

HOWARD

Howard Wainwright the third. An honor to meet you, madam.

SHIRLEY

Well, thank you.

He kisses Shirley's hand. Shirley is amused. Keith looks at Howard like he's crazy.

LAURIE

And this is my brother, Keith.

KEITH

(reluctant to offer his hand)

We're just going to shake hands, aren't we?

HOWARD

Of course. I never kiss rough knuckles.

They shake hands.

LAURIE

Won't you sit down?

Howard pulls up a lounge chair and sits next to Laurie.

SHIRLEY

What do you do, Howard?

HOWARD

Oh, See the world, mostly.

SHIRLEY

You don't...work?

HOWARD

I'm much too rich for that. My father owns Beirut.

(laughs at his own joke)

A little millionaire humor.

During the above, the lounge chair Howard is sitting in is uncomfortable because the back is straight up. Howard adjusts it a few degrees back, but the back doesn't catch right, so when Howard leans back, the thing collapses flat, and Howard with it. Shirley, Keith and Laurie have to fight to keep from laughing. Howard gets out of the chair and goes on as if nothing