



Living with Disability

Ann's story Scene 3

ANGUS:

Gimme the cloth, Ann! I can, I can do it myself!

ANN:

Dad, it's just easier if I do it. Now, is the water warm enough?

ANGUS:

Aye, fine. Slow down! You're being too rough.

ANN:

Sorry, but I need to get you ready. You know it's a special night for me and Bob.

ANGUS:

I know you; you want me out of the way.

ANN:

Don't start, Dad, please.

ANGUS:

Ow! You're hurting me!

ZOE:

Mum, are you in here ... oops! Sorry!

ANGUS:

Will you get out! I'm getting washed!

ANN:

Zoë! Will you get out this minute! Have you never heard of knocking?

ZOE:

Have you never heard of locking a door?

ZOE:

I'm off to Marie's. Don't wait up.

ANN:

You'll be back by nine o'clock, young lady!

ZOE:

It was a joke. It's a sleepover! Remember?

ANN:

Oh yes. Sorry, darling. Have a good night.

ZOE:

You too. Bye.

ANGUS:

That cheeky wee besom! She, she's turned into a right tearaway.

ANN:

Dad, she's nearly a teenager! Remember what I was like then?

ANGUS:

Aye, but you need to give her a wee bit discipline. We'd never have let you get away with anything like that, the way she carries on.

ANN:

Look, she's changed schools, she's just having a wee bit of a hard time at the moment, she'll settle down. Right, could you put your hand down over there please?

ANGUS:

You're hurting me!

ANN:

Well, I'm sorry.

ANGUS:

Just cos you're angry with Zoë, there's no need to take it out on me.

ANN:

I'm not angry with Zoë but I'm getting angry with you!

ANGUS:

Annie, don't be angry with me! You're all I, you're all I've got!

ANN:

Look, it's a special night for me and Bob, and for once I don't want you to get in the way!

ANGUS:

Oh! Now we have it! I'm in your way. And Bob's cooking up a special meal and the old man's not invited. Sometimes I'd like to be invited to these dos.

ANN:

Oh, for Christ's sake, Dad, it's our anniversary! Do you get that? Our anniversary! We want to be on our own!

ANGUS:

Och, Annie, I don't be, I dinnae want to be in your way Annie you know I don't Annie. Annie give me a smile. You've got a lovely smile. Annie.

ANN:

Right, hurry up and let's get you into your pyjamas.

BOB:

Now, keep your eyes closed! We've got Zoë out for the night. Your Dad is finally settled upstairs. Ta-daaaa!

ANN:

Oh wow! Oh, it looks lovely!

BOB:

Steaks are on.

ANN:

Oh!

BOB:

Glass of champagne, Madam?

ANN:

Oh. Gosh, how much did that set you back?

BOB:

Well we don't get the chance to do it very often do we? Every fifteen years. Now, a wee toast to us.

ANN:

To us.

ANN:

Bob, I'm sorry it's been so..

BOB:

Sssh!

ANN:

Mmm! I'm putting you on cooking duty more often.

BOB:

Oh, I don't believe it!

ANN:

Hang on, Dad!

BOB:

Just leave him for a second!

ANN:

I can't!

BOB:

Drink your champagne.

ANN:

Yes, Dad? Look, sorry, I can't.

BOB:

Happy bloody anniversary!

ANN:

Night Dad! Right. Where is that champagne?

BOB:

Everything we organise, your father puts a spoke in it.

ANN:

Oh for goodness sake, can we talk about this another time?

BOB:

When then? When would you like to talk about this?

ANN:

He just needed some water! Anyway. Cheers.

BOB:

You're knocking that back, aren't you?

ANN:

Oh for God's sake! I'm just trying to enjoy the evening!

BOB:

We can't go on like this. I'm sick of it.

ANN:

He is not going in a home! I'm doing my best, Bob, and I'm really sorry if it's not good enough for you.

BOB:

You're a skivvy! It's all you do! Don't you see that? You've no time for Zoë. You've no time for me. We haven't been on holiday for seven years!

ANN:

Bob, he's old, you've got to make allowances.

BOB:

We make allowances for him all the time! Yeah, fine, yeah, yeah go on!

ANN:

Hang on Dad!

ANN:

Oh for goodness sake – hello?

TEACHER:

Mrs Walker?

ANN:

Speaking.

TEACHER:

Hi, it's Jill McKenzie here, Zoë's teacher. How are you?

ANN:

Oh. Hello.

TEACHER:

Mrs Walker, we're a bit worried about Zoë.

ANN:

Well, look, it's not really a great time, to be honest.

TEACHER:

I'm sorry, but it 's rather serious - Zoë's being very defiant and argumentative in class and if we don't get it sorted out I'm afraid she's heading for suspension. I was just wondering if there's something we're not picking up on – something at home perhaps?

ANN:

Look, it's my wedding anniversary!

TEACHER:

Well, Congratulations! I won't keep you then, I wonder if we could just fix a time for you to come in for a wee chat?

BOB:

Are you coming in to eat this meal or not? Shall I just clear it?

TEACHER:

Hello? Mrs Walker?

ANN:

I'm sorry, but you're all shouting at me! Just leave me alone! It's - too much! I can't deal with any of this any more! Just, just go away!

BOB:

Ann? Ann? I'm sorry, darling. It's OK. Come here. It's OK. It's going to be OK Yeah. It'll be OK.