

WHEN LIGHTNING STRUCK

Written by

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Based on a True Story

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EXT. BUTLER NATIONAL GOLF CLUB - DAY

ON TEE BOX

LEE TREVINO, Hispanic male, mid-thirties, places ball on golf tee.

SUPER: "Western Open, Butler National Golf Club - 1975"

TREVINO (V.O.)  
I've had one hell of a life.

Thunder rumbles. Wind and drizzle pelt his rain gear. His shot lands on the green. The ball cozies up next to the hole.

ON GREEN

TREVINO (V.O.)  
The good Lord gave me a lot of talent...

Lines up putt, makes stroke, coaxes the ball into the hole.

TREVINO (V.O.)  
I worked hard because I wanted to make good on that talent.

Horn sounds to suspend play. Trevino and playing companion, MAN, share umbrella, hurry off green.

TREVINO (V.O.)  
He gave me a sense of humor...  
Although I didn't always say the most appropriate thing...

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

SUPER: One Week Earlier

Dark clouds, thunder. Trevino entertains the gallery during weather delay. Takes golf club.

TREVINO  
I'm not afraid of lightning.

Points club to sky.

TREVINO (CONT'D)  
Not even God can hit a one iron!

BACK TO:

BUTLER NATIONAL GOLF CLUB

TREVINO (V.O.)  
And I didn't always make the best  
choice.

UNDER TREE NEAR LAKE

With playing companion, takes shelter under an umbrella.  
Reclines against golf bag. Lightning hits the lake, travels  
along the ground, and strikes both men. Pandemonium ensues.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Paramedic hovers over Trevino. O2 mask is secured to his  
face.

TREVINO (V.O.)  
There's one thing I know: I'm  
blessed to play the greatest game,  
and to make a living playing it.

PARAMEDIC  
Stay calm sir. Take deep breaths.  
We're going to take good care of  
you.

Trevino's face projects panic.

TREVINO (V.O.)  
This game I play and the way I play  
it...

It wasn't supposed to ever happen,  
not where I came from.

Looks at paramedic. His focus slowly shifts to behind the  
paramedic, to his EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SELF.

TREVINO (V.O.)  
I'm just a kid at heart...

Scene becomes hazy, fades to bright light.

TREVINO (V.O.)  
Trying to be the kid I never got to  
be.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. JOE TREVINO'S FARM - DAY (1947)

Eight-year-old Trevino and JOE TREVINO, middle-aged Hispanic, slight build, shovel crap in the pig pen. Scene is set in the forties.

LEE

Grandpa! Can I help you water at the cemetery later on?

Joe smiles. He speaks with a Spanish accent; it comes from his youth in Monterrey, Mexico.

JOE

I think so, Chico. What does your Mamá say?

JUANITA TREVINO, short heavysset Hispanic female, mid-twenties, Americanized Spanish accent, does laundry at the clothesline, outside dark brown, modest home.

JUANITA

Is your homework done?

LEE

Yes, Mamí.

A baby's CRY comes from inside. Juanita hurries to tend to daughter. Joe and Lee return to work. Their attention is drawn to men talking on golf course a hundred yards away.

A MAN'S VOICE

Over here. I think it was headed for this bush.

Men poke around in the bush for a few minutes in search of a ball. They give up and move on. Lee looks at Joe, who smiles. Lee goes to search himself and has better luck.

MAN

You must find a ton of balls over here, boy.

A startled Lee turns and looks at a Man who has his caddy trailing him.

MAN (CONT'D)

Any I can buy from you?

LEE

Yes, sir.

Lee pulls several balls from his pockets and holds them upward in his hands for the man to see. The man inspects a couple, nods approval, keeps them, and hands Lee a buck.

LEE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The man smiles back. He glances toward Lee's grandfather and waves. Joe waves back. The Man looks back at Lee.

MAN

You look strong enough to shoulder a bag. We're always looking for caddies. Interested?

Lee's face brightens at the thought.

MAN (CONT'D)

Talk to your pops. If it's okay, be at the caddy shack at six-thirty in the morning. Ask for Big Al.

Lee takes the dollar to his grandfather. Joe looks at it and chuckles.

JOE

A lot of White people with money chasing around a little white ball, right Mijo?

Lee nods.

LEE

He asked if I'd like to caddy.

JOE

Hard work but pretty good money. Let's see what your Mom thinks.

INT. TREVINO KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

Family finishes supper. Juanita clears dishes.

JOE

Thank you, Mija. Tasty!

LEE

Yeah Mamá, it was good.

Lee helps his mother with dishes but Juanita takes them from him. She leans toward her father, and urges him.

JUANITA

You two, go. If Lee's going to be at the golf course early, you need to go get your work done.

Lee kisses his Mother on the cheek and goes for his shoes. Joe rises from the table and does the same.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Joe and Lee exit a CAR, late twenties model. The night is pitch black. Joe maneuvers hoses and sprinklers into position. He hands Lee a sprinkler and points to a spot.

JOE

Take this. Walk fifty steps that way.

LEE

Okay?

Joe detects trepidation in Lee's tone.

JOE

Son, ya gonna hear noises. Don't be afraid. It's just your own steps bouncing off the gravestones.

Lee carries out his assignment and returns. Joe turns on the water. They climb onto the hood of the car, listen to the chu-chu-chu of the sprinklers, and take in the stars' splendor.

JOE (CONT'D)

You worked hard today, son.

Lee smiles. His look turns quizzical.

LEE

Is it hard to caddy?

JOE

Beats digging graves. You'll do good. When tired and ya wanna quit, think of me and my aching back.

EXT. DALLAS ATHLETIC CLUB GOLF COURSE - DAWN

A dozen or so men - most are Black - stand and talk near a shed. They size up Lee, jeans, tee shirt and ball cap, as he crosses a manicured lawn to speak to BIG AL.

LEE

I was told to ask for Big Al about caddying.

AL

Ever caddy before?

Lee shakes his head. There is a pause as Al tends to other business. Lee watches him move, and waits. Then Al returns his attention to Lee.

AL (CONT'D)

You get paid after. Sixty-five cents for nine holes, buck twenty-five for eighteen.

Al pauses and takes a better look at Lee.

AL (CONT'D)

Most play all eighteen. Can I count on you to finish?

Lee nods assuredly. Al draws nearer to Lee, looks him in the eye.

AL (CONT'D)

The member's the boss. You do as he says. He pays good money to play. You want him to be happy, you hear?

LEE

Yes, sir.

AL

I'll send you this time with someone I trust to teach you the dos and don'ts, so pay attention!

LEE

Yes, sir.

AL

Sign here and wait your turn. It'll be a while.

Lee sits against a nearby tree, observes a number of Caucasian men, well dressed. One is a pre-teen, JACK SHAWVER, Caucasian. He takes a lesson from MAN.

MAN

That's it, nice and smooth.

Jack's swing is impressive to watch. There is a crisp sound when Jack makes contact with the ball that is satisfying.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Now keep your head still!

The man holds Jack's head still with his hand as Jack works his swing. Jack sees Lee out of the corner of his eye and imagines how silly it must look. He chuckles.

MAN (CONT'D)  
What's so funny?

The man, displeased, looks Lee's way. Lee pretends to look elsewhere. The man turns his attention back to Jack. Jack and Lee share a smile.

AL  
Trevino, you're up!

LATER

Lee, shouldering a golf bag, and a MAN, Caucasian, nice slacks, sports shirt, come off the eighteenth green. The man hands Lee a dollar and takes his bag.

MAN  
You did good for your first time.  
Way to hustle. That's what it's all about.

LEE  
Thank you, sir.

MAN  
We'll see you around, kid.

AT CADDY SHACK

AL  
How'd you feel it went?

LEE  
It was okay...actually, you know,  
it was fun, but I'm tired.

Al hands Lee his pay.

AL  
See you tomorrow?

LEE  
Yeah, I think so. Thanks for everything.



Lee turns to head home, but spots Jack and MIKE, teenager, Black, heading toward him. Jack has his golf bag over his shoulder, a bag of chips in each hand. He gives one to Lee.

JACK  
Want to play a few holes?

Lee is surprised. He looks toward the tee box for the first hole.

LEE  
Can we play here?

JACK  
No, the course is only for members.

LEE  
You're a member?

JACK  
No, Dad's Greens Superintendent and I play with him sometimes. We can play the caddy course, though.

LEE  
Caddy course?

Jack looks at him funny, and smiles.

JACK  
You must be new. Come on. Short holes behind the shack. I'm Jack, and this is Mike. He's a caddy.

LEE  
Nice to meet you guys. I'm Lee.

ON TEE BOX

The three boys take turns hitting. They have a good laugh at Lee's shots, but after a few, he shows improvement. He hits a solid one. Mike's eyes grow wide.

JACK  
Good one, Lee.

LEE  
Damn, that's nice!

MIKE  
It feels good, don't it?

Jack gives Lee some more pointers.

ON GREEN

Jack shows him how to putt.

JACK

The one furthest from the hole  
always putts first. And you never  
walk on another guys putting line.

Lee gives Jack a WTF look.

LEE

It sounds more like pussyfooting  
than sport.

JACK

I'm just telling you. It's golf  
etiquette.

LEE

What the hell is etty-cut? Sounds  
girly.

Jack gives Lee the WTF look, then grins. Someone yells Jack's  
name from the direction of the caddy shack.

JACK

I gotta go. You want to hang on to  
my wedge?

Lee's face turns sour.

LEE

I'll keep my hands to myself, thank  
you.

JACK

Very funny, you jackass! My  
pitching wedge. Keep it and  
practice.

Lee smiles and nods.

LEE

Thanks.

Jack turns back to Lee as he trots away.

JACK

Get better and we can bet the  
caddies. Might be easy money.

Lee yells to him.

LEE  
Now you're talkin' my language!