

**Linkterpreting**

Plataforma de recursos para la interpretación de enlace

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## **Social Interpretation – Role play 4**

**Length:** 11:09

**Quality:** medium

**Difficulty:** low

### **Actors**

Social worker, Sara.

### **Context**

A battered American woman living in Spain speaks to a social worker about the domestic abuse that she is experiencing with her husband.

## Linkterpreting

Plataforma de recursos para la interpretación de enlace

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**Social Worker:** Hola Sara, ¿qué tal?

**Sara:** Um, I'm ok I guess. How are you?

**Social Worker:** Muy bien. ¿Por qué estás aquí?

**Sara:** Well, actually I'm not doing so good. I've been really depressed lately.

**Social Worker:** ¿Qué te molesta? ¿Cómo van las cosas en casa?

**Sara:** Well, you see that's the problem. My husband and I have been fighting a lot lately, more than usual. We're still together but I just don't know what to do because things have gotten a lot worse.

**Social Worker:** ¿Por cuánto tiempo has experimentado problemas con tu marido?

**Sara:** Things have gotten really bad in the last year or so.

**Social Worker:** Explícame, ¿cómo ha empeorado vuestra relación?

**Sara:** We used to be so in love and we hardly ever fought. But then he lost his job and he started to change. He started to drink more and more and he got kinda depressed. That's when he started to get violent.

**Social Worker:** ¿Tenéis hijos?

**Sara:** Yeah, we have two. Little Johnny is two years old and Suzy is four.

**Social Worker:** ¿Qué tal su relación con su padre?

**Sara:** They normally have a really good relationship with their dad. I mean, he's a pretty good father most of the time. He had never done anything to hurt them, well...up until the other night.

**Social Worker:** Cuéntame que pasó la otra noche.

**Sara:** Well, the other night he came home from the bar, he'd been out celebrating one of his co-worker's retirement, he was totally wasted. I tried to ask him how his night had been but he got really pissed off at me. He started saying that I didn't trust him and thought that he was out screwing around on me instead of just shootin' the shit with his pals.

## Linkterpreting

Plataforma de recursos para la interpretación de enlace

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**Social Worker:** ¿Cómo reaccionaste cuando te acusó de pensar que estaba con otra mujer?

**Sara:** I got really defensive and I told him that I trusted him but that he didn't have anything to worry about because I knew how much he loved me and I knew that he would never do anything to hurt me. Instead of making things better though, it made things worse. I've never seen him so angry at me before.

**Social Worker:** ¿Y que pasó?

**Sara:** I tried everything I could think, just to calm him down. I didn't want to wake the kids up, you know. He just kept getting more and more angry with me though. The kids heard him yelling, they came downstairs to see what was going on. They couldn't figure out why their dad was yelling so much, or why he looked so angry. They tried to give him a hug and he just pushed them away. He ended up knocking little Johnny down on the ground and he made him cry. He didn't even care that he had made him cry for no reason.

**Social Worker:** ¿Por qué piensas que estaba tan enfadado?

**Sara:** How should I know? He's got a bad temper. I think he's like bipolar or something. I didn't even do anything wrong, I never do anything wrong. I'm like the perfect housewife. I clean the house, I take care of the kids, I do the laundry, I have food on the table for him when he comes home, and I satisfy him in other ways as well so not for nuthin' he should have no complaints.

**Social Worker:** ¿Y cómo trata a los niños normalmente?

**Sara:** Normally he's a good father. I can tell that he really loves his kids and that he'd do anything for them. He had never laid a finger on them, until that night.

**Social Worker:** ¿Qué piensan los niños de su padre?

**Sara:** They adore him. He's their idol. They're only 2 and 4 years old though so I guess that's pretty normal. All kids that age think that their daddy is like a Super Hero, ya know.

**Social Worker:** Bueno, es verdad. Cuéntame más de esa noche.

**Sara:** Well, after he made Johnny cry I picked him up and tried to carry him back up the stairs to put him to bed. And Suzy was right behind me and she was on the verge of tears too. Johnny wouldn't let me get past him though and he started pushing me, even though I had

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little Johnny in my arms. He started yelling at me and telling me that I was a whore and that he knew I was cheating on him and all kinds of things. I told him that he was being ridiculous and he had no reason to be accusing me of being unfaithful.

**Social Worker:** ¿Qué pasó cuando te empujó?

**Sara:** I almost fell. He did it like 5 or 6 times before I finally gave up and that's when I started being scared obviously for the children. I almost dropped Johnny and I stumbled backwards knocking over Suzy. By this time both of the kids were crying and my husband was still screaming at me. He kept slurring his words he kept drinking more and more. He wasn't just drinking beer I mean, he was drinking vodka too and I knew that he was totally annihilated.

**Social Worker:** ¿Cómo reaccionó tu marido al ver a los niños llorando?

**Sara:** He didn't even care. Actually, he didn't even seem to notice them. It was like he was like looking right through all of us or something. He definitely wasn't himself at all. And that was the point when I really started to get scared.

**Social Worker:** ¿Toma drogas?

**Sara:** Not that I know of, but I can't be sure. I mean he doesn't even tell me when he's leaving or where he's going half the time so he could be out there doing anything. I'd never know about it.

**Social Worker:** ¿Qué pasó después?

**Sara:** I went up to put my arms around him and he pushed me to the floor. Me and Johnny fell down, he didn't get hurt though. I told the kids to go upstairs and then John took off his belt and told them that if they didn't stop crying then he'd give them something to cry about.

**Social Worker:** ¿Tu marido golpeó a tu hijo con el cinturón?

**Sara:** Yeah he... (crying)...I couldn't believe that he would do something like that, I didn't think he had it in him. I had never been so scared in my entire life. I tried to put myself between Johnny and the belt so he wouldn't get hit anymore. That's when my husband started hitting me with the belt, again and again, over and over. I just rolled up into a little ball and I just prayed that he would stop. And eventually he did.

## Linkterpreting

Plataforma de recursos para la interpretación de enlace

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**Social Worker:** ¿Dónde te golpeó con el cinturón?

**Sara:** The first one was on the side of the face. Then when I fell to the ground he started hitting me on the legs, on the stomach, on my back.

**Social Worker:** ¿Te salieron moratones?

**Sara:** Yeah, I got bruises all over my body and some of them still really hurt.

**Social Worker:** ¿Fuiste al hospital después?

**Sara:** No, I was scared to go to the hospital.

**Social Worker:** ¿Llamaste a la policía?

**Sara:** No, I didn't want to call the police because I was afraid of what he would do to me if I called them. And plus, I figured that it was just because he had been drinking alcohol. I didn't think he would do it ever again. I trusted him. That's also why I didn't wanna go to the hospital. I was afraid that they would call the police. So I just suffered with my pain all night and I prayed that everything would be alright in the morning again.

**Social Worker:** ¿Cómo fueron las cosas al día siguiente?

**Sara:** He acted like nothing had happened. He woke up and gave me a kiss and asked me to cook him a nice breakfast.

**Social Worker:** ¿Se dio cuenta de que tenías moratones en todo tu cuerpo y que tenías mucho dolor?

**Sara:** No, he didn't even notice, I didn't tell him either cuz I didn't want to make things worse or like start another fight.

**Social Worker:** ¿Qué tal estuvieron los niños al día siguiente?

**Sara:** Well, Johnny was a little nervous to be around his dad at first but you know after awhile he warmed up to him. They're really young so I hope and I don't think it affected them too much. Johnny didn't seem to be in any pain either.

**Social Worker:** ¿Fue la primera vez que tu marido actuó de manera violenta?

## Linkterpreting

Plataforma de recursos para la interpretación de enlace

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**Sara:** Yeah.

**Social Worker:** ¿Estás segura?

**Sara:** (hesitating) Well, I mean maybe it wasn't the first time.

**Social Worker:** ¿Cuándo fue la primera vez?

**Sara:** Well, it was like a year ago I think. It was, but it was just like little things, you know?

**Social Worker:** ¿Qué tipo de cosas pequeñas?

**Sara:** You know, he would push me, he slapped me in the face. He liked to throw things a lot too. We had to buy new dishes because he broke most of them. We've also had to buy new chairs.

**Social Worker:** ¿Por qué le dejaste seguir comportándose así durante tanto tiempo sin pedir ayuda a alguien?

**Sara:** Because I was scared. I was scared of what he'd do to me. I was scared of losing my children, losing my family. I tried to talk to my friend and she said that these kinds of things were normal and that they happened to her. She said it was just part of married life.

**Social Worker:** ¿Por qué tenías miedo de perder a tus hijos? ¿Te amenazó con quitártelos y llevárselos a otro lugar?

**Sara:** Yes. He said he would take them away from me and I would never see them again.

**Social Worker:** ¿Y le creíste?

**Sara:** Yeah. I didn't know what he was capable of doing. I mean, one day I thought I knew everything there was to know about him and the next day he was like a different person. It was like he had changed overnight or something. I just, I don't know what happened. I thought that maybe I had done something wrong to provoke him maybe and I started to like blame myself. I kept thinking of ways that I could please him and, like instead of making him mad at me. But like no matter what I did or how hard I tried, I couldn't do anything right. I always seemed to make him angry.

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**Social Worker:** Mira, no es culpa tuya. Hiciste bien en venir a hablar conmigo hoy. Vamos a hacer lo que sea posible para ayudarte y para ayudar a tus hijos también. No tienes que preocuparte más, estamos aquí por ti.

**Sara:** Thank you so much. I just, I didn't know what else to do. I knew there was no way that I could keep on living like this though. I've read about women who were beaten to death by their husbands and I know that that wasn't about to happen to me. But, honestly mostly I'm scared for my children. I want them to be happy and have a happy life, not a life of fear or a life where they see their father hit their mother all the time. Kids get really damaged by witnessing stuff like that, you know?

**Social Worker:** Estamos aquí para ayudarte con cualquiera cosa.