

LYLE. Golf is a funny game. Never did understand the point when I was younger. Why folks would drive themselves crazy taking a stick that is way too skinny and tryin' to hit a ball that was way too small at a hole that was way too far away was beyond me for a long time. I mean, think about it, if a person were to take a baseball bat and run around in the hills tryin' to beat the hell out of a bowling ball, he'd be branded a nut and locked up . . .but golfers . . .they're not crazy. . .they're sophisticated sportsmen. The pillars of society in many instances. People from all walks of life. Every race, age, gender . . .and I mean all of them, because these days it goes way beyond "both". I'm talkin' man, woman, undecided, indeterminable, transsexual, transgender, transcontinental, you name it . . .at one time or another they've been out here on the links pitching grass with a Pitching Wedge and pitching fits in the process. Welcome to Somewhere, TX. Just a hop, skip, and a jump down Highway 288 - a stone's throw away from Houston. I'm surprised you found us. Most folks miss the dirt road. (*He pauses for a moment to stretch*) Oh, I'm sorry. Not sure where my manners were. Didn't intro-duce myself. My name is Lyle. I've been working here at the Brazoria Bend Golf Course for what seems like a lifetime. It was supposed to be just a summertime thing. Never intended to stay, but I quickly found the golf course to be much more than just trees, grass, sand, and goose shit. It's a prime breeding ground of true human emotion. You can watch folks be jubilant and defeated all in a matter of seconds. Deals are made and lives are changed everyday. Right here. Well, maybe not on Hole Number 1, but certainly oftentimes by Hole 18. I mean think about it. You aren't even out here, but CEO's, doctors, and lawyers are out deciding the fate of the world as they ponder on whether to grab an 8-Iron or a 9-Iron, to chip or to putt, to wait it out . . .or to play through. I've seen it all. The best of the best and the worst of the best in perfect (or not so perfect) harmony with

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nature and each other. . . sounds like quite a show, huh? It can be. *(By now the lights have come up full on the green. Lyle grabs a flag and walks onto the surface. He places the flag in the hole. Two golf balls drop onto the green.)* Here comes our first crop of fierce competitors. Makes me wish my dad and I would have played more golf when I was younger. Too Bad. Maybe I would have understood sooner what he was trying to tell me through the game. Golf is not about winning or losing. It's all about the conversation that happens while you're waiting to play