

GOLF COURSE COPS

written by Dan Hadelman

Dedicated to the following sources of inspiration: Bobby Farrelly, Peter Farrelly, Harold Ramis, Brian Doyle-Murray, Douglas Kinney, Adam McKay, and Peter Hadelman

INT. DECKER FAMILY APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's a fairly dingy apartment for two parents and a child. The few decorative lights and plush Santa suggest it's December. Mom (40s, apron, slightly frizzled hair) is sautéing chicken on a pan over a stove. Joel (six-year-old, wide-eyed, and cute) sits cross legged on the rug watching Goofy cartoons on the tv (maybe even "How to Golf"). Chuck (40s, blue-collar, disheveled, inebriation slowly growing) walks in, brings a bag full of plumbing equipment and plops it on the counter.

CHUCK

The guy's a lunatic. 100% certifiable!

MOM

(looking up from the food)
Did Mr. Yarrow forget to give you your Christmas bonus?

CHUCK

I spent 10 hours trying to fix the water heater is his enormous mansion... I'm crawling through the pipes and circuits like some kinda mole, and he's standing there, watching me like I'm putting on a circus act. "Are you done yet?" he asks. Done? I'm knee-deep in rusty water, battling with a water heater that seems to have a mind of its own, and he's asking if I'm done! Then to top it off, he deducts my bonus from the damage that he thinks I caused!

Joel turns around and starts to tear up a little. Mom steps away from the stove and faces her husband.

MOM

Keep your voice down! You're going to make Joel cry!

CHUCK

No. Actually... It's about time he learned this.

Chuck walks over and kneels down at Joel. He grabs his shoulders and tries to look straight into his eyes.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Joel. Listen to me!
(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Beat

(Joel fights back tears)

All of the elites and snobs are just that! Elites and snobs! They keep people like us down in the trenches so we do all of their work and make their lives better. They're worthless! They've never had to work hard for anything in their lives. All they care about is their own pampered selves!

JOEL

Why?

CHUCK

Because they have it too easy! But not you! Joel, the working man is the only worthwhile person in this world. Trying to be like the fancy-pants jerks won't get you anywhere. Repeat after me... Keep my nose to the grindstone!

JOEL

Keep my n-nose to the g-grindstone.

CHUCK + JOEL

Keep my nose to the grindstone!
Keep my nose to the grindstone!

INT. JOEL'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Chuck and Joel repeat this over and over again as we slowly dissolve to Joel (now 41) mouthing and mumbling the words in his sleep.

JOEL

(mumbling) Keef - my nuz - grime -

SFX: BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Joel's alarm clock blares and he jumps out of bed. We see he's lean, fairly athletic, and wearing a slightly dingy tank-top undershirt.

JOEL

Ah! Whu?

He looks over to his 2000s-era digital clock as it reads 5:20. The camera pans over to a paper calendar thumb-tacked to his wall.

Every date leading up to Wednesday, June 9th is crossed out in red marker. The camera zooms to that following Friday, June 12th as it's circled in golden marker with arrows marking it as "THE GOLDEN PAYCHECK."

CUT back to Joel

JOEL
(out loud and ecstatic)
Goody! Goody! Goody!

Joel jumps out of bed and **Ides of March's Vehicle** begins to play, with the title appearing across his bed and back window blinds - **GOLF COURSE COPS**. The credits roll as we see what grown up Joel looks like (Lean, slightly athletic, and spiky hair (think Joel McHale)). His apartment is lacking to say the least. He has a bed, kitchen, bathroom, etc. But no real decorations or furniture. The closest he has is a few plastic lawn chairs and a woefully outdated tv.

As he leaves the bathroom and wipes off the residual shaving cream from his face he opens his closet. The camera switches to inside his closet as we see him mentally decide what to wear. The camera turns back around as we see what he's looking at. It's just multiple versions of the same outfit. Navy blue short-sleeved security guard shirt, khaki jeans, and black running shoes.

In a quick succession of shots he puts on each article of clothing. Adorned with a silver Rolex, walkie-talkie and holder clipped to his belt, and iron-patch on the sleeve: **MEADOWVIEW GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB**

CUT TO:

A car pulls out of a community parking lot and **Vehicle** keeps playing as Joel starts singing along. To him, these next few days are much more than just another day at the office. He's driving down the Southwest Florida highway without a care in the world.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE

After a driving for a bit, he turns down a private road flanked by a big stone sign adorned with a bronze plaque that reads: Meadowview Golf and Country Club. The camera freezes slightly so we get a good look at the club's motto: Golf: Because Swinging Clubs is More Fun Than Joining One. Early morning mist rises from the golf course and shafts of sunlight slant through the trees as Joel stops at a T-intersection. A concrete wall atop a bed of roses and adorned with two bronze plaques spaced to the left and right. Member Entrance on the right side and Employee Entrance on the left side. END song and credits

Joel is about to turn left. When he spots a little duck on the pavement. He gets out of his car and looks down to see it limping with a busted wing. It's trying to fly, but it can't.

JOEL
(to himself)
Jesus.

He looks around and sees an open patch of wilderness right beside the employee parking lot. He bends down and takes his hat off to scoop the duck into his grasp and into the passenger seat of his car.

Joel parks beside a garage full of golf carts being serviced. He exits the car, holding the duck, and gently releases it onto the grass. The duck waddles off into the wilderness.

He rises, turns around, and jumps in surprise. GATOR somehow appeared right next to him with an ominous music sting. GATOR (early 60s, monolithic, silent, and could be mistaken for Bigfoot) stares at him adorned in dark green groundskeeper coveralls and a rake in hand.

JOEL
Ahh! Oh... (gasps for air). Hey
Gator. How's it going?

Gator just stands there.

JOEL
(semi-optimistic)
This the day you're finally gonna
say something?

Gator continues to stand there.

JOEL
(pointing on the last line)
Maybe no... GATOR! THERE'S A TIGER
BEHIND YOU!

Still nothing.

JOEL
(slightly disappointed)
Ok. See you around, man.

Gator very slightly nods as if to say "You too." Joel walks past him and into the employee's entrance. He pasts a few groundskeepers and waiters through the fluorescent lit hallways until he gets to his post: The Security Room.

Joel opens the door ready to burst with exciting news and finds his partner RHYS KAYLOCK (early thirties, lean, slacker, curly hair, think Ezra Miller). He's got the same uniform as Joel and he's ass deep in a beach lounge chair with a xbox controller in hand and looking at a 2000s Panasonic tv showing what appears to be one of the Tiger Woods video games.

JOEL
(happy)
Rhys! It's almost time!

Rhys barely notices him.

JOEL
It's almost time!

Rhys still does nothing and keeps playing the game.

JOEL
It's...

RHYS
Look, just 'cause you're all
bright-eyed and bushy-tailed at
the start of the work day, doesn't
mean I have to be all ears.

JOEL
Fine!

He walks fully into the room and sits down at a wheelie chair in front of the security screens.

RHYS
If anything, I know you're going
to tell me eventually, so I just
have to acknowledge you and let
time do the rest.

JOEL
Do you ever get tired of being a
smart-ass?

RHYS
(condescendingly)
Not when I'm with you... Buddy.

JOEL
Screw it. I'm saying it. I'm only
three days away from the Golden
Paycheck. And I can finally afford
a membership here. It'll all be
mine!

(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)

Premium games, gourmet food, a squash court (whatever the hell that is)! My life can finally begin.

RHYS

(pauses the game and looks over to him)

And my life can begin the minute that Anya-Taylor Joy shows up at my door with a stack of gold bars and a plate of hot wings! But I'm not holding my breath. Y'know why?

(beat)

Because I don't live in fantasy-land!

JOEL

(surprised)

Well. Look who's talking!

RHYS

What?

JOEL

(standing up and imitating Rhys)

"It's all about technique, man."
"I watch the golfers all day and take notes." "Being a pro-golfer is within my sights."

RHYS

Ok. Two things. One. Golfing is in my blood and one of these days I'm going to catch my wind. Two. It may be a daydream but at least I still have my dignity and tapes of Mr. Gunderson shouting racial slurs after his ball hit the lake.

JOEL

What?

RHYS

Old man Gunderson. (Beat) He hit his ball in the lake and he started waving his arms and...

JOEL

NO. What about my dream is unrealistic compared to yours?

RHYS

The club does not have a magic light switch that'll make your life better once you join. I on the other hand, already have enough money to join, I'm here to listen and learn the secrets of success.

JOEL

How about we both just accept each others' dreams no matter how crazy we think they are.

RHYS

(raising an imaginary glass)
To denial!

SFX: BZZZZT

The boys' walkie talkies go off.

TALKIE

Attention staff. It's 6:00 am.
Staff meeting in the Dining Hall.

JOEL

That's our cue! C'mon Tiger Woods, let's move.

Joel walks to the door and annoyingly tussles Rhys' hair as he gets up and leaves alongside him.

RHYS

Oh please... I've got better teeth than Woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINING HALL

From the outside, it's a big circular room adorned with windows and what appear to be curtains on the inside. Outside is a deck adorned with dining tables, chairs, wall lights, etc.

WAYNE (O.S)

Alright everyone listen up!
There's a lot to go through.

INT. DINING HALL

It's a grand dining tables fill the space alongside a prominent bar lined with liquor.

A player piano softly plays **You Don't Bring me Flowers**, mostly ignored by everyone. All eyes are on Wayne Holt (70s, newsies hat, glasses, golf attire (think Jeffery Tambor or Eugene Levy)) - Meadowview's manager and president. Beside him is the vice-president Marshall Lytton (asshole handsome, early 40s's, golf attire and baseball hat (think Ben Barnes or Dominic Cooper)) eagerly wanting to get out and golf.

WAYNE

Ok. People only three more days before our big charity auction. And I am proud to say that it was our own Marshall Lytton who nailed down a sponsor!

Most of the employees (except Rhys) clap for Marshall as he pridefully steps forward.

MARSHALL

Oh c'mon! You all would have done the same as me. I was just lucky enough to catch the Minos foundation on a good day!

He laughs at his own joke and few chuckles can be heard. Marshall steps back as Wayne regains everyone's attention.

WAYNE

So, that means that the auction on Friday will proceed as planned and we're going to be expecting some high profile guests. So same rules as always. Be courteous. Be efficient. And Be what Meadowview is all about.

Small applause but Joel enthusiastic clapping singles him out until he stops and quiets himself in shame.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

With that being said, we've still been getting complaints about that drone whirring around the golf course. (Beat) Security, what have we been doing about that?

JOEL

Uh. Sadly sir, we haven't yet found the pilot but...

RHYS

We're pretty sure it's that group of kids that's been coming here since their school let out.

MELODY (O.S.)
Not a chance in Hell!

Cut to Melody (17-years-old, frizzled hair, pretty but not gorgeous, think Dove Cameron).

MELODY
Those "kids" are actually the most powerful influencers on the Eastern Seaboard. The Automatixx!

RHYS
What does that name even mean that they deliver idiotic dribble without being asked?

MELODY
No... Shut up (beat). These guys are what this club needs to finally drag it into the 21st century! If they like this place, their followers will flock here, and bam!, this joint's gonna be trending all over social media!

RHYS
I thought we got enough social media cred after Marshall got hammered and smashed his Mercedes with his three-wood!

Cut to Marshall, now agitated. Wayne reaches out a hand and stops him.

MARSHALL
Listen you little...!

WAYNE
(to Marshall)
Let it go Marsh. We're almost done here.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
(to everyone)
People, we've spent months prepping for this and I'd like to go through it catastrophe free, ok!? We need to be a well-oiled machine. That means fresh food, great service, and no drones! Alright! Let's make it work!

Everyone begins to disperse. Wayne and Marshall grab their golf bags.

Melody, Gator, etc get lost in the crowd as Joel nudges RHYS. From Joel's POV we see he's staring at his girlfriend Justine Holt (mid 30s, dancer-like figure, long brunette hair (think Elizabeth Olson), and half of her face is hidden for the moment). She's talking to a female coworker but we don't hear what they're saying.

JOEL

Hey man. I'm gonna talk to Justine for a minute.

Quick cut to Joel's POV as Justine turns around and reveals her left eye covered by an eye-patch. And then return to Joel and Rhys.

RHYS

Sure, just keep your hand on your treasure!

JOEL

(annoyed)

Seriously? I've been going out with her for almost six months and you haven't run out of pirate jokes!?

RHYS

What? I'm preemptively mocking her to soften the blow of whatever embarrassing stuff you say later!

JOEL

(sighs)

Joel walks over to Justine as the woman she was talking to walks away.

JUSTINE

Oh hey, baby. What's up?

JOEL

I've got great news.

JUSTINE

(playful)

Your phone battery lasted an entire day without a recharge?

JOEL

No.

JUSTINE

You and Rhys finally landed on who shot first? Han or Greedo?

JOEL

Ok. Stop guessing. I'm only three days away from joining the club!

Justine looks at him as to say "really?"

JUSTINE

C'mon Joel, this is ridiculous!

Joel looks a little confused.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

I've told you before. I don't care that you're not a member. I love you. My dad likes you. Why are you still fixated on this?

JOEL

(sentimental)

Because it means that all of my work will finally pay off. This is the high-life and it'll be even sweeter because I earned it.

JUSTINE

You know that this isn't really the high-life? All of the members here have jobs like yours. They put their pants on one leg at a time.

JOEL

(playfully)

Excuse me? (Beat). You live in a manor! You're so rich that your house has a walk-in safe just for spare change! You're so rich that your yacht has a helipad for your helicopter! You're

JUSTINE

(starting to get frustrated)

Ok! I get the...

JOEL

I... I just have one more.

JUSTINE

Fine.

JOEL
 You're so rich (beat) that your
 pet parrot speaks fluent Wall
 Street jargon!

Justine just stares at him for a minute.

JOEL
 (smugly taking a bow)
 Now I'm done.

Wayne walks over to the two of them.

WAYNE
 Oh Hi Joel! Am I interrupting
 anything?

JUSTINE
 (passive aggressive)
 Nothing at all Dad!

WAYNE
 Ok good! Um... Joel? Can I see you
 in my office for a minute?

JOEL
 Of course sir.

Joel walks with Wayne as Justine walks towards the other
 direction.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN LOBBY

The club is now open and a few people flock in. Among Melody
 (attending the welcome desk), and RHYS (leaning on the desk),
 is the doorman Cliff (late 30s, African-American, big, friendly
 smile-type (think Craig Robinson)). Melody just finished
 welcoming a couple in and turns to RHYS.

MELODY
 So what exactly do you do here
 aside from ticking everybody off?

RHYS
 Me? I'm the eternal watcher. I
 keep the people of this club safe
 from one another. Without me and
 my partner, this place would
 descend into anarchy.

MELODY

Or it could be trying to get out
from under your sister's shadow?

RHYS

(defensive)

Hey! Just because my sister's a
pro-golfer with y'know endorsement
deals, doesn't mean I'm not...

MELODY

A empty shell of a seriously
disturbed golf-obsessed wackadoo?

RHYS just stands there in silence until Cliff walks over.

CLIFF

She does kind of have a point.

RHYS

What?

CLIFF

What I mean is that you can't just
skate by and become a professional
just by watching pros. I mean look
at me. I've been playing piano
since the Brad-gelina days. I've
played 14 gigs across the state
and what do they have me do?

RHYS + MELODY

Man the doors.

CLIFF

Man the goddamn doors. All the
while, I'm listening to some
player piano crap spit out Barbra
Streisand all day, everyday.

Pause as he points at the player piano still playing a light
Barbra Streisand song.

CLIFF

If I gotta endure 'You Don't Bring
Me Flowers' one more time, I swear
I'll storm into a flower shop and
demand a refund for every petal
they sing about. But you know
what? I don't let it get to me.
I'm just a big friendly black guy,
grinning like a fool.

He flashes his smile as he turns around and opens the door for
an elderly couple.

CLIFF

Welcome to Meadowview Links!

Cut back to RHYS and Melody. RHYS gives throws his hands up in a "whatever" motion and leaves the lobby. But not before Justine calls out to him.

JUSTINE

Hey Rhys, can I talk to you for a second?

Justine moves closer to him.

RHYS

Sure. What's happenin'?

JUSTINE

Can you talk to Joel about his whole "Golden Paycheck" thing?

RHYS

You want me to tell your dad to cut his pay. Got it!

JUSTINE

(slightly frustrated)

No! What... I mean is... (Beat). He really seems to be putting this place on a pedestal and he keeps harping on how his "hard work will finally pay off." I mean, am I wrong or does that just... not sound right?

RHYS

They way I see it is... Joel wants change in his life. Now that doesn't mean he's unhappy with where he is, but he's still thinks he's got a ways to go before finally settling with what he has.

JUSTINE

But he's fine where he is. And I want to know how I can make the abundantly clear to him...?!

RHYS

(getting a little anxious)

Well... Is that skirt new? It looks new?

JUSTINE

Nice try.

Rhys is slowly backing away from Justine because he doesn't really have an answer. He says the final line as he goes down a staircase.

RHYS

Ok. I really do have to go back to security. Just... stay positive and... (waving his arms trying to think of the words) trust him. HE TRUSTS YOU!

He keeps walking downwards on a long staircase until he comes across two waiters talking to each other. Maurice (looks like a bearded Dane Cook) and Carlos (buzz-cat and muscular build). RHYS hides behind a corner.

MAURICE

Listen (Beat), this merch for the auction is pretty freakin' rare. I could buy a whole damn football team if I wanted to. They're just looking for some guys to do the heavy lifting for the extra-special stuff, you know.

CARLOS

Extra-special my foot. This feels like a freakin' prank, if you ask me.

MAURICE

Yeah, figured that too, but they threw in the promise of some fat tips. And hey, we're just playing the serving game, not getting all tangled up in the nitty-gritty details.

CARLOS

(shruggs)

Ok fine. You've convinced me. This Friday, the auction's going off without a hitch.

MAURICE

And we'll all live happily ever after.

They shake hands as RHYS' face has gone from shocked to bursting with energy as he runs off in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE'S OFFICE.

It's classy office. Wooden desk, golf trophies, and windows welcoming in the sunshine. Focus on an old picture of a young Wayne winning some kind of trophy.

WAYNE

Joel. Do you know how long I've been president of Meadowview Links?

JOEL

For about forty years, sir.

WAYNE

(spacey)

Really? I don't remem... Hey... Who are you again?

JOEL face says "Oh no is it dementia?"

JOEL

Uh... Sir... Don't you....

WAYNE

Gotcha!

JOEL

(relieved)

Oh! Mr. Holt! You friggin' got me.

WAYNE

Well (beat). In all seriousness, don't think I haven't had time to look at the pay calendar.

Wayne walks over to JOEL and grabs his shoulders like a proud father.

WAYNE

Twenty-seven whole summers, you've been working here and have always offered 110%. Sometimes boy, I don't even know if you're real.

JOEL

Oh come on, sir. I've made my fair share of mistakes.

WAYNE

Well, we all stumble, but what truly matters is where we end up. You're almost there, but right now, we can't afford any hiccups, especially with this auction.

(MORE)

WAYNE (CONT'D)

If you spot trouble, any trouble
at all, deal with it swiftly and
smoothly, understood?

Close up on Joel's face. He's honored. That is until Marshall
bursts into his office.

MARSHALL

Hey Wayne. C'mon the guys are
waiting are to tee off!

WAYNE

(sighs) Well duty calls. Joel,
keep up the good work.

Wayne exits his office leaving Joel and Marshall alone and the
second he is gone, Marshall gets up close and personal to Joel.

MARSHALL

(genuine)

Hey. Joel! Congrats on almost
making the membership.

JOEL

Uhm. Thanks Marsh...

MARSHALL

(flipped to serious on a
dime)

But you need to make a decision!

JOEL

Excuse me?

MARSHALL

This is one of the most exclusive
golf clubs in the country. Real
estate agents play here, movie
stars play here, I've even played
eighteen against Alice Cooper last
month!

JOEL

Alice Cooper? Really?

MARSHALL

Guy flies in from Phoenix just to
hit the links, doesn't even change
outta his stage gear. Rocks an
eight-legged spider jacket the
whole game! Point is: people talk
about who you golf with.

(MORE)

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
 So, if I were you, I'd drop your
 buddy Kaylock, pronto.

Joel suddenly realizes that he's talking about Rhys.

JOEL
 Woah. Drop Rhys? What're you
 talking about?

MARSHALL
 Look kid, the guys are waiting for
 me...

JOEL
 Kid? I'm probably around your
 age...

MARSHALL
 Rhys is a dipshit. He's a
 talentless shrimp riding his
 sister's coattails. Guys like him?
 Not really in our league. Ya get
 me?

JOEL
 (nervous)
 Ok...?

MARSHALL
 (going from intimidating to
 friendly)
 Cool! Maybe next week we'll hit
 the driving range.

Marshall slaps Joel's shoulder and leaves the room without giving him a chance to respond. He just stands there confused trying to piece together what just happened, as we cut to...

INT. KITCHEN

RHYS is talking with head chef Hattie Lee (Middle-aged female, a little overweight, blonde-hair starting to grey (think Melissa McCarthy)). RHYS is dodging and swerving past prepping chefs. Hattie Lee is annoyed by his presence.

HETTIE LEE
 How the hell should I know what
 those two were talking about?

RHYS
 I say it falls under your
 jurisdiction. They're waiters.
 You're the head chef.

(MORE)

RHYS (CONT'D)

Maybe you've heard something? For all I know, every single one of your staff could be a criminal.

He singles out one timid looking male chef.

RHYS

You. Have you ever been convicted of a felony?

MALE CHEF

(nervous)

Nooooo.

The chef walks away as RHYS turns back to Hettie Lee. RHYS is not deterred.

RHYS

And if I hadn't heard what I heard earlier, I would've believed him!

HETTIE LEE

Listen, Kaylock. You're already on thin ice when you pretended to be that Italian millionaire!

RHYS

Hey my accent was flawless! And if I got my hair gel to stay up for the whole day, I would have bought this club those new exercise bikes!

HETTIE LEE

I don't know what you heard or what you thought you heard, but I've got to get my whole staff ready for an army of geezers wanting to eat through prawns like they're M&Ms. So get out of my kitchen or you're going to see a felony for yourself!

Rhys raises his hands in defense.

RHYS

Alright fine!

RHYS leaves the kitchen.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF CART GARAGE

JOEL is walking into the garage from outside. We hear the faint sounds of members teeing off. Before he enters the garage he's stopped by a handsome, preppy, 20-something boy named Luke.

LUKE

Hey pal!

JOEL

(turns around)

Hi. Can I help you?

LUKE

Is there anywhere on this golf course that isn't surrounded by trees?

BEAT

JOEL

Excuse me?

LUKE

'Cause, quite frankly, I've been scouring this entire dump, and I gotta be honest, there's not one decent selfie spot anywhere!

JOEL

Well... Technically speaking, we're right next to a forrest and...

LUKE

Are you giving me excuses?

JOEL

Well, actually I was...

Another 20-something (female, blond, clueless) interrupts the two of them. Her name is Lucy.

LUCY

Luke! Where've you been?

LUKE

I've been listening to this peon desperately trying to justify why the Automatixx can't take a photo without some dying piece of lumber ruining the shots!

JOEL

(it dawns on him)
Oh! Right! You're the... the
influencer group I heard about.

LUCY

Annnnd... We can't upload pictures
without...

JOEL

(slowly losing his patience)
Well, I was explaining to...

LUCY

(gasp)
Did he just interrupt me?

LUKE

(suddenly aggressive and to
Lucy)
I think he did. Now, I could go on
about how this so-called golf
course is nothing more than a
glorified landfill with a few
pathetic grassy knolls thrown in,
but let's be real here – it's this
guy's mere existence that just
straight-up sucks the life out of
everything.

Both of them walk away. Joel is left stymied for a few seconds until he hears a whirring noise overhead. It's the infamous and elusive drone. It shows up and immediately as JOEL looks up it flies away. Cut back to Joel's face. He looks pretty irritated.

Until we hear a faint scream of "JOEL!" in the distance. It's RHYS running to him across the yard in full view of the golfers. The yelling repeats and gets louder until RHYS reaches Joel and stops to hunch over and catch his breath.

JOEL

Jesus! What, Rhys?!

RHYS

(panting)
I was... catching... Maurice
and... Carlos... I found them
talking about... some friggin'
score or set up and it's happening
at the auction!

JOEL

What??

RHYS

It's true. I heard it with my own ears. They're talking about "nitty gritty" details. People only use those words when it's a crime!

JOEL

Oh you mean like last week when you swore you saw the Jersey Devil!

RHYS

OK First of all... I did!

JOEL

We're in FLORIDA! RHYS!!

RHYS

That doesn't matter now! You've got to believe me, dude!

JOEL

What I *believe* is that you misheard a conversation between two guys and now you're blowing it out of proportion!

RHYS

(insulted)

Ok. Fine. Don't believe me! But don't come crying to me after a bunch of crooks make you wear cement shoes and you're being swallowed up by a gator!

JOEL turns around and gasps at something off screen.

JOEL

You are so full of... ah!

Like a ninja, Gator appears next to the two of them without making any noise. Both J+R jump back in surprise.

RHYS

(pants)

Huh. Man I told you. If you say his name, he'll show up. Like a big chubby Beetlejuice!

JOEL

You didn't say his name! You said gator as in alligator!

Gator raises his hand and the two fall silent. With the other hand he reaches for something in his coveralls. It's a photograph of some shady and nondescript guys outside the club's back entrance (it looks like it came from a security camera) and they're handling very illicit items (assault rifles and even some medical containers.)

RHYS (O.S)
 (whisper)
 Dude! This is it! What more proof
 do you need?

Cut to JOEL trying to shake his head and gain some perspective.

JOEL
 Ok. Maybe. This looks like
 something... But... It could
 easily look like something else.
 And you said that this was
 happening on Friday! We don't
 know...

Gator, as fast as lighting pulls up a tape recorder and hits the play button. We hear a female voice (sultry and mischievous like Uma Thurman from Pulp Fiction).

VOICE
 And we can't afford any screw ups
 this close to Friday. I don't like
 having to work with this 'McGavin'
 guy but he provided the venue and
 he's entitled to his cut!

Gator tosses the recorder to Joel who fumbles it in disbelief.

JOEL
 Ok! Fine! But wouldn't the best
 thing to do be calling the police?

RHYS
 Who's to say the cops aren't
 involved already? I can remember
 three of 'em chipping up the 13th
 fairway last Tuesday. Nah, nah,
 nah. It's up to *us* to deal with
 this mess.

Joel pauses for a minute and he remembers what Wayne told him.

WAYNE (V.O.)
 If you spot trouble, any trouble
 at all, deal with it swiftly and
 smoothly.

Joel looks down at the recorder and feels a wave of responsibility crash over him as he slowly nods his head to pump himself up.

JOEL
Ok. I'm in!

Rhys enthusiastically says YEAH MAN! As Gator nods slightly and holds a firm but endearing thumbs up. Joel turns to RHYS

JOEL
I assume you already have a plan?

CUT TO:
Security office. Rhys just swept his arms across a desk, throwing a bunch of papers and office supplies on the ground. An overhead light illuminates a big blueprint map of the entire area. Including the golf course, the clubhouse, pool, tennis courts, etc.

RHYS
Ok. So if we were criminals looking to sell our criminal stuff at a country club, where would we do it and who would we tell?

JOEL
You didn't have to clear off the whole desk.

RHYS
Don't interrupt. Who do we have for suspects? (Beat). C'mon. What about that whole weekend we spent binging Law and Order! Let's put it to good use!

JOEL
Well, I know that everybody needs to have both a motive and a reason to fit the bill. I figure Marshall would be the most obvious suspect because he got that company...

RHYS
(as he's writing something down on index card on the desk)
The Minos Foundation.

JOEL
But A) He loves this club too much to be a part of this.
(MORE)

JOEL (CONT'D)

B) he's too lily-white to think about getting his hands dirty...

RHYS

(getting back up to talk to Joel)

C) He's so stupid he tore apart his computer to look for cookies!

JOEL

Heh. Good one. (Beat). So we're probably looking in the wrong direction. I bet it's probably tied to that drone.

RHYS

And it seems that the drone only follows those Automatixx kids. So if we want to find the drone, we've got to get close to those kids.

JOEL

Ok but don't say it like that, it sounds creepy.

RHYS

Well then, sorry to be the one to say this...

Rhys gets up and walks over to a row of metallic lockers. He opens two and pulls out a set of tacky golfers clothes out hanging from clothes hangers.

RHYS

It just got creepier.

CUT TO:

EXT. START OF THE FIFTH HOLE.

The Automatixx teens (five of them in total) are teeing off, looking pretentious while they take photos of themselves. They're not even really golfing. Over the shoulder shot as two figures enter the fray. It's Joel and Rhys wearing those dumb tacky golf clothes (almost like the Three Stooges' golf clothes) and big leather golf bags.

RHYS

(to JOEL)

All we need is evidence of them saying that they know about the auction or this McGavin guy!

JOEL

And then we can get out of these stupid outfits?

RHYS

Hey! I borrowed these from my parents' attic and the hat (pointing at his golf cap with a poof-ball on it) is the perfect cover for the recording device!

JOEL

And then afterwards we can tryout to be extras in Newsies!

RHYS

Just shut up and follow my lead!

RHYS tees a golf ball at the 4th green giving him a clear shot of hitting one of the kids. He grabs a driver from his bag and swings hard. The ball goes flying and hits one of the Automatixx's golf carts. Luke turns around in anger.

LUKE

Hey!

RHYS

(faux-scottish accent and yelling from afar)
Oh! Sorry Lad! I was going to yell four! But actually...

He and JOEL walk towards the kids.

RHYS

I was distracted! My mate here, Mr. McPherson mistook my putter for my driver! And my blasted eyesight didn't catch on!

Focus on the kids. They are definitely confused by these two weirdos.

JOEL

(normal voice)
Anyway, I bet you kids are pretty well connected to what happens around here.

LUCY

I guess?

RHYS walks a little too close to Lucy but while still attempting to be nonchalant.

RHYS

Well, Lassie. I'd bet me last leg of mutton that you'd know a thing or two about this here club's auction on Friday?

LUKE steps in and is pretty angry.

LUKE

Look! You weird, pervy, Scrooge McDuck sounding prick! We don't know what the hell you're talking about and I'm about five seconds from getting security over here!

JOEL

Ok! Kid! Just calm down an...

He's interrupted by the sound of whirring coming closer and closer. It's the drone again and it's flying overhead and snapping what appear to be camera pictures.

JOEL

Oh! You're not getting away this time! Rhys! I'll meet you back at the security room!

JOEL runs off in the opposite direction towards the country club in hot pursuit of the drone. Leaving RHYS behind with the kids.

LUKE

So, you're... Irish?

RHYS

(returning to normal/
condescending voice)

I was Scottish!

CUT TO:

JOEL running towards the country club still in the tacky golfer's outfit. He jumps the gate into the pool area and tries to maneuver around the pool guests as politely and quickly as possible. The shoplifting scene from Hot Fuzz comes to mind, but not as grand in terms of stunts. Joel lets out some of the following phrases: "Excuse Me. Playing through! Security Business! Nice towel."

He jumps the gate again and is now in the parking lot where the drone has officially given him the slip again. He grunts in anger and immediately walks back inside the club looking semi-defeated as a few patrons are staring at him. Joel quickly puts on a happy face and raises a hand to say 'hi'.

JOEL
 (out loud)
 Nothing to see here, folks!
 Regular security detail!

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY ROOM

Joel is finishing getting his security guard clothes back on as Rhys' face is glued to the security screens, butt in a swivel chair, and barely looking his friend in the face.

RHYS
 (sigh) If you're going to call me
 an idiot just get it over with.

JOEL
 You're not an idiot. Your plan is
 was idiotic but that's different.

RHYS
 A) Our disguises were foolproof
 and if you committed to an accent,
 we could have fooled them longer.

Focus on JOEL walking behind RHYS in the chair.

JOEL
 So I could say things like "I'd
 bet me last leg of mutton?"

RHYS
 Either you see the genius or you
 don't, Joel. (Beat). And B) if my
 plan was so terrible then why did
 the kids give me a lead after you
 left?

JOEL
 They did?

RHYS
 Take a look at the locker rooms.

Focus on of the screens showing a feed of the men's locker room. It shows opening a pouch from his duffle bag and taking out what appears to be a ziplock full of white powder. The boys' faces go wide-eyed.

RHYS
 (cocky)
 You think this is our guy?

JOEL
There's only one way to find out.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM

A few older gentlemen are talking with towels wrapped around their waists. One of them is the old man from the security footage. His name is McGavin (but not the McGavin that the guys are looking for) and the other guy is just another OLD GOLFER. They've just headed towards the showers, McGavin left his duffel bag on a bench and all appears to be quiet. That's when Joel and Rhys peak their heads from around the wall like they were Scooby-Doo characters.

The quickly squat and run towards the duffel bag until Joel stretches his hand and stops RHYS is his tracks.

JOEL
Dude. Look!

Rhys looks where Joel is pointing and we see that his locker is labeled 'J. MCGAVIN' The same name from Gator's recording.

RHYS
(whispers)
Same name from the recording!

They start rummaging through the duffel bag. They pull out golf shoes, a few socks... Rhys pulls out a long strand/roll of condoms that makes the both of them drop their jaws.

JOEL
(whisperes)
Jesus! (Beat). I mean... isn't the guy... 80 or something?

RHYS
(whispers)
Hey! If I were a smuggler, I'd be a gilf hunter too!

Rhys puts the condoms back as Joel looks disgusted from that last comment. They rummage a little bit more, but it becomes evident. The ziplock isn't here.

RHYS
(whispers)
Where could he've hid it?

The sound of the showers grows louder and both J+R turn their heads toward the shower area. The look on their faces says it all, they've got to go in there.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOWER ROOM

They peek around the corner, spotting the shower stalls. The elderly men are shielded by the stall doors. A ziplock bag of white powder rests on the counter beside the first shower.

Cut to J+R. They exchange glances and play Rock, Paper, Scissors. Joel picks paper; Rhys, scissors.

Rhys maneuvers like a marine in training, then flips onto his back, shuffling on his butt. Joel watches, puzzled yet focused, reminiscent of Jim Carrey's Mission Impossible scene in Ace Ventura.

Rhys eventually reaches the sink counter and snatches the bag just as the shower shuts off. Startled, he knocks over a jar of razor blades, catching the attention of McGavin and the OLD GOLFER from their stalls.

MCGAVIN

Huh? Who the hell are you?!

OLD GOLFER

They're a bunch a filthy spies!

RHYS

Abort! Abort!

In fear, Rhys and Joel bolt out of the shower area and out of the locker room.

EXT. HALLWAY

J+R are almost out of breath but at the same time relieved. To them, they've feel like they've got the missing clue they need.

JOEL

I (pant) can't believe... we got it!

RHYS

It's not over yet! (Pant). We've got to show this to Wayne and make McGavin confess that he's the one behind all of this black market stuff and that this is...

MARSHALL (O.S.)

His own brand of talcum powder!

The guys turn their heads and see Marshall leaning against the hallway wall by his elbow with a cocksure grin on his face.

JOEL

What?

MARSHALL

That bag? That you two have in your hands? Which you probably assumed was drugs? (Beat). It's talcum powder.

RHYS

(confused)

But... How can...

MARSHALL

James McGavin used to be a huge name in pharmaceuticals in the nineties. When his company got bought out by Pfizer, he went into business for himself making his own powder for dry skin... Something that I...

Marshall reaches into his front pocket and pulls out what appears to be a mini bottle of baby powder.

MARSHALL

Like to keep handy in case of emergencies.

Just then, the door the locker room swings open. It's McGavin and the Old Golfer. They're noticeably upset and McGavin swipes the ziplock of talcum powder from Rhys' hands.

MCGAVIN

Goddamn spies!

Both men walk away as J+R look back at Marshall with egg on their faces.

MARSHALL

Guys. I got to tell you, I'm really disappointed.

He stops leaning on the wall.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Every time, I think that this club is what I think it is, something like this happens. I want to like you guys, you seem like cool dudes. But it's stuff like this and what I saw you pull with those kids earlier that... just... doesn't sit well with me.

JOEL

Marshall. I know this looks bad,
but we're on to something.

RHYS

(interrupts)

We have proof that someone is
hosting an illegal auction the
same night as our auction. And
their contact is...

Marshall raises a hand and stops them.

MARSHALL

You guys are putting me in really
awkward position.

He looks over to Joel.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Joel. If Wayne were here, he'd
probably have second thoughts
about giving you that membership
on Friday.

JOEL

What are you talking ab...

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

And Rhys... I probably shouldn't
be the one to tell you this, but a
little birdie told me that your
sister Brooke. is going to be here
for the auction!

RHYS goes silent looks almost scared for a minute.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

I meant what I said earlier. I
like you guys (beat) and I'd
honestly hate for you two to be on
a wild goose chase that might get
you fired.

JOEL

Would Wayne really fire us?

MARSHALL

Probably not. Then again... the
world needs ditch diggers, too.

RHYS looks and JOEL looks confused by that last comment.

MARSHALL

I'm kidding! (Beat). But in all seriousness, just don't go crazy trying to find something that probably isn't there.

MARSHALL walks through them and pats them on the back as he does so. J+R walk off camera in the other direction looking forlorn.

CUT TO:

EXT. SECURITY ROOM

Joel is sitting at the security desk and Rhys is pacing back and forth with his hands in his pocket. Both look distraught.

JOEL

Well... this has been a gigantic waste of time.

RHYS

(silent)

JOEL (CONT'D)

I said... this was a gigantic waste of time!

RHYS

(silent)

JOEL (CONT'D)

I SAID...!

RHYS

(explosive)

Will you shut up already?! I've got my own problems!

Both are silent for a beat.

RHYS

I'm sorry OK? I just... can't think straight.

JOEL

Is this about what Marshall said?

RHYS

It's about my sister.

JOEL

Brooke, what about her?

RHYS sits down on a nearby chair with his head held low.

RHYS

Ever since we were kids, my dad was obsessed with golf. He made Brooke and I take lessons when we were eight. To make a long story short, she was great and I sucked. And so my dad paid more attention to her. So being the little "genius" I was, I decided to do something a little more flashy to get his attention.

JOEL

What did you do?

RHYS

Promise not to laugh?

JOEL

Promise.

RHYS

(Beat). I used my mom's black night dress as a cape, took his 9-iron, spray painted it red, and pretended I was Darth Vader!

Silence between the two of them. Rhys feels ashamed and Joel doesn't laugh.

RHYS

Well. Say something!

JOEL

Uhh... I don't think it's funny. I think it's bizarre. And kind of sad, but not funny.

RHYS

And... if I can be completely honest with you. It's kind of the reason I'm so fixated on this whole black market auction thing.

JOEL

What do you mean?

RHYS

I thought if I could stop a major crime, it would impress my dad more than if I were... a pro golfer.

JOEL

Ok. Now it's really sad. Do you...
want a hug?

RHYS

Nah. I'm good. It just sucks that
we couldn't find anything useful.
I guess one of us is going to have
to tell Gator.

They turn around and once again, like a big chubby ninja, Gator
shows up without making a single noise.

JOEL + RHYS

(surprised)

AAAAHHHHH!

They're both panting.

RHYS

You'd think... for a big guy, he'd
at least grunt or something!

JOEL

Gator. For what it's worth. We
couldn't find anything about the
auction or this McGavin guy so...

Gator reaches into his coveralls and hands Joel a series of
photos. They're pictures of the side and back entrances to the
club within the club itself.

JOEL (cont'd)

These were taken in the clubhouse.

Zoom in on a photo revealing a shadowy exchange between two
figures near the golf cart garage. One figure hands a briefcase
to the other. In the dim light, we see it's a woman handing a
briefcase over to man

RHYS

That's him. That's got to be
McGavin!

Gator proceeds to pull out his phone which is already open to
an article about Anika Gasper, the head of the Minos
Foundation.

JOEL

The Minos Foundation... That's the
group that's sponsoring the real
auction! The one that Marshall
invited!

RHYS

And while we're having a charity auction upstairs, they're prepping a black market auction downstairs. Gator (beat) You're a genius!

JOEL

But how did you get all of this?

Gator simply shrugs, his actions speaking louder than words. After a few seconds of J+R feeling like they've got this in the bag, Joel's face drops with a realization.

JOEL

Wait! We can't bust him!

RHYS

What? Why not?

JOEL

This is all based on speculation. We still have no definitive proof that he's behind this whole thing.

Rhys is frustrated and trying to find the right words.

RHYS

Well... Then... We'll get some! First thing in the morning, we follow Marshall around all day and catch him doing some shady shit!

Gator and Joel look at Rhys are mildly shocked by how spot-on he was.

JOEL

That's a pretty good idea...

Gator nods.

RHYS

You say that like you doubted me.

Rhys walks off camera confidently on the last line.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - MORNING
Montage

Early light filters through the trees, casting a warm glow. It's a new day, bringing a sense of uplift. Cue upbeat "go-time" music reminiscent of the Night at the Museum montage.

EXT. 1ST HOLE.

Marshall and nondescript golfers tee off. In the background, a bush catches the eye. As they depart, focus sharpens on the bush revealing Joel, sporting a camouflage tree hat. He raises a different walkie talkie to his lips.

JOEL
(to talkie)
I'm in place. What about you,
Rhys?

RHYS
(via talkie)
I'm sorry who?

JOEL
(sighs)
Red-Five to Red-Leader, do you
copy?

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF CART GARAGE

RHYS is back hugging the outside wall of the garage in plain sight. He thinks he's being stealthy but he's not.

RHYS
Red-Leader to Red-Five.
Everything's clear on my end.
What's your 20?

CUT TO:

Joel still hiding in the bushes.

JOEL
Ok. I kind of understand why I'm
following Marshall, but what are
you doing again?

RHYS
(via talkie)
The lady from Gator's last photo
was near the garage. I'm hoping I
can find some kind of clue. All
the while, you need to stick to
him like glue! Red-Leader over and
out!

JOEL
Well tha... (Rhys hung up). Ok...

Joel moves out from the bush once Marshall is a safe distance away.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLF CART GARAGE

Rhys kneels, inspecting every corner of the oversized garage, far beyond the average maintenance shed. As he snoops, a whoosh startles him, but he finds himself still alone. Until a rumble from a high shelf grabs his attention. Retrieving a step ladder, he cautiously approaches. At the top rests a precarious stack of giant golf pencils. Climbing, Rhys grows more apprehensive. Just as he's about to peer behind them... a raccoon shrieks in his face.

RHYS

AAAHHHH!

Rhys loses his balance, grasping for the shelf but tumbles to the ground, the box of pencils crashing down on him. He looks defeated but not broken. From the open garage door, two older women golfers, Ethel and Flo, spot him and approach.

ETHEL

Are you ok?

RHYS

(begrudgingly)

Yeah... If one of you ladies could...

FLO

(interrupts)

Hold on a minute, Ethel... (Beat).
Were you the one who stole my
husband's talcum powder yesterday?

RHYS

(Realizing)

(Sighs) Technically yes, but...

FLO

I knew it! He's a goddamn spy!

Ethel looks shocked and appalled.

FLO

And to think this use to be a nice
and normal club!

Flo and Ethel walk away leaving Rhys alone. Now is the moment where he feels defeated.

RHYS
 (Out loud)
 Well maybe I wouldn't have to be a
 spy if I WASN'T TRYING TO SAVE THE
 CLUB!

CUT TO:

INT. 7TH FAIRWAY.

Joel is hiding behind a tree and still stalking Marshall. He peers out from the bushes like Willard peaking out through the water. He's prepared to do this all day, until...

WHAM! He gets hit in the head with a golf ball from out of nowhere.

JUSTINE (O.S.)
 Four!

The camera switches to her rushing over to Joel as he's rubbing his head. Joel try to play it cool but she's more confused than anything.

JUSTINE
 Uh... Joel.

JOEL
 Oh! Hey Justine, I'm just...
 y'know hanging out?

JUSTINE
 In a bush?

JOEL
 Yup.

JUSTINE
 With a tree hat... and binoculars?

JOEL
 I'm (beat) scouting terrain for a
 new... sand trap!

Justine kneels down and looks him in the eye.

JUSTINE
 What's going on?

JOEL
 Uhm...Can we talk somewhere a
 little more private?

She reaches out her hand and she pulls him up out of the bush.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB SNACK BAR - EARLY AFTERNOON

Justine and Joel are sitting down at the club's snack bar. It looks pretty casual as far as snack bars go. A waiter hands them two baskets each with a pimento grilled cheese sandwich and a pickle spear.

JUSTINE (O.S.)

You think there's criminals at the club?

Camera focuses on the two of them in a series of back and forth shots. Justine looks doubtful and kind of nervous about what Joel is saying.

JOEL

I know it sounds nuts. But Rhys and I found some serious evidence. You know The Minos Foundation...? the one Marshall booked to sponsor the charity auction tomorrow? Brace yourself, because they're not just funding a charity for injured puppies or whatever. They're running a full-on black market auction. Crazy, right?

JUSTINE

Well, something's crazy, I know that.

Beat.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

And Marshall is the inside man?

JOEL

We don't know for sure, that's why I was tailing him until you...y'know (mimes a golf ball hitting his head).

Focus on Justine's face. She's beyond lost but still sympathetic.

JUSTINE

Well... I don't know about this evidence but I can tell you right now that Marshall's not involved in... whatever this is.

JOEL

Why?

JUSTINE

Because I remember he told my dad
that already donated \$150,000 to
the club for the auction!

Close up on Joel's face. A big puzzle piece has just landed in
his lap. What's he going to do?

JOEL

What? Why?

JUSTINE

I remember my dad saying it had
something to do with keeping up
the club's image.

JOEL

God. What an asshole!

Justine looks at him again with the confused face.

JOEL

People can still be generous and
assholes!

JUSTINE

(smirking)

Can they though?

Joel sighs as Justine leans in and holds his hand. She's trying
to comfort him.

JUSTINE

Joel, what is this about really?

JOEL

Huh? What're you talking about?

JUSTINE

This! The sneaking around, running
all over the place, harassing old
guys in the shower!?

JOEL

It's because Wayne told me to keep
a lid on things around here for
the auction...

JUSTINE

And I'm glad that you're committed
to him but at same time I'm just
really freakin' worried about you.

(MORE)

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Rhys is your best friend, but are you absolutely sure he heard what he heard?

JOEL

Not... entirely sure, but I do know that there's something going on and it couldn't hurt to do some preemptive investigating and besides. Don't you think I can handle myself?

Justine suddenly gets defensive.

JUSTINE

You can. And I love that you can. But don't tell me not to worry about you.

Joel realizes what he's saying.

JOEL

You're right. I'm sorry. I'm just... I don't know. My mind's going all over...

SFX: SMASH!

A large smash is heard upstairs in the lobby. Joel and Justine jump out of their seats and rush down a hallway and up the stairs in a big hurry.

INT. MAIN LOBBY

A bunch of members and employees have gathered to see big wooden and glass trophy case fallen on Hettie Lee (the chef that Rhys talked to earlier). She's in pain. Among them is The Automatixx, Cliff, and Rhys (with pencil marks and raccoon scratches all over his face and arms). Both Cliff and Rhys lift up the case and try to get Hettie Lee on her feet.

JUSTINE

What the hell happened?

CLIFF

She was walking 'round the corner when the case just... fell out of nowhere!

JOEL

(To himself)
Can't be a coincidence.

JOEL (CONT'D)
 (To everyone else)
 Did anybody see who she was with?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
 She was with me!

Joel turns to who spoke and sees a sultry femme fatale (long, slender, think Margot Robbie). She speaks with a British accent and Joel doesn't recognize her until she says her name.

JOEL
 And you are, mrs?

ANIKA
Miss Anika Gasper. I was here to ensure all the preparations were made for me and my group tomorrow night.

Joel's face subtly lights up in surprise. Another big puzzle piece just fell into his lap and he needs to figure out how it all goes together.

ANIKA (CONT'D)
 I was walking with her to discuss the buffet menu when the case suddenly fell on top of her!

Hettie Lee is walked off camera by some orderlies or such and that's when Rhys kneels down and grabs something among the broken glass and chipped wood. We don't see what it is yet but he puts in his pocket. Everyone else disperses. Joel and Justine still stand in front of the incident and Rhys jumps in between the middle of them.

JOEL
 (Whispers)
 She's the one! She's the woman running this whole thing! She's the criminal!

JUSTINE
 (Whispers)
 Her? I mean, she has too much makeup on, but it's not really a crime.

RHYS
 (High-energy but still whispering)
 Great input, Justine! Joel! I've got something I need to show you! I don't know what but...

JOEL

Look!

Joel points out through the glass doors and sees the drone once again spying on them.

The two of them bolt out of there like crazy leaving Justine alone by herself.

JUSTINE

Ok! I'll just... (shrugs) go practice my putt I guess.

EXT. PARKING LOT.

The boys chase the drone, darting through obstacles like parked cars and jumping bushes. They disrupt games on the golf course, yelling "Playing Through!" as they go. Eventually, the drone darts into an open window of an outdoor maintenance shed. J+R stop, panting, as they reach the shed.

RHYS

Dude, when this is all over we (pant) should petition this club to build a gym or something.

JOEL

I'll (pant) put it... on the back burner!

The kick down the door of the maintenance shed and we then kick it down from the inside. The camera switches over to their POV and we see who the pilot is: Melody, the quirky young receptionist. She's sitting at a work bench adjacent to the window-sill with the drone on it. *Upon closer inspection, the drone has the title "Drone with the Wind" decorated on it. The guys are confused but still have some adrenaline to work off.

JOEL

Melody?

RHYS

You're the drone pilot?

MELODY

Ok. First of all, I prefer 'remote pilot'. And second of all, what I do with it is none of your damn business!

RHYS

(growing hysterical)
Admit it!
(MORE)

RHYS (CONT'D)
 You're involved with McGavin and
 Anika and the entire black market
 team... thing!

Beat. Melody looks at Rhys like he's finally gone off the deep end.

MELODY
 What are you talking about? I was
 using the drone to spy on the
 Automatixx!

J+R
 Huh?!?

Focus on Melody as she prepares for a monologue. She should speak rather quickly as if she's been bottling this whole thing inside of her.

MELODY
 Okay, so like, four months back, I
 had this genius plan to score some
 social points with the Automatixx
 by swiping Luke's diary from his
 gym locker and then being all
 hero-like and return it, right?
 But the whole thing fizzled out,
 'cause Luke got all buddy-buddy
 with Dave instead and confided in
 him. It adds up, considering his
 diary spills a ton of secrets
 about him being all hardcore gay
 and having a crush on Dave's abs
 since sixth grade. But then, I
 heard through the vine that Lucy's
 plotting some new golf-centric
 profile so she can get back in her
 Aunt's will or whatever. So,
 naturally, I do what any sane
 person would do - I tell them I
 work at an exclusive golf club,
 and I pawn off half the restaurant
 kitchen's silverware to buy myself
 a drone. Why? So I can play spy
 and gather enough dirt on 'em to
 force my way into their little
 clique. Classic Melody move, am I
 right?

She ends with an innocent "What're you gonna do?" Kind of shrug.

Cut back to Joel and Rhys who are feeling all sorts of things but confusion should be at the forefront. Cut back to Melody.

MELODY

Well???

JOEL

Well... It sounds like you don't know anything about the auction...

MELODY

Duh! I already told you that! Now go! I've got to recalibrate this thing!

RHYS

Do you even think this plan of yours is going to work?

MELODY

It's going down already. And in no time at all, I'll use all this inside info to sneak my way in their little clique, and let me tell you, it's going to be, pretty freaking epic!

CUT TO:

EXT. SECURITY ROOM - DUSK

Once again, Joel and Rhys are pacing back and forth with little to no clues to go on, just a lot of hunches and they don't know how they go together. Rhys looks very committed to this but there's doubt on Joel's face.

RHYS

It's all starting to come together! We've got proof that Gasper is setting up the illegal auction right underneath the club...

Rhys digs into his pocket and pulls out that tiny looking device from the trophy case incident.

RHYS (CONT'D)

And we just need to figure out what this weird thing is and then we can...

JOEL
(interrupts)
What if we sent in an anonymous
tip?

Rhys stops in his tracks and turns around to Joel.

RHYS
What?

JOEL
Look, logically speaking, it's a
no-brainer. We gather up all of
the evidence that "you-know-who"
gave us, drop off an anonymous tip
to the cops, and let them do their
thing. I mean, they're the pros,
right? Way more equipped to deal
with this kind of stuff than we
are.

Rhys rushes to his best friend and grabs his shoulders as if he
were trying to break Joel out of a stupor.

RHYS
Dammit Joel! Don't you get it?

Rhys gives a quick slap to Joel's face. Quick cut to Joel's
face as he winces from the slap. It's clear that Rhys is going
over the edge and starting to scare him.

RHYS
Our jobs are total crap! Nobody
gives a damn about us, and we're
like the only security guards who
couldn't even sniff out that some
psycho girl was pulling the
strings on a drone to stalk a
bunch of holier-than-thou teenage
morons!

Beat.

RHYS (CONT'D)
And now, we finally have a shot at
doing something that actually
matters, not for us but everyone
at this freaking club. How many
times have you swallowed your
pride and sacrificed your dignity
so a bunch of geezers could golf
and puff away their retirement
while munching on eight dollar
coconut shrimp!?
(MORE)

RHYS (CONT'D)

We both know that we're the only ones capable of untangling this mess, and we're not backing down until we've crushed this freaking thing into oblivion!

Rhys backs off as Joel is still reeling from that intense outburst. For most of his life's known Rhys to usually take the easy way out but this is a new side to him.

JOEL

Ok... What should we do?

RHYS

(regaining his composure)

What we do to...

He grabs the little device and holds it front of him. Focus on the device in the foreground with Joel out of focus in the background.

JOEL

Well... Both of our shifts are over in about five minutes...
Soooo you'll...

RHYS

I'll try to do some digging online and tell you about my results tomorrow.

Joel gets up and is ready to clock out until Rhys stops him.

RHYS

Joel, hang on a second, would ya?

JOEL

Are you going to slap me again?

RHYS

Nah, man. Look, I gotta know you're still in this with me. I can't handle this whole freaking ordeal solo, I really need you by my side, you know?

Joel looks Rhys in the eye. He trusts Rhys no matter how wacky he or the situation can be.

JOEL

You're not getting rid of me that easily.

Rhys looks like he's almost about to tear up until he lunges forward and gives Joel a mean bear hug. Joel is shocked and a little uncomfortable but deep down he knows it's coming from a good place.

CUT TO:

EXT. SECURITY ROOM - DUSK

Today is the day it all happens. This is the day where both auctions are set to take place. A proxy one in the dining room and an illegal one down in the basement.

Rhys has a big folder filled with the pictures and notes and such that came from either him and Joel or from Gator. Joel looks just as focused as Rhys.

RHYS

Are you ready to do this?

JOEL

All we need is just one more piece of the puzzle. We know Gasper is behind this thing but we still don't know who McGavin is.

Rhys pulls out the small strange device from his pocket.

RHYS

And we're pretty sure that Gasper placed this... whatever it is in the trophy case.

JOEL

But that doesn't mean that she knocked the case over on Hettie Lee.

RHYS

We've got no leads and a lot of hunches. But maybe we could...

SFX: BZZZZ

Rhys' phone goes off and he digs it out of his pocket. He chuckles to himself.

JOEL

What is it?

RHYS
It's a Facebook memory of when
Lytton got hammered and smashed
his car with his club.

He shows the GIF to Joel and we see exactly that. A visually
inebriated Marshall is beating his Mercedes with a 9-Iron.

JOEL
It's not that funny.

RHYS
C'mon! Be honest with yourself!

A beat as Joel is struggling to let it go but he can't as he
lets out a chuckle.

JOEL
Ok. It's funny.

RHYS
Here, I'll send it to you.

As Rhys works his thumbs to send it, we focus on Joel.

JOEL
He doesn't look drunk!

RHYS
Hey, I just hope his insurance is
good!

SFX: BZZZZT

Joel's walkie talkies go off without notice.

TALKIE
Joel. Can you do me a favor and
come up to my office?

Joel a little alarmed.

JOEL
Ok. Sure, Wayne.

Rhys guides his attention back to him.

RHYS
Don't get distracted. Just see
what he wants and meet me back
here!

JOEL
Got it.

Joel goes to the security room but the door opens just as he's on his way out. It's Cliff and Joel nudges him aside.

JOEL
(Quickly without looking
back)
Sorry, Cliff.

CLIFF
Woah! Woah! Where's the fire, man?

Cliff makes his way fully into the security room.

RHYS
What do you want, Cliff? I've got
a lot on my mind right now.

CLIFF
I just came by to tell you two
things. One: I've just gotten
hired to play the dining room
music for the auction tonight. And
you know what I'm not going to
play?

Beat.

RHYS
I don't know, Barbra Streisand?

CLIFF
The turmoil is over and I can
bring some sweet music back to the
club and secondly I'd... What's
that?

Cliff points to the tiny device on Rhys' desk.

RHYS
I don't know. But it's important
and I can't friggin'...

CLIFF
Cause it looks like an infrared
security sensor!

Rhys looks over to Cliff in confusion.

RHYS
What?

Cliff walks over to Rhys and takes the little device from him and holds it between his thumb and fore finger.

CLIFF

These little things are used for scanning contents for cargo ships and planes for the CIA!

RHYS

How the hell do you know all of this?

CLIFF

(in a mood that says 'isn't it obvious)

I dated that ex-paramilitary trooper for a whole year?

Rhys looks clueless.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

I brought her to the company picnic last year and you tried hitting on her?

RHYS

Fair. But that's not what's important right now! We've got our proof! Thanks a ton Cliff.

Rhys gives Cliff a lightening fast bear hug and bolts out the door on his way to see Joel.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joel is standing in front of Wayne behind his desk. Clearly, he has a lot to tell his boss but can't figure out the exact way to say it.

JOEL

Sir. This really isn't the best time. I need to get...

WAYNE

Woah. Hold your horses, Joel. I'd figure you wouldn't want to rush a moment like this.

JOEL

But sir, there's this whole..!

Wayne walks out from his desk with something nondescript piece of paper in hand.

WAYNE
 (interrupt)
 I mean after all, you just became
 a member!

He whips up the piece of paper to Joel's sights and Joel shuts up tight. It's THE GOLDEN PAYCHECK. This is what he's spent more than 20 years working for. He's finally a member of Meadowview Country Club. He pretty much completely forgets about Rhys and the auction for a minute.

JOEL
 Uh... Sir... I don't know what to
 say! Thank you!!

WAYNE
 Well don't thank me, thank
 yourself for all of your years of
 dedication! (Chuckles) Actually, I
 almost forgot about it myself,
 until Marshall reminded me.

JOEL
 Marshal?

As if on cue, the office doors open and Marshall steps through with Justine in tow. She looks really happy for Joel but Marshall's happiness feels unnerving.

MARSHALL
 There he is! The man of the hour!

Justine rushes past Marshall and hugs him tightly. Joel still looks confused but it's slowly giving way to joy. As if to say, "Screw whatever's going on, I've got what I wanted!"

JUSTINE
 I'm so proud of you, Babe!

MARSHALL
 You're a regular Happy Gilmore,
 man!

JOEL
 Well, thanks Marshall. I'm glad
 you feel that way.

MARSHALL
 Are you kidding, you know how hard
 I've worked to get *my* membership?
 This club means the world to the
 both of us!

He places his hand on Joel's shoulder and as everyone gathers closer to him, it's official. Joel's dream has come true. Until Rhys rushes into the office like a road runner.

RHYS
Joel! Man! Follow me! We've
cracked the case!

He grabs Joel's wrist and yanks him from the group circle.

MARSHALL
Woah! What's happen...

Rhys subtly flicks Marshall the bird and he reacts accordingly "What was that". Everyone walks out of the office and follows J+R.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Rhys is still dragging Joel by wrist like a hyperactive child dragging a parent. Joel looks shocked but as Rhys keeps talking his face gives way to annoyed and then joy.

RHYS
Cliff told me everything I need to
know! The Gasper lady's placed
little....

JOEL
Rhys...

RHYS (CONT'D)
Sensors all over the club so that
her shipments can...

JOEL (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
Rhys I...

RHYS (CONT'D)
Scan the illegal crap and we've
got to move fast so we...

JOEL
RHYS!!!!

He speaks out and a few people in the lobby turn their heads and notice. Rhys stops in his tracks and turns around to see his best friend.

RHYS
What?

Joel reaches into his pocket and presents the paycheck.

JOEL
I've got the golden paycheck!

Rhys looks unmoved by this revelation goes in closer to grab Joel's wrist again. There's no music in this scene.

RHYS
Ok cool. But the auction is
tonight and...

JOEL
Wha- don't you get it? We can stop
doing this!

RHYS
What?

JOEL
No more investigating! We can take
the evidence to the police,
they'll investigate and we're all
good!

RHYS
(starting to become angry)
No... We're not all good. We're
supposed to catch these crooks in
the act and...

JOEL
NO!

Beat. More people are looking towards them as their voices rise as Justine, Wayne, Marshall, and most of the other characters gather round from a distance.

RHYS
No? What do you mean, no?

JOEL
I mean, I'm done. This whole
spying and investigating crap was
your idea in the first place! I
just wanted to work and finally
get my membership!

RHYS
Oh... I see how it is... You just
had to wait for your little golden
ticket to finally become an
entitled asshole!

JOEL

If anyone's the asshole here it's
you. I'd thought you'd be happy
for me!

RHYS

How am I the asshole?!

Joel struggles to find the words as he's almost fighting back
tears.

RHYS

What's the matter, Joel? Don't
have the balls to say what you
really mean? C'mon How am I the
asshole? HOW. AM. I. THE. ASSHOLE?

JOEL

(blurts it out)
Your name!

RHYS

Oh it's my name!?

JOEL

Yes! It's an asshole name!

RHYS

How?

JOEL

It's Rhys, but you spell it Ries,
like French Fries!

RHYS

(chuckles). I can't believe it!
All this time, I've been thinking
you were my buddy, my compadre.
But turns out, you're just gonna
ditch me for the next best thing?
If I'd known from the get go that
you were gonna bail the second
something shiny came along, I
wouldn't have bothered with you in
the first place. And what's worse?
It's right when I need you the
most!!

JOEL

Why?! So you can make up for the
fact that your sister's a success
and your dad doesn't give a crap
about you!?!

Everything falls dead silent. That was the straw that broke the camels back. Rhys is shocked. Cut to Wayne, Justine, Cliff, and Melody. They look shocked and appalled by what they've just witnessed. For Joel it's finally sinking in, he's become what his dad to warned him about - the elite snobs who look down on other people.

JOEL

Rhys... I...

RHYS

(fed up and almost going to
cry)

No need to repeat yourself, 'heard
you loud and clear.

Rhys walks away from Joel and downstairs. Melody, Cliff, and Gator follow after him. Justine walks by Joel as he turns to her. She replies without facing him.

JOEL

I...

JUSTINE

Don't bother!

As Justine walks off screen, Wayne walks into focus behind Joel.

WAYNE

Maybe you should take the rest of
the day off. I'll have security
handled for tonight.

JOEL

Uhm. Thank you sir.

WAYNE

(disappointed)

Don't thank me... Mr. Decker.

And another emotional punch to the heart cues the sad third-act breakup music. Nothing too over the top, something small and relatively classy. Joel walks out of the main entrance, down the big steps, and towards the parking lot in the early afternoon sun.

EXT. FLORIDA ROADS - LATER

Joel is all alone as he drives back to his apartment.

He walks into his apartment, turns on the light, and sees that it's just as bland as ever. He really did live his life at the club.

CUT TO:

He grabs a big bag of Doritos from his pantry.

CUT TO:

He puts on his sad, lonely guy pjs (white undershirt and short pj bottoms)

CUT TO:

He flops onto the couch, grabs the remote, and flips channels. His gaze drifts to a framed picture on the side table: him and Rhys on the golf course, legs hidden by a banner reading "4th of July Employee Invitational - 2017." They're beaming, but Joel can barely stand to look.

JOEL
(To himself)
Ahh... Whatever!

He keeps channel flipping until one station lands on Caddyshack. The ultimate golf movie. Joel's face lights up a little. It's not much but the movie will give him something to take his mind off of things. It's the scene where Danny is asking Judge Smails about his scholarship.

FROM THE TV

SMAILS
That music is a violation of my personal privacy. He's breaking the law.

DANNY
Really? I've always been very fascinated with the law.

SMAILS
Oh? What areas?

DANNY
All areas. Personal privacy laws -- noise statutes. I planned to go to Law School after I graduate, but now it looks like I won't have enough money to go to college.

SMAILS
Well, the world needs ditch diggers, too.

Snails last words echo in Joel's head; *'Well, the world needs ditch diggers, too.'* The words resonate as his eyes grow bigger.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - When Marshall caught them stealing the talcum powder.

MARSHALL

Probably not. Then again... the world needs ditch diggers, too.

CUT BACK TO:

Downward shot of Joel slamming a piece of paper on his kitchen counter and writing in big letters, 'Marshall Lytton' Shots of Joel writing are intercut with flashbacks.

Below that he scribbles 'References Caddyshack and Happy Gilmore'.

Focus on Happy Gilmore as we...

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - Joel got his paycheck and Marshall congratulated him.

MARSHALL

You're a regular Happy Gilmore, man!

Joel frantically pulls his phone from his pocket and starts typing into Google: 'Villain from Happy Gilmore' and the first thing that pops up is a picture of Christopher McDonald's character from the movie. Zoom in on the character's name - Shooter McGavin.

Joel writes down 'McGavin' and circles the name multiple times. Below that he writes 'Motive?'.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - Joel eating with Justine.

JUSTINE

[I remembered] he told my dad that he already donated \$20,000 to the club for the auction!

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - Marshall complimenting Joel about the paycheck.

MARSHALL

This club means the world to the both of us!

CUT BACK TO:

Joel writes the word 'money?' And the camera crosses over to his face then it dawns on him...

He checks his phone and pulls up the text that Rhys had sent him yesterday. The GIF of Marshall smashing his Mercedes with his golf club. As he looks at it, more words begin to echo in his mind, this time it's Rhys' voice and his own; *'He doesn't look drunk!'* And *'I just hope his insurance is good!'*

The last line begins to replay itself more and that's when Joel officially gets it. In a quick succession of shots, he puts his uniform back on and bolts out the door. He's ready to go save the club and his best friend.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - DUSK

The club gleams with bright lights as fancy cars pull up to the valet stand. Wealthy, upper-class members and guests mingle. A soft, melodic tune plays (not Barbra Streisand).

CUT TO:

Cliff's fingers dance on the piano keys in the dining hall, a picture of happiness. The camera pans out to reveal guests chatting, nibbling on appetizers, and mingling in the adorned space with a small stage set up for the fake auction.

In one corner, Marshall engages in lively conversation with Wayne and Justine, who appears slightly downcast from Joel and Rhys' argument but is making an effort to enjoy herself.

WAYNE

C'mon, sweetie. This is a party!

JUSTINE

I know Dad and I know I should be happy but...

She pauses as she motions over to Rhys at the far side of the room scanning for trouble (as Mac from Always Sunny would say 'Giving them an ocular pat down')

WAYNE

Well, then let's bring him over here! Rhys!

Wayne signals for Rhys to come over and join the party. Rhys reluctantly goes.

RHYS
Yes sir? Is there a problem?

WAYNE
No problem at all? Just thought
you could have a little fun.
(Beat). Y'know Marshall brought
one of his friends over.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
(Motions of camera to someone with
their back towards the camera).
Mr. Cooper. I'd like you to meet
Rhys!

The man turns around and we see it's Alice Cooper. Marshall
wasn't lying. The rockstar is there in the flesh and Rhys is
starstruck. He's not wearing his usual black leather and make
up but rather a casual tie-less suit.

ALICE
Just Alice is good.

Rhys stares.

ALICE
(a little disturbed)
It's uh... nice to meet you Rhys.
Are you a fan?

RHYS
Ever since I first heard Poison on
MTV!

Marshall joins in.

MARSHALL
I've got to tell you all, Alice
here has been wanting to help out
with Meadowview for the longest
time. Back when he played a round
in his spider-jacket.

ALICE
(annoyed)
Do you have to bring that up every
time? I mean, I don't mind it, but
I came over in a rush from a photo
shoot and didn't have...

RHYS
(interrupts and walks off
camera)
Yeah. Sounds great. Nice to meet
you Alice.

ALICE
 (confused)
 Was it something I said?

Marshall looks down on his watch and gets a little anxious.

MARSHALL
 Actually, I've got to split too.

INT. MAIN LOBBY

Rhys walks his way through the crowds and comes across his dad and sister, CARL and BROOKE. CARL is in his mid-to-late sixties and a little hunched over (think Jon Lovitz) and his sister is older than Rhys and quite attractive (think Judy Greer).

RHYS
 Hi Dad... Brooke...

CARL
 Rhys. Glad to see you on your own two feet again.

RHYS
 Dad. I've had this job for ten years.

BROOKE
 Well, I wouldn't go proclaiming that like it's a title!

RHYS
 Speaking of titles. I'm proud to see how far you made it in the women's PGA!

CARL
 Yup. Golf blood runs through the Kaylock family and Brooke here's keepin' it alive!

RHYS
 Y'know Dad, I still practice my golf here and there.

CARL
 (shortly with condescension)
 'Course you do. I'm very proud.

Beat. As Rhys' self esteem goes down another notch. A female server walks by and a quick shot of what she's serving.

Steak Wellington bites with what appears to be a dijon mustard dressing.

CARL
 (Distracted by a passing
 server)
 Oh. Are those Steak Wellington
 bites?

Carl walks away as Brooke follows him with a knowing smirk.

BROOKE
 I better follow him.

As Brooke leaves, Rhys attention darts over to the descending staircase as Marshall walks down. Rhys knows it's go time.

CUT TO:
 Marshall walking down the stairs in a hurry. His phone buzzes in his pocket and he pulls it out to answer it.

MARSHALL
 (to phone)
 Are you and your folks ready?

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT

Anika is a silky red gown (almost Jessica Rabbit like in appearance). Behind a bunch of men and women in high society clothing are sitting in foldout chairs on a small stage.

ANIKA
 (to phone)
 They're loading the last shipments
 now.

MARSHALL
 (from phone)
 And you put those scanners on
 every entrance in the club?

ANIKA
 Yup and they're connected to the
 club's security. Anybody tries to
 replay tonight's footage, they'll
 just be getting a loop of last
 night.

CUT TO:

Marshall rounding a corner in a hallway in the lower levels. As he turns the corner, Rhys peaks his head out like a spy. He's almost ready to follow him until...

OFF CAMERA
What're you doing here?

Rhys turns around in a karate stance and sees that it's Joel messing with him. Rhys is surprised, confused, and then relieved.

RHYS
Dude? What're you...

Joel quickly signals Rhys to be quiet.

JOEL
(whispers and quickly)
I know. I was a total jackass to you and I forgot about all of the good...

RHYS
(interrupts)
Can we make up later? The auction's about to start and we still don't have any proof.

JOEL
I have a plan.

RHYS
Really?

JOEL
Well... It's more of an idea than a plan.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT

The black market auction unfolds, showcasing stolen artwork, jewels, and firearms. Bidders raise their hands with stone-cold faces, heightening the illicit atmosphere. Anika, the auctioneer, stands behind a podium (sans gavel), while Marshall sits confidently on the stage, counting his profits.

ANIKA
Next item up for bid, an original Moses in the Bull Rushes by Tanner, on loan from DC. (Chuckles) Who will open at \$100,000?

A sharply dressed asian man raises his index finger.

ANIKA
 We have \$100,000! But then again,
 who's to say that Tanner is the
 only piece of art in tonight's
 collection?

A mustachioed fedora guy raises three fingers as if on cue.

ANIKA
 \$300.000! Do I hear \$400,000?

RHYS (O.S.)
 (Scottish Accent)
 \$500,000 smackers!

Anika looks towards the back of the chairs to find the strange voice as does most of the seated patrons. It's revealed to be Rhys wearing those dopey golf clothes from when he and Joel went undercover to stalk the Automatixx. Strangely, Joel is nowhere to be found.

RHYS
 (Scottish Accent)
 My name's Keegan Killigan and be
 warned. I'm proxy bidding for an
 anonymous patron back in Scotland,
 so I'm not afraid ta shell out
 more than the bloody lot of you!

ANIKA
 (confused)
 Ok Mr... Killigan. But this is a
 silent auction so please refrain
 from anymore outbursts.

As Rhys keeps talking aloud, we shift focus to out in the parking lot. It's a black van.

EXT. BLACK VAN

A shady guy is sitting in front of a laptop gathering all of the data and payments made from the auction so far. He's typing and refiguring until he hears a knock at the door.

He closes the laptop and opens the door with his head out.

HENCHMAN
 Yeah?

He gets thwacked on the head by a driver from Joel. As he falls out of the van, Joel jumps inside.

JOEL
 (to himself)
 Thank God for stupid people!

He grabs the laptop and presses a button that disrupts the connection between the databanks (the laptop) and the merchandise sold (the auction).

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT

All eyes are still on Rhys acting like a dumbass.

RHYS
 All I'm sayin' is the guy in front of me's been farting in mah face like there's no tomorrow! His wife must've had the Yakuza chop her bleeding nose off!

SFX: BZZZZ.

Rhys' phone buzzes and that means the plan has worked. He quickly pulls out his phone and puts it away.

RHYS
 (quickly speaking while trying to make for the exit behind him).
 Wup! I've just received word that my bidder died from the wild sheep disease. You don't know about it, it's a big deal in Scotland. Anyway, keep the money, I'll just sign up for welfare before I go home! Ciao!

He bolts out of there and up a staircase.

ANIKA
 Sir. You can't leave once the--

SFX: EHH! EHH! EHH!

An alarm sounds from her computer. Marshall rushes up to join her. The computer displays the message: ERROR - CANNOT CONNECT WITH DATABANKS. CHECK CONNECTION.

ANIKA
 NO! NO! NO! The connection's gone!

MARSHALL
 Well how the Hell did that ha---

Marshall stops as he looks through the window at the ceiling looking out onto the parking lot level.

He sees J+R reconvening and his face drops.

MARSHALL

It's those two dipshits! They have all the money!

Marshall rushes to a glass display case holding an 1960s era pistol. He smashes it with his elbow and grabs the gun before he rushes upstairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

J+R are outside the van with Joel holding the laptop underneath his arm.

JOEL

Do you think they suspected you?

RHYS

Not a chance! Told you that disguise was foolproof!

SFX: BANG.

The club's doors are kicked open as Marshall exits the club and the guys turn around in surprise. He's holding the gun towards them and still has that douchebag smile on his face.

MARSHALL

C'mon you guys! Don't make me do this!

Joel raises the laptop and holds it high with both hands ready to throw it on the ground. Intercut with shots of Marshall looking prideful as Joel explains it all.

JOEL

One more move, and I smash the laptop and your money goes up in smoke!

RHYS

Yeah!

Beat.

CUT TO:

Marshall not seeing this as a threat. He's thinking. "Joel, you don't have the balls for this."

MARSHALL

Joel. If I've said once I've said it a thousand times, I want you to have your membership!

JOEL

Looks like you wanted to have your membership more!

RHYS

What?

JOEL (CONT'D)

(to Rhys)

MARSHALL'S BROKE!

JOEL (CONT'D)

(to Marshall)

The night he smashed his Mercedes, he wasn't drunk. He just put on an act to collect the insurance money. Turns out, he's not just a scammer. He's a philanthropic scammer! He made himself look good by donating half of the payout to the club for the auction. So that Anika and her little minions would steal it later!

ANIKA (O.S.)

Very astute, Mr. Decker!

SFX: CLICK!

Another pistol clicks as the camera pivots to see that Anika is holding another pistol to Rhys.

ANIKA

When he contacted me I needed him to test his loyalty to me.

RHYS

(to Marshall)

You love this club so much that you'd steal from it to keep your membership?

Marshall walks closer and he gets to be little more intimidating.

MARSHALL

You know what I was before I joined Meadowview? A street sweeper. (Beat) A street sweeper for ELEVEN GODDAMN YEARS! And if I didn't sneak quarters from those parking meters, I wouldn't even have enough to buy a few golf tees. After my first round of golf at the club, I made a promise to myself - that I'd crawl through HELL AND BACK BEFORE I EVER GO BACK TO THAT MISERABLE EXISTENCE!!!

Beat.

Joel, Rhys, and Anika exchange shocked glances, realizing the extent of Marshall's depravity. Joel sees a reflection of himself in Marshall, understanding how easily he could have followed the same path.

Marshall regains his composure, as a faint but familiar whirring sound fills the air.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

But that doesn't matter now. I met up with Anika, she gave me her little insurance test and now we're all going to be rich! And I'm going to be generous and offer you two a cut. And all you have to do to take it... is play nice... stop acting like dipshits, and hand over the laptop!

Joel looks a little more confident than Rhys does at this moment. Still scared but J's got something up his sleeve.

JOEL

(out loud to the air)
Did you get all of that, Melody?!

The whirring sound grows louder as everyone looks overhead. It's DRONE WITH THE WIND hovering above and it has a big camera on it.

CUT TO:

INT. MAINTENANCE SHED

Melody is holding her drone controller and watching the camera feed from a computer screen.

MELODY
(into microphone)
Loud and clear Joel!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT.

The drone zooms away as Marshall and Anika try to unload the bullets into it.

SFX: BANG! BANG! BANG!

In the heat of the situation. J+R run towards an abandoned golf cart (with an abandoned bag of clubs in the back) parked outside the golf cart garage and start driving down the course with the laptop still in hand.

Marshall and Anika try to shoot them and the empty clicks say it all. They're both out of bullets.

MARSHALL
Goddamn it!

He rushes over to the Golf Cart Garage.

ANIKA
What're you doing?

He jumps in another golf cart and drives up to her.

MARSHALL
I'll get it back! You keep the auction going!

He floors it and follows after J+R. Anika tries to straighten her hair and regain her composure as she turns around to head back inside. Until...

Gator appears right in front of her. She jumps back in surprise but Gator is not deterred. She tries to push her way past him.

ANIKA
Out of my way. Sasquatch!

SFX: CLICK

Anika's eyes widen as she looks down and sees that she's been handcuffed. She looks at Gator wondering how he did that so quickly. Gator only responds by raising a finger to his lips and hushing. Gator works in mysterious ways.

EXT. 1ST HOLE - CONTINUOUS

As Joel and Rhys are plowing their way through the first hole, people from inside the club start pouring out to see all of the commotion. Everybody is out here - Justine, Wayne, Cliff, McGavin, Ethel, and even Alice Cooper are all standing in shock as the cars bolt down the course.

CUT TO:

Inside the golf cart.

JOEL

Dude! I'm trying to stay positive
but just in case we don't make
it...

RHYS

We'll make it! We'll make it!

RHYS

But how did you find out that
Marshall was McGavin?

JOEL

He stole the name from Happy
Gilmore!

RHYS

That's so stupid!

JOEL

I know right? Hang on!

Joel makes a hard left as he drives around the end of the 1st hole and onto the 2nd hole. Marshall and Anika are not far behind. We get a few looks at Marshall driving and nothing looks subtle about him. He's Cruella DeVil trying to catch the puppies in her getaway car.

EXT. 2ND HOLE - CONTINUOUS

RHYS

How much longer can we outrun
them?

JOEL

We don't have to outrun them. We
just need to buy ourselves more
time until the cops come. I told
Melody to place an anonymous call
to the police!

RHYS

Really?

JOEL
Told you an anonymous call would
help!

RHYS
Do you ever get tired of being a
smart ass?

Joel quickly looks over to his partner and once again best
friend.

JOEL
Not when I'm with you, buddy!

EXT. START OF THE 3RD HOLE.

The engine of the golf cart starts to sputter and make noises.
Both Joel and Rhys hear them and their faces drop almost
immediately.

JOEL
Oh no! No! No! No!

RHYS
Freakin' cheap ass golf cart
batteries!

After a few futile attempts, the battery dies. The guys leap
out, reaching the putting green before Marshall intercepts
them. His eyes gleam with rage and anxiety as he lunges from
the cart. He grabs the flag pole from the hole, pressing it
into their necks, attempting to choke them.

MARSHALL
C'mon. Decker! Don't look at me
like I'm crazy. I'm only doing
what you've been doing for 20
years! Doing whatever it takes to
live the freaking high-life!

Joel and Rhys struggle to break free but to no avail.
Marshall's hopped up on adrenaline and insanity. We don't see
Joel's hands in this struggle.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
Remember what I said about how...
word gets around who you play the
course with? If you want to play
with the big boys, YOU NEED TO
DROP THE DEAD WEIGHT!!!

Joel slowly raises his hand for Marshall to see as he struggles
to talk.

JOEL
You... first...!

It's the McGavin talcum powder that Marshall says he keeps in his front pocket in case of emergencies. Joel opens it and flashes a big dusty explosion into Marshall's face.

Marshall flinches back and tries to wipe the dust from his eyes. Joel and Rhys get up and land one punch each on Marshall as he falls to the ground bruised and broken.

Up-shot of Joel and Rhys looking at each other.

JOEL
Well Rhys, you're the golf expert,
9 or 5-iron?

RHYS
You take the 5. I've got
experience with the 9!

Badass music builds up as Rhys grabs two clubs from the back of their cart. He tosses Joel the 5 and Rhys holds onto the 9.

JOEL
(to Rhys)
To Meadowview?

RHYS
(to Joel)
To Meadowview!

They clink their clubs like champagne glasses and raise their clubs over their heads to beat the absolute crap out of Marshall. As we...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

The cop cars have already arrived and helicopter can be heard whirring overhead. Cops are questioning some of the members and guests. A few cops are walking Marshall and some of her auctioneer friends and workers into the cop cars. Someone points of screen and yell out 'There he is!'.

CUT TO:

Rhys and Joel dragging a nearly unconscious and bruised Marshall by his arms. Larry and Richard carrying Bernie comes to mind. A cop walks over to the three of them.

COP
Is this the guy?

Joel looks at Rhys. This is his moment to shine.

RHYS

This is Marshall Lytton. He's the reason all of this happened!
(Beat). We have his confession on tape and photos to back it up.

COP

Yeah, the little girl told us.

RHYS

What? Huh?

The cop steps aside to reveal Melody standing behind him. She told the cops all of the information. Completely stealing Rhys' thunder. Rhys is frustrated and exhausted.

RHYS

You told them?

MELODY

What can I say? I'm a gossip!

The cop signals another cop to take Marshall away from the guys as he shambles his way to back of the cop car. The cop looks over to Wayne

COP

We've taken some initial statements and gathered up some evidence. We'll be in touch as the investigation progresses.

Before it drives off, Marshall with his last fleeting moments on consciousness flips the two of them the finger that looks massively broken and crooked (as a result of the golf club beatdown). Alice Cooper walks up beside the guys without notice.

ALICE

And to think I played with that jackass!

Alice pats the guys on their shoulders and walks off camera as the guys turn around to see Justine and Wayne waiting to congratulate them. Justine gives a big hug to both of them and J+R wince a little from the pain.

JUSTINE

I can't believe you guys did that!

In quick succession, she lets them go from the hug and furiously slaps Joel in the face. He too winces from the pain.

JUSTINE
That's for pulling such a stupid
stunt!

And she grabs Joel's shoulders tightly, pulls him forward, and plants him a big one on the lips.

JOEL
And that's for being the hero!

Rhys and Joel are shocked by the sequence of events. Rhys leans in.

RHYS
Dude. Your girlfriend is awesome!

Justine gives a look that says 'Damn right I am!'

Joel looks over to Rhys with sincerity underneath the scraps and bruises.

JOEL
Look Rhys, I never got the chance
to really apologize for all of
that crap I said.

RHYS
(smug)
Y'know, in the heat of the moment,
I almost thought you came back
just because you felt guilty.

JOEL
Well... That coupled with finding
out Marshall's game was a pretty
good motivator.

RHYS
Law and Order pays off!

And that's when Wayne makes his into the conversation.

WAYNE
My boys are back! You two were
fantastic!

JOEL
Thank you sir, but there's still
two things I'd like to go over
with you.

Wayne and Justine look surprised. They think 'Shouldn't everything be wrapping up now?'

WAYNE

And they are...?

JOEL

If it's all the same with you, I'd like to keep working here as a security guard while I have a membership.

WAYNE

And the other?

JOEL (CONT'D)

(cocky)

Rhys here has been studying every blade of grass and swing technique since he's started working here. If he had a membership, he might even give you *and* Justine a run for your money!

CARL (O.S)

And let me tell you something!

Joel, Rhys, Justine, and Wayne part way for Carl and Brooke to join their little circle. Slowly, Carl makes his way over to Rhys and looks his son in the face.

Beat.

CARL

He's a great golfer! And... he always has been!

BOOM! Rhys hugs his dad and finally has his approval. The Darth Vader - wedding dress incident has officially gone into the past. Camera pans over to Brooke who reluctantly opens her arms for a hug from her brother.

BROOKE

(dryly and apathetically)

Uhm... Yeah... Good job I guess.

Rhys gives her an equally apathetic hug. They're... getting there. Wayne and Justine begin to realize what Joel and Rhys are putting down. Rhys looks on as he's getting a wish granted that he never knew he wanted.

WAYNE

You know what? Why don't you two come in on Monday and we'll figure something out!

FADE TO:

EXT. 1ST HOLE.

CAPTION: 'Two Weeks Later.' It's a bright, cloudless day. Joel, Rhys, Justine, and Wayne tee off. Rhys executes a perfect swing, sending the ball flying. They head towards their carts, Rhys appearing irritated.

RHYS

I still can't believe I have to shoot last.

JOEL

Hey! What can I tell you? Rock beats Scissors!

RHYS

But how the Hell could I lose to her? She can barely see!

Justine stops them.

JUSTINE

Eye-patch jokes. Really?

WAYNE

That's a joke shortcut, son!

Rhys mumbles a bit but then he keeps moving along with the group. Gator and Melody walk on hand-in-hand from off-screen.

MELODY

Hey guys!

JOEL

Hey Melody. What are you doing with Gator?

MELODY

I've decided to make more of an effort to make some friends that like me for me.

RHYS

You mean friends you don't have to stalk?

MELODY

Pretty much. And as it turns out, Gator's this total gem! He's like the ultimate listener. Am I right?

Gator begins to open his mouth until.

MELODY

Oh, duh! I completely forgot! We gotta bounce, got a drone to sell and, you know, return the kitchen's silverware. It's been real you guys!

Melody and Gator walk off screen like a happy couple but look more like Frankenstein and that little girl from the lake.

JUSTINE

What was that about the stalking?

JOEL

Don't ask!

SFX: BZZZZ BZZZZ

It's Wayne's walkie talkie. He pulls it from his belt holder and holds it to his ear.

WAYNE

(to talkie)
Hello?

TALKIE

Sorry to interrupt sir. We've just gotten a complaint of a food fight happening at the pavilion.

Beat.

TALKIE (CONT'D)

Apparently the Schultz-Bernstein wedding went south quickly!

Wayne looks over to Joel and Rhys.

WAYNE

You guys want to handle this?

As if on cue, both Joel and Rhys put on dark Miami-Vice style shades and bump fists.

JOEL + RHYS

We're on it Sir.

Rhys points out his fingers as he lists his actions.

RHYS

Calm everyone down. Get the cleaning crew down there. And grab as many Wellington bites from the buffet as I can carry.

As they rush off camera we faintly hear Joel say "You're a dick!". Camera spins to Wayne and Justine standing there and looking at them with hope.

JUSTINE

They're going to get their asses handed to them?

WAYNE

No question!

CUT TO:

Wide shot of Joel and Rhys rushing towards the club like they're Batman and Robin in the scene from the 1960s movie. This is their world and they will keep order in it. **Chicago's 25 Or 6 To 4** begins to play as...

Camera freeze on them mid-run.

FADE OUT

THE END