

Golf Gods Screenplay

By

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Based on:

Golf Gods

book by David Green

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FADE IN:

EXT. BUSY CITY STREET - DAY

A rustic new age book store with crystal balls and wind chimes hanging in the window sits amidst street noise and bustling people as they hurry on their way.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE

A small store with wood flooring, a couple of small tables, an old man sitting at one of them drinking coffee and reading a book. Behind the counter is a woman, her back to us. SHANE, in his mid-forties, handsome but not striking, fit but not muscular and tall but not too tall walks amongst the shelves of books appearing to be looking for something specific but not finding it. He looks through the Religious section taking a copy of *Gods, Angels and Demons* from the shelf and briefly scanning a few pages, then putting it back where it came from. He moves on to the New Age Section passing a table with two young girls sharing a book on the interpretation of dreams and giggling. They look up at him and he smiles. Looking pass them out the window on the street he thought he caught a glimpse of his favorite golf pros, GARY PLAYER, ARNOLD PALMER and JACK NICKLAUS; but that could not be, what would they be doing standing outside this bookstore. He moves down the aisle seeming to want something to pick him rather than he pick it and when he appears to be giving up with visible frustration a WOMAN bumps into him and quickly takes his hand then places a BOOK into it.

WOMAN

Read this.

Shane looks down at it and looks back up to speak to the woman but she is gone. He looks at the book again, it has a blank brown cover, he opens the book.

BOOK

Hello

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRASSY LAWN IN BACK YARD - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Shane lying on his back under a starlit night sky. He is aware of a comfortable grassy bed then hears a golf ball dropping into a cup. A light comes on and he looks finding it is coming from a back porch with the woman standing there, looking at him. She is of average height and has short, ash blond hair. Her eyes accentuate a fairly athletic build and a pleasant smile. The eyes are different shades of effervescent blue with streaks of hazel that have an irradiating glow as if they have a light source of their own. The aura of an energy source around her body gives off a soft, warm, greenish-blue glow. She walks over and looks down at him.

WOMAN

Comfortable?

SHANE

(startled)

Yea, I guess so.

WOMAN

Well, don't get too comfortable, you have a lot to do.

SHANE

Where am I?

The woman responds only with a friendly smile. Shane gets up and continues.

SHANE

I started to read the book but it has no writing in it, only the word, "Hello." When I got home, I turned on the TV. All that was on was golf! There was golf news, golf weather, the golf grass report, believe me that was very odd, but then they started giving the Golf Gods report; that's when I knew something was wrong.

WOMAN

(laughing)

What, you don't believe in the Golf Gods?

SHANE

No, of course not! I thought it was a joke. The reporter said the Gods appeared to be in a good mood, so

SHANE

golf tomorrow should be pleasant. I laughed out loud thinking I was watching Saturday Night Live or something like that, but I wasn't. I went to the window and looked outside to see a golf green in my back yard, then I realized I wasn't in my home nor was it my back yard. Now, can you tell me, where am I?

WOMAN

You are home.

SHANE

(looking around)

No, this looks like my house but it's different, it isn't my home.

WOMAN

It is now, but not the home you're accustomed to. Here, people get up every day and play golf. Golf is their way of life and they get paid based on how well they play, their score and the condition of their course.

SHANE

Wow, I think I may be in heaven.

WOMAN

Your new address is 1313 Cherry Chipper Lane.

Shane starts to the front of the house then looks back to see the woman has disappeared. He runs around to his new front yard and sees a new mail box sitting atop a statue of a full golf-bag standing beside the road. On the mail box is the address, 1313 Cherry Chipper Lane.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Shane wakes to the sun shining through his window. He is aware of the smell of food. He gets out of bed and looks down the hall into the kitchen where he sees the woman cooking breakfast. She catches him spying on her.

WOMAN
Good morning Shane.

SHANE
(introspectively)
Morning.

WOMAN
(smiling)
I'm making breakfast. You get ready
for work.

SHANE
(questioning)
Work?

WOMAN
You are a Golf Consultant, right?

SHANE
Yes, I am.

WOMAN
Now You're a Golf Course Inspector
as well.

SHANE
What Golf Course am I the inspector
of?

WOMAN
Every home in this neighborhood has
it's own golf course. You inspect
them all.

SHANE
And they pay me for this, I mean,
this is real job? It all seems more
like a dream.

WOMAN
Oh yes, it's a real job. You work
for GGC, Golf Gods Central Club
House and Golf Course Design. As I
just told you each home has a golf
course. You inspect each course
once a month and report your
findings to the Safety and Security
Department at the Club House. They
authorize the payments to each
homeowner based on your report.
They also pay you a handsome
salary.

SHANE

Sounds like a lot of responsibility
for a course inspector.

WOMAN

Yes it is, and you're held in very
high esteem. You're more like a
Holy One, Nagual or High Priest
here than the typical course
inspectors you've known.

She finishes setting the table that includes a full
breakfast of eggs, hash browns, sliced tomatoes, fruit,
orange juice, a glass of milk and a cup of steaming coffee.

WOMAN

Go ahead sit and eat. You can get
dressed after.

SHANE

Okay, it looks delicious. Thank
you.

Shane sits at the table and finds he is very hungry as he
enjoys his meal. He stops and looks to see her standing,
watching him.

SHANE

So, these are people, right, real
regular people. Don't get me wrong
you are a beautiful woman but you
don't really seem like a regular
person. I don't even know your
name, now, do I?

WOMAN

My name is Michael.

SHANE

You see, that's what I'm talking
about. I would've thought Michelle
or even Barbara but Michael? That's
a guys name and you're definitely
not a guy.

MICHAEL

(laughing)

Don't worry. It's all real and the
people are real as well. You do
remember, you asked for guidance,
and now this is what you asked for.

She looked down and in the center of the table lay the
book.

SHANE

That book? There's nothing in it.

MICHAEL

Oh, but there is. Everything you'll ever need to know is in it. You are one of the lucky ones to have it. A few messiahs have read it. Some famous athletes, a few musicians and artists have found it inspiring. A few have found it was just too much and it drove them mad.

He reaches out and picks it up and instantly the table was cleared and it was just he and the book. He looked up and Michael was gone too. He very carefully opened the book and found no 'Hello.' on the first page but instead.

BOOK

The key to building a successful golf course is to make the holes as big as possible.

Shane laughs, closes the book and puts it back on the table then gets up and heads for the bedroom to dress for work when he hears a faint but familiar sound. He stops and listens closely then goes to his back door and opens it. It's the sound of someone hitting a golf ball, a sound he knows well. He walks out onto his back porch and can see over his fence into the backyard of his NEIGHBOR who is hitting balls off his #1 Hole Tee. He walks over to the fence which is about chest high.

SHANE

Hello neighbor.

NEIGHBOR

Hi.

Shane looks and sees the balls all within 3 feet of the hole on the green his neighbor is hitting to.

SHANE

Nice shots.

NEIGHBOR

They should go in. If I can just get a little better they will.

Shane walks to the end of his fence out where he can get a good look at his neighbor's course. It is obvious that only the first hole is being used or cared for. His first hole is

a short par 3 and it is immaculate. Not a weed or dry spot. No untended spot of grass, bunker or tree. The hole is breathtaking. The rest of his course is totally ignored. It is as bad, as his first hole is immaculate. He walks back to look over the fence at his neighbor who continues hitting remarkable drives that bounce and roll to within 3 feet of the hole and then one that is so close to the hole that a strong wind would push it in.

SHANE

Wow, that is some shot.

NEIGHBOR

Come on around and walk with me out to the green.

SHANE

Okay.

Shane walks out to the end of his fence and out to meet his neighbor on the fairway and they walk out to the green together.

SHANE

So, you think you'll birdie them all.

NEIGHBOR

No doubt about it. I always do.

Shane stood by and watched as he did just that. Everyone one of them with the farthest only being about 3 feet from the hole were dropped in with one putt. Once he sunk the last one he gathered them all up and put them in his bag. Shane looks over at the Hole 2 Tee Box.

SHANE

You're not going to the 2nd Hole?

NEIGHBOR

Nope, never do, not 'til I get the first one right anyway.

SHANE

What do you mean, you did great.

NEIGHBOR

Nope, gotta get a hole in one to be great. Then I've gotta do 2 more, that'll make 3 in a row and I'll be ready to go.

SHANE

No one has ever made 3 hole in one's in a row. We'll, not in the real world.

NEIGHBOR

Doesn't matter, that's what I've gotta do.

The neighbor takes a step closer to Shane and looks him in the eye.

NEIGHBOR

You think I'm crazy don't ya?
You're not the only one, my wife does too.

SHANE

No, I don't think you're crazy. I do think you expect too much of yourself.

NEIGHBOR

I just can't move on to the 2nd Hole until I know I've mastered the first. That's just how I am.

SHANE

Okay, let's say you do it. You shoot 3 hole in one's on the first hole. What then?

NEIGHBOR

Then I'm good to go. I'll go for the next one.

SHANE

And will you have to do the same again. Shoot 3 hole in one's I mean? That's what it leads to you know. You'll never enjoy your entire course by expecting so much of yourself.

NEIGHBOR

I never even thought about that. You know, I think you might be right. Look, I appreciate that, I'm going in to have a talk with the wife right now. I'll see you later okay?

SHANE

Okay.

The neighbor runs to his back door as Shane walks back to his own.

CUT TO:

EXT. HONDA XL - DAY

Shane is driving through one of the typical upper middle class neighborhoods with the Book lying on the passenger side seat.

CLOSE ON:

BOOK

Stop here.

Shane pulls over and stops on the side of the road.

BOOK

The novelty of perfection is
obsession, and the novelty of
deflection of fear is reflection
and rejection.

Shane looks to his right and sees a small church. He has an overwhelming urge to go inside. He takes the book in his hand, quietly gets out of his car and slips into the church. There is a wake. He apologizes to those in the seats and the Reverend as he makes his way to the front of the church. He stands at the lectern and looks at the crowd. Some look bewildered and some seem to pity him while others look expectantly at him as if knowing he has something for them. He opens the book and reads.

SHANE

To all that came before me,
To all that now are
gone. I live my life in
your eyes, To me it is all
done.

For one can only wonder,
What lies are to be told.
And one can only wonder,
What truths are to behold.

There is a monster whispering in my
ear, I think he is living under my
bed. But there is an angel, with

SHANE

her hand on my head. She says I
have nothing to fear.

Three riders approach as the wind
begins to howl. A rhythm pounds out
this-place-could-be-hell.
A smile steals my face as a soul
starts to dance. Every soul in the
room keeping time with their hands.

But there's a darkness, way down in
my soul. It's cold, damp with death
as its toll. I look in wonder as a
man walks on by. He says, "Don't
get up, I'm just passing by".

The monster still whispers in my
ear. The angel still with her hand
on my head. The whispers he speaks
I cannot quiet hear. The angel
still speaks, I have nothing to
fear.

If the bible is true, it is
foretold. The good book says the
world will explode. If heaven's
within then hell is my land.
I need to get as far away from
myself as I can.

I can only see what life cannot
hide. I see only death, suffering
and cries. Life is cold, dark with
anger and fear. With cries, hate
and suffering is near.

But there is an angel, with her
hand on my head. I turn and look,
with sudden peace in my land.
She looks at me with a tear in her
eye. She whispers in my ear,
"My daughter, my love, you have
nothing to fear".

Shane finishes and closes the book. A young lady in the
front row starts to sob. She makes her way to Shane and
falls into him holding him tightly.

LADY

Thank you, thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. HONDA XL - DAY

Shane is sitting in the driver's seat of the car. He looks at the house appearing to not know where he is or why he is there then notices an appointment book in the passenger seat next to him. He picks up the appointment book and opens it. He finds he has an appointment with a SLOW HAND SUNN, 4215 Bluebird Lane at 9:30. The clock in his dashboard says it's 9:30 and the address on the mail box beside his car says he is at the address. He's not happy with not knowing more about what's going on but gets out of the car and goes to the front door. He finds the door bell and rings. Slow Hand Sunn, an unpleasant looking heavy-set man with black hair and a fu-man-cho goate, opens the door.

SLOW HAND

You're right on time Mr. Course
Inspector. Oh, sorry, what is your
name?

SHANE

Shane will do.

SLOW HAND

Okay, Mr, uh, Shane. Come on it,
make yourself at home. After all
it's by your word that I'll get to
keep it, isn't it.

SHANE

(annoyed)

I wouldn't be that dire, but yes,
to some extent, I guess.

INT. LIVING ROOM

SLOW HAND

(explaining)

Well this is my home, modest as it
is. You'll notice I don't have
expensive taste, no just a regular
guy I am with an average man's
appetite.

They walk through the house quickly and out the back door.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE TEE OF FIRST HOLE

Shane and Slow Hand are standing on the first tee with a small club house and golf cart with 2 fully loaded golf bags nearby.

SLOW HAND

I've had a little trouble keeping
the grass as springy as I'd like
it, as you can see.

Shane walks out onto the fairway looking down at the grass and presses his foot into it, then picks it up to check the spring.

SHANE

You're right. The grass isn't the
best. Are you fertilizing?

SLOW HAND

Yes, I'm doing everything I should
be doing, you can bet on that. You
can't see it but it's much better
than it was when I got here. I've
made many improvements to this
course.

Shane reaches to his back pocket and pulls out a notebook. Opening it he makes a few notes. He finishes and puts the notebook back in his pocket then looks down the fairway toward the first hole.

SHANE

(bored and unhappy)
I'm gonna have to walk this course;
the entire 9 holes.

SLOW HAND

How about we play a few holes?

SHANE

(looking at the cart and
clubs)
Well, we could.

SLOW HAND

Of course.

Slow Hand walks to the golf cart and takes out a wood driver for himself, holding it up for Shane to see.

SLOW HAND

This is the one I use to start with, want'a try it?

SHANE

Yes, that will do.

Slow Hand gets the identical club from the other bag and hands it to Shane. He then reaches into the bag and takes out a tee and ball handing them to Shane.

SLOW HAND

You, go first.

Shane puts the ball on the tee then looks out over the course. He then realizes that he is standing on a hill that overlooks most of what appears to be a small town. Each home has its own golf course. In a strange moment of remarkable clarity he gets an eagle's eye view of the entire layout. Most are 9 holes but he can tell a few are first rate 18 hole courses. It is a surreal sight. Course after course; hundreds, with rolling grasses, flagstaffs and numbered flags. One course appears to have black grass.

SHANE

(pointing with his club)

Who's course is that?

SLOW HAND

Weird Harold's.

SHANE

(wondering aloud)

Black grass?

SLOW HAND

He's never put in grass. It's all black sand. He has no club house, one rundown golf cart and a dilapidated golf bag with half a set of clubs.

SHANE

Hmm, Weird Harold, uhh?

With that remark Shane addresses the ball and delivers right down the middle of the fairway with a beautiful shot.

SLOW HAND

Man, you've got You'reself great position for a birdie.

SHANE
 (bored)
 We'll see.

Shane moves over to stand by the golf cart while Slow Hand places his ball and gets ready to tee-off. A gentle hand is placed on his shoulder and he turns to see Michael beside him.

MICHAEL
 Need a caddie?

SHANE
 How do you do that; this coming and going so quickly?

MICHAEL
 (she shrugs)
 It's all in the book.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLE 9

Shane is standing on the green with Michael by his side holding his putter watching Slow Hand go through his ritualistic maneuvers. He carefully looks at several clubs before making a selection. He then approaches his ball from behind as if he were sneaking up on it. Shuffling over he slowly measures his club-face to the ball. A couple of squats then pauses, widens his stance, a couple more squats, looks at the ball, looks at the hole, looks at the ball, looks at the hole, appears to go into a trance; he finally taps the ball into the hole. This happens almost every time he hits the ball whether he's driving or putting and God forbid, if for some reason he's interrupted during the routine, he starts his ritual all over again.

SHANE
 (looking at his watch)
 I've never played with a slower player than you Slow Hand.

Slow Hand puts the putter back into the bag, walks over to his ball; a few inches from the hole then turns back to the golf cart and his golf bag, beginning his ritual from the top.

SHANE
 (to Michael)
 This is annoying.

MICHAEL

It's his course, at his house,
can't you be patient?

SHANE

(to Slow Hand)

Do you have to do that ritual over
and over again.

SLOW HAND

Once the club strikes the ball,
that's it, there is no going
back. It's important to minimize
any and all possible mistakes.

A familiar sound catches Shane's ear and he turns to see a golf cart headed there way. It has two men, SAUL and DANIEL, in it with straw hats, sunglasses, and flowered shirts. They are towing a barbecue grill and have lawn chairs tied to the top of their cart. Shane watched with amusement as they opened a cooler full of beverages, fired up the barbecue and put hot dogs on it, then dug out some goodies to snack on. They settle back and watch as Slow Hand gets ready to putt.

CLOSE ON:

SAUL

How's the hot dogs?

DANIEL

Their going to need a couple of
more minutes.

SAUL

We need more time. Cough or
something. Slow Hand is about to
drop his ball.

Daniel coughs, then coughs again but didn't get Slow Hand's attention. Saul takes a step to the golf cart, reaches over and pushes the air horn button. Slow hand throws his club and falls down, Shane jumps, then starts laughing, they all look at Saul. Saul shrugs and walks over to the grill and tends the hot dogs. Saul and Daniel move their lawn chairs to the edge of the green and start a zealous philosophical debate as Slow Hand recovers. Each time Slow Hand is about to drop his ball into the hole they interrupt; tune their radio, fumble with their lawn chairs, clatter around with the barbecue and sometimes even direct a laughing comment to Slow Hand. This always causes Slow Hand to start his ritual from the top.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Shane is sitting in a comfortable chair in his living room with the Book in his hands.

BOOK

A troubled angel spent many lives searching for the key to happiness. Traveling many worlds, interviewing many people, he sought out those that fit his criteria as successful and happy human beings. At the end of his journey he realized that people were free to create their own shambhala -- whatever that may be.

MICHAEL

(magically appearing in front of him)

Good story.

SHANE

Could you knock please? Like today you just disappear in the middle of my sentence.

MICHAEL

(shrugging)

Sorry, bad habit, but you didn't need me with Saul and Daniel there.

SHANE

Friends of yours?

MICHAEL

No, they're buddies.

SHANE

(puzzled)

When Saul and Daniel introduced themselves, I just assumed they were friends of Slow Hand Sunn's; they did lighten up the afternoon, they made Slow Hand's way of playing golf, well -- enjoyable. I couldn't wait for Sunn's turn so we could get a snack off the barbecue, visit or just listen to them argue about philosophy.

MICHAEL

They do like to joust but some people would have found them as annoying as you thought Slow Hand Sunn was.

SHANE

Maybe.

MICHAEL

What changed the character of the afternoon was not Saul and Daniel, but the fact that you became a part of what was happening. You accepted the moment and joined in with it. You set aside your boredom, anger and resentment to merge with the energy that was there. at that moment. You accepted Slow Hand Sunn's way of playing golf and became non-judgmental. You merged with, and even built on, his energy.

SHANE

(inspired)

I think I understand.

Shane looks down at the Book in his hand.

BOOK

A counselor was visiting with his long term client, a woman who was very gothic and sullen. He was preaching to her as he normally did about being responsible for her thoughts and feelings. "The responsibility for your happiness or lack of it is yours." He said. "The world is a reflection of your inner attitude. Believe the world is a bad place and it is. You need to remember...." Suddenly she stood up. Slammed her books on the table, leaned over the desk looked him in the eyes and said, "Look, I'm happy being unhappy. OK!" She then turned and walked out leaving him to ponder his new found knowledge of happiness.

SHANE
Wow, I never thought of
happiness...

Looking up Shane sees Michael has disappeared again.

SHANE
(cont'd)
She did it again.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN TABLE - MORNING

Shane is sitting at his table looking at his appointment book. The name and address is:

BETTING THOMAS

2715 Fairway Drive

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE OF BETTING THOMAS - DAY

Shane looks for a door bell and finding none knocks on the door. Betting Thomas opens the door. He has a Southeast Asian look, possibly from Thailand, about 5 foot 8, with dark hair.

BETTING THOMAS
(with a firm handshake)
Hello, hello, good to see you, come
on in.

SHANE
Okay, good to see you too.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST TEE - DAY

Betting Thomas quickly gets Shane through the house and out to the first Tee. It was positioned only a dozen feet or so from the club house. As with Slow Hand's course the golf cart with golf bags stood by.

BETTING THOMAS
(anxiously)
Wait here one moment please.

He goes into the club house and opens a window facing Shane.

BETTING THOMAS

(cont'd)

Place your bet.

Shane sees a large plaque on the wall beside the window with Betting Thomas inscribed on it.

BETTING THOMAS

The guys got me that when I put up my shack. I like to wager on the game. It makes it more interesting. Just playing a round is boring. Don't you think so?

SHANE

(slowly)

Well, yea it makes the game more competitive, I suppose.

BETTING THOMAS

Ok, we mostly play hincky, dincky, twinky and round. Hincky is long drive, dincky is short drive, twinky is farthest out-of-bounds and, low score sometimes wins the round.

SHANE

(confused)

What?

BETTING THOMAS

Don't worry, you'll catch on. I have satellite computer stations on each hole and at the tee boxes so we can keep track of scores, bets, updates or changes.

Betting Thomas starts to fiddle with something in his shack. Shane notices two sets of clubs ready to go. Shane pulls out a driver and starts to warm up.

BETTING THOMAS

(subtly challenging)

Ok, ladies first.

CUT TO:

EXT. 7TH HOLE GREEN

Shane is standing on the 7th hole green with his notebook in his hand.

MICHAEL
(from out of nowhere)
How's the golf game?

SHANE
The golf game is fine, but I'm losing a great deal of money. It's not fair how he makes the bets, which most of the time I don't understand, and then he takes my money. It's not really golf and you can be sure I'm putting this into my report!

MICHAEL
So you are a victim here?

SHANE
Well-

MICHAEL
Well, look at the Book.

Shane goes to put his notebook in his back pocket and finds that the Book is there. He replaces it with the notebook and opens it.

BOOK
Ah, the "poor me" syndrome, Lose your judgmental attitude and you lose self-pity. Know that the world is perfect. It is your imperfect judgment of the world that causes "poor me."

Shane looks up and of course Michael is gone. Shane and Betting Thomas continue to play. But in no time other people start showing up to play. Soon the course is teeming with activity. Betting Thomas is glowing. Slow Hand is there as well as Saul and Daniel. Saul and Daniel have on betting hats with little pencils behind their ears and small note pads to keep scores. They wager on everything, including how long it takes Slow Hand to hit the ball under different situations.

BETTING THOMAS
(to Slow Hand)
Come on, hit the ball, we don't have all day.

SLOW HAND
 (to Betting Thomas)
 Shut up! Let me concentrate. Hey
 here comes K man.

MASHER K is a big guy, well over 6 feet tall, muscular and well fit.

MASHER K
 Hey guys.

BETTING THOMAS
 About time.

Masher K tees off and crushes it. They all watch in amazement as the ball seems to take off in suspended flight.

SHANE
 Wow, great shot. What is your
 course like?

MASHER K
 O, I've got wide fairways, little
 hazards, long holes.

They all look back to the hole they just left and see a fellow jumping up and down, screaming and cursing.

BETTING THOMAS
 Here comes WW.

SHANE
 (to Masher K)
 WW?

MASHER K
 (to Shane)
 That's Winnie W. He gets mad when
 he's losing. He's likely to pick up
 and just quit in the middle of a
 match. His course is constantly
 under construction.

BETTING THOMAS
 Come on, come on. We don't have all
 day. Too much chatter not enough
 betting.

SLOW HAND
 (annoyed)
 Hold on, slow down, I've got to
 think.

BETTING THOMAS

(laughing)

Oh, I'm so sorry Slow Hand. I didn't realize you could think. Don't you usually rely on PRO BOB to think for you.

A very well dressed, well groomed gentleman offers to shake Shane's hand. Shane accepts the hand and they greet one another in a cool and professional manner.

PRO BOB

Let me give you some advice Shane. Never bet with Betting Thomas, he's a cheat.

BETTING THOMAS

(laughing)

He's always got advice but never has a good game. Go ahead, tell Shane who has the best course in town, you know, you do.

PRO BOB

Yes, I do. I have to admit it. My golf course is perfect, the best, well at least it's the most professional. Just like me, I'm Professional Bob, Pro Bob for short.

Michael appears in front of Shane. She takes his hand and leads him away from the group then points to a gentleman standing beside an impressive golf cart at the edge of the fairway.

MICHAEL

Go over there and talk to him.

Shane looks at a nicely dressed gentleman, not professional looking like Pro Bob but nice; warm and friendly looking.

SHANE

(turning back to Michael)

You've got to quit doing that. It's getting to be freaky.

MICHAEL

You'll get used to it. Don't worry, just go over there and introduce yourself.

SHANE
 (looking at the gentleman)
 Why him?

Looking back, Michael is gone and Shane walks to the gentleman offering his hand and smiling.

SHANE
 Hi, mind if I join you for a couple
 of holes, Mr. uh...

Now Shane can see that the man must be in his 30s and definitely has class, even his golf cart is classy.

SHANE
 (cont'd)
 I'm sorry, if I'm intruding just
 tell me and I'll go.

MR. SMITH
 Smith, names Mr. Smith, John Smith
 to be exact.

SHANE
 Thank you Mr. Smith.

MR. SMITH
 You're the new course inspector? By
 the way, that's my wife over there.

Mr. Smith nods in the direction of a beautiful well dressed woman at a refreshment stand nearby.

MR. SMITH
 (cont'd)
 We're waiting for Slow Hand. He'll
 be joining us. He is the slowest
 we've got here, still, he's a nice
 fellow, has a nice little course.

SHANE
 Yes, I played it yesterday.

MR. SMITH
 (obligingly)
 Oh, I've play it many times myself.
 Yes, why don't you join us? We'll
 have a foursome. Want something to
 drink?

SHANE
 Okay, I would like to join you and
 I'll also take that drink.

Mr. Smith's wife arrives with drinks for the three of them.

MR. SMITH

Honey, this is the new course inspector. He's played Slow Hand's course already and we were just talking about what a nice fellow he is and how we also think highly of him and his course.

SHANE

Nice to meet you Mrs. Smith. I must add though that Slow Hand is slow almost annoyingly so.

MRS. SMITH

(smiling)

Oh yes, we think a lot of Slow Hand and his course but he is slow, and it can be quite unnerving at times.

They stand and sip on there drinks as a man who looks completely out of place walks between Mrs. Smith and Shane. He's forty something with longish hair, a well-worn tee shirt and blue jeans. He is carrying a ragged bag with just a handful of clubs. He acknowledges Shane with a nod and wink as he passes.

MR. SMITH

(quietly)

Well, look at that. Weird Harold is being his weird self isn't he.

SHANE

Weird Harold? Oh yes, the one with the black sand course.

MR. SMITH

It's a waste of time to inspect his course. Now, where's Slow Hand.

MRS. SMITH

Oh dear, and it is getting late. We must do this some other time, don't you think John?

MR. SMITH

Yes, you're right. Nice meeting Shane. It is Shane, isn't it.

SHANE

(flustered)

Yes, Shane, that's right. So you're not waiting for Slow Hand.

MRS. SMITH

No, we have to do some research for one of our chairities and help the children with their homework.

MR. SMITH

That's right. Slow Hand was too slow. So long Shane.

The Smith's turn to their classy golf cart and Shane sees their classy look marred by less than candid conversation.

SHANE

I'll be seeing you Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

Shane walks back over to the green where a heated conversation between Betting Thomas and Slow Hand is taking place. Saul and Daniel have an erasable ink board on an easel beside their golf cart with bets and odds under the names of the golfers. On the side is, Weird Harold's Old Ball, and bets underneath in a column. Weird Harold is walking around holding an old golf ball up over his head for all to see.

WEIRD HAROLD

This my freinds is the ball that I will hit and it will fly farther than any of your new improved balls that any of you will hit today.

BETTING THOMAS

Place your bets. Betting is open to all. The computer is waiting, only a few minutes left.

Shane sees himself as if with a third eye and finds he is smiling happily; enjoying himself immensely and not sure why. Suddenly a loud roar of laughter fills the air. Saul, Daniel and Weird Harold have done something that must have been very funny. Everyone one is laughing, some so much they have tears in their eyes. Only Michael is not laughing. She walks toward where Saul, Daniel and Weird Harold are holding court passing Shane.

MICHAEL

I just don't know what I am going to do with those guys.

SHANE

(chasing after Michael)
You know Harold?

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Shane is sitting in his comfortable chair with the Book in his hands.

BOOK

The essence of goodness is found in Love. But what is love? Likewise the essence of Evil is found in lies, but what are lies? It has been said that the true nature of a person can be found through their works, much like fruit from a tree defines the tree. The most deadly plants on earth can produce the most beautiful flowers and the best medicines; that is good. But what is the true test of good and evil? I don't know. Eternity can be found in a moment of time. For what is time but an earthly quality to play out the illusion of life. Have you not felt, in a moment of time, your greatest ecstasy or joy? Have you not felt, in a moment of time, a great despair or horror?

Michael, wearing a silk flowing robe, comes out of the hall that leads to the bedroom. She walks over to Shane and takes his hand in hers.

MICHAEL

Come with me.

She leads him back into the hall and on into the bedroom. She has him sit on the edge of the bed takes his head in her hands and kisses him, passionately.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

2111 Fairway Villa is the address on the upscale mailbox. Shane had plenty of time to spare before meeting Harold so he decided to take a tour of the area. The house on his left looks very upscale so he decides to take a closer look. Before him is the most impressive looking front lawn he has seen. There is a plaque over the mail box that reads JOE GREENSKEEPER. As he looks closer he sees the landscaping is immaculate. Each blade of grass looks as if it is trimmed by hand. Mixed in the grass is what looks like little sand traps that are raked to perfection. A pond with

a water fountain sprays water high into the air. He gets out of the car and crosses the street admiring the spectacle of perfection. Big beautiful trees seem to stand guard as he takes the walkway to get a better look at the house. Now he feels as if he is walking down a hill and a very large two-story home comes into view with what appears to be a driving range on the roof. He soon finds steps that take him up onto the porch that encircles the front door. As he reaches for the door bell a middle-aged man and his wife open it and step out.

SHANE

Oh, hello.

MR. AND MRS. GREENSKEEPER

(in unison)

Hello Shane.

SHANE

(surprised)

How do you know my name.

JOE GREENSKEEPER

We all get the word when a new inspector arrives. No one else told you about that?

SHANE

No, no one at all. Well anyway, I was just admiring your magnificent estate from the street and could not resist getting a closer look.

JOE GREENSKEEPER

Thank you, but if you think our place is something wait 'til you see Rich Eddie's.

SHANE

You are Mr. and Mrs. Joe Greenskeeper I presume?

MR. AND MRS. GREENSKEEPER

(laughing and in unison)

Yes that's us.

Shane extends his hand to Joe who gives it a firm shake and then to Mrs. Greenskeeper just touches it and smiles then withdraws her hand.

SHANE

Well, I am at a disadvantage then. I mean, you knowing more about me than I do you, and this Rich Eddie.

MRS. GREENSKEEPER
Please come in. I'll get us
something nice to drink while Joe
starts filling you in.

SHANE
Thank you, uh, yes that would be
nice.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LUXURIOUS HOME - DAY

We follow them into the immaculately appointed house with the most expensive furnishings and appointments. Mrs. Greenskeeper leaves them in a living room of sorts but one that you would imagine finding in a palace. Shane is standing and looking around at what appears to be works of art that could be from the worlds greatest artists perfectly framed and placed on the walls below 20 foot ceilings.

SHANE
(to Joe)
Wow, this is magnificent.

JOE GREENSKEEPER
Just a few creature comforts to
keep us occupied while we're here.

SHANE
(unsure)
Yes, I know what you mean, we all
do what to be comfortable, don't
we?

Mrs. Greenskeeper enters the room with a tray and what could be lemonade or mint juleps on the tray.

MRS. GREENSKEEPER
Here we are. A little something to
refresh us as we talk.

JOE GREENSKEEPER
Yes, thank you MARY. Take one
Shane.

They each take their drinks and begin to sip them. Mary sits the tray on a small side table, then walks to large french doors and opens them.

MARY

Come look. There's our golf course.
We'll be playing it with you soon.

Shane walks to the doors and steps out taking in the view.
It's a magnificent golf course, well tended and clearly
worthy of a PGA Master's Tournament.

SHANE

Looks great. So, how soon is soon.

MARY

We'll let you know.

She turns and walks over to the sofa and sits.

MARY

Come on over and sit with us.

Joe sits in the chair nearest him as Mary pats the sofa
beside her.

SHANE

Okay, fine.

Shane sits beside Mary.

JOE GREENSKEEPER

Lets get back to Rich Eddie. Now
his is the most luxurious and comes
with the biggest price tag of all
the homes in our community.

SHANE

Was he born with a large trust or
something like that.

JOE GREENSKEEPER

(animated)

Nothing like that at all. He was a
Course Inspector, like you.

SHANE

(dumbfounded)

Course Inpector. You must be
kidding me.

JOE GREENSKEEPER

No, not kidding you at all my
friend. Indeed, he was the best;
became famous several years back by
diagnosing, and then finding a cure
for the striped grass fungus

JOE GREENSKEEPER
 disease. All the experts were pointing to insects as the cause. You could see 'em by looking close at the dying grass. They recommended lots of water and root stimulation to keep the plants healthy until they discovered a way to deal with the pests. Before we knew it the disease had spread like wildfire. Families went bankrupt, some having to go to work for other homeowners. Some barely existed by putting in artificial turf and some just took all the grass up and left their courses naked as a newborn. Things got really bad around here. Most of us were devastated. Depression and suicide became commonplace and the crime rate climbed like never before.

SHANE
 But Rich Eddie had the answer?

JOE GREENSKEEPER
 Yep, that's right. It was Rich Eddied, back then he was Eddie the Course Inspector, but he discovered the culprit. Turned out it was a fungus. Lots of water was the worst thing to give it. The more watering we did the more the fungus would rot the grass and the more the grass would rot the healthier and more voracious the insects became. They lived on the rotting grass.

SHANE
 Amazing. You know, I've been in the golf game many years and never heard of this before.

MR. AND MRS. GREENSKEEPER
 (with a knowing look and in unison)
 You wouldn't have heard about it.

SHANE
 So how did Rich Eddie solve the problem.

JOE GREENSKEEPER

He developed a fungicide that killed the disease causing fungus. That was that and soon he was a very rich man. Now he's the richest around and knows how to enjoy his wealth.

SHANE

He must have the best course too.

MR. AND MRS. GREENSKEEPER

(laughing and in unison)

He's got more than one.

JOE GREENSKEEPER

You go through a small 9 hole course before you get to his front door and out back he has seven first class 18 hole courses.

SHANE

This is quite a tale I'm hearing. I'll have to see it to believe it.

JOE GREENSKEEPER

You'll see soon enough. But you haven't heard it all yet. You get the best caddies you'll find anywhere, chaperoned golf carts and complete full course dining off every ninth hole. An attendant stands by every flag and each green has it's own full-time greenskeeper. They keep those greens as smooth and springy as a luzurious carpet.

SHANE

I'm amazed to even be hearing what I'm hearing. I can't imagine it. I can't imagine playing a course like that and I don't know why anyone would want a course inspector to inspect it.

JOE GREENSKEEPER

Oh, you'll play it and you'll inspect it too. You'll play better on it than you've ever played before. The clubs you'll use are only found at his clubhouse and nowhere else. He has this new

JOE GREENSKEEPER

technology and makes 'em so that you hit farther and more precise than you've ever hit a golf ball in your life. Oh yea, also, there's water fountains all around. Cup dispensers beside 'em. Now everywhere there's one, there's another right beside it. You put your cup under one, you get ice cold water. You put your cup under the other and you get ice cold beer. Golfing just don't get better than at Rich Eddie's.

SHANE

Please, let me know as soon as you can when I can play a round there, even trying a few holes would be fine with me. if you could arrange it.

JOE GREENSKEEPER

You don't need me arranging that for you. You'll get your share of golfing over there. Now, I'm sure you've got appointments to keep, so, we'll excuse you for now.

The 3 of them stand and walk together to the front door.

SHANE

Yes, I must be going. I hope I'm not too late, I'm supposed to see Weird Harold this morning.

Joe opens the door as Shane leaves.

MR. AND MRS. GREENSKEEPER

You're not late, bye.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The door closes behind Shane as he hurries out to the street and sees Weird Harold's standing by his car. Harold spots him immediately.

WEIRD HAROLD

(calling out)

Shane, how are you Master?

SHANE

Fine, fine and you, but, Master?

Shane crosses the street and knowing that he isn't late but not knowing why he isn't he happily shakes Weird Harold's hand.

WEIRD HAROLD

Oh yes, definitely Master. You are the master of what you do aren't you. I hear no one can come close to your course inspection prowess. But if it makes you uncomfortable I'll just call you Shane.

SHANE

Yes, just Shane. I'd like that.

WEIRD HAROLD

Oh well, come on in, we've got a lot of golf to play and a lot to talk about.

Not knowing why Shane turns at this moment and looks into the passenger window of his car. There on the seat is the Book.

SHANE

Just one minute Harold. I need to look at something.

Shane opens the car door, reaches down and opens the Book as it lays on the seat.

BOOK

The illusion that riches will bring happiness, only serves to promote the illusion of unhappiness.

Shane closes the car door and looks toward Weird Harold. It's as if he had heard nothing. Only Shane had heard what the Book said.

WEIRD HAROLD

Shall we go in?

SHANE

Yes, please.

Shane walks with Weird Harold toward his house. It's a very modest home, regardless of being surrounded by high valued estates. There is very little in the way of landscaping. His front lawn is well kept, but not

immaculate or impressive like the others on his street. The home itself is small and looks to be a two bedroom. They cross a small porch and Harold opens the door for Shane.

CUT TO:

INT. MODEST HOME - DAY

As Shane enters his he gets very warm and relaxed feeling. The house is well lived in. Comfortable. Shane sees Michael and another woman enter the house from a back door.

MICHAEL

How about a foursome? This is Harold's wife, Delilah.

Shane walks quickly over to Michael and whispers to her.

SHANE

(almost inaudibly)

How do we do this, you know, last night?

MICHAEL

(whispering)

Life is more than a moment of indiscretion.

Delilah is very earthy. She has long black hair with a thin face and entrancing brown eyes. She is fairly tall and thin, but has a strong presence about her, very much like Michael. Shane walks to Delilah offering his hand. Delilah reaches out give it a firm shake.

SHANE

Nice to meet you. A foursome would be great.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Harold leads the way out his back door to the first tee. There is no golf cart path or trail to the first tee, just a well-worn path in the grass. No clubhouse or cart shed. The only clue as to where to tee off from is a rounded mound towards the back of his lawn.

WEIRD HAROLD

You chose a nice day to play.

SHANE

The God's are gracious.

Harold grabs his clubs. He has a small, well-worn shoulder bag with only a handful of equally worn clubs. He doesn't bother to put on golf shoes or even a glove. There are no warm-ups. He digs out an old ball from his bag, searches around for at least half a tee, props the ball up on it.

WEIRD HAROLD

Ready to go?

Shane looks out over the course for hole 1.

SHANE

Is that the hole down there?

WEIRD HAROLD

It can be if you like. Sometimes I use this one as number 1.

Harold points to another green to the right and farther away.

WEIRD HAROLD

(cont'd)

Or then again, you can play over the first green and go straight to the next one and call it a par 6.

Harold pointed out another farther away but appearing to have a better approach.

SHANE

Par 6?

WEIRD HAROLD

Yeah, the Ladies Tee is up there.

Harold points but Shane sees nothing but more fairway or rough, whichever you decide to call it.

SHANE

I don't see a Ladies Tee.

WEIRD HAROLD

(laughing)

You'll see, it's basically wherever they choose to hit from. Par 6 then?

SHANE

Sounds good to me.

WEIRD HAROLD

Good, most people won't play the par 6; you have some imagination.

The two women pull up in a well-used cart. Not that it is in disrepair. It seems to run well and looks to be mechanically sound. It is clear to him that he and Harold would be walking the course and the ladies would have the cart.

MICHAEL

(referring to the golf cart)

We're going to ride SISSY.

They're graciously quiet until Harold takes his swing. It's a good one too. 250 yards right down the middle.

SHANE

Nice shot.

WEIRD HAROLD

Thanks,

Shane is next and hits one right alongside Harold. They step off the box and start for their balls. The ladies drive ahead as Harold and Shane begin their walk.

SHANE

Why don't you have a course like the others?

WEIRD HAROLD

Do you find it strange that I don't?

SHANE

Your course is sort of an oddity. All the courses around you are exquisite.

WEIRD HAROLD

Mine is not?

SHANE

Well, I mean, all these other courses like Rich Eddie's, and Greenskeeper's, they are elite.

WEIRD HAROLD
(irritated)
And mine's not?

SHANE
No! I don't mean to degrade your course. I'm just asking why you have not upgraded to grass greens, seeded your fairways, or done other capital improvements.

WEIRD HAROLD
You are saying that my course is inferior.

Shane glances at Michael with a look of desperation. Michael gives him a quizzical glance and a sly smile.

WEIRD HAROLD
Why are you here Shane? As you just mentioned, there are many other courses you could visit. Why did you choose to look at mine?

SHANE
I'm interested in you and your course. I wanted to get to know you, get to know your course.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHANE'S BALL - DAY

Shane reaches his ball. Takes a couple of practice swings and hits his ball. Suddenly everything begins to spin. All the colors became vivid with a strange odor in the air. It is an odd sensation. He feels as if He is attached to all that is. Shane looks up and sees his golf ball take flight. It is in slow motion, and he feels as if he is a part of the ball. He can feel the spin of the ball and the rush of air around it. He can control his movement, the direction of flight, where it is going to land, he tries to direct himself to the best spot for distance and the set up of his next shot. He can sense a comfortable jolt as the ball impacts the earth, takes a couple more bounces and rolls. Then he is back where he hit the shot from.

WEIRD HAROLD
Nice shot. So this is why you are here, to learn the essence of golf.

SHANE

I just had the strangest
experience.

WEIRD HAROLD

Is that so?

They walk to Harold's lie and Harold takes his swing. The
fly straight and true then bounces, rolls and stops inches
from the hole.

SHANE

I thought you said this was a Par
6.

WEIRD HAROLD

Maybe I did, fun isn't it?

SHANE

Fun, strange, but yea, it is fun.

WEIRD HAROLD

You're having a peak experience, a
oneness, an energy vision. Like you
said, you had the strangest
experience.

SHANE

How can you know what I
experienced.

WEIRD HAROLD

Its fun isn't it? It's been called
a peak experience, oneness, or
energy vision. Long ago, there were
certain parts of the earth that
were considered sacred. The natives
would seek out these spots for
healing, visions, or sacred
ceremonies. These places seem to
have higher levels of energy or
spiritual powers. They were often
found by watching the animals or
plant life. Animals would migrate
to these places, vegetation seemed
to grow and flourish in these areas
for no apparent reason. There are
many such places. My golf course is
built on such a place. I would not
change it for any reason. It may
not be as materialistic as my
neighbors, but it is rich in ways
that others do not
understand. Look in your book.

SHANE

You know, you're right. It is fun.

WEIRD HAROLD

Look in your book.

Without hesitation or question Shane looks in his bag and finds the Book. He takes it out and opens it.

BOOK

All that is, is sacred
 All that is, is life
 All that is, is energy
 All that is, IS
 You are a part of all that IS. All
 that IS is a part of you. What a
 man values as important, IS
 demonstrated by what he treasures
 as sacred in his heart, and by what
 he often hides from the tithing
 plate.

As the Book finishes Shane sees that Michael and Delilah have both made Par 3 on the Par 6 hole.

WEIRD HAROLD

It is not bad to want nice things,
 have a nice course and enjoy the
 freedom that success brings. But
 to place the wanting and love of
 money above all else, that is evil.

MICHAEL

Which is more difficult, to have
 nothing and therefore not have to
 account for anything, or be
 successful and be accountable for
 your wealth?

SHANE

Wow, this has got to be the
 strangest round of golf I have ever
 played.

As they play the rest of there round, Shane has a very enjoyable time. There is no competition or arrogance. Harold did not try to impress or follow the crowd. He is relaxed and very calming. There is a reverence and quietness about his persona. Mulligans were commonplace as is re-putting. Laughter and slow play is the norm for the day.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WEIRD HAROLDS HOUSE - EVENING

The four of them are sitting with drinks at a table in Harold's dining room.

DELILAH

Do you like it here, Shane?

Shane looks at the two women, and sees an aura surrounding them. Each of them has an aura, then there is a larger energy field that surrounds them both. The aura around Michael and Delilah goes from three to four shades of warm blue and back. The field that surrounds them both is yellowish then orange, red and back again. He looks around, everything in the room has an aura.

SHANE

I'm seeing colors.

DELILAH

You're seeing life force, spirit, energy of all things. Everything in the universe is alive. Everything has a purpose for being and thus is apart of all that is. It is all energy. Everything has its own spirit or life force and is attached to kindred spirits and then larger communities and so forth.

Delilah's cat wanders in and looks at her. The aura of the cat bursts into loving energy and radiates to her and to Michael. Instinctively, they both turn and see the cat.

SHANE

Amazing.

MICHAEL

(turning to Shane)

Living creatures have a more vibrant active energy, but, all things are a part of the whole and thus have energy of their own. Everything is alive. All things are part of the energy, or spirit, which is flowing and constant in every microcosm of the universe. This is a very profound, yet simple, truth.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHANES KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

Shane is at his house sitting at his kitchen table staring intently at his hand. He is amazed at the whitish smoke aura around it. The Book is on the table.

BOOK

Stand before a pool of water on a moonlit night and observe the full moon's reflection in the water. Is the moon's reflection in the water real? Throw a stone in the water and the moon ripples. Stir the water enough and the moon disappears, but as the water calms, the moon reappears. Even when the water is severely stirred, and you cannot see the moon's reflection, the moon is still in the water. It is not seen clearly. If you remove the pond of water, does that remove the moon?

There is a knock at the door. As he answers, He recognizes Mr., and Mrs. Smith. They are accompanied by several other individuals who are dressed in what appears to be attire of the clergy. All are looking very somber. Mr. Smith starts the conversation.

MR. SMITH

Mr. Inspector, we have some very serious concerns about the direction that course inspections seem to be taking. Our concern, of course, is for the community. More specifically, it is for the moral, ethical and economic development of our society.

Shane sees a very active, dark energy field around the entire group. Mr. Smith's energy field is being fed by the others and then projected directly at and attacking him. He steps back, and feels a lessening of the intensity of the attack. He bolsters himself, thinks clearly and responds.

SHANE

I appreciate your concern for your community, and I assure you that I have only the best intentions for each of you as well as the entire community.

Shane has cleared his mind now and gets down to practical concerns.

SHANE

Listen, please, come in and sit
down and we can talk this over.

The COMMITTEE follows him into the living room. He goes into the kitchen and starts bringing extra chairs for them to sit in. His last trip to the kitchen found him looking at the Book on the table. He reached over and opened it.

BOOK

Hell is lack of reason.

He took the last 2 chairs to the living room.

SHANE

Please, everybody sit and someone
tell me exactly what it is that I
have done to bring you here.

MRS. SMITH

We know you met with Weird
Harold. You cannot believe that he
has any place in this community.
His course is a disgrace, and an
embarrassment. Are you going to
make him upgrade it? As for Betting
Thomas, with whom you also met,
that kind of activity cannot be
condoned. It is evil and
sinful. Slow Hand, you know, is
not married but has children and a
live-in woman friend. Those
children go to classes with our
children. The book of the Golf Gods
is very specific about these issues.
Adultery, gambling, evil thoughts,
drunkenness, unattended courses,
these are all very serious crimes
against the Gods. And you seem not
to care nor are you doing anything
about it.

A cheer came from the committee and they push in a little
farther.

SHANE

Did the last course inspector know
about these issues.

MR. SMITH

Some did but chose not to. The
brilliant Mr. Weird Harold was one
of them.

MRS. SMITH
We had him clubbed.

SHANE
Clubbed?

MRS. SMITH
If we, as the moral and ethical supreme committee, unanimously agree that an inspector is not following the Book of The Golf Gods, we can have an inspector clubbed and/or removed from his position - if he even survives.

SHANE
Is this what you are proposing for me, tonight?

MR. SMITH
You are new so you have some time.

SHANE
Well, thank you, I guess. It's probably possible you could just club me now and get it over with. So, is that all for now, or is there more?

MRS. SMITH
That's all. We'll be going.

They all leave out the front door and Shane follows them. He watches them leave and when the last car's tail lights disappear down the street he starts pacing back and forth on his front lawn. He thinks he hears noise coming from his back yard and walks around the side of his house. He sees people on his golf course. People are playing golf at night. A black golf cart screeches to a halt beside him.

DRIVER
Get in man, hurry. We're going to Weird Harold's.

SHANE
What for?

DRIVER
To play golf, why else, are you goofy or something?

Shane sees a pleasant and friendly aura around the Driver and knows all is well. He gets into the cart.

SHANE

Do you do this often?

DRIVER

Oh yea, we don't have courses of our own, so at night we go out and play.

SHANE

NIGHT GOLFERS, is that legal?

DRIVER

Not really, most owners don't mind, and yet others have private security to keep trespassers off their courses. Night Golf is a hoot! We tend to make up our own rules as we go. Last week a bunch of us played speed.

SHANE

Never heard of it.

DRIVER

Speed, is to see how fast you can get from tee to hole. The fastest man wins. Tonight, we're going to play double dare. If you dare your partner on a shot and they make it, then the double dare is on your next shot. If you miss, you are at their mercy. If you don't, they are at yours.

Shane became a Night Golfer. That night was the greatest golf game Shane ever played, not that he shot a good score, but it was indescribable fun. Dares and double dares were flying. Crazy shots were commonplace. At times it got a little risqué but not anything obnoxious. On the drive back to his house words were not needed. Once there, he got out of the golf cart and started walking to his front door, he turned to the Driver.

SHANE

It was a hoot, good night.

DRIVER

Goodnight Shane.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Shane rolls over in his bed and sees the sun shining through his window. He stretches and gets out of bed, goes into the bathroom and turn on the shower. He sees the Book on the counter beside the sink. He reaches over and opens it.

BOOK

Take an apple and smash it, or grind it up, or run over it with your cart or do whatever you will to it. Inside the apple, you will still find apple. Cover the apple with an orange skin and pretend it's an orange. Regardless it's still an apple. Is not the same true with people? They can disguise themselves on the outside but once pressured or squeezed, the true nature of the individual reveals itself. The Gods decided to give man the knowledge of life. As the devil learned of this, he beseeched the Gods not to do it. But the Gods insisted that Man must have the knowledge of life. So the Devil had an idea. He asked the Gods to give man the knowledge but let him decide how to give it to them. The Gods agreed. The Devil thought long and hard. He knew if he hid it somewhere, man would eventually find it. In his great wisdom, the Devil decided to place the knowledge of life within man. He thought, if I can convince man that happiness is something he needs to attain, he will always look outside of himself and constantly compare himself to others. He knew man would never look within himself for happiness. So it came to pass.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEAR CAR - DAY

Shane is standing near his car, looking at his schedule when Michael walks up.

MICHAEL
Mind if I tag along.

SHANE
No, of course not. I enjoy your
company immensely.

Shane opens the door for her and she gets in. He goes to the driver's side and gets in, cranks the car and they drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE CAR - DAY

SHANE
Are you an angel?

MICHAEL
No, I'm not. I'm a woman, a human
being just like you.

SHANE
I'm sorry but I just don't believe
that. You are definitely not just
like me. There's something
different about you; different for
anybody I've ever met.

MICHAEL
No, not really. You'll see as you
get to know me better. I'm a little
older than you and because of that
I've learned a little more about
life and things. That's all.

SHANE
It seems like a whole lot more to
me.

MICHAEL
Let's change the subject. Who is on
your schedule today.

SHANE
MANDIE something. I would say it's
a she but knowing how things can be
so different here I'll wait to say.

MICHAEL
MANGLED MANDY, she's all she,
that's for sure.

SHANE

You ever heard of the Night Golfers?

MICHAEL

Oh yes, they live free of the usual rules and restrictions the rest of us have to live with.

SHANE

I played a round with them last night.

MICHAEL

Let me guess, it was fun. They are all very spiritual; follow the energy flow. They are all quite saintly you know.

SHANE

I didn't get that. Nope, didn't come off saintly at all to me.

MICHAEL

How are spiritual people supposed to act? Do you expect to find them only in monasteries or quietly meditating on the top of a majestic mountain? The most spiritually advanced people can often be found in everyday life. Likewise, evil can be found anywhere, even on special sacred grounds.

SHANE

I agree with you to some extent but still maintain that truly spiritual people should behave and carry themselves with a strict sense of propriety.

MICHAEL

Buford Trant, one of the world's greatest golfers, once said, 'The Gods gift to me is the ability to play. My gift to the Gods is to take that and exploit it to the limit of it's possibilities.' That, my friend, is a spiritually wise man. Whom does it glorify if you stand on the street corner and sing praises to the Gods? Are you edifying the Gods, or

MICHAEL
 yourself? And whom does it glorify
 if you take the talents that you
 have been given and bury them in
 the sand? Is there not a proverb
 in your world about a master who
 left on a long trip and gave some
 talents to his slaves. One slave
 took his talents and hid them in
 the ground so the master would have
 them when he got back. Not a bad
 move, one might think. He would not
 lose them or allow them to be
 stolen or lost. They were safe.
 When the master would return, he
 could return it all to his master.
 When the master returned, he
 called the slave a 'wicked and evil
 man.' He took the talents from him
 and gave them to another slave who
 had invested his talents and made
 the most of his opportunity. If you
 do not use and exploit what has
 been given to you, it will be taken
 from you and given to another. Use
 your talents, exploit them to their
 maximum potential, glorify the Gods
 and success will chase after you.

They rode in quiet for awhile with Shane stinging a bit from
 the redress. Soon he saw the address he was looking for and
 parked on the street in front of it.

SHANE
 Why is she called Mangled Mandy?

MICHAEL
 Let's take a look at her course
 before you meet her.

They get out of the car and walk around the house then up a
 hill to the first tee. The course is a nightmare. Her first
 hole is a 520 yard par 4 with a three foot wide fairway
 lined with water hazards, sand traps and vicious rough. Some
 200 yards from the tee was a large pond with sunken upended
 boats and other treacherous hazards of that sort. The entire
 problem got worse with each hole.

SHANE
 Let's get this over with.

They don't bother going back to the front of the house just
 straight to the back door.

MICHAEL
 (calling)
 Mandy, you here?

Shane knocks on the door and Michael calls again. Mandy comes to the door and opens it. She is as disheveled as her course is untended.

SHANE
 Would you like to play or would you rather I just walk around a bit.

MANDY
 We must play of course. You can't get the taste of it unless you play it. It don't look like much but it's a great course, you'll see.

She plays like a maniac; fearless, no safe play, no lying up, no mulligans, just going right through or over everything.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE CAR - DAY

SHANE
 That is just sad, looks like she made her course like that herself. She wants it like that.

MICHAEL
 That's right and that's freedom. Everyone here is free to create the course that they choose for themselves.

SHANE
 Why would anyone chose such agony?

MICHAEL
 (smiling)
 Oh, I don't know. Why do you choose the life you live?

SHANE
 Because it's a normal life. It's what I like.

MICHAEL
 Mandie believes she has a normal life also. What kind of books do

MICHAEL

you like to read, or what kind of movies do you like? It's the same thing with creating your own golf course. Some people like soap operas, others like playing war, after school specials, comedies or tragedies. Some like to test themselves and others like to push themselves to their limits.

SHANE

I see your point but then again I didn't create my course.

MICHAEL

That's where the Gods come in or the energy is flowing. You are not what you think at the conscious level. It is from where your thoughts originate that the magic happens. Where do you think your thoughts come from? Thoughts and feelings are spiritual. They are not a part of your physical body. When you die your brain dies, but your essence doesn't. Thoughts and feelings originate and are stored outside of your physical being, in your spiritual self. You are not what you are thinking at a conscious level. You are what you are thinking at a spiritual level. Most people are not capable of getting past the conscious physical level to be aware of their spiritual thoughts. It is at the spiritual level that your world is created. It is at this spiritual level that everything moves.

SHANE

I just don't know.

With this Shane slumps over the wheel of his car and Michael reaches over and takes his head in both her hands. She turns his face toward hers so that they are only inches apart, eye to eye. Mrs. Smith is driving by, she slows down to a crawl watching them.

MICHAEL

Find the strength to go on. It's here.

She puts one of her hands on his heart. Shane turns and puts his arms around Michael. From Mrs. Smith's point of view this looked like something entirely different was going on.

CLOSE ON:

MRS. SMITH
(to herself)
My God, how disgusting.

Mrs. Smith speeds off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -DAY

Shane is sitting on a comfortable sofa in a well appointed living room facing MANGLED MANDIE, a young woman that was clearly very pretty at one time but has met with a physical adulteration that left her face clearly scarred.

SHANE
The course is enjoyable, however,
it needs something.

MANDIE
What can I do with that, needs
something? Needs what?

SHANE
I want you to go over to Rich
Eddie's and look at his when you
get time. Then whatever you get
from that use it to improve your
course.

MANDIE
Okay, I think I can do that. Is
that all?

SHANE
I think that'll do for now.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Michael and Shane are sitting at the kitchen table having dinner.

MICHAEL

(between bites)

Do you want to see the hackers?

SHANE

(taking a drink)

Who or what are the hackers, are you talking about someone who can't hit a ball without landing in the rough.

MICHAEL

Sort of; Hackers, Shankers, Putt-Putts; their called other names too.

SHANE

Still doesn't ring a bell.

MICHAEL

Hackers are those whose swing is flawed; they look up, or just don't make a good attempt at making a decent shot. Their flaws are either from lack of practice, lack of concentration, or lack of effort. They can have beautiful courses, but they have no game. Some of them don't care to have a good game; it's not important to them. The appearance of things is most important to them. Shankers on the other hand can play very well but occasionally they just totally lose it and either go out-of-bounds, find a major hazard or in some way mess up their game. Putt-Putts refuse to play. They remain stagnated playing the same amusement course over and over. They are afraid to try anything other than what they can easily do and what they are comfortable with.

SHANE

This is about the energy, isn't it?

MICHAEL

Yes, but at another level. Whatever a person believes to be true, so shall it be. A person's energy is associated with his spirit. As his spiritual strength grows and goes, so goes his world.

SHANE

I only wish it were that simple.

MICHAEL

A religious teacher once said,
'Simple truths are the greatest
truths.' This is a simple truth,
but if you take it and put it into
action, it will turn your world
upside down.

Shane got up and went to the refrigerator to get more to
drink and when he turned around Michael was gone.

SHANE

She keeps doing that!

He starts clearing the table then sees the Book. He stops
and opens it.

BOOK

The Golf Gods saw that the people
needed a messenger for they had
strayed from the path of truth and
happiness. So the Gods sent the
people a messiah. The messiah
demonstrated great miracles. Dead
greens became plush with the wave
of his hand. Lifetime slicers began
to hit the ball as straight as an
arrow. Wheelchair golfers were made
to walk. Howling winds were made to
calm themselves to a whisper by his
word. The crowds began to gather.
They pushed on him and asked for
more miracles. They clamored so
much they could not hear what he
had to say. So he rose above the
crowd and sat cross-legged on the
wisp of a cloud that formed under
him. He then said to the people.
"I must leave you now, but before I
go I will tell you a story:
'There was a man who asked the Gods
to tell him the secrets of life and
then he fell into a deep sleep. He
found himself seated on the floor
in the misty moonlight. An old man
was sitting across from him. He had
many questions and knew the old man
had many answers, but he sat in
silence. Suddenly the room
transformed itself into an

BOOK

auditorium. He knew he was to compete. He could hear his adversary coming down the ramp with a terrorizing scream and great powerful strides. The man was terrified. Again the room transforms and the two adversaries are outside and they begin to battle with swords. The man realized that there was a soul behind him cowering. His foe was competing for that soul. His foe was much stronger and extremely skilled, but the man refused to yield. As the battle continued, the man began to learn and got in a good blow now and then. His foe soon tired of the joust and, with a great battle cry, his sword turned to light as he thrust a powerful blow through the heart of the man towards the soul behind him. The man cried out for God to help him and suddenly the battle was over. He found himself back in a misty moonlight with the old man sitting across from him on the floor. They sat in silence, in the misty moonlight, until the break of dawn.' That is the end of the story." The messenger was lifted high into the air and disappeared, never to be heard from again. The people did not understand the message. They started to worship the messenger and not the message. They started to argue about the message and hidden meanings. Fighting broke out and eventually wars were fought over the messenger and the message. New technology was used to make weapons rather than better courses. New club tech-knowledge was use to make killer clubs rather than killer shots. Techno-carts were used as war machines. Poison grasses and grass diseases were developed to export to the enemy. And to what end? To be right! To say, I know God better than you!

Shane finds himself standing in his living room looking out the window up into the sky when he hears a noise behind him. He turns and finds Daniel and Saul sitting on his sofa looking directly at him.

DANIEL
Do you understand?

SHANE
I don't know.

SAUL
Good answer.

SHANE
What are you doing here?

DANIEL
You're going to get some visitors soon.

SAUL
We're here to give you support.

Michael appears, walks over and sits down beside them. Shane can start to see each individual energy and then a powerful deep purple aura that envelopes the whole room.

MICHAEL
We are not the source of the energy. Each person is like a light that is connected to a source of energy. One can never run out of energy. The source is endless. The people that choose not to connect to the spirit must rob others of their energy. Thus, a power struggle is set up. However, if you have the understanding that energy is to be used and given freely, then there is no power struggle. You give of yourself freely. The more energy you use, or give, the more you receive, as in the parable of the talents.

Shane starts to feel lightheaded and a little goofy. He starts to see what looks like little stars, or points of light all over the room. The energy from each point of light begins to merge with the ever-growing energy from Daniel, Saul and Michael. The room begins to fade as the points of light grow in strength. Shane sees various streams of energy

and colors. He looks at his hand and it is a blaze of vibrant energy. He is nowhere and everywhere. It made sense.

SHANE

It is so simple. We all have freedom. Freedom to create our own courses, our own lives. They are all good. What is sacred and holy for one can be sinful and evil for another. Nevertheless, they are all a part of the spiritual whole. No matter what form they take. The physical world is just a projection or illusion from the spiritual. Just as a motion picture is an image from the film. It is real, but it is placid. Everything is alive. Everything is a part of all that is and all that is, is the Gods. Every rock, every blade of grass, there is nothing that is not holy. One can be nowhere in body, mind, or spirit, where God is not. The energy, the spirit, the flow, and power are all pure love.\

MICHAEL

Yes, that's one way to look at it.

Shane feels himself returning to his front room. He hears someone knocking. He looks around and finds he is alone in his house. Points of light appear and fade as does the glow of energy, then vanish. He opens the door and it is Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith has no energy. He is very dark as if he is a hole in the universe sucking everything in.

MR. SMITH

Come with me. The committee has some questions for you.

Shane immediately followed Mr. Smith to a waiting limousine. Mr. Smith motioned Shane inside between two very big men. He then gets in and sits across from Shane.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

MR. SMITH

The committee is very concerned about the direction that course inspections are taking. Our

MR. SMITH

community is based on religious values that are founded on the teachings from the Gods, and from the messiah. We will uphold those values. It is our calling to teach the truth. Evil, lies and sin are creeping into our society. It must be stopped before morality becomes a thing of the past. Our committee questions your religious convictions. As course inspector, you are responsible for leading people in the truth. To help people's courses become pleasing to the Gods so their lives will follow religious teachings. Our purpose in the committee is not one of individual recognition, power or money. It is of spiritual truth, to help people see the way. To live as close to The Gods as humanly possible. When we die, there will be a judgment to take us to eternal bliss or eternal damnation. We must show the people the true path of the Gods.

Shane sees some energy around Mr. Smith but clearly Mr. Smith is having a difficult time maintaining his level of convection. He is not connected to any source of energy flow. Shane relaxes and concentrates on sending a flow of warm energy out of his hands to Mr. Smith directing it through and around his body. Mr. Smith also relaxes as he soaks up the energy Shane is sending him. Then, it returned toward Shane as a dark troubled force.

MR. SMITH

Church attendance is down. Crime is on the increase. Marriages are failing at an alarmingly increased rate. Alcohol and drug abuse are commonplace. Society needs moral guidelines to follow. We must get people to comply.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The limousine comes to a stop on the street in front of an office building. The men get out of the car and Mr. Smith leads the way into the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Mr. Smith leads the men down stairs and signals to the two who stop outside the door as Shane is led into a large conference room. All the committee members are present as Mr. Smith motions to one of them to come toward him.

MR. SMITH

Shane this is MR. ISAIAH. He has been your defender up until tonight but after seeing the evidence he has now agreed on calling this meeting.

The committee sat in a horseshoe arrangement and Shane sat in a chair in the middle. The room is dark and Shane sees 3 small globes of light to his left and other specks of light floating and flying around the room. He looks closer and finds that the 3 globes are Saul, Daniel and Michael.

SHANE

I'm glad to see you guys here.

MRS. SMITH

We're glad to see you too Shane.

Shane looks toward Mrs. Smith understanding that he alone sees Michael, Daniel and Saul.

MRS. SMITH

Committee members, our new inspector has been charged with behavior that is sacrilegious in nature. He participated in immoral behavior that is strictly forbidden in the teachings from the Golf Gods. He has associated with individuals who do not hold high religious values, and he is not adhering to the religious values and ethics of this committee. We do not expect anyone to reach our level of religious ethics, but we do expect the course inspector to

MRS. SMITH
be of high religious moral and ethical standing. He has been observed gambling, drinking, cursing, associating with those horrible Night Golfers, participating in sexual deviant behaviors and making no effort to force community members that are not of minimum standards to improve their courses.

The other committee members are feeding Mrs. Smith with their energy. Fear and anger radiate from each of them and flow to and into Mrs. Smith. An overpowering presence of self-righteousness and sadness prevails. Only one committee member to Shane's left, Mr. Isaiah, escapes the gloom. His energy was not a part of the group and his aura was one of anger but it was not the same type of anger as the rest of the group. Mrs. Smith leans forward and looks at Shane with contempt.

MRS. SMITH
Do you not have anything to say?

Shane settles back, relaxes and smiles.

MRS. SMITH
You see he has nothing to say. And, he smirks at our proceedings! As we have discussed, I believe we will have to take on the duty of course inspections ourselves. It is the only way to insure that rules are being enforced.

MR. ISAIAH
No! We cannot do that. A deity has always chosen the course inspector from qualified candidates. We are not course inspectors and cannot do them not is it our place to interfere in them. I will not agree to any change in that, and as you are all aware, I've agreed to meeting but not to executive action. The committee was created to glorify the Golf Gods, to spread the word of the messiah, not to impose it's will upon the people or to impose ourselves on course inspections.

MRS. SMITH

We have discussed this before, Mr. Isaiah. Now is not the time to go into it again. Let's deal with the issue before us and then we can discuss course inspections.

MR. ISAIAH

On the contrary. He is here now, let's deal with the issue of the course inspections.

MRS. SMITH

Mr. Isaiah, you are in contempt of this committee.

Mrs. Smith turns to a woman on her right who gets up and goes to the door. She opens it and speaks to the two men waiting outside who come in and escort an unwilling Mr. Isaiah out.

MR. SMITH

Don't you have something to say? How can a man that represents the Golf Gods do the things that you have been accused of. How is it that you fail to uphold the values of religion?

Shane felt as if his head was disconnected from his body. Michael, Daniel and Saul were clearly visible to him and providing support without saying a word and making a motion. He didn't even try to respond.

MR. SMITH

Very well, we must proceed.

Shane looked and his eyes met with Michael's. She turned and made a motion with her hand that resembled hitting a curtain. Everything to the side and behind her, the walls, tables, the floor rippled as if on a shimmering screen. She then took her finger, finding an opening, she pulled on the screen, turned sideways and slid behind the shimmering image. She was gone. Saul and Daniel followed after her. Shane starts getting up to follow as well but before he can act he hesitates. In that moment the two men that had taken Mr. Isaiah out were beside him, lifting him out of his seat. Shane struggled against them only to be hit on the head with a club.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

Shane opens his eyes, regaining consciousness. He is lying on the floor in a small dark room with Mr. Isaiah seated on the floor opposite him.

MR. ISAIAH

It is a great honor to meet you.

SHANE

The honor is all mine. It took great courage to stand up to them like you did in the meeting. What did you mean when you said that the inspector is chosen by a deity?

MR. ISAIAH

The inspector has always been chosen by the Gods, the Golf Gods to be exact, as you were.

SHANE

I was not chosen by any Gods. In fact, it's a rather an amazing story.

MR. ISAIAH

That's fine, believe what you like but right now we have to get you out of here, your life is in danger.

A dark foreboding falls upon Shane. He struggles up and sits against the wall.

SHANE

What do you mean my life is in danger?

MR. ISAIAH

They are planning to have you clubbed. It's an ancient ritualistic ceremony to purge the evil out of individuals. In most cases, it's harmless. Often, they use foam clubs or just tap the individual in a ritualistic fashion. In fact clubbing is often portrayed in school skits and comedy routines. However, in your case, they are planning a private execution!

Shane feels faint and if not already seated on the floor would have fallen down. He steadies himself trying to think. Mr. Isaiah stands up and motions to Shane.

MR. ISAIAH
Get up and come here.

Shane gets up and manages a few feet to stand before Mr. Isaiah who is holding his hands palm out toward him.

MR. ISAIAH
Put your palms up close to mine but don't touch.

Shane does as Mr. Isaiah asked.

MR. ISAIAH
Now concentrate all of your spiritual energy into your hands, and relax as you let your mind seek out a solution.

Shane's hands warm as he relaxes and the energy flows. He lets his mind go. He sees a hole, and then a tunnel.

SHANE
I see a tunnel.

MR. ISAIAH
Good. What else?

SHANE
Pipes and conduit?

MR. ISAIAH
Okay. Let's find it.

They put their hands down and start looking around the room for some sign of escape. Shane soon finds a poorly disguised cover to a crawl space in the corner of the room. He lifts it and sees it leads to an the tunnel he saw. It houses the entire plumbing and electrical conduit for the office buildings in the area.

MR. ISAIAH
You first.

They make their way to the end of the tunnel, up through another floor cover into a room in an adjacent office building. It looks to be a maintenance room with a single door exiting the room.

SHANE
Do you think it's safe?

MR ISIAH
Does it matter?

Shane hesitates. He looks around the room and notices a couple of pairs of overalls. Walking over, picking them up and inspecting them he is satisfied with what he found.

SHANE
Let's put these on.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Shane and Mr. Isaiah move quietly keeping close to the wall of the building until they come to the place where they can look down the street. In front of the building where the meeting had been they see the Smiths and several of the committee members. Mrs. Smith is loudly ordering the others around sending them in different directions to find Shane and Mr. Isaiah.

CLOSE ON:

MRS. SMITH
Forget about clubbing, when you find you have authority to execute.

CLOSE ON:

SHANE
Where should we go.

MR. ISIAH
We can't go to our homes, they'll find us there.

SHANE
I think MANGLED MANDIE will help us. Do you know how to get to her place from here?

MR. ISIAH
Yes, but why her?

SHANE
Can't say for sure but it's our best shot, which way do we go.

MR. ISAIAH
Follow me.

Mr. Isaiah turns back down the alley with Shane following.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF MANDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Shane and Mr. Isaiah ring the door bell but there is no answer.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK YARD OF MANDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Shane and Mr. Isaiah knock on the back door with no answer.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST TEE OF MANDIE'S COURSE - NIGHT

Shane and Mr. Isaiah sit on the grass and watch the sun rise. Shane looks out over the course then stands up walking forward getting a better look.

SHANE
This doesn't look like Mandie's
course.

MANDIE
(from behind)
Do you like the changes?

SHANE
This is amazing.

MANDIE
After you talked with me, I got to
thinking. What you said made a lot
of sense. I have the freedom to
create my own course, and I was
tired of all the drama. I deserve
some happiness in my life. The
hazards will creep back now and
then but my course is much more
enjoyable now.

SHANE

I'm very happy for you.

MR. ISAIAH

Lookin' good Mandie.

MANDIE

I'm glad you stopped by. My neighbors noticed the changes in my course and have been asking me what happened. I told them about you. A lot of their courses have started to change also. It's a miracle! So, I'm glad you... why did you stop by and it's so early in the morning?

SHANE

I need a favor. Mr. Isaiah and I need a place to stay for a few hours. We need to gather our thoughts and figure out a plan. I'm afraid the moral and ethical supreme committee is looking for us. If you're uncomfortable with us being here, we will leave. We don't want to put you at any risk, but we could use your help right now if you don't mind.

MANDIE

Sure, I'll help. You want to come in or wait on the patio while I fix us some breakfast.

SHANE

I'd rather sit over there on the patio if it's okay. Is that alright Mr. Isaiah?

MR. ISAIAH

That'll work for me.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - DAY

Shane and Mr. Isaiah sit in lounge chairs with empty plates and cups on tables beside them.

SHANE

What do you think we should do now.

MR ISAIAH

I gotta go now. It's time for me to move along. I'll see you later.

Mr. Isaiah gets up and paces back and forth.

SHANE

I don't know why but the Smith's keep coming to mind. Maybe I should contact them?

MICHAEL

(appearing)

Why not?

SHANE

God, I'm glad to see you! Can I go home now?

MICHAEL

You can go home if you wish. It's your call, but you will leave with unfinished business, both for you, the Smith's and the others. You see how you've helped Mandie.

SHANE

So...if I want to I can just vanish, like you do?

MICHAEL

There are many different energy patterns in the universe. Each world has its unique wavelength or vibration. Just choose a different pattern and you move to a different plane.

Michael turns and starts walking away then looks back. Mandie comes out of the house and joins them.

MICHAEL

(cont'd)

Follow me.

Shane, Mr. Isaiah and Mandie follow as Michael walks toward the golf course.

MICHAEL

(cont'd)

Mandie's course has a place on it that is an ancient ceremonial ground. There is a lot of energy there, lets go there and talk.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANDIE'S GOLF COURSE - DAY

They walk through the course and the sun speeds across the sky until it begins to sink below the horizon as they arrive at their chosen destination. There on the 11th hole and to the right of the fairway, in the rough is a flattened spot of ground. A few Night Golfers are moving around and many birds were singing as if to welcome them. A cool breeze blows and something about it makes the hairs on the back of Shane's neck stand up.

SHANE

This is kind of spooky. Why did the ancients make this a sacred place?

MICHAEL

It was a place of high energy even before the ancients used it as a ceremonial spot.

SHANE

And who or what makes this so.

MICHAEL

There can be many reasons. A traumatic event, lingering spirits, unrestricted energy or a spot the angels like. Perhaps it is a place chosen by the Gods, for some reason only they know. Then it could be an important spot in the creation of the cosmos.

SHANE

Is there a difference between good energy and bad?

MICHAEL

No. Energy is energy. It can be used by the "good" or the "bad" as you call it, but the energy doesn't differ.

Night Golfers arrive and set up lounge chairs, table with food and drinks for them then disappear as quickly as they came.

MANDIE

I always knew this was kind of a special place. I always get a good feeling when I near here. There are always quite a few animals around. You can here the birds even now but if we're here a while you'll see friendly deer, rabbits, raccoons, and more. I can't say why I like it so much other than it's a feeling, that's all.

MICHAEL

People need to learn to pay attention to their feelings. Intuitive thoughts and feelings are quiet important.

They all finish their food, lay back and relax as they look into a beautiful starry night sky.

SHANE

Okay, what are we going to do about our situation? Do we agree that we should contact Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

MR. ISAIAH

You know Smith is not their real name. They often use that as their alias. For some reason, they are paranoid about giving people their real name.

SHANE

Uh, what is their real name?

MR. ISAIAH

Shank, The only reason I know is because I saw their name on a legal document during a committee meeting. I think I remember their address too. It wasn't far from here.

SHANE

Okay, let's go.

Mr. Isaiah and Shane get up, look around and find that everyone else is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

Shane and Mr. Isaiah approach the large estate of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Security guards walk the outside. Avoiding them they sneak around back. Shadows and movement are all around. A crowd of people run by jostling them. Shadows and movement continue around them and are mysterious until he thinks he recognizes someone on a golf cart.

SHANE
Night Golfers.

MR. ISAIAH
Yep.

The black golf cart screeches to a stop beside him. The driver is the Night Golfer he met before.

DRIVER
Anybody for a round of golf?

SHANE
Would you be playing the Smith course?

DRIVER
It's difficult to get into, and if you get caught it's bad news, but it's doable.

SHANE
So, you just happen to be driving by?

DRIVER
Maybe.

SHANE
Okay, let's leave it at that.

MR. ISAIAH
Yes, let's just play some golf. I've never did the Night Golfing thing before.

Shane and Mr. Isaiah get on the golf cart and the Driver takes them through the woods out to the 9th hole. They are still close enough to the Smith home to see the back of it. They quietly walk out onto the Tee but see some security guards up by the house and run behind some bushes until they

don't see them anymore. The Driver takes a club out of his bag, tees up a ball, takes a couple of practice swings then hits the ball. The ball is hit hard and long but hooks to the left and hits one of the security guards standing by the back door of the Smith home.

DRIVER

You guys hide.

Shane and Mr. Isaiah get back into the bushes. Several security guards see the driver and start coming toward him. He waits until they are within about 50 yards then hits another ball right at them and they start running toward him. He takes off and jumps into his golf carts then speeds out onto the fairway with the guards running behind him.

SHANE

Okay, Mr. Isaiah, looks like we've got a free pass.

They quietly make their way to the Smith home unhindered by the security guards who are now chasing Night Golfers all around the golf course.

MR. ISAIAH

Should we just go right up to the door and ring the bell.

SHANE

Looks clear to me, why not, but it might be better if we split up and stay low, just in case.

MR. ISAIAH

Right.

They split up and quietly continue toward the back door. As they get closer, Shane hears what sounds like a large branch snapping. Over his right shoulder, he sees Isaiah fall down. Other guards have seen them and are coming. Shane hides in a sand bunker, crouching out of sight. He watches as the guards pick up Isaiah. Mr. Isaiah is still alive, and Shane cannot see how badly he is wounded. They carry him into the back door not leaving any guards outside. Shane makes his way to the back door, tries it and finds it locked. He looks around and finds a basement window that he can squeeze through. He lets himself down into the basement.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Shane is looking around and hears voices. He stops for a moment to see if he can tell where their coming from then when they don't seem to be a threat continues looking around. He is in a partially finished basement. There are pipes of various sizes and electrical wire snaking here and there. It is dark, and he has to move carefully to avoid knocking something over or falling over something. He hears the voices again and can tell they are coming from behind a wall to his right. He moves closer to the wall to see if he can make out what is being said. As his eyes adjust to the dark, he makes out some of the clutter in the basement. There are golf clubs and parts of clubs, as well as odd-looking clubs that are obviously experimental designs. There are parts of golf carts and mechanical parts everywhere. Shane crouches next to a box that is against the wall where he can hear the voice the best and listens.

GUARD 1

He's going to be alright.

GUARD 2

What should we do with him?

GUARD 1

Lock the door, we'll ask the boss later.

Shane hears the door shut. He waits for a while to make sure everyone is gone, and then he starts to get up. As he does, Shane's hand slips into the box he was crouched behind. He pulls out a book and looks at it in disbelief. It is full of ledgers! He puts the book down, finds a screwdriver and pulls the door jam loose so he can jimmy open the door. He picks up the book and goes into another room where he sees Mr. Isaiah.

SHANE

(quietly)

Are you alright?

MR. ISAIAH

Yes, took one in the shoulder but it went right through a fleshy part and didn't do a lot of damage.

SHANE

Can you move around okay?

MR. ISAIAH

Oh yea, I can handle a little pain when I have to.

SHANE

Let's get you out of here. There's a window we can crawl out of over there.

Shane helps him up and they make it to the window without incident. He helps him through the window and is looking for something to stand on when he hears someone start down the stairs at the other end of the basement.

SHANE

(whispers to Mr. Isaiah)
Go back to Mandie's, I'll meet you there.

Shane hurriedly crouches behind some boxes and waits. He sees Mr. Smith who gets to the bottom of the stairs looks around, and not seeing Mr. Isaiah starts opening doors and looking into other rooms. Shane takes a deep breath and stands up.

SHANE

Mr. Smith.

MR. SMITH

You, what are you doing here, what do you want?

SHANE

I want to understand.

MR. SMITH

Understand what?

SHANE

You used to be a course inspector, weren't you?

MR. SMITH

I was, Harold and I were a team, but Harold lost sight of his duty.

SHANE

Harold and you?

MR. SMITH

Is that so shocking? We were a good team, good friends, in fact; Harold quit growing. He said the people didn't need guidance; they needed discovery. He became complacent and would not guide the people. He was no longer a role model. He became a

MR. SMITH
 disgrace! You see what his course
 is like now. He has no values, no
 morals.

SHANE
 What happened? Why are you no
 longer an inspector?

MR. SMITH
 Harold became more and more
 popular. I became more and more
 unpopular; unliked. The people
 wanted Harold to inspect their
 courses. He would not make them
 comply. He was easy. I made them
 adhere to the law set down by the
 Gods. Of course the people liked
 him better. So I resigned and
 created the committee of moral and
 ethical development. I am not here
 to compete in a popularity contest;
 I am here to do the work of the
 Golf Gods.

Mr. Smith takes a deep breath and relaxes. Shane doesn't
 know what to say. Shane can see Mr. Smith's aura but it
 looks weak and in need of energy.

SHANE
 Mr. Smith, I can see that you are a
 devoted man. There are people out
 there who need you. There are
 people that require strict rules
 and discipline. You need to
 continue your work. The committee
 is extremely important to the
 development of the community, but
 you should let the people come to
 you. The Gods did not impose their
 will upon the people. They sent a
 messenger, and then they let the
 people choose. Bring that example
 to the people, but do not impose
 strict penalties, if they do not
 comply. Show compassion and love.

MR. SMITH
 This is my love. Love is
 discipline. Discipline lies in the
 rules of the Gods that must be
 adhered to.

SHANE

You cannot force people to love. I
do not want to argue...

Mrs. Smith starts down the stairs with several guards behind her. The guards take Shane into the room that Mr. Isaiah was in, He looks at Mr. Smith and gives him an inquisitive look.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Shane looks around and finds no windows or access panels of any kind. He is trapped. He hears someone come down the stairs and fumble with the lock. The door opens and Mr. Smith walks in.

MR. SMITH

I liked our talk. I spoke with my wife about what you had to say. We had a meeting with a few of the others on the committee, and we have decided to have a scramble meeting.

SHANE

A scramble.

MR. SMITH

Yes. All the committee members will be present. You and a person of your choice will have a chance to make a statement on the practice green, and then my wife and her partner will give a counter. You will then play nine holes. A person will be heard on each tee. Points will be awarded on each hole according to score and argument. The worse the argument, the higher the score. I will be the judge. The contest will be tomorrow. Who would you like to be your partner?

SHANE

Harold.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - MORNING

Shane, Harold, Delilah, Mandie and the seven members of the committee are on the practice green of a golf course. Mr. Smith looks over at Shane and nods his head. Shane moves out into the center of the group, faces Mrs. Smith and begins.

SHANE

I believe that people should have a choice in their religious views.

MRS. SMITH

The Gods have set forth specific rules. These rules must be enforced in order for moral and ethical values to be upheld. It is the conviction of the course inspector to uphold these values set forth by the Gods. If the course inspector does not enforce ethics, chaos will follow.

WEIRD HAROLD

(deadpan)

Good speech.

MR. SMITH

(announcing)

First hole! Shane, Harold?

Shane looks at Harold; Harold looks at Mr. Smith.

WEIRD HAROLD

I have nothing.

SHANE

What?

MR. SMITH

(to Mrs. Smith)

Does your partner have anything?

DELILAH

I think the record speaks for itself.

SHANE

Is this a joke?

WEIRD HAROLD

No, Mrs. Smith and Delilah are good friends.

SHANE

Oh, my.

Shane and Harold tee off and hit good ones down the middle. Everyone starts walking.

SHANE

(loudly)

Wait! Don't they have to tee off?

MR. SMITH

(smiling)

Ladies' tee.

SHANE

I'm going to die.

CUT TO:

EXT. 5TH TEE BOX - DAY

SHANE

(to Weird Harold)

I'm getting killed here. This is not any fun.

Shane looks out over the course then closes his eyes.

FLASH BACK:

Memories of Slow Hand Sunn, Betting Thomas, the Greenskeepers, Weird Harold, Michael, Mandie, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the Driver, Night Golfers, Security Guards and more flash through his mind.

CLOSE ON:

Shane opens his eyes and is inches from Weird Harold's smiling face.

WEIRD HAROLD

Welcome Master.

MR. SMITH

(announcing)

Hole number 5.

Shane pats Weird Harold on the shoulder, takes a club from his bag and steps out onto the Tee. He turns and addresses the group.

SHANE

Have you ever heard the saying, 'If life is a bowl full of cherries, why do I always get the pits?' Well, you know what? I want the pits. You keep the cherries, and I will keep the pits. I will take those pits and soak them. Then I will carefully plant them, tend them and give them everything I have. Eventually, they will become trees and make cherries of their own. Even if most of the trees die and I have only one or two trees, I will still have more cherries than you can imagine. I will take the pits from those cherries and do the same. Each time learning something new, not making the same mistakes. Eventually, I will have a forest of cherry trees.

Shane then turns to his ball and hits it. They all watch in amazement as it flies up up and away then down, down, bouncing, rolling and right into the cup. A hole-in-one! Cheers and yells come from the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. 6TH TEE BOX - DAY

MR. SMITH

Hole number 6.

Shane tees up his ball then backs away and approaches it from behind as if he is sneaking up on it. He then sort of shuffles over to the side and measures his club face to the ball, squats a couple of times, stops, widens his stance, squats a couple of more times, stops, appears to go into a trace, and then finally... someone coughs. Shane looks disgusted and starts the routine over again. Shane looks at Harold and Harold gets out a lawn chair.

SHANE

Let's get one thing straight. Success, passion and freedom are of your own design. I choose how to play my course. If that is not the truth, then we are all mere puppets, manipulated by others. Freedom, success and passion are mere illusions.

Shane approaches the ball and swings making a beautiful shot right down the middle.

CUT TO:

EXT. 6TH GREEN - DAY

Harold is up to putt. With his putter in motion and just before it strikes his ball Mrs. Smith makes a loud hacking noise. Harold was distracted and missed his putt badly. It was Shane's turn to putt. He was hoping to get a read from Harold's putt but couldn't because of the distracted shot. He turned to Mrs. Smith.

SHANE

That was deliberate and rude.

MRS. SMITH

According to who? Aren't we all free to do whatever we want.

SHANE

Absolutely, we are all free to do whatever we want.

MRS. SMITH

You forgot to add, as long as it does not infringe upon the rights of others. The Gods tell us we are our brother's keeper. That was the point of my making the noise when Harold putted.

SHANE

But you were free to make the noise, and you chose to do so. No one could stop you. We are free to do anything at any time. The Gods do not impose their will upon our behavior or thinking. We have laws and we expect people to behave in a polite manner, but it is a choice to do so.

Shane putts in for an eagle.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLE #7 TEE - DAY

Shane gets up on the tee box and pulls out a wedge. He hits the ball about ninety yards out into the fairway. Everyone has a wondering stare. On his next shot, he uses a five wood and sets the ball up for a shot at a birdie.

CUT TO:

EXT. #7 GREEN - DAY

The crowd's attention is fixed on Shane as he approaches his ball. He turns to them.

SHANE

Play to your strengths. I know a guy who hits a beautiful 5 wood, but he will never play it. He says he needs to learn to play his other clubs. This is insane. If you are a good 5 wood player, then play your 5 wood every chance you get. Build your course around 5 wood shots. If you need to hit a wedge off the tee to set up a 5 wood, then do it. Play to your strengths. Avoid shots that are difficult for you.

The crowd following the scramble is getting larger. Shane sees Michael, Daniel and Saul. He is feeling very relaxed. Shane starts to see the energy of people and things very easily. The colors are vibrant and alive.

CUT TO:

EXT. #8 TEE - DAY

Shane tees up his ball, takes a couple of practice swings then walks back to his golf bag and takes out another club. He walks back out to his ball, then turns to the crowd.

SHANE

We are each alone in this life. The sorrow, the pain. No one, no matter how close to you or how much they care for you, can understand what you are thinking or know what you are going through. You are destined to live this life in loneliness, and isolation.

SHANE

Alone. Nevertheless, you are never alone. The Gods are all that is. All that is, is a part of the Gods. The spirit, the energy of the Gods is always with you. You are never anywhere in body or spirit where the Gods are not. It is a paradox. But it must be. Otherwise we would have no privacy, no emotions, no choices and no freedom.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLE #9 TEE - DAY

The crowd has grown to several times it's starting size. They are following Shane's every move, his every word. The 9th hole is a par 3 with few hazards. He steps out on the Tee. The crowd is completely silent waiting for him to speak.

SHANE

To live a life by your own design is a great challenge. Drive your cart on your own path. Build your own off-road cart and challenge the good opinion of others. Imagine if you will, a great cart path crowded with carts, each one following the other down the path of life. Watching, copying, wanting to be part of the group. Trying to be successful as defined by others! But every once-in-a-while, someone chooses to go off the path and design a path of his or her own. When they do, they are always ridiculed, criticized, and called odd or crazy. What good are you if you choose to drive the same path as everyone else? You are not adding your unique talents and gifts to the Gods. You are living out of fear and not out of love.

Shane stops here and tees up his ball, looks toward the green and takes a deep breath. He then turns back to the crowd.

But what is love? A question the poets and psalmists have attempted

SHANE

to answer throughout history. Love is not a feeling, emotion or thought. Love is not a desire, feeling or a possession. You cannot hold it, keep it or save it. Love is not a human quality. To love one must transcend the walls of their temple. Life without love is like a building with no foundation. It quickly crumbles under the siege of the storm, lost in a world that confuses anger for passion, money for success, and lust for love. But how can you discern love in a world that argues for fool's gold?

Listen. Silence is the key to the Gods. A cluttered mind stifles the soul. A quiet mind listens with love. A busy mind hears only noise. We must possess a love for ourselves before we can love anything or anyone else. It is this love that guides us, empowers us, and is our patience and our strength. It is our faith to drive a path of our own design.

Shane tees off and hits a good shot. The group plays to the green. The crowd continues to be very quiet. As they reach the green, Harold putts in for par. Delilah and Mrs. Smith are on for a birdie, but there is a dead spot of grass between their ball and the hole. Shane can see the energy of the grass, and where the dead spot is there is little energy. He goes over and starts rubbing his hand over the grass brushing energy into the dead spot. As he sees the energy grow into the dead spot, He stops and looks. The onlookers gasp; the dead spot of grass is now filled in with new grass. Suddenly, people are grabbing at Shane and shouting. Shane feels smothered and has nowhere to go. He looks up and feels like He's floating. He can see energy everywhere. He looks to his left, and can see what looks like a slit in a curtain. He reaches for it and falls in.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE COUNTER - DAY

FEMALE SALES CLERK

Sir, Sir, how are you going to pay
for this.

CLOSE ON:

Shane has a stunned blank stare as he looks at the sales clerk in the book store where he first saw Michael. He is holding the Book.

CLOSE ON:

The sales clerk eyes draw Shane back to his adventure. Her eyes are effervescent shades of blue with streaks of hazel that have a glow as if they have a light source of their own. She has an energy source around her body that gives off a soft greenish-blue glow.

FEMALE SALES CLERK

Do I know you?

2 YEARS LATER:

INT. WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

Shane and Michael exchange wedding vows and are sent off on their honeymoon by well wishers.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOEING 747 - DAY

Shane and Michael are sitting in a commercial jet waiting for take off.

SHANE

Did you get me something to read.

Michael reaches into her bag and pulls out a book, handing it to him.

MICHAEL

Yes, it's right here. It's a great story.

SHANE

You read it already?

MICHAEL

Yea, I saw it on the shelf. It's a cute story about a mouse and his cheese.

Shane bolts upright in his chair. His eyes widen as he looks at his book and sees a cover with a mouse holding a wedge of cheese. The mouse winks at him and chuckles.

SHANE

(to the book)

Very original.

The plane starts to taxi as the captain announces that they are cleared for take off. Shane sits back in his seat and looks around at the people concentrating on getting ready for lift off. The captain throttles up the engines and releases the break. They quickly gain speed and begin to clear the runway. Shane looks down at the book and suddenly feels a violent jolt. The plane seems to vibrate and starts to tilt to the left. People scream and a flight attendant is violently thrown to the floor.

INTERCOM

Brace!!

Shane looks at his wife and grabs her hand. He is still holding the book. He looks at it.

SHANE

(under his breath)

Are you doing this?

The plane continues to tilt severely to the left giving the feeling that it's turning upside down. People panic and continue to scream. The flight attendant that was thrown to the floor is bleeding profusely from her head and looks to be unconscious. Shane grabs her and pulls her next to his seat. The noise is defining. It is overwhelming; He thinks his ears are going to explode. Slowly the plane begins to level.

INTERCOM

(in desperation)

Brace, Brace, for impact!!

VOICE

Duck!

The plane flips, violently hits the ground and for a moment seems to float as it bounces off the runway.

VOICE

Duck down!

Shane hesitates.

VOICE

DUCK NOW!!

The plane hits runway again and bounces again. Shane grabs the flight attendant and ducks down on his seat. The plane impacts the runway the last time with a jolt that knocks him out of his seat. Dirt and debris fly everywhere. The noise continues to be deafening. It's hard to breath and impossible to see anything. Then it's over. The plane didn't catch on fire. Shane is lucky. They all are lucky. He looks to Michael who is fine then picks up the flight attendant and looks back at his seat. It's gone! Shane and Michael are fine and exit the plane with the help of emergency personnel. As they are led away from the plane it is clear that they are on a hill overlooking a town. Shane stops in his tracks and holds Michael close. Fear and rage fill his eyes as he looks up into the sky and screams. Michael looks out over the town. We follow her gaze as she sees that every home has a golf course.