

UNTITLED PROJECT

by

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FADE IN:

**INT. TRAMA CENTER - DAY**

Slam through swinging doors to ENTER a hectic emergency room to FIND -- PARAMEDICS wheeling a MAN on a gurney.

*A BURST OF SUNLIGHT --*

**EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY**

The SUN crest over perfectly manicured greens. Empty. Verdant fairways.

A mullet-wearing CODY, 50s, a fanny-pack, whose pasty complexion and ample girth scream heart-attack-waiting-to-happen, saunters up.

His caddie LEROY, 50, Jamaican, carrying an old bag of golf clubs.

CODY

Ah, a golfer's diet: live on greens as much as possible.

He looks down the fairway: 175 yards - par 3.

Cody selects a club, tees his ball, settling into his stance. Just as he's about to swing... he winces.

He whips his driver back and... WHACK... the ball RIPS through the air LANDING PERFECTLY ON THE GREEN.

Leroy's jaws drop.

LEROY

Straight shot! You really swing that nine-iron!

Cody starts running, ecstatic. Then stops, doubles over from exhaustion.

The sound of machines buzzing and beeping...

CODY

Gimme a second will you.

**EXT. FAIRWAY - DAY**

Cody rears back and swings. The ball rockets straight down the fairway...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CADDIE

Whoa. Lookin' good

Then his ball bounces over the green and lands on the other side of a bunker in a sand trap.

*Oh damn.* Cody hurls the driver into the air.

He looks back, but Leroy is gone.

**EXT. GOLF COURSE - 2ND HOLE - DAY**

Cody approaches the sand trap. He looks gravely ill. Takes a big, wheezing breath.

Two white balls sit in various positions. Not sure which is his, goes to pick up his ball when...

FEMALE GOLFER (O.S.)

Play it as it lays!

He spins -- a FEMALE GOLFER waits, an angelic beauty, leaning on her driver.

FEMALE GOLFER

You can't move the ball. Two stroke penalty. But will waive it. Today.

Cody tees his ball up, grabs his driver, settles in to swing. Cody pauses -- this is going to be hard.

Grabs his ball, saunters to a nearby oak tree.

CODY

Golf is an unforgiving game. Golf isn't fair.

(off her look)

I'm fine.

She nods, doesn't believe him - neither do we.

CODY

I'm kinda tired. Don't know if I'll be able to play all nine holes today.

FEMALE GOLFER

It's ok, its been condensed. C'mon.

She extends a hand. Cody looks at her, watery eyes;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cody tees up his ball, lines up for a long, difficult shot, swaying. He turns towards her.

CODY

I've never been able to make that shot.

Female Golfer kneels, studies his stance, then:

FEMALE GOLFER

I think I'd close your stance a little bit, tighten your grip and lower my right thumb.

Cody takes a good whack. The ball sails a good two hundred feet.

CODY

Will you walk with me?

She nods, they go, she lags behind.

Cody takes in the an absolutely breath-taking sunset...

CODY

I've spent most of my life golfing - the rest I've just wasted. When I die, bury me on the golf course so my husband will visit. That's what she would say, my wife.

Cody seems very far away. He takes a step, and suddenly.

CODY

You know we were both 19 when I met her at a house party that I almost didn't attend.

FEMALE GOLFER

Yes, I know.

CODY

I guess you would, huh? When she walked in, I immediately knew I wanted to be with her. I called my boys' meeting in the bathroom where I called dibs on her, so they knew she was spoken for. She reciprocated the same feelings. Fast forward, she gave me thirty wonderful years. I always knew she was the one for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A sad beat, then -

CODY  
Even in her final days.

He looks up, feels the sun on his face. Suddenly filled with warmth, contentment, and memory.

A lone raindrop spatters his face.

A beat, he almost goes down, but she's there to lift him back up. As they resume their stroll...

CODY  
When I look back on my life, I see  
pain, mistakes, and heartache.  
When I look in the mirror, I see  
strength, learned lessons, and  
pride in myself.

He looks back with a face of abject fear. She's gone.

He smiles, should have known.

Cody continues on, looking off into the horizon.

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

DOCTOR (V.O.)  
On three...Clear! Clear!

**EXT. GOLF COURSE - 3RD HOLE - DAY**

A tired and exhausted Cody finally walks up,

A distinguished gentlemen in a white suit and tie, stands there stoned-faced, waiting... his expression unreadable.  
ARCHANGEL GABRIEL.

CODY  
So we meet again. I think six  
years ago. You told me it wasn't  
my time yet.

Cody's face creases with worried.

CODY  
I beat it once...

Cody looks toward Gabriel, who moves off to reveal his ball only a few inches from the hole.

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CONTINUED:

DOCTOR (V.O.)

V-tach again! We're losing him...

Gabriel puts a comforting hand on his shoulder, which settles his nerves.

He HITS THE PUTT with purpose. It's long enough... It's straight enough... And...it rattles around in the cup.

CODY

Pinch in from thirty yards and the crowd goes wild at the Masters.

Cody grabs the ball, carved on it, *"9th hole, Betty, with love."*

ANESTHESIOLOGIST (V.O.)

Jesus, he's coding -- !

MAN (V.O.)

Charge paddles to 200. Changing to 300...

Gabriel steps aside, gestures towards a glorious and peaceful light before them.

Cody steps towards the light. Gabriel follows... The sunset is surreal, shadowy, hallucinatory...

we only see Cody now. He extends a hand, as if reaching for someone. We never see his WIFE, but it seems like she's right there, in his final moments...

A blinding FLASH of white light, and we're into --

**INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY**

The beep-beep-beep of an EKG brings us into --

Cody's unconscious, barely alive. Slipping away. His body arcs under the paddles. The heart monitor flatlines...

MAN

He's gone.

WOMAN

I can get him back.

MAN

No, you can't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jessie doesn't react, though it's clear Alex made a major faux pas. Jessie is finally forced to call the time of death.

MAN

Call it. Time of death. 6:07 pm.

**INT. ER - DAY**

The SCREEN is BLACK. Then we SEE white ceiling tiles, flourescent light. This is Cody's room. If he was conscious it would be his POV. But he's not.

WOMAN

David?

WOMAN

V-tach again! We're losing him...

MAN

Charge paddles to 200. Changing to 300...

A beat as they all stare at the monitor which is a flat line for a long long second and then... with a beep, it's back to sinus rhythm.

while a WOMAN watches through the operating roo's glass door..Katie is crying. Her mascara is a mess.

She gels the paddles, gets ready to use them. Boone's gentle hand stops her...

while a WOMAN watches through the operating roo's glass door..Katie is crying. Her mascara is a mess.

CODY

Yep, life offers too few second chances. 'The Rub of the Green'

-----  
She gels the paddles, gets ready to use them. Boone's gentle hand stops her...

MAN (V.O.)

Focus. We haven't lost him yet.

The paddles are in place. Emily grabs them:

WOMAN

On three...Clear!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emily looks up at monitor. No change.

WOMAN

Clear!

David attempts to plant his tee with his shaky hands, but can't, he's too weak. He looks on in despair.

Bathed in a strange halo of light, or is it just sunlight

MAN (CONT'D)

Call it. Time of death. 6:07 pm.

MAN

He's running out of time.

Gabriel bedns down and does it for him...

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

Reaper puts a comforting hand on his shoulder, and steps aside, motions towards a flash of white light...

Jessie works furiously to save a patient who has flat-lined.

Alex, an intern, observes, standing across from him

The Salesmens' jaws drop. Tiger can breathe again. Ronnie smiles -- somewhat composed. And CONFIDENT. He's back.

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

MAN (CONT'D)

He's gone.

WOMAN

I can get him back.

MAN

No you can't...

The paddles are in place. Emily grabs them:

WOMAN

On three...Clear!

Emily looks up at monitor. No change.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Clear!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Jessie works furiously to save a patient who has flat-lined.  
Alex, an intern, observes, standing across from him

WOMAN (CONT'D)

V-tach again! We're losing him...

Jessie doesn't react, though it's clear Alex made a major faux pas. Jessie is finally forced to call the time of death. He wipes the water away, resumes:

The SCREEN is BLACK. Then we SEE white ceiling tiles, fluorescent light. This is Walter's hospital room. If he was conscious it would be his POV. But he's not.

WOMAN

David?

Belinda Spackman's face moves INTO VIEW. She looks down at her son with hope and sorrow. The screen goes BLACK.

Cody looks up, feels the sun on his face. He's suddenly filled with warmth, contentment, and memory. Another raindrop spatters on David.

EXT. 4TH HOLE - DAY

He putts. The ball rolls along the greens, dropping in the cup. Cody attempts to plant his tee with his shaky hands, but can't, he's too weak. He looks on in despair.

Gabriel puts a comforting hand on his shoulder, which settles his nerves.

A lone raindrop SPATTERS on Cody's forehead. He wipes the water away, resumes:

He looks abck but she too is gone.

They walk, she lags behind. Cody takes in the a breath-taking sunset...

CODY

I've spent most of my life golfing  
- the rest I've just wasted.  
When I die, bury me on the golf  
course so my husband will visit.  
That's what she would say, my  
wife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cody plants his tee, lines up and WHACK. The ball sails a good two hundred feet.

He just smiles,

CODY

I should have known.

Cody seems very far away. He takes a step, and suddenly.

MAN (CONT'D)

We were both 19 at the time. I met her at a house party that I almost didn't attend. When she walked in, I immediately knew I wanted to be with her. I called my boys' meeting in the bathroom where I called dibs on her, so they knew she was spoken for. She reciprocated the same feelings. Fast forward, we are now 27 years old and married. I always knew she was the one for me.

A lone raindrop SPATTERS on Cody's forehead. He wipes the water away, resumes:

Bathed in a strangen halo of light, or is it just sunlight Cody plants his tee, lines up and WHACK. The ball sails a good two hundred feet.

Takes another ball out of his fanny pack and tees it up.

Belinda Spackman's face moves INTO VIEW. She looks down at her son with hope and sorrow. The screen goes BLACK.

He lines up for a long, difficult putt, swaying...

ositions himself over the ball. Quiet now, he concentrates, rears back and WHACK.

MAN (V.O.)

Charge paddles to 200. Changing to 300...

MAN (CONT'D)

Call it. Time of death. 6:07 pm.

The Salesmens' jaws drop. Tiger can breathe again. Ronnie smiles -- somewhat composed. And CONFIDENT. He's back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

David lies in his hospital bed. Beverly sleeps in a chair. HE'S unconscious. Then a faint stirring. David's eyes OPEN. A beat. Then:

DAVID

Beverly.

Belinda wakes, and leaps to his side...

BEVERLY

*Walter?*

MAN

25 feet is all that stands between Ronnie Barnes...and golf immortality.

David swings...WHACK...the ball soars straight, drops 200 yards away onto the fairway.

A long beat. Female Golpher looks like she might not answer at all.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

A brilliant blue sky. Verdant fairways. Perfectly manicured greens. Palm trees rustle in a gentle breeze.

A fancy golf cart rolls up to the 1st tee. A CADDY, LEROY, pushing 50, black, drives. A mullet-wearing golfer, DAVID, 50s, wearing a fanny-pack, whose pasty complexion and ample girth scream heart-attack-waiting-to-happen, jumps out...

MAN

Ah, a golfer's diet: live on greens as much as possible.

David selects his club, tees his ball.

He looks down the fairway: 175 yards - par 3.

He rears back and takes a massive swing. The ball rockets straight down the fairway...

CADDIE

Whoa. Lookin' good

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then his ball bounces over the green and lands on the other side of a bunker in a sand trap.

He forces a nervous smile. *Oh damn.*

David hurls the driver into the air.

MAN

Yep, life offers too few second chances. 'The Rub of the Green'

CADDIE

And here we go.

The sound of machines buzzing and beeping..

EXT. FAIRWAY - NIGHT

He whips his club back and...WHOOSH...WHACK... the ball RIPS through the air LANDING PERFECTLY ON THE GREEN.

Leory's jaws drop. David smiles -

David starts running, ecstatic. David stops, doubles over from exhaustion.

MAN

Gimme a second to catch my wind.

He looks back, but he's alone.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - 2ND HOLE - NIGHT

David labors as he walks across the green to the other side of the sand trap.

He looks gravely ill. Takes a big, wheezing breath.

Two white balls sit in various positions. Not sure which is his, goes to pick up his ball when--

FEMALE GOLPHER (V.O.)

Play it as it lays!

He spins -- a FEMALE GOLFER waits, an angelic beauty, leaning on her driver.

FEMALE GOLFER

You can't move the ball. Two stroke penalty. But we'll waive it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Takes another ball out of his fanny pack and tees it up.

David lines up for a long, difficult putt, swaying...  
rocking. He turns towards her...

MAN

I've never been able to make that  
shot.

He takes a beat to decide, then positions himself over  
the  
ball, studies the shot.

FEMALE GOLFER

I'd close my stance a little bit,  
tighten my grip and lower my right  
thumb.

David sets his feet. Grips his putter. His knuckles are  
white on the grip, he's start to sweat.

FEMALE GOLFER

Not so tight.

He smiles, understands, and putts.

The ball hopping along the green, rolling towards the  
pin, and dropping in the cup. He shoots her a cocky  
wink...

David plants his tee, lines up and WHACK...the ball soars  
straight, lands 200 yards away.

MAN

I'm kinda tired. Don't know if  
I'll be able to play all nine  
holes today.

FEMALE GOLFER

It's alright, its been condensed  
to a three-hole golf course.

Danny takes a beat, his eyes well up;

The Female Golpher reacts, emotional as well.

MAN

Will you walk with me?

She just nods, they walk, he takes in a breath-taking  
sunset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN

I've spent most of my life golfing  
- the rest I've just wasted.

David seems very far away. A long beat.

MAN

When I die, bury me on the golf  
course so my husband will visit.  
That's what she'd always say. My  
wife.

He takes a step, and suddenly...

MAN

We were both 19 at the time. I met  
her at a house party that I almost  
didn't attend. When she walked  
in, I always knew she was the one  
for me. I called my boys' meeting  
in the bathroom where I called  
dibs on her, so they knew she was  
spoken for. She reciprocated the  
same feelings. Fast forward, we  
spent thirty wonderful years  
together.

A lone raindrop SPATTERS on David's forehead.

This time he doesn't wipe it away. A beat, he almost  
goes down, but she's there to catch him.

He looks back with a face of abject fear. She's gone,  
too... He smiles, should have known.

David walks off, looking off into the horizon.  
BEEP BEEP BEEP!

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

Jesus, he's coding -- !

MAN

He's running out of time.

MAN

Focus. We haven't lost him yet

EXT. GOLF COURSE - 3RD HOLE - NIGHT

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

David lies in his hospital bed. Beverly sleeps in a chair. HE'S unconscious. Then a faint stirring. David's eyes OPEN. A beat. Then:

DAVID

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Belinda wakes, and leaps to his side...

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*Walter?*

MAN

25 feet is all that stands between  
Ronnie Barnes...and golf  
immortality.

A beat as they all stare at the monitor which is a flat line for a long long second and then... with a beep, it's back to sinus rhythm.

David swings...WHACK...the ball soars straight, drops 200 yards away onto the fairway.

A long beat. Female Golpher looks like she might not answer at all.

The beautiful Cape Cod Coastline spreads right before your eyes.

The vantage points occupied by the lighthouses make them a tourists' attraction.

Cody stops at his ball, settles, swing. He hits a perfect shot - ball bouncing within ten feet of ma PIE TIN ten yards off. smiles,

FADE OUT.