

Hazel Monologue

HAZEL. Long? Long, I'm sixty-seven that's / not *long*

~~ROSE. The people working there now are in their twenties and thirties, they have young families, / it's not~~

HAZEL. Look it's, what you don't—is I come from a line of very long-living women. My granny was a hundred and three when she died peacefully in her sleep, not bleeding from her gums not hair falling out nausea bloody vomit diarrhea not leukaemia, / ~~body riddled with~~

~~ROSE. The effects of the radiation could take twenty years to affect us by which time we'll be~~

~~HAZEL. By which time we'll be dead anyway?~~

~~ROSE. Probably, yes. Or dying.~~

HAZEL. I AM NOT OLD.

~~ROBIN. You must have known, what you're saying, what you're asking~~

HAZEL. She is saying you are past your sell-by date, you are dispensable, shrivelled-up cannon fodder, this bloody COUNTRY. I should've lived in the Mediterranean! I could have sat under an olive grove until I was a hundred and twenty like a pickled walnut, I would've been respected, they would have called me Gerondissa, my age would have been a badge a badge of honour, / not