

it down and... Did you say Bell and Son? That wouldn't be run by Dickie Bell, the fellow who's director of... Oh my God! So if let's say he won the shop in I don't know a wager of some kind, he wouldn't have to *buy* it at all, he could just... *Well why didn't you tell me all this before?!*... Well if the offer came in last night you should have called me last night!... Yes, I'll still need the second mortgage unless Quail Valley Country Club burns to the ground in the next twenty minutes!

*(He slams the phone down - at which moment, PAMELA PEABODY enters. She's blondly beautiful, about 39, and extremely soigné. Her clothes are impeccable and she has seen it all. Clearly she's a member of the club.)*

PAMELA. Hello, Mr. Bingham.

BINGHAM. Mrs. Peabody. How are you?

PAMELA. Oh I'm all right, but you're not so good, I'm afraid.

BINGHAM. I'm sorry?

PAMELA. I've just come from a meeting of the Club's Executive Committee. Do you want the good news or the bad news first?

BINGHAM. Bad news?

PAMELA. No, I'll start with the good news. The good news is that the committee realizes that it was not your fault that we lost the Inter-Club Cup five years in a row. The bad news is if we lose it again you're fired.

BINGHAM. They can't fire me, I'm a member of the club!

PAMELA. Not if you're fired, apparently.

BINGHAM. But I've run the club for them for the past five years.

PAMELA. Vindictive bastards, aren't they. Drink?

BINGHAM. At 10:15 in the morning?

PAMELA. I know, I got a late start.

*(She goes behind the bar and gets a bottle of brandy and pours two glasses. Meanwhile, BINGHAM sits down and puts his head in his hands.)*

PAMELA. *(cont.)* Look, it can't be that bad. We could still win the tournament, couldn't we? We must have some pretty good players.

BINGHAM. *(laughs hollowly)* Not good enough. It's medal play and now they have Tramplemain.

PAMELA. Tramplemain?

BINGHAM. Best player in the city. It was arranged by your ex-husband, the all-time snake in the grass Dickie Bell.

PAMELA. Snake in the grass is too kind for him. What about venomous weasel-toad jackal from hell.

BINGHAM. You had a good marriage, then.

PAMELA. *(getting caught up in her feelings)* Lying, adulterous, clawed rat-vulture from the Kingdom of Mordor....

Pissing, fly-specked, warthog-lemur from the Land of Vomit.

*(catching herself)*

Hahahahaha. These are jokes, Mr. Bingham. To cheer you up.

BINGHAM. *(tries vainly to smile)* Yes, of course...

PAMELA. Oh come now. Surely we have someone who can compete with this Tramplemain. What about that boy I just passed on the practice tee? He looks quite good.

BINGHAM. I have no idea who you're talking about.

*(We hear the distant thwack of a golf ball. PAMELA goes to the picture window and looks out.)*

PAMELA. There he is. He's still at it.

*(Thwack.)*

Look at that drive, it's straight as a die.

*(Thwack.)*

There's another one. That must be 300 yards. I'll bet he has incredible back muscles. Honestly, come look.

*(HENRY sighs and drags to the window. Thwack.)*

See what I mean? The kid's a champion.

*(Thwack.)*

*Pamela, Bingham, Justin  
PP22-25*

BINGHAM. Oh my God, that's Hicks.

(*calling through the door*)

Hicks!...Hicks, get in here!

JUSTIN. (off) Yes, Mr. Bingham!

PAMELA. Who's Hicks?

BINGHAM. He's my new assistant. Hicks!

JUSTIN. (off) Coming!

(JUSTIN rushes in.)

Oh, sir, I'm-I'm so sorry! I-I was passing the practice tee and there was this driver lying there on the ground and I thought I'd try just one shot and-and-

PAMELA. Where did you learn to hit like that?

JUSTIN. I-I started early, I guess.

BINGHAM. What's your handicap?

JUSTIN. My handicap? About scratch.

BINGHAM. Scratch?

PAMELA. What do you shoot? Normally, on a good round?

JUSTIN. Oh I don't know...About 69 or so. I shot a 64 once at Lakeview in Connecticut -

BINGHAM. Oh stop it! You told me you shot a hundred and thirty-six!

JUSTIN. I did. It was a tournament and we played two rounds. I shot a 69 and a 67. It would have been 66 but I blew the last putt. I could have killed myself. But honestly, sir, I-I'll do anything to make it up to you. I mean I know I shouldn't have even picked up the club, but I'm so happy about Louise and all and I -

BINGHAM. Shut up! I need to think! This could be...Wait a second. Are you lying to me?

JUSTIN. No, sir. Why would I -

BINGHAM. Here. Take this.

(*He hands JUSTIN a putter that was in the corner, and he puts a golf ball on the carpet in front of him.*)

Do you see that blue chair? Down the hall? Hit the right leg.

JUSTIN. You mean putt it?  
BINGHAM. No, Hicks, I mean walk over and break it in half with your head of course I mean putt it!!

JUSTIN. Sorry.

(JUSTIN has a short, eccentric pre-shot routine - he shakes one foot, then the other, etc. - then lines up the putt and hits it. We watch the ball travel across the room, through the doorway, there's a pause while the ball keeps traveling and clunk. BINGHAM's eyes gleam.)

BINGHAM. Do it again.

(*Same drill. Ball on the floor, swing, roll, disappears, clunk.*)

JUSTIN. (*happily*) If you'd like, I can do it left-handed.

BINGHAM. Oh my God.

PAMELA. Tell me, why aren't you a pro or something?

JUSTIN. Oh, please, I'm not *that* good. And I'm inconsistent! One round it's 69, the next round it's 66.

(PAMELA and BINGHAM exchange a look.)

See, I get upset under pressure and if something bad happens, I can go to pieces!

BINGHAM. All right, listen to me Hicks and listen *very carefully*. You are going to play for Quail Valley today in the Inter-Club Tournament and it starts in less than ten minutes! Now let me make something entirely clear. I want you to play the best golf you have ever played in your whole life. I want you - *look at me!* - I want you focused, I want you sharp, I want you at the top of your game. If you win the tournament, I'll arrange playing privileges for you here at the club year-round for the rest of your life and I'll pay for your honeymoon. *However*, if you do *not* win the tournament, I will fire you from this job, I will ruin any possible chance you have of ever marrying Louise, and you will die alone and childless without the price of a golf ball in your pocket *IS THAT CLEAR?!*