

"PURE"

by

Jeff R. Williams

Jeff R. Williams  
1420 Keith Road  
Wake Forest, NC 27587  
919-556-9747  
djw93058@aol.com

FADE IN:

EXT. BOLLA'S PRACTICE RANGE - DAY

A downtrodden golf practice range that probably never saw better days.

SUPER: "EL PASO, TEXAS 1963"

Desolate, bleak, the grass sparse. The endless desert beyond stretches to meet a sharp blue sky. Cragged mountains define the horizon.

A lone man, 38, hits balls at the end of the range. His swing firm, efficient, the ball jumping off the clubface, carving into the sky, landing soft.

His tan forearms, corded with muscle, flex before each swing.

When he looks up, watching the ball's flight, his face is as brown and cracked as the Texas dirt. A life spent chasing the sun.

This is JOHNNY BOLLA.

JAZZ (V.O.)

Some say Johnny Bolla could've been  
the best ever.

Another swing. The ball in flight.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Better than Snead.

The ball lands, hops, backs up, stops.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Better than Lord Byron Nelson.

Johnny arranges another ball on the turf with the toe of the clubhead.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Hell, better than Ben Hogan himself.

The swing, exactly the same. Precise. Controlled. The swing of a pro.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But that was a long time ago.

Johnny slides the club in the bag.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When Johnny still had the fire in  
his belly.

Johnny removes a silver flask from the bag.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Some people, who hold a dark secret  
in their soul, choose to end their  
life quickly.

Johnny takes a swig from the flask.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Others do it one sip at a time.

After returning the flask, Johnny shoulders the bag.

He trudges in the direction of a small pro shop building.  
Beyond that, a rusted single wide trailer.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But sometimes fate has a way of  
throwing us a lifeline. Question  
is, do we reach out and grab it?

Johnny disappears into the pro shop.

EXT. GRAVESITE - DAY

A small cemetery surrounded by Spanish oaks draped with moss.

A black male, around 18, stands alone at an open grave. He  
wears a cheap suit. He's tall, lean, his handsome face slick  
with tears.

This is PURE.

A white man, 45, paunchy, approaches Pure, hat in hand.

This is MR. CALDWELL.

MR. CALDWELL  
Time to go, Pure.

Pure looks up. Swipes away the tears. Nods. They walk  
away toward a parked Cadillac.

INT. PURE'S ROOM - DAY

Pure still wears the suit. He packs clothes in a small  
suitcase. Mr. Caldwell watches from the doorway.

Pure goes to the wall behind the bed. Tacked over the  
headboard, a yellowed newspaper clipping.

He takes down the clipping with care. Gazes at it.

INSERT: The clipping's photo shows a younger, smiling Johnny  
Bolla holding up a trophy.

The headline reads, 'BOLLA TAKES NEW ORLEANS INVITATIONAL'.

Pure folds the clipping, places it in the suitcase, closes it.

On the bed, an old, wooden shafted golf club, the grip wrapped in tape, the steel clubhead worn and rusted.

Pure slides the club into the loose straps of the suitcase, cinches it tight.

Mr. Caldwell shows a slight frown, wipes his sweaty face with a handkerchief.

MR. CALDWELL

You sure about all this, Pure?  
Factory could use you. And you can  
stay here. Long as you want.

Pure meets Mr. Caldwell's eyes.

PURE

Yes, sir. I'm sure, sir.

Mr. Caldwell pockets the handkerchief.

MR. CALDWELL

You know, Pure, sometimes dreams  
ain't worth the trouble of chasing.

Pure nods, picks up the suitcase.

PURE

I'd be obliged for a ride to the  
station, sir.

Pure walks past Mr. Caldwell. Mr. Caldwell watches him, shakes his head, then follows.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

A line of people enter a bus, most are black.

Mr. Caldwell stands off to the side with Pure. Glancing at the black faces. Pure notices.

PURE

You can go, Mr. Caldwell.

Mr. Caldwell gazes at Pure. Then turns away.

MR. CALDWELL

Ain't no good with good-byes.

PURE

Yes, sir.

MR. CALDWELL

Your momma... well, she was a good woman.

Pure cuts his eyes down.

Mr. Caldwell removes something from his coat.

MR. CALDWELL (CONT'D)

Raised my kids like they was her own.

Pure nods.

MR. CALDWELL (CONT'D)

Look at me, Pure.

Pure looks up. Mr. Caldwell holds up a roll of bills.

MR. CALDWELL (CONT'D)

I want you to take this.

Pure shakes his head.

PURE

Oh no, sir. Momma left me some.

MR. CALDWELL

Just take it, son.

Mr. Caldwell stuffs the roll into Pure's coat pocket.

The BUS DRIVER leans over from his seat.

BUS DRIVER

(to Pure)

Let's go, boy.

Pure glances at the driver, then turns back. Holds out his hand for Mr. Caldwell to shake.

PURE

Thank you, sir. For everything.

Mr. Caldwell looks down at Pure's hand. His eyes shift to the crowd milling around the bus station.

MR. CALDWELL

Not here, Pure. You just get on the bus now.

Pure lowers his hand.

PURE

Yes, sir.

Pure gets on the bus.

INT. BUS - DAY

Pure stands by the driver, stares into the bus. The door SLAMS. Pure looks at the faces staring back at him.

The few white passengers are scattered about the front half. The rear of the bus, crowded with blacks.

From the look on Pure's face, it's obvious this is all new to him.

BUS DRIVER

Get on to the back, boy. I got a schedule to meet.

Pure walks to the back of the bus.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

The passengers rock to the motion of the bus. An occasional passing car lights their faces. Most are asleep.

Pure, awake, holds the old golf club in his large hands, gripping it, then relaxing.

A young black girl, 7, curious, watches from across the aisle. Her name is JASMINE.

JASMINE

What's that? You chop weeds with it?

Pure smiles at her.

PURE

Suppose you could. It's a golf club. You hit a little ball with it.

JASMINE

Like baseball?

PURE

Something like that.

Jasmine nods.

JASMINE

Where's your momma?

PURE

She dead.

JASMINE

My daddy dead too.

The bus slows, turns into a parking lot. Pure watches a neon diner sign pass by the window. The passengers stir as the bus eases to a stop.

PURE  
Must be supper time. I'm mighty  
hungry.

The bus driver stands, faces the group.

BUS DRIVER  
We're just shy of San Antonio. You  
got thirty minutes to eat your dinner.  
Should have 'em boxed up for you.

The white passengers file out. The blacks stay seated.

Pure rises. Stands at the end of the line. An OLD BLACK MAN, gray hair, holds his bloodshot eyes on Pure.

OLD BLACK MAN  
Not you, son.

Pure looks over at the man.

OLD BLACK MAN (CONT'D)  
Ain't you been on a bus before? We  
stay here.

Pure notices the blacks unpacking their food. Tin pails of fried chicken shared across the aisle. Cornbread broken and handed to the children. He sits.

Jasmine takes an apple out of a dirty pillow case that serves as her luggage. She offers it to Pure.

JASMINE  
I ain't hungry.

Pure takes it.

PURE  
Much obliged.

He takes a bite. Chews, swallows. Jasmine watches.

PURE (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

JASMINE  
Jasmine.

PURE  
I'm Pure.

JASMINE

Pure? That's a funny name.

PURE

Reckon it is. My momma call me that.  
Real name's Henry.

JASMINE

I like Pure better.

PURE

Me too.

The last white passenger exits. The bus driver addresses the blacks.

BUS DRIVER

Your toilets are out back. Should  
be a water barrel too. I ain't gonna  
wait on you.

He hops down the bus steps and jogs to the diner. The old black man watches.

OLD BLACK MAN

And you have a good supper too, sir.

EXT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

The bus pulls into the station. The sign on the building reads: 'EL PASO GREYHOUND'.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Everyone awakens, including Pure. Jasmine stares at him.

JASMINE

You was cryin' in your sleep.

PURE

Oh?

JASMINE

You have night terrors?

PURE

Can't rightly say. Hope I didn't  
wake you.

Jasmine shakes her head.

The blacks stand, stretch, gather their belongings. Pure picks up his suitcase with the golf club strapped to it. Jasmine eyes the club.

JASMINE

Can I touch it? That ball hittin'  
stick?

Pure smiles down at her.

PURE

Sure.

Jasmine lightly touches the rusty clubhead. She grins up at Pure. They file out of the bus.

INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

Pure crosses the room to the ticket counter. An old CLERK looks up. A face always prepared to argue.

CLERK

Yeah?

PURE

Need me a direction. Lookin' for  
Mr. Johnny Bolla. He's a--

CLERK

I know who Johnny Bolla is.

PURE

Yes, sir.

CLERK

He's out on State Road 12. 'Bout  
five miles east of town. You passed  
it coming in.

PURE

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

Pure picks up his suitcase. Heads away. The clerk watching, sees the old golf club.

CLERK

Hey, boy.

Pure stops, turns.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Hope you just looking for a job.  
Bolla ain't gonna let no colored hit  
a golf ball on his range.

PURE

Yes, sir. I just lookin' for a job.

Pure moves on.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

No cars on the road. The night sky filled with stars.

Pure walks with his suitcase. Whistles a tune.

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Jasmine nestles into her momma's side. They sit in the bed of an old pick-up truck. The truck bounces on a dirt road.

She brings up her pillow case to cover herself. Notices something inside. Reaches in.

Her hand comes out with a roll of bills.

INT. HANK'S BAR - NIGHT

A west Texas bar, COUNTRY MUSIC from a Wurlitzer, smoke from filterless cigarettes, a place to get drunk.

Johnny Bolla, slumped on a stool, sits alone at the end of the bar. Sips a whiskey. Not his first.

He gestures to the bartender, HANK, 50, a man who's seen it all. Several times. He steps up to Johnny.

JOHNNY

Give me some Camels.

Hank grabs the smokes from the back bar. Opens the pack, shakes Johnny a cigarette. Lights it.

Johnny exhales smoke, then tries to focus on something at the back bar wall. Leans a little over the bar.

He's staring at a framed, autographed photo of himself, kissing a trophy. A few other similar photos line the wall.

Hank glances at the photo while polishing a glass, seems to know what's coming. Johnny waggles a finger at the photo.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

That one was, uh... shit...

HANK

Congressional. '52.

Johnny sits back, nods. The memory coming.

JOHNNY

Yeah. Congressional. 1952. Jesus, D.C. was hot. Worse than goddamn Houston.

HANK  
 Won by a stroke. Right, Johnny?

JOHNNY  
 Damn right. Fifteen footer on  
 eighteen. Downhill. Left to right.  
 That'll pucker you up. Sank that  
 bastard.

Hank, still drying glasses, barely listening.

HANK  
 Who'd you beat?

JOHNNY  
 Bolt. Tommy 'Thunder' Bolt. Shot  
 me the finger from the side of the  
 green when I made that putt.

Hank's weak smile shuts down when he notices a man a few  
 stools over. The man's grinning, turned toward them.

Hank slides over to him. The man, 45, wears a sports coat,  
 removes a fedora, sets it on the bar.

This is SPIKE TURNER, beady eyes, long nose, a human rat.

HANK  
 That was a private conversation, you  
 know.

SPIKE  
 Sorry. This change your mood?

Spike sets a twenty on the bar. Hank looks at it, takes it.

HANK  
 What'll it be?

SPIKE  
 Beer.

Spike lights a cigarette as Hank draws the beer. He eyes  
 Johnny, nursing his drink, still gazing at the photos.

Hank sets the beer down. Spike nods toward Johnny.

SPIKE (CONT'D)  
 He come here a lot?

HANK  
 Why do you care?

SPIKE  
 I don't. Just curious. I'm a writer.

HANK  
Got a cot for him in my office.  
That answer your question?

SPIKE  
Suppose it does.

Spike takes his beer, eases over to Johnny. Sits next to him. Johnny turns to Spike. Squints through smoke.

JOHNNY  
I know you?

SPIKE  
You're a hard man to find, Johnny.

JOHNNY  
Not hard enough, I guess.

Then Johnny remembers. Jabs a finger at Spike.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
New York. Goddamn writer.

Spike extends his hand.

SPIKE  
Spike Turner. Yeah, I'm a goddamn  
writer. Sports Illustrated.

Johnny shakes Spike's hand.

SPIKE (CONT'D)  
Covered the Open when you finished  
second. When was that? '50?

JOHNNY  
'51. Olympic Club.

SPIKE  
Yeah. That's right. San Francisco.

Spike lights Johnny's fresh cigarette.

SPIKE (CONT'D)  
You had a hell of a swing, Johnny.

JOHNNY  
Still do.

Spike smiles. Studies Johnny. Gauging him.

SPIKE  
Johnny, look, I'm doing an article.  
(MORE)

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Sort of a 'where are they now' piece  
on athletes that were in their prime  
and just, you know... disappeared.

Johnny gives Spike a blank look.

JOHNNY

You really think people give a shit?

SPIKE

Don't know. Maybe. My editor thought  
it was a good angle.

Johnny sips a fresh whiskey from Hank. Spike watches Hank  
step away. Turns back to Johnny.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

So, what happened, Johnny?

JOHNNY

I quit.

SPIKE

I know that. Why'd you quit?

JOHNNY

You know, Spike, there's a reason  
I'm hard to find.

Spike grins. Takes out a notepad. Reads from it.

SPIKE

Sunday, June 16, 1953, you win the  
Tulsa Open by five strokes.

Spike looks up. Watches Johnny down the drink.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

That's the last competitive round  
you ever played.

Johnny's eyes stay forward. Just turns the empty glass in  
his hands. Spike goes back to his pad.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

Tuesday, June 18, 1953, your wife  
dies in a car accident. Drives head-  
on into a tree.

Spike looks back up at Johnny's unmoving profile. Glass  
turning faster. Spike waits for a reaction. Nothing.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

That's all I know. That's all anyone  
knows.

Johnny's eyes close. The glass stops. Storm brewing.

SPIKE (CONT'D)

You were twenty-eight years old.  
Future was gold. Maybe the best  
golfer on the planet. And you quit.  
Cold turkey. Just because your wife  
died? I'm sorry, it don't add up to  
me, Johnny.

Johnny spins to face Spike. Eyes dark. His hand flies to  
Spike's throat. Squeezes. His voice a hiss.

JOHNNY

You married, Spike?

Spike's eyes wide. Hank steps up, billy club held low.  
Spike struggles to shake his head in Johnny's grip.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Then you don't know shit.

Johnny relaxes his hand, lets it slide away. Spike coughs,  
his wild eyes staying on Johnny.

Johnny faces forward. Takes a sip. Then speaks to himself  
in a drunken whisper, voice barely audible.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I didn't even get to see her.

He turns, meets Spike's watery eyes. Just stares at him.  
Spike afraid to move.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

She was burned beyond recognition.

HANK

Easy, Johnny.

Johnny glances at Hank. Then he stands, unsteady. Tosses  
bills on the bar. Hard eyes go back to Spike. Leans toward  
him real close. Drunk close. Spike flinches back.

JOHNNY

You write anything about me, I'll  
find you. Cut your balls off with a  
sand wedge.

Johnny staggers away. Spike watches, trying to breathe.

SPIKE

He's goddamn crazy. He always like  
that?

HANK

Nah. Sometimes he's in a bad mood.

INT. JAZZ'S PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

NATHAN 'JAZZ' ALDRICH, 60 year-old black man, thin as a rail, slouches in the driver's seat of an old Ford pick-up. Eyes half closed. STATIC FILLED JAZZ plays on the radio.

He catches sight of Johnny stumbling through the parking lot. He sits up, rubs his face, watches.

JAZZ (V.O.)

I started caddying for Johnny after he dropped out of the University of Texas. Gave up a full ride scholarship to turn pro.

Johnny staggers closer, using cars to support himself.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A golfer's caddy does a lot more than hand over a club. He's a psychiatrist, doctor, cook, chauffeur. And sometimes, just a friend.

Johnny gets in, collapses on the passenger seat. Jazz snaps off the music.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

You're done early tonight. Hank make you pay your tab?

Johnny's eyes are closed.

JOHNNY

Why'd you tell him?

Jazz stares at Johnny.

JAZZ

Gonna need a little more there, slick. Tell who, what?

Johnny opens his eyes. Looks over at Jazz.

JOHNNY

That writer. I saw you with him. At the shop earlier. He pay you?

Jazz sighs.

JAZZ

Thought it might be good for you. To talk about it. You sure as hell never talk to me.

JOHNNY

You know, that's your problem. Even when you were my caddy. You think too goddamn much.

JAZZ

Someone's gotta do it.

Johnny closes his eyes, leans back.

JOHNNY

Take me home.

EXT. BOLLA'S PRACTICE RANGE - NIGHT

The pick-up pulls into the dirt lot of Bolla's practice range. The headlights and engine cut off.

Jazz gets out, walks to the passenger side, helps Johnny out. He guides Johnny to the front door of the pro shop.

INT. BOLLA'S PRO SHOP - NIGHT

Johnny enters with Jazz holding him up. They stumble through the dark pro shop, into a small bedroom at the back.

INT. JOHNNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jazz snaps on a light. Johnny collapses on the bed.

Jazz takes off Johnny's shoes. Removes his socks. Covers him with a blanket.

On the wall, a few framed photos of Johnny in action can be seen. On the floor, several cardboard boxes. Inside, tarnished trophies, covered with dust.

Jazz turns off the light and leaves.

EXT. BOLLA'S PRACTICE RANGE - NIGHT

Jazz walks out of the pro shop and heads toward the trailer.

JAZZ (V.O.)

Even though Johnny hadn't played in over ten years, I guess you could say I was still his caddy.

He goes in the trailer. The lights come on.

EXT. BOLLA'S PRACTICE RANGE - DAY

The range has a few hackers beating away.

Johnny, looking hungover, but clean shaven, watches a kid, 12, take a swing.

The boy, TOMMY, is overweight. His attitude screams that this is the last place he wants to be. His hideous half-ass golf swing propels the ball maybe twenty yards.

Johnny's eyes bore a hole in Tommy's forehead. Tommy squints up, leans on his club.

TOMMY  
Aren't you gonna say anything? Teach me?

JOHNNY  
What's your favorite food, Tommy?

Tommy frowns.

TOMMY  
What?

JOHNNY  
You heard me.

TOMMY  
I don't know. Hotdogs, I guess.

JOHNNY  
What's your second favorite?

TOMMY  
Why do you--

JOHNNY  
Just answer me. Number two.

Tommy thinks.

TOMMY  
Cheeseburgers.

JOHNNY  
And number three.

TOMMY  
Meatloaf. My grandma's.

Johnny nods. Lights a Camel. Hits Tommy with smoke.

JOHNNY  
Here's what I want you to do. You stop eatin' hotdogs, cheeseburgers, and your grandma's meatloaf for one month. Then you can come back here for a lesson.

Johnny walks away. Tommy, dumfounded, watches.

INT. BOLLA'S PRO SHOP - DAY

Golf clubs and other equipment for sale line the walls of the ratty pro shop. Wire baskets of striped practice balls rest on top of the sales counter.

Jazz fixes egg salad sandwiches at a table behind the sales counter, wrapping them in wax paper, stacking them in an old refrigerator. Done this a million times.

A large man, CHARLIE, 35, crammed in a rocking chair, reads a worn Golf Digest magazine.

Johnny enters the shop. Charlie looks up, peers at his watch.

CHARLIE

You still got ten minutes, Bolla.

Johnny makes a beeline to an ancient cash register. RINGS it open, takes out bills. Jazz frowns.

JOHNNY

Your kid's fat, Charlie. Like you.

Johnny walks from behind the counter, hands Charlie the money.

CHARLIE

What the hell's this?

JOHNNY

Your money back. You can't swing a golf club if you're fat.

Charlie glares at Johnny. Extricates himself from the rocker.

Tommy appears at the door, face sweaty and red.

TOMMY

Can I have a Dr. Pepper, Daddy?

Charlie keeps his eyes on Johnny. Watches him shake aspirin into his mouth.

CHARLIE

Sure, son. On the way home.

Charlie waddles to his son. Tommy catches Johnny's eye.

TOMMY

And a hotdog?

Johnny crunches the aspirin. Charlie takes his son by the shoulder, leads him out. Turns at the door.

CHARLIE

Last time I give you my goddamn  
charity, Bolla.

Charlie slams the door. Jazz goes back to his sandwiches.

JAZZ

You keep pissing off our customers,  
we're gonna go bust. Only so many  
golfers in El Paso, Texas.

JOHNNY

Yeah, well, that kid ain't one of  
'em. You swung better killin' that  
rattlesnake the other morning. Give  
me a Lone Star.

Jazz takes a beer from the fridge. Pops the top, hands it  
over. Johnny plops in the rocker, draws on the longneck.

The door RATTLES open.

Pure steps in. Shy. Nervous. Eyes dart about. He twirls  
the old golf club in his hands. Eyes cut to the floor.

Johnny and Jazz stare at him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I ain't hiring.

Pure looks up, tentative.

PURE

Ain't looking for no job.

Johnny glances at Jazz.

JOHNNY

He one of yours?

Jazz gives Johnny a look. Johnny goes back to Pure. Notices  
the old club.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Coloreds aren't allowed, you know.  
Not that you could hit a ball with  
that piece a' shit.

JAZZ

You best leave, son.

Pure looks at Jazz, then shifts to Johnny.

PURE

I was hopin' you could teach me golf,  
sir.

Johnny grins, shares a quick look with Jazz. Back to Pure.

JOHNNY

You know that can't happen, boy.

PURE

Why not, sir?

JOHNNY

You need a reason? Go look in a mirror. Golf's a white man's game. Always has been, always will be.

PURE

I see.

JOHNNY

You want a sport, try baseball. Look at what Jackie Robinson did with the Dodgers.

PURE

Don't have no hankerin' for baseball. Just golf, sir.

Johnny chuckles, shakes his head, stands. Finishes the beer.

JOHNNY

I got a lesson to teach.

(to Jazz)

Give him one of your egg salad sandwiches. Maybe he'll like 'em.

Johnny steps past Pure and leaves. Pure watches the door close.

JAZZ

Have a seat, son.

Pure sits in the rocker. Defeated. Jazz brings him a sandwich and a Coke.

PURE

Much obliged.

Jazz picks up Pure's old club. Studies it.

JAZZ

Christ, this is ancient. Haven't seen one of these since I was your age. Where'd you get this?

PURE

My momma bring it home one day. She used to work the kitchen at The Greenbriar Club.

JAZZ  
In New Orleans?

PURE  
Yes, sir.

Jazz takes the club behind the counter. Strips tape off the grip. Wipes it clean. Doing this fast, efficient, years of experience at work. Pure eats and watches.

JAZZ  
So, you're from New Orleans?

PURE  
Yes, sir.

JAZZ  
What's your name?

PURE  
Pure. Momma call me that, cause she say my heart's pure.

Jazz looks up. Smiles. Goes back to the club.

JAZZ  
My name's Jazz. Because my heart likes jazz.

Pure nods, chews. Jazz swabs glue on the club.

JAZZ (CONT'D)  
Your mother still in New Orleans?

PURE  
Uh, no. Not no more. She dead.

JAZZ  
Oh. You got a father, then?

PURE  
Reckon so. Wouldn't be here otherwise, I suppose.

Jazz chuckles as he twists a new rubber grip on the club.

JAZZ  
That's certainly true.

PURE  
Can't say I know him though. He...  
he weren't never around.

Finished with the club, Jazz walks around the counter, hands it to Pure. Pure's face lights up when he grips the club.

PURE (CONT'D)

Thank you, Mr. Jazz. Feels mighty nice.

JAZZ

Let that glue dry a bit now.

PURE

I can pay you.

Jazz waves a hand.

JAZZ

On the house.

Jazz eyes Pure's grip on the club. Looks right.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

You know how to swing that club, son?

PURE

I do, sir.

Jazz thinks for a moment. Shows a slight smile.

JAZZ

Tell you what. Why don't you come back? Same time tomorrow.

PURE

But Mr. Johnny say--

JAZZ

Oh, don't worry about Johnny. I'll talk to him.

Jazz peers out the window. Johnny's giving a lesson to a tall thin man.

The man swings. It's possibly the worst golf swing known to mankind. The ball trickles off the tee.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Hell, we could use a little excitement around here.

EXT. BOLLA'S PRACTICE RANGE - DAY

Johnny stands before the tall THIN MAN.

JOHNNY

Turn your hips, dammit.

THIN MAN

I thought I was.

JOHNNY

You weren't because you were thinkin'  
about it.

THIN MAN

What? What's that--

JOHNNY

Just hit another one. Christ.

Something catches Johnny's eye. In the distance, Pure walks on the side of the highway, heading away from the pro shop.

As he walks, he bounces a golf ball off the face of the old golf club. TAP. TAP. TAP.

Johnny lights a cigarette, watching the amazing display of hand-eye coordination.

The thin man swings, tops another grounder.

THIN MAN

Shit!

He glares at Johnny, still watching Pure. TAP. TAP. TAP.

THIN MAN (CONT'D)

Christ, Bolla, I'm over here!

JOHNNY

You didn't turn your hips.

THIN MAN

How the hell do you know? You weren't  
even watching.

Johnny turns to the thin man.

JOHNNY

The sound. I could hear it.

The thin man looks incredulous.

THIN MAN

You could hear my hips?

Johnny goes back to Pure. Frowns. TAP. TAP. TAP. Fading away. He hasn't missed once.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Pure sleeps below a railroad bridge, head on the suitcase. Morning sun lights his face.

He stirs awake, sits up, stretches. He opens the suitcase, brings out a flour sack. Stands, looks around.

After picking up the old golf club, he walks out to the nearby dry river bed, loosening up his arms as he walks.

He dumps out the contents of the flour sack, about thirty worn golf balls. Grips the old club. Gazes out to the river bed.

INT. JAZZ'S PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

Jazz drives, a bag of groceries bouncing next to him on the seat. His eyes veer off to the right, noticing something.

He slows to a stop, leans over, peers out through the passenger window. Frowns.

JAZZ  
What the hell?

He cuts the engine. Gets out.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Jazz stands by the truck looking down at Pure hitting golf balls. His view, obscured by scrub cedars and underbrush.

He makes his way through the trees to get a better look. Keeping quiet. He stops at the edge of the river bed, staying hidden. He now has a clear view of Pure, who's about thirty yards away.

Pure doesn't notice Jazz, his concentration locked on the task at hand, hitting a golf ball off a small patch of weeds.

Pure swings. Jazz watches.

Pure's golf swing is perfect, a rare combination of athletic power and grace. Visual poetry.

The ball rockets off the clubface, soars high, catching the morning sun, seeming to suspend in the air. Then it drops to the hard packed earth of the dry river bed.

The ball takes a hop, another, then backspins to join the grouping of fifteen, or so, other balls.

All the balls are within five feet of each other, forming a neat circle. The shot traveled close to two hundred yards.

JAZZ  
(quiet)  
Great God Almighty.

Pure repeats the magnificent swing. The result, the same.

Jazz in awe, his mouth parted, eyes wide.

He watches a third swing, the true flight of the ball, dead straight. Hop, backspin, stop, nestling with the other balls.

Jazz backs away, retracing his path through the cedars. He gets in the truck. Drives off.

INT. BOLLA'S PRO SHOP - DAY

Johnny, behind the counter, loads soda bottles into the refrigerator. Jazz enters, carrying the grocery bag. Johnny looks up.

JOHNNY

What took you so long?

Jazz gazes around the empty shop.

JAZZ

Sorry. I can see you're overwhelmed.

Johnny goes to the rocker, sits, fires up a Camel.

As Jazz unloads the groceries, he keeps glancing at Johnny. Johnny feels his eyes.

JOHNNY

What?

JAZZ

Just seeing if you're sober.

JOHNNY

Jesus, it's not even nine o'clock.  
What do you care anyway?

JAZZ

I need you stone cold sober before I  
say what I have to say.

JOHNNY

You finally quittin'?

Jazz neatly folds the grocery bag and stacks it on a shelf. Walks around the counter. Stands before Johnny.

JAZZ

So? You had anything? Even a sip?

JOHNNY

Course not. But I gotta admit, now  
I'm tempted.

Jazz sits in the rocker opposite Johnny.

JAZZ

You know I've seen some of the best golf swings in the history of this game. Hogan. Snead. Hell, I even saw Bobby Jones in his prime.

JOHNNY

Good God, not the Bobby Jones story again.

JAZZ

And I have to admit, even your swing wasn't half bad. Before you turned into a smart-ass drunk.

JOHNNY

There a point to all this?

JAZZ

With God as my witness, I just saw the best golf swing I've ever seen in my life. Ever. Bar none.

JOHNNY

Is that a fact?

JAZZ

It is indeed.

JOHNNY

And where did you see this golf miracle? Cause I know it's not any of the hackers tearin' up my range.

JAZZ

Remember the black kid from yesterday?

Johnny stares. Jazz nods, smiles.

JOHNNY

Bullshit. How much have you had to drink?

JAZZ

I just saw him below the rail bridge. Down in the river bed. Hitting balls with that old club.

Johnny stands up, goes to the fridge, reaches in. His hand comes out with a beer. Pops the top. Sips. Jazz watches.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Did you hear a word I said?

JOHNNY

I heard all of 'em. Doesn't mean I  
have to believe you. You've been  
known to exaggerate.

JAZZ

Not this time.

Through the window, Jazz spies Pure walking up to the pro  
shop, holding his old club.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

If you don't believe me, come see  
for yourself.

Johnny follows Jazz's gaze. Steps to the window. Sees Pure.

Johnny turns. Jazz is out the door with a bucket of balls  
before Johnny can say anything.

EXT. BOLLA'S PRACTICE RANGE - DAY

Jazz hustles up to Pure, takes him by the arm, spins him in  
the direction of the practice tee.

JAZZ

Let's get you set up.

Pure, surprised, obeys Jazz. Johnny jogs up to them, the  
beer fizzing out of the bottle.

JOHNNY

What the hell you doin', old man?

Jazz dumps the bucket of balls on the grass.

JAZZ

Take your time, son. Show Johnny  
what you got.

PURE

Yes, sir.

JOHNNY

Hold on, now.

Johnny looks down the length of the practice tee. The two  
customers watch the commotion.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

This'll cost me business, you know.

JAZZ

Doubt it's gonna put you under. One  
swing, Johnny. That's all I ask.

Johnny glares at Jazz. Looks back at the two customers. They're hacking away again. He sips the beer. Thinking.

JOHNNY

Alright. One swing. That's it.

Pure grins.

PURE

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

He positions a ball, takes his stance.

JOHNNY

I see your grip's improved.

Johnny glances at Jazz.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

That's comin' outta your pay.

JAZZ

Would you shut up and let the boy swing?

Johnny watches Pure take his stance again.

JOHNNY

Where you aimin', boy? You gotta have a target. This is golf, you know.

Pure gazes out to the range. Points with the club.

PURE

That red flag, yonder.

Johnny and Jazz look out to the range.

JAZZ

That's one eighty-five. Easy.

JOHNNY

Bein' a might optimistic there, young man. What you got? Seven iron?

PURE

Don't rightly know.

JAZZ

It's a seven.

JOHNNY

Seven iron that belongs in a goddamn museum.

PURE

I can get it there, sir.

Johnny grins. Another sip.

JOHNNY

If you say so. Have at it.

Pure nods. Takes his stance. His focus on the ball, then the flag, back down to the ball. Locked in.

A slight waggle of the club. Then the swing.

A coiled bundle of energy, then explosive release into the back of the ball.

Perfection.

The ball, instantly high into the sky, straight, boring toward the distant red flag. Johnny and Jazz follow its flight.

It drops just past the flag, backs up, and stops two feet to the left of the stick.

PURE

Pull that one a might.

The cigarette falls from Johnny's mouth. The beer bottle slips from his hand to the ground. Jazz whistles.

JAZZ

Hot damn. Tap-in birdie there.

Johnny looks Pure up and down. A look of shock. Astonishment. Pure stands there waiting.

JOHNNY

Let's see another one.

PURE

Yes, sir.

Pure takes his stance. Swings. That graceful blur of power.

This time the ball strikes the flag stick and kicks three feet away.

JOHNNY

Again.

Johnny walks behind Pure and squats. His knowing eyes now study Pure's swing, the footwork, the grip, the hip turn, weight shift. All are perfect.

With each new swing, Johnny watches Pure from a different angle, a conductor auditioning a prodigy.

Five swings. Five balls within three feet of the red flag.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

That's enough.

(to Jazz)

Let's see what he can do with some real clubs. Go get my bag.

Jazz jogs away. Johnny and Pure's eyes connect.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Where'd you learn to swing like that, boy?

PURE

From you, sir. That's why I come here.

JOHNNY

What?

Pure holds his hand out, even with his hip.

PURE

When I was about this high, you come for a tournament at Greenbriar. In New Orleans. You recollect that?

JOHNNY

Yeah. I played there.

PURE

I sneak into the woods, watch you practice. Everyday I watch. I use a stick to mimic your swing.

JOHNNY

You're shittin' me.

PURE

No, sir. Hit rocks at first, then momma bring me home this here club and some real balls.

Pure smiles.

PURE (CONT'D)

Then I practice every day, rain or shine. Your swing, always in my head. Still is, sir.

Jazz arrives with the bag. Johnny snaps out of his funk.

JOHNNY

Give him a driver.

Jazz hands Pure the wooden headed driver. Pure admires the club, strokes the shiny lacquered clubhead.

PURE

This club mighty pretty. Ain't never seen one like this up close.

JOHNNY

You never hit a driver?

PURE

No, sir. Only club I ever hit was my iron.

JOHNNY

Jesus. Well, let's see what you can do with it. Hope the ball don't explode.

PURE

Yes, sir.

Pure taps a ball from the pile. Takes his stance.

JAZZ

Hold on, son. This might help.

Jazz bends, tees up the ball for him.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

There you go. Just sweep it off that tee. May need to widen your stance some.

Pure takes his stance away from the ball. His feet move apart. He nods as he waggles the club.

PURE

Yes, sir. I reckon so. I can feel that to be true.

Pure takes a slow practice swing. Another. Then a full practice swing. He nods.

PURE (CONT'D)

Got the feel now.

He takes his stance at the teed up ball. Places the clubhead behind the ball.

Then that perfect swing. The solid SOUND of Persimmon wood connecting with a golf ball. A sound like no other.

The ball screams away low, then rises, gaining altitude. Majestic, up with the birds, staying in the air for an eternity.

JAZZ

Jesus. That's heading to Mexico.

JOHNNY

Son of a bitch.

PURE

That feel mighty nice. Yes, sir.  
Mighty nice.

Finally, the ball lands, falling well beyond the grass at the end of the range. A puff of dust signaling the balls contact with the west Texas sand.

JOHNNY

How far to the end of the range?

JAZZ

Three hundred. Give or take. That flew three twenty. Maybe more. Got a little wind in his face, too.

PURE

I can go fetch that for you, Mr. Johnny.

JOHNNY

That's alright. I got plenty.

Johnny lights a cigarette with a shaking hand. Gazes at Pure as though he's a work of art.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

What's your name, kid?

PURE

My momma call me, Pure.

JOHNNY

Pure. Must've named you after your golf swing.

Pure smiles.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Come on in the shop, Pure. I think we need to talk.

PURE

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

Johnny walks away. Jazz follows. Pure tees up another ball. Swings.

IMPACT.

Johnny and Jazz turn at the sound and watch another gigantic drive. Another puff of dust. Pure turns to Johnny and Jazz, big smile on his face.

PURE (CONT'D)

Had to get me in another one.

INT. BOLLA'S PRO SHOP - DAY

Johnny bursts into the shop, followed by Jazz. Goes right to the refrigerator, snatches out a Lone Star, pops the cap. Deep swallows. Looks out the window.

Pure's bent, scooping up the remaining range balls, putting them back in the wire basket.

JOHNNY

What do you know about him?

JAZZ

Not much. He's from New Orleans.

JOHNNY

Any family?

JAZZ

None to speak of. He's alone, far as I know.

Johnny watches Pure approach.

JOHNNY

And he just shows up on my doorstep. Like a goddamn mirage.

JAZZ

With a golf swing any man would kill for.

Pure steps in. Johnny gestures to the rocker.

JOHNNY

Have a seat, kid.

Pure sits in the rocker. Johnny gets a Coke. Hands it over.

PURE

Obliged.

JOHNNY

Hungry?

PURE

No, sir. Ate me a peck of wild blackberries a bit ago.

JOHNNY  
Where you stayin'?

PURE  
Nowhere in particular. Slept under  
a bridge last night. Was a mighty  
nice evening.

JOHNNY  
You don't have a place to stay?

PURE  
Well, sir, underneath the bridge, I  
suppose, is a place.

Jazz smiles. Johnny thinks.

JOHNNY  
There's an empty migrant shack not  
far from here. You can stay there.  
(to Jazz)  
Doc Miller's old chili pepper farm.  
He owes me a favor.

JAZZ  
Still standing, I think.

JOHNNY  
(to Pure)  
It ain't much, but it'll keep you  
dry. Jazz can take you there.

PURE  
That's mighty kind, Mr. Johnny.

Johnny finishes the beer. Gets another.

JOHNNY  
So. You want to learn the great  
game of golf.

PURE  
Yes, sir. More than anything.

JOHNNY  
I'd say you're off to a good start.  
That's a potent swing you got. You  
ever played? On a golf course?

PURE  
No, sir. That's what I was hopin'  
you'd help me with.

Johnny takes a swig. Thinks.

JOHNNY

That could be tough, you know.

PURE

I know, sir.

JOHNNY

Negroes barely playin' college football. And golf's a hell of a lot whiter than football. What made you choose golf?

PURE

Reckon it chose me, sir. First time I try it, when I was a little fella, I knew. I love to hit a golf ball, sir.

Pure sips the Coke, then glances over at Jazz.

PURE (CONT'D)

But now I'm older, I want to play so I get respect.

JOHNNY

Respect?

Pure turns back to Johnny.

PURE

Yes, sir. I want to be the best. I figure then I get respect. Otherwise, I ain't got nothing.

Johnny nods, sips his beer.

JOHNNY

Bein' the best is a mighty tall order though, kid. And not just 'cause you're a Negro. There's some good players out there. Pros that play this game to eat.

PURE

I can do it, sir. I know it. Hittin' a golf ball for me's like breathing. I just do it, don't have to ponder 'bout nothing.

Johnny looks to Jazz for help. Jazz shrugs.

JAZZ

He's a natural alright. Didn't think there was such a thing for this sport.

PURE

Always been that way for me, Mr. Johnny. I just need you to show me how to do it on a real golf course. Will you help me, sir?

Johnny gazes out to the hot afternoon. Coming to a decision. Pure and Jazz watch him.

He turns to Pure, studies him. Then gives a slight nod.

JOHNNY

Alright. I'll give it a try. But only if you do everything I tell you. You hear? Everything.

Pure explodes to his feet, big smile. Grabs Johnny's hand, pumps it hard.

PURE

Yes, sir! I will, sir. Thank you, sir.

Johnny breaks away from the enthusiastic handshake.

Pure just stands there smiling. Johnny stares back.

JOHNNY

Well? Get your ass back out there. Before I change my mind.

PURE

Yes, sir!

Pure bolts out of the shop. Through the window, Johnny watches him run to the tee. Jazz eases up to Johnny's side.

JAZZ

Hope he knows what he's getting into.

JOHNNY

Hope I do too.

EXT. BOLLA'S PRACTICE RANGE - DAY

Pure hits balls with that magnificent swing. Johnny sits behind him in a lawn chair, holding a large golf umbrella for shade. Smoke from his Camel drifts in the air.

JAZZ (V.O.)

Pure hit balls for three straight hours that first day. Johnny just watched. Barely said a word.

Johnny reaches down into a steel cooler, brings out a Lone Star, pops the top with an opener.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Guess you don't mess with perfection.

Pure swings. Johnny watches. Sips the beer.

EXT. SHACK - NIGHT

Jazz's pick-up pulls off a rutted dirt road. Stops in front of a small shack.

Jazz gets out, along with Pure. Jazz carries a bag of groceries and blankets. Pure holds his suitcase.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Jazz and Pure enter. Jazz yanks a string from a bare light bulb hanging from the ceiling. It lights up the single room.

JAZZ  
Glad to see the juice's still on.

The interior of the shack, spartan. Dirt floor. A single cot. Wooden table with two chairs. Jazz sets down the supplies, tosses the blankets on the cot. Looks around.

JAZZ (CONT'D)  
It's not much, but it's a roof over  
your head. Outhouse is in the back.

Jazz sits at the table. Pure on the cot.

PURE  
It's fine, sir.

Jazz watches Pure open his suitcase. He takes out the newspaper clipping. Tacks it to the wall. Curious, Jazz goes over, looks at it.

JAZZ  
Looks like you been a fan of Johnny's  
for a while.

PURE  
Yes, sir. Momma cut that out for  
me. Long time ago.

Pure stops unpacking. Looks up at Jazz.

PURE (CONT'D)  
Can I ask you something, sir?

JAZZ  
Sure, son. Anything.

Jazz returns to his seat. Pure sits across from him.

PURE

Why'd he quit? Sound to me like Mr. Johnny was a mighty good player.

JAZZ

He was. Won eight tournaments his first three years on tour.

PURE

What happen then? He get sick? Hurt himself?

Jazz shakes his head, smiles.

JAZZ

None of that would've stopped Johnny.

Jazz takes out his wallet, opens it, looks down.

INSERT: Johnny and a beautiful woman, smiling at the camera.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Johnny got married to a woman named Kelly O'Toole.

Jazz removes the photo from his wallet.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

As Irish as they come. Red hair. Temper. Even liked the taste of whiskey every now and then.

Jazz hands the photo to Pure. He looks at it.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

After one of his wins, Johnny bought her a brand new Italian sports car. Red convertible. She was just learning how to drive.

Pure gives the photo back to Jazz.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

One day, she took off in it. Alone. Lost control, slammed into a pine tree north of Houston. Police said she must've been doing ninety.

PURE

Lord. Why she do that?

JAZZ

Don't know. Johnny's never said one word about it. After that, he quit playing. Just hits balls on the range every now and then.

PURE

And you stay with him? The whole time after?

JAZZ

Mostly. Oh, I've caddied a few times for other pros. But I'd always end up back with Johnny. Living in that old trailer.

PURE

You a good friend, Mr. Jazz.

JAZZ

I don't know about that, Pure. I suppose I've been using Johnny in a way. Hoping he'd start playing again.

Jazz smiles.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

You see, all I've ever wanted was a little house to call my own. By a fishing pond. Place where I could grow my own tomatoes.

Jazz stands and walks over to the clipping. Gazes at it.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Johnny could've given me that if he'd started playing again. But it's too late now. Just an old man's dream.

Pure smiles.

PURE

My momma say, don't ever stop dreamin'.

Jazz turns from the clipping, returns the smile.

JAZZ

Your momma was a smart woman.

PURE

Yes, sir. She was, sir.

EXT. PUTTING GREEN - DAY

Johnny holds a putter. Several balls lined up in front of him. He takes a practice stroke.

Jazz squats at a hole twenty feet away.

JAZZ (V.O.)

After a couple of days of watching,  
Johnny was ready to teach Pure the  
game of golf.

Pure stands with Johnny. He also holds a putter. Johnny  
straightens up from his practice strokes.

JOHNNY

Putting is what makes a pro rich.  
Or sends him back to a real job.  
It's also what'll drive your ass  
crazy.

Johnny bends again, takes more practice strokes.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

It's all feel. And nerves. Just  
watch.

Johnny takes his stance at a ball, Pure studying every move.  
Johnny taps the ball. It rolls just past the cup. Jazz  
rolls it back.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

See that nasty little break?

PURE

Yes, sir. Lay of the land cause  
that, I reckon.

JOHNNY

Yeah. Lay of the land. There's  
very few straight putts out there.  
Now you give it a try.

Pure takes his stance, mimicking Johnny. He takes a practice  
stroke. Another. Johnny reaches down and adjusts Pure's  
fingers on the grip a little. Pure nods, more strokes.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

That's it. Back and forth. All  
touch, Pure. Just feel it.

Pure sets the putter behind the ball. The putter goes back,  
forward. Smooth. Taps the ball.

The ball rolls toward the hole, takes the break, and drops  
into the cup on the last roll.

Johnny and Jazz stare at each other. Pure looks at the hole,  
then at Johnny. Frowns.

PURE

Ain't much to it, sir.  
(MORE)

PURE (CONT'D)

I'd say puttin's a might easier than  
hittin' the ball.

Pure bends, putts another ball. Sinks it. Johnny stares at  
a grinning Jazz, then lights a cigarette. Blows out smoke.

JOHNNY

He's either too good, or too stupid  
to know how hard that is.

Jazz stands up, still smiling.

JAZZ

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for  
unto them is given the knowledge of  
God."

JOHNNY

(to Pure)

Ignore him. And keep practicing.  
Trust me. It's not that easy.

Johnny walks away. Pure putts another one. It falls.

PURE

Don't get it, Mr. Jazz. Don't seem  
that hard to me.

Jazz rolls the ball back. Chuckles.

JAZZ

You just keep thinking that way,  
Pure.

EXT. SAND TRAP - DAY

Pure hits a ball out of a practice sand trap. It rolls up  
on the green and bites two feet from the hole. Ten other  
balls surround the flagstick, all less than four feet away.

Johnny sits in his lawn chair with the umbrella. Pure turns  
to him.

PURE

Don't quite understand the need of  
this, sir.

JOHNNY

What the hell you talkin' about?

PURE

You say these sand traps be off to  
the sides of the greens and fairways.

JOHNNY

Yeah, they're sneaky little bastards.

PURE

Well, sir, ain't the point of golf to hit the greens and the fairways? Not these here sand traps?

JOHNNY

Of course it is.

PURE

Well then, reckon all I plan to do is hit the greens and the fairways. That's all I'm sayin'. Don't rightly see the point of practicin' these here sand shots.

Johnny just stares at Pure. He then looks at Jazz who's sitting at the edge of the trap. Jazz grins.

JAZZ

Boy makes a good point.

Johnny stands up.

JOHNNY

I need more smokes.

He walks away.

JAZZ (V.O.)

When Johnny knew he couldn't win an argument, he tended to walk away.

Pure hits another shot from the sand. This one rolls into the hole.

INT. BOLLA'S PRO SHOP - DAY

Jazz sits in the rocker. Johnny stands behind the counter, writing in a ledger.

JOHNNY

We're going broke, old man.

JAZZ

And you're surprised?

Something catches Johnny's eye through the window. He frowns, then a slow grin appears. Jazz notices.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

What're you grinning at?

JOHNNY  
 Got a couple of University of Houston  
 golfers gracing our presence.

Jazz peeks out the window.

JAZZ  
 So?

Johnny sets the pencil down, walks around the counter.

JOHNNY  
 Gonna make us a little cash.

He grabs two buckets of practice balls and heads out the door. Jazz walks to the window to watch.

EXT. BOLLA'S PRACTICE RANGE - DAY

The two University of Houston golfers are both blond, tan, muscular, and dressed like a magazine ad.

They set down their red golf bags with the 'U of H' logo as Johnny approaches. Johnny dumps out the practice balls, smiles at the young men.

JOHNNY  
 No charge, boys.

He faces one of them.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 How you doing, Bucky? Your old man  
 still runnin' the oil business in  
 Houston?

Johnny shakes hands with BUCKY WALTERS.

BUCKY  
 The famous Johnny Bolla. Dad said  
 you were out here somewhere.

JOHNNY  
 Who's your compadre'?

BUCKY  
 Stan Jackson. From Dallas.

Johnny shakes hands with STAN.

STAN  
 Mr. Bolla.

JOHNNY

So, what brings you boys out this way? Surely not my fine practice facility.

BUCKY

Going to California. Play some tournaments. Have a little fun.

Johnny nods. Eyes them as they peel on their golf gloves.

JOHNNY

You boys interested in a little fun right here? Say, a friendly wager?

BUCKY

Sir?

JOHNNY

I know you're a big hitter, Bucky. How 'bout a long drive contest? I'll even give you three shots. Let you take the best.

Bucky grins at Johnny.

BUCKY

Against you? I don't know.

JOHNNY

Come on. Three to one odds. You put up a hundred to my three.

Johnny whips out his wallet. Peels out the cash. Waves it.

BUCKY

It ain't the money.

JOHNNY

Oh? What then?

Bucky glances at Stan.

BUCKY

Well, I hear you don't play anymore. Don't think it'd be quite fair.

JOHNNY

I see.

Johnny gazes over at Pure who's raking the practice sand trap. Johnny nods at him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

How about him, then?

Bucky glances over at Pure. Back to Johnny.

BUCKY  
That colored boy?

JOHNNY  
Don't sell him short. He's got a  
hell of a swing.

BUCKY  
Still three to one?

JOHNNY  
Yep.

Bucky takes out a hundred dollar bill. Passes it to Johnny.

BUCKY  
You're on.

JOHNNY  
(to Pure)  
Pure! Come on over here. Bring  
your driver.

Pure looks up, confused.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Come on now. Hustle up.

Pure drops the rake. Walks over to the bag. Slides out the  
driver.

Bucky loosens up, takes practice swings.

INT. BOLLA'S PRO SHOP - DAY

Jazz watches from the window. He sees Pure with the driver  
approach Johnny and the two college golfers.

JAZZ  
Christ.

He rushes out of the pro shop.

EXT. BOLLA'S PRACTICE RANGE - DAY

Pure stands with Johnny holding the driver, uneasy. Jazz  
sidles up to Johnny.

JAZZ  
(quiet)  
What the hell you doing?

JOHNNY  
A little business.

Bucky's ready. Takes his stance. Big forearms ripple. He swings. A solid, powerful shot. Johnny whistles.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Damn, Bucky! Didn't leave no chicken on that bone.

The ball lands, rolls along the grass toward the end of the range, stopping about twenty yards short of the desert sand.

Bucky tees another. Looks up.

BUCKY

You said three, right?

JOHNNY

Yep. Go ahead.

Jazz glares at Johnny. Pure's very uncomfortable.

Another shot, about the same distance.

JAZZ

(quiet)

I don't like this. The boy's not a circus act.

Bucky really leans into his third shot. It stops about five yards past the first two. He turns to Johnny.

BUCKY

Your boy's up.

JOHNNY

Care to up the bet? Say five hundred? To my fifteen?

BUCKY

You got fifteen hundred bucks?

JOHNNY

I do. In a safe. Back in the shop.

Jazz squirms.

JAZZ

(quiet)

We don't even have a safe.

BUCKY

Deal.

He takes out his wallet. Hands bills to Johnny.

JOHNNY  
(to Pure)  
You're up, Pure.

Pure steps up. Nervous. Tees up a ball.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Knock it out there, far as you can.

Jazz watches Pure, frowns.

JAZZ  
Pure.

Pure looks at Jazz. An easy smile from Jazz and a nod.

JAZZ (CONT'D)  
You can do it, son. It's alright.

Pure nods back. Bucky and Stan share a smug, confident grin.

Pure takes his stance. Just him and the ball. The tension drains away. Now, only confidence. He's home.

Then he swings. Hard. The ball screams away.

Johnny smiles. Jazz smiles. They know. Bucky and Stan watch the ball's flight. Their smiles fade. Mouths part.

The ball drops well beyond the grass line, kicking up the desert sand. A flock of birds take flight.

JOHNNY  
I'd say he got you there, Bucko.  
Don't think that one's in the United  
States anymore.

Johnny slips their money in his wallet. Pockets the wallet.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Nice doing business with you, boys.  
Can't say I didn't warn you.

Bucky's eyes flare at Pure.

BUCKY  
Let me see that club, boy.

Pure holds it out.

PURE  
It's Mr. Johnny's club.

Bucky snatches it from Pure. Whips around to Johnny, thrusts out the club.

BUCKY

This some special club, Bolla?

Behind Bucky's back, Pure picks up Bucky's driver.

JOHNNY

Club's legal, Bucky. It's the boy's swing that's special.

Pure tees a ball. Johnny watches. Stan also watches.

STAN

Bucky.

Bucky turns, sees Pure taking his stance. With his driver.

BUCKY

Hey, boy!

Pure swings. The ball, again, rockets away, forever in the sky. And again, it lands well beyond the grass.

Pure leans Bucky's driver back against his bag.

PURE

Like Mr. Johnny say. It ain't the club, sir.

Pure walks away. Jazz walks with him. Squeezes Pure's shoulder.

BUCKY

(to Johnny)

You set me up, old man.

JOHNNY

I'd say it was a fair contest, Bucky.

Bucky takes a step toward Johnny.

BUCKY

You let a nigger do your work for you now, Bolla? Cause you can't cut it anymore?

Pure stops, turns back. Eyes sharp. Jazz watches him. Pure takes a step. Jazz takes his arm, stops him.

JAZZ

Easy, son. Johnny knows what he's doing.

Pure pauses, watches.

Johnny grins at Bucky. Steps up to the tee. Grabs Bucky's driver. Tees up a ball.

Takes his stance, cigarette still dangling from his mouth.

He swings. The controlled, powerful swing of experience.

The ball takes off low, rises slow, boring through the air. It lands next to Bucky's farthest shot and rolls past it by ten yards.

Pure breaks out in a big smile.

PURE

Mr. Johnny! I'll be! Mr. Johnny a  
big hitter!

Johnny tosses the driver to Bucky, looks at Pure.

JOHNNY

Guess I didn't need you after all,  
Pure.

Johnny joins Pure and Jazz. They head to the shop. Bucky and Stan stare after them. Stan steps up to Bucky.

STAN

That's half our cash walking away.

Bucky snaps a look at Stan.

BUCKY

Don't you think I know that?

He turns back to watch Jazz, Johnny and Pure disappear into the pro shop.

BUCKY (CONT'D)

This bullshit ain't over.

INT. BOLLA'S PRO SHOP - DAY

Johnny heads to the cash register. RINGS it open. Holds out a twenty to Pure.

PURE

What's that for?

JOHNNY

Your cut. You earned it. Hell, you  
did the hard part.

Pure shakes his head.

PURE

No, sir. Don't want no part of it.

Johnny stares at Pure. Lowers his hand.

JOHNNY  
Can I ask why?

PURE  
It's stealing, sir.

JOHNNY  
Pardon me?

PURE  
Might as well have a gun to their  
head. Takin' them fella's money  
just as easy.

JOHNNY  
What? That smart-ass had as much a  
chance as you. Hell, he's a college  
golfer. Bucky ain't no hack.

PURE  
You know that ain't true, sir. You  
know he weren't good enough.

Jazz smiles at Johnny, enjoying this. Johnny thinks for a moment, shakes his head, walks over into his bedroom, slams the door.

JAZZ (V.O.)  
That was another one Johnny knew he  
couldn't win.

EXT. BOLLA'S PARKING LOT - DAY

Bucky and Stan get in their Lincoln Continental convertible, cherry red. They toss out a bunch of trash, beer empties, then PEEL away.

JAZZ (V.O.)  
Of course, Bucky and Stan had no  
intention of heading out to California  
just yet.

INT. BOLLA'S PRO SHOP - DAY

The setting sun low through the window. Johnny sits behind the counter reading a magazine. Jazz in the rocker dozing.

Pure steps into the shop, sweaty from practice. Jazz wakes up, looks up at him.

JAZZ  
Ready?

PURE  
Yes, sir.

Jazz stands, takes keys from a peg on the wall.

JOHNNY  
He can walk home.

Jazz turns to Johnny.

JAZZ  
What? Why? It's three miles to the shack.

JOHNNY  
It's a nice evening. He can walk.

PURE  
That's fine, Mr. Jazz. It's coolin' off now. I like to walk.

He leaves. Jazz stares at Johnny.

JAZZ  
What was that about?

JOHNNY  
Bucky and his friend think they're hiding up the road. Saw 'em earlier when I got smokes. Figure they're waitin' on Pure.

JAZZ  
You're setting the boy up? Are you crazy?

JOHNNY  
Calm down. Jesus. I'm gonna watch out for him. Hell, they looked half drunk anyway. I just want to see what happens. How Pure handles it.

JAZZ  
A test.

JOHNNY  
Yeah. So to speak.

Johnny grins. Jazz shakes his head.

INT. BUCKY'S CAR - DAY

The car parked within scrub trees. Bucky nudges Stan awake.

BUCKY  
There he is.

Pure approaches up ahead. Bucky starts the car, tosses out a beer. Fishtails onto the road.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Pure pauses, watches the red convertible SKID to a stop in front of him.

Bucky and Stan stagger out. Drunk-walk up to Pure. They stop, looking Pure up and down.

BUCKY

You know, Stan, I think this nigger's got some of our money. What do you think?

PURE

Ain't got your money. Mr. Johnny got your money.

Bucky takes a step toward Pure.

BUCKY

Bullshit. I think you at least got a cut. You and Bolla got a little scam runnin', don't you?

Pure's eyes shift from face to face. Takes a step back. Clenches his fists.

INT. JOHNNY'S CAR - DAY

Johnny sits in a white beat-up Cadillac convertible, parked on the side of the road. COUNTRY WESTERN music plays.

Up ahead, in the fading light, he watches Bucky, Stan, and Pure's drama play out. He sips a beer.

Bucky throws a wild punch at Pure. Pure blocks it. Pure snaps a hard right into Bucky's jaw. Bucky goes down.

Stan runs at Pure, tackles him. They wrestle.

JOHNNY

Alright, that's enough.

Johnny PEELS out.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Stan and Pure roll on the ground. Bucky gets to his feet. Spits blood.

BUCKY

Hold the nigger down, goddammit!

Bucky turns to see Johnny's Cadillac SCREECH to a stop, billowing dust.

Johnny steps out, holding the beer, smiling.

JOHNNY  
Got us a problem here, boys?

BUCKY  
Ain't none of your business, Bolla.

Pure spins on top of Stan, pinning him. His eyes dark, wild. His arm goes back, ready to deliver a blow to Stan's face. Johnny's smile shuts off.

JOHNNY  
Pure!

Pure stops, looks up, eyes flying to Johnny.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Get in the car.

Pure hesitates, looks back down at Stan. Fist stays up.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Now!

Pure slowly lowers his arm, struggles off Stan, rises to his feet. Dusts himself off. Storms off to Johnny's car.

When he gets to the car, he notices something on the seat. Johnny's wallet. His eyes stay on it.

Bucky faces Johnny. Stan rises.

BUCKY  
We just want our money back. That's all.

JOHNNY  
I see. Then I guess this is my business.

Bucky takes a step toward Johnny. His grin exposes bloody teeth.

BUCKY  
You sure you want that, old man?

Another step closer. Johnny sips his beer.

BUCKY (CONT'D)  
You know, Bolla, ain't nothin' worse than a nigger, than a nigger lover.

Johnny explodes a lightning hard right into Bucky's temple. Bucky goes down, unconscious.

STAN

Jesus, man! What'd you do that for?

Johnny winces, shakes his right hand, flexes his fingers.

JOHNNY

Don't wet your pants. He ain't dead.

Johnny squats, pours his beer on Bucky's face. Bucky stirs, coughs, his eyes slide open, groggy. Johnny stands.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Life lesson, boys. You lose a bet,  
you lose a bet. Simple as that.

Pure walks up. Stan looks at him. Bucky tries to focus. Johnny frowns at Pure.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I said go to the car.

Pure holds his hand out to Stan. In his hand, their money. Stan looks at it, then at Pure. He grabs the cash.

Pure goes back to the car. Gets in. Johnny watches him for a moment. Thinking. Pure stares straight ahead.

Johnny turns to Stan and Bucky.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(quiet)

You boys have a nice trip.

He walks to his car, gets in, drives off.

INT. JOHNNY'S CAR - NIGHT

The sun gone. Stars alive in the desert sky.

Johnny drives. Pure's blank face, lit by the dashboard lights. COUNTRY MUSIC low. Johnny glances over.

JOHNNY

Guess you're human after all. Didn't hurt your hands, did you?

PURE

Could've taken care of that myself.

JOHNNY

I know. That's what I was afraid of.

Johnny turns off the music.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You know that's just a taste of what you've got ahead of you. You can't fight every cracker that's gonna call you names. Neither can I.

Pure just gazes out to the dark desert. Johnny pulls off to the side of the road. Slows to a stop.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Look at me, Pure.

Pure turns to Johnny. They lock eyes in the moonlight.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You gotta do your fightin' on the golf course from now on. Golf clubs are your weapons. Understand?

PURE

Yes, sir.

JOHNNY

Do you? Cause it didn't look that way to me.

PURE

I understand, sir. I didn't like that neither. What happen back there.

JOHNNY

This ain't gonna be easy, Pure. For you and for me. You up to it?

PURE

I am, sir.

JOHNNY

You sure? You really sure you want to take this all the way?

A tear escapes Pure's eye. He scrubs it away.

PURE

Yes, sir. More than ever.

Johnny studies Pure's face. Then he nods, smiles. Puts his hand on Pure's shoulder.

JOHNNY

Alright then. Let's play some golf.

Pure smiles back.

INT. BOLLA'S PRO SHOP - DAY

Jazz in the rocker. Johnny, on a stool behind the counter, thumbs through a phone book.

JOHNNY  
Donny Potter still pro at Vista Hills?

JAZZ  
Far as I know. Why?

JOHNNY  
Pure's ready.

He picks up the phone. Dials a number.

INT. VISTA HILLS PRO SHOP - DAY

A junky municipal course pro shop. Golf equipment everywhere.

Head pro, DONNY POTTER, 40, fat from too many Moon Pies, sits behind the counter, leafing through a torn Playboy.

The phone RINGS. Donny answers, eyes still in the magazine.

DONNY  
Vista Hills.

INTERCUT: JOHNNY AND DONNY

JOHNNY  
Donny P., it's Bolla.

DONNY  
Johnny? Christ, man, it's been a while.

JOHNNY  
You still runnin' that goat pasture?

DONNY  
Yeah, I'll probably die here. If I do, just bury my ass in a trap.

JOHNNY  
Look, Donny, I was thinkin' of getting in a round today. For old times sake. You busy out there?

Donny gazes out to the course. Not a soul in sight.

DONNY  
I think I could squeeze you in.

EXT. BOLLA'S PRACTICE RANGE - DAY

Pure starts his backswing.

JOHNNY (O.S.)  
Saddle up, Pure!

Pure stops his swing, turns his head to Johnny standing at the pro shop door.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
We're gonna play some golf!

Johnny disappears back into the shop. Pure stays frozen with the club at the top of his swing, his eyes wide. Then he smiles. Eases the club down.

He slides it into the bag, shoulders the bag and runs full speed toward the pro shop, the clubs JINGLING.

INT. JOHNNY'S CAR - DAY

Johnny pulls into the nearly empty Vista Hills municipal golf course parking lot.

Pure, in the passenger seat, cranes his head to see the treeless, flat public course.

Jazz sleeps in the back seat of the convertible.

PURE  
Look at that. It's all so green,  
Mr. Johnny.

Johnny parks, cuts the engine.

JOHNNY  
Yeah, well, Pure, it's grass. Grass  
is green.

Johnny gazes out to the course. Not much to look at.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ. They ever mow this  
piece a' shit?

Jazz stirs awake. Johnny turns to him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Get him to the first tee. I'll meet  
you there.

Pure explodes out of the car, pulls the clubs from the backseat, jogs off across the parking lot with the bag.

Johnny watches him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 And calm his ass down 'fore he gets  
 us all arrested.

INT. VISTA HILLS PRO SHOP - DAY

Johnny enters, Donny Potter looks up, stubs out a cigar.

DONNY  
 Johnny, how you doing?

Johnny walks up, shakes hands.

JOHNNY  
 Donny boy, you're getting fat.

DONNY  
 And you're getting old.

Through the window, Donny catches sight of Jazz and Pure walking to the first tee.

DONNY (CONT'D)  
 Takes you two caddies now?

JOHNNY  
 I'm not playing.

Donny turns to Johnny.

DONNY  
 What?

JOHNNY  
 That young colored fella out there,  
 he's gonna play.

A blank stare from Donny.

DONNY  
 Come on, Johnny. You know I--

JOHNNY  
 What's your greens fee? Ten bucks?

Johnny takes out his wallet. Donny eyes it.

DONNY  
 Five.

Johnny sets a twenty on the counter.

JOHNNY  
 That make you color blind for the  
 next few hours? For an old friend?

EXT. VISTA HILLS FIRST TEE - DAY

Johnny walks up. Pure takes practice swings, eyes on the fairway. A ball teed up.

JOHNNY  
 Alright, Pure. Swing away. Straight  
 down the middle.

Pure stops his swings, frowns as he looks down the fairway to the distant green. Just stands there.

JAZZ  
 Something wrong, son?

Pure points down the fairway with the driver.

PURE  
 Well, Mr. Jazz, that flag a pretty  
 far piece away. Not rightly sure I  
 can get it there. 'Less I really  
 jump on it.

Jazz smiles. Johnny swipes his face with his hand.

JOHNNY  
 Jesus Christ, Pure, this hole's four  
 hundred and twenty yards. It's a  
 par four. You got two shots to get  
 it on the goddamn green. Not one.

Pure brightens up.

PURE  
 Oh. I see.

JOHNNY  
 Just bust it down the middle of that  
 short grass. No more thinking.

And Pure does just that. Splits the shaggy fairway.

EXT. VISTA HILLS FIRST FAIRWAY - DAY

Pure and Johnny stop at the ball, dead center. Pure sets the bag down.

Jazz walks the yardage from a fairway yardage marker, back towards the ball.

JOHNNY  
 Jazz'll get you the yardage.

PURE  
 Sir?

JOHNNY

The yardage. How far you got to the hole.

Pure gazes at the flag.

PURE

I can see how far I got, Mr. Johnny. Flag's right there. Figure the number nine club be about right.

Jazz stops. Looks at Johnny, grins. Johnny shakes his head.

JOHNNY

Fine. Swing away, hotshot. Jazz can go finish his nap.

Pure stands at the ball. Eyes the flag, cut in the right side of the green, tucked behind a trap.

He swings. The ball drifts high, lands, bites, stops. Two feet from the flag.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Good shot, Pure.

PURE

Thank you, sir.

Pure shoulders the bag. They all walk toward the green.

JAZZ (V.O.)

And that's how it went that day. Fairways and greens. Pure made the hardest game known to man look easy. It was a day I'd never forget.

INT. VISTA HILLS PRO SHOP - DAY

Johnny walks in holding a scorecard. Donny looks up.

JOHNNY

What's the course record at this dump?

DONNY

You should know. You still hold it.

He points at a bulletin board with a toothpick.

DONNY (CONT'D)

See for yourself.

Johnny goes to the board. Looks at the old faded scorecard. The penciled in score is a sixty-five.

Johnny brings up the scorecard in his hand, pins it on top of his old course record scorecard.

Donny frowns. Johnny grins at him.

JOHNNY

Guess you got a new course record.

Johnny strolls out the door.

Donny walks around the counter, goes to the bulletin board. Squints at the card. Toothpick flicks in his mouth. The score is a sixty-one.

Donny removes the card. Looks up through the dirty window. Watches Johnny, Jazz, and Pure drive off.

Shakes his head. He wads up the card, throws it away.

EXT. BOLLA'S PRACTICE RANGE - NIGHT

Jazz, Johnny, and Pure sit in lawn chairs at the end of the range. The setting sun paints the distant mountain range.

Johnny sips a Lone Star. Smokes. Pure holds a Coke.

PURE

My momma used to call this time a day, the 'cool of the evening'.

Jazz takes a beer out of the steel cooler. Pops the top. Takes a swig. Smiles at Pure.

JAZZ

I like that. 'Cool of the evening'...

JOHNNY

So tell me, Pure. What'd you think of your first round of golf? You beat that track up, young man.

PURE

Everything I dreamed about, sir. I can't for the life of me, understand why you give it up.

Johnny's eyes go suddenly sharp. Jazz watches him. Knows this is dangerous ground.

Pure doesn't back off.

PURE (CONT'D)

Why you give it up, sir?

Johnny holds his intense gaze on Pure, then looks to the ground. Drops his cigarette. Grinds it dead.

Takes a moment. Face softens.

JOHNNY  
I... I met a woman.

He looks back up at Pure.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
I hope some day, Pure, you'll meet a woman... a woman that'll make you a better man. You see, I had that.

Johnny leans back in his chair, sips his beer.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
But I guess good things never last.  
Least not for me.

A coyote HOWLS from the desert. Pure studies Johnny.

PURE  
When I used to tell my momma, about bad things that happen to me, she'd say, 'Pure, some things you gotta let go. Otherwise, they like an anchor you carry 'round your neck. And soon you drown'.

Johnny stares up at the emerging stars. A moment drifts by. He pours out his beer, gets up, and walks away. Pure watches.

Jazz reaches over and places his hand on Pure's shoulder.

INT. A PRO SHOP - DAY

Johnny hands cash over to an old pro standing behind a counter.

JAZZ (V.O.)  
During the next couple of weeks, Johnny tried to get Pure on as many courses as he could between here and Odessa.

EXT. A GOLF COURSE - DAY

Pure taps in a two foot putt. Johnny and Jazz watch.

JAZZ (V.O.)  
Some barely qualified as a golf course.

After Pure retrieves his ball from the hole, they all stare off to the side of the green. Three skinny longhorn steers graze on the brown grass.

INT. BOLLA'S PRO SHOP - DAY

Johnny on the phone.

JAZZ (V.O.)

Johnny even called in old favors to  
get Pure on a course.

Johnny slams the phone down, marks a name off a pad.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

But ten year old favors are tough to  
get back.

INT. ANOTHER PRO SHOP - DAY

Johnny, angry, storms out the door.

JAZZ (V.O.)

Sometimes he just showed up with  
Pure. Hoping he could talk him on.

The large pro SLAMS the door behind him.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

That didn't work too well either.

INT. ANOTHER PRO SHOP - DAY

Johnny pins a scorecard on a wall. The score is a sixty.

JAZZ (V.O.)

He still managed to get Pure on five  
different golf courses. That meant  
three new course records.

The stocky pro walks over to the scorecard. Looks at it.  
Takes it down. He watches Johnny walk out the door.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Not that any of them were ever gonna  
count for anything.

The pro rips the card in half.

EXT. A GOLF COURSE - DAY

Pure tees off with his driver. Johnny and Jazz watch the  
flight of the ball.

JAZZ (V.O.)

But those scores didn't matter.  
Johnny knew what he had. He had  
lightning in a bottle.

The three walk off the tee, down the fairway.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What he had to figure out, was what he was gonna do with it.

INT. BOLLA'S PRO SHOP - DAY

Jazz sits in his rocker reading. Johnny on the stool. He opens a drawer, takes out a little black book, thumbs through it. Dials a number from the book. Jazz peers up at him.

JOHNNY

I think Pure's ready for more of a challenge.

His phone call is answered.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(to phone)

Yeah, Ben Hogan, please.

(beat)

Johnny Bolla.

Jazz frowns, sets the book down. Stands.

JAZZ

Colonial? Yeah, I'd say that's more of a challenge.

JOHNNY

(to phone)

Ben! How you doin'?

Johnny stands, paces. Jazz watches.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah, I'm still alive. Just goin' broke down here in El Paso.

(laughs)

Nah... I'm doin' fine... look, Ben, reason I'm calling, I got a young player out here. Kid's got a hell of a swing. Broke three course records. Anyway, I think he's ready to take on a real golf course. So I was wonderin' if we could come up, let him play Colonial. I tell you, Ben, he's a sight to see.

Johnny listens, a smile forms on his face.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Yeah. Hell, yeah. Tomorrow's fine... great... we'll be there. Thanks, Ben. Give Val my best.

He hangs up. Eyes light up.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 Goddamn, old man, we're goin' to  
 Fort Worth! Colonial Country Club.  
 'Hogan's Alley'.

Jazz doesn't share Johnny's enthusiasm.

JAZZ  
 Couldn't help but notice you left  
 out a small detail. Hogan's not  
 someone you want to surprise.

Johnny heads to the door.

JAZZ (CONT'D)  
 Johnny.

Johnny stops. Turns.

JOHNNY  
 What? It'll be fine. Quit your  
 worryin'.

JAZZ  
 You know what you're doing?

JOHNNY  
 Probably not.

JAZZ  
 I didn't think so.

JOHNNY  
 Alright, then. You tell me. What  
 am I supposed to do, Jazz? Keep him  
 on this range? Let him pound balls  
 all day with a golf swing God would  
 envy? We gotta find out.

JAZZ  
 Find out what?

JOHNNY  
 If he is the best. You seen him  
 play. That boy's been put on this  
 earth to play this game.

Jazz considers this. He can't deny it.

JAZZ  
 We just gotta be careful. That's  
 all. Pure's more than just a good  
 golf swing. And he's still black,  
 in case you forgot.

JOHNNY

I know. Christ, I know.

Johnny leaves. Jazz goes to the window. Watches Johnny jog up to Pure and talk to him. Pure breaks out in a big smile.

Jazz turns away. Concern washed across his face.

INT. JOHNNY'S CAR - DAY

Johnny drives his Cadillac convertible through the affluent Fort Worth neighborhood surrounding Colonial Country Club. Glimpses of the course flash between elegant mansions.

JOHNNY

We ain't in El Paso no more, boys.

Manicured lawns, plantation size homes, large cottonwood trees. Another world to Pure, his eyes wide as it passes before him.

PURE

Ain't never seen nothing like this before.

JOHNNY

Don't worry, Pure. Their shit stinks too.

Pure grins. Jazz, in the backseat, also manages a smile.

EXT. COLONIAL COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

The Cadillac pulls into the parking lot of the famous private club. The large red brick clubhouse looms ahead. The lot full of luxury sedans, all gleaming in the sun.

Johnny parks his trashy Cadillac, looking like a weed among flowers.

INT. JOHNNY'S CAR - DAY

Johnny turns to Jazz.

JOHNNY

Ya'll go on to the range. Try not to get shot.

PURE

Where you goin', sir?

JOHNNY

To find Hogan.

JAZZ

Maybe you're the one should worry  
about getting shot.

INT. COLONIAL PRO SHOP - DAY

Johnny enters the plush, large, pro shop. Members mill about shopping at clothing racks. Johnny strolls up to the counter.

A young pro greets him. His brass nametag reads SCOTT BURROWS.

SCOTT

Yes, sir?

JOHNNY

Mr. Hogan around? I'm Johnny Bolla.

SCOTT

He expecting you, sir?

JOHNNY

He is.

Scott nods, walks to an office door, knocks, then enters. Johnny drums his fingers on the counter as he looks around.

EXT. COLONIAL PRACTICE TEE - DAY

Jazz stands with Pure on the emerald green, perfect grass of the practice tee. A pyramid of shiny white practice balls stacked before them.

Several members practice. Between swings, they throw glances at the two black men. Pure looks down.

JAZZ

Keep your head up, son. Soon as you  
swing, they'll have different looks  
on their faces.

Pure holds his head up. Still nervous though.

INT. COLONIAL PRO SHOP - DAY

Scott exits the office, followed by the legend, BEN HOGAN. Although fifty years old and short in stature, Hogan still looks like he could bend a nail in half with his bare hands.

He strides up to Johnny with a smile.

HOGAN

Johnny, good to see you.

JOHNNY

You too, Ben. Appreciate this.

They shake hands. Hogan looks around.

HOGAN  
So. Where's this hotshot player?

JOHNNY  
Out on the range. You got time to meet him?

HOGAN  
I always got time to see a good golf swing.

EXT. COLONIAL PRACTICE TEE - DAY

Jazz and Pure watch Johnny and Ben Hogan approach. Hogan now wears his famous white, flat top 'ivy cap'.

JAZZ  
Holy Christ. Here we go.

Hogan and Johnny climb up the few steps to the tee. Hogan glances at Jazz, then over at Pure.

JOHNNY  
You remember my caddy, Jazz.

Hogan smiles back at Jazz.

HOGAN  
I do. How you doing, Jazz?

They shake hands.

JAZZ  
Fine, Mr. Hogan.

Johnny gestures to Pure.

JOHNNY  
This is Pure, Ben. The golfer I told you about.

Hogan stares at Pure. Pure cuts his eyes down to the velvet turf.

Hogan looks over at Johnny. The steely look that's melted the knees of his opponents over the previous three decades. Johnny meets the gaze head-on.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
You gotta see him swing, Ben. Trust me. One swing.

Hogan rubs his chin, eyes staying locked with Johnny's. Then he turns. Gazes at Pure.

Their eyes meet. Hogan thinking. Jazz and Johnny watching, nervous. Hogan walks up to Pure, pauses, then extends his hand.

HOGAN

Ben Hogan.

Pure smiles, shakes Hogan's hand. Some of the members watch, mumbling to each other.

PURE

Sir. Much obliged for this.

Hogan steps back. Hands on hips.

HOGAN

Let's see your swing, son.

PURE

Yes, sir.

All the members down the tee have now stopped their practice. Pure glances up at their curious faces. Looks away.

Jazz hands him the driver, gives him a smile. Pure tees a ball. Takes some practice swings.

JAZZ

Nice and smooth, Pure.

Pure nods. Takes his stance. Immediately focused. Just him and the ball. His honed concentration, palpable.

Hogan's eyes absorb every detail. Grip. Feet. Posture.

Pure swings. The wooden clubhead impacts the ball.

The ball jets away, instantly high against the blue sky. Hanging forever, Hogan watching its eternal flight.

Bordering the end of the practice range, a line of majestic oaks. The ball lands within the top branches of the trees, RATTLING, then falling to the ground.

The members look stunned. All frozen, like a photograph.

Johnny turns to Hogan. Waiting.

Hogan's gaze eventually breaks away from the distant trees. He looks at Pure. Gray eyes not moving. His face stone.

HOGAN

Nice shot, son.

PURE

Thank you, sir.

Hogan then turns, walks over to Johnny. Their eyes meet.

HOGAN

I think you know where the first tee is. Have a good round.

Hogan strides away with his slight limp. Johnny watches him for a moment, then spins around, grins at Pure.

JOHNNY

Well, you heard the man. Let's play some golf!

EXT. COLONIAL FIRST TEE - DAY

Pure rips into his drive. Straight down the middle, the ball bounding down the lush fairway.

JOHNNY

Well done, Pure. Good start.

Johnny and Jazz stroll down the tee box toward the fairway.

Pure remains on the tee, holding his driver. He gazes out to the hole, past Johnny and Jazz. Johnny turns back to Pure. Stops.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Well? You plannin' to join us?

Pure just stares out to the pristine golf course.

JAZZ

You alright, son?

PURE

Yes, sir. It's just... well, this here golf course the most beautiful thing I ever seen in my life. I do believe that so.

Johnny and Jazz exchange a smile. Johnny looks back to Pure.

JOHNNY

Let's see if you still feel that way after you played this monster.

Pure grins, bags the driver, jogs down to join them.

EXT. COLONIAL GREEN - DAY

Pure sinks a five foot putt.

JAZZ (V.O.)

Pure birdied that first hole and never looked back.

Pure retrieves the ball from the hole. Jazz replaces the flagstick. They walk off the green.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Colonial may be the hardest golf course in Texas. Hell, maybe one of the hardest in the whole damn country.

Johnny marks Pure's score on a scorecard.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It wasn't that day. Not for Pure.

Johnny notices something as he walks off the green. Far in the distance, Ben Hogan sits alone in a golf cart watching.

He tosses away a cigarette and drives away.

INT. COLONIAL PRO SHOP - DAY

Johnny enters the pro shop, holding the scorecard. Pure and Jazz follow him in, but hang back at the door.

Johnny looks around, heads over to a framed scorecard hanging on the wall.

Hogan stands behind the counter with Scott. He notices Johnny, strolls over to him. Johnny's looking up at the framed scorecard.

HOGAN  
 Shot that fifteen years ago. Before the wreck. When I could walk like a normal man.

Hogan takes the scorecard from Johnny's hand.

HOGAN (CONT'D)  
 So, how'd the kid do?

Hogan slips on glasses, looks at the scorecard. Glances up at Johnny.

JOHNNY  
 Look, Ben, you don't have to--

HOGAN  
 You can vouch for this?

JOHNNY  
 I signed it, Ben. It's good.

Hogan nods. Scott watches from the counter.

Hogan takes down the frame from the wall. Opens the back. Removes the old scorecard. Puts in Pure's scorecard.

Closes the back. Hangs the frame back up.

Then he rips up his old course record scorecard, walks over and tosses it in the trash by the counter. Scott's eyes, unbelieving.

Hogan smiles over at Pure, across the shop.

HOGAN  
Come on over here, son.

Pure walks across the shop. Members gape at him.

Hogan holds out his hand. Pure shakes it.

HOGAN (CONT'D)  
Nice playing, young man. You now hold the course record at Colonial Country Club.

PURE  
Thank you, sir.

SCOTT  
Mr. Hogan...

Hogan whips around.

HOGAN  
You have something to say, Scott?

Scott gulps.

SCOTT  
Uh. No, sir.

Johnny steps up to Hogan.

JOHNNY  
Thanks, Ben. That means a lot.

HOGAN  
Hell. Gives me something to shoot for again.

Johnny glances over at Pure.

JOHNNY  
Uh, Ben, I was thinkin' about entering Pure in the Texas Amateur. Might be a tough nut to crack though. If you know what I mean.

Hogan looks over at Pure. Thinks for a moment.

HOGAN

Send in the registration. I'll make some calls.

INT. JOHNNY'S CAR - DAY

Johnny drives back through the wealthy neighborhood on the way out. He's on fire.

JOHNNY

Hot damn, Pure! That was some playin'. Broke Hogan's record. Hogan's!

Pure grins.

PURE

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

Jazz, in the backseat, just observes. Johnny spies his solemn face in the rear view mirror.

JOHNNY

What's wrong with you, old man?

JAZZ

Not a thing. Not a thing.

JOHNNY

Make yourself useful then and pass me a Coke.

Jazz takes a bottle out of a cooler in the backseat. Hands it up to Johnny. Johnny opens it with a bottle opener hanging by a string from the rear view mirror.

JAZZ (V.O.)

That was about the happiest I'd ever seen Johnny. Except maybe on his wedding day.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

The Cadillac zooms by, stirring up a trail of leaves. Beyond, up a hill, a stately mansion within grand cottonwoods, the sunlight dappled.

JAZZ (V.O.)

I, on the other hand, being a sixty year old black man, couldn't shake a fear building in the pit of my stomach.

An old black man pushes a reel-type mower on the large lawn, struggling up the slope.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It began the first time I saw Pure  
 hit a golf ball. It was the same  
 fear I had as a child, when I saw my  
 first burning church.

The old black man stops, wipes sweat from his brow.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 When I knew there was an evil out  
 there, an evil nothing could stop.  
 Not even God.

The old man goes back to his work, pushing the mower up the  
 hill.

INT. BOLLA'S PRO SHOP - DAY

Johnny hangs up the phone. Big smile. Pure sits in the  
 rocker eating a sandwich. Jazz, in the other rocker.

JOHNNY  
 You're in, Pure.

JAZZ  
 Hogan came through?

JOHNNY  
 You had doubts? That man's God when  
 it comes to golf in Texas. What he  
 says goes.

Pure sets his sandwich down, frowns. Jazz notices.

JAZZ  
 Something bothering you, son?

PURE  
 Well, sir, you sure they okay about  
 this? Lettin' a colored play?

JOHNNY  
 Hell, yeah. Hogan cleared it. It'll  
 be fine.

PURE  
 I don't know, sir...

JOHNNY  
 Course you do. How else you gonna  
 be the best? You gotta play against  
 the best. Right?

PURE  
 I suppose.

JAZZ

Pure, can you leave me and Johnny  
alone for a minute?

PURE

Yes, sir.

Pure gets up and leaves. As soon as the door shuts...

JOHNNY

Jesus Christ, what?

JAZZ

You know what. Outside of the pro  
tour, the Texas Amateur's the biggest  
golf tournament around here.

JOHNNY

So?

JAZZ

So? The boy's not stupid. He's  
scared. Why don't you ease him in?  
You're throwing him right into the  
fire.

JOHNNY

You don't think he can handle it?  
You don't think he's got the game?  
Christ, he just set the course record  
at Colonial.

JAZZ

Of course he's got the game. That's  
not what I'm talking about and you  
know it.

Johnny walks to the window. Thinks. Turns to Jazz.

JOHNNY

What's the worst that could happen?  
Some name callin'? Some drunk white  
trash tryin' to pick a fight? It's  
just a golf tournament, Jazz. He'll  
be fine.

JAZZ

You don't know that, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Look, I'll be there. You'll be there.  
We'll keep an eye on things.

JAZZ

And you're trying to win this  
argument?

Johnny locks eyes with Jazz. Determined.

JOHNNY

He's gonna play. And he's gonna win. So get your shit packed. We leave first thing in the morning.

Johnny storms out, slams the door. Jazz sighs.

JAZZ (V.O.)

Guess he figured he'd won that one.

EXT. BOLLA'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Cadillac, with the three men on board, pulls out of the parking lot. Heads down the highway toward the pink sky of the rising sun.

JAZZ (V.O.)

And so at first light, we headed east to San Antonio. Our next stop, Pecan Valley Golf Club. With the command coming from Ben Hogan, Pure would be the first black golfer to play in the Texas State Amateur.

EXT. PECAN VALLEY PRACTICE TEE - DAY

The practice tee, packed with golfers. All good swings. Most bags have college logos. Spectators watch. Within the group, Bucky Walters swings away.

And at the end of the range, a good distance left between him and the next golfer, Pure. And that beautiful golf swing.

Jazz stands by his bag. Johnny watches. No spectators.

JOHNNY

Lookin' good, Pure.

PURE

Feelin' good, sir.

A tall, powerful man, 55, wearing an emblemed blazer over a golf shirt, strolls up to Johnny. His gray hair cut military style, his scalp shining as though waxed. He puffs a cigar.

Johnny grins at him, extends his hand.

JOHNNY

Colonel Bob.

COLONEL BOB WALTERS shakes Johnny's hand, his eyes staying on Pure's swing.

COLONEL BOB  
Johnny. Good to see you. Your boy  
there hits a sweet ball.

JOHNNY  
Yes, he does. By the way, Colonel.  
He's eighteen. Not quite a boy  
anymore.

Colonel Bob turns to Johnny. Smiles. Looks back at Pure.

COLONEL BOB  
Heard about the little incident you  
had with my son. I want to apologize  
for that.

JOHNNY  
No need, Colonel. All's forgotten.

COLONEL BOB  
I appreciate that.

JOHNNY  
So. How's Bucky hittin' 'em? Suppose  
he's the man to beat. Two time winner  
and all.

Colonel Bob gazes down the line of golfers to Bucky.

COLONEL BOB  
Oh, I don't know about that. Bucky  
runs hot and cold.

JOHNNY  
Yeah, well, don't we all.

The Colonel looks back at Pure who rockets one of his laser  
drives. Colonel Bob watches the ball's flight. Johnny grins.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Although Pure... he tends to run  
hot most of the time.

A puff of smoke from Colonel Bob. A slight smile.

COLONEL BOB  
See you around, Johnny.

Jazz eases over to Johnny. Watches Colonel Bob join some  
other men.

JAZZ  
Never liked that man.

JOHNNY

Join the crowd, Jazz. He's put more businesses under than the Depression.

JAZZ

Also got a feeling he burned a cross or two in his younger days. I know the type.

Johnny grins at Jazz.

JOHNNY

You worry too much, old man.

He walks away. Jazz keeps his somber eyes on Colonel Bob.

EXT. PECAN VALLEY GOLF COURSE - DAY

Rain whips down in sheets on the golf course.

JAZZ (V.O.)

First two days of the tournament were stroke play. To whittle the field down for match play.

Golfers with umbrellas trudge down the soggy fairways.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That's when the real tournament would start. Man against man.

Pure taps in a putt on the wet green. He's soaked. Jazz walks up with an umbrella.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Because of the weather, Pecan Valley showed its teeth those first two days.

Pure and Jazz fight the wind as they walk off the green.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Pure still managed a sixty-seven and a sixty-nine. That led the next best qualifier by eight strokes.

Bucky stands alone in the rain, staring at the scoreboard.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Who happened to be Bucky Walters.

Colonel Bob walks up with an umbrella, gazes at the scoreboard, spits tobacco, moves on. Bucky looks after him.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny, Jazz, and Pure sit around the room.

PURE

I still don't get it, Mr. Johnny.

JOHNNY

Alright, Pure. Last time. In match play, you play against one man. Hole by hole. You score better on the hole, you win the hole. Whoever wins the most holes, wins the match.

Pure soaks this in. Then frowns.

PURE

But what's my score gonna be?

Johnny sighs, exasperated.

JOHNNY

There is no score.

PURE

No score? Then how--

JOHNNY

Christ. Just make birdies. Like you always do. You'll be fine.

PURE

I see. What if I make eagle, then? I get a two hole credit?

Johnny just stares at him.

JOHNNY

Let's get you back to your motel... before I kill your ass.

Johnny gets up, heads out the door. Pure and Jazz follow.

PURE

So, how many holes I gotta win to--

The door closes.

EXT. PECAN VALLEY GREEN - DAY

A sunny day, perfect weather. Pure drains an eight foot putt. His opponent, wearing an orange University of Texas golf shirt, wipes his face with a towel. Looks shell shocked.

A TOURNAMENT OFFICIAL walks up to Pure.

TOURNAMENT OFFICIAL  
 Congratulations. That's the match.  
 You win eight and seven.

Pure looks confused.

JAZZ (V.O.)  
 Pure still didn't quite grasp the  
 concept of match play.

PURE  
 Sir?

TOURNAMENT OFFICIAL  
 Something wrong, son?

PURE  
 I win already?

TOURNAMENT OFFICIAL  
 I'd say so.

The University of Texas golfer stands there ready to shake hands and crawl into a hole. Starting to steam at the delay.

PURE  
 But it's only hole eleven, sir.  
 They's seven more to go.

The tournament official smiles.

TOURNAMENT OFFICIAL  
 It's match play. He can't catch  
 you. You're done.

PURE  
 Oh. I see.

Pure shakes the University of Texas golfer's hand and strolls off the green with the tournament official.

In the distance, at the edge of the woods, Colonel Bob watches. He tosses his cigar and walks away.

JAZZ (V.O.)  
 With each match Pure won, that feeling  
 in my stomach began to ease up.

EXT. PECAN VALLEY GREENS - DAY

Pure shakes hands with an opponent, strides off the green.

JAZZ (V.O.)  
 Word had spread how Ben Hogan helped  
 Pure get in the tournament.

Another green. Pure shakes hands with another opponent.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 After that, no one in their right  
 mind would've caused any trouble.

Pure walks off the green, smiling. Johnny shakes his hand.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Next up for Pure would be the  
 Championship final. When I found  
 out who his opponent would be, that  
 feeling came roaring back.

Another green. Bucky sinks a putt. Walks over to his  
 opponent, gives him a quick handshake. Colonel Bob stands  
 at the side of the green, arms crossed.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Guess fate would have it no other  
 way.

Bucky marches over to his father. They walk away together.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room dark. Johnny sleeps.

The door CREAKS open, two figures step in. Quiet. They  
 enter the room. One of them BUMPS a table.

Johnny stirs. They hold their breath. Johnny goes still.

One of the men CLICKS on a flashlight, arcs it across the  
 room. It stops on the golf bag in the corner.

The other man goes over, picks up the bag, shoulders it.  
 The clubs RATTLE.

JOHNNY (O.S.)  
 Hey!

The man with the flashlight turns, rushes at Johnny who's  
 sitting up in bed, about to turn on the lamp.

The man swings the flashlight, the light whipping across the  
 ceiling. He STRIKES Johnny in the side of the head.

Johnny falls back to the pillow, out cold. Blood seeps from  
 a gash in his temple.

The men leave the room with the golf bag.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

The cracked asphalt parking lot of a small, old motel.

Jazz and Pure stand in the morning mist. Jazz takes out a pocket watch. Looks at it. Puts it back.

INT. JOHNNY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sunlight streams in. Johnny groans from the bed. Moves. Dried blood, caked on the sheets and pillow.

His eyes strain open, the nasty cut on his temple visible, his left eye puffy. His hand goes to his head. He squints at the blood on his finger tips.

JOHNNY

Christ.

Then it hits him. He sits up. Winces. Grabs the alarm clock. Sees the time.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Shit!

He stands, starts dressing, fighting through the pain. Then he notices. No golf bag in the corner. He pauses. Stares.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

He sits on the bed. Thinks for a moment. Continues dressing.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Johnny whips up in the Cadillac. SKIDS to a stop. Jazz and Pure hustle over.

JAZZ

Where the hell you been?

He sees the dried gash, cleaned up now, and the swollen eye.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, what happened?

PURE

Mr. Johnny, you alright?

JOHNNY

Someone broke into my room. Stole the clubs.

JAZZ

What?! We only got twenty minutes until he tees off. You stir up any more clubs?

JOHNNY  
Just an old driver and putter I found  
in the trunk.

He looks at Pure.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
I saw you brought that seven iron of  
yours.

PURE  
Yes, sir. For luck.

JOHNNY  
Go get it. You're gonna need it.

Pure nods. Takes off.

JAZZ  
Are you serious? You're gonna let  
him play with three clubs? One of  
'em an antique?

JOHNNY  
You got a better idea? I didn't  
have time to go on no shoppin' spree.  
We're gonna barely make it as is.

Jazz looks away, shakes his head, gets in the car.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
He can do it, Jazz. I know he can.

Jazz looks over to watch Pure come out of the motel room  
holding the seven iron.

JAZZ  
Guess we'll find out. Glad I put a  
new grip on that tree branch.

Pure jogs up with the club. Gets in. Johnny PEELS out.

EXT. PECAN VALLEY FIRST TEE - DAY

Bucky stands at the tee holding a driver and ball. The tee's  
surrounded by spectators, Colonel Bob among them.

A tournament official checks his watch. Everyone's waiting.  
Then the crowd murmurs.

Pure, Jazz, and Johnny approach the tee, running. Pure holds  
the three clubs. He slows, steps up to the tee, breathing  
hard. The tournament official looks at the time.

BUCKY  
 (to official)  
 He's late, right?

TOURNAMENT OFFICIAL  
 No. He made it. Barely.

Bucky frowns at Pure, holding the three clubs.

BUCKY  
 This a joke?

The tournament official stares at Pure.

TOURNAMENT OFFICIAL  
 Where's your clubs, son?

PURE  
 Somebody took 'em.

TOURNAMENT OFFICIAL  
 Oh. Sorry to hear that.

BUCKY  
 He's only got three clubs. Ain't  
 there a rule against that?

TOURNAMENT OFFICIAL  
 Not against too few. Just too many.  
 You boys play away.

He steps back. Pure goes to him.

PURE  
 Sir, I ain't got a ball.

The tournament official looks at Bucky.

TOURNAMENT OFFICIAL  
 In the spirit of the game, I'm sure  
 your opponent will lend you a ball.  
 Won't you, son?

A look from Bucky, then he goes to his bag. Fishes out a ball. Fires it at Pure. It strikes him in the chest, falls to the ground. Pure picks it up.

BUCKY  
 That's the only one you get, boy.

PURE  
 Obligated. One should do.

Bucky tees up his ball. Practice swing.

Takes his stance, then pounds a drive down the middle. Loud applause and whoops from the gallery.

Pure looks along the ground, finds a tee, picks it up. He steps up, tees up his ball. Takes a practice swing. His only swing of the morning.

He addresses the ball. Focus locked in. Looks down the fairway. Takes his stance. Eyes the ball.

He rips a booming drive, dead center.

His ball flies past Bucky's by twenty yards and rolls another twenty. The gallery stays silent. Looks of shock, amazement.

Johnny eases up to Bucky as they all head down the fairway.

JOHNNY

That one won't cost you a thing,  
Bucky.

Johnny grins and moves on. Up ahead, he spots Colonel Bob. Heads in his direction.

EXT. PECAN VALLEY FIRST FAIRWAY - DAY

Colonel Bob marches down the side of the fairway with the other spectators. Johnny hustles up to him.

Colonel Bob glances over at Johnny as he walks.

COLONEL BOB

Get in a fight, Bolla? You look  
like hell.

JOHNNY

I'm alright, Colonel. Thanks for  
your concern.

COLONEL BOB

See your boy there's only got three  
clubs. That's a damn shame.

JOHNNY

Yeah. And one of 'em might snap in  
two by the end of the round. Figure  
we needed to even the odds a bit for  
Bucky.

Colonel Bob smiles at Johnny.

COLONEL BOB

I always liked you, Johnny. Even  
though you're a smart-ass.

They slow and stop as Bucky nears his tee shot.

JOHNNY

So, Colonel, since we both got horses  
in this race, I was thinking, how  
'bout a little wager?

A look from Colonel Bob.

COLONEL BOB

You're kidding.

JOHNNY

Not at all. Say ten thousand? Winner  
take all?

COLONEL BOB

You'd bet ten thousand on that boy?  
With three clubs?

JOHNNY

I would indeed.

COLONEL BOB

You don't have ten thousand dollars,  
Bolla.

Johnny takes out a piece of paper from his pocket.

JOHNNY

No, I don't. But I got this deed.  
To my range in El Paso.

COLONEL BOB

Now why in the hell would I want  
some El Paso dirt?

JOHNNY

Who knows? Might be some oil below  
it. Come on, Colonel, show a little  
faith in your boy.

Bucky swings. They turn and watch his shot. It stops ten  
feet from the hole.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

See there. Birdie territory already.

Colonel Bob locks eyes with Johnny.

COLONEL BOB

I agree to this, you better not back  
down. You hear?

Johnny smiles, holds his hand out. Colonel Bob shakes it.

Johnny pockets the deed and jogs up to Jazz who looks out at  
Pure in the fairway. Jazz turns to Johnny.

JAZZ

What was that all about?

JOHNNY

Just doin' a little business.

JAZZ

That's what I was afraid of.

He turns back to watch Pure.

Pure's only got eighty yards to the flag. He studies the shot, holding the seven iron. Way too much club.

He chokes up on the grip. Steps up to the ball. Takes a short backswing, then punches the ball.

The ball stays low, skips on the green, bounding toward the hole. Too fast. Then it bites, suddenly stops. Three feet from the cup. Polite applause from the crowd.

Johnny turns back to Colonel Bob, grins, holds his hands three feet apart. Colonel Bob puffs his cigar.

They all head toward the green.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Bucky would miss his ten footer on that first hole. Pure tapped in his birdie. Won the hole.

EXT. PECAN VALLEY GREEN - DAY

Pure sinks a fifteen foot putt. The crowd applauds.

JAZZ (V.O.)

Pure won the second hole, too.

EXT. PECAN VALLEY TEE - DAY

Pure swings his seven iron. The ball hits the green of the par three, stops five feet from the hole.

JAZZ (V.O.)

By the third hole, everyone knew they were witnessing something special.

Bucky looks to the ground.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And that it was just a matter of time.

EXT. PECAN VALLEY FAIRWAY - DAY

Bucky swings. His shot plugs in a sand trap by the green. The crowd groans. Colonel Bob looks away.

JAZZ (V.O.)

Pure won the first nine holes. He made that seven iron come back to life.

Pure addresses his ball in the fairway. Swings. The ball floats high, lands soft on the green, six feet from the pin.

The crowd roars. Bucky with his bag, walks over to the tournament official.

BUCKY

I'm done.

Bucky walks away, heading back toward to the tee. The tournament official steps out to the middle of the fairway.

TOURNAMENT OFFICIAL

The tenth hole has been conceded. We have a winner!

The crowd cheers. Colonel Bob watches Bucky from the side of the fairway. Flames up a new cigar. Bucky keeps trudging, head down. Johnny sidles up to Colonel Bob.

JOHNNY

Looks like he's thrown in the towel, Colonel. Can't say I blame him.

Colonel Bob turns his eyes to Johnny. Johnny grins.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I'll take a check. I know you're good for it.

INT. COLONEL BOB'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The room, elegantly furnished. The door opens, Colonel Bob marches in, not happy. Bucky, like a pet dog, follows.

Colonel Bob goes right to the desk, sits, yanks up the phone. Starts dialing.

COLONEL BOB

Go pack your things.

BUCKY

What're you doing?

Colonel Bob pauses, looks at Bucky standing there. Lowers the phone, cradles it.

COLONEL BOB

What am I doing? What I always do.  
I'm gonna make a call, spread some  
money around, and clean up this mess.

Bucky sits, looks to the floor.

BUCKY

It's one tournament, Dad. He may  
not even play again.

COLONEL BOB

You really think that? You know  
good and well Bolla's gonna enter  
that nigger in the U.S. Amateur.  
Especially with Hogan backin' him.

Bucky's head jerks up.

BUCKY

Good. I hope he does. I want another  
shot at him.

Colonel Bob's smile shoots a dagger.

COLONEL BOB

Son, did you see the boy play? You  
can't beat him. Hell, no one can.  
He's a goddamn freak of nature.

Then a hard glare.

COLONEL BOB (CONT'D)

So, unless you have an argument that  
makes sense, I'm not gonna let that  
darkie embarrass you again. Not to  
mention, embarrass the game of golf.

Colonel Bob gives Bucky a moment to speak up. Bucky looks  
back down. Colonel Bob picks up the phone and dials. His  
call is answered.

COLONEL BOB (CONT'D)

Wes, it's the Colonel. Got a little  
problem out El Paso way. You got  
someone there can handle it?

Bucky gets up and leaves the room. Colonel Bob watches him.

COLONEL BOB (CONT'D)

I'd say sooner the better.

INT. BOLLA'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Cadillac, covered with dirt, pulls into the lot. Johnny,  
Pure, and Jazz get out, stretching from the long ride.

Pure holds a large trophy. They walk to the pro shop.

INT. BOLLA'S PRO SHOP - NIGHT

They all enter. Johnny turns on a light. Heads straight to the refrigerator.

JOHNNY

Time for a little celebration, boys.

Jazz and Pure sit in the rockers. Johnny removes a bottle from the fridge. It looks like champagne.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Sorry, Pure, you and me only get apple cider.

Johnny pours the cider. Passes the glasses to Pure and Jazz. He sits on the stool behind the counter, raises his glass.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

To Pure. Best amateur golfer in the great state of Texas. Next stop, U.S. Amateur. Gonna really open some eyes, then.

Pure grins. Sips the cider.

PURE

Thank you, sir.

JOHNNY

Let me have that trophy.

Pure picks it up from the floor, hands it to Johnny. Johnny moves crap out of the way, sets it on a shelf behind the counter. Steps back, admires it.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Looks good there, huh?

PURE

Yes, sir. It does, sir.

Johnny sits back on the stool. Gazes at Jazz.

JOHNNY

You been awful quiet, old man.

JAZZ

Just tired. Not used to all this travel. I'm gonna go on and turn in. Think you can take Pure home?

JOHNNY

Sure.

Jazz stands.

PURE  
You okay, Mr. Jazz?

JAZZ  
I'm fine, Pure.

PURE  
Could I ask you to stay a bit longer  
then? I'd be obliged.

Pure's eyes, nervous now. Jazz frowns.

JAZZ  
No problem, son.

PURE  
Thank you. Just got somethin' I  
want to say. Figure now's as good a  
time as any.

Jazz sits. Pure hesitates. Johnny looks at him.

JOHNNY  
Well? What's on your mind, Pure?

Pure gazes up to Johnny. Struggles with the words.

PURE  
My momma's name... her name... was  
Ida Mae Taylor.

Johnny sets his glass down on the counter. Hard. The cider  
sloshes, spills. He looks out to the room, his face gone  
slack. Pure's words have hit hard.

PURE (CONT'D)  
She was--

JOHNNY  
I know who she was.

Jazz frowns at Johnny. Johnny's eyes grow dark.

PURE  
Yes, sir. I'm sure you recollect  
her.

Johnny stands.

PURE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Johnny, I'm--

Johnny freezes Pure with a hard glare. Then points at him.

JOHNNY

Don't say it. Don't you say it.

Pure gives a slight nod and looks down.

Johnny storms around the counter. Jazz stands, steps in his way.

JAZZ

What's wrong with you? Let the boy--

Johnny grabs Jazz's shoulders, shoves him aside. Jazz stumbles, but keeps his feet. Johnny hurries out the door.

Jazz, stunned, just stares at the SLAMMED door. Pure's eyes, moist now, study the floor.

Johnny's car STARTS, then ROARS away, tires CHIRPING on the highway. The SOUND fades. The room goes quiet.

Jazz looks to Pure. His head stays down.

Jazz plops down into the rocker, stares straight ahead, trying to comprehend what just happened.

INT. OLD PICK-UP - NIGHT

Two men in the truck's cab, both in their twenties, crewcuts, tattoos on bulging biceps, bad teeth like broken glass. They're brothers, EARL and WAYNE DUPREE.

Earl, a little older, sits in the driver's seat, spitting tobacco into a Royal Crown Cola bottle. Wayne, next to him, chomps gum as he smokes.

They're parked deep in a grove of mesquite trees, across the highway from the pro shop. They watch Johnny's tail lights fade away in the distance.

EARL

That was Bolla by himself weren't it?

Wayne swigs a beer.

WAYNE

Yeah. Got a burr up his ass for some reason.

Their eyes shift to the pro shop.

EARL

Just the niggers now.

WAYNE

Want to take him in there?

EARL

Nah. Ain't supposed to mess with  
the old one. We'll wait.

INT. BOLLA'S PRO SHOP - NIGHT

Jazz sits in the rocker. Looks at Pure, his head still down.

JAZZ

What's going on, son?

Pure looks up. Sighs. Speaks low.

PURE

Momma tell me somethin'... 'fore  
she die.

He fights back tears.

JAZZ

What, Pure? What'd she tell you?

Pure scrubs away the tears that escape.

PURE

She tell me, Mr. Johnny Bolla my  
daddy.

Jazz leans back as though the words shoved him. His mouth  
parts, but no words come.

PURE (CONT'D)

That's really why I come here, Mr.  
Jazz.

Jazz gazes out to the room, absorbing the news.

JAZZ

(quiet)  
Christ.

PURE

I figure, I show Mr. Johnny I good  
at golf, like he was, he might take  
me in. Otherwise, he throw me out  
like a stray pup. Reckon I had to  
show him I could play, to get on his  
good side.

Pure looks down again.

PURE (CONT'D)

Guess that didn't work. Don't think  
he took too kindly to the news.

Pure then stands, looks at Jazz.

PURE (CONT'D)

You get me to the shack now, I'll get my things. Be on my way.

JAZZ

No, son. You're not leaving. I'll talk to Johnny.

PURE

I don't know, Mr. Jazz. Mr. Johnny--

JAZZ

Pure, I know Johnny. He just needs some time.

Pure nods. Jazz stands.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Let's get you home. It'll be better come morning. It always is.

Jazz drapes his arm around Pure's shoulders. They head to the door.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Earl and Wayne watch Jazz and Pure walk to Jazz's truck and get in. The truck pulls onto the highway.

Earl starts his pickup, follows from a safe distance. Keeps the headlights off.

INT. HANK'S BAR - NIGHT

Johnny sits on a stool at the bar. Hank steps up.

HANK

Johnny. Long time, no see.

JOHNNY

Whiskey.

Johnny lights a Camel. Hank gazes at Johnny.

HANK

You sure you want to do this?

Johnny gives Hank a look. Exhales smoke. Hank pours the whiskey. Johnny's hand goes to the bottle when Hank takes it away.

Hank leaves the Jack Daniels on the bar. Goes to another customer. Johnny downs the drink. Pours another.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Pure sits on the cot. Jazz stands, holding his truck keys.

JAZZ

I'll get you in the morning, then.  
Same time as always.

Pure looks up.

PURE

Mr. Johnny. He drinkin' again.  
Ain't he, Mr. Jazz?

JAZZ

Don't take that on, son. You hear  
me? Johnny owns that one.

PURE

Yes, sir.

JAZZ

You get some sleep now.

Pure nods. Jazz touches Pure's shoulder, turns and leaves.

After the door closes, Pure looks over at the newspaper clipping. Stares at it for a moment.

He then stands, goes to his suitcase, places it on the bed, opens it. Starts packing.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Earl and Wayne, from a distance, watch Jazz drive away. They look over at the shack.

EARL

Let's go.

WAYNE

Good. I gotta piss.

They get out of the truck. Earl grabs a baseball bat from behind the seat. Wayne shoulders a coil of rope. They set off toward the shack, just as the lights go out from inside.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Pure holds his suitcase. He looks around the dark shack. His old seven iron leans against the cot. The newspaper clipping, still tacked to the wall.

He turns away, walks to the door. Opens it. Steps out.

EXT. SHACK - NIGHT

Pure closes the door, takes a step. The baseball bat cuts through the air, striking him in the back of the head. He crumbles to the ground.

Earl stands over Pure, the bat in his large right hand. He takes a cigarette from his mouth, flicks it away. Wayne strolls up, zipping his pants.

WAYNE

Goddamn, Earl. You kill him? We ain't gettin' paid for no killin'.

EARL

Nah. Drag his ass inside. I left the bolt cutters in the truck.

INT. JAZZ'S TRAILER - NIGHT

The trailer interior, neat as a pin. Jazz holds a phone to his ear. Sits at a small table. Jazz MUSIC plays softly.

JAZZ

How far along is he?

He listens. Rubs his face.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Alright. Just let him sleep it off there. Thanks, Hank.

He hangs up. Sits back. Sighs.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

The light on. Pure's body, face down, lies on the wood table. His hands, tied behind his back. He's still out.

Wayne slips a crude rope noose around Pure's neck. He tosses the slack over a roof rafter collar tie, pulls it tight, bringing Pure up to his knees.

Earl watches. He holds a nasty, rusted pair of long handled bolt cutters in one hand. In the other, the old seven iron. Pure starts to gag.

EARL

Don't choke him to death, goddammit!

Wayne eases up on the rope. Pure slouches at the waist, coughs. His eyes flutter open.

Wayne pulls on the rope a bit. Pure straightens back up, balancing on his knees on the table top, his hands behind him. Conscious now, he stares at Earl.

Earl waves the old seven iron.

EARL (CONT'D)  
Gonna have us some fun, boy.

Earl walks around beside Pure. Pure follows him with wide eyes.

Earl swings the club hard, STRIKING Pure's back with the wood shaft. Pure grunts, his eyes squeeze shut.

The club SNAPS. The clubhead flies across the room, striking the wall. Wayne laughs. Earl tosses away the club's grip.

EARL (CONT'D)  
Piece 'a shit.

He grips the handles of the bolt cutters with both hands.

EARL (CONT'D)  
Let's get this over with. Pull him tight, Wayne.

Wayne yanks on the rope. Pure straightens up, can't move, can't speak, gagging from the rope.

Earl circles in front of Pure. Pure choking. Earl holds up the bolt cutters. Opens and closes them a few times.

EARL (CONT'D)  
You ain't gonna need that golf stick anyway, boy. Can't hold on to it if you ain't got no thumbs.

Pure's eyes go wild. Earl strolls around behind him. Eases the bolt cutters to Pure's hands.

Pure closes his eyes tight.

EXT. SHACK - NIGHT

The quiet night, suddenly pierced by Pure's screams from inside the shack. Agonizing screams, seeming to come with each exhale, slow to subside, but finally they do.

The light goes out from inside. Wayne and Earl step out into the moonlight. Earl lights a cigarette. His face glows sweaty. Wayne strips off his tee-shirt.

WAYNE  
Goddamn nigger bled on me.

They walk away in the dark, toward the truck.

INT. JAZZ'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Jazz dozes on the couch, a small lamp on. An open book on his chest.

Then a muffled EXPLOSION from outside. Jazz's eyes pop open. He frowns.

He gets up, goes to a window, peers out. The distant pro shop's ablaze, fire licking out the windows. Another EXPLOSION from inside the pro shop. Jazz flinches back.

JAZZ

Jesus!

He rushes to the phone. Dials zero.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Get me the Fire Department.

He watches the fire take hold, now the roof engulfed.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

There's a fire at Bolla's Practice Range... Route 12, just past the bridge. Yeah... hurry!

He hangs up. Then it hits him.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Oh, Christ. Pure.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Jazz explodes into the shack, goes right to the light chord, pulls it.

Pure lies on the table, moaning. His hands, still tied behind his back, now a bloody mess.

JAZZ

Oh, sweet Jesus.

Jazz in action.

Removes the rope from around Pure's neck. Checks his mangled hands. To the cot, strips off a sheet. Rips it.

Takes out a knife from his pocket, opens the blade, carefully cuts the rope from Pure's wrists.

Helps Pure turn on his back. Applies the sheet bandages to his hands. Pure moans louder, his face sweaty, eyes fluttering.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Hang in there, son. We gotta get you to the truck.

Jazz helps Pure to his feet. A struggle. Pure fights to stand.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Help me out, son. You gotta help me.

And Pure does. He somehow finds the strength, with Jazz at his side, to stagger out the door.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Sunlight through venetian blinds. The room stark. Gray.

Johnny, unshaven, hungover, sits, sips coffee. Jazz paces. They're alone in the small waiting room.

JAZZ

Dupree brothers did this, you know.

Johnny looks up.

JOHNNY

How you know that?

JAZZ

Pure. Said one of them was named Wayne. Told me before he passed out. You know who's really behind it, though.

JOHNNY

Course I do. Which means we can't do shit. It'd only get worse.

Jazz flops on a couch. Johnny stands, gets more coffee.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

It's over, Jazz. It's all over.

Jazz's eyes flare.

JAZZ

Over? That's your son in there!

Johnny glances over at Jazz, a little surprised.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Yeah, he told me. You gonna talk to me now, Johnny? Or am I gonna have to beat it out of you? Why'd you walk out last night?

Johnny meets Jazz's intense look, then nods.

JOHNNY  
Alright. Alright...

Johnny sits. Rubs his face, sips the coffee. Gathers his thoughts. Looks like hell.

With his head down, voice low...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
When my mother got sick, my father  
hired Ida Mae Taylor as a nursemaid.  
I must've been around nineteen. She  
was a beautiful woman... and hell,  
you know how I was back then.

Johnny looks up at Jazz.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
But it wasn't like that with Ida  
Mae. Wasn't just a fling. I really  
cared about her. When she got  
pregnant though, she just up and  
left. Didn't even say good-bye.

JAZZ  
She went to New Orleans?

JOHNNY  
Don't know. Never heard from her.  
That's when I quit college. Turned  
pro.

JAZZ  
And met me.

Johnny nods. Leans back, sighs, reliving the memory...

JOHNNY  
Few years later, after that tournament  
in Tulsa, when I got home, Ida Mae  
was sittin' on the couch, right there  
in my living room. With Kelly.

JAZZ  
Jesus.

JOHNNY  
Yeah. Kelly didn't say a word when  
she saw me. Just got up and left.  
Took off in that goddamn Fiat. Ida  
Mae had told her everything.

JAZZ  
Christ. Why?

JOHNNY

Money. She was desperate. Didn't know what else to do. So, I gave her some and she left. An hour later, the sheriff shows up...

Johnny leans down, looks to the floor. A moment passes. And like blood from a rock, a tear falls to the floor.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Last night, when Pure mentioned Ida Mae... it brought it all back.

Jazz sits next to him. Puts an arm around him.

JAZZ

It ain't the boys fault, you know. None of that.

Johnny just listens. Sniffs.

A DOCTOR, 60, steps in the room, holds a clipboard. Looks beat. Clears his throat. Johnny and Jazz look up at him.

DOCTOR

He's in a room now.

Jazz stands.

JAZZ

Can we see him?

DOCTOR

Sure. He's sleeping though. Got a nasty infection brewing in his left hand.

JAZZ

How bad?

DOCTOR

Bad enough. Last thing we want is gangrene to set in.

Jazz and the doctor head down the corridor. The doctor stops, turns back toward the waiting room.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Your friend coming?

Jazz gazes at Johnny, still on the couch, eyes down.

JAZZ

Maybe later.

Jazz and the doctor continue on. After they turn a corner, Johnny stands. Walks out of the hospital.

EXT. BOLLA'S PRACTICE RANGE - DAY

Johnny in a lawn chair under a four pole tent. A folding table with baskets of balls beside him. Cooler at his feet.

JAZZ (V.O.)

While Pure was in the hospital, we did business best we could.

The pro shop rubble in the background.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Johnny had taken a room at a boarding house in town. Some days he came to work, most days he didn't.

Johnny sips a beer. Jazz, on a tractor and sweeper, picks up balls out on the range. Johnny watches a car drive up.

Mr. Caldwell, the man who gave Pure money at the bus station, gets out, dressed in a suit. He walks up to Johnny, eyes on the burned down pro shop.

MR. CALDWELL

Looks like you had some misfortune.

JOHNNY

Bad wiring.

MR. CALDWELL

Hope you had some insurance.

Johnny squints up at Mr. Caldwell. Lights a Camel.

JOHNNY

Don't look like you're gonna hit any balls. Somethin' I can help you with?

Mr. Caldwell looks at Johnny.

MR. CALDWELL

You Johnny Bolla?

JOHNNY

I am.

Mr. Caldwell extends his hand, Johnny shakes it.

MR. CALDWELL

Frank Caldwell. From New Orleans. Mind if I sit? Won't take much of your time.

JOHNNY

Be my guest. All I got is time.

MR. CALDWELL

Thank you. Have a little story you might be interested in.

Mr. Caldwell sits in a lawn chair. Wipes his face with a handkerchief. Looks out to the range. Back to Johnny.

MR. CALDWELL (CONT'D)

Years ago, I hired on a Negro woman named Ida Mae Taylor, back when I needed a housekeeper. She had a little boy, went by the name of Pure.

Mr. Caldwell watches Johnny's reaction. There is none.

MR. CALDWELL (CONT'D)

Anyway, she quit on me one day, took off to who knows where. I'd forgotten about it, until Pure shows up, all grown up now, 'bout two months ago. Knockin' right on my door.

Johnny reaches into the cooler. Gives Mr. Caldwell a beer.

MR. CALDWELL (CONT'D)

Thank you. Reason he shows up, Ida Mae, his momma, had been raped and beat to death, down in the French Quarter somewhere.

JOHNNY

Jesus.

MR. CALDWELL

Yeah. Damn shame. Pure didn't have any place else to go. Seems they'd been livin' on the streets for a while. Some reason he remembered me. God only knows why. So, I gave her a proper funeral. Fed Pure for a few days...

Mr. Caldwell pauses, sips his beer, eyes drift to the range.

JOHNNY

This is a mighty interesting story, Mr. Caldwell. But what's it got to do with me?

MR. CALDWELL

Oh. Sorry. I tend to ramble on.  
(MORE)

MR. CALDWELL (CONT'D)

You see, Pure, the boy, was headin' out this way to find you. I'd even helped him track you down. Seems he had some crazy notion he was gonna play golf. With your help.

JOHNNY

You don't say.

Mr. Caldwell chuckles. Johnny humors him with a smile.

MR. CALDWELL

Yeah, tried to talk him out of it, but the boy was determined. So, bein' I was out this way on business, thought I'd stop by. See if he ever showed up.

JOHNNY

Well, sir, sorry to disappoint you. Can't say he ever made it.

Mr. Caldwell nods, sets down the beer, stands. Stretches.

MR. CALDWELL

Yeah, well, I'm not surprised. Tell you what though, when he was a little fella, he could smack a golf ball. Used to practice out in my yard every day. Rain or shine. Hell, I wouldn't be surprised if he'd actually turned out to be pretty good.

Johnny looks down. Sniffs. Mr. Caldwell frowns at him.

MR. CALDWELL (CONT'D)

You okay, there?

Johnny nods. Keeps his face down, hidden.

MR. CALDWELL (CONT'D)

Alright, then. Thanks for your time, Mr. Bolla. And the beer.

Mr. Caldwell walks away, hesitates, looks back. Johnny's head stays down. Mr. Caldwell continues on to his car.

Johnny finally looks up when the car drives off. Wipes his eyes. He stands, walks over to the debris, strolls into it. Sees something.

He bends, picks up the distorted metal of the Texas Amateur trophy. Swipes away some of the soot, looks at it, then tosses it down.

He marches over to his parked Cadillac, reaches in, pops open the glove compartment. His hand comes out with a silver flask. Hesitates. Then he takes a deep draw from it.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Jazz pushes Pure out of the hospital in a wheelchair. A nurse walks with them. Jazz helps Pure stand.

JAZZ (V.O.)  
Johnny never visited Pure in the hospital.

Jazz opens his truck door, helps Pure in. Pure's right hand still bandaged at the missing thumb.

His left hand is now gone.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But then I hardly saw Johnny myself anymore.

Jazz drives off.

EXT. BOLLA'S PRACTICE RANGE - DAY

Jazz pulls up in the truck. Gets out. Goes around, helps Pure out. Pure walks over to the burned down pro shop, Jazz with him. They stare out at the charred remains.

PURE  
None of this happen, if I don't show up.

Pure turns, walks away toward Jazz's trailer. Jazz watches.

JAZZ (V.O.)  
At that moment, the feeling I had in my stomach, the feeling I'd been fighting all my life, took me over. And I knew it would never go away.

INT. JAZZ'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Jazz sleeps. A SOUND awakens him. His truck STARTING. He frowns, gets up.

Headlights race across the room. He looks out the window to see his truck pull out of the parking lot, onto the highway.

INT. JOHNNY'S BOARDING HOUSE ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny sits by a window, vacant stare out, smoking. The phone RINGS. He stubs the cigarette, goes to the phone.

INT. JAZZ'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Jazz on the phone. Lights now on.

JAZZ

Pure's gone. He took my truck.  
Johnny, listen to me. He took my  
shotgun, too... Johnny... Johnny,  
you there?

The phone CLICKS, hung up. Jazz lowers it from his ear, looks at it. Then stares out to the room.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

None of us would ever know how Pure  
found Earl and Wayne Dupree's trailer  
that night. Guess after what  
happened, it didn't really matter.

Jazz hangs up the phone.

EXT. EARL'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Earl Dupree walks up to his dismal trailer. Dim light glows from the front stoop's dirty light fixture. Moths dance.

He tosses an empty beer to join the other trash and redneck debris in the front yard.

Pure emerges from the dark into the light.

He supports a shotgun on his handless left arm. Three fingers of his bandaged right hand grasp the stock, one finger on the trigger.

Earl stands frozen, staring at Pure. And the shotgun.

PURE

Ain't here to kill you. Go on inside.

Earl turns, opens the door. Goes inside. Pure follows.

INT. EARL'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Earl enters followed by Pure. Earl clicks on a lamp. The cramped space, trashed.

PURE

Sit down.

Earl sits on a cheap couch. Pure sits across from him in a worn recliner. Keeps the cocked shotgun trained on Earl.

Earl's hard eyes search Pure's expressionless face.

EARL  
Well? You ain't here to kill me,  
what you here for?

PURE  
Where's your brother?

EARL  
Hell if I know. I ain't his momma.

PURE  
It's you I want anyways.

EARL  
Alright then. You got me. What the  
hell you want?

PURE  
Answers. I just want answers. Then  
I leave.

Earl frowns, then grins.

EARL  
Answers? Okay. What you want to  
know, boy?

Pure's eyes go sharp, dark. His voice now intense, low.

PURE  
Don't you call me that again. Ever.  
You do, I pull this trigger.

Earl's grin fades a little. Gives a slight nod.

EARL  
Fair enough. You the one with the  
buckshot.

PURE  
What I want to know is... why you do  
this to me? Why you hate me so?

Earl frowns.

EARL  
What?

PURE  
You heard me. Why you do this? Why  
you take my thumbs off?

Earl's eyes jump between the shotgun and Pure's pained face.

EARL

I don't know. Hell. Money, I suppose.

Pure shakes his head.

PURE

That ain't the true reason. For a man to do what you done, takes more inside than greed. Answer me.

Pure stands. Earl presses back into the couch.

PURE (CONT'D)

Why? Why you do this horrible thing?

Earl's eyes on the shotgun. Finally showing some fear.

EARL

I told you, I don't know... Jesus, man. You're fuckin' crazy.

Pure levels the shotgun at Earl's face.

PURE

Answer me! Why you hate me so? You don't even know me. Just cause my skin black? Why? I want to know, dammit, or I will kill you! Why?!

Earl really scared now, squirms on the couch. His crazy eyes cut up to Pure's.

EARL

I don't know, man! I don't... I just do, alright? I just do. There ain't no why. It's just the way it is. You're black... I'm white. That's it.

His voice goes quiet.

EARL (CONT'D)

It's gonna always be that way. Don't you get it? It ain't me... it ain't me...

And Pure has his answer. Lowers the shotgun. Sits back down. Stares into space. Then a slight nod. Earl watches him, calming down.

Then down the hall, the bedroom door CREAKS open. Pure looks over, turns the shotgun toward the sound.

Wayne steps out of the room, rubbing his eyes. Stumbles a few steps down the hall.

WAYNE

Goddamn, Earl, would you shut the hell up? Who you talkin'...

Then Wayne sees Pure. And the shotgun. He stops.

Earl's eyes shift to Pure. Pure's head turned away. Earl leaps off the couch.

The shotgun FIRES when Earl lands on Pure. Fire blossoms from the end of its barrel.

The blast hits Wayne in the chest, knocking him back into the bedroom.

Earl wrenches the shotgun from Pure's one hand. It clatters to the floor. Earl on top of Pure. Pure struggles, but he's defenseless with only one hand.

Earl reaches to his belt, unsheathes a hunting knife.

EARL

You want answers? I'll give you answers... boy.

He raises the knife up. It starts down.

Another SHOT rings out in the trailer. Earl tumbles off Pure. The knife skitters away. Earl on the floor.

A neat red circle on his temple. Blood pools below his head. His dead eyes remain open.

Johnny stands in the open door of the trailer, a smoking pistol in his hand. He steps in, looks around. Goes to Pure, helps him up.

JOHNNY

You alright?

Pure nods, stands. Johnny rushes down the hall to Wayne. Gazes down at him.

PURE

He dead too?

Johnny walks back. Looks around.

JOHNNY

Yeah. Christ, what a mess.

Johnny picks up the shotgun. A distant dog BARKS.

PURE

I'm sorry, Mr. Johnny. I truly am.

Johnny looks at Pure. Their eyes connect. Johnny's face hard. He stares, then his face eases, a slight nod.

JOHNNY

I know... I know, Pure. I'm sorry too. Let's get the hell outta here.

Johnny clicks off the light. They leave the trailer.

INT. JAZZ'S TRAILER - NIGHT

SOUNDS of tires on gravel. Jazz springs from the couch to the window. Watches his pick-up stop. Pure gets out.

Johnny, standing by his parked Cadillac, waits for Pure, tosses a cigarette, marches toward the trailer. Pure follows.

Jazz turns to the door, waits. Johnny storms in, followed by Pure. Goes right to the small kitchen, flings open cabinets, looking. He spins to Jazz who watches.

JOHNNY

Ain't you got anything?

JAZZ

No. Wouldn't tell you if I did.

Johnny gives up. SLAMS a cabinet shut. Walks into the tiny living room.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Glad to see you're alive.

Jazz glances at Pure, who looks down.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Both of you.

Johnny collapses on the couch.

JOHNNY

Yeah, well, same can't be said for the Dupree brothers.

Jazz frowns.

JAZZ

What?

Johnny glances over at Pure.

JOHNNY

Considering what they done, I figure they had it comin'.

JAZZ

You saying they're dead? How? Who--

Johnny snaps a look up at Jazz.

JOHNNY

It don't matter! What's done is done.

Jazz turns to Pure.

JAZZ

What happened, son?

PURE

They dead, alright. I shoot one by accident. Mr. Johnny, he shoot the other. Save my life, I reckon. They still layin' in their trailer.

Jazz sits down across from Johnny. Pure stays by the door.

JAZZ

Jesus. Oh, sweet Jesus.

JOHNNY

Calm down. It'll be fine. I'd say those boys had a few enemies.

Jazz thinks for a moment, then looks up at Johnny.

JAZZ

You know that's not how it's gonna play out.

JOHNNY

What? What the hell's that supposed to mean?

JAZZ

Everybody around here knows what happened to Pure. And the Sheriff probably has a good idea who did it. Soon as those boys come up dead, Sheriff's gonna put two and two together. Come knocking on this door. Wanting answers.

JOHNNY

You don't know that.

JAZZ

Yes, I do. And so do you, Johnny.

Johnny sighs, thinks. Gives a slight nod.

JOHNNY

So what now? You got any brilliant ideas?

Pure steps into the living room.

PURE

I'll take the blame for both them killins'. It's me that cause it all anyways.

Johnny and Jazz stare at Pure. Jazz looks away, over toward his phone. Thinking.

JOHNNY

You ain't gonna do that, Pure. We'll come up with somethin'.

Jazz stands up, walks over to the phone in the kitchen. Stops. Stands there, staring down at it.

Johnny watches him, frowns.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

What the hell you doin', old man?

Jazz picks up the phone. Dials zero. Johnny stands.

JAZZ

(to phone)  
Sheriff's office.

Johnny and Pure stare at Jazz. He gets a quick answer.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Yes, this is Nathan Aldrich. I live in a trailer at Bolla's Practice Range, out on State Road 12. I just shot and killed Earl and Wayne Dupree. I'll be here waiting for you.

Jazz hangs up the phone.

JOHNNY

Are you crazy?!

PURE

Mr. Jazz, why you do that? You didn't do nothin'!

Jazz steps back into the living room. Johnny flops down on the couch, shaking his head.

JAZZ

Sit down, Pure.

Pure sits on the couch next to Johnny. Jazz lowers into the chair across from them. Leans forward, looks Pure in the eye. Pure's face tortured. He looks away.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Listen to me, Pure. Look at me.

Pure turns to Jazz, fighting back the tears.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

I'm an old man. You're young. I don't care what happened to your hands, you got your whole life ahead of you. And it can be a good life.

Jazz smiles.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

You're gonna meet that woman who's gonna make you a better man. You're gonna enjoy a lot of cool evenings.

Jazz's eyes shift to Johnny as he continues.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

I don't want you to give up. I want you to live life.

Johnny looks down. Jazz goes back to Pure.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Don't let me down. I'm doing this for you. You hear me, son?

Tears now stream down Pure's cheeks.

PURE

Yes, sir. I do, sir.

JAZZ

This is my choice, Pure. I want to do this. And don't you feel bad about it. Not even a little bit.

Pure nods. Jazz stands. Johnny looks up at him.

JOHNNY

You're gonna die in prison, you know.

JAZZ

We're all gotta die somewhere. What matters is what we do before that time comes.

Johnny looks away. Jazz holds his eyes on him, then goes over and peeks out the window. He turns back.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

I figure we got about ten minutes  
before the posse' shows up.

He walks back and sits.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Who's gonna tell me exactly what  
happened? So I can tell the Sheriff  
how I killed Earl and Wayne Dupree.

EXT. BOLLA'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Two Sheriff's cruisers parked, their lights spinning.

Jazz leaves the trailer, escorted by Deputies, his hands  
cuffed. Two Sheriffs follow. The Deputies guide Jazz into  
the backseat of a cruiser. The Sheriffs and Deputies get in  
the cruisers.

They drive off. Johnny stands at the door of the trailer  
watching.

INT. JAZZ'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Johnny steps in. Eases the door shut. Pure, on the couch,  
stands. Faces Johnny. Johnny's face blank.

PURE

Be obliged if I could stay here the  
night. I'll be off to the bus station  
in the mornin'.

Johnny glances over at him, lost in thought. He frowns.

JOHNNY

What? You say somethin'?

PURE

Don't want to be no burden, sir.  
Figure I'll get on back to New Orleans  
come tomorrow.

Johnny nods. Still hardly listening.

JOHNNY

Oh. Yeah.

He gestures to the outside.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Left my smokes in the car.

Johnny walks out the door. Pure watches the door close. He  
sits back down.

A moment passes. He stands, goes to the window. Watches Johnny pick up a lawn chair near the trailer.

He carries it out to the tee box, sits in it, lights a Camel. He crosses his legs and stares out to the dark range. Sips from the silver flask. Pure frowns. Turns from the window.

INT. JAZZ'S TRAILER - LATER

The trailer dark. Pure sleeps on the couch. He turns, his eyes open. Looks to the bedroom. The bed's empty.

He rises, walks to the window. Johnny still sits in the lawn chair smoking. The night sky shows color in the east.

Pure steps away, goes back to the couch. Covers up. Eyes stay open.

INT. JAZZ'S TRAILER - DAY

Morning sun lights the living room. Pure awakens, looks over at the window. He gets up, goes to it, peers out.

Johnny's out on the tee box, practicing. He swings, watches the ball's flight. His bag stands next to him. He digs out another ball from the large pile. Takes another swing.

Pure turns away, thinking. He hurries to get dressed.

EXT. BOLLA'S PRACTICE RANGE - DAY

Johnny strikes a ball, the SOUND solid, crisp, the divot tumbling through the air. He turns from the flight of the ball, watches Pure approach.

JOHNNY

Mornin'.

Johnny goes back to his practicing. Takes a swing. Pure watches the ball take flight. The ball lands, hops, backspins next to a flag.

PURE

Reckon I head to the bus station now.

Johnny hits another ball. The ball floats up, comes down soft, stops at the flag.

JOHNNY

Alright.

Pure stands there. Johnny swings again. Another good shot. Then he turns to Pure. Pure's walking away.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Before you go...

Pure stops, turns around.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

...thought you might be interested  
in what I'm doin' out here.

PURE

Well. Yes, sir. I'm a might curious.

JOHNNY

Have a seat, Pure.

Pure sits on a bench at the tee box. In an adjacent trash  
can, he notices the silver flask.

Johnny stands before him, twirling the club in his hand.  
Pure looks up at him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You know, Pure, you were the best  
golfer I've ever seen. I truly  
believe, God himself reached down  
and touched you. And it tears my  
guts out that you can't play anymore.

Pure cuts his eyes down.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

But I can.

Pure looks up. Johnny shows a gentle smile.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I figure there's something left in  
the tank. Since I been sittin' on  
the sidelines the last ten years.

PURE

You gonna play again, sir?

JOHNNY

I am. And I'm gonna win again.

Pure stares at Johnny.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

And now that it looks like I lost my  
caddy, you got a choice to make.

PURE

Sir?

JOHNNY

Well, can't think of no better caddy  
for a man, than his own son.

Pure rises from the bench.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

So, you can either go back to New  
Orleans, live off the State of  
Louisiana's charity. Or, you can  
help me win some golf tournaments.  
Think with those four fingers, you  
can still hand over a club?

Tears flow down Pure's cheeks. He smiles. That big,  
wonderful smile.

PURE

Yes, sir. I can do that, sir.

Johnny tosses away the club. He steps up to Pure, pauses,  
then embraces him. They hug tight.

EXT. GREEN - DAY

Johnny snakes in a twenty foot putt. The large gallery  
erupts. Johnny raises his putter in triumph.

JAZZ (V.O.)

Johnny did win again. But best of  
all, he slipped that anchor from  
around his neck. He didn't let me  
down. Neither did Pure.

Johnny goes straight to Pure, bear-hugs him.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Jazz sits in his cell, reads a newspaper.

JAZZ (V.O.)

I kept up with him, best I could  
from the sports page.

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY

Jazz, across the dirty glass from Johnny and Pure.

JAZZ (V.O.)

At first, they visited when they had  
time, but as Johnny got busier, their  
visits dropped off. Then stopped  
all together. That was alright.

Jazz hangs up the phone, watches them leave.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Jazz at a desk writing.

JAZZ (V.O.)  
So, I killed time writing all this  
down.

He looks up. Older now.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It helped the days turn into weeks,  
the weeks turn into months. And the  
months turn into years... too many  
years.

He goes back to writing.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Jazz steps out, a free man. His hair now completely gray. He walks stooped with the use of a cane. Thick glasses on his face. Prison life has taken its toll.

JAZZ (V.O.)  
By my third parole hearing, I guess  
they figured an old, half-blind black  
man who could barely walk, was no  
longer a threat to society.

Jazz hobbles down the sidewalk.

JAZZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I didn't expect Johnny or Pure to be  
there when I got out. I'd given up  
on that notion long ago. They had  
their own lives now. Good lives.

At the end of the sidewalk, a cab's parked at the curb. The DRIVER steps out as Jazz walks by.

DRIVER  
Your name, Jazz?

JAZZ  
It is.

The driver opens the back door.

DRIVER  
Johnny Bolla sent me. Said he was  
sorry he couldn't make it. Wants me  
to take you home.

Jazz frowns. He gets in the cab.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

The cab pulls in front of a neat little white clapboard farm house. Large trees surround it, flowers exploding with color. Off to the side, a fishing pond with a dock jutting into it.

Jazz steps out of the cab, stares at the front porch. The driver hands him some keys.

DRIVER

Bolla said to give you these.

The driver gets back in the cab, pulls away.

Jazz makes his way to the front door. In the yard, tomato plants, plump with large tomatoes. Jazz touches one with his old hands.

He walks up the porch steps, proceeds to the front door. Opens it with one of the keys.

INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Jazz steps in, closes the door. The home's fully furnished, one wall lined with shelves, full of record albums. A record player next to them.

He ambles over to the fireplace, peers up at something above the mantel.

Hanging on the wall, Pure's old seven iron, now repaired. He takes it down, holds it, studies it.

JAZZ

Oh my.

Tears well in Jazz's tired eyes. He gives a gentle smile.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Jazz sits in a chair on the dock, looking out over the pond, fishing rod on his lap. He gazes off to the far distance.

A white Cadillac convertible slows, then turns onto the long dirt road leading up to the farm house. The driver white, the passenger black.

With the help of his cane, Jazz stands. Then he smiles.

FADE OUT:

THE END