

HAZEL SIDE #1

HAZEL. Probably why she was drawn to them, / would you like some tea?

ROSE. I've always wondered about things like that, (thank you, love one) if there's a study or something, that charts our relationship to the things we're drawn to, as children, and how that changes as we grow up. I mean for instance does Lauren have a husband or partner?

HAZEL. Yes.

ROSE. Oh great. Great, no that's great. And so then does her husband or partner / have a

HAZEL. She's clean-shaven.

ROSE. She's clean-shaven is she? Well there you go, no correlation! I mean, an inverse correlation. Of course you'd have to test a much wider sample than just Lauren.

HAZEL. Rose.

ROSE. Yes?

Pause.

START

HAZEL. I'm growing a beard you know.

This morning - I found two hairs on my chin and I looked at them, for a good minute, and I tried to convince myself this was *alright*, it's natural, it's chemical, it's your age, you know?

*She takes an apple from the fruit bowl, begins to polish it on her top or a tea towel.*

just oestrogen declining.

Because you know I don't hold with people our age trying to look twenty-two, because you see these women don't you, in the paper, looking like stretched eggs, trying to hide it when all it's doing is shouting it out loud isn't it, 'I'm old and I'm frightened of it!' I mean and because I'm *not* frightened of it so so so but then I thought no. No because this is how it starts isn't it, the slow descent into the coffin it starts with

two black hairs on your chin that you let run wild one day and you don't even know it but right there, in that moment, you've lost, you've lowered your defences and the enemy's *got* in hasn't it yes so I went at these hairs I went at them ruthlessly with a pair of tweezers and I can't describe to you the sense of triumph.

HAZEL. *puts the apple on the table.*

*It rolls down the table away from her.*

ROSE. *catches the apple, returns it to the bowl.*

ROSE. Grandchildren?

HAZEL. What?

ROSE. Do you have grandchildren?

Pause.

HAZEL. Oh. Yes. Yes. / Rose

ROSE. Hazel a granny that's insane! I can't / believe it!

HAZEL. Rose I'm sorry. I feel a bit. I might have a glass of water

ROSE. I'll get it.

HAZEL. No, it's fine, I'll -

ROSE. *finds a glass in the first cupboard she opens.*

HAZEL. *watches her.*

ROSE. I guess you're not using the tap?

HAZEL. No. There's clean water / in the

ROSE. Oh yes.

ROSE. *fills the glass from a large plastic container and gives her the water.*

HAZEL. *takes it and looks at it for a beat before drinking.*

How many?

HAZEL. *chokes slightly on her water.*

Sorry, go ahead.