

CHARLES. Come with me tonight.

NELL. I can't go back.

CHARLES. It's a comedy.

NELL. I'm taking Charlie to see the peacocks, he's rather fond of them.

CHARLES. You'll have to go sometime.

NELL. It's your turn.

CHARLES *takes a shot.*

CHARLES. The things they said to you –

NELL. They can't take them back.

CHARLES. Nelly, they're actors – they're emotional. And you're a little too proud.

CHARLES *kisses her.*

Now give me some space – this will be a shot to remember.

*He hits the ball in.*

And that is what you call a royal flush!

NELL. My turn.

CHARLES. It's sixteen–nil.

NELL. You know I like a challenge. I'm going to kick your royal behind.

CHARLES. I look forward to it.

NELL *turns away from him. As she lines the ball up, he grabs his chest – he has no voice to cry out.*

NELL. And you won't even see it coming. Set the shot, line it up. And –

*She hits the ball, hole in one. He collapses.*

Boom! It went in. It went in! Look at that, Charles!

*She whips round to celebrate with him. CHARLES is on the floor having an apoplectic fit.*

Charles!