

Stories for Lipreading



SUNGLASSES by Peter Dean.

[This text is read aloud at the beginning of this video:]

Welcome to Stories for Lipreading. If you haven't used our website before, we suggest you look at our 'How to Use' page before you begin. We hope you enjoy this story, which is called 'Sunglasses' by Peter Dean. It has been filmed in two episodes. Here is Episode 1.

Sunglasses by Peter Dean. Episode One.

Eunice closed the back door, kicked off her wellies and started to make a mug of tea. Would Sean be home this evening, she wondered, or would he have to work late again? "The garden looks so nice now," she thought. "Primroses are such a lovely yellow." She took a sip of her hot tea. Sean had given her the mug – it said 'Head Gardener'. It was her special mug.

For the past six months, Sean had been working late on Mondays and Thursdays, arriving home after she had gone to bed. He said he was now team leader of a major project. He had clients to entertain. She felt proud her partner was so successful. But, after six months, his working late was getting on her nerves. Sean just wasn't the same. He seemed very secretive and short-tempered. Eunice was at her wits' end.

Her phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Hello, dear. I'll be late tonight; I have to work," Sean said.

"Oh, not again, Sean!"

"Sorry, my love, but I can't get out of it."

Eunice put the phone down. She picked up her mug, and cradled the memories it held. "This has to stop," she thought. She slipped on her shoes and reached for her car keys. She would go to his office and talk to him.

Eunice parked outside the office. She sat in silence for a while, thinking. What would she say to him? Tell him to come home? Or just say she loved him, missed him? She didn't know. She got out of the car and walked into the reception area.

"Could I see Mr Robson, please?"

The man on reception phoned Sean's number but there was no reply. He had already left. She looked at her watch: 6 o'clock. Maybe he was already having dinner with his clients? She drove home, determined to talk to him later.

Much later, she was almost asleep when he came into the bedroom.

"You go to sleep, dear," he whispered as he got undressed and slipped into bed beside her.

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"I missed you, Sean," Eunice said.

"I missed you too," he replied, kissing her forehead.

"Did you have a good evening?" Eunice asked.

"Yes," he yawned. "I'm so tired." Within moments, he started to snore.

At breakfast she said:

"I came to see you last night at the office, but you had already left. Where were you?"

"Out...just out...with people."

"Where did you go?" Eunice asked.

"Here and there. It was boring."

"Don't you think this late working is getting too much?" she asked.

Sean stood up to leave.

"We have to talk...Sean!"

But he was gone.

Sunglasses by Peter Dean. Episode Two.

Later that week she got the same phone call: he must work late; it was unavoidable. He hung up before she could question him. Eunice glared at her phone. How dare he?

She had been mulling over reasons why her partner of thirty-five years had become so hard to reach. Could he be having an affair? Surely she would know – woman's intuition. She couldn't think of any other reason for these late nights unless he was telling the truth: he really was working late. It was time to find out!

Within minutes of the phone call, she set off for the office. Surely he would still be there? Waiting outside for him, she put on her new sunglasses, hoping they would disguise her.

She saw Sean come out. She got out of the car and followed him at a discreet distance. Eventually, he stopped to knock on a door. A Mediterranean-looking woman in a frilly red dress opened the door and let him in. Eunice was appalled.

Running back to the car, she drove home recklessly, cursing, using language she had only heard others use. Arriving home, she stormed into the kitchen where she noticed the special mug Sean had given her. "How could you?" she shouted. She grabbed it and smashed it down, breaking off the handle.

Later that night, she heard Sean arrive home. He opened the bedroom door quietly, but before he could take off his jacket she screamed:

"How could you? I saw you go into that woman's house. I saw you tonight. How could you?"

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She picked up a hairbrush and threw it at him. Sean ducked as the brush hit the mirror behind his head.

“Eunice, STOP!!! What you saw tonight was me going to my language class: I’m learning Portuguese.”

Eunice fell silent.

“The company wants us to relocate to Rio de Janeiro. It’ll be a new job, a new start for us. I was worried that you wouldn’t want to leave your garden here. I didn’t know what you’d say, so I kept it quiet. I’ve been waiting for the right time to tell you.”

“Rio de Janeiro?”

“Yes, Rio de Janeiro.”

Eunice was silent. Then she leapt out of bed and hugged him.

“Do you want to go?” he asked anxiously. “It’ll be superb!”

“Yes,” she laughed. “I’ll get a new sun hat to go with my new sunglasses!”

“That’s my girl,” Sean grinned.

“That’s my man,” Eunice replied bursting into tears of joy, laughing and crying at the same time.

“That’s my man. Yes, that’s my man.”

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