

Characters

Phoebe West (F)	–	Age late thirties
Eric West (M)	–	Age mid-sixties
Margaret West (F)	–	Age mid-sixties
Judy Mitchel (F)	–	Age early forties
Ralph Mitchel (M)	–	Age early forties
Velda (M/F)	–	Alien
Jim Pond (M)	–	Age early forties

Scene 1 – Living Room

(The scene opens in the living room of Eric and Margaret West. Eric is sitting on the armchair, reading his newspaper, when his daughters Phoebe and Judy enter the stage. Phoebe is holding a mobile phone)

Judy: Well, tell me more!

Phoebe: There's not much more to tell.

Judy: Well, where are you meeting him?

Phoebe: He will be picking me up from here.

Judy: When?

Phoebe: At seven.

Judy: That's only ten minutes from now!

Phoebe: **(Excited)** I know!

Eric: **(Put's down his paper)** What's this then. Another on-line date?

Judy: Don't put a dampener on it dad. This could be the one for Phoebe.

Eric: Like the last airline pilot, who turned out to be an unemployed sewage inspector with a more than slightly worrying fixation with mermaids or the one before who said he was a detective super intendant, but turned out to be a failed shop lifter, who just happened to be arrested by a detective super intendent.

Phoebe: Everyone exaggerates their profile a little dad.

Eric: Really what happened to the Bio Chemist from Sidcup?

Phoebe: We didn't have a lot in common. I don't know anything about Sidcup.

Judy: Was he really a Bio Chemist Phoebe?

Phoebe: Well, not exactly Judy. He was more a traffic warden who used to go to the chemist, for cough syrup.

Judy: Well, that's close enough.

Eric: **(Stands up)** This will be another waste of time.

Judy: Dad, be supportive. Phoebe wants to find her mister right, like I did with Ralph.

Eric: Where is your annoying husband?

Judy: He'll be here soon and don't call him annoying.

Phoebe: Well. He is a bit Jude.

Judy: In what way?

Phoebe: Well, haven't you noticed that whenever he starts a sentence he says '*As a Matter of Fact*'.

Judy: As a matter of fact, I haven't.

Eric: Love is blind.

Judy: Well, even if I have, my Ralph can be very thoughtful.

Eric: Forgets to come, home, does he?

Judy: Dad!

Phoebe: Anyway, Velda will be here any minute.

Eric: Velda?

Phoebe: My date for tonight.

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Eric: Who the bloody hell is called Velda?

Phoebe: Velda is called Velda, apparently.

Judy: What did you tell him about your profile?

Phoebe: Oh, the usual. Haven't made too much of it really. Just, age late twenties.

Eric: You're thirty-seven.

Phoebe: Never been married.

Eric: You're divorced.

Phoebe: Actress.

Eric: You belong to an amateur dramatic group who have put on one play in twelve years.

Phoebe: Natural blonde.

Eric: With brown hair

Phoebe: With an interest in the stars.

Eric: You read your astrological predictions in a women's magazine!

Phoebe: Dad, everyone enhances their profile a little.

Eric: A little? There's no semblance of truth in anything you have put down. Same as that last waste of space you went out with.

Phoebe: Who Pablo the descendent of a lost tribe of Incas?

Eric: No! The secret agent.

Phoebe: Oh, you mean Jim Pond.

Eric: Even his name should have told you that he was a fraud.

Phoebe: I quite liked him.

Judy: Was he the one with commitment issues?

Phoebe: He had lots of issues.

Eric: And he actually put secret agent on his profile page?

Judy: Dad, Phoebe's told you that everyone enhances their profile to some degree.

Eric: Judy, secret agents are secret. They don't put secret agent as their profession on a dating site.

Judy: **(To Phoebe)** Didn't you ask him what he did Phoebe?

Phoebe: Yes.

Judy: And what did he say?

Phoebe: He said, if he told me he would have to shoot me.

Eric: Oh, I give up.

Judy: Dad! Be supportive. Phoebe needs to find a wonderful man like my Ralph that she can share the rest of her life with.

Phoebe: But not Ralph!

Judy: No of course not Ralph. He's my husband.

Phoebe: Good.

Judy: What's that supposed to mean?

Eric: Well, how are you expected to find someone on a dating website when he lies about his profile and you lie about your profile? It makes no sense Phoebe.

Judy: **(To Phoebe)** So, what did Velda put on his profile?

Phoebe: Oh, the usual. Loves walking barefoot on the beach. Loves animals. But can't eat a whole one.

Judy: Good sense of humour then.

Phoebe: Oh yes.

Eric: What's his occupation?

Phoebe: Explorer.

Eric: Here we go again.

Judy: What about his interests?

Phoebe: He mentioned something about human dissection.

Judy: The man should have been a comedian.

Eric: This is ridiculous.

Phoebe: I'm not going to talk to you about it anymore dad. You are interfering with my aura.

Eric: Really? Where's your aura? I'll get a repair man in.

Phoebe: I'm going to tell mum.

Eric: Well she's gone to the shops.

Phoebe: Well, she won't be very happy with you, when she gets back.

Judy: That's right dad. She told you that you have to be more supportive.

Eric: A house full of women! No wonder I'm losing the will to live.

Judy: I don't live here dad. I live with my Ralph.

Eric: And thank goodness for that.

Phoebe: Dad, what if Velda was the one?

Eric: He certainly sounds like one.

(Enter Margaret West)

Margaret: Well, this is nice.

Eric: Is it?

Margaret: My two girls who mean more to me than anything in the entire wide world having a lovely touching conversation with their father.

Eric: Oh that.

Phoebe: Oh mum.

Margaret: What is it angel?

Phoebe: It's dad. He's been so...

Eric: **(Interrupts)** Supportive. I'm sure that was the word you were looking for Phoebe.

Phoebe: Was that the word I was looking for Judy?

Judy: Well, it did begin with an 's'

Eric: Helpful?

Judy: That begins with an 'h'

Eric: Does it. Never noticed. It's amazing how after all these years I never realised helpful started with an 'h' and not an 's'.

Margaret: I think you are mistaking it for shit full.

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Eric: What could you possibly mean my love.

Margaret: Eric!

Eric: Yes Margaret.

Margaret: We will discuss this later!

Eric: Will we Margaret?

Margaret: Yes Eric, we will!

Judy: Have you seen my Ralph mum?

Margaret: Thankfully not Judy.

Judy: He's supposed to be picking me up.

Eric: Always something nice to look forward to.

Margaret: Eric!

Eric: Well...

(SFX. Doorbell rings)

Phoebe: It's the door bell

Eric: I knew all that education I paid for, would finally bear fruit.

Phoebe: It must be Velda.

Margaret: Velda?

Judy: Her date for tonight mum.

Margaret: Oh.

Phoebe: Oooh. Isn't this exiting.

Eric: I'm barely containing myself.

Judy: I'll go and let him in.

Phoebe: Oh, thanks Jude.

(Judy exits)

Phoebe: Mum, do I look okay?

Margaret: You look lovely Phoebe.

Eric: So where is this Velda going to take you tonight Phoebe?

Phoebe: He said something about Alpha Centauri.

Eric: Of course, he did.

Margaret: It's probably the name of a lovely new restaurant.

Phoebe: Could be. He said it was out of this world.

(Judy enters)

Judy: We have a problem I'm afraid.

Eric: Velda couldn't find a parking space for his space ship?

Margaret: Eric!

Judy: It isn't Velda.

Phoebe: It isn't Velda?

Judy: No.

Margaret: Is it Ralph?

Judy: As a matter of fact, no.

Eric: Don't you start.

Phoebe: Well who is it then?

(Enter Jim Pond)

Phoebe: Jim?

Jim: Phoebe it's me.

Phoebe: I can see that Jim.

Eric: And you are?

Jim: (To Eric) My names Pond. Jim Pond.

Eric: Oh yes, the secret agent.

Jim: Don't say it loudly. Walls have ears.

Eric: Of course, they do.

Phoebe: What are you doing here?

Jim: I had to see you again Phoebe.

Phoebe: But it's been over a month since our last date Jim and I hadn't heard anything from you.

Jim: I was on a mission in Russia. I couldn't get away.

Eric: Top secret was it?

Jim: Very.

Eric: Of course, it was.

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Margaret: Eric!

Jim: (To Phoebe) I thought we had something special Phoebe.

Judy: Oh, isn't he romantic. He reminds me of my Ralph.

Phoebe: But Jim, I just thought after not hearing from you, that you weren't interested in me.

Jim: Nothing could be further from the truth Phoebe. The moment I had blown up the secret fortress of the mad Russian scientist, who was trying to take over the world, I returned to London, debriefed 'M' and rushed back to you.

Eric: 'M'?

Jim: I've really said too much. 'Q', will be very annoyed.

Phoebe: But, I'm...

Jim: What dear Phoebe?

Phoebe: I'm about to go out with Velda.

Jim: Who?

(SFX. Doorbell rings)

Phoebe: That will be him now.

Margaret: I'll go.

(Margaret exits)

Jim: Who is Velda?

Phoebe: He's... Well, he's...

Judy: Her date for tonight.

Jim: What?

Eric: Be careful, don't get him angry, he probably has a license to kill.

Jim: You're going on a date with someone called Velda?

Phoebe: Yes. He's from the same dating agency as the one that paired us.

Jim: But...

Phoebe: I'm sorry Jim. I thought you weren't interested in me.

Eric: How were you to know that Jim was on a top-secret mission to prevent the end of the world.

Jim: You know about that?

Eric: Oh, for heaven's sake.

Jim: I thought that you and I had something special.

Phoebe: So, did I Jim, but when you didn't call...

(Enter Margaret)

Phoebe: Where's Velda Mum?

Margaret: Ahh well.

Jim: If he's stood you up dear Phoebe, perhaps you and I could...

Margaret: It wasn't Velda.

Phoebe: It wasn't?

Eric: Well who was it?

(Enter Ralph Mitchel)

Ralph: Hi all.

Judy: Ralph!

Ralph: As a matter of fact, it is.

Judy: I've missed you Ralph.

Eric: Well you should practice your aim then.

Margaret: Eric!

Ralph: As a matter of fact, isn't it nice to see everyone together.

Eric: As opposed to seeing them all over the place?

Margaret: Eric, don't make me warn you again.

Ralph: **(To Judy)** He's such a joker, your father. As a matter of fact, he always makes me laugh. **(Turns to Jim)** And who do we have here?

Jim: My name's Pond. Jim Pond.

Eric: Licensed to make up any story he likes.

Phoebe: Dad!

Ralph: As a matter of fact, we like a little make believe, don't we Judy?

Judy: Not now Ralph.

Jim: Are you here for Phoebe as well Ralph?

Ralph: As a matter of fact, I'm not.

Judy: **(To Ralph)** Ralph is my husband.

Jim: That's lucky for you.

Ralph: As a matter of fact, it is. So why are you here Jim Pond?

Judy: He's here for Phoebe, Ralph.

Ralph: You're Phoebe's date?

Jim: As a matter of fact, I'm not, apparently.

Eric: Don't you start.

Ralph: Well, as a matter of fact, I do have some news.

Eric: You're leaving the country with no plans to ever return?

Ralph: No.

Judy: Dad!

Margaret: Eric, if you can't play nice, you will have to go to your room.

Judy: What's your news then Ralph?

Ralph: Haven't you heard?

Phoebe: No Ralph, because you haven't told us yet.

Ralph: As a matter of fact, it's been all over the news.

Eric: Are you going to tell us anytime soon?

Ralph: As a matter of fact, I am.

Margaret: Splendid Ralph.

Judy: Yes darling. Tell us.

Ralph: Are you sure you haven't heard?

Eric: Just bloody tell us Ralph!

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Ralph: Well, as a matter of fact it isn't really believable.

Eric: Bit like Jim Pond.

Phoebe: Dad!

Margaret: What isn't believable?

Ralph: The news. As a matter of fact, it took me completely by surprise.

Judy: What news Ralph?

Ralph: The news that was on the radio Judy.

Eric: I swear if he doesn't tell us the bloody news in a second, the news will be father in law, murders son in law. And that will be a matter of fact!

Ralph: Well, as a matter of fact it's about the lights.

Judy: The lights?

Ralph: **(Points upwards)** You know up there

Phoebe: What the ceiling?

Jim: Your ceiling lights have been on the news?

Ralph: What? No, no, no.

Margaret: Can you get to the point Ralph; we are going away for Christmas.

Ralph: Christmas is three months away.

Margaret: That's my point.

Judy: The lights Ralph?

Ralph: Ah yes, the lights.

Jim: Not from the ceiling.

Ralph: No. Not from the ceiling.

Phoebe: What bloody lights?

Ralph: Well, I'm glad you asked my dear sister in law. As a matter of fact, it is quite astonishing.

Judy: Tell us about the lights Ralph!

Ralph: Lights in the sky.

Eric: What?

Ralph: As a matter of fact, that was the exact word I used.

Eric: What?

Ralph: That's right.

Judy: What lights in the sky?

Ralph: Well, as a matter of fact they think it was from an alien spaceship.

Eric: Oh, don't be ridiculous.

Ralph: As a matter of fact, that's what they said on the news.

Margaret: They actually said that Ralph?

Ralph: Well, as a matter of fact, what they said was, it could have been a UFO, but it hasn't been confirmed. But I think...

Eric: You know Ralph, I'd stop thinking if I was you. It gives me a headache, when you do.

Jim: Is this a matter of national security?

Ralph: I don't know is it?

Judy: Aliens. Well, I never saw that one coming.

Eric: There are no aliens Judy!

Judy: How can you be so sure dad?

Eric: Because...Ask your mother.

Judy: Mum?

Margaret: Because it's just...Too silly.

Jim: I need to contact HQ.

Margaret: I rest my case.

Phoebe: Jim. Why are you really here?

Jim: Because Phoebe...

Eric: Here we go. Something to do with saving the world from some crackpot dictator, hell bent on taking over the planet with the aid of a small white cat and a nuclear missile?

Jim: I think you have been watching too many films.

Phoebe: I'm about to go out with Velda, Jim.

Jim: I can't let that happen Phoebe.

Phoebe: You can't?

Jim: No Phoebe.

Phoebe: Why Jim?

Jim: Because Phoebe...

Eric: Oh, get to the bloody point!

Margaret: Eric!

Jim: Because I love you Phoebe.

(SFX. Doorbell rings)

Eric: It's like bloody Paddington station in here today.

Margaret: Answer the door Eric.

Eric: Me?

Margaret: Yes. It's not too difficult, you just walk down the hall until you come to the front door, turn the handle and if you have correctly done everything else, the door will open.

Eric: Do I sense the slightest bit of sarcasm in your voice Margaret?

Margaret: Heaven forbid.

(Eric exits)

Phoebe: Did you mean it Jim?

Jim: Mean what?

Phoebe: What you said.

Jim: You mean...

Judy: You told her you loved her!

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Jim: Why yes, I did didn't I?

Phoebe: But did you mean it?

Jim: Well...

Judy: It's a bloody easy question to answer 007. Either you did or you didn't!

Jim: Yes, I did.

Phoebe: You did Jim?

Jim: Yes Phoebe.

Phoebe: But we only went out once.

Jim: Once was enough for me Phoebe.

Phoebe: You mean it was love at first sight?

Jim: Must have been and if it hadn't been that I had to save the world in a top-secret mission, I would have told you before.

Ralph: As a matter of fact, you can't argue with that.

Phoebe: Oh Jim, I think I love...

(Enter Eric)

Eric: You are not going to frigging believe this.

Margaret: Was it a double-glazing salesman?

Eric: No.

Judy: Jehovah's Witnesses?

Eric: No.

Margaret: Next door complaining that you keep parking our car in front of their garage?

Eric: No.

Margaret: Well who was at the front door Eric?

Eric: You are not...I repeat not going to believe this. **(Calls off stage) Velda!**

(Enter Velda. He is a short bald-headed green man wearing a silver space suit and has two antennae protruding from his head. He is carrying a plastic carrier bag)

Velda: Sorry I'm late Phoebe. I had to phone home.

Phoebe: You're Velda?

Velda: Well, my full name is Velda Vexvelamont Velproddyplonker. But you can call me Velda for short.

Phoebe: But... You're green.

Velda: All over, except for a little white patch near my tentacles.

Eric: He did say tentacles, didn't he?

Judy: Why are you...green?

Velda: All my family are green, although great uncle Sungnot is now going a little turquoise, after reaching the grand old age of nine hundred and ninety-nine.

Eric: A secret agent and an alien. You certainly know how to pick them; I'll say that for you Phoebe.

Margaret: Eric!

Eric: Well, really Margaret. This is...

Ralph: Well, as a matter of fact, I rather like your shade of green. I used to have a jumper the almost identical colour.

Velda: Ahh, so you people also have jumpers. We have them too. They strange creatures. Four long back legs and three short front legs. But they can jump really high.

Eric: Oh, I think you've broke the mould this time Phoebe.

Velda: Are you ready Phoebe?

Phoebe: Ready for our date?

Jim: I will not permit it.

Velda: And which human might you be?

Eric: He keeps in character; I'll give him that.

Margaret: Yes, quite impressive.

Jim: I, little green man will be the man to marry Phoebe!

Phoebe: You will Jim?

Jim: I will, I've made up my mind.

Eric: (To Margaret) He's also quite good, but not as convincing as the alien.

Margaret: Do you not think so Eric? I'm quite impressed by the secret agent.

Eric: He's not as good as an actor as the alien.

Velda: Which one is the alien?

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Judy: He means you Velda.

Velda: Oh, yes. I've never really thought of myself as an alien before.

Phoebe: Where do you come from Velda?

Velda: Do you know the Orion Nebula, by any chance?

Phoebe: Is it off the M25?

Velda: It's the brightest nebula in the sky. But It isn't very nice.

Judy: The M25 is no picture either.

Velda: I come from a little-known planet next to Planets M42 and M43.

Eric: Let me guess, it's called M44.

Velda: No, it is called Swindon.

Eric: Swindon?

Phoebe: Velda. Did you say Swindon?

Velda: I did say Swindon Phoebe.

Jim: You mean you come from a planet in Wiltshire?

Velda: No. I come from planet Swindon in the Orion Nebula.

Ralph: As a matter of fact, I quite like Swindon.

Eric: That's something you never thought you'd hear someone say.

Margaret: What, that the name of his planet is called Swindon?

Eric: No, that Ralph actually quite likes Swindon.

Margaret: See what you mean.

Velda: I'll take you there if you like Phoebe.

Phoebe: To Swindon?

Velda: Yes.

Jim: I forbid it! Don't make me get my weapon out Velda.

Judy: Not sure I like the sound of that.

Phoebe: Oh, I don't know.

Ralph: As a matter of fact, I have the train timetables to Swindon if you want them.

Eric: Of course, he does. Who doesn't just walk around with train timetables to Swindon?

Judy: Ralph is just being prepared dad.

Eric: Yes, but what for?

Velda: No, I mean in my spacecraft.

Ralph: As a matter of fact, I don't have your spacecraft's timetable.

Eric: How disappointing.

Phoebe: You mean, you want to take me to your home planet called Swindon, in the Orion Nebula

Velda: Indeed. It won't take long to get there and I can have you back home in around forty or fifty earth years.

Eric: The man's talking out of his Uranus.

Jim: That's it! I've heard enough!

Ralph: As a matter of fact, I'd like to hear more. **(To Velda)** What's it like on your planet Velda. As a matter of fact, I've always had a great interest in astronomy. Haven't I Judy?

Judy: Yes Ralph, as a matter of fact you have.

Eric: Don't you bloody start.

Margaret: Velda, you don't seriously expect us to believe that you are an alien being from some distant world and you've just popped along to earth, to take our daughter Phoebe out on a date?

Phoebe: Why mum? Am I not worth the trouble?

Margaret: That's not what I meant Phoebe.

Phoebe: Well, I think it's very romantic Velda coming all this way to take me out tonight.

Jim: Phoebe! You can't be serious.

Phoebe: Well, Jim. You have to admit it is rather sweet.

Eric: He's not from another planet for heaven's sake.

Ralph: As a matter of fact, he did say he was Eric.

Eric: He can say whatever he likes, you buffoon.

Judy: Dad!

Eric: He's just some crackpot, who has painted himself green and stuck two tv antennae on his head.

Jim: My thoughts exactly.

Eric: Says the other nutter, who thinks he's a secret agent.

Phoebe: Dad!

Eric: Well really, this is all bonkers.

Judy: Maybe, dad's right Phoebe.

Eric: Maybe?

Judy: After all it is a little strange.

Jim: Even Q, wouldn't believe it.

Phoebe: (To Velda) How long did it take you to get here Velda?

Velda: Here?

Phoebe: Yes.

Velda: Four minutes and sixteen seconds earth time.

Eric: From your planet Swindon in the Orion Nebula?

Velda: No, from the corner shop at the top of your road. I popped in to buy Phoebe a box of chocolates. I particularly know that she likes coffee cremes.

(Velda takes out a box of chocolates from his carrier bag)

Velda: These are for you dear Phoebe.

(Velda hands Phoebe the box of chocolates)

Phoebe: For me? How lovely.

Jim: Chocolates? You're not going to be fooled by a box of chocolates are you Phoebe?

Phoebe: I didn't see you bringing anything for me Jim.

Jim: I was too busy saving the world Phoebe.

Phoebe: Well, Velda at least made an effort.

Velda: So, are you ready to go then Phoebe?

Phoebe: What, to go on a date to planet Swindon in the Orion Nebula?

Velda: Yes. Take a scarf, the evenings can get rather cool.

Margaret: My daughter is not going to the planet Swindon in the Orion Nebula.

Eric: Of course, she isn't! The mans mad as a hatter.

Jim: Phoebe. Please tell me you are not actually considering going out on a date with this Velda chap?

Phoebe: Well, Jim. Her has come a long way.

Jim: But I love you Phoebe.

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Phoebe: Do you Jim? Do you really? After just one date.

Jim: I believe in love at first sight.

Ralph: As a matter of fact, so do I. After all it happened to us, didn't it Judy?

Judy: Well...

Ralph: As a matter of fact, the first time I saw Judy I said to myself, I said self...

Judy: I am going to marry that girl?

Ralph: As a matter of fact, I did. And we have been together ever since haven't we Judy. Living in marital bliss.

Judy: Yes Ralph. Marital bliss.

Velda: And that is what will happen to us dear Phoebe.

Jim: Actually, that's what will happen to Phoebe and I!

Velda: That would be acceptable. On planet Swindon in the Orion Nebula. It is not uncommon for females to take two husbands. One that is locked in a dungeon and is only used for insemination every third cycle of our third moon Barrow-in-Furness and the other husband...

Eric: Your moon is called Barrow-in-Furness?

Velda: Our third moon is called Barrow-in-Furness.

Eric: I think I might have to have a lie down.

Velda: Our second moon is Canvey Island and our third is called Finchley. You will have to get used to our alien words.

Margaret: I've never been to Canvey Island.

Velda: It's my favourite moon. I've been holidaying there since I was an egg.

Jim: Phoebe! I protest!

Phoebe: You do Jim?

Jim: I do Phoebe.

Phoebe: Well, that's nice Jim.

Ralph: As a matter of fact, I do enjoy a good protest.

Jim: I refuse to let you go away with Velda.

Phoebe: You do Jim?

Jim: I do Phoebe.

Phoebe: But Jim...

Jim: Because Phoebe...

Phoebe: Yes Jim?

Jim: Because...

Eric: Oh, for heavens sake get it out.

Jim: Because... **(Drops down on one knee)** Because I am asking you to marry me.

Phoebe: Oh, Jim!

Margaret: After just one date?

Eric: This is madness!

Margaret: Well, it's better than her going off to the planet Swindon in the Orion Nebula.

Eric: Oh, for heaven's sake.

Velda: Could we hurry this along a tad. I've booked an Uber.

Jim: Well, Phoebe. Will you marry me?

Phoebe: **(Looks to Velda. Then back to Jim who is still on one knee)** Yes. Yes Jim, I will marry you!

(Jim jumps up and he and Phoebe hug)

Velda: Does this mean I have purchased the chocolates for nothing.

Ralph: As a matter of fact, I think you might.

Judy: Oh, Phoebe! I'm so happy for you.

Margaret: So, are we dear. Aren't we Eric?

Eric: What?

Margaret: We are happy for both Phoebe and Jim, aren't we?

Eric: Are we?

Margaret: Yes Jim, we are.

Eric: Well, then can I sit next to Moneypenny at the wedding.

Jim: Come along everyone. Let's all go out and celebrate.

Margaret: What a lovely idea. Isn't that a lovely idea Eric?

Eric: Is it?

Margaret: Yes, Eric, it is.

Eric: Well, it must be then.

Jim: You're welcome to come with us Velda.

Velda: Thank you. But no. There's an old saying on planet Swindon.

Judy: Is there Velda?

Velda: Yes. When love escapes you and your dingle is limp, you have to be brave and return home to wallow in self-pity and depression.

Eric: Well, let's not keep you then.

Velda: Well, then it is time for me to depart this planet of yours.

Phoebe: No hard feelings Velda.

Velda: No, of course not dear Phoebe. I hope you and Jim will be very happy and that together you create many eggs. I shall now return to planet Swindon, alone and forlorn.

Ralph: As a matter of fact, I'd like to visit planet Swindon.

Velda: You would?

Eric: Excellent. Take him now.

Judy: Ralph! What are you saying?

Ralph: Well, what an opportunity Judy and as a matter of fact, you could come along as well.

Margaret: What!

Judy: I can't go to planet Swindon Ralph.

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Ralph: You can't Judy?

Judy: As a matter of fact, you can't either Ralph.

Eric: So close.

Judy: I'm pregnant.

Margaret: What!

Ralph: You are Judy?

Judy: I am Ralph.

Velda: You are with egg?

Judy: Something like that Velda.

Ralph: Well, this is wonderful news. As a matter of fact, I thought today was going to be a special day and so it is!

Phoebe: Congratulations Judy.

(Phoebe hugs Judy)

Judy: Congratulations to you too, sis.

Margaret: What wonderful news. Its wonderful news isn't it Eric?

Eric: You sure Ralph can't go with Velda?

Jim: Come along everyone, let's go out and celebrate.

(SFX. Jim's mobile phone rings and the ringtone is the theme tune to James Bond. Jim answers the phone)

Jim: Pond here.... Yes M.... Understand M...A matter of national security.... yes, got it.....Q has the Aston Martin, already to go... New machineguns, you say... Just one thing sir... I've just got engaged... Yes sir... To a woman... We are just going out to celebrate... Thank you sir... What, you think we are about to be invaded by alien beings? Nothing to worry about sir... Let me just double check. **(Holds the phone and turns to Velda)** Velda, does planet Swindon, want to invade planet earth?

Velda: Absolutely not. The price of property on your planet, is far too expensive and don't get me started about Brexit.

Jim: **(Talks on phone)** No M. I can assure you Swindon, does not want to invade us... Yes sir...I did say Swindon...So, I'll call you when I get back from my honeymoon sir... Where are we going? Quite fancy Canvey island sir.

End