

ANNEXE 3



**SCENE -**

**Hospital room with a single bed with a screen to the side. A chair next to a small locker on which is placed a jug of water, tissues and a flower vase. 'M' is led onto the stage by a nurse; she is continuously coughing.**

I've got cancer.  
I have.  
Bloody cancer  
And I know exactly when I got it-  
eating a jam cream sponge cake  
with my daughter's boyfriend.  
I suppose you'll think I'm daft  
Me calling him her boyfriend  
what with him being gay!  
But he is,  
he's her boyfriend  
and for me he's like a second son.  
I was over at their place.  
They live together.  
Not together like,  
But you know, together.  
I was eating this jam cream sponge cake-  
It was my first for months  
I'd been dieting  
Getting ready for her coming home.  
I was born big – me .  
Big!  
Always was.  
Take the time like I tried to join the  
'Sally Army' now you'll not believe this.  
They wouldn't let me in  
Because my legs were too big for the boots.  
Christianity my big toe.  
Hi get it?  
Big toe, big foot, big leg,  
Oh never mind



I'd lost two stone  
thought I was a bloody miracle -  
when suddenly  
I get this massive pain  
and wow cancer.  
Think of all those cream cakes  
I could have eaten.  
Now I'm here, two parts dead.  
Going over me life  
like you do,  
like you all will,  
given the chance.



Not like poor Malcolm-  
No cancer for him-  
Just a bloody racist  
With a gun.  
But for me-  
it's a long drawn out death.  
And you'd be amazed  
how those memories  
come flooding back.