

SATURDAY NIGHT BY GRIFF SCOTT

A living room. Two chairs. On one sits Gramps with a blanket over his knees looking vacantly around him. On the other sits Ryan tapping away at his laptop.

GRAMPS: Ry? What are you doing Ry? Shall we put the telly on?

RYAN: In a bit Gramps; in a bit. I'm just on Facebook updating my status.

GRAMPS: What's Facebook? I thought we could put the telly on.

RYAN: It's well...it's just....well....It's Facebook innit! I'll put the telly on in a bit. Just give me five minutes.

GRAMPS: So it's a book of faces? Like a photograph album?

RYAN: No! (*sighs*). *Turns laptop towards Gramps*) Look!

GRAMPS: Ooooh! She's nice!

RYAN: Behave yourself Gramps you'll do yourself a mischief!

GRAMPS: She'd be worth it though eh? (*they chuckle*)

RYAN: See, all of my friends are here – I've got 722 so far.

GRAMPS: Bloody hell Ryan boy! 722 friends! That's a lot of friends!

RYAN: (*proudly*) I know! I'm going for 800 by the end of the summer I am.

GRAMPS: But how the bloody hell do you manage on your birthday Ry? I mean, you must get an awful lot of birthday cards. Where do you put them?

RYAN: People don't send birthday cards so much these days Gramps. They say happy birthday on Facebook or send a text message.

GRAMPS: What? No birthday cards? That can't be right can it? So how do you have so many friends then? Where the bloody hell do you meet them all?

RYAN: Well some of them I've only met once. Or they might be people who know people who I know see? And then we ask to be each other's friends?

GRAMPS: So you must be out every night seeing all these friends then Ry?

RYAN: Oh well um. No not really. I mean some of them ..most of them...I never see...but that's kind of not the point, because I can see what they're up to from their Facebook page anyway. There's no need to be with your friends all the time cos you kind of are anyway by checking in on Facebook .

GRAMPS: I hate to say this but they don't sound like proper friends Ry. Not proper friends. Not like my Bert and Brenda. I might only have two friends Ry but at least I get a birthday card from them and someone to watch telly with on a Saturday night with a stiff shandy.

RYAN: Oh they are proper friends! Well they're just, well (*hesitates*)....they're Facebook friends. It's just different now Gramps that's all. Just different. (*crossly*) Anyway, if Bert and Brenda are such good friends where the fuck are they tonight then?

GRAMPS: Well, where the bloody hell are your 722 friends tonight then? And don't bloody swear at me! Bloody is one thing but don't you dare say bloody fuck. There's no bloody need for it Ry. No bloody need for fuck is there?

RYAN: (*pause*) I know. Shall we put the telly on and watch a bit of nonsense? As my 722 friends are nowhere to be seen and neither are your 2 mates....we could watch a bit of telly together and to hell with the lot of them!

GRAMPS: (*brightening*) A bit of nonsense yes! Just what we need on a Saturday night boy! A proper bit of nonsense on the telly! Is X Factor on? And is it still the bit where all the rubbish ones come on and make all the judges laugh? I can't stand it when it's just the good ones. I like the ones that can't sing, much better than the good ones that can. The ones that are rubbish are really good!

RYAN: Me too gramps. Me too. Yeah it's still the good rubbish ones.

(Ryan reaches forward to turn the TV on. They fold their arms and stare intently at the television. A short time passes).

GRAMPS: Sorry I got cross Ry

RYAN: Me too Gramps, me too. Friends now though?

GRAMPS: Yes Ry. Friends. Proper friends!