

The Sand Trap of Tomorrow

by Jay Dover

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CAST: DOUG, 30's, a relaxed and casual golfer
BILL, 30's, a serious and agitated golfer
JUNE, 20's, an average golfer
STARTER

PLACE: First hole tee on a golf course

TIME: Present

DOUG sits on a bench, casually playing with his 7 iron while sipping on a can of Budweiser, hidden in a foam Pepsi cooler ring. Nearby, BILL digs into his golf bag, retrieves a purple Crown Royal felt pouch. He opens it the mouth of the pouch carefully, looks inside, gently shakes it, leveling the contents. He walks the pouch over to DOUG, reverently as if it were Holy.

BILL

Give me your balls.

DOUG puts down his club and digs deeply into his pockets, fumbling around a bit before pulling out a couple of golf balls and plopping them into the Crown Royal pouch. Grabs his club.

BILL

That all you got?

DOUG

All I need.

BILL closes the golden tassels of the pouch and shakes it like coating chicken in a bag. Over the P.A. the course starter is heard

STARTER (O.S.)

Next on the tee, Kamaguchi, party of four. Kamaguchi, party of four.

BILL

Pathetic. Absolutely pathetic.

DOUG

Yeah.

BILL

People just don't have any respect for anything anymore. Like those jerk-offs over there. Makes me wanna puke. It's the goddamn drive-thru's fault that's what it is.

DOUG

Yeah.

BILL

Got everybody trained not to give a shit about anything anymore. Can't even get their fat asses out of the car to feed their pieholes. Drive thru A-holes what they are. DTA's. Jerkoffs are DTA's.

DOUG

Yeah.

BILL

You know I'm right.

DOUG

Yeah.

BILL

That all you gonna say?

DOUG

I'm here ain't I?

BILL

Yeah. You're *here*, all right.

DOUG

Lighten up, Bill. It'll get done.

BILL

You didn't even bring your bag.

DOUG

It's a 3-par.

BILL

DTA like the rest of these jerkoffs.

DOUG

You're an idiot.

BILL

At least I'm giving this the respect Donny deserves. I bring the whole bag, woods, irons, wedges, shoes, tees, Tiger Woods level shit. Not you. A 7 iron, two balls and a can of beer. Pathetic. Absolutely pathetic.

DOUG

Up yours, Bill.

BILL

No, you up yours, Doug. That's what Donny's saying right now to you. You up yours.

DOUG

I showed up. What else do you want?

BILL

Respect for Donny, that's what I want. It's his day. Everybody else too busy to bother showing up, "oh, I can't I gotta clean the garage, I gotta sue my ex-wife, I gotta spend the entire day taking my head out of my ass." Pathetic. I don't got any time either but I find the time. I make time, for my friends. This is for Donny and that's enough for me. Life ain't no drive thru.

DOUG

Man, that's deep.

BILL

Up yours.

A golf swing thwack is heard followed by urgent yells of...

GOLFERS (O.S.)

FOUR! FOUR!

DOUG and BILL duck and cringe.

BILL

Jesus H Christ! They let any jerkoff on this course.

DOUG

Gotta love the public GC.

BILL

Which is also pathetic. Used to do this at Hidden Hills and now we gotta play here with these jerks. Nike clothes. Nike clubs. Nike balls. Tiger Woods A-holes.

(MORE)

BILL (cont'd)
 Couldn't hit the side of a barn with a wet paper bag if they were pissing on it.

DOUG looks at BILL and starts laughing.

BILL
 (catching Doug's laugh)
 I'm serious, man. I'm totally serious. They should make poeple get a license to golf. Gotta get a license to shoot things in the woods, don't you?

DOUG
 Relax. Donny couldn't play golf either.

Another golf swing thwack.

GOLFERS (O.S.)
 FOUR! LOOK OUT!

DOUG and BILL take cover behind the bench.

BILL
 At least Donny could hit the ball. Not like these drive-thru A-holes.

DOUG
 Donny the Divot Head?

BILL
 Donny loved golf.

DOUG
 Donny loved to get high on the fairways. That's why he went golfing with us. That's why we all went golfing. Get high, write obscentities in the sandtraps with our piss.

BILL
 That's not why I went.

DOUG
 You were stoned by the time we hit the third green, man.

BILL
 I was getting stoned with my friends, Doug. That's why I went. To hang out with my friends.

DOUG
 And get stoned.

BILL
 Up yours.

DOUG
You, up yours.

Yet another golf swing thwack.

GOLFERS (O.S.)
LOOK OUT! FOUR! GET OUT OF THE WAY. NO, THE OTHER WAY!

BILL
Shit, we are going to get killed.

JUNE enters, with a couple of golf irons. She approaches BILL and DOUG

JUNE
Hey guys. The starter said you guys were a twosome, next up. Can I play the round with you?

BILL and DOUG regard each.

BILL
Well, see, the thing is, we're waiting...

DOUG
Sure you can. I'm Doug.

They greet, shake hands.

JUNE
June.

DOUG
This is Bill.

JUNE
Hi.

BILL
You know how to golf?

JUNE
Yeah.

BILL
Look out!

BILL suddenly ducks behind the bench, JUNE and DOUG cower. A golf thwack!

GOLFERS (O.S.)
YEAH! GREAT SHOT.

BILL
(half screaming)
Shanked the shit out of it!

DOUG
Well, at least it didn't hit anybody this time.

Doug shakes his beer can at June, "want some?"

JUNE
No thanks.

BILL
So, June. You like to golf?

JUNE
Yeah. Like a walk in the park without the dog shit.

DOUG
Nice.

BILL
Been golfing long?

JUNE
Since I was a kid.

BILL
Cool, cool. What you got there?

JUNE
A nine and a putter.

BILL
Nikes.

JUNE
Yeah. They're real nice. All I need for 3-pars. Longest hole is only 120, so pretty easy, you know?

DOUG
I got a 7 and a can of beer.

JUNE
That'll work.

BILL
Well, June, you need to know something. See, this is our annual tournament you just signed up for.

JUNE
Tournament?

DOUG
More like a wake with divots.

JUNE
What?

BILL
Don't listen to him. I need a couple of your balls.

JUNE
Excuse me?

DOUG
She don't got balls, Billy.

BILL
Up yours.

JUNE
What do you want balls for?

BILL
The tournament. Look, it's just a thing we do every year.
No big deal. I'll give 'em right back.

DOUG
My ex-wife told me that once.

BILL
Ignore him.

JUNE
I don't bet on golf.

BILL
No, no. We don't bet. It's our annual Donny Carr Memorial
Golf Tournament. We do it every year.

DOUG
Yep, every year. Because he's dead.

JUNE
Excuse me?

DOUG
Donny. Long, long, long, long, dead and gone.

JUNE
Oh. I'm sorry.

DOUG
Nah, don't sweat it. He don't care anymore.

BILL

Ignore him. Look, every year I organize the tournament for all of Donny's friends and we come out and play golf, have a great time. Been doing it now for, what, eighteen years?

DOUG

Died when he was eighteen, so yeah. Double him.

BILL

Not a lot of people could make it this year, you know, busy with jobs and stuff, plus the Holidays coming up.

DOUG

Three whole months away.

BILL

But me and Doug make it every year. Donny, too.

BILL holds up the Crown Royal.

JUNE

He's in there?

DOUG

What's left of him, minus eighteen years.

BILL

Yeah. I mean, it's not as creepy as it looks. We just put our balls in the pouch and dust 'em up a bit.

DOUG

Shaking and baking with Donny.

BILL

It's very respectful. We tee him up, take him around the course. Donny loved golf. He'd want us to do this.

JUNE

Wow. I don't know what to say.

BILL

I know it sounds creepy, but it's important. It's important to remember your friends. What they meant to us, especially when you're young. He left us way too early. He was a great guy.

DOUG

He was a pothead.

BILL

He was not a pothead.

He was a pothead who delivered pizzas only he'd get high, eat a little of the dude's pizza, then delivered them.

A golf thwack, they cower.

BILL

He was not a pothead, Doug.

DOUG

You're right, Bill. He was high pizza dude by night. High school pot dealer by day. Me and Billy here were two of his best customers.

BILL

We were not and don't listen to him. He's an idiot.

JUNE

No, it's cool.

DOUG

Wanna know how he died?

BILL

No she doesn't.

DOUG

Sure she does. She's in the Donny Carr Memorial Golf Tournament now. She should know how he bit the dust before she gets her balls all dusty with Donny the Divot PotHead.

JUNE

Look guys, I'm just here to play a round.

DOUG

One night after delivering pizzas, Donny and a bunch of us were getting stoned on Donny's pot in his dad's basement when his dad came home and we all squeezed through the basement windows and escaped and Donny said we should all go out to the quarry and go diving and we all said are you fucked up or what and he said he was and so were we so we were all in agreement that's what we should do and we went out to the quarry and Donny was the first out of the car and went running off to jump in but the only thing is is that Donny drove to the wrong quarry, the dry one, but we were all too high to notice before Donny went screaming down the hill like a wild banchee and jumped over the edge and went...

(bomb noise)

We all ran off but someone called the cops later and they came out and scraped up Donny from the bottom of the quarry in the morning. The rest of that summer, no pot, no where. Which made Donny dying even more of a bummer.

Over the P.A. the STARTER is heard.

STARTER (O.S.)

Next on the tee, Donny Carr party. Donny Carr party of 3.

JUNE

You know what, guys. I'm going sit this one out.

DOUG

That is a great idea. Me too.

BILL

Don't listen to him. He's an idiot. We're up now.

JUNE

Nah, I'm gonna go. You guys have fun.

June exits.

BILL

Are you some kind of fucking idiot!

DOUG

Nope. I ain't the least bit like Donny. See you.

DOUG exits.

BILL

Hey! Hey! Where the hell you going? We're up!

STARTER (O.S.)

Donny Carr Party on the tee, please.

BILL

Hang on! Doug! Doug. Shit.

STARTER (O.S.)

Carr party on the tee or forfeit your time.

BILL

Hang on a second.

(to the bag)

This is all your fucking fault you stupid stoned piece of shit. Fucking couldn't drive worth shit...

STARTER (O.S.)

Carr party....

BILL

ALRIGHT. FORFEIT! DRIVE THRU ASSHOLE!

BILL packs up his bag.

STARTER (O.S.)

Now on the tee, Henderson, party of 4. Henderson on the tee.

DOUG re-enters.

DOUG

I forgot. You drove.

BILL

Thanks for nothing, Doug. A-hole.

DOUG

Billy. Bill. Come on, man, it's over. Nobody's coming. We've all moved on. You're the only one.

BILL

You don't forget your friends, Doug. You want to die and then nobody remembers you? Huh? I didn't think so.

DOUG

But if you live like an idiot, and die like an idiot, you ain't worth remembering. Donny was an idiot, man.

BILL

Then why the hell did you keep coming to the tournament? All these years and you didn't even like the guy? Now you tell me? What the hell kind of bullshit is that?

DOUG

I don't know. I guess somebody had to make sure you didn't jump into that quarry after him.

A pause.

BILL

Shit. Shit. Lousy fucking driver.

DOUG

Yep. He was a lousy fucking driver, too. Come on, man. Let's go dump him in the sandtrap on nine. He'd dig that.

BILL

Shit. But I'm peeing my name in it first.

DOUG

Sounds like a plan.

They exit.

End of the play.