



Real life stories film script

**Sooner or later, most people have a concern about their home.
Often we don't realise there are things we can do to help ourselves.**

Bill's story

Bill's the name. Been a builder all my working life – mostly with the big outfits. I started work when I was 15 as a labourer on the big sites. Over the years I probably worked on every kind of job you can imagine. I never missed a day's work in 35 years. Proud of that.

But... I started getting back pain a few years back. I just tried to ignore it. I know plenty of guys who did just the same - still are. The gaffer used to say it was just part of the job, so don't whinge. Anyway, we were afraid that we might not be called in for the good jobs if we made a fuss, so we just carried on.

Well the day came when I couldn't ignore it any more. I woke up in agony one morning and couldn't move out of my bed for a week. The doctor signed me off work straight away. Said that I shouldn't even be lifting a cup a tea for the foreseeable.

That was a blow. I'd never been on the sick, so I didn't know what I was entitled to, or for how long. I was getting some trouble about it from the boss and I wasn't sure what to do next. I starting missing mortgage payments, was worried about keeping the house. And what about getting up and down the stairs as well? What was I going to do about that?

My daughter-in-law works in computers and that. She got some advice from this great site about benefits, mortgage difficulties and even some info on house refits. Now things are back onto an even keel, I've even got the boys round to get the place fitted up.

'Coming across this was like the weight of the world being lifted from my shoulders!! Thank you!!'

'I am an 81 year old man and my son is using this computer to help me get a flat through the council.'



Joseph's story

OK, so check this out. Me and my girlfriend Carla are dossing for a few months, and she drops the big one. ...yup... she's pregnant... and I'm like.... Whoa!!

At first, Carla started blaming me and stuff. Tsch...Two to tango last I heard, but OK... I can take it from her cause she's stressin' right now. She's studying for her nursing, and this was a shock.

So anyway, Carla finds this bedsit. It sounded OK. So we're movin' in...and the landlord comes up...I go up to him to say hello and what not, and he just blanks me, goes straight over to Carla, and starts shoutin at her that she didn't mention about her....'circumstances'.

Since then I've caught him crossin' the road when he saw me comin'. I mean, I never said 'boo' to the man. He keeps on at Carla about 'not wanting any trouble' and all that. Tsch Like I would, man, I keep people *out* of fights – I'm a peacekeeper. I work on the door at a club, and you have to rise above this kind of thing.

Tsch...wish we could rise above this place... If you go to clubs, you know the music is LOUD, right?. I swear, living here, I might as well be at the club. That's how loud the music from next door is. We can't get any sleep, and Carla missed one of her exams already because of it. Now she's stressin' even more.

So, we did a little research on the internet to find out if there was anything we could do. Turns out there was a lot we could do. There's a helpline number for advisers that you can talk to – and even meet with. Solicitors too, for the really hot stuff. Now we know what's what, we're getting things *under control*.

'This is an excellent site. It helps me feel that I am not the only with housing difficulties.'

"This site has given me hope for my friend.'

Lisa's story

Hi, I'm Lisa.

Me and James had big plans. Moving in together... the whole thing. We even talked about getting married further down the line. We got a nice flat, and things were good for a while... but, I don't really know what happened. We just started arguing more



and more. James moved out really suddenly a few months back, and kinda landed me in it.

I was so upset about the breakup that it took me a while to twig that I'd be paying the *whole* rent myself. I freaked out. But James said it was *my* name on the lease so it was *my* problem. Nice, Huh? ...think ya know someone.

Luckily, I'm actually quite sensible with money, I've *never* been in debt, and I even managed to put a bit by. So I thought I'd be OK to get a mortgage. I was really shocked that the bank said no. Something about not enough credit history or whatever.... it's like I didn't even exist as far as they were concerned!

And on top of everything else, one day I was coming home, and I caught the landlord snooping in my flat*I couldn't believe it*. He just carried on as if it was no big deal. *What a pure cheek!* Probably looking for some excuse to kick me out.

That was the *final* straw. I came back home to Mum's for a while to get myself sorted. Didn't get my deposit back though ...

My mate Suzanne at work told me about 'Get Advice' on the Shelter website. I found out more about my rights as a tenant, and got some good tips as well.

I wish I had known about that before. Anyway, the good news is that I've found some fantastic new flatmates, and we're off to look at some flats that my dosh will stretch to. This time, we'll be prepared for anything - and we'll know our rights.

'I found it very straightforward as my landlord talks in jargon.'

'Thank you, you've stopped me from making a huge mistake.'

Help yourself at:

<http://scotland.shelter.org.uk/getadvice>

Or phone our helpline

0808 800 4444