

THE GREEN

"Course Trim"

Written by

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Logline: A new, green employee clashes with his veteran, slacker coworkers after they collectively sink a golf-cart in the river.

EXT. GOLF COURSE SHOP - MORNING

A small, rectangular building stands at the foot of a long dirt road. Several cars are parked nearby. RICHARD (19) gets out of one of them. He approaches another man, TYLER (43).

TYLER
You Richard?

RICHARD
Yes. Tyler?

Tyler turns, spits out a mouthful of chewing-tobacco.

TYLER
Yup. Tyler Hardy.

RICHARD
Nice to meet you. Sir.

TYLER
Yeah. So, I'm gonna put you with Julian today. You guys have course trim. You know how to use a weedwhacker, right?

RICHARD
Uh, I mean yeah... I think.

TYLER
It don't matter; it's easy.
Julian'll show you. I just--
(looks toward the shop)
He said he had to use the bathroom.
I don't know if he fell in the toilet or what?

Just then, the shop door swings open. JULIAN (19) steps out.

TYLER
Julian! This is Richard. You two have course trim.

JULIAN
Yeah, I saw. It's like the fourth fuckin' day in a row I've had it.

TYLER
Well, if you came in on time, maybe I'd be able to give you one of the other jobs.
(Julian shrugs)
Right. I want you two to start on hole four.

RICHARD
 Okay. Hole four.
 (to Julian)
 You know where that is?

JULIAN
 Yeah, man. I know where that is.

EXT. THE DUMP - DAY

Two golf carts are parked behind several heaping mounds of dirt. Each cart, equipped with a FRONT PLATE that reads, **Grounds Maintenance**. Adjacent to the carts is a small lake.

Richard and Julian are both sitting, backs facing the dirt. Two others: DOM (50) and BRYAN (23) sit in their golf-cart.

RICHARD
 So, uh. What are we doing, exactly?

JULIAN
 The job, man. This is the job.

RICHARD
 This is course trim? Because, I feel like we're not really trimming anything right now. Like, maybe we should be doing some trimming?

JULIAN
 You want something to trim?

Julian reaches into his pocket, fishes out a plastic Ziploc bag. In it -- a freshly packed joint.

JULIAN
 Trim this.

RICHARD
 What?-- On the job?

DOM
 (thick Jamaican accent)
 Boy, course trim ain't no real job, mon. You get the osmoticon, and the tabelesit, but it's all bullshittin' mon. Busy work. Ain't that'a right, Julian?

JULIAN
 Yeah, Dom. Well-put.

RICHARD

I-- I don't know. I just think that we should be doing our duties as groundsmen and whatnot? I mean, maybe we better go back?

BRYAN

Man, shut yo snitchin' ass up. You goin' back is only gonna make Tyler notice us not bein' there.

RICHARD

Ok. Well, I apologize. I'm certainly no snitch; I can assure you. But, I do feel that if you don't want him to notice your absence, maybe you shouldn't be absent in the first place, probably?

Bryan glares at Richard, deadpan.

RICHARD

Sorry.

JULIAN

He's just mad-doggin' you man, but he's right. You go back, that makes us all look bad.

RICHARD

Okay... Yeah. Yeah, you're right.

Dom kicks his feet back on the dash of his cart, lights a joint. Richard looks to him, then to Julian whose eyes are half-closed. He looks back at Bryan, still staring him down.

Then, Richard sprints towards his and Julian's cart. He hops in, twists the key in the ignition, and stomps on the gas.

VROOM! -- The engine comes to life, and the cart shoots forward. Richard spins the wheel, rough, and the cart turns. He gets half-way around one of the dirt-mounds before:

SPLUNK! -- The wheels of his cart sink into the mud, and spin forward with no traction.

LATER

Richard is still sitting in his cart, foot pressed on the gas. A loud beeping noise indicates that the vehicle is now in reverse. Julian and Dom are both standing in front of the cart, pushing forward. Bryan is off to the side, phone held up to his ear.

BRYAN
 (into phone)
 Baby I'm tellin' you, I know I
 promised not to fuck up my parole,
 but this little bitch at work is
 temptin' me.

Richard looks over at Bryan, aghast.

DOM
 PUSH! PUSH DA CART, MON!

JULIAN
 I'm pushing.

DOM
 PUSH HARDAH!

JULIAN
 I'm fucking pushing, Dom, relax.

DOM
 USE YA BACK!

CH-CH-CHHHHHHH! -- The wheels slowly spin out of the mud.
 The cart shoots back, unstuck. Richard's foot, still on the
 gas. He smiles, relieved. But, then:

SPLASH! -- The cart reverses a little too much, and lands in
 the nearby river. It sinks to the bottom, as Richard
 resurfaces. The rest of the crew stares, mouths agape.

EVEN LATER

Richard stands at the center of the dump, near the remaining
 golf-cart. He's soaking wet. The rest of the crew is sitting
 down in a circle, passing around one of Julian's joints.

DOM
 Pass da lambspread, will ya?

BRYAN
 Y'know, my girl might pull up. I
 might needa take the cart back and
 meet her at the shop.

JULIAN
 You're not taking the cart right
 now.

BRYAN
 I might got to, man.

JULIAN

No. That's our cart now. All four of us.

BRYAN

No it ain't. Your cart's down at the bottom of the river thanks to your retarded partner. This here's mine and Dom's shit.

DOM

Damn straight, my bruddha. If Mista Tylah come'a askin' me about'a squeel and dem ting, I'll a bend up and squirrel like a tom-hart foolery.

JULIAN

We need to all go back in the same cart. We wait until the end of the day. We don't say jack to anybody. And, if he notices a cart's missing, it wasn't any of us.

RICHARD

(holding the keys)
I'm taking the cart.

JULIAN

All due respect, shut the fuck up.

RICHARD

I'm going back to Tyler, and I'm telling him what happened.

JULIAN

Why? You're the one who fucked it.

RICHARD

Well, Julian. For one, the job we received was course trim. And, if you haven't noticed, there hasn't been much if any trimming of the course taking place here. Not to mention, when I asked you earlier where hole four was, I think you lied to me there as well. Because I don't think this is hole four.

DOM

Dis da fucking dump, ya bloodclot imbecile!

RICHARD
Thank you, Dom.

DOM
Fuck ya mom!

Bryan approaches Richard. He reaches out, opens his palm.

RICHARD
No.
(to all)
I'm going.

Richard turns, enters the cart, and drives off.

INT. TYLER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Messy and unkept. A game of online poker lights up Tyler's computer screen. Richard and Tyler stand by the door.

RICHARD
Look, Tyler. This may be hard to hear. And, I'm certainly not trying to disrespect you in any way. I can tell you are a very competent man.

TYLER
Thanks?

RICHARD
But, your employees, Tyler. I don't mean to infer that...
(whispering)
I don't mean to infer that you're clueless, but your employees are very sneaky, very tricky people.

TYLER
You don't have to whisper, Richard.

RICHARD
Well, in case they are listening, perhaps.

TYLER
Nobody's listening.

RICHARD
(still whispering)
Right. Well, you told us to start at hole four, and Julian took us to the dump? First of all. Then, they were all sitting, and...

Richard horribly mimes a person smoking marijuana.

TYLER

Richard, it looks like you're giving an imaginary blowjob to the world's skinniest penis.

RICHARD

They were *smoking. Marijuana.* And, I said that we should probably be trimming the course because that's our job, but they wouldn't listen. And, Bryan threatened me. And, Dom did too. I think.

TYLER

Spare me the details. I'll talk to em'.

EXT. GOLF COURSE SHOP - LATER

Richard and Tyler both exit the shop just in time to catch the rest of the crew arriving in a SECOND GOLF-CART. Richard stares, confused. Julian smiles and waves.

TYLER

I thought you said they lost their cart?

RICHARD

They... did.

Tyler looks at Richard, sighs, and rolls his eyes.

TYLER

Julian. Step into my office?

JULIAN

(smiles)

Sure.

The two head back into the shop, but Richard's eyes remain on the cart. A *crooked* front plate reads, **Grounds Maintenance**.

INT. CADDIE SHACK GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Rows of golf-carts, each with a front plate inscribed with the letters, **JCC**. KEVIN (40) stands at a gap in the row, where one is missing. He scratches his head.

KEVIN

Huh...