

ROSIE side

DONNA: It's her dad.

ROSIE: Whose Dad?

DONNA: Sophie's! You know how I always said it was Sam. Sam, the architect who ran home to get married.

ROSIE: Typical bloody man.

DONNA: Well, I'm not really sure that it was him... You see, there were a couple of others.

ROSIE: Donna Sheridan! You dark horse! Why didn't you tell us?

DONNA: I didn't think I'd ever have to. I didn't think that all three would be sitting in my bar the day before their daughter's wedding.

ROSIE: Donna, are you sure?

DONNA: Of course I'm sure! 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 horrible trick of fate.

ROSIE: (dramatically) Gods! It's very Greek. Do they know?

DONNA: No, I never told anyone.

ROSIE: You dumb bat! You should have told us!

DONNA: Oh, I suppose this just about serves me right.

ROSIE: Oh God, you sound just like your mother.

DONNA: I do not!

ROSIE: You do! What ever happened to Donna: the life and soul of the party and rock chick supremo.

DONNA: Oh, she grew up, that's all.

ROSIE: Grow back down again. You've done nothing to be ashamed of.