THE RULES OF GOLF

Four buddies on a high school golf team innocently create a private rulebook that ultimately binds them in devilish competition over the next 40 years.

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EXT. PRISON-NIGHT

A beat up station wagon pulls up to a guard station. The driver, JIMBO, a husky man in his mid-50's with a full head of wavy brown hair, wears bright canary yellow pants and a lime green golf shirt. Jimbo hands his driver's license to the GUARD, a tough-as-nails looking man with a facial scar. The Guard does an obvious double-take at Jimbo's loudcolored clothes as he checks Jimbo's ID with his clipboard.

> JIMBO Playing golf after I leave here.

GUARD Yeah, me too. (motions Jimbo through the gate)

INT. PRISON-NIGHT

DONALD, a prisoner in his mid-50's, sits against the wall in a small office, while a male guard hands him a bundle of clothes and a large envelope. The clock on the wall ticks from 11:59 to 12:00. Donald looks more like an accountant than a hardened criminal - sunken eyes with wire-rimmed glasses, thinning curly hair, and pudgy, with a double chin.

GUARD

(hands Donald the clothes and envelope)
Ok, here you go. Somebody sure pulled some
strings for this Midnight thing. Change in there.
 (points to a private bathroom)

Donald silently walks into the bathroom, and removes his prison garb. He looks in the mirror. A tattoo on his shoulder appears to be the Devil, horns and all. Donald wets a rag, and scrubs over the tattoo until it washes away a layer and reveals a Chicago Cubs logo underneath.

INT. PRISON-CONTINUOUS

Donald walks side by side with the guard down a dark, lonely corridor to an exit station, where the Guard hands some paperwork to another guard through an interior gate.

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-NIGHT

Parked in front of the prison entrance, Jimbo sends a cell phone text to two recipients, Gary and Bob: "I'm here. Awaiting the package."

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

In his den, GARY, mid 50's, fit and clean cut, sits in a lazy boy chair in the dark with a glass of whiskey in his hand. His phone vibrates. He reads the text from Jimbo, and responds with a text: "He's not a Columbian drug lord. Codes not necessary."

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

BOB, a 55 year old ex-hippie with long, shaggy hair, sleeps soundly in his upstairs bedroom as his cell phone on the night stand vibrates from Jimbo's text. Several framed photos adore Bob's dresser - mostly family photos, but also a framed picture of 4 teenage boys clad in 70's style attire while posing at a golf course with a large trophy.

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo reads the text from Gary, then lights a cigarette.

FLASHBACK TO: INT. FORTUNE TELLER BOUDIOR-NIGHT (ONE WEEK EARLIER)

The FORTUNE TELLER, an attractive dark haired woman in her late 30's, sits at a small table opposite Jimbo, their hands embraced in the middle.

FORTUNE TELLER I see the four of you together, but there is something very disturbing...pants...

JIMBO

The color?

FORTUNE TELLER Well yes, the color is disturbing, but it's something else, I can't make out... And you're all different, there's something different about you...

END FLASHBACK

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo watches the prison exit gate.

INT. PRISON-CONTINUOUS

The guard escorts Donald to the exit door.

GUARD (extends his hand to Donald) Mr. Birnbaum, good luck. Stay legal.

Donald opens his mouth to say something, then stops. They shake hands, as Donald remains silent and continues his walk through the exit and outside.

EXT. PRISON-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo lightly honks the horn, leaning over and waiving so Donald can see him. Donald acknowledges Jimbo with a head nod, gets in the car, and they drive away.

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo offers a cigarette to Donald, who declines.

DONALD

Nice pants.

JIMBO (points to a gym bag in the back seat) I have yours too.

Donald reaches into the back seat and retrieves the bag. He sees the bright yellow pants inside and smiles.

DONALD Kind of presumptuous.

JIMBO What, you said you're playing today right?

DONALD

We'll see.

JIMBO Oh yes, you're playing.

DONALD We'll see, ok?

Donald puts the bag behind him in the back seat, and notices a book strapped into a baby car seat.

DONALD (snickering, motions to the book) Can't be too careful. JIMBO Our baby. DONALD You mind if I-JIMBO Go ahead, brush up. (nods at the clock - 12:03) You have 6 hours and ... 49 minutes. Donald carefully retrieves the book. DONALD Brush up? On 40 years? That's longer than it took to write the Bible. JIMBO I'm not a religious scholar, but I don't think that's correct. DONAT_D Doesn't matter. There's no God anyway. None of it fuckin' matters. JIMBO Jesus. Everyone else finds God in prison. DONALD I didn't lose God. He never was. JIMBO Ok then. (turns on the radio) This is going to be a delightful drive. Donald gives Jimbo a "look", then cradles the book, moving his hand over the cover while holding it to his chest as he looks out the window. Jimbo looks at his cigarette, then the book, and puts out the cigarette in the ashtray. The car radio is tuned to an "oldies" station. FLASHBACK TO: EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT-DAY (1975)

4

Four teenage boys pile into a Chrysler Newport. The analog clock on the dashboard reads 3:15. Jimbo is behind the wheel, running his mouth as they drive.

JIMBO So Bob, was that Melissa I saw you walking with after lunch?

Bob, is a good-natured free spirit.

BOB Yeah. We're gonna hang this weekend, mellow out on some Hawaiian shit, then it's gonna be, hey Melissa, welcome to blowbobbytown, population you.

Gary, the smartest and best looking of the group, joins in with Jimbo as they give Bob the business over his comment.

GARY Zero chance, Bobby.

JIMBO Zero? Zero's a number. I can't even give it zero.

Donald, a homely lovable hard-luck loser, just sits quietly in the back seat and stares out the window.

> BOB You cats jealous? I have a chance, right Don? (he pokes Donald, but gets no reaction) Donald?

JIMBO Donald, you with us? Bob said he's going to ball Melissa Goldfarb.

DONALD

Huh? Oh.

GARY Jesus, Donald. Someone die?

DONALD (looking out the window) I'm fucked. Mr. Biondi told me I'm failing geometry. I really need a decent grade in that class. I just sent out all my college applications. JIMBO

Donald, first off, we'll help you with Geometry. Gary, you aced that class right? Freshman year?

Gary looks at Jimbo and nods.

JIMBO

And second, stop obsessing over college. If things don't work out, you can be one of those doofus extras in the porn movies. You know, the dork who delivers the Chinese food and stays to watch the husband and wife do it. You can bring your turtle.

They all laugh, and finally so does Donald.

DONALD Yeah. I'll say, "Pardon me, Miss, is that pork sweet or sour?"

As they drive, the banter continues.

EXT. GOLF COURSE CLUBHOUSE-DAY

The four walk past a tall, slender, middle-aged man who they all acknowledge with a head nod and one word greeting, "Coach"

COACH (just nods back with disdain) Uh huh.

INT. CLUBHOUSE STORAGE ROOM-DAY

The four retrieve their golf bags, but Jimbo hangs back to peel off some cash for an employee, who takes the cash and pats a particular pocket on Jimbo's golf bag.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

The four walk past the coach again.

BOB Coach, we're bookin' on the back nine today, ok? Cool. Thanks.

They don't wait for the Coach's reply, but he does so anyway, under his breath without making eye contact.

COACH

Yes, of course your worships.

A larger group of high school golfers watches the four in awe, and the Coach addresses them.

COACH Ok, the rest of you over to the first tee and pair up for practice.

Jimbo, Bob, Gary, and Donald walk past the practice area, and Bob stops them.

BOB Guys, check Nick.

NICK, the golf pro, is in his early 30's, slender with thick black hair, a great tan, tight pants, and his signature gold chain around his neck.

Nick stands behind a hot housewife with his hand on her hip - a swing tip, of course. Nick sees "his guys" looking over, and gives them a wry smile and head nod as they walk past.

BOB Fuckin A man.

JIMBO Has anyone ever seen him give a lesson to a guy?

GARY

I took lessons from him when I was 7.

JIMBO Hmmm, didn't your mom take up golf around then?

GARY

Yeah, but she could never get on Nick's schedule, what with all those putting lessons your mother needed. At least I assumed it was putting. I remember Nick saying something about her grip on the shaft.

They all laugh as they stretch and take their practice swings on the first tee box, and Jimbo sets the tone.

JIMBO

Ok, the usual? I don't know why I even say it anymore. Dollar a hole per man, no handicaps, low takes all - low tie pushes to the next hole. Switch partners every 6 holes. I'll take Gary for the first 6.

MONTAGE: The boys hit the links and play 2 holes

- Gary, Jimbo and Bob each hit great shots and sink putts;
- Donald hits poor shots and misses his putts;
- Jimbo marks the scorecards as they finish each hole. Bob, Jimbo, and Gary score 3's and 4's, but Donald struggles with a 5 and a 7.

On the 3rd tee box, Jimbo looks around, unzips a large pocket on his golf bag, and pulls out a 6-pack of beer and cigars. They all casually partake, but Donald chugs his beer like he's at a frat party. The others take notice.

BOB This match is a drag. Donald's so bummed out over the geometry, it's like, man, there's no balance here. (to Jimbo and Gary) Let's just give the dude two a side today, make it all copasetic. Just today.

Jimbo and Gary look at each other and passively nod in agreement to Bob's suggestion.

JIMBO Since when do we do that? There's no crossover from out there to here.

GARY Yeah, you think Arnie gives Trevino a shot when he has diarrhea?

BOB Those amigos aren't friends like us man. C'mon, it'll be cool.

Jimbo and Gary look at each other and shrug.

JIMBO That's fine with us, but if we're going to start making our personal shit an issue out here, then we need some rules, right? BOB

I guess so. Like what?

JIMBO Rules, you know. Real rules. A rulebook. I'm not giving you ladies strokes every time you get your period. There has to be rules.

They all nod in agreement.

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-NIGHT

Gary sits shotgun, and adds up a scorecard.

GARY

Ok, Jimbo, you owe Bob two dollars, Donald, you owe Jimbo three dollars, and you all owe me five dollars. (the others dig into their pockets for money, which they hand to each other in silence with military precision)

INT. JIMBO'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Gary enters the front door, and hears a voice yell from the dining room.

JIMBO We're in here.

Gary joins the other three, who sit around a big table, and gorge on carryout pizza and sip hard liquor on ice.

GARY Just us here?

JIMBO Yeah. Since the divorce it's like I have the whole place to myself.

In the next room, a TV broadcasts the Presidential debate between Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter.

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

JIMBO

C'mon Donald, start it off "Mr. I'm flunking geometry so I need strokes".

DONALD

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

JIMBO

Oh, good, you like girls, that's good. We weren't sure. Anyway, if you're doing the breaking up you give us a stroke. If she breaks up with you, you get a stroke. One stroke, that's it. Ok?

They all nod in agreement while Gary takes notes.

BOB What if all the colleges I dig don't dig me?

GARY

No dumbass, and speak English or you won't even get into barber college. C'mon guys, this has to be serious.

BOB Ok, asshole, what if I like do damage to a finger? Is that serious enough?

JIMBO

Yes, that would be serious, but you need a doctor's note saying it's really broken. The word 'broken' can't be a note from your mommy or the cleaning lady. If it's broken, and you can play, 3 strokes a side - good?

They all nod, and Gary notes the rule.

DONALD

Has to be a rule if a pet dies.

JIMBO

Fine, but only dogs, no cats or rodents.

DONALD

Turtles? I've had Gus since third grade.

JIMBO Fine. Gary, put turtles with dogs.

They all hear the front door open.

JIMBO

Mom?

SUSAN, Jimbo's girlfriend, walks through the front door and into the room, which cheers up the group.

SUSAN

Hey guys. (puts her arms around Jimbo's neck in a hug) Can I stay here tonight?

JIMBO

Sure. Parents again?

Susan nods, and walks out of the room and up the stairs. Gary, more than the others, appears attracted to her every move.

> GARY How do you get away with it? Doesn't your mother care?

JIMBO Nah. Even when she's here we never see her.

The four re-focus on the rulebook, and Bob lights a marijuana joint. The discussion continues late into the night.

MONTAGE: the boys raise rulebook topics

BOB

Death.

JIMBO

Hungover.

GARY Food poisoning.

DONALD Cubs win the Series? (the others dismiss that off with hand gestures and moans)

JIMBO

VD.

BOB Knocked-up girlfriend. JIMBO Knocked-up ex-girlfriend.

GARY Arrested.

JIMBO Win the lotto.

DONALD The whole lotto or does like a partial count?

END MONTAGE

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

BOB What if we're not all cool with a decision. You know, if a rule applies or not.

GARY Well, we probably need a judge.

JIMBO I don't know - that sounds hard core.

GARY Not on every little thing, but you know, on the big stuff. How 'bout this - if you want to use "the judge", you have to pay.

JIMBO I'm listening counselor.

GARY

If you don't accept the group's vote, you can call for a ruling by the judge, and if the judge rules against you, you owe the guys who voted against you \$20 each. C'mon, it's brilliant.

JIMBO It's...not bad. So who would the judge be?

GARY How 'bout Nick. He's at the course all the time anyway, right?

BOB Nick. Yeah. I'm cool with that. JIMBO Yeah, Nick's ok. We all trust Nick, right? They all nod approvingly, yawning with exhaustion. INT. JIMBO'S CAR-DAY The radio plays, while Gary hands the other three copies of their new Rulebook - just a few pages bound with a paperclip. The sky is dark and it starts to drizzle. The car radio reports "heavy showers all day today". JIMBO No golf today, boys. Let's hit the Admiral. BOB I'm cool with that. GARY Not me. I can't skip school today. No way. JIMBO C'mon you puss, I'm buying... GARY Puss? Yeah, that'll work on me. (points ahead) To school. DONAT_D Same. I can't skip. Geometry? Jimbo's car pulls around the high school front entrance, drops off Gary and Donald, then drives away. INT. HIGH SCHOOL-DAY Susan approaches Gary near the entrance, and Jimbo's car drives away.

> SUSAN Where's he going?

GARY

Uh, I think he said he and Bob were going to a movie, not sure.

SUSAN A movie? This early?

GARY I think so.

They walk together down the hallway as Gary tries not to look obsessed with Susan.

EXT. THE ADMIRAL-DAY

A marquis sign reads, All Naked, Girls, Girls, Girls, as Jimbo and Bob walk from the parking lot toward the front door.

END FLASHBACK

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-NIGHT-PRESENT

JIMBO You hungry at all? There's a bunch of places at the next exit.

DONALD 2 hours and you finally ask. Yeah, McDonald's. I want a McMuffin, hash browns, and a black coffee.

JIMBO Sure. You can order when we get there, ok?

DONALD

I know. I'm just sayin', I haven't had that shit in forever, and that's what I want, ok?

JIMBO

Ok, just wasn't sure if you were asking permission, or you were- I just wasn't sure, you know, `cuz of the prison - I just -

DONALD (shakes his head) Would you fucking relax? I'm the same guy, ok?

JIMBO

Sure, man. Sorry.

Jimbo's car exits the highway.

INT. MCDONALD'S-NIGHT

Donald and Jimbo approach the counter, worked by a pimplefaced male teenager with shaggy hair covering most of his forehead and eyes. Jimbo's loud-colored outfit draws attention from the rough looking 2:00 AM crowd.

DONALD

I'll have an Egg McMuffin, hash browns, and a large black coffee.

JIMBO

(to Donald)

You sure you want a large coffee? It's a long ride, and I was hoping we wouldn't have too many stops.

DONALD

(looks at Jimbo's outfit up and down, then speaks directly to the teenager working the counter)

I don't know this person. Large coffee.

EMPLOYEE

I'm sorry sir, but we don't start serving breakfast until 5:00 AM.

DONALD

But it's morning right now, right?

EMPLOYEE

Well ... technically, but we can't-

DONALD

Look, I'd really like an Egg McMuffin, hash-

The manager, not much older than the counter employee approaches and interrupts.

MANAGER

Is there a problem here?

Two rough looking men, customers, approach, looking displeased.

JIMBO (interrupts) I apologize sir. My friend was just released from prison only two hours ago, and-

One of the rough looking locals steps up, moving Jimbo out of the way with his huge arm.

LOCAL MAN

Marion?

DONALD

Yeah.

They stare at each other for a moment.

DONALD Block 2T. Attempted murder.

Jimbo looks at Donald with a puzzled expression.

LOCAL MAN Block 2T. Then you know Snake.

DONALD

Yeah.

LOCAL MAN How's he doin'?

DONALD (looks at Jimbo, then back at the man) A little short of breath. (the local man's eyes squint) You know, since he had his throat sliced open and bled to death 2 months ago.

The local man reaches toward his back pocket, which makes everyone nervous, then pulls out his wallet.

LOCAL MAN (to the Manager) Make this man some breakfast. On me.

MANAGER Yes, right away. (turns to the counter employee) Let's go, I said right away. LOCAL MAN (extends his hand to Donald) Billy Bob. (they shake hands)

DONALD

Wyatt.

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-CONTINUUS

Jimbo and Donald eat their breakfast.

JIMBO

Attempted murder? I'm begging, please let me tell the guys. Snake? Is that for real?

DONALD

Snake. Not a gentleman. Anyway, good thing I knew about it. Billy Bob didn't seem like the type that would connect with the real reason I was in. I mean I had to say something to get 'em off your pants.

JIMBO

So when are you putting yours on?

DONALD

Who said I am? Or that I'm even playing today?

JIMBO

I thought-

DONALD Just drive. I haven't decided anything.

JIMBO But everyone's expecting you. You promised.

DONALD

Jesus, I just got out of fucking prison.

JIMBO

Ok, you're tired. We'll talk about it when we get closer. (pauses) Might not be such a good idea to call it "fucking prison", you know? Donald angrily looks at Jimbo, then they both start laughing. Donald takes his last bite of the McMuffin, and has a look of great pleasure.

> DONALD This must be what a heroin addict feels after a hit.

JIMBO It's an egg, ham and a muffin for crisakes, take it easy. You can have another one tomorrow.

The pair continue down the road, as Donald carefully wipes his hands after the greasy breakfast, then cradles the book as he stares out the window for the drive. Jimbo sends another text, "Might not be playing".

INT. GARY'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Gary sleeps in his chair, when the vibrating cell phone wakes him. He reads Jimbo's text and replies, "Make it happen!"

INT. BOB'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Bob sleeps soundly while his cell phone continues to light up and vibrate.

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo reads Gary's reply and just rolls his eyes. The car radio continues to play 70's music.

FLASHBACK TO: INT. THE ADMIRAL-DAY (1979)

A stripper performs on stage to the same song that was playing in Jimbo's car in the last scene.

EXT. THE ADMIRAL PARKING LOT-DAY

Jimbo and Bob exit the Admiral and walk toward their car.

JIMBO I really needed that.

BOB Same. That was a fuckin' gas. JIMBO So what time tonight?

BOB I think 5. Yeah, lined up at 5:00.

Bob and Jimbo each look at their watches, then at each other, and turn around to walk back into the Admiral.

JIMBO College grads dude. (they high five as they re-enter the Admiral)

A convertible pulls up and parks, while the radio blares loudly. It's Nick. He flicks his cigarette on the ground while walking toward the entrance of the Admiral.

INT. LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PAVILLION-DAY

Jimbo and Bob graduate. Each walks across the stage, open their diploma, and hold it up to the crowd.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN PAVILLION-DAY

Gary graduates, and likewise walks off the stage proudly raising and showing off his diploma.

INT. EASTERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY PAVILLION-DAY

Donald's graduates, and as he walks across the stage, he opens his diploma folder which contains a notice of late library fees that must be paid to receive his diploma. He sheepishly holds up his diploma folder, closed, so nobody notices.

INT. HIGHRISE APARTMENT-NIGHT

It's early summer as the four sit around a table, littered with carryout pizza boxes, beer, and papers with notes, next to a large living room window with a panoramic view of the Chicago skyline and Lake Michigan.

DONALD

(looking out the window at the view) Jimbo - this is really sweet. I'm still trying to find something I can afford. GARY

At least you're working. I have three more years of school ahead.

JIMBO Hey, you're the one who wanted to be a liar, I mean lawyer.

GARY Funny. Is this going to be lawyer jokes for the next 30 years.

JIMBO What's the difference between a lawyer and a hooker? A hooker stops fucking you when you're dead. That's my father's - from the divorce.

GARY Ok, fuck you all. Call to order. New rules proposals anyone?

DONALD Yeah, I've got a bunch. (Jimbo interrupts)

JIMBO

Well, I was going to surprise you guys, but now it can't wait. Susan and I are engaged.

DONALD

Wow. Congratulations. (Bob and Gary offer the same, with Gary more reserved)

JIMBO

Yeah, thanks. So I was thinking, assuming we'll all be playing a round the day before the wedding, in September by the way, that I should get something like 4 strokes that day. And I'm not just thinking of me you know - you guys would get the same when you get married.

BOB

That's cool.

GARY Whoa. I don't get it. You want strokes for marrying the woman you love? JIMBO

No dumbass, it's for giving up all the ones I don't.

GARY

Oh, ok, now I understand. When you get married you never ever have sex with anyone else but your wife. Wow, you should teach seminars.

JIMBO

Do you have any idea how much pressure marriage is?

GARY

(laughs)

You're priceless. Using your own marriage to try to scam strokes. Always the scammer. Hey, you guys remember in 4th grade when Jimbo was caught smoking in the woods behind school and he told Mrs. Burma he was upset because his mother had a hysterectomy. You remember what she said Jimbo?

(Jimbo doesn't answer)

"Another hysterectomy?" Always scamming.

JIMBO

I was misled by my parents, ok?! Jesus Christ, forget it then. I was only trying to put in a rule that we'd all get to use, but if you're going to turn it into...

(Gary interrupts)

GARY

Ok Mr. well-intentioned, I'll support your rule, but only if there's an exception. How about if anyone accepts the strokes under this rule, and later on, if there's confirmation that you cheated on your wife before your 5th anniversary, you'll be assessed a penalty of 1 stroke per round for an entire season.

(Bob lights a joint and takes a drag, handing it to Jimbo)

JIMBO

(takes the joint, then a drag, and passes it to Gary) Fine, Judge Wapner, why not. All in favor?

They all say "Aye" while Jimbo and Gary exchange mistrusting glances.

JIMBO You know, guys, it's never been talked about, but I think we should be keeping this shit to ourselves. I don't see anything good coming from any of this leaving the room, on any of it. GARY Shit, I always assumed. This is our private shit, right? (Gary extends his hand to the middle of the table, and the others do likewise, one over another, to seal the pledge) Ok, good. Donald, you said you had some new ones? DONALD (pulls folded notes from his pocket) Yeah, ok. Now keep an open mind. Has anyone heard of Epstein Barr disease? (they all moan and start moving around ignoring Donald)

MONTAGE: life after college

-Bob is in a large glass-walled office setting with huge computers, working with geeks.

-Donald walks down an aisle in a warehouse, sporting a pocket protector in his short-sleeved white shirt, while walking with a clipboard and taking notes.

-Gary sits in a large law school lecture hall, taking notes in Criminal Law, as indicated on a large blackboard.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

10:30 on a wall clock, Jimbo waltzes in, spotting his father flirting with a young secretary.

JIMBO

Morning Pop.

Jimbo's father, FRED, a good looking man with a golden tan and silver temples, smiles, winks at the pretty secretary, then pulls Jimbo off to the side.

FRED

Hey kiddo. Look, it doesn't look good when you show up late like this.

JIMBO Sorry Pop. Really late night last night.

FRED Jimbo, how do you think I built all this? Late nights and early mornings, for 30 years. This is for you. This is yours.

JIMBO I know Pop. I won't screw it up. I promise.

FRED I know you won't.

Jimbo walks down the hallway to his office, closes the door, sits behind the desk, and puts up his feet. BOBBIE, an attractive woman, knocks and enters.

BOBBIE Hey. I have your itinerary for the China trip.

JIMBO Hey? You mean Mr. Straus?

BOBBIE I am so sorry. Mr. Straus, I have your itinerary for the China trip.

JIMBO Sure, let's see.

Bobbie stands across the desk from Jimbo and hands him the itinerary.

JIMBO (examining the itinerary) Is this Chicago time or local, where I'm traveling?

BOBBIE

Local.

JIMBO What about here? (pointing on the paper) And I don't- here, look at this.

Bobbie walks around the desk to stand next to Jimbo, and leans over to see where he's pointing on the itinerary.

Jimbo slips his hand between her legs, and moves it up under her skirt.

BOBBIE

Why Mr. Straus, I think you're right. This is a mess. I'm so sorry. What can I do to make it up to you?

Jimbo stands, walks over to the door, which he closes and locks, while Bobbie removes her shirt.

EXT. GOLF COURSE-DAY

The four gather at the first tee to stretch, while Nick approaches.

NICK (to Jimbo) Good luck tomorrow you little pisher.

JIMBO

Thanks, Nick. Sorry to hear you couldn't make it.

NICK I know, me too. But I've got this thing I promised, with a 9 iron. Gotta pay the bills.

JIMBO Yeah, I understand.

NICK (to Bob, Donald, and Gary) What are you twerps up to these days?

GARY Thing with a 9 iron?

NICK You know, she looks good from 150 yards out.

GARY So, a tap-in would be-

NICK

Primo.

GARY

A 3 iron-

NICK

A 3 iron? Jesus, run. Take it easy lads.

Nick walks away.

GARY What a fucking- I don't know what he is.

JIMBO C'mon. He's alright.

BOB Yeah, he's cool.

GARY

Well boys, tomorrow's Jimbo's first wedding, so we have to give him 4 strokes today. With a five year infidelity look-back of course.

JIMBO Why do you have to be so negative? Be happy for me.

GARY Sorry Missy. So sensitive.

Bob lights a joint to break the mood.

BOB You guys need to chill.

JIMBO (looks at his watch, then Bob) Dude, it's Noon.

BOB What? For my migraines.

DONALD (takes the joint from Bob, takes a toke, and coughs) We're all happy for you Jimbo. He didn't mean anything by it. C'mon, tee it up, last time as a bachelor.

Jimbo tees it up, then hears Donald's voice in his head -"last time as a bachelor...". Jimbo stands over the ball, and starts his backswing, again hearing in his mind, "last time as a bachelor". Jimbo stops his swing, and back away from the ball. JIMBO Fuck it. I'm taking a pass on the marriage strokes. I'm not going to drag Suzie into this rulebook bullshit.

The other three roll their eyes in the "gotcha" moment.

GARY You're right. It wouldn't be fair to Susan. Has nothing to do with the penalties for having sex outside your marriage.

By now, a group of women are waiting to tee off next, and they're growing impatient. JUDY, 35, is no-nonsense, and she means business as she interrupts their conversation.

JUDY Are you young ladies playing or what?

BOB (hides his joint) Sorry, Judy. We'll get cruisin'.

JUDY (sniffs the air) Well get it going then Cheech. I have a family, and dinner to get on by 5:00.

Judy walks back to her group.

JIMBO (turns to the others and lowers his voice) I'm not taking the strokes.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BALLROOM-NIGHT

Jimbo and Susan embrace in a slow dance at their wedding reception, while Donald, Bob, and Gary sit at a table with their dates, all gazing at the wedding couple.

BOB (whispers to Gary and Donald) Now, cool?

GARY Yeah, I'll get the car and meet you out back. Donald, get Jimbo in 10 minutes, ok? (Donald nods) EXT. COUNTRY CLUB-NIGHT

The four are on the practice green. The green is lit only by the headlights of Gary's car about 30 yards away, and some light coming from the ballroom window above. Donald stands over a 30-foot putt, and Jimbo intentionally pulls the pin out of the cup and walks away.

> DONALD What the fuck, I can't see it!

JIMBO (looks at Gary and Bob and winks) Oh, sorry.

Jimbo walks back, stands about 10 feet to the side of the cup, but pretends that he's holding the pin as if it were in the cup. Gary and Bob see the prank, but they keep silent.

JIMBO (to Donald) See ok now?

DONALD Yeah, I can see, thanks.

Donald hits the putt, and Jimbo yanks up the pin as it were in the cup and walks off to the side. Donald approaches the ball, which is about 10 feet left of the cup.

DONALD

Jesus, I really misread that.

Donald misses the next put, then groans as he pulls money out of his pocket to pay the others. Bob and Gary appear uncomfortable taking the money, while Jimbo just winks.

JIMBO

Ok, one more (looks up and sees Susan and the others'
 girlfriends watching from a window,
 appearing aggravated)
Shit, don't look up, just walk.

Donald looks up at the window, and runs back into the wedding while the others play it cooler.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BALLROOM-CONTINUOUS

Susan and Gary are slow dancing.

SUSAN Barbara's lovely. How long have you been dating?

GARY This is our second date. (they both laugh)

SUSAN Well, she's lovely. You deserve it.

GARY So do you.

The music stops. Gary and Susan remain in their dance embrace and exchange a "look", but they both draw back. Susan sees Jimbo sitting at their table, and Jimbo turns and looks at Susan at the same time. They exchange a loving glance and a smile, as it appears that Jimbo didn't notice the moment between Gary and Susan.

END FLASHBACKS

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-NIGHT-PRESENT

Jimbo notices that the needle on his gas gauge is close to "E". Donald remains asleep.

EXT. GAS STATION-NIGHT

Jimbo fills the tank, while Donald stretches his legs over by the station. He overhears Jimbo on his cell phone.

> JIMBO No, he said he doesn't know if he's playing.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE-NIGHT

GARY Really? What the fuck? I'd be dying to play.

JIMBO Well, have you ever been in prison?

GARY We've known each other since we were 7. I think you'd know if I were ever in prison. JIMBO It was rhetorical dumbass.

GARY Just get him there, ok?

EXT. JIMBO'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

JIMBO (notices that Donald is approaching, and assumes he's listening) I'll do my best. I'll tell him you said so, that you're sorry, you love him and just want to make it up to him.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

GARY (looks into the phone) Why the fuck would you tell him that? I never said-

JIMBO Don't worry I'll tell him. (hangs up)

Gary looks at his phone and shakes his head.

EXT. JIMBO'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

DONALD

Who was that?

JIMBO (pretending he didn't know Donald was listening) Oh, I didn't see you. It was Gary, he really hopes you'll be there today.

DONALD Gary? Fuck him.

JIMBO He really misses you. You need to just get over it and forgive and move on.

DONALD Are you forgetting where I was a few hours ago?

JIMBO

Life can be short, man. I'm just sayin'.

DONALD

Ok, well here's a question for you. Do you really think we'd all have been friends for so long, you, me, Bob, and Gary, if we didn't have that fucking Rulebook to kick the shit out of each other every week. For what, to win twenty bucks? I honestly don't know, and it would be pretty sad if that's all we had in common.

JIMBO

Does it really matter? I love you guys. You're my friends. I don't care why. Who cares why?

DONALD

I need to know that you'd all be my friends if that book never existed, and I just don't know.

JIMBO

Dude, you need to just enjoy what is, wherever it came from. Even if you're right, who the fuck cares anymore. We're bound like that book. And that twenty bucks is worth twenty million if it kept us together this long. It's never been about the money, Donald. You always knew that, c'mon.

DONALD

I'm just so tired. Tired of fighting over shit that doesn't matter.

JIMBO

Doesn't matter? Donald, those rules were about exactly what did matter to us. I know that now. Say what you want, but you guys matter to me more than you know.

FLASHBACK TO: FORTUNE TELLER BUDIOR-CONTINUOUS

Fortune Teller and Jimbo sit with their hands in the middle of the table. Their eyes are closed.

JIMBO This Saturday. Donald gets released from prison this Saturday.

FORTUNE TELLER Saturday begins at Midnight. You must meet him at Midnight, and take him to the others.

JIMBO

Why?

END FLASHBACK

EXT. JIMBO'S CAR-PRESENT-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo finishes at the gas pump and gets back in the car while Donald just stares up at the sky.

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Donald glances back at the open gym bag, and the yellow pants.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Gary sits in his den chair, wide awake, staring at nothing. He pours himself another scotch.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Bob snores through the noise of the vibrating phone and text messages.

MONTAGE: The boys become adults (1985)

INT. HOSPITAL-DAY

Jimbo proudly stands over Susan, who lies in a hospital bed, breast feeding a newborn. He pulls a plane ticket to Hong Kong out of a jacket pocket, and kisses her goodbye.

INT. COURTROOM-DAY

Gary makes closing arguments to a jury, pointing at a prisoner is an orange jumpsuit.

INT. SYNAGOGUE-NIGHT

Donald smiles at the wedding alter, surrounded by Bob, Jimbo, and Gary. Donald stomps his foot down on the drinking glass to end the ceremony, and kisses his new wife.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE-DAY

Bob kisses his wife goodbye, and leaves the house, while a baby wearing a tee shirt with a peace sign sits in a high chair.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Jimbo hears a knock on his door, and opens it to two hot Asian women.

INT. JIMBO'S HOUSE-DAY

A newborn sits in a car seat on the kitchen counter while 2 toddlers in booster seats sit at the table throwing food at each other. Susan moves back and forth, attempting to keep it together during a chaotic meal.

INT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Gary and a woman, his date at Jimbo's wedding, enjoy a romantic dinner. Both are wearing wedding rings.

EXT. RUN DOWN HOUSE-DAY

Bob knocks on the front door, which is answered by a bearded hippie with a tee shirt that reads "Read My Lips". Inside, an average middle-aged man buys a bag of weed from another hippie, while Bob waits his turn.

INT. LAWYERS' OFFICE-DAY

Donald sits at a long conference room table, opposite his wife, as they sign divorce papers.

EXT. GOLF COURSE-DAY

Maintenance workers prepare the course for the spring.

END MONTAGE

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-PRESENT-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo abruptly pulls over to the shoulder of the road, and turns off the radio.

FLASHBACK TO: INT. FORTUNE TELLER BOUDIOR-CONTINUOUS

Fortune Teller and Jimbo remain the table, hands locked in the middle, with their eyes closed.

FORTUNE TELLER

It all depends on you four being together at the very first possible opportunity. Do not miss the opportunity, as it will be forever gone.

Jimbo's eyes open, though Fortune Teller's eyes remain closed.

FORTUNE TELLER I said close your eyes.

Jimbo immediately closes his eyes.

END FLASHBACK

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-PRESENT-CONTINUOUS

JIMBO Look, you need to hear something, but it can't go past us. (Donald stares without responding) Ok?

DONALD

Yeah, sure.

JIMBO

Jesus, you probably won't believe me, but it's why you need to play today. (pauses)

DONALD

Why I need to play? I <u>need</u> food, shelter, air, water, and pussy. I don't need to play golf today.

JIMBO More like must, why you must play today. (long pause) Fuck, I cant. Never mind, I can't tell you. God damnit, you need to just trust me. Can you do that? Can you just trust me, Donald.

DONALD Don't do this to me, not today.

JIMBO I know, I feel like an asshole for even going there. Whatever, all this stuff about playing today, just forgetting about that part, you do trust me right? You and I, we trust each other right? DONALD I think when you hit 50 I finally started trusting you. Not so much before that. But, let's face it, you were pretty shitty for a long time. Jimbo just nods and pulls the car back onto the road without saying anything. FLASHBACK TO: INT. MEDICAL CLINIC-DAY (1990) Jimbo waits in an examining room, and a young doctor enters with a chart, DR. VIJAY GUPTA. DR. GUPTA Yes, Mr. Straus, I'm Dr. Gupta, what can we do for you today? JIMBO Well, I have this (interrupts himself) Call me Jimbo, ok? (Gupta nods) I have this sore wrist, and I think I need an air cast, you know, something to mobilize it, but not too restrictive. And I need a note that it's sprained, for my insurance. DR. GUPTA (reading the chart) I see you live on the north side. Wrigleyville. Wrigley Field. Oh my. JIMBO I do. Is that a problem? DR. GUPTA It is if you're looking to walk to the World Series, but otherwise no. Why come all the way over here? Don't you have a personal physician closer to home?

No.

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

DR. GUPTA (pulls out a little kit with a needle and test tube) Ok, I'm going to draw some blood - it's the law and let's take an MRI and an x-ray and see what's going on in there.

JIMBO

Blood's fine - I get it, have to pay the bills but I don't think the MRI and x-rays are really necessary are they? I mean I'm in pain. It's obvious I just need a cast or something, right?

Jimbo pulls his wallet out of his pocket, and hands Gupta a \$20 bill.

JIMBO

Right?

DR. GUPTA Oh, very good, now I can bring my whole family over from Delhi. (Jimbo hands him another \$20) They'll want to bring my 88 year old mother.

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

DR. GUPTA Here's a little something for the pain.

JIMBO

(reads the script) Excellent. Thank you.

DR. GUPTA

Yes, of course. Tell your friends. Pay the girl on the way out.

Jimbo firmly shakes Gupta's hand, forgetting his right wrist is "sore". Gupta prolongs the hand shake.

DR. GUPTA (looking at Jimbo's strong handshake) Good then, getting better already.

As Jimbo rushes out of the office, Gupta's nurse enters.

DR. GUPTA Dumbass thought we had an MRI and x-ray machine.

INT. GOLF COURSE CLUBHOUSE-DAY

Bob, Gary, and Donald drink coffee.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE-DAY

Jimbo adjusts the air cast, simulates a golf swing, and adjusts the cast again.

INT. CLUBHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo approaches the others and plops down Gupta's note on the table while holding up his arm to show the group. Gary examines the note, reading aloud.

> GARY Mr. Straus has a Grade 2 radiocarpal sprain with partially torn ligaments. Hmmm. How'd it happen?

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

GARY A load? I'm not familiar with loading dock jargon. What does that mean?

JIMBO

I don't think I like your tone Gary. What are you implying?

GARY I'm just curious. What with "loads" and inner city medical clinics and such. It's all so ... un-Jimbo that's all.

Nick announces their tee time over the intercom - "6:52 on deck".

BOB This is not cool, Gary. What are you, five-o? Nick repeats - "6:52 let's go".

Bob, Jimbo, and Donald look at Gary.

GARY Fine. Forget it. I have to hit the head, I'll meet you guys out there.

Gary walks down the hall toward the men's room while the others walk outside. He examines the script from Dr. Gupta, sees a pay phone, and dials the number on the script.

> GARY Is this Dr. Gupta's service? (pause) Tell him to call me immediately. This is Cook County State's Attorney Gary Mueller. I'm at 847-555-8464.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

On the first tee, Jimbo reaches around in his pockets as if he's missing something. He panics and heads toward the clubhouse.

INT. CLUBHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

The pay phone rings and Gary answers.

GARY

Gupta?

INT. LUXURY RESIDENCE-DAY

Dr. Gupta sits up in bed, with his nurse beside him, sleeping in the nude with her uniform on the bedroom floor.

DR. GUPTA Yes. Mr. Mueller? You're with the State's Attorney?

GARY Yes. I'm with the Medicaid Insurance Fraud Division. (Dr. Gupta is in wide-eyed silence) Look, I don't have much time Gupta, so listen closely...

INT. CLUBHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo rushes down the hall. Gary walks toward him.

GARY You ok? You look a little frazzled?

JIMBO Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. Just have to use the head.

They continue to walk apart, and Jimbo turns around.

JIMBO Oh, Gary, you still have that note from my doctor?

Gary fumbles around in his pockets and pulls out the note.

GARY Huh, sorry, didn't know I still had it. (hands it to Jimbo)

Gary walks away, smiling with his back to Jimbo, and Jimbo breathes a sigh of relief heading into the men's room.

EXT. GOLF COURSE-CONTINUOUS

On the first tee, Jimbo returns to the group, and they hear an announcement from Nick over the loudspeaker.

> NICK Jimbo Straus to the clubhouse.

JIMBO (to the others) Just tee off. I'll be right back.

INT. CLUBHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Nick points to the phone waiting for Jimbo on his glass counter next to the cash register.

JIMBO

Hello?

INT. OF GUPTA'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

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

JIMBO

What? How did you find me here?

DR. GUPTA

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

JIMBO

My wife? What? What is this?

DR. GUPTA

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

JIMBO

Yes, why?

DR. GUPTA

Mr. Straus, we ran your blood tests, and I'm so sorry to tell you that you have a fatal venereal disease that we thought was confined to a small district in Nan Jing, China. I'm so sorry, but there's no cure.

JIMBO

What? I feel fine. What are you talking about?

DR. GUPTA

I'm so sorry Mr. Straus. Oh, I mean Jimbo. I forgot, when you were here you said to call you-

JIMBO

What the fuck on earth are you talking about?

DR. GUPTA

(by now, trying to hide his giggling) Stop by on Monday and we'll give you something to make you more comfortable when the ravaging symptoms appear.

(Jimbo is in stunned silence) Oh, and it's highly contagious. You should bring your wife with you on Monday.

(Gupta puts his hand over his mouth to hide his laughter)

INT. CLUBHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

The two hang up, and Jimbo walks away in stunned silence.

EXT. GOLF COURSE-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo slowly walks up to the others waiting for him.

BOB

C'mon Jimbo, we already hit. Everything cool?

Jimbo goes to his bag, strapped on the back of the cart next to Gary's bag. The guys notice something's wrong with Jimbo. They circle next to him.

> DONALD You ok? What was that all about?

> > JIMBO

I'm dying.

Bob and Donald look stunned, but not Gary. Jimbo looks weak, and sick.

JIMBO I'm dying. And Susan....

Jimbo suddenly turns his head and vomits in the only direction he can without nailing the others - right into Gary's golf bag.

DONALD Oh my God, Jimbo what's wrong?

GARY I could have you incarcerated for that!

JIMBO

I'm dying.

GARY You're not dying you big dummy. I put Gupta up to it. It was a fucking joke you idiot.

DONALD (to Gary) What did you do?

GARY He lied to us. Don't make me the bad guy.

By now, the first tee is backing up with other golfers. It's 7:00 AM and Bob lights a joint. Donald looks at him with shock.

BOB What? For the nausea.

JIMBO I'm not dying?

GARY How the fuck am I supposed to play with these? (pointing to his golf clubs)

JIMBO Well nothing in rule book about that. (pulls off his air cast, then points to his watch) Are you forfeiting today?

Gary looks around, then walks toward the clubhouse. He sees an unoccupied cart with two sets of clubs.

Gary takes a set of clubs off the cart, and writes a note, which he leaves on the steering wheel.

Gary walks back to his cart, switching his vomit golf bag with the stolen bag, then leaves his vomit golf bag by a tree.

Gary gets in the cart, with Jimbo at the wheel.

GARY Let's roll.

Back at the cart that Gary pilfered, two burly middle aged men arrive. One reads the note, looks puzzled, then he and his cart partner drive over to Gary's vomit golf bag, and put it on their cart. They drive in the opposite direction from Jimbo and Gary.

> MAN DRIVING (sniffing) You smell something?

The other man sniffs and has a look of disgust.

Gary and Donald drive down the fairway.

JIMBO Well played. (they both smile) What did the note say? GARY

Told him he could pick up his clubs tonight.

JIMBO

He's gonna be so pissed. Have fun with that.

GARY I already have. I left your name and address on the note. (the smile drains from Jimbo's face as they drive)

END FLASHBACKS

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-DAY-PRESENT

The car continues down the dark highway. The clock reads 4:00 AM.

DONALD Pull over, I have to piss.

JIMBO

Here?

DONALD Yes, here. Or there. (pointing to the back seat)

They both look at the empty large McDonald's coffee, then at each other. Jimbo shakes his head, and pulls onto the shoulder. Donald walks over to some high weeds, and you can hear him taking a leak, then stopping, then starting, stopping, starting, and stopping. When he's finally finished, he sees Jimbo standing outside the car, holding up his yellow slacks.

JIMBO

Well?

Donald walks over and takes the pants from Jimbo.

DONALD Probably wouldn't even fit after all this time.

JIMBO C'mon. Put on the armour. DONALD This doesn't mean anything, ok? (changing pants, as Jimbo smiles) Just changing my pants, don't read anything more into it.

JIMBO Like Payton putting on the navy and orange.

DONALD (looks at himself, front and back, in the faint reflection of the car window) Does look good, right?

As Jimbo nods and gets in the car, Donald takes a practice golf swing in the dark to make sure the pants still fit. Jimbo secretly sends a text to Gary and Bob, "playing!".

INT OF GARY'S HOUSE-DAY

Gary pours himself a cup of coffee in the kitchen, while he reads Jimbo's text. He gives a slight fist pump.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE-DAY

Bob remains sound asleep while his phone continues to light up and vibrate from another text exchange.

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

JIMBO

So?

DONALD

I guess so, yeah. Are you at least going to tell me what's the big drama about me playing today?

FLASHBACK TO: INT. FORUNE TELLER BOUDIOR-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo and the fortune teller remain at the table with their hands locked together between them, both with their eyes closed.

JIMBO Yes, I see it, but how is that possible?

FOTUNE TELLER

I do not question or judge, I only channel the convergence of the past with the spiritual guidance that connects it to the future.

END FLASHBACK

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-PRESENT

JIMBO I'd rather you just trust me. Believe me, it will be worth it. (looks at Donald's pants) Fits good, right?

DONALD Are you kidding? I've worn the same size since 1990.

JIMBO 1990. God the 90's were great.

DONALD When is twenty years ago never great? Ever? I mean it's all the same, but we only remember the good shit. Right?

JIMBO Yeah I guess so… I'm trying to remember, twenty years ago…you met Gloria twenty years ago, right?

Donald just nods his head.

FLASHBACK TO: EXT. GOLF COURSE-DAY (1992)

Jimbo, Gary, and Bob arrive at the course with child seats in their cars, while Donald drives a two-seater.

INT. CLUBHOUSE-DAY

Jimbo, Gary, and Bob eat breakfast as Donald approaches.

JIMBO Well, we all got here early like you asked.

DONALD Thanks. I need a ruling. I lost my job.

GARY

Oh, shit. What happened?

Jimbo opens the Rulebook. Its grown in size over the years, and is now a full inch thicker. Jimbo pages through the book until he finds the appropriate page - "Job".

JIMBO

Ok, here we are. Job. Were you fired or did you resign?

DONALD

I was fired. I mean I resigned but I was fired.

The others just look at each other, confused and suspicious.

GARY Donald, which was it, resigned or fired?

DONALD

I was fired. They said if I resigned I'd get a severance, otherwise I'd be fired and get nothing. So fired, right? I get two strokes for two weeks. Right Jimbo?

JIMBO Hmm, a severance. How much?

DONALD

That's not in the rule. None of your fucking business. What is this?

GARY

Well, technically you resigned, so you don't get strokes. We're just trying to figure this out. You really should have thought about this when you decided whether to resign.

DONALD

Oh sure. I should have just brought the fucking Rulebook into HR and said, 'Please structure this in a manner that maximizes my advantages under this fucking Rulebook that nobody knows about. Oh, what's this Rulebook? Why it's the fucking Bible, didn't you know?'

JIMBO

Take it easy Donald, we're just trying to sort this out. The severance may be the key.

Donald becomes furious, when they hear Nick over the clubhouse intercom.

NICK 6:52 is on deck. 6:52 please report to the first tee.

They ignore Nick, when Judy, sitting with her golf group at a nearby table, chimes in.

JUDY Will you children just go before you hold up the whole course - again?

JIMBO

Thank you Judy, we heard. By the way, you look as pretty as a Johnny Miller drive today.

JUDY

Oh cut the crap Jimbo. Everyone here knows all about that ridiculous rating system you morons use for women. Grow up.

The four quietly escape the clubhouse.

JIMBO Sorry Donald, but we're out of time to make a ruling. Let's deal with it next week.

Gary nods in agreement, Bob just shrugs, and Donald shakes his head. During the round, Donald gives Jimbo the silent treatment, not responding to compliments for a "nice shot" or asking his score on a hole.

On the 11th hole, while Donald is driving his cart in front of Jimbo's, Jimbo attempts to engage him in conversation.

JIMBO Hey Donald, about that severance. Did it include health insurance? (silence) Because health insurance is important to a woman. (silence) What with female issues, you know, down there and all.

Donald finally has enough and turns around while driving to yell back at Jimbo.

DONALD

Fuck you, asshole. My severance doesn't mean shit. Why do you have to turn this into-

While turned around, Donald doesn't notice a flower bed surrounded by raised brick pavers. Donald's left foot is tangling out of the cart, and as he yells at Jimbo, the toe of his shoe catches and gets jammed on the bricks. The cart moves forward, and Donald's ankle snaps back while he's in mid sentence. They all hear the sound of the snap, and Donald screams.

The carts stop, as Donald is in serious pain. His ankle immediately swells to twice its normal size, but all he can do is focus on Jimbo and the strokes he thought he deserved at the beginning of the round.

> GARY Don't take the shoe off. It'll just make it worse.

DONALD (directly to Jimbo) Now do I get my fucking strokes you asshole?

JIMBO Why would you get any strokes?

DONALD My fucking ankle is broken you asshole!

JIMBO

How do I know if your ankle is broken. I'm not a doctor. Any of you guys a doctor? Maybe you just have a low pain threshold.

DONALD

(looks at Gary and Bob, but they just look away) You're kidding right?

JIMBO

Ok, let's say you're right. Let's say it <u>is</u> broken. The Rules clearly state...."all Rules requests must be raised and decisions made prior to the first shot of the first golfer." I'm sorry Don, but we're on the 11th hole. You can raise it for next week, if you're able to play, but not today. Just curious, how much money did you bring today?

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Bob helps Donald back on the cart, and lights a joint, which Donald drags like its oxygen.

Throughout the round, Bob helps Donald to his ball, and Donald takes pathetic swings, barely advancing the ball.

On one swing he falls to the ground, but it's not clear whether his fall was a result of his ankle or too much weed. Bob helps him up while Jimbo and Gary hide behind their cart so Donald can't see their laughter.

DONALD

I'm fine. I can finish.

GARY

(struggling to talk while laughing) Ok buddy. You're doing great.

After the round, the four carry Donald up to the clubhouse.

INT. CLUBHOUSE-DAY

Gary removes Donald's shoe, revealing the swollen black and blue balloon.

JIMBO Jesus, that looks broken.

Donald looks at Jimbo with disgust.

A female golfer sitting nearby sees the commotion and approaches. GLORIA is plain looking, with short dark hair, in her early-30's.

GLORIA Hi. I'm a nurse. Can I help?

JIMBO

He'll be fine. We were just... (Gloria ignores Jimbo and interrupts)

GLORIA

Oh my. That looks terrible. C'mon, I'll take you to the hospital.

DONALD Thank you. Finally, someone - I'm sorry, I'm Donald.

GLORIA

Oh, Gloria. I'm sorry. I didn't - I'll just get
my car and drive up front.
 (addressing the others)
Can you carry him out? He shouldn't put any
weight on that ankle.

They all carry Donald, and Gloria drives around to the front entrance in a Maserati convertible. Jimbo appears jealous at Donald's turn of interesting luck.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE-DAY

As Gloria drives off, Donald smiles and gives Jimbo the finger.

END FLASHBACK

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-PRESENT

Jimbo drives while Donald sleeps.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE-DAY

Gary, now clad in a pair of bright yellow slacks and a black golf shirt, sips his coffee at the kitchen table, while staring at a framed photo - the same photo on Bob's bedroom dresser.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE-DAY

Bob continues to sleep soundly.

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

JIMBO (mutters to himself as he looks at Donald, who sleeps) You're right. I guess it wasn't all pars and birdies for all of us was it...

FLASHBACK TO: INT. OF DOCTOR'S OFFICE-MORNING (1996)

It's early spring, and Jimbo and Susan, now about 40, hold hands tightly as they sit across from a doctor. DOCTOR KAPLAN, in his early 60's, pulls a chart from a pile on his desk. DOCTOR Well, we have the results, and as I go through this, please listen to everything, because it really could have a happy ending. (Jimbo and Susan squeeze hands even tighter, as Dr. Kaplan looks directly at Susan) You have a Stage 3C breast cancer....

Dr. Kaplan continues to talk, but Jimbo and Susan no longer hear him. Susan cries softly with Jimbo's arm now around her shoulder, and Jimbo just stares ahead.

INT. HOSPITAL-NIGHT

Bob paces down a corridor. He takes a joint out of his jacket pocket, looks around, and whiffs it without lighting. He pokes his head in a room, and sees his wife, DORIE, sitting with an elderly woman, who appears gravely ill, but peacefully asleep. Bob enters the room.

> BOB This is such a bummer, huh?

DORIE (wiping away tears) There's nothing more they can do.

BOB

Nothing? I'm so sorry, what a drag. Well at least she's here and they'll take good care of her. Anyway, we'll come see her every day, like 3 times a day, cool?

DORIE

No Bob. I want to bring Mom home for her last few days.

BOB

Yeah, that's cool. Yeah, cool. And by 'home', you mean ...

DORIE

Our house. She just loves looking out the back at the yard.

BOB

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

DORIE

Tomorrow. I made the arrangements.

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

DORIE The living room, you know, by the big window looking out back.

BOB Oh, sure, the living room. Away from the stereo and speakers. By the window. (Dorie silently stares at Bob) Yeah, by the window, cool, she loves looking out at - well she won't really be looking, but she'll, you know be near-(Dorie walks away shaking her head, and Bob mutters to himself) What a drag.

INT. COURTROOM-MORNING

Judge enters the courtroom while Gary stands at the prosecutor's table, and a handcuffed prisoner in a blue jumpsuit stands with his lawyer at the opposite table.

JUDGE Has the Jury reached a verdict?

The jury foreman stands.

FOREMAN We have your honor.

JUDGE Please read the verdict.

FOREMAN We find the defendant, Charles Johnson, guilty of a Class 1 Felony for armed robbery.

The defendant's wife breaks into tears as she sits in the front row behind him. As she weeps, her two young children sit without emotion, but just stare hopelessly at Gary, who appears to feel for them.

JUDGE Thank you. The jury is dismissed. Sentencing set for two weeks from today. INT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT Donald and Gloria have dinner at an intimate restaurant overlooking the City skyline. DONALD Isn't life funny. If I hadn't broken my ankle way back, we wouldn't be here. GLORIA It was destiny. Did you think about that offer my father made? DONALD I did. I'm going to take it. GLORIA Oh I'm so happy! Daddy will be so happy too. He thinks you're great. DONALD I think you're great. (Donald retrieves a ring from his pocket, and reaches it across the table) Will you, Gloria? Marry me? GLORIA Oh, gosh yes. (they kiss) I'm so happy. DONALD Me too. They kiss again, and clink wine glasses. INT. GARY'S HOUSE-NIGHT Gary walks through the front door, looking worn out. His wife, BARB, is at the dining room table helping their daughter with homework.

> BARB Long day? (Gary kisses and hugs his daughter and Barb) I'll warm up your dinner.

GARY Where's Jake?

BARB Downstairs, practicing his keyboard. An hour a day - that's the rule.

Gary makes his way down the stairs to the basement, and he can hear the keyboard playing as he approaches.

As he reaches the basement, he can see the back of JAKE'S little blond 8-year-old head on the couch, watching ESPN on TV. Gary walks past the keyboard, with a button marked "play back" lit up, while the keyboard plays the music.

Gary walks around to the couch. Jake smiles when he sees his Dad, then looks at the keyboard and the "Play back" light, and the smile drains from his face.

In an instant, Gary motions Jake to move down the couch to make room for him to sit. Gary sits with his arm around Jake, and they watch TV in blissful silence with the recorded music playing, both smiling.

INT. GOLF COURSE CLUBHOUSE-DAY

Jimbo sits alone drinking coffee, and Gary arrives.

JIMBO Thanks for coming early.

GARY

Just me?

JIMBO Yeah. I don't want anyone to know for now. Susan and I don't want anyone to know.

GARY

Geez, I'm sorry. I knew you guys were having trouble, but-

JIMBO What are you talking about?

GARY I, I just thought-

JIMBO Gary, Susan has cancer. GARY Jimbo. I don't what to say. What's the situation? JIMBO It's not great. I don't know a lot about what the doctors are even saying, but -(Gary sees Bob walking toward them and interrupts Jimbo) GARY Shit, Bob at 10:00. JIMBO Don't say anything, ok? (Gary nods) Bob approaches. He's wearing black slacks, a black shirt, black socks and shoes, and a black cap. JIMBO Jesus, was there a sale? BOB Out of respect, motherfuckers. My mother-inlaw died on Wednesday. What a drag. Anywhose, that's why I'm here early. (rubbing his hands like he means business) I get strokes today, right? We cool? Jimbo perks up and gets out the Rulebook. GARY Shit Bob, you think you could have called us. Now Barb is going to be pissed. She'll think I forgot to tell her. BOB Yeah, whatever, what about the strokes. We're cool, right? JIMBO (paging through the Rulebook)

Death of a Human Family Member. Ok, here it

is, Mother-in-Law. How old?

54

BOB

Only 72, so I'm really bummed and I get 2 strokes.

JIMBO Bob it's not that simple.

BOB

What are you talking about. She was 72, so I'm fucking bummed, right?

JIMBO

Jesus, Bob, whenever we pass a rule after 5 PM, you're always too stoned to remember. You're correct about the 'happy' vs. 'sad' part. Dead mother-in-law <u>over</u> 75 is a 'happy event'. So if she were over 75 <u>you</u> would have had to give <u>us</u> all two strokes. But in this case, and here's where you're right, it's 'sad' because she was only 72. But, stay with me, there's that exception. Is your fatherin-law still alive?

BOB

No. Remember, he died 3 years ago. That was a real drag so I got 2 strokes. I remember because...Who cares? I mean I care, but-

JIMBO

Oh shit, then I'm afraid <u>you</u> have to give <u>us</u> all 2 strokes today. The 'Double Dead In-Law' exception.

BOB

What the fuck? I came here in a most grieving state of mind today. I should get two strokes.

JIMBO

We can see that, what with the whole Goth, black... Anyway, sorry. See it's right here in subsection (c)(ii) - `if the dead mother-inlaw died prior to her 75th birthday - (he turns to Gary) Good Lord, this is some handy draftsmanship, (starts to paraphrase just to save time)

Ok, boo hoo - it's a fucking shame, yada yada, but, if she is preceded in death by her

JIMBO (cont'd)

spouse, it shall be assumed that there is finally an inheritance that more than eases any sadness of the dead mother-in-law's premature passing.' So, wipe away the tears Bob. You're 'happy' and you owe us all two strokes.

BOB That fucking bitch.

Donald arrives, and notices Bob's disappointed expression.

DONALD Why the long puss? Who died?

GARY Bob's mother-in-law.

Donald gives Bob a consoling hug, but Bob does not reciprocate.

Jimbo walks a few feet away into the pro shop, whispers something to Nick as they jot some notes, then returns to the table with the others.

NICK

(over the intercom) 6:52, on deck on the 1st tee. 6:52 on deck, dedicating today's round to Mrs. Gertrude Schneider, "Gerty" to her beloved son-in-law Bob Greene. She will be missed. Moment of silence in the clubhouse please.

BOB (looks at Jimbo and mouths the words) Blow me.

EXT. GOLF COURSE-DAY

The group warms up on the first tee, and they hear thunder as the sky darkens. They all pull out their loud multi-colored oversized golf umbrellas.

> BOB Let's keep it loose today. Nothing heavy, ok? I have to book by 11:30.

DONALD

Sure, Bob, we understand. You need to be with Dorie.

BOB Yeah, whatever.

EXT. CEMETARY-DAY

The four attend a funeral, under dark clouds and an annoying drizzle, as all four stand together wearing their same golf attire from that morning, including muddy golf shoes, while holding their umbrellas. A scorecard hangs out of Jimbo's back pocket, revealing Bob lost the match by 1 stroke, with a notation - "Bob -\$65".

An attractive woman at the funeral looks at the men with disgust. Jimbo makes eye contact with her.

JIMBO

(with a nod)
How's it goin'.
 (the woman rolls her eyes, and shakes
 her head as the funeral proceeds)

INT. GARY'S OFFICE-DAY

Gary sits at his desk, which is cluttered with legal files, when DONNA, his secretary enters. Donna is in her 50's, and very old school with everything - her attire, hairstyle, and protocol.

DONNA Have a minute Boss?

GARY I do, but that's about it. Getting ready for court.

DONNA

I know we have a lot going on and you're swamped, but would it be ok if I took Friday off and came in on Saturday to make up for it? (Gary gives her a raised eyebrow look) My sister will be driving through on her way to Omaha, and I'd love to spend the day with her. GARY

Ok, sure. No problem. You know I have that trial starting Monday, right?

DONNA I do, and I promise I'll come in on Saturday to put the files together for you. I'm planning on coming in super early.

GARY Ok. Enjoy the day with your sister.

Gary's phone rings, so Donna leaves.

GARY

Mueller.

INT. JIMBO'S OFFICE-DAY

JIMBO Hey. Bob and I are going to Manny's for lunch. Wanna come?

GARY Have I ever said no to Manny's?

JIMBO We'll pick you up out front in an hour.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING-DAY

Gary waits, and Jimbo pulls up in a new BMW convertible, with Bob in the passenger seat. Gary squeezes into the back seat.

GARY When did this happen?

JIMBO

You like?

GARY I love. How many children collapsed in your sweatshop for this?

JIMBO Something like twelve I think. Still counting.

INT. RESTAURANT-DAY

The 3 gorge on corned beef sandwiches in the crowded deli. JIMBO I'm really looking forward to Friday night. Susan really needs a night out. GARY How's she doing? JIMBO Just fair. BOB Dorie was over the other day and said she really looked great. JIMBO She has days, you know. GARY How are you doing? JIMBO I'm fine. Just trying to keep it together 'til Suz is back to full strength. GARY You know if you ever need anything-JIMBO Yeah, I know. Thanks. BOB Can't wait to see her Friday. The whole gang. Do you believe that lucky cat? Marrying all that bread. JIMBO Donald should be thanking me. If I hadn't denied him strokes for resigning that shit job, he wouldn't have been pissed, wouldn't have turned around to yell at me while driving the cart, wouldn't have broken his ankle, and wouldn't have met Gloria.

GARY

You're right. That was all very kind of you, and done with nothing but good intentions.

JIMBO (looks at Bob, referring to Gary) See, he gets it.

INT. HOTEL-NIGHT

In a magnificent ballroom, Donald and Gloria are embraced in their wedding dance. Gary, Bob, and Jimbo sit at a table with their wives. Susan wears a scarf around her head to hide the effects of her cancer.

> JIMBO Well, our boy did ok with this one.

GARY She's a peach.

JIMBO Yeah, a rich peach. (Susan gives Jimbo a dirty look) What? She's loaded. I think it's great.

GARY Her dad's loaded, and Donald's happy. Look at him. He deserves this, finally.

They all look at Donald, who gives Gloria a kiss, then looks back at them with a wave and smile.

BOB (puts his arm around Dorie) We all killed it too, which is cool.

JIMBO Yeah, we did.

DORIE (to the other wives) Touching. Maybe someday they'll let us read the book.

BOB (takes his arm off Dorie and looks at Jimbo and Gary) I swear I never said -(turns to Dorie) What book?

The wives all shake their heads or roll their eyes.

SUSAN

Please. Who doesn't know about the book.

EXT. HOTEL-NIGHT

Donald joins Gary, Bob, and Jimbo outside to pass around a joint.

DONALD How could they possibly know?

The four look at each other with suspicion.

GARY

I'm only going to ask this one time. Did any of you tell anyone about the book?

They all shake their heads or say "no".

JIMBO (looks at Gary) Well?

GARY Of course not.

JIMBO

So now what?

GARY

Let's put a confidentiality clause in. Anyone breaks it, 2 strokes a round for an entire season.

DONALD Isn't it a little late for that?

GARY

No. We don't know anything yet, so let's contain this thing before our wives start asking more questions.

BOB

'Contain this thing'? Whoa, this is getting heavy.

GARY

Going forward, you break the rule, like I said, it's 2 strokes a round for an entire season, but if we find out that one of us lied tonight and already broke it, it's a \$5,000 fine.

JIMBO Ok, now you're just high. That's crazy.

GARY Well, I think we just found our leak boys.

JIMBO Look, I didn't leak shit, and I'm not in your fucking courtroom.

GARY Lucky for you you're not. I'm going to find out what happened here.

JIMBO Lucky for me? Easy J Edgar.

The two shove each other, and it escalates. Donald and Bob try breaking up the scuffle, but it's too late. Hotel security arrives, handcuffs all four, and walks them into a side entrance of the hotel.

> GARY (whispers to a security guard while walking) If you look in my wallet, you'll see my ID. I'm with the Cook County State's Attorney's Office. On an undercover operation. You have to let me go.

SECURITY GUARD You're undercover and you're carrying your ID? Isn't that dangerous?

GARY

Yes, very.

SECURITY GUARD

Uh huh.

INT. HOTEL-NIGHT

The four sit side by side on a bench inside an office, while in the hallway outside the wives are talking with the

Guard. The Guard escorts the wives, including Gloria in her full wedding gown, into the office.

GUARD

(addressing the men, and occasionally looking at the wives for approval) So I believe I understand the situation, and here's what we're going to do. I'll agree that we can simply call this a misunderstanding and move on without involving the police if you all agree to two things. First, do you all agree to never mention or fight over the Rulebook in public when you're out with your wives? (the all nod "yes")

JIMBO

It'll never happen again.

GUARD

Second, do you all agree to add a rule in your Rulebook that says your wives get to add one rule every year going forward?

The men look at each other, and get nervous.

GARY

Well, we're not saying that's a bad idea, so that's not the point of what I'm about to say. But...there are rules for making rules, you know, we have to have a meeting, with notice, and...

DONALD

Yes, and a vote-

SUSAN

Oh my God, and there's no pizza here, how can you pass a rule without the beer and pizza.

JIMBO That's right. Thank you. We need our-

GUARD

(to the wives)
Ok, ladies, I'm beginning to see the problem.
I'll just go call the police.

DONALD Wait, no, we agree, right? (they huddle) GARY What? C'mon, stay strong. I can get us all out on no bail in an hour. Won't cost anything. (they all look at Gary like he's nuts)

DONALD Excuse me? My wedding reception?!

GARY (to the Guard) Fine.

GUARD Let's be sure. All in favor?

DONALD, GARY. JIMBO, BOB

Aye.

The men join their wives in walking out.

BARB Are you kidding me? Over that damn book?

GARY It's kind of bigger than that honey. It's about loyalty and trust.

SUSAN (overhears Gary and laughs) Loyalty and trust? Among you four? Ok, I wasn't going to say anything, but I'm the one who told the girls about the book. And no, Jimbo didn't tell me, and neither did any of you.

JIMBO

Who?

SUSAN Oh no. I'm not going to say. Maybe someday, but not tonight.

They continue to walk. Gary and Jimbo look at each other, and attempt to mend fences.

GARY Um, I'm thinking of going to the Bulls game next Thursday?

JIMBO Who's in town? GARY Detroit. JIMBO I'd be in for that. GARY Ya? Good. JIMBO Good. BARB Is it so hard for you two

Is it so hard for you two to just say you're sorry?

GARY About what?

JIMBO Yeah. What? We didn't do anything.

They all return to the wedding reception. Jimbo and Susan take the dance floor for a slow one.

SUSAN I'm pretty tired. Can we go home after this?

JIMBO Sure. We're all golfing early anyway.

SUSAN You're all golfing tomorrow? You're kidding, right?

JIMBO No. What's the big deal? Donald and Gloria aren't flying out `til around 3:00.

SUSAN 3? Oh, then I feel like an idiot for even asking.

JIMBO Well don't, you didn't know. (Susan just rolls her eyes)

INT. GARY'S HOUSE-DAY

Gary turns over in bed and looks at the alarm clock. He looks closer, focuses, then springs out of bed.

GARY

Oh shit! (runs to the bathroom)

Barb wakes from the noise and yells to Gary.

BARB

What's wrong?

Gary runs out of the bathroom through the bedroom.

GARY not there in 40 minut

If I'm not there in 40 minutes it'll cost me a stroke.

Barb rolls back over to go back to sleep.

BARB That would be tragic.

INT. GARY'S CAR-DAY

Gary speeds through the streets, racing against time, when a stoplight turns yellow a half a block ahead. He pulls up to the light, but he's so focused on the clock that he doesn't immediately notice the car in the next lane. He and the other driver turn toward each other at the same time and stare. It's Jimbo. They're both running late. The light turns green, and Jimbo's BMW leaves Gary's modest sedan in the dust.

Jimbo weaves in and out of single lane traffic and gets far ahead of Gary, who is stuck behind an elderly woman driving slowly. Jimbo cusses, then hits a speed dial on his car phone affixed to the middle armrest.

The phone rings, on speaker.

DONNA Mr. Mueller's office, this is Donna.

GARY Thank God you're there. I wasn't sure how early anyway, I don't have much time and I need you to do something. It's urgent. DONNA Ok, go ahead.

GARY Go in my office and put my phone on speaker.

DONNA Ok, hold on. (pause) I'm here, the phone's on speaker.

GARY

Find the file for that case we had last year in Northbrook where that developer, I think his name was Lindemann, put a hit out on the Northbrook Chief of Police. You remember that one?

DONNA Yes, hold on, ok I'm going through the L's.

The elderly woman in the car in front is riding her brakes, while Gary pounds his dashboard in frustration.

GARY Donna, anything?

DONNA Still looking.

Gary's frustration from the constant brake lights in front of him boils over. He honks the horn and yells, though it's more to himself than her.

> GARY Goddamnit, will you fucking move it bitch!

DONNA I'm going as fast as a can!

GARY Oh shit, not you Donna. There's a driver-

DONNA

Found it!

GARY

Ok, on the inside cover there's a home phone number for the Northbrook Police Chief. I need you to transfer this call to that number.

DONNA Ok, hold on potty mouth. (phone rings)

As the call proceeds, the elderly woman in the car delaying Gary sees his aggravation in her rear view mirror, and pulls over to let him pass. As he passes, he looks at her and gives a wave, and she returns it by giving him the finger.

> CHIEF (on the speaker phone) Hello?

GARY Chief, it's Gary Mueller from the Cook County State's Attorney's Office. Remember me?

CHIEF Hell yes. How ya' doin Gary?

GARY Good, good, thanks. Sorry to bother you at home this early, but I have a favor that won't wait.

CHIEF Sure. No problem. Shoot.

GARY There's a new BMW convertible, midnight blue with temporary plates that's driving north down Summit about a mile south of Dundee in your town....

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo, still racing, looks in his rear view mirror, and appears relieved that Gary is nowhere in sight.

INT. GARY'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Gary pulls over, reaches for a briefcase in the back seat, and retrieves a piece of paper and a marker.

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

JIMBO (singing to a 60's ballad, he sees a police car and flashing lights in the rear view) Oh shit!

INT. GARY'S CAR-CONTINUOUS Gary approaches Jimbo's car, pulled over by a police patrol car. Gary slows to a crawl while Jimbo talks with the police officer, both standing on a lawn next to their cars. Gary passes slowly, and displays the handwritten paper for Jimbo - NEED A LAWYER? JIMBO (silently mouths the words) Blow me. COP (catches a glimpse of Jimbo) Did you say something? JIMBO No no. I was just yawning. See -(he starts to simulate a yawn in the form of the words he just mouthed) EXT. GOLF COURSE-DAY Bob, Donald, and Gary wait for Jimbo on the first tee. BOB (looks at his watch) He already owes us a stroke. 30 seconds more and it's two. They notice Jimbo walking from the parking lot. DONALD (yelling to Jimbo) Only 30 seconds. Jimbo strolls, in no obvious hurry. GARY Why isn't he running? BOB You mean for your enjoyment? GARY Exactly. Maybe trip and fall. That would be a bonus, right?

Jimbo saunters up to the tee box.

JIMBO Awfully sorry I'm late gents, but I was in a horrific auto accident, not my fault, so I assume you'll excuse my tardy arrival. (pulls a police accident report out of his pocket)

GARY

Bullshit. I passed you on the road. You were stopped for speeding.

JIMBO How do you know why I was pulled over?

GARY C'mon, you passed me going 60 in a 35. I just assumed-

JIMBO

Yes, I was slightly delayed by a peace officer inquiring about the rate of my travel. Not a serious delay, just conversation, when all of a sudden, a lunatic driving like a bat out of hades...

Jimbo's voice fades.

FLASHBACK TO: EXT. JIMBO'S CAR-DAY

The police officer writes the ticket, while Jimbo stands on the lawn, stretching and taking golf practice swings. The elderly woman that was riding her brakes approaches in her vehicle. As she attempts to pass the parked cars, an oncoming car forces her back into the lane where Jimbo's car is parked, and she sideswipes his car.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. GOLF COURSE-CONTINUOUS

JIMBO

...and they had to pull me out with the jaws of life while the officer was worried that the car would go up in flames...

FLASHBACK TO: EXT. JIMBO'S CAR-CONTINUOUS Jimbo walks over to his damaged car, opens the trunk to retrieve his golf clubs, while the officer slowly and calmly surveys the situation to ensure that the elderly woman is fine.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. GOLF COURSE-CONTINUOUS

JIMBO

...and the officer was kind enough after all the commotion to provide me the short ride here with my clubs. So as you can see, the delay was through no fault of mine. In fact, one might say that such a traumatic event would be cause for me to receive two strokes today. The Destruction of a Major Asset Rule.

Gary looks up at the clubhouse, and Nick is standing at the window with his arms apart, appearing aggravated that they haven't teed off.

GARY What the fuck. Ok, one stroke, it's only partial destruction of a major asset, and it's only temporary. Can we tee off already?

Bob lights a joint and passes it to Donald.

DONALD (looks at his watch) Really?

BOB What? We almost lost Jimbo. I need something to chill me.

GARY (leaning over to Jimbo) So glad you're ok.

JIMBO Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.

GARY Yeah, whatever. (walks away while Jimbo smiles)

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INT. GARY'S HOUSE-DAY-PRESENT

Gary stands in his living room next to a piano, placing the framed high school group photo back in its place. He picks up another, a picture of the group from Donald's wedding reception, smiling.

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-DAY

Jimbo wakes Donald.

JIMBO I'm fading, can you drive from here?

DONALD

Sure.

(looks at the clock, 5:05 AM) Only another ninety minutes or so. I'll bring us home.

JIMBO (points to their respective yellow pants) So you're good? You're in?

DONALD Why not. The old gang together again, right?

JIMBO Fuckin' right.

EXT. JIMBO'S CAR-DAY

The car is stopped, and as they walk around to trade places driving, Jimbo gives Donald a hug.

JIMBO It's going to be ok, man. You're going to be ok.

DONALD I know. (Jimbo continues the hug a little long for Donald's liking) Ok then, now it's a prison hug, not good.

Jimbo abruptly stops the hug and they get in the car and drive away.

FLASHBACK TO: INT. GARY'S OFFICE-DAY (5 days earlier) Jimbo sits across the desk from Gary.

GARY At midnight? Are you kidding me?

JIMBO I can't tell you why. You wouldn't believe me anyway.

Gary doesn't respond, but picks up the phone.

 $$\ensuremath{\mathsf{GARY}}$$ Donna, see if you can get me the warden at Marion.

END FLASHBACK

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-DAY-PRESENT

Jimbo sends out another text, "definitely playing".

INT. BOB'S HOUSE-MORNING

Bob continues to sleep while the phone lights up and vibrates from the text exchanges.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE-DAY

Gary cleans his golf clubs in the kitchen sink, then sees the phone vibrate from Jimbo's text. He reads it, and continues to happily clean his clubs.

> GARY (wiping the club with a towel) We have to dry you so you don't catch cold. You don't want to get sick do you?

Gary wipes the club slowly, as he mutters to himself.

GARY Can't get sick.

FLASHBACK TO: INT. GARY'S CAR-DAY (2002)

It's winter and snow gently falls from a grey sky. Gary sits in his car in a corner of a hospital parking lot, and appears to be waiting for something. After a while, he sees Jimbo walk out of the hospital, then drive away. Once Gary is sure that Jimbo is out of sight, he gets out of his car and walks into the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL-DAY

Gary walks down a hallway, takes an elevator to an upper floor, walks down another hallway, then stops outside a room. He takes a deep breath, then opens the door, where he sees Susan sitting up in bed. By now, Susan has lost much of her hair, and appears gaunt and very ill.

END FLASHBACK

INT. GARY'S HOUSE-DAY-PRESENT

Gary retrieves a prescription bottle from a kitchen cupboard, and puts in in a pocket of his golf bag.

FLASHBACK TO: INT. GOLF COURSE CLUBHOUSE-DAY (2005)

The four eat their pre-match breakfast.

DONALD

(to Jimbo) Sounds weird, but I'm looking forward to the memorial tomorrow. Hard to believe she's been gone two years.

JIMBO

I know. Two years. But that's how she wanted it. No funeral or anything for two years.

DONALD The kids doing any better?

JIMBO

Not really. I wasn't going to say anything, but the girls are both still in therapy, and Bobby barely talks to me.

GARY You know, I can talk to him if you think it'll help.

JIMBO

No thanks.

GARY You sure. I might be able to help. JIMBO

You know what, you offered and I said no, ok?

GARY Sorry, I just thought-

JIMBO

What? That you could be better than me at explaining to him why good people die? She was a saint. I don't need your fucking advice.

DONALD C'mon man, he didn't mean anything-

They hear Nick over the loudspeaker.

NICK 6:52 on deck on the 1^{st} tee. 6:52.

GARY Sorry. I didn't mean anything-

Jimbo stands and walks away.

EXT. GOLF COURSE-DAY

On the first tee, Jimbo appears aggravated, but it's not clear why. It's the group's turn to tee off. Jimbo steps up first, then turns around and talks directly at Gary.

> JIMBO I'm ready to hit if that's ok, unless you need to give me any advice first.

GARY What the fuck is up with you?

JIMBO

What the fuck is up with me? I'm memorializing my dead wife tomorrow you insensitive asshole.

GARY

Jimbo, I understand, really I do. But I'm sensing something more here.

JIMBO You don't know shit. GARY

So we're ok? I'm sorry if I said something I shouldn't have, I just-

JIMBO Said something? No you didn't say a word, did you, any of you.

GARY Ok, now you're talking in riddles, and I don't know what the fuck you're saying.

JIMBO

Look, tomorrow is going to be a very difficult day for me, and I know this is going to come off the wrong way, but not one person here has the decency to offer me a bereavement stroke under rule 23(a), ok?

BOB What's 23(a)?

JIMBO Do you even know your fucking name anymore?

GARY Wait, you're using tomorrow to get a stroke?

JIMBO It's in the rulebook, ok? I probably wouldn't even accept it if it was offered, but would it kill you to offer? It's in there for a reason.

DONALD (trying to calm the situation) Ok man, we get it. Sure. You get a stroke, ok?

GARY Ok, I just heard the offer - are you accepting?

JIMBO From Donald I'll accept. It came from the heart. From you I wouldn't.

Jimbo goes back to hitting his shot. He hits a beauty, then walks to the cart, standing apart from the others. Next, Bob hits his shot, then Donald, both in nervous silence. Finally, it's Gary's turn. He tees it up, stands over the shot, then backs off.

GARY I get a stroke too, under 23(a). (they all look puzzled, and Gary addresses the ball again, looking down at the ball, but still talking) Susan and I had an affair. So, I guess technically, I should get a stroke too. Gary takes a backswing, but before he starts the downswing, Jimbo flies in and tackles him. Donald and Bob intervene, breaking up the two as a crowd of other golfers gathers while they continue throwing punches that don't land. Nick looks out the clubhouse window, sees the mayhem, pauses, then turns around, choosing to ignore the controversy. JIMBO You're a dead man! GARY You won't kill me - you'd have to give me two strokes if you did. That's all that you care about! JIMBO Fuck you, this isn't over! BOB Dudes, this isn't good. We're holding up the whole course. YUUU (standing with the crowd watching, yells to Bob) Don't rush on our account Cheech. Finally, something worth waiting for. Bob and Donald give Gary a look that prompts him to hit his shot as they escort Jimbo back to his cart. Bob switches golf bags with Gary on the carts so that Gary and Jimbo aren't riding in the same cart. Bob walks over to Judy.

> BOB Hey, Judy, we're going to need a little more air than usual out there today. Is that cool?

JUDY (gives Bob a look up and down) Sure Cheech, I'm cool. You know, you and I should dance sometime. BOB By dance, you mean... JUDY What're you, twelve? Snap out of it Cheech. You'll let me know. (walks away with confidence, shaking her upper middle aged rear end, while Bob looks confused) Nick finally chimes in over the loudspeaker. NICK 6:52, I'm begging. The carts drive down the fairway, but the tension is thick. Gary is in a cart with Bob. BOB So what year? The affair? GARY Fuck off. BOB No, I mean, I want to be cool about your thing, but we have that wedding stroke rule. Remember, if you cheated on your wife in the first 5 years of the gig, you owe us strokes? GARY Oh now you remember the rules? BOB Hey, you dudes fucked me out of those dead mother-in-law strokes on a technicality, so-GARY Jesus, how many years ago was that? Let it go

already. What do you, have Italian Alzheimer's?

BOB

Huh?

GARY

You forget everything but the grudges.

MONTAGE: Jimbo's revenge

-Jimbo steps on Gary's ball in the fairway; -Jimbo makes a shoe spike mark in Gary putting line; -Jimbo starts his cart moving on Gary's backswing.

END MONTAGE

The four stand on the 10th tee box. Gary walks up to Jimbo, and the two look like they're ready to throw down again.

GARY

I didn't have an affair with Susan you big dummy. I would never do that to you. (Jimbo just stares at Gary) I didn't. I just said it so you could see how it felt. How Susan felt.

JIMBO

What the fuck are you talking about?

GARY

She knew. She came to me years ago, asking what I knew about your cheating. I said nothing, but she knew.

Bob just shakes his head, fearing another fight, and lights a joint.

JIMBO

Bullshit. You're just making this shit up to turn this all around in your favor.

GARY

Nope. That's the way it was, and that's that. I'm sorry I fucked with you back there, but Susan and I didn't have an affair. I loved her as a friend, like we all did, but that was it.

JIMBO

You swear?

GARY

I swear.

The two shed a few tears and hug, while Donald and Bob take a deep breath.

DONALD

I can't believe I'm about to say this, but I think it's time for the Rulebook to go. It's been nothing but trouble for more than 30 years, and I'm just flat out exhausted from it.

JIMBO

Are you crazy?

DONALD

Jimbo, it's time, and you know it.

JIMBO

I know this. It can't be abandoned without our unanimous consent, Rule 86, and I won't agree. I won't.

GARY Honestly, I don't give a shit anymore.

JIMBO

Nope. It goes, I go. We've put too much time-(Jimbo smells smoke. Bob flicked some joint ashes, and it lit the Rulebook on fire)

Jimbo screams, and the others react by pouring Gatorade and coffee on the flames, putting out the fire, but left with a sticky mess.

DONALD

What the fuck was I thinking. I thought if it was gone our suffering would be over, but seeing it on fire - I would have thrown myself on it to save it.

JIMBO

Look, let's face it. There's nothing wrong with the Rulebook. It's us, not the book. From today on, I'm done fighting over it. And I'm done being an asshole over it.

GARY

No more tricks and scams over the rules. We all good?

DONALD Hallelujah. And today? 23(a)?

JIMBO Today we all get a stroke - for Susan. All of us. She loved us all. (they all nod and agree) INT. CLUBHOUSE-DAY After the round, the four drink a beer. DONALD I'll call this art collector that Gloria's father did business with, and we can get him to restore the pages. JIMBO Sounds expensive. DONALD My treat. I feel responsible, you know, saying we should get rid of it. Maybe it was Karma. JIMBO (stands to leave) Well, this was quite a day leading into tomorrow. I wouldn't have it any other way. (Jimbo hugs them all) I love you assholes. BOB (once Jimbo is out of site, leans over to Gary) So, when did you say that affair was? Gary (stands up to leave, and addresses Donald) Don't let him drive. INT. HOTEL-NIGHT It's a memorial gathering for Susan in a large banquet room, and there are enlarged pictures of her everywhere. Jimbo talks to a guest, when he's approached by RABBI GINSBERG, 80ish. RABBI

So Jimbo, do you think we could have a word in private?

JIMBO Sure, Rabbi. Why so serious?

RABBI

(as they walk)
So who said it was serious? Don't go looking for
tsuris.

They walk into an adjacent private room.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM-NIGHT

RABBI

Your Susan was quite a little mystery. (pulls an envelope out of his sport coat) Did you know I was with her the day before she passed?

JIMBO Honestly, I don't remember. Those days are still blurry for me.

RABBI

Only natural.

JIMBO So what's this about Rabbi?

RABBI

Well, like I said, I was with your Susan, and she asked me to do something. She asked me to read the letter in this envelope to you and to- (Rabbi puts on his glasses, and reads the back of the envelope) To you, and Gary, Bob, and Donald. Are they here tonight?

JIMBO Yeah, sure, of course.

RABBI

So I should stand here forever like a schmuk and wait? I'm not a young man.

JIMBO

Yeah, I'll go get them.

Jimbo runs out and quickly returns with the others. They all sit at a table.

JIMBO

Rabbi, this is Gary, Bob, and Donald. Ok, all here.

GARY And we're all here because?

JIMBO

Susan left a letter to us, and the Rabbi wants to read it.

RABBI Who said it was to all of you? I just said to get them, not that the letter was to all of you.

JIMBO Well is it?

RABBI

(opens the envelope, and starts reading) Dearest Husband, and loving friends Gary, Bob, and Donald-

(Rabbi digresses) So you were right Mr. Kreskin, it was to all of you.

(Jimbo motions him to continue, which he does. Within a few words, the voice

transitions from the Rabbi to Susan's) It's been two years, and I hope with all my heart that you're all being kind to one another and enjoying life. In what seems like a lifetime ago, I promised to tell you how I found out about your Rulebook. Before I do, you should know that I never disapproved of it. I thought it was special that you all considered what was going on in each of your lives and used it help one another.

(they all look embarrassed)

Anyway, here's how I found out about the book ...

Susan's letter turns into a flashback.

FLASHBACK WITHIN FLASHBACK, TO: INT. JIMBO'S MOTHER'S HOME-NIGHT (1986)

Susan drops off their first baby, Bobby, with Jimbo's mother LIZ, then in her late 40's and quite attractive.

SUSAN Thanks Liz, I should be back around 10 if that's ok. Jimbo's working really late, and my class should be over around 9:15.

LIZ You take as long as you like-(hugging Bobby) We'll be just fine. (to Bobby) You and Grandma are going to have a little party, aren't we?

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Nick's pager buzzes and he reads a message.

INT. LIZ' HOUSE-NIGHT

Liz and Nick lie naked in bed, smoking a cigarette after sex, when they hear Bobby crying. Liz springs up, throws on a robe, and runs into the other room. Nick's pager buzzes on the nightstand. He looks at the number, and makes a quick call from Liz' phone.

> NICK C'mon can't this wait until tomorrow? (pauses to listen, while Liz approaches the doorway, overhearing the next part) Ok, I'll be there in 30. Same deal, \$100 and I give 'em a good fucking?

Liz walks in, and Nick scrambles to get dressed.

NICK Really sorry, I have to run. I have this emergency thing with this guy.

LΙΖ

Well thanks for being so specific. I feel so much better about the wham bam thank you ma'am now that I have such a detailed explanation.

NICK

I'll make it up to you. Really, I have to go.

As Nick runs out, Liz grabs Bobby from a crib in the next room.

INT. LIZ' CAR-NIGHT

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Liz drives while wearing only her robe, while Bobby giggles from the back seat, enjoying the ride. Liz follows Nick's car with every turn.

Nick's car parks on a street in front of an apartment building, and Liz pulls over, watching Nick enter the building. Liz gets out of the car, carrying Bobby with her.

EXT. LIZ' CAR-NIGHT

LIZ Let's just see whose getting a good fucking here.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT

Nick meets Jimbo in a stairwell. Jimbo hands Nick a \$100 bill.

NICK Who's getting fucked?

JIMBO

Gary.

NICK You got it.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT

Liz sneaks around the building and some branches from a bush catches and tears her robe. She scrambles half-naked back toward the car with Bobby, when a police car spotlight exposes her.

INT. POLICE STATION-NIGHT

A police officer dials the phone, while Liz sits next to him, holding Bobby and wearing an overcoat.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING-NIGHT

Nick is still at the Rulebook meeting, when his pager buzzes. He reads it and runs out.

INT. LIZ' HOUSE-NIGHT

Susan walks into an empty house. The phone rings.

SUSAN Hello? Yes it is.

INT. POLICE STATION-NIGHT

Nick and Susan arrive at the same time and see Liz, in despair, and Bobby having a ball. They all look at each other, then sit down and start talking.

END OF SUSAN'S FLASHBACK

RETURN TO FLASHBACK: INT. HOTEL PRIVATE ROOM-NIGHT

Resuming Susan's letter.

RABBI/SUSAN

...So that's how I knew, and I thought it was only fair that the other girls knew too. Anyway, like I said, please be kind and use the book to help one another. It makes me happy knowing that you have each other. All my love. Susan P.S. I also know what rule Jimbo "lobbied" Nick to take his side on that night, as well as many others, but you'll have to wait five more years to know. Rabbi Ginsberg has that note as well. Cheers and love to all. Susan

Gary and Donald look at Jimbo.

JIMBO (shrugs) I really don't remember any of that.

RABBI (stands to leave, hands the note he just read to Jimbo, and reveals another envelope in his jacket pocket, marked "5 Years After My Death", which he returns to his jacket) I should live so long.

The Rabbi walks away, and Jimbo does too, walking through the crowd of people in the next room.

EXT. CEMETARY-NIGHT

Jimbo stands at Susan's marker in the moonlight.

JIMBO It went well. You should have been there. The Rabbi, that was a nice touch. Now I know why you waited until now to say something. Jeez, my mom and Nick?

(pauses) I heard what you were saying Suz, about the book and being kind to each other. Assuming you were being half sarcastic, but I got it this time. Well, I always did, I just pretended not to. You knew that, right? You deserved so much better than me. I was such a shit. Thank you, Suz. You finally gave me a soul. I wish it was sooner.

INT. ART GALLERY-DAY

Donald enters, and is approached by BRUCE, a young man with gay mannerisms, holding a leather portfolio. Bruce looks at Donald with unfamiliarity.

BRUCE Hello. Do you have an appointment?

DONALD Yes, hello, I'm here to see Martin. I'm Donald Birnbaum.

BRUCE (checks his portfolio calendar) Hmmm. Donald, Donald, yes here it is, but there's

DONALD

no last name here. Bernstein?

Birnbaum.

BRUCE (struts with his back to Donald) I'll see if Martin is available.

While Bruce checks on Martin's availability, Donald peruses the artwork in the studio. One in particular draws his eye, primarily because it's so disturbing - a small painting depicting Hell, full of lost souls in fiery pain. The painting is signed with just the name "Martin".

Bruce returns, catching Donald cringing at the painting, clears his throat to get his attention, then rudely waves him to a back room without saying a word.

INT. ART GALLERY BACK ROOM-DAY

DONALD

Martin?

MARTIN stands. He's 60ish, pudgy with grey feathered bangs, wearing a tight tee shirt and jeans. Martin extends his hand palm down, like the Queen. Donald awkwardly tries to grip it and shake.

MARTIN

Yes, so nice to see you. I was at your wedding, but you probably don't remember.

FLASHBACK TO: INT. HOTEL BALLROOM-NIGHT

Donald and Gloria are saying their wedding vows, when they overhear a man weeping. It's Martin, sitting next to his young, hunk date.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ART GALLERY BACK ROOM-CONTINUOUS

DONALD I don't, but there were so many-

MARTIN

So I was intrigued by your call. Let me see the patient.

Donald pulls the Rulebook out of his briefcase, and gently places it on Martin's desk.

MARTIN

(picks up the book and handles it aggressively, talking directly to the book) There, there, we won't break. Some things may appear vulnerable and fragile, but are really quite resilient to the sadistic aggression from those who appear to love us. (turns to Donald)

Do you agree?

DONALD

Yes, of course.

MARTIN

(continuing to examine the book) What is this sticky substance on the pages? Bruce enters with a tray of tea, and he pours while Martin and Donald continue their discussion. DONALD Lemon Gatorade. MARTIN (licks the point of his index finger, dabs it on the page, then tastes it, while Donald and Bruce watch) Mmm, pity. DONALD Can you fix it? MARTIN I don't "fix", Mr. Birnbaum. I restore. Yes, I can restore this. DONALD Thank God. It has great sentimental value. MARTIN (looking at Bruce while talking to Donald) I can see that. Sentimental value is a wonderful thing - regrettably lost on this new generation I'm afraid. Everything with them is so wham bam thank you Sam. (Bruce turns and walks away) Do you have other copies of pages that I can match where appropriate? Donald opens the briefcase and retrieves a stack of pages. MARTIN Excellent. (turns the pages in his calendar) I can have this fully restored in, say, 14 months. DONALD Ooh, I was hoping for sooner, much sooner. MARTIN Oh heavens, I'm so busy. How important is this? DONALD Very. 4 men will be forever grateful if that counts for anything.

MARTIN (under his breath, still paging through the calendar) Mmm, it counts. I can move this up and have it ready in three weeks, but I'll have to give it a new cover. \$4,000. DONALD \$4,000? Fuck me.

(they both realize what he just said, and there's a pause) Ok, yes, let's do it. (another pause) Yes. I agree - three weeks, \$4,000, under the terms you said.

END FLASHBACKS

INT. GARY'S HOUSE-DAY-PRESENT

Gary realizes the club he was drying is finished, and puts it back in the bag. He leans over the sink, shaking his head and taking a deep breath.

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-DAY

Donald starts to lose the radio station signal, so he fumbles around to find another station on the dial. He switches to AM, and listens to a news station that's discussing the economic woes of the country, lack of domestic manufacturing, and banking crisis. Donald notices that the radio woke Jimbo.

> DONALD Sorry. Too loud?

> > JIMBO

No, that's ok. I only heard "manufacturing" and "banking". Good times.

DONALD (switches the radio station to music) Better?

JIMBO Yeah, thanks.

Jimbo hears those radio news stories in his head.

FLASHBACKS:

INT. JIMBO'S OFFICE-DAY (2006)

Jimbo is in the big office now. His secretary Bobbie enters.

BOBBIE They're all ready for you.

Jimbo looks at a framed photo of Susan.

JIMBO This is for you. (he touches the photo)

Jimbo walks into a conference room crowded wall to wall with his employees.

JIMBO Folks, we're making some changes here. (Bobbie passes out some flyers) We're moving all of our manufacturing from China back over here. I just bought an old factory on the south side of Chicago, and with the retooling, it should be open in less than 4 months. Know anyone looking for a job? (the employees all applaud)

INT. NEW FACTORY-DAY (2006)

Jimbo proudly cuts a ribbon in a ceremony opening the factory, and the workers fire up the machines on the assembly line.

INT. BANK-DAY (2008)

It's winter, years later, and Jimbo sits at a round conference room table, signing papers marked "Assignment for the Benefit of Creditors". He's joined by a young banker, KYLE, a smug, well-dressed, yuppie with little respect for Jimbo.

> JIMBO (reviewing a document) What's this one?

KYLE

An assignment of all your intellectual property.

You know, copyrights, patents, trade names, that sort of thing. The same intellectual property paragraph I explained 15 minutes ago.

Jimbo looks beaten, but there's still a stack of documents to sign. Another banker walks in. JACK, 63, with silver hair, and though well-dressed to the nines, he looks like he could be a rancher. Old school tough looking. Jack gives Jimbo a pat on the back and sits down.

> JACK How we doing here.

KYLE Going slow. We could be a while.

JACK Excuse me?

KYLE (shuffling papers) We seem to be explaining the same thing over and over. It's going slow.

JACK Let's take a break.

KYLE

Pardon?

JACK Get the fuck outta here, Kyle. (Kyle just stares) Well go on. Run along.

Kyle leaves the room, closing the door, and Jack pulls out a pack of cigarettes, offering one to Jimbo, who accepts. They take a few drags in silence.

> JIMBO Can we smoke in here? (pointing to sprinklers)

JACK I had those disarmed. It's the only thing left that the bank regulators don't control. (they take a few more drags in silence) You ok? You know, a few years ago, I decided to make a few changes in the business. I stopped employing babies in sweat shops in China, stopped fucking people over, ripping people off. I was so proud of what we were doing. Ran the business with a conscience, right over wrong, principles over greed. I did it the right way. I still think it was the right way.

JACK

It's all fucked up. You don't have to tell me. I've got piss ants like Kyle in here reporting directly to federal regulators. I was killing Viet Cong with my bare hands before that shit's mother farted him out.

(the smoke in silence for another minute) How's the golf game?

JIMBO I just play it where it lies man, you know?

Jack nods, stands and walks out, returning a minute later with Kyle, who waves the smoke away from his face. Jack motions Kyle to sit back down.

JACK

(to Kyle, referring to Jimbo) This man here has borrowed and paid us back over \$15 million during the last 20 years. It's men like him that fed us all, sent our kids to college, paid for our homes, kept our lights on. He's our client, and God damnit, we'll treat him in a manner that we would treat anyone whose business matters to us.

(leans over to Kyle and exhales smoke in his face with a terrifying look) We on the same page here young man?

KYLE

Yes sir.

JACK (to Jimbo as they shake hands before Bob walks out) Good luck. (Jimbo sits up straight with dignity, if only for a moment)

INT. BOB'S OFFICE-DAY (2008)

Bob and some other employees, dressed very casually in their loft-style high tech office, are approached by a young, well-groomed executive, who hands each an envelope.

> BOB What are these?

EXECUTIVE Checks, from the IPO. Enjoy.

Bob walks back to his desk, opens his envelope, peeks inside, and gets wide-eyed. He folds the envelope and puts it in his pocket.

INT. COUNTY DEPT OF REVENUE OFFICE-DAY (2008)

A clerk compares documents, side by side, and appears as if he found something important. He picks up the phone.

> CLERK Greg, it's Steve. I have something you need to see. Sales tax returns. (pauses) For the last five years. (examines further) It's called FastenPro. (examines further) Yeah, not even close to matching their 1065s. (examines further) Signed by Max Pollack, but the 1065's are signed by a Donald Birnbaum.

INT. JIMBO'S OFFICE-DAY (2008)

Jimbo walks around a baron office space. The offices, cubicles, and walls are all deserted and blank. Jimbo walks into his old office, looks out the window, breaks down in tears, and punches a hole in the wall.

INT. LIQUOR STORE-DAY (2008)

Jimbo buys a bottle of scotch, a bag of chips, and lottery ticket.

INT. COUNTY STATE'S ATTORNEYS OFFICE-DAY (2008)

The clerk from the Department of Revenue and another man walk through the offices to a conference room, which Gary notices as he stands at Donna's desk. Another man, older and serious looking, BILL, motions to Gary. BILL Department of Revenue case. Have a minute?

GARY Be right there. (whispers to Donna) Hold everything. This could be the big one we've been waiting for -(holds up a hand and moves it laterally like he's quoting a newspaper headline) World Financial Crisis Averted as County Prosecutor Nails County Sales Tax Cheater. I'm getting chills. Call Barb and tell her to start shopping for that beach house.

Gary casually walks in the conference room, sits down, and examines documents on the table as they all talk. His jaw drops, and he slumps in his chair.

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-DAY (2008)

Jimbo pulls in his driveway at home, where men load boxes into a truck. There's a sign in the front yard: FOR SALE - FORECLOSURE. Jimbo parks, and speaks briefly to one of the movers.

JIMBO

You guys know where to meet me, right? Grand and Central?

MOVER Oh yeah. I live right around the corner from there.

JIMBO Ok, see you there later.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX-DAY (2008)

There are a series of non-descript 4 story brick buildings, which look more like Russia than suburban Chicago.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT (2008)

Jimbo sits in a recliner amidst unpacked boxes in his 1bedroom rental, with a half-empty bottle of scotch on the table next to him. He nods into sleep. Next to the bottle of scotch on the table is a lotto ticket.

The TV remains on while he sleeps - a local newscast broadcasts the report of Citigroup, UBS, and Merrill Lynch reporting a combined \$45 billion loss for the previous quarter, with record home foreclosures on the horizon. The trailer at the bottom of the screen shows the winning numbers from that evening's lotto drawing. The first 2 numbers drawn match Jimbo's ticket.

EXT. JIMBO'S APARTMENT BUILDING-DAY (2009)

It's summertime, and Jimbo walks away from the building to a bus stop at the corner.

END OF FLASHBACKS

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-DAY-PRESENT

Donald continues to drive, and is forced to take a detour due to highway construction. The detour takes him through an industrial area, where he abruptly pulls over into a dilapidated parking lot, parks the car, and just stares at a building. Jimbo finally awakes, and also stares at the building.

> JIMBO Jeez, looks just like it, doesn't it.

> > DONALD

Just like it. They must have built 'em all the same in the 50's.

JIMBO

(gives Donald a tap on the arm) C'mon man. This is like watching a ball that went out of bounds three holes ago.

DONALD

Makes me sick just thinking about it.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING-DAY

The dark shuttered building from the previous scene, with broken and boarded up windows morphs into a scenic vision of a thriving business.

FLASHBACK TO: INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING-DAY (2010) Inside a large office with a door marked Mr. Donald Birnbaum, President, Donald stands to look out his window, which faces the street. He sees Jimbo walking from a bus stop toward his building.

INT. GARY'S OFFICE-DAY

Donna walks in with a file.

DONNA From the Chief. Said you'd know.

GARY (looks at the file as Donna walks out) Shit.

INT. DONALD'S INDUSTRIAL BUILDING-DAY

Jimbo happily works as a supervisor on the loading dock, smiling and back slapping with the blue color workers. The work day ends, and as he's about to leave, Donald approaches him.

> DONALD You actually look you're enjoying this.

> > JIMBO

You know what, it's honest. Who knew? All I've ever really needed was honesty and dignity.

DONALD Like golf, right? I always thought golf was supposed to be that for us, and we got to do whatever we wanted out here.

JIMBO

Different strokes, man. I just know I really like this. You should be proud of this place. You got a sweet deal with that gal of yours, enjoy it.

DONALD

You want a ride home?

JIMBO Nooo. That's out of your way. I'm fine.

DONALD So what - I don't mind. C'mon, I'll give you a ride. JIMBO

No really. I like the bus. I get to relax on the way home. Really.

DONALD Ok, buddy. See you tomorrow.

Donald walks away into the parking lot, and drives off while Donald walks to the bus stop.

INT. BUS-NIGHT

Jimbo looks content on the ride home.

INT. DONALD'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Donald arrives home, walks into the den, and sees Gloria through a window. She's by the pool having a flirty conversation with a virile young gardener.

INT. GARY'S OFFICE-NIGHT

Gary sits at his desk and stares at the file that Donna brought him. It's marked "Birnbaum".

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR-NIGHT

Bob snuffs out a joint, then peels off some cash from a large roll, paying for the services.

INT. DONALD'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Donald ignores his wife outside, and pours a stiff drink. He inhales the drink and telephones Gary at his office.

GARY

Mueller.

DONALD It's Donald, hearing anything?

GARY Jesus Donald, you can't call me about this.

DONALD Don't do this to me, Gary. What's going on?

GARY

Look, it's not complicated - your father-in-law left you a real mess with those taxes, and time's running out. It's coming from the top. Something has to happen.

DONALD

How long?

GARY

Not much longer. You need to come up with that money Donald or I'll have no choice. At this point, even if you pay it I may still have to do something. Just a matter of degree.

DONALD You know this wasn't my fault, right?

GARY it doesn'

Donald, it doesn't matter. You may not have been the one who forged those returns, but under the law you're liable, and the County's looking to crack down, make an example.

DONALD This is killing me.

GARY Me too. I'm sorry. (hangs up)

Gary takes a pill from a prescription bottle.

END OF FLASHBACKS

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-DAY-PRESENT

Donald, agitated, honks the horn at a car in the next lane, which is drifting, and yells at the driver as he passes.

DONALD

Pay attention you fucking idiot!

The noise appears to wake Jimbo, and he looks over at Donald.

DONALD It's ok, go back to sleep.

Jimbo turns back over, wide awake and staring outside.

FLASHBACK TO: INT. JIMBO'S APARTMENT-NIGHT (2011)

Jimbo walks in, whistling a tune, and opens his mail, two envelopes - an investment statement showing a balance of more than \$7 million, and a thank you letter from a women's cancer charity for a recent \$500,000.00 donation, to be listed as "anonymous" per his request. Jimbo steps out onto his balcony, where he sees his neighbors on the next balcony - a pretty Hispanic single mother with three small children.

> JIMBO Hola everyone!

The children are happy to see Jimbo.

CHILDREN Hola Mr. Jimbo!

JIMBO (to the mother) It's payday, how 'bout I take everyone out for pizza?

MOTHER (gently smiling) That would be nice.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. JIMBO'S CAR-DAY-PRESENT

The sun has risen, and the car pulls into a driveway. They're at Donald's house. Donald stops the car and wakes Jimbo with a nudge.

> DONALD We're here. Thanks Jimbo, I appreciate the ride.

Jimbo gets his bearings after the nap, and realizes that they're at Donald's.

JIMBO What the fuck. Why are we here? I thought we were going to theDONALD

I can't do it, man. I can't play with you guys anymore.

JIMBO But why? I don't understand.

DONALD Don't make me explain. It's too painful. I just can't.

JIMBO

Please?

DONALD

I'm sorry.

EXT. JIMBO'S CAR-DAY

Jimbo gets out of the car, lifts up the top panel in the back, and takes out Donald's golf clubs. Donald takes his clubs and silently walks into the house. Jimbo watches Donald close the door behind him.

FLASHBACK TO: FORTUNE TELLER'S BOUDIOR-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo and Fortune Teller remain at the table with their hands locked. In his mind's eye, Jimbo sees Susan.

SUSAN

Trust in it Jimbo. It will happen the next time you're all together.

Susan fades away, and Jimbo opens his eyes to the open eyes of the fortune teller.

JIMBO

Holy shit.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. JIMBO'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Jimbo stares at Donald's house, then puts his head down.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE-DAY

Bob's alarm sound, and he finally wakes, looks at his phone, scrolls through all the text messages during the

night, and stretches, expressionless. He walks into his bathroom, retrieves a band aid tin from the medicine cabinet, and pulls out a marijuana joint.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE-DAY

In his garage, Gary carefully loads his bag of clean clubs into his car trunk.

INT. DONALD'S HOUSE-DAY

Donald secretly watches Jimbo drive away from a den window, gripping a golf club from his bag. Gloria casually enters the room, wearing a tennis dress and surprised to see Donald. She gives him a hug, which he returns somewhat indifferently.

> GLORIA Hey, you said last week that you and Jimbo were going straight to the golf course? What happened?

> DONALD I changed my mind. I was thinking maybe we'd go to the lake today. Just fall asleep to the waves.

> > GLORIA

Oh, sorry - I have a match this morning. Maybe this afternoon? When I'm back from the salon?

DONALD

Yeah, maybe.

Donald walks over to the fireplace mantle, and picks up the high school group photo while Gloria packs her tennis gear. He stares at various pictures of him and his pals, focusing on those that depict them in high school. He forces a smile, then focuses on Gary in the picture and looks tense.

GLORIA

Everything ok? I can cancel this if you need me to-

DONALD

(Still staring at the picture) Everything's going to be fine. Go ahead.

INT. GOLF COURSE CLUBHOUSE-DAY

Jimbo arrives, and approaches Bob and Gary drinking coffee. They are all wearing bright yellow pants. BOB Where's Donald?

JIMBO Guys, he's not coming. He just couldn't do it.

GARY What? You said he was coming. You said-

JIMBO He just couldn't come, ok? I don't know what else to say. I kind of understand it, but don't really. Does that make sense?

BOB Sure it does, that's cool.

Gary just gives Bob a "look", and shakes his head.

INT. DONALD'S HOUSE-DAY

Donald is in his garage. He opens the drawer of a workbench, and stares at a hand gun. He looks tense as he pulls the gun out of the drawer.

INT. GOLF COURSE CLUBHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Nick walks over to Gary, Jimbo, and Bob as they remain at their table, all looking disappointed. Over the years, the harder Nick tries to look younger, the more comical he appears. By now, his hair is died an orange-blonde, and combed over and around in a swirl that's only held together with spray.

> NICK Our boy gonna make it today?

JIMBO I'm afraid not.

GARY (quickly changes the subject) Lookin' good, Nick. Still scoring with that look?

NICK You kidding? I get in the end zone more than Franco Harris.

GARY

Franco? Might be time to update that one Nick.

NICK Why, the 70's were good to me.

GARY Yeah, us too.

Nick walks back into the pro shop and makes his announcement over the intercom.

NICK 6:52 on deck on the first tee. 6:52.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE-DAY

The three head to the first tee in silence, looking dejected. Gary pulls a prescription pill bottle out of his golf bag while they wait, and as he's twisting the cap to open, he sees Donald hustling over from the parking lot, running with his golf bag toward the first tee. Gary hastily puts the bottle back in the bag.

Donald arrives, out of breath, wearing his yellow pants like the others.

DONALD Sorry, for some reason I thought we were 6:58.

Jimbo, Bob, and Gary hug Donald, trying to keep things normal, but he's cold to Gary, not fully returning the hug.

DONALD I guess I owe a stroke for being late, huh?

JIMBO

No way, no tardy penalty for Donald today, right guys?

(Gary and Bob nod in agreement)

DONALD . The rules are the rules.

Oh no. The rules are the rules. I owe you all a stroke.

A golfer waiting off to the side sees Donald and leans over to another.

GOLFER Just got out of prison.

JIMBO (whispers to Donald) Thank you.

The group tees off without the usual banter. It's quiet among them.

During the round, their carts are stopped on a fairway, and it's Gary's turn to hit.

As Gary stands over his shot, Donald unzips the top pocket of his golf bag, retrieves the black hand gun, and walks toward Gary.

Bob sees the gun, and pokes Jimbo, who jumps off his parked cart and runs to get between Donald and Gary.

Gary looks up to see the commotion, stands motionless in shock as he sees the gun pointed at him, and clutches his chest as Jimbo dives through the air as a shield in front of Gary - all playing out in slow motion as Donald squeezes the gun trigger.

As the trigger is fully pressed to the max - a stream of water squirts from the barrel and strikes Jimbo in the crotch during his dive to save Gary from what he thought would be a bullet.

The gun is just a water pistol, and as Jimbo lay on the ground with his wet crotch, Gary was on the ground grabbing his chest in pain. Donald rushes over to Gary, while Gary points over to his golf bag.

GARY (gasping for breath) Top pocket.

Donald furiously dumps everything out the bag until he finds two prescription bottles, then squints in the sunlight to read the bottles while Bob calls 9-1-1 on his cell phone.

BOB We've got like some serious shit happening here and need an ambulance.

JIMBO (to Donald) C'mon man, hurry up!

DONALD

(struggling to read amid the glaring sun)
I can't read these!
 (putting his arm around Gary)

Don't you fucking die you asshole! Not today!

JIMBO

Just give him everything, hurry up!

Donald forces two pills from each bottle down Gary with some bottled water.

DONALD Hope I'm not killing you…

Gary quickly recovers, though he looks haggard.

DONALD Just stay calm. The ambulance is coming.

GARY

Ambulance? I'm not going to the hospital, are you nuts?

JIMBO Take it easy, you may have had a heart attack.

Gary stands, a little wobbly at first, then surveys his golf clubs strewn all over the ground.

GARY

Jesus, where's my 7 iron? Was this necessary?

While Gary finds the club he needs among the mess, the others just sit on the ground in exhaustion.

JIMBO

(to Donald) Welcome home.

Gary casually walks up to his ball, and without a practice swing he hits it on the green 10 feet from the cup.

GARY (raises his arms) Well get in line to suck my dick.

BOB Cool, awesome. (the others look at him) The shot, not the other - the dick sucking thing you said to do-JIMBO Listen, this is crazy, you need to lie down. That might have been a heart attack. Donald, unfazed, puts the gun to his mouth and squirts himself a drink. Bob grabs it from him and squirts himself a drink. The ambulance arrives, driving right onto the fairway, and out steps Dr. Gupta. Jimbo recognizes him, but isn't sure from where. DR. GUPTA Did someone call in a heart attack? BOB I called, but we might be cool now. As Dr. Gupta approaches Gary, Jimbo recognizes him. JIMBO Dr. Gupta? Dr. GUPTA (leaning over Gary on the ground) Yes, well I'm not Dr. Gupta anymore, but I'm - I mean, I was- there was some paperwork that I who are you? JIMBO Jimbo Straus. I saw you in your clinic in the city about 30 years ago. DR. GUPTA (squinting) With the venereal disease from China? JIMBO (looks at Gary and chuckles) Yeah, that was me. DR. GUPTA Let's see about your friend here. Insurance card?

GARY (gets the card out of his wallet, and Gupta takes a picture of it on his phone) Wait a minute. You're not a doctor? DR. GUPTA (poking and probing Gary, listening to his heartbeat) No, not anymore. But it's ok. GARY Not with me it's not. DR. GUPTA I own the ambulance company now. Very important. (the ambulance panel reads, "O'Sullivan & Weintraub Ambulance Company, saving Lives Since 1954" JTMB0 O'Sullivan and Weintraub? DR. GUPTA Oh, yes, well when we started the company a few years ago we bought our trucks from the O'Sullivan and Weintraub Imbalance and Dizziness Clinics. (walks over to the truck, abandoning Gary, and points to the lettering on "Ambulance") See, we just painted an "A" where the "I" was, and a "U" where the "A" was.

GARY Ok, I've had enough.

(gets up off the ground) Gupta, nice seeing you, sorry you came out for nothing, but I'm fine now, so-

DR. GUPTA

(hands Gary a business card) Yes, you appear fine. You're welcome by the way. But here's my card, please call me for a follow up exam on Monday.

GARY Follow up exam? You're not a doctor. (looks at the card) What the fuck is this. Everybody Loves Rajnish? DR. GUPTA Oh, sorry, that's my restaurant in Little Italy. (fumbles through other cards and hands him the correct one)

Gupta walks back to his ambulance, then turns around before getting inside.

DR. GUPTA Yellow pants? (focuses on the water mark on Jimbo's crotch) What, to hide the pee pee stains? I can give you all prescriptions for that.

JIMBO No, no. It's this year's color. Our wives made this rule, about the color we - it's a long story.

Gupta gives the hand signal "call me" to Gary, and drives off with the lights flashing - blasting the siren when he sees someone on their backswing, giggling as he disturbs the golfers he passes.

The four gather and compose themselves, and continue the round of golf.

On the next tee, the four look exhausted.

JIMBO

You know, after what Gary just went through I'm wondering if he should get a stroke, you know, under "The Ankle Rule".

DONALD For what? A broken conscience?

GARY

Ok, here we go. You're still pissed at me for just doing my job.

DONALD

Oh I'm sorry. I didn't know that you couldn't do your job and be a friend at the same time. God forbid that you- and you didn't even come visit me once, the whole time I was there!

GARY

Jesus, "the whole time"? you did 4 months Birdman. 4 months. That's a semester, not a sentence. Do you have any idea how many fucking strings I had to pull to get it down to 4 months. Christ, my daughter did a semester abroad in Guam under worse conditions. Let's not get carried away here.

BOB

Look, I want to be cool and all, but getting back to the stroke for Gary, I'm not sure he should get one, because we have that Ankle Rule exception, you know Contributory Negligence? He forgot to take his medicine, so-

GARY

(looks at Bob)
Again with the sudden convenient memory recall?
 (pushes Bob aside, talking to Donald)
You have to be a man and let that go. This is
life, man. We're all just trying to get through
this shit, this round, this life. Let it go.
Christ you just almost killed me over this,

JIMBO

Fellas, can we do this later? We're starting to hold up the course.

GARY

Fine. (motions to Donald) You're honors, go ahead.

Donald tees it up and stands over the ball, ready to hit.

DONALD

(turns his head to Gary as he talks)
You're right, I didn't (suddenly stops talking and stares at Gary)
What the fuck...
 (laughing)

Jimbo and Bob also look at Gary, and start laughing.

BOB Especially happy to see us Dude? Gary has an erection that's trying to burst through his yellow slacks, and he doesn't even know it until the others' eyes focus down there.

FLASHBACK TO: FORTUNE TELLER BOUDIOR-NIGHT

FORTUNE TELLER

...something very disturbing ... the pants ...

END FLASHBACK

GARY Oh crap. (looks at Jimbo) Back there, did you give me - what pills did you give me?

DONALD (still laughing) Two of each. I couldn't read the-

GARY Great. Thanks asshole. I'm all Viagra'd up with 14 holes to play.

DONALD (laughing, and talking more to himself than the others) What a first day back...

Bob and Donald snicker while Gary pulls his shirt tail out of his pants to try to hide his condition.

JIMBO In your golf bag, really? Isn't that taking the Boy Scout motto a little far?

DONALD Yeah, who on earth is gonna fuck you out here?

GARY It's where I hide it numbnuts. Barb doesn't know.

JIMBO Well if there's any truth to the commercials, she will when you get home. Now what? How do you make it - you know - go sleepy time? GARY How do you think? Maybe I should get a stroke for-

DONALD, BOB, and JIMBO (all at the same time)

The voices of the men arguing continues.

INT. FORTUNE TELLER BOUDOIR-DAY

The Fortune Teller sits at her table alone. Her body shivers abruptly and uncontrollably.

EXT. GOLF COURSE-CONTINUOUS

The air changes from still to windy, and the sky turns dark.

The wind blows the pages of the Rulebook to the page titled, "Lotto Winner". Jimbo notices the open page and slyly slams the book shut, though nobody would ever know why. The cover of the book has that painting of Hell that Donald was drawn to in the art gallery when he met with Martin, with the title "The Rules of Golf" in distressed stenciled letters.

Jimbo looks up from the Rulebook, and the four look at each other in stunned silence.

They now appear to each other as teenagers, not middle aged men, and they slowly walk toward each other.

Jimbo rips a shiny silver tag off his golf bag, and uses it as a mirror.

Jimbo's reflection shows his middle age face, and he hands the makeshift mirror to the others, who all look at themselves.

BOB

Far out.

Jimbo looks up at the sky, smiles, and nods. A bolt of lightning appears.

JIMBO (whispering to the sky) Show off. The four bask in the glory of the experience, as they continue to see each other in their teenage persona.

DONALD How long is this going to last?

JIMBO

I don't know. Maybe it only happens out here. I don't know.

After an awkward silence, Gary resumes the argument from minutes earlier.

GARY

(to Donald)

What do you mean "Who's gonna fuck me out here?' Are you saying I couldn't get laid out here if I wanted to?

Bob lights a joint while Gary and Donald argue, and he and Jimbo just lean on the golf cart, sitting this one out.

DONALD

Well maybe I'm wrong. You're obviously aroused, so -

GARY This, this, (pointing to his crotch) is a medical condition, and

DONALD Oh, are you a doctor? I'm not a doctor, any of you a doctor?

The group behind them approaches. Judy, by now an old hag with a cigarette dangling out of the corner of her mouth, watches them argue, though Judy sees the four in their middle-aged bodies.

> JUDY (to another woman in her group) Oh for God sakes, when will they just grow up.

> > THE END