SCENE THREE

The Courtyard

At the end of the song DONNA, ROSIE and TANYA EXIT. The COMPANY also EXIT to return to their duties. SOPHIE, ALI and LISA run down-stage and look out-front. They see that SAM, BILL and HARRY are arriving. The THREE GIRLS quickly EXIT into the Taverna as SAM comes on. He sees The Taverna and stops. HARRY and BILL come on behind him. They have made their way up from the JETTY. HARRY is a bit breathless from lugging his expensive and elegantly-monogrammed luggage to The Taverna.

HARRY

I'm glad to get off that boat.

BILL

That was nothing. You should try a kayak in the Okavango Swamps.

HARRY

Yes—I read your book: 'A Bloke and a Boat in Botswana'.

BILL

Thanks, Harry—I heard I'd sold a copy, somewhere.

HARRY

Travel-books are my passion. A welcome distraction from the tedious trek to work.

SAM

Do you two want to hear something interesting? You see this Taverna?

HARRY

I'm rather impressed. I remember an old hut here—I was dreading bedding down with the goats.

BILL

Give me goats before camels. There was this time in the Kalahari, the sun was beating down…

SAM

Sorry to interrupt "Indiana," but the point is—this is my Taverna… I built it! Well, I designed it. Drew up the plans—what?—twenty-one years ago…? I can't believe she's actually gone and built the bloody thing.

HARRY

Who?

SAM

Donna, who else? This is something I scribbled on the back of a menu—I had no idea…

BILL

How do you know it's yours?

SAM

Buildings are like babies. You always know your own.

BILL

I wouldn't know anything about babies. I've been living out of a ruck-sack for most of my life.

HARRY

The 'Happy Wanderer', eh?

(To Bill)

Do you think the island will inspire some prose?

BILL

I hope so. When I got the wedding invite, I sold my editor a piece on 'Childhood Haunts Revisited'.

HARRY

Were you born here?

BILL

Ah, no…I was born and raised in Bethnal Green*—but my mother's Greek. No, the only time I came to Greece was a visit to my Great-Aunt on the mainland, and that was…twenty-one years ago.

*(*Bill's place of origin varies depending on the actor playing him)*

HARRY

So now you can write about Sam's Taverna and the tourists will flock.

BILL

No—I think this island should remain the secret idyll I always remembered.

SAM

Yes, but if you lived here, maybe the idyll would be the boat-load of tourists with pockets full of money.

HARRY

At least they might have some staff then. Where is everybody?

SOPHIE enters from the Taverna.

SOPHIE

Good afternoon. Can I help you?

BILL

Hello, I'm Bill Austin. You have a room for me?

SOPHIE

(stares at him)

Bill Austin.

HARRY

I'm Bright. Harry Bright.

SOPHIE

(staring)

Harry…

(to Sam)

…so you must be—

SAM

Sam Carmichael.

SOPHIE nods, staring at Sam.

You are expecting us?

SOPHIE

Yes, of course. I'll get the keys.

SOPHIE exits to fetch the keys. HARRY turns to Sam. During the following dialogue SOPHIE spies on the men from the Taverna.

HARRY

Charming. But I hope I get the chance to get my tongue around a little Greek. I haven't spoken it for twenty-one years.

SAM

Twenty-one years? You know, this is beginning to feel like a set-up—hey, Bill—here's a story for you. Three men—strangers—receive an invitation to a wedding. They are invited to a place they haven't seen for twenty-one years, by a woman they haven't seen for twenty-one years…why are they here?

BILL

That's not bad… ok, Harry—what's your story? What's torn you away from the Bank of England?

HARRY

Oh, is this an interview? O.K., well for me, Donna's invitation brought back many happy memories…

(Spotting the guitar hanging on the wall)

Bloody Nora!!

BILL

Is that a quote?

HARRY

(Taking the guitar down)

No, no, I know this guitar!

(Indicating a carving)

HB—'Head-Banger', that's what they used to call me in those days—and DS—Donna Sheridan—I bought this for her! Ten quid and my Johnny Rotten t-shirt… so now who says I'm an unadventurous old stick-in-the mud?

SAM

Who says that?

HARRY

My other half. A big house, a fast car and a season ticket to Chelsea isn't enough for some people, is it? They want The Great White Hunter, too. Well, I can do spontaneity. That's why I'm here. Donna knew my wild side. I was on my sixth-form trip to Paris when we met, and I just followed her to Greece—spontaneously… hang on…

(HE finds a plectrum in his pocket)

Ah ha!

(HARRY strums the guitar)

#5 – Thank You for the Music

THANK YOU FOR THE MUSIC
THE SONGS I'M SINGING

…we used to sing this one…

THANKS FOR ALL THE JOY
THEY'RE BRINGING
WHO CAN LIVE WITHOUT IT?
I ASK IN ALL HONESTY
WHAT WOULD LIFE BE

SOPHIE re-entering joins in. **HARRY / SOPHIE**

WITHOUT A SONG OR A DANCE WHAT ARE WE
SO I SAY THANK YOU FOR THE MUSIC
FOR GIVING IT TO ME