

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?!*

Pamela, Bingham, Louise
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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.

PAMELA. I thought golfers were supposed to feel relaxed before playing.
 BINGHAM. *Then feel relaxed, goddamnit!*
 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!