

Lyons On The Dance Floor

by
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EXT. GRAY PLANTATION COUNTRY CLUB - LAKE CHARLES, LA - DAY

HORDES of spectators rush up the eighteenth fairway to get the best possible view for this finishing hole.

It's the final round of "Q" School. Only the top thirty golfers will qualify and turn pro. Pressure.

WOODY LYONS, 21, like a wiry super hero, marches up the fairway. Focused. Cheers from the crowd.

PETER LYONS, 29, Woody's brother, carries his bag. Takes a drag from a cigarette. The dynamic duo.

RANDY STYLES, 26, pedigree smile, and a chip on his shoulder, stands over his ball. 310 yards out. Long par 5.

Woody's ball is out 30 yards past Styles' drive. He turns to his caddy, JOSH.

STYLES

Give me the driver.

JOSH

You can't get there. He's got the course record. Play the smart shot and just turn pro.

STYLES

You're my caddy, not my daddy. Give me the damn club.

Josh shakes his head and pulls the driver from the OVERSIZED TOURING GOLF BAG.

CRACK! Styles hits a career shot. Just shy of the green.

The gallery APPLAUDS. He tips his hat. Hands his club back to Josh without looking. False smile.

STYLES

Just carry the bag.

Peter and Woody make their way to Woody's ball. Perfect lie. Peter rests Woody's OLD BEAT UP GOLF BAG.

PETER

They gave you thirty five hundred bucks for new clubs and you're still using these rug beaters.

Woody glances at the scoreboard. Smiles.

WOODY

What's the course record?

PETER

You're setting it.

WOODY

Hand me one of those rug beaters.

Peter breaks a smile. They stare up the fairway. Peter hands Woody a one iron. Woody settles in his stance.

Under his breath.

WOODY

It's just a groove thing, Woody.

He draws back his iron. The club comes down. CRACK!

The crowd CHEERS. "GET'EM WOODY, YOU DA MAN!"

The ball takes flight. Right at the pin. THUD! The ball spins back 12 feet. It stops 25 feet from the hole. The gallery goes nuts with excitement.

Woody hands the one iron to Peter. He slides it in the bag.

PETER

You're dancing... again.

Styles and Woody approach the green. Tip their caps. The gallery applauds. Their caddies follow close behind.

SHERMAN, 70, seasoned and weathered. Old School. Watches Woody from the gallery. Checks scoreboard. Smiles.

STYLES

Nice shot in there, Woodrow. A thousand bucks say's you miss the putt.

WOODY

Still trying to get in my head.

Styles grins like a shark. Woody walks onto the green. Marks his ball. Tosses it to Peter.

Styles hits his pitch shot. A gimme. Taps in for birdie.

All eyes on Woody as he paces over the putt.

PETER

25 feet. A little left-right, but it straightens out at the hole.

Woody over his ball. Peter tends the pin. CLICK. It arcs toward the cup. The gallery is transfixed. 10 feet, 3 feet, 2 feet, 1 foot. It drops in. The gallery ERUPTS.

Woody pinches his ball from the cup. Tosses it to Peter. Bear hug.

Styles walks by. Woody tries to shake hands. Limp response.

Styles walks off the green. A local NEWSCASTER and CAMERAMAN brush by him.

An oversized microphone in Woody's face.

NEWSCASTER

Each year only thirty players qualify to receive their professional status for the PGA.

INT. MARTY LYONS' TRAILER HOME - TV DEN - INTERCUT

Curtains drawn. Dated decor. MARTY LYONS, Woody's mom, stands watching the TV. A CUP OF TEA. Silver hair. Easy on the eyes.

TV SCREEN:

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

Woody Lyons has done it in record breaking fashion here at Gray Plantation in Louisiana. Congratulations!

WOODY (O.S.)

Thanks.

Smiling.

MARTY

Way to go, Woody! That's my boy!

EXT. GRAY PLANTATION - CADDY SHACK - LATE AFTERNOON

Woody sits on a bench by himself and stares out over the course. Muted sounds of celebration from the clubhouse can be heard in the background.

GLORIA BANNING, 20, young, fresh, overprotected, sits down.

Hands him a card. Holds it to his nose. Smells perfume.

GLORIA

You going to eat it or open it?

Smiles. Pulls out the card.

INSERT: BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO of BOBBY JONES. The card reads, "Congratulations! I love you, Gloria"

GLORIA

Daddy say's that guy was the best golfer in the world.

WOODY

Bobby Jones, that's what they say.

GLORIA

Daddy say's you're going to be the best golfer in the world. I'll see ya inside.

She kisses him and heads into the club house.

Peter sits down next to his brother. Pulls out a cigarette. BIC lighter. A long drag. They both watch her climb the steps. Nice legs.

PETER

She's cute, but too rich for my blood. You still gonna pop the question?

Woody reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a RING BOX. He flips it open to reveal the SPARKLING ROCK.

PETER

Holy shit! Where did you get the money for that?

Peter glances at the rug beaters in the golf bag.

PETER

You bought a ring.

Another drag.

PETER

If she says no, I hope you can putt with it. I thought Mom wanted you to have her ring.

Woody shifts. Stares at the diamond.

WOODY

Gloria's a little more contemporary. A little less heirloom.

A big-brother pat on the back.

PETER

She's gotta love you for *you*, Woody. Not money, not anything else.

Peter smiles. Glances toward the club house. Celebration.

PETER

They're waiting. Let's make history!

INT. GRAY PLANTATION COUNTRY CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM - SAME

Media frenzi. Paparazzi. Drinks. Party hardy. Woody is the center of attention. Sponsors line up. Hand Woody their cards. In his face.

TITLEIST SPONSOR

So, we'd love to fly you out and have you hit some balls with our clubs. Give us a call next week.

WOODY

Thank you.

Sherman circles around the crowd on Woody. He grimaces at the endorsement circus.

CALLAWAY SPONSOR

Have you played our "Long distance Long Ball"? We're doing a tie-in with AT&T. They think you'd be perfect for the spot.

Takes another business card.

WOODY

Thank you.

Woody catches a glimpse of Sherman. The crowd swallows him.

NECTAR GOLF SPONSOR

Woody, you looked so composed out there. Do you ever fear the nerves will get to you?

WOODY

Not really. I try to see the shots in my head. From there it's just a groove thing.

Woody turns around. Face to face with Sherman. Thick Scottish accent. Twinkle in his eye.

SHERMAN

Ah, the incarnate Bobby Jones! I've waited a long time to see what I saw today.

WOODY

See what?

SHERMAN

Everything in the universe is cyclical. It's only a matter of time before greatness is revisited.

WOODY

And?

SHERMAN

You've been blessed, Lad. You have a perfect swing.

Sherman reaches out and grabs Woody's hands. Feels his palms gruffly.

SHERMAN

Just as I thought. No callouses. You don't wear a glove. Why?

WOODY

I don't like 'em. I've never worn one.

SHERMAN

Neither did Bobby Jones. His swing and timing was so perfect, he never developed a callous. Never needed a glove.

WOODY

Who are you?

SHERMAN

Call me Sherman.

WOODY

Are you a sponsor?

VOICE (O.S.)

HE'S A GHOST!

MR. RANDOLPH BENNETT STYLES II, Styles' belligerent father, cuts in. Nurses a cocktail. Hammered.

The crowd goes quiet. Sherman lifts his brow.

SHERMAN

Hello, Ben. I see your boy finally did it.

MR. STYLES

No thanks to you! Don't waste your time, Woody. This guy's not interested in winning championships.

Sherman leans to Woody.

SHERMAN

Maybe we could speak at another time.

Sherman walks away.

Another belt.

MR. STYLES

Careful, Woody, he'll turn on you.

Yells after Sherman.

MR. STYLES

YOU TOLD MY SON HE'D NEVER TURN PRO! HE PROVED YOU WRONG TODAY!

Poignant smirk.

SHERMAN

I told your boy he'd never be a smart or gracious player.

Woody watches Sherman vanish into the crowd.

Breaking the silence.

YOUNG GOLFER

Hey, Woody! Do the thing! DO THE THING!

Everyone joins in. "DO IT, WOODY. DO IT."

Woody gives a smile and makes his way into the center of the crowd.

Frat types start clearing the furniture. Confused looks by some of the spectators. Sherman glances back from the doorway.

A SLIDING GLASS DOOR overlooks a fairway. The doors are SCREECHED open. 6 feet apart.

A young golfer hands Woody a 5 iron. A golf ball hits the tight shag carpet.

Woody squares his shot up. MURMURS. WHISPERS. Gives Gloria a wink. CRACK!

He fires a perfect shot through the opening. It disappears into the night air. CHEERS. HIGH FIVES! Woody offers the club to any takers to give it a try. No one dares.

He points the club to Styles. Peers. Pressure.

Styles jumps over the couch and takes the club. People spread out. A ball is tossed onto the shag. Styles squares up. CRACK! Right through the opening! MORE CHEERS.

A PREPPY YOUNG FRAT TYPE SCREECHES the doors closer. 3 feet.

Styles looks around the room. The crowd eggs him on. Another ball lands on the rug. People back away from the glass.

He lines up the shot. Wipes his brow. CRACK! Blast off. It sails through the gap. THE CROWD ERUPTS. CLAPPING. HOOTING. YELLING.

Styles goes to the glass doors. He closes them. One foot apart. He points the club to Woody. Amped crowd. "WOODY! WOODY! WOODY!"

Woody takes the club from Styles' hand. Face-off. Styles tosses a ball onto the shag. Woody starts to line up the shot.

STYLES

A thousand bucks says you shatter that window in a million pieces.

Woody stares him down. Face off.

STYLES

What's that on your forehead, Woody?
Pressure?

The doors SCREECH again.

It's Sherman. He slides them 6 inches apart.

SHERMAN

I'll take that bet, Styles. But after he goes, it'll be your turn.

Woody catches eyes with Sherman. Sherman nods affirmingly. Woody takes a deep breath. Lines up his shot. Swing...

STYLES

WAIT!

Woody looks up.

To the crowd, but eying Sherman.

STYLES

If Woody's really the enigma everybody around here thinks he is, then this is too easy.

SHERMAN

That's six inches. What more do you want?

PETER

From what I hear, he'd be happy with four!

The crowd laughs.

Styles surveys the room. He grabs a TABLE NAPKIN and dangles it toward Sherman. Serious. The room quiets.

STYLES

You told me once that Bobby Jones had a perfect swing. That he used to hit trick shots blindfolded. You think Woodrow is the next Bobby Jones?

Sherman eyes Styles. Styles pushes it. Still dangling.

STYLES

Well, "Coach"?!

Sherman snatches the napkin. Walks over to Woody.

WOODY

You're not serious!?

Sherman ties the blindfold tightly to Woody's head.

Softly.

SHERMAN

It's just a groove thing.

The crowd quickly moves to the other side of the room. Sherman gives one last tug on the blindfold. Looks down.

SHERMAN
Your stance is set!

Sherman takes the shaft of the club and nestles it against the ball. Glances through the doors. Moves out of the way.

SHERMAN
Fire when ready, Mr. Jones.

Long pause. Woody settles himself.

An on looker plugs his ears.

Peter turns to Styles. Shoots a look.

STYLES
Just a little gamesmanship. There's two rules. One, if you want to be a winner, you gotta love the pressure.

PETER
What's the other?

STYLES
Win at all costs.

Whispering.

STYLES
That window's good as broke. But if he ever wins a tournament he can afford it.

Grabbing a CRACKER AND CHEESE, Peter crosses the room and sits against the glass. Confident. Eyeing Styles. Pops the cracker into his mouth.

The room is still. Thick anticipation.

Woody draws the club back.

BOOMING VOICE(O.S.)
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON IN HERE?!

MR. CHARLES BANNING, Gloria's father, stands at the door. The room freezes.

Woody whips off the blindfold. Peter sits casually against the glass. Winks at Woody.

MR. BANNING
For the love of God, are you out of your mind