

PAMELA. I thought golfers were supposed to feel relaxed before playing.

BINGHAM. *Then feel relaxed, goddammit!*

JUSTIN. *Yes sir, I'm relaxed!!*

BINGHAM. Now go to the pro shop, pick some clubs and an outfit and charge it to me.

JUSTIN. You, sir?

BINGHAM. Yes!

JUSTIN. Is there a team color I need to choose for the outfit?

BINGHAM. No, just anything, pick what you want.

JUSTIN. Blue shorts?

BINGHAM. Blue shorts are fine.

JUSTIN. And I saw this sort of red-bricky-colored polo shirt as I walked by the -

BINGHAM. *PICK WHATEVER YOU WANT, I DON'T CARE IF IT'S A SUN DRESS, JUST PUT IT ON AND GET BACK HERE!!*

JUSTIN. *Yes sir!*

*(JUSTIN runs out.)*

PAMELA. Now he's relaxed.

BINGHAM. Well I'm sorry but this happens to be very important!

PAMELA. I hate to bring this up, but doesn't he have to be elected to membership in order to play in the tournament?

BINGHAM. Good point, good point. All in favor of Justin Hicks say aye.

PAMELA. Henry, I barely know him.

BINGHAM. Pamela, *please*, I need your help! We've known each other since we were children. I've seen you through at least three ma- ...

PAMELA. Three marriages? Thank you for that.

BINGHAM. No no. No. No no. I didn't say marriages. I was going to say three mmmmmarvelous terms as Treasurer of the Board!

PAMELA. One term.

BINGHAM. One term.

PAMELA. As Vice President.

BINGHAM. Vice President.

PAMELA. Is there something at stake here I don't know about?

BINGHAM. Well...

PAMELA. You put some money on it, didn't you.

BINGHAM. Yes.

PAMELA. A lot of money.

BINGHAM. Well...Yes.

PAMELA. Oh what the hell, put my name down.

BINGHAM. You're a wonderful woman. I'll go fix the books, they're in my office.

*(He rushes off through the club door and PAMELA watches him go. PAMELA pours herself another glass of brandy as DICKIE enters. He's still wearing his hideous sweater.)*

DICKIE. Pamela.

PAMELA. Oh my God, now I need two drinks.

DICKIE. I was about to say it's nice to see you again.

PAMELA. And I was about to say get the hell out of here.

DICKIE. Pamela -

PAMELA. Do you realize that if you'd bought that sweater while we were married it could have been grounds for divorce all by itself.

DICKIE. I didn't buy it, it was a free gift.

PAMELA. And that should be a lesson to you: never use box-tops to acquire wearing apparel.

DICKIE. Very funny. As it happens, I have a secret admirer who sends them to me in little brown parcels. She signs herself "Scaramouche." I was hoping it was you.

PAMELA. Oh, please, if I ever sent you a package in brown paper it would be ticking.

DICKIE. I don't know what I ever did to you that was so terrible.

Dickie \$ Pamela  
PP 27-29

PAMELA. How about sleeping with every woman in our neighborhood. You covered the entire subdivision, house by house. It was like watching Sherman march through Georgia.

DICKIE. And you were never unfaithful, I suppose.

PAMELA. Never.

DICKIE. Oh, please.

PAMELA. Never. Not once.

DICKIE. Well, I didn't mean to be!

PAMELA. You didn't mean to be 13 times?

DICKIE. You knew I had an eye for the ladies. Why did you marry me?

PAMELA. I was rebelling against my parents. They said you were a no-good, two-timing, second-rate louse but I said no you were merely dumpy, dull and delusional.

DICKIE. Well, you all got that wrong, didn't you. I believe I've made a little something of myself, eh? Hanh? Director of Crouching Squirrel Golf and Racquet Club.

PAMELA. A job which I got you so you'd stop living off me!

DICKIE. That was a court settlement!

PAMELA. That was highway robbery! Three thousand dollars a month.

DICKIE. The judge believed me.

PAMELA. The judge liked you for some bizarre reason.

DICKIE. Of course she liked me. I slept with her.

PAMELA. You slept with the judge?

DICKIE. Mm. And I told her you were promiscuous. She was appalled.

PAMELA. That's it! How much did you bet on this tournament?!

DICKIE. None of your business!

PAMELA. It is my business because I'll see to it that you lose every penny of it!

DICKIE. When the swans fly home from cappuccino.

PAMELA. Capistrano, you idiot!

(BINGHAM hurries in.)

BINGHAM. I took care of the books -

(sees DICKIE)

And oh my God, I think your sweater's gotten even louder. It seems to change color like a living organism.

DICKIE. You can both insult me all you like, but the fact is I'm about to win a tournament. Now the Starter needs to know who you're putting up against Tramplemain. I assume it's Sullivan and you're moving everybody up a notch.

(BINGHAM and PAMELA glance at each other.)

BINGHAM. No, no, it's not Sullivan. It's one of our fairly newer members. His name is Justin Hicks.

DICKIE. Right, I'll tell them.

(He heads for the door, then pauses.)

Justin Hicks. Isn't that the fellow I met earlier?

BINGHAM. Right.

DICKIE. I had the impression he worked here.

BINGHAM. No, no, he's a member. Full-fledged, good standing. Awfully nice fellow as it happens. Gynecologist, I believe.

DICKIE. (suspicious) How long has he been a member here?

BINGHAM. Oh let's see, he's fairly recent, I believe. He applied here last winter, joined up in March and now he's a member.

DICKIE. He applied last winter and joined in March?

BINGHAM. Yes, so what? That's what I said!

DICKIE. Well that's very odd now isn't it considering that your club has a one-year waiting list for new members! Now what's going on here?! You're pulling a fast one, aren't you?!!

PAMELA. He's my nephew.

DICKIE. What?

PAMELA. My nephew.