

(Golf Course Hole 13)

by
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(Based on, If Any)

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EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

BILL, 58, bald and spindly, but with a mushy midsection and clad in a light gray sweater, walks onto the golf course, still covered by patches of snow. The sun is part way out, but it is sprinkling.

About 500 feet away, a HOMELESS MAN, in tattered jeans and corduroy shirt, without jacket, stumbles slowly in the woods out into the fairway near HOLE 13.

MURRAY, 30, wearing a security-liable knapsack, fit and in shorts but with legs balding from just below the knees, walks up to Bill.

MURRAY

You know, Bill, golf is good business. If you want a deal, you let your customer win, though.

BILL

That won't be a problem with me.

There is a flash of lightning in the distance but the sprinkling stops. The snow suddenly disappears.

Bill takes a swing. He drives the golfball towards Hole 13. It hits a tree trunk near the hole, caroms, and strikes the homeless man in the head. He falls.

MURRAY

Oh my God. You could have killed him.

BILL

What is he doing on the course?

They run towards Hole 13. A HOMELESS WOMAN, also in tatters, approaches from the woods.

HOMELESS WOMAN

See what you did, you capitalist pigs. I bet you're over forty years old.

She looks at Murray.

BILL

More than that.

HOMELESS WOMAN

You're old enough not to play childish games.

MURRAY

These are adult games.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Will you buy him lunch. It's you
old man. It's time for you to make
amends.

BILL

I'll call 9-1-1.

Bill looks for his cell phone. It will not come on. Murray
tries his and it doesn't work either.

HOMELESS WOMAN

You two look like you're in a holy
marriage or something.

BILL

Well, Murray, you look tempting to
me in those shorts.

The homeless woman dematerializes. The homeless man gets up.

HOMELESS MAN

Time to make amends for your sins.

BILL

You're just playing mind games.
We'll go back.

HOMELESS MAN

Go on. There's nothing back there
for you. No more business left.
Just your partner. But you need a
corner too.

Bill looks to Murray, and shows a look of disgust on his
face. Murray opens his knapsack and takes out a hyperdermic
needle kit and gives himself a shot in the thigh.