

Golf in the Kingdom; The First Game

Written by

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Adapted from the novel

Golf in the Kingdom

by

Michael Murphy

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Final draft

FADE IN

EXT. BURNINGBUSH---DAY

Burningbush is a golf course, with stretches of heather, grassy dunes, and along most of the course, the North Sea. Near the first tee is the pro shop, and off beyond the pro shop is the huge building of the Burningbush clubhouse. Assorted pathways lead in various directions from and around the buildings.

EXT. CADDIES' SHELTER---DAY

MURPHY watches, fascinated.

He is on a pathway between the rear of the caddies' shelter and a high embankment. The two walls, and a series of beams about ten feet off the ground, form a high walled, dark, and narrow corridor.

About fifteen feet away, the JUMPER is standing beneath one of the beams, his back to Murphy.

Abruptly, with an explosive EXHALATION, the jumper launches himself into the air as he tries to reach the beam with one toe. Plummeting back to the ground, he twists back, landing on his chest, arms outstretched. The Jumper picks himself up off the ground, and does it again. After a few more times, the Jumper finally grazes the beam with one toe as Murphy finally notices that the Jumper is wearing golf shoes.

After the last fall, the Jumper lies on the ground, BREATHING heavily. After a few seconds, he looks up at Murphy, then gets to his feet. He is six foot three inches tall, with reddish hair. His eyes are blue, the left focused slightly towards the center. He looks something wild and serene, and there is a slight blur, then he smiles, teeth slightly buck-toothed.

The jumper then winks, waggles his head, and walks on past Murphy. Murphy turns to watch him go.

INT. BURNINGBUSH PRO SHOP---DAY

The STARTER is behind his desk as Murphy walks in.

STARTER  
May I be helpin' ye?

Murphy looks around at the collections of golf clubs and shoes against the walls.

MURPHY

Yes. I'd like to see about renting some golf clubs and shoes for the afternoon.

STARTER

Very good. Y'see what we have heer. Try a few oot and make your selection, and then we'll get ye a pair of shoes.

The Starter watches slyly as Murphy picks up and waggles a few of the woods and irons.

STARTER (cont'd)

Are ye lookin' for a game?

MURPHY

Yes, I am.

The Starter fusses with his equipment display.

STARTER

Are ye an American?

MURPHY

Yes, I am.

STARTER

A toorist heer?

MURPHY

I'm a student. I've heard a lot about Burningbush and always wanted to play it. I had a dream once I played it.

STARTER

Wha' ye studyin'?

MURPHY

Philosophy. I'm on my way to India.

The Starter watches as Murphy busies himself with putting on a pair of golf shoes and selecting a set of clubs. After a moment,

STARTER

Well, I think I can get ye a game.  
There's a professional here takin'  
someone for a teachin' round. Maybe  
ye'd like to play along wi' them?

MURPHY

(delighted)

Oh, great!. A pro can help me out on  
Lucifer's rug.

STARTER

Oh, he may help ye now, and then  
again he may na'. There they are,  
out there.

The Starter points through the pro shop window. Murphy  
turns to look.

EXT. BURNINGBUSH PRO SHOP---DAY

A pair of men, SHIVAS and MACIVER, can be heard, distantly,  
from where they are at the first tee.

Shivas is wearing a russet sweater, a pair of golden brown  
corduroy pants, and ordinary brown golf shoes. MacIver is  
dressed in white shoes and pants and a black cardigan  
sweater.

MacIver stares towards the first hole fairway, then turns  
back to Irons as Murphy carries his golf bag out of the pro  
shop and to a little bench. Pulling out the driver, Murphy  
takes some practice swings.

MACIVER

(slightly distant)

Aye, when they're hittin'', ye mean.

SHIVAS

(Off Screen, slightly  
distant)

Noo, it's nae joost when y'r hitting  
the ball with y'r club, it's alwaes.

Murphy puts the club away and carries the bag to towards the  
first tee.

SHIVAS (cont'd)

(O.S.)

Just see it that way. They're aye  
joined before ye start playin'.

Murphy clears his throat, hesitantly, then clears it again, louder.

MURPHY  
(small)  
Hello.

Shivas turns around to look behind him, and Murphy sees that Shivas is the Jumper. Murphy goggles.

MURPHY (cont'd)  
Ah, hello. My name is Michael  
Murphy.

Shivas smiles.

SHIVAS  
Shivas Irons ma nemme, and this  
gentleman is Mr. Balie MacIver.

He points to MacIver, then turns abruptly to look back down the fairway. Murphy brings his clubs up to the tee blocks and takes a few practice swings as Shivas continues with MacIver.

SHIVAS (cont'd)  
Noo, we'll play six holes for the  
centered swing, six tae feel gravity,  
and six tae scoor.

MacIver nods, and the two of them stand for a moment with their eyes closed. After a moment, Shivas pulls his driver out of his bag. MacIver pulls out a long iron.

SHIVAS (cont'd)  
Nae. Use yer play club noo.

Shivas points to MacIver's driver. He stares intently at MacIver, and as MacIver nods, and begins to replace the iron, smiles. He turns to Murphy, smiles, and gestures towards the tee.

SHIVAS (cont'd)  
Murphy, ye swing at the grass real  
purty, hav' a try at the ball.

Murphy tees up a ball and looks down the fairway. The ocean waves can be heard as they POUND on boulders beyond the rough. Placing the head of his club behind the ball, Murphy then carefully moves the club back and forth --- and knocks the ball off the tee. As Murphy looks back behind him, Shivas is about seven feet tall. Looking down at Murphy, Shivas moves his hand in front of his hips, palm down. Murphy nods, and reaches down to tee up again.

As he straightens up, Shivas is six foot three again. Murphy drops his weight down a bit.

As Murphy looks down the fairway, there is a muffled THWACK. While he is still standing by the tee, a turquoise golf ball sails down the right side of the fairway with a tail hook towards the green.

Murphy carefully takes his stance, waggles the club a bit, then swings. His ball follows the course of the turquoise ball perfectly.

SHIVAS (cont'd)

Guid shot. ha' did ye ken tae hit it thair? 'Tis the best lie tae the green.

MURPHY

(mumbles)

Just luck.

Murphy stands aside.

MacIver swings with an apparent half-effort and his drive travels 180 yards or so down the middle of the fairway.

SHIVAS

That's it, that's it.

MacIver mumbles something as he steps aside, smiling proudly in spite of himself.

Shivas stoops down gracefully to tee his ball, balancing for a moment on one leg as if to test his balance and spring. He stands addressing the ball for a few seconds, seeming to peer into the center of the ball.

Slowly, his club swings back, then forward again, impacting with immense power and following through with utter grace and balance. The ball sails into the sky, going 280 yards or more down the middle of the fairway, hovering momentarily before it lands and bounces high towards the green.

Shivas picks up his tee, winks at MacIver and Murphy, and does a little kick, a bit like the one behind the clubhouse. He smiles.

SHIVAS (cont'd)

Someday perhaps the ba' wal na' come down again. Have ye e'er had tha' feelin'?

EXT. FIRST FAIRWAY---DAY

Shivas walks down the fairway ahead of Murphy and MacIver.

Shivas stops by MacIver's ball and watches as MacIver makes his next shot. MacIver is totally preoccupied by it, and his swing is neither graceful or powerful. It is another half effort shot, and it lands in front of the green.

EXT. FIRST GREEN--DAY

Murphy is by his ball. He pulls a seven iron out of his bag and HITS the ball onto the green.

Shivas HITS a wedge three feet from the cup, then putts.

Murphy gets his ball in with two more shots, MacIver takes three.

On Murphy's score card, the first hole is labeled with a four. Murphy writes a four for the first hole score.

The three of them walk towards the second tee. Shivas smiles at Murphy.

SHIVAS

Ah like yer swing, Michael.

MURPHY

(blurts out)

Any chance of getting a lesson?

Shivas looks directly into Murphy's eyes.

SHIVAS

Oh, but ye may na' ken tha' that is a solemn and serious matter, a serious matter indeed.

Shivas smiles good naturedly, but is serious. He then grins and reaches out to shake Murphy's hand.

SHIVAS (cont'd)

Just call me Shivas.

MURPHY

Do you teach here all summer?

SHIVAS

It depends.

Shivas then turns away.

## EXT. SECOND TEE---DAY

The second green can be seen from the tee, down a straight, gently rolling fairway. Murphy looks at his scorecard and sees that the distance is 354 yards. The rough on the right is full of stones and gorse, and an incoming fairway runs down the left.

MacIver HITS another short, unpretentious shot down the middle, conscientiously following the game plan.

Murphy tees up. As he addresses the ball, there is a distant THWAK, and again a turquoise ball flies down the middle of the fairway. Murphy swings and his ball does the same.

Shivas steps forward and tees up, bending over on one leg, as before. Straightening up, he balances for a moment, then addresses the ball, staring intently into it. He HITS the ball in a straight shot down the fairway, as if the ball was a bullet shot from a rifle.

## EXT. SECOND FAIRWAY---DAY

As the three walk up the fairway, Murphy pulls out his scorecard and looks at the yardage figures.

The course is about 680 yards long. Murphy pulls out his pencil and starts scribbling figures next to holes. Several holes get "bird" written next to them, and at the bottom of the card he writes 72. Putting the card and pencil away, He hurries forward, down the fairway. His ball is near the center of the fairway, about an eight iron shot from the green. When he gets to the ball, he looks towards the green, sees the bunkers in front of it, the gorse to the side, and the rocks behind it. He pulls the eight iron out and lines up his shot.

## EXT. SECOND HOLE GORSE---DAY

A turquoise ball drops into the gorse and disappears without a trace.

## EXT. SECOND FAIRWAY BUNKER---DAY

A turquoise ball slams into the bunker, spraying sand in all directions.

EXT. ROCKS BEYOND SECOND GREEN---DAY

A turquoise ball drops into the rocks, bounces suddenly, then disappears off in another direction.

EXT. SECOND FAIRWAY---DAY

Murphy adjusts his swing as he addresses the ball. He steps away from the ball, then steps forward and gets ready to swing.

EXT. SECOND HOLE GORSE---DAY

A turquoise ball drops into the gorse and disappears without a trace.

EXT. SECOND FAIRWAY---DAY

Murphy shifts as he swings and blasts the ball onto the adjoining fairway. He slams the club into the bag, and charges towards the ball. Shivas calls across the fairway.

SHIVAS  
(suddenly stern,  
booms)  
Now, hold there, Michael. Just wait  
yer toorn.

Murphy stops in midstride and waits. Shivas shoots an approach onto the green. Murphy pulls out his scorecard again.

EXT. ADJOINING FAIRWAY---DAY

Murphy gets to his ball and looks towards the second green. The flag is about 100 feet away, on the other side of a bunker. He pulls a nine iron out of the bag and takes a few practice swings.

EXT. SECOND FAIRWAY BUNKER---DAY

The bunker is twice its original size as a turquoise ball slams into it, spraying sand in all directions.

EXT. ADJOINING FAIRWAY---DAY

Murphy backs away from the ball for a moment, then moves back for another try.

EXT. SECOND FAIRWAY BUNKER---DAY

The bunker is twice its original size as three turquoise balls slam into it, spraying sand in all directions.

EXT. ADJOINING FAIRWAY---DAY

Murphy backs away from the ball again, then approaches, swings, and sends the ball straight into the sand. Shivas and MacIver watch silently as he stands for a moment, looking at the bunker, then looks up and stares into the sky.

EXT. SECOND HOLE BUNKER---DAY

As Murphy climbs into the bunker, Shivas and MacIver wave and shout encouragingly. Aside from that everything is silent. Murphy lines up his shot and blasts the ball out of the bunker and onto the green.

EXT. SECOND GREEN---DAY

Murphy two putts the ball into the hole. Shivas and MacIver start walking towards the third tee. Murphy pulls out the score card and scowls at it.

EXT. THIRD TEE---DAY

A little bench stands behind the third tee. MacIver sits down on it and begins writing scores on his card. MacIver looks up at Murphy as he walks up to the tee.

MACIVER

Now, Murphy. What di'ye shoot on yer first two holes?

Murphy looks at him in surprise.

MURPHY

I'll keep my own score. You have your lesson. Don't bother.

MACIVER

Oh, no. It's noo problem. I'll keep th' scoores fer the t'ree of us.

Murphy looks at him for a bit, then finally speaks.

MURPHY

Four on the first, and a six on the second. That damn bunker, and I should have sunk the putt---

SHIVAS

(sternly)

Ye had a five oon the first.

Murphy turns to face Shivas, who is looking straight back at him.

SHIVAS (cont'd)

Ye must count that one ye knocked off the tee when ye took yer waggle

Murphy stands staring at Shivas, stunned. Finally, MacIver breaks the silence.

MACIVER

So, a five and a six?

Murphy is still silent. Shivas lifts a finger and shakes it at Murphy.

SHIVAS

Now, Michael. Ye must rimember that ye're in the land where all these rools were invented. 'Tis the only way ye can play in the kingdom.

Then Shivas's big grin appears. After a pause, Murphy answers.

MURPHY

A five on the first hole and a six on the second.

MacIver solemnly writes a five and a six on the score card as Murphy and Shivas watch silently.

MacIver puts away the scorecard and the three of them prepare for the third hole.

Murphy looks at his card again as MacIver tees up and swings.

SHIVAS

(O.S)

Now, Michael. Ye must rimember . . . 'Tis the only way ye can play in the kingdom.

Murphy tees up. He waggles the club for a bit, stares intently into the ball for a moment, then swings. The ball sails into a long sweeping hook far out over the fairway and into the gorse. Murphy grits his teeth in exasperation. He turns to Shivas.

MURPHY

Can I hit another in case the ball is lost?

SHIVAS

No, not heer. Ye can aye find it in tha' particular ruif.

As Shivas gets ready to shoot, Murphy slams his club into his bag.

MURPHY

Damnit!!!!

Shivas HITS a drive far down the middle of the fairway.

EXT. ROUGH---DAY

The rough along the third hole is full of rocks and gorse.

Murphy's ball is in the gorse, suspended about a foot or two above the ground.

Murphy approaches his ball carefully, carrying his bag in a wide arc around the bush. He pulls a seven iron out of the bag and steps carefully towards the shrub.

Carefully holding the iron away from the yellow blossoms, he sets his feet, then takes a few tentative swings, watching to see if any rocks or other shrubs are in the way, and being careful to keep the club out of the gorse. He looks towards the flag, then turns back to swing.

He begins his swing, and the ball disappears into the yellow flowers. Murphy looks into the sky and shakes his head.

MURPHY

This fucking game. This fucking game.

Shivas is watching from the edge of the fairway, about thirty yards away.

SHIVAS

(distant,  
reverberating)

How does it lie?

MURPHY

(yells)

It fell into the middle of a whin.  
Should I play it, or drop out?

SHIVAS

(distant, yells)

No, play it like it lies. It'll come  
out.

Murphy glares over the gorse. He glares into the shrub, then lines up his shot, looking towards the flag, then checking his swing for obstacles. He swings down viciously, sending yellow flowers spraying in all directions. The ball does not appear.

SHIVAS (cont'd)

(distant, bellowing)

Bring me a bouquet when ye come oot.

Murphy stares at him in disbelief.

MURPHY

(shouts)

I can't even see the ball. I think I  
should drop out.

SHIVAS

(shouts)

It'll come out. Keep choppin'.

Murphy swings again, even harder than the first time, and HITS a rock as he HITS the ball. As sparks fly in all directions, the ball takes off, landing in another patch of gorse about 30 feet away. Murphy chops again at the devastated bush as Shivas turns away and walks towards his ball.

MURPHY

Fucking bastard. Fuck the score.

Murphy goes over to his ball and HITS a wedge shot onto the fairway, then wades out of the gorse to join MacIver.

EXT. THIRD FAIRWAY---DAY

Murphy stalks over to his ball. He pulls out a three wood and lines up a shot directly towards the green. Throwing everything into the shot, he tops badly, and the ball bounces straight up and lands about twenty or thirty feet away. MacIver looks at him for a moment.

MACIVER

Now, Murphy, just try usin' yer short irons ta finish the hole.

MURPHY

Yeah, I'll . . . see how it goes.

MacIver HITS another shot down the middle of the fairway.

Ahead of them, to the right, Shivas is standing near his ball, waiting for them to catch up.

SHIVAS

The twa o' ye remind me o' the tortoise and the hare.

Murphy grits his teeth and shakes his head.

Murphy's ball now has large gashes in it. He looks at the bag for a moment, then pulls out a five iron, and lines up his shot. When he HITS the ball, it wobbles in flight, veering in one direction, then another.

SHIVAS (cont'd)

Guid man! 'Tis the first time Ah e'er saw a hook and a slice on one shot.

Shivas shoots with a three wood, putting the ball onto the green.

EXT. THIRD GREEN---DAY

When they get to the green, MacIver's ball is about three feet from the hole, Shivas's is further out, and Murphy's is the furthest out. Murphy marks his ball and starts to clean it. It has multiple deep gashes in it.

MURPHY

(meekly)

May I put down another ball?

Neither of the other two answer. Murphy finishes and puts the ball back down on the green.

As Murphy prepares to make his putt, one of the gashes in the ball winks at him. When he putts, the ball veers to the left, stopping a bit past MacIver's.

MacIver sinks his putt. Shivas narrowly misses his, then taps it in. As Shivas looks elsewhere, Murphy lines up his putt.

Murphy swings, the ball veers to the right, stopping about three feet from the cup. Shivas turns back towards Murphy.

SHIVAS

Noo try walin' it in, it'll never get there in the regular coors o' things.

Murphy glowers back at him. He HITS the putt without lining it up. It rolls straight to the hole, HITS the back of the cup, bounces high, and lands on the far side of the hole. Murphy looks at the ball, then leans back to look at the sky, raises an arm high, and gives it the finger. Shivas and MacIver laugh and turn away towards the next tee. Murphy taps the ball in and the three of them walk off the green.

EXT. FOURTH TEE---DAY

MacIver pulls out his scorecard and writes down the scores for Shivas and himself.

MACIVER

How many, Murphy?

Murphy stares at him for a moment. MacIver peers at the scorecard waiting for Murphy's reply.

MURPHY

Just give me an X.

MacIver looks at Murphy blankly.

MACIVER

A what?.

MURPHY

I'm not counting that hole.

SHIVAS

Noo, Michael, put doon yer score, it'll do ye good.

Murphy looks at the two of them.

MACIVER

An X?

MURPHY

(finally)  
Oh, put down a ten.

MacIver peers at the scorecard. Shivas cocks his head to one side. After a moment, MacIver scratches an ear and looks at Shivas. Shivas looks at Murphy.

SHIVAS

Michael, Ah think 'twas eleven.

MacIver looks at Murphy. Murphy nods, resigned.

MURPHY

An eleven.

MacIver carefully writes it down. Shivas goes over to Murphy and puts a hand on his shoulder.

SHIVAS

Dona' worry about the score so much.  
It's not the important thing.

Shivas squeezes Murphy's shoulder and turns back to MacIver.

EXT. FOURTH TEE---DAY

The fourth hole is a 400 yard dogleg to the left.

Murphy tees up and glares down the fairway. He squints furiously at the ball. Finally, he swings, and HITS a drive which cuts across the corner of the dogleg to the second part of the fairway.

EXT. FOURTH FAIRWAY---DAY

MacIver and Shivas watch as Murphy lines up a shot with a seven iron. Again, Murphy glares out over the green, then glares through the ball. Finally he swings and the ball sails off over the green and finally disappears into a rocky draw beyond the green. The three of them watch silently as the ocean can be heard in the distance.

The three of them have shifted position, with MacIver and Shivas further down the fairway towards the hole. Murphy takes a ball out of his bag and drops it on the ground. He lines up his shot, then HITS it short of and away from the green.

EXT. FOURTH GREEN---DAY

As Murphy fishes the ball out of the cup, MacIver gives Murphy a score of 6. Murphy sits on a rock and looks over the waves. Shivas goes over to him and lays a hand on his shoulder.

SHIVAS

Ye try too hard and ye think too much. Why don't ye go wi' yer pretty swing? Let the nothingness into yer shots.

EXT. FIFTH HOLE---DAY

Murphy lines up his shot and swings. The ball sails down the fairway.

EXT. FIFTH FAIRWAY---DAY

Shivas HITS a ball further down the fairway.

Shivas waits by his ball as MacIver shoots a ball down the fairway.

SHIVAS

(O.S., slightly distant)

Think of the ball and the sweet spot as bein' joined together. Just see it that way. . . . They're aye joined before ye start playin'.

EXT. FIFTH GREEN---DAY

MacIver writes down a five for Murphy. The par shown on the card is a four.

EXT. SIXTH TEE---DAY

Shivas bends over to tee up his ball. Straightening up, he balances for a moment on one leg. He pulls out his driver, then address the ball.

Murphy is watching Shivas as he HITS the ball. MacIver looks at Shivas, stares at the tee, and peers down the fairway as he approaches the tee.

MACIVER

So wi' true gravity I can see a field tha's aroond the ball when I hit it?

SHIVAS

Around th' ball and everything else at all times, and not just when you hit the ball.

EXT. SIXTH FAIRWAY---DAY

The three are walking up the fairway towards MacIver's ball. Off to one side, waves POUR onto the shore by the course.

SHIVAS

(O.S.)

If y'can see the energy dimensions inherent in true gravity, y' can be at one w' the ball and y'll have it go just where ye want it to.

Murphy watches Shivas as Shivas watches MacIver HIT his ball.

Murphy lines up a shot as Shivas watches, silently.

SHIVAS (cont'd)

(O.S.)

Think of the sweet spot and the ball as bein' joined together.

Murphy HITS the ball and casually tracks it as it sails down the fairway. As Shivas and MacIver start walking towards the next ball, Murphy waits for a moment, staring over the hills.

EXT. SEVENTH TEE---DAY

Waves CRASH upon a nearby stretch of shore.

Murphy stares intently at his ball, then HITS it a medium length down the middle of the fairway.

MACIVER

(O.S.)

Are the sweet spot and the ball together e'en after I've hit th' ball?

SHIVAS

(O.S.)

The club is the club and the ball is the ball, but when ye look at them with true gravity an' ye consider that tha ball is the one with the club face,

EXT. SEVENTH FAIRWAY---DAY

SHIVAS

(O.S.)

then after ye hit the ball, the twa  
're still joined.

The three of them watch as MacIver's ball sails down the fairway. Shivas and Murphy start to walk as MacIver puts the club away and picks up his bag.

SHIVAS (cont'd)

(O.S.)

Can ye smell the heather, Michael?

MURPHY

Yes, I can.

Shivas points towards a distant hill.

SHIVAS

It's growin' way over there, but ye  
can smell it from heer.

EXT. EIGHTH TEE---DAY

MacIver sits on a bench, writing scores as Murphy and Shivas stare off in different directions over the landscape.

EXT. EIGHTH FAIRWAY---DAY

As MacIver and Murphy watch, Shivas stares intently down into his ball. He slowly swings the club back, then brings it forward, smashing it far down the fairway and onto the green.

SHIVAS

(O.S.)

Just see it that way. . . . They're  
aye joined before ye start playin'.

EXT. NINTH FAIRWAY---DAY

As Murphy stares up the fairway towards the ninth hole flag, a seagull swoops in from the sea, and for a moment, it is enveloped in a glow of yellow light.

EXT. TENTH TEE---DAY

As Shivas watches the ocean, Murphy stares intently into the ball, then swings. As the club goes back, for a moment there is a tiny purple aura around the ball. When Murphy HITS the ball, he hits the sweet spot.

SHIVAS

That's the sound we want.

The ball doesn't go very far as Murphy stands, watching it, bemused.

EXT. TENTH FAIRWAY---DAY

Murphy and Shivas are walking up the fairway towards Murphy's ball.

MURPHY

Am I seeing things? That could have been, oh, a trick of the retina or something.

SHIVAS

(firmly)

Noo, Michael. When ye think tha' maybe it's yer retina, ye'r just one step awa' from really seein things.

Murphy is ready to shoot. As he stares into the ball, a tiny purple aura glows into view. Murphy swings the club back, and the aura suddenly flares out, shrinking back down as the club face approaches. Murphy HITS the sweet spot again and the ball sails down the fairway and lands 20 feet from the pin.

EXT. TENTH GREEN---DAY

Murphy is looking at Shivas, who has been listening to him.

SHIVAS

Keep swingin'.

EXT. ELEVENTH GREEN--DAY

MacIver is writing down scores. For Murphy, he writes a score matching the listed par for the eleventh hole. Murphy's score for the tenth hole also shows par.

EXT. TWELFTH TEE---DAY

The twelfth hole fairway is narrow, with a dogleg to the right. The three are at the tee, and the wind is blowing into their faces. Murphy looks perturbed. He tees his ball and takes his stance.

EXT. SECOND HOLE GORSE---DAY

A turquoise ball drops into the gorse and disappears without a trace.

EXT. SECOND FAIRWAY BUNKER---DAY

A turquoise ball slams into the bunker, spraying sand in all directions.

EXT. TWELFTH TEE---DAY

Murphy HITS the ball, and it curves off to the right and into the rough.

EXT. TWELFTH FAIRWAY---DAY

Shivas and Murphy are walking up the fairway.

SHIVAS

What are y' thinkin' Michael?

MURPHY

Just before I hit the ball, I could just see the shot going all wrong, and I couldn't think of it going right. I was afraid I was going to screw up the shot, and I did, and all that did it was my thoughts and how I felt about them.

SHIVAS

They'll pass if ye daena' fig 'em.

EXT. TWELFTH FAIRWAY ROUGH---DAY

Murphy swings with a wedge and KNOCKS his ball back onto the fairway.

SHIVAS

(O.S.)

Come back to where'er ye were a  
minute ago. Wait 'em oot.

EXT. TWELFTH FAIRWAY---DAY

SHIVAS

(O.S.)

Wait 'em oot.

Murphy selects a five iron, and HITS the ball to the green.

EXT. TWELFTH GREEN---DAY

MacIver has his score card out. He looks over at Murphy.

MACIVER

And you, Murphy?

MURPHY

(pleased)

Five.

MacIver nods as he writes down the score. The par shown on the card is a four.

EXT. THIRTEENTH TEE---DAY

The three walk up to the tee and stare up the hole.

It is up a hill to a flag which is silhouetted between a pair of cypress trees which are twisted and bent far to the left. Between the tee and the green is a 200 yard field of solid clotted gorse. On the left is a steep ravine with several boulders rising from it.

EXT. THIRTEENTH GREEN---DAY

As the three are looking up towards the flag, the wind is blowing hard enough to their right to lift the flag. Beyond the green from the players is another ravine.

EXT. THIRTEENTH TEE---DAY

Murphy looks at his scorecard. The hole is titled "Lucifer's Rug". The par listing is three. MacIver stares dumbly up the hill. Murphy pulls out a two iron and gazes at its sweet spot.

Shivas stands on his left leg, then stands on his right, once with his eyes open, then once with them closed. He cups his hands to his mouth, then howls towards the ravine.

SHIVAS  
 (long, wavering,  
 somewhere between a  
 yodel and a cry for  
 the departed dead)  
 WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!

There is an echo from the boulders in the ravine. MacIver is thoroughly unperturbed. Shivas turns back towards Murphy and MacIver and gestures them to shoot.

MacIver pulls out his driver and tees up. He stands in front of his ball for a long time, then finally swings. The ball sails straight and high, and finally lands in the gorse, about 20 feet short of the summit. He grimaces as he turns towards his golf bag.

With Shivas standing far behind the tee, Murphy walks slowly to the tee, looking intently at the head of his two iron. He bends over and tees up.

SHIVAS (cont'd)  
 (as before)  
 WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!

Murphy jumps, startled. Straightening up, he turns to look at Shivas. Shivas shakes his head apologetically, his attention seeming to be elsewhere.

Murphy turns back, stares up the hill, takes a stance, and swings. The ball shoots into the air in a low trajectory, lifts into the sky above the hole, then drops onto the green. Murphy turns to look at Shivas, who is smiling back at him.

Shivas approaches the hole, winking at Murphy as he passes him. His glance is wilder than it's ever been.

Murphy walks to his golf bag and slips the iron into it. He turns to look at Shivas. For a moment, as Shivas is standing at the tee, he blurs and seems smaller. When he swings, the ball disappears. Murphy blinks.

EXT. THIRTEENTH FAIRWAY---DAY

Murphy and MacIver are wading into the beginning of the gorse.

MURPHY

Did you see where his ball went when he shot? I lost track of it.

MacIver nods vaguely, looking puzzled.

As they climb the hill, there is a CRY of delight in the distance, then tiny CHEERS. The three are scattered over one section of the hill. Shivas looks over one general section then turns towards MacIver. MacIver's ball is near his feet.

SHIVAS

Heer it is.

MacIver is at his ball, with a wedge. When he swings, the ball pops up and lands on the green.

EXT. THIRTEENTH GREEN---DAY

The three climb on top of the hill. Murphy's and Shivas' balls are about a foot apart, near the flag. Shivas and Murphy tap their balls in, followed by MacIver.

Murphy looks out over the course. The sun is dipping behind the western hills and purple shadows are spreading across the water and the grass below them. A player off on another fairway HITS a ball. Various areas of heather can be seen in the distance as the three of them stand, watching.

EXT. FOURTEENTH TEE---DAY

Murphy tees up and stares down the fairway.

EXT. SECOND HOLE GORSE---DAY

A turquoise ball drops into the gorse and disappears without a trace.

EXT. FOURTEENTH TEE---DAY

Murphy calmly stares into his ball, then swings. The ball smashes into the air and casually sails far down the middle of the fairway.

EXT. FOURTEENTH FAIRWAY---DAY

Shivas HITS his ball and watches it float towards the green.

Murphy lines up a shot.

EXT. THIRD TEE---DAY

As Shivas gets ready to shoot, Murphy slams his club into his bag.

EXT. FOURTEENTH FAIRWAY---DAY

Murphy HITS his ball close to the green.

MacIver lines up a shot, then HITS it down the fairway.

EXT. FIFTEENTH TEE---DAY

Murphy is staring into his ball.

SHIVAS  
(O.S.)  
Wait 'em out.

Murphy HITS the ball, and it floats comfortably down the middle of the fairway.

EXT. SIXTEENTH FAIRWAY---DAY

MacIver's ball lands on the fairway.

Shivas shoots his further down the fairway.

EXT. SIXTEENTH GREEN---DAY

Murphy taps in a putt.

EXT. EIGHTEENTH TEE---DAY

Murphy looks at his scorecard. The green is 230 yards from the tee. Shivas tees up and balances on one leg. The wind is blowing down the fairway towards the green. He HITS the ball, and it floats all the way to the green.

Murphy HITS a wedge far down the fairway.

EXT. EIGHTEENTH GREEN---DAY

MacIver's ball rolls into the hole.

MacIver writes in the scores for the eighteenth hole. The listed par is four. Shivas gets a 2, Murphy and MacIver each get 3s.

Shivas puts an arm around Murphy's shoulder.

SHIVAS  
 "Ye deseruv' a drink. Come j'in me  
 and ma friends.

The three of them leave the green and head for the club house.

EXT. CLUBHOUSE---DAY

MacIver is staring at the score card as Murphy walks out of the club house without his bag.

SHIVAS  
 We'll play the same time next week  
 then.

MACIVER  
 Guid.

MacIver sees that Murphy has returned and starts reading off of the card.

MACIVER (cont'd)  
 All right, Mr. Irons shot a 67, I  
 shot 84, and you, Mr. Murphy, shot an  
 86.

MacIver looks up at Murphy

MACIVER (cont'd)  
 (admiring)  
 And, Murphy, ye shot a 34 comin' in,  
 the same as Mr. Irons, which only  
 proves,

MacIver raises a finger for emphasis.

MACIVER (cont'd)  
 that true gravity works on this plane  
 too.

Murphy shakes MacIver's hand.

MURPHY  
 It was good playing with you.

MACIVER  
 And you. Goodbye.

MURPHY  
 Goodbye.

As MacIver turns and heads off, Murphy turns to the door of the clubhouse and follows Shivas inside.

FADE OUT