MERRILEE: I'm gonna take you up on that, Patrick. I'm gonna try.
PATRICK: Come on, Merri-Merri-Merrilee. Let's go find the car.

CHARACTERS
Donny (late 20s), a hopeless romantic; Maggie (late 20s), a down-to-earth kind of girl

SCENE
A hotel room in the Bahamas

TIME
The present

Donny has duped Maggie into going to the Bahamas with him, telling her he has won a sweepstakes. In reality he wants to have a relationship with her.

(Donny and Maggie come running in, soaked and laughing.)

MAGGIE: Oh, my God. I can't believe it.

DONNY: It's fucking pouring.

MAGGIE: I think it's a sign.

DONNY: It's just a passing storm.

MAGGIE: No, it's probably a hurricane.

DONNY: Oh, that's the attitude.

MAGGIE: No wonder they gave you a free trip. It's hurricane season.

DONNY: Okay, Miss Negative. (Goes to the window.) Oh, yeah, I think it's letting up.

(Another crash of thunder and lightning.)

This sucks.

MAGGIE: C'mon, let's make the best of it. What's in the ol' minibar? (Goes to the minibar and opens it.)

DONNY: I didn't even know we had a minibar.

MAGGIE: Let's see, what do we have here?
DONNY: *(Hops on the bed and picks up the remote control.)* Oh, dude, we have pay per view.
MAGGIE: And we have rum!
DONNY: We have rum in the minibar? That's fantastic.
MAGGIE: This is the Bahamas. They have rum everywhere. I'm gonna make rum punch.
DONNY: Yes, we'll get drunk and watch ... *Tuck Everlasting*.
*(DONNY watches TV as MAGGIE looks around the room.)*
MAGGIE: Hey, is there sugar anywhere?
DONNY: Where?
MAGGIE: I don't know. Have you seen any?
DONNY: Have I seen any sugar in the room? I don't know. Where would that be?
MAGGIE: I don't know.
DONNY: *(Beat.)* Are you dating anyone right now?
MAGGIE: What?
DONNY: I don't know. I just thought ... I don't know. Are you?
MAGGIE: Umm ... I don't know, sort of.
DONNY: Sort of? I'm glad I'm not that guy.
MAGGIE: No, it's nothing serious.
DONNY: Yeah, from your end, but that poor bastard. What's his name?
MAGGIE: Why?
DONNY: Just wondering. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to . . .
MAGGIE: No, I just ... what made you think of that?
DONNY: Do you like him?
MAGGIE: No, I hate him.
DONNY: I mean, do you like him as much as you liked me?
MAGGIE: Will you stop?
DONNY: What? We're just a couple of friends talking.

MAGGIE: What about you?
DONNY: No, I just sit at home looking at a picture of you.
MAGGIE: Shut up. Who are you dating?
DONNY: Never mind that. What's his name?
MAGGIE: It's not ... I'm not telling you.
DONNY: It's Bob, isn't it?
MAGGIE: No.
DONNY: Greg?
MAGGIE: What's your girlfriend's name?
DONNY: Maggie.
MAGGIE: Shut up. What's her name?
DONNY: None of your business.
MAGGIE: Good, I'm not telling you what my boyfriend's name is.
DONNY: Oh, my God. What are you, six?
MAGGIE: You started it.
DONNY: Do you think if I had a girlfriend you'd be here right now?
MAGGIE: Well, I don't know. Maybe you'll meet someone down here.
DONNY: That's true. We should work out a system. Like sock on the door means don't come in.
MAGGIE: What is this, a frat house?
DONNY: Well, you might meet someone too.
MAGGIE: I'm not gonna take them back to the room.
DONNY: Okay, Miss Prude.
MAGGIE: I'm not a prude.
DONNY: That's true. You're not.
MAGGIE: Hey.
DONNY: What? I'm just agreeing with you.
MAGGIE: Just behave.
DONNY: Jeez, I can’t win.

(MAGGIE starts to go.)

Where are you going?
MAGGIE: I need juice for this punch.
DONNY: It’s pouring out.
MAGGIE: I’m just going down to the lobby.
DONNY: Want me to come?
MAGGIE: I think I’ll be fine.
DONNY: Okay.

CHARACTERS

DONELLY (40-60) is a high-strung, well-to-do older man; ROSE (early 20s) is a young domestic servant. She’s determined to break through her employer’s fears and suspicions and befriend him. This hasn’t been an easy task, but ROSE has applied herself and DONELLY’s beginning to melt. Sadie is DONELLY’s sister; she runs the household for him.

SCENE

DONELLY’s New York City townhouse

TIME

Winter of 1943

DONELLY is typing a letter at the desk. ROSE stands in front of it. DONELLY finishes typing, removes the letter from the typewriter carriage, signs it, folds it, places it in an envelope, licks a stamp, and places it on the envelope, then sets the envelope on the desk.

DONELLY: Give this to Sadie, if you’d be so kind. Tell her to have it registered and bring back the receipt.

ROSE: I’d be happy to, Mr. Donnelly, but I can’t.

DONELLY: And why is that? A sudden paralysis of the lower extremities?

ROSE: Sadie’s not here to give it to.

DONELLY: Where is she?

ROSE: Out shopping. Said she’d be back for dinner.

DONELLY: Oh—it’s Thursday, isn’t it?

ROSE: Yes, sir.

DONELLY: A very good day for Macy’s, Wanamaker’s, Bergdorf Goodman, and the Russian Tea Room; a very bad day for the U.S. Post Office and my bank account. . . . Well, it’ll just have to wait till tomorrow, I suppose. (Pause.)

ROSE: Is it a very important letter?

DONELLY: It is to me. And perhaps to its recipient.