

*(He hangs up – at which moment, JUSTIN appears at the door to the course. He's carrying a golf club.)*

JUSTIN. Hi, Mr. Bingham.

BINGHAM. Justin! What are you doing here?!

JUSTIN. There's a rain delay.

BINGHAM. Oh right, right, right, of course. Come in. Well.

*(He takes a breath and smiles broadly.)*

Justin.

JUSTIN. Mr. Bingham.

BINGHAM. Justiiiiiiiin.

JUSTIN. Mr. Binghaaaaaaam.

*(They both laugh happily and slap each other. It's a guy thing.)*

BINGHAM. What can I possibly say, young man, but *well done!*

JUSTIN. Thank you, sir.

BINGHAM. Have a cigar.

JUSTIN. I don't smoke, sir.

BINGHAM. Then have two so you can practice.

JUSTIN. Thank you, sir.

BINGHAM. Now Hicks, I want you to use this rain delay to relax and prepare yourself mentally for the final hole.

JUSTIN. Yes, sir.

BINGHAM. I want you to focus and think about nothing but golf. Now close your eyes. Remember, Hicks, golf is not a game, but a way of life. A religion, if you will, with its rules and traditions, its customs and its practices. It says that life is noble and never slovenly. It says that life has grandeur and deeper meaning. It is the game of Sam Snead, of Arnold Palmer and of Jack Nicklaus.

*(Both men cross themselves.)*

BINGHAM. *(cont.)* It began, of course, with the ancient Egyptians, who used sticks to strike the heads of their enemies. It then reemerged in Scotland in the year of our Lord 1450 at the Royal and Ancient Golf Club

of St. Andrews. At the time, the balls were covered in goatskin, the players had a mere four clubs to choose from, and the caddies were little drunken Irish people, but at least it was a start; and I want you to think about these traditions as you visualize the putt ahead of you on the 17th green. I want you to *feel* it as the club swooshes like a parabola through the crisp, clean air. Golf is Zen and Zen is Golf. You are a Buddhist now Hicks. Ommmmmmmm.

JUSTIN. Ommmmmmmm.

BINGHAM. This day is called the Feast of Crispian.

JUSTIN. It is?!

BINGHAM. No, you idiot. That's Shakespeare, to inspire you.

JUSTIN. Oh, sorry.

BINGHAM. Ommmm.

JUSTIN. Ommmm.

BINGHAM. This day is called the Feast of Crispian. We few. We happy few. We band of brothers. Ommmmmmmm.

JUSTIN. Ommmmmmmm.

BINGHAM. Are you ready now, Hicks?

JUSTIN. I think so, sir.

BINGHAM. Are you going to *win*?!

JUSTIN. *Absolutely, sir!*

BINGHAM. Let me hear the Quail Valley cheer! Chucka, chucka, chucka!

JUSTIN. Chucka, chucka, chucka!

BOTH. *(like a steam train building speed and power)* Chucka, chucka, chucka! Chucka, chucka, chucka! Chucka, chucka, chucka! Chucka, chucka, chucka, chucka, chucka, chucka, chucka, chucka! *To victory!!*

*(The telephone rings. JUSTIN answers it.)*

BINGHAM. No, don't!

*(Squawk!)*

JUSTIN. Sir, it's your wife.