

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?