

Mary Lou and Rob Brady Monologue Scripts

Mary Lou:

Oh wow, I've been here in this rehab unit for about four days now, and it feels like I'm never going to get out of here. I will say that it is a little better. When I first started with physical therapy, they just wanted me to sit in a chair. I was so unbalanced that they had to use special supports so I could sit straight in the chair; otherwise I would just fall right over! Now, at least I can sit with some support. Gosh, I'm only 20 years old. I wonder how this could have happened to me. I'm healthy, I eat well, and I exercise. Thank goodness, at least I can think and speak. But I can't do anything for myself. I can't even sit up on my own. I want to finish college, but how will I get around to go to classes? My poor husband. We were just married six months ago, and now he's going to have to take care of me! Oh gosh, the left leg and arm are so useless. They can't do anything. I think the doctors and nurses think I'm a little bit nutsy. They had a psychologist come and talk with me. He was a nice guy. He was asking me why I called my left arm and leg, "the arm and the leg." I feel like they aren't really mine any more. They are useless. The nurses have been coming in and they try to be encouraging; they are always telling me that it's time to go to PT and OT. It's so hard to do all of those exercises. I can't even believe this has happened to me. I keep asking the doctor if I will be as good as I was before the stroke, but he just gives vague answers.

My family has been worried and they're coming in as frequently as they can. My husband has been great, and has been trying to encourage me. I'm usually a pretty positive person, but I'm really afraid about how this is all going to turn out. Will I ever be able to work? How about having kids? I'm angry at God for allowing this to happen to me. I wish I could get to church. Maybe if I were able to get there, it would help me feel better.

Mary Lou's husband Rob:

I came home from work on the day of Mary Lou's stroke to find her on the floor and unconscious. I was dumbfounded. I tried to get her to wake up. Although she could talk to me, she didn't know what happened or how long she had been on the floor. I called 911, and an ambulance rushed her to the Emergency Room. At first, they weren't sure what was going on, but after the doctor saw her and looked at the tests he ordered, they said she had a clot and that's what caused the stroke. The doctor is not telling us how much improvement we can expect. Not knowing what our life will look like in the future is really hard.

Since she had the stroke, Mary Lou has been working hard doing all the exercises and therapy. I was a mess at first, but my father suggested that I go back to my normal activities because fretting and worrying wasn't going to help Mary Lou get better. So I've been back to work, but I visit her every evening. She's making some physical progress, but seems to get upset about things easily, which isn't really like her. But I can imagine

how upsetting it must be for her – her whole life has changed! I haven't pushed her to talk about it; I guess she will when she's ready. They tell me even though she just had the stroke a week or so ago, that she'll be coming home in a few weeks in a wheelchair and they hope to have her walking with a cane by then. I'm going to have to learn how to take care of her. I'll have to come in for training sessions. How much will she be able to do for herself? Will she be safe if she is home alone? It all seems kind of scary, but I have to do all that I can for her. I love her and I want to take care of her.