

2

CONNIE: We'll play teams then. Best ball. Each team takes the better shot of the two and you play from there.

DORY: How much are we playing for?

CONNIE: Dollar a hole?

DORY: Well, that's fine, but you know one team wins a hole, the other teams wins a hole. It doesn't add up. You wind up winning two or three dollars in total.

CONNIE: Well, how much do you want to play for?

DORY: Why not just a lump sum? We each throw some money in the pot and the winning team splits it at the end.

TATE: How much money?

DORY: Five hundred dollars each?

TATE: Five hundred? I don't have five hundred dollars! Where am I going to get five hundred dollars?

CONNIE: Your husband's a surgeon.

TATE: Oh, that's right. I'm rich. Yay!

CONNIE: All right, five hundred dollars it is.

MARGOT: What will the teams be?

CONNIE: Well, Doris and I will be on opposite teams because she obviously thinks she can beat me.

DORY: No, I didn't say that. I don't even have my own clubs.

CONNIE: Right, the rental clubs. Well, that does put you at a disadvantage.

TATE: I'll play with Connie.

*TATE moves to CONNIE's side.*

MARGOT: No, I'll play with Connie.

*MARGOT moves to CONNIE's side.*

TATE: I called it first.

MARGOT: We don't call. There's no calling. What is this, high school?

CONNIE: Ladies, did it ever occur to you that a display like this might hurt our guest's feelings?

TATE: You're right. I'm sorry, Dory. That was thoughtless.

MARGOT: I'm sorry too.

DORY: No, it's fine.

CONNIE: I mean, sure, she doesn't play very much, and she hasn't got her own clubs, and she was taught by her father in some farmer's field in Saskatchewan.

DORY: Arizona.

CONNIE: Pardon me?

DORY: Arizona. That's where I grew up. That's where my father taught me how to play. Of course he didn't have much time for lessons. He was on the road most of the year.

MARGOT: Oh? What did he do?

DORY: He was on the tour.

CONNIE: What tour?

DORY: The PGA Tour. David Lakeside. Maybe you've heard of him.

TATE: What's the PGA Tour?

CONNIE: The Professional Golfers Association Tour. Your father was David Lakeside?

DORY: Is David Lakeside. That's right.

CONNIE: He won the Canadian Open.

DORY: Twice.

*MARGOT and TATE both scramble to stand beside DORY. They each grab an arm.*

TATE: I'll play with Dory.

MARGOT: No, I will.

TATE: I had her first.

MARGOT: No, you didn't!

TATE: Did too!

CONNIE: Ladies. Did it ever occur to you that a display like this might hurt my feelings?

MARGOT: No.

TATE: No.

CONNIE: Tate, you're on my team.

TATE: Why?

CONNIE: Because you're the weak one and I'm cutting you from the herd. Now let's go.

MARGOT: Wait a minute. Wait. Let's not play for money. It's already changing the complexion of the game, and not for the better. Let's just play for lunch.

CONNIE: Lunch?

MARGOT: Yeah. The losing team buys the winning team lunch after the match.

CONNIE: All right. I'll go for that.

TATE: That sounds very civilized.

MARGOT: Dory? How's that sound to you?

*Beat.*

DORY: Good. Fine. Lunch it is.

CONNIE: And it starts right now. On this hole. The last one doesn't count, right?

MARGOT: Right.