SCENE 1
Neil and Dave are at work painting a house
Dave:
Pass us another tin of that paint, Neil?
Neil:
What time we gotta finish this by? I thought Mr Bachman wanted us on that big house job?
Dave:
Nah. He changed his mind. I think Larry and Geoff are doing it. This must be the worst colour paint I've ever seen. What's it called?
Neil:
Vomit, I think.
Dave:
So anyway Neil, how'd it go with your advisor.
Neil:
It was good. I spoke to a young lady called Ella. She was very nice and explained everything. She thinks I might be dyslexic.
Dave:
Might be? Blimey mate, my kid spells better than you and he's only six.
Neil:
It's not just the spelling, is it? That's one of the things. It's my lack of concentration.
Dave:
Your what?
Neil:
Lack of concentration.
Dave:
What were we talking about now?
Neil:
Ha. Ha. Very droll. It's no laughing matter this. If this had been sorted at school, I wouldn't be in this crappy job standing here listening to your pathetic attempts at humour.
Dave:
Whoooo. Get you. Everything's a subject of humour Neil. House rules, you know that!
Neil:
Anyway, she thought I could get something called a DSA.
Dave:
A DSA, what's that some sort of allowance?
Neil:
That's exactly what it is.
Dave:
So, what? They give you money to be dyslexic?

**Neil:**
You can get all sorts of help. But there's a catch 22. You need to get assessed first.

**Dave:**
Well, that's not gonna be a problem is it?

**Neil:**
Probably not. But it can take a couple of months. I'll be miles behind by then. I think the best thing for me is to drop out, and maybe think about doing something once I've got this problem sorted.

**SCENE 2**
Soft music in the background

**Cheryl:**
Well thanks for that meal, Katie. That was nice.

**Katie:**
No, thanks to you. I really needed your help with that essay. I don't know how I'd cope without you. Anyway, you never told me about your night of passion with Tim.

**Cheryl:**
Night of passion? Not. All he did was talk about work. He wants me to apply for a senior admin post.

**Katie:**
So, it wasn't a date?

**Cheryl:**
It was more like a job interview. I don't think he even noticed that I'd got all dressed up for him.

**Katie:**
Oh no! How embarrassing.

**Cheryl:**
Not really. Anyway, I'm getting a promotion, but it was weird. He started showing me pictures of his two kids. How's it going with the course now? What are you learning about?

**Katie:**
Well, I've been reading about rubbish.

**Cheryl:**
Rubbish! That sounds interesting.

**Katie:**
Actually it is. Do you know we hardly ever think about rubbish. It's kind of all around us, but we try to keep it out of sight.

**Cheryl:**
For a good reason. It's dirty and smelly.

**Katie:**
Do you think we ought to hide it away, then?

**Cheryl:**
Yes, of course.

**Katie:**
See, that's what's known as a normative statement.

**Cheryl:**
A what?
Katie:
A normative statement. It's when we talk about what ought to be done. When we talk about what has been done it's descriptive language.

Cheryl:
Right, you're losing me now. What's that got to do with rubbish?

Katie:
Well, when we say rubbish ought to be out of sight, that's not the same as saying that rubbish is out of sight.

Cheryl:
Well, rubbish isn't out of sight. It's all over the street. Especially round here.

Katie:
That's the point though. It shouldn't be, should it? Do you know, we throw away nearly 30 million tonnes of rubbish a year?

Cheryl:
What, each of us?

Katie:
No, between us. In the UK. That's a lot of rubbish.

Cheryl:
But there's a lot of people here.

Katie:
Yes, but they don't have to create that amount of rubbish. It's all to do with mass consumption. You don't help by buying a new pair of shoes every week!

Cheryl:
I don't!

Katie:
When was the last pair you bought.

Cheryl:
Last Saturday, but that was because I had a date. I couldn't go in mismatching shoes, could I?

SCENE 3
Sounds of a meal

Ted:
Pass the potatoes.

Donna:
Here you are. Isn't it odd without Luke here?

Ted:
Well, it's quieter. That loud rock music he was always playing nearly drove me deaf.

Donna:
Avenged Sevenfold I think they were called.

Ted:
Racket tenfold more like.

Donna:
Ted, I was talking to this student the other day.

Ted:
Oh yeah.

Donna:
Do you remember the problem we had with Luke and his dyslexia?
Ted: Well they call it dyslexia.
Donna: What's that mean?
Ted: Nothing. I just think some people get called dyslexic to cover up their laziness.
Donna: Like Luke, you mean?
Ted: I'm not saying all that extra help didn't work, but let's be honest, he never really applied himself, did he? Not like Lucy. She worked really hard and got her rewards.
Donna: Luke worked hard. It had nothing to do with hard work. He was diagnosed dyslexic.
Ted: I know. And so, I suppose he must be. I just think it's odd that neither Lucy nor Louise had the same problem.
Donna: Really, Ted! It wasn't his fault.
Ted: Okay, okay. So what's brought this on?
Donna: I'm pretty sure Neil is dyslexic. His symptoms are just like Luke's.
Ted: Who the hell is Neil?
Donna: Don't you remember? I told you he was the young man I met at the tutorial.
Ted: You didn't tell me you were going to tutorials to meet young men.
Donna: Why, you're not jealous are you?
Ted: Of course not. Nobody's going to run off with you, are they?
Donna: (indignantly) Well, thank you.
Ted: I didn't mean they wouldn't, I just meant you were a bit old for that sort of nonsense.
Donna: You are so mean sometimes.
Ted: I'm just saying, that's all. Look, Top Gear's on in a moment, how about a cuppa.
Donna: I was just worried that Neil could have the same as Luke.
Ted: Well, what if he does? It really isn't any of your business, is it?
Donna: Oh, go and watch that stupid car programme. I've got studying to do.
Ted:
And?
**Donna:**
And, what?
**Ted:**
That cuppa?
**Donna:**
Make your own bloody tea!

**SCENE 4**
Street sounds, Dave and Neil are having chips after the pub.

**Neil:**
Can I have your cod?
**Dave:**
No!
**Neil:**
But you took the last piece.
**Dave:**
You should have had that saveloy.
**Neil:**
You know I don't like saveloys.
**Dave:**
How am I supposed to know that?
**Neil:**
'Cos I told you.
**Dave:**
When did you tell me that?
**Neil:**
I don't know. Sometime. Probably the same time I told you I preferred cod.
**Dave:**
I don't know if you're dyslexic, but you have certainly got selective memory. So, you gonna get assessed or not?
**Neil:**
I reckon I will. Mind you, mate, it doesn't sound like a doddle.
**Dave:**
She told you what you'd have to do, did she?
**Neil:**
Well, not all of it. There's these psychometric tests.
**Dave:**
What are they?
**Neil:**
A bit like an IQ test, except she said they weren't IQ tests.
**Dave:**
Just as well in your case.
**Neil:**
She said dyslexic people could have very high IQs.
**Dave:**
Oh yeah! And the evidence for this is?
**Neil:**
Well, they think Albert Einstein was dyslexic, and Leonardo da Vinci. And John Lennon!

**Dave:**
No way was John Lennon dyslexic. I don't know about the other two though, I haven't got any of their albums.

**Neil:**
I think they might have been in The Quarrymen, his first band before he teamed up with that Ringo and Paul and George.

**Dave:**
What time is it?

**Neil:**
Why?

**Dave:**
I was just thinking we might pop into The Vaults, they'll still be open.

**Neil:**
But, we've just had chips.

**Dave:**
Come on. Just one. I'll buy you a pint to make up for eating the last bit of cod.

**Neil:**
Oh, alright then. But just one.

**Dave:**
So who else was dyslexic?

**Neil:**
Tom Cruise, the bloke who played The Fonz, erm, Steven Spielberg...