

HOLE IN NONE

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Second Draft

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INT. CHURCH - DAY

A coffin sits at the front of a church draped in white flowers. There's two other bouquets that read "MUM" and "WINNIE" along the sides.

THE PRIEST stands front a centre, delivering the eulogy whilst we scan the room of the FUNERAL GUESTS.

PRIEST (O.S)

This wonderful woman brought all of you in attendance closer together, and even in these times of sadness and sorrow, we come together to celebrate her wonderful life.

One of those guests is JEFFREY JAMES (50's, Cedric The Entertainer), who glassily stares forward, his focus fixed on the coffin.

Sitting to his right is his cousin CLARRIE (mid 50's, looks 30) and her mother GINNY (80's, ashen faced) to his left.

LATER

The service has concluded and the Funeral Guests are making their way to the front of the church to pay their final respects.

Jeffrey shuffles his feet towards the front of the room as he straightens out his rented tuxedo, specially selected to look amazing in front of family he never sees.

Jeffrey reaches the coffin, red rose in hand ready to place upon the lid. He lifts his head after saying his goodbyes in his head, and--

PRIEST

Are you, a Mr. Jeffrey James?

JEFFREY

That's very much dependant on if I've sold you a car recently.

Jeffrey laughs to himself. The Priest remains stoic.

The Priest lifts an envelope up to Jeffrey.

PRIEST

Your great aunt Winnie left this for you. I take it your are Mr. Jeffrey James?

JEFFREY

Yeah. What is it?

PRIEST

It was found by her bedside the night she died.

Jeffrey looks down at the envelope, it has his name and the words "URGENT:CONFIDENTIAL" written across the top in red.

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Jeffrey hugs his EXTENDED FAMILY MEMBERS and says his goodbyes for another six years. His aunt Ginny walks over to Jeffrey with a hesitant haste in her step.

GINNY

What did the priest want?

JEFFREY

What did the what want?

GINNY

The priest, I see you two talking at the front, what did he say?

Jeffrey smiles. Thinks.

JEFFREY

Ah nothing, thought he knew me from way back when. He didn't, probably an old gang member who found god, you know.

Ginny looks at Jeffrey unconvinced of his story.

Jeffrey smiles back.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

I better be going though, work's up my ass.

(shouting off)

Hey Clarrie, see you soon girl.

Jeffrey salutes his cousin.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

Take care aunt Ginny, see you, well, hopefully you're not the star of the next one.

INT. JEFFREYS FLAT - DAY

Jeffrey places the tuxedo carefully back into its carry case, making sure to fold it without any creases.

He takes a looks at the envelope, then at the clock.

14:32

He was meant to be back at work for 14:00.

JEFFREY

Shit.

Jeffrey opens a drawer on his side table and throws the envelope inside.

INT. CAR SHOWROOM - DAY

14:56.

Jeffrey's an hour late back to work. He's pacing towards his scatty desk.

Surrounded by tall glass windows and bright light, there is nowhere to hide. Jeffery's boss PAUL (40's, thinks he's a people person, is not a people person) spots him arriving back.

PAUL

You're an hour late.

JEFFREY

Technically I'm--

Looks at his watch.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

Fifty eight minutes late.

PAUL

Technically we lost out on a sale because of your tardiness.

Jeffrey has no idea what tardiness means and pulls a face.

PAUL (cont'd)

Some idiot came in asking specifically for you.

JEFFREY

Why not tell him I would be back later?

PAUL

This was a half hour ago. He was in a rush. He went and bought a Chevy instead.

JEFFREY

It was a funeral, you know how it is.

PAUL

Yeah. Sad and you want to get the fuck out. But not you, you clearly stay for after party.

JEFFREY

C'mon man, cut me some here.

PAUL

I'm on your side Jeffrey, but if it happens again... Try not to force my hand.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

It's Saturday, finally a day off where the boys can relax.

Jeffrey is with his pals FIZZY (50's) and ROSS (40's), tearing up the course in three seater buggy.

Jeffrey stands in the middle of the fairway over a shot on the 17th hole, a great drive from the tee has put him into position A.

Jeffrey's take away is controlled, his rhythm is on, the ball strike is pure and his follow through a picture of class. Jeffrey stiffs the ball 6 foot from the pin.

Fizzy and Ross look stunned.

FIZZY

What a shot.

On the green, Jeffrey sinks the putt.

JEFFREY

All square going down the last. Jeffrey James is at it again with his back up against the wall, crowd roaring as he strides towards the eighteenth tee box.

Jeffrey checks his score card as he heads towards the last.

JEFFREY (cont'd)
Is the club competition next week?

ROSS
Yeah, why?

JEFFREY
No reason.

Jeffrey puts his score card back in his pocket and walks towards the next tee box.

Fizzy and Ross hang back in the buggy.

ROSS
Twenty bucks says his next tee shot goes into the trees down the right.

FIZZY
Why?

ROSS
It's the competition next week, he knows his handicap goes down with the score he's putting in today. Watch.

Jeffrey stands with driver in hand over the ball on the 18th.

He looks out the corner of his eye towards Fizzy and Ross, both men standing with their arms folded looking at Jeffrey.

He swings. BLAM, straight right into the trees on the right hand side.

JEFFREY
Goddammit. Played so well today too, I'm never finding that now.

Ross looks at Fizzy, who hands him twenty dollars.

Fizzy and Ross both hit lovely drives down the middle.

Jeffrey steps up for his third from the tee. Crunched down the middle.

JEFFREY (cont'd)
Always when the pressures off.

The trio make their way down the fairway in the buggy.

Now standing over their balls, Ross hits his shot just green side right, Fizzy's next, but comes up 20 yards short. Not perfect, but both men seem happy wit their shots.

Jeffrey stands over his ball with a 3 wood. Way too much club.

FIZZY

Why the hell you got a 3 wood in your motherfucking hand?

JEFFREY

Shot shaping boy, you never seen it?

ROSS

Someone's protecting their handicap for next week.

JEFFREY

Now that's hating to the highest order right there, take that back.

Jeffrey steps up over the ball. He flushes the ball in a dead straight line towards the green. But the green is only 150 yards away, this shot is going about 230!

JEFFREY (cont'd)

Oh no! It didn't shape like I wanted.

The ball flies over the green and into the clubhouse wall. Ricochets onto the door handle. Hit's a fence post. Thunders off a members backside and softly lands 3 foot from the pin.

Jeffrey hasn't seen the miracle, too busy putting his club back into his bag.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

It's always the--

ROSS

Holy shit! It hit everything and everyone and landed a few feet from the pin. That shape was wonderful Jeff, wonderful.

JEFFREY

What?

With a look of disbelief, Jeffrey is stunned his ball is so close to the hole.

Now around the green, both Ross and Fizz chip their shots close, but not as close as Jeffrey. Both men fail to make their putts though. In for bogey.

FIZZY

Well you've got that for the half J,
and you've seen the line with our
putts now. Although you're so close,
that the line doesn't really matter.

Jeffrey steps up over his putt. He drills it 4 foot past the
other side.

ROSS

Really worth losing the bragging
rights? We both beat you fool.

Jeffrey makes the harder putt coming back down the hill the
other way for his 6.

JEFFREY

Have those brags. I'll be the one
bragging when I take ho the club comp
next week.

Jeffrey laughs to himself as he hands the losing money over
to Fizzy and Ross.

INT. FIZZY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeffrey, Fizzy and Ross are having a few beers after the
round.

Jeffrey's phone rings.

JEFFREY

One sec, let me take this.

Jeffrey stands up from the sofa and walks into Fizzy's
kitchen. He answers the call.

FIZZY'S KITCHEN

JEFFREY (cont'd)

Hey aunt Ginny, what do I owe this
lovely surprise?

INT. GINNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

GINNY

Someone at Mum's funeral yesterday
said they saw you take an envelope
from the priest. What did it say
Jeffrey?

INTERCUT

Jeffrey's eyes bulge a little.

JEFFREY

They what?

GINNY

You heard.

JEFFREY

They trippin' aunt G, c'mon now, this is me you're talking to, I told you, he thought he knew me, but it was mistaken identity.

GINNY

I've tried to call the priest, but he's busy today. What do you think he's going to tell me?

JEFFREY

He's going to say that your nephew is out at the moment and can't really hear you proper. I've got to go aunt Ginny, but if you need me again, you got my number.

Jeffrey hangs up and walks back to the sofa and takes a large sip of his beer.

FIZZY

Who was that?

JEFFREY

Just my aunt wanting to know some shit from the funeral the other day.

FIZZY

She cool?

JEFFREY

Yeah. I'm not though, my backs killing me.

ROSS

I don't know why your old broken ass keeps playing this game.

JEFFREY

You can't help who you fall in love with.

INT. JEFFREYS APPARTMENT - NIGHT.

Jeffrey places his golf clubs in the cupboard next to the front door.

The flat is surprisingly well kept and neat. Not clean, but very neat.

Holding his back, Jeffrey makes his way over to the sofa.

He slumps down and reaches for the TV remote. Before he gets a chance to put the TV on, he looks at the drawer that contains the note from his great aunt Winnie.

He lets out an almighty groan as he gets up to open the the drawer.

He grabs the envelope from inside, closes it, and heads back to the sofa. Jeffrey re-slumps into his previous position.

Carefully peeling open the envelope with intrigue, Jeffrey pulls the top open and removes the letter and begins to read.

WINNIE (V.O.)

Dear Jeffrey. I know this might come as a bit of a shock, but your old great auntie was actually born in the UK, in a place called Liverpool. Well through some hard work and a bit of luck I acquired a golf course before I left, and it would give me great joy to let you have this golf course as a way of my gratitude for always taking me out for rounds of golf in my later years. These are the deeds to it. It's all yours. It's called Royal Oxford Golf Club, and she's a real beauty. All my love, Winnie. Ps, there is more than just the course for you if you want to have a bit more adventure? John Rattray, the man who signed the original 13 rules of golf, and was also a top surgeon, has his putter and scalpel buried on the site. To find it, you just have to follow the sand under the oak. It could be worth fortunes.

Jeffrey sits on his sofa with his mouth hanging open.

JEFFREY

Fortunes?! A golf course sitting on a club worth millions? I've made it.

(MORE)

JEFFREY (cont'd)
 I've gone and made it. I always knew
 taking aunt Win golf would do me good
 one day.

Jeffrey is still in shock.

JEFFREY (cont'd)
 Whoa whoa, hang back. This must be a
 prank?

Jeffrey looks through his documents and checks his phone for
 Royal Oxford. It exists. He looks at the deeds. They look
 legit.

JEFFREY (cont'd)
 Naw c'mon, this shit don't happen to
 people like me. Does it?

EXT. CAR SHOWROOM LOT - DAY

Jeffrey leans up against one of the cars that are for sale.

He's scrolling through the photos of the golf course he's
 been left by his great aunt Winnie.

It looks stunning. Lovely fairways, greens in a wonderful
 state, and even a clubhouse to go for a 19th hole beer
 afterwards.

PAUL
 You know we give you a forty five
 minute lunch break to sit there on
 Tik Tok and look at girls wearing
 bikinis.

JEFFREY
 I was, erm, I was looking at--

Paul leans over and looks at Jeffrey's phone screen.

PAUL
 Golf courses, you're looking at golf
 courses.

JEFFREY
 Yeah.

PAUL
 Royal Oxford. Looks nice. Way out of
 your league though, come on Jeffrey,
 stop the dreaming.

JEFFREY

The fuck you saying?

PAUL

I'm saying you don't get paid to scratch the cars you're leaning up against with your ass whilst looking at golf courses in the UK that you're never going to go to.

Jeffrey wants to say something back, but he can't bring himself to get the words out.

A CUSTOMER walks up behind Jeffrey.

CUSTOMER

Excuse me, I was wondering if you could help me with a car over there?

JEFFREY

Yeah sure, I'll be with you in a moment sir.

The Customer walks away, leaving Jeffrey and Paul staring at one another.

PAUL

You better go help him. Make a sale and earn some money so you can continue looking at stuff you can't afford.

Jeffrey looks at the course on the screen of his phone, looks back up to Paul.

With his tail between his legs, Jeffrey walks off to help the customer.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jeffrey walks through into his favourite bar, Arena, to watch his beloved Cardinals with a cold brew.

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

Jeffrey is sitting with Fizzy and Ross, hawking the cardinals on the big screen. Wings and Beers surround their perch at the bar.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)

A huge swing a miss. That takes us to the bottom of the sixth tied a 3 a piece.

Jeffrey looks away from the screen to Fizzy and Ross.

JEFFREY

Hey listen to this, I heard this on the radio this morning, wanted to see what you think?

ROSS

I this that cousin shit again?

JEFFREY

No.

FIZZY

Didn't you say if it was for a million bucks, you would marry her J?

JEFFREY

Shut the fuck up and listen. Fool. There was a guy on there who was left a golf course by someone in his family.

FIZZY

Yes. I would accept the gift.

JEFFREY

Shut your mouth, I haven't finished. He got left this golf course, but it was in another country, you know, totally different times zones a shit, bad weather, worse food and all that.

ROSS

Right.

JEFFREY

Well what would you do?

ROSS

Well I would take it of course.

JEFFREY

Yeah but it's more than that. It costs money to run these things. Time and effort and, well, it's a huge responsibility.

FIZZY

I would go there, hire someone to make sure it's all under control, and use it as a holiday home.

ROSS

I'd sell it. Not worth the pain in my ass.

JEFFREY

What if I told you it had a putter and scalpel buried within the grounds that could be worth millions?

ROSS

Dig it up.

FIZZY

Dig it up.

JEFFREY

With what? That shit costs money.

ROSS

If I had to dig it up with my bare hands, I would still find that putter in days.

JEFFREY

How the fuck would I dig it up with my own hands?

ROSS

With *your* hands?

FIZZY

Please tell me you own a golf course?

Jeffrey's almost slipped up. He searches his brain for a quick answer.

JEFFREY

Of course I don't, I meant I wouldn't be able to do that. Which is why if I was in that situation, I would just leave it as it has been running for all the years previously and hope someone tells me if they found the putter.

Fizzy takes a long bite of a BBQ wing, without taking his eye off of Jeffrey.

FIZZY

Boy if you ain't telling me about a golf course you own, we ain't friends no more.

Jeffrey looks concerned, but takes a bite of a wing and looks back to the Cardinals game on the big screen.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

Jeffrey sits in his car, first thing in the morning outside the car showroom. He waits patiently as his call has been placed on hold.

JEFFREY

Motherfucker if this call is on hold any longer, I'm going to be charging you for the--

A FEMALE interrupts.

FEMALE (V.O.)

Hello is that Mr. James?

Jeffrey just about stops his tirade.

JEFFREY

Yes, still here.

FEMALE (V.O.)

Hello I'm Phillipa, the club secretary.

The female voice is PHILLIPA (mid 40's, prim and proper), who works at the Royal Oxford Golf Club in England.

PHILLIPA (FEMALE) (V.O.)

Sorry to keep you on hold for so long, I was just having a late lunch.

JEFFREY

We cool. So you know anything about a Winnie Austin?

PHILLIPA (V.O.)

As a matter of fact I do. She's been the owner of the golf club for years, but we only ever had correspondence over the phone. An apparent fear of flying has kept her from ever returning to the UK after she left.

JEFFREY

So she does own this golf course?

PHILLIPA (V.O.)

Well yes. And whom may I be talking with?

JEFFREY

My names Jeffrey James, and I think she's just made me your new boss.

PHILLIPA (V.O.)

Oh right, have you purchased it?

JEFFREY

Well not directly, no. Aunt Winnie kinda passed away.

PHILLIPA (V.O.)

Oh my. That's terrible.

There's a bang on the window. It's Paul.

PAUL

What in gods name do you think you're doing sitting in one of the premium models.

Jeffrey hangs up the phone. He jumps out of the car.

EXT. CAR SHOWROOM LOT - CONTINUOUS

Paul has his hands on his hips as Jeffrey carefully closes the car door.

PAUL

You've been slacking recently Jeffrey, really slacking. It's affecting sales, which is why I've got no option other than to ask you to come into work this Saturday, to get your numbers up.

JEFFREY

I can't this Saturday.

PAUL

Well you can, because I just said you can.

JEFFREY

It's my golf clubs championship man, I've been putting my shit together for that.

PAUL

If you put as much effort into your job as you do with golf and looking at it on your phone, you would have enough money to own a course by now.

Jeffrey thinks for a second.

PAUL (cont'd)
It was a turn of phrase Jeffrey,
you're never going to own a golf
course.

JEFFREY
What would you do if I did?

PAUL
Well you don't.

JEFFREY
But what if?

PAUL
Then I'd tell you to stop wasting my
time and dirtying up my new cars.

Jeffrey thinks to himself once again.

PAUL (cont'd)
But that's all hypothetical bullshit,
get your ass back in the showroom and
get some work done.

Jeffrey leans back up against the car.

PAUL (cont'd)
What do you think you're doing?

JEFFREY
Using my fat ass to lean against your
car whilst I think about something
that could be a dumbass decision.

PAUL
Like what?

Jeffrey pauses. Looks at Paul.

JEFFREY
Telling you that I can't work this
Saturday.

PAUL
Really? And I'm telling you, that if
you go and play golf instead, that on
Monday, I'll personally clear your
desk for you.

EXT. GOLF RANGE - NIGHT

Jeffrey is getting in some evening practice before the golf championships.

He strikes his irons first, followed by his wedges and then his driver, trying to emulate what he will be facing on Saturday.

A phone starts to ring in the middle of his back swing, causing him to shank the golf ball into the car park. THE KIDS in the next day laugh at Jeffrey's misfortune.

JEFFREY

It was the phone.

Jeffrey realises it's actually his phone ringing. He looks at the screen.

NO CALLER ID.

Hesitating whether to answer it or not, Jeffrey looks at the kids who are still laughing at his terrible shot.

He answers. But doesn't say anything at first. Listening.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

Hello.

The caller hangs up.

KID 1

Hey mister, was that the golf police asking you to go home?

JEFFREY

No, it was your Daddy asking why his dumbass son--

KID 1

Hey Dad. This guy's picking on me.

The Kid's FATHER (6 feet 5, 240lbs of sheer man) walks over.

Jeffrey has some piss in his pants.

FATHER

You what?

KID 1

This guy called me a dumbass because he hit a ball into the car park.

FATHER

Like a dumbass?

KID 1

Well yeah, like a dumbass.

The Father looks at Jeffrey. Jeffrey looks at all the other people on the range staring.

JEFFREY

I've got to be going.

Jeffrey grabs his golf clubs and scurries away. The second kid shouts to Jeffrey as he hurries into his car.

KID 2

Don't write cheques your ass can't cash old man.

A hurried Jeffrey leaves the range as the Father high fives his son.

INT. JEFFREYS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeffrey is on the sofa with his laptop open, looking at photo's of Royal Oxford.

He switches to a tab that has a one way ticket to the UK, leaving tomorrow afternoon.

He opens another tab that has his tee-time open for the club championships in the morning..

There's a knock at the door.

JEFFREY

It's open.

It's Fizzy. He walks through into the apartment and takes a seat next to Jeffrey.

FIZZY

Hey.

JEFFREY

Hey man, you good?

FIZZY

Yeah I'm good, you cool?

JEFFREY

Yeah I'm cool. I've erm, I've got some bad news.

FIZZY

What?

Fizzy's face drops.

JEFFREY

Nothing bad like that. It's just. Well my boss called me in to work tomorrow, so I'm not going to be able to come to the club championships.

FIZZY

What? Why?

JEFFREY

Some bs about work ethic and sales and shit. But I'm not going into work.

FIZZY (V.O.)

What? I'm confused.

JEFFREY

I'm going to be out of town for a while. I've got some family stuff I've got to deal with in the UK.

Silence.

FIZZY

Jeff...

JEFFREY

You know you're my best friend right?

FIZZY

Since fourth grade.

JEFFREY

So you can't repeat this to no one. Not even Ross.

FIZZY

It's the golf course isn't it?

JEFFREY

It's the golf course.

FIZZY

I KNEW IT! You were talking about yourself, you didn't hear that on the radio! I know you Jeff James, you can't lie to this face!

JEFFREY

Right. Well I got to go to the UK and see what's up. I'm about to book a flight, one way, and see if it's something I can do.

FIZZY

So what's happening with work if he called you in?

JEFFREY

He said if I don't come in tomorrow, then there is no work. I suppose I'm a golf course manager now.

Fizzy grabs Jeffrey and starts celebrating with him on the sofa.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

Chill yourself down boy, I haven't seen it yet.

FIZZY

Who cares? You own a golf course.

JEFFREY

Well yeah. There's some other bits to it, but it could be the making of me.

FIZZY

Could be? You have a golf course, you're RICH!

They both look at each other, pause, jump up and begin to dance and celebrate.

Jeffrey stops.

JEFFREY

I need you to look after the apartment, and remember, if anyone asks, it's family shit. Fizz I'm banking on you here, DON'T. TELL. ANYONE.

Fizzy begins to laugh and jumps up and down celebrating again.

EXT. CAB - DAY

Jeffrey has all of bags packed and is in the cab driving through the city on the way to the airport.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Jeffrey has arrived at the airport, sunglasses adorn his face as he walks thorough the terminal with the stride of pride.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

With luck purely on his side, he's bagged himself a window seat, and the seat in between him and the other passenger is free.

This is like travelling first class. Jeffrey lays back and awaits his destination.

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

It's grey.

It's cold.

It's raining.

Jeffrey is wearing a t-shirt and sunglasses.

A female PASSER BY (70's) walks past Jeffrey. He then tries to get her attention.

JEFFREY

Hey Miss. Miss.

She turns around.

PASSER BY

Yes?

JEFFREY

Could yo tell me how I'm meant to get to Oxford from here?

PASSER BY

Oh I don't know nowadays, maybe you could use that new Uber thing that everyone uses. If not, you'll have to get the train.

JEFFREY

You have Uber here?

PASSER BY

Yes.

JEFFREY

I thought you guys were all posh and shit. Black Taxi's. Fuck yeah for Uber.

The Passer By shakes her head and walks off as Jeffrey grabs his phone from his pocket.

Types "Royal Oxford Golf Course" into Uber.

It's £87. He Google's the exchange rate.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

You what now? I thought this country was tiny. A hundred bucks to ride a taxi? Where's it taking me? Back to St. Louis?

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

It's dark. Jeffrey's Uber pulls up outside. Jeffrey steps out with his luggage in tow. His bag lands in a puddle.

JEFFREY

God damn, fucking puddle.

Jeffrey tries to take a look at the golf course he's inherited, but there's not much to see.

He removes his suitcase from the puddle and makes his way up to the clubhouse.

INT. ROYAL OXFORD CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

There is just a barmaid, who turns out to be Phillipa who Jeffrey spoke to over the phone.

PHILLIPA

Can I help you?

JEFFREY

Hey, yeah I think you can, I know your voice, we spoke the other day, Phillipa right?

PHILLIPA

Yes. Phillipa Dawson. Mr. James?

JEFFREY

Yeah that's me. Call me Jeff.

PHILLIPA

Hello. Wow. This is incredible, I didn't ever think we would ever meet the Americans who owned the place.

JEFFREY

Well...

Jeffrey sighs.

PHILLIPA

It's so sad sad about Mrs. Austin, she was always such a dream on the phone. I hope you don't mind me asking, but what happened?

JEFFREY

She was old as a motherfucker, it was just her time. She was cool with it though.

PHILLIPA

She was?

JEFFREY

As you can be in that situation Philly D.

PHILLIPA

Philly D? No one's ever called me that before. I'm so sorry for your loss. Can I get you a drink?

JEFFREY

No thanks. I just need to be shown to the guest room so I can get some sleep.

Phillipa stares blankly at Jeffrey.

PHILLIPA

Guest room?

JEFFREY

Yeah, you know, where the guests stay. I assumed someone was sleeping where the owner lives already, a manager or something like that?

PHILLIPA

Oh Mr. James, this is a terrible inconvenience. But there is nowhere to sleep on site.

JEFFREY

What?

Jeffrey looks out of the window, hoping for the big magical hotel to appear out of the black.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

So no one stays here? Where do the guests stay who play over the weekend?

PHILLIPA

Erm. Well they. Well they don't.

JEFFREY

Don't stay?

PHILLIPA

Or play as guests. It's only our members who usually play the weekends.

JEFFREY

Ah, private members club. I get it now.

PHILLIPA

Right.

JEFFREY

But there's a place for me to stay?

PHILLIPA

Well. No.

Jeffrey struggles to grasp this concept.

JEFFREY

Well where am I meant to stay?

PHILLIPA

There's an old office out the back we use to store the recycling before the man comes to collect it every second Tuesday of the month.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Jeffrey lays on some folded clothes as makeshift bedding, on top of the cardboard boxes stored for recycling.

He tosses and turns in the cold dark room. Shivering.

JEFFREY

All for the dream baby, all for the dream.

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - DAY

Picturesque, stunning, Augusta National like greens with the surrounding of the English Countryside.

That's the photo on the website anyway.

In front of Jeffrey is a waterlogged, overgrown in places, bare in others, shabby and completely uninspired golf course that has a light drizzle falling down onto it.

JEFFREY

The fuck is this?

BASIL (60's, English as Earl Grey, awkward as a virgin in a strip club) and greenkeeper SARAH (30's, really really loves weed) survey the scene with Jeffrey.

SARAH

She's sick innit.

BASIL

I think what Sarah meant to say, is she's got character doesn't she?

JEFFREY

You're comparing this shit to a female now? Why is the photo so different on the website?

BASIL

I can't say for sure, but I think that is just the default image that came with the website when Brian built it.

JEFFREY

Who's Brian?

BRIAN (40's, the biggest cheese on the members list, current Captain, plays off of 9.6 don't you know?) walks up behind the trio.

BRIAN

That would be me.

Jeffrey turns around.

JEFFREY

Brian, nice to meet you, but why is this like this?

(points to phone)

When in reality, this is like this?

(points to course)

BRIAN

Bit of creative license. That's what she's like at heart.

JEFFREY

Right.

BRIAN

Brian by the way.

Brian offers his hand. Jeffrey seems confused, but shakes it to be polite.

JEFFREY

Yeah, you just said man, Brian. I'm Jeff. You alright?

BRIAN

No that's my surname. Bytheway.

JEFFREY

Your surname is by the way?

BRIAN

Yes.

Jeffrey stares at Brian, Basil and Sarah.

JEFFREY

Well Brian by the way, what the fuck we going to do about this course? It can't stay like this.

BASIL

Why not?

SARAH

Yeah why not bruvva?

JEFFREY

Look at it. It's awful. It's only saving grace is that...

Jeffrey stops himself. He stares, not wanting to reveal the hidden secrets of the putter and scalpel buried within the grounds.

BASIL

Is what?

JEFFREY

Is that erm, is that, you have a, thing that can help save the thing.

BRIAN

What on earth are you on about.

LIGHT BULB MOMENT!

JEFFREY

There's a kind of sand here that contains metal fragments.

SARAH

Geezer, what's that got to do with anything?

JEFFREY

Well basically, it's erm, the right kind of sand that can really really help with the drainage around here.

BASIL

But we don't mind it being a bit wet.

JEFFREY

I know that, but I bet when in rains too much, the course closes.

SARAH

Yeah man, way too often.

JEFFREY

You see this sand, this sand, it helps drain the water away.

BRIAN

Well can't you just order some?

JEFFREY

No. You see it's located on this course somewhere, and yes it would require us to extract it, but my great aunt Winnie says it can help solve the problem.

BRIAN

I am sorry for your loss, wonderful woman was Winnie Austin.

JEFFREY

Yeah, fantastic.

Phillipa shouts down from the reception.

PHILLIPA

Jeffrey, there's someone here to see you.

Jeffrey turns around and sees Phillipa with a concerned look on her face.

JEFFREY

Gimmie a moment people. I'll figure this out.

Jeffrey begins to walk towards the reception.

BRIAN

There's no need to. There's no problem to solve, we all like her the way she is.

Jeffrey turns back whilst carrying on his brisk walk, he has a face with half scowl half frustrated smile. Like he's constipated.

INT. ROYAL OXFORD RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Phillipa stands behind the desk, in front of her is NIGEL (40s, smarmy bastard with a face you want to stamp on), the owner of the golf course across the town, Oxford Central Golf and Country Club.

Jeffrey enters.

JEFFREY

What's up Phillipa?

NIGEL

Good morning. Well this is a surprise, I always thought the whole American owners thing was a ploy to get me to leave. But no, here it is, in all of it's...

Nigel looks Jeffrey up and down.

NIGEL (cont'd)

(sarcastic)

Glory.

JEFFREY

And you are?

NIGEL

Nigel Haverhill, owner of the other, bigger, and far far superior golf course in Oxford.

JEFFREY

Brother I've been here for a day, and let me tell you something, that ain't shit to be bragging about.

NIGEL

You what?

JEFFREY

You seen it out there?

NIGEL

Oh right, you agree?

JEFFREY

With what *I* just said about *my* golf course, yes I agree.

NIGEL

It's nice to see we already have something in common.

JEFFREY

But you know what I don't agree with?

NIGEL

What's that?

JEFFREY

You bringing your skinny ass into my new home to brag about something I ain't ever seen. So guess what? The American owner you never saw, and now the one you have also have something in common.

NIGEL

Is that so?

JEFFREY

Yeah, we both gon' tell you to get the fuck off my property.

Nigel can't believe what Jeffrey has just said.

Basil is standing at the door with a smile on his face like the Cheshire Cat.

Nigel is speechless.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

You not used to this by now? Why you just standing there? Get the fuck out. Go!

Phillipa claps behind the desk. Nigel makes his way to the door. Basil steps aside.

NIGEL

I'll tell you this for free, this course will be out of my way sooner than you know.

Nigel leaves.

PHILLIPA

We've always been to scared to say that to him.

JEFFREY

Why?

PHILLIPA

We always thought he might be the American owner, just pretending to be horrible as a test or something.

BASIL

That was brilliant old chap. Lets celebrate with pint and some pork scratchings.

Phillipa goes to leave the desk to go serve the drinks at the bar.

JEFFREY

Hey Phillipa, do you do the reception and the bar?

Phillipa stops and turns around.

PHILLIPA

Yes.

JEFFREY

That's how dead this place is?

PHILLIPA

We call it "nice and quiet."

JEFFREY

Listen I need your help later with a few things, can you stay behind to go over some of the boring finance stuff? And I need your help with a few things.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Jeffrey and Phillipa sit down with piles of paperwork in front of them.

JEFFREY

So they like keeping it in a state, because it attracts less new members?

PHILLIPA

That's right.

JEFFREY

But because you and Sarah are the only full time members of staff, all they need is the memberships to cover your wages, and you're good for the year?

PHILLIPA

Pretty much.

JEFFREY

I need to think of something quick. I can't take this on.

PHILLIPA

Just leave it, what's the worst that can happen?

JEFFREY

It closes down. And I can't have that happening for aunt Winnie.

PHILLIPA

Well that's a really amazing thing to say, especially for Winnie. You're a special man Jeffrey.

Jeffrey smiles. He's not been called special in a while.

JEFFREY

Nah it's nothing. I aint special.

PHILLIPA

Learn to accept compliments.

JEFFREY

Thank you.

They stare at each other. Phillipa breaks the stare with a look down at the papers.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

Erm Philly D, I need you to do something for me.

PHILLIPA

I love it when you call me that. What would you like?

JEFFREY

I need you to source me like, five metal detectors.

PHILLIPA

What for?

Jeffrey thinks about what he's going to say. It's written on his face he doesn't want to lie to her.

JEFFREY

We erm. We gon' look for this metal sand aunt Winnie said about in her letter. It might even help raise some funds.

PHILLIPA

Oh really? That's excellent.

JEFFREY

Yeah, but I still need to think of a way to raise more.

PHILLIPA

Don't you know anyone in America that can help? You can do a special Ryder Cup style tournament?

LIGHT BULB MOMENT. Jeffrey's got it!

INT. ROYAL OXFORD CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Jeffrey stands on a chair. He's about to pitch his idea to Brian, Basil and the other MEMBERS of Royal Oxford.

JEFFREY

So to raise some funds for the club, we're going to host a celebrity tournament in the style of the Ryder Cup.

BRIAN

But we don't want new members coming and ruining the course, she can't have too much foot fall.

JEFFREY

That's why we're doing it. Raise money for the club, don't need to advertise looking for new members and we can keep the cost low.

BASIL

You said celebrities. Who's going to be there?

JEFFREY

Well me. I'll be captain of Team USA.

BRIAN

I'll obviously be the captain of team Europe.

JEFFREY

There we go.

BASIL

Who else you got? Do you know lots of famous people in America?

Jeffrey is under pressure to deliver.

The room stares back at him.

JEFFREY

Yeah, I know people.

BRIAN

Like who?

JEFFREY

Like. YouTube golfers.

BASIL

Oh my god really!?

JEFFREY

Yeah my man, really.

BRIAN

Like who?

BASIL

I love watching Mr. Short Game.

JEFFREY

That's good, because he's going to be there.

BASIL

And Good Good.

JEFFREY

So are they.

The room begins to murmur, the Members all talking amongst themselves as the big names keep rolling.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

Bob Does Sports, Grant Horvat, Not A Scratch Golfer and a few others.

BASIL

Anyone to be Brian's Vice Captain from the UK?

Jeffrey hesitates.

BRIAN

He doesn't know--

JEFFREY

Rick Shiels.

The room gasps. The most famous Golf YouTuber is the world is coming to their course.

BRIAN

Rick Shiels has agreed to come?

JEFFREY

Not yet, but you'll see.

Brian looks unconvinced and leaves, Basil goes to leave too.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

Hey Basil. I need your help with something. I've already got Sarah to help, so it shouldn't take too long, but do you think you could help me look for the metal sand later?

BASIL
For the man who's good friends with
Rick Shiels? When do you need me?

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - DUSK

It's getting dark.

Jeffrey, Basil and Sarah are out with their metal detectors.

Sarah has a torch light on top of her head.

JEFFREY
Are any of these tree's even oaks?

SARAH
No idea cousin, lets just keep
looking under the tree's near sand
and shit.

BASIL
Good idea. Lets not leave any stone
untuned.

The trio continue to scan their metal detectors over the
grass.

Basil has a beep. Jeffrey and Sarah rush over.

Jeffrey begins to furiously dig with his hands and mini
spade.

BASIL (cont'd)
Wait. You don't want to ruin the
course.

Jeffrey remembers the other two have no idea what he's
looking for.

JEFFREY
Yeah yeah, sorry, just got excited. I
want this course as tip top as the
rest of you.

Jeffrey slows his digging down. He pulls out an old ball
marker with the clubs logo.

BASIL
Oh fantastic, those were discontinued
a few years ago, great find.

SARAH

Yeah man, it's a real Royal Oxford treasure that.

Jeffrey hides his disappointment with a smile.

His phone rings.

NO CALLER ID.

Jeffrey answers it. Listens.

Call drops. They've hung up.

SARAH (cont'd)

Who was that?

JEFFREY

I don't know. Probably my old boss back home. He can go fuck himself though. Right, lets keep on looking.

They begins to scour the area for the Putter and Scalpel that could change the fortunes of Royal Oxford. Or just Jeffrey's bank account.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Jeffrey has a chair in his makeshift hotel room now, but his bed is still some old flattened cardboard boxes.

He scrolls through his phone, looking at YouTube golfers and messaging them, asking if they would like to play his Ryder Cup golf tournament in aide of saving his golf club.

There's a knock at the door. Jeffrey hides his phone as if watching porn.

JEFFREY

Come in.

It's Phillipa.

PHILLIPA

Evening Mr. James, it's just me.

JEFFREY

Philly you got to stop doing that, it's Jeff to you.

PHILLIPA

Sorry, Jeff, I bought you these.

She hands Jeffrey some fresh bed linen.

PHILLIPA (cont'd)

I know you haven't got a mattress to put them on, but I just thought it would be nicer than sleeping on your clothes.

JEFFREY

Where you get these?

PHILLIPA

Home.

JEFFREY

They smell f-f-fresh.

Phillipa blushes.

PHILLIPA

Thank you. It's just Golden Orchid fabric conditioner.

JEFFREY

Whatever it is, keep using it.

Jeffrey looks at Phillipa, who stands there looking at Jeffrey.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

You cool?

PHILLIPA

I don't know. Am I?

JEFFREY

Erm. Yeah man.

PHILLIPA

Cool.

Awkward.

JEFFREY

Well thanks for the sheets.

PHILLIPA

Yes. Anytime. Thank you. I'll be leaving now then.

JEFFREY

Okay. I'll see you tomorrow.

PHILLIPA

Yes.

Phillipa begins to leave. She get to the door. Turns around. Shakes the weight off of her back by turning around.

PHILLIPA (cont'd)

I was wondering if maybe, and you can say no of course, totally, but I was erm, wondering if you would like to go for dinner one day?

Jeffrey is taken aback by the request.

He says nothing and just stares gormlessly.

PHILLIPA (cont'd)

It's fine to say no.

JEFFREY

Hey man, I didn't say no. I just didn't say yes yet.

PHILLIPA

Okay.

JEFFREY

I got so much shit on my mind Philly D, I'm not thinking straight.

PHILLIPA

Another time then?

JEFFREY

Hell naw. I need to be shown the sights of Oxford.

Phillipa lights up.

PHILLIPA

So it's a date?

JEFFREY

Yeah. It's a date.

PHILLIPA

Okay. Brilliant. I will talk to you in the morning, but I will plan your tour tonight.

Phillipa turns back to the door. Opens it, turns back one last time to Jeffrey.

PHILLIPA (cont'd)
Goodnight Jeff.

JEFFREY
Night Philly.

INT. ROYAL OXFORD CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Jeffrey is sitting at the table with his phone in hand. Still trying to get members of the golfing community to come together to play his tournament.

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - DAY

Basil and Sarah have now been joined by Brian, scanning the course for the metal sand.

BRIAN
I can't believe I agreed to do this
instead of play.

INT. ROYAL OXFORD CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Phillipa is staring at Jeffrey through a gap in the door, smiling.

Jeffrey looks at a message in his emails. It's from Nigel. The subject title is "An offer you can't refuse."

Jeffrey sighs.

Jeffrey has a message ping up on his phone.

It's from Rick Shiels. He sits bolt upright.

It reads "Hey Jeffrey. Thanks for reaching out. I would love to come down to help out in some way or another. Just let me know the details, and I'll see what my team can do. Rick."

Jeffrey is stunned. It's worked. He's pulled it off. He's gone and done the impossible.

Now to get the other 15 that he promised for his competition.

JEFFREY
YES!

LATER

Jeffrey is sitting with Brian, Basil, Sarah and Phillipa at the main table, whilst a handful of other Members eavesdrop in from around the bar area.

BRIAN

He said what?

JEFFREY

Yeah Rick said he'd only do it if the course was in a decent condition.

BASIL

Rick Shiels at my golf course. I can't believe Jeff knows so many people.

BRIAN

But this is what makes the course so fun, we might as well be like the other place down the road. Soulless.

JEFFREY

It might be, but I can't be embarrassed by how bad the course looks on the YouTube channel.

SARAH

I think I do a pretty good job with the resources at my disposal geeze.

JEFFREY

I'm not saying you don't, fuck me, but lets at least tidy the place up a little, and make it purposefully challenging.

BRIAN

And how do you propose that we make it less embarrassing for you?

JEFFREY

Finding the sand for one.

NIGEL (O.S.)

I bet that's something you do all the time.

The group turn round.

Nigel has come to the club with his LAWYER (Early 30's), they both stand tall over the table, dressed in impeccably made suits.

NIGEL

What sand are you talking about?

JEFFREY

Nothing to do with you.

NIGEL

Oh right. So what's this then?
Letting them all know gently that
you're using the Rick Shiels
appearance to leverage me for more
money?

Jeffrey turns to the group sitting at the table. Panic. Then
back to Nigel.

NIGEL (cont'd)

Oh gosh. You haven't told them have
you?

BRIAN

Told us what?

NIGEL

The American and I spoke over email
correspondence this morning, and I
offered to buy this piece of shit off
of him with the idea to make it into
luxury apartments to stay at, an
extension of my course.

BRIAN

What?

(to Jeffrey)

You've sold her to him?

JEFFREY

Fuck that, I didn't sell shit. I just
spoke to this dumbass to gauge what
the going rate was, so when we get
all the investors knock at the door
after our tournament, we know what
we're worth.

Brian finally cracks a smile. It's a quarter smile.

NIGEL

You what?

Jeffrey turns to face Nigel.

JEFFREY

Not once did I mention that I was
going to sell this to you.

(MORE)

JEFFREY (cont'd)

You made an offer, and I asked what it would be worth to you with a YouTube Celebrity Golf Tournament attached.

NIGEL

That's immoral.

JEFFREY

No jackass, that's called being smart. Now please, for the second time since I got here, get your ass off my property before I get Sarah to weed whack your shiny car.

NIGEL

You're pushing my boundaries pretty close to the edge you foolish little American. This won't end well for you.

JEFFREY

It will. Now please, with all due respect--

PHILLIPA

Get the fuck out of here.

EVERYONE turns to Phillipa. Even she's shocked what just left her mouth.

PHILLIPA (cont'd)

I'm so sorry. That was so rude.

The Clubhouse breaks into cheer and laughter as Nigel and his Lawyer leave.

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Everyone is doing their best to get the club looking spic and span for the up and coming tournament that Jeffrey has promised.

-- Sarah is doing her best to clear the bins and rubbish around them.

-- Jeffrey is on the green, pulling a rope over it after it's been sanded. The rope weighs a ton and he's sweating profusely.

- Brian polishes the plaque that reads "Captain - Brian Bytheway" outside the clubhouse entrance.
- Sarah tries her best to soak up the waterlogging around some of the fairways with a sponge.
- Basil searches for the metal sand with his metal detector.
- Phillipa applies her makeup at her desk.
- Jeffrey cleans the course whilst multi-tasking with his metal detector.
- Sarah carefully paints the inside of the cups white, using indoor gloss.
- Brian cleans his goof clubs.
- Jeffrey opens the door for the reception and walks inside.

INT. ROYAL OXFORD RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Jeffrey approaches the desk where Phillipa sits.

JEFFREY

God damn you smell fresher than your bed linen.

Phillipa beams.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

Which is surprising for such a potty mouth like you.

PHILLIPA

I don't know what came over me.

JEFFREY

I do. Impulse. Asshole says mean shit, Philly D responds with what we were all thinking.

PHILLIPA

Talking of responses, someone from America called earlier.

JEFFREY

Did you get a name?

PHILLIPA

They didn't say. I just told them you were searching for metal sand and to call back later.

Jeffrey scrunches his face up.

JEFFREY

Philly man, you shouldn't have mentioned that. You say anything else?

PHILLIPA

I might have mentioned the tournament with Rick Shiels. Why?

JEFFREY

It could be anyone. Nigel, anyone. They don't need to know our business. In future, just don't mention anything about the club. Just say I'll call them back.

PHILLIPA

Oh. I apologise. It was silly of--

JEFFREY

Don't say sorry, I should have said. Anyway listen. Sarah's said she will cover the rest of your shift today.

PHILLIPA

She did?

JEFFREY

Yeah, which means me this English rose can hit the town a bit earlier than expected. What do you think?

PHILLIPA

I think that's a wonderful idea.

INT. RESTAURANT - DUSK

A single candle sits in the middle of the perfectly white table cloth. Jeffrey holds his glass up into the air.

JEFFREY

Cheers.

Phillipa brings her glass to the middle of the table. They meet. Clink.

PHILLIPA

Cheers.

They continue to eat their very posh looking seafood dinners.

Phillipa wipes the sides of her mouth with a napkin.

PHILLIPA (cont'd)

I can't believe that you know all of those YouTubers.

Jeffrey, his mouth full of Sea Bass, smiles. He swallows and gives Phillipa a continued smile.

JEFFREY

Yeah. Just hoping that they can make.

PHILLIPA

Why wouldn't they?

JEFFREY

You know what it's like? They get a bigger offer from a sponsor, they go and do that instead.

PHILLIPA

This is for a good cause, I'm sure they'll all be there. You know them.

JEFFREY

Yeah.

Jeffrey's phone rings. He removes it from his inside jacket pocket.

NO CALLER ID.

Jeffrey looks concerned, mutes the call, and places the phone back into his jacket.

PHILLIPA

Who was that?

JEFFREY

Spam. Probably trying to sell me something.

PHILLIPA

I really dislike those.

EXT. OXFORD TOWN - NIGHT

Strolling together down the pavement, Jeffrey and Phillipa take in the sights of Oxford. Jeffrey nods along with everything that Phillipa is pointing out to him, with a forced air of enthusiasm.

Phillipa points out Trinity College. Jeffrey seems mildly impressed, but the history of Oxford is lost on him.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jeffrey and Phillipa are outside a stunning town house, just on the outskirts of the town centre. He's inadvertently walked her home.

PHILLIPA

Well this is me.

JEFFREY

Damn. It is?

PHILLIPA

Yes.

JEFFREY

How in the name of all things holy, and I don't mean this with any offence, does a woman working reception get this?

Jeffrey takes another adoring look at Phillipa's house.

PHILLIPA

The short answer is death and loneliness I suppose.

Jeffrey's face drops.

JEFFREY

I shit, I had no idea, were you married or--

PHILLIPA

Oh nothing like that no. It was my parents home. When they died, they left it to me. I've just lived here alone most of my life. So, death and loneliness.

JEFFREY

Shit the bed Philly D, I thought you were saying you were widowed or some shit, not that there's anything wrong with that, and you'd be any less of a fox, but that's some deep ass shit.

PHILLIPA

Yes, I suppose it is.

JEFFREY

Are we going inside?

PHILLIPA

I am.

Jeffrey has read the room slightly wrong, he thought this was a nailed on slam dunk.

JEFFREY

Ah, it's like that.

PHILLIPA

I'm really happy with how today went, and what would we do? You come in, we kiss on the sofa and it makes things awkward at work tomorrow.

JEFFREY

Depends what you were kissing on that sofa.

The comment leaves Phillipa stunned momentarily.

PHILLIPA

Don't be so vulgar. It doesn't suit you.

JEFFREY

We're adults Philly, ain't no wrong with some adult talk.

PHILLIPA

Well there's a time, and this wasn't it.

Phillipa turns away and begins to walk up her path.

JEFFREY

So what now?

Phillipa turns around.

PHILLIPA

Now it's still going to be a little bit awkward at work, and we didn't even kiss on the sofa. Goodnight Mr. James.

Jeffrey doesn't pursue Phillipa up the path as she gets to the door, opens it, and heads straight inside.

Jeffrey's phone rings again.

NO CALLER ID.

Jeffrey answers it. Listens.

MYSTERIOUS VOICE (V.O.)

I know what you've got. It's not yours. You've got a week to give it back. If you don't, the consequences will cost you more than just this golf course.

JEFFREY

Fizzy is this you man? Don't play no games like this. No, I know who this is, Nigel, you think you're funny. Well guess what? You know shit, whoever this is, you ain't shit, you know shit, and I'm giving back shit. You hear me?

Nothing.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

I said do you fucking hear me?

MYSTERIOUS VOICE (V.O.)

One week.

The voice hangs up.

Phillipa is looking out of her window at Jeffrey as he places his phone back into his jacket and walks away with haste.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jeffrey is in the middle of a face time with Fizzy, who's face we see on the screen of Jeffrey's phone.

JEFFREY

What's the time there?

FIZZY

5am.

JEFFREY

Fuck.

FIZZY

Yeah fuck. You're lucky it's all love. How's the UK?

JEFFREY

It's good man, you're going to love this place, it's just like the pictures.

FIZZY

When are you coming home?

JEFFREY

No idea yet. Listen Fizz, I need you to be honest with me here.

FIZZY

Hit me.

JEFFREY

Last night. Was it you?

Fizzy's confused.

FIZZY

Was what me?

JEFFREY

Come on motherfucker, I know when you're lying.

FIZZY

Well if you know, then you know that I ain't got no fucking idea what you're on about.

Jeffrey sees that Fizzy is telling the truth.

JEFFREY

Alright, you're all good.

FIZZY

With what?

JEFFREY

Ah nothing. Prank call. Thought it was you doing the old routine we used to do back in the day.

FIZZY

Any idea who it could have been?

JEFFREY

I wouldn't be asking your dumbass if I knew that would I?

FIZZY

Mofu it's 5am here, I don't need your fat ass waking me up and then being abusive.

JEFFREY

Okay okay, chill, I can't have you being all pissed with me too.

FIZZY

Huh?

JEFFREY

Nothing. Date last night, went a bit off.

FIZZY

Losing it.

JEFFREY

I ain't lost shit. Give me another shot, and I'll, tap, that, ass.

PHILLIPA (O.S.)

I don't think you will.

Phillipa was at the door and heard everything Jeffrey just said.

JEFFREY

Shit. I gotta go, bye.

Jeffrey hangs up and leaves the Office to chase after Phillipa.

INT. ROYAL OXFORD CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jeffrey looks around the clubhouse, but Phillipa is not there, he looks to the door that leads to reception.

Phillipa is sitting at her desk.

INT. ROYAL OXFORD RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Jeffrey walks through into the reception.

PHILLIPA

Leave me alone, I don't want to talk about it.

JEFFREY

You know what boys are like, I was just fronting. I didn't mean--

PHILLIPA

I said leave me alone.

Jeffrey looks to see Basil has just walked through the door.

BASIL

Morning everyone.

Jeffrey walks back to his bedroom office, and Phillipa buries her head into the work she's doing at her desk.

BASIL (cont'd)

What did I say?

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Jeffrey is still sending messages to every YouTuber that he knows. But there isn't a single response.

Deciding to up the search with time running out, he tries calling some numbers he's found on the internet.

No answer. No answer. No answer.

Answer.

JEFFREY

Hello, is there a chance you could put me in contact with Mr. Short Game?

Jeffrey listens.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

It's just, I've got this tournament in the UK... He wouldn't be paid no... It's to raise money for the course... Hello... Hello.

Jeffrey angrily hangs up his phone.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

You're shit anyway.

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

Basil, Sarah, Brian, RITA (60's, Brian's wife), RIANNE (20's, Sarah's best friend) and six other Members are walking around the golf course with metal detectors and flash-lights strapped to their heads.

RITA

I can't believe you've got me doing this.

BRIAN

Neither can I.

RIANNE

So what is it we're looking for?

SARAH

The special metal sand. It's going to help with the drainage.

RIANNE

Metal sand?

SARAH

Yeah bruv, don't fuck with the metal sand of saviour.

Rianne pulls her phone out of her pocket and heads straight to Google.

RITA

I've never heard of any metal sand.

BRIAN

Neither have I, but if it saves the old girl, I'll look until we find it.

BASIL

Same. I love this course.

RIANNE

So according to Google, there's iron sand, but the closest it's found to here, is Aberdeenshire.

BRIAN

Well that's because no one has found it yet. We'll put Royal Oxford back on the map when we do.

Brian looks at Rita with an apologetic expression which can't hide the scepticism he has with the whole situation.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Jeffrey is slumped forward in his chair. He sits up.

JEFFREY

I'm fucked. None of them are coming.
Rick Shiels is going to turn up and
think this is a joke.

Jeffrey walks over to his phone which is sitting on the floor on the other side of the room.

He picks up it.

He opens the app Cameo.

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - DAY

Jeffrey is putting up a poster on the wall. He removes an advertisement for the newest golf club, and replaces it with a Ryder Cup themed poster.

It states "Featuring Rick Shiels and Good Good."

BRIAN

It's all official then?

JEFFREY

Saturday is ass whoopin' time.

BRIAN

Jeffrey in the time you've been here,
I don't think you've played a single
round yet.

JEFFREY

You know what, you're right. Was
thinking of making my debut this
Saturday.

BRIAN

I can't beat you like that. She's a
terror if you don't know the ins and
outs. Come on, get yourself to the
first, and don't worry, you can use
my clubs.

Jeffrey goes to speak, but has no time to get his words out as Brian heads to the first.

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - DAY

Jeffrey's first round as the owner of Royal Oxford. The course is difficult. It's not in great condition, and you need to be creative with your shot selection.

There's some mud bunkers that shouldn't be there, which Jeffrey finds on a few occasions.

Brian putts the ball up a hill, and watches it trickle back down and straight into the middle of the cup for his par.

Jeffrey attempts the line that doesn't involve going up a hill first, and somehow finds his ball back in one of the mud bunkers that are not on the green.

They head down the fifteenth fairway.

BRIAN

I told you she wasn't fair.

JEFFREY

Not fair? This isn't golf. This is a six thousand yard crazy golf.

A voice can be heard shouting, it's Basil.

BASIL (O.S.)

(far in the distance)

I found something.

JEFFREY

You hear that? Basil must be out with the detectors.

BRIAN

Maybe he's found the sand?

Jeffrey panics. What if Basil sees the putter and scalpel? He can't take that risk and throws Brian's five iron back into his bag.

JEFFREY

I got to go.

18TH GREEN

Jeffrey sprints over.

Basil clocks him, swiftly moves out of the way of the on rushing bulldozer that is Jeffrey.

BASIL

It's just there next to the--

Jeffrey begins to dig next to the eighteenth greens final hole.

He's tearing the course to shreds.

Brian comes jogging over.

BRIAN
WAIT. WAIT. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Jeffrey doesn't even hear him. He digs and digs, looking for his buried treasure.

Brian puts his hand on Jeffrey's shoulder.

Jeffrey shrugs him off.

BASIL
Please stop Jeffrey, you're ruining her.

BRIAN
I DEMAND YOU STOP AT ONCE.

Jeffrey stops.

Not following commands, but because he's found the items that Basil's metal detector discovered.

It's an old club head, that was being used to prop the cup up straight, stopping it from subsiding in the heavy rain.

BRIAN (cont'd)
You fool. You just ruined our final hole for that?

Jeffrey throws the club head into the bushes.

BRIAN (cont'd)
Are you going to say anything?

Jeffrey still doesn't respond.

BRIAN (cont'd)
What has gotten into you? Why would you even do that?

JEFFREY
Because I can. Because I fucking can. This is my course. Mine. Not yours. If I want to dig this train wreck up, I can. I just did.

Sarah overhears and walks over.

SARAH

This is my pride and joy.

JEFFREY

Sorry to break it to you, but that's like being proud of a shit you took, and telling all your friends about it. You know what, why you're at it, fix it up, that's what you're paid to do isn't it?

Jeffrey storms off.

BRIAN

Metal sand? You sure that's what you're looking for?

Jeffrey stops.

BRIAN (cont'd)

We done some research last night, and it doesn't seem like it exists here in Oxfordshire. Well at least, it doesn't seem like it's possible.

Jeffrey turns round.

JEFFREY

If I say it exists. It exists Brian. If you think I'm lying, just stop looking, and your course closes within three weeks. Your call.

Jeffrey re-storms off.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sitting in his office with his head in his hands, Jeffrey is covered in mud.

Phone rings.

+447967353226 (Rick Shiels Ltd)

Jeffrey answers it.

JEFFREY

Rick?

It's Rick Shiels assistant, MOLLY.

MOLLY (V.O)

No, this is his assistant Molly.

JEFFREY

Hey what's up? All good for Saturday?

MOLLY (V.O.)

Well that's what I'm calling about.
Rick has had to pull out.

JEFFREY

What, why?

MOLLY (V.O.)

He got a phone call from someone
claiming to be the actual owner of
the club, and said that the
tournament was illegal.

JEFFREY

This is my club, I was--

MOLLY (V.O.)

You was left it by a Winnie Austin?

JEFFREY

Yeah.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Well that's the thing you see. We
don't actually think the course
belongs to you.

JEFFREY

How can you know that?

MOLLY (V.O.)

Long story short, Rick won't be
attending. Apologies for that. Have a
great tournament Mr. James. I hope
you win. Goodbye.

Molly hangs up.

Jeffrey launches his phone into the wall.

JEFFREY

FUCK!

Jeffrey storms out of his office.

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Jeffrey walks up to the poster of the Ryder Cup styled
competition he placed on the wall earlier.

He tears Rick Shields face off of the poster and throws it to the floor, and stamps it out like a cigarette.

A few Members are staring at him.

JEFFREY

What? Fuck that guy, all he's ever done for you is convince you to buy shit you don't need. Yeah, yeah, you know I'm right.

The Members look at each other.

MEMBER #1

He's not wrong, I once bought a brand new two iron because he made it look so good.

MEMBER #2

You don't use a two iron.

MEMBER #1

Exactly.

INT. ROYAL OXFORD RECEPTION - DAY

COMPETITION DAY

Jeffrey's advertising has worked. There are literally three hundred extra people lining up to pay for a round and play the golf course.

Phillipa is informing GUESTS that the competition is now fully booked.

PHILLIPA

I'm sorry everyone, there's no room left. But I've been informed that you're more than welcome to follow the competition round if you would like.

GUEST #1

So we can follow Rick around?

PHILLIPA

Yes, just try not to make too much noise.

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - DAY

Basil explains the rules to some of the Guests.

BASIL

So it's teams of four. Half of us are assigned to Jeffrey's USA team, and half are assigned to Brian and Ricks Europe team. Winner is the lowest WHS score when all the cards are counted at the end.

Over on the first tee, Jeffrey is making calls on his phone. But they're not being answered.

Brian walks over.

BRIAN

Can't be calling for advice on how to play now, I'm going to embarrass you in front of all these people.

JEFFREY

Motherfucker you embarrass yourself every time you wear that stupid shirt outside your house.

BRIAN

Petty jibes. I like it. You're agitated now. I can't wait to see Ricks face when you crumble in front of him too.

Jeffrey walks off.

INT. ROYAL OXFORD CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jeffrey sits in the bar looking out of the window towards the car park.

He knows that no one is coming, but he hopes that someone may just magically appear.

One of the Guests for the day who didn't get to play walks up to Jeffrey.

GUEST #2

First tee time is in five minutes.
Isn't that when Rick is due to start?
Where is he?

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Jeffrey walks back outside to the first tee. His face changes from glum to cheerful as he approaches the crowd.

He walks thorough the crowd to the first tee.

JEFFREY

Right gather round, gather round.
I've got a special video link to show
you, especially from the USofA, and
representing Team USA as an
ambassador, Matt Scharff from Good
Good.

The crowd begin to look around. Confused as to what a video link can mean.

Jeffrey pulls up a video on his phone.

It's Matt Scharff talking on the paid video app, Cameo.

MATT SCHARFF

YO YO YO. Hey everyone, sorry I
couldn't be there with you today in
honour of your wonderful golf course,
but I just wanted to say that what
Jeffrey is doing for you guys is
incredible, and all the money that
this raises is going to be the
catalyst for getting the golf course
back to it's former glory. All the
best, and shoot some personal bests.
U S A, U S A, U S A. Peace.

Everyone looks utterly disappointed at what they've just seen.

BASIL

That's it?

JEFFREY

If you read the poster, it says there
will be an appearance. That was an
appearance.

BRIAN

That's how we're doing this how? You
lied.

JEFFREY

I didn't, and as Rick is running
late, we're going to ask the group
who was meant to be teeing off second
to go first.

The group all steps up to the tee and takes their shots.
Rounds of applause for the god shots. Groans for the
inconsistent ones.

NEXT GROUP. Rick still isn't here, so the next group tee off.

NEXT GROUP. Rick is still yet to arrive, which Jeffrey knows isn't happening, but the crowds are here to see their hero. The next group of golfer step up to the tee.

NIGEL

So you're still making them tee off then?

Jeffrey turns to see Nigel has made his way to the first tee.

JEFFREY

You're not welcome.

GUEST #3

Who's this? Where's Rick?

NIGEL

Rick? As in Rick Shiels?

GUEST #3

Yeah. That's why I'm here.

From behind Nigel steps Clarrie, Jeffrey's cousin.

CLARRIE

Rick Shiels ain't coming. He pulled out yesterday because he found out this whole competition is illegal.

Jeffrey can't believe his eyes. He's being outed in front of everyone.

CLARRIE (cont'd)

Cat got your tongue cousin J?

Jeffrey still remains silent.

CLARRIE (cont'd)

You want me to tell them everything? The floor is yours if you want to man the fuck up?

JEFFREY

I, I--

CLARRIE

Good, I'll be the bearer of the good news. This man here was left this course in a letter by my grandmother.

(MORE)

CLARRIE (cont'd)

Thing is, it has zero legal binding as it was never written into her will. So him being here and going through all this trouble, has just been a pain in my ass. I made a few phone calls, and some lovely people let me know the goings on.

BASIL

Jeffrey is this true?

CLARRIE

Every word my man. Jeffrey don't own shit. And he knew Rick wasn't coming. He just bought his ass down here because grandma heard an old wives tale that the putter and scalpel owned by John Rattray was buried on these premises. And he's had you stupid idiots digging the course up looking it, saying that you're looking for a metal sand or some whacky shit. How have you let him fool you like this?

NIGEL

I don't think anyone needs to answer that.

CLARRIE

I've also accepted Nigel's offer to buy the course, it's going to be his. But because of the damage you've caused, it's 50% less than last weeks offer. Which you're going to have to pay, unless you want me to sue you.

JEFFREY

How?

NIGEL

Criminal damage. Destroying property that isn't yours under false pretences. You're lucky your wonderful cousin here hasn't got the old bill involved.

CLARRIE

Exactly. Now get to work with getting this course back together, and tell these people that you used them to try get rich.

(MORE)

CLARRIE (cont'd)

(to the crowd)

Rick Shiels ain't coming, you can all go home now.

(back to Jeffrey)

See you soon cousin J. This place better be top notch when I get back.

Clarrie and Nigel walk back to his pristine car and get in.

Jeffrey stands on the tee box. Eyes on him that are baying for his blood.

BASIL

You used us?

BRIAN

I should have trusted my gut.

Phillipa emerges from the crowd that is still gathered around the first tee.

PHILLIPA

What else have you been lying about?

Jeffrey looks up.

JEFFREY

That's it. You heard her. Everything she said is true.

BRIAN

So what would you have done if you found the putter and scalpel?

JEFFREY

At first I probably would have just ran away with them. But you have to understand, I've grown to love this place. I wanted to find the stuff and do the competition to help Royal Oxford flourish. But sometimes, I write checks with my mouth that my ass can't cash.

PHILLIPA

And how do we know you're not just saying that to look good now?

BRIAN

You dug the eighteenth pin up like a dog the other day, seems like you didn't want Basil to find it before you did. Worried he might have foiled your little plan?

SARAH

Basically bruv, you've been using us like fools. You're still lying. You don't want to help this place. You want the moolah for your own pocket.

BRIAN

Sarah's right. You're still writing checks your arse can't cash. Now get off the course and make your way back to America.

JEFFREY

I can't. Didn't you hear, I've got to fix this place up before she gets back.

BRIAN

Oh don't worry. We'll do that for you, parting gift. Now sod off. Go.

The crowd begin to cheer for Brian.

Jeffrey walks out of Royal Oxford with this tail between his legs.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Right now that asshole has gone, lets get back to having some fun. Before he got here, the captain was the manager, which puts me back in charge for the time being. Everyone gets a refund who only came for Rick. If you don't mind keeping your green fee in the course though, it would help us a lot. But lets go and play some golf.

A cheer goes up around the course.

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - DAY/DUSK

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Brian and Basil getting creative with their shots.
- Brian showing a Guest the correct line to use when putting.
- Phillipa is caddying for Sarah, who impresses everyone with her golf swing, and laid back celebrations.
- Basil chips in from the edge of the green.

-- A Guest chips in too, Basil gives him a high five and runs around the green in celebration.

-- Sarah goes to light a spliff. Brian pulls a face at her.

-- Phillipa putts the ball from sixty feet. It tracks, it tracks, it LIPS OUT. Brian gives it a slight nudge in with his toe, causing the whole group to burst into laughter.

-- Sarah has a speaker on her bag which is playing music. Brian turns it off whilst she's heading to take her shot. She turns around with the lit spliff in her mouth.

-- Brian sinks a putt to win the match for his team. Handshakes all round.

END MONTAGE

BRIAN

Well that was fun. Everyone's welcome back to the best bit now, the nineteenth hole in the clubhouse.

The group make their way back for drinks in the bar.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jeffrey lays in a hotel room bed, staring at the ceiling.

He's fucked up. He knows it. He grabs his phone and flicks through to WhatsApp.

Finds the contact "Fizzy" and begins recording a voice note.

JEFFREY

Listen man, I don't want you to try do anything about this, and I don't even want a reply. I fucked up. The course I told you about, I wasn't 100 with you. The reason I flew to the UK was because I thought there was some antique putter buried that was worth millions. That's the truth. But over time, I grew to actually like the place. Then the bullshitter in me struck again and I lied that I could get loads of famous YouTubers to the course to play a competition. I lucked out and got Rick Shiels, but he pulled out when my cousin Clarrie told him not to come.

(MORE)

JEFFREY (cont'd)

I basically lied to the locals and said there was metal sand, so they would look for the putter and shit. Now they all hate me and think I'm the biggest piece of shit ever. I don't know what do to man. I'm stuck. I can't leave either as Clarrie said I need to get the course fixed up or she's going to sue me. I dunno man. I just thought I'd voice note you to get that off my chest. Sorry for not being truthful about my motivations. I'll be back soon anyway, might need to beg Paul for my job back.

Jeffrey sends the voice note.

Fizzy reads it.

"Fizzy is recording"

JEFFREY (cont'd)

I said you don't need to respond motherfucker.

Jeffrey locks his phone and throws it onto the bed.

PING.

Jeffrey opens the voice note.

FIZZY (V.O.)

Hey man. Erm, yeah, so I wasn't 100 with you either. You know you said not to tell anyone. Well I kinda told Ross. Then Ross bumped into your cousin Clarrie and told her when she asked if he knew what was up. Then she saw me, and she was pissed. I should have messaged you man, but I was embarrassed. I'm sorry J. I fucked up.

Jeffrey looks defeated. First the Royal Oxford crew and now his home boys back in the US. Jeffrey has been shat on from a great height.

Jeffrey grabs his phone. Makes a call. It goes to voicemail.

JEFFREY

I know you're not answering this call because you're pissed at me. I'm not calling to ask for forgiveness, but I need your help. I need it bad.

(MORE)

JEFFREY (cont'd)

I've grown to admire the course and the people, so if you can bring yourself to find it in the goodness of your heart, can you please meet me at the course on Monday?

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - DAY

Phillipa walks through the car park of the course and towards the club house to open up.

She strolls up to the front door with the keys in her hand. She looks up over the course.

On the eighteenth hole is Jeffrey. He's putting down some fresh looking grass. He looks up and sees Phillipa looking over. He smiles.

Phillipa shakes her head and opens the door to the Clubhouse and walks inside.

JEFFREY

Hey man. You think this is going to be okay in a couple of weeks? It looks hella patchy right now.

Basil walks out from the trees.

BASIL

I hope so, for your sake more than anything.

JEFFREY

Thanks for helping me out today Basil, it means a lot.

BASIL

First and foremost I'm helping the course, she's been amazing to me, and if she's to be turned into something else, I want her going out looking her best.

JEFFREY

Secondly?

BASIL

Well there isn't a secondly, that's the only reason I agreed to do this after you left the voicemail. It pains me that Nigel finally got his grubby mits on the old girl.

Brian walks over the crest to see Basil working with Jeffrey.

BRIAN

Basil what on earth are you doing down there with that cretin of a man? You better not be helping him.

BASIL

I'm not.

BRIAN

Yes you bloody well are, I can see you.

BASIL

No. I'm not helping him. I'm helping Royal Oxford. I'm helping Jeffrey get her back into working order before she's sold to Nigel. It's the least I could do.

BRIAN

That's inadvertently helping him.

BASIL

It is, yes, but the main point is the course, and I stand by that. Now if you want to help do the same thing, then please do. I want her look amazing before being turned into a hotel.

Brian muses over Basil's words for a moment.

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Phillipa and Sarah are watching the boys do their best attempts at gardening on the course.

PHILLIPA

He really does have a way with words. I can't believe they're helping him.

SARAH

They do have a point though bruv.

PHILLIPA

Oh not you as well Sarah.

SARAH

It's the course they're helping, not Jeffrey.

PHILLIPA

That's what he wants you to think.
He's only getting them to help him to
save his own backside from paying the
money.

SARAH

Sometimes you got to put your
differences aside. If helping
something you love helps someone you
dislike, you've got to consider what
emotion is the stronger of the two.
And I love this place a lot.

PHILLIPA

He tried to have sex with me after
our first date.

SARAH

That's standard Phillipa. Reframe it.
See how lucky you are to be desirable
still. I ain't been on a date in a
long time cousin.

Sarah gets up to start work on the course.

Phillipa watches her leave the clubhouse, and looks back
over the course to Jeffrey and the others doing their work.

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - DAY

Jeffrey fills the holes he's dug up with sand.

Basil is using a bucket to remove some of the water from the
course. But he's throwing the water he's scooping up right
next to the puddle he's taking it from.

Jeffrey looks over and laughs.

JEFFREY

Basil my guy, I don't think that's
going to help.

BASIL

Why?

JEFFREY

Well... Listen, it was like that when
I turned up, I think all we've got to
do is fix the bits I fucked up.

BASIL

Why though? Lets aim to have her go out like she looks in the website photos.

JEFFREY

But that's not even--

BASIL

Not the point. Lets aim higher. You left me a message the evening of the competition saying you admire this place and the people. I didn't answer your call that day because the competition was such a success and we were in the clubhouse, doing clubhouse things.

INT. ROYAL OXFORD CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Basil is dancing on the table whilst holding a pint of beer on his head, surrounded by the Members and the Guests who had played in the Ryder Cup style competition.

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - DAY

Basil is still explaining his logic to Jeffrey

BASIL

We raised so much money that Brian said they could easily cover the costs for a few more months. But that doesn't matter now as she's sold. But the people loved her. So lets aim to get her looking better than she ever has. Even though it's all getting dug up, thrown away and turned into a posh golf resort, lets get her dressed to impress for her final outing.

Jeffrey has a tear in his eye.

BASIL (cont'd)

Motherfucker.

Jeffrey's tear is sucked back into it's duct.

JEFFREY

Wow.

BASIL

Sorry. I thought you'd respect me more if I Jeffreyfied it a little at the end there. I've never said that word before. It felt great.

JEFFREY

Don't ever say it again.

BASIL

Right.

JEFFREY

Right exactly motherfucker. Lets turn this bitch back--

BASIL

Too much.

JEFFREY

It was. Lets turn this lovely old girl into what she was is the 1930's or something.

BRIAN

Here here.

Brian walks over with a crowd of people, all willing and ready to start work. Some are other Members and some are Guests who played the competition over the weekend.

BRIAN (cont'd)

No one is here for you Jeffrey, so don't get a feeling of accomplishment. They're all here to help our girl. As her final Captain it's my honour to make sure she isn't looking like a ruin because you thought you could get rich off of her.

JEFFREY

I didn't think--

BRIAN

I don't care. Lets get to work and see what we can do.

INT. ROYAL OXFORD CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Phillipa is still sat looking over the course. She gets up and heads away from the Clubhouse towards her reception area.

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - DAY

The sun is rising on a new day at Royal Oxford Golf Course.

A Rose Ringed Parakeet sits in the trees looking over.

A car pulls into the car park. It's Brian. He exits his car and walks towards the course.

A second car pulls into the car park. It's Basil, he steps out and walks towards the course.

Phillip and Sarah both walk in together, followed by a cab which drives around the pair.

From the cab steps Jeffrey. Phillipa and Sarah notice it's Jeffrey, smile in his direction but keep on walking.

Jeffrey smiles back, pays the cap driver and walks over to the join the others, who have congregated on the first tee.

Jeffrey walks over to the first tee and stands with the group.

We see an overview of the golf course, and she's stunning. Restored to the best of the abilities of the Members and Guests who helped.

The greens are, green. The fairways are cut to perfection. The water logging has been made a feature rather than a hindrance. The tee boxes are flat and aesthetically pleasing.

She's stunning.

JEFFREY

Damn. I can't believe you all got this place looking so damn good.

BRIAN

It makes me wish we had done it sooner.

JEFFREY

Nah man. You all enjoyed her the way she was. Naked. Now she just has a dress.

BRIAN

I suppose so. Although weird to think of her as "Naked."

The group chuckle.

JEFFREY

I need to say a massive thank you to everyone for the help. I know it wasn't for me, but by helping her, you've saved me losing more than just the extra money I'm going to need to find.

BASIL

Everybody makes mistakes. I just hope you can take these lessons back to the USA with you.

JEFFREY

I don't know if there's much for me back home at the minute. I might be around longer than expected.

BRIAN

I still don't trust you Jeffrey, but would you like to join us for a final round?

SARAH

Can I play?

PHILLIPA

Only if I'm allowed to take the putts for you.

SARAH

Deal.

JEFFREY

You sure? She looks too perfect to play on.

BRIAN

Trust me Jeffrey, it's what she would want. She loves being played with.

Wow. The group look uncomfortable.

JEFFREY

You thought that I sounded weird by saying she used to be naked, now you--

PHILLIPA

We get it. Lets get out there and give her the send off she deserves.

A car pulls into the car park. It's pristine and posh. It's Nigel, his Lawyer and Clarrie.

They step out and walk over to the first tee area where the group are standing.

NIGEL

Well well well, would you look at this.

CLARRIE

God damn J, you went above and beyond.

Clarrie looks impressed. She surveys the course and looks at what it's become since she was last here.

NIGEL

Such a shame that it's all for nothing.

CLARRIE

Would you not think about maybe keeping it as a golf course? Look at it.

NIGEL

Not a chance. This is perfect for the accommodation my course needs. All they've done is paint a donkey pink. It looks nice now, but once it rains, it'll be as grey as a winters evening.

BRIAN

We were going to play a final round before you--

NIGEL

I don't think you are, this is mine now.

JEFFREY

Come on man, have some heart.

NIGEL

What's heart got to do with it?

JEFFREY

This course is better now than when I first arrived. You're still getting the full amount from me and Clarrie, just let us play.

Nigel looks at his lawyer. Smirks.

NIGEL

No. Now, could you all get off my property and get on with your lives away from me, Clarrie and I have some business to attend to in the shithole, sorry, I mean clubhouse.

JEFFREY

You're--

NIGEL

The new owner of this course? Yes, that's me. Now get your rotund self off of my course and back to the States with the rest of your idiotic countrymen.

Clarrie is fully wearing her "Say what now?" face.

CLARRIE

Hey hey hey, I think you need to back your shit up for a second mister. Firstly, he may have done fucked up, but this is still my big cousin J, that will never change, he's blood pure and simple.

NIGEL

Yes, you're right.

CLARRIE

Secondly motherfucker, who do you think you're calling stupid?

NIGEL

I did say countrymen, *not*, countrywomen, just to clarify that there.

Nigel is flapping.

CLARRIE

And thirdly. This ain't signed yet. This is verbal. You don't own shit. Technically none of us do. This is still my grandmas course. Because J went rogue, we are having to see what it says in her will.

NIGEL

You what? You agreed to sell this to me.

CLARRIE

Yes, verbally. Your lawyer is next to you dummy, ask his posh ass if that means anything?

NIGEL

You can't do this.

CLARRIE

I'll do what the fuck I want. And you know what? I've decided to keep this place exactly how it is.

NIGEL

NO!

Nigel looks to his lawyer.

NIGEL (cont'd)

She can't do this can she?

LAWYER

Well unless you have something written, you haven't got a leg to stand on unfortunately.

NIGEL

You're not meant to agree with her you IDIOT, what is wrong with you? Are you an American as well? You're fired. Screw this hell hole, I never wanted it anyway.

CLARRIE

Get the fuck outa here.

Nigel storms away from the tee box and back to his car.

He wheel spins away and out of the car park, smashing his wing mirror into the width restrictor as he does. Everyone gives an ironic cheer.

Jeffrey looks at Clarrie.

JEFFREY

I should have come straight to you when I was given the letter. I'm sorry

CLARRIE

Yes you should have J, what the fuck were you thinking?

JEFFREY

I wasn't. I hated my job, so I saw dollar signs and took my chance.

CLARRIE

I would have told you "Good luck" and been happy to see you try change this place, not hear about it through Fizz and Ross. Look what you were able to do when you had goodness in your heart.

He turns to look at how beautiful the course is.

JEFFREY

This ain't me. This was these guys and girls, without them, this place would be nothing. I'm blessed they love this place so much, otherwise I'd be screwed.

A car pulls into the course, another pristine beauty.

BRIAN

Is this your lift Mr. Lawyer man?

LAWYER

No, my lift was the car that still has it's wing mirror in the car park.

BRIAN

Well who's this?

Out from the car steps Rick Shiels.

The group can't believe their eyes.

Clarrie has no idea who he is.

CLARRIE

Who's this beardy motherfucker? Nigel's son?

JEFFREY

No! That's Rick Shiels, he's the most famous golf YouTuber on the planet.

CLARRIE

Oh yeah, he's the guy I messaged saying this shit was mine. Damn that was some bitchy shit, I'm sorry.

JEFFREY

Well he's turned up for some reason.

Rick Shiels makes his way to the first tee box.

RICK
Morning everyone. You look surprised.

BASIL
Well it's not everyday that someone
of your stature turns up at our golf
course.

RICK
Well it looks in fantastic nick I
must say.

JEFFREY
The competition already happened.
Unless you just want to come and have
a quick round with us?

BRIAN
Hello, I'm the Captain, Brian
Bytheway.

Brian and Rick shake hands.

BASIL
I'm Basil.

Basil and Rick also shake hands. Basil stares at his hand.

RICK
And I know you're Jeffrey because me
and my team spoke with you
previously.

Rick shakes Jeffrey's hand.

RICK (cont'd)
But I'm actually here to speak to a
man called Nigel.

The energy in the group drops.

RICK (cont'd)
Wow. What's wrong?

JEFFREY
Nigel is the guy who owns the other
course, you've come to the wrong
course. This is Royal Oxford, you're
looking for Oxford--

RICK

No no. I'm at the right place. I was here to ask him not to flatten the place, and to give it another chance. I would make some content here and get it some status so he wouldn't turn it into a hotel or something.

JEFFREY

How do you know all this?

RICK

A lovely lady called Phillipa reached out to my team. We spoke, she told me the situation and if there was any way I could help. The more golf courses we have in the UK the better, we can't be closing them to have more hotels. So where is he?

JEFFREY

He kinda got called some names after calling us some names, and he left.

RICK

Oh.

BRIAN

Yes. You're about ten minutes late.

RICK

Well in that case, why don't get to shooting some content to promote the course?

Everyone looks towards Clarrie.

CLARRIE

Why yall looking at me?

BASIL

Because you're the new owner.

CLARRIE

Should I say yes?

JEFFREY

Fuck yeah. Yes Rick, we would love you to film some content with the club.

INT. ROYAL OXFORD CLUBHOUSE - DAY

The group sit around a table waiting for Rick and his team to set all of his equipment up.

CLARRIE

J I got to get my ass out of here, my flights in a few hours, but listen, you want to go 51/49 on this place? You get the 51 and make the decisions, I'll just stump up the money it needs as and when?

JEFFREY

You sure?

CLARRIE

I'm sure I'm sure. Just stop looking for hidden treasures that don't exist, and call Fizzy and Ross to make up and invite them out here.

JEFFREY

I will. Maybe aunt Winnie told me about the putter and scalpel to get me to come over. Maybe she knew this would happen?

CLARRIE

Maybe, or maybe she believed it herself?.

JEFFREY

Maybe.

CLARRIE

Think, if you can do this in two weeks, imagine what you can do with this place in a year? Anyway I got to run.

(to the group)

Who can help me order a taxi?

SARAH

I'll help you boss lady.

CLARRIE

Nice. See you soon J. Nice to meet you all.

Clarrie and Jeffrey hug. Clarrie leaves with Sarah.

Jeffrey smiles at Phillipa.

JEFFREY

What made you, do this?

PHILLIPA

I love this place as well you know.

JEFFREY

Yeah but this was spectacular.

PHILLIPA

Well I did plan it so he walked in and helped us save the day, but this worked out better I think.

JEFFREY

How did you know Nigel was coming?

PHILLIPA

He always does. There's something else too.

JEFFREY

What?

PHILLIPA

I spoke with Taylormade, and they've said that they're going to sponsor a YouTube Ryder Cup to be held here once a year, meaning that we can keep the memberships down.

JEFFREY

YOU WHAT!?

PHILLIPA

Yes. We're now officially Royal Oxford Golf Club, sponsored by Taylormade.

JEFFREY

Can I hug you? Just as a thanks.

PHILLIPA

Yes.

Jeffrey hugs Phillipa, and the turns to address the group.

JEFFREY

This place ran smooth before I got here, and it ran smooth for the one day you banished me away. So from now on, it goes back to what it was.

(MORE)

JEFFREY (cont'd)

Captain makes the decisions, but we have weekly board meetings to put forward our idea and make sure everything is still running smooth.

BASIL

Who's the board?

JEFFREY

Us four.

BASIL

I'm a board member?

JEFFREY

Basil I think you love this place more than all of us. I'm installing you not just as a board member, but as the Chairman of Royal Oxford.

BASIL

That's the biggest honour of my entire life.

JEFFREY

You deserve it.

PHILLIPA

What about Sarah?

JEFFREY

She's now the site manager. We're going to have to get her some fellow green staff to help out.

BRIAN

This is all just so bloody wonderful. To Royal Oxford.

The group raise their cups of tea and coffee in the air

GROUP

Royal Oxford.

EXT. ROYAL OXFORD GOLF COURSE - DAY

ONE YEAR LATER

Jeffrey, Brian, Basil and Sarah are playing a round of golf on the still absolutely pristine Royal Oxford. Although it's lovely, the course still has some hazards that are in character with the old course. Like the sloping greens.

Jeffrey putts his ball up the hill and away from the hole. It rolls back down, it's tracking, it's tracking, it breaks heavily and rolls off the green.

JEFFREY

Man. You're damned if you do, and you're damned if you don't.

Jeffrey gets a call on his phone. It's a Facetime from Phillipa.

He answers it.

Phillipa appears on the screen.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

Philly D, how's things? It's been ages since I last saw you.

PHILLIPA

Stop being silly.

JEFFREY

It was my attempt at British honour.

PHILLIPA

It was terrible. I was calling to say that we've had two more confirmations for the Taylormade Ryder Cup Competition next month.

JEFFREY

Who?

PHILLIPA

The DoD King, and Bryson Dechambeau.

Jeffrey drops his phone. Scrambles to pick it back up.

BASIL

Did she just?

PHILLIPA

Hello?

JEFFREY

Sorry I dropped the phone. Did I just hear that right?

PHILLIPA

Yes. Bryson D-fucking-Chambeau is going to be playing.

Basil, Brian and Jeffrey all look at each other. Shocked and joyous in equal amounts.

Sarah looks less impressed.

PHILLIPA (cont'd)
I thought you boys would like that.

JEFFREY
Yeah. Holy fuck!

PHILLIPA
Okay, enjoy your round. Oh before you go. Would you like a take away tonight?

JEFFREY
Sounds good. Cheers babe.

PHILLIPA
See you soon, enjoy the round.

The call ends. The boys look at Sarah who still wears an unimpressed expression.

BASIL
What's wrong?

SARAH
Now I'm going to have to move the tee boxes back by eighty yards to accommodate him.

The boys burst into laughter.

THE 16TH HOLE

Jeffrey is in the bunker in the middle of the fairway. The rest of the group have found the fairway around the bunker.

JEFFREY
Hardest shot in golf. One fifty from the bunker. Don't worry. I got this. I got this.

Jeffrey's take away is smooth.

He stays balanced in his downswing.

He makes perfect contact with... A really hard object.

It snaps Jeffrey's club in two.

It also sends a shock wave through Jeffrey's body and has him vibrating all over.

Jeffrey crumbles to the floor.

JEFFREY (cont'd)

What the fuck was, ahhhhhhhh, my
fucking wrists, I can't feel my
hands, oh my god I'm in so much pain.

Brian, Basil and Sarah come running over.

SARAH

Shit the bed, are you okay?

JEFFREY

No.

BASIL

You actually got your club to land
six foot from the pin, that was one
hell of a whack.

BRIAN

What did you hit?

JEFFREY

I don't know, a rock?

SARAH

No, it was that.

The group look down.

A brown object, the corner of a box it seems.

SARAH (cont'd)

What is that? Move Jeff.

Jeffrey rolls out of the bunker as Sarah begins to move the sand around it.

It's a long box, very old looking. About a meter long, the size of a... Putter?

Sarah yanks it from the sand.

Jeffrey's eyes light up.

JEFFREY

No. No. No. It can't be. Can it?

BRIAN

I thought you said it was in the sand under the oak.

SARAH

This bunker is called The Oak. There used to be a big oak tree here but it fell down, so apparently they filled it with sand and used it as a bunker.

JEFFREY

Motherfucker.

BASIL

Do you think?

JEFFREY

I don't know. How do we open it?

BRIAN

The key that's dangling from the side maybe?

JEFFREY

Yeah, yeah I think that would work.

The group surround the box. Jeffrey removes the key.

He places it into the lock.

The top of the box opens like a suitcase.

A bright yellow light illuminates their faces.

It's the most beautiful thing any of them have ever seen.

FADE TO BLACK