

DONNA: (to her best friends, Rosie and Tanya) It's her dad! Sophie's dad! You know how I said it was Sam, the architect who ran home to get married? Well, I'm not really sure that it was him...You see there were a couple of others. But I didn't think I'd ever need to figure it out. I didn't think that all three would be sitting in my bar the day before their daughter's wedding...yes, of course it's them! You think I'd forget my daughter's dads? Sam, Bill Austin, and Harry Headbanger? Ye gods! Why have they all turned up now? It's like some terrible trick of fate. I won't let them spoil things! They have no right to turn up like this. I'd done a damn good job raising Sophie all by myself. I mean, what have they ever done for their daughter?

Rosie

What's wrong with these kids? Do you remember those t-shirts we used to wear 'Marriage is an institution - for people who belong in an institution.' Girls today seem to think that a woman's greatest achievement is getting a man. You're safe this evening – it's a male-free zone at Sophie's party. And tomorrow – we will take them fishing.

SOPHIE

No, no you mustn't. You're a secret. I sent the invitations. She doesn't know. Because... Mum's always talking about her friends from the old days, and I thought she'd just be thrilled if I invited you all. But then... she's got herself in such a state about this wedding, and she's not expecting guests, and she'll hyperventilate. So just pretend you're here for a holiday, and she'll get a lovely surprise when she sees you all at my wedding. (*nervous laugh*) We'll let her in on the secret. And I want you here. Because it's my wedding! And i just want everyone to be friends.

TANYA: *(To Rosie)* Oooo, I can't do one more step in these damn heels! Is it too much to expect a chauffeured limousine at the water's edge? Donna knows I don't do walking... *(Seeing Donna appear)* Donna! It's so good to see you--the mother of the bride! It's been eight freaking years! Well, you can blame it on my penchant for jet-setting millionaires. Where's Sophie? I'm not sure she'll recognize me. I've had some work done since the last time, in case you hadn't noticed. I'm sure she's heard stories though. All bad, I hope!

PEPPER: *(To Tanya, handing her a drink)* Madame, try this. It will tickle your tastebuds. But seriously, you should look in the mirror darling, because you just cured mine! You say you're old enough to be my mother, but hey, darling! Tanya, wait! Why don't we catch up from last night? You can't ignore the chemistry between us. You have to work on getting ready for the wedding? What work? Baby, don't mess with a masterpiece!

SKY: *(To Sophie)* I thought we talked about everything. I thought we trusted each other. You went behind my back to some stranger. Is this what this big white wedding's for? It's a set up so you can find your dad? I wanted to take a boat out to the mainland. Just get married with a couple of witnesses. You INSISTED on this fantasy wedding just so you could play Happy Families! Knowing who you are doesn't come from knowing who your dad is, Sophie. It comes from YOU. How would you feel if I'd lied to you? I was marrying you because I loved you, you know? I thought that's what you wanted. I just don't know anymore.

HARRY: *(To Donna)* Donna, I wanted to give you this. *(He hands her a check)*. Please. I thought you must have to tighten your belt after so many years. You've been looking after Sophie on your own. I just wanted to contribute something to the wedding. Don't tell me it's a "lovely gesture." Do you remember the last time you said that to me? The night I bought you the guitar. I remember thinking, 'those are the last words I'll ever hear from Donna Sheridan, and I'll always treasure them. "Oh, Harry, It's a lovely gesture, but..." Anyway. I want you to have it.

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. This is something I scribbled on the back of a menu, I had no idea. 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. When I got the wedding invite I sold my editor a piece on "Childhood Haunts Revisited." I was born in the US - but my mother's Greek. The only time I came to Greece was to visit my Great - Aunt on the mainland - and that was 21 years ago. I think this island should remain the secret idyll I've always remembered.

Male Ensemble Audition Script

Twenty-one years? You know, this is beginning to feel like a set-up — hey, Bill — here's a story for you. Three men — strangers — receive an invitation to a wedding. They are invited to a place they haven't been to for twenty-one years, by a woman they haven't seen for twenty-one years ... why are they here?

Female Ensemble Audition Script

Oh, no you're not. I want the champagne on ice, the Uzi in the punch bowls, I want you to lay out the tablecloths, cutlery, and the best glasses, and I want you to wash and polish 'em first! Eddie! Get your boat out! These guests want to dive down to the old wreck to look for more pearl necklaces. I don't care if they can't find any. It will keep them happy until the wedding starts... Well, would you for God's sake just do it!