

**JUSTIN.** *(off)* No! I don't care what you say! I'm not having dinner with Louise!

*(LOUISE starts hiccupping with little sobs.)*

**PAMELA.** No, don't. ...Don't...

*(But LOUISE can't help herself. Her lip starts quivering like mad - and she bursts into tears and runs out of the room.)*

Louise...Oh, Louise!

*(At which point, BINGHAM marches back in.)*

**BINGHAM.** Lord, give me strength! Were we like this when we were youngsters?

**PAMELA.** Are you kidding me? I'd have been up to the figs in cream by this time.

**BINGHAM.** Slanchna.

**PAMELA.** Prosit.

*(They each grab a bottle of champagne and hurry out of the room.)*

**BINGHAM.** Justin!

**PAMELA.** Louise!

*(DICKIE hurries in through the club door, followed closely by MURIEL. DICKIE is wearing a tuxedo with an outlandish, patterned vest. Or he might even be wearing an outlandish tuxedo. Whichever it is, it reflects his hideous taste.)*

**MURIEL.** Dickie, please!

**DICKIE.** No, Muriel.

**MURIEL.** Would you listen to reason!

**DICKIE.** I have listened, Muriel. I don't want to talk about it.

**MURIEL.** But Hicks and Tramplemain are *even* now, so you should call it quits!

**DICKIE.** I have a funny feeling that Mr. Hicks is not quite over his histrionical behavior.

**MURIEL.** But if he is, you lose all that money.

**DICKIE.** And if he isn't, I acquire an antique shop.

**MURIEL.** That is so unfair! You know how I feel about that shop. I built it from nothing to fill an emptiness inside me.

**DICKIE.** Well I'm sorry, Muriel, but a wagger's a wagger.

**MURIEL.** We once meant something to each other, Dickie. When we were youngsters at this very club. We met at that Dinner-Dance. You wore a boutonniere.

**DICKIE.** You wore a tuxedo.

**MURIEL.** You had a moustache.

**DICKIE.** You had sideburns.

**MURIEL.** Do you remember our first date together?

**DICKIE.** Of course I remember.

**MURIEL.** We saw that documentary about the Luftwaffe.

**DICKIE.** I loved that film.

**MURIEL.** You said you found all that efficiency very inspiring.

**DICKIE.** I did, I *did*. Some of those babies could drop twenty tons in a single night.

**MURIEL.** Boom.

**DICKIE.** Right on target.

**MURIEL.** Boom.

**DICKIE.** And look at you. You've barely changed at all.

**MURIEL.** Oh, stop it.

**DICKIE.** You may have put on a bit of poundage, but it's all in the right places, eh? Ha? Hahahahaha!

**MURIEL.** Oh you devil. You always had a way of bringing out my feminine side.

**DICKIE.** Did I, Muriel?

**MURIEL.** Something my husband has completely lost sight of. He married me for my warmth, but he doesn't see it any more.

**DICKIE.** The brute.

**MURIEL.** Don't call him that. It's not his fault.