

BINGHAM. Just kidding, just kidding, it's all in fun, and best of luck to Traitor Steve. *Traitor!*

*(He closes the door.)*

PAMELA. I thought you handled that well.

BINGHAM. Thank you.

*(LOUISE enters from the clubhouse in the sexiest red dress on the face of the earth.)*

LOUISE. Hi, Mr. Bingham.

BINGHAM. Hello, Louise! Are you ready for your big night?

LOUISE. I think so. And Mr. Bingham, I-I just want to say how sorry I am about this afternoon. I know I flew off the handle, and I didn't mean to, but it was like I couldn't help myself -

PAMELA. Listen, it's a big step, deciding to get married, and it made you nervous, which is only natural. People don't get married all the time. Except in my case, and I averaged about once a year.

BINGHAM. *(glancing out the window)* Wait a moment, there's Justin. Justin!...I'll bring him in.

*(BINGHAM hurries out to the party.)*

LOUISE. It's nice of you to loan me your dress, Mrs. Peabody.

PAMELA. I call it my Hail Mary dress.

LOUISE. Hail Mary?

PAMELA. You save it for the final pass and if they pull it off, it's a touchdown.

LOUISE. Do you name all your dresses?

PAMELA. Most of them.

LOUISE. And what's yours called?

PAMELA. This is my Home Sweet Home dress.

LOUISE. Aw. Because there's no place like it?

PAMELA. And the front door is always open to visitors.

LOUISE. I think I'll stick to Hail Mary.

PAMELA. Well believe me, darling, if I could fill it the way you do, I'd have it glued to my body.

LOUISE. Aw, that's not true. Mr. Bingham thinks you're much prettier than I am.

PAMELA. Why do you say that?

LOUISE. Well, at the Spring Dance I overheard him tell someone that you're the most beautiful woman at the club.

PAMELA. Really?

LOUISE. Uh huh. Of course he'd just had three martinis, so it might have been the liquor talking.

PAMELA. Thank you, Louise.

LOUISE. Oh my gosh, hold it! One of my earrings is missing! I'll be right back.

*(She runs out through the door to the club.)*

PAMELA. Louise. Louise, it doesn't matter - !

*(She runs out after her. At which moment, BINGHAM and JUSTIN enter from outside. JUSTIN is wearing a rather threadbare tux, and BINGHAM is full of bonhomie for JUSTIN's sake.)*

BINGHAM. This way, this way. Ah, here we are. Good old Tap Room. Like an old friend, eh? And how are you feeling?

JUSTIN. Oh I don't know. I-I guess I'm worried about Louise and-and what she thinks of me after what I -

*(deep breath)*

*Golly!* If I could just relax the way I do at my yoga class. Do you take yoga, Mr. Bingham?

BINGHAM. No, I'm afraid I've never -

JUSTIN. Ommmmm.

BINGHAM. Ommmmm. Oh, I see, it's like I was doing bef -

JUSTIN. Ommmmm.

BINGHAM. Ommmmm.