

SOPHIE

(Whirls round)

What?

DONNA

(Nervous, but determined to speak out)

I can't keep it from you any longer. I have to tell you. He is here.

SOPHIE

I know.

DONNA

What?

SOPHIE

I invited him.

DONNA

But— you couldn't have. I don't know which one of them it is...

(Realising)

...Oh my God! THAT's why they're all here!

A general hub-bub. SAM, BILL and HARRY are staring at each other, trying to take this new information in; DONNA is staring at SOPHIE, jaw agape. SOPHIE'S devastated that it's all come out right now.

SOPHIE

I'm really, really sorry Mom— will you ever forgive me?

DONNA

Will you ever forgive me ?

SOPHIE

I don't care if you've slept with hundreds of men, you're my mother and I love you.

DONNA

Oh, Sophie—

(Suddenly indignant)

I haven't slept with hundreds of men!

SAM

Hold it— am I getting this right? Sophie might be mine, but she might be Bill's or Harry's?

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DONNA

Yes that's right and don't you go getting all self-righteous on me, you've only got yourself to blame...

SAM

What?

SOPHIE

If you hadn't dumped my Mom, and gone off and married some other woman...

SAM

It wasn't like that! I was engaged, I had to go back home, I thought it was the right thing to do... but I came back!

DONNA

What?

SAM

I told Lorraine I couldn't marry her, and I came right back.

DONNA

Why didn't you call me?

SAM

Because I was stupid enough to think you'd be sitting in your room, pining for me. Only when I arrived, they told me you were off with some other guy. I went straight back home. Lorraine told me what an idiot I was, and married me to prove it...

DONNA stares at him

HARRY

Sorry, if I might just cut in for a moment—

DONNA

Oh Harry the cheque! Of course!

HARRY

No—stuff the cheque—it's yours. Donna—you were the first girl I loved, but you were also the last girl I loved. There's all kinds of families, aren't there? Yours is you and Sophie. Mine is me and Nigel. It's great to have a third of Sophie—I never thought I'd get even that much of a child.

SAM

(To Sophie)

I agree with Harry—being a third of your Dad is great by me.

BILL

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