

START

35

8V 1

FEEL THE SAME WAY TOO, I WAN - NA KNOW THE NAME OF THE GAME

THE NAME OF THE GAME

37

8V 1

DOES IT MEAN AN - Y - THING TO YOU

(BILL) I'LL TALK TO YOUR MOTH - ER TO - NIGHT GOT - TA TRUST ME, I'M DO - ING WHAT'S RIGHT

DOES IT MEAN AN - Y - THING TO YOU

MAMMA MIA

40

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME

COULD YOU FEEL THE WAY I DO I

AND IT MEANS A LOT

END

8V 1

MMM

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME

E7sus

43

WAN-NA KNOW OH YES I WAN-NA KNOW WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME

8V 1

WOMEN 1 & 2

WAN-NA KNOW WAN-NA KNOW WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME

MEN 1 & 2

52

SONGS I'M SING-ING THANKS FOR ALL THE JOY THEY'RE BRING-ING

C7 F D- D-/C G/B C5sus

55

START
+BILL

WHO CAN LIVE WITH-OUT IT I ASK IN ALL HO-NES-TY WHAT WOULD LIFE BE

F G- A7(#5) A7 D- Bbm7

58

WITH-OUT A SONG OR A DANCE WHAT ARE WE? SO I SAY

Bbm7 F C-/Eb D E-7(b5) D/F#

61

SAM: LOOK SOPHIE I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL YOUR LOVELY SUPRISE, ETC...

THANK YOU FOR THE MU-SIC FOR GIV-ING IT TO ME **END**

G- D7/A G-/Bb C5sus F Bb-/F

SCENE 7

THE CHAPEL

START

(ROSIE is lighting the votive candles. BILL enters.)

BILL: Rosie?

ROSIE: Go and wait with the others until I'm finished.

BILL: I just got this note from Sophie. I'm confused. She wanted me to give her away. Now she's changed her mind. I don't know where I am. I don't know who I am. I just came here for a wedding.

ROSIE: Eh? (suddenly realizes what he said)

BILL: Look - I'm Sophie's dad.

ROSIE: Whoa! You need to have this conversation with Donna.

BILL: I'll go now.

(BILL turns as if to go and find DONNA.)

ROSIE: You'll do no such thing. Sophie's getting married in five minutes. Go take a pew. And button up!

BILL: Will it be all right for me to be here?

ROSIE: (groans) For God's sake.

BILL: Well, to tell you the truth, I was praying that I wouldn't walk down the aisle anyway. I may come across as an intrepid traveler, but I come over all faint before a wedding.

(Sits and mops brow.)

ROSIE: Ha! Tell me about it.

BILL: Marriage! Church! Responsibility! I'm a writer. I made up my mind long ago I walk a lone path.

END

(ROSIE nervously laughs, then hesitantly begins to sing in a broad, sassy style.)

“TAKE A CHANCE ON ME”

SCENE 3

BOAT DOCK

START

(The Men's Arrival. BILL, SAM, AND HARRY enter with luggage)

HARRY: I'm glad to get off that boat!

BILL: Ah, that was nothing. You should try a kayak in the Okanama swamps.

HARRY: Oh yes! I read your book, "A Bloke in a Boat in Botswana."

BILL: Thanks. I heard I'd sold a copy somewhere.

HARRY: Travel books are my passion, a distraction from the horrors of the London Underground.

SAM: Do you want to hear something really interesting? Do you see this taverna?

HARRY: I'm rather impressed. I remembered an old goat hut here. I was dreading bedding down with the goats.

BILL: Oh, give me goats over camels. There was this time in Kalahari when the sun was beating down and we-

SAM: All right! All right! Sorry to spoil the travel log, Indiana! The point is that this is my taverna. I built this. Well, I designed it. I drew up the plans, why it must be 21 years ago. I can't believe she's actually gone and built the bloody thing.

HARRY: Who?

SAM: Donna. Who else? Yeah, this is something I just scribbled down on the back of an old menu. I'd no idea she would-

BILL: How do you know it's yours?

SAM: Buildings are like babies. You always know your own.

BILL: Well, I don't know anything about babies. I've been living out of a rucksack most of my life.

SAM: Aha! A happy wanderer, eh?

HARRY: Do you think the island would inspire some prose?

BILL: I hope so... When I go back, I want to sell my editor a piece on childhood haunts revisited.

HARRY: Were you born here?

BILL: No. I was born in Merthyr Tidville. But my mother's Greek. And about the only time I was in Greece was to visit my great aunt and that was... twenty-one years ago.

HARRY: So now you can write about Sam's taverna, and the tourists will flock...

BILL: No, I think this place should always be the secret idyll that I always remembered.

SAM: Well, if you were born here, maybe the idyll would be boatloads of tourists with pockets full of money.

HARRY: At least they might have some staff, then. Where is everybody?

(SOPHIE enters.)

END

HARRY: Oh...

SOPHIE: Good afternoon. Can I help you?

BILL: I'm Bill Austin. You have a room for me?

SOPHIE: (pauses, flustered.) Bill Austin?

HARRY: I'm Bright. Harry Bright.

SOPHIE: (even more flustered) Harry!...
(to Sam)

So you must be...

SAM: Sam Carmichael, yeah. Er, you were expecting us?

SOPHIE: Yes. Yes, of course.
(nervous laugh)

I'll get the keys.
(she exits)

HARRY: Well, I hope I get the chance to get my tongue around a little Greek.

SAM: Oh yeah?

HARRY: I haven't spoken it for twenty-one years.