

BACK NINE

"Pilot"

written by

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1775 Broadway
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FIRST DRAFT

1,19,2010

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT./ESTAB. DESERT BREEZE TRAILER PARK, NEEDLES, CA - NIGHT

Rows of dilapidated mobile homes litter the dusty, desert topography. Dogs bark. A baby cries. A man and woman scream at one another.

ANGLE ON one crappy trailer in particular. The glow of a television set is the only light emanating from the trailer's plastic covered windows.

As WE GET CLOSER, WE HEAR THE VOICE OF A YOUNG JIM NANTZ in his familiar golf-announce-whisper.

WE PUSH IN THE WINDOW...

INT. TRAILER HOME - CONTINUOUS

FROM BEHIND...A MALE FIGURE in an old, tattered, fabric chair sits close to the tv set. Watching an old VHS tape. A bottle of Jim Beam next to him. A half-empty glass in hand.

ON THE TV

Grainy footage of The 1992 U.S. OPEN.

JIM NANTZ (V.O.)

And now we find ourselves on 18. On what has already been an amazing afternoon of golf here at Pebble Beach. All time PGA money winner, Tom Kite, in a virtual dead heat with a young unknown.

The shadowy figure leans in -- and turns up the set.

JIM NANTZ

This public course phenom who, just a week ago, was paying his 150 dollar entry fee, is now in position...

JIM NANTZ (CONT'D)
...to shock the world.

MAN (O.S.)
...to shock the world.

JIM NANTZ (CONT'D)

So, after all of the big tee shots, amazing bunker saves, and miraculous cart-path bounces...it comes down to this one putt.

ON THE TV

A mullet-wearing golfer, RONNIE BARNES, (22), as he lines up for a long, difficult putt.

JIM NANTZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
25 feet is all that stands between
Ronnie Barnes...and golf immortality.

Ronnie sets his feet. Grips his putter.

JIM NANTZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And here we go.

Ronnie HITS THE PUTT with purpose. It's long enough... It's straight enough... And...**it goes in the cup.**

Young Ronnie, and the ENTIRE GALLERY behind him, go absolutely nuts.

JIM NANTZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
HE'S DONE IT, FOLKS! HE'S DONE IT!
RONNIE BARNES, AT AGE 22, BECOMES THE
YOUNGEST WINNER IN U.S. OPEN HISTORY!

THE CAMERA SLOWLY TURNS TOWARDS OUR SHADOWY MAN.

It's a PRESENT-DAY RONNIE BARNES, (now 40's), worn from a life of booze, women, and heartache.

JIM NANTZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Well, this much is for sure, Mr.
Barnes...

RONNIE
Your life has changed
forever.

JIM NANTZ (V.O.)
Your life has changed
forever.

Just then, A WOMAN POPS UP FROM RONNIE'S LAP -- INTO FRAME.

PROSTITUTE
Dude, are you close? Cuz' my jaw's
locking up.

RONNIE
I'm close, Sweetheart. Now, get back
down there...

Ronnie gently pushes the Woman's head DOWN AND OUT OF FRAME.
As THE CAMERA PUSHES IN ON RONNIE'S FACE, prophetically...

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Nobody likes a quitter.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. THE NEEDLES NINE HOLE PUBLIC GOLF COURSE - MID DAY

Old. Unkempt. And right near the buzz of Route 66. There are worse golf courses in the country...but not many.

PLAYERS walk the sunburned, cactus-lined fairways. Some drive golf balls on the range, scattering grazing desert chipmunks.

A LOCAL SHERIFF'S CRUISER rips into the parking lot, and comes to a smoky stop before the small, dilapidated GOLF SHACK. Painted on the shack's wall in front of the cruiser:

"Welcome to The Needles Nine Hole. Home of The 1992 U.S. Open Champion, Ronnie Barnes!!!"

INT. GOLF SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Needles Nine Hole proprietor, MONDO DUNPHY, (80), stands on a stool, one eye up against a PEEP HOLE while a hand holds a b&w picture of Bobby Jones to the side.

POV PEEP HOLE

We see a FOURSOME OF OLDER WOMEN, in wired-bras and granny-panties, getting changed after playing a round.

MONDO
God bless The LPGA.

The Sheriff strides up to Mondo and clears his throat.

MONDO (CONT'D)
(without turning)
Yeah, yeah. There's a bucket of balls on the counter. Help yourself.

SHERIFF
You mind telling me what you're doing?

MONDO
My taxes. Now beat it.

SHERIFF
Sir, step away from the wall...now.

Mondo turns to find...the Sheriff staring sternly at him.

He steps guiltily off the stool. The Sheriff walks over -- knowingly slides the pic to reveal the home-made peep-hole.

MONDO

(admitting)

Look, Officer, I'm 80 years old. The last time I knew the touch of a woman was with a Craigslist gal I met up with at a reststop outside'a Barstow. A gal who turned out to have a bigger dick than me.

(holds out his wrists)

So, go on and lock me up if you want. Cuz' I've got nothin' left to lose.

SHERIFF

Your lucky day, Old Man. I'm actually here on other business.

MONDO

(annoyed)

Well hell, why didn't you just say so? I was seconds away from seein' bush.

Mondo climbs back on the stool -- gets back to peeping on the women. Cop or no. Just then, from OFF SCREEN we hear...

MALE VOICE (o.s.)

Got-damn-it, Mondo!!!

WHAM!!! The door directly in between Mondo and the Sheriff SWINGS OPEN. REVEALING A SKINNY BLACK MAN, pants around his ankles, waving a bare toilet paper tube from the crapper.

BLACK MAN

What!? You didn't find it necessary to refill the roll??! Inconsiderate-

Then the Black Man notices the cop.

BLACK MAN (CONT'D)

Afternoon, Officer. Didn't know we had company. Welcome to The Needles 9.

The Black Man nonchalantly crosses his legs.

SHERIFF

I'm looking for Tiger Wilson.

MONDO

(pointing at the Blackguy)
He's...

BLACK MAN

(interrupting)
...NOT employed here anymore.
(MORE)

BLACK MAN (CONT'D)

Fired for stealing. Damned Negroes.
But, out'a curiosity, what's the
charge?

SHERIFF

No charge. This a personal visit.

TIGER

That's funny. Tiger never mentioned
knowing a sheriff. How do you two...?

SHERIFF

He screwed my wife.

The Black Man starts A COUGHING FIT -- does a COURTESY FLUSH
to cover his attack.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

(skeptical)

And what's your name?

BLACK MAN

(choking)

Me? "Larry Washington". Just your
classic, generic slave name.

The Sheriff eyes the Black Man suspiciously.

SHERIFF

Then I guess no one will object to me
having a look around?

BLACK MAN

You go right ahead, Officer. I'm
gonna finish up my business here. See
if I can't get a clean break.

The Sheriff enters the locker room.

BLACK MAN (CONT'D)

Mondo! Gimme some goddamn toilet paper
so I can get the hell outa here.

MONDO

I told you not to bring any more
trouble 'round here, Tiger.

TIGER

It's not my fault! You know I got a
sexual addiction problem. Even Dr.
Wilkes said so.

MONDO

Dr. Wilkes is a chiropractor. Your only "ailment" is you got no respect for the fairer sex.

TIGER

Is that what you're doin' with that peephole? Respecting the fairer sex?

MONDO

Oh, please. I'm violating these women with my eyes. Totally different.

Mondo tosses Tiger a section of *The Needles Register*.

TIGER

What the hell's this for!?

MONDO

Ain't for reading.

Mondo shuffles off. Tiger looks at the paper, angrily kicks the door shut. WE hear the sound of paper ripping.

EXT. GOLF SHACK - LATER

Mondo puts on a practice green. Tiger steps cautiously from the shack, peers around-

TIGER

That cop still snooping around?

MONDO

He left an hour ago. But I have a feeling he knows you were lying.

TIGER

Why?

MONDO

Cuz I think I might-a told him.

TIGER

What?! Are you crazy?!

Mondo points to what appears to be a COMPANY CAR pulling up.

MONDO

Focus. We got customers.

Out step two, well-dressed TRAVELLING SALESMEN. Clearly different than the normal clientele that frequent The Dixie.

TIGER

Gentlemen, welcome to The Needles 9.
This here is Course Owner, Mondo
Dunphy. And I'm Tiger. *Club Liaison.*

SALESMAN #1

Wait, your name's Tiger? And you're a
black guy that works at a golf course?

TIGER

(not happy)

Guess there is a certain irony to it.

SALESMAN #2

We were just passing by on a call and
saw your sign. Is it true that this
is the home-course of Ronnie Barnes?

TIGER

Sure is. Mondo gave Ronnie his first
lesson when he was 7 years old right
over there on that practice green. And
I've been his caddy ever since.

SALESMAN #1

But, didn't he die of a coke-stroke?

TIGER

(laughing it off)

No, no.

(long-beat)

He was pronounced brain dead for 7
minutes. But, he never "officially"
died. Ya'll want to meet him?

BOTH SALESMAN

Sure. Of course. Where's he at?

TIGER

Where all great pros live and die.
He's workin' the range.

AT THE RANGE - A MOMENT LATER

The Salesmen scan the range...a WOMAN and a group of TEENS
drive balls towards a rusted, dinged-up RANGE JEEP raking up
balls along the patchy grass.

SALESMAN #1

I don't see him.

TIGER
He's right there.
(embarrassed/points)
Working the range.

ANGLE INSIDE THE RANGE BALL JEEP

Ronnie drives the jeep. Cigarette in mouth. Beer in hand. Singin' along to *Guns and Roses* on his shitty radio.

Balls slam into the sides of the jeep, CAREENING loudly off the cage right in front of him. THE HIGH SCHOOL PUNKS are clearly trying to hit him. But Ronnie never flinches once.

Ronnie hits a bump making his cigarette drop into his lap.

RONNIE
Sonofabitchmother...!

Ronnie lets go of the wheel, wrestles with the burning smoke.

ANGLE ON A CLUSTER OF THE WORLD'S SWEETEST DESERT CHIPMUNKS

Calmly eating acorns. Little angels of nature.

WIDE ON THE SCENE

Ronnie accidentally RUNS THEM OVER. The ball sweeper CHEWS UP the animals like a wood-chipper. Tiger and the Salesmen watch on in horror.

Ronnie eventually pulls the jeep up, steps out, beer in hand.

RONNIE
Did you guys see those things attack my jeep? Must'a had rabies.

Ronnie notices the Salesmen's business attire.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Woah. Now this is the kind of clientele we need here at The Needles. What are you two fellas, male models?

SALESMAN #1
We're actually in medical sales.

RONNIE
Couple'a hunks dressed like that? If you ask me, you should be struttin' a catwalk somewhere.

A very odd beat as the two salesmen just look at each other.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Shows you've got respect for the game.
"Look good, play good." That's always
been my personal mantra.

Ronnie opens a beer. It SPRAYS ALL OVER his face and shirt.

TIGER

Uh hey, would you two like to play a
round with Ron?

BRAD

Are you kidding?

BILL

That would be awesome.

TIGER (CONT'D)

Great. So, it's two hundred dollars
for the both of you and the round
comes with a Polaroid of you and Ron
on the last tee. Cash is preferred.

Brad starts to pull money from his wallet, looks at Ronnie as
he raises the beer can to his lips, **his hand shaking a bit.**

BRAD

Hey, how would you feel about making
this a little more interesting, Ron?
Maybe a little skins game? For fun?

Bill pulls Brad aside.

BILL

Brad, this isn't some podiatrist out
of Bakersfield. This is Ronnie
Barnes. The guy won a Major.

BRAD

A hundred years ago. I mean, look at
him. He's a full on alcoholic.

Overhearing this, Ronnie's demeanor changes. Less friendly.
Brad and Bill turn back to Ronnie and Tiger.

BRAD (CONT'D)

So, how 'bout it, Ron? 100 bucks a
hole? You think you got any of that
magic left in those sticks, Pal?

TIGER

Sorry, y'all, but gambling's against
Ronnie's PGA probation-

RONNIE

I'm in.

TIGER

But, Ron-

RONNIE

I said, I'm in.

BILL

Great. So, we've got a few clients to call on. But, we can be back here say, around 4?

EXT. THE 10TH HOLE BAR - LATER

Ronnie and Tiger sit at the club's shitty bar.

TIGER

Is this what you want -- wastin' your life out here on this old dusty nine hole? 'Cause I'm done, Man.

RONNIE

Thought you gals were only supposed to get your baby-cramps once'a month?

TIGER

Ron, we got less than a year before *The Board of Governors* reviews your suspension again. And now you're gonna risk blowin' it cuz'a couple'a douche-bags call you'a drunk?

RONNIE

(lights a smoke)

It's just a skins game. Relax, Mom.

TIGER

And how am I 'sposed to relax when you're gambling with our life's savings??? You know 2,000 bucks is all we got left in the world.

RONNIE

C'mon, Tiger. You know I don't lose.

TIGER

Ronnie, you been losin' for 17 years.

RONNIE

(to Bartender)

Beatrice, could I get another Jim and water, please?

TIGER

Damn, we had it all, Ron. The Cadillac sponsorship. The 5 star hotels. Flyin' first class all over the globe. People respected us. Beautiful women wanted to lay with us.

RONNIE

We paid those women, Ty.

TIGER

And so what if we did? You gonna tell me you don't miss all that??

RONNIE

I'll tell you what I miss. I miss the courses. Pebble Beach. St. Andrews. Augusta. Even though those winds in Amen Corner used to kick my ass, boy.

(unsure)

All the other stuff I could take a pass on.

Beatrice serves the drink. Mondo shuffle by and warns...

MONDO

Gary's here.

Both our boys look at each other and freak.

RONNIE

Shit.

TIGER

Shit.

MONDO (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah. I know. Stall him.

ANGLE AT THE DOOR - A MOMENT LATER

Enter wimpy, rich boy GARY SUSSMAN, (25), Ronnie's Sponsor.

Gary wears his company logo on all of his cheap-looking golf gear. A logo which slightly resembles the Nike Swoosh...only it's upside down, fatter, and way dumber looking.

GARY

So, where the hell is the asshole?

MONDO

Which asshole are you referring to, Gary? We have a few around here.

Gary gets in Mondo's face. Threateningly.

GARY

You wanna play games? 'Cuz I will punch an old man in the face. Just try me.

Gary notices the racks of his clothing. "Ny-kee Golf Gear" written on top. And all the racks seem full.

GARY (CONT'D)

What the...I don't think you've even...you haven't sold one god-damned item? Not even a fricken' visor?

Gary throws a handful of visors at Mondo's face.

MONDO

Well, after that Asian kid got lead poisoning, they've been a hard sell.

GARY

Shut up, you old turd. I don't give a shit if that Oriental's head fell off. You need to sell more product!

(looking around)

Now, where is he? I know him and his mulatto boyfriend are around here somewhere.

MONDO

(stalling)

Hey, so what's new with the lawsuit?

GARY

Phil Knight can chug it, that's what's new.

(pointing to his shitty logo)

This is clearly a *Swish*. Not a *Swoosh*. A *Swish*. Jesus, why is that so hard for people to underst...

OUT THE WINDOW

Gary sees Ronnie and Tiger running away from the scene.

GARY

Son-of-a-!!!

EXT. GOLF COURSE - A MOMENT LATER

Tiger and Ronnie running. Ronnie stops, doubles over from exhaustion.

RONNIE

Gimme a second to catch my wind.

Ronnie lights up another cigarette.

TIGER

Catch what wind? We ain't ran but 50-

WHAM! From out of nowhere a '78 Mercedes HITS Tiger -- sending him FLYING through the air OUT OF FRAME. An irate Gary leaps from the car as Tiger climbs to his feet miraculously unhurt.

GARY

(checking the bumper)

There better not be so much as a scratch on my dad's Benz, Tiger!

TIGER

Jesus, Gary!! You almost killed me!

GARY

Like I give a rat's ass?

(realizing)

Oh no, no, no, no, no, no. No, No, NO! Have you been drinking?

TIGER

Of course not. That would violate the terms of Ronnie's PGA reinstatement.

RONNIE

Alcohol's a dead end, Gary.

GARY

Don't patronize me, Ron, or I swear to God I will have you murdered.

Gary turns to Tiger. Reasoning...

GARY (CONT'D)

Look, we had a deal. I agreed to sponsor this dickhead as long as he cleaned up his act and started competing by April first. Now, we're halfway into summer and he's not on any tour. And he smells like a wino.

(lamenting)

Holy shit, my dad is gonna kill me.

TIGER

Gary, calm down. Ron's comeback has taken a little longer than planned. But we're prepared to give you an extension on the contract for another year at no extra cost.

GARY

(facetious)

Wow, you'd really do that for me?
Shut up! You've got 3 months. That's
90 days to start the community service
you owe and to get on a local tour.
So, the PGA can finally reinstate you.
And I can pay my dad back for the
worst investment in the history of
sports sponsorship.

RONNIE

And what if, and this is worst-case
scenario here, we can't accomplish...

GARY

Then I'm dropping you. That means no
more monthly stipend. No more free
clothes. AND NO MORE GARY BEING
"EMOTIONALLY CORN-HOLED" BY YOU TWO!

An ELDERLY COUPLE PASSES who hear him yelling vulgarities.

GARY (CONT'D)

(tips his Ny-Kee visor)

Hi there, folks. Gonna play a round?
Lemme tell ya, there's some great gear
in the clubhouse you might wanna...

They ignore him and walk off. And Gary reverts to being Gary.

GARY (CONT'D)

(calling to them)

I hope you both die!

(calmly to our guys)

Now, I've taken the initiative to get
the ball rolling for you two dummies.
So, in an hour, a bus load of minority
kids from the Y will be here for a
free golf clinic.

RONNIE

Aww, Man. I hate clinics.

GARY

A golf clinic, Ron. Not the
"gonorrhoea kind" you're used to. And
then, in exactly one week, you will be
starting *The Hooters Tour*.

Gary hands them the paperwork for the tour. The familiar
Hooters Owl adorns the back documents.

RONNIE

The Hooters Tour? Now, that's just embarrassing, Gary.

GARY

(astounded)

This from the guy who played the '94 Ryder Cup tripping on LSD.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TWENTY TEN COURSE/13TH HOLE - DAY - 1992

The gallery of SPECTATORS watches as a younger, crazed, shirtless Ronnie Barnes swings his driver violently at a group of WELSH POLICE OFFICERS.

RONNIE'S POV THROUGH A FISH-EYE LENS

RONNIE

(voice deep and distorted)

Stay away from me! You can't have my soul! You can't have my soul!!!

BACK TO PRESENT TIME

GARY

The first tournament's in Laughlin this weekend. I suggest you make it there. And I suggest you win.

On that, Gary climbs back in his dad's old Mercedes, hits the gas and LEAVES A HUGE TRENCH on the fairway -- spewing dirt and grass all over Tiger and Ronnie.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Tiger, Mondo and Ronnie stand next to the Needles 9 COCKTAIL-CART. Mondo pours beers, serves hot dogs to CUSTOMERS.

MONDO

So, Gary seemed pissed, huh?

TIGER

Dude's angrier than most black folk.

RONNIE

I got'a be honest with you, Man. I'm not ready to tour again.

TIGER

Well, we ain't got no other options, Ron. Without Gary, we got no income.

RONNIE

And what about Ben? For once in my life I think I'm finally starting to make a connection with the kid.

TIGER

You can go on the road and still have a relationship with your son. We're older, wiser. This time around we won't make the same mistakes.

RONNIE

You just slept with a sheriff's wife.

TIGER

I meant starting now.

ANGLE ON THE PARKING LOT

A YMCA BUS drives up and parks. MINORITY KIDS and some PARENT CHAPERONES spill out.

RONNIE

Look, I'm cool with this community service bullshit. But, I don't care what Gary says, I'm not tourin'.

The sound of TIRES SQUEALING spins them just as...Gary STREAKS by in his dad's car. Leans out the window-

GARY

THREE MONTHS, HOMOS!!!

SPLASH. Gary throws a strawberry milk shake out the window hitting Ronnie in the chest and splattering Mondo and Tiger.

MONDO

Yeah, he's definitely pissed.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - LATER

Ronnie running his "clinic"...which entails awkwardly standing in front of the kids, swinging his club into the dirt, not knowing what the hell to do.

RONNIE

Um, hello Kids. I am one time professional golfer, Ronnie Barnes. And I guess you could say...that I double bogeyed the game of life.

ANGLE ON A LARGE GROUP OF KIDS

Seated before him on the grass, just staring back at Ron blankly.

RONNIE

I'm sure you've all heard the stories:
"I blew through all my winnings". "I lost my wife and child".
(ashamed/softly)
"I crapped my pants at The Buick".

TO THE SIDE

Tiger and Mondo stand with the YOUTH GROUP LEADER, (50), uptight.

YOUTH GROUP LEADER

Did he just say "he crapped his pants"?

TIGER

Hey, it ain't offensive if it's true.

MONDO

Crapped'em all up.

TIGER

What in the hell is this?

TIGER'S POV

A YOUNG LATINA MOM, (19), seductively licks her bright red lipstick lips -- gives the `blow job' sign.

BACK TO

Tiger's eyes light up. He inconspicuously nods to the Mom.

TIGER (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Fellas. One'a these mom's looks hungry. So, Tiger's gonna feed her'a hotdog.

Tiger scurries off. Mondo shakes his head disgustedly.

WITH RONNIE

Ronnie continues his ramblings. Like he's in front of his therapist, rather than a group of impressionable 8 year olds.

RONNIE

Overnight I was the talk of the golf world. I was on the cover of every major sports publication. And I had more money than this future drug dealer will ever know.

Ronnie points with his club at an innocent LITTLE BLACK KID.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Problem was I didn't know how to handle all the success. So I turned to the one person I thought could help me. Mr. James Beam. I liked it on the rocks. I liked it neat. I liked it as a shot.

(ashamed/remembering)

Shit, I even drank it out the crack of a hooker's ass once. Not good. Point is, alcohol was what caused the end of my golfing career.

(admitting)

Goddamnit, so did weed. Smoked a shitload-a weed. You know, to balance out the booze. But, then that led to cocaine. I snorted a ton'a that. And then I cooked it. And then, unfortunately, I chased the dragon for a while. How many of you kids know what the term "chasing the dragon means"? Anybody? No?

Ronnie raises his own hand. The kids and parents just look back at him.

INT. GOLF SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Tiger and the Mom enter the shack. Tiger locks the door behind them, flips the `OPEN' sign over to `CLOSED'.

TIGER

You look pretty young to be'a mom.
You sure you ain't one'a the kids?

MOM

No, no, Papi. I'm 19. I had little
Juan Ramon Jesus when I was 14.

TIGER

14??? Damn, that's hot.

MOM

Get undressed. We don't have much
time. I hope you like golden showers.

The Mom struts into the bathroom. Tiger rips off his pants
like they were on fire.

TIGER

Damn right I like golden showers.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The familiar cop car pulls in. The Sheriff steps out.

EXT. GOLF RANGE - CONTINUOUS

RONNIE

Okay so recapping: booze and hard
drugs were the ruin of my career.

(admitting/remembering)

And I liked to gamble. Had a pretty
severe gambling problem. And as long
as we're bein' honest here...I also
huffed glue. Probably heard about me
gettin' arrested for huffin' at the
Home Depot, huh? Not a highlight in
my life, that's for sure.

(noticing)

Yes, a question.

KID

Are you ever gonna talk about golf?

Ronnie pops open a new beer.

RONNIE

Shit, what do you think I been doing?

INT. GOLF SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Tiger naked on the couch. Shit-eating grin from ear to ear.

MOM (o.s.)
Are you ready for me, Papi?

TIGER
Does your momma sell chicklets? Come
on, Girl. The Tiger's gettin' lonely.

The bathroom door swings open. The Latin Mom steps out still
clothed...and she's not looking happy.

TIGER (CONT'D)
Yo, how come you're still dressed?

The Mom whips out a knife, presses the blade to Tiger's nuts.

TIGER (CONT'D)
Sweet Baby Jesus. Don't hurt me.

MOM
Gimme all your money or I'll cut your
hairless balls off and shove'm up your
ass.

BACK WITH RONNIE AND THE KIDS - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie finishes his motivational speech...and also, his beer.

RONNIE
So, in conclusion, Kids, if you're
ever tweaking hard on meth and you
don't think you'll ever come down,
don't call 911 crying because they
save those tapes.

Blank until...a naked Tiger STREAKS OVER. The kids erupt
with laughter. Parents' jaws drop.

YOUTH GROUP LEADER
What is going on here!?

TIGER
What's goin' on is some chick just put
a blade to my sack and robbed me!!!

RONNIE
Again?

Just then, the Sheriff appears behind the kids and parents.

SHERIFF
You!!! You screwed my wife!!! I'm
gonna kill you!

The Sheriff CHARGES AT THEM. The Kids, now totally engaged, hoot, holler and cheer.

TIGER

Community service is over for the day!

RONNIE

(rapid)

So, if you remember all that stuff...

(demonstrating)

...and also to never let your left hip pass your left foot on the downswing, you'll be fine. Adios, Kids!

And Tiger and Ronnie RUN.

EXT. NEEDLES NINE GOLF COURSE/PARKING LOT - DAY

Ronnie and naked Tiger DASH for the Cadillac, LEAP in.

The Sheriff rushes over just as the Cadillac fires up, squeals backwards out of the parking spot.

The Sheriff pulls his gun and squeezes off 2 shots at the fleeing car leaving holes in the back windshield.

EXT. CALM SUBURBAN STREET - LATER THAT DAY

Opulent houses on both sides of the street.

Ronnie's chewed up Caddy pulls into a long, driveway and parks before a classic Southern style mansion.

EXT. HUGE HOUSE - A MOMENT LATER

Ronnie gets out of the car, shuffles up to the front door.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - A MOMENT LATER

Ronnie dings the doorbell. Fixes himself as best he can. A HANDSOME, WELL-DRESSED OLDER MAN, (55), with a pipe, answers.

RONNIE

Hey, Lionel.

LIONEL

Ron. What's that on your shirt?
Lemme guess. A stranger's blood?

RONNIE

I think it's actually strawberry milk shake. Is Stephanie home?

LIONEL
(calling out)
Steph! It's your ex-husband.

An awkward beat.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
I'd invite you in, but we just bought
new furniture.

RONNIE
Yeah, well, I'd invite you out, but
I'm pretty sure I'd beat the shit
outta you.

STEPHANIE, (40), a stunning ex-supermodel, walks up.

STEPHANIE
Thanks, Honey.

LIONEL
I'll be in the library. Reading.
Books.

He walks off.

RONNIE
So, what's he smoke in that pipe?
Asshole tobacco? What do you see in
him anyway? Aside from the money and
the good-looks. And if you tell me
it's a giant dong, I will jump off
that roof to my death.

STEPHANIE
Don't start, Ron.

RONNIE
I mean, what me and you had was so-

STEPHANIE
Gross, and weird, and a total blur of
alcohol, drugs and regret.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - NIGHT

SUPER: "1992" (A familiar scene from today's headlines...)

Young Ronnie RUNS OUT of his large home in a gated community
-- jumps into his SUV. Young Stephanie GIVES CHASE swinging
a golf club at him. Both totally wasted and disheveled.

STEPHANIE

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU CHEATED ON ME, YOU
STUPID PIG!

RONNIE

(scared/from inside car)
Steph, what the hell did you expect me
to do?! That chick was all over me!

STEPHANIE

THAT CHICK...WAS MY MOM!

RONNIE

(calmly)
Then really, your beef is with her.

AND SMASH. She bashes the front windshield trying to get at
him. He JAMS the truck in reverse to escape her wrath --
RUNS OVER a fire hydrant. And then SLAMS into a tree.

BACK TO:

PRESENT DAY - CONTINUOUS

RONNIE

I was gonna say beautiful. But, I
guess we remember it differently.

Stephanie shakes her head.

STEPHANIE

Look, you don't have to bring the
child support payments anymore.
Lionel takes very good care of Ben.

WE see this angers Ronnie.

RONNIE

I'm the boy's father. I should be the
one taking care of him. So you can
plan on me being here every month
until he turns 18.

Ronnie digs into his pocket, pulls out a clump of rumped
dollars, hands it to Stephanie. It's sad.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

I'm a little short, but I'll make it
up next time. Hey, where is Ben?
Maybe I could say a quick "hello"?

STEPHANIE

Oh uh, Ben started summer camp today.

Ronnie looks up towards a third floor window sees...BEN-HOGAN, nerdy, 17, duck out of sight.

RONNIE

(hurt)
Camp. Right. Well, would you tell
him I stopped by?

STEPHANIE

Of course.

Stephanie follows a despondent Ronnie to his car.

RONNIE

I wanna change my life, Steph. I
really do.

STEPHANIE

I know you do...
(noticing the windshield)
Are those bullet holes?

RONNIE

Well anyway, it's getting late.

Ronnie steps into the car, pauses.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

I'll get the rest of that money to you
soon.

STEPHANIE

Sure you will.

She smiles. Ronnie nods, and drives away.

INT. GOLF SHACK - DAY

Mondo and Tiger sit behind the counter filling baskets with
golf balls. Ronnie saunters in holding a half empty Jim Beam
bottle.

MONDO

I guess you didn't get to see him?

RONNIE

Nah. He's away at camp.

Ronnie sits opposite them.

MONDO

Maybe you ought to drop the check in
the mail from now on?

RONNIE

I'm alright. `What doesn't kill us-

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Still hurts like hell.

MONDO

Still hurts like hell.

Ronnie takes a swig of the Jim Beam.

TIGER

Yo, c'mon, we got 18 holes to play.

RONNIE

I'm anesthetizing the nerves.

TIGER

Ron, if you lose out there today, we ain't got the cash to pay-off that bet. You realize that, right?

RONNIE

Just get me to the damn tee...everything's gonna be fine.

Tiger looks at him. He's heard that before.

EXT. NEEDLES NINE HOLE GOLF COURSE - LATER

The 2 Salesmen, Brad and Bill, wait by the 1st tee. Drivers in hands. Wearing the best golf clothes you can buy. Looking at their watches.

BRAD

He's not gonna show.

BILL

He's probably passed out in a puddle of his own piss.

Just then Ronnie and Tiger DRIVE UP IN A CART. Ronnie RUNS OVER our salesmen's golf clubs. And he doesn't even flinch.

RONNIE

Hey, boys. Great day for a round huh?

They look over at their splayed clubs.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

You really shouldn't leave clubs on the cart path.

TIGER

So, you boys ready or what?

BRAD

We're ready. We've been ready for an hour. Question is, is he?

Ronnie stumbles out of the cart.

TIGER

Don't worry about him. He'll be fine.
(sotto)
I think.

BRAD

Let's do this. We're burning daylight. Hundred bucks a hole.

Brad shoots Bill a cocky wink, plants his tee, lines up and ...WHACK...the ball soars straight, lands 200 yards away.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Isn't that a pretty sight?

RONNIE

Seems we've got'a player on the tee box.
(taps his back, friendly)
Nice Drive, Greg.

BRAD

I'm Brad.

RONNIE

Nobody cares.

Bill sets his tee, swings...WHACK...the ball soars straight, drops 210 yards away onto the fairway. Tiger forces a nervous smile. Oh shit.

TIGER

You guys are better than I thought you'd be.

BILL

Guess we failed to mention we played golf at USC.

RONNIE

Whoa. College players. We had a name for college players in my day.
(beat)
"Queers".

Ronnie, hands shaking, places a cigarette in his mouth, fumbles drunkenly with a lighter. Bill and Brad can't believe it.

Tiger grabs the lighter, lights the cigarette for Ronnie.

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Ben was home, Tiger. He wasn't at camp. He just didn't want to see me.

TIGER

And I'm sorry, Man. But now ain't the time to get all weepy on me. I need you to focus. And focus hard.

(hands Ron a tee)

See it, and tee it.

Ronnie shuffles up to the tee, bends down to plant his tee and almost falls over. The Salesmen stifle laughs.

Ronnie attempts to plant his tee with his shaky hands again, and again and again...but he's too drunk...he can't. Tiger looks on in despair. The Salesmen love it.

Frustrated, Ronnie throws his tee aside, guzzles the last of his beer, sets the can on the ground. He then places his ball on top of the can.

BILL

This is actually making me kinda sad.

Tiger then hands Ronnie his 1 wood.

TIGER

Now, **grip it** and **rip it.**

Ronnie nods, cigarette dangling from his lips, lines up to the ball...swaying...rocking...

Tiger closes his eyes in prayer. The cocky Salesmen grin.

Ronnie whips his club back and...WHOOSH...WHACK...the ball LEAPS off the can...the can goes flying...The ball RIPS through the air LANDING PERFECTLY ON THE GREEN.

The Salesmens' jaws drop. Tiger can breathe again. Ronnie smiles -- somewhat composed. And CONFIDENT. **He's back.** Ronnie walks off -- looking off into the horizon. An idea.

RONNIE

Hey, Ty, where's that *Hooters* tournament at again?

Off of Tiger's big smile we...

END OF ACT 2

TAG

EXT. NEEDLES NINE HOLE GOLF COURSE - MORNING

Ronnie throws a suitcase and a bag of golf clubs into the back of his caddy. Shuts the trunk -- makes his way to the front of the car.

Tiger leans against the car counting a wad of hundreds. Mondo stands next to it. Tiger hands Mondo a stack of bills.

TIGER

500 to the house. Hopefully there'll be more where that came from.

RONNIE

You gonna be okay without us around for a while, Pops?

MONDO

Who knows? I'm 80. My ticker could quit from farting.

(aside)

But hey, I don't want you comin' back unless you're wearin' one-a them green jackets, ya hear?

Ronnie and Mondo hug. Ronnie hands Mondo 3 hundreds.

RONNIE

Make sure Steph gets this, will you?

MONDO

Will do.

TIGER

Take care, Old Timer.

Tiger goes to hug Mondo, too -- but Mondo steps back.

MONDO

Sorry. Just in case, you know?

TIGER

Just in case what?

MONDO

In case you got the AIDS.

Off that, Ronnie and Tiger climb into the beat up Caddie. Tiger starts up the car. Mondo leans in close to a noticeably tense Ronnie.

MONDO (CONT'D)

You're doing the right thing, Ron.
You're better than all this. I knew
it when you were 7. And I know it now.

RONNIE

Thanks, Pops.

MONDO

Good luck, Fellas.

Mondo walks off. Tiger and Ronnie look at each other.

TIGER

You ready?

Ronnie breathes deep.

RONNIE

No. I'm not.

TIGER

Well, maybe this'll help.

Tiger pops the tape in...Ratt's "Round And Round" plays.
Ronnie cracks a smile.

RONNIE

My mojo music. You know, there's a
lot'a folks out there aren't gonna be
so happy to see us.

TIGER

Don't worry. We're totally different
people now.

RONNIE

You just got shook down by a teen-mom.

TIGER

I meant starting now.

Tiger spies the Sheriff in his rearview mirror.

TIGER (CONT'D)

Shit! We gotta go.

Tiger hits the gas. They PEEL OUT of the parking lot -- the
Sheriff on their ass. "Round and Round" pumps as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW

TAG

RONNIE (V.O.)
Next week on *Back Nine*...

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

Tiger and Ronnie heading towards their new start. Tiger is driving as Ronnie pours himself a Jim and Coke.

TIGER
Damn, Ron. It's 10 a.m. And you're in a car.

RONNIE
I haven't played competitive golf in 13 years. I'm nervous.

Ronnie takes a big swig, spies a mangy HITCHHIKER.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Hey, pick this poor guy up. Stuck out here in the middle'a nowhere.

TIGER
You crazy? I don't pick up hitch hikers. That's white people shit. Besides, this dude looks nuts.

RONNIE
C'mon. He's got a kind face.

CUT TO:

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

The Hitcher has a belt around Tiger's neck, CHOKING HIM TO DEATH. As Ronnie SMACKS at the man's head with a whiskey bottle. Car SWERVING DANGEROUSLY all over the road.

EXT. HOOTERS GOLF TOURNAMENT, LAUGHLIN, NV - DAY

If a PGA tournament is "The Major Leagues"...then this is "Single A". HOOTERS GIRLS spill out of their tiny tops.

Ronnie and Tiger enter the Registration and Hospitality Tent.

INT. REGISTRATION TENT - DAY

As Ronnie and Tiger sign up for the tour, they're approached by LARRY "THE STROKE" KEATING, 25. Young. Skinny. Obnoxious.

LARRY

Name's Larry Keating. They call me
"The Stroke" because I have the
perfect-

TIGER

Lemme guess. Stroke.

Tiger imitates beating off.

LARRY

And you two jerks just officially made
"The Larry List".

EXT. FIRST TEE - MORNING

Ronnie, Tiger and Gary, all wearing Ny-Kee gear, await
Ronnie's turn on the tee box. Ronnie looks noticeably
nervous.

GARY

How you feeling, Ron?

Ronnie pukes.

MONTAGE OF RONNIE PLAYING IN THE TOURNEY

-Hands so sweaty, he THROWS his club into the water on the
back-swing...So nervous, he SHANKS ONE OFF an OLD WOMAN's
head in the gallery....So drunk, he FALLS head-first, off a
cart-bridge, into a pond.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER THAT DAY

Gary rips the driver out of Ronnie's bag and tees off on the
Cadillac. Lights, windshield, mirrors...SMASH.

AT THE LEADER BOARD - END OF THE DAY

Larry Keating's name is first. Ronnie's is literally the
last name listed, 194th, written very small, in pencil.

RONNIE

I can play better.

TIGER

You damn sure can't play any worse.

END SHOW