

3 BILLS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Three southern, elderly men slowly roll up to the tenth hole, each in their own golf cart. BIG BILL, A rugged looking fellow with an old T-shirt and blue jeans, parks and has to rock himself three or four times before he manages to get out.

BILL S. looks like the classy one of the bunch, dressed like a retired doctor. He remains seated, staring out at the sky, taking in the beautiful day with a smirk.

As Big Bill carefully chooses his club, BILLY BOY, decked out in pro golf attire, fumbles through the ice chest on the back of his cart.

BILLY BOY

Who's ready for a cold one?

Bill S. waves his hand and shakes his head no.

BIG BILL

You gotta be kiddin' Billy Boy. We ain't even teed off yet.

BILLY BOY

(chuckles)

Whatchu mean, Big? We're on the tenth hole.

BIG BILL

And if we don't get a move on, them big shots playin' all 18 are gonna catch up to us.

Big Bill sticks his tee in the ground. He backs up several feet and violently swings his club like a baseball bat three or four times.

He steps back up to the tee and concentrates.

His swing is an awkward abomination. The ball goes a long way, but never leaves the ground. He grins smugly.

BILL S.

There ya go Big!

BIG BILL

I'll take it.

Big Bill struts back to his cart while Bill S. approaches the tee box.

Billy Boy chugs half his beer, seemingly oblivious to the fact that the other two Bills are playing.

Bill S. carefully, strategically plants his tee in the perfect spot. He remains in a squatted position for a moment, surveying the slope of the fairway. He stands back up and takes a loud, long, deep breath in through the nose.

He slowly lowers his club, lining it up with the ball. He closes his eyes as if he's saying a silent prayer. He draws back and swings with all his might.

He misses the ball and falls backwards. His rear end hits the ground with a thud. Big Bill and Billy Boy laugh hysterically.

Bill S. scrambles to stand back up, but it takes a little while. The other Bills are still laughing, but he's clearly agitated.

BILL S.

Y'all know I have a bad back.
Effects my swing.

He steps back up to the tee as the laughter dwindles down. He swings about half as hard this time and hits a decent shot, straight down the fairway.

BILL S. (CONT'D)

There. Y'all can kiss it.

He sticks his club back into his bag and climbs back in his cart.

BIG BILL

Billy Boy? You're up, bub.

Billy Boy slings his head back and empties the rest of his beer into his wide open gullet. He crumples the can in his hand and tosses it into the floorboard of his cart.

He starts fumbling through his clubs.

BILL S.

Now I know you've had time to pick
out a club before now.

BILLY BOY

Relax boys. Take in the day. No
hurries, no worries.

Billy Boy selects a fairway wood and walks up to the tee box. He pauses and snatches his head back and forth, looking at the ground ahead of and behind him.

BILLY BOY (CONT'D)
Guys, I hate to tell you this, but we're playing from the Alice tee.

BIG BILL
How's that?

BILLY BOY
The women's tee.

BILL S.
Naw. This is the senior's tee.

BIG BILL
Hey, I prefer the term "mature adult tee."

BILLY BOY
No, the senior's box is gold. These are red.

BILL S.
No, the women's are red.

BILLY BOY
That's what I just said.

BILL S.
The women's are gold I mean.

BIG BILL
Well wait, what are the blue ones for?

BILLY BOY
Those are for the pros.

BIG BILL
Well shoot, you're dressed like a pro, get back there and tee off.

BILLY BOY
Hey, I'm gonna be cool all day in this outfit. You're gonna wish you hadn't worn them jeans.

BILL S.
Trust me, Billy Boy. He wore those on purpose.

(MORE)

BILL S. (CONT'D)

He doesn't want everyone to see his
hind end sweatin' through like it
does in those khakis.

All 3 Bills laugh a little, but Big Bill's seems a little
forced.

BILLY BOY

Yeah, I started to bring him some
depends for you today.

BIG BILL

Hey, y'all can kiss it where it
looks like a fig.

Billy Boy finally plants his tee in the ground.

BILL S.

Wait now. I thought you said this
was the women's tee.

BILLY BOY

Well, y'all played from it. I'm not
gonna disadvantage myself.

Billy Boy walks quickly up to the ball, and without any
preparation at all quickly smacks it. It goes deep into the
woods.

BILL S.

Try that again.

BILLY BOY

Didn't bring but one ball up here.
Can you grab another one out of my
cart?

BIG BILL

Dern. I teach you everything I
know, and you still don't know
nothin'. When you gonna learn to
take more than one ball up there
with you?

BILLY BOY

Well, if I do that, it's like I'm
preparing for failure.

BIG BILL

That's right. And you failed.
Shoulda been prepared.

Bill S. looks through Billy Boys cart.

BILL S.
You only got three more balls?

BILLY BOY
I guess so.

BIG BILL
Well don't waste 'em all on this
whole. Just take a drop.

BILLY BOY
Good call.

The three men climb into their respective carts and roll away
to find their balls.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill S. And Big Bill pull up to the same ball and get out.

BILL S.
What are you doin'?

BIG BILL
I'm gonna hit my ball. Wanna watch?

BILL S.
That's my ball.

BIG BILL
The hell you say.

BILL S.
You're ball's right there.

Bill S. points his club at a ball about fifteen feet to the
left.

BIG BILL
Are you sure?

BILL S.
Yeah. See this ball's got a "B" on
it.

Bill S. uses his club to roll the ball over and reveal a
sharpie-drawn "B."

BIG BILL
Mine's got a "B" on it too.

BILL S.
Well, I'm tellin' you, this is mine.

BIG BILL
Well, you just moved that ball with your club, so you gotta add a penalty stroke.

BILL S.
Wait a second now. I was just showing you that it was my ball.

BIG BILL
Doesn't matter. You interfered with it. That's a penalty.

Bill S. looks down at the ball for a second.

BILL S.
You know what? This is your ball.

BIG BILL
No, it's yours. You said so yourself.

BILL S.
Nah, I think that's mine over yonder.

Billy Boy pulls up in his cart grinning like a child.

BILLY BOY
Who's on the green, boys?

BIG BILL
Bill's cheatin'. Claims this is my ball just so he don't have to take a penalty stroke.

BILL S.
I'm tellin' you, it is your ball. That's mine over there. I remember because I remember seeing that leaf near it.

BIG BILL
Ain't no way you saw that leaf from the tee box.

Billy Boy, still seated in his cart is listening to both men argue, but the smile has not faded from his face.

BILLY BOY
 Guess who's on the green, boys.

BILL S.
 Who?

BILLY BOY
 I am.

Bill S. And Big Bill both cup their hands over their eyes and stare off into the distance, looking at the green way ahead.

BIG BILL
 That ain't you up there.

BILLY BOY
 Yeah it is.

BILL S.
 You were in the woods.

BILLY BOY
 I took a drop.

BIG BILL
 You can't take a drop on the green, dummy. You gotta drop it close to where you went into the woods.

BILLY BOY
 I did, but then I hit a beauty all the way to the green.

Bill S. and Big Bill look at each other suspiciously.

BIG BILL
 Bill, I think Billy Boy's tryin' to pull a fast one on us.

BILL S.
 I think so too.

BILLY BOY
 No. I hit it up there. I'm about to be puttin' for birdie.

BILL S.
 Even if you did hit that shot up there...which you didn't...you couldn't be puttin' for birdie. It's a par 4.

BILLY BOY

I know. The shot off my tee. The shot up to the green, and my next putt.

BIG BILL

What about you're penalty shot?

BILLY BOY

What penalty shot?

BILL S.

For takin' the drop.

BILLY BOY

Oh yeah.

BIG BILL

Y'all are about the sorriest, cheatin'-est bunch of rascals. Just get out of my way so I can hit this ball.

Bill S. takes several steps back, and Billy Boy puts his cart in reverse. Big Bill approaches the ball and stops.

A beat.

He swings another awkward swing. The ball rolls again but goes a long way. It finally stops about 20 yards in front of the green.

He grins, smugly.

BILLY BOY

You're on it today, Big.

Big Bill walks to the back of his cart and slides his club in the bag.

BILLY BOY (CONT'D)

What do you reckon your handicap is?

BIG BILL

No idea.

BILL S.

I know what his handicap is.

BIG BILL

What's that?

BILL S.
The way you swing.

Billy Boy chuckles as Big Bill climbs back into his cart.

BIG BILL
Now that's offensive, Bill. Not to me, but to all them handicap churren out there.

BILL S.
Oh, you're the one bringin' them into this.

Bill S. gets out of his cart and walks up to his ball. He gives a good swing, hits the ball square, and ends up just about five feet shy of the green.

BILLY BOY
Wow! That's the shot of the day right there.

BILL S.
What about yours? You're on the green.

BILLY BOY
Oh yeah. I meant besides mine.

Bill S. climbs back into his cart and the three men all roll away again.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- SECONDS LATER

The three men all pull up to their respective balls in their respective carts, including Billy Boy who actually pulls up on the green.

BIG BILL
Whoa! You can't drive up on the green!

BILLY BOY
Why not?

BIG BILL
Golf etiquette, dummy. Besides, you're right in my way.

Billy Boy gets back in his cart and backs it up, just slightly off the green.

BIG BILL (CONT'D)

Say. Why are we all in separate carts anyway?

BILL S.

I need the space 'cause of my back.

BIG BILL

What about you, Billy Boy? Why didn't we ride together?

BILLY BOY

Didn't want to sit in a puddle of your butt-sweat.

BIG BILL

Fair enough.

Bill S. looks behind him to see if there are any golfers catching up. He glances down at his watch.

BILL S.

Big, you're away, so go ahead.

BIG BILL

You realize, we could all end up par on this hole.

BILL S.

Yep. Not bad for our first hole.

Big Bill walks up to his ball, carefully evaluates it, looks at the green, then looks back at the ball. He slowly draws his club back and then releases one of those abominable swings again. The ball sails, going way over the other side of the green.

BIG BILL

Dern!

Bill S. And Billy Boy laugh wildly.

BIG BILL (CONT'D)

Hey, at least I got it off the ground that time.

The laughter fades as Bill S. gets out and approaches his ball.

He takes a deep breath and closes his eyes for a moment. He brings the club back steadily and then takes an easy swing, chipping the ball perfectly, placing it on the green just a few feet from the hole.

BILLY BOY

Nice.

BILL S.

That's how you do it.

Bill S. Walks up onto the green and stands next to Billy Boy.

BILLY BOY

Big, you're still away.

Big walks around to the other side of the green, down a hill, and slightly out of sight.

BIG BILL

(shouting)

Look out!

The ball flies furiously through the air. Bill S. tries to duck, but falls clumsily to the ground. The ball just misses his head and ends up back on going back over the green again.

BILLY BOY

(shouting)

You just about killed Bill!

Bill S. gets up and dusts himself off. Big Bill comes back over the hill and walks up on the green.

BIG BILL

Sorry Bill. Y'all just go ahead and finish this hole up. I'm gonna sit this one out.

Bill S. walks up to his ball, just a few feet from the hole. He approaches quickly. Too quickly, not even thinking about his shot. His putt goes wide and rolls about ten feet past the hole on the other side.

Billy Boy walks up to his ball.

BILLY BOY

This is for birdie.

BIG BILL

Par.

BILLY BOY

This is for par.

BILL S.

So you say.

Billy boy taps the ball and it rolls about six inches.

BIG BILL
We won't count that.

Billy Boy walks up to his ball and taps it again. It goes another foot. Maybe.

BILL S.
Won't count that either. C'mon
Billy Boy. Just get it in there.

Billy Boy finally puts some muscle into his putt, but it rolls a few inches wide of the hole.

BIG BILL
Close enough.

BILLY BOY
Yeah! First time I've ever shot
birdie.

BIG BILL
Par.

BILLY BOY
First time I've ever shot par.

Bill S. walks up to his ball and takes a second to consider his shot this time. He putts it nicely, but again misses the hole. The ball rolls past it.

BIG BILL
Close enough

BILL S.
Yeah, that counts.

Billy Boy and Bill S. pick up their balls, and the three men start walking back to their carts.

BILL S. (CONT'D)
We gotta hurry. That group behind
us is catching up.

BILLY BOY
Yeah, we'll probably end up having
to let them play through.

BIG BILL
Those are the guys we saw on the
way in. On the front nine.

BILL S.
Yep.

BIG BILL

I don't know how anybody has time
to play 18 holes.

BILL S.

Must take 'em all day.

The three men climb into their respective carts and roll away
to the next hole.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END