

## EXCERPT 4 Margot

Margot: It all happened quite innocently actually. We were on site looking at blueprints of this job we were doing for him and he was standing beside me and we were almost touching and I could just feel the energy between us. It was palpable. And I guess he felt it too because he asked me out right there. So we went to dinner that night and one thing led to another. You know how it is.

Tate: No, we don't know!

Margot: What?

Tate: We have no idea how one thing leads to another, do we, Connie?

Connie: No.

Margot: Oh please. Connie, you of all people would know that. I still can't believe Garrett didn't remember you.

Connie: I can't believe it either.

Tate: All right, enough talk about Garrett. My God, so you found a man. Get over yourself already. Connie what's the score? Who's up?

Connie: We're still tied. Doris is up.

Dory: All right. *(Dory tees up her ball.)* So Margot, what did your ex-husband do?

Margot: He's the hotel manager at the Four Seasons.

Dory: Oh. He's in the hospitality industry like me. Except he's in a fancy big city hotel and I'm serving breakfast to Hawkeye and Chingachgook. *(She takes an angry swing at the ball. Margot tees up her ball.)*

Margot: Garrett says he almost bought that hotel last year. That would have been awkward. My ex-husband working for my current boyfriend. What could be more awkward than that?

Tate: I can't think of a thing. *(Margot hits her ball.)*

Dory: I guess I should be thankful that we have indoor plumbing at least, or I'd be down by the river beating my kids on the rocks to get them clean.

Margot: Don't you mean your clothes?

Dory: .....Yeah. *(Connie tees up her ball.)*

Connie: Do we still call them boyfriends at our age?

Margot: What?

Connie: Men. At our age, do we still refer to them as boyfriends?

Margot: Well, what else would we call them?

Connie: I don't know. Partners?

Margot: No. Partners is further along in the relationship. Partners cohabit. Besides, partners sounds like you're in business together. It sounds cold.

Tate: How about fella? Like, this is my fella.

Connie: That's fine if you're Bette Davis.

Tate: Too old fashioned?

Connie: Yes. *(Connie hits her ball. Tate tees up her ball.)*

Tate: Good shot, Connie.

Margot: Dory, what would you call a boyfriend?

Dory: My ticket out of there.

Tate: What about lover?

Margot: Oh no. Lover is too familiar. I had a woman introduce me to a man once and she said 'This is my lover,' and immediately I started to picture them doing it. No, lover is a name you call the person in private as a term of endearment. Or it's something you say to them in the throes of passion. And you don't want to introduce someone by a name that conjures up visions of lovemaking.