

(At Rise: We see a living room. HARRY is sitting in a recliner, reading a paper. DONNA enters through the front door and drops her purse on the sideboard.)

HARRY

(Looks up. Removes his glasses) You're home early. How did your interview go?

DONNA

(Sighs) It went.

HARRY

Uh-oh.

DONNA

It was fine. Nothing to write home about. Like I said, it was *fine*.

HARRY

Do you want to talk about it?

DONNA

What's there to talk about? I walked in, handed her my resume, we exchanged a few words, that was it.

HARRY

Okay.

DONNA

I mean, what did you think - she was going to hire me on the spot?

HARRY

I was hoping. (Beat) Any idea when you're supposed to hear back from her?

DONNA

That's the problem. I already did.

HARRY

You did?

DONNA

I sent her an email while I was sitting in the parking lot. I thought it would be nice to, you know, touch base.

HARRY

While you were still in the parking lot?

DONNA

I wanted to do it while the interview was still fresh in her mind. I basically thanked her for her time. Kept it short. Anyway, that's how it's done these days. You always follow up an interview with a letter of thanks.

HARRY

You couldn't have waited to do that?

DONNA

I *could* have waited, I suppose. But I wanted to make sure she remembered me.

HARRY

We go to the same church, Donna. Of course, she'll remember you. (*Beat*) So, what did she say?

DONNA

Well, I suggested we go out to lunch. I didn't pick a date. I didn't want to be pushy.

HARRY

And?

DONNA

And she agreed.

HARRY

There you go. So, what's the problem?

DONNA

I don't know, it's how she *said* it. (*DONNA pulls up the email on her phone and hands it to HARRY*) Look.

HARRY

(*HARRY reads what's written*) **I'd like that.** (*To DONNA*) Well, that's good, isn't it? A nice warm response.

DONNA

It's anything but warm. Look at it again. What comes after.

HARRY

After what? That's all it says.

DONNA

(*DONNA points at what's written*) See that? (*HARRY squints*) That is a *period*.

HARRY

Yeah? So?

DONNA

So??? It tells me I blew the interview.

HARRY

How do you figure?

DONNA

If she was interested in hiring me on, she would have used an exclamation point.

HARRY

(Studies her) You're serious, aren't you?

DONNA

Deadly serious. Sometimes using a period is worse than no period at all. It might seem small to you, but it's not.

HARRY

(Ponders) Okay, well, she was quick to answer you. That should mean something. What if she never did?

DONNA

I would have re-sent it. Not right away. I would have waited an hour.

HARRY

Sounds reasonable.

DONNA

Right? Anything less would make me seem desperate. *(Beat)* So, what do you want for supper?

HARRY

I pulled out the pork chops. I figured we could have those. Do you need my help?

DONNA

No, no, I've got it. *(She crosses to the kitchen, then stops)* One keystroke, that's all it is. Of course, with an exclamation point, you have to *add the shift key*. You know what that tells me, Harry? It tells me she's lazy. I'm not so sure I want to work for a boss who is lazy.

HARRY

Hey, now, don't get ahead of yourself.

DONNA

I'm just laying out the facts. If she's *lazy*, who winds up doing all her work? Her underlings, that's who. Her *minions*. Specifically, *me*. Poop rolls downhill in the business world, and I'd be the one shoveling all her poop. Sorry for the language, but you know it's true. It's a *sign*. And, when you see a sign, you follow it. Rule of thumb. (*Beat*) What do you want - green beans or corn?

HARRY

We had corn last night. How about green beans? (*He goes back to his paper*)

DONNA

Add long grain rice, we have a meal. (*She starts toward the kitchen, then stops*) Oh, and that's another thing. Do you know what they make at Burlington Wire, Harry?

HARRY

(*Looks up from the paper*) Wire?

DONNA

Not just *any* wire. They make *clothes hangers*. Do you know what people *do* with clothes hangers?

HARRY

Hang their clothes?

DONNA

(*DONNA rolls her eyes*) Not that. The other thing.

HARRY

One time I used a clothes hanger to jimmy open our locked Corolla. (*Beat*) If that's not it, it's your turn to guess.

DONNA

They beat their children with them! Parents do it all the time. Didn't you ever see MOMMY DEAREST?

HARRY

Suppose I *did*, what's your point?

DONNA

If I took the job, I'd be an accessory to child abuse. How could I live with *that* on my conscience?

HARRY

That's your reasoning?

DONNA

Check the facts.

HARRY

I'm not looking to argue, Donna, but child abuse seems kind of a stretch.

DONNA

That's easy for *you* to say. *You're* not the one whose soul is in jeopardy. *(Beat)* Boy, oh, boy. The minute I stepped through that door, I should have *known* something was off, starting right there with the receptionist. Bags under her eyes. A tremble in her voice. She'd probably been out all night, partying with her friends. I read some research on Facebook. Do you know *where* most people make their friends? Do you? At work! So, if this girl's out partying, drinking up the town, you can bet her friends from work are right there, doing the same. I'd be surrounded by alcoholics for half the day! Think about it. Maybe even drug addicts!

HARRY

Drug addicts. Really.

DONNA

Absolutely! But you know I'm not one who rushes to judgment. I'll leave that for Saint Peter at the pearly gates. *(Beat)* WHY THE HECK HASN'T SHE CALLED?

HARRY

Good heavens, Donna, you've only been home for five minutes.

DONNA

Don't forget the ten-minute drive from the office. That's plenty of time to work up an offer. *(She sits)* Why am I getting upset? I haven't really decided if I'll take the job, even if she gets down on her knees and begs me. *(She stands and starts toward the kitchen, then stops)* Maybe, and this is just a thought, *maybe* she doesn't think I'm *qualified* for the job. Even though I gave her my resume, and my schooling and work history was right there in bold, capital letters. Maybe I should have underlined them as well! But you know me. I don't like to flaunt my achievements. I'm always

one to hold back. That's my curse. (*Beat*) I know Burlington Wire is the biggest show in town and I know she's the brightest fish in our little pond. But even a fool could see that I'm qualified. Probably over-qualified for that crummy little job! (*Crosses to HARRY*) Do you know what I'm going to do? If I don't hear from Charlotte "fancy pants" McKuen by Sunday, I'm going to march right up to her and give her a piece of my mind. I don't care if she's sitting in her own reserved pew at the eleven o'clock service. And I couldn't care less who hears it! And, do you know what I'll say? I'll say "Screw you, Charlotte McKuen, Screw you!"

HARRY

Watch your words, Donna. You're a Christian, remember?

DONNA

As if I need you to remind me.

HARRY

It might be best to control your temper.

DONNA

Let me give you a tiny bit of education here, Harry. The last thing an angry woman wants to be told is to control her temper.

HARRY

I won't say another word about it.

DONNA

If she had only used an exclamation point. That's all I'm saying. Would it have killed her to give me some peace of mind?

HARRY

I doubt she even knew what she did.

DONNA

Oh, she knew. *She knew*. And, looking at it now, she probably *meant it*. Sitting in that ivory tower of hers, rubbing her hands, plotting my demise. It makes my blood boil just thinking about how she's toying with me - pulling my strings like a puppet! I feel like I'm ready to burst!

HARRY

I'd tell you to calm down, but it seems like we already covered that subject.

DONNA

You keep making fun of me, Harry Lofgren, you're going to find yourself in divorce court.

HARRY

Wait. What?

DONNA

You heard me. One time in my life I come home with a serious problem, and all I ask from *you* is a little support and understanding! If we can't get past *this* bump in the road, how can we expect to make it any further? *(Beat)* Not that it matters, really. Word gets out that Charlotte wouldn't hire me, the rest of the businesses will just fall in line. We'll lose the house. That goes without saying. And, with the market these days, we'll be lucky to break even. One of us is bound to get sick, something terminal, probably. Which will suck up every penny we've saved. I don't mean to sound like The Grim Reaper, but I firmly predict that's where we're headed. Do me a favor, Harry. If I go first, I'd like you to take care of my tombstone. I think it's the least you can do, all things considered. I want it to read -

(Her phone rings. She looks at the Caller I.D. and answers it cheerily)

Mrs. McKuen, hello! Funny, my husband and I were just talking about you. *(Listens)* Really? Well, that's wonderful. I am truly honored you think so highly of me. The feeling's mutual. That goes without saying. *(Listens)* No, no, Monday's fine. *(Listens)* Well, good. I'll see you then.

(She hangs up the phone and smiles)

HARRY

Okay, I'm listening. What was that you wanted chiseled on your tombstone?

DONNA

Oh, never mind that. *(Beat)* That was Charlotte McKuen on the phone, and guess what? *(She throws her hands in the air)* I got the job!

HARRY

I figured. Congratulations.

DONNA

Thanks. *(She crosses to the kitchen)* Apple Cobbler alright for dessert?

HARRY

Something sweet? Sounds perfect.

(BLACKOUT)