

JORDAN. Are you sure you won't come in, Nick?

NICK. No thanks.

JORDAN. It's only half past nine. May as well make the best of it.

NICK. Is it true?

JORDAN. What?

NICK. What Tom said. The scandal about your tournament.

JORDAN. What's that got to do with anything?

NICK. They say you moved your ball from a bad lie. That that's how you won.

JORDAN. People say all sorts of things when you're famous.

NICK. I read about it. The caddy retracted his statement. Did you buy him off?

JORDAN. Nick, you're one of the few honest people I know. That's why I like you. Come on in.

NICK. Goodbye, Jordan.

JORDAN. Goodbye? Like that? You're throwing me over?

NICK. I need to go home.

JORDAN. You're throwing me over for a rumor?!

NICK. I just need some time to think.

JORDAN. Fine. Be a coward. Run away. I don't give a damn about you anyway. But, hey, at least it was a new kind of experience. *(She starts to leave. Stops.)* Do you remember the conversation we had earlier about driving a car?

NICK. What about it?

JORDAN. You said a bad driver was only safe until she met another bad driver. Well, I guess I met another bad driver, didn't I? I mean it was careless of me to make such a wrong guess. I thought you were different, Nick. I thought you were rather an honest, straightforward person. I thought it was your secret pride.

NICK. I'm thirty, Jordan. Thirty. I'm five years too old to lie to myself and call it honor. *(They stare at each other a moment.)*

JORDAN. Goodbye, Nick. *(She exits. [REDACTED])*