The Greatest Game Ever Played

By Mark Frost
Who are you?
What are you doing?
There's a golf links
going in here.
What's golf?
Golf is a game
played by gentlemen.
Not for the likes of you.
Now, run along, boy.
[golf ball struck]
Here it is, sir.
[squishes]
[man] Come on! Let's go!
[gasps]
That's it.
Sit up straight, Sarah.
Lightly on the reins. There.
This is how we do it, Francis.
We work hard, and we bring
home the money.
Work hard.
Bring home the money.
- Guillermo!
- Yes, sir!
Come on!
[built rolls on floor]
Francis, what in the world
are you doin'?
It's after midnight!
You're keepin' your
brother up. Go to bed.
Raymond, go to sleep.
No talkin'.
No noises. I mean it.
What have you got there,
Francis? Hmm?
Francis.
Can I see him, Father? Please?
What's he talking about?
See who?
Harry Vardon.
Any gentleman
who plays this game
is not a friend to you.
I know.
But he's the greatest ever.
- Arthur, I don't see the harm in...
- Not another word.
The boy goes to school today.
That's the end of it.
[woman] Mrs. Darcy, mind the little one!
He'll try to climb those stairs.
Francis, leave your books.
I've got shoppin' to do.
You come with me now.
Father said
I had to go to school.
You can miss school for one day.
Besides, I need help
with me packages. Come along.
What could be
causing such a fuss?
[chuckles]
Go on. I'll find ya.
[applause]
- [audience] Oooh!
- [applause]
Thank you,
ladies and gentlemen.
I'll now presume
upon your goodwill
and request the services
of a volunteer.
Anyone?
[laughter]
Oh! [chuckles]
Hello. What's your name?
- Francis.
- Hello, Mr. Francis.
Now, do you know
what this is?
A brassie.
So it is.
Have a bash.
[laughter]
[mouths] Go on.
That's all right, Francis.
Even in our darkest hour,
we must always remember,
you never despair.
Have you held
a live bird in your hands?
Not too hard to hurt her.
Just firm enough to stop it
from flying away.
Try it again.
- Oooh!
- [applause]
Did you see that?
Hail the conquering hero!
Mr. Darwin.
- Is this what I think it is?
- I'm not sure, Harry.
I received a summons
from Lord Northcliffe,
- just as you did.
- Keep the change, mate.
- He's waiting inside.
- Today's the day.
But, Harry, no professional
has ever been asked
to join a gentlemen's
golf club as a member.
First time for everything, Bernard.
- Yes.
- Look at this place.
Why else would they
want you here?
He doesn't confide in me.
I only work for him.
Ten years ago,
I was clippin' hedges.
Mmm.
Marvelous.
Brilliantly done, Harry.
Thank you, sir.
I'd be honored if you
gentlemen would consider
- adding it to your trophy case.
A glittering addition.  
We'd be pleased to keep it for you.  
Wouldn't we, Neville?  
Handsome.  
But you might not get it back  
without a tussle.  
Don't plan on handing it back  
myself without a fight.  
[Northcliffe] Harry,  
I'll come to the point.  
We've had an opening at our club.  
Lord Bullock chairs  
the membership committee.  
[Bullock] What does  
your father do?  
Uh, he's a gardener on Jersey, sir.  
I'm told you're Church of Rome.  
- Mother's French?  
- Yes, sir.  
I believe we can work around it.  
It's decided, then.  
You're just the man for us.  
Well, I don't know  
what to say, sir.  
[chuckles] Well, say yes.  
We want you to work for us.  
Decent wage.  
You can run your own shop.  
Lessons, of course.  
Charge what you like for those.  
[Bullock] You're the only man  
who can set me right.  
[Northcliffe]  
You'll have your work cut out.  
I think it's drinks all around.  
[Bullock echoing]  
I'm told you'll work for us...  
[man] Golf is a game  
played by gentlemen.  
Not for the likes of you.  
Played by gentlemen.  
[Northcliffe]  
Run your own shop. Decent wage.  
[man] Run along, boy.
Francis. It's after midnight.
Just one more, Mother.
Mr. Hastings!
- Ah, Master Francis.
- Sir.
We now lack but one essential
to complete the swift
appointment of our round:
- Your clubs.
- My clubs, sir?
Caddies aren't allowed on the course.
If Mr. Campbell sees me out there...
You let me worry about Campbell.
Go. Get those clubs.
You go, boy.
Get those clubs.
Hup, hup, hup, hup!
- Well struck, lad.
- Thank you, sir.
[man] What did you shoot?
Uh, an 81, sir.
What did you take on 15?
A nine, sir.
So you shot an 81
first time around
on the toughest golf course
in New England?
- With a nine?
- Well, I... I think I...
I saw you standing there, knowing
caddies aren't supposed to play...
Go on.
I... I think I got
a little nervous, sir.
We needed to see how
you handled yourself.
Handled myself?
National Amateur Championship's
here next month.
Are you saying that I can...
What do I have to do?
- You have to play in the qualifier.
That's the easy part.
You have to be approved
by the executive committee.
You're a caddie here?
Yes, sir.
For ten years.
I recently resigned to preserve
my status as an amateur.
What, no plans
to turn professional?
Uh, no, sir. I plan
to have a career in business.
- Oh, business?
- Yes.
What sort of business?
Howard, we need...
Sorry. Carry on.
What's your home club?
I don't see it here.
They have to sponsor you.
My home club?
- I'm between clubs at the moment.
- Look, see here.
you may have qualified
as a player,
but this just isn't the sort
of thing that caddies do.
You're a caddie?
Yes, sir, I was.
Caddies don't play in the Amateur.
It's not for your kind.
Members only.
We need to discuss the opening
on the greens committee.
I'm sorry.
But there must be a way
for somebody who's not
a member to compete.
Not this year.
As if he could afford
the $50 entrance fee.
Excuse me. Sir...
...if I were to pay the $50,
would I need to belong to a club?
Technically, no.
You would still need a club member
in good standing to sponsor you, and...
And... that would be me.
Fifty dollars to play golf.
I'll pay back every penny
from my earnings.
Is this how I failed you?
Is that all you've learned from me?
No, sir.
But it's just a game.
A game?
A game doesn't give a man what he
needs to make a life, feed his family.
If I win,
great things could happen.
Nothing will happen.
They'll use you
for their own amusement.
I can do this. This is
something I'm good at.
What if you do?
What will you get for your $50?
I had dreams too, Francis.
No matter what you do,
they'll never let you
cross that street.
All I want is a chance.
OK.
OK, we make a bargain.
You promise me if you lose,
no more golf.
You give up this fool's game.
You finish your schooling,
you learn a trade,
and you bring home
an honest wage.
If I don't qualify?
Yes, I promise.
[music plays from inside club]
It's the English edition.
It's not even in print here yet.
Harry Vardon.
Thank you.
Read it, study it.
You'll need a 78 to qualify.
Stiffer competition.
These are the best
amateurs in the country.
Do you think I'm ready?
I don't know, and neither
will you until you're in it.
There's golf, and there's
championship golf.
Keep it for me.
I'm going to the party.
They said all the players
are invited.
What's it like in there?
I couldn't tell you.
I'm not allowed inside.
[orchestra playing
You Made Me Love You]
Do me a favor, would you?
Hi.
Hi. This boy I used to see
before I left for college is after me.
- Pretend you asked me to dance.
- There you are, you peach.
You know, you can't
avoid me all evening.
I... I said a dance, Phillip.
Not this one.
- I promised this one to...
- Francis Ouimet.
- Do I know your family?
- I don't know.
- Phillip Wainwright?
- Wainwright?
Oh, yes. Wainwrights,
good people.
Wainwrights.
Well, the evening's young.
She'll catch up with you.
You're a real sport for helping.
It's no trouble.
I had the craziest day.
I take a train from Philadelphia,
my bags end up in Baltimore.
My tux is in the bags
in Baltimore.
I'm wearing the houseman's suit.
I think you look just fine.
You too.
Is he gone?
No, he's still watching.
Shall we dance?
[orchestra plays
Let Me Call You Sweetheart]
You said you were
going to college?
Smith. First semester.
Oh.
Where are you going?
To college?
Oh, uh, um,
I'm taking the year off
to consider my options.
I think that's so wise.
Perhaps you'll go to Europe.
Perhaps I will.
'Cause I have family in France.
I'm sorry. What did you
say your name was again?
Francis. Ouimet.
Oh, look!
There's my brother!
- Freddie, you must know Francis.
- Freddie.
Caddie Boy.
Freddie, you're such a kidder.
Dad, Mother, this is Francis Ouimet.
How do you do?
That's a beautiful dress.
Francis is playing
in the tournament.
Yes, yes, I know.
Well, you boys chat.
Mother and I will be right back.
Swell girl, your daughter.
Young man, you may
have been invited,
but don't get the idea
that you belong here.
[Vardon] There are only
two types of player:
Those who keep their nerves
in control and win championships,
and those who do not.
[applause]
[applause]
[applause]
Five or less,
and you make the cut.
Eighteen? I can make
five here in my sleep.
- [applause]
- That's the one.
[crowd groans]
[light applause]
Congratulations.
That's too bad, Caddie Boy.
You could caddie for me
in the tournament.
You're available, right?
[man] Congratulations, son.
Well played.
[door closes]
[crowd cheers]
[applause]
[light applause]
Empire, Harry.
The sun never sets on us,
all that rubbish.
Consider the glory that was Greece
of Alexander the Great.
Now you can't even
find it on a map.
[Northcliffe] Greece
introduced sport to the world,
pure expression
of their superiority.
We've trodden that same road.
Football, cricket, rugby, golf.
All the major championships
remain in British hands.
Save one.

[Vardon]
What are you proposing?

You won it before.
I want you to mount
a new campaign
to do to the Americans
what Alexander
did to the Persians.
Lay waste to 'em.
My papers get exclusive coverage.
Bernard here comes along
to chronicle your conquest.
It's our game, man.
Win their Open and
bring back that trophy.
You pocket
your winnings, of course.
Hmm.
- Wouldn't pay for the crossing, sir.
- All expenses paid.
As part of an exhibition tour,
all sponsors arranged.
Does that cover it?
Yep. That'd do it.
And I hear there's talk
of an honorary
membership at the club.
This would clinch it.
And I daresay His Majesty
might want to show his gratitude
to England's greatest sportsman.
Harry Vardon,
Order of the British Empire.
- Has a nice ring to it.
- [pool balls clack]
I'll need a partner.
Somebody to share the workload with.

[Northcliffe]
My thoughts exactly.
Wilfred here is your man.
Top amateur in the British Isles.
Delighted, old chap.
Jolly good wheeze, what?
Giving the Yanks
a thorough thrashing.
I had someone else in mind.
Ted Ray?
Christ, he's a Visigoth.
No, he's a Jerseyman.
'Scuse me.
[men shouting]
All bets off!
- [man 1] Come on!
- [man 2] Come on!
Ha ha ha ha ha!
- Ted!
- Harry!
Hey! Look at you!
What's this, another night out
with your ruling class masters?
Ted Ray, Lord Northcliffe.
Lord Northcliffe?
The honor is entirely mine.
Mmm! [laughing]
[Ted] What brings you down
this way, Harry?
Hello, hello
Stop your little games
Don't you think your ways
you ought to mend
Can you believe they moved
the Open back three months
just so one guy can play in it?
Well, he's Harry Vardon,
The Stylist, The Greyhound.
I don't care if he's
the man in the moon.
They wouldn't do that
for an American.
Ask Francis.
He used to play.
- You did?
- No, not really.
Ah, he's being modest.
He used to be good
before he gave it up
for the glamour of retail.
Isn't that right, Francis?
Francis!
Francis!
Casey would waltz
with the strawberry blonde
And the band played on
He'd glide 'cross the floor
with the girl he adored
And the band played on
His brain was so loaded
it nearly exploded
The poor girl
would shake with alarm
He'd ne'er leave the girl
With the strawberry curl
And the band played on
[orchestra music]
[woman singing in Italian]
Oh, well.
It was glorious.
- Wasn't it glorious?
- Yes, it was.
Have you ever heard
such a voice?
It was like the... the music
was coming through her
from someplace else.
That's the feeling
I've always wanted...
Francis, for what? Hmm?
There he is.
Francis! Come here.
Meet Robert Watson,
president of the
United States Golf Association.
Francis, pleasure.
Well, the pleasure's mine, sir.
Uh, let me have a salesman
show you our equipment.
- It's the best selection in Boston.
- He's not here to buy clubs.
I hear you live in Brookline,
not far from the country club.
Right across the street.  
We're holding our Open Championship there in two weeks.  
- Your name came up.  
- My name, sir?  
I'm looking to add a local amateur to the field.  
Harry Vardon's playing.  
And Ted Ray.  
Mr. Watson, thank you, but I can't accept.  
- Why not?  
- I'm awfully busy here.  
And, uh, I don't play golf anymore.  
- How old are you, Francis?  
- I'm 20, sir.  
Awfully young to be giving up on your dreams, aren't you?  
I just have different ones now, that's all.  
I'm sorry, Mr. Hastings.  
There's no need to explain, Francis.  
All the best.  
That swing looks familiar.  
Hey!  
What are you doing here?  
Father's taking me out for our annual round.  
My brother said that you were working here.  
Your brother. I've seen him in here a couple times.  
I was hoping you could sell me some equipment.  
I'm not actually the salesman.  
Still considering your options?  
Yeah.  
I'll go get you a salesman.  
All right.  
[applause]  
Harry Vardon.  
The Stylist.
Practice round.
We're expecting a big turnout, so it's important we have marshals here...
Mr. Watson.
Francis Ouimet.
- Can I speak to you, sir?
- What is it?
If that offer is still good,
I'd love to take you up on it.
We have to think about that.
- I'm not asking for favors...
- Can you give us a moment?
What about Grove Street?
- [golf club whooshes]
- [applause]
Meet me here, sunup.
You've got some work to do.
Billy, where do we stand?
Cut line's 76.
Six holes to
make up four shots.
[echoing heartbeat]
- [cheering]
- [applause]
What is it?
What's wrong?
- You just made six straight birdies.
- I did?
Congratulations, lad.
You're in the Open.
[chuckles]
Gentlemen?
I want to welcome you all,
professionals and amateurs alike,
to the 18th United States
Open Championship.
Four rounds of golf to be played
over the next two days
to identify the best
player in the world.
Let's give a special welcome
to the British Amateur Champion,
Mr. Wilfred Reid...
...and our famous
professional visitors, 
Harry Vardon and Ted Ray. 
I'll yield the floor 
to our defending champion, 
a professional from Philadelphia, 
John McDermott. 
If you read the papers, 
there's a lot of talk 
about the great English champions 
sailing over here to play in our Open. 
As the only born American 
to win this cup, 
I'd like to say 
to you boys, welcome. 
- We're happy to have you. 
- Hear, hear. 

We know Harry Vardon 
was winning Opens 
back when most of us 
were learning our ABC's. 
[laughter] 
He's a genius in 
the history of our game. 
Mr. Vardon, I know you won 
this baby once before. 
I see your name here. 
It's a long time ago, 
by the look of it. 
Well, we hope you boys 
have a nice time here in Boston. 
Personally, I don't think you will. 
I don't care if you whupped us 
the last six weeks. 
I'm tired of people saying all you 
have to do to win is show up! 
This time you're not 
taking our damn cup back! 
Might just have 
to kill that one. 
- Good luck, sir. 
- Thank you, sir. 
Billy. 
See you first thing 
tomorrow morning?
- I can't.
- Well, why not?
This English fella offered me
Well, I can't give you
anything like that.
I'm sorry, Francis.
I've got two kids at home.
Mr. Campbell?
I just lost my caddie.
Do you know somebody?
- Sorry, all the lads are taken.
- What am I supposed to do?
Hitch up your knickers.
You think Vardon and Ray
will take pity because you
carry your own bag?
This is the Open.
Every man for himself.
What am I doing here?
[young man] Hey, Francis!
Jack! What are you doin' here?
Me and Eddie hooked school
to come watch the practice round.
Are you still caddying
out at Franklin Park?
- That's right.
- Any chance you can
carry for me tomorrow?
- In the Open?
- Yeah.
[laughs]
Well, what happened to your guy?
He got a better offer.
Then that guy's
a big, fat jerk! What?
Jack, if you're gonna do this,
you gotta be here

tomorrow at 7:
Do it!
Can Eddie come too?
Jack, I can't change the rules.
You're only allowed
one man on the bag.
Maybe he could walk
with us and keep score.
We'll figure it out.
- Is that OK with you?
- Sure.
Francis, you got yourself a deal.
That's great, Jack.
That's great.
I'll see ya, Eddie.
[man] I'll get it, Henry!
And what do you want?
I was hopin' to speak
to Sarah. Is she here?
She left for college.
- When, today?
- Yeah.
Give her a message for me.
Who was that, Freddie?
Ah, it was... it was no one.
It was a peddler.
Did you hear about the caddie
playing in the Open?
It should never have happened.
Reflects badly on all concerned.
I say, if he wants
to go out and play
and make a fool of himself again,
so much the better.
- Who are you talking about?
- [mother] It's a club matter.
[Freddie] Caddie Boy.
Ouimet.
Insists he's an amateur.
What is the world coming to?
- [Henry] More bisque, sir?
- Thank you, Henry.
And what kind of pie does
Audrey have for us tonight?
- Huckleberry, sir.
- Ah. Splendid.
Did you think you could
keep it from me?
I didn't try to.
Your name is in the newspaper,
sneaking around behind my back.
No, no, no, Father...
You're going to stop this now.
A man knows his place
and makes his peace with it.
- I can't talk about this.
- Then you listen.
This is for your own good.
I am trying to protect you.
Protect me from what?
Francis, those men don't have
to earn a place in this world.
It's given to them.
We're not those kind of people.
Now, you go tell them
that you can't do this.
It's a mistake.
I won't do that.
You gave me your word.
You gave me your word.
I can't quit now. I'm sorry.
Then so help me,
when this is over,
you find somewhere else to live.
Fine.
Make sure these people
get the etiquette guide.
Most of them have never been
on a golf course before.
God help us.
[Chuckles] Mr. Ouimet!
Mr. Ouimet!
Eddie!
Where's Jack?
I tee off in ten minutes.
Truant officer caught him.
He's in school.
- Why aren't you with him?
- Come on! This is the U.S. Open.
Thanks for coming to tell me.
Mr. Ouimet,
I can caddie for you.
[Chuckles] Eddie, my bag
is as big as you are.
But I can do it!
I carry for lots of fellas
at Franklin Park. Ask 'em.
I came to make good
on what Jack promised.
I hooked school, took three
streetcars and I am big enough!
I'm in 5th grade,
and I want to caddie for you!
Calm down for a second.
How about this? I'll carry my bag,
and you walk next to me.
- No, Mr. Ouimet!
- Call me Francis.
- I can do it, Mr. Ouimet.
- Francis.
I know your game.
I've seen you play.
- I can carry that bag!
- All right. All right.
You can caddie for me. OK? But you're
gonna have to call me Francis.
- OK, Francis.
- All right.
[laughter]
You got a problem?
[man] This is

the 9:
The professional from
Cattawaukee Golf Club,
Albert Murray.
From Brookline, Massachusetts,
amateur Mr. Francis Ouimet.
[crowd groans]
Whatever you decide, Francis,
keep your head down
and I'll watch the ball.
We're gonna par this hole.
[applause,
whistling in distance]
That's the stuff.
One shot at a time.
[applause in distance]
One putt, we'll get that par.
Nice and steady now.
Make it roll,
it'll seek the hole.
[applause]
Easy peazy, lemon squeezy.
- [cheers]
- [applause]
[crowd groans]
He's not supposed to miss those.
Third one this morning.
What the devil's wrong with him?
I'm sure I don't know, sir.
[buzzing]
- [crowd roars]
- [applause]
It's in the bleedin' trees,
you great bunch o' ninnies.
Ted! Rotten luck, old boy!
- Just one of those days, what?
- Still a lot of golf to play yet!
Toffee-nosed git.
[Vardon] There are only
two types of player:
Those who keep their nerves in
control and win championships,
and those who do not.
Hey, Francis,
who's that big, fat guy?
[Ouimet] Oh, my gosh.
It's President Taft.
Get out!
President Taft?
The United States
President Taft?
- You ever seen a president before?
- First time.
Hey! How you doin' there,
Mr. President?
[laughter]
Francis! Did you just
birdie your last hole?
I guess I did, Frank.
Holy smokes, Francis,
you're tied with Vardon.
- You're in second place.
- I am?
President Taft is talking
about you. President Taft.
Isn't it incredible?
OK, we're working here, buddy.
Don't listen to him.
We play our game, let those
guys worry about theirs.
I'm tied...
[Frank echoing] You're tied
with Vardon. You're in second place.
[laughter]
[breathing heavily] Oh, God.
- [leaves rustle]
- [crowd groans]
Thanks for nothin'.
We gotta settle down now, Francis.
Oh, yeah?
How are we gonna do that?
You're just gonna
have to play better.
Keep your head down.
- [crowd cheers]
- [applause]
Whew.
All right, gimme the mashie.
You're not gonna
reach with that.
If he can, I can.
[grunts]
- [crowd groans]
- [applause]
[crowd cheers]
[ Bernard] In round two,
Harry Vardon's pulled even
with the defending champion,
John McDermott,
but Mr. Wilfred Reid
is matching him shot for shot.
After a poor showing
this morning,
Ted Ray's stalking the grounds
like a mad brute.
He... Mad brute.
He may yet have something
to say about this championship.
[man] Quiet.
[man] Go, go, go, go!
[woman] Get in there.
[crowd cheers]
Blimey.
They're easily entertained.
I'm counting on you, old boy,
if Vardon and that great ape
of his can't deliver.
Quite. All for England.
Save that patriotic gibberish
for the newspapers.
The prime minister has promised me
a seat in his cabinet
if I bring back this trophy.
And rest assured, Wilfred,
you will be remembered.
Ah. Bravo, Harry.
You're tied with me for the lead.
- Very well played, sir.
- All for King and country, what?
Wilfred played splendidly,
more than can be said for your man Ray.
Wild as a Hottentot.
After his appalling first round,
he won't survive the cut.
- [crowd cheers]
- [applause]
What on earth are they
going on about?
Ted Ray's just broken
the course scoring record.
By Jove,
Ray's tied for second!
[reporter 1] Mr. Ouimet?
One question, sir!
Francis!
Hey! I thought you'd
gone back to college!
- I thought you quit playing!
- I guess I changed my mind, huh?
- That's wonderful!
- Yeah.
It's great to see you.
Can you come tomorrow?
- I have to leave tomorrow!
- Come back tomorrow!
Are you his caddie?
Give this to him, would you?
For luck.
Dames. Who needs 'em?
Fine play today, Mr. Ouimet.
Thank you, sir. You too.
It's mostly dumb luck, though.
On my part.
Not on your part.
You don't need luck.
I need luck.
Well, good luck, then.
Thank you, sir.
I cleaned 'em good.
Wiped the grips too.
You did just fine
out there today.
You too, Francis.
You gonna be able to skip
school again tomorrow?
Let 'em try and stop me.
[chuckles] All right,
well, you get home safe.
Hey, don't you worry about me.
I'll meet you right here.
Early bird gets the worm.
Deal.
[classical music]
[indistinct chatter]
All I can say, ladies,
is that when the day began,
I scarcely imagined
that I'd find myself
tied for the lead with
the immortal Harry Vardon,
and two strokes ahead of
the ever-so-capable Ted Ray.
Ah. Speak of the devil,
and up he pops.
Excuse me, ladies.
I'll be with you presently.
I simply adore Americans.
The exuberance,
such charming naivete.
How do you find them, Ted?
I should imagine
you feel right at home.
They clasp all manner of the huddled,
yeaning masses to their bosoms.
Even the lowly golf professional.
You know, I can foresee a day,
given their democratic standards,
when they invite your kind
into their clubhouses.
[chuckles] Well,
how could they resist?
Two poor lads from Jersey,
up from nothing.
Working-class heroes
to the great unwashed.
When all Jersey's ever given us
are potatoes and dairy cows...
[grunts]
[man] Don't look over there.
Sorry, Harry.
I couldn't contain myself.
Neither could he.
He shouldn't have
brought Jersey into it.
My God. My nose.
Do I look all right?
Quite frankly, Mr. Reid,
it's an improvement.
[girl] So, did you really
see the President?
He waved at me.
- [laughs]
- No.
- Yes, he did. President Taft.
- Can you believe Francis?
Why don't I sleep
downstairs tonight?
No. You sleep upstairs.
- You'll need your sleep for tomorrow.
- I'm OK.
Oh! Arthur.
So, they call you Mr. Ouimet.
The others,
it just says their names.
Well, Father,
they're professionals.
I'm an amateur.
Let's have some dessert.
No, wait, wait. Sit, sit.
They're all talking
about you now.
It say here that if you win,
you get no money.
The others make money,
you get nothing.
What does that prove?
What does that prove?
They don't even pay you!
What kind of work is that?
- What?
[mother] I'll fix you a plate.
[thunder rumbles]
[horse whinnies]
Come on, you! Pull!
Dreadful English weather.
- How'd you sleep?
- Like a baby.
Woke up every two hours and cried.
Hey, Francis!
I had a dream last night
that you shot a 72!
Yeah? It won't be easy
in a nor'easter.
You've played this course
in weather like this.
You're right.
It's a good day for a 72.
[Eddie] Okeydokey,
pipe and smokey.
If the Brits beat us, they'll say
it was a fluke I ever won it.
They'll say it's their game,
and we're not good enough.
This is our Open.
- [crowd cheers]
- [gasp]
Yes. Marvelous.
Ouimet. Ouimet.
O-U-l-M-E-T.

He's only one stroke behind Vardon
and Ray after three rounds.

[man] Move it!
Put your backs into it now!
Go a little deeper there!
There we go.
[man in distance]
Not here. Over there.
Watch that end go through!
- And move on down!
- Yes, sir!
Thank you.
Ray needs that putt
for the lead.
I don't want to hear how
anyone else is doing.
- We play our own game.
- [crowd cheers]
Where do we stand?
You'd still have to par the last
five holes to tie Ted for the lead.
Dreadful conditions, Harry.
No one would blame you
if you came...
Thank you, Bernard.
[crowd groans]
He's done for in there.
No chance he catches him now.
[crowd] Whoa!
What's got into you, old thing?
You had to go
and get me angry.
Oh, yes. My mistake.
When I par this one, we'll have to go at it again tomorrow. A playoff? What a bother. Yes, but there it is. Never seen you smoke on the job before. Should've started four holes earlier. [grunts] [Northcliffe] Ah, all square again. Not a chance this stripling bears up. Probably not. [Eddie] Let 'em look. We're tied, and you're the one still playing. [crowd groans] [light applause] Might as well get out of this beastly New England weather and raise a glass to British victory. What's that carrying his bag, a Pygmy? [Ouimet] We need two strokes. One here, one at the 16th... Francis, don't think so much. You can't play 'em all at once. You gotta take 'em one at a time. One at a time, two down. Two down, six to play. I can get one here and another on 16. That girl wanted me to give you this. - What girl? - Sarah. Sarah gave you this? Just put it on. Don't get all sloppy over it. To England.
What the hell was that?
It's not over yet.

Well, well.
Look who's back.

He hit it stone dead at 16.
He's only down one.

What's happenin'?
If he makes this, it's a playoff.

Dear me, it's almost beyond one's ability to calculate.

Ah, don't mind if I do.

He can't keep this up.

It's impossible.

I'll be damned.

- Yeah!

Oh, Francis!

There will be an 18-hole playoff tomorrow between Vardon, Ray and Mr. Ouimet to decide the Championship.

That boy's a gift from the gods.

They're printing 'round the clock at home.

Cripes! Imagine what they're selling here.

Should have bought one of these rags when I had the chance.

It's a bold charge, but he's spent his powder.

It's a two-man game now,
my lads.
An all-English final.
Well, we'll see.
Come on, Harry.
It's inconceivable.
The man's a bloody amateur.
When was the last time
you were beaten...
Have you ever been
beaten, man-to-man,
in your entire career
by an amateur?
Amateurs do not win Opens.
Hell, the last one
who won it back home
was 40 years ago,
and he was a gentleman.
This one's nothing of the kind.
He's a peasant. Common clay.
He'll fold like an accordion.
I need my rest.
If he couldn't hit the ball
a country mile, he'd be digging ditches.
Where are you going, Harry?
Sit down with me.
Eat with me.
Enjoy yourself.
I came here to win a trophy.
On the face of it, Ted Ray
or I should carry it off.
Not for you, not for England,
but for bloody pride at being
the best. That's why we do this.
And if Mr. Ouimet wins tomorrow,
it's because he's the best,
because of who he is.
Not who his father was,
not how much money he's got,
because of who he bloody is!
And I'll thank you
to remember that.
And I'll thank you to show the respect
a gentleman gives as a matter of course.
Good night.
Do you want him to fail?
Is that the only satisfaction
you can take from what he's doin'?
You think I want him
to break his heart?
What will you do,
Mary, when he fails?
How will you help him then?
All you ever do
is encourage him.
That's right.
I do encourage him.
He has a God-given talent,
and this is his one chance
to give a voice to it.
He's just tryin'
to make you proud.
"It seems impossible to believe
that this untested boy
could hope to beat
two seasoned champions."
One David against two Goliaths.
[Bernard] He'll have to face
Vardon and Ray alone,
with a night to sleep
on the incredible situation
in which he so shockingly
finds himself.
Although, I suspect,
from the unearthly calm
he showed today,
he will sleep
better than most.
I am not certain I believe
Ouimet can win,
but I have given up
all attempts at prophecy.
I will start tomorrow's round
with an open mind.
It should be
the greatest game ever played.
Young man.
We've been talking this over.
Talking what over?
The members feel you need as much help as you can get out there today.
- What kind of help?
- According to the rules, your caddie is the only person who can give you advice.
You need someone with you today who really knows our course.
- Exactly.
- Eddie's doin' a great job for me.
For God's sake, Ouimet!
This is the U.S. Open, not some junior club championship.
You told Eddie this before talking to me?
Oh, you can't reason with a boy like that.
We'll take up a collection for him and pay him handsomely.
I understand his family could use it.
Don't let 'em do it, Francis!
Hey, hey, hey, hey.
Is it true? You know I can't pay you, Eddie.
I wouldn't do it for ten bucks.
I wouldn't do it for a hundred!
Hey, listen.
You think I'd replace you?
But they said you'd want to.
Who cares what they said?
Who cares?
This is me and you.
We're a team. OK?
They don't get a vote in this.
All right?
I'll meet you outside.
Don't ever talk to my caddie again.
Mr. Ouimet will play first.
Mr. Darwin will act as honorary marker and keep your scores.
Gentlemen, it's time.
- [man 1] Here he comes!
- [man 2] Good luck, son!
- [man 3] Come on, young man!
- [man 4] Come on, Ouimet!
- [man 5] Come on, Francis!

Come on!
[overlapping shouts]
Give us a strong show, son.
[crowd cheers]
- Five for you there?
- That's right.

You can do it, Francis.
- What?
- Wha... Sorry.
Did I say something?
That was big.
They're human.
What's that?
I can play these guys, Eddie.
Yeah? Who said you couldn't?
- [crowd] Oooh!
- [applause]
Maybe they're not human.
This is where he fell
apart the last time.
That was yesterday.
Sarah!
What are you doing here?
You're supposed to be in school.
Don't be ridiculous, Father.
[Ted] He's not cracking, Harry.
[Vardon] The thought
occurred to me.
[Ted] "An all-English final."
[man] Quiet, please.
[crowd groans]
[crowd groans]
Stymied.
- What are you doin'?
- I'll show you.
- [cheers]
- [groans]
Come on, now. Finish him.
Let's see if he cracks now.
- Fore right!
[grunts]
He's dead in those trees.
Mid iron.
[sighs] Done in by the monarch
of the forest.
[applause]
Down to you, old thing.
I'm done.
Pity. It's a great match.
That's the spirit, Harry.
Come on, Ouimet.
[crowd cheers]
[crowd cheers]
Where you going with that?
- Gonna cut the corner.
- There's a bunker down there.
If he's over it,
he's a chip away.
We don't know he's over it.
It's a trick.
[Eddie] This is
our chance, Francis.
Run it in there,
just like yesterday.
- [cheering]
- [applause]
[Bernard] My God. Francis has
a one-stroke lead with one to play.
[footsteps rumbling]
[man] Hold the line, please.
Hold the line!
Hold the line!
Take your time.
Let me have that towel, Eddie.
[crowd groans]
[crowd groans]
[taps ball into hole]
Well done.
[nervous breathing]
You need this for 72.
You can do it.
Read it, roll it and hole it.
[crowd cheers]
Yeah!
[laughs]
Yeah! Yeah!
Yeah!
Yeah!
Thank you! Thank you!
- You did it!
- Thank you!
Look, Eddie, we did it!
We did it!
No! No! I can't take it!
Pass the hat for Eddie!
Pass the hat for Eddie! Here!
Pass the hat for Eddie!
Pass the hat for...
[man whistling]
[Vardon humming]
Well played, Mr. Ouimet.
That was a great game.
I enjoyed it.
So did I.
Yes, you did.
Congratulations on your success.
You deserve it.
Thank you.
We'll play again sometime.
[Eddie] Look at this thing.
- It's a whopper.
- Isn't that something?
They let you take it
home with ya?
Nobody's tried to stop me.
Well, they'd have to get past me.
You know somethin', Eddie?
You and I are gonna be
great friends.
You said it, Francis.