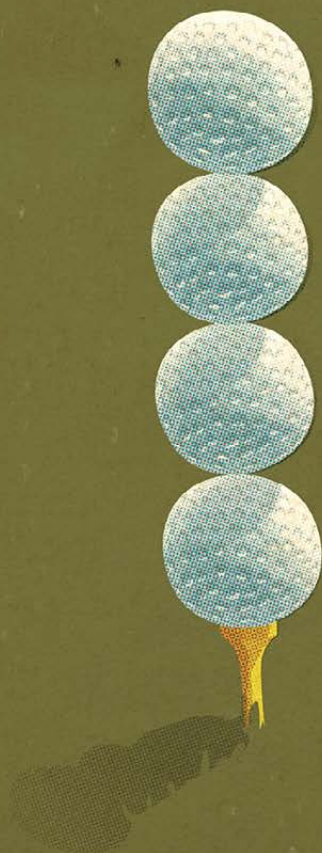


NORM FOSTER

THE FOURSOME



PLAYWRIGHTS CANADA PRESS

THE FOURSOME

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Opening Night

Outlaw

Self-Help

Sinners

Skin Flick

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Triple Play

Wrong for Each Other

NORM FOSTER

THE FOURSOME

**PLAYWRIGHTS CANADA PRESS
TORONTO**

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To my favourite foursome: Herb Curtis, Walter Learning, Ed Mullaly, and Jami Atkinson. You have shown me that golf is a grand game but never so grand as when played with friends.

CONTENTS

THE FOURSOME	2
NORM FOSTER	4
THE FOURSOME	4
PLAYWRIGHTS CANADA PRESS	4
TORONTO	4
PLAYWRIGHT'S NOTE	8
CHARACTERS	10
 ACT ONE	 11
THE FIRST TEE	11
THE SECOND TEE	32
THE THIRD TEE	38
THE FOURTH TEE	42
THE FIFTH TEE	49
THE SIXTH TEE	56
THE SEVENTH TEE	61
THE EIGHTH TEE	68
THE NINTH TEE	73
 ACT TWO	 83
THE TENTH TEE	83
THE ELEVENTH TEE	91
THE TWELFTH TEE	101
THE THIRTEENTH TEE	110
THE FOURTEENTH TEE	110
THE FIFTEENTH TEE	114
THE SIXTEENTH TEE	118
THE SEVENTEENTH TEE	121
THE EIGHTEENTH TEE	130
THE NINETEENTH TEE	136

PLAYWRIGHT'S NOTE

When staging *The Foursome*, it is suggested that, in order to make the transitions between the scenes seamless, there be at least one actor on stage at all times, and that blackouts be avoided. For example, at the end of the first hole (scene one), Ted and Cameron exit, and then Donnie and Rick have a short scene together. For this scene it is suggested that Ted and Cameron exit completely, and then when Donnie and Rick finish their scene, they leave the tee they are on; Ted and Cameron enter again, and Rick and Donnie follow them to the next tee. However, this is only a suggestion.

The Foursome was first produced at Theatre on the Grand in Fergus, Ontario, from June 10 to 27, 1998, with the following company:

Rick: Ralph Chapman
Ted: Duff MacDonald
Cameron: Samuel Owen
Donnie: Robert Clarke

Director: Christopher McHarge
Set design: Dennis Horn
Lighting design: Renée Brode
Stage manager: Sarah Gale

The second production of *The Foursome* was at Theatre New Brunswick in Fredericton, New Brunswick, from January 15 to February 6, 1999, with the following company:

Rick: Neil Foster
Ted: Robert B. Kennedy
Cameron: Samuel Owen
Donnie: Robert Clarke

Director: Christopher McHarge
Set and costume design: Patrick Clark
Lighting design: Chris Sand
Stage manager: Anne Putnam
Assistant stage manager: Sheila Z. Atkinson

CHARACTERS

Rick
Ted
Cameron
Donnie

ACT ONE

THE FIRST TEE

Lights up. RICK, TED, and CAMERON enter. They are all carrying their golf clubs. CAMERON wears a pair of loud golf pants. RICK stops at the tee and bows his head.

RICK: *(prays)* Our father, who art in Augusta, Nicklaus be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on greens as it is in fairways.

CAMERON: What the hell are you doing?

RICK: I'm saying a prayer to Nicklaus, the god of golf. Now, please.

RICK prays again.

Give us this day our share of birdies, and forgive us our gimmes as we forgive those who gimme against us. Lead us not into the deep rough, and deliver us from sand traps, for we drive for power and putt for glory, forever and ever, amen.

CAMERON: *(reluctantly)* Amen.

RICK: Ah, this is what life's all about, isn't it, fellas? We're with friends, and we're on a golf course. It just doesn't get any better than this.

TED: Man, I'm hungover.

CAMERON: I hope we don't get rained on.

RICK checks the sky.

RICK: Rain? There isn't a cloud in the sky.

CAMERON: Yes, there is. Right over there.

RICK: Where?

CAMERON: Right there.

RICK: Oh, right. And it's one of those white fluffy ones too. Maybe we'd better take shelter.

CAMERON: Yeah, you're right. What am I talkin' about? There is nothing going to spoil this day!

TED: I think I might throw up.

RICK: As long as you don't do it during my backswing.

TED: God. Why did we have to play at seven o'clock in the morning?

CAMERON: It was the only tee time I could get. This is a busy course. I mean, there's already two or three groups out there ahead of us.

RICK: How long you been a member here, Cameron?

CAMERON: Five years.

RICK: Must cost a lot for a membership, huh?

CAMERON: Eight hundred bucks.

RICK: Wow.

TED: You'd think for eight hundred bucks they'd let you tee off later.

RICK: So, they pay you that well to sell television ads, huh?

CAMERON: I do all right. I wonder where Donnie is. I hope he didn't get in an accident.

RICK: He didn't get in an accident. He probably just slept in.

TED: It's seven a.m. . . . Sleeping in doesn't start until eight.

CAMERON: He probably didn't get his wake-up call. I never trust those hotel wake-up calls. Whenever I'm in a hotel, I lie awake all night worrying about whether or not I'm going to get my wake-up call.

TED: And do you get it?

CAMERON: Every time. Like clockwork.

RICK's a little chilly.

RICK: I should've worn a sweater.

CAMERON: You've been living in Florida for too long, Rick. Up here we call this balmy.

TED: What's that loud banging sound? Do you hear that?

They all listen.

RICK: That's the leaves rustling.

TED: Oh, man.

CAMERON: Well, while we're waiting for Donnie, I'm going to loosen up.

CAMERON starts to stretch.

TED: Good idea. Who wants a beer?

TED reaches into his golf bag and pulls out a can of beer.

RICK: I'll take one.

CAMERON: I thought you were hungover.

TED: I am. That's why I need the beer. A little hair of the mutt. So, do you want one?

CAMERON: No thanks. In fact, quite frankly, Ted, they frown on people bringing beer onto the course here. I mean, if the course marshal comes along and sees the beer, they might take away my membership, and then I'd be out eight hundred bucks.

TED: *(holding up a beer)* It's still cold.

CAMERON: Okay.

TED gives RICK and CAMERON each a can of beer.

CAMERON: Listen, Rick, maybe you should go easy on Donnie today.

RICK: What do you mean?

CAMERON: Well, at the alumni dinner last night, you were kind of picking on him.

RICK: I was?

TED: You gave him a wedgie, Rick.

RICK: Oh, come on. It's Donnie, for God's sake. We all used to give him wedgies.

TED: Yeah, well he's thirty-seven years old now. I don't think it gives him quite the kick it used to.

RICK: All right, I'll be nice to him.

CAMERON: A toast, fellas.

CAMERON holds up his beer.

Here's to the Business grads of 1983.

RICK: To us.

TED: To us.

They drink.

CAMERON: Hard to believe it's been fifteen years.

RICK: Yeah. And we've done all right for ourselves, haven't we?

TED: I suppose.

CAMERON: Yeah, not bad.

RICK: Not bad? Come on. Ted here owns his own company. You're the sales manager for the biggest TV station in the market. That's pretty damn good if you ask me. Especially compared to some of those losers we saw there last night.

TED: Oh, I don't know. John Burman's done all right.

RICK: He sells cars.

TED: He's the CEO of General Motors.

RICK: A rose by any other name.

CAMERON: Hey, how did it go with you and Suzanne last night?

RICK: Very nicely, thank you.

CAMERON: That's it? Very nicely?

RICK: It went well.

CAMERON: Oh, come on. I need details. I mean, you're single; she's divorced; you haven't seen each other in fifteen years. Old college sweethearts. I would've figured you had a lot of catching up to do.

RICK: Oh, and catch up we did. In fact, the only thing we didn't catch last night was our breath.

CAMERON: I knew it!

RICK: The poor people in the room next to us kept pounding on the wall telling us to keep it down, but as far as Suzanne was concerned, that wasn't gonna happen.

CAMERON: Boy, thank God I have friends who I can live my life through vicariously.

TED: What's the matter, Cam? You and Lori having problems in that area?

CAMERON: Oh, no. No, things with Lori and me are fine. It's just that when you've been married to someone for thirteen years, you know each other's moves. I mean, they're good moves—they're quality moves—but they're the same moves. It's like, I do this, and then she does that, and then I do this, and she does that. Sometimes I'll do this hoping she'll do that . . . but she never does that. What about you and Karen? Do you find the relationship goes stale after a while?

TED: Karen and I haven't been married long enough for things to go stale.

RICK: What exactly is the "best-before date" for a marriage anyway?

TED: Five years.

CAMERON: Yeah, five.

They all take a sip of their beer.

RICK: How old is Karen again?

TED: Why?

RICK: Just curious. She's a lot younger than you, isn't she?

TED: Well, not a lot younger.

RICK: So, what is she, twenty-eight?

TED: Twenty-four.

RICK: Twenty-four?!

TED: What's wrong with twenty-four?

RICK: And you've been married how long?

TED: Three years.

RICK: Three years. So when you got married she was twenty-one and you were thirty-four?

TED: What's wrong with that?

RICK: Nothing. Nothing.

Beat.

So, on your wedding day, did she have to get a note from her mother to get out of class?

TED: All right, knock it off.

RICK: So, what happened to Jill?

TED: Ah, I don't know. We just grew apart I guess. We developed different interests.

RICK: What, she didn't like twenty-one-year-old women?

TED: You know, if I didn't know better, Rick, I'd think you were jealous.

RICK: Jealous? Listen, Ted, in the ten years that I've lived in Florida, I've been out with plenty of younger women.

CAMERON: That's right. He lives right near Disney World.

CAMERON takes out a bottle of sunblock and begins rubbing some on his arms.

RICK: I'm serious. When you've got a boat in Florida, it's like a magnet for young women. And don't forget: I sell boats, which makes me even more popular.

TED: Oh, yeah, that makes sense.

CAMERON: Boy, imagine the guy who builds the boats. Think of the action he must be getting.

RICK: *(notices CAMERON)* What are you doing?

CAMERON: Putting on sunblock.

RICK: Sunblock? A minute ago you were worried about rain.

CAMERON: Better safe than sorry.

DONNIE enters carrying his clubs.

Hey, there he is!

DONNIE: Hi, fellas. Sorry I'm late.

TED: Have some trouble getting started this morning, Donnie?

DONNIE: No, no. I was just leaving my hotel room when Peggy called. And then she put the kids on and I had to talk to each and every one of them.

RICK: Each and every one? How many kids have you got?

DONNIE: Five.

RICK: What?

CAMERON: Yeah, Donnie's a stud.

RICK: Five kids? How old are they?

DONNIE: Fourteen, thirteen, eleven, nine, and three.

RICK: Three? What happened between nine and three?

TED: Peggy bought a lock for the bedroom door.

DONNIE: Well, actually, Herbert was an accident.

RICK: Herbert?

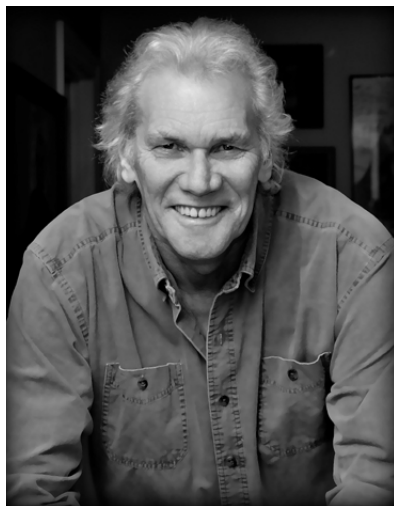
DONNIE: Yeah.

RICK: You've got a three-year-old kid named Herbert?

DONNIE: Yeah. It was my father's name. What's wrong?

RICK: Nothing. So, do you actually call him Herbert? Or do you just do that when your dad comes around?

DONNIE: No, we call him Herbert all the time. That's his name.



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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