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Bobby Jones: Stroke of Genius

By Rowdy Herrington

Hello, Angus.

Is that really you, Bobby Jones?

Where is everybody?

My Lord.

- How have you been?

- Fine, Bobby. Just fine.

We're on our way to the Olympics in Berlin...

and I couldn't be this close

to the Old Course...

Good Lord.

I only told one person

there was a reservation for an R. Jones.

Angus, my game is...

Your game is always fine here.

Welcome back, Bobby.

- Great to see you, Bobby.

- Smile for the front page.

- You were terrific.

- Thank you, Bobby.

Watch this one, boy.

Shit fire!

You looking for this?

- I'm sorry, Camilla, I hooked it.

- You best take care...

you don't hook none of these windows

in this house, young man...

or your daddy will tan your hide.

- How is your tummy today?

- It's okay.

Think you can eat some lunch for me?

I got some leftover chicken and biscuits.

I was gonna make a pie.

Okay.

- Robert, are you all right?

- Yes, Mama.

Come on in.

I want to see how much you weigh.

Look at you. You've gained another pound.

Can I play baseball

with Frank and Perry now?

Soon.

Poppo!

Hey! There he is.

I have something in my pocket.

And I wonder what it could be?
You got it. Come here.
Let's go see your mama.
Why did you tell Camilla
this is monkey year?
Not monkey year, honey.
I said it was the Year of the Monkey.
In the Chinese zodiac...
each of the 12 years
is named for a different animal.
So each animal contributes
its own characteristics to that year.
So if you are born in that year,
you take on those traits.
Like a monkey or a horse or an ox.
- What animal am I?
- You, my dearest, are a tiger.
Tigers are born leaders. They are loners.
They have a short temper...
but they go after their ambitions
no matter how hard the opposition.
- What animal are you, Mama?
- I'm a dragon.
- Can you breathe fire?
- Yes, I can.
Especially if I find out...
you've been playing with Frank Meador
while he's still coughing.
You are my little man.
I don't want anything bad to happen to you.
Don't worry, Mama. I'm a tiger.
- Good night.
- Good night, dear.
You're a frightful long ways
from Carnoustie.
And my ass is painful to prove it.
It's a beautiful course.
And some nice people, too.
Free with their money.
- Can any of them play?
- Not really.
If they could,
they wouldn't need you, would they?
They make their whiskey out of corn here.

- You're joking.

- No, I'm not.

We're gonna miss you, Jimmy.

It's great that your brother
could take your place.

It's an honor to have him here.

So, Stewart,

what do you think about my stance?

Go on.

You cannot keep it in the policies,
you're craving for the byre.

Come more down on the left hand.

Shit fire!

Show him, Stewy.

Baseball was my game.

I had a contract after I graduated
from Georgia...

with the Brooklyn Trolley Dodgers.

But my father put the quietus on it.

Threatened to disown me.

- I went to law school instead.

- Good idea.

Probably.

Is that lad touched in the head?

- Wee Bobby?

- Yeah.

No, he's just sickly.

He nearly died as a baby.

Couldn't eat, he's allergic to everything.

They just bring him along for the exercise.

Dirty rotten bastard!

Oh, dear.

Good afternoon, Camilla.

Are you here by yourself?

Yes, Mr. Jones,

they are all yonder playing golf.

Ought to be back directly.

Playing golf on the Sabbath. Blasphemous.

Won't you have a seat and wait?

Let me get you a Coca-Cola.

There's nothing in the Bible
about Coca-Cola.

I will not permit it in my house.

- Just bring me a glass of cold water, please.

- Yes, sir. Coming right up.

Golf.

Big Bob. Those cost 20 cents apiece.

- Great round, Stewart. Terrific.

- Thank you.

Well done.

Tell me, Mr. Maiden, how did they decide...

that there should be 18 holes

in a round of golf?

Ma'am, a long time ago at St. Andrew's...

they had a meeting

to try and figure that out.

One of the clan stood up and said:

"There's 18 shots in a bottle of whiskey...

"and I reckon when the bottle's empty,

the round is done. "

Grandpa!

Be careful.

Hello, Bobby.

Son, you are growing like a weed.

- You get bigger every time I see you.

- Papa, how nice of you to visit.

I had to come up on business.

Meeting some buyers here from New York

in the morning.

Is this the way you spend your Sabbath?

- Setting a bad example for your son?

- Getting Little Bob outdoors...

has done wonders for his health.

Excuse me, Papa,

I have to go inside and change.

Come along, Robert.

Go upstairs and dress for dinner.

You spend so much time playing golf

out there, I can't help but wonder...

if it's for your son's health

or your own amusement.

Papa, I meet my biggest clients here.

The Coca-Cola people are keeping me

so busy I'm looking to take in a new partner.

And why?

Because I play golf with Asa Kindler

and Bob Woodruff.

So you're telling me that it's not

your merit as a lawyer...
that's advancing your career?
How encouraging.
Grandpa, look at my windmill.
I built it myself.
That's just fine, Bobby.
Maybe you'll grow up to be an engineer...
and not fritter away your time
playing worthless ball games.
Son of a bitch!
Isn't that your house over there?
I bet your poor mother's missing you.
Don't you think?
Go on, now. Go home.
Red, do you have to play golf?
- What about me?
- Take two weeks off from the game.
And then give it up altogether.
What can I do for you, laddie?
- What are those?
-20 cents apiece.
Did you get any of them
while they were still rolling?
No, sir.
Cheeky wee rascal, right enough.
- Good morning.
- It is.
You know, I was thinking...
if wee Bobby's gonna be tagging about...
he may as well play a bit,
if he can keep up, that is.
I made him a few clubs.
Wee Bobby, hit the hell out of it.
Bobby.
Hey! Bobby, wake up.
Come on, Bobby, he started at six.
That's him, that's Harry Vardon.
Five British Opens.
Did you see that?
Aren't you children
supposed to be in school?
It has been my impression if you shoot
over 100, you have no business playing.
If you shoot under 80,

you have no business.

Rob, why don't you show us all
how Stewart Maiden hits the ball?

Go ahead, son.

Yeah, pretty good?

Now why don't you show us
how Judge Broyles swings?

Son of a bitch!

Little Bob. You want to play with us?

We tee off in 10 minutes.

You go ahead, son.

- Be careful out there, now.

- Thanks.

You see, Colonel?

Thank you. Keep the change.

- How you doing, Milt?

- O.B. How are you, sir?

Who's your opponent?

Oh, my.

- He's just a boy.

- It's embarrassing, O.B.

They mustn't let children
play in adult tournaments.

Now on the tee, Mr. Milt Saul...
and Mr. Robert Tyre Jones, Jr.

Mr. Jones, you have honors.

- Would you like to go first?

- No, you go ahead, son.

Good grief. What a swing.

Little Bob Jones, a tow-headed boy
from East Lake Golf Club...
was born on St. Patrick's Day.
But luck is not an issue...
when you have a golf swing
that can only be described as heavenly.
I'm going on record.
Bobby Jones is destined for greatness.
"Dixie Whiz Kid Lights Up
Georgia Amateur. "
By O.B. Keeler.
Sheer delicatessen.
The winner of the Georgia State
Amateur Championship...
is Mr. Bobby Jones.

- Congratulations, Bobby.
- Bob.
- Congratulations, Bob.
- Gentlemen, from what I've seen today...
I believe your boys are ready
to play in the US Amateur.
The US Amateur?
Play, Colonel, I didn't say
I expected them to win.
"Half a league, half a league
Half a league onward
"Forward, the Light Brigade"
"Was there a man dismay'd
"Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd
"Theirs not to reason why
Theirs but to do or die"
He gets that from his mother.
What are you doing?
You gonna play in those?
I thought your dad bought you new shoes.
These are my lucky ones.
I have my four-leaf clover, too.
We're gonna need some luck.
Look who's in this field.
The current US Open champ...
three former Amateur champs,
two NCAA champs...
- and us.
- I heard the greens were like billiard tables.
Bent grass. It's like putting on ice.
You try to just tap your ball in
and it slides all the way across the green.
It's 18 holes, boys, just like home.
Come on, now.
Let's go get registered.
- Excuse me. Thank you.
- Why, of course.
Now on the tee, former Amateur Champion...
Mr. Eben Byers.
Remember what old Bob Fitzsimmons
used to say?
"The bigger they are, the harder they fall. "
Next up, Georgia State Champion...

Mr. Robert Tyre Jones, Jr.
Shit!
Damn! Son of a bitch!
Damn it to hell!
Bobby Jones.
Shit fire! God!
Son of a bitch!
- What a kid.
- Face of an angel.
The temper of a timber wolf.
Leave the damn thing.
Would you like some gum, Mr. Byers?
Congratulations.
That was quite a match, son.
Mr. Byers and I both played terribly.
He just ran out of clubs before I did.
Come on, let's call your dad.
If he keeps playing like this,
I'm telling you, he could win this thing.
I've never seen anyone putt like this.
That was quite a round
you played this morning.
- You have a beautiful swing.
- Thank you.
- You like ice cream?
- Yes, sir.
They give you as much as you want.
- Have a good time this afternoon.
- I will, sir. This is really fun.
Good morning.
Bob, that gentleman
you were just talking to...
that's Grantland Rice, the sportswriter.
He writes for American Golfer.
He likes my swing.
- Hey, Bobby, come on.
- Go get him.
- You have quite a following.
- I can't help it.
- Good luck to you.
- Good luck to you, sir.
And now on the tee...
Mr. Robert Tyre Jones, Jr.
Next on the tee, Mr. Robert Gardner.

"All square at the tenth.
"There came three holes in succession
that broke the kid's heart.
"But the Georgia schoolboy swung along
in his worn shoes and dusty pants...
"whistling an air
from a recent musical comedy...
"as jaunty as if he had won
his first national championship...
"instead of just having been beaten
in the third round.
"He was thinking about his ice cream. "
- How you doing?
- Fine, thank you, sir.
- Mr. Keeler.
- You can call me O.B.
- What are you reading, son?
- Just some stuff they wrote about me.
They make it sound like I didn't mind losing.
I did mind. I was mad as hell.
I know you were mad. I was there, I saw it.
A will to win, that's very important.
Why do they care about what I wear?
They even made fun of my shoes.
That's the price of fame, son.
I'm afraid you have to get used to it.
- I don't think I want to be famous.
- It's too late now.
Rob, all these people,
our club members, our friends...
they expect a great deal of you now.
Everybody here will be watching
every match you play.
- But I lost.
- In the future, you'll win.
You've shown everyone
just what you're capable of.
You must not let us or yourself down.
You understand?
- Robert, he's just a child.
- Yes, Clara...
but he's our child.
Son of a bitching bastard.
I can't believe you just did that.

You could have hurt someone.
I threw it over their heads.
It was a simple shot,
I've done it a million times.
There are some emotions, Alexa...
that cannot be endured
with a golf club still in your hands.
You know, that man paid \$1,500
to caddy for you.
These people paid good money
to see you play.
- They paid to see all of us play-
- No, Bob, they came to see you.
- You're the star.
- I'm not a star.
You're the US Amateur Champion.
I haven't done anything.
But you're gonna do something,
and they know it.
Everybody knows it.
As soon as you get out of your own way.
Tough luck, sport.
This isn't our day, Bob.
He'll never make it over that tree.
Showoff.
I told you, you were a star.
- I don't want to be a star.
- Tell them.
Way to go, Bobby!
- Here he comes.
- Sir Walter has arrived.
- I heard he's quite the raconteur.
- And then some.
He's broken all 11
of the Ten Commandments.
Mr. Hagen?
They are waiting for you.
- Where is she?
- I took her to her home of residence.
- Where was I?
- Right there where you are now sitting.
Hagen, let's go already.
Genius deserves patience, my friend.
I'm afraid I'm a trifle soft in the treasury.

In case you have not been hearing,
so is most of this entire world.
You still owe me two 20s
and one 10 from last week.
And you have not been paying rent
on this motorcar.
This is a charity function.
If I don't make some side bets, we go broke.
Good man.
Morning, Chick.
Where you been, Walter?
Practicing a few shots?
No, but I've been having a few.
Young Mr. Jones, I presume.
- I'm Walter Hagen.
- I know who you are.
- How do you do?
- Better than most, son.
I assume I have the honors.
On the tee, US Open Champion,
Walter Hagen.
He swings like a wounded duck.
Just don't bet money with him.
They don't call him Sir Walter for nothing.
Nice putt.
Two threes in a row.
18 threes make 54.
Next hole.
Shit fire and damnation!
Mashie.
I think we're in trouble.
I asked my wife
what she wanted for Christmas.
She said a divorce.
I said I wasn't thinking of anything
that expensive.
Excuse me.
- You have quite a game.
- I played awful.
I never hit a good shot
after you mentioned that 54.
All I made was fives.
There's a lesson there.
You know...

I don't care if I start out with four fives.
I simply figure I've used up my quota,
and I forget about them.
And I go on.
I don't always hit the ball straight.
But you know what I've learned?
Three bad shots and one good one
still make par.
Golf is a game of recovery.
You're gonna make one hell of a pro.
You got that swing, and you got the name.
Crowd loves you.
With the war ending, the tournaments
will start up again, and sky's the limit.
I'm not gonna turn pro.
I signed up for Georgia Tech this fall.
Really?
School is nice, I guess...
but isn't the point of it all
to make a nice, big bag of money?
Not just. I want to get an education.
I think that's important.
Can I ask you a question?
Why do you play golf?
'Cause I love it. And I want to win.
Do you know why I play golf?
For the money.
I have to win.
Which is why,
whenever you come up against me...
I'm gonna beat you.
I'll beat you.
Thank you.
- Hello, George.
- Good morning, Mary.
- May I have a Coca-Cola, please?
- You surely may.
- Here you go.
- Thank you.
These are the worst conditions
I've ever seen.
Have some coffee.
Thanks. Brought some local papers there.
What are they saying?

A lot of the folks are picking us to win...
even though this Herron fellow
is a member here.
They say Rob's strokes
are absolutely brilliant.
They're still harping on his temper, though.
His "smoldering wrath,"
as one of them called it.
I don't know what I'll do with him.
- Maybe you could talk to him.
- What am I gonna say to him?
The way I see it,
he's trying to please you, his mother...
and the whole damn city of Atlanta.
Throwing clubs may be the only thing
he has to relieve the pressure.
Where is he now?
He's making a telephone call.
His mother?
I don't think so.
Alexa?
No.
It's a couple more days
and then we'll take the train back home.
I can't wait to see you again.
Is your father still sitting there?
Yes. I'm sorry...
about your bad weather, that is.
- I hope it changes soon.
- Me, too.
When I get back I thought
maybe you'd like to come to dinner.
Meet my folks.
Yes, that would be real nice.
I'd better go. Yes, you, too.
Yes, me, too.
Goodbye.
Robert Jones?
- Yes, Daddy.
- I don't know him.
He goes to Tech.
- He knows Matt and John.
- Is he Catholic?
- Daddy-

- Is he?
- No, he isn't.
- What have I told you about that?

You told me:

"Judge not, lest ye be judged. "

And where is he that the weather is so bad?

- You were listening to my conversation?
- I'm sitting right here.

He's playing a golf tournament.

In Oakmont, Pennsylvania,
if you must know.

- The US Amateur?
- Yes.

That was Bobby Jones on the telephone?

He prefers Bob.

- Is he winning?
- He's in the finals.

O.B., he's gonna win this damn thing.

I can feel it. A national championship.

Quiet.

Fore!

- What in the hell are you doing?
- Somebody moved.
- Are you mad?
- It's all right.

Now boarding, Track Three,
Local, Homestead...

Richvale, Rankin, Bradley.

Don't tell your old man.

I guess this is your runner-up year.

You've come second

in four tournaments in a row.

- That megaphone.
- The megaphone didn't beat me.

Davey Herron did.

I lost 13 pounds in that match, O.B.

13 pounds.

I can play 36 holes in the hot sun at home...

and never lose but a pound or two.

I've just got to learn to manage it better.

I keep making stupid mistakes.

You know what Will Rogers said:

"Good judgment comes from experience..."

"and a lot of that
comes from bad judgment. "

It's true.

I never learned anything
from a tournament I won.

"If you can keep your head
when all about you

"Are losing theirs

"If you can meet with triumph and disaster

"And treat those two impostors
just the same"

"If you can fill the unforgiving minute

"With sixty seconds' worth of distance run

"Yours is the Earth

and everything that's in it"

"And which is more

"you will be a Man my son"

Hell, just keep it.

- Hi, Bobby.

- Hello.

- Who's that?

- I have no idea.

- Hello, everybody.

- Hey, Bobby.

- This is Mary Malone.

- Hi.

- Mary. Alexa.

- Nice to meet you.

How do you do?

- Do you play golf, Mary?

- No, I don't.

Well, gang, today is January 15, 1920.

Remember it well.

It is the last day we can drink legally.

- There's no way Prohibition can last.

- I read an article in Vanity Fair.

It said we're going on

"the gaudiest spree in history. "

They call this the Jazz Age.

- Here's to jazz, then.

- And opera.

- And Georgia Tech golf.

- And friends.

- Hi, Bobby.

- Hello.

We're having a party at our house.

You want to come by?

I'm with someone. Thank you.

What's your girlfriend's name?

We could call her Marigold,

because that's what she's trying to do.

- Are you sure she's your type?

- That's enough.

She doesn't drink, she doesn't pet,

she hasn't been to college yet.

Bobby Jones!

- I want to buy you a drink.

- I have one, thank you.

- What you drinking?

- It looks like beer.

- Waitress!

- Excuse me.

Waitress, two beers.

- Mary!

- Don't just sit there. Go after her.

- Wait.

- Let me go.

- No.

- I'm going home.

I don't play golf.

I don't go to college and I don't drink.

- If that's what you want-

- I don't care about any of that.

I didn't know you were famous

when I met you.

I just knew that you were sweet.

Maybe you need to find

somebody who can-

I have found somebody.

Bonny Bobby, is it?

- My name's Angus. I'll be your caddy.

- It's a pleasure to meet you, Angus.

That's Harry Vardon.

- Mr. Vardon, I'm Bob Jones.

- How do you do?

It's a dream come true...

to play with you here at the Open.

I saw you at an exhibition

at the East Lake Golf Club when I was a boy.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Now on the tee,
from the United States Amateur...

Robert Tyre Jones, Jr.

Bitch.

Mr. Vardon, you ever seen
a worse shot than that?

No.

- Excellent match, Mr. Vardon.

- Well played.

- Would you like to have dinner tonight?

- I'm sorry. I have a previous engagement.

He's on the verge. I can feel it.

A putt here or there makes all the difference.

- In a word-

- The word is "vanity. "

I have a grandson who is well-equipped...

for the rigors of commerce,

and yet you allow him...

to dissipate his powers

in the presence of idle men.

My son is a grown man, Papa.

I have never dictated to him

the things that shall make him happy.

- And I won't start now.

- Why do you defy me...

and allow in your son

what I wouldn't allow in you?

Because he is my son!

He is my only son,

and there's greatness in him.

I can see it even if you can't.

Angus, this damn wind.

I can't believe how hard it blows.

Even the crows are walking.

- Who made this course?

- A glacier, 15,000 years ago.

Do you know

the definition of "insanity," laddie?

When you keep doing the same bloody thing

and expect to get different results.

Angus, I hate this course.

It's a God-forsaken cow patch.
An old woman with a croquet mallet
could play this hole in three.
I've done it in two.
Laddie, you did wrong.
You can be forgiven for losing
but not for quitting.
There won't come a day when it shall be
forgotten that Bonny Bobby gave up.
Not by them, mind you. But by you!
I heard about what happened today.
The Old Course gave you a thrashing,
did she?
That's her duty.
They were playing golf here
when they still thought the world was flat.
All I really want to say is...
don't give up on her.
She's the grandest course there is.
Hopefully, some day you'll see.
I've been playing golf for 35 years...
I've never seen anyone play it
with more grace.
Whatever you do, don't stop hitting the ball.
Honey, honey, hear that tone
On that slippery slide trombone
Baby beautiful
Tutti-fruttiful
Please don't blow that home, sweet home
Mister, don't you ever waste
a fancy telephone
Slide, slide, when I glide, glide, glide
To the music of the slide trombone
He looks sluggish.
He played well this morning.
Don't worry, Colonel. I think he's ready.
He learned his lesson at St. Andrews.
I'm picking him to win it all.
Hell, Grantland, everybody is.
Is it me, or does he look like he's limping?
Oh, God, no.
He's gonna go for it.
Son of a bitch!
Are you okay?

- Are you all right, ma'am?
- I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to do that.
It's all right. I'm fine.
Really, I'm fine.
I'm sorry.
It is from George Walker himself.
You want me to read it again?
"You will never play
in another USGA event...
"until you can learn to control your temper. "
Do you understand what this means?
Sit down! I'm not finished yet.
Son...
I know how difficult this is for you.
The pressure.
I understand this entire town
is rooting for you.
Betting on me.
You have to forget about all that.
Forget about those other guys.
You have all the talent in the world.
It is time for you to step up and be a man!
If I win, does that make me a man?
Is that what it takes?
Come back here.
What's the matter with your leg?
Robert, what's the matter?
- My God. How long has it been like this?
- Weeks.
Camilla, call the doctor!
Varicose veins. At his age.
I keep thinking back to Merion...
when he was 14.
There was so much promise.
You're disappointed in him.
I didn't say that.
You didn't have to.
Dear Mr. Walker, I want to
formally apologize to you...
and USGA for my behavior
in St. Louis this fall.
I want to assure you that in the future,
I will act with all civility.
And that I will never again show ill temper

in any way, shape, or form on a golf course.

You have my word on this.

Yours sincerely, Robert Tyre Jones, Jr.

He speaks six languages.

A little bit closer.

Smile, Bob.

I saw your son play baseball at Georgia.

He was a terrific player.

That would be the poorest compliment
you could pay him.

What are your plans, Bob?

Will you take up golf professionally?

You should think about it.

Pros are making some big money nowadays.

Look at Walter Hagen.

You'd earn a lot more

than any other professional golfer.

I was thinking of enrolling in Harvard
this fall.

My mother would like me

to get a master's in literature.

But you are gonna play

in the major tournaments this summer?

Isn't he, Colonel?

That would be up to him.

Sir Walter...

I heard he's broken all 11
of the Ten Commandments.

It's not true, Perry.

He just can't bring himself to attempt
more than six of them at a time.

Good morning.

Which one of you boys is gonna be second?

Proceed, my good man. I don't have all day.

After four rounds at the US Open...

Bobby Jones and Bob Cruickshank
are tied at 76.

Jones blew a three-stroke lead
down the stretch...

finishing, in his own words,

"like a yellow dog. "

Cruickshank made two crucial birdies
as Jones faltered in the second playoff.

Bobby Jones

is the best shot-maker in golf...
but it seems he just can't win.
The playoff tomorrow...
Idle hands are the devil's workshop.
Walter Hagen finished three strokes back.
Did you get any sleep?
Did you?
The betting is 10-to-7 on Cruickshank.
He's got the momentum,
coming from behind.
And they're saying
that you're weak under the belt.
That's what they're saying?
This playoff...
it means a fortune to Cruickshank.
You'll just be playing for pride.
This telegram came for you.
What's it say?
"Keep the ball in the fairway...
"and make all the putts go down. "
And it's signed...
Robert Tyre Jones, Sr.
Grandfather.
In case you haven't realized it yet...
you're the best golfer in the world.
Now, when you get that through your head...
you're not just gonna win one tournament.
You're gonna win them all.
Ladies and gentlemen, the contest
for the 1923 Open Championship...
will continue with a playoff between...
Mr. Robert Tyre Jones, Jr.,
and Mr. Robert Cruickshank.
Stewart, how you doing?
Good, thanks. Where's Big Bob at?
He thinks he's a jinx. He won't be coming.
Good idea.
Mr. Jones has the honors.
Bobby, hit hell out of it.
Jones birdied the seventeenth.
They're even, with one to play.
He should lay up.
- Well played, Bobby.
- Congratulations.

I've finally won a championship.
I don't care what happens now.
...the goods, at all times, after delivery
to Coca-Cola or a transportation company-
Yes, Doris?
Sorry to interrupt, sir, but it's Major Cohen
of the Atlanta Journal.
Excuse me.
Hello, Major.
Hot damn and hi-dee-ho!
Boys, I think we have a champion.
Congratulations.
- How long you been selling real estate?
- Just a couple of months now.
When's your next tournament?
The US Open, next month.
But golf is not as important...
as finding the right house
for you and your wife.
I think she wants a word with you.
- I don't like this house!
- But, honey, this is Bobby Jones.
Who's better than us?
You better show me something today, kid.
Anyone can win one Open.
Official.
I caused my ball to move.
- Y'all didn't see it move?
- No.
We've talked with Walter...
all the officials,
and several people in the gallery...
Nobody saw your ball move.
It seems a matter for you to decide.
Are you sure you caused that ball to move?
I know I did.
You're to be congratulated, son.
Sir, that's like congratulating a man
for not robbing a bank.
I don't know how else to play the game.
Bobby Jones lost the US Open
by one stroke.
In calling a penalty on himself...
he demonstrated for all of us

the highest ideal of sportsmanship...
and personal honor.
I am prouder of him than if he'd won.
There are things finer
than winning championships.
Nice shot, Bob.
Beautiful!
That was a beating I'll not soon forget.
Come on, let's go get drunk.
This was billed as
the unofficial world championship of golf.
Why do you think
it was so lopsided a victory?
When Walter had to putt...
he made it every time.
It's documented that you shun the limelight.
How do you feel
being the most famous golfer in the world?
I don't think I am.
I think Walter's
much more famous than I am.
No, I'm infamous.
I think fame's overrated, anyway.
They asked Enrico Caruso
what he thought of Babe Ruth.
He said, "I don't know,
I never heard her sing. "
What's your handicap
coming into this season, Sir Walter?
Same as last year.
Drink and debauchery.
I just want to say one thing.
Even if he had won today...
Bobby Jones would've walked away
without a dime...
and I would've gotten the purse.
Now, Bob realizes that a professional
makes his living out of the game.
And I want the world to know
that I appreciate his immense generosity...
in coming here to play in this event.
This is a small token of my esteem.
Thank you, Bob.
Consolation prize.

Doesn't look like it's going to be
a very promising year, does it, Bobby?
Not a very promising year for Bobby Jones?
I'm here to eat my words, sports fans.
In what has been called the finest golf
ever seen in the United Kingdom...
Bobby Jones has won the British Open.
This young man hasn't played
as much golf as your average doctor...
but with his trusty putter, Calamity Jane,
and his driver, Jeannie Deans...
he's quickly becoming the greatest
to ever play the game.
If he can win the US Open later this month...
he'll be the only golfer in history
to hold both world titles.
Can he do it?
Here's my advice, sports fans: Bet the ranch.
If I were famous, for even a day
I won a fortune on you, son!
You're my hero!
I'd buy and stake
I'm staying at this hotel.
I put a bundle down on you
to win the Open. Don't let me down.
Can I have your autograph, Mr. Jones?
Just sign my shirt.
We're gonna have a bigger party in Atlanta!
- I'm calling the doctor!
- No.
He's holding in his temper
and I think he's paying the price for it.
He's wound up tighter than a drum.
All the celebrations,
New York, then Atlanta, all the travel...
Hell, he hasn't had any time off
since the British Open.
And now, with all this pressure...
I don't think he should play.
Doctor, this is the US Open final.
And there's another one next year.
He's exhausted, dehydrated.
And frankly, gentlemen...
I believe he's suffering

from a neurological disorder.
I'm going to run more tests.
Look, he's not gonna win anyway.
He's, what, six strokes behind?
I'm going to play.
Just give me something for my stomach.
- Rob, the doctor thinks-
- Just give me something for my stomach.
Thank you, Doctor.
I'm heading back to the hotel.
There're still men there
with a fair chance of catching you.
I know, but I've got to get away from here.
Please.
All I ever wanted to be was a normal person.
We can't undo what's done, Bob.
You have to make a decision.
I did.
I came here to win.
Hello?
Yes, would you hold one moment, please?
My love for you has nothing to do
with you winning any championships.
Yes, I'll tell him.
You just won the damn thing.
The judge predicted dire consequences
if the plaintiffs were to prevail.
These were harsh words by the lower court.
Probably bluff.
The Appeals Court reversed, demanding
strict compliance with protective covenants.
Even in law, there is virtue in necessity.
Your assignment is on the board.
We will cover
the common law principle of finds...
which expresses the ancient and honorable
principle of finders keepers.
This is a beautiful course.
I don't know why I couldn't see it before.
Aye. It's the true test.
Nothing would make me happier
than to take home your trophy.
But I cannot.
Please honor me

by allowing it to be kept here...
at the Royal and Ancient Golf Club,
where it belongs.
Well said, Bobby.
Hip, hip, hurray!
How rare. A playoff.
This is Grantland Rice,
bringing you up-to-the-minute details...
of the United States Open Golf Tournament
at Winged Foot.
With one hole to play
in the 36-hole playoff...
Bobby Jones leads
a beleaguered Al Espinosa by 23 strokes.
I'll go ahead and say it.
This is the most crushing performance...
by a champion in a playoff
in the history of golf.
Bobby Jones has won his third US Open...
and his ninth major professional tournament
in six years.
He's so far ahead, no one is second.
And by the by, lucky for all you
professional golfers out there...
Bobby Jones has passed the bar.
Come on, Bobby.
Cheers.
Thanks.
Honey, can you just stop that
for one second?
Hello?
Hello, honey. I won.
Hello?
Honey?
That is terrible.
Then what did Mr. Grimes say to you?
He told me to go to hell.
I think the best course of action for you...
is just to forget about this whole thing.
But he told me to go to hell!
Yes, well, I've checked
the law on that, and...
you don't have to go.
Hi, Daddy.

I've got something in my pocket.
I wonder what it is.
Well, this...
mulligan stew is fantastic.
Robert Jones, what is on your mind?
Because we know it ain't my cooking.
I talked to Mike McMahan today.
It would seem that...
the USGA wants me
to captain the Walker Cup team.
The British Amateur
is at St. Andrews this year.
In six years, have we spent
even one together?
Well, if you're going to go...
then go.
The British Amateur is the only major
I haven't won. This may be my last chance.
- Mary, honey, I understand how you feel.
- You do?
You know how I feel?
This time it's gonna be different.
The USGA is paying for everything.
I'm taking you with me.
Do you think I'm worried about myself?
I know what these tournaments do to you...
I know how exhausted...
and tired and depressed
and physically ill you get.
Even when you win. And when you lose...
We've been through this...
over and over.
I can't stand by and watch you
kill yourself over a stupid trophy anymore.
Don't you have enough of them?
How many is enough, Bob?
It's one of your favorites.
Puccini died before he finished it.
Sometimes I wonder if its beauty
was the very thing that killed him.
A slave girl loves a prince...
but he cannot return her love.
He must not know.
He knows. Very well.

But there's an evil princess in the land...
and he must solve a riddle she invented.
Then he'll be free of his desire for her.
She begs and pleads,
the girl whose love is true...
but he sends her away.
I've been selfish.
No, you haven't.
Mary, sometimes I feel like I'm in a cage.
Like a cage of championship.
First you're expected to get into it...
and you're expected to stay there.
I can win all four of them.
- What?
- I can win all four majors.
- Bob.
- Mary...
I can do it.
I can't get away
from this idea of predestination.
I have to do it.
And then I'm gonna give it up.
I will have done everything.
No one can say a word.
But I can't do it without you.
Will you talk to the papers?
What do you think your chances are
to win all four majors this year?
Lloyds of London
have the odds of 120-to-1 against it.
No wonder. No one could do that.
I've put \$500 on him.
Ladies and gentlemen...
you gaze upon the winner
of the 1930 Amateur Championship.
Said winner to be formally presented to you
by myself...
at some juncture
in this final round of match play.
Mr. Bobby Jones...
versus a champion of the United Kingdom...
Mr. Roger Wethered.
At your pleasure, gentlemen.
- Good luck.

- Thank you.
A three-footer,
and the American is our champion.
On my signal, begin playing,
and we escort the winner to the clubhouse.
After six grueling
and closely contested matches this week...
Bobby Jones emerged victorious today
after beating Roger Wethered five and four.
I told you not to worry.
His moon is in Sagittarius.
He's in a very powerful cycle.
With this victory,
Mr. Jones raises the question:
Can he win the remaining major contests
this season?
Can he win the Impregnable Quadrilateral?
Yes, of course he can.
Get up, let's pour something for him.
Don't you start drinking
till I'm there to supervise.
Yes, dear. Come along.
Morning.
Good morning, sir.
Sorry, you can't park here, sir.
- Do you know who I am?
- Yes, sir.
Then you know
I'm the defending British Open champion.
Yes, sir.
And you also know
that for some archaic reason...
professional golfers are not allowed
to use the clubhouse facilities.
- Amateurs only.
- Yes, sir.
Well, this automobile is my dressing room.
And this automobile is my wardrobe.
And these stay parked right here
until the tournament is over.
You see, I'm here to beat Bobby Jones.
Hey, fellows.
I'm here to beat Bobby Jones.
How are we doing?

Walter Hagen shot a sixty-eight.
You only have one round to catch him.
Or him to sink to my level.
Careful, O.B.
You've got a big black thing on your head.
You're gonna kill me with those 40-footers.
Mr. Ramsey, the putter please.
Thank you.
Your boy's finished.
I recognize you.
You're the British Open Champion.
Mary gave me your stomach medication.
I guess there'll be another parade
in New York.
And the pros will be gunning for you
at Interlachen.
You know, the longer I play this game...
the harder it gets.
Smile.
It's 110 in the shade.
Thank goodness
we don't have to play in the shade.
Hello, kid.
- Hello, Walter.
- How's that swing?
You remember our match in '26?
I seem to remember
you beat the living hell out of me.
Remember what the headlines said?
I think I tried to avoid the papers for a time.
"Jones loses to Hagen. "
That's what the papers said.
You were always the news.
Always the news, kid. Win or lose.
But you know...
this is where it stops, don't you?
If you pull off this Grand Slam thing...
then I am nothing but a footnote.
I can't let that happen.
I know.
You know, it's kind of hot out there.
You might want to roll your sleeves up.
I can't.
Who's gonna be second, Walter?

Tell me something, fellows.
Why is it,
whenever I fail to stop this amateur...
the rest of you curl up and die, too?
All this damn part-timer has to do
is show up...
and the best pros in the business
drop dead.
One of you better step up
in the final round, you hear me?
Go to hell, Hagen.
He's the best there is, and you know it.
Three in a row, one to go!
Well done, sir.
- Set them up.
- Yes, sir.
Get this thing off me.
So, Jones, when are you gonna cash in?
Hagen's pitching that hair tonic,
which is why you never see him wear a hat.
They pay a man not to wear a hat,
can you believe that?
Hair tonic, shaving cream.
All you've got to do...
is sign your name and make a million bucks.
So, what's holding up your parade, sport?
I'm an amateur, Mr. Mullen.
Do you know what the origin
of that word is?
It's from the Latin root, "to love. "
To be an amateur is to love the game.
Once you play for money...
you can't call it love anymore.
But I guess you'd know all about that.
So, what are you, Jones, some kind of idiot?
Don't think I don't read your crap, Keeler.
And that's not the story we all want.
We want the one you'd print
if you didn't have your nose stuck so far-
By golly, it's fisticuffs.
Bobby Jones is a true amateur
and a gentleman.
There'll never be another one like him.
Money.

It's gonna ruin sports.

Colonel.

Colonel?

Bob has got terrible stomach cramps.

I think it's his appendix.

Well, we've run every test we know.

And we all agree that the cramps
are being caused by a nervous disorder.

And all I can do is prescribe paregoric.

I'm O.B. Keeler, bringing you the first ever
live radio broadcast...

of the U.S. Amateur Golf Championship.

Mr. Bobby Jones's quest
for the Grand Slam.

"Does the road wind uphill all the way

Yes, to the very end

"Will the journey take the whole day

"From noon till night, my friend"

...from the Merion Cricket Club, where

Bobby Jones has defeated Jess Sweetser...

in the semi-finals

of the U.S. Amateur Golf Championship.

Gene Homans is now the one man

who stands between...

Mr. Jones and the Grand Slam.

Good luck, son.

Good luck.

Bobby Jones wins the hole.

He's eight up with eight to play.

Bobby Jones to putt.

He lines it up.

Now, the putt should break

sharply to the left.

Jones just misses left,

leaving him a three-footer.

Mr. Homans to putt.

He addresses the ball.

Now, this putt should break right.

Not even close.

Mr. Homans...

he's conceding the hole and the match.

Bobby Jones has won the Grand Slam!

- Bobby Jones has won the Grand Slam!

- He won!

Your dad won.
When do you turn pro?
Pardon me. Coming through.
Where is he?
- Congratulations, son.
- Thank you.
There are finer things
than winning championships.
Could I interest you in a marriage
to a full-time Atlanta man?
I think you'll like this fellow.
An obscure lawyer.
Dots "I's," crosses "T's" all day.
Home for dinner by 5:30.
It sounds like a dream.
It's our dream.
I'm finished, Mary.
I'm retiring from tournament golf.
You fulfill my heart, Mary.
I love you.
I love you.
You know, I love what Grantland wrote:
"For when the One Great Scorer comes
To write against your name
"He writes not that you won or lost
"But how you played the game"
You won all these tournaments
for your dad and for me...
and the people of Atlanta.
You got two college degrees
for your mother...
became a lawyer for your grandfather...
and you retired from golf for your wife.
What are you gonna do for yourself?
We're standing on the first tee.
I'm gonna call it Augusta National.
It's gonna be my homage to St. Andrews.
Welcome back to the Course at St. Andrews.