THE RULES OF GOLF

"Pilot"

By: Rich Ehrenreich

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Characters:

The Foursome

Jimbo Straus - mid-30's, wealthy, ring-leader, wandering eye, always looking to scam.

Bob Greene - mid-30's, long-haired, mellow pothead, computer software wiz and occasional hacker.

Gary Mueller - mid-30's, FBI Special Agent, stickler for the rules.

Donald Birnbaum - mid-30's, divorced, no children, lovable loser with a heart of gold.

The Families

Nancy - mid 30's, married to Jimbo, her high school sweetheart. Nancy and Jimbo have 4 children.

Blossom - mid 30's, married to Bob, obsessed with the environment. Blossom and Bob have a 3-year old boy.

Liz - mid 30's, married to Gary, prim and proper. Liz and Gary have two children.

At the Golf Course

Nick - early 60's, golf pro with a "look" stuck in the 1980's - bronze tan, gold neck chain, and tight Sansabelt slacks.

Judy - 55, cynical, chain smoking, no-nonsense regular at the course.

ACT ONE

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO HIGHRISE-NIGHT

Classy, sparkling entrance. DOORMAN with an elaborate embroidered uniform assists residents.

INT. HIGHRISE-NIGHT

The FOURSOME sit at a round table in a luxury condo with a view of the skyline. Pizza boxes and beer fill the middle of the table.

CHICAGO CUBS game on a big screen TV in the background. Sound muted.

BOB pecks away on a laptop. The others observe in silence.

LAPTOP SCREEN: LAKEVIEW TOWERS FIRE PREVENTION SYSTEM

Bob hits the enter button.

LAPTOP SCREEN: DISABLED

BOB

Done.

DONALD and JIMBO light cigars. Bob pulls a marijuana joint from a jacket pocket. GARY gives him a disapproving look.

BOB (CONT'D)

It's medical. I have a note.

GARY takes off his suit jacket, which exposes a shoulder holster and gun, with an FBI badge. He grabs the joint from Bob, and takes a drag.

GARY

I got a note too.

BOB

(sincere)

Glaucoma or brain cancer?

GARY

Oh for the love of- let me see that note.

Bob hands Gary the doctor's note. He reads it to himself.

GARY (CONT'D)

Licensed in the Virgin Islands?

BOB

A US territory since 1927.

GARY

When were you in the Virgin Islands? (refocuses on the note) Wait a minute - he's a Shaman? In Milwaukee?

BOB

(to Gary, cynical)

Oh, like you've never heard of the Saint Croix Shamanism Holistic Institute of Technology Milwaukee Branch.

Bob looks at the others with a mocking expression and head tilt toward Gary.

BOB (CONT'D)

Live under a rock much?

Gary hands the note back to Bob.

GARY

Regards to Tito and Jermaine.
(then, to Jimbo and Donald)
See this is exactly what's wrong
with the world. The written note
meant something before the internet
and photoshop.

JIMBO

Yes, that's at the top of the list.

(then)

Ok, let's get started. Mr. Secretary, please call the roll.

Gary opens a leather portfolio with a pad of paper.

GARY

Jimbo.

JIMBO

Here.

GARY

Bob.

BOB

Here.

GARY

Donald.

DONALD

Here.

GARY

Mr. Chairman, all members of the Rules of Golf Committee are present.

Jimbo opens a two-inch thick rulebook- lined notebook paper with handwritten notes and post-its, crudely bound by large black spring clips along the spine.

JIMBO

Thank you Mr. Secretary, and I'd like to thank the Secretary again for supplying this year's Rules Committee headquarters.

(the others nod to Gary) How long do we have it?

Gary tosses everyone a set of keys.

GARY

The owner goes on trial in November, so - 6 months give or take before the auction. There's a health club downstairs we can all use too.

The others react while they smoke, drink beer, and stuff pizza in the mouths.

JIMBO BOB DONALD

Uhm- Sure, maybe- Yeah, we'll see-

JIMBO

Ok then. First on the agenda, any new proposed rules?

Donald pulls two sheets of paper from his pocket. The others groan.

DONALD

I've got a few--

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT (20 YEARS AGO)

The teenage Foursome sit at a dining room table, gorge on carryout pizza, and sip hard liquor on ice.

In the next room, a TV broadcasts the CHICAGO CUBS game.

With the seriousness of a congressional committee drafting legislation, the young lads birth their Rules of Golf.

GARY

If we're going to do this, it's gotta be serious, ok? Donald, you start.

DONALD

Ok, what about if I break up with my girlfriend?

GARY

You don't have a girlfriend.

JIMBO

Have you even made a- gender election yet?

Donald opens his mouth to answer, and Gary stops him.

GARY

That was rhetorical, you don't have to answer.

JIMBO

Alright, for the benefit of the rest of us, and Donald - some day - how 'bout this- If you're doing the breaking up you give us a stroke. If she breaks up with you, you get a stroke. Ok?

They all nod in agreement while Gary takes notes.

BOB

How 'bout strokes for an injury, like when I had that broken finger.

JIMBO

Fine, but you need a doctor's note saying it's really broken. The word "broken" can't be a note from your mommy or the cleaning lady. Needs to be official. An official note, and you get 3 strokes for the round, ok?

They all nod.

DONALD

Has to be a rule if a pet dies.

JIMBO

Only dogs, no cats or rodents.

DONALD

Turtles? I've had Gus since third grade.

JIMBO

Fine. Turtles and dogs.

They all hear the front door open.

JTMBO

Mom?

SUSAN enters and hugs Jimbo around the neck.

SUSAN

Hey guys.

(to Jimbo)

Can I stay here tonight?

JIMBO

Sure. Parents again?

Susan nods, and walks out of the room and up the stairs.

JIMBO

(to Donald)

If I thought you could be quiet I'd let you watch and learn for a few minutes.

The four re-focus on the rulebook, and Bob lights a marijuana joint.

BOB

Migraines.

MONTAGE: RULES, RULES, AND MORE RULES

BOB

Family member dies.

JIMBO

Hungover.

GARY

Food poisoning.

DONALD

Get married.

JIMBO

Divorced.

BOB

Crabs.

They all shiver.

END MONTAGE

INT. JIMBO'S HOUSE-FLASHBACK-CONTINUOS

The TV screen in the next room shows an off-the-air test pattern.

Bob is passed out. Jimbo, Bob, and Donald stand, yawn and stretch.

Donald leans and whispers to Jimbo.

DONALD

I could be quiet.

Jimbo ignores him, and motions toward the passed-out Bob.

JIMBO

Someone got him?

GARY

Yeah, I'll get him home.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HIGHRISE CONDO-PRESENT-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo, Gary, and Donald stand, yawn and stretch. Jimbo motions toward a passed-out Bob.

JIMBO

Someone got him?

GARY

Yeah, I'll get him home.

DONALD

What about the sprinkler system?

Gary shakes his head, pulls out his phone, and tinkers while he mumbles.

GARY

Scramble caller ID, adjust voice tone and age, and(pause)

Who should we-?

Jimbo scrolls through his phone address book and hums. He smiles and looks up.

JIMBO

That douche with the Santorum campaign?

GARY

Home or office?

JIMBO

Home.

Gary motions to see the phone. Gary does his thing on his phone while Jimbo and Donald get ready to leave.

GARY

Enter, aaaand 9-1-1, send.

(pause)

Yes, the fire prevention sprinkler system at the Lakeview Towers has been intentionally disabled and is inoperative. Have a good night.

(end call)

Everyone ready?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. 3RD GRADE CLASSROOM-DAY

Children bunched up on a large floor rug. They listen intently to Gary, seated. He speaks in a slow, deliberate tone for the children.

GARY

Then, after the defendant is convicted in a federal district court for drug trafficking, he's taken straight to a facility, a jail, where a guard initiates what's commonly known as a deep cavity search.

TEACHER, female, early 30's, stands in the back, waives, and shakes her head.

A child raises his hand. Gary points to him.

CHILD

(pokes around in his mouth) Why do they search cavities?

GARY

That's an excellent question.
Charlie, right? I remember from
tee ball. So Charlie, you probably
have a secret place you hide things,
am I right?

Teacher steps in front of Gary.

TEACHER

Ok then, let's all thank Jacob's father for joining us today.

Children don't respond. They appear stunned.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Let's all move to tables now to make our Mother's Day cards.

(to Gary)

Oh don't feel like you have to stay, I'm sure you're very busy with--

GARY

Are you kidding? I love this.

(whispers to Teacher)

Though I could have done without the interruption. I was just getting to the "scared straight" part.

TEACHER

(judgmental)

They're seven. They still watch Barney.

Gary's son JACOB approaches, and Gary puts him arm around him.

JACOB

You staying Dad? You can help me with Mom's card.

GARY

Of course I am champ.

Teacher cringes.

TEACHER

Good then. Let's put you two over here-

Teacher guides them to a table and removes all but two chairs.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

There we are, just father and son.

INT. WAREHOUSE-DAY

Jimbo surveys the area and glad-hands with workers.

WORKERS

Hey Boss-

Good morning Mr. Straus-

Jimbo notices WORKER, 50, Hispanic, at a corner desk - leans back in a padded chair with his feet up on the desk. Worker wriggles and stretches his arm and wrist, opens and closes his hand, then arranges an air cast around his arm below the elbow. Jimbo appears mesmerized by the cast.

Worker sees Jimbo and panics, as it appears he's been caught in a fraud. Jimbo approaches. Worker pulls a note from his pocket.

WORKER

El doctora nota.

Jimbo motions to the cast.

JIMBO

Can I try it? Yo intento?

WORKER

Si.

Worker assists Jimbo with the cast. Jimbo wriggles his wrist, and freely simulates a golf swing. He smiles and inspects the note from Worker.

JIMBO

El doctor?

WORKER

Si. Doctora Gupta.

INT. 3RD GRADE CLASSROOM-CONTINUOUS

Gary sends messages over his phone while Jacob colors a Mother's Day card.

GARY

(to himself)

Then ask him if he prefers a North Korean death camp.

(hits "send", then, to Jacob)

How we doin' here champ?

JACOB

Dad, how should I say Mommy is on the card?

GARY

Not sure what you mean sport.

Jacob goes into thinking mode.

JACOB

You know, like what she is, looks like, and how nice she is.

GARY

You could say she's beautiful, right?

JACOB

No, everyone else is saying that. What's another word for that? With a "B". Our teacher said it has to be with a "B".

Teacher walks past.

GARY

(to Teacher)

With a "B", really?

TEACHER

Yes, an "appropriate" word that starts with our letter of the day. "B".

Gary rattles off words to Jacob.

GARY

Ok, bright, brilliant, breezy, balmy-

JACOB

What's blamey?

GARY

"Blamey". That's good, Freudian. No sport, I said "balmy".

JACOB

Yeah. Blamey.

GARY

Again from the mouth of babes. "Balmy" means warm, like pleasant and nice.

JACOB

"Balmy". Ok I'll use that. How do you spell it.

GARY

What's Daddy's rule?

JACOB

It's ok for me to try to fail on my own, and--

GARY

No, no, not to try to fail, but it's ok to try on my own, and if I fail-

Gary coaxes Jacob to finish the sentence.

JACOB

And if I fail, I find out why and give it one more try.

GARY

Good boy, that's right. "Balmy". You can do it.

Gary returns to his phone messaging, while Jacob continues to color his card.

Gary's phone rings. Caller ID: UZBEKISTAN.

GARY

Daddy'll be right back sport.

As Gary leaves, Teacher calls to him.

TEACHER

You'll need a note to be in the hall! Security policy!

Gary stands and waits while Teacher tears off a piece of scratch paper and writes a note. Background noise from the phone includes talking over screams.

GARY

(into the phone)

Are you using the terrycloth or the cotton blend? Because the blend's underrated. It takes a little longer, but once it's saturated, for my money, it's the gold standard.

Teacher hands Gary the note, which he accepts with a wink and nod. She turns around and rolls her eyes.

Gary eyeballs the note as he walks away, then returns to the teacher, and holds up the scratch paper note. The teacher is busy with a student, and appears aggravated by the interruption.

GARY

(into the phone)

Hold on Abbud.

(to Teacher)

Is this even an official note? You know, the security policy?

Teacher grabs the note, finds a red pen, scribbles and hands it back to Gary. He walks out, still on the phone, and views the note, which now has the heading, in red: OFFICIAL NOTE. Gary appears satisfied.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC-DAY

Jimbo waits in an examining room. DR. VIJAY GUPTA, 38, enters with a chart.

DR. GUPTA

Yes, Mr. Straus, I'm Dr. Gupta, what can we do for you today?

JIMBO

Well, I have this- call me Jimbo, ok?

Dr. Gupta nods.

JIMBO (CONT'D)

I have this sore wrist, and I think I need an air cast, you know, something to mobilize it, but not too restrictive. And I need a note, an official note, that I'm injured for my insurance.

Dr. Gupta examines the wrist, and as he feels around, Jimbo fakes a grimace.

Dr. Gupta pulls a needle and tube kit out of a drawer.

DR. GUPTA

You look pale. I'm going to draw some blood, then let's take an MRI and an x-ray and see what's going on in there.

JIMBO

MRI and x-ray? Is that necessary? I just need one of those air casts, right?

Jimbo pulls out his wallet. He hands Dr. Gupta a \$20 bill.

JIMBO

Right?

DR. GUPTA

Oh, very good, now I can bring my whole family over from Delhi.

Jimbo hands Dr. Gupta another \$20.

DR. GUPTA (CONT'D)

They'll want to bring my grandmother.

Jimbo hands Dr. Gupta more money. Gupta retrieves an air cast from a cabinet and fits it on Jimbo, then writes and hands him a note and some pill samples.

DR. GUPTA

A little something for the pain. Tell your friends.

Jimbo firmly shakes Dr. Gupta's hand with his "sore" wrist hand. Dr. Gupta prolongs the handshake and looks down at Jimbo's hand.

DR. GUPTA

Good then, getting better already. Pay the girl on the way out.

Jimbo leaves. Dr. Gupta's young NURSE enters. Dr. Gupta hands her the test tube of blood drawn from Jimbo.

DR. GUPTA

Dumbass thought we had an MRI and x-ray machine. Run the insurance on the blood work.

NURSE nods and throws the test tube in the trash can.

INT. HOSPITAL-NIGHT

Bob and BLOSSOM sit with an elderly woman, unconscious and hooked up to monitors - gravely ill.

BOB

We should go catch some Z's and you can come back in the morning.

BLOSSOM

I'd like to take her home.

BOB

Home, that's cool. She's your mother, so whatever she needs-

(pause)

And by "home", you mean...

BLOSSOM

(while stroking her mother's
hair)

Our house, where else? Her final days at peace overlooking the nature trail out back.

BOB

Sure, sure, that's...um, that's what she digs. She's not really conscious, but- When are you thinking we'd...

BLOSSOM

Tomorrow. I made the arrangements.

BOB

Oh, ok, cool. Cool. Um, what room were you thinking we'd-

BLOSSOM

I just said- the living room, by the window, looking out back.

BOB

Oh, sure, the living room, but away from the TV, and the stereo and speakers.

(senses Blossom's annoyance)
So she's more comfortable with the space around her- better to find her Zen.

Blossom appears aggravated by Bob's tone and leaves. Bob looks at his mother-in-law with disgust, then at a wall clock and back at her.

BOB (CONT'D) Would it kill ya to just-

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GOLF COURSE CLUBHOUSE-DAY

Gary and Donald eat breakfast.

Jimbo approaches- wears the arm cast proudly. He sits and tosses Dr. Gupta's note on the table. Gary reads it aloud, while Jimbo gingerly places his arm on the table.

GARY

Mr. Straus has a grade two radiocarpal sprain with partially torn ligaments.

(then)
How'd it happen?

JIMBO

I was helping the guys on the loading dock and jammed it under a load.

GARY

(patronizing)

Really. When did this occur? It sounds-tragic.

JTMBO

No... what's tragic is your mistrust of all that is good and decent in the world. I have a note from a respected doctor, a man that's devoted his life to healing others, and you look askance upon it.

GARY

I am simply the seeker and defender of truth and justice.

DONALD

What is this, Masterpiece Theater?

Nick, in the pro shop and visible from where they sit, announces their tee time over the intercom.

NICK

6:52 on deck.

Bob enters, clad in black pants, black shirt, black socks and shoes, black cap, and dark glasses.

Gary stuffs the Dr. Gupta note in his pocket.

JIMBO

(to Bob)

Jeez, was there a sale?

BOB

Out of respect. The mother-in-law died.

(to Jimbo)

What happened to you?

JIMBO

Loading dock accident. I have a doctor's note.

BOB

Whatever, I get two strokes today, right? Dead mother-in-law?

Gary hands Jimbo the Rulebook. Jimbo fakes a wince as he turns the pages. Gary rolls his eyes.

GARY

Bob, you think you could have called us? At least for Blossom's sake.

BOB

Yeah, yeah, what about the strokes. We're cool, right?

Jimbo pages through the rulebook.

JIMBO

Ok, first- I'm sorry for your loss. How's Blossom doing?

BOB

Yeah, thanks, fine. The strokes?

JIMBO

We have my strokes too.

Jimbo continues to page through the Rulebook.

JIMBO

(to Bob, without looking up)
You have a note that she died, signed
by a doctor?

BOB

You're kidding, right?

JIMBO

Just asking, cuz I brought a note.
 (then)

Ok, death of a family member, here it is, Mother-in-Law. Didn't you hate your mother-in-law?

BOB

What? No, no I feel terrible, which is why I get strokes today.

Donald gets choked up by Bob's faux grief, and gives him a hug. Bob comforts Donald with the return hug.

JIMBO

How old?

BOB

(crocodile tears)

Only 71. Very sad...so I get 2 strokes.

JIMBO

Bob, it's not that simple.

BOB

What are you talking about? The crow was 71, died too young, blah, blah, blah, so I'm bummed and get strokes, right?

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT (10 YEARS EARLIER)

The Foursome sit around a table with the Rulebook. Bob appears stoned and barely awake.

JIMBO

One last rule on the agenda-"Dead Mother-in-Law".

END FLASHBACK

INT. GOLF CLUBHOUSE-PRESENT-CONTINUOUS

JIMBO

Whenever we pass a rule after ten o'clock you're always too stoned to remember.

(then)

You're correct about the "happy" vs. "sad" part. Dead mother-in-law over 75 - "happy event", under 75 - "sad". So, step 1, 71 years old, "sad", check. Ok, Step 2, is your father-in-law still alive?

BOB

No. Remember, he died three years ago. Who cares. I mean I care, but-

JIMBO

Ok…then step 2, we have to look at the "Double Dead in-Law" exception. You may have to give us strokes.

BOB

What? No way, I'm grieving here.

JIMBO

We can see that, what with the whole Goth, black... Anyway, see it's right here in subsection (c)(2) - "if the dead mother-in-law died prior to her 75th birthday-

(paraphrases)

"but, if she is preceded in death by her spouse, it shall be assumed that there is finally an end to the constant plague of in-law obligations, and moreover there may be a long-awaited inheritance that more than eases any sadness of the dead mother-in-law's premature passing."

(eyeballs Bob)

So, we're dealing with the Double Dead In-Law Exception, so final step- step 3, I have to ask. Do you have a note from her lawyer saying there's no inheritance?

BOB

This isn't happening.

JIMBO

It's right here in the rule, what can I say? So you don't have a note?

Bob stares daggers through Jimbo.

JIMBO

I'm sorry Bob. Under the rule, you're "happy" and you owe us all 2 strokes.

Bob buries his face in his hands.

Nick repeats over the intercom.

NICK

6:52, to-day.

They stand at Nick's command, but Jimbo interrupts.

JIMBO

Wait, what about my strokes? The "Injury Rule"?

Donald and Bob look to Gary for a response. He just shakes his head in frustration.

GARY

Fine. 3 injury strokes. I have to hit the head, I'll meet you guys out there.

Bob appears shocked that Jimbo received a favorable ruling.

GARY (CONT'D)

(to Bob, shrugs)

He brought a note.

Bob, Jimbo, and Donald walk outside. Gary walks down the hall and stops outside the Men's Room. He pulls out his cell phone and Dr. Gupta's note, and makes a phone call.

GARY

Is this his service?

(pause)

Tell him to call me immediately.

This is FBI Special Agent ...

EXT. CLUBHOUSE-DAY

On the first tee, Jimbo reaches in his pockets. Something's missing. He panics and runs toward the clubhouse.

INT. CLUBHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Gary answers his phone.

GARY

Gupta?

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

Dr. Gupta sits up in bed, on the phone, with his nurse beside him, asleep in the nude- her uniform on the floor.

DR. GUPTA

Mr. Mueller? You're with the FBI?

GARY

Yes. I'm investigating Medicaid Insurance Fraud.

Dr. Gupta is in wide-eyed silence.

GARY (CONT'D)

Look, I don't have much time Gupta...

INT. CLUBHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo rushes down the hall. Gary walks toward him.

GARY

You ok? You look a little frazzled?

JIMBO

Yeah, I'm fine. Little boys room.

They continue to walk apart. Jimbo turns around.

JIMBO

Hey, Gary, you still have that note from my doctor?

Gary fumbles around in his pockets, pulls out the note, and acts surprised to find the note. He hands the note to Jimbo and turns around. Gary smiles with his back to Jimbo looks relieved as he walks into the men's room.

EXT. GOLF COURSE-CONTINUOUS

On the first tee, Jimbo returns to the group. Nick makes an announcement over a loudspeaker, and they see him wave from a clubhouse window.

NICK

Jimbo Straus to the clubhouse.

JTMBO

(to the others)

Just tee off. I'll be right back.

INT. CLUBHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo enters and Nick points to the phone.

JIMBO

Hello?

INT. OF GUPTA'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

DR. GUPTA

Yes, Mr. Straus, this is Dr. Gupta from the Cabrini Clinic in Chicago.

JIMBO

What? How did you find me here?

DR. GUPTA

I called your house and your wife said you were there. I have urgent news for you Mr. Straus.

JIMBO

My wife? What is this?

DR. GUPTA

Mr. Straus, have you by chance been to China recently?

JIMBO

Last month, why?

DR. GUPTA

Hmmm, and...did you...how I can I say this... Did you do something with someone Mr. Straus?

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Jimbo wears a silk kimono, and splashes cologne on his face and body. He hears a KNOCK, and opens the door to two Asian hookers.

END FLASHBACK

INT. GOLF CLUBHOUSE-PRESENT-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo is silent.

DR. GUPTA (CONT'D)

Oh my. Mr. Straus, I ask because we ran your blood tests, and, well, you have a very rare "fatal" venereal disease. First case ever outside of Nan Jing, which makes you famous, sort of. Anyway, there's no cure, and it's "fatal", so-

JIMBO

What?

INT. DR. GUPTA'S BEDROOM-CONTINUOUS

DR. GUPTA

I said it's fatal Mr. Straus. Oh, I mean Jimbo. I forgot, when you were here you said to call you Jimbo.

INT. GOLF CLUBHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo appears despondent.

INT. DR. GUPTA'S BEDROOM-CONTINUOUS

Dr. Gupta puts his hand over the phone as he giggles.

DR. GUPTA (CONT'D)

Stop by on Monday. I'll give you something for the eyelid rash you'll be getting. It's the first sign- Oh, and it's highly contagious. Bring your wife with you.

EXT. GOLF COURSE-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo slowly walks to the others waiting for him.

BOB

Everything cool?

Jimbo goes to his bag, strapped on the back of the cart next to Gary's bag. Gary polishes his clubs with a rag. Jimbo appears despondent. They circle next to him.

DONALD

You ok? What was that all about?

JIMBO

I'm dying.

Bob and Donald look stunned. Gary tries to hide a smile. Jimbo looks weak, and sick.

JIMBO

I'm dying. And Susan....

Jimbo suddenly turns his head and buries it in the only available direction- into Gary's golf bag, and vomits.

DONALD

Oh my God, Jimbo what's wrong?

GARY

I could have you incarcerated for that!

JIMBO

(weakly)

I'm dying.

GARY

You're not dying you big dummy. I put Gupta up to it.

DONALD

(to Gary)

What did you do?

GARY

I just saved us all 3 strokes, that's what I did.

Bob lights a joint. Donald looks at his watch, then Bob.

BOB

For the nausea.

JIMBO

I'm not dying?

Gary looks at golf bag.

GARY

How am I supposed to play with these?

JIMBO

Nothing in the rulebook about that.

Jimbo pulls off his air cast, and points to his watch.

JIMBO (CONT'D)

You forfeiting?

Gary walks toward the clubhouse.

A foursome of women wait impatiently for the Foursome.

JUDY emerges from the pack and walks with purpose. Her cigarette has three inches of ash.

JUDY

(to Bob)

Look, there's things I'll wait for all day long, but none of you are it.

Bob holds the joint behind his back.

BOB

Sorry Judy, it's cool, we're almost--

Judy sniffs the air.

JUDY

Yeah, I'll bet it's cool Cheech.

(then)

That the medical? Smells like that garbage from Milwaukee.

Bob nods.

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JUDY (CONT'D)

I swear, you haven't learned anything in twenty years.

Judy takes a pencil and scorecard from her pocket and writes.

JUDY (CONT'D)

This is my guy. Give him a call. He'll need the note from your guy.

At the clubhouse, Gary surveys unoccupied carts with golf bags. He finds a bag with a "Rental" tag, takes it off the cart, and leaves a note on the steering wheel.

Gary walks back to his cart, switches his golf bag with the rental bag, leaves his vomit golf bag by a tree, and jumps in the cart with Jimbo.

GARY

Roll.

Back at the cart that Gary pilfered, two BURLEY MEN, mid-40's, arrive. They read the note, drive their cart over to Gary's vomit golf bag, put it on their cart and drive away.

After driving only a few feet, they stop, both sniff the air, and look at each other with disgust.

Gary and Donald drive down the fairway.

JIMBO

Well played. What did the note say?

GARY

Told him he could make the switch tonight.

JIMBO

Have fun with that.

GARY

I already did. I signed your name and address.

The smile drains from Jimbo's face as they drive.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE-DAY

Jacob walks into the kitchen with an envelope, and hands it to Liz.

JACOB

Happy Mother's Day Mom.

LIZ

Oh thank you Jacob!

Liz hugs Jacob and pulls the card from the envelope. The cover is an innocent crayon depiction of their family and house.

LIZ (CONT'D)

It's beautiful.

Liz opens the card. The inside reads: I ASKT DAD WHEN YOU ARE GRATE, AND HE SAID WHEN YOU BALL ME.

Liz appears shocked.

INT. FUNERAL HOME-DAY

The Foursome attend the mother-in-law's wake, clad in the same golf attire from that morning. They stand together.

An elderly MAN, 80, approaches Bob.

MAN

Bob?

Bob nods.

MAN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry for your loss. Bill Bachman, Dorothy's lawyer. We met at your wedding.

Bob looks at Gary, who nods back. Gary reaches in his back pocket, slowly pulls out his FBI badge, and takes Lawyer Bachman by the arm, who appears frightened.

INT. CONDO-DAY (LATER SAME DAY)

The Foursome stand. Lawyer Bachman sits. An open legal file on the table. Gary holds Lawyer Bachman's wristhis thumb takes a pulse.

GARY

So these witnesses to the Will- are they still alive?

BACHMAN

Oh my no. They passed long ago, but if it's important, I could provide a note.

Gary times Lawyer Bachman's pulse with his watch, then gives him an affirmative, thoughtful nod.

GARY

Yes, a note would be good.

TV news program on the big screen in the background, which the Foursome ignore.

ANCHOR

And in a bizarre story, Chip Winston, the local Chairman of last year's Santorum Presidential campaign, has been taken into custody in connection with the tampering of a fire prevention system in a luxury Chicago high rise. Law enforcement authorities are investigating whether Winston has any connection to terrorist groups.

END OF SHOW