

*To my wife Jessica Dabrymple,
to my daughters Phoebe Kreuz and Lucy Kreuz,
and to my start-up muse for this endeavor: Charlotte Henson.*

ACT ONE

(GRANDPA is facing the stage right window, poised over a golf ball that's teed up on the floor. Gripping the club, arms stretched behind him, he's getting ready for the big swing. Just as he's about to unleash, he pauses, then lowers the club, steps away from the ball, goes over to the window and – so that the ball won't break anything – opens the window. Then he returns to the ball and gets into position again. He is maneuvering himself into full swing mode when, unheard by him, there is knocking at the door.)

MURIEL. *(offstage)* (Knock knock) Hello? Hello?

(More knocking. Opening the door and sticking her head in.)

Hello? Anybody home?

(seeing GRANDPA – his back to her – she enters.)

Hello. Hello.

(When preoccupied GRANDPA still doesn't respond, she goes up to him.)

Excuse me...

(GRANDPA is getting more and more involved with setting up for the swing. Now full volume.)

EXCUSE ME.

GRANDPA. *(Startled. Dropping his arms. Turning and gasping a little.)* Ooo, you gave me a start! Just about scared me out of my wits.

MURIEL. Sorry.

GRANDPA. Such as they are.

MURIEL. I was knocking for a while.

