

NORM FOSTER

THE LADIES FOURSOME



PLAYWRIGHTS CANADA PRESS

THE LADIES FOURSOME

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NORM FOSTER

THE LADIES FOURSOME

**PLAYWRIGHTS CANADA PRESS
TORONTO**

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CONTENTS

CHARACTERS		8
TIME		8
SETTING		8
ACT ONE		9
THE FIRST TEE		9
THE SECOND TEE	23	
THE THIRD TEE	33	
THE FOURTH TEE	45	
THE FIFTH TEE	50	
THE SIXTH TEE	58	
THE SEVENTH TEE	63	
THE EIGHTH TEE	69	
THE NINTH TEE	75	
ACT TWO	83	
THE TENTH TEE	83	
THE ELEVENTH TEE	89	
THE TWELFTH TEE	96	
THE THIRTEENTH TEE	97	
THE FOURTEENTH TEE	102	
THE FIFTEENTH TEE	111	
THE SIXTEENTH TEE	117	
THE SEVENTEENTH TEE	124	
THE EIGHTEENTH TEE	131	
THE NINETEENTH TEE	139	

The Ladies Foursome was first performed at the Upper Canada Playhouse in Morrisburg, Ontario, in July of 2014 with the following creative team:

Margot: Sharon Heldt

Tate: Leah Oster

Connie: Melanie Janzen

Dory: Jane Spence

Director: Jesse Collins

Stage manager: Jackie McCormick

Assistant stage manager: Sarah Barton

Set designer: Sean Free

Costume designer: Alex Amini

CHARACTERS

Margot: fifty to fifty-five years old

Tate: forty-two years old

Connie: fifty to fifty-five years old

Dory: around forty years old

TIME

A summer morning.

SETTING

A golf course. The set consists of tee blocks and a bench. The golfers can tee off in different directions each time, or they can tee off in the direction of the audience. They use imaginary tees and balls. Before each shot they will mime putting the tee in the ground and placing the ball on the tee. After the shot they will pick up the imaginary tee. Throughout the action Tate drinks from a Thermos.

ACT ONE

THE FIRST TEE

MARGOT and TATE enter with their golf clubs on pull carts. MARGOT is obviously hungover. 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 judgmental this morning?

TATE: What do you mean, judgmental?

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 doughnut? 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 breastfeeding Rooster Cogburn.

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

TATE: Do you mean that?

MARGOT: Yes.

TATE: You really mean that?

MARGOT: Yes. That lazy eye is adorable. Keeps people guessing. "Is he looking at me?"

CONNIE enters with her clubs on a pull cart.

CONNIE: That is one cute little piece of manhood. I'll tell you that for nothin'. Yes, ma'am, I'd give him a tumble.

TATE: He's half your age.

CONNIE: Then I'll give him two tumbles.

TATE: Connie, can I ask you something?

CONNIE: Sure.

TATE: What do you think of my kids?

CONNIE: What about your kids?

MARGOT: I said something as a joke and Tate took it the wrong way.

CONNIE: Oh, Tate, you can't take anything Margot says seriously. She's jaded. You've got two beautiful kids and Nigel. Be happy. So, where's the new girl? What's her name?

MARGOT: Dory. She's not here yet.

TATE: She's late.

MARGOT: She's not late. She's still got six minutes.

CONNIE: I was almost late myself. I had to drive all the way across town this morning to change.

MARGOT: All the way across town from where?

CONNIE: From this guy's place.

MARGOT: What guy? You met a guy?

CONNIE: I met a guy.

MARGOT: When?

CONNIE: Yesterday.

TATE: Yesterday? We were all at the funeral yesterday.

CONNIE: Yeah.

TATE: You met a guy at the funeral?

CONNIE: That's right.

TATE: You picked up a guy at the funeral, and you slept with him?

CONNIE: Gee, Tate, could that have sounded any more judgmental?

MARGOT: She's very judgmental this morning.

CONNIE: I'll say she is.

MARGOT: So, you picked up a guy at the funeral, and you slept with him?

CONNIE: Yep. But there was stuff in between. We didn't just go right from the gravesite to his kitchen table.

TATE: What stuff in between?

CONNIE: Well, driving. And we got some Chinese food. No, that was after. Or was it during? It was a kitchen table. I don't know what showed up when.

MARGOT: Which guy was it?

CONNIE: Ben.

TATE: Ben?

CONNIE: Yeah.

TATE: Ben Potter? Catherine's brother?

CONNIE: Right.

MARGOT: You slept with the deceased's brother?

CONNIE: Well, he looked like he could use some cheering up.

TATE: It was a funeral! We all needed cheering up.

CONNIE: Well, I couldn't sleep with everybody. Be sensible.

MARGOT: Wow, Connie, that's pretty fast work.

CONNIE: No, not really. Ben and I have always been attracted to each other. We both knew that. And then when we saw each other yesterday, you know.

MARGOT: Grief and a mutual sense of loss drove you into each other's arms?

CONNIE: I was going to say we got horny, but let's go with yours.

TATE: Connie, don't you ever worry about getting a reputation?

CONNIE: Oh, sweetie, at my age I don't worry about getting a reputation. I worry about keeping it.

TATE: But what about your public image?

CONNIE: Tate, come on. I see the news on television. A woman can't win in that job anyway. People think I'm there either because I'm eye candy or because I'm a bitch.

MARGOT: And which one are you?

CONNIE: I'm neither. I'm there because I'm good at what I do. The fact that I'm eye candy too is just gravy. Woo! Up top!

CONNIE and MARGOT high-five. DORY enters pulling her clubs on a pull cart.

DORY: Good morning.

CONNIE: Oh, there she is.

MARGOT: Hi, Dory.

DORY: Hi. Boy, I just made it. I was leaving the hotel when my husband called, and he put the kids on and I had to talk to all of them.

CONNIE: How many kids have you got?

DORY: Six.

CONNIE: Six? Wow. Catholic?

DORY: Careless. But I'm here now. Rental clubs and all. I don't know how good I'll be without my own clubs and golf shoes. I hope I don't hold you up.

MARGOT: You'll be fine. Do you golf much?

DORY: Not as much as I'd like to. Summer is our busy time. We own a lodge up on Arrowhead Lake, and that and the kids really keep us hopping.

MARGOT: Do you live up there year-round?

DORY: Yep. We love it up there. I guess we're country folk at heart. Little country mice. We sit out on the porch at night and look up at those stars and hear nothing but the breeze in the treetops, and we wonder how anyone could live anywhere else.

CONNIE: I prefer the city. I need that ambient noise outside. Makes me feel like I'm part of something.

MARGOT: Yeah. A crime scene.

DORY: Listen, thanks for inviting me today. I think it's lovely that you decided to play a round of golf in honour of Cathy. She would have liked that. You all played once a week together, right?

MARGOT: Weather permitting. We've done it for the last fourteen years.

DORY: I think that's wonderful.

TATE: You called her "Cathy"?

DORY: Uh-huh.

TATE: I thought she didn't like "Cathy."

CONNIE: She hated "Cathy."

DORY: Well, that's what I called her. I called her that the whole time I knew her.

MARGOT: How long was that?

DORY: She started coming up to the lodge twelve years ago. She spent two weeks up there every summer, relaxing, taking photographs.

MARGOT: She told us she went to a lodge every summer. Didn't tell us much about it though.

TATE: Okay, that group ahead of us is out of range. Who wants to go first?

CONNIE: Let our guest go first. Is that okay with you?

DORY: Sure. This is going to be fun. We'll get to spend a few hours together. I'll get to know you gals better. I mean, I've heard so much about you from Cathy over the years. And now here you are, in the flesh. Okay. Here we go.

She tees her ball and lines up her shot, and then steps back and lines up her shot some more.

Cathy and I golfed together once in a while. I don't know if she told you that. We'd play once or twice when she visited. She was always asking me for help on her putting. She wasn't a very good putter. Not to speak ill of the dead.

She steps up to her ball and then steps back from the ball again.

I think it was because she had trouble lining up her putts. One eye was out of sync with the other. But not a lazy eye. God, no. Not that gross. Okay. This is it.

She steps up then steps back again.

Oh, wait. Because we're playing this round for Cathy, maybe someone should say something first.

MARGOT: Say what?

DORY: Some words.

CONNIE: You mean, like, hit the damn ball? Those words?

DORY: No, I mean some words about Cathy. Shouldn't one of us say something? Tate?

TATE: No, I'm not very good at that. I don't know any prayers.

CONNIE: I'm afraid if I start to pray I might be the second lightning casualty.

DORY: It doesn't have to be a prayer. Just some nice words.

Nobody says anything.

DORY: All right, then; I'll say something. Uh . . . let's see. Cathy?

TATE: Should we bow our heads?

CONNIE: She said it wasn't a prayer.

(to DORY) It's not a prayer, right?

DORY: No.

TATE: So, we don't bow our heads?

DORY: I suppose you don't need to.

TATE: What about hats? Do we take off our hats?

CONNIE: You're wearing a visor.

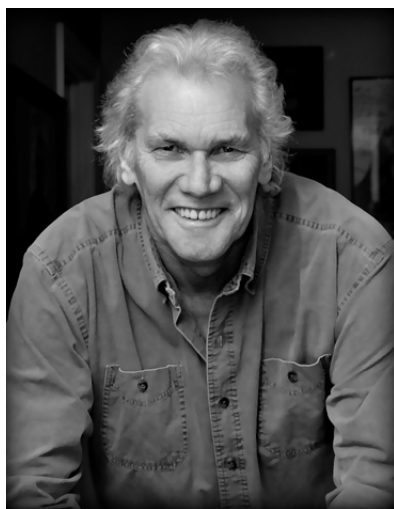
TATE: Well, a visor's a hat.

CONNIE: A visor's a visor.

TATE: So I should leave it on? Dory, should I leave it on?

DORY: I'm not sure.

TATE: If you're going to say religious words I should probably take it off. Are you going to say religious words?



After twenty-five years in radio arts, Norm Foster discovered the world of theatre and began his legacy as Canada's most-produced playwright. He has penned an impressive array of plays, including a handful of musicals, that have been produced across North America. Norm lives in Fredericton, New Brunswick.

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