

SCENE  
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# Sam, Sophie, Harry, Bill, Donna

SAM

You're a little minx. You're worse than your mother. I'm glad you haven't met my boys, you'd just ruin them.

SOPHIE

Your boys? You have sons?

SAM

Yeah, I've got two. God I'd love to bring them here some day.

SOPHIE

Like you used to bring my mother?

*SAM looks at her (What does she know?)*

HARRY

Would there be a trouser-press on the island?

SOPHIE

I'll take you to your rooms, now ...

*Suddenly we hear DONNA'S voice from the Taverna, singing loudly. SOPHIE and the three men freeze in their tracks. SOPHIE exits hastily, appealing as she goes to for them to keep her secret. The men look at each other and agree to hide, which they do rather badly. BILL realises how ridiculous this all is and elects to break cover first*

BILL

Donna!

*DONNA looks at him.*

DONNA

Bill?

HARRY

Hi Donna –

*DONNA looks.*

DONNA

Harry?

*SAM appears.*

SAM

Hi.

*DONNA turns, her eyes widen.*

DONNA

You ... !!

*Pool of light on DONNA – frozen in the chaos of her thoughts*

I'm dreaming, aren't I? You aren't really here?

SAM

Would you like me to pinch you?

DONNA

You keep your hands to yourself.

**SAM**

You've changed your tune ...

**DONNA**

What the hell are you doing here, Sam? What are any of you doing here? I'm sorry. I'm just—amazed to see you all.

**BILL**

Well, I'm—doing an article for a magazine ...

**HARRY**

I'm here for a holiday.

**SAM**

I thought I'd just drop by and say hi ...

*DONNA narrows her eyes at him then decides she musn't let him rattle her.*

**DONNA**

Oh, dear—what a shame—we don't have any rooms. It's that time of year ...

**SAM**

Just as well I booked ahead.

*(To BILL and HARRY)*

You two can kip down with me if they're really full.

**DONNA**

This is so—inconvenient!

**SAM**

Why?

**DONNA**

Because ... because, one of the local girls is getting married tomorrow, and I just don't have the staff to cope with you—you'd be so much more comfortable on the mainland.

**SAM**

Not at all. Bill's used to suffering for his art and Head-Banger here's the last word in spontaneous.

**DONNA**

What about you?

**SAM**

I came here to see the island. You know what it meant to me.

**DONNA**

Well, I'd love to stop and chew over old times, but I have to go and—clean out my handbag ... or something.

*(DONNA exits)*

**HARRY**

Age cannot wither her.

**BILL**

I was expecting a rather stout matron.

**SAM**

No she's still Donna.

**END SCENE**