



Living with Disability

Ann's story Scene 6

ANN:
Hello?

YETUNDE:
Hello, I'm Yetunde,

ANN:
Oh!

YETUNDE:
I'm here to help you.

ANN:
Oh!

YETUNDE:
I'm the care worker.

ANN:
Yeah, right, OK er sorry. Sorry, do you want to come in?

YETUNDE:
Thank you.

ANN:
Sorry, I'm Ann.

YETUNDE:
It's OK.

ANN:
Hmm, right, well, shall I take you up and you can meet my father?

YETUNDE:
Yes please if you can do that for me.

ANN:
Right, OK. Did you find it all right?

YETUNDE:
Yes, thank you.

ANN:
Dad! Dad, we've got, er oh sorry, what was your name again?

YETUNDE:
Yetunde.

ANN:
Yetun – Yetunde is here to see you, Dad.

ANGUS:
Who's she?

ANN:
Well, she's the care worker, she's come to help us, remember? Every morning and every night? Er, Yetunde, this is my father. His name is Mr McFale.

YETUNDE:
OK.

ANGUS:
Call me Angus. I'm sorry I cannae get up to meet you, shake your hand.

YETUNDE:
It's OK, don't worry about that. Don't worry, it's fine.

ANN:
So, Hmm. I don't know. Do you want a rundown of what we do, or how does this work?

YETUNDE:
What do you usually do with him in the morning? You get him dressed, don't you?

ANN:
Aye, well, I start by helping him up – so, well, come on Dad, sit up.

ANGUS:
Aye.

ANN:
Right, and then slide your legs round on to the floor, that's it. Now I'll take your weight – and Yetunde, could you help me here?

YETUNDE:
I'm sorry, I, I can't do that.

ANN:
What?

YETUNDE:
I can't carry his weight. They won't allow it.

ANN:
But that's the whole point, that, that's why I'm getting help, I thought.

YETUNDE:
I'm sorry, please understand this from my point of view; it's Health and Safety. I can wash him here but I can't take his weight and if anything happens I can get into big problem.

ANN:
So if he needs the toilet now and you won't help me?

ANGUS:
I must go to the toilet!

YETUNDE:
If you lift him I can walk with him to the toilet. That's not lifting.

ANN:
Oh, for God's sake, what's the difference?

YETUNDE:

The problem is the low bed. If you tell them they can make it higher for you.

ANN:

But not right this minute when we need it.

ANGUS:

I like my bed!

ANN:

Right, OK. Fine. Right, up we get, Dad. Could you open the door please then?

YETUNDE:

Of course I can do that.

ANN:

Just stay in front of us, right?

YETUNDE:

And that is the toilet there?

ANN:

Yeah, that's right. OK Dad, are you all right? Come on. Steady! Steady!

ANGUS:

I don't want her here!

YETUNDE:

It's OK don't worry! I've seen it all before. You don't have to feel embarrassed.

ANN:

Yeah, Dad, it's OK.

YETUNDE:

Here you are, Angus, one cup of tea with two sugars.

ANGUS:

Thank you, Ye – Ye – er what was your name again?

YETUNDE:

Yetunde. Don't worry, I know it's hard for you to say. I'm used to it.

ANGUS:

This is not my cup!

ANN:

All right, you two? Is everything OK?

ANGUS:

Annie, this is, she's made my tea in the wrong cup!

YETUNDE:

I'm sorry, Angus! I'll get it right next time. I have to go. I'll see you this evening.

ANGUS:

But I always have the blue cup!

ANN:

I'll change it in a minute, Dad. Er, Yetunde, when you come back tonight, could you bring me in a wee bit of shopping?

YETUNDE:

I'm sorry, I'm really rushing, I don't have time to do it.

ANN:

Ah, but I only want, like a ...

YETUNDE:

Maybe tomorrow. I must go now. I'll see you tonight.

ANN:

Well I certainly thought she'd do a bit more than that!

ANGUS:

Send her back, Annie! She, she's not our sort.

BOB:

Are we having any tea?

ANN:

It's on the table. Zoë, dinner's up.

YETUNDE:

OK, well, I'm finished here now, so I'll see you tomorrow morning. Have a good evening.

ANN:

OK thank you.

BOB:

Bye!

ZOE:

I don't like her.

ANN:

You don't even know her, Zoë.

BOB:

I thought she looked great, a breath of fresh air.

ZOE:

I think she's horrible. Weird.

ANN:

She's not weird, but I was looking for more help.

ZOE:

Aye she's weird.

BOB:

Och, you'll get used to her! It's early days!

ANN:

I thought she'd do the windows and maybe give the curtains a wash.

BOB:

For God's sake, you've got two free hours a day you never had before! You could try and be a bit more bloody cheerful about it!

ANN:

Oh aye, two visits from a cleaner who can't wait to get out the door! What do you want me to do, dance in the street?

ZOE:

Don't start, yous two! I hate it!

BOB:

Did you manage to get out?

ANN:

Are you joking! I showed her what we usually do, she told me what she couldn't do, and that was it! I'm more knackered now than usual!

ZOE:

Can we go shopping when she settles in?

ANN:

Aye, I hope so, Zoë, but, you know, two hours isn't that long.

BOB:

But surely any sort of help's better than nothing, isn't it?

ANN:

Aye, well we'll see, we'll see how it all works out.

CHERYL:

Hello, stranger! What brings you to this neck of the woods?

ANN:

I don't know!

CHERYL:

My God, you're shaking like a leaf! Sit down, sweetheart, I'll get you a cup of tea.

ANN:

I'm sorry.

CHERYL:

And you can cut that out! I'm your mate, remember? Now, what is it? Is it Angus? Is he OK?

ANN:

He's fine; Bob's sitting with him.

CHERYL:

Has something happened?

ANN:

Oh, Cheryl, it's awful.

CHERYL:

Oh, Ann! Tell us!

ANN:

Cheryl, I think I'm going mad. It's just all going round and round and it is not making sense.

CHERYL:

Oh, come here! Ann, give us a hug!

ANN:

I just started crying in the doctors.

CHERYL:

Oh, Ann!

ANN:

It just came pouring out of me. I couldn't stop. He's put me on anti-bloody-depressants. And I'm still bloody miserable.

CHERYL:

Oh, baby!

ANN:

I just don't know what's wrong with me. I just feel so hopeless, like I, I cannae do anything to make things better.

CHERYL:

Oh, I know, pet.

ANN:

And I thought I was coping, then they hassled me to get help, and I just gave in, and the bloody help isn't helping ...

CHERYL:

Oh, darling, you're doing your best and that's all anyone can ask.

ANN:

I'm just too young to deal with all this crap. I don't want to be around them any more! I'm just, I'm feeling trapped in my own house ... and, and all the doctor can do is just give me a pill.

CHERYL:

Well, you know, maybe for a short time, it might help?

ANN:

This is my life, Cheryl! The Parkinson's, the dyslexia, Bob's moods, Zoë's hormones, the bloody drudgery, day in and day out - you can't fix all that with a pill!

CHERYL:

You know I've been there myself, don't you?

ANN:

Yeah.

CHERYL:

You know, when my Mum had a stroke, and I was on my own looking after her ... it got so much on top of me I was starting to think about doing something stupid.

ANN:

You?

CHERYL:

And then somebody put us in touch with a support group for carers – pretty much against my will, I must say. And I tell you, it was a lifesaver.

ANN:

Oh Cheryl, I can't be bothered with groups and all that.

CHERYL:

I bet there's one for Parkinson's. Shall I find out for you?

ANN:

Oh, sure, Cheryl, but don't waste your time. It's fine.

CHERYL:

No, no. Listen, I'll just make a couple of calls and we'll see what there is, eh?

ANN:

Yeah. Whatever.