

DORY: Listen, thanks for inviting me today. I think it's lovely that you decided to play a round of golf in honour of Cathy. She would have liked that. You all played once a week together, right?

MARGOT: Weather permitting. We've done it for the last fourteen years.

DORY: I think that's wonderful.

TATE: You called her "Cathy"?

DORY: Uh-huh.

TATE: I thought she didn't like "Cathy."

CONNIE: She hated "Cathy."

DORY: Well, that's what I called her. I called her that the whole time I knew her.

MARGOT: How long was that?

DORY: She started coming up to the lodge twelve years ago. She spent two weeks up there every summer, relaxing, taking photographs.

MARGOT: She told us she went to a lodge every summer. Didn't tell us much about it though.

TATE: Okay, that group ahead of us is out of range. Who wants to go first?

CONNIE: Let our guest go first. Is that okay with you?

DORY: Sure. This is going to be fun. We'll get to spend a few hours together. I'll get to know you gals better. I mean, I've heard so much about you from Cathy over the years. And now here you are, in the flesh. Okay. Here we go.

*She tees her ball and lines up her shot, and then steps back and lines up her shot some more.*

Cathy and I golfed together once in a while. I don't know if she told you that. We'd play once or twice when she visited. She was always asking me for help on her putting. She wasn't a very good putter. Not to speak ill of the dead.

*She steps up to her ball and then steps back from the ball again.*

I think it was because she had trouble lining up her putts. One eye was out of sync with the other. But not a lazy eye. God, no. Not that gross. Okay. This is it.

*She steps up then steps back again.*

Oh, wait. Because we're playing this round for Cathy, maybe someone should say something first.

MARGOT: Say what?

DORY: Some words.

CONNIE: You mean, like, hit the damn ball? Those words?

DORY: No, I mean some words about Cathy. Shouldn't one of us say something? Tate?

TATE: No, I'm not very good at that. I don't know any prayers.

CONNIE: I'm afraid if I start to pray I might be the second lighting casualty.

DORY: It doesn't have to be a prayer. Just some nice words.

*Nobody says anything.*

DORY: All right, then; I'll say something. Uh . . . let's see. Cathy?

TATE: Should we bow our heads?

CONNIE: She said it wasn't a prayer.

*(to DORY)* It's not a prayer, right?

DORY: No.

TATE: So, we don't bow our heads?

DORY: I suppose you don't need to.

TATE: What about hats? Do we take off our hats?

CONNIE: You're wearing a visor.

TATE: Well, a visor's a hat.

CONNIE: A visor's a visor.

TATE: So I should leave it on? Dory, should I leave it on?

DORY: I'm not sure.

TATE: If you're going to say religious words I should probably take it off. Are you going to say religious words?

DORY: I'm not sure what words I'm going to say.

MARGOT: Aw, hell, I'll say the words. Catherine, you went to the fair and now you're dead, so now we're golfing with Dory instead. Cheers.

*MARGOT takes a drink. The other three stare at her.*

What? I want to play golf.

TATE: That wasn't very respectful.

MARGOT: Never mind. Dory, hit the ball.

*DORY hits the ball.*

Nice one.

DORY: Thank you.

TATE: You could have said something with more feeling.

MARGOT: I'm all out of feeling. Connie, you're next.

*CONNIE tees up her ball.*

TATE: What do you mean you're out of feeling?

MARGOT: Look, we cried all day yesterday, right?

CONNIE: Well, not all day.

MARGOT: All right, some of us cried; some of us moaned. Well, now it's time to celebrate Catherine's life. Not cry about it.