

PINK BALLS
"The First 15 Pages"

Written by

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EXT. GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

A crisp autumn breeze blows leaves past the sign near the entrance of the driveway, "SUNDERING HILLS GOLF CLUB."

Beneath that, "MEN ONLY."

HARDING (O.S.)
Times have changed.

MONTAGE of this beautiful, rolling course. The moonlight shines on leaves tumbling across fairways.

HARDING (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It isn't like it was twenty, thirty years ago. Our small community can no longer support a club that is both private and men-only.

INT. BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

A cigar-smoky room of about 200 men. That's no small gathering, but this hall could comfortably accommodate 500. Half the members are aged 30-to-60; the other half 60-to-80.

At the podium stands Dr. Ted HARDING, 70. His silver hair and warm smile convey kindness. Behind him, a banner, "Season's End Dinner."

HARDING
I've loved this course and this club since I was eight, when my grandfather first brought me here. We wouldn't be members if we didn't have a shared love for this course and club and want to see it remain solvent. But for it to remain private and solvent, we'll need more members! That's why I implore you: vote Yea for Bylaw Amendment Nine, and not only allow women to join, but insure it will be here for our grandchildren. Thank you.

The members aged 30-to-60 APPLAUD AND VOICE THEIR APPROVAL; members aged 60-to-80 BOO AND HISS.

Harding makes his way down the aisle between tables.

MARLENE, 40s, short, plump, pleasant, takes over the podium. The name tag on her green Sundering Hills dress shirt indicates she is the Course Manager.

MARLENE

Thank you, Doctor Harding. Now,
Doctor Warren Schaefer.

Dr. Warren SCHAEFER, 70, sits at his table. The years have made him crotchety, but something in his eyes says at one time he was a gentle man. In front of him is his Club Championship trophy.

Schaefer rises from his table and approaches the podium. The members aged 60-to-80 APPLAUD AND VOICE THEIR APPROVAL; the members aged 30-to-60 offer PERFUNCTORY APPLAUSE.

Schaefer and Harding meet halfway and shake hands.

HARDING

(with a smile)
Good luck.

SCHAEFER

Sniff my fingers.

Harding shakes his head and rolls his eyes; Schaefer continues towards the podium.

MARLENE

Let's also congratulate Doctor Schaefer who recently announced he'll be retiring March Thirty-First from his position at Saint Colette as Department Chair of Obstetrics and Gynecology.

POLITE APPLAUSE from the members as Schaefer assumes his place at the podium. He shakes Marlene's hand.

SCHAEFER

(off-mic)
You forgot to mention I'm also the reigning club champion.

MARLENE

I'm sorry, Doctor Schaefer.

SCHAEFER

(vindictively)
Forget it, Martha.

MARLENE

Marlene.

SCHAEFER

(into the mic)
Fellow members.

Marlene, slighted, backs away.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

One doesn't get to be Department
Chair of Obstetrics and Gynecology
without respect for women.

Marlene reacts to herself.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

My forty-year career has been spent
serving their needs. But tonight,
I'm serving our need. Our need to
protect tradition! A tradition that
dates back to this club's founding
in Nineteen Twenty-Three. A club
where men can congregate as men
without considerations deemed
appropriate in mixed company.

The members aged 60-to-80 nod in agreement.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

My esteemed colleague, Doctor
Harding, proposes with, I'll
concede the best of intentions,
that in order to --

(air quotes)

-- "save" our club from "financial
collapse", we hastily discard this
tradition as if it were the only
way. But our Club President
overlooks the obvious solution for
Sundering Hills to remain solvent
and men-only. If dues were simply
increased by --

(as if it were a trifling)

-- thirty-nine percent --

The members aged 30-to-60 do not like the sound of that.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

-- our club, as well our tradition
mind you, easily would remain
solvent.

EXT. SUNDERING HILLS GOLF CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

The wind blows leaves cylindrically.

INT. BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

The members enjoy their dinners. Utensils CLINK on china under a GENTLEMANLY RHUBARB.

AT THE PODIUM, Marlene addresses the mic.

MARLENE

Gentlemen, as you finish your dinners, staff will come around to collect your ballots.

AT A DINING TABLE, Schaefer and Harding, among others, eat and converse. Seated next to Schaefer are the like-aged MASTERS and JOHNSON.

HARDING

So, Warren, what will you do with yourself after you retire?

SCHAEFER

(swallows)
Golf.

Harding looks at him expecting more. Schaefer takes a bite of food and chews.

HARDING

That's it?

SCHAEFER

(mouth full)
Golf 'til my knees give.

HARDING

Why not go on a trip? I hear Bermuda is great in April. I think it'd be good for you and Betty to get away.

SCHAEFER

Not this year, Ted. After I retire, I will wash my hands with lemon juice, grab my sticks, and golf non-stop at my men-only club.

HARDING

Not if the members have anything to say about it.

SCHAEFER

We'll see.
(takes a bite)
(MORE)

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

By the way, Palmer never received his invitation.

HARDING

Hmm...

SCHAEFER

Not that I'm upset about it, mind you. My dumb son would've voted in favor of your stupid amendment.

HARDING

That was good for you then.

A MEMBER, 40s, approaches Harding for a handshake.

MEMBER

Doctor Harding, I wanted to compliment you on your speech.

Harding acknowledges him. Schaefer rolls his eyes and stews.

ANOTHER MEMBER, 50s, seated next to Johnson, leans to him, his folded ballot in hand. Schaefer catches this exchange.

ANOTHER MEMBER

If they come around and I'm not back, would you hand my ballot in for me?

JOHNSON

Certainly.

That member walks away.

SCHAEFER

(to Johnson)

Let me see that.

Schaefer swipes the ballot from Johnson, then looks around. Satisfied, he opens the ballot; it has a YEA vote. Schaefer discreetly crumples the ballot and sticks it in his pocket.

EXT. SUNDERING HILLS GOLF CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

The wind blows the leaves in the opposite direction.

MARLENE (O.S.)

By a margin of two votes, the Yeas have it!

INT. BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

Schaefer has a defeated expression.

MARLENE

Effective April First, Sundering
Hills will allow women to join!

The members aged 30-to-60 APPLAUD AND CHEER. The members aged
60-to-80 BOO AND HISS.

As Harding applauds, he looks over at Schaefer.

HARDING

Lighten up, Warren. You act as if
it were the end of the world.

SCHAEFER

My forty-year career was spent
nose-deep in women. I thought I'd
be getting away from them --
(grits his teeth)
-- now I'll have to golf with them.

EXT. SUNDERING HILLS GOLF CLUB - DAY

Sunrise of a beautiful spring morning.

SUPERIMPOSE: March 31

A time-worn Toyota Corrola enters the driveway.

INT. TOYOTA - CONTINUOUS

MANDY, 22, gorgeous, curvaceous; she has a working-class
pride. She bobs along with a song akin to "Born to Fly" by
Sara Evans. Mandy is wearing a pink golf shirt and a white
skort. Business attire hangs in the back.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

With her clubs slung over her shoulder, Mandy walks up the
sidewalk then stops near the clubhouse which is atop a hill.
Below, the entire eighteen-hole course; it's majestic! Mandy
is in awe of it.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - MOMENTS LATER

Mandy's clubs sit perched at the tee area. Although Mandy is young and girlish, her clubs and bag are aged and manly. A few stray baskets lie in the vicinity.

Mandy collects balls from the range in a basket.

MANDY

Thirteen... fourteen... fifteen.

NOW BACK BY HER BAG, she takes out her driver and removes the club cover. The driver sparkles in the sun.

Mandy tees a ball. A VOICE FROM THE PAST, a grandfatherly tone, narrates what she does.

VOICE FROM THE PAST (O.S.)

Be loose and relaxed, but don't be weak! Line the ball with your left heel; your feet shoulder-width apart. Don't stand too close, but close enough that it's comfortable. The V's made by your thumbs and index fingers should point to their corresponding shoulder. Bend your knees slightly and keep your back straight. Begin your swing with your arms, keeping your left arm straight, followed by your shoulders, then your hips.

At the apex of her back swing --

VOICE FROM THE PAST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now, HIPS, SHOULDERS, WRISTS!

PING! Her swing launches a straight, long drive! She watches with pride the ball's flight.

AT THE 275-YARD MARKER, the ball bounces past the marker; the ball is the lone ball there.

MONTAGE of Mandy striking balls with her driver. Each swing is as picture-perfect as the previous.

AT THE 275-YARD MARKER, her ball bounces past the marker, joining several of its recently-hit brethren.

ON MANDY, she smiles proudly.

VOICE FROM THE PAST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Well done, Mandy.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER THAT DAY

A Towncar parks; Marlene exits it. She exhibits slight surprise at the Toyota parked in the otherwise empty lot.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marlene, carrying a briefcase, walks up the sidewalk, then stops pleasantly surprised.

MARLENE

You're early!

Mandy sits on a bench near the clubhouse entrance. She's wearing the business attire that hung in the back seat.

MANDY

(cheerfully)

One doesn't want to be late for an interview.

INT. MARLENE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Neat and well-organized. Marlene sits at her desk; Mandy sits across from her.

MARLENE

I talked to the Course Manager up in Bowersville. He had some very nice things to say about you.

Mandy smiles.

MARLENE (CONT'D)

Impressively nice things: hard-working, accommodating, punctual, courteous. All the golfers loved you. He said you were the best beverage cart girl he'd ever hired! He even went so far as to say you were the daughter he'd never had, and he'd had three of them!

Mandy blushes.

MARLENE (CONT'D)

You'd said you've also interviewed with Wandering Pines and Lonesome Oaks. Have they made you an offer?

MANDY

They have.

Marlene conceals what she writes on a slip of paper.

MARLENE

Well, I want you working here at Sundering Hills, and this is what I'm offering you.

She folds the slip and slides it towards Mandy. Mandy looks at it lying there for a beat; she's unaccustomed to this. For Marlene, this is par for the course.

Mandy takes the slip and opens it. She says nothing, but her expression of amazement conveys what the slip says!

MARLENE (CONT'D)

And those courses, Mandy, like the one in Bowersville, are public courses. Sundering Hills is a private club; our members are considerably wealthy. And if you're as good as I think you are, you'll find their tips alone will exceed anything you've ever made.

Mandy is still staring at the slip of paper in awe. Marlene gets up and sits on the corner of her desk.

MARLENE (CONT'D)

Every spring we get college girls like you who desperately want to work here; our beverage cart girls make a lot of money. But not just anyone can work here; our members expect staff to be courteous, timely, and professional. In other words, they expect the very best. My job is to hire the very best. And I want to hire you. What do you say?

MANDY

(referring to the paper)
Can I keep this? I'd like to have it framed.

Marlene chuckles.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mandy beams as she walks towards the main entrance. In her arms are a large envelope, and in plastic bags a green Sundering Hills dress shirt and black skirt.

AT THE FRONT DESK, an EMPLOYEE readies for the day. Mandy stops at the desk.

EMPLOYEE
May I help you?

Behind Employee, Mandy reviews the sign entitled "DRIVING RANGE" listing the cost for each size of basket; a small basket (15 balls) is five dollars.

MANDY
I just wanted to make a donation.

She puts a \$5 in the donation jar for a charity.

Next to the donation jar, AN ACRYLIC SIGN: an opening for a full-time beverage cart girl. Year-round, weather permitting. Benefits include health, dental, paid time off.

ON MANDY, she considers this.

EXT. ST. COLETTE HOSPITAL - LATER THAT DAY

A tall, brick building in the heart of this city one would guess had a population of about 50,000.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Off the elevator steps PALMER, 30s, handsome, perfect skin; he wears a suit. He approaches a young female RECEPTIONIST.

PALMER
Is Doctor Schaefer in his office?

RECEPTIONIST
Don't tell me you're a former patient of his.

Palmer chuckles.

PALMER
I'm his son.

RECEPTIONIST
That you can admit that...

INT. SCHAEFER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Schaefer, standing behind his desk, places diplomas, degrees, certificates, and plaques in a cardboard box.

He stops when he gets to a plaque from a local women's group honoring him as "Person of the Year" for his "dedicated service to women."

A strange grin, he then drops the plaque in the trash.

Schaefer picks up a framed photo of him and a fit, charming, like-aged woman, BETTY. Schaefer frowns melancholy.

An OFFSCREEN KNOCK; Schaefer quickly stows the photo in the box.

SCHAEFER

Come!

The door opens; Palmer enters.

PALMER

Good morning, Dad.

SCHAEFER

What are you, lost?

PALMER

No, I had a consult this morning,
and as long as I was here I thought
I'd drop by and see you.

Palmer takes a seat. Schaefer begins packing books.

SCHAEFER

That patient must have one helluva
case of acne.

PALMER

That patient may have skin cancer.

SCHAEFER

(with disappointment)
My son, the dermatologist.

Palmer picks up and admires Schaefer's Club Champion trophy.

PALMER

Is your staff throwing you a party?

SCHAEFER

No.

PALMER

You should've been nicer to them.

SCHAEFER

The reason they're not throwing me a party, Palmer, is I specifically told them not to.

Schaefer takes his championship trophy from Palmer and sets it on his desk; he returns to packing.

SCHAEFER (CONT'D)

How is your mother?

PALMER

She's well.

Palmer takes the ball from the tee of a hole-in-one trophy and begins playing catch with it.

SCHAEFER

She hasn't realized the mistake she's made?

Palmer gets a grin.

PALMER

You miss her, don't you?

Schaefer leans across his desk and catches the ball.

SCHAEFER

I would no sooner miss her than any of the women I've long suffered.

He returns the ball to the tee. Palmer shakes his head.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - LATER THAT DAY

Several students dressed in blue and black Bearcats gear amble about in the midday sun with bookbags slung over their shoulders.

Mandy isn't ambling; she's hustling across the campus mall. Also of note is that in this sea of blue, black and "Bearcats", Mandy wears pink.

INT. LECTURE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

A literature PROFESSOR lectures as the large class takes notes.

PROFESSOR

Wilde said so himself when describing the theme of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and this theme is reflected by what Algernon says to Jack in Act Two.

IN THE BACK, Mandy sneaks in, slightly out of breath, doing her best not to be noticed. She spies KELLY, 18, and takes a seat next to her; Kelly is taking notes.

MANDY

(whispering)
What'd I miss?

KELLY

(whispering)
One has to be serious about something if one is to have any amusement in life.

Kelly hands some papers facedown to Mandy.

KELLY (CONT'D)

He handed back our essays.

Mandy flips to the last page of her essay; a "D-". She can't believe it! Disappointed, she sets it aside and takes notes.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Students flood the hallway from the lecture hall, including Mandy and Kelly.

KELLY

I don't get it, Mandy. You're not stupid.

MANDY

Thanks, Kelly.

KELLY

I could tutor you. It's the least I can do after all the booze you've bought for us. Speaking of which!

Kelly digs in her pocket, then hands Mandy --

KELLY (CONT'D)

Here's the money and a list of what to get.

As Mandy counts the money and looks over the list --

KELLY (CONT'D)
 Anyway, I'd like to help you.

MANDY
 I'll figure it out.

Mandy pockets the list and money; she reviews her essay.

KELLY
 Well, the offer stands. Getting a
 twenty-two year-old freshman for a
 roommate has been the greatest
 thing that could've ever happened.

ON MANDY'S ESSAY, as Mandy flips through the pages, she sees
 red comments like "Excellent point!" and "Astute
 observation!" and "Very clever!", and on the last page, "A
 keen interpretation of Frankenstein"; below that, the "D-".

ON MANDY, she fumes!

MANDY
 I'll see you later, Kelly.

Mandy one-eighties back towards the lecture hall.

INT. LECTURE HALL - CONTINUOUS

As the Professor packs his leather satchel and talks with a
 couple students, Mandy storms down the aisle towards him.

MANDY
 A keen interpretation, D-minus??

PROFESSOR
 (sighs)
 Let's discuss in my office.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Disorganized and cluttered. There are stacks of books and
 papers. Professor is seated at his desk; Mandy is seated
 across from him.

PROFESSOR
 You didn't follow the assignment.

MANDY
 I've already written an essay about
 Frankenstein being an allegory for
 the Industrial Revolution... in
 high school!

PROFESSOR

And I asked you to write one for me... in college. You however wrote an essay on how Frankenstein is an allegory for Social Media.

MANDY

It is! Social Media was created with the best of intentions, yet it's a hateful, destructive force! Not to mention anytime a friend posts a picture I'm in, I get dozens of D-Ms from assholes asking for nudes.

PROFESSOR

Mandy, I agree with everything you wrote --

Mandy holds her essay out to him.

MANDY

Great! Change my grade to an A!

PROFESSOR

You didn't follow the assignment! I'll make you a deal: rewrite your essay abiding by the assignment, I'll grade you on that.

Mandy thinks for a moment.

MANDY

I wrote my essay.

PROFESSOR

Then you've got your grade.