

INT. MCSHAG'S PINNACLE - OFFICE - DAY

Mrs. McShag pours over a yellowed paper that accordions into a thick stack. Phoebe and Micah appear in the doorway.

PHOEBE

Is that the deed? Need a hand?

MRS. MCSHAG

I can't understand a word of this.

She slides the deed to them. It doubles in length as Phoebe unfolds it.

Through the window, Hugh stands next to the golf bag. He places a ball and tee in the ground and lines up his shot.

MR. MCSHAG

(very far away)

Fore!

WHINK! He swings and the ball flies away.

PHOEBE

...Wait, here it is! Mineral rights. Says there's a lien? It looks like someone else owns them.

Mr. McShag places another ball and sets his stance.

MICAH

Just says the sale didn't affect the lien that was already there.

Mr. McShag swings again- A miss! He twists into the golf bag! Clubs spill everywhere. He lies sprawled on the ground.

MRS. MCSHAG

Do we have to track these people down? There's no time. Can't you just dig it up?

Mr. McShag tries to stand, but clutches his back and falls again. He writhes in pain. No one notices.

PHOEBE

It'll take at least a couple weeks to wrap the skull in plas-

MRS. MCSHAG

No, no, we're going to fall behind!

Mrs. McShag waves her hand over the wall of calendars. Out the window, we can see Hugh trying to crawl over the sod.

MRS. MCSHAG

Do you see all this? On opening day, people will be lining up here to pay \$250,000 a head.

Micah nods. Hugh pulls at his pocket.

MICAH

Don't you worry, ma'am, we'll have her out in a jiffy.

MRS. MCSHAG

Excellent. Oh, this is so exciting. We're having a party tomorrow night to celebrate the ground-breaking. You'll have to invite your-

Mrs. McShag's HANDBAG RINGS. She pulls out her cell phone.

MRS. MCSHAG

Hello, dear.

MR. MCSHAG (V.O.)

Help. Help me... Please...

She gasps when she sees him splayed across the grass.

INT. MCSHAG'S PINNACLE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hugh winces as Phoebe and Micah guide him to a plushy leather couch. His wife pulls off his shoes as he lies on his back.

MRS. MCSHAG

Lie still. I'll get you a hot pack.

She turns to leave, but he grabs her arm.

MR. MCSHAG

Deirdre... it's getting worse. I... I may never golf again... The sponsors! Think of the sponsors!

She hurries out of the room. Her husband writhes on the couch. Micah kneels at his feet and mumbles a prayer.

Phoebe stands nearby, useless, for a long, long beat.

PHOEBE

Can I get you something?

MR. MCSHAG

Kill... me...

Mrs. McShag finally returns with a gel pack on a platter and a cup of water. She shoves the pack under his back. He sighs with relief. She hands him the cup and drops several small tablets into his hand.

MRS. MCSHAG

Here's your pills.

He downs the pills and sinks into a stupor. Phoebe edges toward the door.