

**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.** Ommmmmm.

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

**JUSTIN.** Ommmmmm.

**BINGHAM.** Ommmmmm.