

Golf Beat

A TV Series

Larry Caringer

WGA#1391166

Larry Caringer  
75 Peace Acre Lane  
Stratford, CT  
06614  
(203)375-8578  
larry@caringer.com

INT. COMPUTER SCREEN - GOOGLE EARTH VIEW

The name "Persimmon Pines" is typed into the search window. The Earth rotates into position and begins a slow zoom in on the selected destination in "satellite view" mode.

BRENT (V.O.)

Balls. It's all about balls. Big ones and little ones. The World is a big one. All the really good sports use 'em and people who actually get ahead in the world gotta have 'em.

On the computer screen, we're now zooming in on a satellite image of a golf course.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Balls. That's what I cover: people who got 'em...and people who play with 'em - constantly. I'm talking about Golf. For some, it's a religion. For others it's a business - or, a hobby. For me, it's a little bit of all that.

INT. PERSIMMON PINES TIMES NEWS ROOM - DAY

The newsroom is a small, but open room with several aging computers, desks better suited to typewriters and a skeleton crew of slow-moving employees. The Editor's office is on the other side of a half-wall, in front of the only window. BRENT GREEN, an earnest 22 year old with a slightly geeky streak, maneuvers the cursor over his Google Earth position.

BRENT (V.O.)

I'm not a novice. I have a degree in Journalistic Writing from Traylor County Community College and two years on the job...not counting my intern year.

As DEWEY BROADWILLOW, the Editor, middle aged and balding, pops his head up from behind the wall to check the work flow. He takes a bead on Brent. Dewey stands. "Again?" Be bolts into the work area.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN "Google gliding" across the golfscape like a low-flying jet.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So, I know, if you're going to write about golf, you better know something about it...and, you better have your own balls.

DEWEY (O.S.)

Green!

The computer screen cuts away from Google Earth to a text-editing screen. Dewey pokes his head over the top of Brent's computer screen. As Brent types the words he speaks.

BRENT

Welcome to...Golf Beat.

EXT. PERSIMMON PINES TIMES - DAY

The little newspaper office is located in downtown Persimmon Pines, a gentrified small town with an updated, yet charming look. The brick storefront newspaper office is located just across the street from the Town Hall, kitty corner from The Golden Rule Cafe a little diner and next door to Dongler and Sons, an old, but well-maintained department store.

INT. PERSIMMON PINES TIMES NEWS ROOM

Looks like Brent's busted. He's segued quickly from screwing around with Google Earth to "working." Dewey moves in closer.

DEWEY

Mr. Green.

Brent looks up from his "work."

DEWEY (CONT'D)

What are you working on?

A moment to come up with a good one. But, it's not easy.

BRENT (V.O.)

It's like Dewey has a spy camera somewhere. I don't know how he always seems to know when I'm off on a little mental R&R.

POV - over Dewey's shoulder, we see the back of his cubicle, where an award hangs directly behind Brent. It says "Best Writing Award for July" - and it's printed on a mirrored background...which perfectly reflects everything on Brent's screen. Mystery solved. The front door opens, CARA, a young, gawky, potentially pretty Junior College girl hurries in carrying a pile of books.

CARA

Sorry I'm late, Mr. Dongler.

Both Dewey and Brent look toward Cara.

DEWEY

Cara! Come over here!

BRENT (V.O.)

That's Cara - the intern. I was never late when I was the intern.

Cara puts down her books and comes over toward Dewey who is now standing behind Brent's computer screen, looking down at his writer...who's still working out what to say.

DEWEY

(to Brent)

So? What are you working on?

We're still on that? Brent thinks a moment as Cara arrives beside the Editor. Ah! Brent's, got it.

BRENT

I need to run across the street for a quickie with Vivian Festerhump.

That didn't sound right...to anybody.

BRENT (CONT'D)

A meeting. I'm having a sit-down with the County Councilperson-at-Large.

DEWEY

I know who she is.

Does Cara think this was cute? Brent seems to care. Brent picks up his notebook; but, can't find a pen.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Is this about that tee time thing?

Uh huh. Dewey is not impressed. Cara hands him her pen. Oh - wait, there's more. Brent pulls up an email on his screen. Dewey leans in

BRENT

I got this email yesterday. I'm not sure I should go. I'd have to be gone most of the afternoon.

Okay. But...

DEWEY

Is that from T. Earl Gerbley...the developer?

BRENT

Yeah, he's always looking for publicity for something. So, I don't think-

DEWEY

He just got Federal permission to work with the Chockasoutauk Nation about developing a golf course and casino on their sacred land.

Brent looks up at Dewey. "They did?"

DEWEY (CONT'D)

You're going.

Brent tests the pen Cara gave him. It works. He nods a thank you. She appreciates the thank you.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

And, don't miss the trip because of this penny ante story about tee times.

INT. GOLDEN RULE CAFE - DAY

The cafe is clean, worn and comfortable. VIVIAN FESTERHUMP, a frazzled, chain-smoking, badly permed 60-year-old is sitting in a booth as Brent brings two cups of coffee to the table. He hands one to her and slips into his side of the booth. Vivian proceeds to pump in massive amounts of sugar and creamer as Brent takes a first sip.

BRENT (V.O.)

Vivian Festerhump, Traylor County Pro Tempore Councilperson-at-Large, is not your average politician. In fact, she's not a politician at all. But, after her husband, Frank - a longtime County Councilman - took most everything and ran off with a woman he met at the Chockasoutauk Casino, Viv ran for her husband's seat.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN PERSIMMONS PINES - AFTERNOON

It's months earlier as Vivian announces her candidacy in front of two microphones, one TV camera and a photog from the paper. She's dolled up a bit more than she is at the diner, but she is still sucking on a cigarette.

VIVIAN

Ya'll know the story about my husband Frank -- and ya'll know that's why I'm going after his seat. And, if he ever shows his face in this town, I'm going after his ass, too.

Laughs all around.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDEN RULE CAFE

Vivian blows out a big blue puff of smoke. Brent does his best to avoid the toxic cloud as it billows by.

Everything may be falling apart around her, but she's comfortable talking with Brent.

VIVIAN

Ever since Buck got caught trying to steal his ex-wife's boyfriend's car, things in the county courthouse have been a mess.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAYLOR COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT

Race cars roar around the dirt track.

EXT. TRAYLOR COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS

Outside the track, on the other side of the packed grandstands. A sweating, balding man in a seersucker sport coat watches, in the shadows.

BRENT (V.O.)

Buck Rucklesbuck is a former 8-time Councilperson-at-Large. He was "the man" - until that night at the Traylor County Speedway.

The man slips out into the parking lot with a crowbar and starts trying to get into a corvette.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

After they arrested him, they found out his background included a record, a few aliases...and a prison escape.

A spotlight from a police car flashes on. It highlights the man, who drops the burglary tool...too late.

INT. GOLDEN RULE CAFE

Brent listens, Vivian looks out the window toward the courthouse and remembers happier times.

VIVIAN

Since that night, it's been all downhill. No sooner was Buck locked up and I took over than we had that nasty mess at the Library.

Oooh, that's a hard one for both to remember.

EXT. TRAYLOR COUNTY LIBRARY - NIGHT

The flashing emergency lights from a couple of County patrol cars reflect off the sign in front of the Library as a backhoe

digs into the lawn in front of the building and a septic tank truck backs slowly toward the excavation, backup alarm beeping.

VIVIAN (O.S.)  
Who knew it had been 30-some years  
since the septic tank was cleaned?

A cop, wearing a dust mask, direct emergency workers into the building. He's sweating, needs air. He pulls off his mask, takes a whiff - and staggers away gagging.

BRENT (O.S.)  
The library was afloat in a sea of  
poo.

VIVIAN (O.S.)  
Yeah.

INT. GOLDEN RULE CAFE

A moment to reflect on that terrible night.

VIVIAN  
"The Old Man and the Sea" swelled up  
to twice it's size.

Vivian stares past Brent, into the recent past. Brent looks out the cafe window toward the newspaper office. He knows his boss is keeping track.

BRENT  
So, about tee time changes--

VIVIAN  
--Then, we had the County Jail fiasco.

This is *not* where Brent wanted to go.

INT. TRAYLOR COUNTY LOCKUP - NIGHT

All the doors in the cellblock are open, the prisoners - men and women - are dancing to Rap music in the common area and grabbing cold beer from a cooler.

VIVIAN (V.O.)  
How Lucy Schmuckel was able to talk  
the guard into unlocking the doors  
and leaving two cases of beer on the  
cell block is still up in the air.

INT. GOLDEN RULE CAFE

Another puff of smoke from Viv.

BRENT

Well, Lucy's not short on looks.

True. But, that's no excuse.

VIVIAN

Now I got this to deal with.

Vivian begins to explain things to Brent in pantomime - as he explains things to us.

BRENT (V.O.)

"This," is a plan by the Board of County-owned Hooking Hills Golf Course to change the way guys get weekend tee times.

EXT. HOOKING HILLS GOLF COURSE PRO SHOP - MORNING

Head Pro BIX WILSTRUP walks out of the pro shop into the early morning sun, toward a first tee crowded with Golf's hopelessly addicted.

BRENT (V.O.)

After his direct competition over at city-owned Slippery Meadows began taking telephone reservations for weekend tee times, Bix said he lost some business.

Bix passes two older golfers, one with a big beer belly, the other impossibly thin - both tanned beyond all reason. There's an instant sense of antagonism between the two sides.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's when he proposed that the County Council drop the old system that required an overnight stay in the parking lot on Friday and Saturday nights.

The skinny old man takes a practice swing and knocks a divot into Wilstrup's back.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But, longtime Men's Club Members, Mickey Dogslaw and Elmer Pittswheel got mad.

The muddy hunk of grass slides to the ground as the Pro turns.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then both sides got lawyers.

INT. GOLDEN RULE CAFE - MORNING

Vivian is ready to climb the walls.

VIVIAN  
We're gonna have to end up in court,  
thanks to those two assholes.

Misery marches across her face as she blows another blue puff of smoke across the table. She realizes what's come out of her mouth.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
Do NOT write that down.

Brent checks his notepad.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
Or, at least just say "A-holes."

Scratches out the quote. Makes a new note. Vivian continues her worried rant. Brent glances out window. Uh oh.

OUT THE DINER WINDOW

Dewey is right outside, pointing at his watch.

## EXT. STATE ROUTE 13 - AFTERNOON

An older Ford Focus approaches on a highway that widens through spectacular mountain vistas.

BRENT (V.O.)

Pretty quick, I was driving up Route 13 toward Persimmon Spires at Poking Buffalo Lake. Just saying the name brings up mental images of....

The Focus sputters past.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...Of three big persimmon shaped rock formations...and a lake where ancient indians used wooden spears to poke buffalos.

## INT. FORD FIESTA

Brent drives. Occasionally, he glances over at the GPS suctioned to the inside of his windshield.

BRENT (V.O.)

I was on the way to talk with Golf Course and land developer, T. Earl Gerbley.

Brent glances to the passenger seat, to a flyer about the new development which features Gerbley's animated face.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He'd just signed a deal with the Chockasoutauk Indians to build them a new casino in exchange for the exclusive rights to build a golf course community on their sacred land.

## EXT. POKING BUFFALO LAKE FRONT - AFTERNOON

The setting is pristine. The lake, and surrounding land, is in a large bowl, surrounded by Mountains. Towering above the south shoreline are three 200 foot tall rocks. These are the "Persimmon Spires." The Focus putts down the last bit of incline on the gravel road and approaches two men waiting next to a large black Cadillac...which is parked next to three huge bulldozers. They are T. EARL GERBLEY and Native American PROUDFOOT DIBBLEDICK. Gerbley is in his 60's, heavyish, graying at the temples, balding on top. His comb-over is held in place by the sunglasses he almost always parks on top of his head. Proudfoot is a 45-year-old instructor at Traylor County Community College.

They're both wearing turquoise golf shirts. Proudfoot also is wearing a turquoise hat. Hat and shirts sport large "Persimmon Spires at Poking Buffalo Lake Links" logos.

BRENT (V.O.)

Until T. Earl put in the gravel road, so he could get his bulldozers in, the only way to see the lake and the amazing Persimmon Spires, was to sign up for a two day tour on mules, led by Chockasoutauk Guides. So, most everybody who lives here has never seen this...except on a postcard.

PAN across the amazing scene of natural beauty...which ends at the dozers and T. Earl who hurries to the side of the Focus as it stops. Proudfoot lags behind.

GERBLEY

Welcome! Welcome to an unrivaled golfer's paradise!

Gerbley flings the Focus' door open and leans in on Brent.

GERBLEY (CONT'D)

It's gonna be a sacred experience.

Turns back to Proudfoot who is just getting to the car.

GERBLEY (CONT'D)

No offense to your people, Proudfoot.

Okay. He probably didn't hear what was said. And, even if he did, it wouldn't matter. He's only here because he needs the money. With Gerbley's help, Brent is now halfway out of the Focus, camera and notepad in hand.

GERBLEY (CONT'D)

Take a sniff.

They both take a long sniff of the air.

GERBLEY (CONT'D)

That's the smell of a sure thing, Brent!

We HEAR a sheep bleating. A native goatherd shepherds a small group of sheep along the lakeside.

GERBLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Okay, if we were upwind a little, you'd smell it better. But, take a look around!

PAN across the scenery of the lake, the mountains beyond and the three majestic Persimmon Spires towering overhead.

GERBLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Of all the land I've had a hand in leveling, reshaping - ripping from Mother Nature's hands and making it my own - I have never been more excited about knocking down trees and digging big holes than I am about this place.

ON Brent and Gerbley, Proudfoot just behind.

GERBLEY (CONT'D)  
 And, you can print that.

Brent remembers why he's here. Oh, right! He makes a note. Gerbley motions Proudfoot closer.

GERBLEY (CONT'D)  
 Now, we all know everybody reads your Golf column. I want to get this news out -- start the membership motor runnin' -- And, I wanna do it right.

Gerbley points, Proudfoot nods.

GERBLEY (CONT'D)  
 Meet my Native American Advisor. He's a full-Indian fella hisself.

PROUDFOOT  
 Half.

That gets Brent's attention.

PROUDFOOT (CONT'D)  
 My mother was Chockasoutauk, my father was from Scranton.

Oh. Gerbley doesn't seem to notice.

GERBLEY  
 Let me introduce to ya'll, a full Adjunct Professor of Natural History at Traylor County Community College, Dr. Proudfoot Dibbledick.

Brent shakes Proudfoot's hand. Gerbley takes the moment to reach into the caddy and grab a purple golf shirt and hat. He presents the promo crap to Brent. As the VO continues, he cajoles Brent to take off his shirt. He wants him to slip on the purple atrocity.

He hands the hat to Proudfoot for safekeeping.

BRENT (V.O.)

T. Earl can be very convincing. Or, another way to say it: He can be very pushy. But, when it comes to local Native American matters, nobody tells the tribe what to do. That's really why he hired Proudfoot Dibbledick.

Proudfoot holds the hat at the ready as Brent reluctantly takes off his shirt.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

See, the only way to get the Elders of the Chockasoutauk Indian Casino Board of Directors to consider opening this pristine and most sacred of lands to outsiders - was to have one of their own --

Brent has slipped into the purple golf shirt - which is too snug. Proudfoot glances at the camera.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

-- Right...*half* of one of their own... to present the proposal during a two night smoker in a ceremonial area next to the kitchen in the tribe's casino.

\*

Proudfoot hands Brent the cap. He puts it on. Gerbley is mightily pleased. He claps Brent on the back. Brent drops his pen. As soon as he picks it up, the three are off toward the three 200 foot tall "Persimmon Spires."

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He got the job done. But, now, I could see he was having some second thoughts.

They all look up toward the tops of the massive natural stone monuments.

PROUDFOOT

Persimmon Spires! Named by a Chockasoutauk medicine man.

TILT UP to see the tops of the massive formation.

PROUDFOOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This is a natural granite formation, sculpted over millennia by the forces  
(MORE)

PROUDFOOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
of erosion, wind and water. Truly  
irreplaceable and unimaginably  
beautiful to the Chockasoutauk who  
know the healing power of persimmons.

ON Brent, Gerbley. They ponder Proudfoot's words.

GERBLEY  
I wanna take about 40 foot off the  
middle one -- and make a tee box.

What? Gerbley walks away from the other two to get closer  
to the Spires.

GERBLEY (CONT'D)  
I think I can fit an elevator in on  
the right side, there.

Brent and Proudfoot follow Gerbley into the shadows of the  
big rocks.

EXT. PERSIMMON PINES TIMES - MORNING

The downtown area of Persimmon Pines is quiet.

DEWEY (O.S.)

Over the next 45 minutes, Gerbley walked us through his plans to "improve the natural flow of the environment by imbedding architectural creations that will illuminate the landscape, create vistas heretofore unknown to those who, until recently held sole title to this land -- and afford golf course designs never before attempted on this earth."

INT. PERSIMMON PINES TIMES NEWS ROOM

Several reporters are bent over their small screens, writing. The door opens. It's Cara, with coffee. Heads turn. She begins distributing coffee. Meanwhile, Dewey barely notices as he looks over Brent's shoulder at the unfolding story on the computer screen. He's got to stop and ask. To Brent.

DEWEY

He actually said this?

Brent plays a small personal memo recorder.

GERBLEY (O.S.)

(thin tinny eq)

We gonna improve the natural flow of the environment by imbedding architectural creations that will--

Dewey's heard enough. Gotcha. Brent stops the player.

DEWEY

This about done for Sunday?

BRENT

Just gotta do up a blurb about the marina with a canal to the Plunker River.

Cara appears with a hot styrofoam cup of coffee for Dewey.

CARA

That's not going to be a canal. It'll be a waterfall.

The two turn to her. "Did we ask?"

CARA (CONT'D)

What? It's a 500 foot drop from  
that lake to the river.

Dewey takes the coffee. Was that a nod as thanks?

BRENT

Gonna be gourmet restaurants, too.

DEWEY

Gourmet Restaurants?

Cara can take the hint. She's done distributing coffee  
anyway. She heads for the door.

BRENT

Red Lobster, TGI Fridays, Harley  
Davidsons and the world's largest  
Olive Garden.

Hmm. Seems to impress Dewey.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Oh, and there's going to be an Arthur  
Treacher's on the dock at the marina  
on Poking Buffalo Lake.

Nice.

From the front door, Cara turns.

CARA

Brent! See you over there.

Brent checks his watch. Oh oh. Cara leaves.

BRENT

I'm late for work. I'll have this  
ready for Sunday.

A look to Dewey. "Okay?" Dewey has to think. "Well...okay."

EXT. DOWNTOWN PERSIMMONS PINES

Brent dodges a few cars and trucks as he crosses the street  
from the Newspaper office to the Golden Rule Cafe.

BRENT (V.O.)

These days, when you're the Golf  
Beat reporter for the only newspaper  
in town, you're under-employed.

He runs down an alley to the rear of the building and  
disappears. From the front, we look into the busy restaurant  
through the front window.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know I went to Junior College to get the skills to get a good job. And, I love being a reporter. But, newspapers don't pay a lot...and I have college loans. So, you know, you gotta do what you gotta do.

Brent hurries from the rear of the cafe, apron around his waist, notepad in hand. He almost runs over Cara, who is also waiting tables.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If you think about it, being a reporter and a waiter are almost the same!

He whips out his note pad, stops at an occupied table - and waits to take the order.

INT. GOLDEN RULE CAFE

Brent waits with his pen at the ready. At the table, a very intense, 40 year old named LINDA CURDLESBEAK talks loudly with her attorney, EDGAR PILZUCK. Linda is wearing a golf outfit, including hat with sunglasses propped on top of the brim. 60 years old, Edgar, in a three piece suit, sips coffee, texts messages and nods absently.

LINDA

I'm just saying, when I picked up the game of Golf - which I love, by the way - I didn't understand the horrible hidden dangers.

A quick look at Brent. What do you want?

BRENT

Uh, you folks ready?

Over Brent's shoulder, we can see his order pad, with the words "Golf's horrible hidden dangers," scribbled on it.

On Linda. She holds up a finger. "Wait."

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When a reporter's getting a scoop, waiting works better if he's also writing down what's being said.

Linda to Edgar.

LINDA

Before we order, I want to know, can I count on your help, as my attorney, to build a ban wild animals on our local Golf courses?

Brent scribbles more notes. Edgar has to finish a text message before he can answer.

EDGAR

Linda, I'm a lawyer. You're my client. I will do everything, within your resources, to accomplish your goals.

That seems to satisfy Linda. She looks up Brent.

LINDA

Ham and cheese omelet, sour cream on the side and a double order of bacon and a sweet ice tea. What are you havin', Edgar?

Edgar slides toward the aisle.

EDGAR

I need to get back to my office to draw up your paperwork and meet with Buck Rucklesbuck.

Linda's disappointed...but, impressed.

LINDA

Isn't he the Mayor, or something?

EDGAR

Councilperson at Large. Well, he used to be - until his arrest.

Arrest?

EDGAR & BRENT (together)

Public indecency. You remember.

BRENT

Yeah, it was in the paper, right?

Edgar and Linda look up at Brent. Brent looks back. "Sorry."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GOLDEN RULE CAFE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The cook, HAKE WEED, waits for Brent to write down the order. He's in his 30s, well-tanned. Not your typical frycook.

HAKE

You're supposed to write that shit down before you get back here.

Brent finishes and slaps the note into the wheel.

BRENT

Order up.

HAKE

I can see. You don't have to say it.

BRENT

That's Linda Curdlesbeck out there.

Yeah?

BRENT (CONT'D)

She's with Pilzruk, the lawyer.

Hake scrambles six eggs. Cara walks in with an order. As she puts it in the wheel, Hake offers a slight wink. Cara smiles. Brent notices.

HAKE

Wait a sec. I think she's a member of our women's club.

The eggs splatter on the grill. He dumps a cup of onions in the mix.

BRENT (V.O.)

That's Hake Weed. He's multi-tasking, too. He's also Assistant Golf Pro at Slippery Meadows, the town-owned course, just outside town.

Brent makes more notes.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

These days, if you can't multi-task, you can't afford gas to get to your real job. Yeah, she's going to sue everybody to keep wildlife off Golf courses.

Brent writes another word or two in the note pad. Hake laughs -- loudly.

## EXT. HOOKING HILLS GOLF COURSE CLUB HOUSE - DAY

The Club House is a small Cape that houses the pro shop, the course's grill room and a couple of administrative offices upstairs. Brent's beat up Ford Focus is in the large, half-filled parking lot, near the pro shop and the putting green. A buzz of golf carts and golfers circulates near the practice green, the first tee and the cart rental area. The STARTER, wearing a Hooking Hills Golf Course Shirt, matching hat and shorts walks to the practice green.

STARTER

Jimmy Pyle!

A golfer looks up from his practice putting.

STARTER (CONT'D)

You're up! Let's go!

Pyle hurries to his golf cart, jumps in, bangs it into reverse and backs into Brent's car. WHUMP. A Golfer, on the opposite side of Brent's car, is headed into the pro shop, carrying his golf bag. He turns quickly to see what the noise is - and bangs his bag into the other side of Brent's car.

STARTER (CONT'D)

Let's go, Pyle! Come on.

Pyle puts it into forward and heads to the first tee. The Starter returns to the first tee. The other golfer turns to head inside the pro shop.

## INT. HOOKING HILLS GOLF COURSE CLUB HOUSE

The golfer carrying the golf bag walks in the front door and turns to the right to go into the pro shop area. To the left is the club house's grill room.

## INT. HOOKING HILLS GOLF COURSE CLUB HOUSE GRILL ROOM

Brent is sitting at a table with ELMER PITTSWHEEL, 65 year old, balding, skinny with a beer gut and MICKEY DOGSLAW, nearer 70, chubby, with a puffy, red face. Both men are finishing beers. Mickey turns toward the back of the room, where a pass-through and a swinging door define the kitchen.

MICKEY

Squirrley!

The cook, Squirrley, an elderly man in a white t-shirt, looks out the pass-through. Mickey holds up two fingers. Brent takes note of the moment in his notebook. Mickey turns back to the conversation.

ELMER

So, we're suin' the county to protect our traditions! We grew up with the racking system. We want other people's kids to grow up the same way.

MICKEY

What's wrong with the racking system? We turned out okay.

Squirrley arrives at the table with two tall cold ones. There's a bit of childish horseplay between the elderly threesome...giving Brent the time for his VO.

BRENT (V.O.)

In case you don't know how the racking system works -- it's easy: It started with the simple principle of "first come, first served." You arrived at the course and placed your ball in a rack on the first tee.

EXT. FIRST TEE AT HOOKING HILLS GOLF COURSE, 1933 - DAY

A golfer in plus-fours walks up to a rack designed to stack golf balls one on top of the other. He drops his into the rack. There are about 10 balls in the rack.

BRENT (V.O.)

You, then, teed off in the order your balls were racked.

Another golfer pulls his ball from the bottom of the rack. He's next in line. He waves to his playing partners and they walk onto the tee.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But, as more people began taking up the game, you had to get there earlier and earlier to get into the rack for a prime weekend tee time. Sometime in the 50s, it morphed into the tradition we have today

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIRST TEE AT HOOKING HILLS GOLF COURSE, EVENING

Cars are parking in the fading evening light as men walk from the cars toward the club house.

BRENT (V.O.)

You have to arrive at the Golf Course by 8 p.m. the night before you want to play on a Saturday or Sunday.

EXT. HOOKING HILLS GOLF COURSE CLUB HOUSE - EVENING

Golfers line up outside the Hooking Hills Club House. Head Pro, BIX WILSTRUP, a tall guy with a square jaw and a no-nonsense glare, holds out a box. Each man in line takes his turn at pulling out a slip of paper.

BRENT (V.O.)

Everyone in line by the appointed time is allowed to draw a number which corresponds to the order of the line for the next morning when the actual tee times will be made.

EXT. HOOKING HILLS GOLF COURSE CLUB HOUSE - NIGHT

The men return to their cars, pull out pillows and blankets and recline seats. It's going to be bedtime, sooner or later.

BRENT (V.O.)

After that, it's a waiting game. But, the waiting must happen on the parking lot. Anyone leaving the premises - for any reason - loses their place in line for the tee time drawing the following morning at sunrise.

EXT. HOOKING HILLS GOLF COURSE CLUB HOUSE - NIGHT

Men sleep in their cars in various uncomfortable positions as NAT ULYEE, Weekend Starter, walks through the maze with his flashlight and dog on a leash. If the bright light doesn't wake someone up, the occasional bark of the dog will.

BRENT (V.O.)

To keep everyone honest, Weekend Starter, Nat Ulyee patrols the parking lot several times an hour to make certain no one has slipped home to grab quality sleep.

The light shines into an empty front seat. Nat's got one! He pulls out a can of red spray paint. The sonofabitch isn't gonna get away with it! He sprays a big red X on the car's windshield.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOOKING HILLS GOLF COURSE CLUB HOUSE - DAWN

Looking like a group of swarming zombies from Dawn of the Dead, the golfers get out of their cars. Bent, twisted and limping, they stumble through the mist-shrouded parking lot and get into line according to the per-drawn numbers. At the head of the line, Bix and Nat greet them with a spinning Bingo basket.

BRENT (V.O.)

Each guy gets back in line the next morning just before dawn. When they get to the head of the line, the head pro, Bix Wilstrup, pulls a tee time out of the basket.

Bix pulls a time out, tells the man at the head of the line. The man says something, Bix holds the slip of paper up so we can see it. 12:30 p.m. is the time. The man seems as if he might cry - as he's pushed out of the way for the next victim.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's a sacred process for some.

INT. HOOKING HILLS GOLF COURSE CLUB HOUSE GRILL ROOM - DAY

The horseplay wraps up. Squirrely heads back to the kitchen. Both men suck down about half a glass.

MICKEY

It's tradition. That's why we sued.

ELMER

We'll be damned if somebody's gonna have it easier than we did. Hell, I had to choose between dating women and Hooking Hills racking.

Brent looks up from his notes. "You did?" He looks to Mickey. "He did?" Mickey gives it a half second to think.

MICKEY

That's a little harsh, Elmer. Truth is, you quit dating women when they all stopped saying 'yes.'

Ouch.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Look, I'll be the first to admit - back in the day - my first wife hated to see me leave on Friday nights.

ELMER

Your second wife loved them Friday nights, though!

They both laugh enough to get Brent to chuckle along.

MICKEY

Yeah, I thought she understood.

ELMER

Took him five years to catch on that she was havin' his boss over every Friday night.

A moment for all to consider what this means.

ELMER (CONT'D)

Didn't catch on until that Saturday afternoon, he went home - she wasn't there.

MICKEY

Neither was most of the furniture - and my TV.

More laughs all around. As it dies, Elmer turns earnest.

ELMER

Look, Brent, if we lose the racking system, our young people are gonna lose their chance for experiences like that. That's why we're fightin' so hard.

Is that a tear in Elmer's eye? And, what about Mickey?

MICKEY

My third wife...

Mickey seems to lose his train of thought in the golden amber of his beer glass. Elmer twists toward his friend. We don't bring her up!

BRENT

Are you still married to her?

Mickey takes another moment to remember. Snorts back a tear, grabs the beer glass, chugs the remainder - stands and walks out. Elmer gets up to follow, returns to the table, sucks down his beer, then leaves. As the door slam, we hear --

ELMER (O.S.)

Hey Mick -- wanna play another 9?

Brent makes notes as Squirrelly strolls out to the table to retrieve the beer glasses. He looks for his tip. There is none.

SQUIRRELLY

Assholes.

Brent makes another note.

EXT. PERSIMMON PINES TIMES - DAY

Brent, still wearing his waiter's apron, walks across the moderately busy downtown street - away from the Golden Rule Cafe and toward the Newspaper office.

INT. PERSIMMON PINES TIMES NEWS ROOM

The paper's small staff is busy at their desks. Brent walks through the room, saying hello to his co-workers. He makes a beeline to his Editor.

INT. DEWEY'S CUBICLE

Brent walks in and stands by Dewey's desk. Dewey knows Brent's there. But, doesn't look up.

DEWEY

You forgot to take off your apron.

Brent checks it out. Damn!

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Again.

Brent whips off the apron.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Look, I know I don't pay a lot. But, I can't have my reporters lookin' like waiters.

BRENT

If you think about it, though--

DEWEY

I know! Reporters and Waiters are alike because they listen to what's being said and write it down. You've mentioned that before.

Brent's happy his boss is finally getting it.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Bullshit.

Oh.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Everything you write is colored by who you are, who they are, what you see and what you think. It's almost never what they say that matters.

Dewey lets that sink in.

DEWEY (CONT'D)  
So, what's the big scoop for this  
week's Golf Beat?

Brent starts talking to Dewey in pantomime as we hear him  
VO.

BRENT (V.O.)  
I told Dewey about the T. Earl  
Gerbley's plans to develop the sacred  
Chockasoutauk Indian land into a  
golf course.

Dewey nods.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I brought up the tee time change  
lawsuit between the two drunks at  
Hooking Hills and our harried  
councilperson-at-large.

Dewey seems mildly interested.

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Oh, and I dropped in the real scoop...

Dewey sits forward. This sounds interesting.

DEWEY  
Linda Curdlesbeak?

BRENT  
Yeah! She's hired Edgar Pilzuck to  
find a legal way to remove wildlife  
from golf courses.

The two look at each other for a moment to consider the news.  
They both laugh. Cara comes in the front door. She did she  
just smile in Brent's direction?

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Sometimes the big story is right  
there in front of you.

EXT. PERSIMMON PINES TIMES - DAY

The traffic passes in front of the building.

BRENT (V.O.)  
It's a big game.  
(MORE)

BRENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There are millions of stories out there. I intend to tell every one of 'em...in Golf Beat!

FADE OUT: