

Lights go down and come back up on Helen who walks on stage into her kitchen and starts to chop vegetables. She addresses audience.

HELEN

Before you have children you have romanticised ideas of what motherhood is like. You imagine beautiful little babies, chubby toddlers and sweet, well behaved children. You expect moody teenagers, maybe a gothic phase or two, lots of black eye-liner and the odd facial piercing but nothing you can't handle. Then you have the kids. The sleep deprivation hits you like a sledgehammer with your baby, the chubby toddler throws monster tantrums and the moody teenager insults you, has an unhealthy relationship with food and watches TV all day. But you love them deeply the whole time. You cherish and adore them. You see all their good and no matter how appalling the phase they're yours and you would die to protect them. Then they become adults and all the rules need to be rewritten. The relationship you thought you had with them becomes something else. You can see the full blooming of the deficiencies you planted. You can see your own imperfections mirrored back at you through these stumbling, flawed adults. Clive and I know we should have handled things differently with Roz after our beautiful little Karen died. We were only trying to protect her. We thought we were doing our best. We were wrong.