# Devin Kehoe Carl

EXT. MEADOWWOOD GOLF COURSE – GOLDEN HOUR

The sun dips low, casting long shadows over the rolling green hills. The air hums with the distant call of birds and the soft rustle of pine trees. A breeze ruffles the manicured grass, but all else is still.

DEVIN (40s, sleek, confident) steps from a luxury golf cart, adjusting his collar as he spots KEHOE (30s, intense, wiry) standing alone at the first tee. Kehoe’s dark curls catch the fading light like coiled wires.

DEVIN
(smiling, smirking)
Nice to see you, Kehoe.

He claps Kehoe on the back. Kehoe doesn’t smile.

KEHOE
Can’t let our guard down. Not now.

Devin chuckles, lifting a driver from his bag, eyes scanning the empty fairways with practiced ease.

DEVIN
Lighten up. We’re here to celebrate, not strategize.

Footsteps crunch on gravel. CARL (50s, weary, polite) walks up, a bit disheveled. His uniform shirt is wrinkled, his posture unsure.

CARL
(quietly)
Hey. Ready for some golf?

Devin greets him warmly, swinging his club like a conductor’s baton.

DEVIN
This isn’t just golf—it’s unity. Purpose.

Carl nods, fidgeting with the vintage watch on his wrist. Kehoe watches him—too long.

KEHOE
Someone’s watching. Always is. No mistakes.

DEVIN
(waving it off)
Look around. It’s just us.

CARL
(softly, almost to himself)
People talk. They see more than you think.

The three walk toward the tee box. Laughter rings out, but it feels forced—like a rehearsal.

Clubs swing. Balls soar. Shadows lengthen.

KEHOE
(after a perfect putt)
Hard to believe how far we’ve come.

DEVIN
(with a gleam in his eye)
Prestige. Power. All because we believed.

Carl follows in silence, his scarred hand brushing against his club. His eyes scan the trees, the hills, the empty cart path. Something gnaws at him.

As they walk the fairway, the sun blazes behind them, casting their long silhouettes forward—three men bound together by secrets deeper than the roots under the green.

CUT TO BLACK:

TEXT ON SCREEN:
"Power comes at a price."