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1 EXT. BOOTH 1 - NIGHT

A hand places a golf ball on a tee. It belongs to JK, a man in his late fifties wears a snug security uniform. He has one hell of an ugly swing and slices the ball right. His target—a tiny green with a fluttering flag.

JK

Bugger it.

JK rams the club into his old bag. None of his ancient clubs are the same brand. He stares at his watch. It ticks loudly. 2.56 AM. He swigs from a hip flask and looks at the two empty buckets and sighs.

2 EXT. VENDING MACHINE - NIGHT

JK rolls a couple of coins into the slot. The machine shakes then hatches 100 balls into a bucket.

3 EXT. BOOTH 1 - NIGHT

The bucket of balls slowly disappear. JK keeps slicing.

JK

Bloody, friggen.

More slicing.

JK

Bugger shit.

A 747 rumbles overhead on its way to the International airport.

4 INT. BOOTH 1 - NIGHT

JK practice swings searching for the symptom of his slice when another golfer rattles his golf bag and slips into a booth. JK duffs the ball. He looks over at the new arrival.

5 INT. BOOTH 8 - NIGHT

SANJAY'S a thirty something pilot still dressed in his uniform. JK watches him take off his hat and methodically put on his glove. He begins stretching with a flash golf club. It sparkles. Sanjay tees up a ball and is about to hit.

JK

Normally have the place to myself.

Sanjay's swing is pure poetry and he smacks the ball forever. JK is impressed.

Sanjay, rubs his eyes yawns then lines up another ball.

JK

Can't you sleep either?

Sanjay ignores JK. JK places a ball on the tee. Sanjay takes aim and swings.

JK
I haven't slept for three nights.
You?

Distracted, Sanjay slices. He glares at JK who nicks the ball three inches. Embarrassed he quickly puts the ball back on the tee and stretches. He watches Sanjay hook.

SANJAY
No!

JK
Might be trying too hard. Slow
down.

Sanjay ignores him.

6 EXT. VENDING MACHINE - NIGHT

JK gets another bucket of balls.

7 EXT. BOOTH 6 - NIGHT

JK returns with a full bucket.

JK
I'm on my third bucket.

JK Sneaks into the booth two away from Sanjay. He notices JK inching closer. He's begins his backswing...

JK
Stay down on the ball.

SANJAY
Never, ever talk on a backswing.

That shuts JK up. The pair hit away in silence. Sanjay hooks the ball left. He looks over at JK and feels guilty.

JK skies the ball into the roof of the range. They both duck for cover then slowly peep over the top to make sure the coast is clear.

JK
No sleep can make you do funny
things.

SANJAY
That was funny.

JK
I might be stuck with this swing.

Another 747 approaches.

SANJAY
Seen worse.

JK
Where?

A beat.

JK
Name's JK.

SANJAY
Sanjay.

JK waves and mimes shaking hands.

JK
(mispronouncing it)
Nice to meet you Sachet.

SANJAY
Sanjay.

JK
That's what I said.

Sanjay looks up at the approaching plane, checks his watch.

SANJAY
(to himself)
He's late.

JK
Where you from?

SANJAY
Just flew in from San Francisco.

JK
No where you're from?

SANJAY
Here. Point Chev.

JK
Your parents where are they from?

SANJAY
Levin.

JK
Grandparents?

SANJAY
Arrowtown.

JK

Miners.

SANJAY

No my grandparents weren't
miners.

JK

Still must have been happy.

JK's attention's back on the ball but completely misses it.

JK

K it.

JK crudely swings again. The ball squirts right.

JK

I go home when I've hit the 200
target.

SANJAY

How many buckets does that take?

Another mishit by JK.

JK

Never hit it.

Sanjay smiles and watches JK duck hook the ball.

JK

That's new.

SANJAY

Try keeping your head...and mouth
still.

JK's next shot is much better.

JK

Thanks.

Sanjay's perfect ball dissolves into the driving range
darkness.

JK

I'd sleep if I could hit the ball
that far.

JK and Sanjay both yawn. Another plane approaches.

JK

Where's that from?

SANJAY

Singapore.

Sanjay looks at his watch.

SANJAY
Where it's eleven p.m yesterday.

Sanjay watches JK slice.

SANJAY
What do you do JK?

JK proudly strokes the security logo on his sleeve.

JK
Security guard.

SANJAY
What do you guard?

JK
Horses.

SANJAY
Horses?

JK
I guard horses. Race horses.

SANJAY
From what?

JK
Bad buggers. People that might
dope their food or water.

JK skies the ball.

JK
They sleep standing up.

SANJAY
Who does?

JK
Bad Buggers. Nah Horses. I've
watched them stay upright for
days before they lie down. Got
this 'stay mechanism" in the legs
so the legs are locked.

Sanjay thinks hard about this.

10 EXT. VENDING MACHINE - NIGHT

Sanjay collects another bucket of balls.

11 EXT. BOOTH 7 - NIGHT

JK's sneakily slipped into the next booth.

12 EXT. BOOTH 8- NIGHT

SANJAY

So when was the last time you
slept like a horse.

JK

Three years ago. I had my
appendix out.

SANJAY

And you slept after that?

JK

No during the operation.

Sanjay drills a ball just to the left of the green. Another
yawn from JK.

JK

Getting closer.

A beat.

JK

So what's your problem?

SANJAY

Excuse me?

JK

Sleep.

SANJAY

I wouldn't be here if I knew.

JK

Do you sleep up there?

SANJAY

Like a baby.

JK laughs. He offers Sanjay his hipflask. Sanjay shakes his
head.

SANJAY

Makes it worse.

JK

Hallucinate?

Sanjay nods.

SANJAY

After three days my fridge tells
me the milk's off and the
toothbrush wants a walk.

JK laughs. They're both exhausted, but still
swinging...just.

JK

When I hallucinate the All Blacks
are leading the World Cup final
which isn't really a
hallucination. And my mum with a
Jerry Collins haircut barges over
for the winning try in injury
time but my ex disallows it. I
can't switch off. Stuff I don't
give a shit about during the day
keeps me awake at night. Like
where have all the fish gone and
not being able to retire.

Sanjay watches JK swing in manic anger.

JK

(yelling)

How can you be so bloody tired
and not sleep?

Sanjay looks at the despondent JK.

JK

That target keeps getting further
away.

SANJAY

Let's aim for the 150 sign and if
either of us hit it we call it
quits.

JK

Deal.

They're in sync with their swings. The clubs hitting the
ball sound like a watch loudly ticking. JK skews a shot off
to the right. Sanjay to the left.

JK

Pressure's affecting us.

Sanjay smiles.

JK

Got the flash clubs. Bet they
help a lot.

SANJAY

I'm always buying stuff. It's a disease. Just bought a new driver in Hong Kong. Try it.

JK

Technology is all bullshit now. No one hits a 1 iron anymore like Nicklaus.

SANJAY

17th hole, 72 Open, Pebble Beach.

JK's impressed. They both take a moment to remember Nicklaus's great shot. Sanjay hands JK a flash club.

SANJAY

One swing.

JK

Nah got enough bad habits.

JK watches Sanjay hit his best shot of the night which lands incredibly close to the green.

JK

Getting closer to that bed.

JK swings.

SANJAY

What do you sleep on?

JK

Sorry.

SANJAY

Mattress.

JK

Posturepedic.

SANJAY

Got the toss and turn free zone?

JK

Yeah. It's a 100% latex. Amazingly soft, yet supportive. Warm in the winter and cool in the summer.

JK tops the ball.

JK

You?

SANJAY

Viscoelastic. Developed by NASA.
Made from polyurethane. Moulds to
your body and remembers your
shape after you've moved. Got one
of their pillows too?

JK skies the ball.

JK

Birdie. I went for the fiber
pillow with microban. It's got a
special blend of siliconized
carded polyester.

SANJAY

Washable?

JK

Completely. Puffs back to its
original shape when dry.

An uncomfortable beat that was a little too personal for
both of them. They return to trying to hit the green.
They're not getting any closer.

SANJAY

So you tried sleeping pills and
stuff?

JK

Tried the lot mate. Have you ever
tried this?

JK takes his golf club and hurls it like a boomerang.
Sanjay's jaw almost drops. He watches JK throw another club
then another. The clubs soar into the air and sparkle from
the lights. They both stare out at the range. A plane
appears on the horizon.

13 EXT. DRIVING RANGE FAIRWAY - NIGHT

Sanjay helps JK find his discarded clubs. They look up at
the plane now directly above them.

SANJAY

Vancouver. 10am yesterday.

The first shafts of dawn light appear. JK feels a bit
ashamed by his club outburst.

JK

Sorry about what....

SANJAY

Don't worry. You'll hit the green
next time.

14 EXT. BOOTH 8 - DAWN

Sanjay's packing up.

SANJAY
Better get going.

JK
I'll just finish off these last
few balls.

Sanjay grins and hands JK one of his new clubs.

JK
Mate. I hate these things.

SANJAY
Call it a sleep aid.

JK watches Sanjay walk away.

JK
See you Sachet.

SANJAY
(smiling)
Sanjay.

15 EXT. GOLF RANGE - MORNING

JK's down to his last ball. He takes the gift from Sanjay. He gives it a couple of practice swings. Surprised how light it feels. He gives the ball an almighty whack. JK watches the ball soar left of the target then fade back clipping the 150 metre sign.

JK punches the air. Bliss. He looks around for someone to share the magic moment with. There's nothing but a yellow sea of balls.

JK
(to himself)
Right. Two in a row and we'll
call it quits.

He chuckles.

FADE TO BLACK.