

**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 distraction from the daily rigors of the London rush hour.

**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 damn thing.

**HARRY**

Who?

**SAM**

Donna. Who else? This is something I scribbled on the back of a menu, I had no idea.

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Hi. I'm I

**BILL**

How do you know it's yours ?

**SAM**

Buildings are like babies. You always know your own.

**BILL**

I wouldn't know about babies. I've been living out of a back-pack all 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**

I was born in the US—but my mother's Greek. No, the only time I came to Greece was to visit with my Great-Aunt on the mainland —and that was twenty-one years ago.

**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've always remembered.

**SAM**

Yes, but if you lived here, maybe the idyll would be the boat-load of tourists with big bucks.

**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**

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

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