

FADE IN:

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

A heavy dew covers the thick wet grass like a blanket as the morning sun peeks through the pines lining the freshly cut fairways. It looks like one of those Norman Rockwell platey things.

EXT. RANGE - DAY

TOURING PROS warm up just beyond A BANNER welcoming them to The 1971 Cleveland Open.

EXT. BEECHMONT PARKING LOT - DAY

Like a luxury car dealership, the country club lot is filled with dozens of brand new, Lincoln Mark Threes. Trunks slam in unison while perfectly tanned men in tight plaid polyester pants exit their cars and head towards the massive colonial styled club house.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB 4TH GREEN - DAY

Cigar smoke billows from the mouth of a WEALTHY CEO, watching, as JOEY 'TWO THUMBS' MCALLISTER, 45, cigarette dangling out of the corner of his mouth, dressed in dark blue coveralls, is crouched down on the green.

FRED DAVIS, 39, an arrogant and entitled PGA professional stands just above him.

FRED

Are you blind?

TWO THUMBS

No boss, there's a ridge five feet in front that's gonna send the ball to the right, but once it loses it's speed and goes past that shadow, it's gonna move left cuz that's way the grass blades grow.

FRED

This putt's worth 50 bucks. I trust my eyes more than grass blades.

The CEO takes a big puff of his cigar enjoying the moment.

CEO

You wanna hurry it up over there?  
I've got a board meeting this afternoon.

TWO THUMBS

You hired me to help you putt.  
 (pointing at the ball)  
 There you go.

FRED

The good you've done. My balls  
 still aren't dropping.

Joey starts moving away.

TWO THUMBS

Your balls are droppin' boss, just  
 not the ones that say Titliest.  
 (beat)  
 Aim right.

FRED

Fuck you.

Fred lines up over his ball, takes one hard look at the line  
 before hitting the putt.

The ball breaks just before the hole and misses left of the  
 cup. Fred drops the putter and walks off the green. No eye  
 contact, no words, no need.

CEO

Figured I'd be taking lessons out  
 here, not money.

Joey putts the flag back in the hole, picks up the putter and  
 bag, and runs to catch up with Fred as they march toward the  
 next tee.

TWO THUMBS

Maybe we forgo the driving range  
 and spend some time on the putting  
 green this afternoon.

Fred keeps marching ahead. Not in the mood for conversation.

TWO THUMBS (CONT'D)

It's just one putt boss.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB 5TH TEE - DAY

Fred stops to sign autographs for a smiling father and son.

FRED

It's not one putt Joey. I haven't  
 made a damn cut since I hired you.

TWO THUMBS  
You're game will come around boss.

FRED  
Go pump your sunshine up someone  
else's ass.

Father and son stop smiling.

FRED (CONT'D)  
How do you think it feels showing  
up every week knowing that I'm the  
best out here and I'm scratching  
and clawing to make the goddamn  
cut!

Father plugs his son's ears.

TWO THUMBS  
Once you straighten out that hook  
and start dropping a few putts  
it'll change.

FRED  
You don't get it. It's not me Joey.  
It's you.

A pained confusion washes over Joey's face.

FRED (CONT'D)  
You've infected me with losing.  
You're fifty years old--

TWO THUMBS  
Forty-five.

FRED  
And you still haven't won a thing  
out here. I shouldn't of hired you,  
but I felt sorry and I guess my  
heart is too damn big and it  
clouded my judgement. But there's  
two kinds of people in the world,  
Joey; Winners and Losers. You're a  
loser and I know I deserve better.

Fred holds out his hand.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Well that felt good. No hard  
feelings Two Thumbs. What d'ya say?

TWO THUMBS

Shove it up your ass, Fred.  
You're not a winner, you're a past  
winner and tomorrow morning, when  
you tee it up for real, no ones  
give a shit. You're not struggling  
because of me. You're struggling  
because you're better at making  
excuses than you are at making  
putts.

Two Thumbs grabs an old wooden driver out of the bag.

FRED

What are you doing?

TWO THUMBS

My final duty. Checking wind  
direction!

Joey WHIPS the club down the fairway.

TWO THUMBS (CONT'D)

Fetch asshole!

INT. CADDIE SHACK - DAY

Looks less like Normal Rockwell and more like kids craft  
time. There are dirty paper plates everywhere and half eaten  
fake scrambled eggs are scattered across the table in the  
middle of the makeshift tent. This is life on tour for a  
1970's caddie.

Joey, still burning with rage, marches in and rips off his  
coveralls. WONDERBOY, a young caddie, is polishing clubs  
nearby.

WONDERBOY

You okay, Two Thumbs?

TWO THUMBS

I'm far from okay. I'm in fucking  
Cleveland without a fucking bag!

WONDERBOY

Holy shit. What happened?

TWO THUMBS

What always happens? Caddies  
gettin' blamed.

WONDERBOY

Everybody thought you and Fred were  
a perfect fit.

TWO THUMBS

What he needs is a shrink and I  
need a bag. Where's the list?

WONDERBOY

Behind you.

Joey runs his finger down the tournament list of players.

TWO THUMBS

Thomas Brown find a caddie?

WONDERBOY

No, I think Pickles is on his bag.

TWO THUMBS

What about Jerry Waller?

WONDERBOY

Squirts is pulling clubs for him.

TWO THUMBS

Miller?

WONDERBOY

Snips got him.

TWO THUMBS

Rodriguez?

WONDERBOY

The Retard.

TWO THUMBS

Anybody else looking?

Wonderboy shrugs. Joey paces.

TWO THUMBS (CONT'D)

What the fuck am I supposed to do?

WONDERBOY

You could wait for scraps out in  
the lot.

TWO THUMBS

I've put in over twenty years on  
this tour. I'm not carrying bags  
for an alternate.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Joey stands the country club gates with his thumb raised.

A car appears from down the road heading towards the course. Stopping at gate, four KOREAN MEN stare at Joey. Looking confused, they all raise their thumbs up back at him, then continue inside, leaving Joey confused until another car picks him up.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Joey is dropped off at the edge of town at a run down motel.

INT. MOTEL - DAY

The tiny room is a disaster. Dirty socks and empty beer bottle everywhere. Joey sits down at the edge of one of a bed and turns on the B&W TV. He puts his head in his hands while--

The news anchor delivers the news that Chicago is under it's fourth straight day of a heat wave and the famous Filmore in New York City is closing it's doors.

Joey flips off the TV, restless, he starts cleaning until GLEN BAXTER, LATE 30'S, a caddie and Joey's best friend busts in.

GLEN

Holy shit, are you okay? I came when I heard. Did he really fire you in front of everybody?

Two Thumbs can only nod.

GLEN (CONT'D)

What a douche! Did you pick up another bag?

TWO THUMBS

No, I'm a bachelor this weekend. Gonna be a wild time in Cleveland without a nickel to my name.

GLEN

I still have a few bucks left from my Tulsa commission. Lemme buy you lunch.

TWO THUMBS

No thanks.

GLEN

C'mon, you gotta eat. There's a classy burger joint across the street.

EXT. BURGER STAND - DAY

A cat eats a mouse five feet from the counter, which is held together mostly by duct tape. The two men watch the BURGER GUY violate nearly every health code at this 'classy burger joint'.

GLEN

What do you have on special?

The greasy tank top wearing burger guy picks up a few packages of patties and checks the due date.

BURGER GUY

What's the date?

TWO THUMBS

June twenty third.

BURGER GUY

Then these ones are on special.

Glen looks at Two Thumbs who shrugs.

GLEN

We'll take four.

Burger patties SLAP down on the grease caked griddle.

TWO THUMBS

I think this may be it for me,  
Glen. I can't keep this up anymore.

GLEN

C'mon, seriously? What are you  
gonna do, settle down? Get a day  
job? There's no better life waiting  
for you out there.

TWO THUMBS

I just can't believe I'm here  
again. I'm gonna be forty-six this  
year and I don't even have a  
savings account. Everyone my age  
have families and a home and  
mortgages and jobs that can pay  
those mortgages.

GLEN

Yeah, and we see those guys in  
every city on tour. Everyone of  
them looking at us the same way.  
With envy.

TWO THUMBS

They look pretty happy to me.

GLEN

That's because they're on the golf course away from their wives and kids and their mortgages. They're watching us man, wondering what it would be like to be us, on the road, inside the ropes and walking the most beautiful fairways on earth.

TWO THUMBS

Eating burgers from an outhouse that I can't even afford.

GLEN

That's why you have me and the other guys. You've had our backs and now we've got yours. You don't need a family brother, you've already got one.

TWO THUMBS

Hmm, that was actually quite nice. I almost want to hug you, but I haven't had a beer yet.

GLEN

You can hug me tonight.

TWO THUMBS

Sorry, can't join you guys for the ritual. I've gotta get up early and find a bag.

GLEN

You're hitting the lot?

TWO THUMBS

All part of 'livin' the dream' my friend.

CRUNCH the cat continues devouring on its kill.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Joey and Glen enter to FIVE OTHER CADDIES, BUBS, WHITEBREAD, NUTSACK, THE GENERAL and WONDERBOY. If you're counting, that's seven grown men, sharing one tiny room with two beds.

WONDERBOY, who's actually a thirty-three year old man has a pen and paper in hand.

WONDERBOY

Get your bets down boys. I'm half in the bag. If we don't do this now, there's gonna be a fight. Four lowest scores tomorrow get the bed.

NUTSACK, a shirtless, scrawny, leathery fella in, is hanging clothes over the TV, wearing only his tightey- whitey's

NUTSACK

What about tonight?

GLEN

Two Thumbs needs a good rest. He gets one spot.

THE GENERAL, a big fella with a buzz-cut, hands Glen a beer.

THE GENERAL

That's noble that you would give him your spot. I guess that means the rest of us are competing for the other three.

(yelling)

First to name the last five tour stops gets one of em'!

Everyones struggles, YELLING out fifteen different cities.

THE GENERAL (CONT'D)

Nevermind. Putting competition in the parking lot!

The rowdy bunch head out the door, leaving Glen and Joey.

TWO THUMBS

You should join em'. I'm gonna pack it in.

GLEN

I will.

TWO THUMBS

I can't remember the last time I missed the pre tournament shit face.

GLEN

I feel like one of us is in for a big payday.

TWO THUMBS

It's Wednesday night, we're all tied for the lead.

GLEN  
You know it.

TWO THUMBS  
The wind could change at any time.

GLEN  
Can I get that hug now?

TWO THUMBS  
(looking around)  
Sure.

Glen and Joey give the proper man hug -two pats on the back and out.

GLEN  
Was that as good for you?

TWO THUMBS  
I need a cigarette.

EXT. BEECHMONT PARKING LOT - DAY

The sun is barely up and there's already a dozen YOUNG CADDIES lining the curb to get a last minute gig with an alternate. Joey walks by, sees them all sitting there and proceeds right past them towards the TOUR OFFICIAL. This is called veteran savvy.

TOUR OFFICIAL  
How you doing Joey?

TWO THUMBS  
I need a bag. Who's in this morning?

TOUR OFFICIAL  
You didn't hear? Everyone's scrambling around in there because Nicklaus dropped out last minute with a bad back. Only one guy still in town, but you don't want him.

TWO THUMBS  
Who is it?

TOUR OFFICIAL  
Charles Patterson the Third.

TWO THUMBS  
Fuck me. The Virgin Slayer?

TOUR OFFICIAL

Yup.

TWO THUMBS

I didn't think he was around the game anymore.

TOUR OFFICIAL

He tees off at 10:05. I'm sure he'll be pulling in at 10:04. He's yours if you want him. If I give him to one of these kids, they'll end up in therapy.

TWO THUMBS

Tell those kids to come back when they hit puberty. I'll take it.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - PUTTING GREEN - DAY

Joey stands waiting and watching as a short, red-haired fella aptly named PEBBLES rolls balls to TOURING PRO KEITH WETHERBY, putting nearby.

TWO THUMBS

Hey Pebbles.

PEBBLES

Hey Two Thumbs. I hear you're pulling for the Virgin Slayer.

JOEY

If he makes it for his tee time.

PEBBLES

Is this a long term relationship?

JOEY

Hell no. Just looking for a couple of free meals. My next bag is gonna be with Palmer or Nicklaus or I'm done.

PEBBLES

Good luck with that. See you on the blocks Two Thumbs.

Joey checks his watch. Getting nervous.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - RANGE - DAY

The mood is serious. Players warm up down the line. Each effortless swing, in perfect rhythm and balance.

Placards at each spot mark where each pro is to warm up. The last spot in the corner with name JACK NICKLAUS on the card remains empty.

CHARLES PATTERSON THE THIRD, 46, walks right past the sign, and starts tucking in his wrinkled shirt, a cigarette hanging out of his mouth and bed head standing straight up in the air. He looks around nervously, watching another pro stretching nearby. Charles mimics him.

Down the line, standing side by side are the four Koreans from the car. Each are holding a clipboard. They watch one swing from a pro, make notes and move onto the next golfer. This happens three times before they come to a final stop at 'Jack Nicklaus' Their eyes widen, smiles appearing on their faces.

Charles is bent over stretching, his butt crack glowing in the sun.

KOREAN 1  
(soft voice, heavy accent)  
Jack Nicklaus?

Charles straightens up, groaning a bit and grabbing his crotch as he turns around to face them.

CHARLES  
You say something?

KOREAN 1  
Jack Nicklaus?

CHARLES  
(beat)  
Yes?

At the opposite end, Two Thumbs has entered the range area and makes his way past some of the other guys. He sees Glen and Nutsack working alongside their pros.

NUTSACK  
Good luck Two Thumbs.

TWO THUMBS  
You too Nutsack.

GLEN  
Good luck buddy.

TWO THUMBS  
Good luck.

He continues down the line. He knows everybody and everybody knows him. SUDDENLY STOPPING, he catches sight of the four Koreans crowded around Charles, bowing in awe.

A VOLUNTEER pulls the JACK NICKLAUS PLACARD from the ground as Two Thumbs and a few pros watch the spectacle.

TWO THUMBS (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 You are living the dream.

Charles immediately recognizing him and waves him over.

CHARLES  
 Joey Two Thumbs McAllister. How the hell did you end up with me?

The four Koreans back away respectfully as Joey reaches out his hand.

TWO THUMBS  
 I must've done something to piss off the golf gods. What's going on?

CHARLES  
 These are my new Korean friends.

Still not understanding a word, they nod at Charles.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
 (to Koreans)  
 Okay, go away guys. Shew! Fuck off!

Charles gestures and gently pushes the Koreans away. They stand nearby.

TWO THUMBS  
 So... where are your clubs?

Charles pulls out a set of keys.

CHARLES  
 There's a red mustang convertible at the back of the lot.

TWO THUMBS  
 We tee off in 10 minutes!

CHARLES  
 You'll make it.

Charles throws Joey the keys and he bolts from the range.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB -1ST TEE - DAY

A small crowd of 3 are assembled by the tee. Keith Wetherby focuses himself, while Charles shoots a SNOT ROCKET onto the ground and clears phlegm from his throat.

Joey arrives, sweating and breathing heavy, just as the tour official announces the pairing.

TOUR OFFICIAL

Ladies and gentlemen, the ten-0-five pairing: From Orlando, Florida, winner of The 1968 Pensacola Open and the 1969 Greater Milwaukee Open, Mr. Keith Wetherby...

Polite applause from the miniature gallery as Keith sets up to hit.

CHARLES

(whispering to Joey)

Are you sure you want to do this? I haven't played tournament golf in six months.

TWO THUMBS

(whispering back)

What have you been doing?

CHARLES

Resting. I tore my frenulum preputii.

TWO THUMBS

Your what?

CHARLES

(louder)

I had a sex injury.

Keith steps away from his ball, looking at Joey and Charles.

TOUR OFFICIAL

Quiet on the tee please.

TWO THUMBS

(whispering)

How the hell did you do that?

CHARLES

(whispering)

On a tour stop in Alabama. I picked up this cute little co-ed and things got a little rough. I tore the tip of my--

Keith smacks a perfect drive out into the middle of the fairway, mild clapping immediately ensues.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

(louder)

penis.

TOUR OFFICIAL

Now on the tee, from Atlanta, Georgia, Charles Patterson The Third...

Joey looks stunned. *Who the hell is this guy?* Charles grabs his one wood and heads towards the blocks.

Charles tees up, looking nervous. His hands shake a little. He gathers himself, wincing as he adjusts his pants around his crotch.

He swings wildly and out of rhythm and the ball hooks sharply into the woods.

Charles grabs his crotch, feels around, then smiles.

CHARLES

We're good to go.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB -1ST HOLE - DAY

Joey waits as Charles appears from the thick bushes with a club in his hands.

CHARLES

What do you got for yardage here?

TWO THUMBS

Well, I don't start walking off yardage until we actually reach the fairway. So guessing, I'd say about four hundred yards.

Joey hands Charles a 3 wood, steps back, sees him hit and watches closely as the ball lands two hundred yards away, rolling into a bunker.

SMACK, suddenly a club hits Joey in the back of the head.

TWO THUMBS (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck was that for?

CHARLES  
 You were supposed to catch it.

TWO THUMBS  
 (rubbing his head)  
 Tell me that first!

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB -1ST GREEN - DAY

Charles marks his ball as Joey, still rubbing his head, puts down the bag at the side of the green. Another TOUR OFFICIAL runs out to him.

TOUR OFFICIAL 2  
 Hey Joey, you're a hole behind the group in front of you.

TWO THUMBS  
 How's that possible? We're only on the first hole?

TOUR OFFICIAL 2  
 If you guys fall behind any further I'll have to give him a penalty stroke.

TWO THUMBS  
 Already?

TOUR OFFICIAL 2  
 I've been out here a long time Joey, this would be a first for me too.

TWO THUMBS  
 I'll go and help him.

An embarrassed Joey walks over to Charles, who's doing some sort of plumb-bob thing over the hole with his putter.

TWO THUMBS (CONT'D)  
 Charles, you're putting for an eight. Hurry the fuck up.

Charles walks to his mark and places the ball down in its place.

CHARLES  
 Everyone says you're the best.  
 What's the read here?

TWO THUMBS

Well, it's a pretty slick downhill putt, so depending on your speed, I'd aim a cup outside right.

CHARLES

(staring at the green)  
I see it Two Thumbs. I see it.

Joey steps back and watches as Charles sets up over the putt. With a clean stroke, the ball rolls towards the hole, gaining speed quickly on the downhill -too quickly. It races past the hole and continues down the slope and off the front of the green.

Charles looks at Joey detestably.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You said it would break.

TWO THUMBS

And I said it was downhill.

CHARLES

I didn't know these greens were this fast.

TWO THUMBS

Maybe you should show up early and warm up like everyone else.

Joey walks off the green and grabs the bag.

TWO THUMBS (CONT'D)

We're on the clock. Hurry the fuck up.

CHARLES

It's only the first hole!

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB -18TH FAIRWAY - DAY

A YOUNG SCORE KEEPER carries a sign that reads:  
"K. Wetherby -4", "C Patterson III +6"

Joey and Charles both look beat up and sun stroked as they walk towards Charles' ball, which is, miraculously in the fairway.

CHARLES

What d'you got?

TWO THUMBS

One seventy-five to the pin, and one sixty-seven to clear the pond in front. You hit a pure six on the fifteenth hole and it landed at one seventy.

(pulling the six iron)

Six is the club.

CHARLES

Gimme the seven.

TWO THUMBS

But that's your one sixty-five and it's one sixty-seven to clear.

CHARLES

No it's not. It's one sixty-five to clear.

TWO THUMBS

Okay... Let's say one sixty-six to be safe.

CHARLES

No, let's say one sixty-five and you give me goddamn seven iron!

Joey grits his teeth and obliges. Charles steps in, gathers, and hits a towering seven iron towards the green--

Which misses short by a yard, bouncing off the rocks. BUT, on changes direction on one bounce, landing up on the green.

THWACK! the club hits Joey in the back of the head. Charles winks at him and walks towards the green.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB -18TH GREEN - DAY

Charles stands over his birdie putt, pausing before he hits. He looks back at Joey and spots the four Korean men standing directly over his shoulder. They watch intently with clipboards in hands. Charles gets nervous.

CHARLES

Joey, read this one for me.

TWO THUMBS

(yawning)

Your serious? Now?

CHARLES

You haven't done anything all day  
and this is for birdie. I can't see  
the line.

Joey steps in and crouches down to study the green.

TWO THUMBS

The whole green slopes towards the  
water, but the sun sets in the  
opposite direction and the grass  
blades are all facing that way. It  
looks like it wants to go left, but  
I say knock it straight in heart.

Charles steps over his ball.

CHARLES

Are you sure?

Joey nods and backs away. Charles take dead aim and pulls the  
trigger. It's his purest stroke of the day. The ball never  
wavers offline and it disappears into the bottom of the hole.

Charles and Joey attempt a high five, but miss awkwardly.

After a long day, they shake hands with their playing  
partners and exit the green.

The four Koreans step in front of Joey and Charles as they  
clear the ropes. All four put their thumbs down.

KOREAN 1

Jack, not good. Better in Korea.

CHARLES

I'm getting over an injury. I'll be  
fine.

KOREAN 1

(to Joey)

You come with Jack.

TWO THUMBS

Who's Jack?

Charles pulls Joey away in a hurry.

CHARLES

We need to focus on this tournament  
now. Lot's of practice. Shew. Fuck  
off.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - CLUBHOUSE - DAY

The two men walk in quiet exhaustion along a paved path, arriving at a fork in the road. To the right: the players only entrance to the clubhouse. To the left: the caddies long walk to the tent.

TWO THUMBS

Well, that was a pretty wild first date. Who were those guys? And why were they calling you Jack?

CHARLES

I don't know, but they're paying me a butt full of money to fly to Korea after the tournament.

TWO THUMBS

What about the Canadian Open? You're not going to Toronto next weekend?

CHARLES

I'm not allowed in Canada. There was an incident with a beaver.

(beat)

Long story.

This is usually where the player offers the caddie some money for dinner, but instead, an awkward pause.

TWO THUMBS

If you're looking for a good-night kiss, you'll have to by me dinner first.

CHARLES

(not getting it)

I usually fuck first then have dinner. But I'm not gay if that's you're asking.

TWO THUMBS

No, I'm just telling you that I'm hungry.

CHARLES

I'm glad, but I don't think you're hearing me. I'm not gay.

TWO THUMBS

I'm not either, but I'm hungry.

Charles walks away slowly, confused, leaving Joey tired, hungry and sad looking like a puppy.

TWO THUMBS (CONT'D)

Charles?

CHARLES

No means no Joey. I'll meet you on the range an hour before we tee off tomorrow. I'm taking your advice. We'll warm up this time.

INT. CADDIE SHACK - DAY

Charles drops the large leather bag on the floor and collapses into a chair.

Glen walks over, polishing a club.

GLEN

You look like you got just got fucked by a gorilla.

TWO THUMBS

It was the Virgin Slayer.

GLEN

Is he as bad as they say?

TWO THUMBS

Eighteen holes I heard stories of winning at the track and details about scoring in the sack. He's either a liar or he's a sex addict and degenerate gambler. Probably all three. But not once did he talk about making the cut.

GLEN

At least you guys finished with a birdie.

TWO THUMBS

Because he actually listened to me!

GLEN

One more round to go and you're done with him.

TWO THUMBS

The second we finish I'm walking off the green and straight to Canada to find someone who actually wants to win out here.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - 1ST GREEN - DAY

Charles stands at the back of the green, staring downhill at a 45 foot putt that has no chance of going in. Five spectators stand behind him as he studies the putt.

CHARLES  
(yelling)  
What d'you think?!

Joey is standing a world away, down at the bottom of the green by the hole.

TWO THUMBS  
(yelling back)  
It breaks four different ways  
before it drops off the cliff and  
picks up speed. This putt's got  
everything but a windmill.

Charles looks over at a nearby SPECTATOR.

CHARLES  
Twenty bucks says I make it.

SPECTATOR  
Twenty bucks says you can't keep it  
on the green.  
(to another spectator)  
He did that yesterday.

Joey joins Charles by his ball.

TWO THUMBS  
Aim ten feet right and with enough  
speed for it to crawl over that  
drop off. A good putt will be  
anywhere within five feet of the  
hole.

CHARLES  
Gimme a mark, something specific to  
aim for.

TWO THUMBS  
See that ball mark, before the  
drop? Try and get the ball to kiss  
that before it goes over the edge.  
Just like practice, smooth stroke.  
Picture a five foot circle around  
the hole.

CHARLES  
Fuck it. I'm gonna make it.

TWO THUMBS  
Remember how you hit this putt  
yesterday?

CHARLES  
Yeah.

TWO THUMBS  
Don't do that.

Charles steadies himself over the ball. A few practice strokes for feel and then, a pure stroke and the ball takes off, rolling towards the ball mark near the edge of the drop.

The ball stops, just long enough to kiss the mark before diving over the edge of the drop, picking up speed towards the hole. It SLAMS into the back of the cup, popping a foot, straight up in the air, and back down for a birdie.

Four of five spectators cheer as well as Joey and Charles. They miss again on the high-five.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - 2ND TEE - DAY

Charles tees up, grabs his crotch and swings effortlessly with his one wood. The ball has a perfect right to left draw and lands in the middle of the fairway.

Charles walks back and hands the club to Joey, as Keith Wetherby steps up to the blocks.

TWO THUMBS  
(whispering)  
Nice shot.

CHARLES  
I feel something Joey.

TWO THUMBS  
Your penis?

CHARLES  
My game. I haven't felt this way in  
years. I'm back.

INT. TV BOOTH - DAY

TONY GILBERT, a young, handsome American, and FRANK DONAHUE, a not so young or handsome Brit are sitting, facing the camera. The two announcers with helmet-like hair are dressed in navy blue CBS blazers and ties.

TONY GILBERT

Frank, the golf course is in impeccable shape and the guys are going low heading into the weekend. Who's the man to beat in your eyes?

FRANK DONAHUE

With Jack Nicklaus missing the tournament, it's wide open. It would be easier to pick my favorite ex-wife than pick a favorite for the weekend, but there have been a few surprises.

TONY GILBERT

None bigger than Charles Patterson The Third, who, to no one's surprise, had a disastrous 1st round yesterday, but he is tearing it up today.

FRANK DONAHUE

Charles looks like he's found his game, or at least borrowed someone else's.

TONY GILBERT

He's on the eighteenth green right now, with a chance to tie the course record.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - 18TH GREEN - DAY

The gallery has grown considerably around Charles. Watching on as he and Joey eye up another birdie putt. This one from left of the hole, fifteen feet away.

TONY GILBERT (V.O.)

I see that Joey Two Thumbs McAllister is on his bag this week. He's one of the best at reading greens, but has a fiery temper and had a nasty break up with Fred Davies earlier this week.

FRANK DONAHUE (V.O.)

I would expect this partnership is heading for disaster as well. Charles is a bit of a cheese weasel and wouldn't be my first choice for a rebound.

TONY GILBERT (V.O.)  
I don't think that's appropriate,  
Frank.

FRANK DONAHUE (V.O.)  
Charles would've had more success  
if he'd have chosen a career in  
adult film.

TONY GILBERT (V.O.)  
(changing the subject)  
This putt is for birdie, and to tie  
the course record. Which makes him  
a lock for the weekend. Look at  
that face of determination.

Charles stands rigidly over his birdie putt.

TWO THUMBS  
Stop clenching your ass cheeks!

CHARLES  
I can't help it, I'm chafing.

TWO THUMBS  
For fuck sakes, focus!

Charles backs away from the putt.

CHARLES  
I can't when you keep yelling at  
me!

TWO THUMBS  
I'm being encouraging!

Charles and Joey get in each other's face.

TONY GILBERT (V.O.)  
I guess pressure brings out the  
best in some and the worst in  
others.

FRANK DONAHUE (V.O.)  
Pressure? It's only Friday!

Pebbles steps in and breaks up Charles and Joey allowing  
Charles to step back over his putt.

TWO THUMBS  
Relax.

CHARLES  
I am.

TWO THUMBS  
Stop clenching.

Charles relaxes his bum muscles and settles over his putt. The stroke is pure and the ball rolls on the correct line, but stops four feet short of the hole.

FRANK DONAHUE (V.O.)  
What a putz. He left himself a four foot, side hill putt to make the cut.

Joey walks up to Charles, whose nerves are frayed. they know what's at stake.

TWO THUMBS  
(calmly)  
Charles, you see all of these people here?

CHARLES  
Biggest gallery I've seen in ten years.

TWO THUMBS  
Send em' home happy. This is your moment. Ball's gonna break pretty sharply to the right. Pick your line, hit with confidence and let's ride that hot stick into the weekend.

CHARLES  
You mean my putter right?

Joey steps away as Charles lines up the putt. Going through his routine now he grabs his crotch, unclenches his butt cheeks and hits a confident stroke on the ball. Two seconds later it drops in the center of the hole. He and Joey celebrate as the CROWD CHEERS.

As they embrace--

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
We're in the money baby!

TWO THUMBS  
Good, can you buy me dinner tonight?

Charles is confused again.

INT. TV BOOTH - DAY

The two announcers spin back on their chairs and face towards the cameras.

TONY GILBERT

That's some great golf. Think he can continue this streak into Sunday?

FRANK DONAHUE

Not a snowball's chance in hell.

BEGIN MONTAGE SEQUENCE--

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - RANGE

It's early morning and Charles and Joey are working before anyone else. Joey nods as Charles grabs his crotch, then strikes the ball perfectly with his one wood.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - 1ST TEE

Charles executes the same routine and swing on the tee. The gallery applauds and Joey nods. It's all business.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - 6TH GREEN

Charles unclenches his butt cheeks and rolls in a birdie putt. Joey pumps his fist behind him. Charles hands Joey the putter acting as if it's a 'hot stick'. The two laugh.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - 12TH FAIRWAY

Charles hits a beautiful shot, and in perfect rhythm, he tosses his iron in the air and starts walking. Without thinking twice, Joey sticks out his hand and catches the club, putting it back in the bag.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - GREENSIDE BUNKER

Charles SPLASHES his club into the sand, executing a perfect shot out of the trap to within a couple of feet of the hole. Joey hands him his putter and picks up a rake.

The gallery applauds as Charles taps in his putt.

Joey nods at Charles as he finishes raking the bunker.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - 18TH GREEN

Charles rolls in another amazing putt and the HUGE GALLERY ERUPTS in applause.

Charles and Joey meet on the green and execute the perfect high-five. Finally

END OF MONTAGE SEQUENCE

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Seven beers connect.

NUTSACK

To Two Thumbs and The Virgin  
Slayer! A match made in Cleveland!

They all throw back.

THE GENERAL

You're in the final group on a  
Sunday. How are you feeling?

TWO THUMBS

Stellar, this tournament is in the  
bag.

THE GENERAL

The trophy's gonna look great with  
the name 'Virgin Slayer' engraved  
on it.

TWO THUMBS

Paycheck's gonna look even better  
in my wallet.

BUBB's, the heavy one, raises his glass again.

BUBS

It's gonna be one hell of a trip up  
to Canada!

They all CHEER and throw back the last of their drinks.

GLEN

Let's get out of here boys and let  
old man get some sleep.

A couple of the guys struggle singing the words of 'OH  
CANADA' as they roll out the door in a clumsy parade.

BUBBS (O.S.)

Where are we going?

THE GENERAL (O.S.)

Tittie bar.

ALL (O.S.)  
 (yelling)  
 Tittie bar!!

'OH CANADA' fades away and Joey is left alone, quiet with his thoughts. He lays down on the bed, staring up at the ceiling when-- SUDDENLY, he's snapped up at the sound of the door.

GLEN  
 You didn't think I was gonna leave  
 you here alone?

TWO THUMBS  
 What's proper protocol for a night  
 like this?

GLEN  
 You're not gonna sleep, I can tell  
 you that much.

TWO THUMBS  
 Fifteen seconds to myself and I've  
 already walked off yardages, marked  
 off pin placements and accounted  
 for swirling wind conditions.

GLEN  
 The conditions won't be your  
 biggest issue tomorrow.

TWO THUMBS  
 What will?

GLEN  
 Him.  
 (beat)  
 C'mon, let's go outside.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Joey and Glen stand under the only working light in the lot. They've each got an old iron in their hands, taking turns at hitting rocks at an old abandoned car across the empty lot.

TWO THUMBS  
 You think he's gonna meltdown,  
 don't you?

GLEN  
 Did you expect him to get this far?

TWO THUMBS  
 I thought I'd be half way to Canada  
 by now.

GLEN  
We're all pulling for you.

Joey steps up and hits a rock at the car, misses.

TWO THUMBS  
But?

GLEN  
But you can't erase twenty years of bad habits. He's gonna implode.

TWO THUMBS  
I appreciate the positivity.

Glen's turn. He sets up to hit...

GLEN  
You don't know how he'll respond to the pressure. When I won with Bob, I was walking on eggshells the entire day, and he's not a nut case.

The rock misses. Joey's turn again...

TWO THUMBS  
Charles thinks fate brought us together.

GLEN  
You don't believe that shit?

Misses.

TWO THUMBS  
Noooooo.

GLEN  
Have you told him you're moving on after?

TWO THUMBS  
Why are you tripping me right now?

GLEN  
Sorry, you're right. Focus on keeping him calm and forget everything else. But here me on this; if he goes kaboom it will be the longest day of your life.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - PARKING LOT - DAY

Joey waits, as GOLFERS, CADDIES and OFFICIALS all tip their caps and wish him well on their way inside. He's intensely focused.

The four Korean's stop in front of him.

KOREAN 1  
Big day for Jack.

TWO THUMBS  
Jack who?

KOREAN 1  
Funny man. We pay double.

TWO THUMBS  
Double for what?

KOREAN 1  
You work for Ping.

SUDDENLY-- SQUEAL!! Charles RIPS into the parking lot in his convertible with a SMOKIN' HOT 20 year old in the seat beside him.

TWO THUMBS  
Who the hell is Ping?

Charles and the girl make out wildly in his two seater.

TWO THUMBS (CONT'D)  
(to Koreans)  
Leave us alone, we're trying to win  
a tournament.

Charles gets out, wipes off his face and does up his pants.

CHARLES  
End of the road, Candy.

CANDY  
It's Janice.

CHARLES  
It sure was.

Joey joins them. Charles doesn't make eye contact.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
You ready?

TWO THUMBS

You're late.

CHARLES

Okay let's go.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - RANGE - DAY

Walking side by side, Charles and Joey nod to the other competitors. Charles is overtly pleasant, lot's of nervous energy

TWO THUMBS

You okay man?

Charles still won't look at Joey.

CHARLES

Fine.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - 1ST TEE - DAY

A LARGE GALLERY surrounds the tee. Charles, Joey and their competitors, PETE WALTERS with his CADDIE, nervously wait for the TOUR OFFICIAL to announce the pairing. Charles looks at his shaking hand as he bites hard on his thumbnail.

TWO THUMBS

Deep breath, you'll be fine.

CHARLES

Stop looking at me.

TOUR OFFICIAL

Ladies and gentlemen, our final pairing. With a three day total score of minus nine, Charles Patterson The Third...

The supportive gallery applauds as Charles walks up to the tee, looking like he'd rather be anywhere but here. He grabs his crotch, wincing. He steps over the ball, waggles the club, wiggles his hips, clearly uncomfortable. It's dead quiet--

TWO THUMBS

Step back and reset.

CHARLES

Don't talk in my back swing.

TWO THUMBS

You look stressed.

CHARLES

I am now.

TWO THUMBS

I'm trying to help.

CHARLES

Well fuck off.

Joey bites his tongue as Charles recomposes himself and strikes his tee shot.

It rolls into the deep rough.

The crowd nervously applauds, wondering if they're gonna get yelled at.

INSERT: 1971 COKE COMMERCIAL: "I'D LIKE TO BUY THE WORLD A COKE"

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - 18TH FAIRWAY - DAY

The sun is setting over the treetops. The fairway is packed three rows deep with spectators surrounding the hole like a picture frame.

TONY GILBERT (V.O.)

Welcome back to the Cleveland Open, where it comes down to our final pair. It doesn't get more exciting than this, as the two men tied for the lead and both tee shots are sitting in the center of the of the fairway, one hundred and sixty-five yards from immortality.

INT. TV BOOTH - DAY

Frank and Tony face camera, ready to set the stage for the epic finish.

TONY GILBERT

Pete Walters has been a stallion all year and it's not surprising that he's in position to win, but nobody expected this kind of play from Charles Patterson, an alternate, who grabbed the final spot on Thursday morning because Jack Nicklaus hates Cleveland

FRANK DONAHUE

No one else saw this coming Tony,  
but I fully expected Charles to  
play well this week.

TONY GILBERT

These two warriors have been  
battling all day. Neither giving an  
inch. Neither allowing the pressure  
of the moment to steal their  
destiny. Such composure, such  
mental and emotional fortitude--

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - 18TH FAIRWAY

Charles is doubled over against his golf bag.

CHARLES

I'm gonna barf.

Joey grabs a rubber water bladder.

TWO THUMBS

You're fine Charles, have some--

BLAHHHHH!! Charles spews his nerves and his lunch all over  
his white golf shirt.

TONY GILBERT (V.O.)

Oh my. What happened?

FRANK DONAHUE (V.O.)

He lost his fortitude.

TONY GILBERT (V.O.)

This is a first.

Joey grabs a towel and his smock and quickly tries to clean  
Charles off.

CHARLES

(laying down)

You go on Two Thumbs. I'm finished.

Joey quickly pulls Charles up. It's a pathetic sight.

The crowd GASPS

Charles is covered in barf.

TWO THUMBS

Stop acting like a pecker. This is  
your moment.

Joey takes his shirt off. The crowd GASPS again. He gives the shirt to Charles leaving him shirtless in the middle of the fairway with a tan line that would make any farmer jealous.

Take this. You need to look good  
when lifting the trophy.

Charles, whining, takes off his soiled shirt and puts Joey's on. Joey rolls up the nasty shirt and stuffs it in the bag.

CHARLES  
I can't do this.

Joey grabs a 6 iron and hands it to Charles.

TWO THUMBS  
You were born to do this! Now get  
the fuck up there!

Charles tentatively sets up over his ball, and is about to swing, when--

TWO THUMBS (CONT'D)  
A-hem!

Charles grabs his crotch. Joey nods with approval and watches as Charles SMACKS a perfect shot over the water to the center of the green. The crowd ERUPTS, as he throws his club back at Joey.

EXT. BEECHMONT COUNTRY CLUB - 18TH GREEN

Pete Walters rolls his birdie putt just past the hole.

TONY GILBERT  
He'll have a tap in par, setting  
the stage for Charles Patterson the  
Third to take this Championship.

Pete taps in for a tap in for par. Charles is crouched down some ten feet away and a shirtless Joey stands behind him, staring at the putt.

TWO THUMBS  
Remember, the ball looks like it  
wants to break hard towards the  
water, but the grass is pointing  
towards the setting sun.

CHARLES  
I see the line, Two Thumbs.

TWO THUMBS

Then let's win this thing so you  
can go buy me a shirt.

Joey steps away, leaving only Charles and ten feet of emerald green. The crowd hushes to a deafening silence.

TONY GILBERT (V.O.)

This putt is for the win...

Charles takes one last look at his line, hands shaking. The putter swings back and towards the hole like a perfect pendulum.

The ball rolls towards the hole and dips towards the bottom of the cup, but the speed is too much and it spins out, coming to a stop two feet away.

A loud OOOHHHH from the gallery. Charles hastily races up to the ball.

FRANK DONAHUE (V.O.)

I hope he's gonna take his time and  
mark the ball.

TONY GILBERT (V.O.)

He's not stupid enough to rush a  
putt this important.

FRANK DONAHUE (V.O.)

It's Charles Patterson.

Joey steps towards Charles to help line up the putt, but Charles isn't marking, he's all ready to tap in, and with a quick jab stroke and the ball is off. Joey stops dead in his tracks.

TWO THUMBS

(to himself)

It doesn't break.

As he says the words the ball rolls past the hole. It didn't break. Bogey. Game over.

FRANK DONAHUE (V.O.)

What an idiot.

Joey stands frozen in the center of the green, a bewildered stare at Charles as Pete Walters and his caddie embrace.

INT. CADDIE SHACK - NIGHT

A few caddies celebrate with the winning caddie. They all freeze when they see Joey walk in.

TWO THUMBS  
Can somebody lend me a shirt?

Glen hands Joey a beer, and a T-shirt.

TWO THUMBS (CONT'D)  
He went kaboom.

GLEN  
I'm sorry Two Thumbs.

Joey, still stinging, raises his beer.

TWO THUMBS  
That was a helluva ride.

GLEN  
And a nice paycheck.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Joey walks slowly towards the road, quietly reflecting when an old beat up 60's station wagon drives up behind him. It's full of his mates.

GLEN  
There's a spot here for you if you want it.

TWO THUMBS  
Nah, I'll find my way there.

GLEN  
We'll see you in Canada Two thumbs.  
Your luck is gonna change.

TWO THUMBS  
Like the wind my friend.

The car turns right and drives off. It's MUFFLER dragging and sparking behind. A new set of headlights pulls up.

KOREAN 1  
Jack failed, you come meet Ping.

TWO THUMBS  
For the last time, I'm not going to Korea!

KOREAN 1  
Then you will never win.

The Koreans speed off. As a third set of headlights pulls up.

It's Charles, alone in his two seat convertible. Joey tries to ignore him.

CHARLES  
So I guess this is it?

TWO THUMBS  
(not looking)  
Yup.

CHARLES  
You headed north?

TWO THUMBS  
Yup.

CHARLES  
For what it's worth, you turned my game around.

TWO THUMBS  
I got you out of bed earlier, that's all.

CHARLES  
You made me love this game again. And with your passion and my talent, I know we could do something big.

TWO THUMBS  
I'm going to Canada. When can I expect my check?

CHARLES  
(suddenly nervous)  
I -uh, I can't pay you right now.

TWO THUMBS  
Why Not?

CHARLES  
I -uh, kinda bet your cut on me winning the tournament.

TWO THUMBS  
You didn't.

CHARLES  
I thought it was fate... and the odds were insane.

TWO THUMBS  
What the hell am I supposed to do?!

CHARLES

I have a plan.

TWO THUMBS

I'm not going to fucking Korea!

CHARLES

Just hear me out. They're paying me two thousand dollars to go over there and play in their national tournament. Ticket and all my expenses paid. With you on my bag I can't lose. I'll split everything with you. Guaranteed money.

TWO THUMBS

Nothing's guaranteed with you Charles.

CHARLES

Or in Canada. Can't you feel it Two Thumbs? We got something special here you and me.

TWO THUMBS

You stole my shirt, my money and didn't even buy me dinner. Only thing I feel is relief that you are going far away.

CHARLES

(hurting)

Well then, I guess this is 'Ahn Nyeong Hee Gyea Se Yo'.

Charles RIPS out of the drive way and turns left down the road, leaving Joey at a crossroads. To the right: Canada. To the left: Korea. He licks his thumb and sticks it in the air. The winds are changing. In sudden change of heart, he turns left and starts walking.

EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD HOME - DAY

A KNOCK at the door. An irritated muffled sound of complaining coming from inside, growing louder as it gets closer.

The door swings open revealing Joey's dad, COLIN MCALLISTER, 78, plucked straight from the homeland. His SCOTTISH ACCENT as thick as the single malt on his breath.

COLIN MCALLISTER  
Christ, y'numpty, you tryin'  
t'break the fuckin' door!  
(beat)  
I'm just yankin' your chain boy,  
get the fuck in here!

Colin opens his arms and gives Joey a BIG hug.

INT. MACALLISTER LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is adorned with golf memorabilia and family photos.

Joey sips a glass of scotch, staring fondly at an old black n' white photo on the shelf. It's a photo of two young boys holding golf clubs.

COLIN MCALLISTER  
Korea! What the fuck is in Korea?

JOEY  
It's no biggie, pa. It's just for  
a week.

COLIN MCALLISTER  
I don't get you, boy. That fella  
blew chunks on your shirt and stole  
yer money. Now yer gonna follow him  
to Korea?

JOEY  
There's good money over there.

COLIN MCALLISTER  
There's good money over here!

JOEY  
Just forget I said anything. If I  
didn't stop by, you wouldn't have  
known that I went.

COLIN MCALLISTER  
Why are you here son?

JOEY  
I need to borrow a few bucks.

COLIN MCALLISTER  
Ah Christ! I knew it was something  
boy.

JOEY  
And maybe a ride to the airport?