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CONNIE: I don't know. I haven't thought that far ahead.

MARGOT: No, I think she's genuinely interested in getting to know us better. She feels that we have a common bond in Catherine, and she wants us all to be friends.

CONNIE: Maybe.

MARGOT: I'm sure of it.

CONNIE: We'll see.

CONNIE begins to exit.

MARGOT: And I think she genuinely wants to know who decided you were the region's best news anchor.

CONNIE: Never mind.

CONNIE exits.

MARGOT: I'd like to know too, missy.

MARGOT exits.

THE FIFTH TEE

They enter. They will all use irons on this tee.

DORY: So finally, last year, my husband and I decided we should sit down with our two oldest girls and talk about the facts of life.

TATE: And how did that go?

DORY: Good. We learned quite a bit.

CONNIE: Doris, you're up.

MARGOT: Yes, way to go, Dory. You've got us all even again.

DORY: *(teeing up her ball)* It wasn't just me, Margot. You hit a great second shot.

MARGOT: But you hit that gorgeous approach shot.

DORY: And then you got us close with that chip.

MARGOT: And your putt was a thing of beauty.

CONNIE: Would you two like some alone time?

DORY: All right. A little par three. Let's put it on the dance floor.

DORY hits her ball.

There we go.

MARGOT tees up her ball.

TATE: I wonder why Catherine never told us about you, Dory. I mean, she went up to your lodge every year. You played golf with her. I'm surprised she never mentioned you.

DORY: Well, Cathy struck me as kind of a private person. Maybe she wanted to keep those trips to herself.

TATE: But we were her best friends. Why would she want to keep it from us?