CHUCK: Too bad. Did you know, by the way, that a race of dwarves once covered the earth? This (*the miniature-golf course*) is what they left behind.

AMY: Ha, ha.

CHUCK: This was their Stonehenge. Castle. Windmill. Lighthouse.

AMY: Did you just think of this?

CHUCK: You didn't know that but it's true.

AMY: Did you just make that up?

CHUCK (*motioning for her to proceed*): But please.

AMY: I don't know how I got into this.

CHUCK (*as she putts again*): *Puck!* Aaaaaaaaaaand—*Ouch.*

AMY (*missing*): Ohhhhhhhhhh . . .

CHUCK: Nice bounce. But no cigar.

AMY: It wasn't a *bad* shot.

CHUCK: Anyway, that's why I come out here to Lilli-Putt Lane. To sense a cosmic connection with the ancient anthropology of the game.

AMY: Uh-huh. And to seduce girls.

CHUCK: *What?!*

AMY: Oh come on, Chuck.

CHUCK: What guy in his right mind would take a girl miniature-*golfing* to seduce her?

AMY: You would. You've got quite a reputation, you know.

CHUCK: What "reputation"?

AMY: *Don Juan.*

CHUCK: Any, I swear. I've never taken a girl miniature-golfing in my life. Or anybody *else's* life!

AMY: Uh-huh.

CHUCK: But do you want to take your next shot? I can see you're getting hooked.

AMY (*lining up the putt*): If this is about getting into bed with me . . .

CHUCK: Never in a million years.

AMY: You can think again.

CHUCK (*as she putts*): *Puck!* Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaand—

AMY (*as it goes in*): *Yes!*

CHUCK: *Hey!* That was good, Amy!

AMY: That was good, wasn't it?

CHUCK: That was *very* good.

AMY: Wow! That felt *great!*

CHUCK: It's almost an erotic thrill, isn't it? (*Off her look.*) I take it back. It's not an erotic thrill. It's a mild celibate *frisson.*

AMY: You are shameless.

CHUCK (*getting ready to putt*): Quiet, please. I'm concentrating here. (*He tees off.*) *Puck!*

AMY (*as the ball travels*): Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

CHUCK (*overlapping that*): Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaand . . . (*The ball goes in.*) BINGO!

AMY: Wow!

CHUCK: Am I good?

AMY: That was *nice!*

CHUCK: Am I good?

AMY: You're really good.

END AMY

CHUCK: Okay. Let's put this down for infinity. (*Marks a score-card.*) Three for Amy. And a hole in one for Chuck.

AMY: God. It takes so little, doesn't it.

CHUCK: So little?

AMY: To make people happy. It takes so little for happiness.

CHUCK: And what's littler than miniature golf? So are you getting interested? Shall we play on?

AMY: Yeah. Let's play on.

CHUCK: *FORE!*

CHUCK II (*offstage*): *FORE!*

(*As* CHUCK *and* AMY *move on to the second hole,* CHUCK II *enters with* ANNIE *at the first hole.* CHUCK II *is dressed exactly like* CHUCK. ANNIE *is in her mid-twenties.*)

ANNIE

ANNIE: Chuck, they ought to lock you up.

CHUCK II: What . . . ?

ANNIE: You are *shameless*, Chuck.

CHUCK: This is nothing, you know.

AMY: What.

CHUCK II: Annie, *what?*

[redacted]

ANNIE: Oh, right.

[redacted]

CHUCK II: I've never taken a girl miniature-golfing in my entire life!

ANNIE: I'll bet.

CHUCK II: I swear!

[redacted]

CHUCK II: Or anybody *else's* entire life!

AMY AND ANNIE: Uh-huh.

CHUCK II: You don't believe me?

ANNIE: With your reputation?

CHUCK II: What reputation?

ANNIE: *Don Juan.*

CHUCK II: Oh Amy, Amy. You have to learn to trust people.

[redacted]

ANNIE: Annie.

CHUCK II: Excuse me?

ANNIE: My name is Annie. You called me Amy.

CHUCK II: I'm sorry. *Annie.*

ANNIE (*sets her "ball" down*): I'm going to keep my eye on you.

[redacted]

CHUCK II: Annie-way—prepare to fall in love tonight. With miniature golf.

ANNIE: Oh yes?

CHUCK II: This game is bigger than you or me, you know.

ANNIE: Very clever. I just hope nobody *sees* me out here.

CHUCK AND CHUCK II (*as* AMY *and* ANNIE *tee off*): *Puck!*

CHUCK II: Aaaaaaaand . . .

[redacted]

ANNIE (*her typical sound, at missing a shot*): *Nyugh!*

[redacted]

CHUCK II: Nice lay, though.

[redacted]

CHUCK II (*off Annie's look*): It's just a *golfing* term.

[redacted]

AMY AND ANNIE: I'm sure. (*The women get ready to putt again.*)

[redacted]

AMY: Very cute.

[redacted]

CHUCK II: Did you know, by the way, that a race of dwarves once covered the earth? This is what they left behind.

ANNIE: Ha, ha.

CHUCK II: This was their Stonehenge.

ANNIE: Very cute.

CHUCK II: You didn't know that but it's true.

[redacted]

ANNIE: You're not going to distract me.

CHUCK II: *Puck!*

[redacted]

CHUCK AND CHUCK II: Aaaaaaaaaaaand—

CHUCK II (*as* ANNIE *misses*): *BONG.*

ANNIE: *Nyugh!*

[redacted]

CHUCK II: Anyway, that's why I come out here. To sense a cosmic connection with my shorter predecessors.

[redacted]

ANNIE: Does somebody write all this for you?

CHUCK AND CHUCK II: What?

[redacted]

CHUCK II: I don't make anything up.

[redacted]

ANNIE: You do have . . .

[redacted]

ANNIE: Charm. I guess.

CHUCK II: I'm a very serious guy!

END ANNIE

[redacted]

AMY: You sure have a way of making everything mean something else.

CHUCK: And that's exactly what I like about miniature golf.

CHUCK II: Do you know what I like about this game?

CHUCK: It means something else.

CHUCK II: It's a metaphor.

CHUCK: It's a great metaphor.

OPT ANNIE + AMY

ANNIE: Okay. A metaphor.

AMY AND ANNIE: What *for*?

AMY: *I* know.

ANNIE: For sex.

AMY: For seduction.

CHUCK: No—

CHUCK II: No—

ANNIE: Sure. "Keeping *score*."

AMY: "Getting it in the *hole*."

CHUCK: No—

CHUCK II: No—

CHUCK: No! It's a metaphor for *life*!

CHUCK II: For *death*.

ANNIE: Did you say "for *death*"?

CHUCK II: Those aren't just *holes* out there.

CHUCK: These are stages on the journey of life.

CHUCK II: The course always leads to the same final place.

CHUCK: But the course is different for everybody.

CHUCK II: Sand traps.

CHUCK: Water holes.

CHUCK II: The sands of time.

CHUCK: The oases of purification.

CHUCK II: The final hole.

CHUCK: The verdant fairways . . .

AMY: What a beautiful idea!

ANNIE: What a crock of manure!

CHUCK: And I believe it.

ANNIE: Right. The five stages of miniature golf: anger, denial, grief, blame—and a windmill.

CHUCK II: That's good, Amy.

CHUCK: You're a good person.

ANNIE: Annie.

CHUCK II: Annie.

CHUCK: Amy.

CHUCK II: Maybe you're afraid of the challenge of miniature golf.

ANNIE: I'm afraid of the challenge of miniature *men*.

CHUCK II: Ha!

CHUCK AND CHUCK II: Play on?

AMY: Yeah.

ANNIE: Definitely.

AMY AND ANNIE: Let's play on.

CHUCK II: Good.

CHUCK AND CHUCK II (*as the women putt*): *Puck!*

CHUCK: Aaaaaaaand . . .

CHUCK II: Aaaaaaaaaaand . . .

AMY (*joining in, overlapping*): Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

ANNIE (*joining in, overlapping*): Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

AMY AND ANNIE: *YES!*

CHUCK II: And you could be a part of it.

CHUCK: You could be a part of some greater design in my life.

CHUCK II: You're so different.

CHUCK: You're so different, somehow.

CHUCK II: You're not just . . . Annie-body.

ANNIE: Ha, ha.

CHUCK II: We could just forget golf, you know.

CHUCK: We could just go over to my place. The night is young.

CHUCK II: The stars are out. . . .

ANNIE: And chuck the game?

AMY: Why don't we see who wins first.

ANNIE: Let's play on a little.

CHUCK: Okay.

CHUCK AND CHUCK II: *FORE!*

CHUCK III (offstage): FORE!

(CHUCK III *enters with* ALMA.)

ALMA

CHUCK III: Do you know I've never taken a girl miniature-golfing before?

ALMA: Oh yeah, how come? I been on lots of minichure-golf dates. (*That stops* CHUCK III *a little.*)

CHUCK III: Oh, really . . . ?

ALMA: Sure, I love minichure golf. I play it all the time.

CHUCK III (*not too heartily*): Well good . . .

CHUCK III: Did I tell you that I once played miniature golf in Japan?

ANNIE: In Japan?

CHUCK II: Yeah. Miniature golf is *really* miniature over there. (*Ankle-height.*)

ANNIE: Ha, ha.

CHUCK (*clearing his throat*): Hem, hem.

AMY: I know you're only trying to distract me.

CHUCK II: *Hem, hem.*

ANNIE: Very cute. May I play on now?

CHUCK II: Please.

CHUCK III: Did you know that a race of dwarves once covered the earth?

ALMA: They *DID? Dwarfs?*

CHUCK III: Well. Not really.

ALMA: You mean like *midgets*? Were all over the *world*?

CHUCK III: I was only kidding, actually.

ALMA: Oh boy, you had me scared! But I bet if that was true, they probably would've left something like this behind, huh? Like *Stonehenge* or something.

CHUCK III: Yeah.

ALMA: Wouldn't that be funny?

CHUCK III: Hysterical.

ANNIE: But why don't *you* go first.

AMY: *You* go first this time.

CHUCK: All right.

CHUCK II: Gladly.

ALMA: You want to go first?

CHUCK III: Be my guest. But just remember: this game is bigger than either one of us.

ALMA: Huh?

CHUCK III: It's *bigger* than us. *Bigger* . . . ?

ALMA: Oh. "Bigger" than us.

CHUCK III: Than us. Just a little joke. (CHUCK, CHUCK II, *and* ALMA *line up to tee off.*)

AMY (*clearing her throat*): Hem.

ANNIE (*clearing her throat*): Hem.

CHUCK II: That's not going to work, you know.

AMY (*as* CHUCK *putts*): *Puck!*

ANNIE (*as* CHUCK II *putts*): *Puck!*

CHUCK III (*as* ALMA *putts*): *Puck!*

CHUCKS I, II, AND III: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaand . . .

CHUCK (*misses*): Ooh.

CHUCK II (*misses*): Ouch.

AMY AND ANNIE: BONG.

ALMA: *YES!* A HOLE IN *ONE!*

ANNIE: Too bad.

AMY: Nice try, though.

ALMA: Was that good?

CHUCK III: That was good, Amy.

ALMA: Alma.

CHUCK III: Huh?

ALMA: My name is Alma, you called me Amy.

CHUCK III: Oh. Sorry.

ALMA: No problem. You want to shoot?

AMY AND ANNIE (*as* CHUCK *and* CHUCK II *putt again*): *Puck!*

CHUCK AND CHUCK II: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaand . . .

CHUCK III: You know what I like about miniature golf?

ALMA: The metaphor?

AMY AND ANNIE: BONG.

ANNIE: Too bad.

ALMA: Do you like the life metaphor or the death metaphor?

CHUCK III: Uh—well. Never mind.

AMY: Nice try.

CHUCK III: It's not important.

ALMA: I just like this 'cause it's fun. Like sex or something. You want to . . . shoot?

CHUCK III: Sure.

ANNIE (*as* CHUCK II *putts*): *Puck!*

AMY (*as* CHUCK *putts*): *Puck!*

CHUCK III (*putting*): *Puck!*

CHUCK (*dully*): And—

CHUCK II (*not much verve*): Bingo. (ALMA *does a raspberry.*)

AMY: I wouldn't worry about it.

ANNIE: You're right on par for the hole. (AMY, ANNIE, *and* CHUCK III *are ready to putt.*)

ALMA: You've got quite a reputation, you know.

CHUCK III: Who, me?

ALMA: Yeah. As a Donald Juan.

CHUCK III: Oh. A Donald Juan.

ALMA: But you're gripping it wrong.

CHUCK III: Excuse me?

ALMA: Keep your thumbs down.

CHUCK III: Oh. Thanks.

END ALMA

CHUCK (*as* AMY *putts*): *Puck.*

AMY: *Yes!*

CHUCK II (*as* ANNIE *putts*): *Puck.*

ANNIE: Excellent!

CHUCK III (*as he putts*): *Puck.*

ALMA: (*Raspberry.*) Lousy lay, too. That's a golfing term.

ANNIE AND AMY: Scorecard, please. (CHUCK *and* CHUCK II *hand over their scorecards.*)

CHUCK III: You know I once played miniature golf in Japan?

ALMA: Must be pretty minichunky the people are so short.

CHUCK III: We haven't gone out before, have we?

ALMA: No.

CHUCK III: I mean, we haven't played this course before, have we?

ALMA: I don't think so.

AMY AND ANNIE: FORE!

CHUCK: So anyway.

CHUCK II: What's your story, Annie?

CHUCK: What's your background?

CHUCK III: Got any family?

AMY: I have two brothers.

ANNIE: Three sisters.

ALMA: Two brothers, a sister, a step-sister, a half-brother, and my dog Barky.

CHUCKS I, II, AND III: Uh-huh.

CHUCK (*as he putts*): *Puck.*

CHUCK II (*as he putts*): *Puck.*

CHUCK III (*as he putts*): *Puck.*

ALMA: Do you have to make those noises?

CHUCK: *Ouch.*

CHUCK II: *Oof.*

AMY AND ANNIE: *BONG.*

CHUCK III: What noises?

ALMA: You make noises while you golf.

CHUCK III: Oh. Sorry.

ALMA: Your shot again, Dick.

CHUCK III: It's *Chuck.*

ALMA: Oh. Sorry. (CHUCKS I, II, *and* III *prepare to putt again.*)

AMY: Anyway . . .

ANNIE: My mother's dead.

AMY: My father lives in Arkansas.

ALMA: My brother is an undertaker.

CHUCK AND CHUCK II: *Puck!*

AMY AND ANNIE: Aaaaaaaaaaaaand—