

CADDY RING

"PILOT"

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**CREDIT SEQUENCE:**

WE HEAR the opening chords of Weezer's "Island in the Sun" as WE SEE A SERIES OF SHOTS of a golf course coming to life.

A GROUNDS CREWMAN cuts a fresh hole in a green; four riding lawnmowers, staggered like an equalizer, mow a fairway; a sand trap grooming tractor leaves a perfectly combed wake.

Well-dressed MEMBERS arrive in Aston Martins and Bentleys. CADDIES take their clubs. The MEN smoke cigars. The WOMEN brunch in a screened-in porch outside the massive clubhouse.

The navy-and-white flag of the Patriot Golf Links rises up the flagpole. CADDIES park GOLF CARTS, chew TOBACCO, clean club heads with WET TOWELS.

A GOLFER in the follow-through of his tee shot hands his club to his CADDY. With the sun at their backs, they walk.

**ACT ONE**

A SERIES OF SHOTS: Music plays as we cut between a dozen MANAGERS of various places: fast food restaurants, a cell phone store, a car wash, etc.

The MANAGERS express all manner of negative body language: shrugs, head shakes, sympathetic frowns.

On the receiving end of all this...

CLOSE ON KIT ALDERSON, 16. A skinny kid, he'd almost be forgettable except for his honest face, which betrays every emotion coursing through him. Right now he's desperate.

**EXT. STRIP MALL, IN FRONT OF AUTO PARTS STORE - DAY**

A white minivan rolls up. KIT hops in.

**INT./EXT. MINIVAN (DRIVING) - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

KIT sits in the back next to his sister, SKYLAR, 13. Energetic and opinionated, her sarcasm is her armor.

Kit's mom, SAM, 45, is behind the wheel. She's a great cheerleader for her kids, but there's a tiredness in her eyes. She's been through some shit.

She looks at her boy through the rearview mirror.

KIT  
Let's go home.

SAM drives.

SAM

Don't get down. We've got a lot more places to try.

KIT

All of which pay nothing, I'm sure.

SKYLAR

It adds up. If you find full-time minimum-wage work from now until Labor Day, you could have...

SKYLAR squints, doing the math in her head.

SKYLAR (CONT'D)

About fifty-three hundred dollars, though considerably less after taxes. Say thirty-five hundred.

KIT

Perfect. By the time I'm old enough to drink I might have enough for one semester of college.

SKYLAR

Doubtful. You're not factoring expenses: movies, video games, Only Fans... I don't get it. You're not even sure what you want to do. Last week it was film school. Now it's sports management?

KIT

I want to go away. Mainly from you.

SKYLAR

Well, you don't need college to be a YouTube gamer.

(dense/slow affect)

Hey guys, uh, it's Friday night. Let's check out this new Call of Duty update cuz I got no date... again, and no one invites me to parties cuz I'm a huge--

KIT

Bitch!

SAM

Enough. Skylar, leave him alone.  
Kit, you don't have a right to act  
like this until you've tried  
everything.

(beat)

I mentioned this a while ago, but  
you didn't want to hear me. The  
Patriot. The golf course in East  
Hampton where your dad worked. Mike  
Miller remembers him. He could  
probably get you a job. Caddies can  
make good money.

KIT

I don't know shit about golf.

SAM

Watch. Your. Mouth... I just picked  
you up in front of a car parts  
store. You know a lot about cars?

KIT

(dejected)

I heard dad talking to his friend  
about it once. It sounded crazy.  
They gambled everything they had...  
And they had to fight each other?  
Is that true?

SAM

Oh, that was the eighties, sweetie.  
Everything was kinda crazy back  
then. Times change.

**EXT. THE PATRIOT GOLF LINKS, CADDY YARD - MORNING**

The ROAR of a bloodthirsty crowd. A throng of CADDIES cheer  
the carnage as TWO CADDIES fight in the middle of a makeshift  
boxing ring made of benches.

The faces in the crowd range in age from 15 to 60. Yeah. 60.  
There's even one 80 year-old. The vibe isn't country club.  
It's freak show.

Mostly white guys, they wear the Patriot uniform: white golf  
shirts, khaki shorts, and navy blue hats with same colored  
towels slung over their shoulders or hanging from belts.

WE PUSH FORWARD through the crowd to find--

WILL, 23, heavy set and menacing, is doling out punishment to  
RAY, 15, a petrified kid who's totally overmatched.

WILL lands body blows as RAY recoils into a shell. It should end here, but WILL turns his back to work the crowd.

WILL

Are you not entertained?! Are! You!  
Not--

RAY charges WILL and tackles him, landing a few rib shots, but in the flurry of activity... accidentally lands one to the face. A hush falls over the CADDIES. WILL's face is grim.

RAY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean--

WILL reels back and punches RAY in the eye, decking the younger boy. The CADDIES cackle and cheer.

EDMONDS, 80, a black caddy who has worked at the Patriot since the beginning of time, steps into the ring.

EDMONDS

(to the CADDIES)

Don't cheer this simple bitch! This  
is a double disqualification!

The CADDIES groan. ALEX, 23, handsome and athletic, hands out cash.

ALEX

You heard the man. That's a push.

RAY staggers away from the scene.

EDMONDS

(to WILL)

We have rules for a reason, wide  
body. Caddy master ain't gonna send  
a boy with a black eye out to carry  
no millionaire's bag.

WILL

Oh, stop it. That rookie hardly  
ever loops. He'll be fine by the  
next time he's called.

EDMONDS

He'll have a shiner for a week!

WILL

Like I said, next time he's called.  
Which'll probably be the next time  
Billy calls you, ya blind bitch.

EDMONDS slaps WILL in the face. Murmurs of laughs from the CADDIES. A long, uncomfortable moment, then WILL laughs, too.

WILL (CONT'D)

Not nice, Old Cock. No rule against challenging you to a ring.

EDMONDS

You can try it, honkey! You beat on these young-uns just fine. You wouldn't make it one round with a real man.

The CADDIES make a hole for caddy master BILLY MILLER, 45. A former marine, he's an imposing presence.

BILLY

Why did Ray just go to the woods?

WILL

Must be taking a leak.

BILLY

Looked like he was crying.

WILL

Must've looked at his pecker.

BILLY

Tell him he's wanted. Need him on the first tee in fifteen minutes.

WILL

(shocked)  
He's looping?

BILLY

Missus Marchand took a shine to him last week, I guess.

(beat)

He will be ready to walk, won't he?

WILL

(nervous)  
I'm sure he will.

BILLY

See to it.

BILLY walks away.

EDMONDS

You done it now, you pasty doofus.

**INT./EXT. PRO'S TRUCK (DRIVING) - MORNING**

MIKE MILLER, 55, aka PRO, is stopped in his pickup truck outside KIT's house in a modest suburb of Long Island.

Like his brother Billy, PRO exudes alpha male energy. He's dressed to play tournament golf, spitting tobacco juice into a water bottle. He looks like a retired football player, not a golf pro.

KIT, dressed in the caddy uniform with a copy of Isaac Asimov's "Foundation" under his arm, and a bagged lunch in his hand, hops in.

PRO

Ready?

KIT

Yeah.

PRO

Yes. Get used to that. Some of the stuffier members don't like mealy-mouthed talk: *yeah, nah, kinda, sorta*. Not all members, but it's easier if you drop it now.

KIT

OK.

PRO

Add a *sir* to most of your answers, too. *Ma'am* if it's a lady, though you won't see too much gash.

KIT

Right. Anything else I should know?

PRO laughs. Hard. KIT shrinks into his seat.

PRO

Yes. There is a shit ton more that you should know.

KIT's eyes go wide, waiting for more, but it doesn't come.

PRO (CONT'D)

Well, you're not gonna learn it now. Most important thing is keep up and shut up. Memorize the yardage book. And pay attention on the greens: learn every dip and rise and figure out how they roll.

(MORE)

PRO (CONT'D)

That shit takes a while, so you gotta work at it. But that's how an A-caddy makes the big bucks.

KIT

I appreciate what you're doing. I know it's hard to get in here. But I really need this. So thank you.

PRO

Wouldn't thank me yet.

**INT. PATRIOT GOLF LINKS, CADDY LOCKER ROOM - MORNING**

WILL is dabbing light tan shoe polish around RAY's left eye, which is black and swollen.

RAY

You sure this is gonna work?

WILL

I could win an Oscar for this makeup job. As long as you don't fuck it up. So stop crying.

RAY

I'm not crying. My eye is tearing from the swelling.

WILL takes a long look at his handiwork.

WILL

But just to be safe, wear these.

WILL unclips a pair of sunglasses from his collar and puts them on RAY.

WILL (CONT'D)

And this.

WILL also surrenders his hat. Sloppy smudges of shoe polish are still visible around the sunglass frames.

WILL (CONT'D)

You look like a whore working the parking lot at the Fisherman's Quarters. Wash that shit off. Just keep your head down. And don't take off the shades.



**EXT. DEEP WOODS CAMPGROUND - MORNING**

WE SEE a well-made lean-to: thick tree branches neatly arranged against the trunk of a tree with a blanket of leaves on top. A fire pit smolders. Birds sing.

A MAN, 45, in a sleeping bag beneath the lean-to sits up. He's got long unkempt hair. When he stands, WE SEE that he's completely nude—and in phenomenal shape. From his vibe, it's easy to see why he's known only as SPIRIT.

**EXT. OCEAN BEACH/CAMPGROUND - MORNING - CONTINUOUS****A SERIES OF SHOTS**

SPIRIT dives into the roaring waves. When he pops up, he scrubs his armpits with a bar of soap.

Back at camp he lights a fire and cooks strange meat on a stick.

He dries his hair with a navy blue towel, ties it back in a ponytail, then dons the caddy uniform.

This bitch actually looks sharp.

He emerges from the woods onto the dirt-and-gravel caddy parking lot of the Patriot.

WE SEE a disheveled caddy, RON, 50, open the door of his rusty RV. He takes a pull from a roach clip. His white shirt is yellow under the arms.

RON  
Morning, Nature Boy.

SPIRIT  
Ronnie. You look like five bucks.

RON  
Thirsty?

RON produces a can of Budweiser and cracks it open.

SPIRIT  
A skosh early for me. But thanks.

RON  
Pussy.

**EXT. CADDY YARD - MORNING - CONTINUOUS**

Rather than a shack, the caddies have a collection of lawn chairs, benches, and picnic tables arranged under a big tree. This is THE YARD.

WE SEE eight PLAYERS practice on a nearby putting green.

The CADDIES we saw earlier are no longer goofing off. They're getting ready to work: applying sunscreen, wetting the ends of their towels with a hose, and finishing bagels and coffee.

One CADDY is eating an entire coffee cake by himself.

SPIRIT sits next to WILL and ALEX, the bookie from earlier. SPIRIT produces a tin of Skoal and snaps it throughout the conversation.

SPIRIT

How'd you boys make out last night?

ALEX

She only lives two miles from here, so... easy commute this morning.

WILL

He's not even selling it. She was a nine. Maybe nine-and-a-half.

SPIRIT

Legit nine or Boardy Barn nine?

WILL

Legit.

PAPPY, 50, a gruff caddy with a thick southern accent, wrings out his towel and walks with purpose to the first tee. He doesn't break stride as he pipes in--

PAPPY

He ain't lying. I'd have eaten the corn out of her shit.

(beat)

And I don't like corn.

Against all odds, this is charming.

SPIRIT

Well, Pappy says he'd eat undigested food out of her feces. Case closed.

SPIRIT finds a pinch of Skoal he likes and shoves it in.

SPIRIT (CONT'D)

(to WILL)

And I assume you went home and jacked it.

WILL

I got a number.

SPIRIT

Big for you. You jack it to the number?

WILL

Mmmm, I'll admit it got me a little fired up. Still needed something stronger. Wi-Fi was acting up, though, and I didn't feel like resetting the router.

ALEX

Cuz it's next to his mom's room.

WILL

True... Luckily they still make Skinemax movies. For some reason.

SPIRIT

Good God. The world is nothing but haves and have-nots. Look no further than you two.

**EXT. PATRIOT GOLF LINKS, FIRST TEE - MORNING**

MAC, 25, who speaks in a thick Scottish brogue, and PAPPY stand with a golf bag slung over each shoulder at the ready.

They are with three GUESTS and one member, MISTER WARREN, 45. The three GUESTS are all dressed in typical golfing attire. MISTER WARREN wears old-timey knickers and a Kangol flat cap. He swings and everyone follows the shot.

MAC

Light rough. It's nice down there. It'll be sitting up for you.

MISTER WARREN

Like a wedding night cock.

The GUESTS all force laughter. PAPPY and MAC start walking down the fairway, then whisper their ensuing conversation.

MAC

It wasn't funny when you said it last week. Or the week before. Prick.

PAPPY

When you've got a member footing the bill, all his jokes are funny.

MAC

But why can't he tell, man?! It's fake as all bollocks. I could have enough money to buy this whole place someday and I don't think I'd lose the ability to spot fake laughter.

PAPPY

Something tells me you won't ever get to test that theory. Besides, what if fake laughs were all you ever heard?

MAC

Maybe at his jokes. But that would mean he never heard a real person laughing at something else. Or, you know, at him.

They glance back at the foursome. There's more feigned laughter at a joke we can't hear.

PAPPY

Don't underestimate the bubbles these twats create for themselves.

MAC

This place is nice, but eighteen isn't worth it if you've got to lick that much asshole.

PAPPY

Job security, then. They all work at the same investment bank.

MAC

See, that's a subordinate mindset. If these lads ever want to move up, they've got to stand out.

PAPPY

By telling your boss he's as funny as the clap?

MAC thinks about it.

**INT./EXT. PRO'S TRUCK - MORNING (DRIVING)**

PRO drives past rows of pretty East Hampton houses. After a moment, the houses stop and deep woods begin.

When the truck emerges WE SEE what KIT and PRO see: the full glory of the Patriot Golf Links bursting out of nowhere.

From what we've seen so far, we could never have known it was so picturesque. The Patriot is an oil painting come to life: rolling green fairways with natural-style sand traps and tall patches of waving fescue set against the Atlantic Ocean. A mansion of a clubhouse sits atop the tallest hill.

The boy is aghast -- and entirely out of his element.

KIT

I, I knew it would be nice, but...  
Oh my God.

PRO

She's a top ten for a reason.

KIT

In the country?

PRO

World. Welcome to paradise, Kit.

**ACT TWO**

**EXT. CADDY PARKING LOT - MORNING**

PRO parks his truck. He and KIT hop out.

PRO

I gotta get in the shop. Walk  
through that path in the hedges.  
Have a seat and... just wait.

**INT. PRO SHOP - MORNING - CONTINUOUS**

PRO walks through racks of immaculately curated merchandise toward his office at the back of the shop.

**INT. PRO'S OFFICE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS**

There's a big desk in the center of the room and a shelf behind it loaded with golf trophies.

There are golf clubs in various states of repair strewn everywhere. The assistant pro JAKE, 25, is re-gripping clubs at a work bench.

JAKE  
(not looking up)  
Morning.

PRO  
Seen Billy?

JAKE  
Missus Harding wanted him on the practice tee.

PRO  
She didn't ask for me?

JAKE  
Jealous?

PRO glares, doesn't find it funny.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(checking himself)  
Uh, everything okay?

PRO  
That's what I'd like to know.

**EXT. PRACTICE TEE - MORNING**

SUE HARDING, 65, is trim, athletic, and perfectly put together. From the way she swings a club, it's clear she takes the game seriously. She doesn't stop hitting balls as BILLY rides up in a cart and approaches.

SUE  
Your brother fixed my slice. Now I have a hook.

BILLY  
It's more of a draw. You could just play to it.

SUE  
Shorthand for *live with it*. No  
thanks. I prefer to fix things that  
don't work.

She stops and turns to address him.

SUE (CONT'D)  
Speaking of work, how many women  
are in your employ?

BILLY  
None, ma'am. You know that.

SUE  
Minorities?

BILLY  
Two. No. Three now.

SUE  
Really? I think I'm only aware of  
Edmonds.

BILLY  
Phil is from South Africa, Duncan's  
from Australia. Don't forget Mac--

SUE  
Phil is a white South African.  
Aussies don't count and neither do  
Europeans. Jesus Henry Christ.  
If you were the USGA, would you  
grant a tournament to a club so  
seemingly hostile to progress?

BILLY  
I got about fifty guys in the yard  
when they all show up. You've got  
more than five hundred members. We  
each have one black guy. I can do  
better, but... my percentage is  
still better than yours.

SUE  
That is my problem and I will deal  
with it. Same with that *bird cage*  
nonsense. I am going to eat in the  
main dining room this summer. A  
screened-in porch for the lady  
folk? They can take that tradition  
and fuck all the way off.

She WALLOPS the next shot.

WE SEE that her bucket is empty.

SUE (CONT'D)

You mind?

BILLY fetches a bucket from the rack. SUE keeps hitting.

BILLY

I don't control who applies, you know. I recall your husband used to say the same about membership.

SUE

I am not my husband, William. And you had better believe I'm going to use the board seat he left me to at least try to do some good in this community.

BILLY

So this isn't about a tournament.

SUE

I never believed that old adage about being unable to serve two masters... Why can't everyone get what they want?

SUE stops and gets very close to BILLY. He's a little uncomfortable. Tough shit. She wants what she wants. After a beat, she smiles.

SUE (CONT'D)

I'm hosting the head of the USGA for a round two weeks from today. When I walk by the tree that day, I'd better see some brown faces. And a lady. Or two.

BILLY

Yes, ma'am.

BILLY turns to leave.

SUE

In the meantime, honey, please don't hire any more white guys.

**EXT. CADDY YARD - MORNING**

CLOSE ON KIT's pale face. Then WE SEE the world from his perspective: thirty CADDIES staring back at him suspiciously, not uttering a word.



KIT

Hey guys.  
 (beat)  
 Uh, my name's Kit.

SPIRIT walks over to KIT, politely breaking the tension.

SPIRIT

Nice to meet you, Kit. My name's David, but everyone calls me Spirit. What these, uh, gentlemen, would ask you if they had any manners, is if you're a new caddy or a runner.

KIT

(confused)  
 I don't know what a runner is.

SPIRIT

Those are runners.

SPIRIT indicates three very young kids, RUNNERS aged 10-12, dressed like caddies but their hats have conspicuous white stripes down the center. They're sitting separately from the main group. By comparison, they are babies.

SPIRIT (CONT'D)

They don't carry bags. They fetch shit for members, fore-caddy to find balls during tournaments and whatnot.

RON ambles up to the scene. He unzips his pants and starts pissing next to the benches. The CADDIES pay it no mind.

RON

They're a bunch of simple bitches.  
 Seems you belong over there.

SPIRIT

Easy now, Ronnie.  
 (turning to KIT)  
 You know which it is?

KIT

I... I was pretty sure Mister Miller said I was a caddy?

ALEX

Mister Miller? Who is he to you?

KIT

Friend of my dad's.

WILL  
Do you even play?

KIT  
Golf?

RON  
No, shit-for-brains. Whiffle ball.

KIT  
I have played.  
(much quieter)  
Once or twice...

WILL  
So you never looped.

KIT is thoroughly confused. RON zips up his pants.

RON  
Loop. Nine out, nine back, a trip  
around the course. He's asking have  
you fucking caddied?

KIT  
No.

The CADDIES groan. WILL laughs hysterically.

WILL  
This is the shit I'm talking about!  
And why golden boy Alex is the only  
one that can get two-a-days  
anymore. Too many fucking caddies.

ALEX  
(to KIT)  
Sorry. But if you could at least  
play you'd be some help to us in  
the McGregor Cup against the other  
clubs out here. Not sure why we  
need a non-er right now.

BILLY parks his golf cart at the scene. He gets out and  
points at the RUNNERS.

BILLY  
Two runners.

The three RUNNERS look at each other, confused as to who  
should go.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Now. I don't care who.

All three run toward him. BILLY looks at the RUNNER who came in last place and stares him down until the boy mopes back to his seat. BILLY turns to the rest of the yard.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Duncan and Patrick, stand by. Got  
some guys up in fifteen.

BILLY turns, does a slight double-take at KIT, then gets back in his cart.

WILL  
Billy, I see Mister Jacobs' bag on  
the rack with some guests.

BILLY  
And?

WILL  
And... that's my mens-es. You know  
what time he's teeing off?

BILLY  
I do.  
(beat)  
I also sent Ray home because he  
looked like dog shit and Missus  
Marchand is now playing minus the  
caddy she wanted. So: as you were.

BILLY speeds off and the CADDIES all laugh at WILL, who is thoroughly embarrassed.

#### **A SERIES OF SHOTS OF MAC AND PAPPY WITH THEIR FOURSOME**

#### **EXT. THE SIXTH TEE - AFTERNOON**

PAPPY locates a sprinkler head and stands next to it, then takes measured paces until he's even with his GUEST, who stands next to his ball.

PAPPY  
One-twenty-five to the center of  
the green. Pin's in back today, and  
we're just a little uphill.

PAPPY bends down, rips a few blades of grass out of the fairway. He tosses them into the air. They catch a light breeze and float away.

PAPPY (CONT'D)  
 Wind's not more than one club.  
 Call it one-fifty, all in. Seven  
 iron for you, I think.

The GUEST takes the club, then hooks his shot. PAPPY follows it, then fixes the guest with a thousand-yard stare.

*Why do I even bother?*

MISTER WARREN  
 That's a Thurman Munson. Dead Yank.

The GUESTS laugh. MAC sighs.

**EXT. TENTH GREEN - AFTERNOON**

MAC holds the pin while a GUEST putts. The ball lips out.

MISTER WARREN (CONT'D)  
 Ah. A Monica Lewinsky. All lip and  
 no hole.

The GUESTS laugh. MAC is exasperated.

**EXT. THE FOURTEENTH FAIRWAY - AFTERNOON**

The group is walking through waist-high tall grass looking for someone's ball.

MISTER WARREN  
 What's the difference between a  
 lost ball and a g-spot?  
 (beat)  
 A man will actually take five  
 minutes to find the ball.

The GUESTS laugh. MAC is really suffering now.

**EXT. THE EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - AFTERNOON**

MISTER WARREN takes his second shot with a fairway wood.

MISTER WARREN  
 Can't see it.

MAC shields his eyes from the sun, squinting.

MAC  
 I got eyes on it.  
 (pause)  
 (MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)  
Middle of the fairway, probably 20  
yards off the green.

MISTER WARREN stares at MAC, shocked. MAC shrugs.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Uh, nice shot?

MISTER WARREN  
Nice shot? That's almost three  
hundred yards with a three wood!  
All I get is nice shot?

MAC  
I mean, the wind was helping.

The GUESTS murmur laughter. MAC is emboldened.

MAC (CONT'D)  
You know they actually call that a  
blind squirrel. Even he finds a nut  
once in a while.

The GUESTS laugh, genuinely this time. MISTER WARREN forces a  
smile. As everyone marches up the fairway, he trails behind,  
looking pissed.

### ACT THREE

#### **INT. PRO'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

PRO is sifting through paperwork. BILLY walks in.

PRO  
Hey. I got a new guy for you.

BILLY  
The sheltered little shit sitting  
under my tree? First day out of the  
house?

PRO  
You met him?

BILLY  
Saw him. Didn't bother talking  
because he needs to leave.

BILLY turns to go.

PRO  
I tried to find you this morning.

BILLY stops, turns around.

BILLY  
(exasperated)  
This morning? How about yesterday?  
Or last week? You know, any fucking  
time before he's just sitting  
there?

PRO  
Goddammit, I don't ask for much.  
This kid has been through some  
shit. If I told you--

BILLY  
Don't bother.

PRO  
I'm sorry.

BILLY  
That you are.

PRO  
I wouldn't have done it for just  
anyone. Really.

BILLY's serious admonishment of his older brother (you'd never know he's 10 years junior from the way he talks to him) gives way to pleading.

BILLY  
Missus Harding just ordered me to  
diversify this place in two weeks.  
She wants to see girls, Mike,  
fucking girls. Can you believe this  
shit? And she specifically said no  
more crackers.

PRO  
She used the word crackers?

BILLY  
Not as such.

PRO  
I told his mom it was fine. He  
needs this. He has to stay.

BILLY  
Jesus salad-tossing Christ.

**EXT. CADDY YARD - AFTERNOON****A SERIES OF SHOTS**

The practice green is dead. Ditto the first tee and pro shop.

The dozen CADDIES that didn't get the call to work that morning are engaged in various passive activities: napping, looking at porno magazines, or chatting quietly.

WILL, ALEX, RON, and SPIRIT play poker at a picnic table. EDMONDS is passed out in a golf cart, snoring.

KIT is immersed in his book, but looks antsy to talk to anyone. He scans the yard and settles on the three CADDIES his age. We've seen them before, cheering a little too hard at the fight and gawking at KIT with the rest of the yard. They are: TREVOR, HAL, and DANNY.

TREVOR and DANNY are sitting on the bench chatting. HAL smacks shag balls into the woods with an iron.

KIT makes a fateful decision. He gets up, walks over, and tries to make friends.

KIT

We didn't meet before. I'm Kit.

HAL and DANNY stare back vacantly. TREVOR's eyes are locked in the distance.

TREVOR

Yeah, the non-er. Non-playing, non-looping bitch. You sound useful.

KIT is flustered.

KIT

I... I want to learn, you know.

TREVOR

Great. Attendance is down and half of us can't get out, but we're all glad you *want to learn*.

KIT

I, uh... I didn't know about any of that.

The conversation has gotten WILL's attention.

HAL

(sarcastic)

It's OK. How could you know?

(MORE)

HAL (CONT'D)  
 Shit, you can't even tell when  
 people don't want to talk to you.

WILL  
 (standing up)  
 What's all this? The non-er causing  
 trouble?

KIT  
 No. I was just... we were just  
 talking.

TREVOR  
 You were just leaving.

WILL  
 Testy...

WILL has a revelation. His eyes pop.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 Caddy ring!

EDMONDS stirs.

EDMONDS  
 Simple. Bitch. The fuck got into  
 you? You wanna stay in Billy's dog  
 house for a month?!

WILL  
 Pipe down, Old Cock.

All the CADDIES are up and paying attention now.

TREVOR looks eager. KIT is bewildered.

KIT  
 A caddy... ring?

WILL  
 (with officious affect)  
 Boxing match is the standard method  
 of settling these disputes, but  
 oftentimes, as was typical in the  
 Roman coliseum, we battle with  
 implements. Today, I think...

WILL looks around the yard, and sees a pair of whiffle bats.  
 He grabs both and hands one each to Kit and Trevor.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 Swords!



The CADDIES cheer and begin arranging benches in a circle.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 (to the group)  
 Alex will take your bets.  
 (to TREVOR and KIT)  
 You're on in five minutes.

KIT is not happy. The day is spiraling out of control too quickly. He finally decides to assert himself.

KIT  
 And what if we don't want to?

WILL laughs.

TREVOR  
 Speak for yourself, non-er. I'm in.

WILL  
 If you don't want to, you can get  
 your ass down the road.

KIT  
 I'm fired if I don't fight?

WILL  
 It's not as official as all that.  
 We'll just... make you want to  
 quit. More than you do now.

There's a look of evil in WILL's eyes. KIT tries to process what could be worse than his current plight.

WILL smiles then turns to help set up the ring.

All alone, KIT stares at the bat, his mind grappling with the most important decision of his life so far.

SPIRIT approaches, the only sympathetic face around.

SPIRIT  
 I wouldn't blame you if you walked  
 out on this. It's juvenile, not to  
 mention dangerous. But I don't know  
 what brought you here, either, or  
 how bad you need the dough. My  
 advice: If you can afford to stock  
 shelves at Wal-Mart instead, do  
 that. But if you want to work your  
 way up to making one or two grand a  
 week without taxes--

KIT's face says he had no idea the pay could be so good.

SPIRIT (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. A hundred a bag. So two hundred a round, minimum, in cash. Get yourself up to two-a-days, well, you do the math.

(beat)

That's why these local boys who're just starting out themselves don't really want you around. Another mouth to feed. But like I said, your choice.

KIT considers this. The potential is seducing him, but he's still scared.

SPIRIT walks away, but as he does, yells over his shoulder--

SPIRIT (CONT'D)

Forgot to mention: You win a caddy ring you get a piece of the pot.

KIT

How much?

SPIRIT

Twenty percent of whatever he's got there.

SPIRIT points to ALEX, who's counting a huge wad of cash.

KIT's eyes narrow. He is all in for this.

**EXT. THE EIGHTEENTH GREEN - AFTERNOON**

MAC sets the pin back in the cup. He and PAPPY shake hands with everyone. MISTER WARREN hands cash to each caddy.

MISTER WARREN

Gentlemen.

They all walk off the green. PAPPY piles the bags into a golf cart. MISTER WARREN walks into the pro shop with purpose.

MAC walks around the side of the shop to find--

**EXT. CADDY YARD - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS**

KIT and TREVOR stand in the middle of the ring holding their whiffle bats.

WILL  
 Gentlemen, Will Thomas Productions  
 is pleased to present the first  
 rookie ring of the season!

The CADDIES cheer, except for SPIRIT who stands behind KIT.  
 HAL and DANNY stand behind TREVOR. MAC finds a spot in the  
 circle to watch.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 (to KIT and TREVOR)  
 You'd better not be boring.

EDMONDS steps forward.

EDMONDS  
 Before we begin, I'll remind you  
 both of the rules. No kicking,  
 biting, scratching, or other girly  
 shit. Nothing to the nuts and  
 nothing above the shoulders.

KIT is nervous with sweat. TREVOR is excited, ready to kill.

EDMONDS backs away.

WILL  
 Well, then, by the power vested in  
 me by this sorry-ass menagerie of  
 low lifes, shit heels, pot heads,  
 and alcoholic scumbags, I now  
 pronounce you enemies for life.  
 (beat)  
 You may fuck each other up!

TREVOR takes a two-handed swing at KIT's ribs. KIT parries  
 the blow and tries the same, but TREVOR catches the bat with  
 his free hand, then rips it away from KIT.

The CADDIES gasp. KIT looks like a caged animal, backing up  
 as TREVOR closes in on him, swinging with both weapons.

KIT is cornered. He feints to the left and runs right. TREVOR  
 smashes him in the gut and KIT falls. TREVOR is now on top of  
 him, raining down blows.

HAL  
 Come on, Trev!

DANNY  
FUCK HIM UP!

KIT isn't scared anymore. He's determined. He lunges at TREVOR and tackles him, wrestling for control of a bat. They roll around in the dirt. KIT pries TREVOR's fingers off one of the bats and gets up.

They stand face-to-face. TREVOR lunges and swings, connecting with KIT's ribs. KIT swings at the same instant, landing a blow to TREVOR's left knee, which buckles him.

KIT--who's squinting in pain and can't see--keeps swinging.

But the swing path of KIT's bat is no longer a knee...

It's Trevor's throat.

THWACK! The swing hits TREVOR directly in his Adam's apple. He writhes on the ground in agony. SICK GURGLING issues from his mouth.

EDMONDS jumps in and stops KIT from landing another. KIT is horrified. He drops the bat.

TREVOR is blue, spit clinging to the corners of his mouth.

SPIRIT

We should call 911.

RON

Hang on.

(beat)

You gonna die, Trev?

After a long, uncomfortable pause, TREVOR draws a loud and painful breath. He stays on the ground, gripped by a hacking cough, but he'll make it.

RON (CONT'D)

New kid throated that bitch!

The CADDIES laugh.

TREVOR glares at KIT, seething. HAL and DANNY are incensed.

**EXT. CADDY YARD - AFTERNOON - LATER**

KIT is a mess, his body caked with dirt over odd patches of sweat. He walks over to his spot on the bench, looks down.

His lunch is strewn about, stomped into the dirt. His book is sitting next to the end of the hose, bloated with water.

KIT flips the book open. The blue ink of the hand-written inscription is running: Always remember: The future is yet to be written! Happy birthday, kiddo. Love, Dad

KIT isn't angry. He's broken. He gingerly reaches out with his index finger and touches the ink.

**EXT. CADDY YARD - AFTERNOON - LATER**

There are ten CADDIES left.

SPIRIT and ALEX stand on the first tee with their foursome. When the last man hits his tee shot, they walk.

BILLY looks at his watch. His gaze scans the yard. He settles on KIT for a little too long, then opens his arms wide.

BILLY  
Well?

KIT  
Uh, me?

The CADDIES laugh, then all get up to leave. BILLY shakes his head and walks back toward the shop.

MAC gets up and walks past KIT.

MAC  
(whispering to KIT)  
He was talking to the yard. He meant there's no more work today.

KIT  
Oh.

BILLY stops just outside the pro shop.

BILLY  
Hey Mac!

MAC stops dead. The other CADDIES stop to hear the exchange.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
You fuck up a read for Mister Warren?

MAC  
(incredulous)  
Never.

BILLY

And you couldn't have fucked up a distance. Been here too long for that. That means he doesn't like something you said. So I've got an A-caddy, or a supposed A-caddy, out there getting too comfortable. Good to know.

MAC

Billy!--

BILLY cuts him off by walking into the shop.

PAPPY

Fuckin told you.

MAC

But he was so not funny...

PAPPY

Back in the dog house.

MAC

Fucking hell.

**EXT. CADDY YARD - DUSK**

KIT sits alone on a bench. The yard is empty.

**INT./EXT. PRO SHOP - DUSK**

PRO shuts off the lights and locks the door to the shop. WE FOLLOW him as he walks to the yard to find KIT.

PRO gives the boy a sympathetic look.

**INT./EXT. PRO'S TRUCK - DUSK (DRIVING)**

PRO

Your mom told me she'd get you. Why didn't you call her?

KIT

After today, I didn't think everyone needed to see *mommy* come pick me up.

PRO

Right... So?

KIT

So, I was here for twelve hours, made no money, and fought the first of what appears to be a bunch of guys who want to kick my ass. And even though I won, I lost on a technicality. So they gave the money to the other guy... And I still don't know shit about golf.

PRO is curious as he notices Kit's book on the floor: It is propped open, face-down to help it dry.

PRO

You might work every third day in the beginning. I told you that.

KIT

I think you left out the *fight for your survival* bit.

PRO

Honestly, Kit, I never seen em go after a guy on his first day. But slow days like today get to em. Guys don't work and it turns into Lord of the Flies after an hour.

(beat)

I'm sorry. It ain't fair. What happened to your dad ain't fair, either... He was too young.

KIT won't look at PRO. He just stares out the window.

PRO (CONT'D)

But you're here and you've got a chance. And it's rare to get a chance at a place like this.

KIT

Why did you take me here? You didn't know my dad that well.

PRO lowers his guard completely.

PRO

I lost my dad when I was twice your age and it fucking leveled me. If it was that hard for me in my thirties, I can't imagine how hard it is for you right now.

(beat)

(MORE)

PRO (CONT'D)

And I know you want to go to school  
and make something of yourself.  
Make him proud.

KIT

I just don't understand the place.  
The fights. The gambling. The guy  
who lives in the parking lot. I  
thought it was supposed to be...  
fancy.

PRO

The membership can be oddly  
sentimental about who carries their  
bags. Ronnie taught some of em how  
to play when they were kids. That's  
why he can get away with whatever.

(beat)

But we're gonna have to change.  
Soon. There's a woman on the board  
now. First ever. She's gunning to  
host a PGA event and she'll  
probably get it.

The truck stops in front of KIT's house. There's nothing  
outside except darkness and the sound of CRICKETS.

KIT wanted to get home all day, but now the truck—and its  
suddenly relatable driver—offer him some comfort.

KIT

My dad used to talk about that  
place like it was magic. Every time  
it came up he'd get the biggest  
smile on his face. You'd think he  
had been a member, but it was just  
where he worked.

(beat)

I didn't want to come here. Felt  
like if I couldn't make it... then  
I didn't measure up to him.

PRO

He loved the hell out of you. You  
and your sister were all he ever  
talked about to me. Trust me, you  
measured up... But this won't be  
easy, man. Shit that's worth it  
never is.

KIT nods and gets out.

PRO (CONT'D)

Same time tomorrow?



KIT  
Tomorrow.

PRO  
Atta baby. You never know. Might  
even get to see the course.

KIT begins walking to his house.

PRO (CONT'D)  
Hey!

KIT turns around.

PRO (CONT'D)  
Speaking of your sister. Your mom  
mentioned she's a math whiz, yeah?

KIT  
(hesitant)  
Yeah...

PRO  
Comes in handy out there.  
She need a job?

KIT is speechless.~

CUT TO BLACK

**END OF EPISODE ONE**

END CREDITS OVER GREEN DAY'S "NICE GUYS FINISH LAST".