

03- Bingham & Pamela

DICKIE. My ex-wife bought me a book to help my golf game: Tennis for Beginners.

(As they hurry off, LOUISE hurries in from a different door. She carries her evening dress with her.)

LOUISE. One minute you're bleeding, the next minute you're hemorrhaging, the next minute you're painting the Mona Lisa.

(As she goes, BINGHAM hurries in from the hall. He's wearing a tuxedo, has just been looking for JUSTIN and is frustrated and angry.)

BINGHAM. For me, it's a good day of golf when I don't fall out of the cart.

(At which point PAMELA enters from the kitchen dressed beautifully for the evening and carrying two wine glasses.)

PAMELA. They say that golf is the most fun you can have without taking your clothes off. I say why choose.

(The lights change and the play resumes immediately with BINGHAM and PAMELA still on stage. PAMELA is arranging the table.)

Did you find Justin?!

BINGHAM. *(as if just entering the room)* I did.

PAMELA. Thank God!

BINGHAM. He was at his mother's house, still fairly hysterical, rending his garments like something out of the King James Bible. I told him to get the hell down here or I'd fire him on the spot!

PAMELA. I'm sure that relaxed him.

BINGHAM. Well, I don't care! It's all so simple! The score is tied, he has only one hole left to play and all he has to do is focus!

PAMELA. Easier said than done.

BINGHAM. You're telling me. I can't believe we're giving him dinner. I'd rather strangle him.

PAMELA. Do you want to win the bet or don't you?

BINGHAM. Yes, yes, yes, all right, I know. We get Justin and Louise back together, they have a night of paradise, he wakes up happy and plays like a champion. What are we feeding them, by the way?

PAMELA. Raw oysters, goose liver paté, steak tartare and figs in cream.

BINGHAM. Good God.

PAMELA. I figure they'll end up married or dead.

BINGHAM. Champagne?

PAMELA. As much as possible.

(He pours a round. She drains her glass.)

BINGHAM. Cheers.

(He knocks his back and pours another round.)

PAMELA. That's rather good. What is it?

BINGHAM. Dom Perignon.

PAMELA. Good man. I used to date him, I think.

BINGHAM. *(sniffing the champagne)* Quite fruity.

PAMELA. You're telling me.

(They knock back another. He keeps pouring.)

You know, I would drink water instead but there's all those fish in it.

BINGHAM. Dangerous.

PAMELA. Dangerous.

BINGHAM. And this is healthier, it kills germs.

PAMELA. Salut.

BINGHAM. L'chaim.

(They knock it back.)

PAMELA. The third one's always the roughest. You do know that the Golf Channel is coming tomorrow morning.

BINGHAM. What? No. Why?

PAMELA. Because we're news. At least in the golf world. "Unknown amateur golfer heading for a 64 in local tournament blows an 8-stroke lead on a single hole with only one hole left to play?" It could have been written by Puccini.

BINGHAM. (*noticing the vase*) Oh my God, what's Muriel's vase still doing here?

PAMELA. I suppose we forgot about it in all the excitement.

BINGHAM. Well, we'd better put it away before the next disaster.

(**BINGHAM** puts the vase into an empty champagne box and sets it aside.)

PAMELA. And you'd better tell that crowd out there that the tap room is off limits tonight.

BINGHAM. Oh. Right. I almost forgot. And this stupid amplifier never works.

(*He takes the microphone from the stand and taps it. It comes on.*)

Oh good.

(*As he walks to the French doors the microphone starts to squawk with feedback.*)

Oh, damn.

(*He taps it and it stops squawking.*)

That's better.

(*He goes out towards the patio as he starts his speech.*)

Good evening, may I have your attention, ple...

(*The microphone starts squawking again.*)

Oh, hell. Come on!

(*He taps the microphone some more.*)

There it is. Ladies and gentlemen, may I please have your...Damn!

(*More feedback. He comes back in the room and kicks the amplifier, then gets a bullhorn out of the closet and opens the doors.*)

The old standby.

(*He heads for the patio again, turning on the bullhorn as he goes. Inadvertently he hits the emergency button and it starts screaming like an ambulance. He hits the*

right setting and at last gets to the patio and starts the speech.)

BINGHAM. (*cont.*) Good evening and welcome to our Annual Summer Dinner-Dance and Awards Banquet to Celebrate the Inter-Club Tournament between ourselves here at Quail Valley and our esteemed guests from Crouching Squirrel.

RIVAL GUESTS. (*off*) Quail Valley!

Quail Valley!

Crouching Squirrel!

Crouching Squirrel!

BINGHAM. Thank you, that was very touching, but for now let's hold off on the drunken antagonism, if you don't mind.

(*"Booo!" "Yaaaay!"*)

Now as you can see, the PA system is out of order, but I'm sure we'll have it up and running soon.

(*"Oh sure!" "Good luck, Henry!"*)

Now if I may, a couple of announcements. First, the tap room where I'm standing is off-limits tonight, but there are bars situated every 20 yards along the fairways, so we should be able to accommodate the most alcoholic among you.

(*"Yaaaaay!"*)

Second, I hope you'll all join us tomorrow morning for the final hole between our own Justin Hicks,

(*"Hey, hey!!"*)

who should be here any minute, and Mr. Steve Tramplemain – there he is, hello, Steve –

(*applause*)

who betrayed all of us here at Quail Valley, presumably for a little payola. Or a call girl.

TRAMPLEMAIN. (*off*) Hey, now wait a second!