

## Scene Two

*(That afternoon, about 6:30.)*

*(When the lights come up, BINGHAM is alone in the Tap Room, setting up an ice bucket.)*

BINGHAM. *(singing)* "Zip ah dee doo dah,

Zip ah dee ay,

My oh my what a

Wonderful day!"

*(There is a boom of thunder, and BINGHAM looks up.)*

STARTER. *(off)* There will be a short rain delay, so please take shelter. After 16 holes the score remains Tramplemain at minus one and Hicks at minus nine.

BINGHAM. "Plenty of sunshine

Coming my way,

Zip ah dee doo dah

Zip ah dee ay!"

*(PAMELA appears at the door in a new outfit.)*

PAMELA. You sound cheerful.

BINGHAM. *(turning)* Hello, Mrs. Peabody and oh my God you look glamorous.

PAMELA. Why thank you Mr. Bingham. I thought I should get into the spirit of things.

BINGHAM. Well that's certainly the spirit of something all right. A little champagne? De petit caviar?

PAMELA. Aren't we counting our chickens a bit?

BINGHAM. With an 8-shot lead on the 17th? It's true, of course, golf being so dangerous, that he might run afoul of the famous wild gophers of the 18th green.

*(PAMELA laughs – at which moment DICKIE enters.)*

DICKIE. Ah, Bingham—I was hoping to catch you. Hello, Pamela.

PAMELA. Richard.

DICKIE. Now listen, Bingham, I have a deal for you that you can't refuse. Now there is no doubt in my mind that this Justin Hicks of yours is a put-up job, but I will permit the game to go forward to its natural conclusion provided we call off the bet. Now you certainly can't ask fairer than that!

*(BINGHAM laughs in his face and happily leaves the room.)*

DICKIE. Bingham! Bingham, listen to me!

*(DICKIE runs after him. As he goes, LOUISE enters from the kitchen carrying a tray with snacks, which she starts distributing around the room.)*

PAMELA. Hello, Louise.

LOUISE. H-hi...

*(Sniff. There's a catch in her voice and she wipes a tear from her eye. She's been crying. She starts refilling all the nut and snack bowls but she's pouring so much that the bowls overflow and there are nuts everywhere. She barely notices. She's so distraught that she can hardly breathe.)*

PAMELA. Louise, is something the matter?

LOUISE. N-no.

*(sniff)*

Not really. I mean it's nothing important, I'm sure it will...it'll-it'll –

*(She starts to cry.)*

PAMELA. Oh, Louise dear, sit down. Can you talk about it?

LOUISE. *(haltingly, through her tears)* It's just that I...I...I lost my engagement ring!!

PAMELA. You lost it?

*(LOUISE nods, unable to speak.)*

Are you sure?

*(Nod, nod.)*

LOUISE. (*gasping for air*) I – I was in the bathroom and the ring was loose – I told Justin it fit perfectly but it didn't – and as I was flushing the toilet, I pushed the handle and it fell off into the water *and I flushed my engagement ring down the toilet!!*

PAMELA. Louise, calm down –

LOUISE. *The toilet!!*

PAMELA. *Louise!!* Just listen! Now this is a very big day for Justin and I think you should wait to tell him about it. He has a lot on his mind right now.

LOUISE. Oh, I know that, Mrs. Peabody, and I'd never say anything to him in a million years. I mean, when you get to know him better, you'll see that if he gets upset about anything, he goes right off his game.

PAMELA. . . Really?

LOUISE. One time last summer his mother called him in the middle of a round because she had the flu and he-he got so upset he spoiled a 12-point lead in like three holes.

PAMELA. But how could he – ?

LOUISE. He just whacked at the ball like he didn't care. You see, he's very close to his mother.

PAMELA. I see, but –

LOUISE. And I can understand how he feels because I was a foster-child and for a while I didn't even have a mother –

PAMELA. Yes, I see, but –

LOUISE. Though I'll admit that his mother can really get on my nerves sometimes –

PAMELA. *Louise!* I understand. But you're not going to tell him, right?

LOUISE. Right. I'll just keep it all bottled up inside –  
(*sob*)

PAMELA. Good.

LOUISE. And I won't tell *anyone*.  
(*sob*)

PAMELA. Excellent.

LOUISE. Unless he asks me *and then I won't be able to stop myself!*

(*She bursts into tears and runs from the room.*)

PAMELA. Louise!

(*She starts to run after LOUISE when – Ring! It's the telephone. She hesitates for a moment – then grabs the phone.*)

Yes?!

(*Squawk!*)

Hold on... Mr. Bingham?

BINGHAM. (*off*) Yes?

PAMELA. Your wife's on the phone.

BINGHAM. (*off*) Tell her I'm not here!

(*Squawk, squawk!*)

PAMELA. She says she heard that.

(*PAMELA puts down the phone and runs after LOUISE.*

*The moment she's through the door, BINGHAM enters from the kitchen and picks up the phone.*)

BINGHAM. Now how on earth could you possibly hear that, Muriel? You must have the ears of a Cherokee Indian.

(*Squawk, squawk!*)

No, I like the Cherokee, Muriel. They're very good trackers. We have one as a member and he hasn't lost a ball in ten years.

(*Squawk!*)

What's that?

(*Squawk, squawk, squawk, squawk!*)

Yes, I heard you! There's a package being delivered here, priceless vase *for* the store, you won't be *at* the store, you're having a facial and would therefore miss the delivery and I'm to guard it with my life. *Cot it!*

(*Squawk! Squawk!*)

You too, dear, good-bye.