

MRS WORMWOOD

Look, is this going to take much longer, Doctor, I've got a plane to catch at three. I'm competing in the bi-annual international amateur Salsa and Ballroom Dancing Championships in Paris.

DOCTOR

You're getting on a plane, Mrs Wormwood?

MRS WORMWOOD

Of course I am! I always compete, doctor. And this time I have a secret weapon: Rudolpho. He's part Italian, you know. Very supple. And he has incredible upper body strength.

DOCTOR

I... think we should have a talk.

MRS WORMWOOD appears. She is very heavily pregnant.

MRS WORMWOOD

So? What is it? What's wrong with me?

Beat.

DOCTOR

Mrs Wormwood, do you really have no idea?

MRS WORMWOOD

(beat)

Wind?

DOCTOR

Mrs Wormwood, I want you to think very carefully; what do you think might be the cause of... this?

Pause. Suddenly SHE sags. SHE sighs.

MRS WORMWOOD

Am I... am I... Look, am I fat?

DOCTOR

Mrs Wormwood, you're pregnant.

SHE stares at him.

MRS WORMWOOD

What!?!

DOCTOR

You're going to have a baby.

MRS WORMWOOD

But I've got a baby! I don't want another one. Isn't there something you can do... ?

DOCTOR

You're nine months' pregnant.

MRS WORMWOOD

... antibiotics, or... Oh my good lord! What about the bi-annual international amateur Salsa and Ballroom Dancing Championship?

DOCTOR

A baby, Mrs Wormwood! A child, the most precious gift that the natural world can bestow upon us has been handed to you! A brand new human being, a life, a person, a wonderful new person is about to come into your life to bring love and magic and happiness and wonder!

MRS WORMWOOD

Oh... bloody hell!