

PAMELA. (off) Louise?!

JUSTIN. Quick! This way! Hurry!

(JUSTIN and LOUISE hurry into the kitchen -- as BINGHAM and PAMELA rush in still carrying their champagne bottles.)

PAMELA. Louise?!

BINGHAM. Justin?!

(They see each that JUSTIN and LOUISE aren't there -- and they're both ready to explode.)

PAMELA. I can't believe it! I went to all this trouble!

BINGHAM. (overlapping) They are being ridiculous!

(Beat. They look at each other...and break into laughter. We realize now that they're both pretty tipsy. They both take hefty swigs from their respective champagne bottles and flop down next to each other on the sofa.)

PAMELA. Oh, the hell with it.

BINGHAM. I give up.

PAMELA. All this fuss over a little game with a ball.

BINGHAM. Justin could win this thing standing on his head.

PAMELA. Here, here!

BINGHAM. There, there!

(They toast each other with their bottles and drink deeply.)

Are we getting drunk?

PAMELA. Probably. I never could hold my liquor.

BINGHAM. Me neither.

PAMELA. Two, three bottles and I start to feel it.

(They clink their bottles and drink again. They are definitely three sheets to the wind by this time.)

BINGHAM. I'm going to lose my shirt, aren't I.

PAMELA. I have no idea. To tell you the truth, I know very little about golf. You play, don't you?

BINGHAM. Min.

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PAMELA. Are you any good?

BINGHAM. Well, I wouldn't rename The Masters after me, but I get around.

PAMELA. "Here we are at Augusta National for The Bingham's..."

BINGHAM. Ha!

PAMELA. I wonder, do you think you could give me a golf ball lesson some time? I've always wanted to play the game, but I never had the slightest idea how to go about it.

BINGHAM. Oh, oh, oh, as they say in England, you are in the right pew Madame.

(He goes to the golf bag in the corner and gets what he needs for the demonstration.)

Let's start with the basics.

PAMELA. That sounds enchanting.

BINGHAM. First, the equipment.

PAMELA. Equipment.

BINGHAM. Club.

PAMELA. Club.

BINGHAM. Ball.

PAMELA. Ball.

BINGHAM. Two balls.

PAMELA. Don't go there.

BINGHAM. Sorry. Now I need a tee. A tee, a tee...A tee you see is made from a tree.

PAMELA. And it stings like a bee if it hits you in the knee.

(They laugh at this.)

BINGHAM. Lie down.

PAMELA. I beg your pardon?

BINGHAM. Lie down on the floor. This is very instructive.

(PAMELA lies down on the floor.)

PAMELA. Are you sure about this?

BINGHAM. Positive. Now pucker.

PAMELA. Pucker?
BINGHAM. Pucker.

(She puckers her lips, and BINGHAM puts the ball on her puckered lips. Then he stands back and starts wagging the club as if he's going to hit the ball off the top of her lips.)

Wait, wait, wait, I do it better when I'm blindfolded.
(He puts his pocket handkerchief over his eyes and waggles again.)

Don't worry, I'm an excellent shot.

PAMELA. *(taking the ball off her lips)* I'm counting on that.
BINGHAM. Put it back.

(She puts the ball back on her lips and closes her eyes as he waggles the club. He pulls the club into his backswing... when suddenly she sits up and cries out:)

PAMELA. Ah!

(He swings through, just missing her head.)

BINGHAM. Ah! What is it? What happened?!

PAMELA. I fell asleep and I had a nightmare. I dreamt my three ex-husbands went on a golfing weekend and I was the seventh hole.

BINGHAM. Oh your poor thing, get up, get up.

(The music changes to a Latin rhythm and PAMELA dances to the table.)

PAMELA. Ooh, I like this music.
BINGHAM. Do you?

PAMELA. Mimim. Oyster?

BINGHAM. No thank you.

PAMELA. I love oysters.

(demonstrating:)

I love the way they slide right off the shell and into your oh my God.

BINGHAM. What's the matter?

PAMELA. It went down my dress.
BINGHAM. You're kidding.

PAMELA. *It went down my dress!*

BINGHAM. *Oh no! That's terrible! Take it off immediately!!*
(He grins happily at her. She gives him a look. Then she wiggles and wriggles and jumps up and down with her legs apart - and the oyster falls out.)

PAMELA. There it is.

BINGHAM. I don't want to talk about it.

PAMELA. Alas, poor oyster. I knew him, Horatio.

BINGHAM. Would you like to dance?

PAMELA. With Oyster Woman?

BINGHAM. Do you have a super power?

PAMELA. I can make a pearl.

BINGHAM. I'll chance it.

(They dance. He does a fancy move and as she responds, she pulls her jacket off and throws it aside. Her dress is now quite bare on top and we see a birthmark on her shoulder.)

Good Lord, you have a tattoo on your shoulder. That's very sexy.

PAMELA. Sorry to disappoint you but it's a birthmark.

BINGHAM. Really? It looks like a small purple flower.

PAMELA. It runs in the family. We call it the Purple Pimpernel. I have an identical, rather larger version of it on my backside and no, you're not seeing it.

(The song ends and we hear clapping outside.)

(Almost without realizing it, they have become very romantic by this time and they almost kiss. They back off.)

BINGHAM. It's getting to be banquet time and I have to speak. I'd better fix this ridiculous amplifier.

PAMELA. And if you can't fix it, we know whose fault it will be.