

Listening: Family life

Text: Part 1

Mum: *Hello, Nick. What's this about you having some people over on Friday?*

Nick: *Well, you know Ben and Louis, don't you? Is it OK if they come over?*

Mum: *Of course it's OK. But do they want to stay over?*

Nick: *Don't worry, Mum. They'll just doss down somewhere.*

Mum: *Ah! So they do want to stay?*

Nick: *Um – Tina and Angie might be coming too.*

Mum: *What? Girls?*

Nick: *Yes, those are girls' names, I believe.*

Mum: *But, darling, where will you all sleep?*

Nick: *No problem. We'll just need a few mattresses in my room.*

Mum: *You can't get five people in your room, Nick.*

Nick: *Dom might have to come too.*

Mum: *Dom?*

Nick: *Yeah. You know, Tina's little brother.*

Mum: *Now, just a moment, Nick. Let's get this straight. You want to have four or maybe five people over to stay on Friday?*

Nick: *Look Mum, we'll be staying up really late so we won't actually do much sleeping ...*

Mum: *Well, that's no good. Then you'll be dead tired the next day. And you've got tennis on Saturday.*

Nick: *You haven't understood, Mum. What I mean is, we will 'sleep'. But, you know, not 'sleep together'!*

Mum: *Well, what a relief!*

(Dad enters.)

Dad: *Who's sleeping together? Am I missing something?*

Mum: *(sighing) Nick wants to have about half a dozen people to sleep over on Friday.*

Nick: *(indignantly) Not half a dozen! Five! Can't you count?*

Mum: *OK, OK.*

Nick: *Though I did tell Angie she could bring Emma if she's got nowhere else to go that night.*

Dad: *Nowhere else to go that night! Do these kids live on the street or something?*

Nick: *Dad! They just want to be somewhere where there's a bit of action, that's all.*

Dad: *And this action's got to be here, has it?*

Mum: *Look, Nick, we don't mind sleepovers. But you must promise to clear up afterwards and not leave all the work to us.*

(Roddy comes downstairs.)

Dad: *Who's that young man coming down the stairs. Hello, Stranger. (mock surprise) Oh, it's our son Roddy!*

Roddy: *Very funny, Dad. (opens front door) Well, see you guys.*

Mum: *But, Roddy, where are you going?*

Roddy: *Out.*

Mum: *And when can we expect you back?*

Roddy: *No idea. Not tonight I shouldn't think.*

Mum: *But – where are you staying?*

Roddy: *Dunno. I'll find somewhere.*

Mum: *Roddy! You've spent the past three nights away from home. As you're off to Manchester next week, how about spending a little time at home for a change?*

Roddy: *Yeah, that might be an idea.*

(The front door slams.)

Nick: *You're trying to keep him in, but you want to keep my friends out – is that it?*

Dad: *Oh, come off it, Nick. This is our family home – we're not running a guest house.*

Nick: *Yes, but when Roddy goes to Manchester, his room will be free, won't it? So maybe some of my friends could move in while he's away. What do you think?*

Part 2 (At a holiday cottage)

Mum: *Well, isn't this a sweet little cottage! Just right for a family holiday. What do you think, Anne? Nick? Hey, what's the matter with you two. You look quite pale.*

Anne: *(slowly) I really don't believe it.*

Mum: *Don't believe what?*

Anne: *How could you do this to us?*

Mum: *Do what?*

Anne: *There's no fucking TV!*

Nick: *Yeah. We've looked everywhere. What a dump! (Nick goes out.)*

Mum: *No TV? But is that really so important?*

Anne: *This is unbelievable! How could you do such a bitchy thing to us?*

Mum: *Look, we're on holiday. There'll be lots of other things to do.*

Anne: *Are you completely mad? Urgh! I mean, how can we keep in touch with what's happening?*

Dad: *(outside) For the last time, who's going to help me unload this car?*

Roddy: *(coming in from another room) Don't worry, you two, I've found the TV. Some idiot's put it under the stairs.*

Anne: *Oh, thanks, Roddy. But how do we know it works?*

Roddy: *Should do. There's an aerial and everything.*

Anne: *(weakly) Yeah, but do they have cable here?*

Roddy: *Not sure, but there's definitely TV, I promise, OK?*

Mum: *OK, is everybody happy now? Can we get on with enjoying our holiday? You can help Dad with the car for a start.*

Nick: *(sniffs) Urgh, this place stinks, too!*

Mum: *No, it doesn't, Nick. It's good old sea air. I just opened a window.*

Anne: *Have you seen the bathroom, Mum? It hasn't got a shower, so how the hell am I going to wash my hair?*

Announcer: *A few days later*

Mum: *What's the matter, Nick?*

Nick: *I want to go home, Mum.*

Mum: *Why? Is this really such a terrible holiday? I mean, you told us what a wonderful time you had cycling along the coastal paths. And we've rented DVDs. And you've been swimming. And the beach is lovely.*

Nick: *It isn't that this is a terrible holiday. It's just that I have to get back to London. There's things I have to do there.*

Dad: *It's not things you have to do, is it? It's things you want to do. There is a difference, you know.*

Mum: *What things? When you were still in London, you sat around looking bored all the time.*

Nick: *All I need is a couple of days there. Then I won't be so bloody pissed off about being here.*

Dad: *That's enough of that language! The fact is, we are not letting you travel back to London on your own.*

Nick: *Well, Roddy's going back, isn't he? So if I go back with him, I won't be on my own.*

Dad: *Ah, but Roddy's going to Manchester. He's just changing trains in London. He won't even be there for a night.*

Nick: *OK, so why can't I go home for one night and then catch a train back here?*

Mum: *Because we won't let you stay at home alone, Nick. You're only 14 years old.*

Nick: *(exasperated) Oh God! Why can't you guys trust me?*

Mum: *Possibly because you never switch the lights off in your bedroom. Or because recently you left the house with the front door wide open!*

Anne: *What you guys don't seem to understand –*

(sound of seagulls gets louder)

Nick: *Those fucking birds are driving me mad! (shouting) Shut up!*

Dad: *One more swearword from you, Nick, and I'm deducting from your allowance.*

Anne: *(to Nick)* Thanks! I was going to defend you actually, Nick. But OK, forget it.
Nick: *I don't need to be defended by someone as stupid as you, Anne.*
Anne: *(sarcastically)* Ooh, that really hurt!
Mum: *That's enough, you two. We're taking Roddy to the station now. See you later. And please don't fight.*

Announcer: *Later, Mum and Dad arrive back at the cottage.*
Dad: *Hi, you two. Are you speaking to each other again?*
Nick: *Guess what? We've been into the village to get some things. We thought maybe we'd have a picnic on the beach this evening.*
Anne: *There's some coke in the fridge. Can we take that, Mum?*
Nick: *We'll need a torch for when it gets dark. You never know what could happen.*
Anne: *Oh yeah!*
(They leave.)
Dad: *That's brilliant. One minute it's Ozzie Osbourne, the next it's Enid Blyton!*
Mum: *Now don't make fun of them. You were young once.*

Part 3 (The family is at home again)

Mum: *Hello, Nick. Just what do you think you're doing?*
Nick: *Just popping out. Be back in a minute.*
Dad: *Oh no, you won't.*
Mum: *Nick! It's late. Why aren't you ready for bed?*
Nick: *'Cos I'm starving. I gotta eat something.*
Dad: *Because you didn't eat your supper, that's why.*
Mum: *You can have something from the fridge. Or some cereal.*
Nick: *I don't want cereal. I want a burger.*
Dad: *Well, you can't have a burger. Forget it.*
Nick: *I'll be back in two minutes. I promise.*
Mum: *No, Nick. You're not going to go up to the High Street at this time of night. It's not safe.*
Nick: *(exasperated)* *Oh! The burger place is perfectly safe. Everybody's there at this time.*
Dad: *How do you know? When have you been there at 11pm?*
Nick: *This is pathetic! I can look after myself.*
Mum: *I'm sorry, Nick, but you're not going out. You should have eaten your supper like the rest of us. If you're hungry, you can have some cereal. Now go and get ready for bed. (Nick stands still.) Go on.*
Nick: *(weakly)* *What if I won't?*
(Roddy bursts in.)
Mum: *Oh, hello, Roddy.*
Roddy: *OK, who's got my money?*
Dad: *What?*
Roddy: *The 20 quid I finally got back from Jimmy. It's missing, and I want to know who's stolen it?*
Dad: *What do you mean? Nobody here is going to steal money off you, Roddy.*
Roddy: *Well, give me the cleaner's number then.*
Mum: *Why do you want Conchita's number?*
Roddy: *So I can ask her where she's put it, of course!*
Nick: *Well, I'm off.*
Dad: *You stay right there, Nick.*
Mum: *Look, Roddy, Conchita would never touch any money she found in this house. So there's no way we'll allow you to phone her.*
Roddy: *Who else could it be? The money's not where I left it last night and she was here this morning –*
Mum: *Where did you leave it?*
Roddy: *(as if it's obvious)* *On the floor in the living room.*
Dad: *Hold on, Roddy. Let me get this straight. You left £20 on the living room floor and you're surprised it's not there any more?*

Roddy: *For Christ's sake! I dropped it there last night and went to bed. I knew exactly where it was. And when I looked for it this morning, it was gone – is that so hard to understand?*

Nick: *(laughs, then yawns) OK, I'm starving. I'm off.*

Dad: *(shouts) No!*

Nick: *I'm going.*

Mum: *Nick! Don't you dare walk out of this house!*

Nick: *(weakly) OK, you win.*

(Anne comes in.)

Anne: *Hello. What's going on?*

Roddy: *Anne, have you seen the money I left on the living room floor?*

Anne: *(slowly, teasing) Now let me think, how much money was it?*

Roddy: *Oh, get lost. It was 20 bloody quid and I need it for tomorrow night! My entire social life was based on it. So what am I supposed to do now?*