

*(She bursts into tears again and rushes out of the room.)*

JUSTIN. LOUISE! STOP! I DIDN'T MEAN IT! LOUISE!!

*(He tries to run after her, but BINGHAM intercepts him and holds him as JUSTIN struggles to get by.)*

BINGHAM. WHAT HAPPENED?!

PAMELA. She lost her engagement ring.

BINGHAM. Already?

PAMELA. Don't ask.

JUSTIN. Oh my God, I am so stupid! Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid!!!

*(He tries to break his club in half and then starts hitting himself in the head with it.)*

BINGHAM. Justin, stop it!... Look, let's all calm down, all right?!

PAMELA. Mr. Bingham -

BINGHAM. This is obviously not *that* serious -

PAMELA. Mr. Bingham -

BINGHAM. And certainly not something that we can't put right if we just -

PAMELA. Louise just told me that when Justin gets upset like this he loses twelve strokes at a time.

BINGHAM. *(weak in the knees)* Ahhh.

PAMELA. You talk to Justin, I'll talk to Louise.

BINGHAM. Good plan.

*(PAMELA hurries out after LOUISE.)*

PAMELA. Louise!

BINGHAM. Justin!

JUSTIN. How could I even *say* that, Mr. Bingham? I mean I-I just get so wrapped up in golf sometimes that I don't even *think* straight! I should be banned from the game, that's all. I shouldn't even be allowed to play again because I'm just not fit to - Wait! That's it! I know what to do!

*(He strides for the door to the course.)*

BINGHAM. Wait! What?! What?! Wait! Stop! Stop! What are you doing?!

JUSTIN. I'm going to forfeit the match.

BINGHAM. NO! Justin, listen to me! That isn't necessary! Look, I'm sure she'll forgive you. You've just got to make her happy, right? Now what makes a woman happy? Hm?

JUSTIN. Love?

BINGHAM. No.

JUSTIN. Trust?

BINGHAM. No!

JUSTIN. What?

BINGHAM. An expensive present.

JUSTIN. Really?

BINGHAM. Absolutely. All right, all right, let's think. A present, a present, what can you give her...

*(His eye lights on the box he just brought in.)*

I've got it. Look at this. My God, she'll love it.

*(He takes the vase out of the box.)*

There. Look. Is that gorgeous?

JUSTIN. It's a vase.

BINGHAM. Exactly.

JUSTIN. Gee, I-I-I don't know. I mean, it's really pretty. Is it Ming Dynasty?

BINGHAM. I'm sorry?

JUSTIN. Ming Dynasty. I've heard that's famous.

BINGHAM. Exactly. That is exactly right. My God, you have an eye for these things.

JUSTIN. Gee, thanks. Look here, on the bottom, it says "London, 1847."

BINGHAM. And there you have it. Nineteenth Century English Ming Dynasty. It is very rare.

*(At which moment, LOUISE comes hurrying through the room, followed by PAMELA.)*