



Living with Disability

Ann's story Scene 2

ANGUS:

Aye, now. That's more like it!

ZOE:

Grandad!

ANGUS:

This is what I call proper TV!

ZOE:

Grandad, could you turn it down!

BOB:

Angus, can I get the remote?

ZOE:

Grandad, could you turn the telly down? I'm trying to do my homework!

ANGUS:

All the local news.

ZOE:

Grandad, it's important! Dad, can you make him turn it down?

BOB:

Just a minute, Zoë, it's the football.

ZOE:

Mum, they won't let me do my homework!

BOB:

Just a minute, Zoë! Angus! Can I get the remote? The football's on!

ANN:

Zoë, just go up to your room and do it.

ANGUS:

What?

BOB:

Will you give me the remote?

ZOE:

Why's it always me that has to move? Why can't he go up to HIS room?

ANN:

Zoë, have some respect for your Grandad.

ZOE:

Daft old bugger.

ANN:

Zoë, that's enough! Go to your room NOW!

ZOE:

Don't worry! I'm going!

ANN:

Are you going to let her speak to her Grandad like that?

BOB:

You stop her! He's your father!

ANN:

Bob, I could do with a wee bit of cooperation around here! It's not easy with Dad!

BOB:

Angus, will you give me the bloody remote?

ANGUS:

I'm watching this. You can have it when this programme's over!

BOB:

For God's sake Angus, it's Rangers Celtic! You're, you're just being stubborn for the sake of it!

ANGUS:

Look here, you. It's my house, it's my TV, it's my remote. As long as you stay under my roof, you'll watch what I want to watch. And if you don't like it you can, you can get out and pay for your own lodgings.

BOB:

For Christ's sake! Ann, do you have to do that now?

ANN:

Oh, it'll only take a minute!

ANGUS:

Annie! I cannae hear the television!

ANN:

Oh for goodness' sake, I'm going to be two minutes, when else do I get a chance to do it?

BOB:

I've had enough of this; I'm going to Stuart's, all right?

ANGUS:

Can I have a wee cup of tea? Can I?

ANN:

Dad, I'll get you one in a minute! For goodness' sake, just let me finish this off!

ANGUS:

But I need a wee cup of tea!

ANN:

Oh. Hi Cheryl!

CHERYL:

Ann! How are you?

ANN:

All right. Sorry I'm so late! I thought I'd never get out!

CHERYL:

Well, you're here now! Here, have a drink!

ANN:

Oh brilliant. That's just what I need to calm down. Sorry. Cheers!

CHERYL:

Cheers!

ANN:

Ahh. Oh, that is better. So how's it all going?

CHERYL:

Oh me? I'm doing great. Busy at work, expanding you know, missing you, though. Oh, we had some fun, didn't we?

ANN:

Aye, we did.

CHERYL:

You know, they'd give you your old job back in a shot.

ANN:

Ah. It's really lovely to hear that. I wish I could. It would be like a holiday.

CHERYL:

Well, why don't you? I mean, it sounds like just what you need.

ANN:

Oh, I'm all right. It's just, going through a bit of a bad patch at the moment you know.

CHERYL:

But seriously though, what's stopping you?

ANN:

A promise that I made to my Mum.

CHERYL:

Oh, pet. Your Mum, she was lovely but she wouldn't have wanted you to ruin your life.

ANN:

I'm not ruining my life, Cheryl! I'm just looking after my family.

CHERYL:

Hey, Ann, I am on your side! I know you promised your Mum you'd look after your Dad. And that's great. But you are knackered.

ANN:

I know, look I'm sorry, Cheryl. I really didn't mean to snap at you.

CHERYL:

I'm your mate, that's what mates are for. I know it's not easy being a carer.

ANN:

I'm not a 'carer'! It's just Dad, Bob and Zoë. And don't forget we do live for free in Dad's house. That's worth quite a lot you know.

CHERYL:

So what do you do for them?

ANN:

Oh, you know. The usual family stuff. Cheryl, this is really boring, can we talk about something else?

CHERYL:

Will you just humour me, yeah?

ANN:

You know! Cooking, cleaning, things like that. You know, my Dad's not too mobile, so just help him up and down the stairs. Washing. Dressing. Toilet.

CHERYL:

Hmm, that's an awful lot, pet.

ANN:

Aye, but he's my Dad. I love him.

CHERYL:

Seriously, Ann, I'd say you were a full time carer.

ANN:

A full-time wife and mother. Like a lot of other women who don't make a big deal out of it, OK? Now can we change the subject? I came out for a good time tonight.

CHERYL:

Right, you're on. Hey, look, get a load of that fellow over there. In with a chance, I reckon.

ANN:

Cheryl, will you behave yourself? I'm a respectable married woman!

CHERYL:

So am I! But I'm still allowed to window shop!

ANN:

Oh, you're terrible! Now go and get me another drink!