

TIM (CONT'D)

shit-assing tiramisu? (Composes himself.) I was looking forward to that.

DONNA

I told them twice. They didn't put it in there?

TIM

It's fine. First you get Neubatten to panic and then you mess up my dessert order.

DONNA

I even had them read it back to me.

TIM

I'm sure it was just an honest mistake. I accused you of two things, though.

DONNA

No, I said I never... I already said I didn't talk to him.

TIM

Okay. Now, if you'll excuse me, I believe I'll go urinate into the hole where Franklin Pierce was buried.

DONNA

You mean his cousin.

TIM

Does that somehow make it better?

GREY

They have facilities here.

TIM strolls out of sight.

Start

DONNA

(Looking at her phone, quietly:)  
Goddamn it.

GREY

Sometimes these things just fall apart on their own.

DONNA

Oh, phew. Thank you.

GREY

(Brief pause.) What do you see in him?

DONNA

(Still mainly working with her phone.) Excuse me? Who the fuck are you? Seriously. I'm not being rhetorical or metaphorical. I'm unsure which person you are.

GREY

I'm sorry.

DONNA

My life is not exactly brimming with options.

GREY

Okay, but you might reconsider your commitment, here.

DONNA

What do you mean? Do you know something?

GREY

I'm just not sure the guy who just urinated into someone's eternal resting place is the star you want to be hitching your wagon to.

DONNA

He's not how he always acts and talks and seems. He's giving that old couple a house, for God's sakes. Just so you know, we're just two busy people. He's getting divorced and we have some plans, but, we're just having fun. It's not serious.

GREY

He said it was.

DONNA

He did? (GREY nods a very small "no.") Okay. Very good.

GREY

Sorry.

DONNA

Go ahead, make fun of my stupid  
life choices.

GREY

I'm sorry. It's, just, maybe  
there's other choices you could  
make.

DONNA

Really? Maybe you could help me?  
This is so amazing, it's taken  
almost two minutes, but, finally,  
another fucking man is here to tell  
me what choices I should make.

GREY

I'm... yeah, I'm sorry. (Brief  
pause.) I'm just surprised. You're  
so... I don't know.

DONNA

No, you don't. (Brief pause.) What?

GREY

I wasn't going to--. So, I did the  
garden design at The Kingfisher  
Armory.

DONNA

That was me. That was my whole  
project.

GREY

I know.

DONNA

Almost four years of my life.  
That's right, you did the gardens.  
I read about you, while I was  
living in my aunt's basement.

GREY

I started right after you were  
done.

DONNA

"Done." I got replaced a few months  
before we opened by someone's  
fucking son-in-law.

GREY

I didn't mention it in case it was  
a sore spot.

DONNA

Thanks. But then you did mention it. And it is a huge sore spot.

GREY

But it all started with you and your letter to the paper.

DONNA

"Let us now praise famous buildings."

GREY

With the restaurant and the stores, and the sustainability. But mainly making people feel proud of that place, of the original building. And connected to it. I love the panels that show the changes over the years.

DONNA

I found some really old audio recordings of kids laughing and playing, from back when it was an orphanage. It was my idea to have that playing in one of the common areas.

GREY

I know, I love it. It's kind of haunting and kind of fun. The whole place, it just makes you feel good, being there.

DONNA

Really?

GREY

My grandma goes, just to hang out. It's like the mall for her and her 80-year-old friends.

DONNA

That's... thanks for telling me that. I really loved working on that thing.

GREY

So, that's the only reason I was... I'm sorry for butting into your business.

DONNA  
That's all right. (Brief pause.) I  
thought my life was really going to  
start, after that.           End

~~A brief sad pause. Tim enters.~~

TIM  
What sort of moment am I walking  
into?

DONNA  
Nothing. A normal moment.

GREY  
Donna, what kind of things are you  
imagining here?

TIM  
(To GREY:) Could you leave us  
alone, for a minute.

GREY  
Now?

TIM  
Thanks.

GREY  
(GREY hesitantly starts to  
leave.)  
You know what, I'm going to take my  
stuff. I have a meeting.

TIM  
We just need a few minutes.

GREY  
(Referring to his easel:) Will this  
be okay here?

TIM  
That I don't know.

GREY exits, with his bag, leaving the easel. TIM starts to  
read a document. DONNA watches him and waits.

DONNA  
Did you want to talk about  
something? (Sound of text on TIM's  
phone, which he begins to read.)