

Looks at his finger.

Come on. Move. Now. Come on.

Slight flicker of light. Nothing happens. He tries again and he gets a jolt. The lights flicker again and he screams in pain. His head aches. He falls out of his mind palace and re-enters the world of the ward. Sandhu is playing his ipad again without headphones. It's Mrs Brown's Boys. He fights it, he pushes back. He re-enters his mind palace.

The intensity of pain increases. He is left grabbing at the air. His pain is intense. Images flash on the Walls. They're scratched. Disappearing from sight. He grabs at the images.

Don't go. Come back.

The soundscape of his life is replayed, rejigged. It's like a badly scratched vinyl. He stands up, he climbs up against the torrent and shouts at the void. Wind batters him. Then darkness. Pitch black darkness. The images are fading, melted, scratched on the wall. His Mind Palace has broken down.

MUM

THE MAN: Not again. Hello? Can anyone hear me? Hello? Come on, if you're going to kill me can you do it properly and stop fucking about?

MUM: Oi! Language.

Mum appears dressed as a fancy dress angel.

THE MAN: Mum?

MUM: Who do you think it is, the Queen of Sheba?

THE MAN: You haven't changed.

MUM: You think? I thought the wings looked good.

THE MAN: About that...

MUM:don't ask me sunshine, this is your head we're in.

They pause. They hug for what seems an emotional eternity.

MUM: Stop it, you'll make my make up run.

THE MAN: So what've you been up to?

MUM: 30 years dead and all you can say is "what've you been up to?"

THE MAN: Well, well, it's a bit of a shock to be honest, Mum. Last time I saw you, you were in bed. Dead.

MUM: Should've tried being in the bed, son. Wasn't too nice from there either. Oh yeah, I suppose you have.

THE MAN: Yeah.

MUM: Yeah

THE MAN: Right. What's all this about then?

MUM: Well, in my mind, which in fact is actually your mind, telling you what this is through the visage of your dead Mother, the only thing I can think of is either you are dead or dying. Again.

THE MAN: And you're here to tell me?

MUM: I guess. And you've dressed me as an angel to bestow this revelation. Oh and you've recreated me as I was in the 1980's. Why?

THE MAN: Well, the 1990's was a bit harsh, Mum. You know, with the stroke and everything. I guess I prefer to remember you as someone who could talk properly and not as the angry and devastated woman you became.

MUM: Harsh, but fair. *She pulls out a cigarette.* Don't mind if I have a fag do you?

THE MAN: Not like you can die again.

Lights cigarette. They both sit next to each other.

MUM: We're a couple of silly buggers, aren't we?

THE MAN: You said it.

The man takes the packet of cigarettes and goes to light one.

MUM: Eh. Excuse me. What the bloody hell do you think you're doing?

THE MAN: Having a fag.

MUM: Not with me you're not. Filthy habit.

THE MAN: Mum!

MUM: Don't "Mum" me. I know we're in your head but you're not smoking that in front of me.

THE MAN sheepishly puts the cigarette back into the pack. Mum takes a long drag of the cigarette and walks over.

MUM: So what do you actually think this is?

THE MAN: I don't know. Everything's broken. It's stuck. I'm stuck.

The man approaches his 'memory wall' and can't move the images or videos. They're fractured, warped and stuck.

MUM: Hmmmm. Got it! I wore this outfit to a Christmas Party at your Dad's workplace. You didn't want me to leave and you cried and cried and cried.

THE MAN: Did I?

MUM: Yeah. You were shouting, "Don't go Mummy, Don't go Mummy". Your Gran was pushing me out of the door saying I should go and enjoy myself and you were shouting "Don't go!". It broke my heart that night. So much so that I ended up coming home early. I left your Dad necking pints at the bar with his workmates.

THE MAN: I don't remember.

Mum takes another long drag and motions to the wall where an image of Mum wearing her angel outfit has just appeared.

MUM: Obviously you do.

THE MAN: Right. Yeah, and you came home and lay down in my bed and put your arms around me tight. Yeah, I do. Mum, I'm scared. I don't know what to do. I'm lost.

MUM: Only when we are lost can we be found, kiddo. Look, you're pretty much the same age as me when I died. I didn't have much of a choice in the matter either but you are not dead yet. Only when that bolt of lightning hits you and you breathe your last breath can you pack up your bags and give up. I see a middle aged, exciting, if a little damaged man who just needs a good shave and a bit of sorting out. You've still got a lot of life to live, but only if you want it. There's only one person who can do that.

THE MAN: Me.

MUM: No, Father Christmas. Of course, you!

They smile and embrace once again.

THE MAN: Thanks Mum.

Mum walks up to the memory wall. Stops. Bangs the wall and everything starts to whizz around.

MUM: I was always the technical one. Your Dad was rubbish with this stuff.

THE MAN: Should see him now, he's got a mobile phone.

MUM: Wow. See? Miracles do happen. *She takes one last drag, throws the cigarette on the floor and stubs it out.* Right, time to go. Bye kiddo. Love you.

THE MAN: Mum, you're not going now are you? Mum? Mum? Mum!

The photo wall keeps whizzing and whizzing faster and faster. The lights (synapses) are flickering again, as before. He stumbles, his 'legs' are like treacle and he falls in his bed.