

EXCERPT 1 Margot and Tate

The first tee Margot and Tate enter with their golf clubs. The clubs are on pull carts. Margot is obviously hung-over. She carries an unopened can of beer. Tate is a little perkier. She wears a pretty golf outfit. Tate starts doing stretches. Margot looks at her for a moment.

Margot: Shit.

Tate: What's wrong?

Margot: What is that you're doing there? What is that?

Tate: I'm stretching. You're supposed to get loose before you play. You should do it too.

Margot: Way ahead of you. *(Margot opens the can of beer.)*

Tate: Margot, it's eight-thirty in the morning.

Margot: Time. What is time? Time is just a way of letting us know what time it is.

Tate: Fine. I'm not your keeper. Do what you want.

Margot: I thank you for your blessing. Do you want one?

Tate: No thanks. I've got my smoothie.

Margot: Well, I need something a little stronger. A little eye-opener.

Tate: What happened to Connie? I thought she was right behind us.

Margot: She stopped to talk to the cart kid.

Tate: The cart kid? The kid who brings the carts around?

Margot: Right. The cart kid.

Tate: Why is she talking to him? We're not getting carts.

Margot: I don't think she's talking to him about carts.

Tate: Oh, no. Really? Is there anybody she won't flirt with?

Margot: Oh, Tate, let her go. It makes her feel good. Makes her feel desirable.

Tate: Well, I think it's embarrassing. A woman her age.

Margot: She's my age.

Tate: Exactly. And where the heck is Dory? Our tee time is eight-forty. I don't like people who are late. It's like they think their time is more valuable than mine.

Margot: She's not late. She's got nine minutes yet. And why are you being so judgemental this morning?

Tate: What do you mean judgemental?

Margot: My drinking, Connie's flirting, Dory's almost lateness.

Tate: I don't know. I guess the funeral yesterday has me re-evaluating things.

Margot: What things?

Tate: My life. Our lives.

Margot: You've got a great life.

Tate: All right, your lives. I mean, didn't Catherine's death make you think?

Margot: Sure it did. Tate: And what did it make you think about? Did it make you think about not taking life for granted? About living each day to its fullest?

Margot: Catherine was struck by lightning while sitting at the top of a Ferris wheel. It made me think I should stay the hell away from carnivals.

Tate: Well, it made me think about a lot more than that. It made me think that I haven't made enough of this life I've been given. That I've frittered it away.

Margot: Frittered?

Tate: Frittered.

Margot: Like in a donut? That kind of frittered?

Tate: You know what I mean. I've squandered my life. It's been a life misspent.

Margot: Oh, what are you talking about? You've made a wonderful life for yourself. You've got a good man. Two beautiful children.

Tate: I've got three children.

Margot: I said beautiful. I'm kidding! I'm trying to lighten the mood here.

Tate: That's not funny.

Margot: I'm sorry.

Tate: That is not in the least bit funny, Margot.

Margot: I'm sorry.

Tate, you're too young to have frittered away your life yet. You don't look back on a frittered away life until you're in your sixties.

Tate: Which one is it?

Margot: Which one is what?

Tate: The child that isn't beautiful. It's Nigel isn't it? Is it Nigel?

Margot: It's not Nigel.

Tate: We tried to have that lazy eye corrected. My God, he wore an eye patch until he was two. It was like breast feeding Rooster Cogburn.

Margot: Tate, I was joking. Nigel is beautiful. They're all beautiful.

Tate: Do you mean that?

Margot: Yes.