

DON

- Oi. I can't talk right now. Got to get to work. Because it's time to get to work. No, I can't text you. No Calls. No texts. No photos of Any Kind. And none of that annoying vibratin'. Who's the lonely wanker who come up with the idea that vibratin' is silent?

HARRY

- You ever hear the saying; No matter how far down the wrong road you've gone, turn back? Selling off inventory is only going to prolong the inevitable. But tell me, Charlie, is manufacturing shoes really what you had your cap set on? If my life was nothing more than shoes, you'd find me swinging by my tie from a steam pipe. My Guitar, my mates, and music are my escape. It ain't perfect, but it's what I got.

LOLA

- Ladies and gentlemen, and those who have yet to make up their minds? I invite you look around. You may see something you want. Did you catch that? I just make a man disappear with one wink. What a Shame. My girls so wanted to meet him. Isn't that right? Don't worry, you're perfectly safe. My Girls are harmless. But then again, this is live theater. So you never know.

LAUREN

- We don't make shoes that anyone wants. Over at the Whitcomb factory: They noted the lack of all-weather hiking shoes. So they started making all-weather hiking shoes and saved the factory. Toby's has started making sandals. All the sods who survived went out looking for an under-served niche market and aimed to fill the void. They didn't sit up in their offices whining, "What else can I do?"

NICOLA

- You yourself told me that he had a plan. Remember? Well, this was it. The contracts were almost done when he passed. We can show you the papers. Richard came to me first lest you think your father doubted you could run the business. But, don't look so down. This is all good news. The deal Richard's put together will rid you of the factory, settle your family's debts and insure our future with a career-defining selling opportunity. We even get a model flat, rent free, while we're selling.

CHARLIE

- Hello.... Lola. Guess who again. We're on our way to the airport but there's a monumental hole where you should be. Which is no surprise. Whenever you leave a room, there's always a great big gaping gap. Just how life with you is. Anyway, I want you to know that I don't blame you for blame you for being angry. The way I shot off my yap, I'd walk out on myself if I could. Leave it to me to finally find my passion and use it to hurt someone I love. But forget me. Forget the boots and business. What I wanted to say was; if anyone ever tries to tell you you're something less than a man, you have them see me. If being a man means being brave enough to take on the entire world then you're the only man I've ever known. Certainly the best. You challenged Don to change his mind, but I'm the one who really needed that lesson. So, this is Charlie from Northampton telling Simon from Clacton he's so terribly sorry. Goodbye, Lola. And thank you.