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INT. PALACE GYMNASIUM - LATER

Amin enters. Blood on his face, some on his shirt. He picks up the ball.

BRISKER
You're bleeding.

AMIN
Not mine.

Amin wipes the blood off his face.

AMIN (CONT'D)
Your ball.

Amin rolls it to Brisker. Blood from his hands leaves a track on the court. Brisker stops the ball with his foot.

BRISKER
You sure you want to keep playing?

AMIN
Speak to me first.

A blank look.

AMIN (CONT'D)
Say "Mr. President" first and then
say what you have to say.

BRISKER
All right.

Amin waits.

BRISKER (CONT'D)
Mr. President, are you sure you
want to play?

AMIN
Perhaps you are right. We will play
again tomorrow. Now, you will work
with my team.
(to a guard)
Bring the players in.

BRISKER
Do you always have guards when you
work out?

Amin waits.

BRISKER (CONT'D)

Mr. President, do you always have guards when you work out?

AMIN

Always.

BRISKER

Mr. President, are we going to do this every time we speak?

AMIN

When we play, we will not worry about titles. It will just be the two of us, two athletes. Otherwise, you can call me "Your Excellency, President for Life, Field Marshall Al Hadji, Doctor Idi Amin, VC, DSO, MC, Lord of All the Beasts of the Earth and Fishes of the Sea, and Conqueror of the British Empire in Africa in General and Uganda in Particular."

That sinks in.

AMIN (CONT'D)

That is the full title I have conferred upon myself.

BRISKER

Let's stick with Mr. President.

The players enter.

AMIN

I want you to make my players into a unit. A team that believes it can win at the Olympics in Moscow.

BRISKER

Mr. President, it's not that easy.

AMIN

I know. You did not experience winning as a player. Now you will do it as a teacher.

BRISKER

I'll try.

Amin grabs the ball.

AMIN

Mr. Brisker. Try and take the ball
away from me.

BRISKER

(laughing)
What?

AMIN

Go ahead, try and take the ball.

Brisker hesitates, Amin eggs him on. Brisker slaps at the
ball. Amin moves it away. Brisker tries a few more times but
Amin keeps it out of reach.

AMIN (CONT'D)

That is what happens when you try.
Now if I told you I would kill you
if you didn't take the ball away,
you would have succeeded. You see,
Mr. Brisker. Men like us don't
"try," we do.