

Hospital Food by Eugene O'Hare

This play is set in a children's cancer ward. All the patients are teenagers with varying stages of cancer. In this scene JOSH is trying to convince his friend GUS not to give up treatment.

JOSH:

You know my dad only learnt how to use the internet because I was diagnosed. He was prehistoric before that. But once he typed in Google, well - he was gone, tearing through cyberspace like a thing possessed. He musta typed in the word cancer a million times. That and big tits. He's definitely typed in big tits. When he does his two daily visits to me I wonder if one visit's for me and the other one's for him to get a perve at Nurse Barbra's double G's.

But mainly he went all Google crazy because he refused - refused to believe - that a hospital was the only place I could be cured, you know? That there was something out there - some miracle - somewhere - out there. Maybe it was hiding in a Brazilian monastery or the Chinese had it. Yeah what was it? - Chinese pearl barley - he was buying that up in bulk. Selenium tablets, powdered grass. I think he even mentioned a coffee enema at one point - I nearly decked him. Then came the conspiracy theories - how all the big pharmas were suppressing a cure. Well, that went on for a couple a months. Eventually he calmed down a bit though. Learned to... breathe a bit, you know? And let them get on with it. Let me get on with it.

I'm saying it cos... you know...?

They do go a bit mental too... dads, mums. Sometimes at the start they're calm. Doesn't faze them almost. Cos he's not gonna die from it - my Josh? Out of the question Doctor Jones - my Josh? Mine?

Some go mental at the start and then calm towards the end. Others, well, it's the other way round - or they go up and down or who knows what way - different people - different ways.

But they all go a bit mental at some point. Hardly blame them. They feel it inside as well. Just not near as much as we do... but they want to - they want to feel it - what we feel. All of it. They want to feel the same and share it. All the pain, the fear. And carry some of it, like, with you. Together. With you. You know?