

# **ISLEWORTH**

by

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**INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT - 1985**

Two identical twin sisters, ELIN and JOSEFIN NORDEGREN (5), sit on a shag carpet, watching *Sleeping Beauty* on TV, dubbed in Swedish. The twins speak Swedish with English subtitles.

ELIN

*When I grow up, I'm going to be a princess like Aurora.*

JOSEFIN

*You can't be a princess. Daddy's not a king. He's a...  
(fumbles for the word)  
...piece of shit.*

Elin looks up at the sound of ARGUING in the kitchen. She SNAPS a red hair tie against her wrist. A coping mechanism.

ELIN

*I'll marry a prince like Cinderella, then. Live happily ever.*

JOSEFIN

*What prince would want to marry you? You're stupid. And this movie stinks. Let's watch that show about those weird Americans.*

Josefin flips the TV dial to a subtitled re-run of the American reality show, *That's Incredible*. Plates CRASH to the floor in the kitchen. Elin SNAPS her hair tie. HARD.

ELIN

*I'll marry a prince one day. You'll see.*

The twins' mother, BARBRO (34), bursts into the room. Her eyes are red from crying. She picks up a suitcase.

BARBRO

*Come on, ladies. Time to go.*

ELIN

*I don't want to.*

BARBRO

*I don't either, Elin. Please don't make this harder than it is. We have to go.*

ELIN

*Why?*

BARBRO

*You'll understand when you're older.*

Their father, THOMAS (34), enters. He's a blubbering mess.

THOMAS

*Please. Just one more chance. It  
won't happen again. Barbro, wait...*

But it's too late. Barbro is already dragging the twins out the front door. Elin kicks and screams.

ELIN

*Mommy, no!*

Thomas hurries after them. Instead of going with him, we REMAIN here, zeroing in on the...

**TV**

...where *That's Incredible* still plays. A young TIGER WOODS (5) sits on the lap of host FRAN TARKENTON (40), looking dazed by the bright lights and live audience (real footage).

FRAN TARKENTON (TV)

This is Eldrick "Tiger" Woods. And Eldrick is an accomplished golfer. He wins tournaments on a regular basis, and has shot close to par on an eighteen hole course. Incredibly, Tiger here is only five years old.

They cut to a clip of Tiger CRUSHING a ball down a fairway.

FRAN TARKENTON (TV, V.O.)

Tiger has the kind of poise and confidence that would be the envy of most golfers ten times his age.

They cut to an interview with his parents, EARL (48) and KULTIDA WOODS (36), in front of a trophy case. Kultida is a stoic Thai immigrant of few words; Earl, a blowhard Army Colonel, does more than enough talking for the both of them.

EARL WOODS (TV)

When he wants to hit something, he hits it where he wants to hit it and how he wants to hit it.

As Earl lets that sink in, we...

CUT TO:

**A FOUND FOOTAGE MONTAGE**

...charting Tiger's rise to global superstardom. We see:

--HIGHLIGHTS from his six Junior World Championships: booming drives, clutch putts, celebratory fist pumps.

--APPEARANCES on *The Today Show*, *Good Morning America*, *SportsCenter* -- always with Earl by his side...

--HIGHLIGHTS of Tiger taking the PGA by storm: perfect shots, fist pumps, trophy ceremonies, hugging Earl after winning his first Masters at just 21 years old...

--TV COMMERCIALS: Tiger juggling a ball on a club for NIKE, walking Jesus-like on water for EA Sports, endorsing GATORADE and BUICK and ACCENTURE and AMEX...

--Concluding with a final HIGHLIGHT: Tiger sticking an iron on the manicured eighteenth green of...

**EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - DAY - 2002**

Home of the Masters. Tiger marches up the fairway in his Sunday red, the GALLERY at full roar. He's in the heart of his prime. The sun hits him just right. He looks immortal.

**EXT. GALLERY - CONT.**

ELIN, now 22, cheers him on behind the ropes. She's grown into a beautiful young woman since we saw her last, with a sporty girl-next-door vibe that makes her easy to root for.

ELIN

Go Tiger! Woooo! You got this--

GROUPIE (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Elin is SHOVED aside by a harem of GROUPIES. They squeeze their silicon-enhanced, spray-tanned bodies to the front.

FAKE TITS

Hey, Tiger!

BOTTLE BLONDE

God, he's gorgeous. So intense.

BAD SPRAY TAN

Hey, where's his playing partner, Goosen, on the money list?

The groupies check a list. Behind them, Elin quietly stews.

**EXT. EIGHTEENTH GREEN - DAY**

Tiger addresses his ball in reverent silence. If he feels the weight of the world's gaze, he doesn't show it. He's a finisher. A murderer. A stone-cold winner to the bone.

As he begins his backstroke -- *BRRRING!* A cell phone goes off in the gallery.

Tiger stills himself. He steps back from the ball.

His caddie, STEVE WILLIAMS (39), turns and glares into the crowd, growling in his Kiwi accent.

STEVE WILLIAMS  
Quiet, please.

**EXT. GALLERY - CONT.**

A groupie silences her bedazzled phone. Behind her, Elin curses under her breath. She looks out at Tiger, worried.

**EXT. EIGHTEENTH GREEN - CONT.**

There's no cause for concern. Tiger steps back up to the ball, his famous nerves of steel on display.

Tiger strokes the putt. It dies on the lip of the hole.

The gallery GROANS.

Tiger is unfazed. He stares the ball down, demanding its submission.

KL-KLICK. It falls into the hole. Just like that.

The gallery GOES NUTS.

Tiger unleashes his trademark uppercut fist-pump. He high-fives Steve and his AGENT (whom we'll meet shortly).

Tiger hugs Kultida, now 58. Earl is nowhere to be seen.

Tiger ventures into the gallery, searching for someone.

**EXT. GALLERY - CONT.**

The unwashed masses grope him, copping a feel of greatness. He rebuffs the groupies. Ignores young AUTOGRAPH SEEKERS. Shoulders past hysterical GOLF DADS. And finally locates...

ELIN

...who, for your information, has been low-key dating Tiger since the Buick Invitational.

ELIN  
You did it!

TIGER  
We've got to get you a red polo.

Tiger kisses Elin. She swoons. The groupies stare enviously. Elin feels all the eyes on her.

ELIN  
Everyone is looking at us.

TIGER  
Welcome to my world.

Tiger kisses her again, like he means it. Elin melts in his powerful arms, cameras flashing all around them.

It would seem she's found her prince.

**INT. TIGER'S PRIVATE JET - CABIN - NIGHT**

POP! Golf superagent, MARK STEINBERG (34), uncorks a bottle of Cristal. He raises it to TEAM TIGER: sponsors, handlers, coaches, bodyguards, lawyers, Steve Williams, Kultida, etc.

MARK STEINBERG  
To Tiger effin' Woods, the best damn client, spokesman, boss, son, friend -- dare I say boyfriend? And golfer in the universe!

STEVE WILLIAMS  
Seven majors down, eleven to go!

A GOATEED MAN chimes in. His Masters VIP pass and swoosh-covered outfit indicate he's Nike founder PHIL KNIGHT (64).

PHIL KNIGHT  
Watch out, Jack!

Team Tiger clinks and drinks. We make our way through the revelers to the back of the cabin...

...finding our couple sharing a private moment and a bottle of champagne. Elin gazes into Tiger's big brown eyes.

ELIN  
How do you do it?

TIGER  
How do I do what?

ELIN  
Make a putt with the entire planet watching.

TIGER  
I just do it. That's why they pay me the big bucks.

Tiger nods in the direction of Phil Knight. Elin laughs.

ELIN  
Easy as that?

TIGER  
I mean, first you have to read the green and practice everyday for twenty years. But yeah. When you're out there, it all comes down to...  
(taps his temple)  
...what's up here. You shut the little voices up, and do it. Easy as that.

Tiger hands Elin the bottle. She demurs.

ELIN  
I shouldn't. I have class tomorrow.

TIGER  
Skip it. Come and spend the night at my new place in Isleworth. Let's have a little fun.

ELIN  
I wish I could. I really do. I have a test.

TIGER  
A test? Come on. If my old man can check himself out of the hospital and fly across the country, surely you can miss a test. I won the Masters.

Tiger smiles his perfect smile. Elin doesn't stand a chance.

ELIN  
I mean, it would be cool to meet your dad...

TIGER  
He's been dying to meet you, too.

**INT. ISLEWORTH COUNTRY CLUB - RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

EARL WOODS, now 70, checks out Elin's toned body over the rim of his vodka gimlet. The years haven't been as kind to him. He's bald, obese, and on the mend from bypass surgery.

EARL WOODS

Tiger showed me some of your modeling shots. You're very photogenic.

Kultida rolls her eyes. Elin blushes.

ELIN

It's just a part-time job to pay for school.

TIGER

Elin is studying psychology at Rollins, dad. She wants to work with kids.

EARL WOODS

You don't say. I used to work in the psychology field myself.

ELIN

Doing what?

EARL WOODS

Interrogations mostly. Psychological warfare and the like.

Elin sips her wine uncomfortably. Tiger swells with pride.

TIGER

Pop was a Green Beret in 'Nam. You have to hear some of his stories.

EARL WOODS

I'm afraid they aren't appropriate for dinner, save the one where I use all my Jedi mind tricks to pick up this hot young mama-san in Bangkok.

Earl drapes an arm around Kultida. She remains as stiff as a statue. Elin leans in, a sucker for romance.

ELIN

Was it love at first sight?

EARL WOODS

I laid eyes on her, and everything was history.

KULTIDA  
Including his first wife back in the  
States. He forgot to mention her.

Elin isn't sure she's heard right.

ELIN  
I'm sorry. What?

Before Kultida can explain, a starstruck golf dad, JIM  
CORMIER (38), taps Tiger on the shoulder.

JIM  
I'm so sorry. I don't mean to  
interrupt, but we heard you just  
moved in down on Deacon Circle. We  
live up the street. I'm Jim.

His golf skort-clad wife, JEN (35), and tween daughter,  
HAILEE (12), join him. Both preen, twirling their hair.

JAN  
Jan.

HAILEE  
Hailee.

TIGER  
Nice to meet you guys. I'm Tiger.

Elin sips her wine. Jim honks out a laugh.

JIM  
We know. Hey, this is rude, but could  
we maybe get a picture with you,  
neighbor? It'd mean everything.

Tiger defers to Earl. The old man sighs.

EARL WOODS  
Be discreet.

JIM  
You got it, Mr. Woods. You've raised  
a fine young man here, by the way.

Jim raises his camera, snapping a solo pic of Tiger. Elin is  
weirded out. Jim beckons over another GOLF DAD.

JIM (cont'd)  
Hey, Jerry, would you mind taking our  
picture?

GOLF DAD

Holy crap. It's Tiger Woods. Hey, can we get a picture too?

A THIRD GOLF DAD notices, nudging his own DAD.

THIRD GOLF DAD

Well, I'll be damned. Look who it is.

A whisper of excitement spreads through the restaurant. Earl sighs again. He struggles to his feet, addressing everyone.

EARL WOODS

I'll tell you what. Who wants a photo with the "Chosen One"? Just form a line right here and give your cameras to my wife. Let's get this over with.

Half the place rises, flocking to Tiger. Kultida assumes camera duty, leaving Elin alone with Earl at the table. Earl lights a menthol cigarette, watching Tiger pose with Hailee.

EARL WOODS (cont'd)

We had a saying back in PsyOps: "The more you hide, the more they seek." It's best to give them what they want -- but on your terms.

Elin smiles and nods. Earl takes a pensive drag.

EARL WOODS (cont'd)

Say, how do you feel about prenups?

Elin chokes on her wine.

**EXT. SANDY LANE RESORT - WEDDING GAZEBO - SUNSET**

Elin cries tears of joy on the altar.

ELIN

I do.

The PASTOR turns to Tiger. It's a fairytale wedding. The golfer's yacht floats on the crystal Caribbean in the b.g.

PASTOR

And do you, Eldrick Woods, take Elin Nordegren as your lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold, in good times and in bad, for richer or poorer, keeping yourself solely unto her for as long as you shall live?

Tiger keeps Elin in suspense for a moment.

TIGER  
Damn right I do.

PASTOR  
By the power vested in me, I now  
pronounce you man and wife.

Bride and groom kiss. The GUESTS cheer. Among them are Earl, Kultida, Elin's sister JOSEFIN...

...plus famous faces: DEREK JETER, MICHAEL JORDAN, CHARLES BARKLEY, OPRAH, and DONALD TRUMP.

A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a picture of the newlyweds. We FREEZE on them. They look so young and happy.

DISSOLVE TO...

**INT. TIGER'S HOUSE - REC ROOM - NIGHT**

...a blow-up of the photo. PULL BACK to reveal it squeezed in on a crowded shelf in Tiger's obscenely big trophy case.

SUPER: "SEVEN YEARS LATER"

Elin and Tiger's kids, SAM (3, girl) and CHARLIE (9 months, boy), sit on a leather sofa, playing with a makeup kit.

Sam hands a wet brush to Elin, who's putting on eyeshadow. She's still stunning, but the bloom is off the rose a bit.

ELIN  
Take it easy with the eyeshadow. We  
don't want Momma looking like a...  
("hussy" in Swedish)  
...slampa.

SAM  
What's a *slampa*?

ELIN  
A girl who wears too much eyeshadow.  
The trick is less is more. Just  
enough to pop the eyes and hide the  
wrinkles.

SAM  
Hide from who?

Elin isn't sure how to answer that. She's saved by the triumphant entrance of Steinberg. He's holding a new trophy.

STEINBERG

Ladies and gentleman, boys and girls,  
please give it up for this year's  
winner of the Australian Masters...  
your dad!

There's no sign of Tiger. Then, he hobbles in with an ice pack on his back. At age 34, he's creeping past his prime.

TIGER

We don't celebrate the Australian  
Masters, Steiny. I'm supposed to win.

SAM

Daddy!

Sam rushes at Tiger, squealing with delight. Elin winces.

ELIN

Careful.

TIGER

It's just pain. Give Daddy a kiss to  
make it better.

Tiger picks up Sam, grimacing. She pecks him on the lips. Elin's heart melts. She gets up to do the same.

ELIN

Welcome home.

The instant their lips come apart, Tiger's phone RINGS in his pocket. He silences it. Elin notices.

ELIN (cont'd)

Who is it?

TIGER

Who cares? Probably just business.

ELIN

What if it's important?

TIGER

They'll call back.

Tiger tickles Charlie.

TIGER (cont'd)

Hey there, little man. Did you behave  
while I was gone?

ELIN

He missed you. All of us did. Did you miss us, too?

Before Tiger can respond, his phone RINGS again. Elin waits for him to get it. He checks the caller. Looks at Steinberg.

TIGER

It's Ray at Gatorade again. I bet he wants me to do re-shoots.

Steinberg tries to find room for the trophy in the case, but it's packed. He takes the wedding photo down to make space.

STEINBERG

Let me handle him. You crushed that stupid ad.

(to Elin)

I'm telling you, he can make anything convincing.

ELIN

(to Tiger)

Did you miss us?

Tiger gets in character.

TIGER

Like my muscles miss electrolytes.

(beams at her)

What's for dinner?

#### **INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Tiger pats his washboard stomach, topping off dinner with a cocktail of supplements, painkillers, and sleeping aids.

TIGER

That gravlax really hit the spot. Nutritious and delicious. You're too good to me.

Elin rubs stretch mark cream on her belly, eyeing Tiger in the mirror as he dry-swallows some Ambien.

ELIN

I like to make you happy. Though it looks like you don't really need my help. Don't make you hallucinate?

TIGER

They also make me fall asleep. I haven't had eight hours in forever.

ELIN

I thought maybe we could stay up for a while... if you wanted.

Elin makes eyes at Tiger. He glances at her stretch marks.

TIGER

Wish I could. I really do. I have to fly out to Trump National at six.

ELIN

You just got home.

TIGER

(shrugs)

The Donald wants to play a little golf. For what it's worth, he says he'll give to my foundation. Could be huge for our new learning center.

ELIN

Sweet.

Elin feigns excitement. Tiger detects something is off.

TIGER

I'll tell you what. I'll come back early on Thanksgiving, and then block off the whole weekend. Maybe we can take the kids out on the yacht.

ELIN

That sounds perfect. I can't wait.

Elin turns back to the mirror with an agreeable smile. She lets her hair down. Slips a RED HAIR TIE onto her wrist.

**INT. ALBERTSONS GROCERY - DAY**

A happy Woods women outing to the supermarket. Elin pushes Charlie in a cart. Kultida struts beside her in designer sunglasses. Sam brings up the rear, skipping merrily along.

Elin steps up to the meat counter.

ELIN

Hello. I ordered a turkey.

A scary female BUTCHER (mid-40s) with a neck tattoo stares back at Elin, trying to place her.

ELIN (cont'd)

Am I not in the right place?

The butcher's face softens unexpectedly.

BUTCHER  
I'll getcha turkey for ya, sweetie.  
Be right up. Just wait right here.

The butcher signals to her CLERK.

BUTCHER (cont'd)  
Yo, hook up Mrs. Woods here with some  
giblet gravy. On the house.

ELIN  
Oh. Wow. Thank you.

Elin grins at Kultida.

ELIN (cont'd)  
It must be my lucky day.

As if on cue, Sam toddles up holding a supermarket tabloid.

SAM  
Look, it's Daddy!

Elin's grin collapses. It's the *National Enquirer*. The banner headline blares "TIGER WOODS CHEATING SCANDAL" next to a nondescript close-up of his face.

Kultida grabs it away from Sam.

KULTIDA  
Stupid gossip rag. Ignore it. People  
love to tear down heroes.

ELIN  
May I have it?

A lump rises in Elin's throat. Kultida clocks it, refusing.

KULTIDA  
Hold your head up. We don't let them  
see us weak.

Elin looks up. Several SHOPPERS by a tabloid rack are gawking. Elin swallows the lump.

**INT. CHECKOUT LINE - SAME**

The neighbors, Jim and Jen Cormier, sneer down their noses at the spread in the *Enquirer*. It features a photo of a plastic-looking woman in a nightclub. Jim scoffs, dubious.

JIM  
It's the *National Enquirer*. Who's he  
sleeping with? The Octomom?

JEN  
Some "party girl" named "Rachel Uchi-  
something" who he met through "Derek  
Jeter." This according her "friend."

Their daughter, Hailee, stares at something behind them.

HAILEE  
Hey, guys.

JIM  
He oughta sue 'em. They don't have a  
shred of proof.

HAILEE  
Guys. GUYS.

The Woods women get in line. Jen and Jim hide the tabloid.

JEN  
Howdy, Elin.

JIM  
Happy Turkey Day.

Elin twists her mouth into a smile, keeping up appearances.

ELIN  
You too.

**INT. TIGER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

A Thanksgiving feast fit for a king. Tiger holds court with Sam in his lap, Elin sitting at the far end with Charlie. Between them are Kultida, Steinberg, Phil Knight, and the two men's WIVES. Everyone eats in stilted silence, until...

STEINBERG  
This casserole's the bomb.  
(re: Elin, with awe)  
How does she do it?

WIVES/PHIL KNIGHT  
Ugh, I know, right?/It's amazing.  
You're a superstar.

Elin refills her wine glass, watching Tiger gnaw at a turkey leg with his hands. He seems perfectly at ease, sucking juice off his thumb. Tiger taps his beer mug for attention.

TIGER

I'd like to say a little something.

Eyebrows go up, cutlery goes down. Tiger rises, digging out some talking points written down on Nike-branded stationery.

TIGER (cont'd)

First of all, to our guests, thanks for coming down to Isleworth. You guys know you're like family to us here. I mean, Steiny, my consigliere, you and all the fellas at the agency have had my back since I was using training clubs.

STEINBERG

And we'll have it 'til you're using a walker -- as long as you're still winning.

A smattering of laughter. Tiger turns to Phil Knight.

TIGER

And, Mr. Knight -- who am I kidding? Uncle Phil. Nike saw something in me before any other sponsor.

KULTIDA

Giant dollar signs.

More laughter. Elin abstains. Tiger motions for quiet.

TIGER

Thanks, ma. Now, I think I'd be remiss not to address the, how to term it... "invisible elephant."

(then)

And by that, of course, I mean the massive absence of my father. I won't lie, it's been a tough few years without him. Miss you, Pops.

Everyone drinks in Earl's memory -- save for the notable exception of Kultida, who just lifts her wine halfheartedly.

TIGER (cont'd)

That said, I think his legacy lives on in my foundation and his scholar program. And today, I got some awesome news about a project of ours, which, and this may come as a surprise, I'd like to dedicate to someone in this room.

(MORE)

TIGER (cont'd)

A person who, like our scholars,  
didn't come from much, but has always  
made the most of what she's given.

(pauses for effect)

Ladies and gentlemen, next spring,  
the Tiger Woods Foundation will be  
breaking ground on the Elin Woods  
Learning Center of Greater Orlando.

Elin is stunned. The applause of the dinner guests seems  
canned, like they were in on the surprise.

WIVES

Wow!/What an honor.

STEINBERG

You deserve it.

PHIL KNIGHT

Nike'd love to help out any way we  
can. Just let us know.

Elin struggles to find the words.

ELIN

I'm sorry. I'm just... speechless.  
Are you sure you want to name it  
after me? I didn't ask for that.

TIGER

You didn't have to, Elin. When it  
comes to my foundation and my life,  
there's no one else I'd rather share  
it with.

WIVES

Awww.

TIGER

Without family, you have absolutely  
nothing. Happy Thanksgiving, my love.

Tiger smiles that perfects smile. Everybody lifts their  
drinks to Elin.

She hides behind her wine glass, knocking it back.

**INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Tiger downs his nightly cocktail of pills. Elin pads in,  
working on another glass of wine. She sounds tipsy.

ELIN

Well, that was certainly unexpected. Growing up, we only gave each other buildings on our birthdays.

Tiger isn't sure if he's supposed to laugh.

TIGER

Just be happy that you didn't get a golf club. Every year...

He shakes his fist at the heavens. Elin chuckles, putting him at ease. He applies Rogaine to his receding hairline.

TIGER (cont'd)

Hey, thanks for being cool about this tabloid stuff. It'll all blow over.

ELIN

Oh, of course. I mean, we trust each other, right? If it were true, I know you'd tell me.

TIGER

It's not true.

ELIN

I didn't say it was. And even if it were, we'd work it out. Together. How bad could it be?

Tiger flickers with guilt. He snuffs it out.

TIGER

Let's just put this shit behind us. Come to bed.

Tiger kisses Elin on the lips. He shuffles off into the...

**MASTER BEDROOM - CONT.**

Tiger plugs his phone into a charger. Elin emerges from the bathroom. She sips her wine for courage.

ELIN

It is funny, though.

TIGER

What's funny?

ELIN

How this Rachel woman Derek used to date in New York City...

TIGER  
"Date" is strong.

ELIN  
...just so happened to be staying at  
the same hotel as you...

TIGER  
I didn't see her.

ELIN  
...on the very same floor...

TIGER  
Big floors.

ELIN  
...in Australia...

TIGER  
Small world.

ELIN  
...after her own friend had tipped  
off the *Enquirer* that you had flown  
down there. Isn't that funny?

TIGER  
I'm not sure if that's the word I'd  
use, but...

ELIN  
What word would you use?

TIGER  
Defamation. Plain and simple. Rachel  
called me to explain.

Tiger holds up his phone. Elin's stomach drops.

ELIN  
You two are talking?

TIGER  
She just wanted to apologize. Turns  
out this so-called "friend" of hers  
is some, like, two-bit junkie. Guess  
she somehow found out we were staying  
at the same hotel -- by coincidence,  
and made some story up that she could  
sell for her next fix. Can you  
believe that?

Elin studies Tiger. If he's lying, he's fantastic at it.

ELIN

No.

TIGER

Me neither. God, some people have no shame. Now come to bed.

Tiger pats the bed invitingly, letting out a yawn. Elin glances at the pills in the bathroom. Then at his phone.

ELIN

Don't wait up. I need to catch up on some texts.

**EXT. TIGER'S HOUSE - GUESTHOUSE - NIGHT**

Elin drops the kids off with Kultida at a guesthouse that would likely dwarf your real house.

ELIN

Thanks for taking them tonight.

KULTIDA

Is this because of that fake story?

ELIN

No, it's nothing. Really. We just need some time to ourselves.

Kultida doesn't buy it.

KULTIDA

Let this go.

ELIN

I'm sorry, what?

KULTIDA

Let this go. It isn't true. And even if it were, would you want to know?

Elin opens her mouth, then stops. She isn't sure. Kultida gazes out at moonlit Isleworth Lake behind the house.

KULTIDA (cont'd)

There's a saying back where I come from: "The lily doesn't argue with the lake." You have a good life here. Why risk it? Let this go.

Kultida whisks the kids into the guesthouse.

KUTILDA

Come on, babies. Who's excited for a  
sleepover with Grandma? It'll be fun.

They disappear inside. Elin starts back for the main house,  
Kultida's words ringing in her ears. *Let this go.*

But she can't. Elin curses under her breath. She reaches  
into her pocket...

...and pulls out Tiger's phone. Elin scrolls through his  
contacts. Stops at "Rachel Uchitel."

Elin types a text: "I miss you." She hits send before she  
can second-guess herself.

It's done. Elin draws a shaky breath. She shuts her eyes,  
awaiting a response. It's unbearable.

Elin SNAPS the red hair tie on her wrist. SNAPS it again.

The phone CHIRPS. "1 New Message from Rachel Uchitel."

Elin stares, paralyzed. She braces herself. Opens it.

Her jaw drops.

**INT. TIGER'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Tiger snores in bed. All else is silent. Then, a SMOKER'S  
COUGH rattles through the room, followed by a RASPY VOICE.

RASPY VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Tiger. Tiger, look.

A hand emerges from the shadows, holding Tiger's phone. His  
eyes peel open. He finds himself lying face-to-face with...

...his father, Earl. Well, the husk of him. The old man is  
dying in a hospital bed. He reads a text on Tiger's phone.

EARL WOODS

You got a message from that biddy.  
Says she's waiting for you.

TIGER

Dad?

EARL WOODS

You'd better double-time it, Tiger.

TIGER

Huh?

Earl GRABS Tiger.

EARL WOODS

RUN.

CUT TO:

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Tiger's eyes snap open. Earl is gone. It was all just a nightmare. Or maybe a hallucination.

Or maybe not. A hand JUMPS out of the shadows and grabs Tiger, shaking him awake.

ELIN

Tiger, wake up! Hey, I said wake up!

It's Elin. She's holding his phone. He slurs, stupefied.

TIGER

Huh?

ELIN

I texted Rachel from your phone. She says she misses you.

TIGER

You wha'?

Tiger's phone CHIRPS. Elin reads a new text.

ELIN

Oh, wait. There's more. She says she misses you inside her. And, how nice, she sent a picture of her anus.

Elin holds up the phone. Tiger squints at it, cockeyed.

ELIN (cont'd)

Here, take a closer look.

Elin chucks it, PLUNKING Tiger in the lip. Drawing blood.

TIGER

Ow!

ELIN

Are there others?

TIGER

Wait. Go back. You took my phone?

ELIN  
Who's Jaimee?

TIGER  
Wha'?

ELIN  
She's all over your call log. Who.  
Is. Jamie?

Tiger gives a slow, bovine blink.

TIGER  
(like the boys name)  
You mean Jaime? Did I spell it wrong?  
He's Steiny's new assistant.

ELIN  
Let me call him.

TIGER  
It's the middle-a the night.

ELIN  
Hey, where are you going?

Tiger stumbles into the bathroom, phone in hand.

TIGER  
Gonna take a quick cold shower. Then  
we'll get right to the bottom of  
this, K? Prolly jus' a stupid prank.

He drags the door shut behind him. Elin watches the lock  
TURN. She's incredulous.

**INT. MASTER BATHROOM - CONT.**

Tiger makes a phone call.

TIGER  
C'mon, c'mon, pick up, pick up. Shit.

He leaves a panicked voicemail.

TIGER (cont'd)  
Hey, it's, uh, it's Tiger. I need you  
to do me a huge favor...

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONT.**

Elin paces, SNAPPING her hair tie. HARD. Repressed anger  
rising to the surface.

ELIN  
Open up! I'm not playing around!

**INT. MASTER BATHROOM - CONT.**

Tiger steadies himself on the bathtub, ending his message.

TIGER  
You gotta do this for me. Huge.  
Quickly. Bye.

He hangs up. Begins pecking out a text, one-eyeing the screen. The floor spins. He's high out of his mind.

BANG! The door explodes open. Elin staggers in, glaring.

ELIN  
Give me your phone.

**INT. GUESTHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Kultida's phone BEEPS on the nightstand. She yawns awake, reaching over the sleeping kids for it.

Her brow knits in confusion. It's a text from Tiger -- "HELP" -- followed by a bunch of random characters.

**INT. TIGER'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME**

Tiger and Elin grapple for the phone, mashing random keys.

TIGER  
You're gonna break my pinkie. I'd be out for weeks.

ELIN  
Good!

Tiger gasps, shocked and appalled.

TIGER  
How can you say that?!

Tiger RIPS his phone away. It flies from his grip. Bounces across the room. Thuds into a golf bag.

Tiger and Elin trade a look. They both TAKE OFF.

Elin gets there first, reaching for the phone as --

OOF! Tiger inadvertently collides with her.

Elin spills headlong into the golf bag. Clubs CLATTER out.

Tiger is mortified.

TIGER (cont'd)  
Holy shit. E, are you OK?

Elin's nose drips blood onto the white silk rug. She stares at Tiger in disbelief.

ELIN  
Are you seriously texting right now?

Indeed he is.

TIGER  
No.

ELIN  
Give me the phone.

Elin's hand finds its way to a swoosh-emblazoned NINE-IRON. She pulls herself to her feet. Tiger backs away.

TIGER  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. What's with the iron?

ELIN  
GIVE ME THE PHONE!

Tiger escapes into the hallway. Elin follows with the club.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT**

Kultida scuttles through the house, hearing a commotion in the foyer. She rounds a corner, coming face-to-face with...

...a framed poster of Tiger. He stands on water, chipping a ball off a lily pad. It's a (real) print ad for EA Sports.

ELIN (O.S.)  
I trusted you. We all did!

Tiger stumbles by as -- SMASH! Elin takes the club to the poster. Tiger pleads.

TIGER  
Not my artwork. Please. You're ruining it.

ELIN  
Screw your stupid artwork. You've ruined my life!

Kultida hurls herself in front of Tiger, barking at Elin.

KULTIDA  
 Woman, what the hell's the matter  
 with you? Tiger's given you  
 everything!

ELIN  
 We both know that's not true. For  
 God's sake, he won't even let me have  
 his phone.

Tiger hold his phone like a walkie-talkie.

TIGER  
 She's goin' ghetto on me, Steiny.

Elin lunges for it, falling to the floor. Kultida pins her.

KULTIDA  
 Tiger, run!

Tiger grabs his keys and flees out the front door.

**EXT. TIGER'S HOUSE - CONT.**

Tiger zags down the driveway, slurring into his phone.

TIGER  
 You gotta handle Rachel for me, man.  
 Just keep her quiet. Find her price.  
 I don' care what it is.

He clambers into a...

**INT. BLACK ESCALADE - CONT.**

Tiger locks the doors. He brings his phone to his mouth.

TIGER  
 OK, I'm secure. She can't get in  
 here.

He rubs his eyes, the pills taking hold again.

TIGER (cont'd)  
 One more thing. We need a Jaime. Any  
 Jaime.

CRUNCH! A back side window buckles from an impact. Tiger yelps, his eyes shooting to the side-view mirror.

In it, Elin winds up the nine iron to take another swing.

**INT. CORMIER HOUSE - HAILEE'S BEDROOM - SAME**

The SHATTERING of the window jars Hailee awake.

She hears the engine REV. The tires SQUEAL. The car JUMP a curb, CLANG over a fire hydrant...

...and CRASH into a tree outside her house.

Hailee rushes to her window. She sees Elin running toward the wreckage. Kultida chases her, screaming bloody murder.

KULTIDA

What happened?!

Off Hailee gaping at the scene --

SMASH TO:

**TWO NEWS HELICOPTERS**

...racing up Isleworth Golf Course at dawn. Angry GOLFERS shake their clubs at them. We HEAR the voice of a reporter.

WFTV REPORTER (V.O.)

Thanksgiving weekend in the country club community of Isleworth is off to quite the unexpected start...

The choppers bank over Tiger's mansion. It's total mayhem. News trucks line the curb, cameras swarming everywhere.

**EXT. DEACON CIRCLE - CONT.**

The REPORTER and his CREW shoot live.

WFTV REPORTER

...as details of a single vehicle accident involving Tiger Woods--

A black van SCREECHES up. The door flings open, revealing a PAPARAZZO shoving cash at his flustered ASSISTANT.

PAPARAZZO

There's a lake behind his property. Go find a boat for hire.

INTERN

Isn't this a little much?

PAPARAZZO

TMZ put out a million dollar bounty for a shot of him. Just go!

The paparazzo jumps out with his camera. The van peels off, swerving around another REPORTER.

WOFL REPORTER

His team is claiming Elin used the club to free him from the wreckage.

A CAMERAMAN scales a palm tree.

CAMERA MAN

I can see into his window! Cut to me!

A FLORIDA HIGHWAY PATROL CAR pulls up, blooping its siren.

COP (OVER SPEAKER)

Sir, get down from that tree.

A third REPORTER barrels by, not looking where he's going.

WKCF REPORTER

His alleged mistress, Rachel Uchitel, vehemently denies the allegations--

He bumps into Hailee. She's gaping up at the choppers. As the ROAR of their rotors drowns out everything...

CUT TO:

**INT. TIGER'S HOUSE - TV ROOM - DAY**

A quiet gloom. Tiger watches the news with his back to us.

WFTV REPORTER (V.O., ON TV)

...the world's most visible athlete now in hiding, leaving all of us, the cops included, asking what went wrong.

Tiger turns around. The greatest winner in golf looks like the tough-luck loser of a cage match. His face is bruised, his top lip fat and sutured. He speaks with a slight lisp.

TIGER

We need to make this go away.

Steinberg REELS off some duct tape, covering the windows with butcher paper while putting out fires on his phone.

STEINBERG

I'm working on it.

TIGER

Call Obama if you have to. I don't care. Just pull some strings.

STEINBERG

I'm pulling more strings than a sweatshop here. The State Attorney doesn't want to touch us.

TIGER

What's the problem, then?

STEINBERG

The guy won't have a choice if the police inspect this...

(re: Tiger's mouth)

...divot, and drive a goddamn Nike nine iron through our story.

TIGER

I can't get a DUI.

STEINBERG

That's just the start of it. Don't panic, but the lawyers think that Elin may be looking at assault.

Tiger face-palms, the gravity of the situation sinking in.

TIGER

Jesus Christ. So, it isn't just my ass that's on the line here.

STEINBERG

It's your image, too. For chrissakes, you're supposed to be a family man.

TIGER

(through gritted teeth)

Goddamnit, Tiger!

Tiger WHACKS his chest, self-flagellating. Steinberg waits for his star client to gather himself.

TIGER (cont'd)

We can't let them see my face.

STEINBERG

It's a minor miracle none of your neighbors took pictures.

Steinberg finishes with the windows. They head into the...

**INT. FOYER - CONT.**

...taking down the smashed poster. They hang a painting in its stead: Tiger staring down an actual Indochinese tiger.

TIGER

What do we do when the police get here?

STEINBERG

You get upstairs and hide. I'm talking Anne Frank. Not a single peep.

TIGER

Can you get rid of them?

STEINBERG

No. But we think maybe Elin can.

Tiger balks. Steinberg shrugs. They have no choice.

STEINBERG (cont'd)

We have to show at least a semblance of compliance. Guild the turd so it'll flush without a stink.

TIGER

I don't know if she'll play ball.

STEINBERG

She is the ball. And last I checked, you can hack your way out of anything. Go get her. They'll be here in forty-five.

Tiger looks up the staircase, steeling his famous nerves.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Elin bawls, scrubbing the bloodstained carpet like Lady MacBeth. It's not pretty. Her makeup is a disaster. Tiger slinks in, putting on his best hangdog expression.

TIGER

Don't bother with the carpet. I'll replace it. This place needs a fresh start anyway. Don't you think?

ELIN

Can I help you.

TIGER

The police are coming by. They want to ask you a few questions.

ELIN

Let me guess. You want me to lie for you.

TIGER

No.

(then)

I want you to lie for us.

Elin rises, crossing her arms.

ELIN

I want the truth first. Every detail.  
How many women?

TIGER

One. Just Rachel.

ELIN

What about Jaimee?

TIGER

Hand to God, his name is Jaime. And  
he works on Steiny's desk. You can go  
downstairs and ask him if you want.

Elin desperately wants to believe him. So she does.

ELIN

Do you love her? Rachel?

TIGER

No. She means nothing to me.

ELIN

Clearly she means something. So what  
is it? Is she prettier than me?

TIGER

No.

ELIN

Thinner?

TIGER

Please don't do this.

ELIN

More fun?

TIGER

I don't know.

ELIN

Just tell me why. Just tell me why!

Elin nearly breaks down. Tiger hangs his head.

TIGER

I don't know. She was just in the right place at the right time, I guess: this nightclub, on the anniversary on my dad's death. I was drunk as shit and miserable. I needed someone. Anyone.

ELIN

What's wrong with me?

TIGER

Nothing. You were here. With the kids. Where I should have been.

Elin's face softens just a bit. Tiger sniffles.

TIGER (cont'd)

I made a huge mistake.

ELIN

You made a choice. It's not the cheating, it's the lying. And the cheating too. But mostly just the lying.

TIGER

I wanted to tell you. Swear to God. I almost did.

ELIN

What stopped you?

Tiger starts to say something, then stops himself.

TIGER

I don't know. It's stupid.

ELIN

Tell me.

TIGER

I guess I was scared.

ELIN

Scared of what?

Tiger says nothing, letting his injuries answer for him.

ELIN (cont'd)

Me?

Elin is blindsided by guilt.

ELIN (cont'd)

Oh my God. What have I done?

TIGER

Hey, now. Hey. It's my fault, too. We both messed up. But all of that is in the past. What matters now is that we fix it. We are stronger than your parents. Don't give up on me.

Tiger takes Elin's hand in his. She gazes up at him, her eyes glistening with remorse.

*Hole in one.*

**INT. TV ROOM - DAY**

Tiger swaggers in, performing his trademark fist-pump.

TIGER

Now that, my friends, is how you save a marriage...

He trails off. Steinberg and Kultida are glued to the TV, watching a SPORTSCENTER ANCHOR break a story.

SPORTSCENTER ANCHOR (ON TV)

And then there were two. A second woman, cocktail waitress Jaimee Grubbs, claims that she and Tiger Woods had a three-year-long affair.

Steinberg and Kultida turn and stare at Tiger. He gulps.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME**

Elin gapes at a small TV, half-dressed and absolutely gut-punched. JAIMEE GRUBBS (23) is interviewed on *Extra!* (real footage). She's a tan Vegas shot girl with a pierced cheek.

JAIMEE GRUBBS (ON TV)

The second I did hear about Rachel... that was the hardest... realizing that I may never be the only woman.

**INT. TV ROOM - SAME**

Tiger raises his right hand to Kultida.

TIGER

Hand to God, Mom, I have never met that person. You have to believe me.

Kultida falters, then recovers. Her loyalty is unshakable.

KULTIDA  
I believe you.

SPORTSCENTER ANCHOR (ON TV)  
...and she has him dead to rights.  
Here's a voicemail Tiger left her on  
Thanksgiving.

ESPN runs the damning audio with a word-for-word transcript.

TIGER (V.O., ON TV)  
"Hey, it's, uh, it's Tiger. I need  
you to do me a huge favor. My wife  
went through my phone and may be  
calling you..."

Kultida closes her eyes in disappointment. Tiger turns off  
the TV. He looks like he could crawl into a hole.

There's a violent THUMP upstairs. Steinberg looks up at the  
trembling chandelier.

STEINBERG  
Let me talk to her.

**INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER**

Steinberg FLEES down the grand staircase. Elin chases him,  
the bedroom TV raised above her head.

ELIN  
Why would I want to talk to you?!

Tiger pleads from the foyer.

TIGER  
It was doctored. They just spliced  
together sound bites. Hand to God.

ELIN  
Go to hell, you-- you-- you *SLAMPA!*

Elin HURLS the TV. It cartwheels though the air...

...and SMASHES into the painting of Tiger and the tiger. It  
remains there, lodged in the wall.

Elin stomps back upstairs. Steinberg and Tiger get to their  
feet, surveying the damage.

STEINBERG  
All right, listen. This is not as bad  
as it seems.

TIGER  
Yeah, it's worse.

Tiger stares at a SECURITY MONITOR by the door. It shows a Florida Highway Patrol cruiser pulling up the driveway.

TIGER (cont'd)  
They're early. If they see this...

STEINBERG  
It might give the wrong idea.

Steinberg thinks on his feet.

STEINBERG (cont'd)  
Change of plans: We don't let them through that door.

TIGER  
Won't they be pissed?

STEINBERG  
It doesn't matter. They don't have a warrant. They can't do jack shit.

A curdled WAIL issues from the master bedroom.

STEINBERG (cont'd)  
Unless we give them cause to enter. Shut her up.

TIGER  
Wait. Me?

STEINBERG  
It's either that or we dip out in a white Bronco, pal. 'Cause door three is one walk of shame we just can't have you making. Take your pick.

Tiger hesitates, those famous nerves of his coming undone. He pulls out a pill bottle. Pops a couple in his mouth.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Elin paces like a caged animal, ranting over Skype to her sister. Josefin is now a rising corporate lawyer. She's plainer-looking than Elin, lacking the cosmetic perks that come with marrying a superstar.

ELIN  
*How could he do this to me? I gave him the best years of my life.*

JOSEFIN  
*You're only thirty.*

ELIN  
*You don't understand.*

JOSEFIN  
*We were born ten minutes apart.*

ELIN  
*But I gave up my twenties for him. I quit school to have his babies. How could I be so stupid? I thought he was perfect.*

JOSEFIN  
*No one's perfect. This is why I told you not to sign that godforsaken prenup. You could get nothing.*

ELIN  
*Wait, the prenup? I don't want to leave him. I just want to murder him!*

KNOCK-KNOCK. Tiger enters, holding his hands up in defense.

TIGER  
*Look, I know you're pissed, and rightly so. But the police are here. We have to keep it down.*

Elin gets a crazy look in her eyes. Hell hath no fury.

ELIN  
*No. You know what? I'm done playing on your terms.*

TIGER  
*My what?*

ELIN  
*The more we hide, the more they seek. It's time we get ahead of this.*

She puts on a robe. Tiger and Josefin try to talk her down.

TIGER  
*Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold up a second. They'll arrest us.*

ELIN  
*Maybe we deserve it.*

JOSEFIN

*Elin, you're not thinking straight.  
Just take a deep breath, sister.*

It's too late. Elin is already storming out into the...

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONT.**

Elin marches, seeing red. Tiger finally catches up to her.

TIGER

Hey, you want to hurt me? Take another swing. But if you do this, you hit all of my employees, my foundation, all my sponsors...

ELIN

Oh, the press will have a field day with "Just Do It."

TIGER

They will drop me. We are talking fortunes, Elin -- down the drain.

ELIN

You can afford it.

TIGER

Can you?

Elin stops cold.

ELIN

What are you, threatening to "cut off my allowance?"

TIGER

I'm just saying, don't go cutting off your nose...

ELIN

If I start cutting things, my nose will be the least of your concerns.

Elin continues on the warpath, leaving Tiger sputtering in her wake.

**EXT. TIGER'S HOUSE - PORTICO - DUSK**

Two Florida Highway Patrol investigators, DETECTIVE ROY GROSS (42), power-tripping pig, and DETECTIVE JASON QUESADA (29), dumb rookie, stare skeptically at Steinberg.

DET. GROSS

Just to get your story straight: Mr. Woods hit both a fire hydrant and a tree while leaving his own driveway at 2:30 in the morning. Stone sober. Mrs. Woods came to his rescue, broke his back side window for some reason, squeezed herself inside the car, and dragged his limp one-hundred-eighty-five pound body out to safety.

STEINBERG

Like I told you, she's a hero.

DET. QUESADA

Lucky her, I bet those cameras up there caught it all on tape.

STEINBERG

The what now?

Det. Quesada points out two SECURITY CAMERAS on the house. Steinberg blanches. He didn't know about those.

STEINBERG (cont'd)

Say... you fellas golf fans?

Doesn't look that way. Elin opens the door.

ELIN

Please come in.

STEINBERG

No, wait a second. They don't have a warrant. What are you doing?

The detectives enter. Steinberg tries to follow, but the door SLAMS in his face. He curses to himself.

Steinberg rushes off around the side of the house.

**INT. TIGER'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONT.**

Elin leads the way upstairs, her robe revealing more leg than she realizes.

ELIN

He should be up here somewhere. Sorry for the mess.

DET. QUESADA

Looks fine to me.

Det. Gross cuts Det. Quesada a look, neither noticing the hole in the drywall right behind them.

**EXT. TIGER'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM BALCONY - SUNSET**

Tiger leans over the balustrade, gauging the drop to the backyard below. He sees Steinberg jiggling a locked door.

TIGER  
Psst. Steiny. Psst.

STEINBERG  
Tiger. Thank God. Give me your keys.

Tiger throws his keys down to Steinberg.

TIGER  
OK, throw me up the garden hose.

STEINBERG  
Why?

TIGER  
I'll rappel into the pool.

STEINBERG  
What? No. What? Just find somewhere to hide. No rappelling.

Steinberg darts inside. Tiger hears something: the WHINE of boat engines. He shades his eyes, peering out at Isleworth Lake. An armada of PAPARAZZI is invading.

TIGER  
Shit.

He has no choice but to retreat into the...

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONT.**

Elin shows the investigators in.

ELIN  
The camera footage? Sure. I'll make a copy when we're done.

Elin looks around. Tiger is nowhere to be seen.

ELIN (cont'd)  
Tiger?

DET. QUESADA  
Mr. Woods?

DET. GROSS  
Check your six.

Det. Gross motions to a closed door. Someone on the other side turns the handle. The door creaks open...

...revealing Kultida in the children's bedroom, Sam and Charlie cowering behind her legs.

KULTIDA  
What the hell is going on?

Sam sobs, waddling into Elin's arms.

SAM  
Momma, Daddy's being weird again.

DET. GROSS  
Did she say daddy?

SAM  
I don't like when Daddy's weird.

DET. GROSS  
Where's your daddy, sweetheart?

Det. Gross touches Sam's bare foot. Sam screeches. Elin jerks her daughter away.

ELIN  
Please don't touch my daughter.

DET. GROSS  
Whoa, are we gonna have a problem?

ELIN  
No. I'm sorry. It's just-- please stop crying, Sam.

SAM  
I'm scared.

ELIN  
Me too.

Elin sees the fear in Sam's eyes. She hold her close, maternal instinct overriding her rage. Like her own mother all those years ago, Elin realizes what she has to do.

ELIN (cont'd)  
But Momma won't let anything happen to you. Promise.

Elin turns to the investigators.

ELIN (cont'd)  
I'm sorry, officers. I wasn't  
thinking straight. I need a lawyer.  
(realizes)  
Several lawyers.

DET. GROSS  
I won't lie, I'm feeling kind of  
jerked around here.

ELIN  
Join the club.

**INT. REC ROOM - MEDIA CLOSET - SAME**

Steinberg scrolls through the security footage. He finds what he's looking for. DELETES it.

He dashes out of the rec room. Then returns, remembering something. He grabs the wedding photo off the floor.

**INT. GRAND STAIRCASE - SAME**

The investigators exit, Det. Quesada shrugging resignedly.

DET. QUESADA  
State's Attorney doesn't want to  
tangle with his lawyers. Whaddaya do?

DET. GROSS  
The same thing Tiger's done to us.  
Pull him down a peg while everyone is  
watching.

DET. QUESADA  
We can't even pull a warrant.

DET. GROSS  
No. But guess which agency can?

Det. Gross starts to explain, then pauses, staring ahead.

DET. GROSS (cont'd)  
What is that?

Below in the foyer, Steinberg steps aside, revealing the photo hanging over the hole.

STEINBERG  
Eternal love.

**INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Elin pulls the lid off a laundry hamper.

ELIN  
I want a divorce.

Tiger emerges from soiled bibs and onesies.

TIGER  
What?

ELIN  
Lawyer up. My sister's on her way  
from Stockholm.

TIGER  
You don't actually want a divorce.

ELIN  
No, what I actually want is a gun.  
But I'll settle for a divorce.

Tiger steps out of the hamper.

TIGER  
Look, I know I've made a couple of  
mistakes. I'm sorry. Choices.

ELIN  
How many?

TIGER  
Just a couple.  
(off her look)  
Granted, several times apiece. And  
I'm just sick about it...

Tiger trails off. Elin is holding up her phone, showing him the latest gossip. She reads it aloud.

ELIN  
"Tiger's Triple Bogey. Three more  
women say they've played 'a round'  
with Tiger -- and one of them  
allegedly has naked photos of him of  
passed out drunk."

Elin hands the phone to Tiger.

ELIN (cont'd)  
If I were you, I'd have Steinberg get  
in contact with her.

TIGER

Wait...

But Elin is already walking out. Tiger stares at the phone, his shoulders slumping in defeat.

For the first time, he actually looks human.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. DEACON CIRCLE - DAY**

Ten days later. The unwashed masses have descended upon Isleworth, tearing up the Bermuda grass. Over fifty news trucks line the curb. GAWKERS hold signs with suggestive comments. A cheeky BBC REPORTER brings us up to speed.

BBC REPORTER

While the Woodses may be legally out of the rough, so to speak, Tiger's steamy scorecard just keeps filling up with extra playing partners...

**MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS**

A parade of TIGER'S MISTRESSES comes forward (all real footage), INTERCUT with brief reactions:

**A) INT. NEW YORK FRIARS CLUB - DAY**

Escort JOSLYN JAMES and feminist superlawyer GLORIA ALLRED hold a press conference.

JOSLYN JAMES

After his father died, and after the birth of his children, he was with me.

**B) INT. TIGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Steinberg and Tiger watch the presser on TV. Gloria Allred gives the camera a meaningful look.

GLORIA ALLRED (ON TV)

He has to contact Joslyn and apologize for lying to her.

Steinberg sighs, reading between the lines. He nods at Tiger, who grudgingly cuts a hush money check.

**C) INT. TODAY SHOW SET - DAY**

MEREDITH VIEIRA interviews stripper JAMIE JUNGERS.

MEREDITH VIERA  
Tiger never paid you anything?

JAMIE JUNGERS  
Not even a birthday card. I got  
nothing from him but a broken heart.

MEREDITH VIEIRA  
Would you sell your story?

Jamie thinks about it.

**D) INT. TIGER'S HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - DAY**

Elin lies in the bathtub, gulping wine between sobs.  
She slides herself underwater. Doesn't resurface.

**E) EXT. VIVID ENTERTAINMENT - DAY**

Porn magnate STEVEN HIRSCH talks to a PAPARAZZO.

STEVEN HIRSCH  
We were approached by someone who has  
a Tiger Woods sex tape.

**F) INT. CORMIER HOUSE - DAY**

Jim, Jan, and Hailee watch the video on TMZ.

JEN  
Holy moly. There's a sex tape?

JIM  
I'll believe it when I see it.  
(then)  
Set a Google alert.

**G) INT. VIVID ENTERTAINMENT - DAY**

Steinberg slides a check to "STEVEN HIRSCH" (shot  
from behind) and a BUSTY BABE (20s). Porno posters  
line the walls. The babe surrenders a memory card.

**H) INT. BADDA BING - DAY**

Steinberg slides a check to "JAMIE JUNGERS" in the  
back of a strip club. She surrenders the nude pics.

**I) INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY**

Steinberg slides a check to "GLORIA ALLRED" and  
"JOSLYN JAMES." James's G-string hangs out of her  
suit pants. She signs a non-disclosure agreement.

**J) INT. TIGER'S HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - DAY**

Elin holds herself underwater. After a moment, she emerges, gasping for air. Her heart is broken, but she's still alive.

**INT. TIGER'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

Josefin slams down a copy of the PRENUP. She's flanked by Elin and grizzled divorce attorney DENNIS BELCHER (59). The dinner table has been transformed into a negotiation table.

JOSEFIN

This prenup was exploitative to start with. But in light of what your client has put mine through, it's just downright inhumane.

Tiger sits surrounded by his eight-strong, power-suited, all-star LEGAL TEAM. His face is mostly healed. Steinberg and hot-shot divorce attorney MILES MARKHAM (42) run point.

MILES MARKHAM

Look, I'm sorry, but nobody held her hand and made her sign the thing.

DENNIS BELCHER

The girl was twenty-three and thought his marriage vows were sacred.

STEINBERG

What about her vows? No offense, but she's the one who's tapping out here.

JOSEFIN

Tapping out?

STEINBERG

I'm just saying, Tiger thinks the marriage has a fighting chance. There's this therapist -- worked miracles with Kobe and Vanessa.

JOSEFIN

(to Elin, in Swedish)  
*What is he, autistic?*

STEINBERG

Think about your family.

JOSEFIN

This is just insulting. Get the kids. We're leaving.

Josefin gets up, gathering her papers. Tiger looks at Elin, sucker-punched. She can't meet his eye.

TIGER  
Leaving? Where?

ELIN  
We'll wait things out in Sweden. This place is a war zone.

TIGER  
Are you kidding?

ELIN  
It's what's best for Sam and Charlie.

TIGER  
You don't just get to decide that on your own. They're my kids, too.

ELIN  
Oh, now you notice.

TIGER  
What is that supposed to mean?

ELIN  
You're always gone or so strung out you might as well be.

TIGER  
I'm here now.

Tiger bridles, but he knows she has a point. Steinberg pats his hand reassuringly.

STEINBERG  
Don't you worry, Ti. Your kids aren't going anywhere.

DENNIS BELCHER  
I've got a dozen judges in my Rolodex who'd strongly disagree.

MILES MARKHAM  
On what grounds?

DENNIS BELCHER  
What grounds?

STEINBERG  
He made a couple of mistakes. That doesn't make him a bad father.

DENNIS BELCHER

No, "a couple" doesn't. Nine and counting does.

STEINBERG

We count a couple. Tiger still maintains that there were only two.

JOSEFIN

You can't be serious. Turn on the news.

Steinberg rolls his eyes.

STEINBERG

If it's on the news, it must be true right?

ELIN

(to Josefin, in Swedish)  
*What is going on?*

STEINBERG

It's a witch hunt! I mean, come on, you don't actually believe those bimbos, do you? Where's the evidence?

Elin gapes at Tiger. Now it's him who can't meet her eye.

ELIN

You're buying them all off.

STEINBERG

Says who?

Elin looks like she might leap across and strangle someone.

**INT. PLAYROOM - DAY**

Sam mopes around a tub of sand in a bathing suit and goggles, gazing longingly at a papered-over window. Elin, Josefin, and Belcher take in the sad sight, regrouping.

JOSEFIN

I knew they'd stop at nothing to protect his public image, but to pull that in a private mediation...

DENNIS BELCHER

Got to hand it to them. It's a brazen move, if nothing else.

ELIN

It's nothing else, right? The entire planet knows what Tiger did.

Josefin and Belcher trade a troubled look.

JOSEFIN

But can we prove it?

DENNIS BELCHER

We can hurl headlines at him until we're blue in the face, but push to shove, we're soft on evidence.

ELIN

Soft? No. Nine women isn't soft. It's a softball team.

DENNIS BELCHER

But they're all on his payroll. I mean, maybe you could jump into the bidding for the next one, but...

ELIN

He'd crush me. He's a walking billion dollar corporation. I'm a mom with half a psych degree. I can't play on his terms.

Stumped silence. Then Josefin has an idea. But based on her expression, it's unpleasant.

JOSEFIN

So give him what he wants -- on yours, in exchange for a confession.

Elin laughs.

ELIN

What do you want me to do? Waterboard him?

JOSEFIN

Worse. I want you to go to therapy with him.

ELIN

Is that a joke?

JOSEFIN

He's used to getting what he wants, and he wants you. You heard his agent.

Belcher nods, catching on.

DENNIS BELCHER  
Tiger still thinks he can turn this  
thing around.

JOSEFIN  
So let him think it. Trick him into,  
you know, "opening his heart" to save  
his marriage.

ELIN  
What heart? I know he looks like us,  
but there are pieces missing. He's a  
different species.

JOSEFIN  
He's only human. You can break him.  
Every single name you get gives us  
more leverage.

Elin wrestles with her conscience.

ELIN  
This is dark.

JOSEFIN  
What he's done to you is darker.

ELIN  
I'm not like him, though. I just  
don't have that in me.

JOSEFIN  
You could find it for your kids.

Off Elin coming around to the idea...

**INT. MAN CAVE - DAY**

CRACK! A cue ball knocks a striped ball into a pocket,  
Steinberg handling the pool stick.

STEINBERG  
Trust me, pal. A custody battle?  
Blessing in disguise. She can't take  
the kids away without your signature.

Tiger scowls at the table, getting massacred. Charlie  
spectates from a high chair.

CRACK. Steinberg sinks another stripe.

STEINBERG (cont'd)

So we'll cut her a deal. Lock your family up in Isleworth for three more years to help rehab your image in exchange for their eventual release. Everyone wins.

CRACK. Steinberg pots the final stripe.

STEINBERG (cont'd)

She just wins a lot less. I think we'll barely have to pay her.

TIGER

I'm not giving up my children in three years.

STEINBERG

Don't be silly. It won't look like that. We'll fly them out for photos ops, foundation galas, majors...

TIGER

Dude. No. They're my kids. And for that matter, she's my wife. I'm still in love with her.

Steinberg chuckles, lining up a clear shot on the eight.

STEINBERG

You've got a pretty funny way of showing it. I'm sorry, but your marriage is kaput. Corner pocket.

Steinberg rips the eight. Tiger TRAPS it under his hand.

TIGER

I can save it.

Steinberg looks at Tiger like he's insane. As if on cue, Elin enters, cold and businesslike.

ELIN

I've reconsidered my position. For the sake of our family, we shall give this couples counselor a try... on two conditions. One: You move into the guesthouse. Two: You never tell a lie to me again. Do you accept?

TIGER

Yes.

ELIN  
We begin tomorrow.

Elin walks out, the conversation over as abruptly as it started. Tiger throws a look at Steinberg. *Told you so.*

**INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY**

The first therapy session. DR. PATRICK CARNES (65) clicks his pen, taking quiet stock of the Woodses. He's a bald man with a calculating gaze and a Minnesota accent.

DR. CARNES  
Have either of you ever been to therapy?

Tiger shakes his head. Elin nods soberly, in her element.

ELIN  
When I was young. My parents got divorced. It was... contentious.

DR. CARNES  
How so? This is a safe space. There are no wrong answers.

ELIN  
They fought. A lot. They couldn't even be in the same room together. Hell, they couldn't be in the same city. My dad moved away and more or less forgot about us.

DR. CARNES  
How'd that make you feel?

ELIN  
Angry, mostly. With my parents. With the universe. Myself. But I got the help I needed. I moved on.  
(then)  
Until my husband slept with half the Vegas Strip. Hello, anger issues. Here we go again. My life is one big vicious cycle.

DR. CARNES  
It's called grief.

Elin reflects on this.

ELIN

I guess that's one way to put it. I admit, I may have gone through some denial. And some anger, like I said. A little bargaining. A whole lot of depression. Now, I'm ready to start moving toward acceptance. But the problem is, I don't know what to accept.

Dr. Carnes nods in understanding. They have a nice rapport.

DR. CARNES

You need the truth.

ELIN

Without it, we have no foundation to rebuild on.

DR. CARNES

Do you hear her, Tiger?

TIGER

Yes.

DR. CARNES

Why not just tell her the truth? Rip the Band-Aid off and start the healing process. It may hurt, but we're in a safe space.

TIGER

OK.

Elin braces herself. Tiger draws a shaky breath.

TIGER (cont'd)

Here goes nothing. There's no easy way to say this, but the truth is...  
(hangs his head)  
...I'm a sex addict. I need help.

Elin is stone-faced. Dr. Carnes looks moved.

DR. CARNES

It takes a hell of a lot of courage to admit that.

ELIN

Oh, give me a goddamn break.

Elin snorts, losing her cool. Dr. Carnes is taken aback.

DR. CARNES  
I beg your pardon?

ELIN  
I'm sorry, but that's such a lame  
excuse. He's not a sex addict. This  
isn't some disease he can't control.

TIGER  
I couldn't help myself.

ELIN  
Why would you? You were out there  
banging porn stars, not exhaust pipes.

DR. CARNES  
There's a spectrum.

ELIN  
Oh, I'm sure. But famous athletes are  
not on it.

DR. CARNES  
Beg to differ. I think someone so  
accustomed to the spotlight must've  
known he would be caught -- and deep  
down, maybe even wanted to be.

Tiger double-takes.

TIGER  
What?

DR. CARNES  
(to Elin)  
Does that not sound like a disorder?

ELIN  
No. It sounds like a whole  
*smorgasbord* of them. This man is  
riddled with disorders. But I'm sorry,  
sex addiction isn't one of them.

Tiger scoffs.

TIGER  
What is?

ELIN  
Where to begin?  
(counting them off)  
You have your antisocial narcissism,  
your messiah complex...

TIGER

My messiah complex? Where did you get that?

ELIN

Oh, I don't know. For starters, how about that EA Sports commercial where you literally walk on water?

TIGER

That was tongue-in-cheek.

ELIN

Your dad called you the "Chosen One."

TIGER

Yeah, my dad said a lot of things. That doesn't make them true. Just ask my mom.

ELIN

What?

TIGER

Forget it. Let's move on.

Tiger clams up. Dr. Carnes and Elin try to pry him open.

DR. CARNES

No, speak on that.

TIGER

I'd rather not.

ELIN

What did he do?

TIGER

It's not important.

ELIN

Then just say it.

TIGER

(to Dr. Carnes)

Did my agent have you sign an NDA?

ELIN

I knew he wouldn't take this seriously.

Elin gets up, threatening to leave. Tiger caves.

TIGER

Fine. He cheated on her -- left and right. There. You happy?

Bombshell. Elin returns to her seat. If she knew, she's never heard him open up about it. Dr. Carnes probes.

DR. CARNES

Did they stay together?

TIGER

He would always win her back. Say what you will, my old man had a way with women. Taught me everything I know.

Tiger chuckles grimly. Dr. Carnes senses a breakthrough.

DR. CARNES

There's no winning this one, Tiger. Learn to lose, and live to play another day. Tell Elin everything. She loves you. You can trust her.

Elin flickers with guilt. She snuffs it out. Tiger turns inward, facing down his demons. After a moment, he gets up.

TIGER

This was a bad idea. I'm sorry for wasting your time.

He walks out. Elin looks on, seeing the flaws in his armor.

**EXT. TIGER'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY**

Tiger's bodyguards patrol a makeshift fence blockading the lake.

**EXT. TIGER'S HOUSE - VERANDA - CONT.**

Josefin lights a hand-rolled cigarette. Elin gazes out at the eyesore, gathering her thoughts.

ELIN

*He doesn't trust me.*

JOSEFIN

*That's rich.*

ELIN

*He doesn't trust anyone. He didn't even trust his dad.*

JOSEFIN

*He trusted all these slampas not to out him.*

ELIN

*He forgot himself, I think. There was no pressure to perform with them, to be this perfect person. He could let his walls down. Just have fun.*

JOSEFIN

*Or maybe he's just an entitled prick.*

ELIN

*He's definitely that. But there's another side. We used to get drunk and just talk for hours. We had fun together -- before we had kids.*

JOSEFIN

*It sounds like Tiger never stopped.*

ELIN

*I can still have fun.*

Elin has a plan. She steals a drag of Josefin's cigarette. COUGHS. Josefin pats her on the back, somewhat skeptical.

JOSEFIN

*Stick to booze.*

**INT. ISLEWORTH WINES & SPIRITS - DAY**

A CASHIER (20s) in a Santa hat listens to the STERN SHOW on the radio, featuring guest caller DONALD TRUMP (real audio).

HOWARD STERN (ON RADIO)

*Hey, look who's on the phone. Our old friend, Donald Trump. Hey, Donald, tell me. Have you been in touch with Tiger Woods?*

DONALD TRUMP (ON RADIO)

*Well, I know Tiger. I like Tiger a whole lot. But I don't know what's going on with with him and his wife.*

Elin browses the aquavit selection, her face hidden behind oversize sunglasses. She can hear the radio. Crystal clear.

HOWARD STERN (ON RADIO)

*She's hot. She's hot, though, right?*

DONALD TRUMP (ON RADIO)  
 Meh. She's fine. She's kind of past  
 her prime.

HOWARD STERN (ON RADIO)  
 You don't think she's hot enough for  
 Tiger Woods? What are her flaws?

Elin turns to flee -- bumping directly into Jen Cormier.

ELIN  
 I'm sorry.

JAN  
 Bless your heart. Wait. Elin?

Jen peers hard into Elin's dark lenses. The Stern Show is  
 still audible. This is Elin's personal hell.

ELIN  
 Hello, Jen.

JEN  
 Elin. As I live and breathe. How  
 are... things?

ELIN  
 Oh, you know.

JEN  
 All about it. Ugh, I mean, these  
 tabloids have no decency. I read that  
 you and Tiger are in counseling?

ELIN  
 Uh-huh.

JEN  
 I think that's great, hun. You just  
 do what's best for you. Tune out the  
 critics.

ELIN  
 What critics?

JEN  
 That's the spirit. They don't know  
 how hard it'd be to start life over  
 at our age. In this economy? Hold  
 onto what you've got.

Elin can't even. This woman has a decade on her. Easy.

ELIN  
I really should be going.

Elin turns to go -- startling as she bumps into Hailee.

ELIN (cont'd)  
Jesus Christ.

HAILEE  
I'm sorry.

ELIN  
No, it's my fault. Merry Christmas,  
Hailee.

HAILEE  
Wait--

But Elin is already halfway gone. She throws some money at the cashier for her aquavit, the radio chasing her out.

HOWARD STERN (ON RADIO)  
...rumor is, this stripper does a  
position where Tiger Woods, I'm gonna  
be a little bit graphic, Tiger stood  
her on her head, listen to this...

DONALD TRUMP (ON RADIO)  
(laughs)  
Spun her around.

And only now do we notice: Hailee is holding TIGER'S CELL PHONE from the night of the crash. She looks at it guiltily.

**INT. TIGER'S HOUSE - REC ROOM - NIGHT**

THWOCK! Tiger lashes a ball down Augusta's first fairway on his state-of-the-art indoor golf simulator.

Off to the side, the evening news plays on TV. CNN Host DON LEMON reports on the scandal (real footage).

DON LEMON (ON TV)  
We begin with a bombshell in the  
sports world. Accenture, the company  
behind this well-known TV ad, is the  
first sponsor to drop Tiger Woods.

THWOCK! Tiger spans another ball, taking out his emotions on the impact screen. A clip from the Accenture ad plays on TV: Tiger being outdriven by a TEEN GIRL on a dusky range.

ACCENTURE AD NARRATOR (ON TV)  
 ...no matter what the game, you never  
 know where the next competitor is  
 coming from. Go on. Be a Tiger.

THWOCK. Tiger creams another ball.

DON LEMON (ON TV)  
 You can put a red mark next to that  
 one. Who'll fall next?

THWOCK. We pick up the pace, each shot punctuating comments  
 from a panel of TALKING HEADS.

BUSINESS ANALYST (ON TV)  
 ...he could cost his sponsors up to  
 twelve billion dollars, with a "b"...

THWOCK.

CHARITY WATCHDOG (ON TV)  
 ...donations have dried up for his  
 foundation. Those poor kids...

THWOCK.

PR FLACK (ON TV)  
 ...from greatest golfer in the world  
 to greatest laughingstock...

THWOCK.

SPORTS REPORTER (ON TV)  
 ...his father must be spinning in his  
 grave...

THWOCK.

DON LEMON (ON TV)  
 ...we have a speech he gave in honor  
 of his son...

THWOCK. CNN plays a speech that Earl gave at the 1996 Fred  
 Haskins Awards for the best collegiate golfers.

EARL WOODS (ON TV)  
 I was personally selected by God...  
 (THWOCK)  
 ...to nurture this young man.  
 (THWOCK)  
 He is the Chosen One.

In a fit of fury, Tiger FLINGS his club aside --

-- SHATTERING the glass front of his trophy case.

Tiger heaves a sigh. It could be worse. All his precious cups and jackets look unscathed.

Then something CREAKS. Tiger watches, helpless.

Half the case COLLAPSES in a heap of twisted hardware, splintered glass, and broken ego.

ELIN (O.S.)

Uh, Tiger?

Elin is standing in the doorway. She just sighs.

ELIN

I can't believe I'm saying this, but it looks like we both could use a drink. Christmas truce?

Elin holds up the aquavit. Tiger is dumbfounded.

DISSOLVE TO:

**LATER**

Nostalgic alt-rock plays on the hi-fi. The aquavit sits half-killed on the simulator turf. Elin lines up a putt.

Tiger bellies up to fix her form. He's already slurring.

TIGER

Protip: Keep your hips over your heels. Jus' like this.

ELIN

Don't think even about it.

TIGER

Sorry, sorry. My bad.

Tiger backs away. Elin drains the putt. She fist pumps.

ELIN

Come to Momma! What's that, five holes in a row? I thought you were supposed to be good at this.

TIGER

You're makin' me play lefty.

ELIN

Psh. Excuses.

TIGER  
With a blindfold on.

Tiger lowers a Nike visor over his eyes. Elin pours a shot.

ELIN  
Did someone call the wambulance? Stop crying. Take your shot.

Tiger takes it. Elin gauges his drunkenness. He's hammered.

TIGER  
'Nother hole?

ELIN  
Why don't we raise the stakes a bit?

TIGER  
I'm listenin'.

ELIN  
If I win this next hole, you have to answer any question that I ask you.

A sobering pause. Tiger can't turn down a bet.

TIGER  
And if I win, I move back into the house.

ELIN  
You do realize I'd just move into the guesthouse, right?

TIGER  
Free country. But the kids stay here with me.

Tiger extends his hand. Elin makes herself shake it.

ELIN  
Bring it on.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

THWACK. Elin slaps a runner down the fairway. She's not bad.

ELIN  
In the spirit of good sportsmanship, I probably should apologize for what I said in therapy.

Tiger tees up, lowering his visor.

TIGER  
I know you didn't mean it.

ELIN  
No. I did. But I'm not qualified to  
make a diagnosis like that... yet.

PING! Tiger's lefty driving form is impressively fluid, but  
the shot hooks into the pines. He lifts the visor. Grimaces.

TIGER  
Yet?

ELIN  
My New Years Resolution is to finish  
school.

TIGER  
You're kiddin'. Good for you.

ELIN  
Thanks. I figure I should make myself  
employable in case you leave me  
penniless.

THWACK. Elin lays up, playing it safe. Tiger looks on,  
conscience-stricken. He drops a ball on a mat made of  
artificial pine straw, one of several imitation lies.

TIGER  
I'll tell ya what. If you're still  
here at Rollins, your tuition 'n your  
textbooks are on me.

ELIN  
My textbooks, too? In that case, call  
off the divorce.

Tiger chuckles. He lowers his visor. HACKS his ball into a  
fairway bunker. Lifts his visor. Grimaces.

TIGER  
My resolution's to take a break from  
golf.

ELIN  
Ha.

TIGER  
No joke. I figure I should make some  
time to hang out with the kids in  
case you leave me childless. I'll  
kick it for a while, just have fun.

Elin covers her surprise. THWACK. She lays up again.

ELIN

Trust me, not as fun as it sounds.

Tiger sighs, plunking his ball in a box of sand.

TIGER

What is? Outside of gettin' wasted and, well, doing other stuff.

He lowers his visor. Takes an unorthodox CHOP at the ball. It bounces down the fairway, skips onto the green...

...and rolls into the cup. Elin's jaw drops. Tiger smirks.

TIGER (cont'd)

Except for winning. Nothin' beats winning.

Elin just stands there in shock. Tiger yawns.

TIGER (cont'd)

Well, I think I may go check up on the kiddos, 'n then hit the Tempur-Pedic. That ol' box spring has been torture on my back. Nighty night.

Tiger ambles off with a little wave. Elin shuts her eyes, seething with frustration.

She can't win.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING**

Tiger sleeps off the booze in the big comfy bed. Several pill bottles sit on the nightstand.

DING-DONG. The doorbell rings. Tiger is out cold.

DING-DONG. It rings again. Sam walks up, glancing at the pill bottles. She tries to shake her dad awake.

SAM

Daddy, wake up. Daddy! Daddy?

No luck. Sam lets out a sad sigh.

SAM (cont'd)

Not again.

Kultida bursts into the room, holding Charlie. She hurls some clothes at Tiger.

KULTIDA  
Wake up, Tiger! Put some clothes on.  
The police are here.

Tiger jerks awake, disoriented. The doorbell rings again.

**EXT. TIGER'S HOUSE - PORTICO - DAY**

Tiger opens the door, shielding his eyes from the sun.

TIGER  
Yeah?

Detective Gross removes his finger from the bell. At his side is a harried-looking social worker, MRS. DIAZ (39).

DET. GROSS  
Mr. Woods, how big of you to grace us  
with your presence. I'm Detective  
Gross, and this is...

MRS. DIAZ  
Mrs. Diaz. Department of Children and  
Families. Nice to meet you.

Tiger blinks in confusion.

TIGER  
What is this about?

MRS. DIAZ  
The safety of your children. We've  
received a tip alleging that they're  
living in a dangerous environment.

TIGER  
Wait, what? I don't understand. I  
thought we weren't in trouble.

DET. GROSS  
DCF will have the final say on that.

MRS. DIAZ  
Just need to ask you and your family  
a few questions.

Tiger looks ill.

**INT. TIGER'S HOUSE - PLAYROOM - DAY**

Mrs. Diaz sits in a kiddie chair, a clipboard in her hand.

MRS. DIAZ  
Quite the family you have here.

Across from her, the Woodses sit in kiddie chairs with Sam and Charlie in their laps, surrounded by their legal teams. Steinberg, Josefin, and a FAMILY LAWYER (40s) are indignant.

STEINBERG  
With all respect, this is a cheap shot and you know it.

FAMILY LAWYER  
Sour grapes.

JOSEFIN  
Has Mrs. Woods not been humiliated enough? This is outrageous.

Miles Markham motions for them to calm down.

MILES MARKHAM  
What they mean to say is clearly there's been some misunderstanding. Mr. and Mrs. Woods are both devoted parents.

MRS. DIAZ  
Great. Then it's in their best interest to be candid with me. Mrs. Woods, may I resume? Or do you and your lawyers need more time?

Elin gives Josefin a look. She's got this. She turns to Mrs. Diaz with her game face on.

ELIN  
Ask away. I'm an open book.

Mrs. Diaz scans her clipboard.

MRS. DIAZ  
Where were we? Ah. Mrs. Woods, have you ever struck your husband?

The lawyers hold their breath. But Elin is a brick wall.

ELIN  
No.

MRS. DIAZ  
Have you ever pushed, slapped, kicked or intentionally caused him bodily harm?

ELIN

No.

MRS. DIAZ

Have you ever chased him with a weapon?

ELIN

No.

MRS. DIAZ

Threatened him?

ELIN

Not that I recall.

MRS. DIAZ

Lost your temper with him?

ELIN

I don't lose my temper.

MRS. DIAZ

Ever?

ELIN

Nope.

MRS. DIAZ

Overall, would you say you have a happy marriage?

ELIN

Definitely.

MRS. DIAZ

Would you say he's a good father?

ELIN

No.

(then)

I'd say he's a great one. Our kids are blessed to have him as a role model.

STEINBERG

My kids as well.

FAMILY LAWYER

Mine too.

MILES MARKHAM

Who wouldn't want to have a dad like Tiger Woods?

The lawyers nod at Elin, satisfied. Tiger shifts uncomfortably. Mrs. Diaz flips the page and turns to him.

MRS. DIAZ  
Any drug use, Mr. Woods?

TIGER  
No.

MRS. DIAZ  
Including medications?

Tiger starts to speak, but Steinberg cuts him off.

STEINBERG  
Don't answer that. My client's  
medical history is private.

MRS. DIAZ  
Would you rather take a drug test at  
our office, Mr. Woods? It'd probably  
do you good to get out of the house.

Tiger and Steinberg trade a look.

TIGER  
That won't be necessary. I just take  
some things to help me sleep.

MRS. DIAZ  
Such as?

TIGER  
Sleeping pills.

MRS. DIAZ  
That's it?

TIGER  
Pretty much. Maybe a painkiller every  
now and then.

STEINBERG  
When he's in pain.

MRS. DIAZ  
Are you in pain a lot?

Tiger shrugs.

TIGER  
It's part of playing sports and  
getting older.

Mrs. Diaz looks Tiger over. His brow is beaded with sweat.

MRS. DIAZ  
Would you say you have drug problem?

TIGER  
More of a solution. I've won seven times this season. I'd say I'm doing just fine.

MRS. DIAZ  
I'm not concerned about your golf career. That isn't why I'm here.

STEINBERG  
Tiger takes his medication as prescribed, if that's your question.

MRS. DIAZ  
Do you always take the recommended dose?

A telling pause.

TIGER  
Yeah.

MRS. DIAZ  
Ever lie about your use of medication, Mr. Woods?

TIGER  
No.

MRS. DIAZ  
Has anyone ever objected to it?

Tiger glances at Elin. She's poker-faced.

TIGER  
Not that I recall.

MRS. DIAZ  
Would you say it's had an impact on your marriage?

TIGER  
I don't think so.

MRS. DIAZ  
How about on your ability to parent?

Tiger swallows, looking down at Sam on his lap.

TIGER

No.

MRS. DIAZ

Almost done.

Mrs. Diaz flips the page. The lawyers nod at Tiger, satisfied. Mrs. Diaz takes a PILL BOTTLE out of her satchel.

MRS. DIAZ (cont'd)

Do you know what drugs are, Sam?

Sam nods. Tiger's heart stops. Steinberg intervenes.

STEINBERG

Objection.

MRS. DIAZ

This is not a court room, sir. Would you please let me finish?

Steinberg reluctantly stands down. Mrs. Diaz smiles at Sam, Tiger and Elin watching tensely.

MRS. DIAZ (cont'd)

Sam, how do you know what drugs are?

SAM

Daddy eats them.

MRS. DIAZ

Daddy eats them? Then what happens?

SAM

He gets weird.

MRS. DIAZ

Weird in a good way or a bad way?

SAM

Bad. It's scary.

MRS. DIAZ

Scary? How?

SAM

He talks funny, then he goes asleep.

MRS. DIAZ

What's scary about sleeping?

SAM

I'm afraid he won't wake up.

Tiger lowers his head, a wave of guilt crashing over him. Mrs. Diaz stares.

MRS. DIAZ  
Which one of you is telling me the truth? You or your daughter?

Steinberg points at Sam.

STEINBERG  
She's lying.

MILES MARKHAM  
She's confused. You can't expect a kid to understand the difference between drug use and abuse.

Tiger mutters something under his breath.

MRS. DIAZ  
I didn't catch that, Mr. Woods? What did you say?

TIGER  
I said he's right. You can't expect a kid to understand the difference.

MILES MARKHAM  
Like I'm saying--

TIGER  
But I understand it perfectly. And if I'm being honest with myself, I might have a couple issues.

Stunned silence. Steinberg glares at Tiger.

STEINBERG  
He's kidding.

TIGER  
I'm so sorry, Sam. I didn't think you noticed.

STEINBERG  
Not the time.

Tiger turns to Elin, taking her hand. She lets him.

TIGER  
I would never, ever put the kids in danger, at least knowingly. But I can't say the same about myself.

Steinberg face-palms. The lawyers are speechless. Elin is astonished. Tiger turns to Mrs. Diaz.

TIGER (cont'd)  
Is that candid enough for you?

Mrs. Diaz says nothing, taken aback by his honesty.

**INT. FOYER - DAY**

The Woodses walk Mrs. Diaz to the door.

MRS. DIAZ  
I'll be in touch with my decision.

ELIN  
Is there nothing you can tell us?

Mrs. Diaz wavers. She decides to be candid in return.

MRS. DIAZ  
Look, your kids are healthy, happy,  
and wear Ferragamo shoes. You aren't  
the parents of the year, but you're  
half-decent. You'll be fine.

Tiger and Elin breathe a sigh of relief.

TIGER  
Let me guess. She's the decent half?

Mrs. Diaz nods, pulling out a pamphlet on DRUG ADDICTION.

MRS. DIAZ  
You need to get some help. I'd start  
with this. And also this.

She pull out a pamphlet on SEX ADDICTION. Then ones on  
ALCOHOL ADDICTION, GAMBLING ADDICTION, and WORK ADDICTION.

MRS. DIAZ (cont'd)  
And this as well. This can't hurt  
either. This one too.

TIGER  
That's probably good for now.

MRS. DIAZ  
All right. You guys have a Merry  
Christmas -- but not too merry.

With that, Mrs. Diaz exits. Elin suddenly realizes that she  
and Tiger are still holding hands. She jerks away.

ELIN

That was monumentally stupid of you.

TIGER

Yeah. I'm kinda still drunk from last night.

ELIN

Me too.

An awkward silence. Elin admires what he did, but she can't bring herself to say it. So she simply walks away.

Tiger watches her go, a curious look on his face. He felt a spark between them.

Elin purses her lips, worried and confused. She felt it too.

**INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Tiger reads Sam a bedtime story: *Oh, The Places You'll Go*, by Dr. Seuss. A night light projector illuminates the walls.

TIGER

"Oh, the places you'll go! There is fun to be done! There are points to be scored. There are games to be won. And the magical things you can do with that ball will make you the winning-est winner of all. Fame! You'll be famous as famous can be, with the whole wide world watching you win on TV. Except when they don't. Because, sometimes, they won't."

SAM

Daddy?

TIGER

What?

SAM

Why is Momma mad at you?

Tiger bookmarks the page and sets the book on a nightstand.

TIGER

It's complicated, sweetie.

SAM

Why?

TIGER

I won't get into specifics. God knows you'll hear all about it when you're older. All you need to know is: Daddy hurt Momma's feelings. Very badly.

SAM

Give her a kiss to make it better.

TIGER

I'm not sure if she'd appreciate a kiss. She's really mad at me.

SAM

Will you and Momma ever kiss again?

Tiger smooths Sam's hair.

TIGER

I hope so, Sam. But to be honest, I don't know. That's up to Momma.

(pauses)

But I do know that whatever happens, kisses or no kisses, I will always be your dad. No matter what. You can't get rid of me.

A BABY MONITOR sits on the dresser, transmitting to...

**INT. GUESTHOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME**

...a receiver on the nightstand. Elin listens in bed.

TIGER (ON BABY MONITOR)

I'll always love you, for as long as I live. And that's a promise.

Elin stares up at the ceiling, trying to block him out.

**INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Tiger glances at the monitor. He knows it's there.

TIGER

Goodnight.

**INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY**

Christmas morning. Tiger helps Sam unwrap a set of Fisher-Price golf clubs. Kultida takes photos.

Elin watches from across the room with Charlie in her lap and a tall Bloody Mary in her hand.

**INT. GUESTHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Josefin slides a real estate flyer across a table to Elin and Charlie, talking up the pictured Stockholm penthouse.

JOSEFIN

*Now presenting... the most darling divorcée pad in the Östermalm! It's child-friendly, paparazzi-proof, just a skip away from Stockholm University...*

ELIN

*And hop, jump, and thirteen-hour red-eye from their father.*

JOSEFIN

*You know what they say: location, location, location!*

Elin fakes a smile. Josefin sees through it.

JOSEFIN (cont'd)

*Don't get soft on me.*

ELIN

*Excuse me?*

JOSEFIN

*Don't get soft on me. I know that face. You're having second thoughts.*

ELIN

*Don't be ridiculous. If anyone is "getting soft," it's Tiger.*

JOSEFIN

*Then how come he hasn't told you one damn name? Not a one?*

Elin doesn't have an answer. Josefin does.

JOSEFIN (cont'd)

*He's playing you.*

ELIN

*I'm playing him.*

JOSEFIN

*And you're getting outplayed. This was a bad idea. You've always had a weakness for that prick.*

Elin bristles.

ELIN

*What can I say? I have a weakness for tall, dark, and handsome superstars. Who doesn't?*

JOSEFIN

*Me.*

*(off Elin's look)*

*I told you not to sign that goddamn prenup.*

ELIN

*Give it a rest. You would've signed if you'd been in my shoes.*

JOSEFIN

*I would've walked.*

ELIN

*Easy for you to say.*

JOSEFIN

*What's that supposed mean?*

ELIN

*Come back and talk to me when Henrik Lundkvist wants to start a family with you. Then you'll understand.*

Elin laughs to soften the blow. But it still lands. Josefin recoils, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

JOSEFIN

*What can I say? You hit the jackpot.*

ELIN

*Right back at you, sis.*

JOSEFIN

*I'm sorry?*

ELIN

*What's the finder's fee for my "divorcée dream pad"? I'm just curious. What's your cut?*

Josefin shrugs.

JOSEFIN

*A girl's got to keep the lights on somehow. We all have our talents.*

ELIN

*Let me guess. Mine is gold-digging.*

JOSEFIN

*No. If you were good at that, we wouldn't be here.*

ELIN

*I'll take that as a compliment. I loved him. That's the truth. But now? I think I'll love cleaning him out.*

JOSEFIN

*I hope you do. But without evidence, it's never going to happen. And the fact is, Tiger trusted all those slampas more than you.*

Now it's Elin's turn to shrug.

ELIN

*If you can't beat them...*

JOSEFIN

*What does that mean?*

ELIN

*I know how to break him. Everybody does.*

Elin struts out. Josefin reads between the lines.

JOSEFIN

*You're not saying what I think you're... Elin, no! Do not get soft on me!*

ELIN

*Trust me, I'll be anything but soft.*

**INT. TIGER'S HOUSE - BOUDOIR - NIGHT**

A makeup brush paints glittery blue eyeshadow on eyelids. Delicate fingers glue on false lashes. Cherry red lipstick colors plump lips. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

...Tiger's face. Not Elin's. Sam is giving him a makeover. He looks completely terrifying. Sam can't stop cracking up.

SAM

*You're so pretty, daddy.*

Tiger examines himself in the mirror, a tad self-conscious.

TIGER  
Really? Do you think?

KULTIDA (O.S.)  
What the hell is going on?

Kultida walks in. Tiger startles, wiping off the lipstick.

TIGER  
Huh? Nothing. Just, uh... having a  
little fun.  
(clears his throat)  
What's up?

Kultida decides not to ask any questions.

KULTIDA  
Elin needs to speak to you upstairs.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Tiger enters, his makeup half smeared off. No sign of Elin.

TIGER  
Hello?

The door SHUTS behind him. Tiger turns around. His jaw hits the floor.

TIGER (cont'd)  
Holy...

Elin stands before him, dolled up in a skimpy cocktail dress and heavy makeup. In short, she looks one of Tiger's mistresses. Elin draws back at the sight of Tiger's makeup.

ELIN  
...shit.

TIGER  
You look...

ELIN  
...absolutely hideous. Is that  
eyeshadow?

Tiger starts to wipe it off.

TIGER  
It's kind of a funny story. Sam and I  
were--

Elin stops him.

ELIN  
Keep it on. The less you look like  
you, the easier this will be.

TIGER  
What will...?

Elin's dress falls to her stilettos. Tiger gulps.

TIGER (cont'd)  
Oh.

Tiger moves in to kiss her. Elin SHOVES him back.

ELIN  
No kissing.

TIGER  
What?

Tiger gropes at her. Elin SHOVES him onto the bed.

ELIN  
No touching.

TIGER  
Why?

ELIN  
I don't know where you've been. Until  
I do, you won't lay a single finger  
on me. Do you understand?

TIGER  
Not really. What am I supposed to...?

Tiger is struck speechless. Elin's bra drops into his lap.

ELIN  
You were saying?

TIGER  
Nothing.

ELIN  
Spread your limbs.  
(off his hesitation)  
I said spread them!

Tiger splays out. Elin grabs four sock-like golf club head covers from his golf bag. She ties him to the bedposts.

Elin mounts him. She gyrates. Teasing and denying.

ELIN (cont'd)  
It must be frustrating being stuck  
inside this big, dark house with no  
release. Has it been frustrating?

TIGER  
Uh-huh.

ELIN  
All that tension. All those little  
urges. Can you feel them in you?  
Rising? Building up? Ready to burst?

TIGER  
(breathless)  
Yeah.

ELIN  
Would you like me to release them,  
Tiger? Would you?

Tiger ogles her, his dick battling his brain.

TIGER  
Why are you doing this?

ELIN  
I thought you'd like it.

TIGER  
No, I do. You look amazing. It's  
just... this isn't you.

ELIN  
That's the whole point.

Tiger feels a twinge of guilt.

TIGER  
I want this to be real.

ELIN  
It's real.

TIGER  
Do you still love me?

ELIN  
You know it.

TIGER  
Say you love me.

Elin falters. Then recovers. She looks Tiger in the eye.

ELIN  
I love you.

And she means it. Maybe not in a romantic way, but Elin still cares deeply for him.

ELIN (cont'd)  
Do you love me?

Tiger nods. Elin leans close, her breath hot in his ear.

ELIN (cont'd)  
How much?

CUT TO BLACK.

**OVER BLACK**

We hear the CRINKLING of paper.

**INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY**

Tiger unfolds a four-page handwritten list, Elin peeking at it with increasing dread. They're in therapy.

TIGER  
Are you absolutely, positively sure  
you need to hear this?

Elin steels her nerves.

ELIN  
Just do it.

Tiger looks at Dr. Carnes for the go-ahead.

DR. CARNES  
Whenever you're ready.

TIGER  
OK.

He begins, his voice low and tentative.

TIGER (cont'd)  
The first one was this waitress.  
Topless waitress. Bottomless, too. At  
this strip club in Atlanta after the  
WGC-Amex. Um, I think she said her  
name was Chandelier? Probably fake.  
(MORE)

TIGER (cont'd)  
 Anyway, it started out as just a  
 totally innocent lap dance...

Elin shuts her eyes. This will be harder than she thought.

DISSOLVE TO:

**LATER**

Tiger soldiers on.

TIGER  
 Number six. The order isn't  
 chronological. Theresa Rogers. She's  
 this older woman I met at the gym. I  
 later found out she was trying to get  
 pregnant -- with the blessing of her  
 husband, who's a fan of mine. Dodged  
 a bullet there.

DISSOLVE TO:

**LATER**

Tiger lowers the list. This one is seared in his memory.

TIGER  
 Number eleven. Jamie Jungers. May  
 3rd, 2006.

Elin looks up, recognizing the date. Tiger recounts a  
 painful memory we recognize from his Ambien nightmare.

TIGER (cont'd)  
 I was with her when my father passed  
 away. I left his deathbed to meet up  
 with her. And while I was gone...  
 (trails off)  
 You'd think I would've learned my  
 lesson after that. But you'd be wrong.

DISSOLVE TO:

**LATER**

We pick up the pace. Each confession seems to lift a weight  
 off Tiger's shoulders and place it onto Elin's.

TIGER  
 Number twenty. Jaimee Grubbs. There  
 were a couple "Jamies." Five to be  
 precise. And zero "Jaimes." He's just  
 some guy I made up.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGER (cont'd)  
Twenty-five, six, and seven were all car models. Not, like, Buick Enclaves, but these showgirls at the Vegas Auto Expo. And yeah. We had a foursome in a hot tub.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGER (cont'd)  
Thirty-eight. Loredana Jolie. This Playboy Playmate who I stole from Michael Jordan at the Baha Mar. I won't lie, I was proud of that one.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGER (cont'd)  
Fifty-two. Mindy Lawton. She's that trashy-looking waitress at the Perkins off the interstate. You know which one I'm talking about. We hooked up in my Escalade outside this Catholic church. This one was a low point.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGER (cont'd)  
Sixty-five. Holly Sampson... is her porn star name. She's also sometimes credited as Andrea Michaels or just Nicolete. That's with one T. Her real name's Nicolette with two Ts. But she usually goes by Zoe.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGER (cont'd)  
Eighty-three. Rachel Uchitel, who, FYI, we paid eight million dollars to keep quiet. There goes that.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGER (cont'd)  
One-oh-six. Joslyn James. I won't try to dress it up: full-blown prostitute. We did a lot of stuff.  
(stares into distance)  
A lot of stuff.

DISSOLVE TO:

**LATER**

Tiger double-checks the list.

TIGER

...and the masseuse out at Trump National brings the total to one twenty. Might've missed a couple here or there, what with the drugs and stuff. But yeah. I'm not sure what to tell you. I'm so sorry.

Elin makes a sort of choking noise.

ELIN

Why?

Tiger thinks on it.

TIGER

Because I could. I thought I was special. That the rules didn't apply to me. And, honestly, I needed an escape. My life is a fishbowl. I just... I had to escape.

Dr. Carnes gestures to a covered window, the media outside.

DR. CARNES

Yet here you are, more trapped than ever.

Tiger shakes his head.

TIGER

I'm not trapped. I'm just hiding. But you know what? Not anymore.

Tiger sets the list down by Elin and gets up. He seems liberated. Possibly unhinged. Elin can't quite tell.

TIGER (cont'd)

The more we hide, the more they seek. So I say screw it. I'm right here. Come and get me.

Tiger RIPS the paper down, bright white sunlight pouring in.

MATCH CUT TO:

**EXT. WHISTLER OLYMPIC PARK - SKI JUMP - DAY**

Blinding white snow. The buzzer BLARES. A Swiss SKI JUMPER zooms past, shooting under a banner for the Vancouver 2010 Winter Olympics.

The ski jumper FLIES off the ramp. She glides through the thin air. Lands gracefully. Pumps her arms in celebration...

...but is met with just a flurry of applause. The ski jumper looks over at the CROWD in confusion...

...and finds a sea of people's backs. They're all watching Tiger's famous PUBLIC APOLOGY (excerpted verbatim) on the Jumbotron. He reads haltingly into the camera from a podium.

TIGER (ON TV)

Good morning. And thank you for joining me. While I have always tried to be a private person, there are some things I want to say.

**EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY**

PEDESTRIANS gather under the big screens. Not since O.J.'s Bronco chase has America been so riveted by a broadcast.

TIGER (ON TV)

To each of you, simply and directly, I am deeply sorry.

**EXT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - DAY**

Trading comes to a standstill, the FLOOR BROKERS transfixed.

TIGER (ON TV)

I was unfaithful. I had affairs. I cheated.

**EXT. SAWGRASS MARRIOTT HOTEL - CHAMPIONS BALLROOM - DAY**

Three-hundred SPORTS REPORTERS huddle around TVs. The only screen showing golf -- the WGC-Accenture -- goes unwatched.

TIGER (ON TV)

I knew my actions were wrong. But I convinced myself that normal rules didn't apply.

**INT. CORMIER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hailee watches with her parents.

TIGER (ON TV)  
 I felt that I had worked hard my  
 entire life and deserved to enjoy all  
 the temptations around me.

**INT. DR. CARNES'S HOUSE - TV ROOM - DAY**

Dr. Carnes watches with his WIFE.

TIGER (ON TV)  
 Thanks to money and fame, I didn't  
 have to go far to find them.

**INT. GUESTHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Elin packs her things. Sam and Charlie watch Tiger on TV.

TIGER (ON TV)  
 I understand people have questions.  
 They want to know the details of my  
 infidelity. They want to know if  
 Elin and I will remain together.

SAM  
 Mommy, are you moving back home?

Sam points out the window to the main house. Elin stops packing, trying to find the words.

**INT. TPC SAWGRASS RESORT - BALLROOM - DAY**

Tiger looks up from his notes, speaking from the heart.

TIGER  
 As far as I'm concerned, these are  
 private matters between her and me.  
 For the sake of my family, please  
 leave them alone. They didn't do  
 these things. I did. I'm the one who  
 needs to change. I owe it to them to  
 become a better person. Thank you.

He's met with funereal silence from the audience, save for the SHUTTERING of cameras. Phil Knight whispers something to Steinberg, who reacts as if he's hearing his death sentence.

**INT./EXT. LIMOUSINE - DAY - MOVING**

Tiger gazes out the window as they enter gorgeous Isleworth. Steinberg juggles emails on his phone.

STEINBERG

I hope you're happy. Gatorade is dumping us. Gillette may sue for moral breach of contract. And, no biggie, but Phil Knight said Nike might scale back its golf line.

TIGER

They're all gone.

STEINBERG

With that attitude, they will be. You just have to get back out there on the course. Winning takes care of everything.

TIGER

No, the press is gone. Look. They're all gone.

Tiger points outside. The media has packed up and left town. He opens the privacy glass, speaking to the driver.

TIGER (cont'd)

Can you pull over?

STEINBERG

What? Why?

TIGER

'Cause the alternative is throwing myself out of a moving vehicle. I love you, man, but something I can't stand you.

The limo stops. Tiger exits, leaving Steinberg sputtering.

**EXT. DEACON CIRCLE - DAY**

Tiger strolls down the emptied out street, feeling like a new man. He stops to pick an orange from a tree. Peels it.

A happy SENIOR COUPLE (80s) waves from a passing golf cart.

Tiger waves back. He bites into his orange. Life is sweet.

Tiger punches in the code to his gate. It swings opens, welcoming him home. As he starts down the driveway...

HAILEE (O.S.)

Hey, douchebag!

Tiger turns around -- SPLAT! An iced coffee explodes across his chest. Tiger blinks through the mess at --

-- HAILEE CORMIER. She's livid.

HAILEE  
Yeah, you, you son of a bitch!  
Remember me?

Tiger draws a blank. Hailee gasps.

HAILEE (cont'd)  
Oh my God. You don't remember me? The  
girl from down the street who you...

She mashes her hands together in a sexual gesture.

HAILEE (cont'd)  
...on the pull-out in your office?  
And then never texted again?

Tiger finally places her.

TIGER  
Shit.

HAILEE  
You told me I was the only woman  
other than your wife!

TIGER  
I remember you. I'm just a little  
fuzzy.

HAILEE  
Fuzzy?

TIGER  
Not sure if you've heard, but I've  
been working through some things.

HAILEE  
Oh, I've heard all about it. Fourteen  
other "things." You're a womanizer!

TIGER  
Look, from the bottom of my heart,  
I'm really sorry.

Tiger wrings out his shirt.

TIGER (cont'd)  
What is this? Iced coffee?

HAILEE  
I wish it was hot!

Hailee storms off toward the house. Tiger follows.

TIGER  
Where are you going?

HAILEE  
To tell your wife about us. I just, I can't live like this.

TIGER  
Whoa, whoa, hold up a second. Wait. Don't do that. Let me tell her. Please. It has to come from me.

Hailee shakes her head, inconsolable.

HAILEE  
I was there that night, you know. After your accident? When you kept passing out? I hid your phone, and made sure nobody took pictures.

TIGER  
That was you?  
(off her look)  
Why?

HAILEE  
I cared about you, asshole. Maybe I was just another face in the crowd, but I'm a person too. With feelings. And so help me God, you'll never forget that again.

TIGER  
Look, I'm sorry. Please just let me--

Tiger pulls up gingerly, grabbing his lower back.

TIGER (cont'd)  
Ow, my back. Wait, I think I tweaked my... Hey! Can you just...?

Tiger hobbles after Hailee, limping up his front steps.

**EXT. TIGER'S HOUSE - PORTICO - CONT.**

He finds her reading a NOTE taped to the door.

HAILEE

Elin took your kids to Stockholm.

TIGER

What?

Hailee rips the note down and hands it to Tiger. He reads it, his face going slack. Hailee laughs.

HAILEE

Know what? This is even better. You deserve it.

TIGER

I said I was sorry.

HAILEE

You aren't sorry. You're just sorry you got caught. Everyone thought you were special. Now they know you're just a dirty old man.

TIGER

Please.

HAILEE

I hope you die alone.

With that parting shot, Hailee stomps off. Tiger sinks to the steps, holding his back. He looks ruined and exhausted, a shell of the man we met in the beginning.

We HEAR Elin read the note.

ELIN (V.O.)

Dear Tiger. I wish things had turned out differently between us. But we can't turn back the clock. What's done is done. Our marriage is over.

**EXT. STOCKHOLM - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

A dreary winter's day in central Stockholm, the city cold and cheerless.

ELIN (V.O.)

I'm taking the children to my sister's place in Stockholm. I intend to seek sole custody and move there once we've settled our affairs.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Elin pushes a double stroller up a steep, snowy hill, Sam and Charlie's little faces stinging in the frigid wind.

ELIN (V.O.)

I know it's hard to swallow, but it's for the best. Before Thanksgiving, we were little more than burdens to you on your path to greatness.

She maneuvers the stroller into a drab apartment building.

ELIN (V.O.) (cont'd)

Now you can get back to it unencumbered. Sam and Charlie will be rooting for you. Elin.

**INT. JOSEFIN'S APARTMENT - HOME OFFICE - DAY**

Josefin looks over Tiger's list at her desk. Elin stares out a picture window at the gloomy city.

ELIN

*You'd think technology would've solved the whole cold weather thing by now.*

JOSEFIN

*It's called global warming. Give it time.*

ELIN

*That isn't what I meant.*

JOSEFIN

*Or even better, fire up your yacht and pump out CO2 until you're nice and toasty.*

Josefin smirks at Elin. Elin catches on.

ELIN

*So I take it...*

JOSEFIN

*It's a smoking gun! You did it! This is incredible!*

Josefin flings her arms around Elin. Elin remains stiff.

ELIN

*Woo-hoo.*

JOSEFIN  
*I'm sorry. I didn't mean...*  
 (adjusts her tone)  
*This is unconscionable.*

ELIN  
*Much better.*

JOSEFIN  
*And I can't even imagine what you've  
 been through. Jesus, nobody on earth  
 can.*

ELIN  
*All right, let's not overdo it.*

JOSEFIN  
*Overdo it? This will go down as the  
 biggest cheating scandal in the  
 history of marriage.*

ELIN  
 (a warning)  
*Truly, do not overdo it.*

JOSEFIN  
*Sorry, sorry. What I meant to say is:  
 Elin, you're a warrior. You've been  
 through hell and back. And I missed  
 you.*

ELIN  
*Missed you, too. I'm sorry for being  
 such a bitch.*

JOSEFIN  
*Right back at you, sis. Water under  
 the bridge. Come here.*

The sisters hug it out for real this time. Elin's phone  
 PINGS. She checks it. One new text from Tiger.

ELIN  
*Speak of the devil.*

JOSEFIN  
*Let me guess...*  
 (impersonating Tiger)  
*"Super sorry, babe. Can I get, like,  
 a hundred twenty mulligans?"*

Elin stares at her phone in surprise.

ELIN

*Actually, no. He's going to rehab.*

JOSEFIN

*To what?*

**INT. GENTLE PATH REHAB CENTER - MEETING HALL - DAY**

Tiger sits in a group therapy circle with male SEX ADDICTS and a COUNSELOR (50s). His hair is noticeably thinner than the last time we saw him, save for an unfortunate goatee.

TIGER

Hey, I'm Tiger. Sex addict and drug addict.

SUPER: "SIX WEEKS LATER"

SEX ADDICTS

Hey, Tiger.

TIGER

Almost all of you have heard me share my story, but for the newbie...

A NEWBIE (30s) smiles sheepishly.

NEWBIE

Big fan.

TIGER

So much for Sex Addicts Anonymous.

Everyone laughs. The newbie blushes. Tiger brushes it off.

TIGER (cont'd)

I'm kidding, man. I wouldn't be anonymous if I went to a meeting on the moon. Not that I'm complaining. It's the path I chose.

(then)

I mean that literally. When I was a kid, my father sat me down and told me I could either be a golfer or a soldier. That was it. And lately, I've been wondering if I chose wrong. Like, maybe I'd be just as happy if I'd joined the Navy SEALs. Happier even. Being just another cog in the machine. Jacked and tatted.

(MORE)

TIGER (cont'd)

Taking out high value targets in the night, then coming home to my family in the morning. I think I'd have made a pretty decent seal.

(pauses)

Or maybe I'd be lying tits up in a ditch out in some desert. Who knows. Either one would probably be better than this.

That's all he's got. The counselor scans the group.

COUNSELOR

Anyone else?

The newbie raises his hand.

NEWBIE

Hey, I'm Jason. I expose myself in public.

SEX ADDICTS

Hey, Jason.

**EXT. GENTLE PATH REHAB CENTER - ZEN GARDEN - DAY**

Tiger sits in lotus pose, a MEDITATION GURU (60s) leading him and the other sex addicts in a guided imagery session.

MEDITATION GURU

...and inhale, breathing presence into every cell. Experience the moment fully. Nothing can disturb you.

An ORDERLY (30s) taps Tiger on the shoulder.

ORDERLY

Mr. Woods, you have a visitor.

Tiger cracks an eye. Steinberg is pacing around with his phone in the air, trying to get a signal. Tiger just sighs.

**INT. GENTLE PATH REHAB CENTER - TIGER'S ROOM - DAY**

Tiger shows Steinberg his sad, little dorm room. The only decor of note is a photo of the kids on the yacht.

TIGER

And this is where the magic doesn't happen.

STEINBERG

Lord have mercy. This is really where they put you?

TIGER

Costs me twice as much per evening as a penthouse at the Bellagio.

Tiger plunks himself down on a creaky twin bed, Steinberg eyeing him with concern.

TIGER (cont'd)

So, you here to bust my balls about the list?

STEINBERG

I'd rather never talk about your balls again, if that's all right.

(pauses)

Are you OK?

TIGER

Yeah.

STEINBERG

This is awkward, but I have to ask. Did you stop using your hair stuff?

Tiger shrugs.

TIGER

What's the point? You can't fight father time.

STEINBERG

Shit, man, what's the point of anything, then?

TIGER

I dunno. Good question.

Tiger gazes at his navel. Steinberg is disgusted with him.

STEINBERG

What about golf?

TIGER

What about it?

STEINBERG

What's the story? It's been months.

TIGER

I know, I'm leaving so much money on the table.

STEINBERG

Dude, forget the money.

TIGER

Come again?

STEINBERG

It isn't why you play. It never has been. The money's my department... or it was, at least.

Steinberg sits down beside Tiger with a long face.

TIGER

What happened?

STEINBERG

They fired me. I'm out at IMG after my deal is up. That's what I came to tell you. If you stay there, it'll be with a new agent.

TIGER

Shit. I'm sorry, man. Are you OK?

STEINBERG

I'll land on my feet. A job's a job. But golf? It's something more to you. It's a religion. It's a purpose. Why God put you on this earth.

Maybe not the only reason. Tiger glances at the photo of his kids. Steinberg notices.

STEINBERG (cont'd)

And it's all that you've got left. When you're ready to get back to number one, give me a call. I'll be cheering from the gallery -- not as your agent, but your biggest fan. And your best friend.

Steinberg puts his arm around Tiger.

TIGER

We're not best friends.

STEINBERG

Just let me have this.

Tiger chuckles, contemplating Steinberg's wisdom.

**EXT. GENTLE PATH REHAB CENTER - PARKING LOT - DUSK**

Tiger watches Steinberg drive off into the sunset.

**INT. GENTLE PATH REHAB CENTER - REC ROOM - NIGHT**

Sex addicts play foosball and Connect Four. Tiger and some guys sit around a TV, watching SportsCenter. They show a highlight of his old pal, Derek Jeter, mashing a home run.

Tiger stares, unblinking. He feels the itch.

**INT. TIGER'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Tiger tosses and turns in bed, unable to sleep. He kneads his lower back. Flexes his reconstructed knee.

He could really use some Ambien right now. But in lieu of it, he settles for a breathing exercise.

Tiger finally gets comfortable. He closes his eyes. Waits for sleep to come.

It doesn't. Tiger opens his eyes.

TIGER

Fuck it.

**EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - MAGNOLIA LANE - DAY**

Thousands of FANS descend upon Augusta National Golf Club, making their way down the magnolia-arched entrance.

MEDIA CHAIRMAN (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, good afternoon.  
It's my pleasure to welcome everyone  
to Augusta National Golf Club and the  
2010 Masters Tournament.

**INT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - PRESS ROOM - DAY**

The MEDIA CHAIRMAN (50s) sits in front of a standing-room-only crowd of SPORTS REPORTERS.

MEDIA CHAIRMAN

I'd also like to welcome back four  
time Masters champion, Tiger Woods.

Cameras FLASH as Tiger walks out and takes a seat. He seems cautiously optimistic. The chairman calls on a REPORTER.

REPORTER

Tiger, with everything that's happened since Thanksgiving, what'll be going through your mind on that first tee?

TIGER

What'll be going through my mind?

Tiger pauses, remembering something.

TIGER (cont'd)

Sorry. Before I forget, I need to say something. I missed my son's first birthday when I was in treatment.

**INT. JOSEFIN'S APARTMENT - TV ROOM - SAME**

Elin fills out transfer applications to several Swedish universities. Sam and Charlie watch Tiger on TV.

TIGER (ON TV)

If you're watching, happy birthday, big guy. Daddy misses you.

SAM

He's talking about Charlie!

Elin looks up in surprise. Before she can speak, Josefin hollers from the foyer. She's standing with a DELIVERY MAN.

JOSEFIN

*Uh, Elin? Did you order ninety-six cupcakes?*

Elin is mystified. Then realizes. She scowls at the TV in grudging appreciation. Tiger turns back to the reporter.

TIGER

Sorry, what was the question?

**INT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - PRESS ROOM - SAME**

The reporter decides to reframe it.

REPORTER

After everything that's happened, is your head still in the game?

TIGER

Yeah. I mean, I'm here to win. Same as always. You just block out all the noise and get it done. Easy as that.

The prelapped voice of the COURSE ANNOUNCER summons us to...

COURSE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Fore, please. Now driving, Tiger  
Woods.

**EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - TEE BOX - DAY**

...the first tee. Tiger walks up to CHEERS and APPLAUSE. Phil Knight, Steinberg, and Kultida are on pins and needles.

Steve Williams pulls out a driver and hands it to Tiger.

Tiger tees up. He addresses the ball. A hush falls, the whole world watching with bated breath.

Then a NOISE cuts through the silence. The DRONE of a small plane. Everyone peers up at the sky.

It's a heckler flying a banner: "SEX ADDICT? YEAH RIGHT."

Tiger steps off the tee. The gallery buzzes. Steinberg and Kultida trade a worried look. Steve Williams steps in.

STEVE WILLIAMS  
Quiet, please!

Order is restored. Tiger retakes his stance. But something is off. A drop of sweat rolls down his temple. Tiger wipes it. He swallows stiffly, feeling all the eyes on him...

...including Earl's. Tiger thinks he sees him in the crowd. He blinks...

...and Earl is gone. It's just a sea of strange faces. All staring expectantly at Tiger. People love a comeback story.

Unfortunately, this isn't one.

PING! Tiger finally drives the ball. The gallery ROARS...

...and then GROANS as the shot veers into the neighboring fairway, nearly striking several sunburned GOLF DADS.

Off Tiger grimacing, we...

CUT TO:

**A LOWLIGHT MONTAGE**

...charting his fall from golfing grace in 2010 (real footage where possible). It's the tonal opposite of the opening montage. We see:

--UGLY SHOTS and UGLIER REACTIONS: shanks, duck hooks, slices, over-cooks, misreads, temper tantrums, curses, Tiger tweaking his neck at The Players Championship...

--Steve shaking his head, Steinberg wincing, Kultida dying inside, Phil Knight turning away in disgust...

--TROPHIES being presented to the next class of stars: RORY MCILROY, DUSTIN JOHNSON, JASON DAY...

--TALKING HEADS bemoaning the state of Tiger's game.

--And finally: Elin and the kids watching TV in dismay. It's undeniable; the Chosen One looks mortal.

END MONTAGE.

**INT. TIGER'S PRIVATE JET - CABIN - NIGHT**

Tiger gazes out the window, his neck and back on ice, a strange detached look on his face. Steinberg, Steve, Kutlida, and Miles Markham gather around him in concern.

STEINBERG

You'll get back into the swing of things in no time.

STEVE WILLIAMS

Yeah. You're just dinged up.

Tiger shakes his head.

TIGER

I've been dinged up for years. This is different.

KULTIDA

You just need to get your head right. I'll ask Elin if the kids can visit. They can cheer you up.

TIGER

Good luck with that.

MILES MARKHAM

You're still their father. You have rights. We can compel a visitation if we have to.

TIGER

How? By dragging them to court and putting Sam up on the stand in what, a booster seat? No thanks. I think I've screwed them up enough.

KULTIDA

You can't give up.

TIGER

I'm not. She beat me, mom. I lost. I'll take whatever visitation I can get. Give Elin everything she wants.

Miles Markham and Kultida exchange a pained look.

MILES MARKHAM

Everything everything?

**EXT. NORTH PALM BEACH - OLD PORT COVE - DAY**

Tiger's yacht lies in harbor, dwarfing all the other boats. A moving truck rumbles up the dock.

JOSEFIN (PRE-LAP)

*That's the last of all the artwork from the house...*

**INT. YACHT - LOUNGE - DAY**

Josefin holds the door. A STEWARD lugs in the torn painting of Tiger staring down a tiger.

JOSEFIN

*...or what remained of it.*

Elin looks up from tending to the kids.

ELIN

*You could've left that one with him, you know.*

JOSEFIN

*(smugly)*

*I know.*

The steward sets the painting down among some other artwork. Josefin brings up an article on her phone. She shows Elin.

JOSEFIN (cont'd)

*Hey, you want to see something cool? The Wall Street Journal is predicting that the Krona will rise points against the dollar once you sign the papers and the transfer clears.*

Elin laughs in disbelief.

ELIN

*Holy shit.*

JOSEFIN

*From mom with half a psych degree to currency manipulator... I think this deserves a drink.*

Josefin steps over to a wet bar. Elin demurs.

ELIN

*I need to finish up my applications.*

JOSEFIN

*Applications? Wait a second. You're still going through with that?*

ELIN

*Why wouldn't I?*

JOSEFIN

*Oh, I don't know. A hundred million reasons come to mind. You'll never have to work a minute in your life.*

ELIN

*What would I do all day?*

JOSEFIN

*Exactly what you've always done. Just live the dream. You won.*

Something doesn't sit right with Elin. There's a KNOCK at the door. Kultida enters. Sam and Charlie scamper over.

SAM/CHARLIE

*Grandma!/Yaya!*

KULTIDA

*Babies! Give me a hug.*

Kultida smothers them in hugs and kisses. She turns to Elin.

KULTIDA (cont'd)  
Can we talk?

**EXT. YACHT - AFT DECK - DUSK**

Sam plays with her Fisher Price golf clubs. Charlie spectates. Elin and Kultida observe from deck chairs.

KULTIDA  
You probably think I'm here to give you an apology. I'm not. You've taken enough from me as is.

ELIN  
Just what I'm owed.

KULTIDA  
That might be true. It doesn't change the fact that I'm losing my grandbabies. I'm so mad I could throw you off this boat. I hate your guts.

Elin gets up.

ELIN  
Well, this was fun.

KULTIDA  
But I respect you.

Elin sits back down, confused. Kultida stares out to sea.

KULTIDA (cont'd)  
You're doing what I never had the balls to do: divorce my husband and start over on my own.

ELIN  
It was a different time.

KULTIDA  
I could've kicked him out. Found a job and made it work. But I was weak.

ELIN  
If it makes you feel better, everyone thinks I'm a gold-digger.

KULTIDA  
Know what I think of everyone? Nothing. They don't matter. Only they do.

Kultida points at Sam and Charlie.

KULTIDA (cont'd)  
There's a difference between moving  
on and moving. Children need their  
fathers.

ELIN  
I think I turned out all right.

Kultida gives Elin a look. Elin gives it right back.

ELIN (cont'd)  
Please. Like Tiger turned out so much  
better?

KULTIDA  
What he did to you is unforgivable.  
Don't get me wrong. But he's brought  
so much joy into so many lives.

ELIN  
Except the one that counted.

KULTIDA  
That's not true. You loved him once.  
You rooted for him just like  
everybody. Give him one more chance.

ELIN  
I gave him plenty. Where was my  
chance?

KULTIDA  
Please. I'm begging you.

ELIN  
I'm sorry, but I can't root for a man  
who doesn't root for me. I need to go  
sign the papers.

Elin gets up, gathering Sam and Charlie.

ELIN (cont'd)  
Come on, guys. Time to say goodbye to  
Grandma.

Kultida fights back tears, mustering a smile for the kids.

**INT. TIGER WOODS HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Tiger's legal team reeks of defeat, their star client nowhere to be seen. Across the table, Elin and her team review the settlement. Dennis Belcher nods, satisfied.

DENNIS BELCHER

Everything looks good on our end. Put your name right next to his, and you're officially divorced.

Elin stares at Tiger's signature on the page. Victory has never been so bittersweet. She signs her name. It's over.

Belcher and Josefin exchange a look of triumph.

JOSEFIN

If no one else has anything to add, let's wrap this up.

Elin and her team rise. Miles Markham remembers something.

MILES MARKHAM

Oh, just a second. Tiger said he owes you this as well.

He hands Elin a blank check. The memo line reads "TUITION." Josefin looks over at her sister.

JOSEFIN

*What is it? Interest?*

Elin seems touched by the gesture.

ELIN

*You could say that.*

**EXT. DEACON CIRCLE - DAY**

Tiger putters home from practice in a golf court, half his body wrapped in ice.

Jim and Jan Cormier give him death-glances from their yard.

Tiger leans back, ducking behind his golf bag.

**INT. TIGER'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY**

Tiger shuffles through the door. He drops his bag. Strips down to his underwear. There's no one here to see him. No agents or handlers or family. Just a lonely middle-aged man.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY**

Tiger plods through his enormous empty mansion. The walls are bare. Most of the furniture is gone.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Tiger pours himself four fingers of scotch. He drinks two.

He opens the freezer. Takes out a frozen pizza. Tears the box apart. Nukes the pizza in the microwave.

**INT. TV ROOM - DAY**

Tiger picks at the pizza, half-watching a Discovery Channel show about a Navy SEAL training class.

A laptop sits in front of him on a ring-stained table. The Google cursor blinks. And blinks. Taunting him.

Tiger finishes his scotch for liquid courage. He types his name into the search bar.

EARL WOODS (O.S.)

Of all the hazards, insecurity's the worst.

Tiger looks up. Earl is seated in a seventies-era recliner, smoking a cigar.

EARL WOODS

Just shut the voices up and play. Mental toughness, son. It's ninety percent of the game.

But Tiger can't. He clicks the search button.

We don't see the results. His face tells us everything we need to know. It's that same detached look from before.

There's something troubling about it.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - TWILIGHT**

Tiger trudges off to bed. He stops outside the kids' old room. A pop of color under the nightstand catches his eye.

**INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - CONT.**

Tiger pulls out a book -- *Oh, The Places You'll Go* -- somehow forgotten in the move. He sinks to the floor. Opens to the bookmarked page. We HEAR him read it.

TIGER (V.O.)

"Fame! You'll be famous as famous can be, with the whole wide world watching you win on TV. Except when they don't. Because, sometimes, they won't."

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DUSK**

Tiger lies in bed, once again praying for sleep to come. He checks the clock. It's not even 7:30. His reading continues.

TIGER (V.O.)

"I'm afraid that sometimes you'll play lonely games too. Games you can't win 'cause you'll play against you."

Tiger gets up, crossing to a trashcan. He rummages through it. Digs out a half-full bottle of Ambien.

TIGER (V.O.) (cont'd)

"All Alone! Whether you like it or not, Alone will be something you'll be quite a lot."

Tiger scrapes out a pill. Then a second. He pauses. Tiger empties the entire bottle into the palm of his hand. He stares at them. It'd be painless. He'd quietly drift off.

TIGER (V.O.) (cont'd)

"And when you're alone, there's a very good chance you'll meet things that scare you right out of your pants. There are some, down the road between hither and yon, that can scare you so much you won't want to go on."

Tiger steels his famous nerves one final time. He draws a deep breath...

...and stops. Hearing something. DING-DONG. The doorbell. Tiger dumps the pills back in the bottle.

**INT. GRAND STAIRCASE - DUSK**

Tiger walks downstairs.

TIGER (V.O.)

"You'll get mixed up, of course, as you already know. You'll get mixed up with many strange birds as you go. So be sure when you step.

(MORE)

TIGER (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 Step with care and great tact. And  
 remember that Life's a Great  
 Balancing Act."

**INT. FOYER - DUSK**

Tiger opens the door. His breath catches. Elin, Sam, and Charlie are standing on the porch.

SAM/CHARLIE  
 Daddy!/Da!

TIGER  
 Hey, guys.

Tiger drops to his knees, overcome. He embraces the kids. Looks up at Elin, misty-eyed.

TIGER (cont'd)  
 This is a nice surprise.

Elin holds up the tuition check.

ELIN  
 Can't say the same for this.

TIGER  
 Oh, that? Remember that one night? I said I'd pick up your tuition. Not that you need any help now. But, hey, a deal's a deal.

ELIN  
 You said my books were on you, too. But this is only for tuition. What's the story?

TIGER  
 Are you serious?

ELIN  
 Hey, a deal's a deal.

Tiger stands, glowering with resentment.

TIGER  
 You've got a lot of nerve, you know that? I think I've been more than generous. And FYI, the deal was only good if you stayed here. So technically--

ELIN

All right. I'll stay here.

TIGER

What?

ELIN

Well, not here here, but somewhere in the area. Do we still have a deal?

Tiger is lost.

TIGER

What about Sweden?

ELIN

I can't do another winter there. I'll finish my degree at Rollins, and then reassess.

Tiger's heart leaps. He's happy beyond words. Elin checks the time, betraying no emotion.

ELIN (cont'd)

I'm actually supposed to meet some former classmates for a drink. Would you mind taking Sam and Charlie until ten or so?

TIGER

Yes. I mean, no. I wouldn't mind. I'm down to take them.

ELIN

I appreciate it. Also, this is kind of premature, but I'll have evening classes several times per week...

TIGER

Just let me know. We'll work it out.

ELIN

Thank you, Tiger. Well, I have to hit the road. You guys have fun.

Elin turns to go. Tiger stops her.

TIGER

Elin, wait. Has anything changed?

ELIN

Let's see. Charlie got his molars. He eats everything in sight now.

(MORE)

ELIN (cont'd)

Oh, and Sam's been playing with her clubs like crazy. She could use a couple swing tips.

Tiger thinks it over.

TIGER

No. I think I'll teach her soccer.  
(shrugs)  
Nice team sport.

ELIN

Soccer it is.

Elin walks off, leaving Sam and Charlie with their dad.

**INT. TIGER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK**

Tiger carries the kids into the kitchen, the last rays of the sun setting on Isleworth Lake behind the house.

TIGER

Now, most coaches probably start with basic kicking drills. But I am not most coaches. No. Success starts in the stomach, not the leg, with good nutrition. Who's hungry?

FADE TO BLACK.

**EPILOGUE**

REAL FOOTAGE of the characters with postscript:

**INT. WHARTON BUSINESS SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY (2004)**

MARK STEINBERG gives a speech.

MARK STEINBERG

Coca-Cola, Kodak, Nike -- those are three of the largest international brands. Tiger Woods is on par with them. You can't walk down a street in Kuala Lumpur or New Zealand and say "Tiger Woods" and not get a response.

*SUPER: Mark Steinberg was fired by IMG in 2011. Tiger left with him. "Steiny" remains his agent to this day.*

**INT. ROLLINS COLLEGE - AUDITORIUM - DAY (2014)**

ELIN NORDEGREN delivers a graduation speech.

ELIN NORDEGREN

When I moved here, I was twenty-five and married without children. Today, nine years later, I'm a proud American, and I have two beautiful children. But I'm no longer married.

The audience laughs and applauds.

*SUPER: Elin graduated from Rollins College in 2014. She was awarded the Outstanding Graduating Senior Award for her nearly perfect GPA and her involvement in local charities. She still resides in the Orlando area.*

**EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - 1ST GREEN - DAY (2018)**

TIGER WOODS leaves an easy putt short.

*SUPER: Tiger hasn't won a major since his infidelity scandal.*

**EXT. AUGUSTA NATIONAL - 18TH GREEN - DAY (2018)**

Tiger hugs SAM and CHARLIE WOODS after holing out. He's never looked happier.

*SUPER: He shares custody of his children with Elin.*

**INT. GOOD MORNING AMERICA SET - DAY (2017)**

Tiger is interviewed on Good Morning America.

TIGER

My priorities have changed a lot. My kids now dominate my life and I think that's a good thing.

**THE END.**