

PAMELA. Pucker?

BINGHAM. Pucker.

*(She puckers her lips, and BINGHAM puts the ball on her puckered lips. Then he stands back and starts waggling the club as if he's going to hit the ball off the top of her lips.)*

Wait, wait, wait, I do it better when I'm blindfolded.

*(He puts his pocket handkerchief over his eyes and waggles again.)*

Don't worry, I'm an excellent shot.

PAMELA. *(taking the ball off her lips)* I'm counting on that.

BINGHAM. Put it back.

*(She puts the ball back on her lips and closes her eyes as he waggles the club. He pulls the club into his backswing...when suddenly she sits up and cries out.)*

PAMELA. Ah!

*(He swings through, just missing her head.)*

BINGHAM. Ah! What is it?! What happened?!

PAMELA. I fell asleep and I had a nightmare. I dreamt my three ex-husbands went on a golfing weekend and I was the seventh hole.

BINGHAM. Oh your poor thing, get up, get up.

*(The music changes to a Latin rhythm and PAMELA dances to the table.)*

PAMELA. Ooh, I like this music.

BINGHAM. Do you?

PAMELA. Mmm. Oyster?

BINGHAM. No thank you.

PAMELA. I love oysters.

*(demonstrating:)*

I love the way they slide right off the shell and into your oh my God.

BINGHAM. What's the matter?

PAMELA. It went down my dress.

BINGHAM. You're kidding.

PAMELA. *It went down my dress!*

BINGHAM. Oh no! That's terrible! Take it off immediately!!

*(He grins happily at her. She gives him a look. Then she wiggles and wriggles and jumps up and down with her legs apart - and the oyster falls out.)*

PAMELA. There it is.

BINGHAM. I don't want to talk about it.

PAMELA. Alas, poor oyster. I knew him, Horatio.

BINGHAM. Would you like to dance?

PAMELA. With Oyster Woman?

BINGHAM. Do you have a super power?

PAMELA. I can make a pearl.

BINGHAM. I'll chance it.

*(They dance. He does a fancy move and as she responds, she pulls her jacket off and throws it aside. Her dress is now quite bare on top and we see a birthmark on her shoulder.)*

Good Lord, you have a tattoo on your shoulder. That's very sexy.

PAMELA. Sorry to disappoint you but it's a birthmark.

BINGHAM. Really? It looks like a small purple flower.

PAMELA. It runs in the family. We call it the Purple Pimpernel. I have an identical, rather larger version of it on my backside and no, you're not seeing it.

*(The song ends and we hear clapping outside.)*

*(Almost without realizing it, they have become very romantic by this time and they almost kiss. They back off.)*

BINGHAM. It's getting to be banquet time and I have to speak. I'd better fix this ridiculous amplifier.

PAMELA. And if you can't fix it, we know whose fault it will be.