

JILL SIDE 3

OLLIE. A week later. I've just seen Mitch and Brandy. They said the Never Enough Shopping Centre is starting a shopping channel. Mitch and Brandy are going to apply to be presenters. I think they stand a good chance. Brandy wants your advice about what to wear for the interview. She says you two haven't had a good chat with for ages. You should go over and—

JILL. And what? Let slip our olives have turned into human eyeballs.

OLLIE. You...you *won't* do that.

JILL. How d'you *know*?

OLLIE. ...Jill—

START JILL. I feel this...thing inside me. Just here. Next to my heart. It's small. The size of a sparrow. I don't know what it looks like. But I know it's got claws because it scratches. And I imagine it to be dark blue—mauve almost—like the veins on my mum's hands. I hear it talking. Its voice is high-pitched and screeching. It's talking about all the things we've done. It talks a lot at night—sometimes so loud I'm surprised it doesn't wake you—but mostly...mostly it talks when I'm with other people. I can feel it clawing its way up my throat—its voice getting louder and louder—and it takes all my willpower—every atom of it—to keep this creature silent. **END**

OLLIE. ...Okay... This is what I think you should do. Go over and see Brandy. Stay there for as long as you can. But the moment the scratching and screeching starts becoming too much...you come back here. Tomorrow—see her again. Try to stay a bit longer. The next day—a bit longer. Keep doing that. Until the scratching and screeching stops. Okay?

JILL. Okay.

Slight pause.

Jill walks off.

Ollie starts looking round at everyone.

He's trying to say something.

The words won't come.

He keeps trying—

(Calling off.) Ollie?!

OLLIE. It's five weeks later.