

MARRY ME MEL

A one act play by Phil Lewis

SHORTENED **SAMPLE** VERSION

For full version please contact:
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Approx: 35 minutes.

Cast:

MEL:	20+
BRYAN:	25-30
DAWN:	20+
DON:	25-30
D.J.:	VOICE ONLY
MRS. MEL:	50+ (IF REQUIRED)
MRS BRYAN:	50+ (IF REQUIRED)

(MEL'S FLAT SHOULD HAVE TWO CHAIRS AND A TABLE, WITH A PHONE ON IT. THE PHONE SHOULD PREFERABLY BE THE CORDLESS TYPE, ENABLING HER TO WALK AROUND WHILE TALKING.

AN AREA OF THE STAGE IS USED TO DEPICT BRYAN'S HOUSE. THIS SHOULD CONTAIN TWO CHAIRS, TABLE AND A PHONE.

ANOTHER AREA OF THE STAGE HAS THE RADIO STATION AND ANOTHER MEL'S MOTHER'S LOUNGE.

THE PLAY TAKES PLACE OVER A PERIOD OF AROUND A YEAR. AS THE PLAY OPENS IT IS WINTER AND THE CAST ARE GENERALLY WEARING WINTER CLOTHES)

MARRY ME MEL

SCENE ONE

(AS SCENE ONE OPENS IN BLACKOUT, THE MUSIC “WE TWO ARE ONE”, BY THE SPICE GIRLS (OR SOMETHING SIMILAR) IS PLAYING. IT REMAINS IN THE BACKGROUND AS MEL ENTERS.

IN THE DARKNESS BRYAN SITS IN A CHAIR IN HIS HOME, STAGE RIGHT.

MEL ENTERS AND MOVES TO HER LIVING ROOM. SHE IS DRINKING HER EARLY MORNING TEA AND CARRIES A PILE OF LETTERS THAT SHE HAS JUST COLLECTED FROM THE DOOR MAT. SHE SITS, PLACES HER CUP ON THE TABLE AND BEGINS TO SIFT THROUGH THEM. SHE OPENS THE FIRST)

MEL: Dear Mel. Please, please let me take you to dinner. With much affection, Bryan.

(SHE CASTS THE LETTER ON TO THE TABLE AND OPENS THE NEXT)

MEL: Dear Mel. I implore you to let me take you to.....

(SHE CASTS THE LETTER ON TO THE TABLE AND OPENS THE NEXT)

MEL: Darling Mel. Please, please, please, please, please.....

(SHE CASTS THE LETTER ON TO THE TABLE. WITH A DEEP SIGH SHE FLICKS THROUGH THE REST OF THE PILE AND REALISES THEY ARE ALL FROM THE SAME PERSON AND THROWS THEM ON TO THE TABLE, WHERE THEY SPILL ON TO THE FLOOR.

SHE SLOWLY SIPS HER TEA. THE SPICE GIRLS SONG ENDS AND THE D.J. SPEAKS)

D.J.: (RECORDED, OR LIVE VOICE, FROM OFFSTAGE) Spice Girls there. We two are one. I have a request here from a Bryan who would like his beloved, Mel, to make him happy by the TWO of them ‘becoming one’. (MEL REACTS TO HER NAME, NEARLY SPILLING HER TEA) The message to Mel, who should be listening, Bryan says, ‘Go out with me’. That’s his request and it’s eight-oh-four, Monday the fourteenth on Radio Thames. (THE NEXT PIECE OF MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY)

(MEL SPLUTTERS AGAIN AS SHE LOOKS AT HER WATCH AND BEGINS TO EXIT, LATE FOR WORK.

THE RADIO IS NOW PLAYING A GENTLE NUMBER THAT IS FAINT IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE PHONE RINGS. SHE HAS TO MAKE UP HER MIND WHETHER TO ANSWER IT OR NOT. SHE GRABS THE CORDLESS PHONE AND SEARCHES FOR HER COAT THAT SHE TRIES TO PUT ON WHILE TALKING.

THE LIGHTS COME UP ON BRYAN, SEATED IN HIS CHAIR)

MEL: Hello?

BRYAN: Mel. It’s Bryan. Did you hear the radio?

MEL: Bryan, I’m in a awful rush here. I’m late for work.

BRYAN: Sorry to hold you up, but did you hear it?

MEL: No, Bryan. (SHE PULLS A GUILTY FACE) I'm sorry I must go. Bye.

(MEL BREAKS THE CONNECTION, FEELING A LITTLE GUILTY AND RUSHES OUT OF THE ROOM. BRYAN SLOWLY PUTS DOWN THE RECEIVER AND FROWNS. HE PICKS UP THE RECEIVER AGAIN AND DIALS A NUMBER)

BRYAN: Dawson's Florist? Have I got an order for you!

(THE LIGHTS FADE TO BLACKOUT)

SCENE TWO

(MEL IS SEATED AT HER DESK AT WORK AND TALKING TO DAWN ON THE PHONE. SHE IS TRYING TO KEEP HER VOICE LOW IN CASE HER COLLEAGUES CAN HEAR HER)

MEL: But you should be here to see them..... Honest! I'm not exaggerating, Dawn. Ten bouquets!.....No....None.....It must be Bryan. Who else would it be?.....No, he wouldn't spend a penny. And besides, I haven't heard from him for ages. I can't believe it. It's so embarrassing. Mrs. Davis is green with envy.....I don't know. I'll leave some here, but the rest will have to go home....I just don't know.....Would you?..... Thank you, that's very sweet.Yes, just after six will be fine. Perhaps we can have a quick drink on the way?....You sure it's not too much.....?.....Thanks. Anyway, must go. She's looking daggers. Bye.

(MEL BEGINS TO READ AND PROOF THE PAPERS IN FRONT OF HER. SLOWLY HER THOUGHTS WANDER AND THE LIGHTS GO DOWN AS HER THOUGHTS ARE FAR AWAY)

SCENE THREE

(DAWN ENTERS MEL'S ROOM AS THE LIGHTS GO UP. SHE IS CARRYING A VASE OF FLOWERS AND PLACES THEM ON THE TABLE. SHE NOTICES THE PHONE AND CALLS BACK TO MEL)

DAWN: You've messages.

MEL: (OFF STAGE) I can guess who.

(DAWN PRESSES THE BUTTON AND THE MESSAGES ARE PLAYED)

BRYAN: (ANSWER MACHINE RECORDING) I'm just calling to see if you're home yet. I'll call you back soon. Oh, it's Bryan here. (THERE ARE SEVERAL CLICKS AS THE NEXT MESSAGE STARTS) Bryan here. Still not back? Okay. Call you later. (MORE CLICKS) I have to go out now, I just wondered if you got the few flowers I sent to your office. I'll call you later if I'm not too late back. Bye....Oh, will you have dinner with me tomorrow? (CLICK)

DAWN: (AS MEL ENTERS WITH ANOTHER VASE) Persistent. Isn't he?

MEL: Pest-istent. Where am I going to put these? (MEL EXITS WITH THEM AGAIN)

DAWN: (SPEAKING SO MEL CAN HEAR) You might as well go out with him, you know. It'll save him a fortune and stop the pestering.

MEL: (OFF) I don't want to. I'm too busy.

DAWN: Busy? Get a life, girl. When do you get out? Have a little fun?

MEL: (OFF) We had fun tonight, didn't we?

DAWN: Girlies together, yes. I meant with a fella! How long has it been now?

MEL: (ENTERING WITH A BOTTLE OF WINE AND TWO GLASSES) How long has what been?

DAWN: Anything. A man? A date? A snog? Anything?

MEL: I'm not ready. Not in the mood.

(MEL POURS TWO GLASSES AND HANDS ONE TO DAWN)

DAWN: I can't. I'm driving.

MEL: Stay the night.

DAWN: All right. Then fill it up. (MEL TIPS MORE FROM THE BOTTLE) A girlie evening, then?

MEL: Why not!

(BOTH GIRLS DRINK)

DAWN: So why won't you at least go out with him, once?

MEL: Who?

DAWN: The plumber!.....Bryan, of course!

MEL: It doesn't feel right.

DAWN: What! He's good looking. Got money. He's lively, funny. Enthusiastic. Mad for you. What's not to feel right?

MEL: You think I should?

DAWN: Have you seen the paper today?

MEL: No. I've been too busy.

(DAWN PICKS UP HER BRIEFCASE AND HANDS OVER A NATIONAL NEWSPAPER TO MEL)

DAWN: Page six. At the bottom. On the right. I've ringed it. Though it doesn't need it.

MEL: (READING) "Mel. Please have dinner with me." How did he know I'd read it?

DAWN: Is this your normal paper?

MEL: No.

DAWN: Then he must have taken the advert out in all the main nationals.

MEL: That would cost a fortune!

DAWN: That's what I mean. Go out with him, once. Stop him wasting all his money on you.

MEL: I don't know.....

DAWN: What have you got to lose? It's a night out. Dinner. A few drinks.

MEL: Back to his place. 'How do you like breakfast?'

DAWN: All right!Let him take you out. Be a bitch. Treat him really badly. Put him off for good.

MEL: That's not me, Dawn.

DAWN: If he bounces back and wants to see you again, well then reconsider. If he doesn't.....then at least you've stopped him pestering you every five minutes.

MEL: You think so?

DAWN: I'm sure so.

MEL: (SHRUGGING) All right. You'd better be right.

DAWN: What have you got to lose?

(AS THEY REFILL THEIR GLASSES THE PHONE RINGS)

DAWN: Guess who?

(THE LIGHTS FADE TO BLACKNESS)

SCENE FOUR

(BRYAN AND MEL ENTER HER ROOM AS THE LIGHTS COME UP)

BRYAN: Nice place.

MEL: Thank you.

BRYAN: It's very.....you.

MEL: Thanks. Coffee?

BRYAN: Yes, but no. Thanks. I think after the problems in the restaurant, I'd better be going.

MEL: Look....I'm sorry about the.....

BRYAN: Don't be. I think I understand.

MEL: What?

BRYAN: You only agreed to have dinner so you could put me off. Right?

MEL: No....not really. More.....

BRYAN: It's all right. Really. I do understand. I feel I've put you under a lot of pressure. And I'm very sorry.

MEL: I'm sorry too. Let me get you a drink, or something.....

BRYAN: No thanks. I will go, but.....

MEL: Yes?

BRYAN: I really would like to do this again. (SHE REMAINS SILENT) Would you?

MEL: I had a good evening, Bryan. Really. I'll admit it's not something I was....looking forward to. But I did have a great time. Thanks.

BRYAN: So....will you?

MEL: Yes. Why not? But only if you promise me one thing?

BRYAN: What? Anything.

MEL: You stop all these flowers and radio requests andstuff?

BRYAN: You by my side was all I wanted, Mel. That's all. It was all a means to an end. That's all.

MEL: No more stunts then?

BRYAN: No more. I promise.

(THEY MOVE TOWARDS EACH OTHER AND THERE IS A TENDER KISS. HE STEPS BACK)

BRYAN: See you tomorrow, then?

MEL: All right.

BRYAN: Goodnight.

MEL: Goodnight.

(FADE TO BLACKOUT AS THEY STAND LOOKING AT EACH OTHER)

SCENE FIVE

(MEL'S ROOM. MEL IS SEATED AND DAWN ENTERS, EXCITED. IN THE BLACKOUT BRYAN AND DON ENTER AND SIT IN BRYAN'S ROOM)

DAWN: How did it go?

MEL: Well.....

DAWN: Tell me. Now!

MEL: It wasall right.

DAWN: How all right? He stormed off and left you to get a taxi home?

MEL: Not quite.

DAWN: He.....dropped you off in his car at thirty miles an hour and you rolled to your door?

MEL: Not really.

DAWN: What? What!

MEL: It was good.

DAWN: Good!

MEL: Yes. Very good.

DAWN: Snog? Sex? What good?

MEL: Just....good.

DAWN: Well!!

MEL: Yes. Well.

(BOTH GIRLS ERUPT IN LAUGHTER AS THE LIGHTS COME UP ON BRYAN AND DON)

DON: And?

BRYAN: She looked gorgeous.

DON: And it went well?

BRYAN: Terrific!

DON: Dinner?

BRYAN: Wine. Candlelight. The works.

DON: Take her home?

BRYAN: Of course.

DON: And.....?

BRYAN: She loves me.

DAWN: Do you think you could love him?

MEL: No. He's nice, but.....

DON: Did you.....?

BRYAN: Yes.

DAWN: Did he kiss you?

MEL: Just goodnight.

DAWN: Just a goodnight kiss?

DON: Yes, what?

BRYAN: I kissed her.

DON: Just kissed?

DAWN: Just goodnight? I would've thought he wanted more than just a kiss goodnight after all the money he's spent to get you to go out with him!

DON: Just a kiss? After all the money you've spent to get her to go out with you?

BRYAN: It was worth it.

MEL: It was worth it.

DAWN: Wow!

DON: Wow!

(LIGHTS FADE TO BLACKOUT)

SCENE SIX (OPTIONAL)

(THE SPICE GIRLS SONG 'TWO BECOMES ONE' IS PLAYING AS THE LIGHTS COME UP ON BRYAN'S ROOM. BRYAN IS SEATED TALKING TO DON)

BRYAN: This is our song.

DON: Our song?

BRYAN: They played it at the restaurant. I asked her to dance and wedanced to this song. It's our song.

DON: When're you seeing her again?

BRYAN: Tonight.

DON: Third time this week! Where're you taking her?
BRYAN: Somewhere special.
DON: Where?
BRYAN: I don't know yet. Somewhere very special.
DON: This time, a little more than a good night kiss, eh?
BRYAN: Who knows. Just being with her is.....
DON: I know, special!
BRYAN: Special.
DON: I'll leave you to your...'special' evening. Have fun. See you tomorrow.
BRYAN: Yes.
DON: I want to hear more than a goodnight kiss. Okay?
BRYAN: Okay.
DON: Okay.

(LIGHTS GO DOWN ON THE TWO BOYS AND UP ON MEL AND DAWN)

DAWN: So where are you going tonight?
MEL: I don't know. Somewhere special, he said.
DAWN: Somewhere special. Not his house is it?
MEL: (GIVING HER A LOOK OF MOCK CONTEMPT) No! I don't think so.
DAWN: And if it was....?
MEL: We'll see.
DAWN: We'll see....what?
MEL: Just we'll see. Zip me up please. (DAWN HELPS MEL TO FINISH DRESSING)
DAWN: So, was I right to get you to say yes?
MEL: We'll see.
DAWN: I was right, wasn't I. You just can't admit it. Well, for what it's worth.....I like a guy to have a bit of life. A bit of unpredictability. Someone that can excite.
MEL: I just don't know, Dawn. I've only known the guy five minutes. Give me a break here! I'm not like you. I look for someone more.....steady. Reliable.
DAWN: Right.....okay. Have a great evening. But don't forget.....
MEL: What?
DAWN: I was right.....

(FADE TO BLACKOUT)

SCENE SEVEN (OPTIONAL)

(THE SEASON HAS CHANGED. FROM NOW ON THE CAST WEAR SUMMER CLOTHING - SHORTS, T-SHIRTS, ETC. AS THE LIGHTS COME UP, BOTH MOTHERS ARE SEATED TOGETHER DRINKING PIMMS)

Mrs. BRY:father helped him a lot. Mind you, he worked hard for the degree. I know he's my son, but he deserves the fruits of his labours.

MRS. MEL: I can see.

Mrs. BRY: I'm sure your Mel will agree too.

MRS. MEL: Well, I'm not so sure.

Mrs. BRY: What do you mean?

MRS. MEL: Well, she's a littleput off.

Mrs. BRY: By what?

MRS. MEL: All the attention. Thewell, she calls it 'self promotion'.

Mrs. BRY: The boy was just trying to get her attention.

MRS. MEL: I know, but.....

Mrs. BRY: What's he supposed to do? They've been together for six months now and he's asked her to marry him....well, I think he's lost count of the number of times. She won't say yes.

MRS. MEL: Neither will she say no.

Mrs. BRY: She won't answer, is the whole point.

MRS. MEL: Still.....I don't think she appreciated seeing her name on the side of the local bus. With 'Marry me Mel' in large letters next to it.

Mrs. BRY: Did she see the sprayed sign over the motorway bridges?

MRS. MEL: Every day on the way to work.

Mrs. BRY: Flowers. Did she like the flowers?

MRS. MEL: I think she thought those were wonderful, but excessive.

Mrs. BRY: How can flowers ever be excessive?

MRS. MEL: A red rose every day. A dozen on Saturday. Every week for a month?

Mrs. BRY: My boy's doing his best by her.

MRS. MEL: He's doing her head in.

Mrs. BRY: He means well.

MRS. MEL: He's doing her head in!

Mrs. BRY: More Pimms?

MRS. MEL: A little, thank you.

(MRS. BRYAN POURS MORE DRINK INTO THE LARGE GLASSES)

Mrs. BRY: So? What do you think the next step is?

MRS. MEL: Who for?

Mrs. BRY: For your Mel, of course!

MRS. MEL: I really don't know. I know all this attention is wearing her out. It was bad enough what he did just to get her to go on their first date. Now it's increased so much....I just don't know. Perhaps he should....tone it down a little. What do you think?

Mrs. BRY: I think they're the perfect couple. I can see their wedding now. A full white gown, blue trim. Ten yard train, highlighted in blue. Five bridesmaids, dressed in blue with white trim. Two blue Pageboys. Three hundred guests. (MRS. MEL'S EYES BEGIN TO SEE THE SCENE) A bright sunny day. Two Rolls Royces waiting by the church gate. The handsome couple bursting into the sunlight with a shower of confetti. All the papers there to record the event. Wedding of the year! I can see it now. (LOOKING AT MRS. MEL) I can see you can too.

MRS. MEL: It would be nice.

Mrs. BRY: It would be right, too.

MRS. MEL: Yes.....

Mrs. BRY: We must make her see sense. Don't you agree?

MRS. MEL: Yes.....

Mrs. BRY: I'll talk to Bryan totone it down a little. You talk to Melanie and get her to give the boy a chance. Make her see sense. After all, it's for their own good, isn't it? Mothers knows best!

MRS. MEL: Yes.....

Mrs. BRY: May, would be nice. Eight months time.

MRS. MEL: Yes.....but.....

Mrs. BRY: But what?

MRS. MEL: Pink, not blue for the trim.

(THEY REFILL THEIR GLASS AS THE LIGHTS GO TO BLACKOUT)

SCENE EIGHT (OPTIONAL)

(MEL AND BRYAN ARE IN HIS HOME. SHE IS SEATED. HE IS PACING, TRYING DESPERATELY TO WIN THE ARGUMENT)

BRYAN: I just wanted you to see.....

MEL: I can see. That's not the problem. Everyone can see! On the roundabout, up the road from the flat. Big signs every day. 'Marry me Mel'. People are talking. People are laughing, Bryan. It has to stop.

BRYAN: Say yes.

MEL: I can't.

BRYAN: Why? Please tell me why!

MEL: You have to realise for yourself. What you're doing is not getting us anywhere.....

BRYAN: I just don't understand why.....you won't say yes. Or even no.

MEL: You have to realise.....

(THE TELEPHONE RINGS. BRYAN ANGRILY PICKS IT UP)

BRYAN: Hello.....Yes....Oh. Right..... Hang on.

(HOLDING OUT THE RECEIVER TO MEL)

It's for you.

(VOICE OF D.J - RECORDED OR LIVE)

MEL: Hello?

D.J.: Melanie?

MEL: Yes. Who's this?

D.J.: I'm David Sparks. Radio Thames. We've been hearing a lot about you recently.

MEL: I'm sorry.....I don't.....?

D.J.: Marry me Mel? We've been doing a feature on you every day for a month now....

MEL: I'm sorry. I stopped listening since.....

D.J.: You're live on air to over thirty thousand listeners. Many of who have written and called in wanting to know when you're going to say yes to Bryan.

MEL: Why?

D.J.: Because it's of interest to us all.

MEL: It's none of your business. It's my personal.....

D.J.: For months now Bryan has written in, called in, made requests to play your song and to ask you to marry him. It's captured the imagination of all our listeners. I've finally got you live on radio. now, Mel, Will you marry him?

MEL: I can't see it's any of your business.....

D.J.: Is it yes? Or is it no?

MEL: It's none of your business!

D.J.: He deserves an answer, Mel. Don't you think?

MEL: Perhaps he does. But I don't think it has anything to do with you, or your moronic thirty thousand listeners. If I say yes and the marriage doesn't work out, how interested will your listeners be? Eh? Not at all! They'll have forgotten about it within hours. I'll have to live with my decision for years. What level of responsibility do your listeners have? Or you for that matter? Do they know Bryan? Perhaps he's a mass bigamist and I'm his next victim. Will they take responsibility for any mistakes, or hardship we will have to live through? No, of course not.

D.J.: (EMBARRASSMENT CREEPING INTO HIS VOICE) Well...thank you Mel..... (THE CONNECTION IS TERMINATED)

MEL: It's easy for you to be sanctimonious and concerned about your ratings, but it's two peoples' lives we're talking about here.....Hello?.....Hello?

(SHE SLAMS THE PHONE DOWN IN TEARS. BRYAN MOVES TOWARDS HER AND SHE BRUSHES HIM AWAY AS SHE EXITS. HE IS LEFT PERPLEXED, AS THE LIGHTS GO TO BLACKOUT)

SCENE NINE

(DAWN AND DON ENTER. THEY ARE IN A PUB, CARRYING THEIR DRINKS AND LOOKING FOR A TABLE)

DON: Let's sit over here. (THEY SIT)

DAWN: He's not doing himself any favours, you know!

DON: I keep telling him. I said that renting a double-decker bus and have it drive past her office all day was over the top.

DAWN: (SMILING) It is funny though. Especially the huge signs draped all over it.

BOTH: Marry me Mel! (THEY LAUGH.)

DON: The banners across the road....

DAWN: She woke up on the Sunday and looked out the window and nearly fell out! It must have taken him hours to climb up the lamp posts, trees, and I don't know what.

DON: I helped him actually.

DAWN: Idiot! We're supposed to be calming him down, not encouraging him!

DON: Sorry. But I thought if someone doesn't help him he'll fall and break something.

DAWN: Other than his heart, you mean.

DON: Yes. He's getting worse. Getting desperate.

DAWN: What's he planning now? Another star named Mel?

DON: (SMILING) No. I like that one. It's at least.....romantic.

DAWN: Yep. It certainly is that.

DON: That was my idea, actually.

DAWN: Really? I'd like to have a star named after me.

DON: I'll ask Bryan to name one for you. You've the right name for it too.

DAWN: Dawn? Yes, you're right. Dawn star. Star Dawn.

DON: Suits you.

DAWN: (AFTER A PAUSE) So what's he planning this time, then?

DON: Something less original, I'm afraid.

DAWN: Balloons in her car again?

DON: Singing outside her window.

DAWN: No! Cyrano de Bergerac?

DON: More Romeo and Juliet I think. (DAWN IS LAUGHING) I think he's serious.

DAWN: I know he's serious.

DAWN: You have to stop him, Don.

DON: I've tried.

DAWN: He's your best friend. He's making a fool of himself. He's spending too much money.

DON: I know.

DAWN: (SLOWLY) He's driving Mel away from him.

DON: (EQUALLY SLOWLY) I know.

DAWN: What're we going to do, Don?

DON: I don't know. (AFTER A MOMENT'S THOUGHT) I'll have another go at him, to calm down. Perhaps you can have a go at Mel. See if she'll agree to let him have his full say. They don't seem to be able to talk properly together any more.

DAWN: I know what you mean. In a crowd they get on. Left alone. Fireworks.

DON: It's all we can do.

DAWN: Agreed.

(BRYAN ENTERS FROM ONE SIDE OF THE STAGE, WHILE MEL ENTERS FROM ANOTHER. THEY MOVE TOWARDS DON AND DAWN)

DON: Here they are.

(THEY BOTH STAND AS BRYAN MOVES ACROSS TRIES TO GIVE DAWN A KISS ON THE CHEEK. SHE TURNS AT THE LAST MOMENT AND SURPRISES HIM WITH A KISS ON THE LIPS, FOLLOWED BY AN IMPISH GRIN. DON GIVES MEL A KISS ON THE CHEEK AND SHE SMILES. PLEASED TO SEE HIM)

DAWN: (TO MEL) I want a word with you. (DAWN TAKES MEL BY THE ARM AND BOTH EXIT)

DON: (TO BRYAN) I want a word with you too. Sit. I'll get you a beer.

(DON EXITS AS THE LIGHTS GO DOWN ON A SLIGHTLY BEMUSED BRYAN)

SCENE TEN

(MEL AND BRYAN ARE DANCING CHEEK TO CHEEK AT A CLUB. A SOFT MELODY IS PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND AND THE LIGHTS ARE LOW. THEY TALK AS THEY SLOWLY DANCE ROUND. A GLITTERBALL DANCES LIGHTS AROUND THE THEATRE)

BRYAN: This is nice.

MEL: Ummmm.

BRYAN: Don had a word with me yesterday.

MEL: Really. About what?

BRYAN: You.

MEL: Really. What about me?

BRYAN: It seems that he and Dawn are getting a little concerned about us.

MEL: I'M getting a little concerned about us.

BRYAN: Well.....I'm sorry. I just wanted to say....I'm sorry.

MEL: We went all through this when you first wanted to take me out. You promised you wouldn't do it again and now it's worse than before.

(SHE IS SLOWLY PUSHING HIM AWAY FROM HER. HE CALMS HER DOWN AND HOLDS HER CLOSE AGAIN)

BRYAN: Yes, I'm sorry. I was....under a little stress. I didn't seem to be getting through to you.....

MEL: I don't need a kissagram in my office on Monday morning telling me how much you love me. And singing Marry me Mel at the top of his voice.

BRYAN: Yes....I'm sorry it was a little.....

MEL: Neither do I appreciate coming in on Friday to find the whole of the office wearing those stupid plastic masks you had made, with your face on them.

BRYAN: Yes....I.....

MEL: With 'Marry me Mel' stencilled all over them.

BRYAN: Yes.....

MEL: They loved it, of course. Can I ever live that down? No!

BRYAN: Sorry. It won't happen.....

MEL: How on earth did you persuade them to all wear them?

BRYAN: I promised a donation to the office charity.

MEL: How much?

BRYAN: A lot.

MEL: Exactly how much?

BRYAN: Five hundred pounds.

MEL: (PULLING AWAY AGAIN) How much! (HE REMAINS SILENT. PULLING HER BACK INTO HIM) You're throwing your money away, Bryan.

BRYAN: I don't know what else to do. If you've any real feelings for me, marry me?

MEL: I just.....don't feel deep passionate love for you. I just don't believe I'm ready for that level of commitment. I like you enormously and in some people's eyes that would be described as love. There are still areas of your personality that I'munsure of. This obsession.....and the lengths you'll go. (SHE PULLS AWAY FROM HIM, SLIGHTLY) How do I know that you won't do this all over again with the next woman you fall in love with?

BRYAN: I promise I won't. It's justsomething about YOU. I've never felt this way before.....I'm just frustrated because all attempts have failed. All I seem to do is try harder and harder. I'm ONLY trying to show my affection for you. What other way can I get close to you?

MEL: How does every one else do it? Quietly. Meaningfully. All these antics are those of a schoolboy. Craving attention from everyone. Impress ME, Bryan.

Not my workmates, the motorists on the M25. The people that use the roundabout at the end of my road. ME!

BRYAN: I don't know what to say.....

MEL: But you know a million ways to embarrass me with your slogans 'Marry me Mel'.

(SHE PUSHES AWAY AND BEGINS TO MOVE AWAY FROM HIM. THE MUSIC CHANGES TO THE SPICE GIRLS 'WE TWO ARE ONE')

BRYAN: Wait. (SHE PAUSES) We're under a lot of pressure. Your mum. Mine. My mates. Yours. All directions. They ALL want us to marry. Except YOU. What would it take for you to marry me, Mel?

MEL: Something simple, Bryan. I'm a simple, uncomplicated woman.

(MEL EXITS QUICKLY)

BRYAN: Calling after her. They're playing our song, Mel.....

(THE MUSIC PLAYS ON AND FADES AWAY WITH THE LIGHTS TO BLACKOUT)

SCENE ELEVEN (OPTIONAL)

(BRYAN AND DON ENTER. THEY ARE IN THE GENTS' TOILET. THEY STAND AT THE URINALS)

DON: Nice pint.

BRYAN: Is it? Yeah, okay.

DON: You don't seem your usual self, today. What's the matter?

BRYAN: I don't know. It's all.....getting too much.

DON: Mel?

BRYAN: Yeah. I think I'll just let it go, you know?

DON: You've been hitting it pretty hard.

BRYAN: I suppose so.

DON: Look.....I appreciate she's a wonderful girl, and all that. I'm sure it's the real thing for you. Or at least the best you can expect.....but.....I don't think she feels the same way towards you.

BRYAN: I'm beginning to think the same myself. But what else can I do?

DON: You've tried just about everything.

BRYAN: I know. I've always believed in love at first sight. Don't you?

DON: It's never happened to me. At least not yet. So I have to say, no.

BRYAN: Well I do. The moment I saw her I knew she was for me.

DON: You also said that about Sally.

BRYAN: She was quite different.

DON: And Sarah. And Tracy....and.....

BRYAN: All right! But Mel is truly different.

(THEY MIME WASHING THEIR HANDS)

DON: Would you like me to have a talk to her? Get her to see sense?

BRYAN: I'd appreciate that. Although I doubt if it'd do any good. You hardly know her.

DON: From all that you've said, I think I know her very well.

BRYAN: It's worth a try anyway.

DON: Okay. Leave it with me.

BRYAN: Thanks.

(THEY MAKE THEIR EXIT)

DON: Your round I think.

(FADE TO BLACKOUT)

EDITED