

# THE WEDDING CAKE

Mário Viana

*English version Sérgio Gabriel*

## **DIREITOS AUTORAIS**

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Mário Viana: [mvianinha@gmail.com.br](mailto:mvianinha@gmail.com.br)



REALIZAÇÃO



*For the Projeto Conexões 2008*

## CHARACTERS

*They are all aged between 16 and 20 years' old at the most (to help in the casting, the oldest are: Débora, Bomba, William and Nino). They are dressed normally, in keeping with the fashion style of the day.*

**Débora** – she spends all her time dedicated to making the wedding cake;

**Nino** – an acting student, plays some small parts on TV programmes;

**Fabiana** – likes shopping and is a bit stuck-up; sister of Júlia and William.

**Julia** – the youngest, works part-time as a tourist guide in her father's travel agency;

**William** – being groomed to take over from his father in the travel agency; rather formal and unimaginative;

**Bomba** – the real “bad boy”, who spends his time working out in the gym;

**Clarice** – youngest sister of Bomba; dreams of marrying her fiancé Gilmar;

**Gilmar** – Law student working as a trainee in Clarice's father's office;

**Benito** – naive, uneducated, lives in a dream world;

**Tiago** – Benito's older brother; works, but without much success;

**Nívea** – Benito's wife, mother of Stephany; loves the big city life;

**Pedro** – DJ wannabe; goes out with Tati and smokes pot; lives in a world of his own;

**Tati** – Pedro's girlfriend and a bit of a groupie;

**Clovis** – uninhibited, up-front gay, fears nothing;

## PLAY IN ONE ACT

*Large back garden of a big house. On the right, a swing hanging from the branch of a large tree. A wooden table, with two long benches, on the other side. There seems to be a large oven, in which DEBORA will prepare the cakes. There is also a cooker where Débora prepares the cake topping, and a table, where she decorates the cake throughout the play.*

*Sounds of a family party, the chinking of glasses and plates, conversation, laughing. The action starts with Débora checking the oven enthusiastically. She takes out a rectangular cake dish and turns it out on a wooden board. She's making a great party cake. She spreads out condensed milk before putting it with the others. Débora's activities should be coordinated by the director, so that the cake is ready at the correct time.*

*Débora is concentrating on her work, and doesn't seem to notice that NINO has left. He's gone over to the swing, where he sits down. He looks at Débora and smiles. He takes some pot and cigarette papers from his pocket and starts to roll a joint. He's a bit clumsy, doesn't seem to know how to do it properly. After several minutes, Débora finishes off the cake she's working on, takes off her rubber gloves, and goes over to Nino.*

DÉBORA: (holds out her hand) Gimme that!

*Nino looks startled and hands over the joint. He looks at her in annoyance.*

DEBORA: What a waste!

*Débora rolls the joint quickly. It's perfect. Hands it over to Nino.*

DEBORA: It's OK now. Light it up.

NINO: (smiling) Nice one, Débora! (lights the joint, takes a drag, and holds it out). Here.

DEBORA: (turning round and going back to the cooker). For God's sake. I can't stand pot.

NINO: But you roll up so well!

DÉBORA: That's why I got invited to all the school parties. I'm a drag, but I roll a mean joint. I don't smoke! I just need to look pretty.

NINO: You are pretty.

DÉBORA: I know, my dear. And you're a Hollywood star.

*Nino looks down in embarrassment.*

DÉBORA: Didn't I say I'm a drag? The queen of the disagreeable comment.

NINO: (joking) Disagreeable, cynical ....., but not a liar. Actually, you're very much like my mother.

*Débora laughs.*

NINO: (sadly) I bet I know what this family says about me behind my back. That I'm a loser.

DÉBORA: Nino, in a family of successful lawyers and businessmen, it's enough not to be a lawyer or businessman to be called a failure.

NINO: If I was in one of those popular TV Soaps it'd be a different story.

DÉBORA: Depends on the part. If it was just a bit part, that's loser territory too.

*Nino laughs and continues smoking the joint.*

NINO: How are you, my dear cousin?

DÉBORA: I haven't changed since we last saw each other.... three years or so, isn't it? I still love making cakes, as you will see through the haze of your joint.

NINO: Are you at university?

DÉBORA: I got into two. Psychology and History.

NINO: Wow! Two? Psychology I can understand – the influence of your dad....

DÉBORA: That's the price you pay for being the daughter of a sacred cow of contemporary psychology.

NINO: But what about History? Is your mum a historian?

DÉBORA: No, but almost. She teaches Semiotics at the University and hasn't forgiven me for not trying for a place in the fantastic Faculty of Letters (sighs). I'll tell you something. It's a real drag being the daughter of a well-known academic.

*The door of the house opens, and BOMBA comes in. He's a typical excessive body-builder, the bully type. He sees Débora and Nino, and laughs. Breathes in deeply. Nino puts out the joint and hides it.*

BOMBA: Funny smell. Is that your cake, Débora?

DÉBORA: Shut up, Bomba.

BOMBA: I'm joking my dear cousin. I know your cakes are the best in the family. Even better than Aunt Célia's.

DÉBORA: Tell her that.

BOMBA (looks at Nino): I recognise that smell.

NINO: (cynically) And some people say that excessive use of steroids screws up the sense of smell, or sexual potency...

BOMBA: What did you say, you arsehole?

NINA: (laughs) The best thing about joking with Bomba is that he doesn't understand any joke.

*Bomba threatens to hit Nino, who draws back laughing.*

BOMBA: I'm not wasting my time with this idiot loser.

DÉBORA: He's not a loser. He's doing a cool programme on TV.

BOMBA: I've seen it! (laughing). A detective show. They recreate famous crimes with small-time actors. My dad says it's for actors that can't get proper jobs. They just use them to do that shit.

NINO: That is a proper job, Bomba.

BOMBA: Pretending to be dead's not a job.

NINO: That's called reconstitution of a crime, but I know your difficulty with words of more than four syllables.

BOMBA: I'm gonna break your neck, you pouf...

DÉBORA: That's enough you two!

BOMBA: Don't you get involved, Débora.

DÉBORA: Today's Granny and Grandad's Golden Wedding anniversary...

NINO: Do you think this imbecile knows what a Golden Wedding anniversary is?

BOMBA: It's a celebration of a long marriage.

NINO: Wow! Signs of life on Mars. How many years, Einstein of the Triceps?

BOMBA: I don't know. A load.

DÉBORA: Fifty. Granny and Grandad are celebrating fifty years of married life today.

BOMBA: That's a hell of a long time.

DÉBORA: When you were born they must have had enough of having sex for a long time.

BOMBA: Don't talk like that.

DÉBORA: Like what?

BOMBA: About Granny. Having sex.

NINO: (laughs) That's too much. Bombinha... You didn't know that Granny and Grandad *had sex*. At least five times, we can be sure they had sex.

BOMBA: Shut it, you... you.... you loser!

NINO (to Débora): We'd better get some reinforcements. I'm afraid what Bomba will do when I tell him his mum also has sex. With his dad even.

BOMBA: (rushes towards Nino) You son of a bitch!

*Débora gets in between them and prevents a fight.*

DÉBORA: I've already told you two to cut it out!

*CLARICE comes out of the house.*

CLARICE: Bomba, dad's calling you.

BOMBA: I'm going.

CLARICE: He said for you to go now.

BOMBA: Drag!

CLARICE: I'll tell him you're complaining...

BOMBA: Don't you start too.

*Bomba, looking aggressively at Nino, goes into the house. Débora relaxes a bit.*

DÉBORA: (to Nino) Stop getting involved with Bomba, for God's sake.

CLARICE: Hi, Débora. Aunt Célia was asking what time the cake will be ready.

DÉBORA: (in a low voice) I wish aunt Célia would drop dead!

CLARICE: What did you say?

DÉBORA: Tell aunt Célia that the cake will be ready when I've finished.

CLARICE: Oh, OK. And will it take long?

DÉBORA: (sighs) I've just done the filling. With lots of condensed milk.

CLARICE: Condensed milk? Ooh! My dad's got high blood sugar...

NINO: Débora's condensed milk is great for diabetics. It's diet.

*Débora looks over and smiles.*

CLARICE: So it's not dangerous, OK? (Débora smiles again) OK, Nino?

NINO: All OK, Clarice. (sighs and embraces her) My dear Clarice, Clarice! One day I'll pluck up courage and ask you to marry me!

*Clarice pulls out of the embrace.*

CLARICE: God help me, marry an actor. Actors always chase different women.

NINO: But at least I'd only chase another woman.

CLARICE (holds out her right hand): Too late, Nino! I'm already engaged!

*Débora leaves the cake and comes to see.*

DÉBORA: Clarice my dear, what's the news? Look, Nino, it's a real engagement ring. Where's the lucky guy?

CLARICE: He hasn't arrived yet.

NINO: (kneels down, melodramatically). Call him now, Clarice. Beg him to come to this madhouse!

DÉBORA: Nino!

CLARICE: I want Gilmar to meet all the family. And what better day than today.

NINO: Clarice, what a situation you've got yourself into. If he's a normal guy, he's not gonna understand this family. If he accepts them all, he's the mad one. Watch out!

CLARICE: He knows part of the family already. Gilmar is doing his first year of Law, and he's already working in dad's office.

NINO: He knows your dad. And your brother too? And he's still engaged to you....  
Bad sign.

CLARICE: Don't be silly, Nino. Gilmar is a really nice guy.

DÉBORA: And is this engagement for real? Are you going to get married?

CLARICE: Of course! There's no reason why not.

NINO: So when are you tying the knot? I insist on being there. All dressed in black.

CLARICE: No one goes to a wedding dressed in black, Nino! Couldn't be a worse insult.

DÉBORA: (impatient) When are you naming the day?

CLARICE: I'll tell you later. When it's cake time.

DÉBORA: I don't believe it. You're keeping a secret from me?

CLARICE: From you and everyone else. It's gonna be my present to Granny and Grandad.

*Enter FABIANA, dressed to kill, in the latest fashion.*

FABIANA: Hey!!!!

CLARICE: (jumps up and down) Fabi!

*They hug each other happily. They chatter away, oblivious to the others.*

NINO: No peace now. The Miami queen has arrived.

DÉBORA: Shut up, Nino.

*Fabiana and Clarice look at the other two. Clarice starts behaving stuck-up like Fabiana.*

FABIANA: Cousin Nino! The king of the bit part.

NINO: Cousin Fabiana! Shopping Centre Queen.

FABIANA (looks Nino up and down): My God! When was the last time you bought some new clothes, Nino?

NINO: Wrong question, Fabiana! Should be: how long is it since I haven't conjugated the verb "to buy"? A long time, indeed.

FABIANA: And what about you, Débora? Always got one foot in the kitchen?

CLARICE: (laughs) Fabi is really cutting today, isn't she!

DÉBORA: She is. Like a laser.

FABIANA: No offence Débora. Just joking.

DÉBORA: Cooks don't have much sense of humour.

FABIANA: Ah, I was forgetting. Aunt Célia wants to know how the cake's going.

*Débora waves impatiently, breathing deeply.*

DÉBORA: When it's ready I'll take it in. What a drag she is!

FABIANA: Why do you think I'm out here? All the old uncles and aunts are inside with their boring chat.

NINO: We're boring too. And I'm just poor. Could be dangerous.

FABIANA: I'll be careful not to contaminate myself.

DÉBORA: Don't start! I'll lose my concentration and spoil the cake.

CLARICE: For God's sake, the government might fall, there might be an earthquake, the city might burn down.... But Débora's cake can't get spoilt!

NINO: No it can't. Let's talk about something more pleasant. Fabiana, how's your sister?

FABIANA: I haven't seen Júlia for a while. She spent some time in Orlando, in the holidays... Looking after groups of tourists, you know.

DÉBORA: Yeah, we know, Fabiana. Her dad's agency's great, isn't it.

CLARICE: Yeah, really. Gilmar, my fiancé, has travelled with them a lot.

FABIANA: He's got good taste then? But Julinha is arriving today from Orlando. My brother William's gone to meet her at the airport and he's bringing her straight here.

NINO: Great. It'll be nice to get the buzz from Orlando... 'Cos Fabiana is already smelling of the local shopping centres.

*Fabiana sniffs herself anxiously and Nino laughs. She touches herself, but laughs too.*

*Enter BENITO and NÍVEA, who's carrying a baby.*

BENITO: Look who's here, Nívea!

*Nívea runs up to Nino, fascinated. Nino looks up without knowing who it is, gestures towards Débora and Fabiana, who pretend they don't notice.*

NÍVEA: I see everything you do on TV, you know?

NINO: (embarrassed) Wow. That's nice. That's .... er, gratifying.

BENITO: She collects everything that comes out about you.

FABIANA (to Débora): And keeps everything in her bedside cabinet.

*Débora laughs to herself.*

NINO: And all the same with you..?

BENITO: Same little life.

NINO: And your home town...

NÍVEA: Same as ever.

NINO: And how's your uncle?

BENITO: Poor thing. Broke as always. We hardly see him. If it wasn't for uncle Humberto paying for the tickets... You wouldn't see us.

FABIANA: (sarcastically) The party wouldn't be the same.

DÉBORA: (gestures to Fabiana) No it wouldn't! (looks at Nívea) And it looks like we've got a new member of the family.

BENITO: Not a member of the family no, it's just my wife.

DÉBORA: My dear cousin Benito, please introduce your wife properly.

BENITO: She needs no introduction. Nívea is part of the home.

*Nívea greets Débora, Fabiana and Nino with a kiss.*

FABIANA: That's nice. Nívea. What's the cream?

NÍVEA: Like the actress. Nívea Maria, you know? My mum was mad about Nívea Maria.

BENITO: Nino knows Nívea Maria, don't you?

NINO: (embarrassed) Well, yes.. just by sight ... not intimately.

NIVEA: I really wanted to meet Nívea Maria. Just to get a photo to put on Mum's grave, as a kind of tribute.

*Fabiana and Débora look startled. Débora diverts attention.*

DÉBORA: And this cutie.... Your little sister?

NIVEA: (laughs) My daughter actually. Mine and Benito's.

DÉBORA: Daughter? My God, you're so young...

BENITO: Young? She's already 16, aren't you Nívea?

NIVEA: Last week, Benito. You forgot actually. I was 15 when I got pregnant.

*They all exchange shocked glances.*

DEBORA: (distracting attention) Boy or girl?

NIVEA: A girl. Stephany.

FABIANA: (falsely) What a pretty name! When I have a little girl...

BENITO: (annoyed) Hang on, you're not going to copy my daughter's name...

FABIANA: What's wrong with that? You thought it was a pretty name...

BENITO: Yeah, but for my daughter. Not for other people's daughters.

FABIANA: I can't believe my ears.

BENITO: If you can hear, thank God you're not deaf. And find another name for your daughter.

NIVEA: Benito, what about calling her girl Stephany? Names are public property.

BENITO: Just because she's rich, she thinks she can even take names from the family?

NINO: My God, that's rubbish... (gestures to Débora to explain who the cousins are)

BENITO: No, it's not. Cousin Fabiana is rich! If she baptises her daughter Stephany, nobody will ever remember that my Stephany exists. It'll just be the rich Stephany. Blonde and blue-eyed.

NINO: Who says her daughter will be blonde and blue-eyed?

BENITO: Rich kids always are.

FABIANA: I'll call my daughter what I feel like calling her. Not what some country bumpkin decides!

DÉBORA: What a stupid conversation. Fabiana's not even pregnant. (to Fabiana) Or are you?

FABIANA: God forbid! I'm not even married.

NIVEA: I wasn't married either when I got pregnant.

*TIAGO comes out of the house. He's a country bumpkin version of Bomba.*

TIAGO: Isn't there any beer around here?!

FABIANA: Right. Here comes the etiquette specialist.

TIAGO: (seductively) Fabiana! What a hell of a woman you've turned into.

NINO: Don't look now, Fabiana, but I think you've got a fan.

*Fabiana jokingly gestures as if to vomit. Nívea breathes deeply.*

NIVEA: Can anyone smell burning?

*Everyone breathes in. Débora leaps up.*

DÉBORA: My cake!

*She runs to the oven and opens it. Breathes a sigh of relief.*

DÉBORA: Almost burnt. Nívea, God bless your sensitive nose!

NIVEA: I've been like that since I was a kid. I can smell things way off. I even have the nappy ready when Stephany needs one.

TIAGO: Isn't there any beer around here?

BENITO: I'll go and get some.

TIAGO: Hang on mate. Nívea'll go.

NIVEA: But I'm looking after Stephany.

TIAGO: Leave the baby here and go and get us some beer! Or do you want us to interrupt our conversation?

*Nivea leaves the baby with Fabiana and goes out with her head down. Fabiana looks embarrassed. Débora continues to work on the cake. Benito and Nino, also embarrassed, look at Tiago.*

FABIANA: God, it's years since I picked up a baby!

TIAGO: At your age, my mum was already pregnant with my sister.

FABIANA: I don't think I was born to be a mum.

TIAGO: (screws up his face) Rubbish. All women are born to be mums.

FABIANA: Not all.

TIAGO: Yes they are! (pauses) Anything to eat around here?

FABIANA: I dunno. You were inside the house.

TIAGO: Go and get something for us to nibble.

*Fabiana, holding the baby in her arms, nods her head and goes off. But stops and turns around. Goes over to Tiago.*

FABIANA: What did you say?

TIAGO: Haven't you gone yet?

FABIANA: No, and I'm not going. (puts the baby in Tiago's arms). Here, she's your niece.

*Fabiana goes off, furious. Tiago shouts, puts the baby in Benito's arms and runs after her.*

TIAGO: Come back here right now!

*Tiago disappears into the house. Débora, Nino and Benito exchange glances. The baby cries.*

BENITO: Oh, my God what now?

NINO: Cradle her in your arms and swing her around gently. That's it. See? She likes you as a dad.

DÉBORA: Recognises the smell.

BENITO: I don't think so. I hardly ever pick her up.

NINO: But she's your daughter!

BENITO: I only pick her up when my dad's not around. If he saw me, God help me...

*Débora and Nino look at each other in astonishment*

BENITO: Dad says that looking after kids is not men's work.

DÉBORA: Do you agree?

BENITO: No, but what can I do? He pays for everything at home. He and Tiago. I've been out of work for a long time. And to make things worse, Nívea gets pregnant. She didn't take any precaution.

DÉBORA: She didn't take any precaution. And what about you?

BENITO: (laughs) You're starting to talk like these women on TV. (the baby starts to cry). Damn, she's woken up.

NINO: Give her to me, mate. Suppose your brother comes back?

BENITO: God help me!

*Benito hands over the baby and walks round the garden, swinging his arms.*

BENITO: God, what a heavy baby.

NINO: (sniffing) Hey, the baby's done poo.

BENITO: And Nívea hasn't come back yet. What's going on in there?

DÉBORA: We don't need Nívea. The nappies are here, look. (hands the package to Benito)

BENITO: What am I supposed to do with this?

DÉBORA: Change the nappy.

*Benito starts laughing. Nino and Débora exchange glances. The baby cries again. Nino looks at Débora, who's rubbing her hands, all sticky with cake and cream.*

NINO: Ok, I'll change her.

BENITO: (serious) Hang on, she's my daughter.

NINO: So what?

*Benito goes across the garden to Nino. Picks up the baby's nappy.*

BENITO: I don't want you to see my daughter naked.

NINO: For God's sake, it's just a baby!

BENITO: The TV talks about all kinds of perverts.

*Nino puts down the baby and goes over towards Benito. The baby starts to cry. Débora gets between the two of them.*

NINO: You bastard!

BENITO: Don't touch my daughter! Get your hands off her!

DÉBORA: My dear cousin Benito, Nino is just going to change her nappy...

BENITO: No!

DÉBORA: So go inside and call your wife.

*Benito glares at Nino, and goes off.*

BENITO: Don't let him change the nappy.

DÉBORA: Can you believe this?

NINO: When I was little, I was dead scared that someone would come up to me and say "Nino, you're adopted!" If I heard that today, I'd be so pleased!

DÉBORA: Don't say that Nino. I'm your cousin too.

NINO: So let's pretend. We were both adopted.

DÉBORA: OK!

NINO: Who knows maybe we're brother and sister?

DÉBORA: No, I don't want to be your sister.

NINO: OK. Have it your way. I'm just off to the loo.

*Nino goes off. Débora rocks the baby in her arms.*

DÉBORA: I've always wanted to be your girlfriend, you fool. Ever since I was a kid. And I still do.

*Enter Nívea, Pedrinho, Tati and Clóvis. Pedro and Clóvis are carrying a sound system. Pedrinho looks like a DJ, and Clóvis is very effeminate.*

NIVEA: Over here I think.

DEBORA: What? You're not gonna put the sound on here are you?

TATI: It's cool. We've got permission.

DEBORA: It's gonna mess up my cake!

CLOVIS: How come? What a sensitive cake!

DEBORA: If you don't care about the cake, think about the baby at least.

*Nívea goes over to her and takes back the baby. Débora returns to the cake.*

NIVEA: Don't worry about Stephany. She's used to noise. At home we listen to Country music at full volume!

CLOVIS: Cruelty to children's a crime you know.

PEDRINHO: Clóvis, stop going on and help me set up the sound system.

DEBORA: Listen, didn't you hear what I said?

PEDRINHO: Who do you think you are to talk to me like that?

DEBORA: (a bit insecure) I'm Débora. Daughter of Celina and Túlio. And who are you?

PEDRINHO: Pedro, Divina's son.

DÉBORA: I don't believe it!

PEDRINHO: And this is my brother, Clóvis.

NIVEA: He's really funny this Clovis.

CLOVIS: Funny no, my dear. I'm gay.

NIVEA: Really?

CLOVIS: Listen honey. My mum's called Di-vi-na! It's almost a premonition.

PEDRINHO: Take it easy. And this is my friend Tati.

TATI: Girlfriend.

PEDRINHO: Friend.

CLOVIS: Shut up, Pedrinho. It's girlfriend! Anyone who takes a *friend* to a family party is gay. A real man takes a girlfriend. And if he takes her more than three times it means they're engaged.

PEDRINHO: Well, now that we all know each other, can I set up the sound system or are you going to carry on shouting?

DÉBORA: What I said about my cake is serious. If the sound is too loud, the vibration can spoil the cake mixture.

PEDRINHO: OK. I'll just set it up when you give me the go-ahead.

TATI: Oh, Pepo, I really fancied listening to some music now...

PEDRINHO: Well we can't listen now, OK?

*Pedrinho and Clovis set up the sound. Tati stands between them and the other cousins.*

TATI (to Nívea): Who's this? Your little sister?

NIVEA: Sister no, daughter! Stephany. Pretty isn't she?

TATI: Yeah. Cute little baby face.

CLOVIS: Whose daughter is it?

NIVEA: Benito's.

CLOVIS: Benito? Benito, Benito...

DÉBORA: Benito, uncle Sinésio's son!

CLOVIS: Oh, the country bumpkin. (maliciously) I remember! Hmm..., you were a clever girl, you got the best of the family.

PEDRINHO: Come on, Clóvis!

DÉBORA: What do you mean best?

CLOVIS: In a manner of speaking.

NIVEA: I'm confused.

CLOVIS: Stay cool, baby. But if you have any marriage problems, just call me. I know where you're coming from.

PEDRINHO: Clovis!

CLOVIS: OK! I'll keep quiet! I've said too much already.

*Enter Bomba and Tiago, each one with a beer.*

BOMBA: So when's the music coming on, sod it?

TIAGO: Yeah, let's get some life going in this old place!

CLOVIS: My God, the dinosaur family!

BOMBA: Shut up, you pouf!

CLOVIS: Come on then, Stallone!

*Bomba lunges forward, but Débora gets in the way.*

DÉBORA: Am I going to have to spend the day stopping you fighting, Bomba? Gimme a break. This is supposed to be a party.

TIAGO: Don't get involved, little miss cake-maker.

*Nino comes back from the toilet and springs to the defence of Débora.*

NINO: Now we've got two Godzillas, as if one wasn't enough! What a drag! Farmer's boy, why don't you and Bomba get stuck into each other and leave us in peace?

BOMBA: Don't pay any attention, Tiago. He's the "artistic cousin".

TIAGO: Ah! My dad has already told us about you.

NINO: Really? What else did he say? His ability to screw money out of the whole family?

BENITO: What sort of crap is this?

NIVEA: Don't get involved, Benito. This is a family squabble.

BENITO: Nívea, he's talking about my dad.

NIVEA: Your dad's inside, go and call him out to defend himself. And as far as dads are concerned, you've got a daughter to bring up yourself now.

TIAGO: Benito, take this imbecile inside, 'cos I wanna have a private conversation with the actor.

NINO: You can talk to yourself, 'cos I have no interest at all in exchanging ideas with you.

BOMBA: You just had a go at his dad! You expect him to keep quiet.

NINO: First of all, Bomba, this conversation has nothing to do with you. But since you started it, let me ask you something. By chance, in your father's house, does nobody talk about Tiago's dad at all?

BOMBA: (tries to hide the truth) Dunno, I haven't noticed.

NINO: Yes, you have. Ah, Bombinha, your two brain cells can't lie.

DÉBORA: Nino, take it easy!

NINO: Did I lie? Tiago, I'm sorry to have to tell you the truth, but in this family, everyone slags your dad off.

TIAGO: That's unfair. My dad's just down on his luck, that's all.

NINO: That's just why they slag him off. If he was a winner everyone would love him. But nobody cares about a loser.

TIAGO: He just had bad luck in business, that's all.

*Pedro and Clóvis finish setting up the sound system. Tati organises the CDs.*

PEDRO: Come on, mate. He's never made much of an effort.

CLOVIS: My mum.... our mum always said that uncle Sinésio has been a lazy bugger all his life. It was always easier to ask for help than to make a real effort.

TIAGO: What a bastard!

TATI: There are people like that in my family too. Actually.... My dad I think. (goes back to the CDs).

*Fabiana comes out of the house.*

FABIANA: Débora, Aunt Célia is asking...

DÉBORA: If the cake's ready! No, it's not. Go and tell her.

FABIANA: Not me.

DÉBORA: Go on, Fabiana. Please. Tell her like this: Aunt Célia, you old cow, Débora said the cake's not ready yet.

FABIANA: What else?

DÉBORA: Nothing else. Just tell her to stop asking, otherwise I'll get really pissed off.

*Fabiana goes off, somewhat concerned.*

BOMBA: Oh dear, you're getting upset.

DÉBORA: Don't you start too. I'm fed up with all your moaning. (to Pedro). And what about this bloody sound system?

PEDRO: But you said...

DÉBORA: I've already finished the delicate part of the cake. You can play heavy metal now, if you like, I don't give a shit.

BENITO: Mind your language.

DÉBORA: I'd rather listen to Led Zeppelin than hear Aunt Célia asking about the cake.

TATI: Led what?

PEDRO: Led Zeppelin, Tati. It's an old band.

TATI: From the time of the Beatles?

*They all exchange glances.*

PEDRO: I think so. I dunno.

CLOVIS: Put something on!!!

BOMBA: Yeah!

*Suddenly the sound of people singing "Happy Birthday to You" comes from inside the house. When it comes to three cheers, someone shouts "Let's hear it for the old ones". The youngsters say nothing, somewhat taken aback.*

NIVEA: What a shame they've already sung Happy Birthday. I love seeing the cake cut.

DÉBORA: Hello! The cake isn't finished yet. I'm still decorating it.

*They all look at the cake.*

TATI: Let it rest a bit!

CLOVIS: Wow! What a gaudy cake.

BENITO: You're the gaudy one, you asshole. This cake is beautiful.

DÉBORA: (smiles) Sorry, Benito.

NIVEA: (jealously) I dunno why Benito is saying nice things. He never eats the cakes I make.

BENITO: Don't compare Débora's cakes with the bricks you prepare.

NINO: I just wanted to know why the Top Model cousin didn't like the cake.

CLOVIS: Gimme a break, Nino! Come on, you're an actor. Not very well known, but you are one. And actors are sensitive people. (points to the cake). Look at that. Is it or is it not gaudy, well over-the-top?

*Nino looks at the cake.*

NINO: Clóvis, look over there! (points to the house). That family doesn't deserve anything sophisticated.

*Fabiana runs out of the house.*

FABIANA: Hey! My sister Julia is on her way. William just called me.

DEBORA: So why are you telling us?

FABIANA: Because my brother was really weird. He told me to prepare our parents.

BOMBA: Prepare them for what?

FABIANA: He didn't say. (GETS EXCITED). God, I'm dying to see my little sister.

TIAGO: I think he meant to tell the old ones that she's arriving, so as not to take them by surprise. Supposing one of them has a heart problem....

NINO: (murmuring to herself) God is not so great.

FABIANA: You're right, Tiago. You're right!

*Fabiana rushes back into the house. Soon shouting is heard "Hey Julia, my little girl, Julia! It's William's car! Julia!" Suddenly, silence. In the garden they all look at each other quizzingly.*

PEDRO: God, what's going on? It's all gone quiet.

TATI: Strange. They were all shouting, now nothing.

DÉBORA: That's a bad sign. When this family's quiet...

*Suddenly a woman is heard crying. And a man shouts "You're a disgrace to the family! I'll kill you!" More shouting, furniture breaking, total confusion. On stage all stare at each other.*

NINO: The party's warming up, isn't it?

PEDRO: Does anyone know who's shouting?

*A man continues shouting "I'll kill you, I'll kill you!" Two women are crying.*

DÉBORA: (listening carefully) Uncle Douglas is the man who wants to do the killing.

CLÓVIS: (anxiously) The travel agent?

DÉBORA: Yeah, that's him.

CLÓVIS: God, I'd never travel with him. And who's crying?

DÉBORA: That's a bit more difficult. Women crying sound much the same.

*Fabiana and Julia rush in. Julia is around 17 years' old and is in an advanced state of pregnancy. They all exchange shocked glances.*

CLOVIS: (murmuring to himself) Oh, my God!

FABIANA: Somebody protect Júlia for God's sake? Nino?

NINO: Oh so you've found something useful for the loser cousin to do!

DEBORA: Can you just stop cracking silly jokes for five minutes, Nino?

NINO: (embarrassed) Sorry about that.

PEDRO: We don't understand though. Protect her from what?

*Julia comes forward and turns around, pointing to her belly.*

TIAGO: Have you got married in secret?

JULIA: No, I haven't.

FABIANA: Not yet.

JULIA: And I'm not going to!

FABIANA: Julia, don't start! That's what got Dad upset. (to the others). He was the one shouting.

DEBORA: What did I tell you?

NIVEA: Just because she's pregnant? Stupid!

FABIANA: My little sister's only 17!

NIVEA: I was 15 when I got pregnant. And look what a beautiful baby!

BENITO: Husband too, eh? Remember I married you, Nívea.

JULIA: But I'm not gonna marry my son's father.

NIVEA: (happily) So it's a boy?

JULIA: Yeah. He's going to be called Estéfano.

BENITO: Shit! Another one copying my daughter.

*Shouts from inside the house. "Bring her in here! Bring the bitch in here!"*

JULIA: (hides behind Clovis) No! I'm not going back in there.

*William comes out of the house.*

WILLIAM: Julia, dad wants to talk to you.

JULIA: He just wants to shout at me, that's all.

WILLIAM: Try and understand. He's upset.

JULIA: All this hysteria is bad for the baby.

FABIANA: That's not hysteria. He sounds like he's gonna have a heart attack!

WILLIAM: You're always getting him on the verge of a heart attack.

JULIA: Don't exaggerate.

WILLIAM: Julinha, we send you as a virgin to the United States, and you come back pregnant?

JULIA: Who says I was a virgin when I went to Orlando?

WILLIAM: You were only 16!

*Everyone, including Julia, laughs. William and Fabiana exchange anxious glances.*

WILLIAM: Let's go back inside, Julinha.

JULIA: No.

WILLIAM: We shouldn't wash our dirty linen in front of the others.

CLOVIS: I'm a relative.

TATI: I'm not. But don't worry. I don't mind you getting it off your chest.

NIVEA: Me neither.

FABIANA: Julinha, at least tell us who the father is.

JULIA: Why? That doesn't change anything.

FABIANA: (in excitement). If he's American your boy can get American citizenship!

JULIA: He's not American.

*William and Fabiana look disappointed.*

WILLIAM: (anxiously). He's not Cuban is he?

JULIA: No. He's Brazilian. But that's all I'm saying.

FABIANA: You spend one year in Orlando and come back with a Brazilian bun in the oven?

WILLIAM: Better than a Cuban.

DÉBORA: Shut up, William! You don't even know where Cuba is.

WILLIAM: Course I do. It's in the Caribbean. Our agency sells packages there. But only to Varadero.

*Nino gestures impatiently.*

JULIA: I'll just tell you a bit more about the boy's father. He's Brazilian, from São Paulo, and he's an Engineering student. That's all I know about him, actually.

FABIANA: William, I think we should go back in and calm dad down. Stay here for a while, Julinha.

JULIA: If it were up to me, I wouldn't even have come back to Brazil.

*Fabiana and William enter the house. There's a bad atmosphere in general. Julia watches Débora decorate the cake. Nívea comes closer, rocking the baby. Smiles at Julia, who smiles back.*

NIVEA: Have you got any baby clothes yet?

JULIA: Just a few things.

NIVEA: If you need anything, I've got a load of Stephany's clothes, which she doesn't need anymore.

BENITO: (angrily) Nívea!

NIVEA: It's true, Benito. Children grow out of clothes quickly.

BENITO: That's all I need. Helping out the son of a well-off cousin.

JULIA: She offered, I didn't ask for anything.

BENITO: If you really want my daughter's old clothes, I'll sell them.

NIVEA: (angrily) Benito! How embarrassing!

BENITO: We need the money don't we? I haven't done anything dishonest! (to all) Have I?

*They all look aside, pretending they haven't heard.*

*Clarice comes out of the house, carrying a tray of savouries. Everyone approaches her.*

CLARICE: Aunt Célia sent these out. Until the cake's ready...

DÉBORA: Watch it!

*Clarice offers the tray to Julia.*

CLARICE: Here have one.

JULIA: No thanks. My doctor told me to avoid fried food.

CLARICE: OK.

NIVEA: That's rubbish. I never listened to anything my doctor said and I had a lovely baby.

TATI: But were you always like that...?

NIVEA: Like what?

CLOVIS: Fat.

*Nívea is upset by Clovis' tone, and moves away.*

CLARICE (maliciously, to Julia): The old ones inside are slagging you off something shocking.

JULIA: (turning her back) That's their problem.

CLARICE: Aren't you ashamed?

JULIA: Of what?

CLARICE: That belly. No husband.

JULIA: None of your business, Clarice.

CLARICE: I agree with the old ones. It's a disgrace to the whole family.

*Everyone pretends they don't hear, but come closer.*

JULIA (impatiently): Clarice, I've been travelling all night, and I'm in no mood to put up with your comments.

CLARICE: And I'm ashamed of you.

JULIA: Piss off, Clarice!

*Bomba comes in.*

BOMBA: Hey! Watch your language!

NINO: Mind your own business, Bomba.

BOMBA (ignores Nino and looks at Julia): Talk properly to my little sister!

JULIA: Then tell your little sister to stop pissing me off.

CLARICE: You're just so rude.

*Julia gestures impatiently and moves towards Débora and Nino. Débora continues decorating the cake.*

DÉBORA: It'd be better for none of us to get involved in this.

CLARICE: Débora, are going to defend a slag that sleeps around and turns up pregnant from someone she doesn't even know?

JULIA: I know my son's father. You don't!

NINO: Finally someone showing some sense in the family.

NIVEA: I think it's so sad a child growing up without a father.

TATI: As far as I'm concerned the world's too full of people already.

PEDRO: You're right there.

TATI: I don't wanna be a mother.

CLOVIS: Me neither!

TIAGO: Get a grip, you pouf.

CLOVIS: Come and get some!

*Tiago moves away. Tati laughs, with Clovis. Bomba moves over to Débora, Nino and Julia.*

BOMBA: Julia, I've been thinking about something.

NINO (to Julia): Fair enough. He can only manage to think about one thing at a time.

*Julia laughs.*

BOMBA: Shut up you loser. Julia... You're not just a disgrace to the family. You're a dreadful example to the younger ones.

JULIA: What do you mean?

TIAGO: Shit, Bomba's getting heavy.

*Tiago gets another can of beer, opens it and starts drinking, just observing. He will repeat this several times, always keeping quiet.*

NINO: Bomba, why don't you go and take a steroid and stop being a drag?

BOMBA: Mind your own business, I'm talking to Julia. She needs to know that nobody in the family approves of "all this".

JULIA: (ironically) I'm not losing any sleep over it.

CLARICE: If you had any decency you wouldn't even turn up here at all. I wouldn't have to put up with your false puritanical air.

JULIA: Finally you've said something I agree with Clarice. I wouldn't have to put up with your false puritanical air.

CLARICE: What do you mean?

BOMBA: Don't insult my sister, you bitch.

BENITO: Hey, a bit of respect for her pregnancy, mate.

JULIA: Why does my pregnancy upset you so much, Bomba? I'm not your sister. I'm not your girlfriend. You don't support me. No-one's asking for your opinion.

BOMBA: Nobody ever got married pregnant in this family.

NIVEA: I did.

BENITO: You weren't part of the family.

NIVEA: But I am now!

JULIA: Bomba, I'm not gonna get married. Pregnant or otherwise.

CLARICE: That's a whore talking.

BOMBA: Watch your mouth, Clarice. I don't like to hear my little sister talking like that.

CLARICE: But it's what she is, Bomba. A whore. That's what dad was saying about her, in the living room. I heard him.

DÉBORA: What's your dad got to do with all this, Clarice?

BOMBA: He's Júlia's uncle.

DÉBORA: He's my uncle too, and that doesn't mean he can get involved in my life.

NINO: Débora, you don't say much, but when you do you really weigh in heavy!

*Débora looks at Nino and laughs.*

BOMBA: Our dad doesn't poke his nose into other people's business like some others do. He doesn't think there's a king in the belly just because the mother's a shit teacher.

DÉBORA: (to Nino) My mum'll have a fit if she finds out that all her diplomas are "shit".

NINO: I'm not even gonna ask what he thinks about a boring, retired old civil servant like Gilda. (to the others) My mother.

BOMBA: Hang on, you've got yours coming.

DÉBORA: (apprehensively) Bomba!

BOMBA: Clarice, go inside. You've already heard the old ones talking too much.

*Clarice gets up as if to leave, but comes back and looks cynically at Júlia.*

CLARICE: 17 years' old and pregnant. Well done. Why don't you go and get some more where that one came from.

JULIA: Clarice, you lost your virginity before I did!

*Everyone looks taken aback.*

CLARICE: (*startled*) Liar!

JULIA: The whole school knew. And it wasn't just once either. And not just with one guy. You want me to mention names?

BOMBA: Clarice, tell me this cow's lying.

JULIA: Cows don't lie, they moo.

BOMBA: (*shouts*) Tell me, Clarice!

CLARICE: (*moving back*) I'm engaged! My fiancé's arriving soon, you bitch. You're jealous of me, because I'm engaged! (*pounds her chest*). Engaged!

*Clarice runs back into the house.*

BOMBA: Clarice, come back! (*to Julia*) I'll get you for this! (*running*) Clarice!

*Bomba runs after Clarice.  
Everyone laughs, Julia looks embarrassed.*

JULIA: I'm sorry everyone. I didn't mean to make such a show...

TATI: Don't worry. All families are the same, it's just the address that changes! (*looks around her*). And you're lucky, your grandparents have a great house. Mine are two sick old people, who have to live with their children. They move around from one house to another every month.

DÉBORA: Poor things.

TATI: It's a drag, and that's what they are too.

NIVEA: You'll be old one day too...

TATI: I'm not gonna be old. When I get to 50 I'll jump off the highest building in the town and stop being a burden on other people.

NIVEA: For God's sake! (*sniffs something strange, feels the baby*). Damn, Stephany's pooped again.

BENITO: Again?

NIVEA: Yeah, it's normal.

*Tiago gets up and moves over to them, clearly feeling the effect of the beer.*

TIAGO: That's not normal, these nappies are damned expensive.

NIVEA: It's not my fault if the baby's allergic to cotton nappies.

BENITO: Yeah, Tiago. The poor thing gets a rash.

TIAGO: The mother's allergic, that's for sure. Nívea doesn't want to spoil her hands washing nappies.

NIVEA: Who does, Tiago? Disposable nappies are more hygienic anyway.

TIAGO: They're much more expensive too.

BENITO: What are you complaining about? You don't pay for them do you?

TIAGO: Neither me nor you. Poor dad has to.

NINO: (to Débora). I was waiting for some poor so-and-so to be mentioned.

DÉBORA: Shut up!

NIVEA: You just carry on squabbling. I'm gonna change Stephany.

*Nívea goes up to Julia, where the nappies are, and gets one out. Julia smiles at her.*

NIVEA: You'd better get used to it. Once the baby's born, our life is cleaning baby's bum!

*Julia laughs.*

NIVEA: You wanna learn how to do it properly?

JULIA: Not now, thanks.

*Nívea smiles and goes back with the nappy. She starts to change the baby.*

BENITO: Nívea, be careful! (pointing to Nino) People are watching.

*Benito makes a kind of cover to hide Nívea and the baby. Tiago comes over as if to help, but looks away, disgusted by the smell.*

TIAGO: What a stink!

NIVEA: Is yours perfumed by any chance?

*Tiago gestures impatiently and goes into the house. Débora continues decorating the cake, which is almost ready. Julia pours herself a soft drink and watches. Nino smiles at her. The music changes and Pedro and Tati commemorate slapping hands together. They start dancing and kissing.*

CLOVIS: You won't get those two apart from each other now. (moves over to Julia). Can I put my hand on your belly?

JULIA: Of course. His head's right here.

*Clovis puts his hand down, feels something and takes it back quickly.*

CLOVIS: God, how weird! Seems like there's something in there.

JULIA: (sweetly) Don't call my baby a thing. He's gonna be beautiful, I promise you.

CLOVIS: I hope so. There aren't enough beautiful men in the world. Especially in this family.

NINO: No need to be offensive!

CLOVIS: Sorry, Nino. You're ... how can I put it ... something that just proves what I said?

DEBORA: The exception that confirms the rule.

CLOVIS: That's it! I love that expression, but I can't seem to learn it by heart. (to Julia) Yeah.... sorry. Does the baby move around a lot in there?

JULIA: God, yeah. Doesn't stop kicking.

CLOVIS: (turns his nose up) Must be horrible to be a woman and know what you're risking to go through all this.

DÉBORA: What do you mean, Clóvis? It's great being a woman.

CLOVIS: Only at certain times. (to Júlia) Do you like him?

JULIA: Who?

CLOVIS: The father.

JULIA: He's OK.

NINO: (ironically) Wow, what enthusiasm! I wonder if all my girlfriends talk about me like that?

JULIA: (laughs) It's not that. He's quite nice, but he's not "the one", you know what I mean? It was just a bit of fun. A holiday romance. I was working hard in the parks in Orlando, he was just on holiday...

NINO: And no-one remembered to use a condom...

JULIA: Well I did, but you know...

DÉBORA: And you believe in this thing about only the others getting pregnant, right?

*Nívea finishes changing the baby and comes over to the group, carrying the soiled nappy, folded over. Everyone turns their noses up as she passes.*

NIVEA: That's what it was like with me.

NINO: And the result is this unstoppable poo factory!

NIVEA: At first I asked Benito to use a condom, but he doesn't like to.

BENITO: No I don't. Drag isn't it?

CLOVIS: I'm paranoid. I use one even on my own.

JULIA: Well I didn't take enough care, and the result will be here in two months. I do understand that my dad's upset. But... he's my dad. He should support me. Shouldn't he?

CLOVIS: He doesn't think so. And the others are like mine, they couldn't care less.

JULIA: I've always been a good daughter. I was always good at school. I've never given anyone a hard time. I think they'll forgive me a little slip-up.

DEBORA: Julia, a baby isn't really a slip-up. A baby is for ever.

NINO: It's always tough.

*Julia moves back a little and touches her belly, as if to protect it.*

DEBORA: Hadn't you started university?

JULIA: Yeah, Tourism. I've got one year to make up already, and I'll have to make up another one now.

NIVEA: Better give up. After the baby's born, there's no time for anything else.

JULIA: I'm not gonna spend my life changing nappies.

BENITO: She's well-off. She can hire a nanny. Poor kids don't have that opportunity.

JULIA: I don't want the baby to interfere with my life.

DÉBORA: What life, Julia? You haven't graduated, you don't have your own place, you don't have a job...

JULIA: I'm a tourist guide...

NINO: I think Débora means a real job.

NIVEA: Like his, on TV.

*Bad atmosphere.*

JULIA: Listen, I'm really young. I'm just 17. You gotta understand. I'm gonna be a mother.

DEBORA: Exactly.

JULIA: (reacting) But I'll be alright.

NINO: Of course you will! (warning) But it won't be easy.

*Julia looks anxious.*

JULIA: Oh, my God. I can't do it!

DÉBORA: Yes, you can.

JULIA: I can't, I know I can't. I never can.

NINO: Do pregnant women just change their mind like that all the time?

JULIA: What do you mean change my mind, mate? I need a pee.

*Tati moves forward.*

TATI: I'll go with you. I know where the bathroom is.

*They move towards the house but Julia stops.*

JULIA: I don't wanna meet Clarice. Or his dad. Or my aunt.

NINO: In other words, you don't wanna meet anyone.

DÉBORA: Go round the outside corridor. Go straight up to granny's bathroom.

TATI: Great. (to Julia) Let's go?

*Julia nods her head. They leave. Nívea sighs.*

NIVEA: I love pregnant women. For me, I'd have a kid every year.

*Nino takes more pot out of his bag and rolls another joint. He shows Débora, without saying anything, and she makes a "more or less" gesture. He turns round and lights the joint. He lies back, smoking.*

TIAGO: Hey Benito, you got nothing to say?

BENITO: I'd like to have a house full of kids. I like kids.

TIAGO: So, get yourself a job so you can support them.

BENITO: No-one'll give me a job because I haven't got any experience.

TIAGO: You've always got some excuse.

BENITO: No, no. That's the one I always give.

TIAGO: Benito, do something useful. Go inside and get some more snacks.

BENITO: OK.

*Benito goes off. Tiago comes up to Nino, takes the joint and sits beside him. They smoke together.*

*Pedro changes the CD and sings with the earphones in his ears. They all look at him, but he doesn't notice.*

*Clovis gets fed up and goes over to Débora, who continues decorating the cake.*

CLOVIS: Are you gonna finish this cake for today's party, or is it reserved for the 100th. anniversary?

DEBORA: Take it easy. I like to do my work in peace.

CLOVIS: I'm just dying to try the cake.

NIVEA: Yeah, I fancy some too.

CLOVIS: Have you never tried Débora's cakes? They're fantastic.

DÉBORA: Yeah, they are.

CLOVIS: Can I lick the icing?

DÉBORA (surprised): What?

CLOVIS: The icing that's left in the pan. Can I lick it?

NIVEA: I want some too.

*Débora pulls the pan towards her.*

DÉBORA: No way, Clóvis.

CLOVIS: Just the bottom of the pan, go on!

DÉBORA: No!

NIVEA: Everyone who makes a cake lets you lick the pan.

DÉBORA: But I don't. It's bad luck.

*Clovis gets annoyed and moves over to the sound system. Nívea rocks the baby and looks angrily at Débora.*

NIVEA: (to Nino) See that? I don't believe it.

*Nino just looks at Nívea and smiles. Nívea moves away, protecting the baby.*

*Bomba comes in with Gilmar, who's young but is dressed in a rather formal, old-fashioned way. They all look at him in a funny way.*

BOMBA: (mysteriously) Hang on here, I'm going inside.

DÉBORA: Bomba!

BOMBA: Not now, Débora.

CLOVIS: You decided to bring some men to Granny's party?

*Nino looks over and laughs.*

BOMBA: What's this imbecile laughing about?

DÉBORA: Nothing, forget it. Who's the guy?

*Nino carries on laughing. Tiago tries to control himself, but bursts out laughing.*

BOMBA: I've already told you. I'll explain later. What's the joke?

CLOVIS: They've been smoking a joint, that's all. (points to Gilmar) Explain.

BOMBA: He's been smoking pot in his Granny's house?

GILMAR: Are these kids on drugs?

CLOVIS: Have you never tried pot?

BOMBA: My little sister's here!

GILMAR: My fiancée!

*Clovis, Nivea and Débora look at each other.*

DÉBORA: Sorry, but who are you exactly?

GILMAR: Gilmar Penteado. Clarice's fiancé.

NIVEA: So there really is a fiancé.

CLOVIS: And there'll be at least one wedding here. (to Débora) You'd better finish off the cake now, there won't be time otherwise.

DÉBORA: Piss off! Bomba, why did you bring... What's your name again?

GILMAR: Gilmar.

DÉBORA: Clarice's inside.

BOMBA: I know. It's gonna be a surprise.

DÉBORA: She knows he's coming. She's all anxious waiting for him to arrive.

GILMAR: Good.

BOMBA: But she doesn't know he's arrived. That's the surprise.

*Sounds of an argument from inside the house. All the youngsters look at each other. Nino and Tiago come back round from their trance and pay attention too.*

*The voice of uncle Douglas: "I don't care! Get out of here! Go and get your things from the house. I don't want anything of yours there!"*

*Voice of Júlia: "No, daddy!"*

*Voice of Douglas: "I'm not having a whore for a daughter! Go to hell, if you want, but get out of my house!"*

*Women crying.*

DÉBORA: (angrily) I don't believe that bastard is doing this to his own daughter.

BOMBA: She deserves it.

DÉBORA: Bomba!

BOMBA: I'm gonna get Clarice.

*Bomba goes off.*

NINO: Take it easy, Débora. I'll talk to my mum, and we'll put Julia up.

NIVEA: Poor thing. Just now that she most needs some support.

BENITO: You all poke fun at my dad, but he's not like uncle Douglas. He's got a heart.

CLOVIS: Uncle Douglas has got a heart too. But his is made of stone. You know that he hasn't looked me in the eye since I came out of the closet?

DÉBORA: Really?

CLOVIS: And he's trying to convince my dad to throw me out of the house. My mum stood up for me, thank God.

NINO: I'm gonna fetch my cousin.

*Nino breathes deeply and goes off. Tiago lights up the joint again and takes a drag. He offers it to Gilmar, who looks scared and refuses. They all look towards the house. Débora is almost finishing the cake.*

GILMAR: Why was that man shouting like that?

NIVEA: It's all about an undesirable pregnancy.

GILMAR: Yeah, girls nowadays don't take enough care.

DEBORA: For every girl that doesn't take care, there's a guy taking even less care. It takes two to tango.

NIVEA: If at least the guys used condoms...

DEBORA: The girl just needs to ask.

NIVEA: But they don't like it!

DEBORA: No condom, no sex.

CLOVIS: Débora, do you understand now why your sex life is so boring?

*Tati comes angrily out of the house.*

TATI: Gimme something sweet for God's sake!

DEBORA: (protectively) No-one touches my icing sugar!

TATI: I need something sweet when I get angry.

CLOVIS: That's called the munchies, sweetie.

DEBORA: Why don't you eat something inside?

TATI: Ah, it's awful in there. Everyone screaming about the pregnancy. God what a disgusting family. No-one made any chocolate. Just some cheesy things and chicken pastries.

NIVEA: I love the cheesy things!

BENITO: Let's go and get some.

*Nívea and Benito go inside with the baby.*

TATI (to Débora): Just for a bit.

*Débora keeps the icing sugar close to her. Tati looks annoyed and goes over to Pedro, who's enjoying the sounds and smoking pot with Tiago. Bomba brings in Clarice.*

BOMBA: Come on, Clarice.

CLARICE: (in gossipy tone) Bomba, you're a real drag. You brought me out just when the oldies were giving the bitch hell.

*Débora looks really shocked, but doesn't say anything.*

BOMBA: Let me show you something, Clarice!

CLARICE: Hurry up then. I've gotta wait for Gilmar at the front door.

BOMBA: Come on, Clarice!

CLARICE: I've just said I've gotta wait for Gilmar...

*Gilmar appears and opens his arms.*

GILMAR: I'm here!

*Clarice looks astonished.*

CLARICE: Hello baby!

*Clarice and Gilmar hug and kiss. Bomba clears his throat.*

BOMBA: Gilmar!

CLARICE: Don't be a nuisance, Bomba.

GILMAR: Let me enjoy my fiancée. I've missed her so much.

CLARICE: Liar.

GILMAR: Really! God, it was awful being alone in the States, without you...

CLARICE: (jealously) I bet there were a load of big-titted American girls all around you.

GILMAR: Yeah, but I was only thinking of you.

*Gilmar and Clarice kiss again.*

BOMBA (a bit annoyed): Hey, don't overdo it!

CLOVIS: He's protecting his little sister!

BOMBA: Shut up, you pouf.

CLOVIS: Just the way you like it.

BOMBA: What do you mean, you clown? You wanna punch in the face?

*Clovis stands up to Bomba.*

CLOVIS: Come on then! If you're a man!

*Bomba threatens Clovis.*

BOMBA: I'll break you in two!

CLOVIS: You'd be a lot calmer in the steam at Poderoso's.

*Bomba stops with his fist in the air.*

DÉBORA: What are you talking about? Poderoso's?

BOMBA: No it's nothing, just some gay thing.

CLOVIS: It's a sauna, on the East side. Lorry drivers, bricklayers, market stall holders. It's great.

DÉBORA: Do you know it, Bomba?

BOMBA: Of course not. What are you talking about, Débora?

*Clovis laughs.*

BOMBA: Shut up, you clown.

*Clovis makes a gesture of “peace” and moves away. Bomba goes towards the house. Nino comes out embracing Julia, who’s crying. Débora goes over to her with a glass of water.*

NINO: Don’t worry, Julinha, I’ve already said. You can stay with us.

JULIA: I never expected this from my own father, Nino. My own dad!

NINO: It’s a simple house, but you’ll like it, I’m sure.

JULIA: You and your mum are great.

DÉBORA: Julia, I think you’d better sit down a bit.

JULIA: I dunno, Débora, I’m a bit jumpy.

DÉBORA: That’s why you should sit down! It’s not good for the baby. Come on, sit down here near my cake. You just can’t lick the icing!

JULIA: OK. The doctor told me not to eat sweet things anyway.

*Débora helps Julia to go over to the cake. Gilmar and Clarice break up their embrace. Julia and Gilmar see each other. He looks astonished.*

GILMAR: Julia!

JULIA: What are you doing here?

CLARICE: (surprised) Do you know each other?

GILMAR: I was asking the question.

JULIA: I came for my grandparents’ wedding anniversary. What about you?

GILMAR: Me?

JULIA: You heard!

CLARICE: (jealously) It seems like you two know each other quite well, eh?

JULIA: Quite well, yeah.

GILMAR: Julia was the tourist guide of my group in Orlando, love.

JULIA: Love?

CLARICE: (assertively) Gilmar and I are engaged.

JULIA: You're kidding.

CLARICE: We're gonna name the day today.

GILMAR: (to Clarice) After I graduate, eh Cla?

CLARICE: You've only just got in, sweetie.

JULIA (laughing): Sweetie?

CLARICE: Julia, it's not my fault if the guy that did this (points to her belly) gave you the boot. You should have got involved with a decent guy.

DEBORA: Don't talk like that Clarice.

CLARICE: Who asked for your opinion? Shut up. You're someone else no-one wants.

*Débora runs towards Clarice, Julia gets in the way.*

JULIA: Don't worry, Débora. Clarice's right. I shouldn't have got involved with a good-for-nothing bastard.

CLARICE: See?

JULIA: But I wasn't as experienced as you, was I?

*Clarice looks embarrassed.*

GILMAR: Experienced? What's she talking about, Cla?

CLARICE: How am I supposed to know? She's always been a bit nutty. (grabs Gilmar's hand) Come on, I want to introduce you to my uncles and aunts...

GILMAR: OK.

*Gilmar and Clarice go off holding hands, but he looks towards Julia, over Clarice's shoulder and makes a sign for her to wait. Nino notices.*

NINO: So you already know the great Fiancé?

JULIA: Just by sight. He came on one of Daddy's packages.

DEBORA: You seem to know each other quite well.

JULIA: I always like to get to know the tourists in the groups.

DÉBORA: The cake's nearly ready!

CLOVIS: Hallelujah!

DÉBORA: Idiot!

*Clovis moves over to Débora and whispers something to her. Nino moves over to Julia, who looks pensive, stroking her belly.*

NIÑO: He's the father, isn't he?

JULIA: What are you talking about?

NINO: The father of your child is the Great Fiancé.

JULIA: Ah, Gimme a break, Nino! (gets up, indignantly)

NINO: Where are you going?

JULIA: For a pee, may I?

TATI (taking out the earphones): I'll go with you.

JULIA (walking towards the door): No need, I'm not afraid any more.

*Julia enters the house, Tati goes back to the sound system, and Nino, looking a bit lost, sits down beside Tiago and lights up the joint again. Fabiana comes out of the house, looks over and comes across to Tiago. Talks very sweetly to him.*

FABIANA: Tiago. Oh Tiago!

TIAGO (coming out of a trance): Hi there! (tries to sit up) My dear cousin Fabiana. (looks at the joint) Wow! This really is good stuff!

FABIANA: Leave that for a minute. Come here, I want a word with you.

TIAGO: (startled) With me? You never talk to me.

FABIANA: People change. But seriously, I've got something important to talk to you about.

*Tiago gets up and follows her to a corner of the stage. Débora and Clovis notice, but get back involved with the cake.*

TIAGO: What is it?

FABIANA: (excitedly) What's your life like in the countryside?

TIAGO: Ah, very simple.

FABIANA: Are you still living on that little farm?

TIAGO: No. We're living in the town now. I work in a supermarket, and Benito's studying. Well, was studying. After he got married, he isn't working or studying. Just doing nothing.

FABIANA: And did you sell the farm?

TIAGO: No. Dad goes there every day to look after the crops. He wouldn't give that up for anything. And actually we need the food.

FABIANA: Really?

TIAGO: I hardly earn anything. And Benito, as well as not working, brings his wife and daughter to live at our expense.

FABIANA: I know. It's tough. (looking around) Tiago, I want to ask you a favour. Something really serious.

TIAGO: Go on then.

FABIANA: Take Julia in to live with you!

TIAGO: What!

FABIANA: Julia! My little sister. Take her to the countryside with you.

TIAGO: But your sister's gonna have a baby!

FABIANA: Exactly. Maybe it's better for her to be away from the family.

TIAGO: But we're family.

FABIANA: Yeah, but nobody... (stops)

TIAGO: (smiles) Go on. Nobody cares about us. We're the poor side of the family.

FABIANA: It's not that.

TIAGO: Yes it is. Actually that's the real problem. How can we take one more mouth to feed to my dad's farm? It won't work.

FABIANA: We'll pay!

TIAGO: What?

FABIANA: I'll talk to my dad, and he'll send you some money each month. Some good money.

*Nívea comes out of the house, rocking the baby, and pays attention to the conversation.*

TIAGO: Sorry, but it just won't work.

FABIANA: But how much would it cost, for God's sake?

TIAGO: A lot.

FABIANA: We've got money. My dad can send more than you need to look after Julia and the baby. There'll even be something left over.

TIAGO: You're just embarrassed because the girl's screwed up and you want to stuff her in the first hole you can find.

FABIANA: No, it's not like that.

TIAGO: Yes, it is! Why should I help uncle Douglas?

FABIANA: Because my dad paid for your tickets to come here to the party today, for example.

TIAGO: Go and stuff the tickets up your arsehole!

FABIANA: It's easy to say that now you're here, isn't it. Why didn't you say that when dad sent you the money?

TIAGO: Because we thought you all really wanted to see us.

*Fabiana laughs sarcastically, Tiago looks angry, but doesn't say anything. He walks over to where Nino is.*

FABIANA: Hang on! Just look after her till the baby's born.

TIAGO: And what then?

FABIANA: Then you give the baby to someone, I dunno.

TIAGO: Julia won't want that.

FABIANA: Julia's a little girl, she doesn't know what she wants.

TIAGO: You must be mad. You'd give your own nephew away to a stranger?

FABIANA: You bring it up then.

*Tiago gestures obscenely and goes back to where Nino is. Takes the joint, lights it up and takes a drag. Fabiana looks astonished. Nívea comes over.*

NÍVEA: I'll take him.

FABIANA: What?

NIVEA: Your nephew. What you suggested to Tiago. I'll bring him up.

*Tiago follows the conversation from afar.*

FABIANA: You've already got a baby.

NIVEA: It's just another little mouth to feed.

*Fabiana smiles in gratitude.*

NIVEA: We just need to sort out the cost.

FABIANA: Cost?

NIVEA: (smiles) Well you didn't think I'd do it for nothing, did you?

*Fabiana looks Nívea up and down disdainfully. Gives in.*

FABIANA: How much do you want?

*Tiago jumps up.*

TIAGO: Don't even think about it, Nívea.

NIVEA: Shut up Tiago, Get back to your joint!

TIAGO: You've already got your own daughter, you can't take on another one.

NIVEA: But she'll pay! (to Fabiana) Won't you?

FABIANA: Of course.

TIAGO: (to Fabiana) You should be ashamed of yourself. Getting rid of your own nephew like he was some kind of thing.

FABIANA: But he is a thing! We don't know who the father is. We can't let just anyone into our family.

TIAGO: What's so special about our family? Nothing! Except for the nose up in the air.

NIVEA: (laughs) That's true. Ever since I arrived they all look at me as if I was some kind of animal.

FABIANA: Are you gonna change your opinion because of him?

NIVEA: Of course not.

TIAGO: I don't know where you're gonna live then, Nívea. Not with us.

*Benito comes out of the house with two glasses of soft drinks.*

NIVEA: Are you threatening to throw me out?

TIAGO: Just try turning up with another kid...

*Benito gives Nívea a soft drink.*

BENITO: You can't do that to my wife!

*Débora and Clovis bring the cake over on a trolley. Nino and Julia come out of the house, but stay talking by the door.*

DÉBORA: For God's sake. I can't stand any more arguing.

CLOVIS: You'd better change family then. This one's only got a shack.

DÉBORA: What is it now??

FABIANA: Nothing.

TIAGO: Tell the truth! Are you scared? (to Débora) She wants to pay us to bring up her nephew.

*They all look scandalised.*

JULIA: You cow!

*All look towards Julia and Nino. Fabiana runs up to Julia.*

FABIANA: Julia, it's not like that. (embraces her sister) I'll explain everything.

JULIA: Get your hands off me!

*Julia goes to the house. Fabiana looks at the group.*

FABIANA: You'll pay for this, Tiago!

NIVEA: But she was gonna pay, wasn't she?

*They all exchange glances.*

DEBORA: That's enough. Look, the cake's ready. Let's go and sing Happy Birthday to Granny and Grandad.

BENITO (looks angrily at his brother): I don't think we're in the mood.

DÉBORA: Well, let's just pretend then. We're good at that. Come on, everyone!

CLOVIS: (grabbing Pedro and Tati, who are still hugging and kissing). Come on you two. Give it a break for a while and let's have Granny's cake.

*They all go off. Shouts from the family. Everyone singing Happy Birthday to You. Julia comes out of the house sadly. Strokes her belly pensively. Gilmar comes out of the house and looks around.*

GILMAR: Julia!

JULIA: (tired) What, Gilmar?

GILMAR: Thanks. For covering up and not telling anyone about... (points to her belly)

JULIA: You don't need to thank me. I didn't do it for you.

GILMAR: Really?

JULIA: I did it for me! And for that "fiancée" cow of yours.

GILMAR: Poor thing. Don't talk about her like that.

JULIA: "Poor thing"? Gilmar, look at the state of me because of you...

GILMAR: Come on. I didn't force you to do anything.

JULIA: Not to sleep with you, no. But... (points to her belly). What about this?

GILMAR: You didn't tell me.

JULIA: What do you mean? The phone number you gave me was wrong.

GILMAR: (embarrassed) Really? Maybe you wrote it down wrongly.

JULIA: You were the one who wrote it in my diary. Shall I show you?

GILMAR: No, no. OK.

JULIA: What else did you lie about, Gilmar?

GILMAR: Nothing.

JULIA: Gilmar!

GILMAR: I'm not an engineer.

JULIA: What?

GILMAR: I'm a lawyer. A Law student actually. I'm doing a trainee scheme in Clarice's father's office.

JULIA: Anything else?

*Débora, Nino, Bomba and Clarice come quietly out of the house. They listen at a distance.*

GILMAR: No. Well just one thing. (pauses). I don't wanna have this kid.

JULIA: It's a bit too late to say that now, Gilmar.

GILMAR: No. I know. But I don't even know how to register the child.

JULIA: What? Are you gonna leave your own son without his father's name?

GILMAR: How do I even know it's my own son?

JULIA: What are you insinuating?

GILMAR: I dunno how many other tourists you slept with as well as me.

JULIA: You're a pig. You'll make a great pair with that cow Clarice.

BOMBA: Don't talk about my sister like that!

*Gilmar and Julia look startled when they see the rest of the group. Débora and Nino come close to Julia and protect her. Bomba comes close to Gilmar. Clarice looks on sadly, from afar.*

BOMBA: Is all this true?

GILMAR: All what?

BOMBA: The baby Julia's expecting.... is yours?

GILMAR: Bomba, let me explain.

BOMBA: You don't need to explain how to make a baby, I know!

*Nino laughs, Bomba looks angry, but goes back to Gilmar.*

BOMBA: Is it or isn't it, Gilmar?

JULIA: Yes! He's the father.

BOMBA: Gilmar?

GILMAR: (lowering his eyes). It's true.

CLARICE: (goes over to Bomba). No-one else must know this.

BOMBA: What?

CLARICE: If the old ones find out, it's gonna be a real mess. The engagement, the wedding, all off.

DÉBORA: Take it easy Clarice...

CLARICE: Don't you get involved. Get back to your cake, you and the loser.

NINO: I'm always getting in trouble.

CLARICE: If uncle Douglas finds out that the father of his grandson is here at the party, he'll demand he gets married to Julia!

JULIA: Don't worry, Clarice. I won't marry this piece of shit.

GILMAR: Hey! Don't talk about me like that!

CLARICE: It's nothing to do with you, you fool. You're a whore anyway. But your dad would demand it.

JULIA: He can demand what he likes, but I'm not getting married.

BOMBA: Our dad wouldn't make Julia marry the guy that got her into all this trouble.

CLARICE: What do you mean?

NINO: Excuse me, I'll explain. Your dad, Clarice, in spite of being a lawyer, has certain ethical beliefs, and would certainly disapprove of a son-in-law who, before providing him with a much dreamt-of grandson, got his niece pregnant. Is that right, Bomba?

CLARICE: He can't do this! (to Julia) You cow! Did you have to do this just now?

GILMAR: Why don't we go and explain everything to the old ones?

NINO: I don't think so.

DEBORA: Shut up, Nino. It's a serious situation.

NINO: Serious, no. It's funny. Even more so with our raging bull's suggestion... It'll really become a circus then.

*Shouting can be heard coming from the house. Everyone looks over.*

CLARICE: What's all that shouting about?

BOMBA: I think I heard dad's voice.

JULIA: It's my dad now!

DEBORA: And Granny's too, I think. Or is it aunt Célia?

*William, Fabiana, Nívea and Benito run out of the house looking desperate.*

BENITO: Someone call an ambulance, for God's sake!

NIVEA: We need more than one.

NINO: What the hell's going on in there?

WILLIAM: The old ones are all falling over, I think it's food poisoning.

FABIANA: They all look really bad, foaming at the mouth and moaning.

NIVEA (to Clarice): Your dad's throwing up. Right in the middle of the living room.

CLARICE: Oh my God! I'm going in.

DÉBORA: No, don't. You're not a nurse, are you?

CLARICE: They must be in a really bad way.

BOMBA (throws her mobile phone away): This damned thing never works when you need it.

BENITO: Not if you throw it around like that. Has anyone got another mobile? We need to call an ambulance.

FABIANA: My dad's got a special medical scheme, it's a private ambulance number.

DEBORA: (calmly) Maybe we'd better call the police.

NINO: Don't be silly. We've gotta get them to hospital first.

DEBORA: There's no time. There's poison in the cake.

TODOS: Poison?

DÉBORA: Yeah. I poisoned everyone. Parents, uncles and aunts, grandparents. I killed everyone.

*General panic. Everyone swears at Débora and recoils from her. Gilmar springs to her defence.*

GILMAR: (shouts) Hang on! Leave her alone!

BOMBA: She killed my dad!

WILLIAM: Mine too!

GILMAR: We don't know they're dead.

NIVEA: They've stopped moaning. Go and have a look, Benito.

BENITO: And what if they are dead? I don't wanna see a load of corpses.

FABIANA: Coward! I'll go and see!

*Everyone exchanges glances.*

DÉBORA: Waste of time. They're all dead already. Listen to the silence. Finally.

BENITO: Where's Tiago? What about Pedro? And his girlfriend?

NIVEA: Clovis has disappeared as well. Did you kill him too?

DEBORA: I don't think so. The cake was just for the old ones. The young ones must have gone up to the bedroom for some fun and games, I dunno.

NIVEA: The gay boy too?

*Clovis runs out of the house with his trousers open, stained with icing sugar. He carries Tati, who's foaming at the mouth and trembling in a fit.*

CLOVIS: Help! Someone help me!

*Nino and Bomba take Tati and lay her on the ground.*

BENITO: Do your trousers up Clovis.

CLOVIS: (doesn't hear). I knew I shouldn't have sex with a woman, I knew. Shit. Just one drag on a joint and I wanna have sex with everyone.

NINO: You and your brother's girlfriend. What a whore house!

CLOVIS: Pedro and Tiago were upstairs, taking acid or something, I dunno. Or maybe it was just pot. They haven't stopped smoking all day. Me and Tati got quite excited, know what I mean? She went down to the living room, got some cake and rubbed it on my cock. She wanted to suck me off with icing sugar, I suppose. And she did.

NIVEA: How disgusting! With icing sugar?

CLOVIS: It was good, but then she started moaning too much, I didn't know what was wrong. And then she started vomiting.

NINO: You should have stopped!

CLOVIS: Some women come in different ways.

*Fabiana comes running back.*

FABIANA: You bitch! You killed them all!

*Débora smiles calmly.*

DÉBORA: Thank God.

GILMAR: Don't say anything else now. As your lawyer, I...

CLARICE: What do you mean lawyer, Gilmar? You've only just started university.

GILMAR: Excuse me, but I know what I'm talking about.

BOMBA: I should strangle you, you bitch!

FABIANA: I'll help you!

CLOVIS: Oh no. I hate violence.

NINO: (strongly) Hang on! (to Fabiana) Is my mum dead too?

*Fabiana nods her head. Nino lowers his head in despair.*

NINO: (in a low voice) Just explain one thing. Why?

*Debora looks at Nino. Then she looks at each of them in turn.*

DEBORA: It was for the best.

NINO: My mum?

JULIA: And mine? Not even my dad deserved that.

DÉBORA: Your dad was a bastard. And Nino's mum was another psychopath, she never valued anything her son did.

NINO: That's true...

FABIANA: Maybe, but they didn't deserve this.

NIVEA: Has nobody got any pity for their grandparents?

DÉBORA: It was mostly for them that I decided to give this present. A Golden Wedding Anniversary present. So they could die on the happiest day of their lives. (to Julia) But you spoiled everything, Julia!

JULIA: Me? You're mad!

CLOVIS: Just because she poisoned everyone inside and decimated the whole family? I reckon everyone here fancied doing that.

GILMAR: Aren't your parents dead?

CLOVIS: Yeah. But I'm still under the effects of the pot. It's still just a bad dream. The reality will kick in later, I guess. (bangs his forehead) God! When Tiago and Pedro come back round...

GILMAR: Shall I call the police? Or should we choose someone older...?

BOMBA: Who's the oldest here?

DEBORA: Me.

FABIANA: You don't count.

NINO: I'll do it...

BOMBA: You?

NINO: The police like me!

BOMBA: Do what you want. I'm gonna stay by my dad.

FABIANA: Hang on, Bomba. Don't you wanna know why this nutcase did this?

BOMBA: Can there be any possible justification?

*They all exchange glances.*

NINO: Well, I must admit it. Bomba has asked the most intelligent question of the day.

*They all look at Débora, who is involved with preparing a table with some small plates.*

GILMAR: Maybe you'd better try and just explain, Débora.

JULIA: Look who's talking.

DÉBORA: I've got nothing to say. I just think Granny and Grandad deserved to die on the happiest day of their lives. That's all.

CLARICE: And what have our parents got to do with this?

DÉBORA: Granny was really involved with her children. I think they would all really have liked to go off together. Like one of your dad's excursions to Orlando.

FABIANA: That doesn't make sense!

NIVEA: Sorry to interfere, but it does make sense. It's 'cos you're not a mother. The day you have your kid you'll want to stay with him to the end.

CLARICE: (crying) I'm gonna miss my mum!

FABIANA: (crying) And my dad!

GILMAR: Let's try and stay calm. Has anyone called the police yet?

BENITO: Not yet. Everyone's still screwed up.

DEBORA: You know what you need? A nice cup of tea and a piece of cake.

*She opens the fridge and takes out a smaller cake.*

DEBORA: Here you go. I made it especially for you.

CLARICE: You must be mad if you think I'm gonna eat...

DÉBORA (drily): You will do. I'm telling you to.

*They all exchange glances.*

DEBORA: I'm fed up with this spoilt, selfish, insensitive, arrogant family. That's enough! I decided to deal with it once and for all.

JULIA: If nobody calls the police now I'm gonna scream. (screams) Help! Help!

*Débora calmly slaps Julia in the face, and she stops screaming.*

DEBORA: That's better. We can do without your hysterical screaming. (she goes back to the cake and puts some pieces on the small plates). And there's something else Julinha. Think about this. What type of people are we gonna bring into this world? More like this? For God's sake. Aren't there enough bad examples?

GILMAR: The baby might take after me.

*Débora just looks and laughs.*

DÉBORA: People just don't see, do they? This unexpected baby messed up the surprise. I didn't want Granny to die unhappy.

*Débora serves up the small plates to everyone.*

DÉBORA: Tuck in.

*Everyone stares at each other, paralysed.*

DÉBORA: (shouts aggressively) Eat up!

*They all start to eat. Débora looks around and smiles.*

DÉBORA: It's better like this.

*Clarice starts to get sick. Benito too.*

DÉBORA: Don't stop anyone! Eat up! Have another piece. Lick the plates clean. Come on!

*The others continue eating. Fabiana falls over in a fit. The lights go down.*

**THE END**