

Parents . . .

by Dan Weatherer

Copyright © February 2021 Dan Weatherer and Off the Wall Play
Publishers

<https://offthewallplays.com>

This script is provided for reading purposes only. Professionals and amateurs are hereby advised that it is subject to royalty. It is fully protected under the laws of South Africa, the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including but not limited to professional, amateur, film, radio, and all other media (including use on the worldwide web) and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved; and any unauthorized use of the material may subject the user to any and all applicable civil and criminal penalties. For any information about royalties or to apply for a performance license please click the following link:

<https://offthewallplays.com/royalties-and-licensing-of-plays-sold-by-off-the-wall-plays/>

Parents

Genre: Comedy/Drama

Length: Approx. 20 minutes

Cast: 2 x Male 2 x female 1 x female voice over

Synopsis: Parents of reception pupils waiting to see their child's teacher, discuss the finer points of parenting in the modern age.

Parents was a finalist in the **Blackshaw Showcase Writing Award, 2017.**

Cast of Characters:

Gilly Marston

Steff Lightwood

Tom Hanton

Marianna Hanton

Voice of Woman

It's Parents Evening at Weston Primary, and small talk between a group of parents with little in common, soon develops into big talk.

Perhaps the adults will learn more about themselves tonight, than about their children?

ACT I

Scene 1

Parents Evening: Reception class, Western Primary.

At Rise: School corridor complete with children's paintings and school notices etc. on the wall. There are four seats next to the classroom door. STEFF is sitting in the seat nearest to the classroom.

Enter GILLY.

GILLY

(to Steff)
Alright?

STEFF

(shy)
Hiya.

There is a moment of awkward silence as Gilly chooses which seat to take.

GILLY

Mind if I take this one?

Steff shakes her head. He sits next to Steff, who shuffles away from him.

Another awkward pause follows.

GILLY

You been waiting long?

STEFF

About twenty minutes. She's got a couple in there now. Frea's parents I think.

GILLY

Ah right. Not a name I recall. Bethany talks about her friends all the time, but it's in one ear, out the other, you know how it is? Some names stick, others don't.

Steff nods.

GILLY

Don't get me wrong, I wanna keep track of who is who, I think it's important to know the names of your kid's friends, but after twelve hours at the warehouse, it's kinda difficult to keep up with her. She can chatter for England that one.

Steff laughs politely.

GILLY

Which one's yours?

STEFF

I've two actually. Adam and Joe.

GILLY

Oh, the twins! Bethany is always talking about those two! She knocks about a fair bit with 'em.

STEFF

Hope they aren't leading her into mischief? I keep telling them to behave but do they listen?

GILLY

Nah, it's OK. Boys will be boys. I think it's good that she mixes with the lads too. She never has a bad word to say about 'em . . . Not like that Rebecca.

STEFF

Yeah, she sounds a right one! Adam has told me about her a few times.

Gilly leans into Steff and lowers his voice.

GILLY

Did you hear about Mitsy, the class hamster?

STEFF

No?

GILLY

The way Bethany tells it, and bear in mind that she has a highly active imagination so I can't say for sure just how much of this is true, but apparently Rebecca force fed the hamster plasticine balls!

STEFF

Oh! That's awful! Was the Hamster OK?

GILLY

Bethany said so, though it wasn't moving for a while! She said the teacher mended it though.

STEFF

Thank God for that! What a terror she sounds, I'd hate to have to hear about one of mine doing something like that!

GILLY

Yeah, same here. Still, Ms Dooley sounds like she has it under control. If you can give CPR to a Hamster I'll bet there isn't much she can't handle!

Steff laughs.

Awkward pause

GILLY

So, twin boys then. Bet they keep you on your toes eh?

STEFF

They do! There's always something. I never get five minutes these days. They are good kids but they just never stop! I don't know where they get the energy from! Still, I'd not have it any other way.

GILLY

Aye, nor me. Well. I would but—

Enter TOM and MARIANNA.

TOM

Ah, here we are! The Reception class . . . finally! Maisie's directions were hopeless. It's like a bloody maze in here!

MARIANNA

I shall have words when she arrives tomorrow. I'll not look the fool on my first parent's evening!

GILLY

Evening.

TOM

Good evening

Marianna looks at Gilly disapprovingly before taking the seat furthest from him.

STEFF

Hiya

Tom nods and takes the seat next to Gilly.

MARIANNA

Good evening.

Awkward Pause

TOM

Tell me, is there much of a wait? I have a meeting at eight and I really need to be back at my desk. Multi-million-pound deal on the—

GILLY

'fraid so mate. I've been here five minutes, but this one—

STEFF

Steff.

GILLY

(to Steff)

Sorry, where are my manners? Gilly. *(to Tom)*
Steff here has been waiting a while now.

TOM

Oh.

Awkward Pause

Marianna leans forwards so that she can address Steff at the far end of the row of chairs.

MARIANNA

Would you be a dear and let us go before you? Thomas has an awfully important Skype call at eight and he really ought to be on time. His associates would look upon his tardiness most unfavourably.

STEFF

Erm . . .

GILLY

(to Marianna)

Sorry love, it doesn't work like that. You should have gotten an earlier appointment. We all have to wait our turn.

MARIANNA

Oh, but we did.

TOM

Our nanny gave us terrible directions. Couldn't find the bloody place. Missed our slot.

Gilly and Steff look at one another. Gilly mouths the word "nanny" and they both smirk.

MARIANNA

Yes, She'll be getting quite the telling off when she arrives tomorrow morning.

GILLY

That still makes you late.

MARIANNA

We arrived here in good time, we just couldn't locate where we were meant to be, could we darling?

TOM

No. A minor hitch.

Gilly and Steff look at one another.

Pause

STEFF

(To Tom and Marianna)

Is this your first time at the school?

TOM

Yes, it is. Seems rather . . . rudimentary.

MARIANNA

Indeed. this wasn't our first choice, not at all. We wanted to send Rebecca to Saint David's in Chelmsford, however, we couldn't bear to send her away could we darling?

Gilly and Steff look at one another again and smirk upon hearing that they are Rebecca's parents.

GILLY

(to Tom and Marianna)

You er . . . you got any pets at your place?

MARIANNA

Certainly not!

TOM

Oh God lord, no.

MARIANNA

Filthy things. What with all the faeces and such! Plus Archie has allergies.

TOM

Archie is our eldest. Twelve, strapping lad. Good head for business already. He started a lunchtime sticker shop last week, made an absolute fortune. Buy low, sell high, that's what I always tell him! Terrible allergies though. If he gets even a whiff of peanut butter we have to take him into A and E. Head swells like a balloon—

MARIANNA

Yes, alright Thomas, that's enough. I'm sure they don't want Archie's complete medical history.

Pause.

GILLY

(To Tom)

What did you mean earlier when you said it all seems rudimentary?

TOM

Well . . . look at it. The paintings on the wall . . . ill-defined . . . sloppy use of form and colour. And those posters, at five I could already count to one hundred . . . backwards too.

MARIANNA

It just seems a little . . . simple for our tastes. At Saint David's they have the reception class reading music by the end of the year. You know, nursery rhymes and such. Not symphonies . . . That's for year one.

GILLY

Impressive. Still, sounds a bit much. I mean they are only five.

MARIANNA

It's never too early to plant the seeds of culture. That's what award-winning author and child development expert Dr Lucille Roathings says, and I for one agree with her. Rebecca is enrolled in Tap, Ballet, Contemporary dance and is a keen player of the piano.

TOM

When we can get her to practice that is.

MARIANNA

Yes, well . . . I've said to Judith before, she needs to be stern with her.

(to Steff)

Judith is our daughter's Piano tutor. She charges fifty pounds an hour but came highly recommended by the Dean of Saint David's.

TOM

Yes, she's his wife.

Gilly and Steff stifle a laugh.

Pause

Gilly nudges Tom in the ribs.

GILLY

Hey, I bet this takes you back eh? Sitting outside the classroom, waiting for the headmaster to come and give you a rollicking? Eh?

MARIANNA

I think not! Thomas was a perfect student. Weren't you Thomas?

TOM

I was but I had my moments.

(to Gilly)

There was this one time I said I'd eaten all of my vegetables so that I could move onto my treacle sponge . . . but I hadn't! I'd left the cauliflower! I just scooped it onto the floor when the dinner lady was breaking up a fight behind me! Oh, I was a sod in those days! It's a miracle I'm as successful as I am now.

GILLY

Did you hear that Steff? We've a real bad 'un here.

Steff smiles

MARIANNA

You never told me that story before! Why now, in front of total strangers? Whatever will they think of us?

TOM

Hey, you knew I had a wild streak when you married me.

Pause

TOM

(to Gilly)

What do you do then?

GILLY

I'm a Storage Expediter.

TOM

I see, sounds impressive. And what does that entail?

GILLY

I load stock onto the back of a lorry. It's a posh way of saying warehouse worker. Still, it keeps the wolves from the door. You?

TOM

