

LOUISE. Oh here, you take it!

*(She tosses the vase to PAMELA.)*

PAMELA. Ah! I don't want it!

*(She tosses it back to LOUISE.)*

BINGHAM. Would you two stop that!

*(The vase now gets tossed around and hidden and passed like a football until it finally ends up in BINGHAM'S hands.)*

LOUISE. *Fin!* I'm leaving!

JUSTIN. You can't leave, I want to talk about this!

BINGHAM. Justin!

PAMELA. Louise!

*(The chase continues – out the hallway right, outside past the French doors, back through the kitchen and into the room again.)*

JUSTIN. I can walk out too, you know!

BINGHAM. No you can't, you have one more hole to play!

PAMELA. You know, I'm doing this in high heels.

*(back in the room:)*

BINGHAM. Ah!

PAMELA. What?!

BINGHAM. Look!

PAMELA. Where?

BINGHAM. Window!

PAMELA. Why?!

BINGHAM. Sunlight!

PAMELA. Sunlight?

BINGHAM. Sunlight!

PAMELA. Therefore?

BINGHAM. Rain delay!

PAMELA. Rain delay?

BINGHAM. The rain delay will be over any second!

BINGHAM & PAMELA. AHHH!

*(At which point, LOUISE and JUSTIN reenter – and LOUISE crosses the room and goes out the door with finality.)*

LOUISE. Good-bye, Justin!

*(LOUISE exits, slamming the door behind her.)*

JUSTIN. She's gone!

BINGHAM. Justin –

JUSTIN. She's gone! She's gone! SHE'S GONE!

BINGHAM. *(to PAMELA)* For God's sake do something!

PAMELA. What can I do?!

BINGHAM. Make him happy!

PAMELA. I only know one way to make a man happy.

*(She starts pulling her dress off.)*

BINGHAM. There isn't time for that!

PAMELA. Justin. *Justin!*

*(He looks up – and PAMELA kisses him soundly on the lips to calm him down. At which point, LOUISE reenters.)*

LOUISE. And I want to say just one more th-! AHHH! JUSTIN!

JUSTIN. *I didn't do anything, it wasn't me!*

LOUISE. Is that what's been happening? You've been seeing

Mrs. Peabody?!

JUSTIN. No, I swear!

LOUISE. Justin, how *could* you?!

JUSTIN. It wasn't me! She was using my lips!

LOUISE. If that's how you want it, the engagement is off!

JUSTIN. *No!*

*(At which point, PAMELA puts her arms out and starts groping around as if suddenly blind.)*

PAMELA. Oh my God...it's happened again. I can't see! I *can't see!*

*(She walks a few steps, her arms out in front of her, and stumbles into something.)*

LOUISE. What is it?

JUSTIN. What's the matter?!

PAMELA. Sometimes when I-I get very excited, I'm struck with...with this condition called hysterical blindness... and it struck me just now as I was kissing Henry.

LOUISE. Henry?

JUSTIN. Henry?

LOUISE. But Mrs. Peabody, you weren't kissing Mr. Bingham. You were kissing Justin.

PAMELA. Oh, stop it.

JUSTIN. You were! It's true! It was me!

PAMELA. You're joking. Oh my God, I am so sorry!

LOUISE. *(to JUSTIN)* Then you aren't seeing Mrs. Peabody?

JUSTIN. Of course not.

LOUISE. *(to PAMELA)* But why would *you* be kissing Mr. Bingham?

PAMELA. ...Because we love each other!

BINGHAM. Oh, darling, that was our secret!

PAMELA. Oh, Henry, darling, where are you? *Where are you?!*

*(She flails her arms around trying to find him.)*

BINGHAM. I'm over here, darling.

PAMELA. Oh, Henry, darling!

*(PAMELA has managed to find her way to BINGHAM and she falls into his arms. Her hand feels blindly over his face.)*

BINGHAM. Oh my poor darling, has it struck again?

PAMELA. I'll get through it, darling.

BINGHAM. Darling, you're so brave. You see, Pamela and I have been seeing each other for several months now.

LOUISE. You have really?

PAMELA. Absolutely.

BINGHAM. At nights.

PAMELA. On weekends.

BINGHAM. Sometimes before breakfast.

LOUISE. Aw.

*(At this moment, as BINGHAM and PAMELA are holding each other, MURIEL appears in the doorway but no one in the room sees her. She's a sturdy woman with a portpie hat.)*

BINGHAM. Ever since we fell in love.

LOUISE. But what about your wife?

BINGHAM. My wife? Oh, Muriel. ...I'm afraid she's dead.

LOUISE. Oh my God!

JUSTIN. I'm so sorry.

LOUISE. What happened?!

BINGHAM. Poor old girl. She just dropped in her tracks like an old horse. But I know she would have wanted me to find happiness with...

*(He sees MURIEL.)*

AHHHHH!

LOUISE. Mrs. Bingham!

BINGHAM. Muriel! You're alive!

MURIEL. That's right, Henry, I'm still alive, and wondering *what the hell you're talking about and what the hell you're doing!!*

*(And with each emphasized word, she hits him with a newspaper she's carrying.)*

BINGHAM. I can explain!

MURIEL. Well you'd better start explaining right-...is that my vase?

JUSTIN. He gave it to me!

MURIEL. He gave it to you?

BINGHAM. Well-

MURIEL. *(Hitting him with the newspaper again)* What are you doing giving him my vase?!

*(DICKIE enters.)*