

# Donna, Sophie

*HARRY looks at SOPHIE and exits. SOPHIE looks at DONNA. There is a moment of tension between them.*

DONNA

Is that the dress, then?

SOPHIE

Yes.

*The wedding-dress is a fabulous concoction – a girly-girl's fantasy wedding-dress:*

DONNA

Oh – it's gorgeous! Right then, are Ali and Lisa ready to help you?

SOPHIE

Mum, will you help me?

*DONNA nods, momentarily too overcome to speak. SOPHIE crosses to the dressing table. They are both full with their thoughts –*

*DONNA crosses to the bed and picks up the dress – she lays it out on the floor ready for SOPHIE to step into – she doesn't look at SOPHIE*

DONNA

Dive in.

*SOPHIE stands in the middle of the dress and DONNA helps her into it, doing it up at the back.*

SOPHIE

*(suddenly)*

Do you think I'm letting you down?

DONNA

What makes you say that?

SOPHIE

'Cos everyone says your mum's so cool, bringing up a kid and running a business – all on her own ...

DONNA

I didn't have much choice. I couldn't go back home – an unmarried mum in the seventies. My mother disowned me.

SOPHIE

What!? I ... didn't know ...

DONNA

Bloody best thing, too. I'd much rather be here than some rainy old housing-estate. Look at you ...

SOPHIE

Will you give me away?

*DONNA is taken aback – she nods*

SOPHIE

I'm really proud of you, mum.

*DONNA can't speak. SOPHIE exits from the bedroom. DONNA sits at the dressing table.*

**END SCENE**