

Scene Two

(The next morning, about 8:45. Bright sunlight streams in through the window.)

(On the bar there is now a silver tournament cup with handles. It will go to the winning club and have the club's name engraved on it.)

(BINGHAM, alone, is on the phone, agitated. He still wears his tux from last night, but it's been slept in.)

BINGHAM. *(into the phone)* Hello...Hello!

(looks at his watch)

Oh, good, is this Suburban Hospital?...Yes, I'd like to speak with the emergency room. ...Yes, I'm sure they're busy, that's why they call it the emer -...Yes, this is an emergency. ...No, I don't need an ambulance, we've already had one. I just need to speak with someone in the emergency room!... Well I don't mean to raise my voice, but you are the fifth person I have talked to at Suburban Hospital! Yes, I'll hold!

(MURIEL hurries in. She has changed clothes.)

MURIEL. Any word on Justin?

BINGHAM. Not yet. Louise is still with him, I *think*, but I haven't heard from her.

MURIEL. It's bad enough he had to break my vase, he had to break his arm, too.

BINGHAM. We don't know his arm is *broken*, Muriel, it could be a sprain, in which case he could still finish the tournament.

MURIEL. And there could be a tooth fairy, but he's in the witness protection program.

BINGHAM. All I'm saying is that he *might* -

MURIEL. Don't speak to me! I've had enough of your delusional rantings for one weekend!

(PAMELA hurries in, also changed. She's carrying a spiral notebook and a pencil.)

PAMELA. Any word on Justin?

BINGHAM. No, I'm trying to get some word but they keep putting me on What? Hello? Is this the Emergency Room, I'm calling about a Mr. Justin Hicks.....
OH NO!

MURIEL. *What is it?!*

PAMELA. *What happened?!*

BINGHAM. It's the cafeteria! *Would you please just give me the...Forget it. I give up.*
(He hangs up the phone.)

PAMELA. Where's Louise?

BINGHAM. I'm not sure. She's supposed to call.

MURIEL. Well, she'd better hurry up about it! The match resumes at nine o'clock. That's in fifteen minutes!

PAMELA. Which is why we need to pick a replacement. I started making a list at home.
(i.e. the notebook)

MURIEL. "Replacement?" There are no replacements in golf! What are you talking about?!

PAMELA. *(getting the book)* Just because I knew you were going to be a pain in the neck, I took the liberty of looking it up. Under the inter-club rules, "either team may nominate a replacement for any competitor who is injured before the end of play."

MURIEL. That's ridiculous.

PAMELA. It may be ridiculous, but it's in the book. This is not the PGA, the rule is meant to foster friendly competition, it gives us one last chance to win, so I suggest that you stop complaining about it and *focus on the other members of the club! Harry Teter!!*

BINGHAM. Low 90s.

PAMELA. James Davidson.

BINGHAM. Moves the ball with his foot when he thinks no one's watching.

PAMELA. Herzberg.

BINGHAM. No long game.

PAMELA. Williams.

BINGHAM. No short game.

PAMELA. Stilwell.

BINGHAM. No game at all. Look, none of these people can replace Hicks. They're not good enough. I went through all of them before I found Tramplemain.

(DICKIE walks in.)

DICKIE. Good morning, Quail Valley!

(He's wearing another of his famous sweaters, and this is the loudest and ugliest of them all. To go with it he wears bright paisley pants.)

PAMELA. Did you have to kill it, or did it crawl onto your chest and just give up.

MURIEL. I like his sweater.

DICKIE. Thank you, Muriel. Well, well, well, what have we here? Shall I call it The Crouching Cup? You know that will look awfully nice in my lobby next to its little brothers and sisters. Love family. Oh dear, you all seem rather gloomy this morning. Not feeling so jaunty, are we Bingham, now that the sock is on the other shoe, eh?

BINGHAM. You mean the shoe is on the other foot.

DICKIE. Sorry?

BINGHAM. You said the sock.

DICKIE. I meant the sock.

BINGHAM. No you meant the shoe.

DICKIE. Don't mean the shoe.

BINGHAM. Of course you mean the shoe, it goes on the foot!

DICKIE. Ah, but you cannot have a shoe without a sock, so there is no difference.

BINGHAM. Of course there's a difference! It's called the *English language*. It has to do with communicating in an orderly fashion and not saying every piece of drivel that happens to come spilling out of your mouth!