hits the tape and falls over. Borg rushes to get it from the baseline: no other player would even have a chance. Borg dives for it, gets his racquet on it, but it goes into the net. Point McEnroe!

The crowd goes insane.

UMPIRE
Game, Mr. McEnroe. Six games apiece.

McEnroe uses his racquet to lift himself up and get back to work. Borg, however, remains on the ground. Borg's face remains unchanged, but his eyes are now exploding with fear and rage. The two men are extremely close, maybe two feet across the net. McEnroe sees the turmoil in Borg's eyes. Borg makes a decision, and slowly rises. McEnroe turns to head for the service line, but Borg stops him.

BORG
John.

McEnroe stops and looks at Borg.

Borg stares into McEnroe's eyes, then slowly pulls his long blonde hair off of his neck to reveal... A TATOO OF A RED SNAKE!

McEnroe's world is SHATTERED. Borg is the Red Snake!

He looks at Borg again, and sees the nefarious eyes of the Devil glaring back at him. McEnroe, terrified, is frozen in place. Borg confidently gets in position to serve.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
In the men's championship, there is no tiebreaker in the fifth set.

MAX ROBERTSON (V.O.)
I think I can officially say, this is the finest match I have ever witnessed.

DAN MASKELL (V.O.)
The way these two are playing, this could go on all night!

McEnroe, weak-kneed, makes his way back to the service line. There is terror in his eyes.

This is the exact moment from the OPENING OF THE FILM.

The capacity crowd is on its feet and screaming.

McEnroe breathes heavily as he takes in the contorted faces of the rabid crowd. He sees familiar faces and puts everything together: Philip Acheson is there, so are Camilla and the woman with ONE BLUE EYE and ONE GRAY EYE, as well as other villains from the world of the Red Snake. They are Borg's entourage, and they stare at McEnroe from all corners, menacingly. Suddenly, the crowd is a sinister mob completely against him.

Across the court, Borg waits confidently to serve. Finally, McEnroe summons the courage to approach the baseline.

He takes a breath, and gets into position to return serve. Across the net, Borg tosses the ball in the air. The ball SLOWLY reaches its apex. Borg's body uncoils powerfully, and...

McEnroe's eyes widen in fear.

MONTAGE: McEnroe has completely come undone, and Borg DESTROYS him. We see a cacophonous series of tennis mishaps (aces, mishits, stumbles, etc...) INTERCUT with the McEnroe's MEMORIES of the last two weeks, putting everything together: Lars getting shot, the raid at the Vortex, images of bad guys stalking him in the lobby of the St. James, the women he had sex with at Philip Acheson's party, the Lugashian dance at the Duke's banquet with the flashpots exploding, the wax statue of Borg at Madame Tussaud's, Borg's "benevolently" offering him a ride home from the gala, etc...

Before he knows it...

UMPIRE
Game, set, match, Mr. Borg.

The crowd is on it's feet, screaming. Fleming and Carillo feel bad for their friend.

Borg gets down on his knees in his classic victory pose. McEnroe is completely empty.

EXT. CENTER COURT - TROPHY CEREMONY - MINUTES LATER

Borg and McEnroe receive their trophies from the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

DAN MASKELL
Ladies and Gentlemen, a round of applause for today's outstanding runner-up, John McEnroe.

The crowd applauds and cheers.

DAN MASKELL (CONT'D)
And now, Wimbledon Champion... for the fifth time in a row... the incomparable Bjorn Borg!

The crowd goes wild. Borg steps up to the microphone.

DAN MASKELL (CONT'D)
Bjorn, five incredible sets of tennis! A nail-biting fourth-set tiebreaker that is sure to go down in the history books. What are feeling right now?

BORG
This championship means the most to me of the five. John pushed me to perform at my best, and I believe we shared something out there - something that only the two of us will ever understand.

Borg looks directly at McEnroe.

BORG (CONT'D)
And that something will remain between the two of us, privately, that no one else can ever know, and we will take it with us to our graves.

John knows exactly what Borg means. The crowd loves it.

DAN MASKELL
Bjorn Borg, a true hero.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

McEnroe sits alone, and finishes getting dressed in a t-shirt and jeans. Borg, in civilian clothes, finishes up with a group of reporters.

McEnroe notices that one of Borg's Donnay tennis bags is relatively close to him, unattended. He studies the tennis bag.

As Borg and the group begin to leave, he takes a couple of steps toward McEnroe.

BORG
John, I'll see you later. I just want you to know that I meant what I said out there on the court. I hope I was completely clear.

JOHN
Uh huh. Clear.

BORG
(extends hand)
Well, it's been an honor.

McEnroe accepts Borg's hand, and they shake. Borg exits, followed by everyone else. The locker room clears, and McEnroe sits alone, defeated.

INT. MCENROE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

McEnroe sits on his bed in the gray light. He is completely alone.

His face turns red, and he begins to weep. It builds and builds until he's sobbing uncontrollably.

EXT. HOTEL - NEXT MORNING

McEnroe, rumpled and wearing the same T-shirt and jeans, finishes loading the trunk of a cab. He closes the trunk to REVEAL Vanessa, his tournament greeter from his arrival.

VANESSA
Are you sure you won't be needing my assistance at the airport?

MCENROE
I'm fine, Vanessa. Thank you.

Vanessa clasps his hands.

VANESSA
Please have a safe trip home.

MCENROE
Thank you.

She won't let go. Suddenly tears fall from her eyes, and she gives him a hug. He returns it, but becomes distracted by Borg exiting the hotel along with his wife and entourage. McEnroe quickly gets out of the hug and into the cab.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Vanessa.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

CABBIE
To Heathrow?

McEnroe, still looking at Borg, notices Borg's DONNAY BAG slung over his shoulder.

CABBIE (CONT'D)
(repeating)
Heathrow??

McEnroe has a REALIZATION.

MCENROE
(absently)
Yeah.

As the cab pulls away, McEnroe gets an idea.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Actually... are there any sporting goods stores around here?

EXT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - MINUTES LATER

The cab waits outside of this store. A few moments later, McEnroe exits carrying a large plastic bag. He gets in, and the cab pulls away.

INT. AIRPORT - TICKET COUNTER

McEnroe stands at the counter, looks around, surveys the terminal. As always, a tennis bag is slung over his shoulder.

TICKET LADY
All right, Mr. McEnroe, you're at Gate 42 and will be boarding in thirty minutes.

INT. AIRPORT - BANK OF TELEPHONE BOOTHS - 15 MINUTES LATER

McEnroe stands in a booth, with a phone to his ear, pretending to have a conversation as he scans the terminal.

MCENROE
Uh huh, yeah. That's definitely right. Yes. Blah blah blah...

After awhile, he spies what he was looking for: Borg and his entourage walking toward the security line. He quickly hangs up and runs to the security line before Borg's group gets there.

There are a few people ahead of him on line. He knows Borg will be escorted through, and he hopes his line will move.

SECURITY PERSON
Please put your bags on the conveyor belt, and all metal objects in the tray.

The line is taking forever - it's a nightmare. He's behind a young couple, helping an old man in a wheelchair and a mother, corralling four young children.

As McEnroe expected, Borg and his entourage walk up and are escorted through security WITHOUT GOING THROUGH THE METAL DETECTOR. Borg's Donnay bag is slung over his shoulder.

Finally, it's McEnroe's turn to go through. He takes his tennis bag off of his shoulder, and puts it down on the conveyor belt. It's not his usual Wilson bag, it's a DONNAY BAG just like Borg's.

McEnroe walks through security, and picks up his bag on the other side.

SECURITY PERSON 2
I won fifty quid yesterday. Thanks for doing your part... and losing.

MCENROE
You're welcome.

McEnroe makes a BEELINE for Borg, who is slow to notice. McEnroe begins to pick up some speed. Borg turns around, sees McEnroe, and smiles at him. McEnroe breaks into a FULL-ON RUN straight for Borg, TACKLES him.

Borg goes down hard. Pandemonium. They wrestle on the ground. Surprise gives McEnroe the early advantage but Borg is stronger and has the skills of a trained martial artist. He quickly and violently flips McEnroe on his back.

MCENROE (CONT'D)
Gahhhhhhhh!

Borg kneels on McEnroe's chest.

BORG
Have you lost your mind?

McEnroe doesn't know what to do. He sees Borg's trademark hair dangling over him, and with the speed of a cobra grabs and pulls it as hard as he can. Borg's head snaps back.

BORG (CONT'D)
Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Borg punches McEnroe in the face, hard. Then another time. Then he punches him in the throat. McEnroe goes limp, coughing for air. Borg stands up, leaves McEnroe on the ground, and dusts himself off. Everyone in the terminal is frozen, mouths agape. Julie is among them.

BORG (CONT'D)
Have you no dignity? You have such potential -- in tennis and in life - - but you squander it all. You've lost this time. Accept it.

MCENROE
Fuck you, asshole.

Borg shakes his head, picks up his Donnay bag, and walks away. One of Borg's people SPITS on McEnroe.

McEnroe stays on the ground until he sees the entourage is out of sight. He gets up and walks to his gate, blood dripping from his lip.

INT. AIRPLANE - MINUTES LATER

McEnroe limps down the long aisle of COACH. The rest of the passengers, already seated, stare at the battered tennis star. He collapses into his seat.

The plane begins to slowly taxi. McEnroe looks to his right, and sees that the man in the seat next to him is reading SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. The cover is split diagonally: The top left portion is a photo of Borg, looking beautiful, about to hit a backhand - The other portion is of McEnroe at the net, grimacing horribly. In big letters under Borg it says "SUPERSTAR". In big letters under McEnroe, it says "SUPERBRAT".

A beautiful stewardess picks up an intercom.

STEWARDESS
(over intercom, with an accent)
(MORE)

STEWARDESS (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Latiya. On behalf of the entire crew, I welcome you aboard. We certainly hope you have a pleasant flight with us on Air Lugash.

We see that the cabin is distinctively decorated in the colors of Lugash.

McEnroe smiles. At his feet... a DONNAY TENNIS BAG.

EXT. PLANE

The logo of Air Lugash. The plane takes off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PALACE OF THE SHAH OF LUGASH - LATER

McEnroe wears a long white robe. Aside from his swollen lip, McEnroe looks much better.

Across from him sits a wise-looking older man - this is the SHAH OF LUGASH. Standing next to him is Ersan Golat from the Duke’s gala. Ersan Golat also wears the same traditional garb as McEnroe. He smiles broadly.

The Shah holds the Donnay bag. He unzips it and smiles as he carefully pulls out the CORNET OF LUGASH. It looks more luminescent and beautiful than ever.

SHAH OF LUGASH
(to McEnroe)
It has been over 600 years that our country has been without its voice. Sir, you have done a great thing. The nation of Lugash is forever in your debt.

McEnroe nods. They are in an extremely ornate palace room overlooking the beautiful Sea of Lugash.

Beautiful MALE and FEMALE ATTENDANTS stand by the door. All eyes are on the Shah, as he slowly raises the Cornet to his lips. He takes a deep breath and blows into it. No sound comes out. It’s awkward. The Shah, however, is unruffled.

SHAH OF LUGASH (CONT’D)
Legend holds that only the Cornet can choose who will sing through it.
(MORE)

SHAH OF LUGASH (CONT'D)
And whoever brings forth its beautiful tones, will be blessed with incredible triumphs.

The Shah looks at McEnroe. McEnroe looks back at him, not sure what to do. Then the Shah presents the Cornet to McEnroe, who humbly accepts it.

McEnroe hesitates. The Shah nods at him, and McEnroe, to be polite, tentatively brings the Cornet to his lips. He BLOWS.

The Cornet produces a PERFECTLY PURE TONE. Everyone in the room smiles.

The sound rings out majestically across the entire land of Lugash, as we...

FADE TO BLACK

The beautiful tone continues and morphs into a traditional Lugashian melody.

THE END

As the credits roll...

TITLE: ONE YEAR LATER

John McEnroe and Bjorn Borg on Centre Court...

TITLE: 1981 WIMBLEDON MEN'S FINAL

... battling each other, again. This time, however, McEnroe emerges victorious.