

JUSTIN. I am now a butterfly and my body is weightless and I am flapping gently in the warm summer breeze. Ommmm.

BINGHAM. (*Indian accent*) Ommmm. You are my assistant playing golf at club and if you lose I kill you.. Ommmm.

JUSTIN. Mr. Bingham!

BINGHAM. Sorry, sorry! It just slipped out. Here.

(*He sits JUSTIN at the table.*)

How do you like our little spread? Rather romantic, wouldn't you say? Champagne?

JUSTIN. ...Hey. Wait a second. Is this dinner for me and Louise?

(*i.e. the dining table*)

BINGHAM. (*modestly*) Well, it's just a little something that Mrs. Peabody and I -

JUSTIN. No.

BINGHAM. What?

JUSTIN. I don't want to have dinner with Louise.

BINGHAM. Why not?

JUSTIN. Because I know she hates me now and she'll think I'm trying to buy her affection again.

BINGHAM. But that's ridiculous. You want to apologize, and what could say it better than a little goose liver and steak tartare -

JUSTIN. No, I really can't. This is just too important to take a chance of ...I-I'll be outside.

(*He hurries out.*)

BINGHAM. Justin! Justin!

(*He runs out after JUSTIN just as LOUISE and PAMELA reenter through the club door - and therefore overhear the following.*)

BINGHAM. (*off*) Justin get back here! This is the right thing to do!

JUSTIN. (*off*) No! I don't care what you say! I'm not having dinner with Louise!

(*LOUISE starts hiccupping with little sobs.*)

PAMELA. No, don't. ...Don't...

(*But LOUISE can't help herself. Her lip starts quivering like mad - and she bursts into tears and runs out of the room.*)

Louise...Oh, Louise!

(*At which point, BINGHAM marches back in.*)

BINGHAM. Lord, give me strength! Were we like this when we were youngsters?

PAMELA. Are you kidding me? I'd have been up to the figs in cream by this time.

BINGHAM. Slancha.

PAMELA. Prosit.

(*They each grab a bottle of champagne and hurry out of the room.*)

BINGHAM. Justin!

PAMELA. Louise!

(*DICKIE hurries in through the club door, followed closely by MURIEL. DICKIE is wearing a tuxedo with an outlandish, patterned vest. Or he might even be wearing an outlandish tuxedo. Whichever it is, it reflects his hideous taste.*)

MURIEL. Dickie, please!

DICKIE. No, Muriel.

MURIEL. Would you listen to reason!

DICKIE. I have listened, Muriel. I don't want to talk about it.

MURIEL. But Hicks and Tramplemain are even now, so you should call it quits!

DICKIE. I have a funny feeling that Mr. Hicks is not quite over his histrionical behavior.

MURIEL. But if he is, you lose all that money.

Muriel & Dickie  
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