

OVER PICTURE : MALAGUEÑA, CONNIE FRANCIS

FADE IN:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

SLOW MOTION:

Bright. A perfect blue sky. Luscious green grass.

A riding lawn mower; blades thump like a helicopter.
Satin white cleats worn by a satin white Man. Manicured
face, luscious grey hair. A perfect blue polo.

Water strikes a golf cart. Another Blue Polo rinsing with
a hose. Prismatic colours shift in the sun's rays.

Two more Polo's rake sand traps.

Pin flags and branded sport caps. The practice green.

A putt. A chip. A cigar is lit.

Champagne is popped. Poured into flutes on a terrace.
Manicured fingers grip the stem; BVLGARI upon the wrist.

Golf tee stabs into earth, ball balanced atop.

Golf gloves hang loosely from loose back pockets. Lined
up in a row on a tee box, watching...

Key fob sails through the air into the hands of a Valet.

Bentleys. G-Wagons. A couple Rolls for good measure.

Hands grip the shaft of a golf club.

A man's mouth grins. Another licks his lips.

The head of a driver is drawn back... Hips pivot, arms
follow, shaft flexes with motion.

Breath held. Hair raises on a neck. Champagne sipped...

A broken tee spins through the air with grass and dirt.

CUT TO:

INT. MYRA'S BMW - DAY

POV. Regular motion. Golf course to the left and right of
the single lane road. An archway ahead.

MYRA (50's) drives. Elegant, postured, 10 and 2. She's not driving slowly and I wouldn't mention it.

TITLE: *BABE IN THE WOODS*

EXT. GOLF COURSE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Black BMW flies under the archway, into a tree circled parking lot. BMW parks among the other luxury vehicles.

Myra exits. Clutch purse, no clubs. She checks her reflection in her tinted windows.

Walks briskly toward a pomp CLUB HOUSE. Heels and a dress. Obviously not here for golf.

INT. CLUB HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Fine-dining on the 18th hole. Seated in a circular high-backed booth is FAYE (70's), old money elegance, postured, Myra's mother. She sips a chardonnay.

And here Myra comes.

FAYE

You're late.

MYRA

When you said brunch, I didn't envision the club.

FAYE

Your father had a tee time.

MYRA

I thought he was joining us?

FAYE

Just you and me, pumpkin.

Faye taps the seat next to her. Myra sits.

MYRA

Your text said family brunch.

FAYE

Is your husband parking the car?

MYRA

Very funny. He's in Stockholm, but you knew that.

FAYE

The food has gotten quite good here since they fired the last Chef.

Faye SNAPS her fingers in the air. A WAITER moves.

MYRA

Mother.

FAYE

Hush.

Waiter retrieves a bottle of Chardonnay from a glacette. Fills a stemmed wine glass.

MYRA

I would prefer an espresso.

Waiter stops. Glances to Faye -- she shakes her head at such a ridiculous request.

Faye slides the glass to Myra.

FAYE

Why aren't you in Stockholm anyway?

MYRA

Philip's only gone the week, and he'll be working the whole time.

FAYE

Sounds ideal.

Grin for one.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Why not take a tour or something interesting, he certainly makes enough for you to do some exploring with.

MYRA

We actually like spending time together.

FAYE

Time for yourself is important too.

Myra goes inward. Sips her Chardonnay.

MYRA

Are you happy, Mum?

FAYE

Why?

MYRA

That's you answer?

FAYE

It's a leading question, pumpkin.

MYRA

Well, how often do you spend time with
your husband?

FAYE

Don't call him that.

MYRA

You're dodging the question.

FAYE

I wonder how fresh the swordfish is...

She looks through her menu -- feels Myra's glare.

FAYE (CONT'D)

Happiness is an idea for children, Myra.
Comfort, stability, these have actual
value. And you have them, what's the
problem?

MYRA

I don't want my marriage to be a
transaction.

FAYE

Every marriage is. It's a contract. The
whole point is to combine assets and
accumulate wealth --

MYRA

-- and to love each other.

FAYE

Sure. And love ask for nothing in return,
is that it?

MYRA

If Phillip and I were broke tomorrow,
we'd still love each other. Probably more
so, we'd actually see each other.

FAYE

Maybe you would, and that is a big maybe.

MYRA

That is incredibly mean.

FAYE

It's honest, dear. You've never experienced a life like that.

MYRA

What, happy?

FAYE

Poor. Your husband had an entire life before you, do you think love was the only thing on his mind when you met?

MYRA

Why are you like this? Can't you just be supportive for once?

FAYE

What would you like from me, pumpkin? Tell me.

MYRA

Motherly affection, maybe. I'd even take advice.

FAYE

Here I thought that love asks for nothing in return.

The Waiter comes.

WAITER

Can I get you started with anything?

FAYE

I don't think she's looked yet.

MYRA

Actually, I'm not hungry after all, I think I'll just go.

FAYE

You wanted the conversation.

MYRA

And it's put me off.

Myra GULPS her wine, leaves. The Waiter stands awkward.

FAYE

What side does the swordfish come with?

To be content with little is hard;
to be content with much, impossible.

- Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach