

OUT OF BOUNDS

"PILOT"

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INT. JON'S CONDO - DAY

A small office. Morning sun glints on a collection of multi-sized golf trophies. Random golf clubs lean here and there.

Wall pictures show single golfers in action or posing in small groups. Mismatched furniture.

An *unused* quality permeates the space but it's tidy enough given the jock vibe of the room.

Then, like a tourist's car taking a wrong turn into a seedy, frightening district,

a LIVING ROOM offers the wreckage of the previous night's festivities. Clothes, food, bottles, you name it. Everywhere.

A snorting MAN lies in a coma. He's not naked if you count the near-empty carton of ice cream housing his private parts.

The blast of a car HORN snaps the Man's eyes open. JON DUFFERIN (49) stumbles to a window, squints through a blind.

EXT. JON'S CONDO - DAY

Two giggling LADIES carom down the lawn to a waiting taxi, turn, wave back to the house and spill into the cab.

INT. JON'S CONDO - DAY

Jon scans the damage, blinks at a wall clock and a calendar.

JON
It's Friday?

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

A busy driving range and a few players on a putting green.

Queen's Hollow GC has a few *near*-picturesque views.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - PARKING LOT - DAY

An aging, canary yellow sports car whizzes by a QUEEN'S HOLLOW GOLF COURSE sign and swerves into a reserved spot for HEAD PRO.

Mildly disheveled, darkly sunglassed, Jon steadies himself, finds equilibrium. Sort of. The blinding sun doesn't help.

On his way to the clubhouse, Jon watches a loudly-dressed MAN shaking hands with three others on the first tee. The man, SAUL "CRABBY" CRABSTEIN (50), waves to Jon.

Jon waves back and continues toward the clubhouse.

INT. GOLF COURSE - JIM'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. JIM BRENKMAN (65, the straight arrow course owner and nobody's idea of fun) scowls at Jon through a window.

Beside him, General Manager MILDRED "MILLIE" KNOX (50s) glances at her watch.

MILLIE
Technically, he's on time.

JIM
He looks like a walking bag of
shit. Get him in here.

INT. GOLF COURSE CLUB HOUSE - DAY

Jon enters the empty pro shop and veers through a door to a hallway, and into

HIS OFFICE

past a nameplate that reads: *JON DUFFERIN - HEAD PRO*

He removes his sunglasses and is startled to see SHERRY REED (40), an attractive club member, lounging behind his high-back swivel chair.

SHERRY
I was hoping it would be you.

JON
Hi Sherry. Is your lesson today?

SHERRY
Of course, silly. It's Friday.

JON
It is! The past couple of days have
kinda blurred into each other. I'll
see you out--

She swivels the chair and poses there virtually unclothed.

SHERRY
I thought we could start early.

JON
I could really get into a lot of...

She brushes by Jon to the door. Locks it. CLICK!

JON (CONT'D)
... trouble. Well, maybe I could
use some perking up this morning.

Sherry cups his quivering balls.

SHERRY
Tee it up, Mr. Golf Pro.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - 1ST TEE - DAY

Crabby smashes his drive way right headed into the trees. His three PLAYING PARTNERS hoot and howl with amusement.

PARTNER RAY
Fore right!

PARTNER JAY
A little off the toe, Crabby?

PARTNER MICKEY
Tough start there Crabby,
'specially at 20 bucks a hole!

Crabby glares, stomps after his ball.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Millie strides up to Jon's office like the former Olympic shot putter she is. A loud CRASH inside. She knocks.

MILLIE
Jon, it's Millie. Jim wants you.

INT. JON'S OFFICE - DAY

Jon and Sherry are in the middle of things. Deeply.

OUTSIDE JON'S OFFICE

MILLIE
Jon, he had the left eye twitch
going, so... you should come. Now.

INSIDE JON'S OFFICE

Grunts and groans. Objects scattered from the desktop.

JON
I'll need a few more minutes!

OUTSIDE JON'S OFFICE

Another CRASH from inside startles Millie.

MILLIE
Shake a leg, will ya!

INSIDE JON'S OFFICE

Jon's position would suggest leg shaking is imminent.

JON
Will do, Millie!

INT. GOLF COURSE - JIM'S OFFICE - DAY

Jim glances wistfully around his memorabilia-stuffed office.
A ruffled Jon enters with a quick knock.

JON
Morning, Jim. Millie said...

JIM
People, Jon. People. They're the
key to any successful business. You
know why I bought this golf course
three years ago?

JON
Uh...

JIM
Shake off the cobwebs, son. Are you
okay? You look a little under it.

JON
Busy morning. Just trying to
catching my breath.

JIM
Now, take a guess. Why do you think
I bought this golf course?

JON
Because you love people?

JIM
Very funny. It was my retirement
gift. To myself, Jon. You know what
I did before?

JON
Medicine... something?

JIM

Psychiatry. That means I know how the mind works, what makes people tick. And what I know is, for some mysterious reason, the members here like you.

JON

It's beyond me too, but thank you, sir. I'll just get back to--

JIM

--Which is why you're still here. But the former owner, I guess he was a sentimental old shit because the two things I had to keep in that deal were you and the stupid fucking name of this golf course.

JON

Thank you, sir.

JIM

Unless, of course--

JON

--There's an *unless*?

JIM

There sure is, Jonny boy. Unless you are unable to maintain or increase membership numbers each year, I can fire your sorry ass.

JON

It's never really been a problem--

JIM

--And the club membership drive starts tomorrow. Bottom line is, like the furniture, Jon, you have a purpose but you are replaceable. Disposable. Something to fart on if that's what I feel like doing. You follow? Millie!

JON

Jim, let's slow down. You know I've had a rough year and a half...

JIM

Doesn't everybody know it. Vivienne's got that unmistakable glow these days, Jon. And I'm told your boy Alex is a real star on his golf team at some fancy college. A prodigy. Just like you used to be.

Millie flies in.

MILLIE

What are we doing?

JIM

Aside from giving Jon a snapshot of his wonderful little life, we're talking about the future. Can you throw out a few numbers so he understands the situation?

MILLIE

Membership is flat. We lost members. So we need new members. Twenty-five would be a good start. Simple enough for you, Dufferin?

JIM

Like I said, Jon, it's about people. And we need twenty-five more of them to join our little slice of paradise here at Queen's Hollow. So it's a big weekend for you. Two days, twenty-five signatures. Or, like that chair you're sitting in, you will be farted on, in a manner of speaking. And replaced, more literally.

MILLIE

That should get your teabags tingling, Dufferin. I wouldn't piss on you if you were on fire but we know you can charm the skivvies off the old dollies faster than a dog can lick his own furry nuts.

JIM

I'm sure Jon can do that, too. Go get 'em, big dog. Bring me twenty-five new heads!

INT. GOLF COURSE - LOUNGE - DAY

BEATRIX "TRIXIE" BRENKMAN (60, Jim's wife) sits at a table with MISTY REED (70's, Sherry's mother.)

TRIXIE

... I said, "Jesus Christ, Jimbo, it's not like I'm going to tie you to the bed pole and finger fuck you." He can be so thick sometimes. God strike down a wife for trying to spice things up.

MISTY

Dear Lord, what did he say?

TRIXIE

Told me we've been doing it the same way for a thousand years because it works. And I go, "yeah, works for you, lover boy. Ninety seconds of huffing and puffing until you finally make that little chipmunk sound."

MISTY

Sounds perfectly horrid!

TRIXIE

Oh, it is. I merely suggested-- suggested--we try a little game. They call it role playing. I dress up as this, you dress up as that. Simple. He looks at me like I asked if I could peg him with a zucchini.

Jim comes into the restaurant, goes to the bar. Trixie gives him a cute little wave and a smile.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

How is the salmon salad, my dear?

MISTY

Wonderful. You must let me treat.

TRIXIE

It's already signed off. Perks of being the owner's wife.

A happy, well-dressed family of four takes a table nearby.

MISTY

Oh, Lord. The Rouleaux clan. Can't speak a word of French between them and dressed like they've escaped from the pages of "Les Misérables."

Sherry skips up to the table. A hug and kiss for Misty.

MISTY (CONT'D)

There you are, darling.

SHERRY

Mum. Hello, Trixie.

TRIXIE

Sherry. Looking vibrant today.

MISTY

Were you able to meet with Jon
before your lesson?

SHERRY

Yes, I just came in his office.
From his office.

Trixie's polite smile widens seeing the back of Sherry's
tailored golf shirt hanging recklessly untucked.

TRIXIE

Oh, our Jonny bird. He's truly
magical. I wish my husband would
see that someday.

Jim appears with a coffee.

JIM

Morning, ladies.

Jim slants an eye at Trixie's half finished Bloody Mary.

TRIXIE

Join us, my dear?

Jim checks his watch.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

It's called "early lunch." We're
not playing till noon!

JIM

I have a meeting. Ladies.

He bolts. Trixie holds up her glass for a refill.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - 6TH HOLE - DAY

Crabby searches the rough for another errant drive. He spies
the ball lying a foot *outside* of the out-of-bounds markers.

After a quick look for his playing partners, he furtively
uses the foot wedge to boot the ball back *in bounds*.

Partners RAY and JAY cruise over in their golf cart.

PARTNER JAY

Find it?

CRABBY

Got lucky. It's just in.

Ray and Jay exchange a dubious glance.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Shaken, Jon flees the clubhouse, crosses toward the driving range. He passes Sherry and Misty whacking putts every which way around the putting green.

Sherry waves, flashes mischievous eyes. Jon waves back, keeps trucking...

... until he runs almost literally into his ex-wife VIVIENNE, (a 40-looking 50) dressed like a model out of a golf magazine. She carries a small pail of range balls.

VIVIENNE

Hey! Hello!

JON

Oh, Christ.

VIVIENNE

Good morning to you, too.

JON

Sorry, Viv, it's been a weird one.

VIVIENNE

And a bit of a night I can see.

JON

You always could.

VIVIENNE

I've seen worse. What is it?

JON

Jim, up to his usual tricks. Sell memberships or my ass is gone.

VIVIENNE

It happens every year.

JON

Yeah, but this year, I don't know... I wanted to tell him to go fuck himself. Literally. Doesn't this place get to you sometimes?

VIVIENNE

Well, I don't work here. And even though I don't get an ex-wife's discount, I do like it.

JON

I believe the term is "separated," not "ex."

VIVIENNE

If you like. You'll sell the memberships. You always do.

JON

He put it way up to twenty-five. He wants me gone.

VIVIENNE

Then you'll have more time to spend with Alexander. He's home from school in two weeks.

JON

He hates me.

VIVIENNE

No... not hate...

JON

Okay. Thought you were gonna say a little more there. I've got a lesson. Hit 'em straight my dear.

He hurries toward the driving range.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE - DAY

Jim and Millie watch the exchange between Jon and Vivienne.

JIM

What'd she see in that schmuck?

MILLIE

The golden boy. Cock of the walk.

JIM

Uh-huh.

MILLIE

It's true. Best player in the state, had every college around just lying on their back, legs in the air. Every girl, too.

JIM

Jesus, Millie!

MILLIE

You asked. My guess is she fell under his spell just like every other young damsel before, during and after her. A sad story, really.

JIM

I hate sad stories as much as I hate having a washout for a head pro. And that decrepit shit-for-brains he slinks around with...

MILLIE

Crabby? Sure, he's no genius. He tried to finger me once in a restaurant. And my girlfriend sitting beside me. He's harmless.

JIM

With any luck we'll be rid of Jon Dufferin in two days, bring some respectability back around here.

MILLIE

Look, I know he's just a tent-pole in sweatpants to you, Jim, but he knows his stuff and people like him. So what do you care if he's got all the life skills God gave a pound of dick cheese?

Jim scowls out the window. Millie's gone.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Before he gets to the range, Jon meets Crabby coming off the 9th green, a spring in his step and a mile-wide smile.

JON

That's not your normal face.

CRABBY

It is when I'm three up on all of them at 20 bones a hole. You on the other hand look like you had a wake-in-your-makeup kinda morning.

JON

Jim just read me the riot act.

CRABBY

Membership drive? Don't sweat it. Hey, you're coming tonight, right?

JON

About that. I need to show up in reasonable form tomorrow, Crabby.

CRABBY

It's my divorce party! It can't happen without you. It's been planned for a while.

JON
You texted me about it yesterday.

CRABBY
I'll be the first one at yours.

JON
Maybe I'll come for a quick one.

CRABBY
You'll be home in time, Cinderella.
Wish me luck on the back!

They go off in different directions.

INT. GOLF COURSE - CLUB STORAGE GARAGE - DAY

Two club attendants DAX and JAZZ (twins, 18) pass a reefer around. Dax tries to wave the smoke away.

DAX
Shouldn't we do this outside?

JAZZ
Nah, it blends nicely with the
smell of old people, mold and
death. Speaking of which...

MR. REED, a paper-skinned geezer (70s) shuffles in. Dax scurries behind a rack of clubs with the blunt.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
Heading out to play, Mr. Reed?

Jazz goes to find Reed's golf bag.

MR. REED
Smells funny in here. Are the
skunks back?

Jazz delivers his clubs, sets them on a pull cart.

MR. REED (CONT'D)
Is something on fire?

JAZZ
Probably just your golf game, sir.

Reed yanks out a jumbo wad of bills, peels one.

MR. REED
Here's a dollar, son. Don't spend
it all in one place.

Reed just about strokes out laughing as he shuffles away.

JAZZ

Thank you so much, Mr. Reed. This should help me finish college!

Dax returns from hiding, pulls on the reefer.

Jon scrambles in, checks behind him. The dope smell hits him.

JON

Wow, funky. Don't let Dr. Jim catch you, boys. He's taken to farting on people who displease him.

DAX

Hey, Jon. What brings you down to the dungeon?

JON

Sanctuary, lads. This day's already scoring high on the freaky.

JAZZ

Whoa! Freakier than the time we partied with Cream Pie Cathy and that WWF chick who wanted to shave your pills and give you a man bun?

JON

Gimme that. And no.

He snatches the joint from Dax and smokes it like a pro.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Misty and Sherry Reed continue to whack putts all over the practice green. Misty bangs a ball clear off the green.

MISTY

Heavens! I'm not sure I understood what Jon was trying to show me.

SHERRY

Here, mom. Interlock or overlap or something with your fingers. And don't hit it so hard.

Misty bashes another ball off the green. It rockets across a cart path and right over the shoes of Mr. Reed, who marches toward the pro shop without a glance.

MISTY

Sorry, hon!

Mr. Reed's furrowed brow suggests he's on a mission. He holds a club in his hand, blazing eyes lasered on the clubhouse.

SHERRY

What's up with dad? He's got that
look like he's back in the war.

MISTY

He has bowel issues, sweetheart.

INT. GOLF COURSE - PRO SHOP - DAY

Jim drops a stack of membership flyers behind the desk. Mr.
Reed stalks in.

JIM

Morning, Mr. Reed.

MR. REED

What's good about it? Look at this.

He waves an ancient nine iron in front of Jim.

JIM

Bet you hit 'em good with that.

MR. REED

Are you blind, Jim? This club is
filthy. Look at the dirt on there.
Those punks down in club storage
are too busy listening to that
hippie music. They can't even wash
a man's clubs after he plays? And
it smells like a herd of elephants
had a shitting contest in there.

JIM

Oh, well, I'm sorry about that. I
haven't been down there lately.

MR. REED

I pay for three memberships at this
club. They're not cheap. And this
ain't no Pebble Beach.

Jon appears to Jim's great relief.

JON

Problem, Mr. Reed?

JIM

They didn't wash his clubs.

JON

Let's have a look.

He takes the dirt-free club from Mr. Reed.

JON (CONT'D)
 Oh, yes, I see. Right here, they
 definitely missed some. No problem,
 we'll get you all fixed up.

He grabs a small brush from the desk, gives the club a hard scrub, wipes it with a cloth, hands it back to Mr. Reed.

Jim inches toward the door.

JON (CONT'D)
 Here you go, sir. Good as new. And
 I'll speak to the lads about
 keeping these beautiful clubs nice
 and clean. Know what, let me make
 it up to you. How about a free nine-
 hole playing lesson for you and the
 missus? Daughter too, if she wants.

MR. REED
 Okay. That'll do. Thanks, Jon.

JON
 And look at this. Your group's on
 the tee next. Have a great day out
 there. I just gave Sherry a very
 hands on lesson this morning so let
 me know how she does today.

Mr. Reed passes Jim on his way to the door.

MR. REED
 See that guy?
 (points back to Jon)
 He's the only one knows his arse
 from his elbow around here.

Mr. Reed strolls haughtily out.

Jim's scowl meets Jon's smile. Jim bolts out.

JON
 You're welcome!

INT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

Bartender RODNEY pours six shots with robot precision. At the bar waiting for them is

KAYZIE KAY (40s, a playful little face which masks the sledgehammer she has cocked for any unsuspecting dipshit barstool Romeos). She sways a little, lets the house music take her back a few years.

KAYZIE KAY
 Actually, eight, Rodney. We're
 starting without him.

Rodney spins to get two more glasses. Sure enough, a BARSTOOL
 ROMEO slides up beside her.

BARSTOOL ROMEO
 Need help with those, l'il sister?

KAYZIE KAY
 Are you my new big brother?

BARSTOOL ROMEO
 Huh? No, I meant--

KAYZIE KAY
 --Yeah, I know. You meant maybe you
 could help me drink these and try
 to nail me later in the back of
 your 4x4 out in the parking lot.

His astonished look.

KAYZIE KAY (CONT'D)
 Read your mind?

BARSTOOL ROMEO
 I was just--

KAYZIE KAY
 --I bet your best move wouldn't
 even come close to the piss shiver
 I had in the shower this morning.

Rodney loads up a tray with the shots.

KAYZIE KAY (CONT'D)
 Thanks, Rodney. And a virgin Mary
 on me for Studley Wellhung here.

She sashays away with the tray and through more lame barroom
 prattle from a bro group playing pool before she arrives at

A TABLE

where Crabby sucks down the bottom half of a gigantic pint.
 In this light, he's a 60-looking 50, but a healthy pre-drink
 ritual has him feeling half his age.

KAYZIE KAY (CONT'D)
 Where the fuck is he?

CRABBY
 He'll be here.

Kayzie Kay sets the shots down.

KAYZIE KAY
So typical.

CRABBY
He's just late.

KAYZIE KAY
Or balls deep in some hockey mom.

CRABBY
Again! Well, his loss. Ready?

They each hoist a shot.

KAYZIE KAY
I must admit, I never thought you had the sack to do it, Crabby. Good riddance to that bad bitch and may the next crank she swallows be hanging off the end of a syphilitic hobo passed out on a park bench.

CRABBY
I believe that's on her bucket list. Amen to that, Kayzie Kay.

They shoot the drinks.

Crabby makes creepy eyes at a table of flirtatious younger ladies. Kayzie Kay clenches his chin, spins his head back.

KAYZIE KAY
Hey, Casanova, every one of them would chew your dick off, spit it in your face and leave you crying in a puddle of your own putrid piss. Divorce party or no, you keep a cool tool. Now call him.

Jon materializes with a drink in each hand.

JON
No need for drastic measures. Cheers and happy divorce to you, Saul Crabstein! May you enter a new tunnel of love and find eternal bliss as soon as possible. Apologies to Shakespeare!

They drink to it. Jon sees the tray on the table.

JON (CONT'D)
Oh... shooters!

KAYZIE KAY
Easy, tiger. Big day tomorrow.

Jon raises a shooter and summons a sparkly smile for the table of ladies. They giggle and wave back.

It's Kayzie Kay's glare of disapproval vs Jon's wanton eyes.

INT. DINER - DAY

Jon and Crabby eat breakfast, a tad hung but semi-coherent.

JON
You didn't tell me how you finished up yesterday.

CRABBY
Finished up is right. Two up, four up and even with Jay. Bastard had a horseshoe up his ass the last three holes. Drained a couple snakes on me. Still, took a hundred from the other two pigeons.

JON
Uh-huh, old Jay also told me that he was sure you hit one OB on six but it somehow stayed in.

CRABBY
Hit a tree, I believe.

JON
There's no trees on six. OB's up against a yard.

CRABBY
So I pinged it off the guy's grill.

JON
Well, that was lucky. And on a triple carry-over hole.

An uneasy moment. They both know the truth.

TED "TJ" JAMESON (47), a pompous, entitled moneybags, lopes in, eyeballs Crabby and Jon, goes to the end of the counter.

CRABBY
It's fucking Teddy.

Jon and Ted have a brief stare-down.

Three GOLF PROFESSIONALS (20s) on their way out spot Jon.

GOLF PRO LIAM
Hey, Jonny D. The big Duff! Guys, this is Jon fucking Dufferin.

JON

Morning Liam. How's uncle Jacky?

GOLF PRO LIAM

Still has the shakes on a two-footer. Boys, this here is a living local legend. He played college with uncle Jack who assures me Jonny D was a killer with the mashie and gutta percha golf ball.

JON

Won six mini-tour events with hickory shafts and a bullseye putter. How many tournaments you won, Liam?

Awkward for the three hotshots.

GOLF PRO LIAM

Still up at Queen's Hollow?

JON

For now, yeah.

GOLF PRO CHAD

Didn't we play a junior field day there once?

GOLF PRO AUSTIN

It was a fucking goat track. Any better now, Jon?

JON

Sure. We even cut the greens once a week now.

GOLF PRO LIAM

Where's your game at these days?

JON

It's somewhere.

CRABBY

He could beat you fools with one hand tied behind his back.

GOLF PRO LIAM

Whoa, settle your Depends there, old timer. You'll like this, Jon: Uncle Jack's got this comeback fantasy he's gonna qualify for the Geezer Tour.

CRABBY

It's the Champions Tour, schoolboy.

GOLF PRO LIAM

Yeah, well, uncle Jacky drinks a lot. Falls down a lot. I think he might even piss his pants every time he sees a water hazard. But how about you, Jon? Maybe recapture a little of that ancient glory. Should be easy pickings against a pack of geriatric no-names. I'll tell Jack you said hi.

The three hotshots leave.

Ted slides down the counter with four coffees to go.

TED

A local legend. Wow. Who knew?

CRABBY

Go fuck a ball washer, Teddy.

TED

Did you tell them how I whupped your ass all through college Jon and took the last spot on the PGA Tour at Q-school?

JON

Who could forget the four-year career of the great PGA tour star Theodore Jameson? And all those tournaments you *almost* won.

CRABBY

Two top tens.

TED

Three, actually, if you count the two-round rainout in Guadalupe. Well, Jon, you better get practicing for your big Champions Tour career. But, oh, not today, you've got memberships to sell. Chop chop, Mr. Head Golf Pro.

CRABBY

Listen, cornhole, why don't you go--

JON

--Thanks for the reminder, Teddy.

Ted swaggers out.

JON (CONT'D)

Champions Tour. That's one bat-shit bonkers idea.

CRABBY

It would be for old Jacky. But not you. The magic number's 50. You're only two months away.

JON

Christ, how did that happen? It would be a mountain of shit to shove down Teddy's throat, though.

CRABBY

Think you can pull it off?

JON

Do you think I can pull it off?

CRABBY

I've seen you do crazier things. Hey, it could be... a path back to glory! Like Hogan coming back after the car accident or George Foreman after eating all those hamburgers!

Jon is unconvinced.

JON

Breakfast is on you Mr. OB on six.

As they leave, Jon pins a poster to a board near the door advertising the *Membership Drive* at Queen's Hollow.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Jon sets up a table in front of a *MEMBERSHIP DRIVE!* sign.

Kayzie Kay arrives with a pile of pamphlets.

KAYZIE KAY

How are you feeling?

JON

Somewhere between average and why the fuck am I here?

KAYZIE KAY

You're here to sell memberships.

JON

I was thinking more in the bigger picture sense of it.

KAYZIE KAY

Don't. Thinking's not what you're known for. Look, you fuck this up, your days are numbered. And that number is two.

JON

Thanks for driving me home last night. We'll pick up the car later?

KAYZIE KAY

Yeah. Now, turn on the charm burners and work your magic.

JON

I'll alakazam this shit.

LATER

Jon, with a small (mostly female) crowd around the table. Charming as hell, he works the marks like a seasoned carnny.

Jon's radar pings onto a slender assemblage of bright pink. CIN (30s), reads a flyer. He steps quickly over.

JON (CONT'D)

Hi, Jon Dufferin. At your service. Were you thinking of joining?

CIN

Maybe. It says here free lessons with new membership.

JON

That is correct. With yours truly. And you are?

CIN

Cindy. But I just prefer Cin.

JON

Great choice. I've been known to sin a little, myself.

Vivienne passes behind the table with a pail of balls.

JON (CONT'D)

Hey, why don't you take a look around and I'll meet you on the range in fifteen.

Cin wanders away. Jon darts over to Vivienne.

JON (CONT'D)

Hello, darling.

VIVIENNE

Did you get her number?

JON

Not yet. Playing today?

VIVIENNE
Just practicing.

JON
You'll be home later?

VIVIENNE
At some point.

JON
Ah. Just need a quick chat.

VIVIENNE
About?

JON
The future.

VIVIENNE
Oh, Christ.

JON
No, it's... a plan, maybe. You were
always the voice of reason so how
'bout I just run it by you.

VIVIENNE
I don't know.

JON
It could be big. I'm excited.

VIVIENNE
If you're excited, I'm worried.

JON
Great, see you later. Hit 'em
straight, my dear.

Jon skips back to the membership table.

JON (CONT'D)
Hey, folks! Let's talk benefits of
membership at Queen's Hollow!

EXT. VIVIENNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon RINGS the doorbell. Vivienne answers, studies him.

VIVIENNE
You look like you're here to pick
up your prom date.

JON
Maybe just delighted to see you.

VIVIENNE
This ought to be good.

INT. VIVIENNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Vivienne mixes a veggie shake in a blender.

VIVIENNE
You want to try it?

JON
Does it taste anything like scotch?

VIVIENNE
Here.

She hands him a bottle of wine and a glass. He pours.

JON
I feel healthier already. So, I was
thinking, and don't laugh...

VIVIENNE
Making me laugh was never one of
your talents.

JON
Agree to agree.

VIVIENNE
Does this have to do with us?

JON
Not immediately or directly, as
such. Like I said, it's the future.

VIVIENNE
Which or whose future?

JON
Mine. I can't work at Queen's
Hollow forever.

VIVIENNE
Why are you telling me this?

JON
Because I'll be 50 in two months
and, let's face it, this isn't how
I pictured it all working out.

VIVIENNE
Uh-huh. Let's have the rest of it.

JON

What if I told you I'm thinking about taking a shot at the Champions Tour?

VIVIENNE

The one they show on tv? The one with actual real pros who played on the PGA tour?

JON

I was good, Viv. Really fucking good and you know it.

VIVIENNE

Do you have some sort of head injury? Jon, your glory years are older than our son. The one who's in college. Remember him?

JON

Yes.

VIVIENNE

You're a washed-up club pro schlepping memberships at an overpriced, second-rate golf club where they can't even make a drinkable margarita. Have you been watching day-time talk shows?

JON

I haven't really thought the whole thing through. It's just... I wanted to bounce it off you and--

VIVIENNE

--What's this really all about?

JON

Fine. It's about taking a hard look. I fucked it all up, Viv. You don't think I know that? I live with it every day. I squandered so much of my life, my talent, and...

VIVIENNE

And? You *do* need to say it.

JON

And us--you and Alexander. But--

VIVIENNE

--Always a *but*.

JON

I think maybe, there's a new me...
out there. Somewhere.

A quick burst of laughter then Viv softens.

VIVIENNE

And all the lying, the drinking,
the nights I didn't know where the
hell you were... this will just
magically make that all go away?

JON

No. You're right. It's a stupid
idea. One in a very long line. Just
for a moment today--the tiniest
fucking moment--I wondered, if I
could do this, you and Alex--

VIVIENNE

--Alexander and I have moved on
with our lives, Jon. We didn't have
time to wait for you to wake up and
"take a hard look."

JON

I know. That's one thing I surely
do know. Thanks for the drink.

VIVIENNE

I wish you well, Jon. I do.

JON

I know. Thank you.

A quick hug and Jon's on his way to the door.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Sunday morning. Last day of the membership drive. Jon takes
practice swings with an iron behind the table.

His eyes widen to see his father JON SR. (70s) watching him.

Kayzie Kay emerges from the clubhouse.

KAYZIE KAY

Jon!

Jon turns to her voice, whirls back, his father's gone.

JON

That was fucking weird.

KAYZIE KAY

What was?

JON
Nothing. Just taking a few swings.

KAYZIE KAY
How'd you do yesterday?

JON
Little over halfway there, I think.
Sundays are always hit and miss.

KAYZIE KAY
Stayed in last night?

JON
Went to see Vivienne, actually.

KAYZIE KAY
Oh. How'd that go?

JON
Like a kick in the plums. But not
one of her hard ones.

KAYZIE KAY
Well, I believe Viv gets all the
free kicks she wants.

JON
Yeah.

KAYZIE KAY
Look, I'm on your team all the way,
you know that. Crabby told me about
the Champions Tour thing. I know
you two go way back and he helped
you a lot. But I gotta say, just be
careful about taking the advice of
a man whose best move--*only* move,
I'm told--is something called the
taco tickler.

She gets the smile she was after.

JON
Promise.

Millie appears.

MILLIE
Looks like you got lucky yesterday.

JON
Oh? How many?

MILLIE
You signed up sixteen.

JON
Wow, look at me--

MILLIE
--Three washed out. So you need
twelve more marks. Or you only work
here till four-thirty today.

Millie spins toward the clubhouse and is gone.

JON
Thanks! You inspire me, Millie!

KAYZIE KAY
Just get the job done and let's
keep the band together. You flame
outta this place, next bus stop is
rock bottom.

JON
Another great inspirational speech.

Kayzie Kay winks and heads for the driving range. Jon scans
the course for another sign of his father.

LATER

A few people mill around Jon's table. He checks his watch
despondently, scans the area for any potential sign ups.

INT. GOLF COURSE - JIM'S OFFICE - DAY

Jim and Millie watch Jon at the table.

JIM
He's got an hour and a half. Is he
close to the number?

MILLIE
Doesn't look good.

JIM
Wonderful. Goodbye Jon Dufferin.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Alone at his table, Jon glumly shuffles pamphlets. Kayzie Kay
strolls up.

KAYZIE KAY
There's still time.

JON
It's over.

KAYZIE KAY

Maybe not.

She points over to a PHOTOGRAPHER snapping pics of a WEDDING PARTY beyond the putting green.

KAYZIE KAY (CONT'D)

Take a big swing.

Jon's eyes sparkle with inspiration.

INT. GOLF COURSE - BANQUET ROOM - DAY

The guests are well lubricated, speeches have been made. The BEST MAN wraps up his duties, drink in hand.

Jon and Kayzie Kay quietly slip into the room.

BEST MAN

... Marcy and Phillip, you know I love you both. Cheers! Now, I know everybody is getting hungry--

DRUNKEN WEDDING GUEST

--And pissed!

Loud laughter, hoots!

BEST MAN

And pissed! Thank you Mr. McCauley. The father of the bride, ladies and gentlemen! So, as promised, an open mic for anyone who would like to say anything. Short versions only!

Jon grabs a bottle off a table and hustles to the mic.

JON

Thank you very much. Good evening folks, my name is Jon Dufferin. I'm the head pro here at beautiful Queen's Hollow and it is my honour to say on behalf of the staff here, congratulations to the lovely couple. I'd like to relate to you the story of the newlyweds who were on their honeymoon when the new wife tells her new husband "You play too much golf. You might as well sell your clubs." Hubby says "You're starting to sound like my ex-wife." The new bride is aghast and shoots back, "I thought you said you've never been married before." And hubby says...

Jon points to the GROOM to finish it. Takes him a sec...

GROOM
I haven't!

The room roars with laughter.

JON
Thank you very much. Thank you.
Speaking of golf, we here at the
spectacular Queen's Hollow golf
club are offering a one-day only
absolutely mind-boggling deal on
full membership. Do we have any
golfers in the room today?

Murmurs, hands go up. Kayzie Kay drops pamphlets at tables.

JON (CONT'D)
This unbeatable deal expires in 30
minutes and includes a free bar tab
for a year, ten free lessons from
myself and the opportunity to meet
(*insert golf pro's name*) who plays
here whenever he's in town and a
whole pile of extra goodies just
for signing up. Now I'm told dinner
isn't until 5 which means all you
have to do is follow me out to my
table--bring your drinks!--and
we'll get you all set up! You can
start playing tomorrow!
(to the newlyweds)
Well, maybe not you two!

Cheering. A pile of people follow Jon out the door.

INT. GOLF COURSE - JIM'S OFFICE - DAY

Jim and Millie are puzzled to see a large crowd of
enthusiastic people in formal dress surrounding Jon's table.

Kayzie Kay helps Jon with the membership applications.

JIM
What's that bastard up to?

MILLIE
About 20 memberships. Shouldn't
have trouble getting five more.

Jim clenches a squeeze toy.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Later, at the membership table, Jon and Kayzie Kay pack up.

KAYZIE KAY
Did we get enough?

JON
If they hold. I made a few iffy
promises to sweeten the deal. We
may have to amend those slightly.
Thanks. You saved my bacon.

KAYZIE KAY
It's on your tab.

Cin comes up from behind. Decked in her signature pink.

KAYZIE KAY (CONT'D)
One more customer.

Kayzie Kay heads toward the clubhouse.

CIN
Oh, hi Mr. Dufferin!

JON
Cindy who prefers Cin.

CIN
I couldn't stay yesterday. I'm so
sorry. Is it too late to sign up? I
really could use that lesson.

Jon's high wattage smile is her answer.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

A low sun. Crabby and Jon lounge on a golf cart, sip beer.

CRABBY
You make your number?

JON
Looks like.

Crabby sparks up a log of a cigar. Jon frowns.

CRABBY
Then why do you look like you just
crawled out of the working end of a
glory hole at a construction site?

JON
I had dreams, Crabby. You know?

CRABBY

Okay, before we go down that fetid intestine--again--let's evaluate the bigger picture. Things ain't so bad, slugger.

JON

That's the bigger picture?

CRABBY

Yeah, if you don't squint too hard. It's about choices.

JON

This is not where I expected to be. You think I make bad choices?

CRABBY

Jon, you're just a couple away from selling your jizzed-out underwear online to lonely housewives.

JON

Didn't have to call them *lonely*.

CRABBY

Point is, yes, you crapped out on your talent, your prime money-making years, your career and so much more but you've still got a golf swing silkier than a G-string down at the Doll's House.

JON

Thanks, I think.

CRABBY

So back on that horse for one last ride, little cowboy. The Champions Tour awaits the great Jon Dufferin.

JON

I dunno.

CRABBY

It's a no lose bet. You fail, it's just another one on a very long list. Make it, you're born again.

JON

Vivienne said it's a stupid idea.

CRABBY

Of course she would. She doesn't get why you'd do it.

JON

I don't get why I'd do it.

CRABBY

Your three ingredients for happiness: wife, son, career.

JON

Hmmm, every once in a while you say something that borders on smart.

CRABBY

Things that make ya go 'hmmm.' For Christ's sake, Jon, you *have* to do this. You have no choice. And don't just think of Viv and Alex. There's a shitload of dough out there, playing great courses, commercials, all the fun on the road we're gonna have and best of all--

JON

--Wait. The fun we're gonna have? As in you and me?

CRABBY

Exactly. You don't for a second think you could do this yourself.

JON

I suppose I could use--

CRABBY

--And the best reason of all, Jon, the fucking mother of all reasons: sweet revenge. So fuck the non-believers sideways and never forget your secret weapon.

JON

Can't wait for this.

CRABBY

The hopelessness of crushed dreams.

JON

Should I write that down?

CRABBY

Always remember: Crabby loves you.

Millie emerges from the clubhouse.

MILLIE

Congratulations, Dufferin. Thirty-four new memberships. Your first course record, I assume.

JON
So Jim's in his happy place?

MILLIE
Jim doesn't have a happy place.
Word's out you have delusions of
qualifying for the Champions Tour.

JON
I heard. Not sure yet.

MILLIE
And whatever promises you made
those pissed-to-the-gills wedding
guests you better find a way to
cancel.

JON
Nothing in writing. I doubt they'll
remember the details. Done.

MILLIE
Creative, I'll give you that.

Millie's gone. Ted materializes, startles Jon and Crabby.

TED
Isn't this a cozy little sausage
party. A 71 today, fellas. Missed a
short one, coulda been 70.

JON
Nice playing, Ted.

TED
Just had a lovely chat with
Vivienne. She is looking positively
dazzling these days, now that
she's, well... liberated. She says
you're actually serious about this
Champions Tour fantasy.

JON
What do you care?

TED
What's the matter, Jon? Are you
tired of being alone, poor and
basically a rusty skid mark in the
annals of golf history? Hey, when
you wash out again this time, call
me. We just bought three more
towers. I'll need painters.

Vivienne exits the clubhouse, crosses toward the parking lot.
She and Ted exchange little waves.

TED (CONT'D)
Dinner at the El Dorado. She said
it's her favourite spot.

Ted hurries off after Vivienne.

Jon watches in a daze as Vivienne slides into Ted's Porsche.

CRABBY
That grab-ass motherfucker.

Jon is numb... then furious... then on his feet marching
across the course grounds, Crabby a step behind.

JON
I'm gonna fucking do it, Crabby.

CRABBY
I know.

JON
And I'm gonna shove a huge wet shit
pie down Teddy's throat.

CRABBY
That's where one belongs.

Jon stops abruptly.

JON
You believe me, right?

CRABBY
Totally.

JON
I can't believe she got in that
car. Fuck! I'm gonna get them back!

Jon strides into the

CLUB STORAGE GARAGE, emerges with his clubs.

CRABBY
Yeah, fuckin' get them back. Wait,
who? Your enemies, right?

JON
Vivienne. And Alexander. This
starts now!

Jon stomps into the twilight.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

Jon floods the driving mats with overhead light. He sets a pail of range balls and two cans of beer beside his clubs.

His first swings are angry, disjointed, nothing like his natural swing. The balls fly crazily off target.

He swigs beer. Takes another mad hack. Swears.

Jon Sr. appears behind him.

JON SR.
New swing? Maybe slow it down.

JON
Why should I listen to you?

JON SR.
I taught you how to play.

JON
You've been dead twenty years.
What is this, some Bagger Vance
kinda shit? Cuz I hated that movie.

Jon sprays another shot wildly into the darkness.

JON SR.
Where are you going with all this?

JON
Not going. Coming. Back from the
fucking grave. Just like you.

JON SR.
A man with a plan. Or a dream.

Jon continues to pound balls wildly. WHACK!

JON
I *had* dreams. They died. Slow.
(WHACK!)
But I'm gonna put some jumper
cables on 'em and fucking shock 'em
back to life.
(WHACK!)
My wife with some moneybags
asswipe? No fucking way.
(WHACK!)
My son hates me? Not when he sees
the new me.
(WHACK!)
A skid mark on the annals of golf
history? Fuck you Teddy--

JON SR.
 --Whoa, Jon! There's steam coming
 out your ears. And you're swinging
 that golf club about as graceful as
 a monkey fuckin' a football.

He tosses Jon a golf ball.

JON SR. (CONT'D)
 Tee it up. Your right hand's too
 strong. Don't strangle it, it's a
 golf club not a horse cock.

Jon adjusts his grip.

JON SR. (CONT'D)
 Breathe. One-two, back. Turn. One-
 two, through. You really want to
 get them back?

JON
 I need to.

WHACK! Jon belts a drive dead straight, high into the night.

JON SR.
 Good. There's your swing thought.
 Repeat.

Jon crushes balls effortlessly into the dark sky. Jon Sr.
 drifts off into the gloom.

The pail is empty. Jon snaps open the second beer, gazes
 around for Jon Sr...

JON
 Hey, how'd those look?

... but sees only the dim outline of the clubhouse.

Jon savors the beer. He pulls his cell, dials.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

A gleaming silver driver behind a teed up ball. On the grass
 beside it, a half empty pail and a RINGING cell phone.

The driver disappears then comes in to smash the ball. The
 phone still rings.

ALEXANDER DUFFERIN (20) picks up the phone, sees the call
 coming from *THE FATHER*. He pitches it back onto the turf
 unanswered and tees up another ball.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

Jon hears the beep to leave a message.

JON
 (into phone)
 Hi Alex, Dad here. I hope you're
 having a good night. You'll laugh
 but I'm actually at the driving
 range. Anyway, I'm really looking
 forward to seeing you on your break
 in a couple of weeks. And, I guess
 I have some big news... I'm making
 a few changes here...

INT. COLLEGE BAR - NIGHT

Alex sits at a table with members of the school golf team,
 listening to the message.

JON (V.O.)
 ... well, I guess I'll fill you in
 when you get home. Love you and hit
 'em straight, buddy.

Alex hangs up. A GOLF TEAM GUY refills Alex's glass.

GOLF TEAM GUY
 You got a hot date, who was that?

ALEXANDER
 A fucking ghost.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jon gets to his car. Pulls out his keys, tangled with a slip
 of paper with a PHONE NUMBER below the message:

Thanks for today, call when you want your lesson~~CIN

He checks the time. Has a lengthy internal debate. Pulls out
 his cell.

JON
 Fuck. Okay. One last time.

Dials.

END OF EPISODE