

Characters

- Geoffrey Granville-Barker (M)** – Captain of Great Snoring Golf Club and acting secretary. Retired army officer and solicitor. Age – fifty plus.
- Hugh Frazer-Pym (M)** – Vice captain. Managing director of local building company. Age – fifty plus.
- Lavinia Price-Davies (F)** – Partner of Hugh and ex-wife of the previous captain. Well preserved forty plus.
- Roger Wiggins (M)** – Golf club member and company rep. Any age.
- Douglas Searle (M)** – Club professional. Any age.
- Elaine Govier (F)** – Prospective member of the Golf Club and doctor. Thirty plus.
- Lucy Richards (F)** – Another prospective member. Receptionist at local medical centre. Younger or the same age as Elaine.
- Freda Mullins (F)** – Club cook and temporary cleaner. Any age.

The action takes place in the clubhouse lounge and the adjoining golf course.

Act 1

Scene 1 – The Clubhouse Lounge –Monday morning

(The clubhouse lounge of Great Snoring Golf Club, situated somewhere in the east of England. The room has various tables and chairs including two armchairs. At one end is the entrance to the gentlemen’s changing room and beside it a small bar and entrance to the kitchen. There is a phone on the bar. At the other end is the entrance to the foyer and beyond to the office and the front door. On the wall, either side of a window, are photos of past captains and a single commemorative golf club. Outside the window can be seen the putting green and the golf course beyond. There is a small table beside the window with a coffee machine on it. There is an uncared for look about the furniture and smoke stains in places on the walls. Great Snoring has been an exclusively male club throughout its 120 year history. Geoffrey Granville-Barker, a retired army officer, solicitor and club captain, is at the exit to the foyer bidding goodbye to members of the committee. He is dressed in a suit and tie. Other members of the committee are sitting and drinking. Roger Wiggins, a member, is dressed in a suit, as is Hugh Frazer-Pym, the vice -captain. Douglas Searle, who is the club professional, is dressed in casual golf clothing. It is mid-morning.)

Geoffrey: Thank you all for coming at such short notice. I will be in touch about the date of our next meeting.

(Geoffrey walks back into the lounge and addresses the remaining members of the committee)

Geoffrey: Well, there you have it, gentlemen. Whether we like it or not, Great Snoring Golf Club is being forced, finally, into the 21st Century. Much as some of us would like to we can no longer live in the past. I’m afraid we just can’t carry on as we have done for the last hundred and twenty years. As with nearly every golf club in England our membership is decreasing. In order for this club to continue to exist we need to make changes. It means, I’m afraid, gentlemen the time has come, reluctantly, to admit ladies as full playing members.

Hugh: It’s all very well you saying that, Geoffrey, but do we really have to? You, of all people, should know how Great Snoring has been revered for its traditional values and now you want to change it after all this time! I really can’t believe there is no alternative. **(Pause)** I think it is my duty to say, as vice-captain, that we are making a big mistake which we will all live to regret.

Geoffrey: I know you feel strongly about this, Hugh, but we must, I feel, look at the bigger picture. As you all know, we have the opportunity to finally hold the county championships here, for the first time in our history, which, I need hardly remind you, would be of great benefit to the club in terms of finances and prestige. In order to do that we need to satisfy the county committee that we are an all-inclusive club and that means, for the first time, ladies being allowed to join as playing members.

Hugh: I can understand your logic, Geoffrey, but I don’t think you have entirely thought through the consequences. I mean, you say we are losing members, but have you considered the number of members who would leave if ever women were allowed to join? I don’t think you have. You must realise that Great Snoring has been all male since the 19th century. Golf clubs like ours are a part of Old England, of our culture, of our tradition as a country. We should be proud of that fact. To us men this has been our bastion, our citadel, a bulwark against the insidious feminine tide which seems to

be sweeping in everywhere you look. A club like ours is one of the last few remaining places in this country where gentlemen can talk freely, can maintain their dignity; a place where men can hold their heads up without reproof; where we can take pride in our achievements without censure or sarcasm. I feel strongly that we must close ranks and stand solid as proud Englishmen to resist this outrage.

Roger: Well said Hugh! That was almost Churchillian!

Hugh: It's all very well for you to mock, Roger. You obviously haven't thought this matter through. Have you really considered the consequences? We'll end up being overrun with females. Do you realise what that means? It doesn't bear thinking about! Before you know it there'll be high heels all over the putting green and the clubhouse being stunk out with Chanel no.5.

Roger: Oh, a good class of woman then?

Hugh: Mark my words; they will be the death knell of this fine club. No, I firmly believe we must resist with all the means available to us. There must be a way to stop them. I am counting on your leadership over this Geoffrey.

Geoffrey: Well thank you for those considered thoughts, Hugh. But, I'm afraid, events are already moving on apace. In fact, you see, I have two ladies being interviewed this morning. I think, perhaps, we need to talk some more about this subject but now, there is that other pressing matter already mentioned; that of the opening of an ancient footpath across the course.

Hugh: I find it hard to believe you've just rolled over and agreed to this, Geoffrey!

Geoffrey: I had no choice; it's the law.

Hugh: What sort of law would allow people to violate private land with impunity?

Geoffrey: The "Right to Roam Act" allows access across the course via an ancient footpath.

Hugh: An ancient footpath! How preposterous! Why do we have to comply? Can't we just refuse? It is our land, after all.

Geoffrey: I'm afraid we really have no choice. Footpath signs have already been erected.

Hugh: But, that's plainly ridiculous; they can't do that! They must be stopped! We must use every means at our disposal! I shall speak to the greenkeeper – he'll know what to do.

Geoffrey: Yes, well, that's all for now. Roger and I are also interviewing a cleaner later this morning at 11 o'clock. Roger, if you come with me, we need to find those application forms. I think I might have left them in the foyer.

(Geoffrey, Roger and Douglas exit towards the foyer. Hugh picks up the phone on the bar and dials. No-one answers. He dials again. Before long Elaine and Lucy enter. Elaine Kember is a doctor at the local health centre. She is dressed smartly as she would for her work. Lucy Richards is one of the receptionists at the health centre. She is dressed in smart casual. Hugh glances briefly at Elaine and Lucy)

Hugh: **(Distractedly)** I suppose you've come about the cleaning job?

Elaine: No, we've come to join the golf club...,

Hugh: **(Not listening)** You are too early. The interviews are later this morning. 11 o'clock. You'll have to come back. I think there are two jobs advertised. We can only pay minimum wage. But that's the standard rate for cleaners nowadays. Like it or lump it.

Elaine: Excuse me, but we have *not* come about a cleaning job! We intend to play golf here.

Hugh: **(Putting down the phone and looking round)** I don't think so; this is a men-only club.

Elaine: That's not what we've been told.

Hugh: Well, I'm afraid, Ladies, you've been misinformed. I am the club vice-captain. There's no place for women here. I suggest you try over at the Five Beeches Club; I hear they take women. They'll take anyone! You wouldn't like it here, anyway. It's not woman friendly. The captain will be here soon; he'll explain.

Lucy: **(Aside to Elaine)** See, I told you it was a bad idea.

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(Geoffrey enters from the foyer with Roger. They are carrying forms)

Geoffrey: Ah, good morning Ladies. I see you've met Hugh, our vice- captain. Why don't you join us Hugh?

Hugh: Sorry, Geoffrey; got to go. I need to have a word with the greenkeeper about that footpath. He's not answering his phone. I'll speak to you later.

(Hugh exits towards the changing rooms)

Geoffrey: Ah. Good morning. Is it Mrs. Kember and Mrs. Richards?

Elaine: Yes, Dr. Kember and Mrs. Richards. I'm Elaine and this is Lucy. We want to become members.

Geoffrey: So I understand. Welcome to Great Snoring Golf Club, ladies.

Elaine: That vice-captain of yours said we couldn't join!

Geoffrey: Oh, I shouldn't worry about Hugh; he gets a little ahead of himself at times.

Elaine: I'm sure I know him from somewhere.

Geoffrey: He owns a building company in town – Frazer Fabrications - they advertise in the Gazette.

Elaine: That would be it. Anyhow, so, you're saying we *can* join?

Geoffrey: Well, that's providing you accept certain rules and conditions and you're passed by committee. Now, please come and take a seat. I'm Colonel Geoffrey Granville-

Barker, the club captain and acting secretary, but you can call me Geoffrey. This is Roger Wiggins, a member of the committee. Now, please, sit down.

(They all move to sit down. Roger sits in his previous place and sips his drink. Elaine sits down and Lucy goes to follow her)

Roger: Oh, you can't sit there; that's Bill's seat.

Geoffrey: I thought he didn't come in Wednesdays.

Roger: He's just started to.

(Lucy moves towards another seat.)

Geoffrey: Oh, and, I'm afraid, you'd better not sit there. That's Albert's seat.

Roger: Yes, she can. He won't be needing it. He died last week.

Geoffrey: Did he?

Roger: Didn't you see the flag at half- mast?

Geoffrey: Oh dear. Did he really? We shall miss Albert. He was a fine golfer. Well, you can definitely sit here too. **(He remains standing)** Old Sidney passed away in March.

Roger: That's right. He did, didn't he? Do you know they've been dropping like flies recently! See that flag out there at half-mast? **(He points out of the window)** Been up and down like a whore's drawers!

Geoffrey: Roger, please! Ladies present!

Roger: They had to grease the pulley the other day!

Geoffrey: Yes, thank you, Roger, for that information.

Roger: I do beg your pardon, ladies. We're not used to female company here, are we, Captain?

Lucy: I don't think I want to sit in no dead man's seat!

Elaine: It's OK, Lucy. Come and sit with me. This one's alright, is it? Nobody dead or dying?

(Geoffrey indicates it's OK. Elaine motions for Lucy to sit down)

Geoffrey: Yes, of course. Now, where were we? **(Pause)** Roger, haven't you got somewhere else to go?

Roger: I have, once I've finished my drink. Anyway, can't you use your office, Captain?

Geoffrey: Don't you remember, I told you, it's being decorated today. They'll be in soon. So, I'm sorry ladies, I'll have to interview you here.

Elaine: We don't mind, do we Lucy? By the way, please call me Elaine.

Geoffrey: I understand you're a doctor at the Aster House Health Centre.

Elaine: How clever of you to know that. Yes, I am, and Lucy here is one of our receptionists.

Geoffrey: Well, as I say, welcome to our little club. You are, in fact, the first ladies to actually apply for playing membership but we do have a wide range of members here, haven't we, Roger?

Roger: Everything from doctors to dustmen.

Geoffrey: Dustmen?

Roger: Oh yes! Didn't you know, Captain? Since his company went bust Freddy Norris has been working on the recycling lorries for the council to make ends meet.

Geoffrey: Really? The council! That won't do! Some of the members are sure to make a fuss when they find out. You know what they're like. A dustman! Most irregular! I really shall have to review his membership.

Roger: Mustn't let our standards slip, must we?

Geoffrey: Anyway, Dr. Kember.

Elaine: Call me Elaine, please?

Geoffrey: What does your husband do?

Elaine: What do you want to know about my husband for?

Geoffrey: It's just procedure.

Roger: He wants to know if he's given you permission to join.

Geoffrey: Roger, please! No, it's just that your husband might be interested in joining too. We're hoping to increase our male membership.

Elaine: My John hates sport of any type. But he is interested in your golf club.

Geoffrey: Oh, really?

Elaine: Yes, he heard about the new footpath that's opened across the course. You know, because of that "Right to Roam" Act. He's a detectorist, you see.

Geoffrey: A what?

Roger: She means one of those metal detectors. You must have heard of them, Captain. They go around looking for ring pulls and old "Blue Peter" badges!

Elaine: No really, he's very dedicated. He's convinced there was once a Roman settlement somewhere around here. He's very keen on exploring your new footpath. He's a bit of an amateur archaeologist as well, you see.

Geoffrey: Is he really? How interesting. Well, what about your husband, Mrs. Richards? (**Lucy hangs her head and starts to sniffle**)

Elaine: She'd rather not talk about him.

Lucy: **(Sniffing)** I haven't got a husband .

Geoffrey: I don't believe that; attractive woman like you.

Elaine: I'm afraid he ran off with one of our nurses last month.

Geoffrey: I'm sorry to hear that. Well, if you'd rather not carry on....

Elaine: No, please. She'll be alright in a minute. Won't you, Lucy? **(Lucy continues to sniffle)**

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Geoffrey: Very well; if you're sure. Here, take this **(He offers his handkerchief. Lucy blows her nose loudly on it and gives it back)** Thank you. **(Geoffrey looks at it disdainfully)** Now, ladies to business. First things first. There is an annual subscription plus a joining fee of the same amount.

Elaine: A joining fee? What's that for?

Geoffrey: Well, it's a fee for joining. You only pay it once.

Elaine: I should hope so!

Geoffrey: It's a club rule. Everyone pays a joining fee.

Elaine: But what's it for?

Roger: It's to keep out the riff-raff!

Geoffrey: Thank you, Roger! Would you please keep your opinions to yourself? Haven't you finished your drink yet?

Roger: Nearly.

Geoffrey: Good. Now, let me see **(He looks at his notes)** In case other women want to join we've provisionally allocated Wednesdays and Thursdays for women's competitions.

Elaine: What about the weekends?

Geoffrey: Weekends are for men's competitions. They always have been.

Elaine: Can't the women enter?

Geoffrey: Oh no, that wouldn't do.

Roger: You might show some of the men up!

Geoffrey: That is not the reason!

Elaine: So, you're saying that women can only play Wednesdays and Thursdays?

Geoffrey: That's right.

Elaine: So, I take it our subscriptions will be less because of this.

Geoffrey: Oh no, they'd be the same as the men. We're very keen on equality here.

Elaine: Really? So, we pay the same as the men but get the days that the men don't want! That doesn't sound like equality to me.

Geoffrey: Well, if you don't find that acceptable.....

Elaine: And so, how much do we pay?

Geoffrey: Well, the annual subscription is £1,200 plus an equal amount for the joining fee.

Elaine: So that's £2,400 up front.

Geoffrey: Of course, if you'd rather not...

Elaine: Oh no, we're very keen on joining, aren't we Lucy?

Lucy: **(Less than keen but taking more interest)** 'Spose so.

Geoffrey: Also, there are some times ladies can play when the men don't have competitions – occasional Tuesdays, for instance.

Elaine: How generous.

Geoffrey: Oh, and we do have night golf during the summer months.

Lucy: Night golf?

Roger: Yes, the men have luminous balls.

Lucy: **(Taking more interest)** Is that so they can see each other in the dark?

(Roger laughs)

Geoffrey: Pardon?

Elaine: Lucy! Gentlemen present!

Lucy: I don't think I fancy wandering around here in the dark with a lot of strange men!
(She is still tearful)

Roger: And we've got some very strange men here, haven't we Captain?

Geoffrey: What do you mean Roger?

Roger: Well, what about that Rupert; now he is very strange, you must admit.

Geoffrey: He's got a condition.

Roger: A condition; is that what you call it? Do you know what I saw him doing the other day?

Geoffrey: Yes, well, we won't go into that now, thank you, Roger. Anyway, look, ladies, I won't overload you with information now. I'll give you each a copy of the club brochure and an application form you can take away with you. **(He stands and gives them the application forms)** The brochures are in my office. Dr. Kember, perhaps you'd like to come and pick them up before the decorators arrive. If Mrs. Richards stays here perhaps Roger will make himself useful and get her a nice cup of coffee before he leaves. I've got a meeting to go to this morning but we'll talk again tomorrow when you both have had a chance to think about it. Come with me please, Mrs. Kember.

(They exit towards the office)

Roger: **(Lucy is still sobbing)** Don't mind me Lucy. I was only joking about the strange men. There's only one or two. Well, maybe three or four! Here, let me fix you a glass of wine. It'll do you more good than a cup of coffee. **(He finishes his drink and exits into the bar and pours a glass of red wine)** Red OK?

Lucy: Yes, thank you.

Roger: So, you really want to join this dull old club? You must be keen on your golf.

Lucy: It's not me; it's Elaine. She's the one who wants to. I've only played once. She said it would do me good to get out of the house since my Jamie ran off with that woman.

Roger: She really must be keen?

(Roger hands the glass to Lucy)

Lucy: She won't let anything put her off. She's on a mission.

Roger: Anyway, look, you just sit and finish your wine; they'll be back soon. I'd better go or the Captain will have my hide. See you soon, hopefully.

Lucy: Bye.

(Roger exits towards the foyer. Lucy sips the wine and looks around. She stands and wanders around looking at the pictures on the wall. Before long Douglas enters. He is the Club Professional. He is studying a magazine but looks up when he sees Lucy)

Douglas: Well, hello. Who are you?

Lucy: I'm Lucy.

Douglas: You're one of the new women, aren't you; come to join?

Lucy: 'Spose so. Elaine's gone off with that captain.

Douglas: You must be brave?

Lucy: What?

Douglas: Wanting to join this stuffy old place. You must love your golf!

Lucy: Don't know about that. I've only played once. It's Elaine; she's the one who wants to join.

Douglas: Well, I'm Dougie. I'm the pro here.

(Douglas puts down the magazine and shakes Lucy's hand)

Lucy: Pro?

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Douglas: Club professional. That's my shop the other side of the car park. I sell equipment and teach golf. I could teach you, if you like.

Lucy: Don't know about that.

Douglas: Why not! You'll need to learn if you're going to join. You'd enjoy it. I can see straight away you've got the perfect figure for playing.

Lucy: Have I? **(She looks at herself)**

Douglas: Oh yes, just perfect. I bet I could have you playing to a reasonable standard in no time.

Lucy: You're kidding me.

Douglas: No, seriously. Anyone can play golf. It's just a matter of learning the basics. Look, I could start right now. Put down that glass and show me your grip.

Lucy: **(Lucy puts her glass on the table)** My grip?

Douglas: If you want to play the game properly you've got to have a good grip. Let me see yours.

Lucy: I haven't got one.

Douglas: Yes, you have. If you've played even once you've got one. Here, use this. **(He takes down the old club from the wall)** Come and stand here.

(Douglas motions for Lucy to stand way from the tables)

Lucy: I don't know if I should.

Douglas: Come on Lucy. You don't mind if I call you Lucy, do you? You've got to start somewhere. The grip's important. You won't get anywhere without a good grip.

Lucy: Won't I?

Douglas: No, you won't. Your friend has probably got one already. Now, grab hold of that.

(Douglas offers the end of the club to Lucy. She takes it reluctantly.)

Douglas: Yes, well, you look like you're holding a large saucepan. Let me show you. You see, your hands must be linked together in some way.

(Douglas takes the club from her)

Douglas: Like this, or this.

(Douglas shows her)

Douglas: See where my thumb is? Now, you try.

(Douglas hands the club back to her and she holds it in the same way)

Douglas: You really haven't played much, have you?

Lucy: I only played the once.

Douglas: Look, maybe if I stand behind you, I can show you better where to put your hands. You want to learn, don't you?

Lucy: S'pose so.

(Douglas stands behind her and takes Lucy's hands)

Douglas: Now, grab the club with your left hand. You are right-handed, I presume? Oh, you have got soft hands, haven't you? What do you do for a living?

Lucy: I'm a receptionist down the health centre.

Douglas: How lovely! Do you mind? Now, put your right hand over like so, with your left thumb pointing down and your right wrapped on top of it, like so. Now, you see, your hands are working together. How does that feel?

Lucy: **(With a smirk)** Feels good!

(Geoffrey and Elaine enter from the foyer. Elaine is carrying brochures and paperwork)

Geoffrey: Douglas! What on earth's going on?

Douglas: I'm just giving her a bit of encouragement.

Lucy: He's just showing me his grip.

Elaine: I bet he is!

Geoffrey: Really Douglas! I suggest you unhand that young lady and get back to your shop. I think I saw some customers waiting outside.

Douglas: **(He unhands Lucy)** Customers?

Geoffrey: Yes, I'm sure I saw three or four.

Douglas: Come over the shop sometime, Lucy. I'll teach you some more.

Geoffrey: I think you've taught her quite enough for now Douglas! And, until she joins you know you are not allowed to give her lessons. Now, off with you, there's a good man.

Douglas: See you later, Lucy.

(Douglas exits towards the car park)

Geoffrey: Douglas can get a little over enthusiastic. He's.... **(hesitates)** What's that you've got in your hands, young lady?

Lucy: It's that stick thing. Dougie got it off that wall.

Geoffrey: Stick thing! That 4-iron belonged to Walter Brooke-Taylor....

Lucy: Wasn't he one of the Goodies?

Geoffrey: No, indeed he wasn't. He won the East Anglian Open in 1938. That's was his favourite club. He was our most famous member- practically a tour professional. People still talk about his swing.

Lucy: Do they? Sorry about that, I'll put it back.

(She puts it back the wrong way around. Geoffrey corrects it, lovingly).

Geoffrey: Now, I suggest you both go home and look at the brochure. If you still decide you'd like to join I will meet you here tomorrow at 10.00am. I've got a competition at 11 but there'll be time before that to go through more details. If you don't appear I'll know you've had second thoughts. How does that sound?

Elaine: **(She gets her mobile phone out of her bag)** I'd better just check I haven't got any appointments. **(She goes to ring)**

Geoffrey: Sorry, Dr. Kember, we don't allow mobiles in the clubhouse.

Elaine: **(Putting the phone back in her bag)** Oh, why is that then?

Geoffrey: I don't really know. It's a club rule.

Elaine: Oh well, I'll let you know if we can't make it.

Geoffrey: Fine. Then I'll bid you good morning, ladies.

Elaine: Come on, Lucy. Till tomorrow then.

(Geoffrey watches them go. Lucy turns around at the door)

Lucy: Sorry about the stick thing.

(Elaine and Lucy exit towards the car park. Geoffrey goes to the 4 iron and gives it another adjustment and stands back to check. Before long Hugh enters from the changing rooms)

Hugh: Have they gone?
Geoffrey: Just this minute.
Hugh: Well?
Geoffrey: Well what?
Hugh: Did you do as I told you?
Geoffrey: What?
Hugh: The joining fee, man!

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Geoffrey: Oh yes, I think they were quite shocked.
Hugh: But did it put them off?
Geoffrey: I'm not sure. One of them is a doctor, and with their salaries.....
Hugh: Geoffrey, I'm relying on you to do as we agreed.
Geoffrey: But Hugh, what if they're determined to join? I think that Dr. Kember is very keen.
Hugh: Doctor, eh? You know what they're like! Bound to be a troublemaker! I repeat, Geoffrey, you must find a way to put them off. Whatever it takes! We can't have women playing here! Look what's happened over at Five Beeches; it's infested with females! If we let those two in next thing you know we'll be overrun with them! It would be disastrous.
Geoffrey: But it might be a good thing in the long run.
Hugh: A good thing! A good thing! Do you realise what you're saying, man?
Geoffrey: But we're losing members. They're dying off! Why, only last week...
Hugh: Surely you must realise we'll lose a lot more members if women join. Most of them come here to get away from women. Why, you yourself...
Geoffrey: Yes, well.
Hugh: So, it is imperative that you put them off. Have you told them about the days they can play?
Geoffrey: They didn't like that.
Hugh: And the changing room – the portakabin? Have you told them there are no mirrors.
Geoffrey: Not yet.

Hugh: And the toilet facilities for ladies?

Geoffrey: What toilet facilities?

Hugh: Exactly! There's got to be something that will put them off, if it's not the money. If those two join it'll be the thin end of the wedge. I just know it! We'll be overrun with them I tell you. I'm relying on you, Geoffrey. The future of the club is in your hands. Don't forget! I'll speak to you later. I'm still trying to find that greenkeeper.

(Hugh exits towards the front entrance. Geoffrey is left looking worried. Lights fade)

Scene 2 -The Clubhouse Lounge-Tuesday morning

(Elaine and Lucy are standing waiting for Geoffrey. Elaine is carrying the application form and brochure she had been given the previous day. They are both studying the portraits on the wall)

Elaine: **(Looking at her watch)** He did say 10, didn't he?

Lucy: 'S'pose so.

Elaine: Just look at those dinosaurs! You can almost see them preening themselves.

Lucy: **(Pointing to one of the past captains)** Look at this one, Elaine! He looks like one of them muppets.

Elaine: Lucy! Someone will hear you!

Lucy: You sure about us joining, Elaine? I mean, they don't want us here, do they? You should have seen the look that man out there gave me.

Elaine: Who?

Lucy: The one we met in here yesterday. The one who thought we were scrubbers.

Elaine: You mean cleaners.

Lucy: I know what he meant! You didn't see the look he gave me!

Elaine: Anyway look, we've talked about this. I'm not only doing it for me, you do know that, don't you?

Lucy: Well, yes.

Elaine: It's important you get out of the house; do some socialising. You might meet someone else here.

Lucy: Don't think I fancy that. What with all them strange men....

Elaine: It won't do you any good sitting at home moping. You must forget about Jamie.

Lucy: Couldn't we do something else though?

Elaine: Like what?

Lucy: Well, go dancing or join an am-dram group.

Elaine: An am-dram group? I don't think so, Lucy. You know what they're like!

Lucy: But the money; it's a fair old amount.

Elaine: Did you see that Captain's face? He thought that would put us off.

Lucy: You're not kidding.

Elaine: Look, don't worry about the money. Remember, your dad said he would help you out.

Lucy: Did he?

Elaine: I'm sure he'd be more than happy to pay your fees.

Lucy: I s'pose he might do. When he's not in one of his grumpy moods.

Elaine: Anyway, that professional has already taken an interest in you, hasn't he? What's his name?

Lucy: Dougie – he wants to teach me to play.

Elaine: I bet he does!

Lucy: But he's lovely, Elaine. He really is!

Elaine: I know his sort. All hands! He's already showed you his grip, hasn't he? You need to watch him. Look, you wait here. I'll just see if I can find that Captain; make sure he gets this. **(She holds up a form)** Where's yours?

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Lucy: I left it at home.

Elaine: You can bring it in tomorrow. I won't be long.

(Elaine exits towards the office. Lucy looks aimlessly at the pictures of past captains on the wall. Lavinia enters. She is a woman in her fifties; a bleached blonde and heavily made up. She is dressed smartly and wearing high heels. She looks at her watch, sits down and starts doing her make-up. She is Hugh's partner)

Lavinia: **(Spotting Lucy)** Have you come about the cleaning job?

Lucy: No, we've come to join.

Lavinia: Join?

Lucy: To play golf. Are you here to join too?

Lavinia: Certainly not! I think you've been misled dear.

Lucy: Oh?

Lavinia: **(Pause)** Have you seen Hugh?

Lucy: Who?

Lavinia: Hugh; he's the vice- captain. He was here earlier.

Lucy: I don't think so.

Lavinia: **(Irritated)** That man is never here when you want him!

Lucy: Isn't he?

Lavinia: **(Pause)** And you are...

Lucy: Lucy Richards. I've come to join the golf club with my friend, Elaine.

Lavinia: I really think you're mistaken, my dear; they don't allow women to play here, you know.

Lucy: Oh, but that Geoffrey said.

Lavinia: Really? I don't think so.

Lucy: Yes, he said we could join if...

Lavinia: Are you referring to our captain, Colonel Geoffrey Granville -Barker?

Lucy: That's the one. We spoke to him yesterday.

Lavinia: My dear, I think you've been given the wrong information. This club has never allowed women as playing members and never will. I am a social member.

Lucy: But Dougie said he's going to give me lessons.

(Hugh enters from the car park)

Lavinia: Did he now? I really don't think so. Ah, Hugh, at last. Is this right? This young lady has been telling me she's joining the club and Douglas is going to give her lessons. I hope you and Geoffrey have not been misleading her.

Hugh: Certainly not! **(To Lucy)** I think you're getting ahead of yourself, Madam. Who told you that?

Lucy: The captain said...

Hugh: Well I am the vice-captain here. I think, my dear, you've been given the wrong information.

Lavinia: I should hope so! Whatever next! Well, come on Hugh. We're late.

(Lavinia takes Hugh's arm. They exit towards the car park. Lucy, looking crestfallen, looks at the portraits again. Elaine enters from the foyer. She's still holding her paperwork)

Elaine: He must be around somewhere. We'll wait.

Lucy: Elaine, look at this one. He's like that one out of the Adams Family.....

Elaine: Lucy, you must stop that! Someone will hear you. You'll get us thrown out before we've even joined!

Lucy: I don't care. That woman said they aren't going to let us join anyway.

Elaine: What woman?

Lucy: She's just left with that rude man we saw yesterday.

Elaine: Oh, her. I think I just passed her in the foyer. Bleached blonde, mutton dressed up as lamb?

Lucy: That's her. She said there's no way we could play golf here. Right old bag, if you ask me!

Elaine: Anyway, don't worry about her; it's the captain, Geoffrey, we're dealing with. He wants us to join. Ah, here he is now.

(Geoffrey enters from the foyer. He is dressed in golfing attire)

Geoffrey: Ah, welcome back, ladies. Sorry I'm late. I was unfortunately delayed at home. I hope you've been amusing yourselves.

Lucy: We've been looking at the dinosaurs.

Geoffrey: Pardon?

Elaine: We've been studying the past captains. **(She pointedly looks at one in particular)** That one looks like George Clooney, doesn't he? Such distinguished looking men. I expect your picture will be joining them one day.

Geoffrey: I would imagine so. Now, **(In a patronising manner)** how's Lucy this morning? Feeling better?

Lucy: I just met that woman; the one with the vice-captain. She told me we couldn't join.

Geoffrey: That would be Lavinia. I just passed her in the car park. I shouldn't worry about her. She can get a bit over excited at times. Please, take a seat.

(Lucy carefully picks out the chair she used yesterday. Geoffrey watches her with interest)

Geoffrey: Right, well let's get down to business. I hope you've had a chance to look at the brochure. And I've told you about the fees. Are you sure you'd like to continue with your application?

Elaine: Oh, yes, very much so.

Geoffrey: Really?

(Roger enters from the foyer. He is dressed in a smart suit)

Roger: Morning, everyone.

Geoffrey: Morning Roger. I didn't expect to see you here today. I thought it was one of your work days.

Roger: Oh, I've just got a team meeting later this morning.

(He makes himself a cup of coffee from the machine and then sits down)

- Geoffrey:** I see. Right, now, where were we? **(He looks at his notes)** Subs, joining fee, playing days; you were happy with those?
- Elaine:** It doesn't seem very fair.
- Geoffrey:** Oh?
- Elaine:** Us paying the same amount and getting half the playing time.
- Geoffrey:** That's the way it stands, I'm afraid.
- Elaine:** But I'm sure things could change as more women join.
- Geoffrey:** More women? Do you think so?
- Elaine:** Oh yes, a couple of my fellow doctors have already expressed an interest.
- Geoffrey:** Have they really? Well, anyway, let's get on to facilities. We'll organise a portakabin for the women to change in.

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- Elaine:** A portakabin?
- Lucy:** I'm not changing in no portakabin!
- Geoffrey:** Well, there's no room in the clubhouse, you see. It would only a temporary measure. You can use the disabled toilet if it's not being used. You
- Elaine:** What about facilities out on the course?
- Geoffrey:** Facilities?
- Elaine:** You know - facilities.
- Roger:** You'll have to go in the bushes, like the men!
- Geoffrey:** Thank you, Roger!
- Lucy:** I don't think I want to go in the bushes!
- Elaine:** I don't think he meant it, Lucy.
- Lucy:** I bet he did! I am definitely not going in no bushes. Not with all them strange men around!
- Geoffrey:** I don't think any of our members go in the bushes.
- Roger:** They've got to go somewhere, Captain!

Geoffrey: Yes, well; moving on. Next item; dress sense. Now, we adhere to a strict policy on dress for men and it would be the same for any woman who chose to join. **(He looks at his notes)** Now, I've studied other clubs with women members and it seems they generally allow skirts, shorts or skorts. No slacks.

Elaine: What are skorts?

Geoffrey: I really don't know.

Roger: They sound interesting though. **(He tastes his coffee, grimaces and goes and pours it back in the coffee machine and sits down again)**

Lucy: I'm not sure I fancy wearing them!

Geoffrey: Indeed. **(He reads on from his notes)** Now, it seems that shorts or skirts must not be above the knee and blouse necklines must be at an appropriate level.

Roger: We don't want to get the members over excited.

Geoffrey: And finally, proper golf shoes must be worn on the course.

Roger: No high heels!

Geoffrey: **(He puts his notes down on the table)** Yes, thank you Roger.

Elaine: Now, let's get this right. You're saying that we pay the same amount as the men, that we are allowed to play Wednesdays and Thursdays only and but not at weekends. Also, we have no real changing or toilet facilities and we have to show our legs.

Roger: Yes, only men wear the trousers.

Elaine: That sounds in keeping.

Geoffrey: Yes, well, I think that's enough information for now. There are other rules we could talk about at a tomorrow, if need be. **(He looks at his watch)** I'm sorry, ladies but I'm afraid I've got to go. I've got a match this morning, if you'll excuse me. **(He stands up and beckons Roger over to the bar)** Roger, there's something I need to talk to you about. Do you know someone has dumped an old banger round the back near the greenkeeper's hut? I'm hoping to get the scrap people to tow it away.

Roger: What do you want to that for Captain? It might belong to someone.

Geoffrey: I don't think so; none of our members would drive around in a car like that! It's bringing down the tone of the club. Some are bound to complain.

Roger: Why don't you let me deal with it? You've got enough on your plate Captain.

Geoffrey: Would you? **(He looks at his watch).** I'm expected on the first tee in five minutes. Ladies, perhaps we could meet again tomorrow, at the same time. I'll bid you good day. Oh, and please call me Geoffrey.

Elaine: **(Together)** Bye, Geoffrey.

Lucy: **(Together)** Bye Geoffrey.

(Geoffrey exits towards the changing room)

Roger: Well, what do you think then?

Elaine: He's doing a good job of trying to put us off.

Roger: What you don't know is they're being forced into it really. Letting women join, I mean.

Elaine: Forced?

Roger: They've been told they won't be able to host the county championships here unless they let women join.

Elaine: The county championships, here?

Roger: Yes, it's a great honour, as you can imagine, and worth a lot of money to the club.

Elaine: I see, and they need to have some of our lot to show they're all-inclusive.

Roger: That's right. It's a bit like Muirfield with the British Open some years ago. You know, up in Scotland. Their members voted against women finally joining after 150 years being all male and, as a result, they were banned from having the British Open played there.

Elaine: Really?

Roger: When they found out how many millions the golf club and the town were going to lose they decided to have another vote and, what do you know, they decided to let women in after all.

Elaine: So, it was the same here?

Roger: More or less. They were told to allow you lot to join or forget about hosting the county championships. It's worth a lot of money to the club.

Elaine: I see.

Roger: There's some who still wouldn't let you in, however much it cost the club. If they had their way they'd carry on as they've done for the last 100 years or more. Women are regarded by many here as a subspecies to be barely tolerated as long as they keep their place. They're particularly frightened of how you might spoil their cosy little sanctuary. If they had their way, they'd just get a token woman in, like the lady mayoress. Trouble is she hates golf. No, they're being forced to let in real women who want to play golf.

Elaine: I see.

Roger: And it's not only you lot. They try to price people out generally. It's a class thing. Their snobbery is a lot to do with insecurity about letting in people that aren't their own sort. They're quite happy with golf still being a sport for the semi elite; keeping out the riff-raff, as Hugh would put it. There's no way they can justify the huge joining fee but that's the way they've excluded people in the past. They've probably tried to do that with you. How much did they say again?

Elaine: £1,200 and a joining fee of the same amount.

Roger: That's a bit steep. It was only £1,000 last year.

Elaine: Anyhow, what do you think? I mean, about us joining.

Roger: I'm all for it. Do you know it gets a bit stifling – all men together. You'd be like a breath of fresh air.

(Freda Mullins enters from the car park. She is a middle-aged woman dressed in a summer coat. She is the club steward and cook. She is carrying a handbag and her overall)

Roger: Wouldn't they, Fred?

Freda: What?

(She puts her handbag and coat in the kitchen, puts on her overall and tidies up the bar)

Roger: These two. Be like a breath of fresh air if they joined, wouldn't it?

Freda: You're not kidding! I get fed up with the sight of the miserable lot they've got here.

Roger: This is Freda, by the way. She's the steward here. She does the cooking.

Freda: And the rest. They've got me doing the cleaning till they appoint someone. Anyway, what are you doing here **(To Roger)** 'Shouldn't you be at work?

Roger: I'm just on my way to a meeting. Anyway, this is Elaine and that one's Lucy. They want to play golf.

Freda: Pleased to meet you. **(She shakes hands)** You want to play golf with this dreary lot? You're brave! This is no place for women! I'm getting fed up with it, aren't I?

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Roger: She's fed up with it.

Elaine: Oh, why's that?

Freda: They treat me like a slave. Don't they Roger?

Roger: Treat her like a slave.

(Freda starts to straighten up the chairs and tidy up the tables. She disturbs Roger so he has to move to another seat)

Freda: See, they redid my contract at the beginning of the year and what did I tell them Roger?

Roger: She said she won't work Sundays.

Freda: And what did they go and ask me?

Roger: They asked her to do a Sunday lunch the week after next. The county dinner.

Freda: And what did I say?

Roger: She told them to stuff it!

Freda: No, I didn't! I just told them there was no way me and my Tracey; that's my girl, were coming in of a Sunday. They said it was a special 'cos they were having the county championship committee here and it would only be a one off. They only wanted me and Tracey to cook for sixty. Sixty, I ask you!

Elaine: You cook for sixty?

Freda: Sometimes more.

Elaine: Why do you do it?

Freda: Exactly! Why do I do it? To prove to myself, I can, I suppose. But I draw the line at coming in of a Sunday. My Fred expects his roast on the table at one. So I'm not doing it; I don't care what they offer me! **(pause)** Anyway, has he made you a coffee yet? He hasn't, has he?

Roger: I didn't want to go in your kitchen. I got one from the machine. Awful stuff!

Freda: Yes, well. I'll put the kettle on. I don't know why they put that machine in. Everybody hates it. Hardly gets used. **(She exits into the kitchen)**

Roger: She's a darling, our Freda. The place wouldn't run, without her. That lot don't appreciate her, though. She runs that kitchen single handed except when she gets her Tracey in for special do's.

(Freda enters from the kitchen with milk and sugar)

Freda: Have they met Hugh and Lavinia yet?

Elaine: I think she might have met Lavinia.

Lucy: A right old bag!

Roger: Lav can a bit sharp, can't she, Fred?

Freda: I think Lucy there got it right first time. She can be a right madam. She used to be a manager at that big department store in town. The one on the high street.

Elaine: Haskins.

Freda: That's it, Haskins. Well, she retired years ago but still goes in every week for her coffee and cake in the restaurant. I was in there once and saw her. She expects them to treat her like minor royalty, and they do, by all accounts. If they only knew how she got that position as manager of the ladies' fashion department.

Lucy: Go on, tell us.

Freda: I'd better not.

Elaine: So, they're not married then? Her and Hugh.

Freda: Oh no. Madam was married to the previous captain; the one before Geoffrey. Now what was his name?

Roger: Marmaduke.

Freda: That's it. Marmaduke.

Roger: That's him up there; to the right of the window; the one with the bow tie. **(He points to one of the portraits of previous captains)**

Freda: Tell them about Marmaduke. **(She exits into the kitchen)**

Roger: They used to call him the Duke. I can see him sitting there **(Points)**, dressed in his plus fours and bow tie, lording it over everyone. He was a right Tartar. Used to treat this place like his personal kingdom; ordering people about. Used to keep Lavinia well under control though. Still, it was a big surprise when he went.

Elaine: Went?

Roger: He disappeared suddenly last July. We couldn't believe it. Rumour was he'd run off with a woman from the village down the road.

Elaine: Really?

Roger: I think if I was married to Lavinia I'd have run off with a woman from the village down the road!

(Freda returns with the coffee on a tray)

Elaine: So Hugh's consoling her?

Roger: If that's what you call it. Lavinia always seems in a sour mood nowadays. She's always been a bit snappy but she seems worse the last month or two. Always on edge. She sees you two as a bit of a threat. She's used to being the only hen in the coop.

Elaine: But what about the other wives.

Roger: Hardly ever see them. You see, the men here like to keep up an image with their cronies; lord of the manor, sort of thing. They don't want their wives coming in, ruining their street cred, if you see what I mean.

Elaine: I'd have thought some of the men I've seen out there **(Indicating the golf course)** on the course haven't got too much in the way of street cred, as you put it. I mean some of the lurid clothing they wear. It they wore those colours in the high street they'd get laughed out of town.

Freda: You should hear some of them going on, boasting going on about what they've scored.

Roger: And the women they've been with.

Elaine: Really?

Freda: It's pathetic! Way they run on you'd think they've spent their lives brawling, womanising and drinking. Some of those broken-down old crocks; no woman would look at them. They live in a macho fantasy world, polishing their ridiculous male egos. You should see some of those vets, preening themselves in golf sweaters too small for them, bellies sticking out. One of them came on to my Tracey the other week- she gave him a slap to put him straight. Served him right – the old goat!

Roger: She's right! We've got more than our fair share of geriatrics at this club; I should think half of them have got piper alarms on their golf trolleys!

Freda: And reservations at Dignitas, I shouldn't wonder by the look of some of them!

Roger: Besides a lot of them are useless at the game. Hitting the ball all over the place. They spend more time in the woods than Ray Mears. I reckon half of them don't particularly like golf; they just like clubs, meeting their cronies three times a week over a beer. A gentlemen's club where golf just happens to be played.

Freda: I thought you said you were on your way to a meeting?

Roger: **(Looking at his watch)** Yes, you're right. I'd better go. See you all tomorrow, hopefully.

Elaine: Bye, Roger.

(Roger gulps down his coffee and exits towards the front door)

Elaine: So you cook for sixty in that little kitchen?

Freda: It was 70 the other week.

Elaine: I hope they pay you well.

Freda: Not much over minimum wage. And they expect me to be at their beck and call all the time, when they fancy a bacon butty.

Elaine: I expect they're used to their wives waiting on them hand and foot at home.

Freda: I heard one of them boasting that if he woke up at three in the morning and fancied a cheese sandwich his wife would go and make it.

Elaine: More fool her!

Lucy: My Jamie often wanted something at three in the morning!

Elaine: I don't think we'll go into that now, Lucy.

Freda: Makes me sick; the way they run on about being master of the house, ordering women about.

Elaine: They're living in the past.

Freda:

Well, they've gone and pushed me too far now. I practically live in this place six days a week but I don't care what they say - I'm not coming in of a Sunday!

(Lights fade)

Scene 3 - The following day

(Geoffrey is leaning on the bar in the middle of a phone conversation with his wife. Lavinia is sitting at a table reading a magazine. She is wearing a new dress. Freda is dusting)

Geoffrey: No, Dear, I'm sure you didn't leave it in the car... Well, I would have noticed it. I'm sure it's still in the house somewhere. But I am rather busy this morning. You see... No, Dear I won't be home for lunch. I'm sure it will turn up. Yes, I know it was your favourite. What's that?..... Alright, I'll go and look in the car again. Goodbye, Dear.

Freda: Was that your wife again, Captain?

Geoffrey: Who else?

Freda: She phoned earlier. I told her you were busy. What's wrong with the woman? Can't she do anything for herself? She's always on your case!

Geoffrey: Yes, well, I'd better go and look for it. Otherwise....Oh, by the way, those two prospective cleaners didn't turn up yesterday so I'd really appreciate it if you could carry on in the meantime, Freda.

Freda: Someone has to with the state this place gets into.

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(Geoffrey exits towards the car park. Freda deliberately cleans near Lavinia and disturbs her)

Lavinia: Do you have to do that now?

Freda: It's my job.

Lavinia: I thought you were kitchen staff.

Freda: Well, until that lot get off their backsides and appoint a cleaner this is my job as well.

(Freda moves on to another table. Lavinia looks disapprovingly and after a while runs her finger across a surface)

Lavinia: You've missed a bit.

Freda: **(Irritated)** Don't you go telling me how to do my job!

Lavinia: Well, it seems, someone ought to!

Freda: I don't need advice from you! When's the last time you did a bit of cleaning?

Lavinia: Well, if you *have* to do it, you might as well do it properly.

Freda: I don't know who you think you are! Coming in here putting on your airs and graces.

Lavinia: How dare you!

Freda: Airs and graces; like you do at Haskins in town.

Lavinia: What on earth do you mean, you stupid woman?

Freda: I've seen you in their restaurant, getting them to wait on you, like you were some minor royalty.

Lavinia: Perhaps you don't know I was the manager of ladies' fashions for many years.

Freda: Jumped up shop girl more like!

Lavinia: No, I most certainly was not!

Freda: Yes, you was until old Mr. Haskins took a fancy to you, so I heard!

Lavinia: **(She stands up and grabs her bag)** How dare you! Just you wait until I tell Hugh of your insolence. He won't stand for staff getting above themselves! You'll be sorry!

(Lavinia storms out towards the foyer. Freda laughs and carries on cleaning. She goes to the bit Lavinia pointed out and deliberately cleans it. She then exits into the kitchen. Lucy and Douglas enter from the foyer. Douglas is carrying a small bag)

Lucy: But why do you have to teach me here?

Douglas: Well, you see, I'm not supposed to be giving you lessons at all until you become a member. It's usually quiet here in the morning so we shouldn't be disturbed.

Lucy: What about if that vice-captain man comes along?

Douglas: What, old bighead? I don't take any notice of him! A bit too full of himself! He's always going on about being the best golfer in the club.

Lucy: What, can he beat you?

Douglas: I'd like to see him try! Anyhow let's get started. **(Freda enters from the kitchen carrying her coat and a shopping bag)** You don't mind, Freda?

Freda: You go ahead. I've got to get something down the greengrocers. Do what you like.

(They watch her go)

Douglas: Anyhow let's get started.

Lucy: I'll get that stick thing like we used last time. **(She goes to get the club off the wall)**

Douglas: No, don't do that! They don't like it. Look, I've brought something you can use in the meantime. **(He produces a short plastic club from his bag)**

Lucy: What's that?

Douglas: It's my training club. Now stand here. **(He gestures)** Do you remember the grip I showed you?

(Lucy carefully takes the club and grips it)

Douglas: That very good. You're obviously a quick learner. Now, the next thing is how you stand. It's called your posture. I want you to bend over from the hips, like so.

(She copies him)

Douglas: Then stick your bum out. Like this. That's it. Chin up. Now bend your knees. Lovely!

Lucy: I feel like a pregnant duck!

Douglas: Don't worry, it'll feel natural after a while. You look lovely. Now, if we just move your shoulders slightly **(He gently moves her shoulders)** Yes, that's good. Now I want you to..... hold on, there's someone coming! Quick, give me that! **(He takes the plastic club and hides it behind his back)**

(Hugh enters from the changing room. He is carrying a document)

Hugh: Have you seen Lavinia?

Douglas: You've just missed her. I just passed her by the front entrance. In a right huff, as usual!

Hugh: **(Looks suspiciously at them and tries to look behind Douglas' back)** Douglas, I hope you have not been giving unauthorised golf lessons? You know lessons are strictly only for members.

Douglas: Of course not. It's not allowed, is it?

Hugh: And what are you doing here anyway? Why aren't you over at the shop?

Douglas: I don't see how it's anything to do with you, how I run my business.

Hugh: May I remind you that you have a contract with the club to "run your business", as you put it, and it's up for renewal at the end of the summer.

Douglas: And until that time I'll run the shop my way!

Hugh: Well, I suggest you get back to *your* shop; there were a couple of members there waiting for lessons. You call yourself a professional golfer; from what I've seen I could beat you!

Douglas: That's what you think, is it? Well, if you're so sure why don't we have a small bet on it? Let's say £50 over 18 holes. Matchplay.

Hugh: Let's make it 100.

Douglas: Fine by me. Any time you like. You choose.

Hugh: Why not tomorrow afternoon? The first tee is free after four o'clock.

Douglas: Four it is! See you then. Come on Lucy. I'll show you my shop.

(Lucy and Douglas exit towards the foyer. Hugh sits down and starts reading his document. Before long Lavinia enters from the foyer)

Lavinia: I've been looking for you!

Hugh: I was in the changing room.

Lavinia: That kitchen woman has been rude to me again, Hugh.

Hugh: **(Distracted)** Freda.

Lavinia: That's her! You should have heard what she said to me!

Hugh: Oh?

Lavinia: Why can't you get rid of her?

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Hugh: Can't, darling. Need her in the kitchen right now.

Lavinia: **(Disgruntled)** Huh! **(After a pause)** You haven't even noticed my new dress!

Hugh: **(Looking up)** Of course I have. Very nice.

Lavinia: I got it from Haskins. Do you know I still get my staff discount? Well of course I deserve it, after all my years of service. It's just right for the county dinner, don't you think?

Hugh: **(Still distracted)** Hmm.

Lavinia: Hugh! Are you listening to me? I don't think you've heard a word I said!

Hugh: **(Looking up)** Of course, darling. It really is a lovely dress.

Lavinia: Why do we have to spend so much time in this dreary place? You promised me a long holiday. Have you forgotten?

Hugh: **(Distracted)** No, I haven't forgotten. As soon as I get this council housing contract we'll be off.

Lavinia: That's all you go on about these days - that silly contract!

Hugh: **(Looking up)** That silly contract, as you put it, makes the difference between us being able to lead a life of luxury and having to sell the house and the business.

Lavinia: But you promised me. You said we would be able to buy that villa and have a long break away from this awful place and put all that unfortunate business with Marmaduke behind us.

Hugh: Darling, just be patient for a little while longer. We're nearly there. Just a couple more weeks. Once the contract's signed, the world's our oyster. We can buy that

property abroad you've dreamed of. And at the end of the season we'll go for a long holiday. I promise.

Lavinia: End of the season! Why not now?

Hugh: But darling, there's important business I have to deal with. You do know there's the county championships next month apart from the other competitions. By the end of August the season will be virtually over.

Lavinia: Golf – I swear that's all you think about. I sometimes think you love golf more than me!

Hugh: How can say that, Lavinia? You know how much I care for you; how much I want to be with you.

Lavinia: I sometimes wonder.

Hugh: **(Looking around)** After what's happened we will always be together, won't we? You really are the love of my life. You do know that, darling, don't you?

Lavinia: Sometimes you can be so romantic, Hugh.

Hugh: Yes, well. Now why don't you walk down the road and get me a paper and one of those magazines you like. Go and show off your dress. You look gorgeous.

Lavinia: Do you really think so?

Hugh: Oh yes, just gorgeous! Now, I've got some important business with Geoffrey. I'll meet you back here later. OK?

(Hugh stands up, opens his wallet and hands her a five-pound note. She kisses him on the cheek. Lavinia exits towards the foyer. Geoffrey and Roger enter from the office. Geoffrey is reading a letter. He passes it to Roger who sits down near the bar and reads it. Hugh gestures for Geoffrey to come and sit with him in a corner of the room)

Geoffrey: Morning Hugh. I just saw Lavinia, looking pleased with herself. I'm glad you two are getting on so well. Marmaduke leaving her last year really shook her up, didn't it?

Hugh: Yes, well, it was quite a shock for her when he went. Do you know he'd been secretly seeing that woman for some time apparently?

Geoffrey: Have you seen any more of Marmaduke since he left?

Hugh: Remember I told you, I did see him once when we played that away match at High Oaks.

Geoffrey: That's right. You did, didn't you?

Hugh: You ever played there?

Geoffrey: No, it's a bit too far away for me.

Hugh: I gave him a piece of my mind in front of his cronies. He didn't like that. He's a member there you know. I even heard he'd already got himself elected onto the committee.

Geoffrey: He hasn't given up his golf then.

(Roger comes over, sits down and gives Geoffrey the letter)

Hugh: Last thing he'd give up. Even though he left in a rush he still took his clubs with him. I checked in his locker. Anyhow, look, Geoffrey, can we change the subject? Lavinia would be very upset if she knew we were even talking about him. You do know he treated her cruelly. The sooner they're divorced, the better. What's that you've got in your hand?

Geoffrey: Oh, yes, of course. This is a letter I've just received from the Great Snoring Gazette. **(He gives the letter to Hugh who reads it)** They want to do a photo-shoot here before the county dinner to publicise the championships. The thing is, as you can see, they want photos showing a selection of our members.

Hugh: Yes, I thought that might be the case.

Geoffrey: Well? What are we going to do? They want a photo to show the diverse nature of our membership. We've got to look like we've got some lady members. As you know, it's a prerequisite of hosting the county championships.

Hugh: Never mind that. **(He hands back the letter)** I know just how to deal with them. More importantly, have you done it?

Geoffrey: What?

Hugh: Those women, man! Have you put them off?

Geoffrey: I'm not sure.

Hugh: You're not sure! That is not good enough Geoffrey! I'm relying on you! Didn't you mention the portakabin and the toilet facilities?

Geoffrey: Yes, but, don't you see..... **(He closes his folder)**

Hugh: Women are very particular about their appearance. They won't accept bad facilities, particularly if we don't give them mirrors. Anyway, we don't want it to get that far. They must be stopped.

Geoffrey: But what if they persist?

Hugh: I don't think you fully realise the gravity of the situation, Geoffrey. This could be the end of the club as we know it. We'll lose half our members. I repeat they must be stopped!

Geoffrey: But what about the county championships? We've got to show them we're all inclusive. Otherwise they'll take it to some other club. It's worth a lot of money to us with the ticket sales and the grant from England Golf. And there's the photoshoot for the Gazette. We must be able to demonstrate a selection of our membership and at the moment we've only got men.

Roger: **(He comes over to sit by them)** What about if some dressed up as women. I know one or two who'd do it!

Geoffrey: I really don't think that's an option, Roger.

Hugh: As I said, I know just how to deal with those people. Look, it's simple. If we can just show them we're *intending* letting women in they'll be satisfied. A commitment, if you like. Leave it to me to deal with the Gazette. That doctor woman and her friend still have to be approved by committee, don't they?

Geoffrey: Well, yes.

Hugh: And by the time we have the committee meeting again the county championships will have come and gone. And then we can carry on as normal.

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Geoffrey: You mean prevent the ladies joining at all?

Hugh: Exactly!

Roger: I think we'll have to let them in sometime. We need their money.

Hugh: I don't think you've quite thought it through, Roger. Think of the members we'll lose if those women join. They come here to get away from them. I mean you do, don't you Geoffrey?

Geoffrey: Well...

Hugh: This has always been a man's club. Can you imagine having women here in the clubhouse and out on the course? Have you thought of the consequences? All that high-pitched chatter in the lounge and the delays on the course while they adjust their make-up.

Roger: Not to mention the high heels and the Chanel no.5 stinking out the clubhouse!

Hugh: Exactly!

Geoffrey: Now, I think you're exaggerating, Hugh!

Hugh: You think so? Before you know it, they'll want to change the decor, have flowers everywhere.

Roger: Smarten us up.

Hugh: Exactly! They'll want to organise us in ways you couldn't imagine.

Roger: **(Warming to the idea)** Think of the things we won't be able to talk about in ladies' company.

Geoffrey: What things?

Roger: Well, like business.

Hugh: Politics.

Roger: Women!

Hugh: You won't be able to boast about your score.

Roger: Hugh won't be able to tell sexist jokes!

Hugh: I don't tell sexist jokes!

Roger: Yes, you do! What about when you gave that speech at the Christmas do? How'd it go? A woman walks into a bar and...

Hugh: Yes, thank you Roger. I didn't see the harm in that; we were all men together, after all. Look at all the fun we have ribbing each other. You put just one woman in the room; well, it sours the atmosphere. Before you know it, we're being reproached for something or other that we didn't know we'd done in the first place!

Roger: That's true! The Captain knows all about that!

Geoffrey: Yes, well.

Hugh: **(He gets up and goes to look out of the window towards the 17th green)** I'm counting on the support of both of you over this. We men must unite to stop them. It'll be a disaster, I tell you.

Geoffrey: But what if they put up with all the obstacles and still join because they think they can change things when they are members?

Hugh: **(Turning back towards them)** That's exactly it, isn't it? They'd only be here five minutes and they'd want to change us. We wouldn't be able to speak freely, dress as we like, drink as much as we like.

Roger: Swear.

Hugh: Women! They just don't understand the glory of golf; the true sport of kings. To them it's just a lot of silly men standing in a field waving sticks around their heads to no real purpose.

Roger: That seems to describe some of our members!

Geoffrey: But Dr. Kember is not like that; she obviously loves the game. Do you know she told me she's an eight-handicapper.

Hugh: Really?

Geoffrey: Yes, she told me her first husband taught her to play.

Hugh: **(He looks out of the window again)** All the more reason for excluding her; she'll show up some of the men. They wouldn't stand being beaten by a woman.

Geoffrey: But if we restricted them.

Hugh: You think you could control them. You can't even control your own wife! Can you imagine her here, Geoffrey, in the clubhouse every day, keeping an eye on you? She'd make your life hell!

Geoffrey: Doesn't bear thinking about!

Roger: It's all very well you going on about his wife but what about your Lavinia?

Hugh: That's different; she does as I tell her!

Roger: Really?

Hugh: And besides, she doesn't want to play golf. She hates it.

Geoffrey: But how are we going to stop them eventually if they're not put off by the subs, the facilities etc.

Hugh: **(He sits down again)** Well then we must think of something else. We must make them feel they would not be welcome here. You must make them feel it's not worth the trouble.

Geoffrey: But I don't think I can do that.

Hugh: Well, if you won't, I will. I've got a few more ideas how to put them off. And don't forget, in the end they still have to be adopted by the committee and only we can decide when to have that meeting. They must be stopped. I'm relying on you, Geoffrey! You're in charge.

Roger: **(Sarcastically)** Yes, you're in charge, Captain! **(Hugh gets up and goes to look out of the window again)** Hugh, what are you doing?

Hugh: I'm keeping an eye on that footpath.

Roger: There's nothing you can do about it.

Hugh: Well, I think there is! Anyhow, I thought you had a meeting to go to this afternoon.

Roger: **(Looking at his watch).** That's not 'til much later.

Hugh: I trust I can rely on your support over our present situation, Roger!

Roger: I'm right behind you, Hugh.

Hugh: I'd prefer you in front of me, where I can see you!

Geoffrey: Hugh, I think you've overlooked something important.

Hugh: Oh, what's that?

Geoffrey: The photoshoot with the Gazette. They want to hold it before the county dinner on Sunday week. The county committee will all be there.

Hugh: I was aware of that, Geoffrey! I told you I know just how to deal with the Gazette and their photoshoot.

Geoffrey: Oh really? Well, they've suggested we have a selection of members present showing everyone is welcome here, and that includes women! If we haven't got any...

Hugh: Geoffrey, do you take for a complete idiot? As I said, I have thought of that! That's where the Lady Mayoress and Lavinia come in.

Geoffrey: The Lady Mayoress, Lavinia?

Hugh: We'll get them to dress up as golfers just for the occasion. The Gazette wouldn't know and the county committee will see we have women members. Then we needn't allow those other two to join after all.

Geoffrey: You think they'd do it?

Hugh: Oh yes. Lavinia loves dressing up and the Lady Mayoress; well, let's just say she'll do anything to get in the papers. We just have to pass them off as golfers.

Roger: Do you think that's a good idea? I mean, Lavinia knows nothing about golf. What if they ask her questions?

Hugh: As long as we can instruct her how to hold a golf club, we can get away with it. Anyway, I'll teach her something about the game.

Roger: I can't see that working.

Hugh: But of course it will! It has to! These are desperate times! We must take positive action.

(Freda enters from the car park. She is carrying a basket of vegetables and her overalls. Hugh stands up)

Hugh: Ah Freda, I want a word with you.

Freda: It'll have to wait till after lunch; I'm busy.

Hugh: Well I am afraid it can't wait! I understand you've been rude to Lavinia again. The captain has warned you about your conduct in the past, haven't you Geoffrey?

Geoffrey: Have I?

Freda: Well, she started it!

Hugh: And also, while you're here, we must insist that you and Tracey cook that meal for the county committee on Sunday week. Mustn't we, Geoffrey?

Geoffrey: Must we?

Hugh: Yes, might I remind you that it's part of your job description!

Freda: Oh really?

Hugh: Yes, so we must insist you work that Sunday. You can't pick and choose when you work. It's part of your duty.

Freda: And what about my Fred's Sunday lunch?

Hugh: What's that got to do with it?

Freda: It's part of my duty as his wife to have his roast and two veg on the table of a Sunday. He expects it at one o'clock sharp.

Hugh: Now you're being ridiculous!

Freda: No, I'm not! I can't be in two places at one time, can I? If I'm here cooking for your cronies which one of you is going to cook my Fred's dinner?

Hugh: Well, really!

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Freda: Well, who's going to do it? You? Or you? **(She points at two of the men)**

Roger: Don't look at me!

Freda: Well? Who is? One o'clock he wants it on that table! Roast and two veg.

Hugh: I really have no interest in your petty domestic arrangements. But we must insist that you fulfil the terms of your contract and work that Sunday!

Freda: Oh, you do, do you? Well, you know what you can do with your contract and your precious meal! Cook it yourself!

(She slams down the basket of vegetables, throws her overall at Hugh and storms out. Freda exits towards the front door. Geoffrey follows her to the exit to the foyer)

Geoffrey: Please Freda, come back!

Roger: You handled that well, Hugh.

Hugh: Shut up, Roger!

(Lights fade)

End of Act 1

Act 2

Scene 1 – The Clubhouse Lounge – Thursday morning

(Douglas and Lucy enter from the front door. Douglas is carrying a golf score card. Roger is sitting at a table studying a bit of paperwork. Douglas and Lucy sit down at another table in the corner. Douglas puts a box of golf balls and a scorecard on the table)

Lucy: But what about if they don't let us join?

Douglas: They'll have to. They need to show they've got women members and you're the only two that have applied to join. And there's nothing Hugh can do about it.

Lucy: When are you playing him?

Douglas: This afternoon.

Lucy: Can I watch?

Douglas: You can carry my clubs, if you like. Look, let's forget about old bighead shall we? I thought you wanted to learn some more about the game.

Lucy: I do. I really do. (**Picking up a golf ball and studying it**) It's just that I don't understand why the ball is so small? If you had a bigger one it'd be easier to hit wouldn't it?

Douglas: But it's not like that. It needs to be that size.

Lucy: What, so it'll go in the hole?

Douglas: Well...

Lucy: Why don't they just make the hole bigger?

Douglas: That's just the way it is. If you want to play the game you just have to accept it. You want to play, don't you?

Lucy: S'pose so.

Douglas: I know that if you're new to the game some things do sound a bit strange, but you just have to learn about them Lucy, see? Now, for instance, this is the club score card. You need to know about this before you play.

Lucy: Do I?

Douglas: Yes, you do. Now, you remember what I said about how you score in golf.

Lucy: All I remember is that if you take the normal number of shots to get the ball in the hole it's called a par.

Douglas: Good. Par. That's right. Now, look at this hole, the third. (**He points on the card**) It's a par five. Now if, say, on this hole you took five shots to get the ball in the hole, that's a par. OK? Now if you took four shots, that is, one less than normal or par, that's called a birdie.

Lucy: A birdie?

Douglas: Yes. That's right, birdie. One less than par. Now, if you were to score a three on that hole, two shots less than par, it would be called an eagle.

Lucy: So that's a birdie too.

Douglas: No, that's an eagle.

Lucy: But an eagle is a birdie!

Douglas: No, you don't understand. A birdie is a birdie and an eagle is an eagle.

Lucy: **(Puzzled)** Hmm. Right. But what about if you scored three shots less than par on that hole?

Douglas: That would be called an albatross.

Lucy: But surely that's another.....

Douglas: **(Exasperated)** I know where you're going Lucy. If you didn't look so sweet and innocent I'd believe you were making fun of me!

Lucy: No, I'm not. Honest!

Douglas: Anyhow, look, I'd better get back to the shop. Perhaps Roger will give you some more details.

Roger: Good luck this afternoon, Dougie, against Hugh.

Douglas: Thanks.

Roger: Watch out because I've heard a couple of people say he cheats.

Douglas: Oh, how?

Roger: You know the extra couple of balls up his trouser leg trick.

Douglas: Oh yeah?

Lucy: **(Mystified)** He keeps a couple of balls up his trouser leg?

Douglas: I'll let Roger explain that one! I'll see you at one o'clock. Ok Lucy. Don't forget.

(Douglas exits towards the front door. He takes the box of golf balls with him)

Lucy: I'll be there. Bye, Dougie.

Roger: **(Standing up to demonstrate)** Well, it's like this Lucy; you see, he's got a special pair of trousers and he gets the balls and...

(Geoffrey enters from the changing rooms)

Roger: Captain, tell her about Hugh's special trousers.

Geoffrey: Hugh's trousers? I don't know what you mean.

Roger: Anyway, it's a pity Hugh had to wind up Freda. We're going to miss her.

Geoffrey: Someone's got to cook for the county dinner. I don't know what we're going to do!
(**Turning to Lucy**) I don't suppose you'd consider...

Lucy: I'm not doing no cooking for you lot!

(**Hugh enters from the foyer**)

Hugh: What's she doing here? (**Referring to Lucy**)

Lucy: It's alright, keep your hair on, I'm going!

(**They watch as Lucy flounces out**)

Hugh: Now Geoffrey, what have you done about replacing Freda?

Geoffrey: We've just been talking about that. I've tried all the agencies; I can't get anyone at such short notice. I wish you'd let me deal with her.

Hugh: Someone had to put her in place. She was getting above herself. You can't let the likes of her rule the roost! You're too soft.

Geoffrey: But now we have no-one to cook for the county dinner.

Roger: Yes, you've done it now, Hugh. We'll have to send out for fish and chips that Sunday.

Hugh: Don't be ridiculous Roger!

(**Roger goes over to the coffee machine**)

Roger: And I suppose we'll have to start drinking this awful coffee again.

(**He starts to pour a coffee and looks out of the window**)

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Wait a minute! You should see this! Hugh, remember you going on about the footpath yesterday. Well, there are people down by the seventeenth green. You're not going to like it!

(**Hugh goes over to the window. Geoffrey remains seated**)

Hugh: He's right! It's that metal detector lot!

Roger: Detectorists.

Hugh: I thought this would happen. They're down by the seventeenth green poking about with their infernal machines. There must be four of them.

Geoffrey: But we can't stop them; it's the law now. They have the right to roam and use their metal detectors on the new footpath.

Hugh: Yes, but not the right to use them all over the place. If they don't keep to the footpath they'll be trespassing. Before you know it they'll be all over the course like ants. Why they ever passed that law I don't know! It's an outrage! An affront to private property! If you don't do anything, Geoffrey, I will! I'm not having it, I tell you!

Geoffrey: Calm down, Hugh. I'm sure we can resolve it peacefully.

Hugh: Oh no! What did I tell you! A couple of them have just gone onto the seventeenth green in their boots! They'll damage it! We must act now, before it's too late! Geoffrey, I want you to come with me down there to see if we can't move the footpath signs.

Geoffrey: We can't do that!

Hugh: We must do something. They'll damage the green! I'll not have it, I tell you!

Geoffrey: But I have to be here. The ladies will arrive soon.

Hugh: I'm surprised at you Geoffrey! This is more important right now! Our club is being violated. Well, you might not care but I can't sit back and let it happen. I shall go in one of those golf karts. It'll be quicker.

(Hugh exits towards the changing room)

Roger: There's going to be trouble Captain; I should keep out of it if I were you. That man's out of control!

Geoffrey: I think you're right. Do you think we ought to do something though?

Roger: No I don't! Besides, I've got a meeting this morning.

Geoffrey: **(Looking out of the window with Roger)** I do hope Hugh is careful driving that thing. They're not meant to go that fast.

Roger: He thinks he's in his Jag.

Geoffrey: I do wish he'd mind his own business.

Roger: Talking of business; you do know his company is in trouble don't you?

Geoffrey: What, his building company? I find that hard to believe.

Roger: Freda told me. She overheard him telling Lavinia about it the other day.

Roger: They're not getting the orders in, you see. If he doesn't get that contract for the new council houses they're planning by the river, he's in trouble. It's between him and one other company so I heard, but keep it yourself, OK?

Geoffrey: Talking of business, where's your beamer, Roger, I couldn't see it in the car park earlier?

Roger: **(Coming away from the window and sitting down)** No, it's in for repair.

Geoffrey: That reminds me. **(He gets up and goes over to the window)** You know that old banger you got towed away yesterday? Well, it's appeared again just down the road. You can see it from here. I thought you got the scrap people to tow it away.

Roger: I didn't you see; because it's my car!

Geoffrey: Surely the repair garage would have given you something better to drive around in.

Roger: Well it's not like that; you see.....

Geoffrey: **(Looking towards the seventeenth green)** Oh no, I was afraid this would happen! I think there's going to be an incident. Hugh seems to have started some sort of fight. I'd better go and see if I can calm him down! Will you keep an eye out for the ladies?

(Geoffrey exits into the changing room. Roger gets up and looks out of the window. Elaine enters from the foyer)

Elaine: Hello again. Is the Captain around?

Roger: You've just missed him. He's just gone down to the seventeenth green with Hugh. They think those detectorists are trespassing and have gone off the footpath.

Elaine: Oh dear, my Brian is down there this morning, doing his metal detecting. He won't take kindly to being interrupted. He's got a bit of a temper, my husband.

(Lavinia enters from the foyer, looking for Hugh. She is carrying a paper and a magazine)

Roger: Morning Lav!

Lavinia: Don't call me that!

Roger: Sorry, Lavinia. What can we do for you?

Lavinia: I'm looking for Hugh. He promised to meet me back here.

Roger: You've just missed him. He's gone off with Geoffrey to sort out some trespassers.

Lavinia: Well, really! That man is never here when you want him. And, come to that, what are you doing here still? **(Referring to Elaine)** I don't think you understand. The men here will never accept you as playing members, you know. I'd have thought you'd have got the message by now.

Elaine: Well, I don't accept that. This is the 21st century after all.

Lavinia: And some things, my dear, are never going to change. As I said to your friend, they're never going to let you in. This is a man's club. I only come here because of Hugh. And besides, what do you want to play golf for? It's a man's game. Surely you can find more womanly things to pass your time.

Elaine: What you mean like embroidery or cake decorating?

Lavinia: Now you're being facetious. Why can't you just be happy with a woman's place in the world? Women have so much now; so many opportunities that we once didn't have. I mean, they've even let you be a doctor.

Elaine: So kind of them!

Lavinia: Look at all the freedoms we women have got in the last 100 years.

Elaine: And they weren't given out of the goodness of men's hearts. We've had to fight them every inch of the way! Have you considered.....

Lavinia: Oh, don't go on! Your sort can never be happy, can you? You're always wanting more. You give women a bad name!

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Roger: Never should have given them the vote, eh, Lavinia? Upstart little madams!

Lavinia: And you're just as bad; encouraging them. They're just not wanted here. Surely you can see that! Why can't you just leave the men to enjoy themselves in peace?

Elaine: We mustn't upset the little darlings, must we?

Lavinia: You just wait and see. I do not expect to meet you here again. Roger, tell Hugh I'll be out in the car.

(Lavinia exits towards the foyer. Lucy enters from the foyer. Lavinia scowls at her)

Elaine: "Giving women a bad name". Did she really say that?

Hello Lucy, where have you been?

Lucy: I just wandered down the road. There seemed to some sort of fight going on down by the woods. That Hugh was shouting at your husband.

Roger: **(Looking at his watch)** Look, I'm off to get a paper. I can hear Hugh coming back. I'd better get going. He doesn't sound too pleased.

(Roger exits towards the foyer)

Elaine: Oh, dear, I hope he's not tried to confront Brian. He just won't back down in a fight.

(Hugh and Geoffrey enter from the changing room. Hugh has a handkerchief over his bloody nose)

Hugh: Well, really, Geoffrey, I think you could have backed me up!

Geoffrey: But you shouldn't have sworn at him. If you'd have let me handle it...

Hugh: But the man's a lunatic. Tried to wrap his metal detector thing round my neck. Lucky I ducked! Then the crazy idiot punched me on the nose! It was outrageous! Did you take his name, Geoffrey? I most certainly will sue. Red headed man with a beard.

Elaine: That'll be my husband, Brian.... he doesn't take kindly to being sworn at; got a bit of a temper, I'm afraid.

Hugh: Your husband! Well, I suggest, madam, you try and keep control of him. He's a lunatic. He hasn't heard the last of this. I will put it in the hands of my solicitor. To think.... anyhow, what are you two doing here still? You're not wanted here. Haven't you got the message yet?

Geoffrey: I'll just go and get the first aid box.

(Geoffrey exits to the office)

Elaine: Anyway, I don't think it's up to you.

Lucy: No, you're not in charge!

Hugh: Look madam, how can I put this in plain English. This club will never accept lady members playing golf. The men won't accept it. I don't know why you persist. You would only be ostracised. You'll have no facilities. You'll have no playing time. You'll soon get fed up with it.

Elaine: Even so, we still want to join. Don't we Lucy?

Lucy: My dad's going to pay for me.

Hugh: What is it with you lot? Why can't you accept there are certain things that are just not for you? This is our club and you're not wanted here. So why don't you take yourselves and your crazy husband back to town and leave us alone. It's still a man's world here and there's nothing you can do to change it.

Elaine: Well, we'll see about that. I don't want to disturb your pathetic, cosy, little world, for heaven's sake! I just want to play golf.

Hugh: Well, why don't you go and play somewhere else and leave us alone!

(Geoffrey returns from the foyer)

Geoffrey: Oh, I'm glad to see you're getting on so well. **(He puts down the first aid box and opens it).** We've only got small plasters in here. I suggest you go down the hospital to check it's not broken.

Lucy: I bet it is!

Elaine: Anyway I'm a doctor. I can tell you.

Hugh: There really is no need.

Geoffrey: Come on Hugh. Let Dr. Kember have a look....

(Geoffrey shepherds him towards Elaine. Hugh reluctantly lets her. He cries in pain as she treats his nose roughly)

Hugh: Owwww! That hurt!

Elaine: It's alright, it's not broken. What a fuss! I do hope my Brian hasn't hurt his hand punching you on the nose.

Hugh: Well, really!

Geoffrey: Come on, Hugh, there are some bigger plasters in the changing room.

Elaine: Oh, and Lavinia's looking for you. She's out in your car.

Hugh: Oh no, that's all I want.

(Hugh and Geoffrey exit into the changing room)

Lucy: Cor, he's got a right strop on, hasn't he? Are you sure about this Elaine?

Elaine: I am, even if it's just to annoy that awful man! Well he's not going to get the better of us. You still want to join, don't you?

Lucy: Spose so.

(Lights fade)

Scene 2 The Clubhouse Lounge – a short time later

(Hugh is dabbing his nose with his handkerchief. Lavinia is seated attending to her make-up. Geoffrey is seated, in golf attire, studying his diary)

Lavinia: Really Hugh! You really do get in some scrapes. How was it you managed to injure yourself this time?

Hugh: It was that doctor woman's husband. He punched me on the nose!

Geoffrey: You did tell him what to do with his metal detector!

Lavinia: So, it was her husband, was it? It just goes to show what sort of people they are. Not our sort at all. I hope you're not even thinking of letting those awful women join, Geoffrey. They're so rude, especially that doctor one; I don't know what's happened to her bedside manner. Do you know I overheard them talking about us? One of them called me an old bag!

Geoffrey: You have been provoking them.

Lavinia: Nonsense. And as for that other one; what is she, a nurse?

Geoffrey: I think you'll find she's a receptionist at the health centre.

Lavinia: Well, whatever she is. You should see the way she's swans around Douglas. You're surely not going to let her join.

Hugh: I don't think you need to worry, dear. We've thought of a way of stopping them joining at all. We just need a little help from you.

Lavinia: Me?

Geoffrey: And the Lady Mayoress.

Hugh: Yes, you see, we're having a photoshoot before the county dinner with the local Gazette to publicise the county championships coming here. They want photos of some of us in front of the clubhouse, including some women members.

Lavinia: But why do you need me?

Hugh: Don't you see dear, unless we can show that we're letting women join as playing members they won't allow the championships to be played here. They're very keen on diversity, you see.

Lavinia: So?

Hugh: The thing is it's worth a lot of money to us; money the club needs desperately. And we might not need to let that doctor and that other one join.

Lavinia: I'd do anything to stop them coming here. That doctor is so rude!

Hugh: And we will stop them as long as we can present you two as prospective lady members at the photoshoot. You will represent our diversity.

Lavinia: Will I?

Hugh: We could say you are the first two women to join our club.

Lavinia: (**Closing her make-up mirror**) And will I get my picture in the papers?

Hugh: On the front page, I shouldn't doubt. You'll be the centre of attention.

Lavinia: But I don't have to play golf?

Hugh: No, you just have to know something about the game and hold a club the right way up.

Lavinia: You could teach me.

Hugh: Exactly! That's the plan. Oh, and you have to wear golf attire.

Lavinia: Can't I wear one of my dresses?

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Hugh: You've got some lovely dresses, dear. But no, you have to look like a golfer.

Lavinia: But I haven't got anything.

Hugh: I'll buy you some. You see I know Douglas has jumped the gun about women joining and already has a very attractive range; you'll look fantastic. I've always said you've got wonderful legs, Haven't I Geoffrey?

Geoffrey: Well...

Lavinia: And I'll feature on the front page?

Hugh: I'll make sure of it. I know the editor. We can then stop those two women joining. You can choose your own colours. No expense spared. You'll look fantastic! Go on, you go ahead and buy a full outfit. I'll meet you over there. (**Lavinia clasps her hands in excitement**)

(**Lavinia hugs Hugh and exits towards the foyer. Roger enters from the foyer carrying a paper**)

Roger: I just passed Lavinia out in the Foyer. She looks like the cat that's got the cream. What is she up to?

Geoffrey: She's just going to help us with the photoshoot. In an informal way, you understand.

Roger: You're not seriously going to try to pass her off as a golfer!

Hugh: And why not? If it stops those women joining!

Roger: She doesn't even look remotely like a golfer. She'll insist on wearing her high heels for starters!

Hugh: It's all very well for you to carp but, at times like this we need to take positive action to save the club. I told you I knew what to do!

Roger: And you're going along with this farce, Captain?

Hugh: Geoffrey knows I am right. It just remains for him to tell Dr. Kember that we can't entertain her application at present.

Geoffrey: Me?

Hugh: You are in charge, Geoffrey.

Roger: Yes, you're in charge!

Hugh: If it was left to the likes of you Roger this club would be on its knees.

Roger: You'll never get away with it!

Hugh: There comes a time when decisive action is the only way! How else do you think I've succeeded in business?

Roger: That's not what I've heard.

Hugh: What do you mean?

Roger: Oh nothing.

Hugh: I am trusting in the full support of both of you with this.

Roger: We're right behind you Hugh! Aren't we Captain?

Hugh: Yes well, I'm going over to keep an eye on Lavinia; she can be rather excessive where clothes are concerned.

(Hugh exits towards the foyer)

Roger: I don't believe that man!

Geoffrey: You know what he's like. If it was just up to me...but he says he's got the support of most of the members.

Roger: Well he hasn't got my support.

Geoffrey: I don't think I can stop him now!

Roger: He's getting out of control!

Geoffrey: I'd rather not think about it right now. Changing the subject, what was that you were going to tell me about your car earlier?

Roger: Well, it's just that I haven't been totally truthful with you recently Captain. You see, I lost my job a couple of weeks ago and they took my BMW away. My redundancy doesn't come through for a few weeks and things have been tight so I just bought that

old car to tide me over. I couldn't bring myself to tell the wife so I've been telling her the same story I told you.

Geoffrey: I see.

Roger: She's so used to the money coming in and I'd hate to tell her we'd have to cut back until my redundancy comes through. So I've been going off in the morning in my suit and spending most of my day here, playing the odd round, and going home at my normal time as if I'd just finished work.

Geoffrey: But surely she'd find out...

Roger: I'm hoping I'll get another job by then.

Geoffrey: Talking of jobs, what are we going to do about replacing Freda? Things look desperate.

Roger: Now, I might be able to help you there, Captain.

Geoffrey: Oh?

Roger: You see, I phoned her this morning after she'd cooled down. She told me she loves working here and is prepared to come back under certain conditions.

Geoffrey: I do wish she would. We're never going to replace her!

Roger: You're right there. Anyhow, her conditions for coming back are she wants a ten per cent increase in wages, smart black uniforms for herself and Tracey and free membership of the golf club.

Geoffrey: I don't think that's going to happen now and, besides, she doesn't play golf!

Roger: She wants to learn.

Geoffrey: Really?

Roger: And if you agree she says she will do the county dinner on that Sunday strictly as a one off favour to you. Her Fred has agreed to go down the pub just for that day.

Geoffrey: In that case I suppose we'd better agree. We must do something. These are desperate times. Oh dear, this is all a bit too much! **(He finishes his drink)**

Roger: Don't worry, Captain. I'm sure it'll all work out.

(Elaine enters from the foyer)

Elaine: Ah, Geoffrey, I'm glad I caught you. I wanted to speak to you.

Geoffrey: Ah, good morning, Dr. Kember. I'm afraid I'm a bit pushed for time. Where is your friend?

Elaine: Please, call me Elaine. Lucy's buying a blouse over at the pro shop.

Geoffrey: Oh dear, I think Lavinia's over there as well. Buying a blouse you say? That's a pity.

Elaine: Why?

Roger: He thinks she might be wasting her money. Isn't that right Captain?

Elaine: Oh, I see, it's like that, is it? And there's me thinking all along you wanted us to join.

Geoffrey: It's not quite like that, Dr. Kember, I mean, Elaine. It's just that there are club rules and ways of doing things.

Elaine: But surely rules are there to be changed.

Geoffrey: What you must understand is that this club is like an ocean liner. It takes a long time to turn around; it's been heading one way for so long.

Elaine: From what I hear it's liable to run aground sometime soon.

Geoffrey: I think the real danger is that most of the crew will abandon ship if we turn too quickly.

Elaine: From what I recall it's the rats that leave the ship first.

Geoffrey: Maybe so.

Elaine: Perhaps you'd be better off without them!

Roger: I think at the present time he would prefer to keep his rats; isn't that right, Captain?

Elaine: And I thought at least we'd get some encouragement from you, Geoffrey. You really disappoint me!

Geoffrey: I'm sorry you feel that way but, as captain, I have to follow rules and procedures. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got a match to play.

(Geoffrey exits towards the changing room)

Elaine: I suppose you're in on this charade as well!

Roger: Me? I have to live with this lot. It's a man's world here. If you ask me it'd be a good idea; you lot coming in. It'd save the club. It's been going downhill for years. They're living on this elitist fantasy that doesn't work anymore. They've tried all sorts of offers to get new male members but it hasn't worked. Many men are put off by the snobby atmosphere. Our members are dying off. It's either youngsters or women; otherwise this club will fold up. Most young people can't even afford to move out of their parent's house, let alone afford to join a golf club. Geoffrey knows the score but there are others; well, let's say they'd rather die than let women in. You do know what golf always used to stand for, don't you?

Elaine: No.

Roger: Gentlemen only, ladies forbidden!

Elaine: And some of them still think that way.

Roger: Anyhow, I'm going to get out of this suit. See you later.

(Roger exits to the changing room. Lucy enters from the foyer)

Lucy: What do you think, Elaine? What's wrong? You look upset. **(She is wearing the golf blouse and holding a bag)**

Elaine: It looks very good on you, Lucy. It's just that...

(Hugh enters briskly from the foyer. He is wearing golf attire)

Hugh: Oh, you're not still here, are you?

Elaine: We came to see Geoffrey:

Hugh: Oh, it's Geoffrey, is it? Well Geoffrey is unavailable – he's probably out on the course somewhere. **(Sees Lucy)** What is she doing, dressed like that? She's wasting her money. Hasn't anyone told her?

Lucy: I can dress how I like. It's none of your business!

Hugh: Well, the Captain has asked me to inform you of our deliberations over your request to become playing members. I regret to say that due to present difficulties we cannot entertain your applications in the near future. Any funds you've already paid will, of course, be reimbursed.

Lucy: What did he say?

Elaine: He said that we're not allowed to play golf here after all.

Lucy: But I just bought all this stuff! Cost me a packet!

Hugh: So, there you are. What do you think of that?

Elaine: What do I think? I think it's outrageous! That you lot are so scared of women you have to exclude them. We really can't win, can we? We can't do anything which intrudes on your cosy, small minded, little world.

Hugh: I'm afraid that's how it stands so you might as well accept it.

Elaine: We could legally appeal, you know.

Hugh: I think you're getting a little carried away, Mrs. Kember.

Elaine: Oh, you do, do you?

Hugh: I think you'll find we are perfectly within our rights at present. So, I'd strongly discourage you from taking it further.

Lucy: Aww, I was looking forward to having lessons from Dougie.

Hugh: Sorry to disappoint you but I'm afraid under club rules only full members are allowed golf lessons from our professional. Social members are precluded from such facilities. Of course, you could go down the public driving range. They'll teach anyone there.

Lucy: So, is he saying that I can't see Dougie for lessons no more?

Elaine: No more lessons, Lucy.

Lucy: Oh, don't say that! I was just getting the hang of it.

Elaine: Come on Lucy, let's go. I've seen enough of these dinosaurs for one day. I am beginning to think we really are wasting our time here. **(She takes Lucy by the arm and starts to exit towards the front door)**

Lucy: But what about my Dad? **(She stops Elaine and turns back towards Hugh)** 'He's going to be right put out when I tell him I can't join after all.

Hugh: Oh really? I am sorry. **(Sarcastically)**

Lucy: He was really pleased I was getting me into something instead of moping around the house. He was going to pay for me and buy me some sticks.

Hugh: Was he really? And who, pray, is your dad?

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Lucy: He's called George Manning.

Hugh: What did you say?

Lucy: George Manning. That's my dad's name.

Hugh: George Manning?

Elaine: He's on the town council. Have you heard of him?

Hugh: Are you saying your father is George Manning?

Lucy: Do you know him then?

Hugh: Know him! Of course, I know him! He's the head of the housing department on the council, isn't he? And now you're telling me he's your father.

Lucy: 'E's always been my dad.

Hugh: Are you sure?

Elaine: I think she knows her own father!

Hugh: **(Hugh looks panicky)** But him, of all people! Really! I find that hard to believe!

Lucy: It's true!

Hugh: George Manning, eh? Your father?

Lucy: You can ask him if you don't believe me. I've got his work number here. **(She ferrets in her handbag)**

Hugh: Yes, well. But first I need to speak to the captain about something. If you'll excuse me....

(Hugh exits towards the foyer, looking a bit perturbed. Roger enters dressed in casual golf gear)

Elaine: What's come over him?

Roger: What have you been doing to that man; he looks like he's seen a ghost!

Elaine: We just mentioned about Lucy's dad being the head of housing on the council.

Roger: He never is!

Elaine: But I don't see why that makes any difference.

Roger: Well it wouldn't do if Hugh didn't need that council house contract to keep his company afloat. Freda told me all about it.

Lucy: And my dad's in charge of that I suppose.

Roger: Exactly!

Elaine: I see. Do you hear that Lucy? I think he might have to think again about our application to join; well yours at least!

Roger: Otherwise he risks getting stuffed.

Lucy: Serves him right!

(Lights fade)

Scene 3 – The clubhouse Lounge – early afternoon

(Geoffrey enters from the changing room. He is wearing golf attire, having just finished a round of golf. He goes over to adjust the club on the wall and then sits at a table studying his scorecard. Roger is leaning on the bar, drinking. He is dressed in casual golf wear)

Roger: Good round, Captain?

Geoffrey: Awful! I don't seem to be able to concentrate. My swing's gone to pieces.

Roger: It'll come back. You've got a lot on your mind.

Geoffrey: Yes, well. **(He studies Roger)** I see you've decided to stop wearing your suit.

Roger: I've decided to come clean with the wife later today; tell her the whole story.

Geoffrey: I'm so glad; I'm sure it's for the best. Oh and don't worry about your old car in the car park; I'll tell anyone who complains that it belongs to one of the decorators.

Roger: Thanks. Let's have a drink on that Captain. The usual? **(Roger goes behind the bar and pours out two whiskies)** By the way I've been thinking about this morning's developments. I couldn't believe you were prepared to go along with Hugh's schemes, Captain. Why don't you just stand up to him and let the women join? I'll support you.

Geoffrey: I know you will Roger but it's difficult; he knows he's got most of the members on his side.

Roger: **(He puts the drinks down and sits by Geoffrey)** Maybe so but I think you'll find there's been a further development since this morning.

Geoffrey: A development.

Roger: A very interesting one. Anyhow, I'll let Hugh explain himself. He's been looking for you.

(Hugh enters from the foyer, looking flustered. He walks straight to the bar, ignoring the others and pours himself a scotch. He downs it in one and pours another)

Geoffrey: What's wrong, Hugh. You don't look well.

Hugh: Geoffrey, I need to speak to you. A matter of urgency.

Geoffrey: I was just about to go and get changed.

Hugh: Never mind that! This is urgent; something has come up. **(Hugh downs the scotch in one)** Come and sit over here.

(Hugh takes his arm and ushers Geoffrey over to a corner of the room. Roger follows them)

Geoffrey: Oh dear! Are you sure you're not ill?

Hugh: Ill? No, of course not! Don't be ridiculous!

Geoffrey: Do you mind if Roger joins us?

Hugh: If he must.

(Roger sits down with them. Hugh gives him a look but accepts it)

Hugh: Now, listen carefully, Geoffrey; there's been a development.

Geoffrey: A development? What sort of development?

Hugh: Look, what we were talking about this morning.

Geoffrey: This morning?

Hugh: Do pay attention, Geoffrey! The very future of Great Snoring Golf Club is at stake. I've been giving it serious thought. You were right. It really *is* time we woke up to reality. We are in danger of jeopardising the future of this great club. Look, I know we value the traditions and practices that have sustained us over the years but, you see, I realise now, after great soul searching and clear thinking.....

Geoffrey: Clear thinking?

Hugh: Exactly! It is essential we put aside our own feelings for the greater good. You see I realise, on reflection, that sometimes we have to look at the bigger picture.

Geoffrey: The bigger picture?

Hugh: Will you stop repeating everything I say? It's most annoying!

Geoffrey: Sorry.

Hugh: Yes, well. Now you said yourself that we need new blood with our older members dying off and the youngsters not joining.

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Geoffrey: Did I?

Hugh: Do you know I just heard another couple went last week – old Lionel and Rupert Smithies.

Roger: And not forgetting poor old Wilf. That flag's been going up and down that pole like a...

Geoffrey: Yes, we know all about that! Thank you, Roger.

Hugh: We know that youngsters can't afford to join. So, I think the logical conclusion is that we have to consider other options.

Geoffrey: Other options?

Hugh: After all, this is the 21st Century. We must move with the times. Otherwise, in five years I'm afraid this club will be no more.

Geoffrey: Do you really think so?

Hugh: Yes, I do. So, we must act now, before it's too late. You must put aside your intolerance to change.

Geoffrey: My intolerance!

Hugh: Yes Geoffrey. I must therefore advise you strongly that you should no longer be resistant to women joining.

Geoffrey: Me?

Roger: I think he is ill, Captain! I think we need to get a doctor.

Hugh: Yes, I know you've stood firm on this issue but I think the time has come for you to temper your strong feelings on this subject and to let them join. I know Roger will back you up on this.

Roger: Will I?

Geoffrey: Let in women?

Hugh: Yes. I've given this a great deal of thought. It's the only way! You, as Captain, Geoffrey, must take the lead on this.

Geoffrey: Really?

Hugh: You must organise a change of rules and allow the two women you interviewed to join the club as full members. And we must have them in place before the photoshoot and the county dinner.

Roger: What happened to our bastion, our bulwark against the insidious feminine tide?

Hugh: Yes, well, I think there comes a time when we must all put aside our prejudices for the greater good.

Roger: *Our* prejudices?

Geoffrey: But what about our committee. Remember you said they couldn't join as we needed a quorum. What with Cyril in hospital and..

Hugh: Nonsense, we just co-opt a couple of members so we have a quorum.

Roger: Or drag poor Cyril out of hospital.

Hugh: We could have a yes vote in no time. If Muirfield can do it for the British Open, so can we.

Geoffrey: So, you're saying we finally allow women to join?

Roger: But what about the high heels, the Chanel no. 5?

Hugh: As I said, we'd have to impose certain rules.

Geoffrey: I, for one, am happy to let them join but I think you're forgetting one thing, Hugh.

Hugh: Oh, what's that?

Geoffrey: The photoshoot for the Gazette before the county dinner.

Hugh: What about it?

Geoffrey: Well, if the two women joined we would be duty bound to use them.

Roger: And you promised Lavinia could be in it.

Hugh: (**Shocked**) I didn't, did I?

Geoffrey: Oh yes, you did! I was there when you invited her. We wouldn't need her after all.

Roger: She seemed very keen to help.

Hugh: But she won't mind dropping out.

Roger: Oh yes, she will!

Geoffrey: And you said she could dress up as a golfer and feature on the front page. Remember? She's already got a full set of golf clothing from Douglas, I understand. She won't like it!

Hugh: Oh damn! You're right! What are we going to do? Can't you tell her you've changed your mind?

Geoffrey: Me? I'm not telling her. It was your idea!

Hugh: I don't remember that.

Roger: You bought her the golf gear!

Geoffrey: And now you want Dr. Kember to take her place.

Hugh: Anyway, we shouldn't have asked Lavinia. It'll be disastrous.

Geoffrey: But I thought she was willing to go along with it as long as she was the centre of attention.

Hugh: Oh, she loves the dressing up part but she knows nothing about golf. I have tried to teach her in the past, but it's hopeless. She'd show us up, I tell you. The reporters are sure to ask her about the game. She doesn't know a birdie from a bogie! She'd make us a laughing stock. Besides Dr. Kember is sure to object to her presence and make sure everyone knows what we've been up to. No, we can't let Lavinia anywhere near the photoshoot.

Geoffrey: Well, perhaps you'd like to tell her. Here she comes now.

(Hugh looks terrified as Lavinia enters from the front entrance in full golf attire. She is carrying a golf club)

- Lavinia:** **(Flaunting)** Well, Hugh, what do you think? I never realised how good I look in a skirt. Maybe I should take up golf after all.
- Hugh:** Well....
- Geoffrey:** You really look marvellous, Lavinia, I must admit.
- Roger:** You look like a model, Lav.
- Lavinia:** Do I? Well, what do you think, Hugh?
- Hugh:** Wonderful, darling, but, I'm afraid, there is a slight problem.
- Lavinia:** You think the skirt is too short?
- Hugh:** No, it's not that.
- Lavinia:** You don't like the colour?
- Hugh:** The colour's fine.
- Roger:** He's got something to tell you – about the photoshoot.
- Hugh:** Thank you, Roger!!
- Lavinia:** Oh yes, the photoshoot. What a wonderful idea of yours, Hugh! I am so excited. I've already told all my friends about it. They're all coming to support me. I'm so looking forward to it. I'm going to be on the front page!
- Hugh:** You see, dear, I need to talk to you about that.
- Lavinia:** You only have to teach me a bit more and show me how to hold the stick properly.
- Hugh:** But, you see, darling, there's been a change of circumstances.
- Lavinia:** A change?
- Hugh:** We really do appreciate your support darling, but we won't need your help at the photoshoot after all.
- Lavinia:** What!
- Hugh:** But you can still come to the dinner. Show off your new dress. You'll look fantastic!
- Lavinia:** But I want to be in the photoshoot! I want to be on the front page! You promised me!
- Hugh:** I'm afraid there's been a development.
- Lavinia:** A development? What do you mean, a development?
- Hugh:** Somethings happened. It seems you won't be needed to help us after all.

Lavinia: Not needed!

Hugh: But you can keep all the clothing, darling.

Lavinia: Don't you darling me! I don't care about the clothes. You promised me I would be on the front page of the Gazette.

Roger: They're letting those two women join, Lav. They'll be taking your place at the photoshoot.

Hugh: Thank you very much, Roger!

Lavinia: Is that true, Geoffrey?

Geoffrey: Well, you see....

Lavinia: You're letting them take my place; on the front page?

Hugh: Well, it's not exactly that.

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Geoffrey: Hugh decided it would be for the best.

Lavinia: Is this true?

Hugh: It's not what it seems, Dear. If you'll let me explain...

Lavinia: Oh, I think it's exactly as it seems. You're putting those women before me, aren't you? How dare you! You've humiliated me! You're letting those awful women join, after all you said! And you know how much I wanted to be on the front page! I've texted all my friends. They were all coming to see me. How dare you do this to me! How dare you! Well, you know what you can do, don't you? You can keep your ridiculous clothes and as for this silly stick. I've a good mind to....

Hugh: Now, Lavinia, don't be hasty. I'll make it up to you **(He starts backing away)**

Lavinia: You'll make it up to me, alright!

(Lavinia exits, chasing Hugh towards the front entrance, brandishing the golf club)

Roger: She's still holding that club the wrong way!

Geoffrey: Good thing too; she'd kill him otherwise.

Roger: It's his own fault; he's tried to be too clever! **(He goes to look out of the window)**

Geoffrey: But what has come over him? He was so anti women joining. You remember what he said.

Roger: High heels on the green, stinking the place out with Chanel no.5

Geoffrey: Well, I, for one, am glad he's changed his mind. I just find it hard to believe!

Roger: Don't worry Captain, I'll explain later.

Geoffrey: I felt awkward having to tell those poor women. And Lucy was so keen to learn.

Roger: Well, you can see them right now. Look, here they come.

(Elaine, Lucy and Freda enter from the car park. Freda is dressed in golfing attire)

Lucy: Look who we found over by the pro shop!

Roger: Freda!

Freda: **(Doing a twirl)** Dougie kitted me out. I start lessons tomorrow. What do you think?

Roger: You look the business, Freda! Scary!

Elaine: We've just seen Lavinia chasing Hugh around the car park with a golf club, trying to hit him! That woman seems to have serious unresolved anger issues.

(SFX. A loud cry of pain emanates from off stage)

(Roger goes to look out of the window)

Roger: I think she's on her way to resolving them! Come and look Lucy. **(He looks out of the window. Lucy joins him)**

Freda: I've got to see this! **(Freda goes and looks out with them)**

Elaine: What is that all about?

Roger: What was it Captain? Something about Lavinia going to be tarted up as a golfer for the Gazette and now she isn't.

Elaine: A woman scorned then?

Roger: A woman wound up and ready to kill!

Geoffrey: I'm afraid Hugh was a little hasty.

Elaine: What do you mean?

Geoffrey: Roger will explain later. In the meantime there is a bit of good news for you ladies. You see, after much reflection and consideration of the long-term future of the club and its quest for diversity, I think we can circumvent the committee and entertain your application after all.

Lucy: **(Listening from the window)** What did he say?

Elaine: I think they're going to let us join.

Roger: **(Coming away from the window)** Now, I think that does call for a drink! Don't you, Captain? I think I'll go and open a bottle of that fizz. Give us a hand Freda. **(Roger and Freda exit to the kitchen)**

Geoffrey: You see there's been a curious change of circumstances which has removed a certain impediment.

Elaine: **(Looking out of the window)** I think the certain impediment is at this moment trying to protect his beloved Jag.

(SFX. The sound of breaking glass)

Elaine: Too late!

Lucy: That old bag has just smashed one of his headlights!

Geoffrey: He won't like that. It's his pride and joy that Jag.

(SFX. The sound of more breaking glass)

Elaine: And there goes the other one!

Freda: She's started on him now! You should see her swing that club!

(SFX. A cry of pain)

Roger: **(Entering from the kitchen with Freda. They are both carrying glasses)** Perhaps she will make a golfer after all, Captain!

Elaine: He's changed his tune then?

(SFX. Another cry of pain)

Geoffrey: It would seem so. I still don't quite understand it myself.....But, suffice to say, there should now be no obstacle to you both joining as full playing members.

(Elaine comes away from the window. Lucy carries on looking out)

Roger: **(Pouring out drinks)** Some of the men are bound to kick up a fuss, but that's just too bad.

Geoffrey: To use your imagery, Roger, we can only run it up the flagpole and see who salutes.

Roger: I don't think there'll be too much saluting!

Geoffrey: The thing is I'm still amazed at Hugh's change of mind. I tried hard to persuade him but he really was so anti you both joining. You don't know the half of it!

(Douglas enters from the changing room)

Douglas: Have you seen Hugh? I've been waiting for him on the first tee. We've got a match.

Roger: **(Giving out glasses with Freda)** I don't think he'll be playing much golf today, not after Lavinia's finished with him!

(Lucy rushes over to Douglas and grabs his arm)

Lucy: They're going to let us join! We can play together after all!

Douglas: About time they came to their senses.

Geoffrey: I was always secretly on their side.

Elaine: Really? You had a funny way of showing it! You weren't exactly welcoming, what with the fees and facilities.

Geoffrey: Yes, well, I'm sure we can come to some accommodation over them.

Roger: Anyway ladies, whatever way you look at it, this is an historic occasion. Let me propose a toast. Raise your glasses to this special day when Great Snoring Golf Club finally, after 120 years.....has woken up at last!

All: Great Snoring Golf Club!

(Roger raises his glass as Hugh enters, limping and bedraggled. He is carrying a bent golf club. They all look towards him. Lights Fade.)

CURTAIN