

MASTERS  
"Between Clubs"  
an original pilot by  
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FADE IN:

**BLACK SCREEN**

GRANDPA JACKSON (V.O.)  
Son, I want you to keep up the good  
fight. I never told you, but our  
life is a war and I have been a  
traitor all my born days, a spy in  
the enemy's country ever since I  
give up my gun back in the  
Reconstruction. Live with your head  
in the lion's mouth. I want you to  
overcome 'em with yeses, undermine  
'em with grins, agree 'em to death  
and destruction, let 'em swoller you  
till they vomit or bust wide open.

INT. RAMSHACKLE FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING 1

**AUGUSTA GEORGIA**

REVERSE IRIS: Out from a swollen black eye. A wiry, 5'6  
thirteen year old boy, Daryl "DJ" Jackson wakes up from a  
dream, covered in beads of sweat. He throws off the covers,  
quick to get on with his day, tiptoes into the next room  
where his grandmother is sleeping and kisses her awake.

DJ  
Time to get up, Grandma.

EXT. RAMSHACKLE FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 2

DJ opens the hole-ridden screen door and yawns, placing his  
thumbs behind the straps of his overalls. He moseys down the  
broken steps and closes the leaning white picket fence with  
a rickety snap. He looks in both directions. Nothing but  
farm for miles besides the howling of wind. Shoeless, he  
begins his walk toward town, whistling Dixie.

EXT. PEACH ORCHARD ROAD - LATER 3

DJ walks and walks and walks under orange sun, blue sky. He  
passes farm after farm worked by black families in straw  
hats picking pecans, blueberries, peaches and cotton. They  
don't lift their heads to pay him any mind, nor does he to  
them. The smokestacks of Downtown Augusta lie on the horizon.

EXT. DOWNTOWN AUGUSTA, MAIN STREET - DAY 4

DJ arrives in Downtown Augusta moving with a sense of urgency.  
practice area with golfers in knickers, ties and five panel  
hats hitting balls. A crowd of mostly men in trench coats,  
captains hats, fedoras and five panels sit on deck chairs  
observing the display in quiet reverence. Between the range  
and the gallery a group of black caddies crouches in overalls  
or pea coats with button-ups and hats with their brims flipped  
up. In the center their leader - best caddie at Augusta-  
STOVEPIPE, smokes a cigar with a slight smile.

CLIFF ROBINSON (singing) (CONT'D)  
 tension is high / Not to mention the  
 smell! ... See what I mean?

DUTCH  
 Ya. We both love musicals. Hit your  
 ball.

CLIFF approaches his ball murmuring in annoyance. He takes  
 his stance, makes two half-measure backswings and walks away.

CLIFF ROBINSON  
 Didn't feel right!

DUTCH  
 Didn't look right!

CLIFF takes his stance, wriggles his wrists and takes a  
 whipshot at the ball, stumbling and almost falling into the  
 water.

DRONE: The ball lands with an audible THWUNK! On the upper  
 slope of the green 35ft from the pin.

CLIFF pumps his fists, hands his 4 to BEAR giving him a high  
 five which BEAR returns, unenthused. MICKEY shrugs at DUTCH.  
 DUTCH takes his 3 iron and approaches his ball. There's no  
 good stance. He tries open, closed, too close, and settles  
 on one foot in, one foot out. MICKEY winces. DUTCH takes a  
 careful draw swing and hits it cleanly.

EXT. EMPALIZADA COUNTRY CLUB 18TH GREEN

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CLIFF chugs water on the fringe awaiting DUTCH and surveying  
 the green. MICKEY whispers in DUTCH's ear.

MICKEY O'CARROLL  
 Simple up and down. You got this.

CLIFF ROBINSON  
 Nice up, now put it down Dutch. You're  
 in the way. Finish.

MICKEY removes the flag, DUTCH nods. He takes his time and  
 squarely drains the 5 footer for par.

DUTCH  
 YES!

They shake hands, grinning. CLIFF sighs and measures his  
 putt downhill and moving to the right. DUTCH and MICKEY watch  
 intently. BEAR cleans CLIFF's clubs barely paying attention.

CLIFF takes two practice strokes and addresses.

DJ (V.O.)  
 Robinson for the skin.

CLIFF takes a clean even putt at the ball, knees together  
 like Nicklaus. Good speed, good line. It has a chance.

DUTCH tees up and addresses his ball with an 8 iron and takes a perfect, easy swing.

DRONE: DUTCH's Callaway 3 lands 15ft from the flag, but has spin and rolls to 10ft.

DUTCH looks at CLIFF and raises his eyebrows.

DUTCH

Ruh-ro.

CLIFF frowns.

EXT. EMPALIZADA 6TH GREEN - CONTINUOUS

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**Triple Split screen:**

1. BEAR and MICKEY look on in tired excitement as CLIFF measures his putt. He addresses his ball, takes a nice pendulum stroke and its heading right for the hole-

CLIFF ROBINSON

Get in there!

2. DARWIN has his feet up on his desk, telephone to one ear, DUTCH's card in the other. Brrng-Brrng-Brrng

3. DUTCH's office, covered in music industry regalia. The phone rings off the hook.

CLIFF's ball barely lips out.

CLIFF ROBINSON (CONT'D)

God damnit!

MICKEY and BEAR smirk at each other. CLIFF taps in.

DUTCH

Here we go, for all the marbles.

2. Brrng-Brrng-Brrng- DARWIN blows air out his cheeks.

3. DUTCH's phone continues to ring.

CLIFF ROBINSON

Just remember if you make this you owe me a sawbuck.

DUTCH

Best \$100 I'll ever spend.

DUTCH addresses the ball.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Cohen settles in, looking to upset Robinson yet again.

DJ (V.O.)

C'mon Dutch!

DUTCH takes a perfect stroke.

2. The phone goes to voicemail.

3.

DUTCH (V.O.)

You've reached Dutch Cohen of  
Mephistopheles records, leave a  
message after the tone.

2.

DARWIN HALL

Dutch! Darwin Hall. Sorry, I missed  
you - may not remember me - were  
pretty bombed. We meet at Judge  
Beans last night -

CLOSE UP: DUTCH's eyes fiery and confident.

DARWIN

Wanted to see if you wanted to play  
some golf, grab some lunch... couple  
of things I wanted to pick your brain  
about.

FADE OUT.