

START OLLIE. "Heavenly!"

JILL. "Slave labour's 'heavenly,' is it?" "Approve of slave labour, do you?"

OLLIE. "Slave labour, my lovelies?"

JILL. "People on tea plantations."

OLLIE. "Picking your tea."

JILL. "Children mostly."

OLLIE. "Their fingers get infected."

JILL. "They have them amputated."

OLLIE. "Lordy, you two are a bundle of laughs."

JILL. "You're spoiling the party for everyone."

OLLIE. "No, no, Miriam. They're amusing. Have you ever thought of going into show business, my lovelies?"

JILL and OLLIE. "Answer the question!"

OLLIE. "Very well. Do I approve of slave labour? Of course I don't. But believe me, when you've been going round the world for fifteen years—and seen as much as I have—you witness things that you don't approve of in every port of call. At first—when you're young—you want to do something about it. All problems are black and white, you think. There, the solution must be simple. But the more you witness—and the more...mature you get—you begin to realise most problems are not simple at all. There's no black. No white. Why, there's not even grey. Most problems are...purple with yellow spots. Or...orange with green squiggles. What you eventually learn to do is...appreciate the pattern, not worry about the problem." "BANG!"

JILL and OLLIE. AHHHH! "NAVNEET!" "EEEEEE!"

JILL. Give Larry his tea, sweetheart.

OLLIE. "Thank you, my lovely—Jill, Ollie, may I propose a toast?"

JILL. "Ooo, I love toasts!—Don't I, Mitch?"

OLLIE. "You do, Brand."

JILL. "A toast would be delightful—Wouldn't it, Jonathan?"

OLLIE. "Y-ye—"

JILL. "I agree, Miriam. Toast, toast!"

OLLIE. "Toast!"

JILL. Go ahead, Larry!

OLLIE. "To the youngest member of our little community, dear Benjy. May you always be surrounded by as much love—and a little less *heat*—as you are today. Happy birthday!"

OLLIE and JILL. Happy birthday!

They drink.

OLLIE. "And now...*my* 'birthday gift.' And I should tell you I sing this song as—Stop Press News!—the newly appointed *compère* of the Never Enough Shopping Centre's Entertainment Lounge."

They cheer and clap etc.

JILL. "Oh! Mitch! Shall we tell them? *Shall* we?"

OLLIE. "Let's *do* it, Brand!"

JILL. "We are the newly appointed presenters of—"

OLLIE. "—The Never Enough Shopping Centre's—"

JILL. "—Shopping Channel."

OLLIE and JILL. "Because enough is never enough."

They cheer and clap etc.

OLLIE. "Shall we tell them too, Yana."

JILL. "I think we might as well, Nish."

OLLIE. "Yana and me are starting a cosmetic surgery clinic in the Never Enough Shopping Centre!"

They cheer and clap, etc.

JILL. "And I'm opening an antique shop on the top floor!"

They all cheer and clap, etc.

OLLIE. "Oh, what a wonderfully emotional moment, my lovelies. It makes the song I'm about to sing even more fitting because—and you all are the first to hear the news—it will be the official theme music for the Never Enough Shopping Centre."

They cheer and clap.

(Sings.) "Make it bigger, make it brighter—" It's our song!

JILL. We don't *own* it, Ollie.

OLLIE. "Make it faster, make it brighter." But we sung it when—
You remember when we sung it?

JILL. *Of course* I do.

OLLIE. "Make it stand out in the crowdier—" He *knows* something, Jill.

JILL. Don't talk rubbish.

OLLIE. He knows what we've done! He knows what we've—

JILL. "What's that, Ollie?" Oh... Ollie is just saying he knows *this* song, Miriam. "Oh, so do I—Make it hipper, make it hotter."

OLLIE. "That's it, my lovelies! Join in!" Jill! Everyone here knows what we've done!

JILL. They *don't*, Ollie.

OLLIE and JILL. "Hell, I still want more."

They clap.

OLLIE. "I think I'll have my birthday punch now."

JILL. You deserve it, Larry—Ollie?

OLLIE. Eh? Eh?

JILL. "What's wrong with Ollie?" Nothing's wrong with him, Miriam. "But he's shaking and sweating and—" Nothing's *wrong* with him!

OLLIE. "BANG!"

OLLIE and JILL. AHHHH! "NAVNEET!" "EEEEEE!"

JILL. "The heat's gotten to him." "Ooo, I'm catching the sun a bit! Look!—Are you, Mitch?"

OLLIE. "I am, Brand."

JILL. "The *baby* is too." No, he's not, Miriam. "Yes, he *is*." No, he's *not*, Yana!

OLLIE. "BANG!"

JILL and OLLIE. AHHHH! "NAVNEET!" "EEEEEE!"

JILL. "I'll move him. Come to your Auntie Miriam, Benjamin."

OLLIE. Don't you fucking touch him!

JILL. "Well, really!" "Language!"

OLLIE. "BANG!"

OLLIE and JILL. AHHHH! "NAVNEET!" "EEEEEE!"

JILL. "If anything happened to baby Benjamin, you'd never forgive yourselves, would you."

OLLIE. Of course we wouldn't. We'd never...we'd never forgive ourselves... Never...

JILL. Sweetheart?

OLLIE. We'll never *be* forgiven...not ever...not ever...

JILL. "Ooo, what's wrong with Ollie?" "It's most certainly sunstroke—Yana?" "He has all the symptoms, Miriam."

OLLIE. We're...we're going to Hell!

JILL. "He's gone totally bonkers."

OLLIE. We're going to burn and burn forever and they'll be no morphine and we'll scream and suffer and scream and suffer—

JILL. Shhh, Ollie. No, no.

Ollie collapses.

OLLIE. WE'RE GOING TO HELL! WE'RE GOING TO HELL!
WE'RE GOING TO HELL! WE'RE GOING TO HELL! WE'RE
GOING TO HELL! WE'RE GOING TO HELL! WE'RE GOING
TO HELL!

END

He curls into a ball, whimpering.

Jill comforts him.

Then—

JILL. The party's over... Would you all go now, please... Yes, yes, Miriam, Ollie's fine... He's been working very hard and... Yes, yes, just go... Bye. Thank you all for your lovely presents... Bye... Bye...

Pause.

Well...that brings us almost up to where we began, everyone. The party—that was this afternoon. It took me nearly three hours—not to mention a big pot of coffee—to get Ollie back to normal. Well, as normal as you ever get, eh, sweetheart?

Ollie doesn't respond.

Oh, Ollie, are you okay?—Sorry, everyone, all these emotions are so...so recent—Sweetheart? The neighbours have gone. We're with friends now. Remember?

OLLIE. I...yeah...sorry, everyone.