



THE GRANNY PROJECT

By Anne Fine

The play takes place in a large, untidy family kitchen and living area. On one side, stools surround a table in front of the oven, sink and fridge. On the other, two tatty armchairs and a few floor cushions are grouped around a television. There are several doors off. The table is set for four, with sausages and mashed potatoes already cooling on the plates. Nicholas comes in, eyeing one of the closed doors uneasily. He hushes the audience chatter with a damping down gesture of two spread hands.

NICHOLAS

Sssh. Sssh! You'll have to be quiet, all of you. It's very important. My gran's in there, behind that door, and she needs absolute quiet. She's busy. She's dying. For all I know, she could be dead already.

He takes a plastic toy soldier off the table and starts twisting its arms and legs around nervously.

It's been going on for a week now, her dying. Everyone's worn out. Mum and Dad especially. They've been taking turns to sit up with her every night since Monday. Dad's got huge bags under his eyes. Mum looks grey.

He puts the toy down and faces the audience squarely.

It's all my brother Ivan's fault. But Tanya's always saying spiteful things. Sophie — she's my other sister — she tries to shut Tanya up, but... oh, this is hopeless. This is no way to explain. I'll have to go right back to the beginning and tell you how it happened from the very start, weeks and weeks ago, the day the doctor first came round to our house to fill in the forms.