

MITZI

Ohhh . . . !

JOHNNY

I know I was such a jackass when it came to face to face communication. But in that letter I told you I'd come back for you after the war! Wherever you were! Wabu Wabu, or your home in New Hampshire. Anywhere!

MITZI

Oh, I can't believe this . . .

JOHNNY

I wrote about that last date we had. The coconuts. The candles. How much that meant to me. I told you how much I loved you!!

MITZI

I never got it! I swear, Johnny! You know how the mail was during the war!

(Sits down, still in disbelief.)

Oh gosh! I'm speechless. There were so many people on Wabu Wabu. There's no telling where that letter wound up!

(Pause.)

Who knows . . . ?

JOHNNY

Who knows, indeed. I'm speechless too.

(Pause as he sets his drink down, begins to exit.)

Hey, I'm gonna go make sure Betty White isn't taking advantage of Darwin.

MITZI

Johnny?

JOHNNY

I just need a minute, Mitzi.

(Exits.)

MITZI

Johnny, wait!!

(She sits alone, confused. Lights fade to black. There is a quick music note, cueing a transition. Lights back up. MITZI and SHIRLEY are standing in the same room, talking. SHIRLEY is holding a party razzle and her drink. MITZI is very, very concerned.)

START

MITZI

He just walked out, Shirley. And that was—gosh—that was almost a half hour ago! He hasn't come back in yet!

Well, was he drunk?

SHIRLEY

No.

MITZI

What happened?

SHIRLEY

Well. Nothing, really. But I'm just worried. He was so distraught.

MITZI

At what?

SHIRLEY

Well. It's a long story.

MITZI

Did you two get into an argument?

SHIRLEY

You aren't going to believe this. But—

MITZI

(The sounds of gunshots are heard, from outside.)

Oh, Lord, not again!!

MITZI

That's just fireworks, Mitzi. What happened?? Tell me!

SHIRLEY

No, listen! Those aren't fireworks! THAT'S A GUN!!

MITZI

Oh! Shoot, maybe that is a gun!

SHIRLEY

Oh heavens!
(Hurries to the door.)

MITZI

Mitzi, don't go out there!

SHIRLEY

END