

**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!