

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - JUNE 9TH, 1944

A woman is sitting on her couch looking forlorn. Edith, the maid, enters.

EDITH

Ms. Hawthorne! Ms. Hawthorn! I have a letter from your husband!

VERONICA

Oh golly! His first letter in quite a while, I thought he was dead! Hand it over, hand it over.

EDITH

Here you are ma'am.

From stage left, Danny Hawthorn is writing the letter as Veronica Hawthorn reads. Edith watches Veronica write.

DANNY

Dear Veronica, I am writing this before our attack on Omaha Beach. I know not what lies ahead, but I keep a picture of you in a locket close to my heart, for it reminds me why I'm fighting.

VERONICA

Oh he was always such a romantic!

DANNY

I miss you so, and think about you constantly. I have a few words for Edith, if you would be so kind to pass her this letter.

VERONICA

Oh, uh, I guess he has some words for you.

Veronica passes the letter to Edith.

DANNY

Dearest Edith, our love affair is growing more difficult to pursue as I am off at war but I am still coasting on the exhilaration of cucking my wife. I hope you long for this as much as I do. Love, Danny.

VERONICA
What did it say?

EDITH
(distracted)
What?

VERONICA
What did he write you.

EDITH
Oh...um, he just said-, keep Veronica
happy!

VERONICA
Oh he is just the sweetest, I'll write
back to him...

Danny is reading Veronica's letter as she writes it.

VERONICA CONT.
Dearest Danny, your words mean so much
to me. I hope you can return home in
due time, I miss you so dearly. All of
the skies are grey when I am not with
you. I recently have adopted a dog
named Winston to keep me company, and
he is so excited to meet you. Love,-

EDITH
Ms. Hawthorne, would you mind if I
sent some words to Danny myself?

VERONICE
But of course Edith!

EDITH
Danny, I so deeply miss cucking your
wife. Everywhere I go I am reminded of
you. The kitchen sink, the bathroom
sink, the washing machine, and the
toolshed. However, it is getting more
difficult to keep our love affair a
secret as you include both letters
right next to each other. Love, Edith

As Edith is finishing reading, Danny is getting ready to
write back.

DANNY
Dear Edith, paper is scarce. For that,

I am sorry. I am thrilled that you continue to think of me, and I cannot wait to return home and resume the cucketh of Veronica. Love Danny...now could you please pass this letter over to Veronica.

Edith passes the letter to Veronica.

DANNY CONT.

Dearest, Veronica. I cannot wait to meet the dog. That was a big decision, and I wish you had discussed it with me first, but alas, here we are. Love, Danny.

VERONICA

Danny, I hate that it takes months to receive these letters, but I have news that absolutely cannot wait! I am three months pregnant with your child! Aren't you excited?! This will be a joyous addition to our family. Love, Veronica.

EDITH

Ms. Hawthorne, do you mind if I write a few words to Danny?

VERNOICA

You sure do write him often, Edith! The best housemaid we've ever had.

EDITH

Oh it's NOTHING...Dearest Danny, we have a quandary. I am three months pregnant. What we shall do is a mystery to me, inconveniently yours, Edith.

Danny is now visibly stressed.

DANNY

Dearest Veronica, yippee! A youngling, just what the doctor ordered. Love, Danny...now if you could pass this letter over to Edith.

Veronica passes the letter to Edith. Veronica is elated with his response.

DANNY CONT.

Dearest Edith, your baby cannot possibly be mine. Veronica's Husband, Danny.

Edith fumes.

VERONICA

I'm so excited to have this child with him! This is fate! This is a sign that he will live, and we will raise a family together and-

EDITH

Veronica, Danny and I were cucking you.

VERNOICA

You were what?!

EDITH

We have had sexual relations on the kitchen sink, the bathroom sink, the washing machine, and the toolshed.

VERONICA

How-,...how could you do this to me?! How could HE do this to me?!

EDITH

You should write him expressing your anger.

VERONICA

DEAR DANNY, I HEARD ABOUT YOUR AFFAIR AND I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION. ANGRILY, VERONICA.

Danny stammers.

DANNY

UH-, UHM...I have died at war. My condolences, Danny.

BLACKOUT