

Tanya, Rosie, Donna

Donna's Room.

DONNA's room at The Taverna is cheerful and comfortable and crammed with the detritus of twenty odd years on the Island. There is a dressing table and a mirror. A trunk with the Dynamo's old stage costumes is under DONNA'S bed. ROSIE flips a coin to decide who gets the bed or the lilo.

TANYA

Heads.

It's tails. ROSIE chuckles at her victory and gives TANYA the lilo. TANYA attempts to blow it up.

ROSIE

Blow, don't suck ... !

TANYA

(throws the lilo to the floor)

Let's see what you're wearing for the wedding then?

ROSIE holds up a pair of baggy shorts

You're joking!

ROSIE

(All innocence)

What? ... oh as if?!

TANYA

Well. You could have been making some sort of statement on the tyranny of wedlock.

ROSIE

You'd know more about that than me.

TANYA

Oh darling, you'll meet your Mr. Right.

ROSIE

I have. I do ... and all they want is to settle down and have babies. No thanks.

TANYA

No ... children can become such subversive little sods! I mean, who'd have thought that Donna, an icon of female independence, would have a daughter getting spliced at twenty.

ROSIE

White weddings are trendy

TANYA

What's wrong with these kids? Do you remember those tee-shirts we used to wear? 'Marriage is an Institution' —

ROSIE

'—for people who belong in an Institution ...'

TANYA

Girls today seem to think that a woman's greatest achievement is getting a man.

ROSIE

You've had three husbands.

TANYA

I rest my case.

ROSIE, finding the trunk under the bed.

ROSIE

Tanya, look!

TANYA

Oh my God! She kept it!

ROSIE finds a poster showing Donna And The Dynamos 1976

(taking the poster)

Oh.

(suddenly wistful)

We were so young.

ROSIE is back in the trunk. She holds up a slinky little number.

ROSIE

I don't know what the girls at the 'New Woman' Bookshop would say about my outfit!

TANYA

Hey – we should do a number tonight for the hen party.

ROSIE

Blimey. I'd have to let out a few seams.

As they laugh together DONNA bursts into the room

DONNA

Where's Sophie?

ROSIE

Haven't seen her. Why?

DONNA

I must find her. Now.

TANYA

(showing the poster)

Da Dah!

DONNA

Oh God. What's all that about?

ROSIE

It was in the trunk. You should hang this in the bar. Show Sophie what a funky mum she's got ...

DONNA

(cuts in)

... NO – get rid of it – burn it – I never want to see it again ...

ROSIE

What's wrong? ... what's happened ... ?

DONNA

... I thought it was over ... past ... I'd nearly bloody forgotten ... but it isn't!

ROSIE

What isn't?

DONNA

Nothing—leave me alone ... I can't talk about it ...

SHE crosses to the window—turns

... I knew this would happen. All my life it's been tapping at my shoulder—of course it was going to come out now! It had to ... god, why was I such a bloody great idiot?

SHE throws herself on the bed.

It's her Dad ...

TANYA

Who's Dad?

DONNA

Sophie's ... You know I always said it was Sam, the architect who went home to get married ...

TANYA

... bastard ...

ROSIE

... typical bloody man ...

DONNA

... well, I don't really know if it was him. Y'see, there were a couple of others ...

TANYA

Donna Sheridan! You dark horse!

ROSIE

Why didn't you tell us?

DONNA

'Cos I didn't think I'd ever have to, I didn't think they'd all three be sitting in my bar the day before their daughter's wedding!

TANYA

What ?

ROSIE

In the bar?

(THEY go to the window)

DONNA

Don't let them see you!

(THEY both hide)

TANYA

I can't see anyone. Who are they?

ROSIE

Donna—are you sure?

DONNA

Of course I'm sure. You think I'd forget my daughter's Dads? It's Sam, Bill Austin and Harry 'Head-Banger'.

TANYA & ROSIE

Not ...

(THEY do an impression of Harry head-banging)

DONNA

Ye Gods, why have they all turned up now? It's like some horrible trick of Fate.

ROSIE

It is very Greek.

TANYA

Do they know?

DONNA

They can't know—I've never told anyone—why are they here to ruin Sophie's wedding?

TANYA

I thought you weren't keen on this wedding ...

DONNA

... I don't want them spoiling it. They've got no right to turn up like this—what have they ever done for their daughter?

ROSIE

Donna, be fair—they didn't even know she existed ...

DONNA

... and they don't need to know—I've done a bloody good job with Soph, all by myself, and now I'm going to be muscled out by an ejaculation!

ROSIE

No you're not, keep calm. You're safe this evening—it's a male-free zone at the Hen-night, and tomorrow Tanya and I will take them fishing.

TANYA

Fishing? Oh please!

ROSIE

What do you suggest we do with three men?

TANYA

Oh, now that takes me back.

THEY laugh raucously.

ROSIE

(To DONNA)

You daft bag—you should have told us! I remember Bill Austin. Donna—he was a bit of alright.

THEY laugh again. DONNA looks at them both

DONNA

Yes, it's a laugh and a memory to you two, but I was the one who got pregnant.
I suppose this just about serves me right.

TANYA

Oh god—you sound just like your mother.

DONNA

I do not!

TANYA & ROSIE

Oh yes you do!

TANYA

Whatever happened to my Donna?—the life-n'-soul of the party; el rock chick
supremo?

DONNA

I grew up is all.

TANYA

Ooh, well grow back down again. You haven't done anything to be ashamed of ...

ROSIE

... yeah, bollocks if they can't take a joke—

*ROSIE picks up her snorkle from the bed TANYA rummages in her bag and pulls out
her hair-dryer. They use these as dummy microphones to sing to DONNA.*

END SCENE