

DORY: They said I had talent. They said I had a bright future. That I was going to set the music world on its ear.

MARGOT: And you gave it up for Arrowhead Lake?

DORY: It was the right thing to do.

DORY, with a grunt, takes an extra-furious swing at the golf ball.

CONNIE: Well, you beat the piss out of that one.

MARGOT: I don't think I've ever seen a golf ball split in two like that.

DORY: Who's up? Margot, you're up. Let's go. Let's go.

MARGOT: Yes, ma'am.

MARGOT tees up her ball.

TATE: So, it was your husband's dream to own a lodge in Canada?

DORY: Yep.

TATE: Way up there in the middle of nowhere?

DORY: Uh-huh.

TATE: And you gave up your dream of becoming a world-famous singer for that?

DORY: I sure did.

TATE: Wow. So, tell me this.

MARGOT: Tate.

TATE: What?

MARGOT: I'm about to hit.

TATE: Oh, sorry.

MARGOT hits her ball.

TATE: Good one.

(to DORY) So, tell me this.

MARGOT: Tate?

TATE: What?

MARGOT: It sounds to me like Dory doesn't want to discuss this matter any further.

TATE: Really?

DORY: No, it's fine.

TATE: She says it's fine. So, tell me this . . .

MARGOT: Tate. I don't think it's fine.

DORY: It's fine.

CONNIE: There's a mutilated golf ball out there that says it's not fine.

DORY: It's okay. Really. What is it, Tate? What else do you want to know about my idyllic life up there on Arrowhead Lake? Up

there in the Canadian wilderness where men are men and women can smell them at fifty paces. Where I welcome our guests each summer with an inviting smile and six whiny children tugging on every free appendage like suckling piglets on a sow's teat. Where in the comforting heat of an August afternoon we swim in the calm waters of a secluded lake followed by fifteen terrifying minutes of ripping leeches off of our skin like they were stay-fast Band-Aids. And then there's the blackflies, big enough to carry off young children, although try as I might, I can't coax them into carrying mine off for an afternoon so that I can catch forty winks and a margarita. And then comes the winter. Ah, the Canadian winter, where I discover the pleasures of snowmobiling while wearing a flattering fleece-lined, Thermoflex-insulated suit that keeps me warm for a good five minutes before frostbite sets in, and I couldn't feel my ass even if George Clooney himself was straddling it. So, tell me. Tell me do, Tate. What enlightening nugget of information can I impart to you about my tranquil existence up there in God's country?

Beat.

TATE: What about sitting on the back porch watching all those stars?

DORY: Screw the stars!

They exit.

THE EIGHTH TEE

They enter. MARGOT has a beer in her hand.

TATE: Well, I don't see what's wrong with it.

CONNIE: I just think they give young girls the wrong idea.

TATE: How?

CONNIE: Because they tell them they're all going to be rescued by handsome princes, and the only thing they have to do is sit by a pond and look pretty.

MARGOT: What does a pond have to do with it?

CONNIE: Isn't that what princesses do? Sit by ponds and look at their reflections in the water while they're waiting for the handsome prince to ride in?

TATE: My daughters liked princesses when they were younger.

DORY: Mine too.

TATE: And they turned out fine. They're independent. They stand on their own two feet. Princesses are wonderful. They're fairy tales. And children need to get lost in fairy tales once in a while. It doesn't mean they have to emulate them when they grow up. But when they're young, what's so wrong with it?

CONNIE: But look at these women. They fall for the first guy who comes along; they dump their friends, and off they go to live in a castle where they're waited on hand and foot by a couple of bluebirds and a squirrel.