

Caddie Bros - Pilot

By

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OPEN

EXT. UPSCALE FLORIDA NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN

A dilapidated RV roars through a quite upscale Florida neighborhood at dawn.

INT. RV - SAME

BOB WARBURG (48), BW (pronounced B-dub-ya) drives. The older, more responsible, smarter of the two Warburg brothers, as we'll see, that's not saying much, drives. He's driver, caddie, manager, adviser, swing coach, sports physiologist, bartender... "The Entourage" for his professional golfer brother.

A voice from the back.

MALE VOICE

(oc)

What's first place?

BW

\$1,500.

MALE VOICE

Second?

BW

A lot less.

MALE VOICE

How much less?

BW

\$1,500.

EXT. UPSCALE FLORIDA NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME

The RV turns on two wheels as it passes through the security gate.

The SECURITY GUARD of the neighborhood's country club spills his coffee.

BW waves as they blow by.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PARKING LOT - SAME

BW emerges from the RV, an over-sized tour golf bag slung over his shoulder.

BW
Come on! Let's go!

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - FIRST TEE - SAME

BW stumbles through the hedges, out of breath.

BW
Tank Warburg, 7:10 tee time

Tournament OFFICIAL (late 60s), stuffed shirt, checks his watch and clipboard.

OFFICIAL
You haven't paid your entry fee.

BW
Okay?

In the background, TANK WARBURG (48) "limbers up". Note, non-identical twins. BW was born 2 minutes earlier. Despite a body built by Budweiser, not protein shakes, he is surprisingly limber. His uniform is a wrinkled, Rorschach test stained white golf shirt, too short khaki pants, visor askew, golf tee in his mouth.

OFFICIAL
(Looks at clipboard)
You're short.

BW
How much?

OFFICIAL
Two dollars and 37 cents.

BW looks to Tank. Tank shrugs, not my job man.

BW frantically goes through the bag, dumps the contents on the tee box - hands two handfuls of coins to the official.

Tank's playing partners do not notice, do not care about what is going on.

The OFFICIAL goes through the pile of coins, grass clippings and lint.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICIAL (cont'd)
These are Canadian.

Hands back several coins.

BW
Exchange 'em.

OFFICIAL
(Exasperated)
Go ahead.

Tanks steps to the tee, pegs his ball and with no practice swings takes a surprisingly smooth, powerful swing.

The ball EXPLODES off the clubface.

Everyone squints into the mist.

TANK
Where'd it go? Straight?

BW
No.

TANK
Right?

BW
Maybe.

TANK
Left?

BW
Could've.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - FIRST FAIRWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Tank and BW walk down the the first fairway side-by-side.

TANK
(Looking straight ahead)
I don't have a coin to mark my
ball.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - ON THE COURSE - LATER

A montage of horrible golf shots by Tank.

A ball off a tree...

A ball in the water, in a bunker...

A chip out of the woods...

Several missed putts, a lip-out, ball rolls passed the cup, ball comes up way short....

Same montage, but faster...

Again, faster still...

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - OUTSIDE THE CLUBHOUSE - MUCH LATER

Tank, additional stains on his shirt, mostly sweat related, and BW stare at the hand-written scoreboard.

83. TANK

BW
Yup.

TANK
Not gonna win.

BW
Nope, DFL.

TANK
Again.

BW
Yup, Dead. Fucking. Last.

TANK
How much gas do we need to get to Tallahassee?

BW
12 gallons.

TANK
What's left?

(CONTINUED)

BW
Three, at best.

END OPEN

ACT I

INT. CLUBHOUSE DINNING ROOM - LATER

Tank and BW sit at a table in the back corner of the club's dinning room. The "professionals" are segregated from the members.

Tank attacks a huge plate of food. BW drinks a Coke.

TANK
Not gonna eat? It's free.

BW
How we gonna get to Tallahassee?

TANK
We'll figure it out.

Tank looks up from his food, an idea.

TANK (cont'd)
I'll pawn the clubs, use rentals.
Remember when I shot 68 with those rentals?

BW
You'll have to shoot better than that to be in the money, 65 was the last pay spot today, \$75.

Tank pushes back from the table, plate empty.

A WAITER approaches with a two pints of beer.

WAITER
(Delivers the beer)
Excuse me, complements of the gentleman at the bar.

TANK
Well, don't mind if I do.

Tank lifts the glass and toasts The GENTLEMAN at the bar.

The GENTLEMAN, (late-60s), neatly dressed in golf attire oozes money, toasts back with his Scotch.

(CONTINUED)

BW leans in as Tank takes a gulp of the beer and whispers.

BW
You think this is a good idea?

TANK
One won't kill me.

BW
It might.

An awkward silence as the brothers think.

TANK
I could ask the wives?

BW
Really?

Tank leans his head back and:

EXT. A SMALL HOUSE - A YEAR AGO

CAPTION: One Year Earlier

Tank approaches the door, flowers in hand. He spits on his hand and fixes his hair.

A KNOCK.

The door opens to a buxom blond (mid-30s, WIFE I) holding a less than 2 year-old child.

Tank hands the woman the flowers.

EXT. A SMALL HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Tank is running away from the house as the flowers hit him in the head.

WIFE I
How dare you come here asking for money! Get a real job!

EXT. A SMALL HOUSE - A FEW MONTHS AGO

CAPTION: Six Months Ago

Tank approaches the door, flowers in hand. He spits on his hand and fixes his hair.

A KNOCK.

The door opens to a buxom brunette (early-30s WIFE II) holding a less than 2 year-old child.

Tank hands the woman the flowers.

EXT. A SMALL HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Tank is running away from the house as the flowers hit him in the head.

WIFE II

How dare you come here asking for money! Get a real job!

EXT. A SMALL HOUSE - JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO

CAPTION: Six Weeks Earlier

Tank approaches the door, flowers in hand. He spits on his hand and fixes his hair.

A KNOCK.

The door opens to a buxom redhead (late 20s WIFE III) and a menacing body-builder type.

Tank drops the flowers and runs away.

WIFE III

Get a real job!

INT. CLUBHOUSE DINNING ROOM - CURRENT DAY

TANK

That won't work. I have a type.

A "what the hell" look from BW.

(CONTINUED)

TANK (cont'd)
Angry.

BW
Dad?

Both lean back to think and:

INT. WELL APPOINTED OFFICE - SOMETIME EARLIER

Tank and BW dressed in ill-fitting suits sit in front of a desk in an office building.

Dad, a bald jovial man (late 70s) laughs uncontrollably. He starts to cough, gains his composure and in all seriousness:

DAD
No. Get a real job.

INT. CLUBHOUSE DINNING ROOM - CURRENT DAY

BW AND TANK
(shake their heads)
No.

TANK
How about another sponsor?

BW
Remember last time? You sold 20
guys a 20% interest. We owed money
at the end of the year.

EXT. SOME GOLF COURSE SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME EARLIER

Tank stands on a tee box waiting to hit. His shirt is covered in logos. He looks like a NASCAR car.

INT. CLUBHOUSE DINNING ROOM - CURRENT DAY

Tank pushes back from the table and gets up ...

TANK
I'm hungry. I can't think when I'm
hungry.

(CONTINUED)

and heads to the buffet.

BW leans back in his chair and stares out the window.

GENTLEMAN AT THE BAR

(oc)

Excuse me, is that Tank Warburg?

INT. CLUBHOUSE DINNING ROOM - LATER

BW and the GENTLEMAN are in quiet discussion.

Tank approaches the table. A plate piled high with food.

BW

(to Tank)

Tank, this is Chris Hastings.

Hastings gets up and extends his hand to Tank.

Tank wipes his hand on his pants and shakes Hastings' hand.

TANK

Nice to meet you.

HASTINGS

My pleasure.

BW leans in.

BW

He has a proposal for us.

HASTINGS

There's a club pro nearby who loves to play ex-Tour golfers for cash. Degenerate gambler from head-to-toe. Loves to brag about it when he wins, but rarely does.

TANK

(Looks to BW)

Uh, we don't have any cash if I lose.

BW

Mr. Hastings...

HASTINGS

Chris, please.

(CONTINUED)

BW

Chris will spot us.

HASTINGS

He usually plays a \$30K Nassau.
\$10k for the front, \$10k for the
back and \$10k for the total. I'll
cover your loses 100%, you get 50%
of your winnings.

TANK

So, we owe you \$30k if I lose?

Hastings starts to talk as BW leans in and rolls his eyes:

BW

No, Chris covers our loses, we get
half of what you win.

Tank takes a huge forkful of food, half of it lands on his
pants.

TANK

Alright then, what've we got to
lose! Let's go

Smiles all around as they push back from the table.

END ACT I

ACT II

EXT. ANOTHER UPSCALE FLORIDA GOLF COURSE 1ST TEE - LATER

Three golf carts screech to a halt beside the first tee of a
upscale Florida golf course.

In one, BW and Tank.

In another the Club Pro, Dom Protomastro, late 30s, a GQ
version of a golf pro.

In a third Hastings and his driver a lanky 17 year-old.

HASTINGS

Tank, BW, this is Dom Protomastro,
local pro.

Hand shakes and pleasantries are exchanged.

(CONTINUED)

HASTINGS (cont'd)

Okay, here's the game. \$10k stroke
play Nassau. \$10k for the front
nine, back nine and total. \$30k up
for grabs.

All nod in agreement.

HASTINGS (cont'd)

I'll cover Tank. Dom you have your
end?

Protomastro nods and pulls three bundles of \$10k bills from
his golf bag.

HASTINGS

This is Kyle Campbell.
(Points to lanky teen)
He'll keep score and hold the cash.
Any side bets, tell Kyle.
(Hastings turns to BW.)
I'll deduct those from your
winnings if you can't cover.

Protomastro hands Kyle the cash.

TANK

Let's go then. Your honor Dom.

After a couple of practice swings, Protomastro smokes a
drive down the middle of the fairway.

Tank tees his ball, no practice swing and unleashes a bomb.

The ball lands where Protomastro's finished and bounds 30
yards further.

TANK (cont'd)

(Quietly to BW)
Game on.

EXT. ANOTHER UPSCALE FLORIDA GOLF COURSE - MONTAGE

Unlike before, this montage shows Tank at the top of his
game.

Protomastro hits one close, Tank hits it closer...

Protomastro misses his putt...

Tank sinks his.

(CONTINUED)

Tank hits a monster 3 wood over a pond, the ball nestles close to the hole...

Protomastro's wedge splashes in the water...

Protomastro misses a putt...

Tank sinks another.

Game on indeed.

EXT. ANOTHER UPSCALE FLORIDA GOLF COURSE 18TH GREEN - LATER

The participants approach the 18th green. Tank, marks his ball, no more than eight feet from the hole.

Protomastro, off the green in the rough prepares to chip.

One last look at the hole, he chips away.

The ball rolls toward the hole and just misses, leaving a few inches left.

Protomastro uses his wedge to tap in.

BW and Tank crouch behind Tank's ball.

BW
(Whispers)
Two putts for \$15k.

TANK
What is this for? Score wise.

BW
Two putts for \$15k.

Tank looks over his shoulder when...

KYLE
(Looking at the scorecard)
Mr. Hastings, I think this is for
the course record.

Tank stands up and walks toward Kyle.

BW shakes his head.

HASTINGS
Let me see that.

Kyle hands Hastings the scorecard and he examines it.

(CONTINUED)

HASTINGS (cont'd)
He's right. You make this you shoot
63, course record. Right Dom?

PROTOMASTRO
Yup, beats my 64. But \$10k says he
misses.

TANK
You're on.

BW groans and looks to Hastings.

HASTINGS
Comes out of your winnings.

BW pulls Tank aside.

BW
We're on our own. Two putts for \$5k
now.

Tank confidently struts to his ball.

TANK
One putt for 25.

Tank crouches over his ball. Pulls the putter back and
through.

The ball rolls smoothly toward the hole.

BW watches anxiously, Kyle watches anxiously, Protomastro
watches anxiously.

Hastings walks back to the cart paying no mind.

Tank peers toward the hole as the ball rolls closer and...

lips out...

64.

TANK
Fuck!

EXT. ANOTHER UPSCALE FLORIDA GOLF COURSE CLUBHOUSE - A FEW
MINUTES LATER

The participants vacate their carts.

Kyle hands the cash and scorecard to Hastings.

(CONTINUED)

HASTINGS
Alright, let's settle up.

BW, Tank and Protomastro gather around Hastings.

HASTINGS (cont'd)
Tank, you won front, back and total
for \$30k. Well played, wonderful
64. Split 50/50 with me, so \$15k.
Dom, you saved your ass a little
with that \$10k bet on 18.

Hastings hands Protomastro \$10k. Protomastro tips his cap
and leaves.

Hastings turns to BW and Tank.

HASTINGS (cont'd)
I'm assuming you guys don't have
\$10k to cover the extra on 18?

Looking at their feet, BW and Tank mumble no.

HASTINGS (cont'd)
I'll take it out of the \$15.

Hastings pockets \$10k.

HASTINGS (cont'd)
That leaves \$10k, five for me and
five for you.

Hastings hands the \$5k to BW, Tank intercepts. Hastings
turns and walks away. Without looking back waves his hand
and says:

HASTINGS (cont'd)
Use the facilities, have a drink.
You can use my name.

Hastings turns around.

HASTINGS (cont'd)
Don't forget about something for
the kid.

Tank peels off \$100 bill and hands it to Kyle.

TANK
Hope you learned something kid.

END ACT II

(CONTINUED)

ACT III

INT. ANOTHER UPSCALE FLORIDA GOLF COURSE BAR - LATER
Tank and BW are at the bar. The bartender approaches.

BARTENDER
Can I get you something?

BW
Nothing for me, thanks.

TANK
I'll take a Bud Light

A look from BW

TANK
What? It's a light, barely beer.

BARTENDER
Member number?

TANK
We played with the pro and Mr.
Hastings.

BARTENDER
Hastings, no problem.

The BARTENDER walks away. BW starts to leave.

BW
I'm going to take a shower. Be
careful. Let me hold the money?

TANK
You're going to take %5k into the
locker room?

BW
\$4,900.

TANK
Whatever, you'll get ripped off,
I'll hold it.

BW
Don't loose it.

A shrug from Tank, I got this. As BW leaves Tank raps on the
bar to get the Bartender's attention.

The BARTENDER turns and Tank wiggles his fingers indicating he wants five beers.

EXT. ANOTHER UPSCALE FLORIDA GOLF COURSE PUTTING GREEN -
LATER

Tank is on the putting green putting with one hand and drinking with the other. A pile of balls and three empty beer bottles at his feet. The putts are going in effortlessly.

KYLE

(OC)

Nice playing today.

Tank turns to see Kyle, golf bag over his shoulder.

TANK

Thanks. You heading out to play?

KYLE

No, waiting for my uncle to pick me up.

Kyle puts down his bag and drops a few balls in the rough, takes out his wedge and hits a chip that rolls across the green. A real poor chip. He hits another, same result.

KYLE (cont'd)

I'm struggling with my short game.
you have any tips?

TANK

Lessons and tips are useless. You
need to feel it, work it out
yourself.

Tank puts down his beer and tosses a few balls in the rough. Walks over with a wedge and effortlessly chips them to the beer bottle on the green.

TANK (cont'd)

You need to find what works for
you, but you can't just practice
you need to create a pressure
situation.

KYLE

A pressure situation?

Tank continues to chip.

(CONTINUED)

TANK

Yeah, you don't chip a dozen balls in a row on the course. My brother and I used to play a game, the Up-and-Down game we called it.

Now Kyle is chipping as well.

KYLE

How does that work?

TANK

I take 5, 10 whatever many of your balls, you take same number of mine. We throw them in the rough and see who gets up-and-down the most. Usually for a little cash. You have any cash Kyle?

Both stop chipping and look at each other.

KYLE

The \$100 you gave me.

TANK

Well that's a start. You game.

Kyle shrugs.

KYLE

Sure, why not.

TANK

Best out of ten for \$100 it is.

Kyle and Tank each toss 10 balls into the rough and begin the Up-and-down game.

EXT. ANOTHER UPSCALE FLORIDA GOLF COURSE PUTTING GREEN - A LITTLE LATER

Kyle sinks a short putt.

TANK

Nice job, your eight out of ten beats my seven.

Tank peels off \$100 bill and gives it to Kyle.

(CONTINUED)

TANK
Double or nothing?

KYLE
Sure.

And...

Tank peels off \$100 bill and gives it to Kyle...

Tank peels off \$100 bill and gives it to Kyle....

Tank peels off \$100 bill and gives it to Kyle, faster...

Tank peels off \$100 bill and gives it to Kyle, faster...

Tank peels off \$100 bill and gives it to Kyle, faster..

A car HORN.

KYLE
That's my uncle. I have to go.

TANK
No chance for one more round?

Kyle packing up his golf bag.

KYLE
I have to go, sorry.

Kyle jogs to his uncle's car. Trunk open, a man comes around the back of the car, Kyle hands the man his golf bag and we now see that the uncle is Hastings.

Tank throws his head back, sighs and falls down on the side of the green, flat on his back.

KYLE
(OC)
Mr. Warburg, Mr. Warburg are you okay?

Tank squints into the setting sun and nods yes as a crisp \$100 bill floats down and lands on his chest.

KYLE
Thanks for the lesson.

EXT. ANOTHER UPSCALE FLORIDA GOLF COURSE PUTTING GREEN -
LATER

BW looks down at a sleeping Tank surrounded by empty beer
bottles and golf balls, kicking his side.

Tank opens his eyes.

BW
Don't tell me you lost \$5,000.

Tank holds up the \$100 bill.

TANK
Nope, 4,800.

END ACT III

ACT IV

INT. PAWN SHOP - EVENING

Pawn dealer (60s) examines Tank's clubs. Wipes dirt off an
iron.

Tank eyes BW dismissively.

PAWN DEALER
Pawn or sell?

TANK
(Simultaneously)
Sell.

BW
Pawn.

Pawn dealer looks up, what?

TANK
(Whispers to BW)
I need new clubs.

BW
Win some money first.

PAWN DEALER
I don't have all day.

Hands the bag back to BW.

(CONTINUED)

BW

Pawn.

Pawn Dealer takes the bag back, examines the clubs in more detail.

PAWN DEALER

\$150, paid back in a week, 10% vig.

TANK

These clubs won 4 Tour events!

PAWN DEALER

They also missed 48 straight cuts.

TANK

(Annoyed)

52, it was 52 cuts. What if I sign the bag?

PAWN DEALER

\$100.

BW

He won't sign.

INT. RV - LATER

BW drives.

Tank, feet on the dash, golf shoes still on, picks his teeth.

TANK

So what's first place in Tallahassee?

BW looks at Tank, what the fuck?

CUT TO BLACK