

IN THE ROUGH

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FADE IN

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - SOMETIME IN THE NEAR FUTURE

HIGH DEFINITION VIDEO DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE

AMY FLOWER, 25 sits in a chair, surrounded by C-stands, studio lights and video equipment.

The camera rack focuses on her. She strokes her short blonde hair. Amy is pretty but not happy to do this interview.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Are you comfortable?

AMY

Yes. I guess.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Good. So my first question is when did you meet Blake Stevens?

She thinks. She laughs to herself.

AMY

I don't remember when we met. It's like we always just kind of knew each other.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND- 13 YEARS EARLIER

BLAKE STEVENS, 12, grabs AMY as she walks with one of her GIRLFRIENDS. Amy has a RING POP in her mouth.

BLAKE

Marry me, Amy.

FRIEND

Ewww!

Amy takes out the RING POP. She pushes him away.

AMY

Back off.

BLAKE

Come on. Just one kiss.

She contemplates. There's something endearing about this young boy.

AMY

Okay, but only if you promise to leave me alone forever.

BLAKE

Okay. I promise.

She kisses him. He puts his arms around her. She drops her

RING POP. They continue kissing. EWWWWWW!

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

So, when did you two start dating?

AMY

Dating? We never "dated".

INT. MINIVAN - UNGODLY LATE AT NIGHT/ALMOST DAWN

In the back seat we see BLAKE STEVENS, now in his 20's, good looking, shirtless and making love to AMY, who is underneath him.

There is music and laughter coming from a late-night party down the street.

AMY

Now. Yes, now.

BLAKE

Me... too...

AMY

Yes. Yes. Yes.

BLAKE

Now! Aaaaaaagghhhh.

He collapses onto her. She holds him tight. Heavy post-sex panting. She's very happy.

AMY

Wow, I missed that.

BLAKE

Me too.

He looks... the DASHBOARD CLOCK changes from 4:59 to 5:00.

BLAKE

Oh, shit!

AMY

What's the matter?

BLAKE

I gotta go!

AMY

What?

BLAKE

I have to meet someone at 5:30.

AMY

You son of a bitch?

She kicks him off her and grabs her jeans.

AMY (CONT)

You said you weren't playing this morning.

BLAKE

I forgot.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

So would you say it was more of a friendship that blossomed into a relationship?

AMY

Let's just say we were good friends.

EXT. STREET - ALMOST DAWN

Blake and Amy get out of the minivan. We can clearly see it's a junker, a late 80's heap with wood paneling and bumpers barely hanging on. The old worn-out tires are more valuable than the whole heap.

Blake sees the DASHBOARD CLOCK turns to 5:01.

BLAKE

Can I borrow some money?

Amy stops pulling on her jeans and fixes her eyes on him.

AMY

That's why you came back to the bar. You have no money.

BLAKE

No. No. That's not true. I really wanted to spend time with you.

AMY

Goodbye, Blake.

She walks down the street.

BLAKE

I'll call you later?

She turns back to him. Her eyes are welling up.

AMY

No!

BLAKE
Are you crying?

AMY
You're such an asshole.

BLAKE
Wait. We agreed. No commitment.

AMY
You're right. We agreed. No commitment.

BLAKE
I'll make it up to you. I'll come by on
Sunday?

AMY
You're not allowed.

Blake looks again at the DASHBOARD CLOCK - 5:02.

BLAKE
Damn it.

He sprints towards the party.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Blake enters through the front door. The music is a loud
THUMPING BASE BEAT. Blake grabs a beer off the stairs and
sucks it back. He's looking for someone...

FOUR DRUNK GUYS attempt to play beer pong in the kitchen.

In the dining room A GIRL STRAPS HERSELF AROUND A GUY on a
chair.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

SHAUN HILL, 20's, now sits under the lights. He squints
from their brightness. Shaun is slight young man. He looks
smart but somewhat shy.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
So you were Blake's best friend. When
did you two meet?

SHAUN
We met when we were kids.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - FIFTEEN YEARS EARLIER

Little Shaun turns the corner and a bunch of BULLIES block
his path.

BIG BULLY
Where you going Shaun?

SHAUN
Nowhere.

BIG BULLY
Give me that bowling ball!

The other Bullies try to take his ball but...

BLAKE
Hey!

12-year-old Blake walks up behind them.

BLAKE
Why don't you leave him alone?

BIG BULLY
Get out of here, Blake.

BLAKE
Why do you want a bowling ball? You don't even bowl.

BIG BULLY
What's it to you, golf fag. You don't even know this loser?

Little Shaun is hurt. He looks down.

BLAKE
His name is Shaun and he's my boy-ee.

Shaun looks up. No one has ever stood up for him like this.

BLAKE (CONT)
I tell you what. We'll make a deal. I bet I can roll a strike on one try. If I don't, you keep the ball. If I do, you never pick on him again.

BIG BULLY
No, dude. You might be good at it or something.

Blake looks at Shaun.

BLAKE
I'll wear a blindfold.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

SHAUN
Yeah, he was the type of guy who always had your back.

INT. HOUSE - ALMOST DAWN

It's 5:10 on the WALL CLOCK.

Blake tries to maneuver through SEVEN HOTTIES DANCING in the living room. Blake feels the pull. He can't help it. The girls. The music. It sucks him in. He dances through them.

MIRIAM and TINA grind him. They are smoking hot. Blake throws his hands in the air. He's in heaven.

MIRIAM

Blake, this is my friend Tina. She just moved here from Vegas. Let's get out of here.

MIRIAM

Yeah, let's go party.

Blake bites his lip as he thinks about it. He sees the clock hanging on the wall, 5:11

BLAKE

I need to find Shaun first.

TINA

The little guy? I think he's out back.

Blake slides by them.

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Thwack! A dart nails the BULL'S-EYE.

Shaun's drunk and can barely lift his head as he looks down at the few dollars left in his hand.

PAUL, the other player, snatches Shaun's cash and high fives his BOYS.

SHAUN

I should go fuck your mother!

PAUL

What did you say?

Paul and the Boys are about to pounce when...

BLAKE

He said I have next.

...Blake steps in between them.

PAUL

Oh, well. Looks like we got another sucker. You play cricket?

BLAKE

Sure... But let's double it.

Paul's Boys "OOOOGH" at the challenge.

PAUL

Okay, a hundred bucks. Closest to the center goes first.

He hands Blake a dart. Blake feels the weight of the dart in his hand. He steps on the piece of tape on the floor and throws the dart.

It hits the board, at the bottom, next to the wire #3. The dart goes limp and falls to the floor.

The Boys LAUGH but are quickly quiet as Paul steps to the line and throws his dart... just missing the bull's-eye. His BOYS cheer.

PAUL

I'm first.

As Paul gets ready for his first throw Blake looks at the clock on the cable TV box, 5:14.

BLAKE

Why don't we make this interesting?

PAUL

Okay, two hundred bucks.

BLAKE

But for one shot. Closest the bull's-eye wins.

Paul's boys high five each other like they've been waiting all night to hear such a dare.

Miriam, Tina and some of the other partygoers step into the room to watch.

Paul drops A WAD OF CASH on a table.

PAUL

You're on. Two hundred bucks? Let's see yours.

Blake quickly pulls out two bills from his pocket and waives them around the room. But before anyone can read them he inserts them in Miriam's bra.

BLAKE

Miriam gets to hold them. Fair and square. You're up.

SHAUN catches Tina's eye and shyly turns away. She then looks at Miriam and snickers.

PAUL
All right, fair and square. This will
be the easiest two hundred bucks I'll
ever make.

Paul steps up to the line. He throws... and the dart hits the
same exact spot next to the bull's eye. More high fives and
snickers from his Boys.

Blake smiles back at them as he steps up to the line.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

SHAUN
Yeah, in high school, his golf coach
called it the blizzzone.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
The blizzzone?

SHAUN
It means Blake's zone. When he gets in
the zone nothing can stop him. Blake be
gone in the blizzzone.

INT. BACK ROOM - ALMOST DAWN

Blake stares at the bull's-eye. He's in the blizzzone.

SSHWWOOOOOOCK! Bull's-eye!

Paul and his Boys can't believe it and before he can react
Blake grabs the cash off the table and bolts out the door
with Shaun.

SHAUN
Wait!

BLAKE
What is it?

Shaun nods his heads in Tina and her friend Miriam.

BLAKE
Are you girls ready to party?

TINA
Sure.

SHAUN
(low to Blake)
I get Tina. You know I have the hots
for her.

BLAKE
Sure, dude. She's yours.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

INTERVIEWER (O.C)
He was a man of many talents.

Shaun laughs.

SHAUN
You have no idea.

INT. THE MINIVAN - ALMOST DAWN

As Miriam reaches between her HUGE BREASTS and pulls out TWO ONE DOLLARS BILLS.

MIRIAM
Fair and square?

BLAKE
Sure it was.

MIRIAM
How do you figure?

BLAKE
I've never lost that bet.

Blake fishes under the seat for something. He pulls out a golf shirt. Tina and Shaun are in the backseat. She can't believe she's stuck with him.

TINA
So where's the party at?

BLAKE
Eagle Eye Golf Course.

MIRIAM
I don't want to go to some kegger on a golf course.

Blake SMELLS the shirt. It seems okay. He puts it on.

BLAKE
Make the next left. Don't worry, the party is back at my place. I just gotta stop and take care of something.

Tina gets a whiff of the shirt.

TINA
You should wash that thing before you put it on.

Blake reaches under the back seat and pulls out his golf shoes.

MIRIAM
Are you going golfing?

BLAKE
It won't take too long. I'll get you
some beers while you wait.

TINA
How long?

BLAKE
Before you know it we'll be back at my
place part-yyyy-ing.

MIRIAM
(to Tina)
Blake's a professional golfer.

Blake ties his shoes.

TINA
Really? You must be rich.

SHAUN
He has to make it through Q School
first.

Blake shoots Shaun a "shut up" look.

TINA
You have to go back to school?

BLAKE
Well, no. There's two ways you can make
it onto the PGA tour. You play on a
mini-tour somewhere but you need lots
of money to stay in hotels,
transportation and such. Or, you can go
to Q-school, or Qualifying school. It's
not really a school, it's an event. You
play golf a bunch of days and if you
end up in the top thirty you get to go
on tour.

TINA
Oh... I'm going be a beautician.

Blake looks at the clock - 5:29.

BLAKE
Make this right.

EXT. EAGLE EYE GOLF COURSE - DAWN

Blake jumps out and runs for the clubhouse...

INT. EAGLE EYE CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...where CHIPPER, 68, anxiously stands behind the cash register sucking on the stub of a cigar. Above his head hangs a sign, "Proper Attire and No Gambling". Another man stands nearby. He's TOM O'LEARY, 50, a well-dressed hippie with a ponytail and an amused grin on his face.

Blake goes to a beer cooler and takes out some longnecks.

CHIPPER
You're late again.

BLAKE
Come on Chipper. I'm a minute early.

CHIPPER
And you're paying for those beers.

Blake winks at the men and goes out the door.

CHIPPER
A world of talent but no brains in that head.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

Tom O'Leary sits under the interview lights.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
How did you get to know Blake?

O'LEARY
We played golf together at the local municipal course.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
Did you guys gamble?

O'LEARY
Gamble? No. Maybe a dollar bet here or there.

INT. EAGLE EYE CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Blake comes back in. O'Leary holds out a cup.

O'LEARY
Coffee?

Blake takes it from him.

BLAKE
It's a beautiful morning O'Leary.

O'LEARY

It will be more beautiful when I take your money.

CHIPPER

Stop yapping. What's the bet?

BLAKE

A hundred each.

O'LEARY

You said you'd give me five strokes.

BLAKE

I said nothing about strokes.

CHIPPER

Last week you said you'd give him strokes. Give him strokes.

BLAKE

Okay, I'll give you ten strokes, double or nothing.

O'LEARY

Ten strokes for two hundred? You got yourself a bet.

Chipper opens a cigar box.

CHIPPER

Okay, let's see the cash.

O'Leary pulls out two hundred-dollar bills and places them in the cigar box. They both look at Blake. Blake feels his pockets with both his hands. He pulls out the wad of cash he just won. He drops it in the box.

BLAKE

Do you want to count it?

CHIPPER

We don't got the time. Now get out there and play.

They walk towards the door but Blake stops. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out two cigars. He hands them to Chipper.

BLAKE

I was at the mall the other day and I walked into the smoke shop. Anyway, these were on sale so I got you a couple.

Chipper smiles. He seems sort of... touched.

CHIPPER

Thanks, kid.

BLAKE
See you later, Chipper.

As Blake exits...

CHIPPER
Stupid kid.

EXT. TEE BOX - MOMENTS LATER

The sun struggles to break the horizon. O'Leary slowly pulls the driver head back from the ball then smashes it down the fairway.

BLAKE
Damn, O'Leary. You've been practicing.

O'LEARY
Shot a seventy-five here yesterday.

Blake tees up his ball.

BLAKE
Seventy-five? Impressive. So I have to shoot a sixty-five today?

O'LEARY
Did you get any sleep?

BLAKE
Not a wink.

O'LEARY
I don't know how you do it.

BLAKE
You've got to play it like you live,
O'Leary. Play it like you live.

KA-BOOM! Blake smashes his ball down the fairway. The ball bounces fifteen yards past O'Leary's.

MONTAGE

Flowers bloom as sunshine finally breaks through.

In the parking lot more cars arrive as golfers hurry to make their tee times.

Blake hits an iron shot four feet from the pin. O'Leary nails a ten foot putt.

An MG Convertible pulls into the parking lot. JOHN HENDERSON, 30, the club pro gets out of his car. He looks into Blake's minivan and sees Shaun, Tina and Miriam passed out.

EXT. 18TH TEE BOX - LATER

O'Leary hits his tee shot to the center of the fairway as Shaun adds up the scores. Blake steps up to the tee box and sets his ball on the tee.

O'LEARY
Your lead is eight shots. You got greedy, Blake. Should have given me five.

BLAKE
Greedy? I got you just where I need you.

Wham! Blake hits his shot to the center of the fairway.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CLUBHOUSE - SAME

WILLY STATHAM, 50, stands near the clubhouse and stirs his coffee. He seems like he was once a pleasant man but too much hard living has left him with cold eyes and a weathered face.

Chipper approaches him.

CHIPPER
That's them now.

Willy looks at his watch.

WILLY
Early riser.

CHIPPER
He hasn't gone to bed yet.

OUT ON THE 18TH FAIRWAY

Blake and O'Leary are only a few yards apart. They both look at the pin sitting behind the right-side bunker.

BLAKE
We're two-fifty out.

O'LEARY
Better lay up.

O'Leary hits his 3-wood twenty feet short of the green.

BLAKE
Playing it safe never made a man rich.

There's an awkward pause between them.

BLAKE (CONT)
Qualifying school is a few weeks away.

O'Leary raises his eyebrows.

O'LEARY
I thought we'd agreed not to have this
conversation anymore.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

O'LEARY
I had sponsored him on a mini tour a
few years ago. I gave him twenty
thousand for expenses.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
How did he do?

INT. MYRTLE BEACH STRIP CLUB - A FEW YEARS AGO

Blake sits back on a lounge chair as four STRIPPERS give
him a four-way lap dance. Blake raises his cash filled
fists into the air.

BLAKE
Whooooohaaaa.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

O'LEARY
Not so well.

EXT. EAGLE EYE - 18TH FAIRWAY

Blake bows his head for a moment -- he shuffles his feet.
But he quickly shakes it off.

BLAKE
Right. You're right. I like taking your
money the old fashion way.

O'LEARY
Not today, Blake. You need two strokes.

Blake steps up to his ball. He closes eyes for a moment and
gets into the zone. He looks down the fairway at the pin.
He places the head of his 3-wood behind the ball and with a
smooth powerful swing he crushes it.

The ball sails through the air and lands on the green but
it rolls past the pin and onto the fringe, twenty feet back
left.

O'LEARY
And you carried it a little long.
That's not going to help.

CUT TO:

Willy and Chipper saw the ball land on the green

CHIPPER
He sure does hit it long.

WILLY
Yeah, but how's his short game?

BACK TO

O'Leary chips his ball from thirty yards out and it rolls past the pin by just a few feet. O'Leary walks up to his ball and taps it in.

O'LEARY
Looks like I may finally take one from you.

Blake approaches his ball. He gets behind his ball and looks for his line. He places his putter behind the ball...

BLAKE
(soto) Blake be gone in the blizzzone.

He putts the ball. It gently rolls over the green. As it approaches the hole it looks like it will go past but at the last second it breaks to the right and drops into the hole.

BLAKE
It's a beautiful day, O'Leary.

O'LEARY
Damn it, Blake. You're way too talented for this place.

Blake seems like he wants to ask something -- but can't -- because Chipper quickly approaches and hands the fistful of dollars to Blake.

BLAKE
Thanks Chipper.

CHIPPER
O'Leary, when are you gonna stop pissing away all your money to this punk?

O'LEARY
Chipper, they say if you want to play better then play with better players. I deduct it as a "lesson learned". Same time next Saturday?

BLAKE
Sure... Maybe we could play at your club

this time.

O'LEARY
Crimson? You don't want to play there.
They're not our type of people.

Blake waves the cash at him.

BLAKE
So that's why you hang out with us
regular folks. Thanks O'Leary.

O'Leary walks off towards the parking lot while Blake walks off towards the clubhouse.

O'LEARY
Don't spend it all in one place. See
you next week.

As O'Leary walks around the clubhouse he spots Willy up on the deck. O'Leary puts his bag down and approaches Willy.

O'LEARY
What are you doing here, Willy? Looking
for new meat?

WILLY
I'm not here loosing my cash like you.

O'LEARY
He's not that good.

WILLY
I here you sponsored him on a mini-tour
last year.

O'LEARY
I did... and he's still here.

O'Leary starts to walk away.

WILLY
Why don't you introduce him to me?

O'Leary stops. He laughs.

O'LEARY
Introduce yourself.

INT. PRO SHOP - SAME

Blake walks over to the USGA score sheet and marks down his score, 65. Next to today's 65 there is a sequence of Blake's latest rounds, 68, 72, 66, 66, 69.

TOMMY
I don't want to play golf!

Behind him an OLD LADY, standing with her grandson TOMMY, is about to hand Henderson a check.

OLD LADY

You can't play video games all day!

Tommy sees Blake watching him across the room.

TOMMY

What are you looking at, dork?

Henderson and the Old Lady do not see the interaction between Blake and the kid.

OLD LADY

Will these lessons help my Tommy get on the PGA tour?

Blake picks his nose and flicks it towards the little prick. Tommy gives Blake the finger. Blake laughs and goes back to his scorecard.

HENDERSON

Ma'am, if we can't get your son to the pros, no one will.

OLD LADY

Do you promise?

HENDERSON

I promise.

The Old Lady hands Henderson the check. He takes it with a smile. The Old Lady leaves and Henderson realizes that Blake is still in the pro shop.

HENDERSON (CONT.)

You want to earn an honest living? I'll pay you twenty dollars and hour to teach her retarded grandkid.

BLAKE

I already have a job.

HENDERSON

Hustling guys like O'Leary is not a job.

BLAKE

I'm still a professional golfer and this is my year.

HENDERSON

That's what you said last year.

BLAKE

It wasn't my fault I overslept.

HENDERSON

It never is.

BLAKE
Those alarm clocks have so many
buttons.

HENDERSON
Blake, I don't doubt you have the
talent to play on the tour but there is
one person who'll never let you get
there.

Blake grabs a beer out of the fridge.

BLAKE
Who's that?

HENDERSON
Yourself.

BLAKE
You don't know what you're talking
about.

HENDERSON
One day you'll come to me begging for a
job. Because cutting grass is the only
skill you have.

Blake looks at him for a moment...

BLAKE
You'll see.

...and walks out the door.

HENDERSON
And the first thing I'll do is deduct
that beer from your paycheck!

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

Blake exits the clubhouse.

WILLY
I hear you have some game.

Blake looks at the stranger and quickly reads him.

BLAKE
Its a hundred bucks straight up. I
don't give strokes until I've beaten
you twice. After that the bills get
higher.

WILLY
Hang on there young fella. I won't be
playing against you, I want to play
with you... and we don't play for chump
change. It's a thousand a man. No
handicapping.

Blake looks at this man then takes a swig from his beer.

BLAKE

I see right through your scam, pal. We lose and you and your buddies split it three ways. Nice try but move on to the next fool.

WILLY

They told me you wouldn't play for the big bucks.

BLAKE

What else did "they" say?

WILLY

You're too erratic.

BLAKE

When's the match?

WILLY

Tomorrow morning, seven o'clock, Crimson Country Club.

BLAKE

Crimson? That's some blue blood. I don't think they'll let me through the door.

WILLY

They will when they see you're with me.

Blake looks at Willy, reading him.

BLAKE

Okay, a thousand bucks. Tomorrow.

WILLY

They also say you're notoriously late so I'll come by and pick you up at six.

BLAKE

Six, huh? Okay. I live about the Chinese takeout on Seventh.

Willy walks away.

WILLY

And make sure you get some sleep.

INT. BLAKE'S MINI-VAN - SAME

Blake gets into the driver's seat.

BLAKE

(soto) A thousand bucks. Who wants to party?

Shaun, Tina and Miriam snore in the back seat.

BLAKE
Damn amateurs.

EXT. NUMBER ONE CHINESE TAKEOUT - DAY

The minivan pulls up and Blake gets out. He looks around. It's clear. He walks towards the apartment entrance.

MR. LUE, 50's, his landlord, runs out of restaurant. He has a takeout bag in his hand.

MR. LUE
Mr. Blake! Mr. Blake! I need your rent money today!

BLAKE
Hold on I'll get it... oh, wait. Can I write you a check?

MR. LUE
No more checks! I want cash!

BLAKE
Good. I can get cash... but not until tomorrow.

MR. LUE
Tomorrow? Today last day rent is due!

BLAKE
Sorry, Mr. Lue but tomorrow I'll have the rent money in cash. That's the best I can do.

Blake unlocks the door.

MR. LUE
Good. Sixteen hundred cash. Tomorrow.

Blake quickly opens the door.

BLAKE
Sixteen hundred? The rent is eight hundred.

MR. LUE
You are a month late! Sixteen hundred tomorrow or I bolt the doors!

Blake tries to close the door.

MR. LUE (CONT)
Wait.

Mr. Lue hands him the takeout bag.

MR. LUE (CONT)

Mrs. Lue want you to have this. Left-over kung pow.

BLAKE

Tell Mrs. Lue, thank you. And I'll have the money tomorrow.

Blake closes the door.

INT. WHY NOT STOP PUB - NIGHT

Blake and Shaun enter bar. Amy is behind the bar cleaning glasses.

AMY

What are you doing here?

BLAKE

Just having a beer, watching a game.

AMY

I can't serve you until you pay up your tab.

BLAKE

How much is it?

Amy reaches in the cash drawer and pulls out a bar tab.

AMY

Three hundred and sixty.

BLAKE

Jeeez. This place is expensive.

AMY

That's what you get for buying rounds of drinks for everyone.

Blake reaches into his pocket and pulls out his winnings, four hundred dollars. He drops it on the bar.

BLAKE

Keep the change and we'll have two beers.

AMY

Wow, a forty-dollar tip. Thank you, Mr. Biggs.

Amy puts two beers in front of Blake and Shaun.

AMY

That'll be eight dollars.

BLAKE

Can I run a tab?

AMY

No.

BLAKE

Can I borrow some money?

She throws the forty bucks back at him.

AMY

You're unbelievable.

She walks away.

BLAKE

Marry me?

(to Shaun)

See, everything is fine.

DONNY, 40, the owner, enters the bar. Amy waives the four hundred dollars at him. Donny walks over to Blake.

DONNY

Took another sucker for his cash, huh
Blake.

BLAKE

You know what they say about a fool and
his money.

DONNY

Then you must be swimming in dough.

BLAKE

Don't knock it, Donny. This time
tomorrow I'll be a thousand dollars
richer. I'm playing over at Crimson.

DONNY

A thousand dollars? Wow, Blake. You're
moving up to the big time.

Donny laughs and walks off. Amy comes back around.

BLAKE

Hey, Ame, I was at the supermarket the
other day and I got this for Leon.

Blake pulls a little tyrannosaurus rex.

BLAKE (CONT)

It's exactly like the one I had when I
was a kid.

Amy lets out a smile as she takes it from him.

AMY

He'll love it. Thanks.

BLAKE

So when can I come by to see my little

buddy.

Amy is uncomfortable.

AMY

Blake, while I'm living with my mom you can't come by. You know how she feels about you.

BLAKE

I don't get it. She used to adore me. I'm not some a-hole like Leon's father, takes off to Phoenix, leaving you high and dry. Leon deserves better.

Blake takes a swig of his beer.

AMY

No. She's just not very trusting of men right now.

BLAKE

Well, see if you can smooth things out for me. I like your mom... and I miss my little buddy.

Some customers wave at Amy from the other end of the bar.

AMY

He misses you too.

Amy walks to the end of the bar. She gives the customer his beers. When she looks up she sees Tina and Miriam walk in the front door.

Tina and Miriam approach Blake. Shaun smiles at them but they don't notice.

TINA

Hey, look who's alive.

BLAKE

You girls can't keep up with the big dog.

MIRIAM

Sure we can.

(to Amy)

Amy honey, can we get two cosmos? One with a twist and the other with extra juice.

Blake smoothly offers up his seat.

BLAKE

And put it on my tab.

Amy looks at Shaun. He hands over his credit card. The music takes over Blake. He dances.

BLAKE (CONT)
Wooha! I'm ready to party tonight!

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The MUSIC from the bar dissolves to the BEEPING of an alarm clock. It reads 6:09. As it flips to 6:10 a female hand reaches up and turns it off.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Someone is banging on the door.

EXT. BLAKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Willy bangs on the door.

WILLY
Blake!

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Miriam lifts her head from the pillow. She pushes Blake to wake him. He's out cold.

EXT. BLAKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The door opens.

MIRIAM
What? Can't you see we're sleeping?

WILLY
Are you his girlfriend?

She laughs.

MIRIAM
Blake doesn't have a girlfriend.

BLAKE (O.S.)
Shit!

Crash! Blake knocks over something inside the apartment.

EXT. CRIMSON COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Willy turns his 1986 Porsche 911 up the long entrance to country club. Back in the day this car was a looker but now it's a heap of dents and cracks with hazardous liquids leaking from every valve. Blake sits next to him and their golf bags are sitting up in the back seat.

The country club is plush and beautiful. A different world compared to the municipal courses Blake plays.

EXT. CRIMSON COUNTRY CLUB - 1ST TEE - DAY

Blake and Willy pull up in a golf cart. JUNIOR USHER, 6'6", 270 lbs., with biceps the size of bowling balls, warms up on the tee box.

WILLY
Hello, Junior.

BLAKE
Junior? You're Junior Usher. You played for the Redskins.

WILLY
He'd still be playing if he didn't blow out his knee.

JUNIOR
That's all right, I make more money now and I don't have to bust skulls to do it.

WILLY
Usher Construction.

BLAKE
This is so cool. I'm playing with Junior Usher. Who else, John Riggins?

A CART pulls up the path. Blake's eyes open wide as he sees...

BLAKE
Are you kidding me?

...MARSHALL EVANS, 55, President of Crimson Country Club. Marshall looks at Blake with disgust.

MARSHALL (CONT)
Hello, Blake. Looking to join my little club?

BLAKE
Your club?

MARSHALL
I'm the president of Crimson now.

Marshall grabs his club and walks to the tee box.

BLAKE
Really. I thought you were in prison by now.

MARSHALL
Oh, that little thing. Nothing some good lawyers couldn't take care of.

WILLY
(perplexed)
Marshall, I didn't know you knew Blake.

Marshall hits his ball down the fairway.

MARSHALL
I know all about Blake Stevens. He was
First Team All-State in high school but
dumb as a box of rocks, so no
scholarship.

BLAKE
I graduated late that summer.

Willy goes up to the tee box and places his ball.

MARSHALL
Then you went up to the county college.
You must of have given the coach a
hard-on when you showed up but for some
reason he kicked you off the team.

BLAKE
He couldn't coach talent.

MARSHALL
And now here you are... no job, no life
and hustling duffers for your next
meal.

Willy hits his ball and Junior walks up to the tee box.

Blake unhooks his bag from the back of the golf cart.

WILLY
Where are you going?

BLAKE
I'm out of here.

MARSHALL
Running away again, Blake? And I heard
you were a pro golfer now... but it looks
like you can't handle the competition.

Junior hits his ball down the fairway.

BLAKE
I can handle it. I just know you're not
an honest guy.

MARSHALL
Come on. Let bygones be bygones.

JUNIOR
Hey, it can't be all that bad. What
happened between you two?

BLAKE

He didn't like me banging his daughter.

Junior is stunned.

JUNIOR

She's my wife.

BLAKE

Sorry to hear that.

MARSHALL

Okay, now that we have that out of the way why don't we play some golf?

BLAKE

Alright, let's play some golf.

Blake puts down his bag and pulls out his driver. He looks down the fairway to Junior's ball.

BLAKE

Junior, how far do you think you drove that ball?

JUNIOR

Can't be any less than three hundred and ten yards.

BLAKE

I bet I can outdrive you?

JUNIOR

I've seen skinny high school kids drive that far. Hit the ball or make it interesting.

BLAKE

Okay, How about this, a thousand dollars says I can outdrive you... while on my knees.

Junior pulls out his money clip and waves the cash at Blake.

JUNIOR

Let's see the money.

BLAKE

I'm good for it.

Blake drops to his knees. He eyes the ball.

SWOOSH! The club rips through the ball. It's a clean shot down the middle of the fairway. It hits the ground at 270 and rolls ten, twenty, thirty yards. It keeps going and finally stops a few feet past Junior's ball.

Junior's jaw drops. Blake gets up and takes the cash from his HAND.

1ST FAIRWAY

Willy and Blake walk towards the balls.

WILLY
You got big ones, kid.

BLAKE
Yeah, well, I needed a thousand dollars.

WILLY
You didn't bring any money with you?
What if you lost that bet?

BLAKE
I don't know. I've never lost that bet.

WILLY
Do me a favor, hotdog. No more showboating. I want to win some money here.

They stand over Blake's ball.

WILLY (CONT)
The pin's playing the back of the green. You're lying about one thirty-eight so you're probably between clubs.

Blake looks back at him.

BLAKE
I'm never between clubs.

Blake steps up to his ball, thinking, with his 9-iron and pitching wedge in his hand.

WILLY
So which club will it be smart guy?

BLAKE
Pitching wedge.

Blake throws aside his 9-iron and gets behind the ball.

WILLY
You should really go with an easy nine iron.

Without hesitation he swings. The ball flies through the air.

It hits the green with a thud four feet behind the pin and zips back to within two feet of the cup.

Blake smiles big.

BLAKE
Let's see Junior top that.

Junior's BALL lands three feet from the flag and zips back.

1ST GREEN

Junior nails his birdie putt.

MARSHALL

Nice bird, Junior. Way to put the pressure on.

(to Blake)

Junior was a two sport athlete at Tech. He just hit quarterbacks harder than golf balls.

Blake lines up his putt.

WILLY

What do you see?

BLAKE

Two inches to the right.

WILLY

No. just an inch.

Blake ignores him. He putts the ball. It moves towards the cup. It reaches it the edges and does a full circle around the cup and spins out three inches. Blake has to tap it in for his par.

MARSHALL

You need to put the ball in the hole if you want to win.

Willy and Blake walk to the cart.

WILLY

You should take my advice.

BLAKE

Why did you seek me out?

WILLY

Because I heard you were good.

BLAKE

That's right.

MONTAGE:

Blake smacks a drive down the center of the fairway.

Junior, stronger and faster, smashes his drive forty yards further.

Willy putts for a birdie and shakes his fist in delight when the ball drops in.

Blake's ball lies in the thick behind a large oak. With his 2-iron he smashes a low shot that runs nearly a hundred yards up the fairway, onto the green and three feet from

the cup.

Marshall hits a shot out from the sand. It looks as if it's going to roll but the spin makes it stop short next to the pin.

THEY REACH THE 18TH HOLE

It's a par four and the pin is tucked behind the water on the left. All four balls are lying in the fairway.

Marshall and Willy look over their scorecards while Blake and Junior stay limber swinging their clubs.

MARSHALL

We're even. What do you say we double the bet?

BLAKE

You're on.

Blake pulls out his money. Willy grabs it from him.

WILLY

No! We are not on.

Blake grabs the money back.

BLAKE

Junior, another grand, closest to the pin.

JUNIOR

Let's do it.

WILLY

I want you to play it safe to middle of the green.

BLAKE

Come on old fella, lighten up. How hard can it be?

Junior hits his ball. It's a high floater. FLOP! It lands three feet away from the pin.

JUNIOR

Take that to the bank.

WILLY

Keep watching.

The ball rolls to the left. It gains speed and tumbles off the fringe and into the water.

WILLY

See, that's why you play it safe.

BLAKE

No, you need to know how to stick it.

Blake steps up to his ball.

WILLY
You've won. Play it safe.

BLAKE
I need to be inside his divot. Isn't that right, Marshall?

MARSHALL
Sure, Blake.

Blake hits the ball. It flies and lands two feet next to the pin. Stopping on a dime.

18TH GREEN

Blake putts his ball in for the birdie and the win.

Marshall hands Willy the cash.

MARSHALL
(low)
He's a great player, Willy. He'll make us some money.

WILLY
He doesn't know how to listen.

MARSHALL
Then you teach him how to listen.
(to Blake)
Hey, kid. You just won my money. Buy me a beer.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE PATIO - DAY

The men relax with beers at a patio table. Willy drops a wad of cash in front Blake.

MARSHALL
Not bad for four hours of work.

BLAKE
That's what I always say.

MARSHALL
Blake, how'd you like to win more money than that?

Blake looks at the cash and scratches his neck.

MARSHALL
Oh, there's no risk to you. You'd be gambling with other people's money.

BLAKE
Other people's money?

MARSHALL

Have you ever heard of a Calcutta?

BLAKE

Sort of. It's like horse betting, right, only you're betting on golfers. I didn't think they existed anymore.

MARSHALL

Oh, they exist. And I want you to be one of the horses. I have a lot of friends. Rich friends. They like nothing better than to throw their money around. But they want to know they are betting on the best. I need you to be one of my thoroughbreds.

BLAKE

How much money are we talking?

MARSHALL

Enough to get you through Q-School and beyond.

BLAKE

And there's no risk to me?

MARSHALL

Nothing. Just make sure you win.

Blake looks at their faces.

BLAKE

Okay. I'm in.

Marshall stands up to walk away.

MARSHALL

Good. Now don't let us down.

EXT. CRIMSON COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Blake walks out with his golf bag over his shoulder. He walks along the path of freshly planted flowers. He sees the maintenance men taking a coffee break.

They are too busy talking to see Blake scoop up a box of azaleas out of a wheelbarrow.

Blake continues through the parking lot. He does not see O'Leary in the parking lot walking towards the clubhouse with his bag. O'Leary sees Blake.

INT. NUMBER ONE CHINESE TAKEOUT - DAY

Blake walks into the restaurant and smells the aroma of the food cooking in the kitchen. Mrs. Lue walks out...

MRS. LUE
Blake! You look so hungry. You sit
down.

BLAKE
Maybe I'll take something to go.

MRS. LUE
(into the kitchen, in Chinese)
One kung pow chicken to go!

BLAKE
I brought you some azaleas.

MRS. LUE
Oh, they are my favorite.

BLAKE
And I brought the rent.

Blake thumbs out the cash on the counter, proud of himself.
Mrs. Lue counts it in her head.

MRS. LUE
But this only eight hundred dollars. We
need eight hundred more.

Blake turns on the charm.

BLAKE
Mrs. Lue. I promise. I will have the
rest of the money in a few days. I'm
sure Mr. Lue will understand.

MRS. LUE
Blake, Mr. Lue get so angry sometimes.
You must pay your rent on time. He say
he want to turn the apartment into
office space for more rent.

Blake reaches out and holds her hands.

BLAKE
Don't worry about me, Mrs. Lue. I will
have the money in just a few more days.

MRS. LUE
Okay. I tell him but just a few more
days.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

MRS. LUE
Blake Stevens? Oh, he was a very nice
boy. Very very charming.

EXT. CRIMSON COUNTRY CLUB CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Willy and Blake drive up the long driveway that is lined with luxury cars, BMW's, Mercedes, etcetera.

WILLY

Listen kid, they don't care about you. They only care about the money you'll make them. Don't say anything stupid. In fact, don't say anything. If you talk like a moron they'll think you're a moron. You come with a good reputation.

BLAKE

How do they know about me?

WILLY

They don't. I'm the good reputation. I pick winners and if you're with me they assume you're a winner.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Willy and Blake enter the big room. It's just as expected, dark wood paneled walls, beautiful antique light fixtures, cocktail servers dressed in black and white, all surrounded by rich and powerful WHITE GUYS, a few older BROADS and some wealthy BROTHERS.

They all suck back on cocktails and cigars while GOLFERS, with their dark tans and broad shoulders, work the room.

Marshall talks to BERNARD FREEMAN, 50's, a very important looking man.

Willy and Blake cut through the crowd.

ROY JONES, 30's, a black golfer who looks more like a halfback, approaches with his white playing partner, PAT MARGRAVES, 30's.

ROY

Who's the new chump?

WILLY

Back off, Roy.

ROY

I love it when we have new meat. Fifty bucks says the nerves get the best of him and he can't crack eighty.

PAT

Let's see the hands, kid.

Roy grabs Blake's hand, holds it up and inspects his fingers. They're steady.

PAT

Look at them. I say a hundred bucks he can't break ninety.

BLAKE

You're on! I'll take that bet and I'll...

Willy quickly escorts Blake away from a sure mess.

WILLY

Ease up, buckaroo. Intimidation is the only game they've got.

Willy's words are already lost on Blake because he spots Junior entering the room with his wife, TAMMY, 25, hanging on his arm. She's beautiful and she knows it.

Tammy surveys the room and spots Blake. Junior knows she's looking at him but it's obvious she wears the pants in the marriage and pushes him away and goes to Blake.

BLAKE

It's been a long time.

TAMMY

I should have known this day was coming. Either you were going to find them or they were going to find you.

BLAKE

Married a football player and a golfer. I thought you would never let that happen.

TAMMY

There's a big difference between him and you, aside from the size. He makes money, in a legitimate business.

BLAKE

I told you, I have a plan.

TAMMY

We all had plans. I was going to be a figure skater. The difference between you and the rest of us is, well, we've grown up.

BLAKE

You know for a moment, when I saw you enter the room, I thought I might have actually missed you. But it passed.

TAMMY

I'm sure if you had one more night with me you wouldn't complain.

Blake thinks about that moment.

TAMMY (CONT)

Good luck. And don't hit it short.

BLAKE

Oh, I can still hit it long.

TAMMY

I'm sure you can.

Tammy walks off through the cigar smoke.

Willy walks up to Blake.

WILLY

Let me give you some advice. Stay away from the boss's daughter.

BLAKE

We're just old friend talking.

Marshall walks up to them.

MARSHALL

Bernie Freeman brought a lot of cash tonight boys. I told him he should put his money on you two.

Marshall winks at them and continues across the room to the dais.

BLAKE

Who's Bernie Freeman?

WILLY

Mr. Freeman owns Freeman Enterprises. From what I understand he wants to buy Marshall's little communication company. This is what we call one hand washing the other.

Across the room Marshall steps onto a dais with a microphone. Behind him is a large blackboard with the names of players grouped off.

MARSHALL

Ladies and gentlemen, thanks for our annual fundraiser for Capital Charities. This year we've raised nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

APPLAUSE.

MARSHALL

Now wants to put some cash back in their pockets.

Louder CHEERS.

MARSHALL (CONT)

Our first team tonight will be Roy

Jones and Pat Margraves. Bidding starts at one.

Immediately hands go up in the air.

MAN IN HAT
I'll give you one.

GENTLEMEN #1
Two!

The Emcee speeds up as the numbers quickly move up.

MARSHALL
Three. Do I hear three? We got three.
Four? We got four.

Blake leans over to Willy.

BLAKE
Four hundred?

WILLY
Four thousand.

BLAKE
You're kidding?

WILLY
And these guys aren't even that good.

EMCEE
Sold at four thousand.

CHAZ COVINGTON, 38, approaches Willy and Blake. He's tall, good-looking with an air of confidence. Willy can't stand the guy.

COVINGTON
So Willy, you found new meat.

WILLY
I don't see your name on the board, Covington.

COVINGTON
Yeah, I got a bum shoulder so I thought I'd sit this one out.

WILLY
I'm sure you do.

Covington sticks his hand out to Blake.

COVINGTON
Chaz Covington.

BLAKE
Blake Stevens.

COVINGTON
Best of luck, Blake.

Covington walks off.

BLAKE
You know you can really feel the love
between you two.

WILLY
He was my old partner.
(Pause)
Don't plan on making any friends around
here.

HOOTING and WHISTLING permeates the crowd.

MARSHALL
Good luck gentlemen. Next up... Where are
you Willy?

The crowd points out Willy and he gives a wave.

MARSHALL (CONT.)
Willy has a new partner. We hear he's
long and strong. Also, on a side note
Willy's new prescription should keep
him long and strong too.

LAUGHTER erupts from the audience

MARSHALL (CONT.)
Knowing Willy's history in this event,
bidding will begin at five.

Immediately hands go up.

MARSHALL (CONT.)
Six? Six? Six? Do I have six? I got
six. Do I have seven? Seven it is.

One of the bidders is Bernard Freeman, who doesn't seem to
hesitate a moment as the numbers keep rising.

MARSHALL (CONT.)
Do I have eight? Eight! Do I have nine
thousand? Nine thousand! Going once.
Bidding stops at nine thousand.

BLAKE
Nine thousand? How much will the pot
get up to?

WILLY
Look at it this way, there are thirty-
six teams. Say the average price of the
team is five thousand then that's a
hundred and eighty thousand.

Willy starts writing numbers on a bar napkin.

WILLY

The top five places pay out. The winning team gets ninety thousand. Second place gets half that, which is forty-five thousand. Another half for third place, twenty-two five hundred. Then eleven thousand five hundred.

BLAKE

You have the mind of an accountant.

WILLY

More like a degenerate gambler. Five thousand, six hundred and twenty-five for fifth place and the other five-six-two-five pays for our drinks, chicken wings and Marshall's trip to Aruba.

Willy circles the ninety thousand on the top.

WILLY

This is the number you want. First place. If we win it, Mr. Freeman gives us a twenty percent cut for our hard work. That's eighteen hundred split two ways, which is...

INT. WHY NOT STOP PUB - NIGHT

SHAUN

Nine thousand dollars!

Blake and Shaun sit at the bar.

SHAUN (CONT.)

That's more money than you made last year.

Blake looks over to Amy, who's cleaning some beer mugs.

BLAKE

Yo, dude, keep that on the down low.

SHAUN

Sorry. What are you planning to do with all that cash?

BLAKE

I need to buy a car, maybe a convertible.

SHAUN

You should save it. I can open a fund for you.

AMY

How about you win it first.

BLAKE
How about if I win it, you go on a date
with me.

AMY
No.

Amy walks...

INTO THE KITCHEN

Blake follows her.

AMY
Blake, get out of here.

BLAKE
I'm serious. Will you go on a date with
me?

Amy is frustrated.

AMY
I don't want to go through that again.

BLAKE
I love you.

She looks at him.

AMY
No. You don't.

She walks past him, back...

OUT TO THE BAR

Blake follows. He sits down next to Shaun.

SHAUN
She said no?

BLAKE
How did I mess this up?

SHAUN
You need to ask?

Miriam and Tina walk through the crowd.

MIRIAM
Hey, Blake. Are you ready to party
tonight?

Amy sees them, bites her lip and walks to the other end of
the bar.

Blake rushes over to her.

BLAKE
If you don't go out with me...

AMY

What, you'll go out with other girls?
Since when has that stopped you? You
can do whatever you want.

Amy goes back INTO THE KITCHEN and Blake walks back to
Shaun and the girls.

MIRIAM

So?

BLAKE (CONT)

So let's go down to O'Shea's for a
change of pace?

MIRIAM

Yeah, let's get out of this dive.

They get up to go. Blake looks at the kitchen door as Amy
comes back out. She doesn't look at him but instead helps
some other customers.

TINA

Come on. Let's go.

Blake leaves with them.

EXT. CRIMSON GOLF COURSE - MORNING

Blake stands on the 1st tee with a crowd of people watching.
Suddenly he hears BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! He turns to see a
garbage truck backing up onto the tee box. Henderson and
Donny are the garbage men.

BLAKE

You can't park that here.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Henderson jumps off the back and throws
Blake's clubs into the back of the truck.

HENDERSON

You don't need these anymore.

He pulls the switch and compactor crushes his clubs.

BLAKE

Hey, what are you doing?

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

He sees Amy cleaning a mug next to the tee box.

BLAKE (CONT)

Amy. Help me!

The truck's warning signal gets louder.

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The radio alarm is BUZZING! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Miriam reaches up and turns off the alarm.

Now the telephone is RINGING. Neither Miriam nor Blake stir. POUNDING can be heard in the distance.

EXT. NUMBER ONE CHINESE TAKEOUT - MORNING

Willy is outside, BANGING on the door with one hand and holding his cell phone to his ear with the other.

WILLY

Pick up!

Willy hangs up his phone. Willy goes to his car and grabs a golf ball from his bag

Willy whips the golf ball at the window, smashing it.

INSIDE

The golf ball lands on Blake's bed and he jolts up.

BLAKE

Shit!

Blake gets up. He grabs his pants off a nearby chair. He tries to pull them on but falls over.

EXT. 1ST TEE - CRIMSON COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Pat and Roy stand on the tee box as Blake and Willy pull up in their cart.

ROY

Timely too. You guys really know how to put the fear of God in people. Another minute and you would have been disqualified.

BLAKE

It's time to play.

As Blake is about to put on his glove it is obvious his fingers are shaking.

ROY

Whoa, looks like slugger has a case of the first tee jitters.

BLAKE

Scared? More like the first tee

hangover.

Blake strolls up to the tee box and sets up his ball. Willy follows him.

WILLY

(low)

We haven't warmed up. Maybe you want to hit an iron or three wood.

BLAKE

I'm fine.

ON THE PATIO...

...Marshall holds up a huge ELEPHANT GUN. KABLAMMO!

BACK TO...

The blast intensifies Blake's hangover.

BLAKE

What the hell was that?

WILLY

Marshall takes the term "shotgun start" to heart. Time to work.

Blake swings at the ball - the clubface smacks the ground before it hits the ball. The ball skims the ground and stops only a hundred feet away.

PAT

Gee, Willy. At least he hits it straight.

The CART GIRL pulls up.

CART GIRL

Do you Gentlemen need anything?

BLAKE

Ah, salvation has arrived.

Blake cups his hands together and heads to the cart.

WILLY

I told you to warm up.

BLAKE

A minor setback.

(to the cart girl)

Is it too early for bourbon?

CART GIRL

It's never too early.

BLAKE

I'll take three. Anyone else.

Cart Girl opens THREE MINI BOTTLE and pours them into cups.

Blake fills the cola on top. And take a fast slurp of the concoction.

BLAKE
Ahhhh. Breakfast of champions.

WILLY
Why don't you take it easy there, slim.

BLAKE
(to the girl)
My dad doesn't like me drinking this early.

She giggles. Blake picks up a mini bottle.

BLAKE (CONT)
You'd need some itty-bitty-titties do some shooters with these.

She pushes up her big boobs.

CART GIRL
So these wouldn't work.

BLAKE
You could fit a keg in there.

She giggles again.

ROY
Hope you can keep up with us, slugger.

Roy steps up to his ball and crushes it.

1ST FAIRWAY

Two quick shots of Willy and Pat hitting their balls.

Blake and Willy drive up to his ball. It came up just short of the fairway and sits deep in the thick.

WILLY
Play it safe. Hit a mid iron.

Blake goes to his bag and pulls out a 3-wood.

WILLY
Hey, I said play it safe.

BLAKE
Sorry, I don't understand that word.

He checks out his ball and gets into position.

PAT
Go for it, Hercules.

Pat and Roy laugh.

Blake swings down hard. The ball shoots out but it's a low

runner and stops about seventy yards away, on the fairway.

ROY
Yup, I believe you're still away.

BLAKE
Hey Roy, a hundred bucks says I par
this hole.

WILLY
You're two hundred and seventy yards
out. Laying two. Are you crazy?

BLAKE
You're right. Two hundred bucks!

ROY
I'll take it.

Blake walks over to his golf bag and takes out his driver.

ROY
Taking the driver to the turf. Now
you're talking.

BLAKE
(soto)
Got to find the blizzone.

ROY
It's not a good sign when you start
talking to yourself.

Blake sets up to the ball and stares down the flag two
hundred and seventy fat yards away.

THWACK! The ball screams over the fairway. Roy and Pat can
hardly believe their eyes as the ball lands, bouncing once,
twice and gently rolls onto the green.

1ST GREEN

Blake putts his ball. It rolls right up to the cup and
stops on the edge. It seems to wobble for a moment then
drops in for the par. Blake walks over to Roy and Pat who
have to reach deep into their pockets for the cash.

BLAKE
Double or nothing I birdie the next
hole.

ROY
I think we'll pass.

Blake walks over to Willy while Roy and Pat putt out.

WILLY
Enough shenanigans. I want you to
listen to me and play in control.
Fairways and greens.

BLAKE
I'm here to make money. And balls out
is the only way I know how.

MONTAGE:

THWAK! BLAKE hits a drive down the fairway...

Blake chips into the cup...

Blake hits a crisp wedge shot that spins back to the pin...

Roy hits a chili dipper into the water. Pat smacks himself
in the forehead.

Willy leans over Blake as they read a putt together. Blake
nails it. Blake hits a straight iron shot over a water
hazard onto the green.

END MONTAGE

18th TEE

Blake, Willy, Roy and Pat, pull up to the tee box. Marshall
and Joe are already waiting. Marshall goes over and
examines the scorecards.

WILLY
How are we?

MARSHALL
You're even with Biff and Blaine.
They've already finished. You birdie
here and you win.

BLAKE
You want a bird, I'll give you a bird.

Roy nudges Pat on the elbow.

ROY
Or you can go for the eagle.

Willy and Marshall shoot Roy and sharp look.

BLAKE
Eagle?

ROY
Sure, cut the angle straight over those
trees and its three-ten to the front of
the green.1

WILLY
No one's ever done it.

PAT
Swanson did it last week.

WILLY
Yeah, he also wasted six balls trying.

This is for all the marbles.

BLAKE
Three-ten?

ROY
Chip and a putt for eagle.

MARSHALL
Roy, keep your mouth shut or this will
be your last Calcutta.

BLAKE
I'm going for it.

WILLY
Play it safe!

BLAKE
There you go with that word again.

Blake steps onto the tee box. He looks through the trees
and sees the flag waiving on the green.

Behind the green the CLUBHOUSE DECK is full of Betterers and
Golfers.

BLAKE
It looks clear.

PAT
Yeah, go for it.

WILLY
Blake...

Blake sets his ball on the tee.

BLAKE
(to the club)
Come on baby let's do it.

Blake sets up to the ball. He concentrates. WACK! The ball
screams over the treetops and...

KAPLOPS on the fringe as FOUR PLAYERS near the green turn
to see the mysterious ball take two small hops and rests on
the green.

The thirty people standing on the clubhouse balcony erupt
in CHEERS when they realize where the ball came from.

Some of them pat Mr. Freeman on the back.

ONLOOKER #1
Did you see that?

ONLOOKER #2
That's unbelievable.

Blake bows as Roy and Pat clap. Willy breathes out a sigh

of relief, but he is not amused.

Marshall smiles.

INT. MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

Large stacks of dead presidents sit on Marshall's desk. Behind the desk sits Marshall. Above him hangs his ELEPHANT GUN.

MARSHALL

I have a friend in Houston, a big developer. He has two sons, good golfers. I was bragging about you and Willy and he said his boys would whip up on you two. Well, they're in town this week so you're playing in a twenty-thousand Nassau tomorrow.

BLAKE

Tomorrow?

MARSHALL

Is that a problem?

WILLY

No. no problem.

Marshall pushes the stacks of cash towards them.

BLAKE

What's with the gun?

MARSHALL

That is an elephant gun. Just like the one Papa Hemingway hunted with in Africa. It can take down earth's most powerful beast with one shot. Fine piece of gunmanship.

BLAKE

Have you ever shot an elephant?

Marshall looks upset.

MARSHALL

No. The bastards won't allow it.

INT. WHY NOT STOP PUB - NIGHT

BLAKE

Another round!

Amy just rolls her eyes as she lines the bar up with beers, shots, etc. Blake dances with Tina, Miriam and other patrons. Shaun awkwardly dances nearby.

Donny walks up to Amy.

DONNY
Make sure he has money.

Blake sees Donny and walks over.

BLAKE
What's that, Donny?

DONNY
You're paying for those drinks.

Blake reaches into his pocket and throws some hundreds on the bar. Donny quickly snatches them up.

Amy walks through the restaurant with a tray. Blake takes the tray and places it on a table. He grabs her arm and waltzes with her.

BLAKE
Marry me, Amy. I'm rich!

AMY
You're drunk!

BLAKE
Drunk with love for you.

AMY
Stop it.

She pushes him away.

BLAKE
At least go on a date with me. I will be a perfect gentleman. I promise.

REGULAR
Yeah, just go no a date with the guy already.

CUSTOMER
Yeah, go on a date with him to shut him up.

Donny and Shaun join in on the chorus of DATE! DATE! DATE!

AMY
Okay one a date. Okay, but only if you promise to leave me alone...

BLAKE
Forever?

AMY
Yes, forever.

BLAKE
I'll pick you up tomorrow.

Amy just shakes her head as Blake dances back out to the crowd.

EXT. AMY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The minivan rumbles to a stop. Blake gets out but before he gets halfway down the walk Amy rushes out of her house.

AMY
Good. We're a little late. Let's hurry.

BLAKE
Actually, we're on time. Let me say
hello to your mom.

Amy grabs him by the arm and leads him back to the van.

AMY
No.

BLAKE
But I brought her dark chocolate.

Amy forces him into the van.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Blake and Amy sit at an elegant table with white tablecloth. They are out of their element.

BLAKE
Are you sure you don't want to eat in
the bar area?

AMY
If I never see another bar for the rest
of my life I'd be happy.

BLAKE
Not me.

The waiter approaches.

WAITER
Would you care to see the wine list?

BLAKE
Hell no, we'll have a couple of beers.

AMY
He'll have a beer. I'll pick a wine,
thank you.

Amy takes the wine list and the waiter disappears.

BLAKE
When did you get so hoity toity?

AMY

When did you start dating Miriam?

BLAKE

We're not. We're just hanging out.

AMY

No commitment?

BLAKE

Right. No commitment.

AMY

The rumor is she has a venereal disease.

BLAKE

Who told you that?

AMY

Cathy Swenson.

BLAKE

Cathy Swenson. She moved away years ago. When did she tell you that?

AMY

In sixth grade.

They both laugh.

BLAKE

Ame, you're the one who didn't want to be exclusive.

AMY

No, you said you couldn't handle a commitment.

BLAKE

I think I can handle a commitment.

AMY

You think you can?

BLAKE

Yeah.

She looks at the menu.

AMY

I think I'll have the filet.

BLAKE

I can handle it.

She looks at him.

AMY

Blake, I haven't been on a date in a

long time. Let's not talk about those things. Just make me feel special.

He looks at her.

BLAKE

Okay.

Blake reaches into his pocket and pulls out a little box.

AMY

It better not be dark chocolate?

BLAKE

It's a ring.

Amy opens the box and takes out a RING POP. She unwraps it and tastes it.

AMY

Mmmmm. You sure know how to charm a woman.

The waiter returns.

WAITER

I see you already ordered.

EXT. RIVER WALK - NIGHT

Blake and Amy stroll along the waterway. Other couple saunter by.

BLAKE

How does it feel to be on a real date?

AMY

I like it.

BLAKE

So why does your mom hate me?

AMY

She just wants me to be happy.

BLAKE

What does that mean?

They stop in front of Bella's Bar and Grill.

AMY

Blake, why don't you go into Bella's and order us a few drinks. I need to call home and make sure Leon is okay.

BLAKE

Okay. You're not going to ditch me, are you?

AMY
I'll be right there.

Amy dials her cell phone while Blake...

INT. BELLA'S BAR AND GRILL - CONTINUOUS

...makes his way through the crowded bar.

BARTENDER
What will it be?

BLAKE
A bourbon and a bay breeze.

CART GIRL
Heeeeeeyyyyy! Remember me?

Blake turns to see Cart Girl and her THREE HOT FRIENDS next to him.

BLAKE
You're the cart girl.

CART GIRL
And you're the itty-bitty-titty shooter
guy.
(to her friends)
He's sooo funny.

EXT. BELLA'S BAR AND GRILL - CONTINUOUS

Amy is on cell phone.

AMY
I don't know, mom. I may be home late...
Yes, it's going well... Love you... Bye.

Amy hangs up and walks into...

INT. BELLA'S BAR AND GRILL - CONTINUOUS

...and makes here way through the bar where she hears.

CROWD
Blake! Blake! Blake!

She looks through the patrons to see...

CROWD
Blake! Blake! Blake!

...the Cart Girl sitting on the bar, cupping her breasts,
with shot glass wedged in her cleavage. She bends over
where Blake gulps down the concoction.

CROWD
Yayyyyyyyyyy.

Blake stands up and raises his fists and sees...
Amy shake her head and walk out of the bar.

BLAKE
Amy! Wait!

EXT. BELLA'S BAR AND GRILL - CONTINUOUS
Amy rushes out, followed by Blake.

BLAKE
Amy! I can explain.

AMY
No! I don't want you to explain.

BLAKE
I was playing golf and...

AMY
Blake! No!

A tear rolls down her cheek.

AMY
No more games. We're done.

She walks away. He drops his head.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

Shaun takes a sip of water.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
What there ever any distractions?

SHAUN
Distractions? No he was focused one
hundred percent on getting to the next
level.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - DAY

Blake and Shaun whack balls out on the range. While Blake's
shots are perfect Shaun's ball shanks right, nearly
decapitating a golfer three units down.

SHAUN
So that's it?

BLAKE
Yeah, I screwed up big time.
(pause)
What the hell is wrong with me?

SHAUN
You have no ID?

BLAKE
No what?

SHAUN
The only time you are in control of
your life is when you are in the zone.
Outside of that you are a mess.

BLAKE
That's not true.

SHAUN
Look at this way. You've never turned
away a beer or a bet. And nothing makes
you drool like a beautiful woman or a
round of golf. To you they might as
well be the same thing.

BLAKE
Unfair. You can't compare women to
golf. Golf is a game. It's you, a ball
and your sticks.

SHAUN
And the only way you can bring the
course to its knees is how you handle
your equipment.

BLAKE
No. A woman is completely different.
They are this ever-changing puzzle that
you have to figure out.

SHAUN
Just like golf.

Whack! Blake crushes a ball. Shaun shanks another shot.

SHAUN (CONT)
I wish I had your problems.

BLAKE
You've got to close the deal with Tina
before someone else beats you to it.

SHAUN
Maybe you can put in a good word with
Miriam.

BLAKE
Okay, I will. But you have to bring the
course to its knees.

EXT. CRIMSON COUNTRY CLUB 1ST TEE - MORNING

Blake tosses the ball in the air like its batting practice. WHACK! He hit the ball with his driver.

Willy rolls his eyes as BLAINE and BIFF, their rivals, look on in disbelief.

Blake walks over to Biff and takes the wad of cash from his hands.

BLAKE

You got to play it like you live.

Willy pulls Blake aside.

WILLY

We have twenty thousand dollars riding on this and you better not fuck this up.

BLAKE

Me? I think we both know why we win. And it's not by you playing it safe.

Blake walks away.

INT. MARSHALL OFFICE - DAY

Biff and Blaine stand but can only look at the floor as their father, WALTER, walks over to Marshall's desk with a brown paper bag and pours out the contents, \$20,000.

MARSHALL

Be honest with me. How does it feel?

WALTER

How does what feel?

MARSHALL

How does it feel to know your sons are failures?

The father looks at Marshall.

WALTER

You're an asshole.

Marshall smiles as Walter and the boys turn to leave.

MARSHALL

Hang on there, Walter. You're missing the best part.

Walter turns to see Marshall divide the stacks in half and pushes each stack in front of Willy and Blake.

WALTER

You're giving it all to them?

MARSHALL

Walter, it's not about the money. It's about winning and watching the other guy suffer.

Walter and the boys walk out.

BLAKE

He's a friend of yours? I'd hate to see what you do to your enemies.

MARSHALL

That's right, Blake.

EXT. CRIMSON C.C. PARKING LOT - DAY

Blake and Willy walk towards their cars.

BLAKE

Did you see the look on some of their faces? They've never seen players like us.

WILLY

Let's get one thing straight. You're not a player. You're a hack. Players listen. You don't.

Blake stops. Willy keeps walking.

EXT. - WHY NOT STOP PUB - DAY

Blake looks sharp as he drives his SPORTS CONVERTABLE (think Z4) into the parking lot.

He beeps at Tina and Miriam as they walk through the parking lot.

TINA

Nice car.

MIRIAM

Too bad it only fits two.

Shaun, Donny and a few of the pub's regulars step out. They can't believe their eyes. Amy walks out after them.

DONNY

A fool and his money.

SHAUN

You actually bought it?

BLAKE

Amy, go for a ride with me.

AMY

You're an idiot.

Amy turns around and goes back into the bar. Blake just shrugs off her disgust.

BLAKE

Women.

Tina jumps into the passenger seat.

TINA

Nice. Is this real leather.

BLAKE

Sure is.

He throws the keys to Shaun.

BLAKE (CONT)

Shaun, take it for a ride.

Shaun jumps into the driver's seat.

TAMMY

Why don't you give me a ride instead?

Tammy appears in the parking lot. She walks over to the door and opens it for Tina to get out. Tina does.

TAMMY (CONT)

You know what a convertible says about a man?

BLAKE

No. What?

Shaun gets out and hands the keys to Blake.

TAMMY

Sorry about the penis.

BLAKE

What's it say about a woman?

They get in.

TAMMY

Sorry about the husband.

BLAKE

Okay, a quick ride around the block.

BLAKE

Shaun, have Amy pour me a cold one.
I'll be right back.

Amy watches from the window as Blake and Tammy drive off.

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Tammy is on top of Blake having sex with him.

TAMMY
Did you miss this?

BLAKE
Yes I did. Did you miss this?

He thrust his hips hard.

TAMMY
Yes I did.

INT. WHY NOT STOP PUB - SAME

Amy picks the flat beer off the bar and pours it down the sink in front of Shaun, Miriam and Tina. Shaun has been looking over at Tina, building up the nerve to say...

SHAUN
So... do you ladies want to party tonight?

Miriam and Tina get up

MIRIAM
Have Blake call me.

...and walk away. Amy comes back over.

SHAUN
I deserve better.

AMY
We all do.

INT. BLAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tammy finishes getting dressed as Blake walks around in his boxers.

TAMMY
I'm usually free in the afternoon, right after the spa or the gym.

BLAKE
Oh, I thought this was a one time thing... You know Junior is a big guy and...

TAMMY
Don't worry about Junior. Right now he's probably riding his secretary. We both have our secrets.

There's KNOCKING on the door.

BLAKE
Damn, Mr. Lue.

Blake opens the door to Marshall. Tammy backs into a

bedroom.

Marshall steps in, holding several sheets of paper.

MARSHALL

Do you recognize this? It's the buyer's agreement for your new car.

Marshall rips it up.

MARSHALL (CONT.)

Mr. Rothchild called me himself the minute you drove off the lot. The paperwork never went through. This could have gotten us all in deep shit. So bring the car back.

Marshall walks into Blake's kitchen, disgusted by the mess.

BLAKE

Bring it back? What's good in having money if you can't spend it?

MARSHALL

Blake, I have a few rules you need to follow.

Marshall slowly walks towards the bedroom. Tammy slides into a closet. Marshall turns back to Blake.

MARSHALL (CONT)

Rule number one is be careful with your money. You haven't held a job in years. You don't think the IRS wouldn't start snooping around. They have investigators, Blake.

Blake walks around Marshall, blocking his entrance to the bedroom. Marshall walks back towards the apartment door.

MARSHALL (CONT)

Investigators, on government salary, who would love to bring down an elite country club for illegal gambling. We can't let that happen.

BLAKE

You're right. I got a little carried away.

Marshall turns back to him.

MARSHALL

Rule number two, stop fucking my daughter.

BLAKE

(stunned)

I uh...

MARSHALL (CONT)

Tammy, I know you're hiding back there
so come on out.

Tammy slowly steps out of the bedroom.

MARSHALL

Go wait in the car.

Tammy grabs her bag and walks out the door.

BLAKE

Marshall, I...

MARSHALL

Shut up. If Junior finds out he'll rip
your fucking head off. I can't afford
that. This is the third rule. You work
for me. I am your sugar daddy. I get
you into the right tournaments and you
win money for my friends. So you will
play by my rules.

BLAKE

Okay.

Marshall walks out the door.

EXT. EAGLE EYE MUNICIPAL GOLF COURSE - MORNING

Extreme close shot on a golf ball sitting in the white
sand. THWACK! O'Leary hits the ball cleanly out of the
bunker. It lands on the green about five feet from the pin.

BLAKE

Nice shot. You'll be putting for par.

O'LEARY

Thanks

BLAKE

You know I played at your club the
other day.

O'LEARY

I heard. You made quite a bundle.

Blake is uneasy.

BLAKE

You know, I could start to pay you
back...

O'LEARY

Blake, I took a risk and I lost. That's
part of doing business. I'm past that.

While O'Leary puts a coin behind his ball Blake seems to
sigh a breath of relief.

O'LEARY

But let me give you a word of advice with those guys up there at Crimson. No matter what happens, don't lose your integrity.

BLAKE

Come on, O'Leary. You know I have no integrity to lose.

O'LEARY

Sure you do.

Blake taps his ball. It rolls ten feet and drops into the cup.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Blake walks up the stairs to his apartment. The door is open. He enters. The place is clean... and dark... except for the dozens of candles strategically placed throughout.

TAMMY

I'm in here.

Blake walks to his bedroom where Tammy is naked in his bed. She holds up a champagne glass.

TAMMY

Thirsty?

BLAKE

You have to leave.

TAMMY

Leave? I think you need a drink.

Blake peeks through the blinds.

BLAKE

Drink? Yes. You in my bed? No. Where's your car?

TAMMY

Down the street. Do you have a "friend" coming over?

BLAKE

No. Tammy, I'm sorry, this can't happen.

TAMMY

This is not like you, Blake. You've never given up a piece of ass. What is it? Are you afraid of my dad? Junior?

BLAKE
I'm not afraid of anyone.

She holds out the champagne glass.

TAMMY
That's my Blake. Now give me some of
that blizzone.

EXT. AMY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - MORNING

LEON, 5, runs around the backyard alone with a bat and ball, playing baseball with his imaginary friends.

INT. AMY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Amy's mother, SOPHIA, watches Leon from the kitchen. Amy drags herself out of the bedroom.

SOPHIA
What time did you get in?

AMY
Three. We had a late rush.

Amy grabs the pot of coffee. It is empty. She looks at her mother. There is tension between them.

SOPHIA
You can make some more for yourself. I gave him a bath and he went down at eight.

AMY
Thank you.

SOPHIA
I decided to give him a surprise today.

AMY
And what kind of surprise is that?

OUTSIDE...

LEON
BLAKE!

BLAKE
Hey, little buddy!

Blake enters the backyard and gives Leon a big hug.

INSIDE...

AMY
No you didn't!

Amy goes out the kitchen door. Sophia smiles and follows.
OUTSIDE...

BLAKE
I'll pitch!

He throws the ball to Leon, who swings and hits it back to Blake.

AMY
What are you doing here?

BLAKE
Your mom... Hi, Sophia.

Blake gets up and Sophia gives him a big hug and kiss.
Blake pulls a little box out of his pocket.

BLAKE
I brought you some dark chocolate.

Amy rolls her eyes.

SOPHIA
(to Amy)
I wanted to move the couch to the TV room so I called Blake.

LEON
Again!

Blake pitches the ball again. Leon hits it.

BLAKE
Run the bases, Buddy.

AMY
No. No. Mom, please take Leon inside.

SOPHIA
Amy...

AMY
Mom, please take Leon inside its time for his snack!

Sophia realizes she did something wrong. She picks up Leon and takes him inside.

LEON
No. I want to play with Blake.

SOPHIA
Shhh. You can come out and play after your snack.

Once they are inside...

BLAKE
See. I knew your mom still liked me.

AMY
It's me, Blake. I don't want you around here anymore.

BLAKE
Why?

AMY
Why? Okay. A few weeks ago Leon asked me when his father was coming home. And I had to tell him his father moved far away and he's probably never coming back. And do you know what he asked me? Did 'Blake move away?'"

BLAKE
That's so cool. He thinks I'm his daddy.

Amy's eyes well up with tears.

AMY
No, Blake. That's not cool. It is going to be hard enough for Leon when he learns his real father wants nothing to do with him then to... to learn that the man who he cares about the most could never commit to his mother.

BLAKE
That's not fair.

AMY
No, it's not. You can have a couple of minutes with him. Then I want you to leave.

INT. WHY NOT STOP PUB - NIGHT

AMY is filling about twenty shot glasses with a purple concoction.

BLAKE
Whoooo Haaaaaa!

Blake stands on a barstool, barely balancing himself. Twenty other bar patrons cheer him on.

AMY
Get off the barstool before Donny sees you.

BLAKE
Marry me, Amy.

Amy walks away from him.

BLAKE

Okay, then one more round!

Blake jumps down from the bar stool and slaps a stack of cash on the bar.

Willy reaches up and pulls him off the chair.

WILLY

You need to calm down.

BLAKE

Why don't you live a little, old man?

Blake throws back a shooter.

WILLY

You should try saving some of that cash.

BLAKE

Hey, I'm not going to be some old hustler scrounging pennies for my retirement. I got a plan.

Willy looks at him for a moment.

WILLY

What's your big plan, hot shot?

Blake is obviously drunk as he holds up two fingers.

BLAKE

Plan A is to make it through qualifying school in Richmond. If that doesn't work I go to plan B. I save enough cash and go play on the Mini Tour. Either way I'll be on the PGA within two years.

Willy doesn't say anything. He just sips some more beer. Blake relaxes his index finger, leaving his middle finger pointing up.

BLAKE (CONT)

You don't believe me? Get in line. I've got dozens just like you who can't wait to see me fail.

WILLY

Hey kid, I was there. I was on the tour. And I saw better players than you not make it.

BLAKE

You were on the tour?

WILLY

Yeah, and it was a different tour back then. We were good. Today, these guys

are amazing.

BLAKE

So am I.

WILLY

So was I. But I didn't have it up here
(pointing to his head). And that cost
me a good career. I learned too late.

BLAKE

I'm not you.

WILLY

No. You're not.

Willy throws back the rest of his drink and walks out.

Amy pours out more shooters and Shaun reaches for one. His
arm crosses Tina's who is also grabbing a shooter.

SHAUN

Hi.

Tina smiles but quickly turns to Miriam, they share a laugh
at Shaun's expense.

Shaun turns to Blake.

SHAUN

I thought you'd put in a good word for
me?

BLAKE

Oh yeah. Hey, Tina! My friend Shaun
really likes you.

Shaun cannot believe what Blake is doing.

BLAKE (CONT)

Can you go on a date with him?

TINA

No! You're my true love.

Blake shrugs his shoulders at Shaun.

BLAKE

Sorry, dude. I tried.

Blake starts dancing oblivious to Shaun's shame.

BLAKE

Whoooohaaaaa!

Blake disappears into the dancing crowd. Tina and Miriam
follow him and dance with him.

Shaun pushes the shooter away.

AMY

Shaun, are you okay?

SHAUN

Yeah, I'm good.

He gives her a slight smile and walks away and out the door.

MONTAGE OF BLAKE dancing, throwing back shots. Amy watches him with disappointment.

LATER...

...Blake stumbles up to the bar.

COVINGTON

Blake Stevens!

Blake turns to see Covington. He squints at him with one eye.

BLAKE

I know you.

COVINGTON

Chaz Covington, we met a few weeks back at Crimson.

BLAKE

Yeah, you and Willy don't like each other.

Covington smiles. He's sober.

COVINGTON

Willy gets jealous of the best.

BLAKE

That's right. He doesn't like the best. And I'm the best. Woooohaaa!

COVINGTON

Really, you think you're the best. You ever care to wager on that give me a call.

Covington fakes like he's walking away.

BLAKE

What are you thaying? You think you're bwetter than me? I'm the best you'll ever see.

COVINGTON

How much you willing to put on the line to prove it?

BLAKE

Whatever makes you nervous?

ACROSS THE ROOM Amy's watches Blake talk to Covington. She can't hear what they are saying but she sees them shake hands. Then Covington walks out the bar.

She walks over to Blake.

AMY
Who was that?

BLAKE
Some dick!

AMY
What did he want?

Blake looks like he wants to tell her but can't.

BLAKE
Nothing.

AMY
Blake, you need to go home and get some sleep. I'll call you a cab.

Miriam and Tina suddenly appear at the bar.

MIRIAM
It's okay. We'll drop him off.

AMY
I can call him a cab.

But before she can say anything else the three stumble out of the bar.

EXT. WHY NOT STOP PUB - NIGHT

Donny takes out some trash then watches Tina and Miriam hold Blake by the arms as he stumbles to the minivan.

DONNY
Some guys have all the luck.

INT. BLAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Blake falls through the door, landing on the floor. He's laughing at himself.

BLAKE
Watch out for that thing.

As Blake gets off the ground Miriam and Tina walk in.

MIRIAM
I'll make us some drinks.

BLAKE
Not me! I have to play (laughs) for
thirty thousand dollars tomorrow. I
need to get to bed.

Tina steps in front of him.

TINA
I thought you were going to show us a
good time.

Tina pulls off her shirt. Blake stares down at her breasts
busting through her bra.

BLAKE
Us??

Miriam comes up behind him. She unbuttons her blouse.

MIRIAM
Yes. Us.

EXT. EAGLE EYE GOLF COURSE - MORNING

Blake walks through the front door. He looks like shit.
Covington waits with a friend, PIPER, who is built like a
bodyguard. Chipper and O'Leary are also there but they are
confused.

COVINGTON
There he is. I didn't think you'd make
it.

BLAKE
Any time someone wants to give me money
Covington holds up a large stack of cash. He drops it into
the open cigar box.

COVINGTON
Thirty thousand. Let's see it.

BLAKE
I told you I'm good for it.

Blake reaches into a brown paper bag and takes out a large
stack of cash. O'Leary steps up to him.

O'LEARY
Blake, what are you doing?

BLAKE
Yeah, I'm making him suffer.

CHIPPER
Do you know who he is?

BLAKE
Yeah, he's a chump.

CHIPPER

Blake. He's good.

Blake can't believe what he said. He looks at O'Leary, examining him.

BLAKE

You too, O'Leary?

Blake slams the cash into the cigar box. He turns to Covington.

BLAKE

Double or nothing.

COVINGTON

Sixty thousand? You can cover another thirty?

BLAKE

Sure, I'm good for it.

COVINGTON

Let's play.

EXT. 1ST TEE - MOMENTS LATER

Covington slips on his glove as Blake warms up on the tee box.

BLAKE

So, how many strokes do I need to give you?

PIPER

He sure does have balls of steel.

BLAKE

Yes I do.

COVINGTON

Good. Then it's not my round to lose.

Blake smiles.

BLAKE

I'll bet you an extra grand that I can drive it further than you and I'll be on my knees.

Piper and Covington look at each other. Blake smiles with a whole lot of confidence.

COVINGTON

Sure. This I've got to see.

Blake puts his ball on the tee. He drops to his knees.

SSSHHHBANG! Blake's ball goes over the fairway and lands about three-ten away.

Covington places his ball on the tee.

COVINGTON

That's impressive. So all I have to do is hit it further and I'm a grand richer? How about I make it more interesting.

Covington drops to his knees. Blake is taken aback.

KAHBAM! Covington's ball soars like a rocket. It lands and rolls... ten yards past Blake's ball.

COVINGTON

Neat trick, Blake. Now let's see what kind of game you have.

MONTAGE: Blake's game is falling apart.

He hits a shot into the sand...

He hits out of the sand and it zips across the green into another sand trap...

He attempts a flop shot over a large pine tree but the ball catches the tip of the tree and falls to the earth...

He rolls a ball towards the cup. The ball spins in and then out of the cup.

THE 18TH GREEN

A ball rolls into the cup. Covington bends over and picks it up. He smiles and turns to Blake. Blake is in a state of shock.

Piper takes the cigar box out of Chipper's hand.

COVINGTON

There's only thirty thousand in here. You still owe me another thirty one thousand. Next time I see you, I hope you have the cash, or my friend Piper here will do a little tap-dance on your forehead.

Covington and Piper walk towards the parking lot. Chipper walks off towards the clubhouse.

Blake just stands there, frozen.

EXT. NUMBER ONE CHINESE TAKEOUT - DAY

Blake pulls up in the mini-van. He slowly gets out. Mr. Lue rushes out of the restaurant.

MR. LUE

Mr. Blake! I need your rent money.

BLAKE

I'm sorry, Mr. Lue but can I give it to you tomorrow?

Mr. Lue looks at him.

MR. LUE

Okay. Tomorrow. But no money, I lock you out!

INT. WHY NOT STOP - DAY

Amy puts a beer in front of Blake. She's holding her emotions back.

AMY

Did you get home okay last night?

Blake is distant.

BLAKE

Yeah. I got home fine.

Shaun enters the bar and joins Blake. Shaun is still mad about last night.

Amy grabs a beer for Shaun but before she can open it...

SHAUN

No thanks. I'll just have some coffee.

Amy walks off. When she's out of sight.

SHAUN

What happened?

BLAKE

I'm down thirty one thousand.

SHAUN

How?

BLAKE

I don't want to talk about it.

SHAUN

I don't have that type of money.

BLAKE

What about your condo. You can get a loan.

Shaun pulls out a wad of bills and throws them on the bar.

SHAUN

I can give you a thousand. That's it.

BLAKE

I promise I'll pay you back. I'm playing at Westin Country Club

tomorrow. Another Calcutta. Come on.
Have a beer with me.

DONNY
There he is. The big stud!

Donny walks out of the back room.

DONNY
So how did it go last night?

SHAUN
What happened last night?

DONNY
Long-dong here left with Miriam and
Tina. And the way I saw it, they were
half in his pants before they got into
the van.

BLAKE
Nothing happened.

Blake quickly grabs his beer and sucks it back. Shaun
watches him closely, reading him.

SHAUN
You're lying.

BLAKE
Dude, nothing happened.

Shaun grabs THE CASH off the bar. He steps back from Blake.

BLAKE
Shaun, it was a threesome. You don't
turn down a threesome.

Shaun turns and walks towards the door.

BLAKE
You're mad at me? Hey, Shaun. She
wasn't even your girl!

Shaun stops at the door.

SHAUN
It's not that she wasn't my girl...
You're supposed to be my boy-ee.

And with that Shaun leaves. Blake turns to the bar where
Amy stands with a cup of coffee.

BLAKE
Amy...

She puts down the coffee and walks out the back.

BLAKE
Amy, wait.

It's too late. Blake puts his hand to his forehead. He fucked up again.

DONNY
Hey, you're my hero... but you're paying
for that beer.

INT. WESTIN COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Blake enters the big room filled with betters and players. It's another Calcutta and he seems nervous. He sees Willy across the room and approaches him.

WILLY
Are you ready for this?

BLAKE
Ready? I need this.

WILLY
I heard... thirty grand to Covington.

BLAKE
I don't need a lecture. I just need a
payday.

Blake looks around the room and sees Marshall schmoozing with three men, TIM AND TOM SCRANTON, two young players and a rich looking older man, PAT CRAWLEY.

BLAKE
There's Marshall. Let's go bust his
nuts.

Blake starts walking towards Marshall but Willy grabs him by the arm.

WILLY
No!

BLAKE
What's up with you?

WILLY
He's doing business. That's Tim and Tom
Scranton. They've been club champs for
the last four years. They don't play
too many Calcuttas but when they do,
they usually win. The other guy is Pat
Crawley of Crawley Realtors.

BLAKE
We can take them.

WILLY
Sure, kid.

INT. WESTIN COUNTRY CLUB BATHROOM - NIGHT

Willy walks into the bathroom to take a piss. As soon as he steps up to a urinal, Marshall enter and checks each stall to be sure they are empty. He stands at the urinal next to Willy.

MARSHALL

It's business.

WILLY

That's what you always say.

MARSHALL

I got a little land development thing going with Pat Crawley. I told Crawley to put all his money on those two twits so they must win.

Willy did not want to hear this.

EXT. WESTIN COUNTRY CLUB - MORNING

1st TEE

Blake looks down the fairway. He squints. He examines. He analyzes. He goes to his bag and pulls out the driver. He swings it twice and stops. He goes back to his bag and shoves it back in. He pulls out his 3-iron.

WILLY

Is there a problem?

BLAKE

It's a narrow par five. Three-iron off the tee would leave me two nice shots to the green. Once I'm there I can nail that within five feet.

WILLY

Are you kidding me! You can reach it in two and putt for eagle.

BLAKE

I'm playing the gentleman's game. Going for par. Birdie is a bonus.

Tim and Tom Scranton watch as Blake steps up to the green and hits his 3-iron smoothly down the center.

1st FAIRWAY

Tim hits a beautiful 3-wood over a pond onto the green. The ball rolls to within ten feet of the pin. Willy and Blake stand next to their balls.

WILLY
Wow! What a shot. Are you going to let
him get away with that?

BLAKE
Sure.

Blake pulls out his 7-iron.

WILLY
What are you doing?

BLAKE
Laying up.

WILLY
Are you crazy?

BLAKE
If I lay up I still got a chip and a
putt for birdie.

WILLY
He's on the green. Putting for eagle.

BLAKE
He's got a ten-footer. He'll miss. We
both walk away with birdie.

Blake hits his shot and it lands just before the pond.

1st GREEN

Tim putts it past the hole. He walks up to his ball and
taps it in for birdie. As he walks away Blake lines up his
five-footer and nails it. Birdie.

Willy and Blake get in their cart. Blake marks down the
scorecard.

BLAKE
You see, I've come up with our
strategy. We play it safe on all the
holes except the ones I've circled.
Those are the ones we can go for it.

WILLY
You've only circled three.

BLAKE
Right. I think a sixty-nine is good
enough to win. But if we knock in an
extra birdie here or there, it will be
icing on the cake.

WILLY
But what if you shoot bogies?

BLAKE
That won't happen.

Blake steps out of the cart.

Hole #5

Three quick shots of Blake hitting off the tee, from the fairway and chipping onto the green. He taps the ball in the hole.

TOM

Nice par.

BLAKE

You too.

8TH TEE BOX

Tom blasts a drive off the tee and nailing a 7-iron from the fairway and landing five feet to the pin.

8TH GREEN

Tom taps the ball in for birdie.

BLAKE

Nice Bird.

TOM

Thanks. Hey, nice birdie yourself.

9th GREEN

Blake has got a thirty-foot putt, uphill with a slight bend to the left.

TIM

Looks like you're away, buddy.

Blake breathes out - he putts. There's no doubt from the moment it leaves the clubface, it's going in. And it does, birdie.

After it drops in Blake looks at Willy.

BLAKE

All you need to do is sneak one in.

10th TEE BOX

Willy adds up the scorecard.

Marshall and Pat Crawley pull up in a golf cart.

CRAWLEY

How my boys doing?

Tim and Tom look uncomfortable.

TIM

Back nine should be a couple strokes better than the front.

MARSHALL
How many strokes?

TOM
Hopefully three.

MARSHALL
(looks at Willy)
Three strokes. Shouldn't be too hard.

Marshall drives off.

Willy looks down at the scorecard. He reaches for his driver and walks up to the box.

We're close on his hands as he adjusts his grip. He looks down the fairway and spots a tree out of bounds on the right.

Willy smacks the ball. It rises high and slices to the right sheering past the tree.

10TH FAIRWAY

Deep in the thick Willy's voice echoes out.

WILLY
Found it!

Thwack! Thwack!

WILLY
Shit!

11TH TEE BOX

Blake is shell-shocked.

WILLY
Wow. The last time I shot a nine was when I was thirteen years old.

BLAKE
No big deal. We just dig in deep and keep our heads on straight.

12TH TEE BOX

SPLASH!

Willy's shot plops into the pond.

WILLY
I need to work on turning my wrists.

The color disappears from Blake's face

BLAKE
Okay. Okay. How about we put the driver away and stick with the irons off the tee.

12th GREEN

Tim drops in a two-footer for birdie.

Blake is now holding his head in his hands. He sees the lead slipping.

13th TEE BOX

Willy reads the scorecard. He goes to his bag and puts his hand on an iron. He stops. Instead he reaches for his driver.

Blake watches him.

BLAKE
Short par four. How come you're not playing an iron?

WILLY
I figured I'd go for it. We need to catch up.

Blake looks him over. He's on to him.

BLAKE
Why don't you play it safe and I'll get the birdies. So that way I won't accuse you of throwing the match.

WILLY
Are you saying I'm taking a dive?

BLAKE
Prove to me you're not.

They stare at each other for a moment.

WILLY
You want pars? I'll give you pars.

Willy puts away the driver and grabs his 3-iron. He places his ball on the tee and bangs it down the middle.

BLAKE
Much better.

THWACK! Blake rips a three hundred and twenty yard shot.

14th GREEN

Blake rolls the ball from thirty feet away. It approaches the cup and drops in.

16th TEE

Willy nails an easy drive down the middle. He rolls his lips. Marshall, Crawley and a few others have come to watch.

16th GREEN

Tom chips a ball in from the fringe. Tim gives him a high five.

Willy drops in a short putt for par.

17TH TEE

Blake crushes an iron onto the par three island-green. It rolls and stops two feet from the pin.

Tim hits his ball. It's not high enough. It hits the green and keeps rolling and drops off the back. Tim slams his club into the ground.

Blake sees Willy take another look at the scorecard.

BLAKE

He just saved us a shot. You've got room for a bogey.

The insult hits deep.

Willy steps up to his ball and smacks it. It's a high floater that lands about fifteen feet from the pin. It will be good enough for par.

And it is. Willy drops his second shot in.

18TH HOLE.

Tim and Tom hit their drives.

Blake steps up on the box and places his ball on the tee. He gets into his power position. He looks down the fairway and spots Marshall and Crawley amongst the large gallery. Blake doesn't swing. He walks back to Willy.

BLAKE

Do I need to crush this for eagle or should I play safe?

WILLY

You need to crush it because I am throwing the match.

Blake looks at him. He's pissed.

BLAKE

No! I play one way and that's fair and square.

WILLY

Welcome to the real world kid.

Blake, fuming steps up to the ball. His hands nearly strangle the club. He pulls it back and swings with the ferocity of a Titan. The ball explodes off the tee. It rips over the fairway but it bleeds right, strong right. It's a slice and disappears into the trees.

Willy walks past Blake and places his ball down on the tee.

He swings slowly and hits his ball down the center of the fairway.

DEEP IN THE WOODS

Blake stands over his ball but he can barely see the fairway. He lines up the ball and swings hard with his iron. The ball flies straight for thirty feet but hits an oak tree and reflects back somewhere into the woods.

He smashes his iron against a tree breaking the steel shaft in half.

Willy's POV as the ball finally pops out of the woods and rolls across the fairway. It continues across the fairway into the next rough and up against a bush.

Willy hits his own ball onto the green.

Blake chips his ball over the green into a trap. He then hits it out of the trap but it only lands on the fringe.

Blake finally drops in a one-inch putt.

He turns to see Tim and Tom walking towards him with their outstretched hands.

BLAKE

Shove it.

He storms past them and goes towards his bag.

TOM

Hey Willy, you should teach your protégé some manners.

Blake nearly rips his bag to pieces as he tears it from the golf cart. He storms off to the parking lot. Marshall pulls up with Crawley.

CRAWLEY

Marshall, you didn't sell me short.

MARSHALL

Gentleman, that was a fine match.

Willy runs after Blake.

WILLY

Blake. Wait.

IN THE PARKING LOT Willy finally catches up with Blake as he shoves his bag into his minivan.

WILLY

Blake...

BLAKE

Get away from me.

WILLY

Listen, kid. I have a lot to explain.

Blake turns to him.

BLAKE

My life may be what it is but I play fair and square so I don't need some washed up has-been taking the only thing I have left away from.

WILLY

And what's that?

BLAKE

The game. Don't take the game away from me.

Blake jumps into his minivan.

WILLY

Hey, kid. Take one last look at me. This is your future.

He turns over the engine and roars out of the parking lot.

Willy watches Blake drive off. Willy drops his head.

INT. BLAKE'S MINIVAN - NIGHT

Blake looks like he's been driving for hours. He's tired and sucks back a large cup of coffee.

INT. BLAKE'S MINIVAN - MORNING

A wind-up alarm clock RINGS! Blake awakes under a pile of blankets in his minivan. He gets up and opens the door.

He's in a parking lot of a golf course. A sign reads "Welcome to Q School". Dozens of golfers walk towards the clubhouse. Blake pulls on his golf shoes.

EXT. RICHMOND COUNTRY CLUB 1ST TEE - MORNING

Blake reads the scorecard. He looks down the fairway. He's with his three PLAYERS, one of them, FRANK, a good ol boy, warms up on the tee box.

FRANK

Long par four. Time for the big dog, don't ya think?

Blake pulls out a club.

BLAKE

Downhill? I think I'll go with an easy

three-wood and give myself a mid-iron
for my second shot.

FRANK clucks like a chicken.

FRANK
To each his own, buddy.

EXT. RICHMOND COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Blake reads his scorecard as he walks back to his mini-van.

TAMMY
How'd you shoot?

He looks up, shocked to see Tammy.

BLAKE
Uh? Sixty-eight. What are you doing
here?

TAMMY
Junior is on a business trip again. He
brought his secretary with him. So I'm
playing the bored housewife.

She twirls around a key in her hand.

TAMMY (CONT)
I got us a room at the Brimwall.

BLAKE
No. I'm staying here.

She looks at the mini-van.

TAMMY
Honey, I'm here for you. I would never
get in the way of your dream. I say we
go back to the room, you can have a
long hot bath, we can go out for a nice
steak and then I can tuck you in for a
good night's sleep. Or... you can sleep
here.

Blake looks at the van.

INT. BRIMWALL HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Blake and Tammy enter the fancy the restaurant, dressed
very nicely, arm in arm.

FRANK
Hey Blake!

It's Frank, one of his playing partners, he is dressed like
a cowboy and he has his COWGIRL on his arm.

FRANK
Me and some of the boys have a table in
the bar. Why don't you join us!

BLAKE
Um?

TAMMY
That would be great! We'd love to.

EXT. BRIMWALL HOTEL SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

FRANK
YA-HOOOOOOO!

SPLASH! Frank cannonballs naked off the diving board.
Blake, Tammy, other players and girls are drunk and
laughing.

Frank's head pops up.

FRANK
Come on, Blake. Top that!

Blake strips down. The others chant.

ALL
Blake! Blake! Blake!

INT. BRIMWALL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

TAMMY
Blake! Oh, Blake! Blake!

Tammy is naked on top of Blake.

DISOLVE TO Tammy asleep in the bed. Blake fumbles with the
alarm clock. It reads 3:15. He presses the wakeup time and
clicks the numbers until they reach 6:00. He sets the alarm
mode. He puts the clock down. He is drunk and exhausted. He
falls back and just as his head hits the pillow he snores.

DISOLVE TO the clock reads 5:59. It clicks over to 6:00 and
the alarm starts beeping. Tammy reaches up and
instinctively turns it off. The camera pans over to Blake
who has not stirred from his deep sleep.

DISOLVE TO the sunbeam breaks through the curtain and
lights Blake's face. His eyes blink open and through a haze
he sees the clock turn from 7:59 to 8:00. He bolts
upright.

BLAKE
Aaaaaaaagggggggggghhhhhhhhhhh!!!!

EXT. RICHMOND COUNTRY CLUB - MORNING

Blake runs through the parking lot, under trees, past spectators. He's a mess. He has his shoes and socks in one hand and struggles to keep his golf bag over his right shoulder.

He finally jumps over the yellow tape at the first tee. He comes face to face with the STARTER. The Golfer on the tee box stops in mid swing.

STARTER.

Can I help you?

BLAKE

(out of breath)

I made it.

STARTER

You must be Blake Stevens?

BLAKE

Yes. I am.

STARTER

Your group is already on the green.
You've been disqualified.

Blake spins his head to see Frank and two golfers putting on the green. Frank turns and looks at him with the "what happened to you" look.

STARTER

Better luck next year.

Blake sulks away as the gallery and golfers whisper.

EXT. RICHMOND COUNTRY CLUB - MORNING

Blake places his clubs in the back of the minivan. When he closes the door he sees Tammy is there.

TAMMY

I'm sorry.

Blake pulls out his keys and walks to the driver's side door. She gets in his way.

TAMMY (CONT)

Don't do this to me.

BLAKE

I can't see you anymore.

TAMMY

Blake, don't be a baby, it's just a friggin golf game.

BLAKE

No. it's not just a golf game. It's my life.

TAMMY

Blake, I didn't ruin your life. You did.

Tammy walks away.

EXT. NUMBER ONE CHINESE TAKEOUT - DAY

Blake pulls up in the mini-van. He drags himself out and goes to the apartment entrance. He puts in the key but it does not open. He tries again. It is locked.

INT. NUMBER ONE CHINESE TAKEOUT - CONTINUOUS

Blake walks up to the counter. Mrs. Lue walks out. She looks sad.

MRS. LUE

Blake, you are late on your rent again. Mr. Lue locked the door. He say no more. He will turn the apartment into offices for dentist. I cannot help you.

She drops her head and disappears into the back.

Blake walks out.

INT. BLAKE'S MINIVAN/EAGLE EYE PARKING LOT - MORNING

Bang! Bang! Bang! Blake wakes up under a pile of blankets. He opens the door to Henderson.

HENDERSON

You can't live in the parking lot.

BLAKE

I have a tee time at seven.

HENDERSON

I checked with Chipper. You haven't moved in three days. How bad is it?

Blake looks at his living conditions.

BLAKE

Can you help me out?

EXT. CLUBHOUSE DECK - CRIMSON COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Marshall and Joe enjoy a round of cocktails in the midday sun. Junior looks tense and pissed. He sucks back his beer

like he's ready to kill someone.

Willy approaches.

WILLY
You wanted to see me?

MARSHALL
Where's Blake?

WILLY
He's done.

MARSHALL
No, he's not. We have a Calcutta this Saturday so you get that son-of-a-bitch to play.

WILLY
Marshall, let it go. I'll find another player.

MARSHALL
I need Blake there.
(to Junior)
Junior, go find Blake and make sure he's playing tomorrow. And don't hurt him too much.

INT. WHY NOT STOP PUB - DAY

Amy pours Shaun a cup of coffee. The door opens and Junior walks in. He sees them and approaches.

JUNIOR
Do you know where I can find Blake Stevens?

AMY
Who are you?

JUNIOR
I'm a friend.

SHAUN
(interjecting)
Then the answer is "no".

Junior looks around the bar. He spots Donny sitting a nearby table doing payroll. Junior goes and sits down with him.

Shaun and Amy cannot hear the conversation.

SHAUN
Do you know who that is?

AMY

No.

SHAUN

He's Junior Usher, Tammy's husband.

Junior gets up and leaves the bar. Donny gets up from the table and walks behind the bar and pours himself a cola.

DONNY

I think that guy is going to kill Blake.

AMY

Good thing we don't know where he is.

DONNY

What are talking about, he's living out of his van at Eagle Eye.

Amy and Shaun look at each other.

SHAUN

You can't say he doesn't deserve it.

AMY

No, I can't... How bad do you think it'll be.

SHAUN

Junior's a big guy. If he lives... maybe a couple of broken bones.

They sip their coffee.

AMY

If it was us, what would Blake do?

SHAUN

He'd have our backs.

They look at each other...

THEN RUN OUT OF THE BAR.

EXT. EAGLE EYE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Blake watches Tommy (the old ladies grandson) attempt to hit golf balls on the range.

BLAKE

You need to bend your knees...

TOMMY

I'M DOING IT!

Blake steps back and rolls his eyes.

About a hundred yards away O'Leary walks off the eighteenth green and he sees Blake standing behind Tommy. Tommy throws

his club out onto the driving range. O'Leary laughs to himself and continues walking towards the parking lot.

EXT. EAGLE EYE G.C. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Junior gets out of his cars and storms towards the clubhouse like he's on a mission.

O'Leary opens the trunk of his car and sees Junior. O'Leary senses something is wrong and follows.

Amy and Shaun have also pulled into the parking lot and jumped out of their car. They too follow.

EXT. EAGLE EYE G.C. DRIVING RANGE - CONTINUOUS

Blake looks up. POW! A fist lands in his face, knocking him ten feet back on his ass. It's Junior.

TOMMY

Yeah! Kick his ass!

Junior kicks him several times in the ribs.

JUNIOR

Marshall sent me over. He wants me to make sure you show up tomorrow.

BLAKE

I'm not playing.

JUNIOR

You're not?

Junior grabs Blake and lifts him off the ground. POW! POW! POW! He punches him in the face.

O'LEARY

JUNIOR!

Junior turns to see O'Leary, Amy, Shaun, Chipper and Henderson standing behind him.

O'LEARY

That's enough!

He drops Blake to the ground.

JUNIOR

Make sure you show up.

INT. EAGLE EYE CLUBHOUSE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Blake places a bag of ice against his nose to stop the bleeding.

HENDERSON

Not like we didn't see that coming.

AMY

Have some compassion.

HENDERSON

He has no one to blame but himself.

AMY

You sure know how to kick someone when they're down?

BLAKE

I'm not down. I'm right where I'm supposed to be.

CHIPPER

What the hell does that mean?

BLAKE

It means what it means. Henderson was right. I was never supposed to make it through Q School. I was never supposed to make it on the mini tour where I wasted my sponsor's money. It means I blew my chance with the best girl the world. And it means I finally pushed my best friend past his breaking point.

Blake places the bag against his face.

BLAKE (CONT)

It means what it means. I was always meant to be a failure and a failure is what I am.

O'Leary holds up an imaginary violin and plays it.

O'LEARY

Boo hoo hoo hoo. Don't give us any of your woe is me crap. A failure is someone who doesn't get up when they are knocked down. You're not a failure, Blake. You're a fighter. I have no doubt you are going to get up and take another chance at being a pro... but what you need to do is make sure your next shot really counts.

They look at O'Leary, kind of lost.

BLAKE

And how do I do that?

O'LEARY

You have to hit your opponent where it hurts.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

You must have had a lot of faith in
Blake to back him a second time?

O'LEARY

Trust me, I'm an awful businessman.

INT. CRIMSON COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Blake walks into the room bustling with golfers and
betters. Covington approaches him.

COVINGTON

Do you have my thirty-one?

Blake reaches into his vest pocket and pulls out an
envelope. He hand it to him.

COVINGTON

Who did you kill for this?

O'Leary steps in behind him.

COVINGTON

O'Leary.

OVER AT THE BAR Willy sucks back a cocktail. He sees Blake
with O'Leary approach and nearly spits out his drink.

WILLY

You've got to be kidding me.

O'LEARY

Hello, Willy.

WILLY

How did they convince you to come back?

O'LEARY

I found a golfer who can... and who will
win.

MARSHALL

The only problem is your money is not
welcome here.

Marshall walked up behind them.

O'LEARY

As a member of this club I believe my
money is as green as yours.

Marshall looks him over. He looks at Blake.

MARSHALL

How's the ribs, Blake.

BLAKE

They're fine.

Marshall pats him hard on the back. Blake winces.

MARSHALL

O'Leary, I hope you brought the deed to that supermarket of yours because the bidding starts at ten thousand. Good luck, gentlemen.

Marshall walks off.

WILLY

You know we're not supposed to win this.

BLAKE

Willy. Take a look at him.

They see approach Junior, Covington and Bernard Freeman.

BLAKE (CONT)

This may be your last chance too. Wouldn't it be nice to walk out of here a winner?

Marshall, Freeman, Covington and Junior lift their glasses to Willy, Blake and O'Leary.

WILLY

Whatever you want me to do, Blake. I got your back.

They lift their glasses and smile back.

LATER

Marshall takes the dais.

MARSHALL

The first team up tonight will be Willy Strata and Blake Stevens. And we take our first bid at ten thousand? Do I have ten thousand? Ten? Ten? Ten?

O'Leary raises his hand.

MARSHALL (CONT)

I got ten thousand! Do I have eleven?

Freeman raises his hand. Freeman gives O'Leary a big wicked smile.

MARSHALL (CONT)

Do I have thirteen?

O'LEARY

(low)

He's playing me.

WILLY
Do you have that type of money?

MARSHALL
Do I have thirteen?

O'Leary quickly raises his hand.

MARSHALL
Thirteen! Do I a have fourteen?

Freeman raises his hand.

DISOLVE TO:

FREEMAN
Thirty-nine thousand!

The crowd amazed. Marshall smiles.

MARSHALL
Do I have forty? Forty?

BLAKE
O'Leary, forget about it.

O'Leary raises his hand.

MARSHALL
Forty thousand! Do I have forty-one?
Forty-one?

Freeman smiles and shakes his head "no".

MARSHALL
Forty thousand for O'Leary. As you
know, we prefer cash.

INT. SOPHIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Leon runs through the living room with his TYRANNOSAURUS
REX.

LEON
The t-rex is chasing the stegosaurus!

Blake, the giant stegosaurus, wobbles through kitchen,
holding his ribs in pain.

BLAKE
Arrrrrrrrrr.

Amy throws some pillows and blankets on the couch then
grabs Leon.

AMY
Time for bed.

LEON AND BLAKE
Mom!

SOPHIA
I'll put him down.

BLAKE
Good night, buddy.

Sophia winks at Blake as she walks Leon to his room.

SOPHIA
Don't stay up too late.

AMY
He won't.

When Sophia and Leon are gone...

BLAKE
I'm sorry.

AMY
What are you sorry for?

BLAKE
Everything.

AMY
Don't be. I can only blame myself. You are who you are and I have to accept that. I spent the last thirteen years believing we were the right for each other. It really just took me this long to realize we're not.

BLAKE
Give me one more chance?

AMY
Blake, no.

BLAKE
What if I win tomorrow?

AMY
You don't get it. I don't care if you win tomorrow. So what if you do? In two days you'll be the same person and I don't want to be hurt anymore.

He looks down.

BLAKE
How can I stop it?

She sits next to him.

AMY
You know that thing, what do you guys call it, the blimzone?

BLAKE
The Blizzzone.

AMY
Yeah, I hate that word... but you need to take that same focus you have on the golf course and apply it to the rest of your life.

BLAKE
You don't like the blizzzone?

AMY
No. It makes my skin crawl.

He thinks. She gets up and walks to the door.

AMY (CONT)
Good night, Blake.

She turns off the light and leaves. He's still thinking.

EXT. CRIMSON COUNTRY CLUB PARKING LOT - MORNING

Blake's minivan rumbles to a stop. It seems to be on its last breath of gas fumes. Blake, who's still in pain, opens his door and gets out. So do Amy and Shaun.

EXT. CRIMSON COUNTRY CLUB DRIVING RANGE - MORNING

Dozens of golfers hit balls in a row. Willy is at the far end carefully hitting range balls while O'Leary watches him. Blake arrives with his bag over his shoulder. He places it down, still in pain.

O'LEARY
Are you okay?

BLAKE
I've never been better.

EXT. CRIMSON COUNTRY CLUB PATIO - MORNING

Marshall stands on the patio while dozens of golf carts face him. Covington and Junior bump into the back of Willy and Blake's cart.

JUNIOR
Oops.

Marshall grabs the microphone.

MARSHALL
Gentlemen, this is the biggest purse we've ever had so all I can say is good luck and remember, keep it in the short

stuff.

INT. CRIMSON COUNTRY CLUB BATHROOM - MORNING

O'Leary walks in and sees Bernard Freeman peeing. He steps into the stall next to him.

O'LEARY

Mr. Freeman. That was very nice of you to force me to raise my bid.

Freeman laughs.

FREEMAN

Marshall told me you are loaded with cash but you're a bit of a miser. I was just trying to share your wealth.

Freeman washes his hands and walks out.

EXT. CRIMSON COUNTRY CLUB - MORNING

1ST TEE

Blake grabs his driver and steps up to the tee box.

Junior swings his club as if he's loosening up. Blake dips his head at the last moment as the clubhead careens by him.

JUNIOR

Watch yourself, Blake. You could get hurt.

KA BAMB! The shotgun blast goes off.

BLAKE

I believe you've got the honors.

JUNIOR

Yes we do.

Covington places his ball on the tee and lets one rip. It's a screamer down the fairway.

COVINGTON

(laughs)

Are you going to get on your knees for me?

Blake steps up and places his ball on the tee. He pulls back the club and winces in pain. He swings hard and hits the ball, but it's a slice and the ball disappears into the brush.

JUNIOR

That'll play.

BLAKE
(under his breath)
Son of a...

1st GREEN

Blake taps the ball into the cup.

JUNIOR
A bogie to start the round. Looks like
you girls are down a stroke.

Willy slides up to Blake.

WILLY
You need to calm down. It's a marathon
not a sprint.

2ND GREEN

Blake drops in another short putt and again the pain runs
through his veins.

JUNIOR
Two bogies? You really have us shaking
in our boots.

Blake and Willy get to the cart.

WILLY
Don't let him win the mental game. You
own the mental game. I want you to
repeat after me... Par.

BLAKE
What?

WILLY
Say it. Par. Par. Par.

BLAKE
Par. Par. Par.

WILLY
For the next few holes those are the
only words you should hear in your
head. Fairway, green, par. Par. Par.
Par.

BLAKE
Okay. Par. Par. Par.

3RD 4TH AND 5TH GREEN

Blake nails par putts, one from twenty feet, the next from
ten and the last from two feet.

6th TEE BOX

Willy and Blake pull up in the cart.

WILLY

Par three, one sixty, pins up, winds at our back. Use your seven iron.

BLAKE

I'm thinking eight.

WILLY

No. It's an easy seven iron.

BLAKE

Are you crazy? I can crush an eight.

Blake looks at him. He knows he's right.

SMACK. The 7-iron is smooth and straight. The ball lands a few feet from the pin. Blake looks sheepishly at Willy.

COVINGTON

Lucky shot.

THWACK. Covington smiles as his ball flies the same path it lands a few inches closer.

ON THE GREEN Blake misses his putt. Covington's goes in.

IN THE CART..

BLAKE

Damn. Every time we hit a par, he hits a birdie.

WILLY

Hang tough. We still have a lot of golf to play.

9TH FAIRWAY

Blake hits a shot about five feet from the pin. He walks back to his cart, puts away his iron and pulls out his putter.

WILLY

Nice shot.

BLAKE

Thanks. Funny, I think I have a pebble stuck in my shoe.

Junior steps up on the tee box. He hits his ball short right.

When Junior turns he sees Blake taking off his shoe to shake out his shoe and his putter leaning against the curb.

Junior walks towards Blake...

JUNIOR

Fat shot! I can't believe I did that. I need to control my lower body.

...and SNAP, steps on the putter.

JUNIOR (CONT)

What the?

Blake jumps up. Junior picks up the broken putter.

JUNIOR (CONT)

Is this yours? You shouldn't leave these lying around someone could trip over it.

He hands the broken club to Blake.

COVINGTON

What sucks is the golf rules say you can't borrow a club.

Junior jumps into the cart with Covington and they laugh as they ride off to the green.

WILLY

Don't let it get to you. Putting is mental.

ON THE 9TH GREEN

Blake lines his ball up with the hole.

JUNIOR

What are you using there?

COVINGTON

Looks like a three wood.

It sure is. Blake putts his ball with his 3-wood. It rolls towards the hole and stops short.

JUNIOR

Nice putt, Mary. Does your husband play?

Blake knocks in his short putt for par and stares at Junior.

JUNIOR

Are you looking for another smackdown.

BLAKE

How can a big man like you not keep your wife satisfied? I didn't seem to have a problem.

Junior drops his club and goes for Blake. Covington jumps in front of him.

COVINGTON

Junior! No! We'll be disqualified.

Junior nearly crushes Covington before he finally comes to his senses.

JUNIOR
After the round your ass is mine.

WILLY
Shut up and putt Junior.

Junior makes his putt and points at Blake.

JUNIOR
After the round.

AT THE TURN

The four men drive their carts up to the clubhouse. A large group of men, including Marshall, Freeman and Joe are waiting.

COVINGTON
Thirty-three.

MARSHALL
Good. you're leading Roy by three strokes.

O'Leary and Shaun walk up to Blake and Willy. Marshall is within earshot.

BLAKE
Thirty-eight.

MARSHALL
Thirty-eight? You two might as well call it a day. Go have a cold one at the bar.

Marshall laughs and walks off.

BLAKE
Sorry, guys. I know I'm letting you down.

Willy tries to stay positive.

WILLY
There's still a lot of golf to play.

O'LEARY
Yeah. You can still fight back.

Blake sees Amy watching him.

BLAKE
Give me a minute.

Blake walks over to her.

AMY
It's not going the way you wanted?

BLAKE
No. It's not.

She takes hold of his hand.

AMY
We all know you can do it.

BLAKE
I'm trying.

AMY
Okay, I swear I'll never use the word
again but... you need to get into the
damn blizzzone.

They both laugh.

BLAKE
Just one kiss?

AMY
And you'll leave me alone forever?

BLAKE
I will.

She kisses him. They embrace and kiss longer.
When they are done...

AMY
Now go get them.

Blake walks back to the guys.

BLAKE
Okay, we're five strokes behind. We
have forty grand riding on this match,
I don't have a putter and I probably
have internal bleeding... So let's kick
some ass.

EXT. 10TH HOLE - DAY

Blake and Willy pull up while Covington and Junior are
getting ready to tee off.

COVINGTON
Hey, we didn't think you were up for
the back nine.

JUNIOR
You are a glutton for punishment.

BLAKE
I have you guys right where I want you.
Covington laughs as he places the ball on the tee.

COVINGTON
Yeah, Yeah. Sure thing, hotshot. The

money is ours.

Covington hits his ball down the fairway.

Blake steps up and puts his ball on the tee. He steps back and closes his eyes. He's in the zone. He steps forward to the ball like a gladiator going for the kill.

He pulls back his club and smashes the ball down the center of the fairway. His ball bounces and rolls right past Covington's ball.

WILLY

Game on.

MONTAGE:

Blake is on fire. He hits his 8-iron to within feet of the pin...

He putts in a birdie with his 3-wood...

Covington flinches as Blake blasts another drive down the fairway...

Blake chips in a twenty-footer from the fringe. He gives Willy a high five.

Marshall and Freeman pull up in a cart. Marshall looks over his shoulder to see O'Leary, Amy and Shaun gather with several other onlookers.

17TH GREEN...

Blake rolls in another putt for birdie.

18TH TEE.

Willy counts up the score. A crowd has grown even bigger and they gathered around the tee box.

WILLY

Sixty-two?

JUNIOR

Sixty-two.

Marshall steps up. O'Leary follows to listen.

MARSHALL

Sixty-two? You tied for the lead. What happened?

O'LEARY

He's good. That's what happened.

Willy slides up to Blake.

WILLY

We need a birdie. It's up to you.

BLAKE

It's a beautiful day, O'Leary and the best part of is... it's not up to me. Is it Covington?

Covington takes out his driver. Marshall gets up next to him.

MARSHALL

You need to crush him.

Covington looks as if he's had enough.

COVINGTON

Back off, Marshall!

Covington hits his ball. It lands in the middle of the fairway.

Marshall walks up behind Blake and...

MARSHALL

Good luck, Blake.

...smacks him hard on the ribs. Blake winces in pain. He can barely breath as he walks up to the tee box.

COVINGTON

Try not to slice it, cowboy.

Blake takes another practice swing. He's in pain. He steps up to the ball and strikes it. The ball starts straight but fades hard right. It disappears into trees.

The crowd OOOOHHS.

18th FAIRWAY

Blake and Willy pull up in their cart. They see Blake's ball deep in the woods.

BLAKE

There it is.

WILLY

The safe shot is to hit it into the fairway and set up your third shot.

They look as Covington hits his ball. It lands on the green and rolls ten feet past the cup.

WILLY

But I think this is where you work your magic. Give it all you got kid.

Blake walks into the woods and Willy drives off to his own ball.

Blake looks down at his ball. It sits next to a bush, which is blocking his view of the fairway. He looks around for his shot options.

MARSHALL

Give up?

Marshall has snuck up behind him.

BLAKE

I don't understand those two words.

Blake can see a tiny break between several trees.

BLAKE (CONT)

I can see the front of the green from here.

Marshall looks at the opening. He's getting anxious.

MARSHALL

That's a tough shot.

MEANWHILE Willy hits his shot short of the green.

BACK TO...

MARSHALL

I'll give you ten thousand to miss this.

BLAKE

What?

MARSHALL

Ten thousand. Just take a bow.

Blake looks him over. He looks down at his impossible shot.

OUT ON FAIRWAY O'Leary sides up to Freeman.

FREEMAN

O'Leary. Looks like you found yourself a winner in that young man.

O'LEARY

Yeah... what do you think Marshall is saying to him right now? Isn't it a bit unethical to talk to a player during a round?

The expression of Freeman's face changes as he watches...

BACK IN THE WOODS...

BLAKE

You're afraid I can actually win this?

MARSHALL

No. But ten thousand would be my insurance.

Blake looks out to the flag waving through a myriad of trees.

BLAKE

I'm going to take my three iron and play it back in my stance. When I hit the ball it will only sail a few feet off the ground but it will be a screamer. It'll go between those trees and land about twenty feet in front of the green. It will roll up the green, ride the ridge and give me a nice lie for a birdie putt.

MARSHALL

Fifteen thousand.

Blake doesn't answer him. He gets into his stance.

MARSHALL

Twenty thousand.

Blake's eyes are focused only on the ball. He takes the clubhead back slowly and SMASHES down on the ball.

It does exactly what he said... It screams between the four trees while hooking to the right... it lands on the fairway... and rolls onto the green next to Covington's ball.

Covington and Junior can barely believe the shot.

JUNIOR

Wow. You need to hole this putt.

COVINGTON

Don't you think I know that?

BACK TO:

BLAKE

This isn't about the money, Marshall. Remember, it's about winning and watching the other guy suffer.

Blake walks out of the woods and the crowd starts CLAPPING.

Marshall quickly walks up behind Blake.

MARSHALL

You still have to make that putt. He still has to make the putt!

FREEMAN

Marshall!

Marshall sees Freeman quickly approaching.

MARSHALL

Freeman, hell of a round...

Blake continues up the green but looks over his shoulder to see...

FREEMAN

What are you saying to that young man?

MARSHALL

Why, uh, nothing. I uh...

FREEMAN

Maybe you should give him some space. He's having a fine round. I'd hate to see him blow it.

MARSHALL

But your money is on Covington and Junior.

FREEMAN

Marshall, I bet on these men because I want to see great golf played fair. I'm starting to think it's not that way. Maybe tomorrow you and I should reconsider our merger.

MARSHALL

What?

FREEMAN

I'm not sure I like the way you do business.

Marshall is frozen and Freeman walks off towards...

THE 18TH GREEN

Blake looks at the two balls side by side.

WILLY

Who's away?

JUNIOR

Covington was on the green first so he putts last.

O'LEARY

That's not a ruling. Flip a coin for it.

BLAKE

It doesn't matter. I'll putt first.

Blake smiles at Willy.

BLAKE (CONT)

Remember, Willy. It's not mine to lose.

He looks at Covington as he steps up to his ball. Blake lines up the putt. He gets into the zone. He putts the ball. It rolls towards the hole. It dips to the right and stops on the edge of the hole.

Everyone stares in disbelief. They let out of chorus of

UGH...

...and then the ball drops into the hole.

Blake clenches his fist in triumph. Willy pats him on the shoulder.

Covington steps up his ball.

JUNIOR
Come on, Covington. Focus.

MARSHALL
Don't let me down.

Covington lines up his putt. He stares at the hole.

He putts the ball. It rolls towards the hole. It looks like it's about to go into the hole but stops just a centimeter from the edge.

Covington just covers his face in his hands. He falls to his knees and falls to the ground.

JUNIOR
You suck!

Marshall walks off quickly.

Willy turns and looks at Blake.

WILLY
You did it. You son-of-a-bitch. You did it.

Shaun gives Blake a high five.

O'Leary grabs the suitcase of cash off the winner table.

Blake sees Amy he quickly moves towards her and grabs her in his arms.

BLAKE
One more chance?

AMY
One more chance.

They kiss.

KABAMB!

Everyone flinches. They see Marshall walking towards them with the elephant gun. He's deranged.

MARSHALL
That's my money! Junior, I want you to take that briefcase and bring it to me.

Junior takes the briefcase from O'Leary.

MARSHALL

Good boy. Now bring it here.

Junior takes a step forward but stops. He turns to Blake and hands him the briefcase.

JUNIOR

Take it.

MARSHALL.

BLAKE!

KA-BAMB! Marshall fires a shot into the air.

Junior turns to Marshall. Marshall points the gun at both Junior and Blake. The whole crowd is frozen in disbelief.

MARSHALL

Blake. You bring that money here.

BLAKE

You lost Marshall.

MARSHALL

I always win.

He pulls back the hammer on the gun and points it at him.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH AMY

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

What made Blake such a survivor?

Amy takes a big breath as she thinks.

AMY

Blake was a charmer and had touched so many people in his special way... some more than others... there was always someone who would come through for him in his time of need.

EXT. 18TH GREEN - DAY

TAMMY

Daddy! What are you doing!

MARSHALL

Get out of here, pumpkin!

Tammy steps between him and Blake. He's now aiming it at his daughter's face.

TAMMY

What is wrong with you?

MARSHALL

Honey...

TAMMY
Let him go, daddy.

MARSHALL
He's a... punk!

TAMMY
Yes. He is a punk.

Everyone moves behind her blocking his view of Blake.

TAMMY (CONT)
He's also a drunk and a womanizer. He can't save money and he'll never go back to school. But he's a damn good at golf. He's everything you didn't have the balls to be.

BLAKE
Tammy, there's no need to make this worse.

TAMMY
But a lot of people care about him. And if you kill him you'll go to jail and we'll lose everything and I'll never talk to you again.

Marshall lowers the gun. Junior takes it from his hand. Junior looks at Blake.

JUNIOR
Get out of here. And don't ever let me see you again.

INT. INTERVIEW WITH AMY

INTERVIEWER
Has all this fame changed Blake?

AMY
No. Blake changed a long time before this.

INTERVIEWER
Good. That's good. I think we're done.

The bright lights turn down.

INT. WHY NOT STOP PUB - DAY

We are tight on the television in the corner.

ANNOUNCER (ON TV)
Next on Sports Central, we'll take a personal look at one of the rising stars in golf.

Blake appears on the TV. He's walking up a fairway surrounded by hundreds of people, fans. He raises his cap at the crowd. Suddenly Amy appears on the screen... in the interview setup.

AMY (ON TV)

Blake just had that special ability to touch people.

The video shows Blake blasting a driver.

ANNOUNCER (ON TV)

And what makes him so good.

Then Shaun...

SHAUN (ON TV)

He calls it the blizzzone. And when he's in the blizzzone... watch out.

TINA

Hey, there's Shaun.

Donny turns up the volume. The regulars in the bar cheer at the TV.

DONNY

Shhhhh! Blake is coming on soon.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

This is a real PGA Tour event. Large crowds of people move about. Professional golfers tee off.

Amy and Leon run through a slow moving group of fans.

LEON

Hurry!

They reach a wall of people. Leon grabs Amy by the hand and pulls his mother through to see...

Blake places a ball on the tee.

STARTER

Ladies and gentlemen, he's the winner of five tournaments on Dot.Com Tour and a top ten finisher on the Q-School. Making his PGA Tour debut, Blake Stevens.

The crowd gives him a big round of applause.

Blake turns to Willy, who's dressed in a caddy pullover with "Stevens" written on the back.

BLAKE

Any word of advice?

WILLY
Give your wife a kiss.

Blake walks over to Amy. He gives her a kiss. The FANS cheer.

Blake looks down at Leon. He winks at him.

BLAKE
This one's for you, buddy.

LEON
Crush it, Blake.

Blake smiles. He walks back to Willy.

BLAKE
So how should I play this hole?

WILLY
You heard what the kids said... Crush it.

Blake smiles. He steps up to the ball... and CRUSHES it.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
I tell you, Johnny. I don't know much about Blake Stevens but people who've played with him say he's the real deal so I think he's a name we'll be hearing for a long time.

INT. WHY NOT STOP PUB - DAY

The crowd cheers.

INT. EAGLE EYE GOLF COURSE LOUNGE - DAY

Henderson, Chipper and O'Leary watch Blake walk up the fairway.

HENDERSON
I always knew he'd make it.

CHIPPER
Like hell you did

O'Leary just smiles.

INT. TAMMY AND JUNIOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Junior reads the sports page while sitting on the toilet. The headline screams "Blake Stevens leads by 3 strokes."

JUNIOR
What are you watching, hon?

Tammy quickly flips the TV channel to figure skating.

TAMMY

Nothing.

INT. NUMBER ONE CHINESE TAKEOUT - DAY

MR. LUE

Where's Tiger?

MRS. LUE

Tiger who?

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Willy walks along with Blake down the fairway.

BLAKE

It's going to be a beautiful day,
Willy. A beautiful day.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END