Getting a Grip

Characters

Selwyn Ford-Goodey (M)	–	Club Captain - fifties/sixties.
Henry Stanhope (M)	–	Club Manager – forties/fifties.
Norman Deighton (M)	–	Vice-Captain - any age.
Douglas Searle (M)	–	Club Professional - any age.
Cedric Anderson (M)	–	Oldest member - seventies/eighties.
Dexter West (M)	–	Head of Building Company - any age.
Tommy West (M)	–	Son of Dexter West - teens/twenties.
Elaine Govier (F)	–	Lady member - thirties/ forties.
Becky Sampson (F)	–	New lady member - thirties/forties.
Freda Mullins (F)	–	Club cook - any age.
Thelma Trumpington (F)	–	Head of archaeological dig - any age.
Pippa Ford-Goodey (F)	–	Wife of Club Captain - forties/ fifties.

Act 1

Scene 1 - The clubhouse lounge- mid morning.

(The lounge has various tables and chairs and also four armchairs and a small table. Larger tables and chairs are arranged in a line for a committee meeting. On one side is the exit to the Foyer, Office and on to the Car Park. Directly opposite is the Kitchen and entrance to the Changing Rooms. On the wall are various portraits of past captains and a commemorative golf club. A window looks out onto the eighteenth fairway and green. Selwyn Ford-Goodey, the Captain, enters with Henry Stanhope, the new manager. They are both dressed smartly in club blazers and ties)

Selwyn: As I was saying Henry, it is my intention as Captain to restore us to our rightful position as one of the top clubs of the county.

Henry: As club manager you have my full support Selwyn.

Selwyn: I'm afraid, Henry, my predecessor allowed things to happen which prejudiced the good name of Great Snoring Golf Club.

Henry: Oh?

Selwyn: Come over to the window and I'll show you.

(He takes Henry over to the window)

What do you see?

Henry: Well, as a non-golfer, I'm not sure what I'm looking at but, even so, I can appreciate the quality of the grass; and that green is like a billiard table.

Selwyn: Now, look down the fairway towards the woods. What do you see?

Henry **(He looks further down the course)** There seems to be a sort of caravan.

Selwyn: Ah yes, that's exactly what I was talking about. Geoffrey, the previous captain, allowed that eyesore!

Henry: But what is a caravan doing on a golf course?

Selwyn: That, would you believe, is connected to an archaeological dig.

Henry: An archaeological dig; on a golf course?

(He turns away from the window)

Selwyn: Yes, well, unfortunately my predecessor Geoffrey Granville-Barker; that's him up there, **(He points to a portrait on the wall)** made some very unwise decisions which could have ruined this fine club, including allowing a dig on our course. It was intended to discover so-called Roman remains.

Henry: Really?

Selwyn: I'm sure he could have fought it but he just gave in to the University who sponsored the dig. He even allowed the leader, a rather loud woman by the name of Thelma Trumpington to use his office as a base, would you believe.

Henry: Is that the woman I saw earlier when I was looking for you? I asked her who she was and received what I can only describe as a tart reply.

Selwyn: That's her. Dresses like some sort of geriatric Girl Guide leader. A bit too full of herself, if you ask me. Well, I've put a stop to that. She's been ordered to move out today of, what is now and always should have been, my office.

Henry: I see.

Selwyn: Anyhow, suffice to say now I am in charge I fully intend to stop all that sort of nonsense and take measures to get this club back to where it belongs. That is why I have called the committee meeting this morning. Come and sit down Henry. The others should be here soon and I can introduce you.

(They sit at the top of a line of tables and put folders down in front of them. Selwyn looks at his watch)

Henry: But I still don't understand. Why did your predecessor allow an archaeological dig on our course?

Selwyn: Well, it started when… **(They hear approaching voices)** Look, I'll tell you about it later.

(Senior Captain, Cedric, Vice-Captain, Norman and Professional, Douglas, enter. They are dressed in club blazers except Douglas, who is dressed in golf clothing. They take their seats)

Cedric: You should have seen them Norman; sitting there chatting away as if they owned the place.

Norman: But surely you can't stop women using the clubhouse.

Cedric: It never should have been allowed. In my father's time as Captain he'd have never let them anywhere near the course, never mind the clubhouse. He'd have set the dogs on them!

Norman: I'm afraid you can't do that nowadays; there are laws against it I believe.

Cedric: More's the pity! I never thought I'd see the day when women could brazenly strut around our clubhouse.

Norman: But I think only men strut Cedric!

Cedric: Well, whatever you call it. They shouldn't be here!

Norman: Anyway, It seems we had to admit them; they wouldn't have brought the County Championships here last year if we hadn't let some women join. Isn't that correct Captain?

Selwyn: You're absolutely right Norman; we were forced to allow two of them in. If I'd been in charge then I it would never have happened. I believe golf clubs have traditionally been the domain of men and should remain so. A place where men can socialise without the sound of the female voice.

Norman: I feel we might have to get used to the female voice Captain.

Selwyn: Maybe so Norman, and that's a pity! It was the only place we used to be able to get away from our womenfolk and their reproaches.

Douglas: What is it they say? – behind every woman is a man wondering what he said wrong.

Selwyn: You speak for yourself Douglas. My wife fully understands the importance of me spending the majority of my time here.

Norman: But, it appears, we can't ignore it; women are here to stay.

Selwyn: That is not necessarily so. I know, last year, when we knew the requirements of the County Committee it was decided, as a gesture, to temporarily allow two respectable ladies to join, although I have my views on that too.

Douglas: Depends what you mean by respectable.

Selwyn: Indeed! I seem to recall last year a certain young lady called Lucy; she was forever flirting with our Professional here. **(Indicates Douglas)** Although to be fair to her you did spend an inordinate amount of time teaching her your grip on the golf club, didn't you?

Cedric: Wasn't only on the golf club!

Douglas: She was willing to learn!

Norman: But, I recall, Douglas, it appeared to take a lot of sessions.

Selwyn: Anyway, she's left now. I suggest we get back to the matter in hand. Now, I'd like to introduce Henry Stanhope, our new manager. Henry, I'd like you to meet Cedric; he's our Senior Captain, and Norman, my Vice Captain. And I believe you've already met Douglas, our Professional.

Henry: He's already tried to sell me a shirt, even though I don't play.

Cedric: Don't play! What's wrong with you man?

Selwyn: Yes well, if we could now concentrate on the reason I've called this meeting. Henry, who joined us last week, is, like me, committed to restoring the good name of Great Snoring Golf Club after last year's troubles. I feel we have come to a crossroads in our history. During my time as Captain I intend to take measures to put us back to where we belong, as one of the top clubs in the county.

Douglas: How do you intend to do that? Like a lot of clubs we are struggling to attract members.

Selwyn: Maybe so but it's not the number of members I feel is important, it's the quality. Other clubs are debasing their traditions by lowering their fees to let in anyone.

Cedric: Look at that Little Snoring Club. I hear they're letting in lorry drivers and council workers.

Henry: I must admit it can get a bit like that. The last club I managed; they were letting in anyone. The decorum was completely lost. You should have seen the drinking that went on! And the fights at closing time!

Selwyn: We don't allow our members to fight!

Douglas: You hear that Cedric! No fighting!

Norman: But isn't it true Selwyn that golf club membership generally is falling all over the country? Also, it appears, our members on average are getting older.

Douglas: I mean look at Cedric! He's got clubs that are older than you Norman!

Cedric: You cheeky devil!

Douglas: And members are dying off as well! That flagpole by the car park; every other week it's at half-mast; the flag's been going up and down like a whore's….

Selwyn: **(interrupting)** We don't need to know that Douglas! That observation has been made before, I seem to recall. The point is the reputation and status of Great Snoring is at stake. We have a proud tradition of selecting our membership to keep up certain standards.

Cedric: To keep out the riffraff!

Selwyn: I wouldn't have put it quite like that Cedric.

Douglas: But how are we to keep up those so-called standards. We need members – youngsters, women; whoever they are.

Selwyn: That still might have been the case but for, might I say, literally, a fortunate development. I'll let our new manager explain.

Henry: I'm sure you're all aware of the housing estate being built beside the course.

Cedric: Never should have been allowed! What were they thinking of! It's an eyesore!

Selwyn: I most certainly would have opposed it vigorously had I been Captain last year! Unfortunately it's here to stay. But as luck would have it, it may have worked in our favour.

Norman: Of course the land used to belong to St.Hilda's didn't it? That's that private school on the edge of town Henry, as I expect you know. I heard recently money was starting to get a bit tight for them what with the VAT on school fees.

Selwyn: And, sadly, I might add, losing their charitable status.

Norman: I was still amazed though that they sold land to that building company, New Horizon Homes. I hear they're going to have to include a certain amount of social housing.

Cedric: Next thing you know we're going to have oiks crawling all over the course.

Selwyn: Well, it's happening now. We can't stop it. But, as is said, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

Norman: How do you mean?

Selwyn: I'll allow Henry to explain.

Henry: Well, New Horizon Homes have been in touch with the club about acquiring a piece of land in the far corner of the course. **(He gives a sheet of paper to Douglas, Cedric and Norman)** I've marked the area in question.

Selwyn: As you can see the land they're interested in is beyond the fifth green.

Henry: Which they discovered they need as access for certain facilities, pipes, cables and the like. It's just in the right spot.

Selwyn: As Henry said it's at the far end of the course. Since the fifth hole was changed a few years ago that area is no longer used.

Norman: So they're after that, are they?

Henry: They certainly are. I have been informed today how valuable this piece of land is to them.

Selwyn: They mentioned a seven figure sum. It's too good an opportunity to miss.

Henry: They intend to start digging once they have agreement from us.

Selwyn: Their managing Director, a Mr. West, will be calling in later with the contract to sign.

Douglas: They must really need it to pay all that!

Selwyn: Which brings me back to what I was saying earlier; this fortunate development has given us a considerable financial cushion.

Henry: It gives us financial security for many years to come.

Selwyn: And will allow us to keep the exclusive nature of this club, which was beginning to be in doubt.

Douglas: How do you propose to do that?

Selwyn: By the simple expedient of putting up the membership to £2,500 a year, with a commensurate joining fee.

Douglas: But that's £5,000!

Selwyn: So even if our numbers naturally drop we will still ensure we only attract the right sort of person. People who would be prepared to pay this amount.

Henry: And we would still remain financially secure.

Selwyn: In that way membership fees would be put at a level that is affordable for the type of person we wish to attract but out of the reach of those we would rather deter.

Douglas: Are you sure about that Selwyn? We could put off some golfers who'd be an asset to the club.

Selwyn: Well, that's the way it's going to be. Unfortunately, at present, we can't reverse the inclusion of women.

Cedric: More's the pity!

Selwyn: So there we are. That is my plan.

Henry: Now, we need your backing on this matter. I suggest we have a simple majority vote. Douglas, as an employee, you're not allowed to vote. All those in favour of our financial plan. **(Selwyn, Henry and Cedric raise their hands)**

Selwyn: Good, that's settled then. I'm sure you will see the logic of it. I am determined in my time as Captain to maintain the status of this historic club. So, until our next meeting that'll be all for today. Thank you gentlemen. Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to just finalise some details with Henry.

Douglas: **(He stands)** Come on Cedric, I'll show you those new irons that have just arrived. Only £200 a club!

Cedric: But my whole set cost less than that!

Norman: I need to see these.

(Cedric and Douglas exit talking to each other. Norman follows)

Selwyn: Well, there we are Henry. It does seem that golf is becoming once again the sport of the wealthy, as it used to be. You've heard Douglas talk about the cost of equipment. The companies are putting up prices on everything; clubs, clothing, even balls. I'm only following their lead. We are living in the present. In my father's time this club was always able to attract enough members of the right sort.

Henry: Do you really believe that is the way golf is going?

Selwyn: When I think back to his time. The members here were the cream of the County. I mean look at that man up there; one of our most famous players. **(He points to a portrait on the wall)** Walter Bishop, a barrister by profession. He played in the British Open. Came tenth, I seem to recall. That's his three iron up there. **(He points to the commemorative club hung on the wall)** He presented it to the club when he retired.

Henry: I'm sure one day your portrait will have pride of place up there Selwyn.

Selwyn: I would like to think so.

(Thelma Trumpington enters from the foyer. She is dressed in a long skirt and jacket, a brimmed hat and carrying a strange looking trophy and some papers. She puts her papers down on a table and holds the trophy towards Selwyn)

Thelma: Will one of you tell me what this is? I found it down the back of the filing cabinet!

Selwyn: So that's where it went. We've been looking everywhere for that.

Thelma: What it was doing in my office I don't know.

Selwyn: Your office? Henry, let me formally introduce Thelma Trumpington, the head of the archaeological dig I mentioned to you earlier. Henry Stanhope, is our new manager.

Thelma: Perhaps he can manage to help me clear my office.

Selwyn: Let me remind you, Madam, as from today, it is no longer your office. My predecessor had no business allowing you in there in the first place!

Thelma: Don't worry I'll be glad to see the back of it. Here you take this. **(She hands a trophy to Selwyn)**

Selwyn: I'll have you know that's the President's Prize.

Thelma: It looks like some sort of relic we dug up!

Selwyn: I trust, Madam, you've removed your belongings. And have no longer need of club facilities.

Thelma: What are you talking about man? I might not need your pathetic little office any more but I shall still have reason to come here. I shall need to use your facilities.

Selwyn: Facilities?

Thelma: Yes, after a hard day's digging I shall need to use the facilities.

Selwyn: Facilities?

Thelma: Will you stop repeating everything I say; you're as bad as your predecessor! Yes, I will need a shower and toilet and somewhere to change.

Selwyn: There are no showers for ladies.

Thelma: Yes, I forgot. You haven't seen fit to provide them, have you? It's just the portacabin and the disabled toilet. Well after a hard day's digging I have need of a shower.

Selwyn: There are plans for one. Anyway, I thought you had a caravan down at your site.

Thelma: That caravan is intended for my workers, the students from the University. I'm sure you appreciate as a man in your position there is the need for a certain distance from your staff. As leader of the Great Snoring Archaeological Society I need to be here at all times to maintain the security of the site. I need my own space as befits my station; surely you can understand that.

Selwyn: Well, Madam, I'm afraid only playing members are able to use our facilities!

Thelma: Well, I'll become one. Where do I sign?

Selwyn: I think you'll find it will be outside your means Madam.

Thelma: Oh really?

Selwyn: Well, it's £2,500 a year plus an equal joining fee; that's what the golf members will pay from now on.

Thelma: More fool them! That is a ridiculous amount for being a member of a club like this. I don't believe you get people to pay that! And I don't want anything to do with your absurd game. I just want to use the facilities! Surely there's an appropriate sum to meet my requirements.

Selwyn: No, I'm afraid not. At this club everyone has to be a playing member. They are the rules!

Thelma: I must say I find your attitude unreasonable.

Selwyn: Well, Madam, they are the rules whether you like it or not. Why should I make you an exception?

Thelma: I shall be taking this matter further. And will you stop calling me Madam! I run a dig not a whore house!

(She exits towards the foyer in high dudgeon)

Selwyn: **(shouting after her)** So let me remind you that, until that time, you have no business on the premises.

Henry: So that's Thelma Trumpington.

Selwyn: The name fits her, doesn't it? She's used to ordering people about!

Henry: And she was really using your office?

Selwyn: It all started in Geoffrey's time; a group of so–called detectorists had permission to come onto the course and found a Roman coin down by the 17th green which led to Mrs. Trumpington and her lot organising a dig. She bullied him into using his office.

Henry: I see.

Selwyn: It caused all sorts of problems for my predecessor. Of course you wouldn't have known Geoffrey Granville-Barker.

Henry: Perhaps I'll meet him sometime.

Selwyn: Not for a couple of years. He's gone off to New Zealand to see his son. I'm afraid Geoffrey was very lax in letting this club go downhill. They were lucky I was prepared to step in and rescue the situation.

Henry: And that woman was allowed to march in here and take over the Office?

Selwyn: I've never met such a harridan! It's a good thing we don't normally have to put up with people like that! Anyway, I'm going to see what state she's left my office in.

(Selwyn exits. Henry looks out the window down to the dig)

(Lights fade)

Scene 2 -The clubhouse lounge, the following morning.

(Lights rise. Elaine Govier and Becky Sampson enter. Elaine is a doctor at the local Heath Centre. Becky is the recently elected Liberal Democrat MP for the district. They are both dressed for golf)

Elaine: Look at this Becky! Don't you feel honoured to be let into this holy of holies!

Becky: Oh, I do!

Elaine: We were supposed to be grateful when they let us women join the club but it was some time before they reluctantly allowed us into the clubhouse.

Becky: Really?

Elaine: It still smells of men doesn't it? We tried to brighten it up last year but they wouldn't have it. If they had their way it would still reek of beer and smoke. Come and sit down.

(They sit down in the armchairs)

Becky: So, there are only us two at the moment. I thought a friend of yours joined last year.

Elaine: You mean young Lucy. Oh yes she gave it a go for a while but it wasn't really her thing and what with the comments she kept getting from certain men she's decided not to rejoin and take up Yoga and Tai Chi instead.

Becky: Sounds like they're not exactly attracting women.

Elaine: Oh we did have one other member but she's since decided against it as well. **(She raises her voice)** Didn't she, Freda?

(Freda enters from the kitchen. She is carrying a dishcloth. She wipes down tables)

Freda: Alright, don't rub it in!

Elaine: Freda is our bar stewardess and cook.

Freda: And the rest!

Elaine: She joined us on the course for a while. Wasn't your thing either was it Freda?

Freda: If they'd made the holes bigger it would have been a help.

Elaine: And the balls smaller eh?

Freda: They were small enough! Anyhow, I gave it a go. Got all the gear; cost me a packet! But it wasn't my thing. I'm much happier back in the kitchen and, besides, my old man was complaining about me being here all the time and not having his dinner on the table.

Elaine: So, there's only me and you at the moment Becky.

Becky: Surely there'll be others.

Freda: I wouldn't count on it. I heard them talking yesterday about putting the fees up to some ridiculous amount to keep out those they don't consider the right type; and that could include you lot.

Elaine: Yes, they only want "respectable" women like you and me Becky. I mean, me being a GP and you being a recently elected MP obviously impressed them.

Becky: I could do without misogyny here; I get enough of that at the House of Commons.

(Cedric enters from the foyer, turns, re-enters. He is dressed in a worn club blazer)

Elaine: Morning Cedric.

(He ignores them. He sits down in an armchair and puts his nose in a paper)

Becky: What's wrong with him?

Freda: You leave Cedric alone. I'll get him his coffee. He might not be so grumpy then. **(She exits to the kitchen)**

Elaine: There's a few like him in the club. I shouldn't take it personally. They'd rather we weren't here. **(Looking at her watch)** Anyway, Becky, it's nearly eleven. We'd better get playing otherwise those men will steal our tee time.

(Elaine and Becky exit towards the changing rooms. Cedric puts down the paper and watches them go)

Freda: **(Freda enters from the kitchen. She gives Cedric his coffee)** Why are you like that Cedric? They've done you no harm.

Cedric: Women have no place in the clubhouse. They'll be the death of this club.

Freda: So women shouldn't be allowed. What about me?

Cedric: You're Freda; you're different.

Freda: You mean I'm the mug who waits on you hand and foot.

Cedric: I didn't mean it like that Freda. I don't know what we'd do without you.

(Thelma enters from the foyer)

Thelma: It's Freda, isn't it? Have you seen that Captain of yours?

Freda: You mean Selwyn. He should be along soon. He always has his coffee at this time.

Thelma: Who's this then?

Freda: That's Cedric; he doesn't speak to women; only me.

Thelma: Oh really?

(Selwyn enters)

Selwyn: What are you doing here? I thought I made myself clear you are only allowed in here if you are a playing member.

Thelma: I'll have you know I fully intend to join. I've filled in the application forms and have a cheque here **(She holds a cheque up)** to hand to your manager.

Selwyn: You do realise the full amount due.

Thelma: Oh yes! I fully realise the exorbitant cost but I've spoken to the University who are financing the dig and they are prepared to sponsor me. They, unlike you, feel it is important I'm on hand in case there are any more finds.

Selwyn: So you say you want to become a playing member; I thought you hated the game..

Thelma: I'll have you know that I don't intend to play your pointless game but I do need to use the facilities so I shall be joining.

Selwyn: And your university is prepared to fund you just so you can use the toilet and portacabin?

Thelma: May I remind you that the University also pays you a considerable sum for allowing the dig on your land.

Selwyn: I might point out that it is small change compared to what New Horizon Homes intend paying us for a small plot of land.

Thelma: I don't see you refusing the University's money! Anyhow, they see the importance of our work even if you don't. Believe me, if it wasn't so vital I'm on site the last thing I'd want to do is to join the sort of club I've seen here so far with its petty rules and attitudes towards women.

Selwyn: That's none of your business!

Thelma: It will be when I join.

Selwyn: You do realise it is in my power to expel any troublesome member.

Thelma: I think you'll have to wait till I've joined first!

Selwyn: Don't tempt me!

Thelma: Don't worry; we'll be gone as soon as our work is finished.

Selwyn: I look forward to that day.

Thelma: But in the meantime you've got one more woman member.

Selwyn: Not until the cheque has been honoured. Till that time I suggest you go and play with your bits of pottery and leave us alone.

(Selwyn exits)

Freda: You've certainly rattled his cage! He's not used to women standing up to him.

Thelma: What a puffed up little martinet. At least the previous captain was a real gentleman. And you, what's up with you? **(She indicates Cedric)** Cat got your tongue!

(Cedric mutters and then buries himself deeper into his paper)

Right! Where do I submit these membership forms?

Freda: You need to give them to Henry the manager personally. He's around somewhere. Come on, let's go and see if we can find him.

(They exit and Cedric peeps out from behind his paper)

(Lights fade)

Scene 3 -The clubhouse lounge, later that day.

(Lights rise. Selwyn enters with Dexter West, managing director of New Horizon Homes. Dexter is dressed smartly in a three –piece suit. They sit in in the armchairs)

Selwyn: Welcome to Great Snoring Golf Club Mr.West. Anyway please take a seat. I'm afraid we'll have to talk here as my office is being refurbished. What would you like to drink?

Dexter: I usually have a scotch this time of day.

Selwyn: **(He goes over to the bar)** Freda, could we have two single malts please? It's good of you to take an interest in our golf club Mr. West. Have you been here before?

Dexter: Call me Dexter please. No, it's not really my thing. You see I'm more of a sailing man myself. Takes up most of my spare time.

Selwyn: I shouldn't think you have much of that in your line of business.

Dexter: **(handing the contract papers to Selwyn)** You will see it's all been set out as we agreed last week. We intend to dig an exploratory trench straight away. If, as I suspect, the area proves suitable, New Horizon Homes will pay the club the agreed sum mentioned for the purchase of the land specified. We wouldn't have troubled you but that particular area is the most convenient access point for our cables and pipes because of the existing grid.

Selwyn: Oh, we don't mind. Glad to encourage local enterprise.

(Selwyn studies the papers. Freda enters and puts the drinks on the table)

Dexter: You see, it would be a shame to spoil what is, after all, a multi-million pound housing development for the sake of an odd million or two.

Selwyn: **(Still reading)** Indeed. Spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar, as they say in the sailing world.

Dexter: A bit more than a ha'porth, as you can see. So, if you'd like to sign the contract we can start the work as soon as possible, while the weather holds. All being well the diggers will be in tomorrow.

Selwyn: That will be fine. **(He signs the papers and hands them back to Dexter)** Look, as a sign of good faith perhaps you would like to become an honorary member of the club.

Dexter: That is very generous Selwyn but I have little interest in golf. As I said, sailing takes up most my spare time.

Selwyn: A pity, you'd be most welcome. Of course feel free to use the facilities.

Dexter: Tell you what though, as a sign of good faith, why not let my son Thomas take my place.

Selwyn: Well, of course. We could grant him free membership of the club instead of you.

Dexter: Now, he *is* dead keen on the game. Playing more golf would keep him out of trouble.

Selwyn: Trouble?

Dexter: Just an expression you know; the usual things for a young man. Yes, that would be a marvellous gesture. I'll let him know. He'll be itching to play here. He's usually down the public course with his friends. Anyhow, thank you Selwyn; it's been good to do business with you.

(Dexter finishes his scotch, shakes hands with Selwyn and exits. Selwyn studies his copy of the agreement, looking pleased with himself.)

(Lights fade)

Scene 4 -The clubhouse lounge

(Lights rise. It is the following morning. Norman is sitting with Elaine and Douglas drinking coffee. Freda is clearing cups and plates away from another table and exits into the kitchen)

Norman: You do know Selwyn used to be a consultant at the hospital before he retired.

Elaine: That figures! The way he lords it over everyone!

Douglas: Him and that new manager treat me like one of their servants.

Elaine: Selwyn gives us the distinct impression he doesn't want us here.

Norman: He doesn't speak for all of us. I wish there were more women; it gets a bit stifling with just men. I know Henry recognises the need to cater for ladies.

Becky: Is that why we're still forced to change in that portacabin and use the disabled toilet?

Norman: Is that all you have? But I heard Mrs. Trumpington talking once about having a shower.

Elaine: Oh yes, Thelma went in some time last year and used the men's ones when no-one was around.

Norman: Really?

Elaine: Unfortunately poor old Cedric walked in when she was coming out of the shower!

Douglas: I heard the poor old boy nearly had a heart attack!

(Thelma enters carrying a briefcase)

Elaine: Isn't that right Thelma? You once used the men's showers.

Thelma: Oh, I did once. It was a baking hot day. I just needed one. What a fuss they made!

Norman: Oh dear, I don't think you should do that again Mrs. Trumpington! Think of the consequences! Someone could walk in.

Elaine: Someone did!

Douglas: If it happened again it would finish poor old Cedric off!

Norman: I do believe they plan to build a ladies toilet and shower room before long.

Thelma: And not before time!

(Henry enters with a folder under his arm)

Henry: Hello, its Elaine isn't it? And…

Becky: Becky.

Elaine: You must be Henry.

Henry: Look, I want you to know, as far I'm concerned you are welcome here. I know the Captain can seem a bit off. He's presided over quite a traumatic time for the club.

Elaine: Have you met Thelma Trumpington? She's in charge of the dig.

Henry: Ah, you're the lady who's applied to join? You left a form and a cheque on my desk yesterday.

Thelma: That's right; I've been looking for you. Yes I'm the one being asked to pay exorbitant fees just to use the facilities.

Henry: I'm afraid they're the rules. Perhaps if you come with me we can finalise details. I need to see some particulars.

Becky: Go on Thelma; let him see your particulars! You've already shown Cedric!

(Thelma and Henry exit)

Elaine: I hear Henry is fully supporting Selwyn's plans for changing the club.

Douglas: They want to take us back to a time when the likes of me wouldn't be able to join as an ordinary member.

Becky: In his day George Orwell called golf clubs "inherently snobbish".

Elaine: That must have been eighty years ago.

Becky: Seems he wants to take us back to those times.

Douglas: Whatever they might think this club is going to die unless they're more inclusive.

Elaine: Aren't there enough snobs around?

Douglas: But it's the average age of the members. I see them every day. It's got worse over the last ten years.

Becky: Worse?

Douglas: You should see them in their buggies. It's like the Monte Carlo rally on the course some days. There's lots of members out there had knees and hips replaced. Old Rupert Osborne has had both of each done besides other bits; he's 50% titanium!

Becky: Is it that bad?

Douglas: It's got the point where they'll need defibrillators on every other hole and emergency services on standby. I mean you've seen the number of commemorative benches for members who've died. Some of them on the course!

Elaine: At least they died happy.

Douglas: But they don't seem to realise. We need young blood here and, particularly, female blood.

Becky: Steady on Dougie! You sound like Dracula!

Douglas: A lot of talented youngsters aren't going to be able to join at those prices. I don't know about you women.

Elaine: We might have to beg our husbands to pay for us!

Douglas: Don't give me that. You two are not short of a bob or two!

(Henry enters)

Henry: Ah Douglas, there you are. I think you're needed over at the Pro Shop. There's a couple waiting for your attention.

Douglas: See what I mean –servant!

(Douglas exits)

(Lights fade)

Scene 5 - The clubhouse lounge - the following day

(Lights rise. Selwyn and Cedric enter. Norman is already seated in the corner reading a magazine)

Selwyn: I do appreciate your backing in this matter Cedric. If it wasn't for men like you this club would have gone downhill years ago.

Cedric: I never thought I'd see the day when women were allowed to be members. It doesn't seem right. Can't you get rid of them Captain?

Selwyn: Believe me, I would if I could.

Cedric: But you've let in another one. That bossy one…..

Selwyn: You mean Thelma Trumpington. I think you will find she doesn't even want to play but just wants to use the facilities.

Cedric: Please don't let her use the showers again Captain!

Selwyn: Hopefully she won't be with us for much longer.

Cedric: She was very rude to the Captain. You should have heard what she called him yesterday. She said he was a puffed up…

Selwyn: Yes well; I don't think we'll go into that now.

Cedric: She'll be nothing but trouble; mark my words! My father wouldn't have stood for it!

Selwyn: He'd have set the dogs on her, wouldn't he Cedric?

Cedric: He would too! He didn't stand for any nonsense when he was in charge!

Selwyn: From what I know of Mrs. Trumpington the dogs would have come off worse!

Norman: I feel that now we have three lady members we really ought to give them proper facilities Captain.

Cedric: I suppose you mean like a powder room.

Selwyn: You really are living in the past Cedric!

Norman: Also we need to supply forward tees on every hole.

Cedric: They can't hit the ball as far can they?

Norman: That's not strictly true. Have you seen Elaine play Cedric? She can hit it miles and has a wonderful swing. You know Selwyn; I understand you played against her last year.

Selwyn: Yes well. Anyway, it's all very well you talking about supplying special facilities for women Norman. Do we really want to encourage them? With things as they are they might not hang around for long. Anyway, I intend to have a special meeting with our ladies to inform them of rules on behaviour and dress.

Cedric: I don’t envy you Selwyn. They won’t like that!

(Lights fade)

Scene 6 - The clubhouse lounge - late morning the following day.

(Lights rise. Elaine is sitting with Betty. They are dressed in smart casual. Freda serves them coffee)

Elaine: Why don't you sit down and have a cup yourself Freda?

Freda: I think I will. They'll all be in soon demanding their bacon baps.

(**Freda exits to the kitchen)**

Elaine: Apparently Selwyn wants to speak to us about new club rules for women.

Becky: They love trying to order us about, don't they?

(Freda enters with a coffee. She sits down)

Freda: He's always having a go at some of the men about sticking to the rules. He'll be after doing the same with you lot.

Becky: I suppose that will include how we can dress on the course.

Elaine: And in the clubhouse.

(Thelma enters. She is dressed as she would on site)

Thelma, Selwyn is going to talk to us about the club dress code and as a member now, I'm afraid you're going have to conform to the rules like us when you come in here.

Thelma: I'll wear what I want!

Becky: You'll have to get into a dress if you come in here of an evening Thelma!

Thelma: Dress! I don't own one!

Becky: Well, anyhow, I'm glad you're joining us. We need more women. Come and sit down for a bit.

(Thelma sits down)

Thelma: It's that awful man I object to; Captain or whatever he calls himself.

Freda: Selwyn.

Thelma: That's him.

Becky: You don't seem to have much time for men of his type.

Thelma: Awful man!

Elaine: And of course now you can't avoid him. I must admit he's the type I've spent my whole life trying to avoid.

Thelma: He said I have to be a playing member even though I only want to use the facilities; to change, have a shower and so on.

Becky: Yes, you want to smell sweet for those students you've got down there!

(Cedric enters with a newspaper. He stops and stares at Thelma)

Thelma: **(pause)** What's wrong with him?

Freda: You're in his chair.

(Thelma reluctantly gets up. Cedric sits down and reads his paper. Freda exits to the kitchen to make Cedric's coffee)

Elaine: Come and sit here Thelma. **(She sits near Elaine)** I understand they're charging you the same fees as us and we get to play golf.

Thelma: I did object but he insisted I had to be a playing member.

Becky: That doesn't seem fair.

Thelma: I don't know how you women put up with it; with their silly rules and disdainful attitude towards women. I've heard them running you down.

Elaine: Anyway, I just think it's a pity they get all that money off you and the University for the little you use the club.

Thelma: It does stick in my throat.

Elaine: I mean, as you're forced to be a playing member why don't you come out and play with us.

Thelma: I don't think so! The last thing I want to do is mix with some of those awful men and their Victorian attitudes.

Becky: But you wouldn't need to have anything to do with them. It would just be us. And it wouldn't have to be serious.

Thelma: That lot seem to take it seriously enough. I've heard them boasting about what they've done and where they've been.

Elaine: But we're not like them.

Becky: Come on Thelma; it would be a laugh.

Elaine: You wouldn't have to go near the men. The women have special times set aside. It would be just the three of us.

Thelma: What, just us women? **(thinks)**

Becky: And, more to the point, it would be one in the eye for Selwyn. He thinks he's got one over on you getting you to pay that amount and not play.

Thelma: I'd like to do that. He thinks it's funny having to pay all that just to use the toilet.

Freda: **(She enters with Cedric's coffee)** I heard him laughing with the others about getting all that money out of you for nothing.

Elaine: It would shut him up if you did play. Go on, why don't you just give it a try? You might enjoy it. And we'd welcome another woman wouldn't we Becky?

Becky: It would be more fun with the three of us.

Thelma: Well, I suppose it would give me a break from the dig. It can get a bit intense at times.

Becky: We could lend you some clubs.

Thelma: But I don't know the first thing about golf.

Elaine: Well, we could get Douglas to teach you.

Thelma: Douglas; is he that nice young man who runs the shop?

Elaine: He's the professional. It's his job to teach people to play. He'd be happy to give personal lessons.

Thelma: Personal lessons. Do you think he would?

Becky: He'd be only too keen. I'm sure the University would pay.

Thelma: I think I'd like that.

Elaine: Well then, let me have a word with him.

(**Lights fade. Music)**

Scene 7 –The clubhouse lounge-that afternoon

(Lights rise. Douglas is sitting drinking coffee)

Douglas: Did you hear about the membership they're going to charge this coming year.

Freda: **(She is cleaning tables)** It outrageous. How do they expect people to afford that? That's three month's wages for some.

Douglas: You imagine if they asked £5,000 a year to join a tennis club.

Freda: With them getting all that extra money coming in. I expect they'll be putting my wages up. And your retainer.

Douglas: I'm not counting on it. My retainer is only a small amount anyway. I earn most of my money from selling stuff and giving lessons.

(Thelma enters)

Douglas: Talking about lessons, Elaine tells me this is my latest pupil. It's Thelma, isn't it?

Thelma: I've been looking for you over at the shop. You are the one that teaches the golf, aren't you?

Freda: So you really are going for it are you Thelma?

Thelma: I certainly don't understand what all the fuss is about. Seems a pretty pointless waste of time to me. But I thought I might as well give it a go. Because you do know they're making me pay to be a playing member.

Douglas: Anyhow you're one of us now Thelma. Have you played before?

Thelma: Don't be ridiculous.

Douglas: Oh, but it's a wonderful game. You wait till you try it. You'll be hooked once you learn to hit the ball and see it soaring 200yards down the fairway.

Freda: Or in my case last year skidding along the ground for 50 yards and ending up in the brambles.

(Freda exits into the kitchen)

Douglas: **(finishing his drink and standing up)** Anyhow, Thelma, if you've never played before we'll begin with the basics. We might as well start now. You ready?

Thelma: **(Looking disdainfully out of the window)** But it's raining outside!!

Douglas: Well, you could have your first lesson in here? Why not? You first need to begin by getting the basics right. You see, in golf everything starts with the grip.

Thelma: The grip?

(He takes the ceremonial club from the wall)

Douglas: Unless you've got a good grip you can't play. Here, grab hold of that. Show me how you'd grip a golf club.

(Thelma grasps the club)

Douglas: You look like you're getting ready to dig for dead Romans!

Thelma: But that's what I do!

Douglas: Look, you have to get the grip right. It's important. You can't do anything without a good grip.

Thelma: Can't you?

Douglas: No. Here, let me show you. **(He shows the grip)** The hands together, like so. See. Now you try.

(She tries but gets it wrong)

Douglas: Look, perhaps if I stand behind you and put your hands in position. If you just bend forward slightly.

(He stands behind her)

Douglas: Now let me hold the club. See how I do it. Right now**,** you **g**rip the top of the handle first with your left hand. Like this. **(He grips the club)** I take it you are right-handed Thelma. Now you try. **(She does)** That's it. Now bring you right hand below it. Like this. **(He shows her)** Now you try. **(She does)** That's it. How does that feel?

(She smirks)

Thelma: Good.

Douglas: Now there are different ways of holding a golf club. Will you let me show you another.

Thelma: Oh yes.

(He takes the club back from her. He shows another one)

Douglas: See, you can interlock your fingers, like so. See. Now you try Thelma. **(She does)** That's it. Good. Now lower the club to the floor. That's it. **(She does)**

Thelma: Are there any more? **(Obviously enjoying it)**

Douglas: I think that's enough for now. We need to go on to the next stage. **(He takes the club from her and lays it on a table)**

Thelma: Oh let's do it! Becky and Elaine are going to lend me some clubs.

Douglas: There are lots I can teach you if you're really keen to learn.

Thelma: Oh I am!

Douglas: But I need to take you on the course to do that. And the other thing Thelma; we need to get you kitted out if you're serious about giving it a go.

Thelma: Oh, I am now!

Douglas: The thing is you can't play in ordinary clothes. They wouldn't let you.

Thelma: Wouldn't they?

Douglas: You've seen how the other women dress up to play. I've got some stuff over at the shop that'll really suit you. I'm sure the University would pay for you to get kitted out. Come with me. You can try some on.

(They exit towards the foyer. Thelma grins. Freda enters from the kitchen. She picks up the golf club, wipes the table underneath and puts the club back on the wall, slightly askew)

(Lights fade)

Scene 8 –The clubhouse lounge- a short time later.

(Lights rise. Freda is doing some dusting. Selwyn enters with some paperwork. He sees the ceremonial club crooked on the wall and adjusts it. He notices dust on it)

Selwyn: I wish you'd be more observant when you do your dusting Freda.

Freda: I don't see how dusting that old thing is my job. I spend enough time clearing up after you lot! Besides, I don't know why you have that scruffy old thing on display. That man's been dead forty years!

Selwyn: I won't begin to try to explain the idea of tradition and respect we have for former members. If you're not prepared to do your job I will get someone who is.

Freda: Oh you want me to stop working do you? Like I did last year then you had to pay me extra to come back 'cos you couldn't get anyone else.

(Freda flounces into the kitchen. Selwyn then sits down and studies some of the paperwork. Before long Elaine and Betty enter. They are dressed casually)

Selwyn: Good morning Ladies. I'm glad you could meet me. I'm sure you know that I just need to go over certain rules with you both. I appreciate you were here last year Elaine and are familiar with all the general rules which apply to everyone but there will be specific rules which apply to women.

Elaine: Which apply to women?

Selwyn: Shall we sit down?

(They all sit down)

Selwyn: Perhaps if we start by going over a couple of particular club rules. I feel things were a bit lax last year and I intend from now on to be more specific.

Elaine: More specific?

Selwyn: Such as no mobile phones are allowed in the clubhouse or, indeed, on the course.

Elaine: I agree.

Selwyn: And no swearing in the same two areas.

Elaine: Oh, we've never been known to swear, have we Becky?

Becky: Well I did once. Remember when you ran your trolley over my foot.

Selwyn: Yes, well, I'm sure ladies of your status wouldn't normally use bad language.

Elaine: Status?

Selwyn: Also, as this is only the second year ladies have been members we feel we have to introduce certain new dress rules on the course.

Becky: **(sarcastically)** I'd like a new dress.

Selwyn: As we previously had no need for these particular rules I've decided to adopt some I found online. **(He holds up a piece of paper)** They do come from an American club but they seem relevant for us. They mention choices for ladies' wear on the course.

Becky: It's good to have choice.

Selwyn: They include; **(He reads)** Skirts or dresses no more than 4" above the knee.

Elaine: As if.

Selwyn: No halter tops or bare midriffs and minimal cleavage to be shown.

Becky: Wouldn't want distract the men, would we?

Selwyn: **(ignoring her)** There are certain other forms of dress which are allowed. I quote "knickers and long socks".

Becky: If you think I'm parading around here in knickers and long socks you are mistaken!

Elaine: It's an American term Becky; I think they mean knee-length trousers or slacks.

Becky: That's a relief! I was beginning to think you were going to allow the men to parade around in their Y-fronts.

Selwyn: I hope you ladies are taking this seriously. The reputation of the club is at stake.

Becky: Of course Selwyn. It's just that we women are a bit wary of men ordering us about and telling us how to dress. Next thing you know it'll be "no doing our make-up on the tee".

Elaine: That one should apply to men as well. If I'm not mistaken there are one or two in this club who wear it.

Selwyn: Yes, well, we won't go into that now. Suffice to say that these few rules are being introduced and will appear in our new club handbook. Oh, and after six pm all ladies will be expected to be dressed in formal wear in the clubhouse.

Elaine: Formal wear?

Selwyn: Well, frocks and suchlike.

Becky: Frocks? Have you got any frocks Elaine?

(**Thelma enters dressed in her recently bought outrageous golf gear, clutching her mobile phone)**

Thelma: What do you think girls? Dougie said I needed to get kitted out. He's going to teach me how to play!

(Selwyn puts his head in his hands and the women laugh)

(Lights fade. Music. End of Act 1)

Act 2

Scene 1 - The clubhouse lounge- the following morning.

(Tommy West is sitting in the clubhouse. He is dressed in long shorts and a t-shirt, a cap on backwards, gaudy trainers and speaking on a mobile phone. (Freda brings out a half of lager. Tommy is looking at the menu)

Tommy: The food's a bit basic here, isn't it?

Freda: Oh yeah, what do you expect- cordon blue? This is a golf club, not the Ritz. And I should put that thing away before the Captain sees you.

(Freda exits to the kitchen. Tommy is speaking on the mobile phone)

Tommy: Yeah, I'm at the club now. Trying to come over posh here; stacked with Beamers in the car park.

(Selwyn enters. He spots the phone)

Selwyn: What is the meaning of this?

Tommy: Of what?

Selwyn: Mobile phones are not allowed in the clubhouse.

Freda: I did tell him Captain.

Tommy: How else am I supposed to tell my friends to join me down here?

Selwyn: I suppose you're going to tell me you're a member; which I find hard to believe.

Tommy: Well I am! And who might you be?

Selwyn: I happen to be the Captain of this club that you've brazenly marched into.

Tommy: Oh yeah?

Selwyn: And, for a start, who told you that dressing like that was acceptable.

Tommy: I suppose you're going to tell me I have to tart myself up just for a round of golf.

Selwyn: If "tarting yourself up" means wearing appropriate attire, yes! Anyway, who do you think you are coming in here deliberately flouting all our rules?

Tommy: Tommy's the name. Tommy West. I think you know my father.

Selwyn: **(taken aback)** West? You're Thomas? You're Dexter's son?

Tommy: I prefer Tommy if you don't mind. And he told me I was now a member of this golf club. So here I am; and I've invited some of my friends for a game. Should be here soon.

Selwyn: I see. **(pause)** Look **(pause)** Tommy. I would appreciate it if you could stick to the rules and as a favour, by all means have a game with your friends but I would ask you to keep out of the clubhouse in future.

Tommy: I don't think so! I've got the right.

Selwyn: But we can't allow you in dressed like that!

Tommy: Am I a member here or not?

Selwyn: Well yes.

Tommy: And I understand my father has just paid this club a considerable amount for some land or other.

Selwyn: He has.

Tommy: Well, in that case, I'm going to come in here when I want and I don't think you can stop me. Unless you want me to tell my father that I'm not welcome.

Selwyn: Well no.

Tommy: In that case I'll go and see if my friends have arrived.

(He finishes his drink and exits towards the changing rooms. Selwyn looks exasperated)

Freda: He's got you over a barrel, hasn't he?

Selwyn: Thank you Freda! I'll ask you to keep out of my affairs.

(He turns on his heel and exits towards his office. Freda pulls a face. Before long Becky and Elaine enter)

Becky: I've just passed Selwyn in the Foyer with a face like thunder. What's rattled his cage?

Freda: He's just met Tommy, Dexter West's son,

Becky: Who?

Freda: The New Horizon boss. His son Tommy's just been in here breaking all the rules and winding Selwyn up.

Elaine: I understand he's been able to join as part of the deal for the land.

Freda: It really niggles Selwyn but he can't do anything about it.

Becky: Seems, if he had his way he'd run this place like one of those posh London men's club; you know, such as the Carlton.

Elaine: Haven't they just let women in?

Becky: I think they'll all have to eventually.

Freda: You should see this lot when they have a dinner after one of their county matches – tarting themselves up, pretending to be a class above what they are - all alpha males together, making jokes about women. Some of the stuff they come out with; I have to bite my tongue. Now you lot are here they won't get away with it.

Becky: You should hear the rules they've made up for us. Selwyn took great delight in telling us what we could and couldn't do; what we could and couldn't wear.

Freda: Oh? I'd like to see him tell me what to wear!

Elaine: Of course, they're not all like that. Norman and Dougie have always made me feel welcome.

Freda: It's some of the others you want to watch out for.

(Lights fade)

Scene 2 – The clubhouse lounge- later that morning.

(Lights rise. Becky and Elaine are chatting looking out of the window)

Selwyn: Morning Ladies. I hear you've been encouraging Mrs. Trumpington to take a more active part in this club. I've just seen her out on the course with Douglas.

Becky: Why not? The club are getting full playing fees off her. Why shouldn't she learn to play?

Selwyn: Don't you realise the harm that woman's done with her dig. The sooner she's gone the better. Her so-called archaeology nearly cost us the County Championship last year. They nearly pulled out.

Elaine: You've got a short memory haven't you? I seem to remember because of the added interest of a Roman find on the course the County Committee had an unusual demand for tickets. I remember the crowds. It was a huge financial success for the club and the County Committee.

Selwyn: Yes well, it could have gone disastrously wrong. I prefer to deal with the present situation. The sooner we get rid of Mrs. Trumpington's disruptive influence the better. She openly flouts the rules and has no respect for authority.

Becky: Nothing to do with the fact that she is a woman then?

Selwyn: I'd have you know that you ladies are, in my view, here under sufferance. I am trying to get this club back to the highly respected status it had in my father's time.

Becky: You mean to a time when this was a male only club.

Selwyn: Be that as it may.

Becky: I don't know what you're frightened of. You seem to want to keep your cosy little set up where men can live in their own little fantasy world.

Selwyn: Golf was never meant to be a woman's game.

Becky: Oh really; you'll be telling me next it's because us poor weak women can't possibly compete with men.

Elaine: He's right though; we have to have our tees further forward so the holes are shorter for us.

Selwyn: There you are! What more proof do you want?

Becky: Well, I seem to remember being told of a certain woman; a poor weak woman, playing a round against you last year and luckily managing to beat you by, how many holes was it Elaine?

Elaine: Six.

Selwyn: That was a lucky win. My putting was off that day and I seem to remember a few lucky chip-ins by you.

Elaine: Lucky? Well maybe we could play again. Perhaps you'll have the luck this time.

Selwyn: I'm afraid I'm much too busy to play friendly rounds at the moment.

Becky: Oh?

Selwyn: In the meantime I would ask you not to encourage that woman. The sooner her and her crew leaves us alone the better it will be for everyone. Now I can't spend any more time chatting. I have important matters to attend to.

(Selwyn exits)

Becky: Did you really beat him last year?

Elaine: Oh yes; and he tried to cheat on a couple of occasions. He wouldn't speak to me afterwards. Went off in a huff.

Scene 3 - the following morning

(Freda enters from the kitchen. She craftily alters the golf club on the wall from its horizontal position. She carries on doing a bit of cleaning. Before long Betty enters and sits down reading a magazine)

Freda: Hello Becky. What no Elaine? I'm used to seeing you two together.

Becky: No, she's got a meeting at the surgery. She's coming down this afternoon. We're having a round with Thelma. Have you seen her in her new outfit? It's a bit bright, isn't it?

Freda: How you two got her playing I don't know!

Becky: We went out with her a couple of days ago. Do you know, that woman can hit the ball miles; unfortunately mostly into the woods!

Freda: Know the feeling!

(Pippa Ford-Goodey enters in a bad mood. She is dressed smartly. She looks back down the corridor)

Becky: Hello, can I help you?

Pippa: Where is that man?

Becky: Who are looking for?

Pippa: Why, the Captain, or whatever he calls himself; my husband Selwyn. I'm usually asked to wait in the car – I'm fed up of waiting.

Freda: You must be Pippa. I saw you once at the annual dinner.

Pippa: Yes, I'm Pippa, and I am married to that man. And he promised to meet me in the car park.

Freda: He's around somewhere. You like a coffee?

Pippa: Yes, I would. I remember you. It's Freda, isn't it? An Americano, thank you. No milk. I'll wait here; I'm not chasing around after him. **(She sits down)**

Becky: I'm Becky, by the way. I'm a new member.

(Freda exits to the kitchen)

Pippa: Member! What do you mean- member? Women aren't allowed to play here! I was told I'm only allowed in the clubhouse when they have the annual dinner and then only because I'm the Captain's wife. Selwyn's always running on about this being a man's club. He's always saying that's what the word golf stands for.

Becky: How do you mean?

Pippa: Gentlemen only, Ladies forbidden.

Becky: Oh no, that's not right. Women have been allowed as members for over a year now.

Pippa: Really? Selwyn never mentioned that! He was insistent that this club would never allow women. Over his dead body, he told me!

Becky: Do you play?

Pippa: Well, I used to, before I married Selwyn. I really enjoyed it. Of course I was busy with the children and housework for years but now they've left home…. I've still got my old clubs in the attic.

Becky: Why don't you give it another try? There are only three of us at the moment but you'd be most welcome. Douglas, the Pro, could give you lessons.

(Freda enters with the coffee)

Pippa: I don't believe this! He knows I've been keen on giving it another go but he insisted there was no place for me here! Why, I asked him about it only the other week.

Freda: He's been telling you porkies!

Pippa: You wait till I see that man! How dare he be so selfish! And where is he? **(She looks at her watch)** He promised to take me to the Lunchtime Concert. We're going to be late!

Becky: Yes, you see they were forced to allow women members last year when they wanted to host the County Championships.

Pippa: Is that so?

(Selwyn enters)

Selwyn: Pippa! What are you doing here?

Pippa: You promised to meet me at midday.

Selwyn: I've been dealing with important paperwork.

Pippa: That is no excuse. We are going to miss the Lunchtime Concert!

Selwyn: But darling, I'm only 10 minutes late.

Pippa: Don't you darling me! 10 minutes! It's been almost half an hour! And another thing; you've been telling me for ages that women weren't allowed to play golf here. I've just been told they've had women members here since last year!

Selwyn: But I was meaning..

Pippa: No, Selwyn, I've heard enough! You know I've been keen on getting out of the house since the children left.

Selwyn: But…

Pippa: I think you've got some explaining to do. I will wait for you beside the car and, I suggest, you start thinking seriously about how you're going to make it up to me.

(**She finishes her coffee and exits in high dudgeon. Selwyn stands dumbfounded. He then notices the club on the wall which is askew. He goes and adjusts it)**

Freda: You should have told her Captain!

Selwyn: That is none of your business Freda!

(Selwyn exits towards the foyer. Freda imitates his walk).

Becky: So she really didn't know about us lot. He's in big trouble now.

Freda: He was quite happy keeping her slaving at home while he ruled the roost here.

Becky: I suppose he didn't want her coming in ruining his man in control image.

Freda: I think he's blown that now.

(Lights fade)

Scene 4 - The clubhouse lounge – the following morning

(Cedric is sitting in his chair drinking a coffee. Norman is sitting beside him. They are drinking coffee)

Cedric: What's happening to us Norman? This used to be a quiet place. I could spend my mornings reading my paper and go out for nine holes with Walter and Percy. Now look at it; I don't know what's going to happen next.

Norman: Things have to change Cedric; it is the 21st century after all!

Cedric: But women! I never thought I'd see the day.

(Pippa enters with a membership form)

Norman: Its Selwyn's Pippa, isn't it?

Pippa: **(indignant)** I am not Selwyn's Pippa! I am my own Pippa!

Norman: I do beg your pardon. Can I be of assistance?

Pippa: Yes, you can tell me where I find the manager; I've come to join.

Cedric: **(Quietly)** Not another one!

Pippa: What did he say?

Norman: He wants another one; a coffee. I'll get you it in a minute. This is Cedric, by the way. He's our oldest member.

Pippa: Yes well. As I said, I'm going to join. I just need to hand in these forms.

(Thelma enters dressed in her dirty clothes from the dig)

Norman: This is Thelma; she's a member too.

Pippa: Does she normally dress like that?

Norman: She's been digging for dead Romans!

Pippa: So you're Thelma. I've heard about you; irritating my husband Selwyn. You should hear what he says about you!

Thelma: I don't know how you put up with him!

Pippa: I sometimes don't either! That man didn't tell me women were allowed but he's going to pay now. Literally!

Thelma: Good for you!

(Tommy enters from the foyer. He is dressed as before, clutching his phone)

Pippa: And who's this?

Norman: This is Tommy; He's a member too.

Pippa: I'm beginning to think I'm joining a circus, not a golf club!

Norman: Look Pippa, why don't I take you to the office to hand in those forms. I'll explain what's been going on.

(Norman ushers Pippa; they exit towards the office)

(Tommy goes to the bar)

Freda: What would you like Tommy?

Tommy: I'll have another ones of those lagers Freda.

(Freda pours out a beer)

Thelma: So you're Tommy are you? I hear you like winding up Selwyn; I'm glad there's someone else who sees the futility of their silly rules.

Freda: This is Thelma; she's just joined like you.

Tommy: Anyway, how come you're dressed like that?

Thelma: I've been out at the dig this morning.

Tommy: Dig?

Thelma: We've been excavating a site down by the woods.

Tommy: So there really is a dig on this golf course? I thought someone was winding me up.

Thelma: Oh didn't you know; we've been investigating Roman finds down by the woods since last year.

Tommy: Roman?

Thelma: Oh yes, we had reason to believe there might be a villa on site although we haven't found anything substantial yet. I think we're going to have to close the site down.

Tommy: No, don't do that!

Thelma: What's it to you?

Tommy: I love all that stuff.

Thelma: Oh?

Tommy: See, that was the one thing I didn't find boring at St. Hilda's before they expelled me. I was really into all that ancient history; particularly the Romans. Most of the teachers were useless but we had a great one for History. Those Romans were a clever lot, weren't they? And you say you've had some finds.

Thelma: Not enough, unfortunately. It's a pity. When that Roman body was found last year we thought we were on to something big but it's really come to nothing. I've told my volunteers we'll be moving out soon.

Tommy: Before you do can you show me what you've found? I'd be dead keen to see it.

Thelma: You would?

Tommy: I always wanted to get involved in that stuff but didn't think there was anything going on around here. And after being expelled I've had plenty of time on my hands.

Thelma: Well, I'm going down there now. Why don't you come with me and I'll show you around. If you're really keen there'll always be sites you can help on, if you want. It's good to see a young man taking an interest.

Tommy: That'd be great!

Thelma: Come on then, finish that beer. Haven't got time to waste. Work to do. Let's go. It's Tommy, isn't it?

(Tommy downs his beer in one. They exit towards the changing rooms. Freda brings out a scotch to Cedric)

Freda: What about that Cedric! Who'd a' thought those two would get on.

(Lights fade. Music.)

Scene 5 – The clubhouse lounge – that afternoon.

(Lights rise. Thelma enters using a mobile phone. Soon after Selwyn enters in a bad mood)

Thelma: **(Speaking on the phone)** Are you sure you've looked thoroughly? **(Pause)** No, don't do any more. I'll come down and look for myself.

Selwyn: I seem to remember telling you that mobile phones are specifically not allowed in the clubhouse.

Thelma: How else am I supposed to keep in touch with my workers? That is just another one of the stupid rules I've come across since I joined.

Selwyn: Letting you have anything to do with this club was a big mistake. I look forward to that day when you pack up all the rubbish you've littered our course with and give up looking for pathetic little bits of pottery which in the scheme of things means very little. Making out it is an important archaeological event! What nonsense! My advice to you would be to stop living in the past and go and do something useful.

Thelma: So that would be your considered advice, would it? So we're living in the past are we? This is coming from a man who presides over a club from what I can see is really living in the past. Strutting around in your blazers trying to hark back to an era when golf, I'm told, was only a sport for wealthy men. And that's not to mention your attitude to women which is positively Victorian. I mean, you didn't even allow them anywhere near the club until a short time ago and, if was up to you and your fellow dinosaurs they wouldn't have access now. And, I hear, you didn't even tell your own wife she could be a member! And I've heard of you men getting together making misogynist jokes at your cosy little dinners, flaunting your pathetic macho egos. And you accuse me of living in the past!

Selwyn: Have you finished? Well thank you for that ill-informed advice. I trust you will soon load all your bits of pottery into your scruffy caravan and leave us alone. We no longer need the money from the University so we'll be glad to see the back of you. And don't forget the day you leave you will no longer be a member of this golf club.

Thelma: You might be granted your wish sooner than you think. I intend to inform the University to stop paying you as we could be packing up within the week. Don't think I won't be glad to leave you and your cronies in peace to play, what I consider, the silliest game ever invented.

(Lights fade)

Scene 6 – The clubhouse lounge – The next morning.

(Lights rise. Pippa enters with a set of golf clubs in a carry bag. She is dressed casually. Freda is cleaning)

Pippa: Good morning, it's Freda, isn't it? Have you seen my husband?

Freda: He's on the premises somewhere.

Pippa: That man is never here when I want him. Well, I'm not waiting around for him. I've done enough of that recently.

Freda: What you got there? **(referring to the golf clubs)**

Pippa: They're my golf clubs.

Freda: They don't normally bring them in here.

Pippa: Don't they?

(She starts to exit as Douglas enters)

Douglas: Well hello. Who are you?

Freda: It's Pippa, Selwyn's wife. **(She carries on cleaning)**

Douglas: I didn't know he had such a young wife. **(He sees the bag of clubs she's carrying).** He's kept you hidden away. I'm Douglas by the way; I'm the Club Professional. What have you got there?

Pippa: They're my old set. I used to play before I married Selwyn. I was thinking of having a go again.

Douglas: Why don't you? **(He picks one of the clubs out of the bag)** So these are your clubs?

Pippa: I got them down from the attic.

Douglas: **(He picks up one and studies it)** I don't want to be rude but these are out of the Ark. You seriously thinking of playing again?

Pippa: I fully intend to. Selwyn's going to pay my membership as a birthday present.

Douglas: We've got a growing Ladies' section.

Freda: They've got three members!

Douglas: So you'll get plenty of chances to play.

Pippa: I like the sound of that.

Douglas: Well, if you're really serious about joining.

Pippa: I've made up my mind.

Douglas: Then why don't you let me fit you out with some new clubs; you can't play with them.

Pippa: Can't I?

Douglas: No. And you need to be dressed for the part like the others. I've got some smart ladies' stuff you'd look great in.

Pippa: Do you think so?

Douglas: Oh yes! If you're serious about taking up the game.

Pippa: Oh I am!

Douglas: You see golf clubs have improved so much in the last twenty years. And women's clothing too.

Pippa: Has it?

Douglas: There's lots of choice now. And I'm sure Selwyn would want you to have the best. Tell you what, why don't you come over to the shop now and see what I've got.

Pippa: Do you know that sounds like a great idea. I might as well go for it. I'll let Selwyn pick up the bill. It'll serve him right for denying me all these years.

Douglas: Denying you?

Freda: He never told her that women were allowed as members.

Douglas: Well, you're a member now. Come on; let's go. It's Pippa isn't it?

(They exit towards the foyer)

(Lights fade)

Scene 7 – The clubhouse lounge- later that day.

(Lights rise. Cedric is sitting drinking a large scotch)

Norman: I didn't know you had a drink this time of day Cedric.

Cedric: It's enough to drive anyone to drink Norman- these women! There's another one now!

Norman: You mean Pippa. She's Selwyn's wife.

Cedric: Is she?

Norman: I don't know why you can't find it in yourself to accept the ladies Cedric. I mean, you were married weren't you?

Cedric: Was I?

Norman: Twice, I recall.

Cedric: Maybe that's why I can't accept any more of them.

Norman: But all of us have one thing in common.

Cedric: Oh, what's that?

Norman: Why, our love of golf. You have it, I have it and so do they.

(Becky and Elaine enter dressed casually)

Norman: I mean, look at Elaine here; the other day she beat Douglas.

Cedric: You beat Dougie?

Elaine: On handicap, of course.

Cedric: Oh, what's your handicap then?

Elaine: I'm down to six now.

Cedric: I don't think I ever got that low.

Norman: Yes you did! When I was a youngster starting out with the game I looked up to you. You were the best player in the club.

Elaine: I've heard about you Cedric. See this man here Becky; his name's everywhere on the honour's boards out in the Foyer.

Cedric: Is it?

Becky: I've seen it too Cedric. What was it; winning the club championship three years on the trot way back in the eighties?

Cedric: Three times? Did I?

Elaine: Oh yes, and you represented the County.

Cedric: Are you sure that was me?

Becky: Oh yes! You should go and have a look.

Cedric: My eyes are not so good nowadays.

Elaine: You would have beaten Dougie in your heyday.

Cedric: Would I?

Becky: Come on Cedric, leave that drink; it's not good for you! Come and let us show you the honour's boards in the Foyer. Your name's on them no end of times.

Cedric: Is it?

(Cedric gets up from his seat)

Elaine: There's a big photo of you holding one of your cups somewhere.

Cedric: Are you sure it's me?

Becky: Oh yes, you were always a handsome man.

Cedric: Was I?

(They link arms with Cedric and exit towards the Foyer)

(Lights fade)

(Music)

Scene 8 - The clubhouse lounge- some time later.

(Lights rise. Douglas enters with Pippa. She is wearing attractive golf clothes. She gives a twirl)

Douglas: You look terrific Pippa! You were always meant to wear this sort of gear. Looks the part, doesn't she Freda?

Freda: She certainly does. It must have cost you a packet!

Pippa: It cost Selwyn a packet! It's another part of my birthday present.

Freda: Good thing you only have one a year!

Douglas: And he's going to buy you a modern set of clubs as the rest of it isn't he?

Pippa: He doesn't know it yet.

Freda: He'll have kittens when he finds out how much they are; that's right, isn't it Dougie?

Dougie: Well, if you want quality you've got to pay for it.

Pippa: Serves him right!

Douglas: Well, now we've got you kitted up perhaps we should get started.

Freda: He can show you his grip, like he did with Thelma.

Pippa: His grip?

Douglas: I don't think that'll be necessary; I've already found out that Pippa is already quite a competent golfer. I suggest I play a round with you right now.

Pippa: Oh I think I'd like that.

Douglas: **(looking out of the window)** Come on then Pippa; the first tee's free if we hurry.

(They exit towards the changing rooms. Freda clears away some plates and cutlery into the kitchen. She enters and craftily adjusts the club on the wall so that it's not level. She exits once more into the kitchen. Before long Selwyn enters from the foyer. He sees the club askew and adjusts it)

Selwyn: **(Calling towards the kitchen)** Was that Douglas I just saw going down to the first tee with Pippa?

Freda: **(She enters from the kitchen)** He's playing around with her.

Selwyn: Why did those women have to encourage her? She was quite happy at home. Now I hear she's getting lessons with Douglas.

Freda: He's even sold her some gear. She looks terrific! And she's got her eye on some new clubs. Said you'd pay for them all as a birthday present.

Selwyn: How dare Douglas do all this behind my back!

Freda: You want to watch Dougie Captain. You know how he was with that young Lucy last year. He took a lot of time teaching her his grip.

Selwyn: I shall have to have a word with Douglas; he's exceeding his authority. He'll force me to get rid of him. We'll be getting a bad reputation with women.

Freda: And you so want them to join, don't you Captain?

(Lights fade)

Scene 9 –The clubhouse lounge- the next morning

(Lights rise. Elaine and Becky enter)

Freda: What have you been doing to old Cedric – he was in a good mood when he had his coffee this morning.

Elaine: We just showed him his name on the honours boards yesterday**.**

Freda: You heard about Thelma, didn't you?

Elaine: So she's really going to leave us.

Becky: Seems they didn't really find much down by the woods after all and the University is pulling the funding.

Freda: That's right. She just told Selwyn this morning. You should have seen his smug face. You'd think he would have thanked her and the Uni for their support. He just tried to ridicule her but he came off worse.

Elaine: We'll miss Thelma; she knows how to put him in his place.

(Pippa enters)

Becky: At least we've got this one to keep up the numbers. You are joining aren't you Pippa?

Pippa: You bet I am. I've just had tuition out on the course yesterday with Dougie. He's very clever, isn't he?

Elaine: He knows a thing or two.

Becky: He knows a thing or two about golf as well.

Elaine: He's been married and divorced twice!

Pippa: Has he?

(Lights fade)

Scene 10 - The clubhouse lounge – the next morning

(Lights rise. Douglas enters. He looks back towards the Foyer. Thelma is sitting in the Lounge looking into a large back pack)

Douglas: What's come over Selwyn? He looks like the cat that's got the cream!

Thelma: I've just told him that my team are stopping the dig and leaving tomorrow. It's become pointless to carry on.

Douglas: You, leaving? But I was enjoying our little coaching sessions Thelma.

Thelma: So was I. But that man has made it so difficult to work here and I've been asked to supervise a dig the other side of the County. Do you know he refuses to give the university a refund on my year's golf membership.

Douglas: That's mean! They can afford it! Anyhow, if they're charging the full amount you might as well carry on playing.

Thelma: I think I'd be better off leaving. I mean, I know you've tried hard to show me but I still don't see the point of golf.

Dougie: Oh?

Thelma: I mean why do we have to carry round so many clubs? Why can't we just have two or three and hit them harder?

Dougie: Well…

Thelma: And why do they have so many sandpits.

Douglas: Bunkers.

Thelma: They just get in the way.

Douglas: Look, I know golf's not your thing and you have your own way of doing things but, you've got to admit, it has been a laugh hasn't it? What about that time you hit poor old Freddie Goodwin on the backside with your tee shot?

Thelma: What a fuss he made; it was only a little golf ball!

Douglas: But, you remember, I told you to shout "fore!"

Thelma: I did!

Douglas: But only after it had hit him!

Thelma: You didn't tell me that!

Douglas: Come on though Thelma; you can't say we haven't had some laughs. What about one last round with just me as a goodbye?

Thelma: What just me and you?

Douglas: Come on; what do you say? It's a bit late now. We'll go out first thing tomorrow morning. About 9 o'clock OK?

Thelma: Alright then; one last go; I've no work down on the site now. Oh Dougie, I'll so miss playing around with you.

Douglas: See you on the first tee then; 9.00 sharp.

(Douglas exits towards the foyer)

(Lights fade)

Scene 11 - the clubhouse lounge- early next morning

(Lights rise. Selwyn is sitting drinking coffee with Henry)

Henry: So, it's true then; Mrs. Trumpington will be leaving us.

Selwyn: Oh yes. I've insisted that she packs up her scruffy caravan and replaces the earth her and her cronies have dug up over the last year. We can get back to normal.

Henry: Normal?

Selwyn: We can restore the 12th green to how it was.

Henry: But we won't have the money from the University and we'll have to pay them back most of the £5,000 for Thelma's membership.

Selwyn: Oh no. They're not getting any money back. They chose to leave early. If a member chooses to leave during the year we wouldn't pay back his subs.

Henry: This is slightly different.

Selwyn: Now we can look to the future and get this club back to as it was.

Henry: As it was?

Selwyn: We can get back to being an all-male club.

Henry: But, Selwyn, we need women members.

Selwyn: They'll soon get fed up when they realise they'll only be able to play Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

Henry: But, surely, we must encourage them.

Selwyn: And they won't be able to enter men's competitions. The doctor woman will soon get fed up with that.

Henry: But she's an excellent golfer; an asset to the club.

Selwyn: The men don't like being shown up by a woman. We're better off without them.

Henry: But what about your wife; she seems very keen.

Selwyn: She'd shown little interest in golf since we've been married.

Henry: She's interested now!

Selwyn: Henry, I do know my own wife! She enjoys being at home, doing the housework. And when grandchildren come along she'll want to look after them. In the meantime I'll get her a puppy. She'll soon get fed up of golf.

Henry: But we're going to need women members, and youngsters.

Selwyn: You don't understand Henry. I've already had a few enquiries from certain prominent men in the town about joining the club.

Henry: Don’t you mean wealthy?

Selwyn: People of quality.

Henry: You mean those who consider it a badge of honour to pay well over the odds because they can and others can’t.

Selwyn: And what’s more important we can pick and choose who joins for years to come.

Henry: But what about when the money runs out?

Selwyn: I don’t think you understand what this club stands for Henry. We have a chance to put this club back to where it was fifty years ago - the golden years. It would be quite an achievement. That is why we are having a special dinner for the Committee this evening to celebrate.

(Lights fade)

Scene 12 - The clubhouse lounge- evening

(Lights rise. A table is laid out for a lunch organised by Selwyn to celebrate the future of Great Snoring Golf Club. Everyone is dressed smartly in club blazers)

Selwyn: Welcome everyone. I thought it appropriate to have this special dinner to celebrate what is, I'm sure you will all appreciate, a new beginning for Great Snoring Golf Club.

Douglas: You seem very certain of our future Selwyn.

Selwyn: I'll have you know I've worked hard for this club to ensure our financial future. I am informed that New Horizon have earlier today started work down by the fifth green. All being well the sum agreed will be transferred into our account tomorrow. I see this as the beginning of a new era. We can once again become numbered among the elite.

Norman: I understand this implies a male only club.

Selwyn: I seem to recall this committee's full support for my future plans.

Henry: That was before we saw the full extent of your vision.

Douglas: I think you're making a mistake….

Selwyn: I don't think so. It is meant to be that way. I mean, can you imagine women on the committee; we'd never get anything done; you know what they're like.

Henry: I have to say that this could be misguided Selwyn. I firmly believe that ladies could be a great asset to this club. As a result I'm sure that others present would agree with me.

Selwyn: I expected you, of all people, to support me on this Henry.

Henry: To be fair I have voiced my reservations. We must be realistic. This is the 21st century. I don't think we can turn back time. Therefore, I have decided to extend an invite this evening. Freda, would you do the necessary.

(Freda enters with three sets of cutlery and lays them out. She exits into the kitchen)

Selwyn: What is the meaning of this?

Henry: We can't keep living in the past, however much you'd like to Selwyn. Ladies!

(Elaine, Becky and Pippa enter wearing dresses)

Elaine: Good evening Gentlemen; I thought you would appreciate us wearing frocks; eh Selwyn?

Douglas: You look terrific! Come and sit down.

Norman: Where's Thelma?

Becky: She doesn't possess a frock, so she's decided not to come!

Henry: Please ladies, take your seats.

(The women take their seats)

Selwyn: This is outrageous! I take it this is all your doing Henry?

Henry: I think you'll find a general agreement in this room.

Selwyn: What, even you Cedric?

Cedric: Perhaps we ought to give them a chance Captain. That one there beat Douglas the other day! **(He points to Elaine)**

Pippa: Don't make such a fuss Selwyn! We'll talk about it when we get home. Let me come and sit with you. Freda's cooked chicken chasseur followed by crème brulee. You know you like that. It's your favourite.

Selwyn: I think I've lost my appetite.

Freda: **(Freda starts to bring out food)** Right, who *is* hungry?

(Lights fade)

Scene 13 – The clubhouse lounge- late the next morning

(Lights rise. Henry enters. He is in club blazer; the women are dressed casually)

Becky: Thank you for inviting us last night Henry.

Henry: It's probably got me the sack. He hasn't spoken to me since.

Elaine: Where is the man, by the way?

Henry: Just after I came in this morning I saw Selwyn marching down to the 12th green; you know the dig. I followed him down there. He seemed in a foul mood after last night's dinner. I'm afraid he was very rude to some of those volunteers. You know, at the dig. I had to come away.

Becky: That wasn't necessary; they're going after all.

Elaine: Wasn't Thelma there?

Henry: No, she's playing a last round with Douglas. I think I saw them over by the fifth tee as I came back up to the clubhouse.

Elaine: We'll miss her.

Henry: I don't think some of the members will miss her from what Douglas has told me. She has little regard for the rules and etiquette. You know about poor old Freddie Goodwin; she struck him on the backside; with the ball you understand, the other day. The poor man is still limping.

(Douglas enters from the changing rooms, looking flustered. He looks out of the window down the course)

Becky: What's up Dougie? Has something happened? You look terrible. Come and sit down. **(He sits)** You look like you could use a drink. **(She calls towards the kitchen)** Freda; get this poor man a drink.

Elaine: I thought you were having a round with Thelma**.**

Douglas: I was! It was due to be her last round**.** That woman can certainly hit the ball. We were coming up to the fifth green; you know where the housing work's going on. Well she hits her ball and it goes sailing over the green towards the road. You know, where the workmen have been digging a wide trench. Well she goes marching down there to get her ball and I followed her. Then suddenly all hell breaks loose. You should have heard the swearing! Well, I wasn't going to get involved; those workmen are big! So I came away and left them to it. **(Freda enters with a drink for Douglas)**

Becky: They must have upset her. She doesn't take any nonsense, particularly from men.

Elaine: So, Dougie, you left poor Thelma down there dealing with those workmen on her own!

Douglas: **(Gulping his drink)** Don't worry, from what I saw, it's the poor workmen I felt sorry for!

Becky: **(Looking towards the changing rooms)** Here she comes now!

(Thelma enters from the changing rooms covered in muck and carrying a bent seven iron and a phone)

Becky: Thelma! What's happened?

Thelma: They were only trying to cover it up, weren't they!

Elaine: Cover it up?

Thelma: Said the boss had told them to.

Becky: What?

Thelma: Only part of a Roman mosaic floor. I recognised it straight away. My ball landed on it. They told me to clear off. They were trying to pile earth over it! Well, I wasn't having that! One of them came at me with a shovel. I soon sorted him out. **(She holds up a bent seven iron).** They backed off after that. It gave me the chance to get a photo.

Elaine: They let you take a photo?

Thelma: They daren't come near me! **(She presses a key and holds her phone for the others to see; first Elaine and Becky, and finally Henry and Cedric)** Just look at that!

Becky: I see what you mean.

Thelma: That is an example of top class Roman mosaic; I've seen enough of it in my time. And they had been under orders to bury it again. I mean, look at the quality of that.

Cedric: It looks like the stuff on my kitchen floor. I got it from B and Q!

Thelma: You wait till I show the University this! You don't realise; this could be big! I knew what it was as soon as I saw it! I had a feeling there could be a Roman villa somewhere around here. I've been waiting all my life for a chance like this! I'm off to register the site before that lot try to really cover it up. The University will insist I move my crew over and investigate. There's no doubt about that. Here, you take this. **(She gives the bent seven iron to Douglas and exits)**

Becky: Looks like she's not going after all.

Douglas: I can't wait to tell Selwyn! He'll love this! I think I'll go find him.

(He finishes his drink and with bent club in hand he exits)

Elaine: Come on Becky, let's join him. I'm not missing this!

(They exit towards the leaving Cedric, looking puzzled, reading his paper)

(Lights fade)

Scene 14 - The clubhouse lounge- the next day.

(Lights rise. Norman, Henry, Douglas, Elaine and Becky are standing having a drink of wine. Freda is standing behind the Bar.)

Norman: So there we are. Henry and I have successfully put it to the committee and the President that we need to adjust certain of the most recent decisions about the future of this club. Particularly as Selwyn is no longer with us.

Elaine: Oh?

Henry: You see Dexter took the news about the Roman Mosaic better than we thought–I suppose he was happy that his son had found a more positive interest, but, at the same time, although he was annoyed with us, he was furious with Selwyn.

Becky: Why Selwyn in particular?

Norman: Well, Dexter let it slip that he had paid a substantial amount of money to Selwyn personally to smooth things over about acquiring the land.

Douglas: What, he took a back hander? I know Selwyn was a sexist and a snob but I never thought he was into feathering his own nest.

Elaine: Why did he need to do that? He's a wealthy man.

Becky: I think it's called greed.

Henry: So, as a result of the embarrassment of this particular disclosure, Selwyn has decided to resign from his post as Captain and to leave the club immediately. He feels his position has become untenable.

Cedric: I thought I didn't see his BMW in the car park.

Henry: He told me he's going to join High Elms Golf Club. So that means, in effect, that you, Norman, are now acting Captain.

Elaine: Well done Norman. I'm sure you can count on our support.

Cedric: Here, here!

(Pippa enters)

Becky: I hear your husband is joining another club. I suppose you'll be going with him as well.

Pippa: Not a chance; I'm enjoying myself too much here! **(She sits down beside Douglas)**

Douglas: Good for you! **(Douglas puts his arm round her shoulder)**

Pippa: And I'm going to get some of my friends to join.

Douglas: Oh?

Pippa: Their husbands also hadn't told them that women were allowed here!

Norman: So, as Captain, with Henry's support, we have decided to keep the membership fees at the old level and have no joining fee. Also we shall introduce more relaxed dress rules for the ladies.

Elaine: You hear that Becky; no more knickers and long socks!

Henry: The University will be paying a considerable sum for the new site, so that will give us the chance to change things for the better. I know Selwyn didn't think so, but we believe it will be beneficial for the club in the long run if we were more inclusive. If we have more members we won't need to increases fees. And, if that means, as Cedric would have said, dustmen and council workers join too, so be it. And we also want to actively encourage women and youngsters so they know they're welcome. We know some of the older members may struggle a bit with this but we want the club to have a future and not fossilise and die.

(Thelma enters with Tommy)

Elaine: Are you staying with us Tommy?

Tommy: You bet I am! My old man is going to pay my fees anyhow; He says to keep me out of trouble. Besides, I'm going to help Thelma with her dig. My dad's really happy I've found something "useful" **(said slightly sarcastically)** to do with my time.

(Tommy goes over to the bar where Freda pours him a drink)

Becky: What about you Thelma; you still going to play?

Thelma: Don't be ridiculous! I'll be too busy at our new dig to play your silly game.

Norman: Anyhow you'll be still most welcome to, as you say, use the facilities for a nominal sum.

Thelma: As long as no more men walk in on my shower!

Douglas: You hear that Cedric; you just pack it up!

(Freda brings out a glass of wine for Thelma)

Norman: Yes, well. Now, if we market it properly, having an archaeological dig on the course is a bit of a feather in our cap now it has been designated as a site of special historical interest. There is a lot of local interest now and very strong feelings about it remaining in place and not getting built on.

Thelma: I'd like to see them try!

Henry: So, you see, Thelma and her Romans have become very dear to us. They will protect us for years to come.

Norman: So let's drink to a club that is no longer living in the past. From now on we're going to be all inclusive. Bring on your dustmen, your Tommies and your women. They'll all be welcome here. To Great Snoring Golf Club and the future.

(They hold up their glasses in a toast)

All: “Great Snoring”.

(Music. Curtain.)