

## PARAKEETS

by

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Challenge 9 - Due 10/02 at 10am GMT

Open the newspaper, turn on the TV, listen to the radio...  
We are living in terrible times.  
Like... seriously... really quite depressing.  
And if you feel powerless to the forces of the world, then perhaps you think  
that writing about it is potentially the only way you can do something.

So let's do that!  
Let's be idealistic and try to say something.

Find something in the news that's upsetting you and respond to it.  
Maybe you want to write for the people affected, or informing people about  
what is going on? Maybe you have an opinion? And maybe you want to show two  
sides and open up dialogue? Whatever your approach is, say something about  
what is happening right now.

By the way, peeps, there are so many fucks in your plays. Now, I ain't no  
prude, but there is such a thing as overkill.  
So... let's keep it clean today!  
It's so easy using swear words, but we don't want things to be easy, do we?!

Bonus points if you can make this the most moving, heart-wrenching play you  
can.  
Maybe it even makes you cry as you write it...

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MEGAN

I've been back since January you know. About January. You didn't know that? I've missed you. I was in hospital. After it happened I was in a coma for twelve weeks, you believe that. In my flat, I pressed the button in and it clicked, exactly four times, I remember, and it and it went right up. Right into my face and up across my front and side, right across there. A year ago maybe. I can't remember. I raised my left arm up like this and you know. I swear to God, you know that, I'm lucky I put my hand up - it saved my life, saved my eyes. God knows, my whole side was on fire. Scars right down here and here and down the side here. If I'd put my right hand up, I don't think, what if I'd put my right arm up. I can still write, you know, I'm lucky. I can move this one a bit but if it was the other one. Like just a reflex action. Everything was on fire. I was in a coma for twelve weeks, weird eh. Then when I woke up and you've met my daughter right, aye she's doing well she's out in Bali, she finished her nurse training she's doing really well. Her and her boyfriend got married out there. I haven't seen her. I saw the photos.

I'm lying in this bed that hasn't been changed, filthy I mean, and there's this nurse and she's, I think this woman's a bit weird, you know. She's giving me these looks right, and I'm I don't want to be here, seriously, I just wanna go home and I wanna get up an go for a smoke right but I'm attached this drip and I can't move. Shocking like. I'm: stop giving me that look - but I cant say anything, can I, it's bad enough. I was, you move me to the place I was before, why did you move me, and she's.

So I'm back finally. Six months ago. Having murder with the Housing Association. You know them? I went to that social housing meeting. They're trying to evict me you know, I mean it. They're saying, that's what they're saying. I was talking to the new family on the corner and they're lovely you know, they're all right, have you met them? Nice. It's all up and down. The whole area, right?

You walk round and everyone's so bloody miserable, everyone's just miserable. It's the government. I can't believe it right, you seen that. I'm not gonna talk about politics. Have you seen the parakeets? There's parakeets over there, they come over to the area beautiful and blue. They fly over. They're in the trees, you haven't seen them?

It's not so bad. They've done me for the bedroom tax, you know? My son's paying my bedroom tax, that's how. I'm lucky. I don't wanna move out of social housing but they're trying to move me out you know. There's letters. You know when I got back there was a note on the door, I swear to you, a note on the door from the social housing and I just tore it off and threw it down by my feet. How can I move? You see this stick, I wasn't walking then. This is the first time I've made it out this far, aye I'm fine, fine, gonna go down to Costcutters. My son sends me - you know Ocado? I get a hamper on a Friday with a bottle of wine and I drink the wine on Friday night, I like a glass of wine. There's one of a Wednesday too. It's good you know, you should try it. I like my wine on Friday. I thank God I didn't die, you know. I thank God. They came round and they're looking round at

the flat you know, and taking photos and was it safe. I can hardly get around I mean look at me. What can I say. I don't care, I'm not going - they can get on one, tell you that.

Look at this neck brace, serious isn't it? Do you see that, look at that. I mean I'm strong, right? I was lucky. I got through that, and I'll get through this too. I'm blessed, I mean it. I thank God. I really do. I thank God. My hand went up, just like that. I could have been blind right now. I wouldn't be talking to you. You know when the stove went up, I swear, this is totally surreal, I saw the parakeets. It was like parakeets. Blue and green. Can you believe it?

All right. My son's coming up in a week for a few days. He grew up here too you know. I used to know everyone - it's changing, you know, you know that? I might have to go back. My son's paying my bedroom tax. I have these interviews, they take forever. I ask for a glass of water and they won't even give you a glass of water, can you believe it?

I'm not even being funny right, I swear, not even being funny, if I'd met you twenty years ago right - if we'd met twenty years ago...

Anyway good to see you, I'll see you. See if you can see the parakeets, eh.

[END]