

OUT OF BOUNDS

A young woman faces challenges while honouring her grandfather's memory
at his favourite golf club.

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FADE IN:

INT - CAR - DAY

A bag of GOLF CLUBS bump around in the back of a moving car - their heads visible and inscribed with the name 'Jimmy Miller'. From the front of the car, we hear:

SARA

I don't want to do this, I don't want to do this, I don't want to do this.

LUISA

I know. But you're doing a lovely thing for Jimmy.

SARA sits in the passenger seat. She's around 20, with short dark hair and eyeliner, wearing a long skirt with a white shirt. LUISA (21, in shorts and a t-shirt) is driving.

SARA

It's just, I can see all their stupid, old, judgemental faces already. I don't even know if they're going to let me in.

LUISA

Sara, my love, they have to let you in. You've got the clubs, and the reservation, and everything. It's going to be fine.

SARA

Yeah. Yeah, you're right. And I'll just hit the ball a few times, drink a bad coffee to grandad's memory, and come right back to the car.

LUISA

Exactly. Where I will whisk you back to the real world.

Sara smiles at Luisa, then cranes her head as the car passes a boarded up roadside cafe.

SARA

Ohhh, it's closed? That's so sad.

LUISA

What's that?

SARA

That little cafe used to do the best doughnuts. They don't let you bring food into the golf club, *obviously*, but Grandad would always stop and get us one each, and then we'd sneak them in and eat them on the green.

(Smiles)

I'd forgotten about that.

INT - CAR PARK - DAY

Sara and Luisa stand outside the car, stretching in the sunshine. Sara is holding the bag of clubs.

LUISA

Sure you don't want me to come with you?

SARA

Yeah, it's fine. I'll be back in an hour. And thank you, again.

She moves as though to kiss Luisa, then looks uncomfortably around and instead smiles, turns and walks towards the Clubhouse.

INT - CLUBHOUSE FOYER - DAY

Sara walks up to the front desk. The RECEPTIONIST (mid 50s) looks up at her, eyebrows raised. He looks expressively over at a sign on the wall which reads 'Dress Code' with a big 'X' across drawings of women in shorts and skirts.

EXT - GOLF CLUB LAWN - DAY

Sara walks out onto the lawn of the golf club and looks around. In place of her long skirt, she is wearing a badly-fitting pair of tan slacks. A group of people (male and female, all richly dressed and 60+) are standing nearby, about to head out for a game. One of them (MARIAN) glances over at her, and stops.

MARIAN

Sara?

SARA

(under her breath)

Oh god.

(normal volume)

Hi Marian.

MARIAN

Gosh, what are you doing here my dear? I was so sorry to hear about Jimmy, truly, we all were.

SARA

Thank you.

There's a moment of awkward silence.

MARIAN

So, what brings you to the Club?

SARA

Oh, um, grandad left me his clubs in his will, and told me to play a round for him. So...

MARIAN

Oh how sweet! I remember when he used to bring you here, you were such a lovely little girl. I'm glad to see you're doing well after all the... unpleasantness.

Sara freezes.

SARA

After all the what, I'm sorry?

MARIAN

Oh don't worry dear, it's all between friends here. But I know your father quite well too of course - such a lovely man. And he was so upset about all of your... problems last year.

SARA

I see. My problems.

MARIAN

But as I said, I'm so glad to see that you're all back to normal now.

There is a silence while Sara stares at Marian, frozen in place.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

Well I really must go and join the party. Enjoy your afternoon, my dear.

Sara nods, and watches Marian as she walks away with her group. She turns abruptly and walks in the other direction.

EXT - GOLF COURSE - DAY

Sara stops at an empty stretch of green, and sits down on the grass, puts her head in her hands.

SARA

(whispers)

God damnit, grandad. Couldn't you have left me something easier?

After a few moments, she slides the golf clubs out of the bag. A NOTE falls out with them. She picks it up and reads:

For my darling Sara. I hope you know how much I treasured our afternoons at the club. I'd be honoured if you'd play a round or two for me now I'm gone - and even happier if you shake up those stuffy old bastards in the club a bit, too. You're perfect as you are, my love, and I am with you always. Grandpa.

She looks at the note for a few moments, and laughs. Then she stands and starts to tee up.

LATER

Sara walks back towards the Clubhouse, smiling to herself. A little way off, she spots Marian and her friends. She pauses for a moment, then walks purposefully towards them.

SARA (CONT'D)

Marian!

Marian turns and gives her a puzzled smile.

SARA (CONT'D)

Hello, I just wanted to let you know that I've had a *wonderful* afternoon.

MARIAN

Oh? ...That's nice.

SARA

Yes, so wonderful I think I might just become a member. We can bring guests, right?

MARIAN

Well, yes.

SARA

Excellent. Then next time, I'll introduce you to Luisa. She's my girlfriend - you know, the source of all that 'unpleasantness'.

MARIAN

Oh. I thought...

SARA

Yes. I know what my father said. But he didn't manage to 'knock it out of me' in the end, and she makes me very happy. I can't wait for you to meet her.

She walks away, leaving Marian looking uncomfortable. After a few steps, she turns back.

SARA (CONT'D)

Oh, and for the record, grandad loved her too.

As she nears the Clubhouse, she catches sight of Luisa waving covertly from a thicket of trees. She's holding a large paper bag. Sara jogs over to her.

SARA (CONT'D)

Luisa! What are you doing here?

LUISA

I wanted to bring you something. And it's weirdly easy to break in...

She opens the bag and offers Sara a doughnut.

LUISA (CONT'D)

They're probably not as good as the ones from the cafe, but I thought...

Sara reaches over and kisses Luisa

SARA

They're perfect.

She takes Luisa's hand and they walk together into a patch of sun, sit down and eat the doughnuts, looking out over the green - Jimmy's clubs resting next to them.

FADE OUT.