

**CHARACTER:** Chris (f) - around 50

**DESCRIPTION:** You want Chris at your party. She will talk to people she doesn't know, find things to say to fill silences and generate laughter. Without Chris in her life, Annie would be better behaved, her life less fun. The two of them are like naughty schoolgirls. Ideal car – who cares, as long as it's a cabriolet. Ideal holiday – Algarve.

**Chris:** HOLD ON. HOLD ON A MINUTE WITH YOUR BLOODY BUZZER. *(She takes the stand)* Sorry but the OTHER delegate for Knapeley's got something to say and she's about to commit heresy. *(Loudly)* I HATE plum jam. I only joined the WI because it made my mother-in-law happy. End of story. *(Counting on her fingers)* I'm crap at cake, I hate knitting – and in fact seeing it's unlikely George Clooney would ever come to Knapeley to give a talk on his collection of slightly-too-small swimming trunks, there seems very little reason for me to STAY in the WI. *Except* – SUDDENLY I want to raise money in memory of a man we all loved. And to do that I'm prepared to take my clothes off on a calendar. *(Beat)* And if you guys don't agree then I'm going to do it without council approval because FRANKLY, guys, some things are bigger than council approval. And FRANKLY if it meant we'd get – *(she gestures a "tiny amount")* – THAT-T much closer to killing off this shitty, cheating, sly, conniving, silent bloody disease that cancer is then God, I tell y', I would run round Skipton market smeared in plum jam with a knitted tea cosy on my head singing *Jerusalem*.