

Pam and Phil celebrate their union

PAM is on her mobile phone – a glass of Champagne in hand.

[NB: in the West End this scene took place on a rattan sofa 'outside' the tent with Pam tracking on whilst lying down (to entrance applause!) – but you may wish to make it Pam's dressing room as an alternative location if desired.]

PAM No I've told you Marjory, I'll only go on Graham Norton if I get to go in the big red chair . . .

PHIL *(Calls off, looking for her.)* Pam?

PAM Got to go darling, and by the way, it's a yes to The Masked Singer.
(PHIL enters.)

PHIL Cor blimey Pam, tough day today!

PAM Yes I know – but still, we made the right decision. *(Teasingly.)* At least you won't have Babs putting you in your place now!

PHIL Er I stood my ground with her, thankyouverymuch!

PAM Still it'll be quite a hard semi next week, don't you think?

(PHIL looks at her, trying not to laugh at what she's just said. A beat, then they both burst out laughing.)

PAM Oh don't be so *childish!* *(Offers him Champagne.)* Here, do you fancy a drink?

PHIL Oh actually Pam . . . I-I-I've got plans tonight . . .

PAM *Plans?* With who?

PHIL Oh . . . er . . . no-one special, just an old pal . . .

PAM *Phillip* . . .

PHIL *(Reluctantly.)* Claudia's having a BBQ alright?

PAM Winkleman?! *Again!*

(She huffs, sulkily.)

PAM I suppose you'll be presenting your own show together – "cruising with Claudia and Phil . . ."

PHIL I'm not sure what kinda documentaries you watch Pam but you've nothing to worry about . . . really . . .

PAM I don't . . . ?

PHIL What are you on about?! This show means everything to me . . .
(Genuinely.) You mean everything to me . . .

PAM *(Beat, encouragingly.)* Go on . . .

Music No. 17: I'D NEVER BE ME WITHOUT YOU

PHIL No-one comes close to you Pam . . .

(PAM clears her throat.)

PHIL Sorry – Dame Pam!

THE BARK TO MY BITE
THE STRING TO MY KITE
I'D NEVER BE ME WITHOUT YOU
THE BUCK TO MY BANG
THE YIN TO MY YANG
I'D NEVER BE ME WITHOUT YOU
IF I WERE RICHARD THEN YOU'D BE JUDY
YOU'RE OPTIMISTIC BUT I'M JUST MOODY
TIE US BOTH UP AND WE'RE STING AND TRUDIE
DON'T YOU AGREE?

YOU ARE THE KIT TO MY KAT
THE HI TO MY HAT
I'D NEVER BE ME WITHOUT YOU
THE JACK IN MY BOX
THE HOLES IN MY SOCKS
THE PANDA WHO CHEWS MY BAMBOO
IMAGINE CHRISTMAS WITHOUT THE TREE