

*Muriel, Louise,  
Bingham, Justin, Dickie* PP 51-55

*(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.

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.)*

DICKIE, Bingham. Pamela. Oh hello, Muriel.  
MUREL. Dickie.

DICKIE. Just thought I'd let you know that the rain delay is over for the moment, so we might as well get on with this thing. I don't know what you're so angry about, Muriel. You should be celebrating. Assuming they win, you'll get to keep your antique shop.

MUREL. "Keep it?" Why wouldn't I keep it?  
DICKIE. He didn't tell you?

BINGHAM. This is a funny story, actually...

DICKIE. He bet your shop on the outcome of the tournament.

MUREL. *What?! WHAT?! My shop?!*

PAMELA. Dickie, you son of a -

*(And she hauls off and gives DICKIE a solid right to the jaw, which sends him to the floor, unconscious.)*

LOUISE. Ah!

PAMELA. *(rubbing her fist)* Ow...AH!

*(Then she remembers. She throws her arms out, pretending to be blind again. Too late.)*

LOUISE. Oh my God! You're not blind! That was a lie!

PAMELA. Well it was, but -

LOUISE. Justin, that means you lied about everything! Good-bye!

*(LOUISE, in tears, runs across the room and out the door, leaping over DICKIE as she goes.)*

JUSTIN. Louise!

*(JUSTIN follows her at a run, also leaping over DICKIE - but BINGHAM throws himself in front of the door, stopping JUSTIN from leaving.)*

BINGHAM. Stop!

STARTER. *(off, through the outdoor sound system)* Ladies and Gentlemen: Play will now resume for all golfers in the tournament. You have five minutes to report to your positions.

BINGHAM. All right, Hicks, now pull yourself together.  
JUSTIN. I don't want to play!

BINGHAM. Of course you do! It's a game! It's fun! It's fun!  
*(MUREL helps DICKIE to his feet.)*

MUREL. You poor thing.

DICKIE. My nose!

BINGHAM. Be quiet!

MUREL. Henry, leave him alone! This is all your fault!

BINGHAM. It may be my fault, Muriel, but if Hicks loses the match, you lose your shop!

*(MUREL drops DICKIE on the floor with a thump.)*

DICKIE. Ow!

MUREL. I don't know how you could have been so stupid, Henry.

PAMELA. He did think he had a sure thing, Mrs. Bingham.

MUREL. You be quiet! I'll deal with you later, Peabody!

PAMELA. Oh really? Well, why don't you deal with me *right now*.

MUREL. I'll be happy to! Husband stealer!

*(MUREL shoves PAMELA.)*

PAMELA. *(showing her back)* Husband oppressor!

*(They keep shoving.)*

MUREL. Trollop!

PAMELA. Harridan!

MUREL. Slut!

PAMELA. Nag!

BINGHAM. Muriel, stop it!

MUREL. Henry, shut up!

JUSTIN. *(at the bar)* Maybe I shouldn't get married after all.

*(He takes a drink from a bottle of brandy.)*

BINGHAM. *Nooo!* Don't drink that, you idiot! You need to be sharp!

*(They struggle with the bottle.)*

JUSTIN. I said I'm not playing.

BINGHAM. You are playing.

JUSTIN. No, I'm not.

BINGHAM. Yes, you are.

MURIEL. *Young man, put that down!*

*(MURIEL barks at JUSTIN with the whip-like ferocity of Herman Goerring playing a drill sergeant. JUSTIN jerks to attention at every order.)*

Stand up straight!

Pick up your club!

Now march out that door and win that tournament!

*(JUSTIN starts to march out. HENRY begins to follow, but MURIEL barks him down.)*

*Henry! Stay here! You upset him!*

BINGHAM. But Muriel -

MURIEL. Stay!

*(She marches JUSTIN out over DICKIE'S body.)*

*(From offstage, we hear the spectators:)*

SPECTATORS. *(off, chanting)* Hicks! Hicks! Hicks! Hicks!

Look, there he is!

It's Justin Hicks!

Yay!

STARTER. *(off, through the speaker system)* Players, to your places, please! Play will resume momentarily.

*(PAMELA is at the picture window looking out to the fairway.)*

PAMELA. Look, there he is and oh my God, Muriel is still with him. She's frog-marching him to the green.

*(During the following, DICKIE gets up and watches the action through the window with BINGHAM and*

*PAMELA.)*

BINGHAM. Oh please let him make the putt. Just make the putt...

PAMELA. Henry, look! Justin's broken away from Muriel! BINGHAM. Oh, no! *WAIT!* That's his driver. He's taking his driver out!

PAMELA. But that doesn't make sense. He's on the green.

BINGHAM. He's setting up for a full swing! He's lining up with the lake!!

PAMELA. What do you mean?!

BINGHAM. *He's going to hit the ball in the lake!*

PAMELA. No, no, no, no...

BINGHAM. Don't do it, don't do it, don't do it...

*(PAMELA takes BINGHAM'S hand.)*

PAMELA. *(calling out)* Justin, don't do it!

*(Thwack!)*

*(beat)*

*(Splash!)*

STARTER. *(off)* Justin Hicks, scoring penalty, ladies and gentlemen, we have a whole new ball game!

BINGHAM. *NOOOOOO!*

DICKIE. *YES!*

*(blackout)*

*(music)*

End of Act One