

1/24/09

YIPS!

A Musical in Two Acts

by

Tom Prin

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Cast Of Characters

<u>"Maggie" McLean:</u>	Braeburn Golf Pro- about 48.
<u>"Zoe" Pasternak:</u>	"Center for Disease Control" field investigator- about 50.
<u>Robert "Farley", Jr.:</u>	Braeburn Golfer, about 55.
<u>"Chuck" Nelson:</u>	Itinerant ball retriever- about 65.
<u>Doctor Evan "Parr":</u>	Mayo Clinic Yips expert- about 30.
<u>"Zeal" Valliere:</u>	Native Caribbean- late teens.

Scene

The practice green of a golf club in suburban Minneapolis.

Time

One day in June 2000. 8:00 AM.

Songs and Cues Yips 2008 *15 original Songs

Act I, Scene 1

- Cue 1. Overture
- Cue 2. *Darndest Thing - Maggie/Zoe
- Cue 3. *You Either do/Gotcha! - Farley/Chuck
- Cue 4. *In a Moment-Zoe
- Cue 5. *Be What You Is - Chuck
- Cue 6. *Tough To Be A Goddess-Maggie/Zoe
- Cue 7. *Twisted Claw-Farley
- Cue 8. *Psycho-neural-muscular Disorder-Parr
- Cue 9. Counterpoint-Zoe/Maggie/Farley/Parr/Chuck

Act I, Scene 2

- Cue 10. *Over Your Shoulder

Act I, Scene 3

- Cue 11. *With All My Heart - Maggie

Act I, Scene 4

- Cue 12. *The Key - Zeal
- Cue 13. *Quarantine 1 - Zoe/Parr

Act II, Scene 1

- Cue 14. Quarantine 2 (reprise) - Zeal
- Cue 15. Walkin' With My Dolly - Chuck/Zoe
- Cue 16. *You're The Guy - Zoe

Act II, Scene 2

- Cue 17. *Say Goodnight/The Key (reprise)-Chuck/Parr.
Maggie/Zoe/Zeal back-ups.
- Cue 17. Be What You Iz (reprise)-Chuck/Zeal

Act II, Scene 3

- Cue 18. Say Goodnight 2/Tough (reprise)-Chuck/Parr.
-Zoe/Maggie

Act II, Scene 4

- Cue 19. *Fine Day- Maggie/Farley
- Cue 19. The Key (reprise)- Zeal

ACT IScene 1

SETTING:

Braeburn Club Exterior
(the only set):
Snackcart with the
suggestion of a clubhouse
behind it sits slightly
uphill from the practice
green. A practice green,
simple bench, tree and a
ball washer, with towel,
sit center stage. A pond
bank defined with weeds
along the edge is near the
green. A two-wheeler
dolly, a snorkel, swim
mask and a ratty bag sit
along the weed bank.
Woods (trees-foliage)
frame the scene.

At RISE:

A SNORKEL moves slowly,
and visibly, along the
pond bank-line.

MAGGIE McLEAN, holds an
imaginary seven-iron. She
wears slacks, a Polo golf
shirt, a golf cap and
saddle golf shoes (no
spikes). Her hair is worn
up. She stands at the
snackcart. She works on
her imaginary grip.

(PERCUSSION: Bird Chirp.)

(ZOE PASTERNAK enters from
the woods. She wears a girl-
scout-like uniform: khaki
blouse, a tie and khaki

pants. She looks at the scene through a pair of small binoculars. She moves near the pond ducking behind trees. No one sees her. She carries a clipboard and writes an occasional note on it.)

MAGGIE/ZOE

(Sing.)

Look at the clear, blue sky.

ZOE

(Sings,)

Feeling the breezes blow.

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

Seeing the flowers on display.

ZOE

(Sings.)

Golfer arriving now.

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

(mocks swing)

I will be teaching how

To grip and swing and play!

(ROBERT FARLEY III enters to the practice green, wearing upscale golf slacks, white shirt, bow tie and dress shoes. He carries an imaginary golf bag. He performs actions, in mime, suggesting he is about to practice his short game.)

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

(points to FARLEY)

He is our club's top stick;

Playing for par & pride.

Oh, he can drive it with the best.

Losing his surity,

ZOE
(Sings.)

Much insecurity,

MAGGIE
(Sings.)

He's better than the rest.

This week an evil happened.
Something is not the same.

MAGGIE/ZOE
(Sing.)

He has a big, bad problem,

MAGGIE
(Sings.)

that is ruining his game.

(CHUCK, not visible behind
the pond bank, raises the
extender ball retriever
upwards out the pond.
FARLEY, looks around to see
if anyone is watching.
MAGGIE and ZOE move slightly
so FARLEY doesn't see them.)

MAGGIE/ZOE
(Sing.)

This is the *darndest thing*.
Something is not quite right.

MAGGIE
(Sing.)

Something has queered his putts and chips.

It is my job to know:
Where did his short game go?

MAGGIE	ZOE
(Sings.)	(Sings.)
Poor Farley has the . . .	That man has the . . .

(FARLEY, in mime, puts down
an imaginary ball, takes
several imaginary putting

strokes, his back to the ball washer, addresses the ball)

(PERCUSSION: Drum roll . . .)

(FARLEY looks at the imaginary hole and takes the short backswing for the shot . . . begins downswing . . .)

(PERCUSSION: A surreal, underwater voice sounds over a speaker by the ball washer.)

Gotcha!

(FARLEY flinches on the downswing. The club jerks wildly.)

(PERCUSSION: descending slide whistle, indicates the ball rolling to a stop.)

(FARLEY, MAGGIE and ZOE follow the imaginary ball with their eyes in time to the slide whistle.)

<p>MAGGIE/ZOE (Sing.) Yips.</p>	<p>(PERCUSSION: whistle stops!)</p>
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FARLEY
(stagewhisper)
Cotton picker!!

(MAGGIE turns away in horror.
The extender ball retriever goes back down into the pond. FARLEY wide-eyed peeks behind his back. Looks around to see if anyone is looking and walks sneakily past the ball washer and looks quizzically at the tree, then looks at the sky during next.)

(PERCUSSION: beeper/pager
pattern.)

(FARLEY slaps his hip. The
pattern stops.)

FARLEY

(under his breath)

Cotton picker!

ZOE

(reads clipboard)

Mumble, Mumble . . . unusually high number of low-
handicappers, that is to say good players, have contracted
a golfer's flinch disorder. Other area clubs have reported
similar. Worrisome? Nothing? Check it out, Zoe. Make
the call.

(mocking)

Sure, give it to, Zoe.

(Sings.)

(pointing to clipboard)

This is a bogus claim.

(disgusted)

I have to check it out.

Find out the facts.

Must bear in mind:

We at the CDC

Scrutinize to a tee.

Protecting our behind.

(points to Farley)

But, that is the darndest thing.

Says here, "he's got the yips."

Has some contagion taken root?

Call for a quarantine?

I hate to make a scene.

He does look kinda cute.

Single is such a bummer.

Dating is such a drudge.

Years in my rear view mirror

Make it hard for me to judge.

This is the darndest thing.

Hey, I'm not all washed up.

ZOE (Cont.)

(Sings.)

I got some life. My heart still skips.

(points at FARLEY)

I got my house, this job.

Could he be my heart-throb?

There's guys.

MAGGIE

(points at FARLEY)

There's hope.

MAGGIE/ZOE

(Sing.)

There's Yips.

(PERCUSSION:

descending slide

whistle.)

(FARLEY, returning to the green, looks behind himself suspiciously as he continues to practice putting strokes. He puts a ball down Addresses it. The putt is okay.)

(PERCUSSION: Triangle ping soft.)

(FARLEY smiles. Follows same routine for another shot. But the next one he flinches on the downswing. The club jerks.)

(PERCUSSION: descending slide whistle short.)

(MAGGIE/ZOE follow the imaginary ball with the whistle.)

FARLEY

(under his breath)

Cotton picker!

MAGGIE/ZOE

(Sing.)

Says he hears voices now.

ZOE
 (Sings.)
 Looks like he's paranoid.

MAGGIE
 (Sings.)
 Says he is waiting for the next.

ZOE
 (Sings.)
 Seems like he's scared to death.

MAGGIE
 (Sings.)
 Barely can take a breath.

MAGGIE/ZOE
 (Sings.)
 It seems that he is hexed.

ZOE
 (Sings.)
 What now is going to happen?

MAGGIE
 (Sings.)
 He seems too blind to see.

<p>MAGGIE (Sings.) If I can solve his problem</p>	<p>ZOE (Sings.) If he can solve my problem</p>
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MAGGIE/ZOE
 (Sing.)
 Maybe then he will see me.

MAGGIE/ZOE
 (Sing.)
 He will need help? I know.

ZOE
 (Sings.)
 He is a great big mess.

MAGGIE
 (Sings.)
 Something affects his putts and chips.

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

Seems like he's scared to death

ZOE

(Sings.)

Barely can take a breath.

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

He seems to have the

MAGGIE/ZOE (Cont.)

(Sing.)

Yips!

(PERCUSSION:

descending slide

whistle.)

MAGGIE/ZOE

(Sings.)

He seems to have the

MAGGIE/ZOE (Cont.)

(Sing.)

Yips!

(PERCUSSION:

descending slide

whistle.)

(MAGGIE exits into clubhouse.
ZOE moves behind a closer
tree. She uses binoculars.
CHUCK NELSON enters rising
out of the pond dressed in
chest-waders and a golf hat
camouflaged with weeds. He
has golf balls in hand. He
puts balls in the bag and
moves near the green.
FARLEY is focused on golf and
his grip. ZOE, seeing CHUCK,
gasps and blushes. CHUCK
stalks around the edge of the
green.)

CHUCK

(Sings.)

(to himself and to FARLEY)

I really *gotcha* with the "*gotcha*,"

A week ago now.

You have been waitin' for the next one.

You're spookin!' and how.

CHUCK (Cont.)

(Sings.)

I really gotcha with this last one.

They're now yours for keeps.

Forever waiting for the next one.

You've full blown creeps.

(half-spoken)

You cannot control your game.

Irrationality is my name.

That real low handy is a sure sign

You're wasting your life.

You need to get back to your real work.

You're wasting your life!

FARLEY

(Sings.)

(self-talk)

*You either do or you don't
and give in.*

You hear a voice.

Is it out or within?

The qualifying round

Is Monday ten-o-four.

You have to get this solved;

Or you will never score.

You either do or you don't

and give in.

I'm hearing "gotcha" on my downswing.

It's seered in my brain.

I keep on waiting for the next one.

I'm going insane.

I'm fearing voices on my backswing.

It's gone beyond nice.

I flinch and spass it on the downswing

I've hit the ball twice.

(gesture)

(half-spoken)

I cannot control a putt.

Must be a reason. Open and shut.

It is embarrassing to do this

I must overcome.

CHUCK

(Sings.)

You need to get back to your real work?

You big golfing bum!

FARLEY
 (Sings.)
 You either do or you don't
 and give in.

You hear a voice. Is it
 out or within?

The qualifying round
 Is Monday ten-o-four.

You have to get this
 solved;

Or you will never score.

You either do or you don't
 and give in.

CHUCK
 (Sings.)
 I really gotcha with this
 last one.

They're now yours for
 keeps.

Forever waiting for the
 next one.

You've full blown
 creeps.

You're hearing voices on
 your downswing

I'm now in your ear.
 Forever waiting for the
 next one

Good golfers fear:

You cannot control your
 game.

Irrationality is my name.

That real low handy is
 sure sign

You're wasting your life.
 You need to get back to
 your real work.

You're wasting your life!

CHUCK
 Do you have a life?

(FARLEY moves to the bench.
 Sits. Contemplates. Looks at
 his watch.)

(PERCUSSION: Pager pattern.)

(FARLEY slaps his pocket. It
 stops. CHUCK moves gently
 towards ZOE who is hiding
 behind the tree. He moves
 around the tree to wave and
 smile at ZOE. ZOE gasps and
 freezes with a stunned look
 on her face. CHUCK moves back
 to pond and begins packing up

balls, doing work with his
hands, during next.)

ZOE

(coming to, still dazed, to
herself and audience)

(Sings.)

Thought I had the perfect plan.

(points to FARLEY)

Smile and bat my eyes.

Evaporated when this man

(points to CHUCK)

Smiled at me and

Caught me by surprise.

In a moment something changed in here.

(points to her heart)

Saw this funky, hunky guy.

(points to CHUCK)

I knew his eyes saw through me,

And I kissed that man goodbye.

(points to FARLEY)

In a moment, my heart jumped like mad,

Was it real or just a whim?

I feel my skin a tingle,

Glad I'm single,

I feel vigor,

And some vim.

And when I sing,

My heart can tell

I'm standing next to him.

Do I trust what's goin' on?

Not with him: with me.

I've been wrong, been numb too long,

I know there is no guarantee.

In a moment how my heart pumps too fast,

Is it real or fantasy?

Perspiration trickled,

Giggles tickled,

Inside sayin', "C'est la vie."

And in that moment my heart knew

What he could mean to me.

(spoken)

C'est la vie.

(she moves to CHUCK)

ZOE (Cont.)

C'est la vie.

(to CHUCK)

Morning. Zoe Pasternak, Center for Disease Control . . .

(CHUCK grunts awkwardly.
ZOE offers him a business
card. He declines with a
gesture indicating he has no
place to put it. FARLEY
moves back to green and
begins shot routines.)

ZOE (Cont.)

It is a fine day.

(CHUCK smiles, looking like
he's not going to say
anything.)

ZOE (Cont.)

Do you happen to know anything about . . . him?

(PERCUSSION: Cell phone
rings.)

(ZOE looks at the caller ID.)

ZOE

Excuse me. Dr. Parr from the Mayo Clinic.

(she answers cell)

Hello, Evan.

(pause)

ZOE (Cont.)

Yes. Take a left on Gleason. You're almost there.

(pause)

I'll stay on the line.

(to CHUCK, hand over the
phone)

Head of that new Mayo Clinic unit investigating Yips in
golfers.

CHUCK

Gotcha.

ZOE

(on cell)

That's it.

(pause)
 You're here.
 (pause)
 Yes. The victim is on the practice green right now.
 (pause)
 He's in full focal dystonic mode. I need you to verify.
 (pause)
 You know the bit: communicable and dangerous to the
 population at large.
 (pause)
 Quarantine?
 (pause)
 Maybe.
 (to CHUCK)
 He's laughing.
 (She laughs.)

(CHUCK starts laughing
 uncomfortably and moving away
 a little.)

ZOE (seriously)
 (on cell)
 Yah. I'd suggest watching from a distance.
 (pause)
 I'm by the pond.
 (pause)
 Bye.

(she smiles and bats her eyes
 romantically. CHUCK spooks,
 puts on his mask and quickly
 exits into the pond. Snorkel
 appears above the weed line.
 ZOE walks away enamored and
 confused towards FARLEY.)

ZOE
 I think he likes me.
 (FARLEY, continuing putting,
 ignores ZOE. She continues
 to walk far around him.
 MAGGIE enters at the
 snackcart. No cap, hair
 down. During next, ZOE gives
 a card to MAGGIE. Both talk
 in mime. Smiles. MAGGIE
 points to her own hair. ZOE
 points to her own hair. They

seem to be talking and
pointing at their outfits.
Smiles. They seem to hit it
off with each other. They
point at FARLEY. CHUCK
enters waist high out of the
pond. Removes swim mask and
through the weeds . . .)

CHUCK

(Sings.)

I gotta stay away from women.

My achilles heel.

(looking towards ZOE)

I'm on a mission cannot go there.

She has sex appeal.

(points to FARLEY)

I gotta get 'em back to work now;

It's truly my quest.

I gotta do it. Get 'em somehow.

I'm doin' my best.

(smiles an evil smile)

Times are tough.

The world's gone mad.

(points at AUDIENCE)

Be what you is?

(points at his chest)

I gotta be bad.

(points at AUDIENCE)

I'm gonna getcha with the next one.

We have to get real.

I'm gonna catch ya with the next one.

Get into the deal.

Be What You Iz

Cause if you be what you ain't

Then you ain't what you iz.

(toward FARLEY)

Got work to do but you keep playin' golf instead:

Then you ain't what you iz.

Be What You Iz

Cause if you be what you ain't

Then you ain't what you iz.

(CHUCK puts balls in bag.
Watches FARLEY. Smiles.)

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

(to ZOE pointing to FARLEY)

It's *tough to be a goddess* today.

We're seen in black & white never gray.

We girls are tens or zeros.

The guys are only heroes.

It's tough to be a goddess today.

ZOE

You go girl!

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

I fall for guys that need lots of work.

(points to FARLEY)

ZOE

(Sings.)

He's cute but he is going berserk.

Available?

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

I think so.

ZOE

(Sings.)

He drives you to the brink though?

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

I fall for guys that need lots of work.

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

(determined with resolve to
ZOE)

If he's my real meal deal:

Must tell him how I feel.

He's there, he's not,

I've learned a lot.

ZOE

(Sings.)

Give up. Move on and heal.

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

Forty-five and single sure stinks.

Farley is my guy and that's what I think.
I'll go right up and tell him.

Of course: It might repel him.
Forty-five and single sure stinks.

ZOE

(Sings.)

Hear you honey. Got the same prob.

Got no guy. I do have this job.
I'd like to have a man too.

But I'm alone just like you.
I hear you honey. Got the same prob.

(points to CHUCK)

That one is the man that I seek.

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

His name is Chuck. He's been here a week.

ZOE

(Sings.)

(aside to MAGGIE)

He really has potential.

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

I'll keep it confidential.

ZOE

(Sings.)

Chuckie is the man that I seek.

ZOE

(spoken)

Sorry but,

(Sings.)

We may need quarantine.

Please tell me his routine.

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

We pay him cash.

ZOE

(Sings.)

Then take his stash,

(MAGGIE nods.)

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

He's gone.

ZOE

(Sings.)

He'll split the scene?

(MAGGIE nods.)

MAGGIE/ZOE

(Sing.)

It's *tough to be a goddess* today.

We're seen in black & white never gray.

We girls are tens or zeros.

The guys are only heroes.

It's *tough to be a goddess* today.

(Dr. EVAN PARR, wearing a
classy golf shirt and slacks
and a blue blazer, enters
and, watches FARLEY from
behind a tree.
FARLEY attempts a convoluted,
uncomfortable looking grip.)

FARLEY

Okay, looser while tightening my elbow,

(Sings.)

Twisted claw;

Now it's time to try the magic grip;

Twisted claw

Means a tighter elbow to my hip.

(demonstrates)

Grab down shaft,

Shift your weight a little,

Plant those toes.

Move those feet

Just a little bittle.

Strike this pose.

Keep a relaxing attitude

FARLEY (Cont.)

(Sings.)

And flare your left toe.
 Bend at your knees and
 Push your butt back.
 Pretend you are sitting down and
 Always keep your wrists low.
 Left arm, keep it slack.

Twisted claw;

Now it's time to try the magic grip;
 Twisted claw adds a tighter elbow to my hip.

(FARLEY, in mime, puts down
 an imaginary ball, addresses
 the ball . . .)

(PERCUSSION: Drum roll . . .)

(FARLEY looks at the
 imaginary hole and begins the
 backswing . . . He flinches
 on the downswing. The club
 jerks.)

(PERCUSSION: descending
 slide whistle short.)

FARLEY

Cotton picker!

(Looks behind him for the
 imaginary voice. Hangs head.)

PARR

(Sings.)

(pointing at FARLEY)

Edgy aberrations in the psyche
 Provoke electric shorting in the nerves.

PARR (Cont.)

(Sings.)

That trigger certain muscles, confusing the swing.
 That cause this Mayo doctor to sing:

Psycho-neural-muscular disorder.

Twitch and lurch and flinch are wearing spikes.
 Sad to say that man there is yorching his chips.
 That man has a case of the yips.

"The yips" its common name.

PARR (Cont.)

(Sings.)

My specialty, my fame.

Dystonic choke?

This is no joke.

Our Mayo studies claim:

He's got:

Psycho-neural-muscular disorder.

Herky, jerky, irky is his quirk.

I have all the answers the whats and the whys:

Affecting these low-handicap guys!

Psycho-neural-muscular disorder.

MAGGIE/ ZOE	FARLEY	CHUCK	PARR
	(Sings)		
(Sing)		(Sings)	(Sings)
Tough to be a "goddess" to day.	Twisted claw;	Be What you is.	Edgy aberrations in the psyche, Provoke
We're seen in black & white never gray	Now it's time to try the magic grip;	Be What you is.	electric shorting in the nerves, That trigger certain
We "girls" are tens or zeros			muscles
The guys are only heroes		Be What you is.	confusing the swing.
It's tough to be a "goddess" today.	Twisted claw adds a tighter elbow to my hip.		That cause this Mayo doctor to sing:
			Psycho-neural- musclar disorder.

(FARLEY, in mime, puts down
an imaginary ball, addresses
the ball . . .)

(PERCUSSION: Drum roll . . .)

(FARLEY looks at the
imaginary hole and begins the
backswing . . . He flinches
on the downswing. The club
jerks.)

(PERCUSSION: descending
slide whistle.)

FARLEY

Cotton Picker!

(FARLEY crumples to ground.)

(BLACKNESS)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IScene 2

FARLEY lies on the ground,
Out of it.
PARR feeling for a pulse.
ZOE and MAGGIE stand
around with concerned
expressions.
CHUCK stands slightly back
from the rest.

CHUCK/ZOE/MAGGIE/PARR

(Sing.)

We are over your shoulder.
With our hands out to you.

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

(to FARLEY)

You just have to get better.

ZOE

(Sings.)

Count me in on this too.

PARR

(Sings.)

(taps his chest)

Has he had any problems?

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

Well, since yips have begun . . .

CHUCK/ZOE/MAGGIE/PARR

(Sing.)

We are over your shoulder.
One for all, all for one.

(PARR puts wrist to FARLEY'S
forehead.)

CHUCK/ZOE/MAGGIE/PARR

(Sing.)

We are *over your shoulder*.
With our hands out to you.

PARR
 (Sings.)
 Has a slight low-grade fever.

MAGGIE
 (Sings.)
 Hope he soon will come to.

PARR
 (Sings.)
 See he has a slight problem:

ZOE
 (Sings.)
 Seems he's flubbing the ball.

MAGGIE/CHUCK/ZOE/PARR
 (Sing.)
 We are over your shoulder.
 One for all,
 All for one.
 All for one,
 One for all.

(ZOE makes notes on her
 clipboard. MAGGIE/PARR
 attend medically to FARLEY.)

PARR
 Smelling salts! Something . . . pungent!

(ALL look at CHUCK in his
 waders.)

CHUCK
 Gotcha!
 (CHUCK retrieves an old
 blackened ball out of his
 pocket and hands it to PARR.
 PARR is repelled by it. He
 holds it to FARLEY'S nose.
 FARLEY revives slightly.)

PARR
 Who played this: Walter Hagen?
 (No reaction from crowd. ALL
 focus on FARLEY.)

(CHUCK smiles a knowing smile.)

PARR (Cont.)

Need a cool cloth.

MAGGIE

I'll get it.

(MAGGIE moves to ball washer to get the towel hanging from it. Starts to lift the mechanism. CHUCK looks uncomfortable and moves with MAGGIE. CHUCK intercepts MAGGIE, takes the towel, and indicates he'll get it wet. He moves quickly to the pond. MAGGIE moves back to FARLEY. FARLEY comes to and sits up groggily.)

PARR

(Sings.)

(to FARLEY)

Come on pal!

MAGGIE/ZOE/PARR

(Sing.)

Come around.

PARR

(Sings.)

Come on man.

MAGGIE/ZOE/PARR

(Sing.)

Please get off of the ground.

(CHUCK returns with cloth.)

PARR

(Sings.)

Come on pal!

MAGGIE/CHUCK/ZOE/PARR

(Sing.)

Get up now.

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

Need that cloth here, right here on his brow.

(CHUCK hands it to PARR.

PARR applies cloth, FARLEY
immediately comes to and
begins wrist action.)

FARLEY

(Sings.)

Gonna pronate the wrists,

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

Got some problems,

FARLEY

(Sings.)

Can't pretend,
I'm gonna solve 'em,
You know that I'm tryin',
I'll see this thing through to the end.

(FARLEY stands.)

MAGGIE/CHUCK/ZOE/PARR

(Sing.)

We are over your shoulder.

With our hand out to you.

We must all stick together.

FARLEY

(Sings.)

I am thanking you too.

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

We all have our own problems.

ZOE

(Sings.)

(Pointing to FARLEY)

When you're coming undone.

MAGGIE/CHUCK/ZOE/PARR

(Sing.)

We are over your shoulder.

MAGGIE/CHUCK/ZOE/PARR

(Sing.)

One for all,
All for one.

We are over your shoulder.

One for all,
All for one.

(ZOE grabs PARR'S arm, hands
PARR a business card.)

ZOE

(aside to PARR)

Zoe Pasternak. My card.

PARR

(to MAGGIE)

He'll be okay. Humor him. Keep him cool.

(towards FARLEY, gesturing
with his hands)

ZOE

I need to talk with you. Privately.

(PARR nods affirmatively.)

PARR

(to FARLEY)

By the way, on the twisted claw move that right hand over a
little.

MAGGIE

(to PARR)

Hey!

FARLEY

(to PARR)

You're a . . . player?

PARR

(Nodding "yes.")

Scratch.

CHUCK

(to himself.)

Low-handy. Get 'im.

PARR

(to FARLEY
 Doctor Evan Parr.
 (handshake)

FARLEY

Of course you are . . .

MAGGIE

I'm a scratch golfer too. And I am the pro working with him.

(PARR gives her a
 condescending look.)

CHUCK

(to himself.)
 Opportunity of my lifetime. Get 'em both? Then get outta here.

(ZOE and PARR hum as they
 move to the snackcart. CHUCK
 sings as he moves to pond.
 FARLEY hums as he starts to
 work on twisted claw. MAGGIE
 hums looks at FARLEY and
 stays at the green.)

CHUCK

(Sings.)
 I'll be over your shoulder.
 With the pole towards the sun.
 It will transmit my chaos.
 Soon the pain has begun.

You will have yipping problems.
 You'll be up for the fall.

I'll be over your shoulder.
 All for one: one for all.

(ZOE and PARR exit.)

PARR

(Sings.)
 (offstage)
 Psycho-neural-muscular disorder!

(CHUCK, evil smile, points
toward PARR.)

(CHORD BUTTON) (BLACKNESS)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IScene 3

CHUCK, on the edge of pond, wears his camouflage cap. He holds the ball retriever fully extended, peeks over the weed bank viewing the green. MAGGIE and FARLEY are alone on the green.

(MAGGIE drops an imaginary ball and begins a putt backswing but stops.)

(CHUCK lowers the extender back down.)

FARLEY

Thank you, Miss McLean.

MAGGIE (reluctantly)

It's Maggie, Farley. How are you doin'?

FARLEY

Oh, not so good, Miss McLean, but with this new grip - -

MAGGIE

Not golf! How are you feelin'?

FARLEY

Ah, okay.

CHUCK

(to himself)

He's a mess. He'll soon be back doing his work.

FARLEY

But I have to get my game together before the State am qualifying - -

MAGGIE

(lovingly)

Farley . . .

(FARLEY, not hearing MAGGIE,
puts down an imaginary ball,
moves away from her, takes
several imaginary practice
putting strokes, twisted
claw)

CHUCK

(to himself)

That's it. Move away and I can "gotcha" the lady.

(FARLEY moves away from
MAGGIE. She puts an
imaginary ball down and
begins an imaginary putt.)

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

(looks around the course, to
herself)

He can't hear.

Still, rehearse my lines.

When the time is right I have to say:

I care for you.

(FARLEY doesn't seem to
hear.)

FARLEY

(Sings, echo.)

Old twisted claw.

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

You've always been the nicest guy.

You act polite and always funny in our play.
This farce is over now.

I'll take the lead somehow.
Audition done,

It's been no fun to play my part.

(MAGGIE to Farley directly.

FARLEY still concentrating on
golf.)

I care for you.

FARLEY

(Sings, echo.)

Old twisted claw.

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

Before this mess thought you might too.

If I'm mistaken,

We are back the way we were.

No pain no gain they say.

I may not get my way.

But right or wrong

I sing this song

With all my heart.

(Musical interlude.

MAGGIE moves to FARLEY and holds his hand and adjusts his stance. A small dance moment occurs in a golf context. MAGGIE moves back to her previous position, drops an imaginary ball. CHUCK raises the extender, MAGGIE takes a putt backswing. Stops. Raises up to sing. CHUCK brings it back down; shakes his head "no.")

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

I care a lot.

Can't help these feelings

That I've got.

You stand so near

But you are in some far off place.

I've said my piece. All true.

My dear, it's up to you.

So right or wrong

I sing this song

With all my heart.

(MAGGIE looks at FARLEY. He doesn't react. She moves towards the snackcart.)
MAGGIE turns and looks at FARLEY. Their eyes meet. She

does a very caring, loving
non-verbal look and exits.
CHUCK looks longingly at the
scene.)

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

(offstage)

So right or wrong,
I sing this song
With all my heart.

FARLEY

(to himself)

Miss McLean.

(pause)

Maggie.

(FADE TO BLACKNESS)

(END OF SCENE.)

ACT IScene 4

FARLEY is sitting quietly,
head down, on the bench.

(ZEAL VALLIERE, wearing a
colorful dashiki, enters from
the woods. He is very wary
and stays near the trees.)

ZEAL

(British Caribbean accent)

Ya, mon. Quiet here.

(Sings.)

I have a father whose voice I hear:

(different, lower voice)

"learn to play this golf, son.

This is initiatory place

A problematic test.

You do not make it the whole way through?

For life remain a boy, Son.

But if you make it, you will be King,

Pass your vision quest.

You must be finding the key.

Bring it to me.

Open the door,

So our tribe will see."

(in his own voice)

I live in country we call "Nadir:"

A tiny, little island.

We live in valley that is so low

No internet access.

We struggle daily to make ends meet

This is our tribes' survival:

We fish and live off the land and sea

Primitive at best.

I will be finding *the* key.

By royal decree,

Open the door,

So our tribe will see."

ZEAL (Cont.)

(Sings.)

My father says that this Scottish game,
 "The toughest in the world, son.
 If you can conquer its great abyss
 You are a man so blessed.

One never masters the game. It's great.
 Much greater than a man, son.
 But climb the hill coming from Nadir
 With Zeal we are impressed!"

I will be finding the key.
 By royal decree
 Open the door,
 So all our tribe will see.

I will be finding the key.
 By royal decree
 Open the door,
 All our tribe will see.
 (spoken)

Quiet here.

(MAGGIE enters quietly
 near the snackcart
 drinking a Coke.
 ZEAL moves behind a tree
 surveying the scene.
 CHUCK enters out of pond.
 Removes waders revealing
 ratty Bermuda shorts and
 dark socks. He moves to
 the ball washer with two-
 wheeler dolly.
 PARR and ZOE enter from
 snackcart.)

PARR/ZOE

(Sing.)

Quarantine!

ZOE

(Sings.)

No one move.

PARR
 (Sings.)
 Take our tests.

ZOE
 (Sings.)
 (points to clipboard)
 Things to prove.

PARR/ZOE
 (Sing.)
 Need cooperation.

PARR
 (Sings.)
 Farley's yip
 Causes dread.

ZOE
 (Sings.)
 Don't know if
 It might spread.

PARR/ZOE
 (Sing.)
 Need cooperation.
 Need cooperation.

ZOE
 (Sings.)
 Doctor Parr has got his plan.
 I will check out wader man.
 (points to CHUCK)

PARR/ZOE
 (Sing.)
 Quarantine!

ZOE
 (Sings.)
 That's my call.

PARR
 (Sings.)
 No one leave.

ZOE
(Sings.)

That is all.

PARR/ZOE
(Sing.)

Need cooperation.

Need cooperation.

(FARLEY, paying no attention to ZOE and PARR, moves to green, in mime, puts down an imaginary ball, takes several imaginary putting strokes)

PARR/ZOE
(Sings)

Quarantine!

ZOE
(Sings.)

You.

(points at MAGGIE)

You.

(points at CHUCK)

You.

(points at FARLEY)

Do not know

Who is Who.

PARR/ZOE
(Sings)

Need some answers today!

(FARLEY addresses the ball)

(PERCUSSION: Drum roll . . .)

(FARLEY looks at the imaginary hole and . . .)

(FARLEY
begins the
backswing
for the
shot . . .)

(PERCUSSION:
ascending
slide
whistle.)

ZOE/PARR
(Sings.)
Quarantine!

ZOE
(Sings.)
No one move!!

(freeze action by CHUCK with
dolly in hand; FARLEY in mid-
backswing;
MAGGIE near snackcart;
PARR and ZOE hands out;
PERCUSSION: holds slide
whistle note. ZEAL walks
carefully near FARLEY . . .)

ZEAL
(Looks at audience)
Ya, mon!

(CHORD BUTTON) (BLACKNESS)

(END OF ACT ONE)

ACT IIScene 1

Same set as previous Act I scene.

Added is a "Course closed" sign near the snack cart.

MAGGIE/PARR/ZOE/
CHUCK/FARLEY are all
frozen from Act I
positions.

(ZEAL from the trees.)

ZEAL

(Sings.)

What have I
 stumbled on?
This is golf?
 Crazy mon!
Going golfing today?

What is next?
 Asking how?
 (points around)

This is golf?
 I say wow.
Going golfing today?

Going golfing today.

Dad calls this the great abyss.
Vision quest? Must find my bliss.

What to do?
 Check around
What I'll find.
 Quite profound?
Will be finding my way.

Gonna find it today!

<p>(FARLEY Animates Taking the downswing, flinches the putt, then follows the ball with his eyes.)</p>	<p>(PERCUSSION: descending slide whistle.)</p>	<p>(MAGGIE/ PARR/ ZOE/ZEAL/CHUCK follow the ball with their eyes.)</p>
--	--	---

(PERCUSSION: beeper pattern.)

(FARLEY slaps his hip. The
pattern stops. He hangs his
head.)

ZEAL

Wow.

(ZOE moves slowly to CHUCK
with love-light in her eyes.
FARLEY works on grip on
green.
PARR, at snackcart, mimes
conversation with MAGGIE.
They move to FARLEY. CHUCK,
waders off, is walkin' his
two-wheeler dolly toward the
ball washer. FARLEY puts his
imaginary club into his
imaginary bag. He looks off
into the distance taking
stock of himself in a serious
personal moment during next.
PARR, MAGGIE alongside, takes
FARLEY by the arm and all
three exit near the
snackcart.)

ZEAL (Cont.)
(Sings.)

This is what
Dad won't tell.
Did not say
Golf is hell.
Lot's of pain that I see.
That's what golf s'posed to be?
(He moves into the woods and
exits.)

ZOE
Excuse me, Mister Chuck ah . . .
(checks clipboard)
Sorry, I don't seem to know your last name.

CHUCK
Nelson, maam. Chuck Nelson. I'm sorry too. I have been a
little busy here. And I'm in a bit of a rush, got to get
movin', I didn't mean to be rude.

ZOE
That's all right, just what is it you do here?

CHUCK
Uh, freelance ball retriever.

ZOE (writing)
Freelance . . . retriever . . .

CHUCK
And I give low-handicappers the yips.

ZOE (writing)
. . . yips.
(stops writing, looks at
CHUCK)
Yes,
(distracted looking in his
eyes)
there are yips here. I will find out why.
(recovering from her reverie,
looking at her clipboard)
For the record, are you a married man, Mister Nelson?

CHUCK
No.

ZOE (writes)

Not married.

(aside to CHUCK)

Do you ever go out for a little kanooper after your . . .
retrieving is done?

CHUCK

(aside to ZOE)

I'm in a relationship.

ZOE (disappointedly)

You are?

CHUCK

Yes. Well . . . I have a dolly.

(points to the two-wheeler)

ZOE (smiling)

(pause)

You do .

CHUCK

(Sings.)

(dancing with the dolly)

Time to walk my dolly today.

ZOE

(Sings.)

Take her to the Country Buffet.

CHUCK

(Sings.)

She's on a rigid diet.

ZOE

(Sings.)

Charisma?

CHUCK

(Sings.)

(shakes his head, "no")

Kinda quiet.

CHUCK/ZOE

(Sing.)

Time to walk my dolly today.

(ZOE is enthralled.)

CHUCK (Cont.)

(Sings.)

She's free she goes with any old guy.

ZOE

(Sings.)

She doesn't wave hello or goodbye.

CHUCK

(Sings.)

But she is bought and paid for.

ZOE

(Sings.)

She's cool. She's very hard-core

CHUCK

(Sings.)

She's free. She goes with any old guy.

ZOE

(Sings.)

I dig her groovy style.

CHUCK

(Sings.)

She makes me wanna smile.

ZOE

(Sings.)

She's so bourgeois.

Manage a trois?

ZOE/CHUCK

(Sing.)

Let's walk her for a while.

(ZOE, throws down her
clipboard, grabs him hard and
dances with the dolly and
CHUCK to the bluesy tune.
They dance with dolly.)

CHUCK

(Sings.)

(shaking his head "no")

She's jealous when I'm with other gals.

(aside)

Business. See, we're not really pals.
I'm on this crucial mission.

CHUCK (Cont.)

(Sings.)

She's part of my ambition.

Besides

She's jealous when I'm with other gals.

ZOE

(Sings.)

This mission? Like to see.

Have to do with CDC?

(CHUCK starts to move away.)

CHUCK

(Sings.)

Sorry kid I gotta go.

Be who I gotta be . . .

Be What You Iz

Cause if you be what you ain't
Then you ain't what you iz.

(aside to himself)

You got a quest but you keep caddin' with the chicks:
Then you ain't what you iz.

Be What You Iz

Cause if you be what you ain't
Then you ain't what you iz.

(ZOE grabs the dolly and
pulls it away from CHUCK.
CHUCK stands stunned. She
walks and parks the dolly by
the pond singing to herself:)

ZOE

(Sings.)

Here I go. I can't help it.

(points at CHUCK)

He's at fault? I can't care.

What happens if I take the chance and do I dare . . .

(ZOE takes a deep breath)

ZOE (Cont.)
(Sings.)

And do I dare?
(She grabs CHUCK and slow
dances singing to him:)

Chucky Nelson, *you're the guy.*
You don't know it but I'm wild for you.
You have got the cutest weeds behind your ear.
I am shy but then again
(wink, wink)
I have scared off many men.
And if a quarantine can't hold you maybe I can.

Chucky Nelson, *you're the one.*
No one else seems like they have much fun.
I'm feeling like a schoolgirl
When I stand too near.
I have such a crush on you,
I will love you I'm a woman too,
And I'm burning with a passion
Deep and low,
Will you sing to me your song
Before you go.

(They dance close. MAGGIE &
PARR enter near the
snackcart.)

CHUCK
I've never danced with a girl scout before.

ZOE
I've never danced with a guy with weeds in his ear.

(ZEAL enters and approaches
CHUCK and ZOE. CHUCK opens
his mouth about to sing
when:)

ZEAL
Excuse me.

(CHUCK and ZOE do not want to
split up. ZEAL taps them on
the shoulder.)

ZEAL

(Sings.)

I have a question for you and you:
Need to play some golf now.
I am a newcomer here. I need
Instruction what to do.

CHUCK

Get outta here kid.

(romantic moment is broken)

ZOE

See Maggie, that lady,
(points)

ZEAL

Yes.

ZOE

She's a pro.

ZEAL

A pro?

ZOE

I'll take you to her.

(She smiles genuinely as she
moves away from CHUCK.)

(ZOE and ZEAL walk to MAGGIE.
CHUCK follows slightly behind
the other two . . .)

CHUCK

(aside to himself)

(Sings

unaccompanied.)

You act the rogue but you got grander plans ahead:
Then you ain't what you iz.

(ZOE/ZEAL/MAGGIE at snackcart
speak in mime and all three
exit into the clubhouse.
CHUCK moves to PARR.)

CHUCK

(to PARR)
Have a surprise for you.

PARR (doubtful)

Really?

CHUCK

Really. The answer; if you're interested.

PARR (less doubtful)

Really?

CHUCK

Really.

PARR

Five minutes.

CHUCK

The green. Bring Farley's putter and a ball.

PARR (laughs)

Wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole. I'll find my own.
Five minutes.

CHUCK

Come alone.

(PARR exits into the
clubhouse, passing FARLEY
entering.
FARLEY is in a trance. No
golf club in hand, he moves
through the set and exits
into the woods.
CHUCK moves to the pond
during next:)

CHUCK

(Sings.)

Be What You Iz

Cause if you be what you ain't

Then you ain't what you iz.

(toward his chest)

There's work to do but you keep caddin' with the chicks:

Then you ain't what you iz.

Be What You Iz

 Cause if you be what you ain't
Then you ain't what you iz.

 (He puts on waders and mask
 and exits into the pond.)

(CHORD BUTTON.)

(BLACKNESS)

(END OF SCENE.)

ACT IIScene 2

CHUCK: peeking over weed bank, wearing weed cap, in pond has the extender ball retriever ready to gotcha PARR.

PARR on the green, imaginary putter in hand doing little warm-up putting strokes. He looks nervously around.

CHUCK

(to himself)

Take the putt, man.

(MAGGIE, ZOE and ZEAL enter near the snackcart. ZEAL, wearing normal golf clothes, holds in his hands, the only real golf club and ball in the play. The ladies dote on him in mime. Oo's and ah's. MAGGIE teaches him some golf basics in mime. MAGGIE/ZOE/ZEAL pay no attention to PARR on the green. PARR continues to look around and make air practice swings but he doesn't take a shot.)

CHUCK

(Sings.)

I got the blues...

MAGGIE/ZOE/ZEAL

(Sing.)

(to ZEAL)

He's got the gear . . .

CHUCK

(Sings.)

And I'm ready to spread 'em.

MAGGIE/ZOE	ZEAL
(Sing.)	(Sing.)
And he's ready for golfing .	And I'm ready for golfing . .
. .	.

(MAGGIE/ZOE do backup "oo's"
under next lyrics)

CHUCK
(Sings.)
Flubbing will be your new friend.

MAGGIE/ZOE/ZEAL
(Sing.)
(to ZEAL)
He's our new friend.

CHUCK
(Sings.)
You'll lose your mind,
Go blind and go senseless.
Darkness is right 'round the bend.

MAGGIE/ZOE/ZEAL
(Sing.)
(to ZEAL, demonstrating golf
stance)
The knees must bend.

(ZEAL does knee bend.
MAGGIE, in mime, says "okay"
then gestures points and
sends him to the green to
meet with PARR.
ZEAL, smiles, waves at
MAGGIE. MAGGIE smiles and
waves back.)

CHUCK
(Sings.)
You'll take a putt,
You'll twitch and you'll blade it.
Way past the hole you will go.
So Parr pucker up
And kiss your golf game goodbye.

Say goodnight to light
 And to hell say hello.

(PARR drops an imaginary ball
 on the ground and begins to
 address it.)

CHUCK (Cont.)

(to himself)

Perfect position.

(He raises the extender ball
 retriever.

ZEAL reaches the green and
 interrupts PARR before PARR
 can execute the stroke.)

ZEAL

(Sings.)

I have a question for Doctor Parr:
 Need to learn to putt now.
 Miss Maggie send me to you
 She said you were very, very good.

CHUCK

(to himself)

No. Get outta here kid.

(PARR is frustrated too. He
 looks around ZEAL trying to
 find CHUCK.)

ZEAL

(Sings.)

I do not make it the whole way through?
 Will remain a boy, Sir.
 But if I make it, I will be King,
 If I only could.

(PARR continues to look
 around ZEAL. Starts to move
 away. ZEAL follows him
 closely.)

ZEAL (Cont.)

(Sings.)

I will be finding the key - -

PARR

Sorry son. I'd love to help but I'm doing some serious work here.

(PARR looks around for
CHUCK.)

ZEAL

It looks like you are playing golf, sir.

PARR

Look. There are more important things here that you can't see.

(PARR looks around for
CHUCK.)

ZEAL

Respectfully, sir, this is very important for me too.

CHUCK

(to himself)

Get outta here, kid.

(PARR takes one more look
around and moves toward the
woods walking right by CHUCK.
CHUCK ducks into pond.)

PARR

Good luck, son!

(He looks around once more,
shrugs and exits to woods.
CHUCK enters out of pond.
ZEAL is startled. CHUCK
seems angry but then looks
kindly at ZEAL:)

CHUCK

Okay, what's goin'on?

ZEAL

Ah . . .

CHUCK

What's your name kid?

ZEAL

Zeal.

CHUCK

Chuck.

(shakes ZEAL's hand)

Who are you?

ZEAL

(Sings.)

I live in country we call "Nadir:"

A tiny, little island.

We fish and live off the land and sea

Primitive at best.

I will be finding the key.

Here it's for me

Passing the test,

All our tribe will see."

CHUCK

So, you need a test.

ZEAL

Yes sir, I do.

CHUCK

To find the key?

ZEAL

Yes sir, I have accepted the challenge. I need a test.

And I need a helper.

CHUCK

Maybe we can roll 'em into one.

ZEAL

Oh, that would be very nice.

CHUCK

We'll know right away, if you can pass this test. And then some of us need to move on.

ZEAL

Oh, me too. I do like it here but there is a weirdness that I can't quite explain.

(CHUCK looks an agreeing look.)

CHUCK
Zeal, did you see Maggie and Doctor Parr stroking that ball?

ZEAL
Yes sir, I did.

CHUCK
Think you can copy them?

ZEAL
Yes sir, I can.

CHUCK
Here's a ball.
(ZEAL sniffs it. Winces)

ZEAL
Smells like fish. Smells like home.

CHUCK
Good. I'm going away and I want you to roll it in that hole there. Give me a minute so I can get away, okay?

ZEAL
Okay! Is this like hide and seek?

CHUCK
Yes, for big kids. Close your eyes. Count to ten slowly, then putt the ball.

ZEAL
Putt the ball . . .

(CHUCK moves to the pond.)
(ZEAL takes the backswing.)

(PERCUSSION: Drum roll . . .)

(A voice sounds over the speaker near the ball washer.)

Gotcha!

(ZEAL flinches on the downswing, missing the ball. Extender ball retriever goes back down into the pond. ZEAL laughs.)

CHUCK moves out of the pond,
walks to ZEAL. He laughs.
They both laugh harder.)

ZEAL
That was very clever, Mister Chuck.

CHUCK
What?
(ZEAL walks to the ball
washer.)

ZEAL
You made your voice come out of this.

CHUCK (amazed)
No one else has seen it.

ZEAL
No?

CHUCK
No.

ZEAL
I have always been able to see through things.

CHUCK
You have the key.

ZEAL
I have the key? I have always had this key and I had to
come all this way to find it.

CHUCK
Yep.

ZEAL
So, being able to see through things is the key?

CHUCK
No. I said you have the key. Seeing through things is a
gift but the key: is being able to laugh.

(ZEAL looks confused, then
begins to laugh. CHUCK
laughs with him.)

CHUCK

With that key and your talents for the unseen world you could be a spiritual advisor to your tribe.

ZEAL

We call that a shaman.

CHUCK

We call that a comedian.

ZEAL

(pauses for a sec)

I get it.

(laughs. CHUCK laughs too.)

CHUCK

And, you can get outta my hair.

ZEAL

Oh, I will be happy to do that. Thank you, Mister Chuck.

CHUCK

And remember Zeal: Be what you Iz.

ZEAL

I don't need to learn golf?

CHUCK

(Sings.)

(Shakes his head)

Be What You Iz

Cause if you be what you ain't
Then you ain't what you iz.

You played the kid but you were really man inside:

Then you ain't what you iz.

Be What You Iz

Cause if you be what you ain't
Then you ain't what you iz.

ZEAL

(Sings.)

Be What You Iz

Cause if you be what you ain't
Then you ain't what you iz.

CHUCK

(Sings.)

You were confused but you're a shaman from now on
Then you are what you iz.

CHUCK/ZEAL

(Sing.)

Be What You Iz

Cause if you be what you ain't
Then you ain't what you iz.

(Dance. ZEAL takes an instrumental-like improvised scat solo over the music. Very happy. MAGGIE and ZOE enter at snackcart. ZOE looks at her clipboard and then at CHUCK and ZEAL. CHUCK sees them enter.)

CHUCK

Do me a favor will you pal?

ZEAL

Anything Mister Chuck.

CHUCK

(pointing at MAGGIE and ZOE)

Keep 'em busy for a bit.

ZEAL

I can do that.

CHUCK

I know you can. It's another one of your gifts.

(Both laugh awkwardly. ZEAL really doesn't get it.)

Entertain 'em.

(ZEAL gets it. Smiles. CHUCK pushes ZEAL towards MAGGIE and ZOE and returns to the pond. ZEAL moves to the snackcart singing:)

ZEAL
(Sings.)

Be What You Iz
Cause if you be what you ain't
Then you ain't what you iz.

CHUCK
(Sings.)

You were a kid

ZEAL
(Sings.)

But now a man.

CHUCK
(Sings.)

A shaman now.

ZEAL
(Sings.)

Then I am what I iz.

CHUCK/ZEAL
(Sing.)

Be What You Iz.
Cause if you be what you ain't
Then you ain't what you iz.

(FADE TO BLACKNESS)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IIScene 3

CHUCK, waders on, is near the pond.
MAGGIE, ZOE and ZEAL stand near the snack cart.

(PERCUSSION: Bird Chirps)

(ZEAL, in mime, entertains MAGGIE and ZOE. ZOE strains to see the pond but ZEAL won't let her.

ZEAL hustles both ladies in to clubhouse. Laughing by MAGGIE and ZEAL as all three exit.

Quiet. Followed by offstage woods noises.

CHUCK retreats into the pond behind foliage. Weed cap on. PARR enters from the woods. He looks nervously around, moves to the green, imaginary putter in hand, and does little warm-up putting strokes.

CHUCK raises the ball retriever Extender.

PARR, in mime, puts down an imaginary ball, takes several imaginary practice putting strokes, his back to the ball washer, addresses the ball)

(PERCUSSION: Drum roll . . .)

(PARR looks at the imaginary hole and begins the backswing for the shot . . .)

(PERCUSSION:)

Gotcha!

(PARR flinches on the
downswing. The club jerks.)

(PERCUSSION: descending
slide whistle, indicates the
ball rolling to a stop.
The extender ball retriever
goes back down into the pond.
PARR shows signs of a facial
tic. He exhibits paranoid
behavior during next verse.)

CHUCK

(Sings.)

(Added reverb creating
surreal sound)

Hello, I'm here! I'm that voice in your ear now;
Next gotcha I guarantee
The yips are yours for all time
I'm your ticket.

(MAGGIE, ZOE, ZEAL do
background "Oo's" from just
offstage)

Your name is on the marquis.
The movie plays and it's you in the nightmare.
A clunking and chunking you'll go.
So Parr pucker up
And kiss your golf game goodbye.
Say goodnight to light
And to hell say hello.

(PARR finds CHUCK.)

PARR

(regaining control of
himself)

Hello.

(CHUCK gets out of pond.)

PARR

(spoken in rhythm)

It's Doctor Parr. And I see who you are man.
I get the game that you play.

(points to pond with a look
of bad smell on his face)

I will report you to all who will listen.
End of your joke, go away.

(PARR and CHUCK face each other and stare.)

CHUCK (calmly)

No.

(points to green)

Go make a putt.

PARR

Yah? You got nothing.

CHUCK

Maybe. Maybe not. You're a scientist: go over and prove me wrong.

PARR (unsure)

Well, this has no affect on my - -

CHUCK

Yah?

PARR

(reclaiming his bravado)

neurological, synaptic connections and, and - -

CHUCK (calmly)

Blah, blah. Go make a putt.

(PARR, reluctantly, walks over to the green during next.)

CHUCK

(Sings.)

I'll shoot a hole through your synaptic premise.

I'll push you off your plateau.

So Parr pucker up

And kiss your thesis goodbye.

Say goodnight to light . . .

(PARR addresses the ball,)

(PERCUSSION: Drum roll . . .)

(PARR looks at the imaginary hole and begins the backswing for the shot . . . makes a

stroke – no problem. Smiles smugly.)

CHUCK

Another one.

(Parr confidently addresses the ball,)

(PERCUSSION: Drum roll . . .)

(PARR looks at the imaginary hole and begins the backswing for the shot, flinches on the downswing. The club jerks.)

(PERCUSSION: descending slide whistle, indicates the ball rolling.)

PARR

Cotton picker!

CHUCK

(spoken)

And to hell say hello.

(Sings.)

I will be there,
Like a pain
In your big derriere`,
Say goodnight to light
And to hell say hello.

(Pause. PARR looks seriously at CHUCK. Slight facial tic.)

PARR

(knowing look of recognition)

You.

(CHUCK nods his head in agreement.)

CHUCK

Me. But you won't say anything or do anything about this.

PARR

Well, I, I - -

CHUCK

Because you have built your whole career around your precious theories.

PARR

Well, no, I - -

CHUCK

Well, yes. And if you tell anyone about this I'll hunt you down. Rochester Country Club? I'll be behind every pine tree, lurking in every water hazard waiting to give you the next big one. And the next "gotcha" I give, makes 'em yours for the rest of your life!

PARR

My career is, could be - -

CHUCK

Shot, Doctor Parr.

PARR

Well, no, I - -

CHUCK

Well, yes! Don't you really have something better to do?

(PARR stares off into the distance above the audience' heads. Moves to snackcart and exits.)

CHUCK

(moves to pond,)

Ta. Ta.

(Sings.)

I will be there like a pain
In your big derriere`,
Say goodnight to light
And to hell say hello.

(FARLEY enters from the woods. Stands near the green.
MAGGIE and ZOE enter from the clubhouse.)

CHUCK

Oh, oh.

(puts on mask and goes into pond.)

MAGGIE/ZOE

(Sing.)

It's tough to be a goddess today.
 We're seen in black & white never gray.
 We girls are tens or zeros.
 The guys are only heroes.
 It's tough to be a goddess today.

ZOE (Cont.)

(Sings.)

Tough to let him go but I must.
 This quarantine is wrong and unjust.
 To do it 'cause I'll keep him?
 In the long run it will creep him.
 Tough to let him go but I must.

MAGGIE (CONT.)

(Sings.)

(Looking at FARLEY)

Did my best subtle clue
 And now, It's up to you.
 He's there, he's not,
 I've learned a lot.
 Move on and take my cue .
 . .

It's tough to be a goddess today.
 We're seen in black & white never gray.
 We girls are tens or zeros.
 The guys are only heroes.
 It's tough to be a goddess today.

ZOE (CONT.)

(Sings.)

(Looking at CHUCK)

Did my best straight up clue.
 And now, It's up to you.
 He's there, he's not,
 I took my shot.
 Move on, bye, bye, Adieu.

Tough to let him go but I must.
 This quarantine is wrong and unjust.
 To do it 'cause I'll keep him?
 In the long run it will creep him.
 Tough to let him go but I must.

(MAGGIE grabs a Coke from the snackcart, stands there, as ZOE marches purposefully a

few steps toward the pond.
Looks around.)

ZOE

Chucky? Where are you? Quarantine is over.
(She moves back to the
snackcart and exits.)

(A snorkel moves in the
pond.)

(CHORD BUTTON)(BLACKNESS.)

(END OF SCENE.)

ACT IIScene 4

(PERSUSSION: Bird Chirps.)

CHUCK, at the pond, is
packing up his gear and
strapping it to the dolly.

(FARLEY, no clubs in hand,
moves from the green toward
snackcart.)

FARLEY

(to himself)

It . . . is . . . It is . . . a . . . It is a . . .

(He approaches MAGGIE at the
snackcart. Smiles nervously.)

MAGGIE (suspiciously)

Hi.

FARLEY (awkwardly)

Nice day.

MAGGIE (suspiciously)

Yes. It is.

FARLEY

In fact, it is a fine day.

MAGGIE (suspiciously)

I think so too.

FARLEY

(Sings.)

It is a fine, fine day.

Birds are singing,

Done with swinging,

Put clubs away.

(to himself)

The time has come, do something new.

(to MAGGIE)

It is a fine, fine day.

(MAGGIE'S mood picks up
hopefully as FARLEY is

showing some common
humanity.)

MAGGIE
Yes it is. You put the clubs away?

(FARLEY nods "yes." Smiles.)

MAGGIE
(Sings.)
It is a fine, fine day.

FARLEY
(Sings.)
Flowers blooming,

MAGGIE
(Sings.)
We are viewing
Quite the display.

MAGGIE/FARLEY
(Sing.)
The day seems bright,

FARLEY
(aside to himself)
(Sings.)
My nerves are tight.

MAGGIE/FARLEY
(Sing.)
It is a fine, fine day.

MAGGIE
(Sings.)
(to herself)
Feeling like the drama queen.

FARLEY
(Sings.)
(to himself)
Feeling like a foolish teen.

MAGGIE
(Sing.)
Want a pop?

(FARLEY shakes his head
"no.")

FARLEY
(Sings.)

Coffee shop.

MAGGIE
(Sing.)
(to herself)
What the world could that line mean?

MAGGIE/FARLEY
(Sing.)
It is a fine, fine day.

FARLEY
(Sings.)
No more fooling,

MAGGIE
(Sings.)
Something's brewing?,

MAGGIE
(Sings.)
(to herself)
Quite the display.

FARLEY
(Sings.)
(to himself)
The time has come do something new,

MAGGIE/FARLEY
(Sing.)
It is a fine, fine day.

MAGGIE
You know what?

FARLEY
What?

MAGGIE (upset)
 Not a fine day. Course closed. Business bad. Authorities
 running loose on my course. And you're, you're - -

FARLEY
 Maggie . . .

(pause)

MAGGIE (uncertain)
 Yes?

FARLEY
 . . . would you like to get a cup of coffee?

MAGGIE
 You didn't call me, Miss McLean.

FARLEY
 Would you like to get a cup of coffee, Maggie?

MAGGIE
 Well, yes, when we get this mess figured out.

FARLEY
 Good. Then:

(CHUCK begins rolling his
 dolly towards the ball washer
 and loads it.)

FARLEY/MAGGIE
 (Sings.)
 It is a fine, fine day.
 (cocks ear)
 Birds are singing,

MAGGIE
 (Sings.)
 No one swinging.

FARLEY
 (Sings.)
 Put clubs away.

MAGGIE/FARLEY
 (Sing.)
 The time has come . . .

MAGGIE

(Sings.)

I'll take latte.

MAGGIE/FARLEY

(Sing.)

It is a fine, fine day.

(MAGGIE and FARLEY remain in this euphoric stupor till the end of the play.

PARR enters looking dazed and wounded near the snackcart.

ZOE enters from the snackcart and walks past MAGGIE and FARLEY to area between snackcart and green.

ZEAL, wearing his dashiki, enters from clubhouse, shakes hands with everyone and takes over center stage.)

ZEAL (happy)

(Sings.)

(ALL hear)

I came here looking for something,
Found it. And yes the time has come now.
To thank you all very much, you're great!
This cannot be denied.

I feel it right in my hands, my heart,
And really all around me.

The answer not only is in here
(points to his heart)

It's everywhere outside.

ZEAL

(Sings)

We have it here in our heart.
Here. Me and you.
Here in America
The people have it too.

MAGGIE/FARLEY

(Sing)

It is a fine, fine
day.

(ZOE moves near PARR and cheers him up a bit. He smiles a little.
 CHUCK with dolly picks up the ball washer and begins to wheel towards the woods exit. Stops. Leaves the dolly in place and walks to the others. He reaches ZOE. She starts to say something and he puts finger over his lips. Moves closer to her and takes a card out off her clipboard. They smile a mutual knowing look. He moves to FARLEY and MAGGIE who don't see him as they are only looking at each other. He moves to PARR who gives CHUCK a glare. Finally he moves to ZEAL. He gives ZEAL a hug and a handshake. CHUCK walks back to the dolly and pushing it exits to the woods.)

ZEAL (happy)

(Sings.)

(ALL hear)

I feel it right in my hands, my heart,
 And really all around me.
 This answer not only is in here
 It's ev'rywhere outside.
 I have been waiting this day so long
 I never saw it coming.
 To Chuck and all of you here I owe,
 This cannot be denied.

We have it here in our heart.
 Here in our swing
 Here in America
 The people need to sing:

ZEAL/ZOE/

(Sing.)

We have it here in our heart.
Here. Me and you.
Here in America
The people have it too.

MAGGIE/FARLEY/

(Sing.)

It is a fine, fine
day.

(BLACKNESS)

PARR

(Sings.)

Psycho-
neural-
muscular
disorder!

(THE END)