

PERFECT PARENTS

SCENE: A group of children are having lunch together when they begin discussing their parents.

ROLES (5): Freddie (young boy), Elijah (young boy) Meredith (young girl), Belinda (young girl - Melinda's twin sister), Melinda (young girl - Belinda's twin sister)

READER AGES: 8 years and over

FREDDIE: (*disappointed*) Oh no, not again!

ELIJAH: What is it, Freddie?

FREDDIE: Mum has given me a ham, cheese and tomato sandwich for lunch again! I keep telling her that the tomato makes the bread go all soggy, but she just isn't listening!

MEREDITH: (*sympathetically*) Oh, I know exactly what you mean, Freddie. I don't know how many times I've told my dad that I don't like strawberries, but what do you think I find in my lunchbox every single day? Strawberries! Honestly, I feel like I'm talking to a brick wall sometimes.

MELINDA: Our parents never listen to us, either! Isn't that right, Belinda?

BELINDA: It sure is, Melinda! Should we tell everyone what happened last night?

MEREDITH: (*interested*) What happened last night?

BELINDA: Well, our mum and dad came into our bedroom to kiss us goodnight. My dad gave me a kiss and said, "Goodnight, Melinda."

ELIJAH: That's not so bad. You two are identical twins. We're your best friends and even we get you mixed up sometimes.

MELINDA: Sure, we understand that. The worst part is still coming. Tell them, Belinda.

BELINDA: So I told my dad that I wasn't Melinda, I was Belinda. What do you think he said?

MEREDITH: That he was sorry for the mix up?

BELINDA: No! He said that he knew his own daughters and that I should stop trying to trick him. He didn't believe that I was who I said I was!

FREDDIE: (*laughing*) That's crazy! Though the two of you do enjoy playing the odd trick from time to time!

MELINDA: (*defensively*) We're twins! That's what twins do.

FREDDIE: My parents say crazy things too, sometimes.

ELIJAH: Like what?

FREDDIE: Well, this morning on the way to school, my sister and I were arguing in the back seat of the car. My mum said that if we didn't stop, she would turn the car around and take us home. That sounded like a great idea to me - then I wouldn't have to go to school! Sometimes I don't think grown-ups think their ideas through very well.

MEREDITH: (*dramatically*) Oh, please! Don't even talk about the car. I had the worst ride to school this morning!

BELINDA: Why? What happened, Meredith?

MEREDITH: My dad insists on listening to a radio station that plays all of these old songs from before we were even born. Then, he sings them at the top of his lungs while he's driving along... with all of the car windows open! I'm surprised the entire neighbourhood doesn't hear him. And his singing voice is terrible!

MELINDA: Oh no! You need to change the radio station so he doesn't know the words to any of the songs.

MEREDITH: That's a good idea. Maybe I'll sneak into the car before we go to school tomorrow.

ELIJAH: At least your dad stays inside the car on the way to school. My mum walks me to school every day. (*he pauses, embarrassed*) She insists on holding my hand when we cross the road.

FREDDIE: (*shocked*) Oh no! That's the ultimate shame! No one wants to be seen holding hands with their mum in public.

ELIJAH: I know! But she won't take no for an answer. She holds on like a hawk and won't let go!

BELINDA: Parents sure are hard work, aren't they? I wonder if they even know the suffering they cause us every single day of our lives!

MELINDA: That's a bit harsh, isn't it? (*thinking to herself*) I mean, they aren't all bad.

BELINDA: What do you mean?

MELINDA: Well, I love it when Mum and Dad take each of us on special outings. They know that we have different interests, even though we're twins.

FREDDIE: My mum might forget about not putting tomato on my sandwiches, but she always remembers to put extra cheese on top of my spaghetti bolognaise. She knows how much I love cheese.

MEREDITH: My dad is a terrible singer, but he does have some pretty awesome dance moves.

ELIJAH: I guess Mum only holds my hand when we cross the road because she doesn't want me getting hurt.

MELINDA: Well, I guess the lesson to be learned here is that nobody's perfect... not even parents!

THE END

