

THE TRUTH ABOUT MUM AND DAD

A ten minute play

by

Greg Gould

greg@nowordfor.com

CAST

RACHAEL (30ish) professional, uptight, a bit bitter

JASON (30ish) Rachael's brother; carefree and rather obnoxious

SETTING

A café

TIME

Saturday afternoon

[Rachael sits at a café table, coffee untouched, fretting. She's distracted by something off stage. Jason enters unseen, sees Rachael all alone, approaches in mock rage.]

JASON: You bitch!

RACHAEL: *[confused]* Hey?

JASON: Did you think I wouldn't find out?

RACHAEL: What?

JASON: I put cameras around the house, Rach. I saw everything.

RACHAEL: Really? You're gonna do this? Now?

JASON: I thought you loved me.

RACHAEL: Jason. Sit down.

JASON: And with Jerry? Jerry!? He's like a brother to me.

RACHAEL: Jase.

JASON: When did it start? Before the salsa lessons? After? I knew you couldn't resist a man who can dance.

RACHAEL: I said sit down! *[she drags him into a chair]* What the fuck is wrong with you?

JASON: *[laughs]* Dude. You should see your face. Classic.

RACHAEL: You're such a dick.

JASON: A funny dick.

RACHAEL: Everyone is looking at us.

JASON: I know. That guy's trying to take sneaky pics. *[waves offstage]*

RACHAEL: You need to grow up.

JASON: C'mon. You used to love this shit. Remember the long lost sibling routine we pulled at school? The squabbling newly-weds at that restaurant? Amnesia girl at the psychic convention?

RACHAEL: Yeah. Hilarious.

JASON: Jesus. What's your problem? Is this about David?

RACHAEL: No.

JASON: Rach, it's been a year. You got to let it go.

RACHAEL: Don't tell me what to do.

JASON: C'mon. I want my sis back? Remember her? Yay tall. Wicked smile. Does palm farts in crowded elevators. She was fun.

RACHAEL: Just leave it. Ok? Just don't.

[beat]

JASON: What are we doing here anyway? What's wrong with the joint near my place?

RACHAEL: There's something you need to see.

JASON: God. It's not the coffee, is it? Sis, don't care what the hipsters say. Coffee isn't game. It doesn't need to be hunted.

RACHAEL: Look. Over there.

JASON: Sin-sations. A strip club. You brought me to see a strip club?

RACHAEL: It's not a strip club. It's a ...

JASON: What?

RACHAEL: You know. A place men go to ...

JASON: To what?

RACHAEL: To pay ... for ... *[Jason shrugs, confused]* Sex, Jason! It's a place men go to pay for sex.

JASON: Oh. A brothel. You brought me to see a brothel?

RACHAEL: Look at the car. Out front.

JASON: Looks like Dad's old ute.

RACHAEL: It is Dad's old ute.

JASON: Huh. Crazy.

RACHAEL: Really? "Crazy"? That's all you can say? Jason! I think Dad's in there. I think he's ... diddling with prostitutes.

JASON: *[snorts amused]* Diddling.

RACHAEL: I'm serious.

JASON: He's probably visiting someone nearby.

RACHAEL: Since when does Dad do social calls?

JASON: He goes to the pub with his mates.

RACHAEL: This isn't the RSL, Jason! It's a brothel!

JASON: Did you actually see him go inside?

RACHAEL: Well. No. But I called. Like twenty minutes ago. He said he was at the Farmer's Markets. Across town. He was lying.

JASON: Was he out of breath?

RACHAEL: Jason! Dad's sleeping with prostitutes! Right now.

JASON: You don't know that.

RACHAEL: How could he? How could he do that to Mum? I thought they were solid. Mum's gonna be humiliated.

JASON: Give her a little credit.

RACHEL: What's that supposed to mean.

JASON: Who knows? Maybe she knows. Maybe she's cool with it.

RACHAEL: Cool with it! Mum? She can't even say "sex" without blushing. She's allergic. Her eye gets all twitchy. She gets that stutter. Remember when she gave us "the talk"? It was like getting sex advice from Porky Pig. *[does a Porky Pig impersonation]* "Now it's, er, p-p-perfectly normal for the, er, for the, er, p-p-penis to become e-e-erect."

JASON: Maybe they decided to spice things up.

RACHAEL: Of course. That's what this is. Just Mum and Dad. "Spicing things up"?

JASON: Why not? They lived through the sixties. Swinging, swapping, role playing. They invented that stuff.

RACHAEL: Mum and Dad are not swingers! Mum's a prude, for god's sake.

JASON: Mum is no prude. Believe me. I've seen things.

RACHAEL: What things?

JASON: Things no son should see.

RACHAEL: Like?

JASON: You remember Dad's old recliner?

RACHAEL: Yeah.

JASON: You know why he threw it away?

RACHAEL: Dog jumped on it. Broke the lever thing.

JASON: Wasn't the dog. It was Mum. And Dad. They were ... on it...

RACHAEL: In the living room?

JASON: On a Sunday afternoon.

RACHAEL: Fuck off.

JASON: They thought I was at work. I came out of my room and BAM there it was. Dad's arse. Bouncing.

RACHAEL: Fuck me.

JASON: I know. *[beat]* Still, it's not as bad as the whole pool thing.

RACHAEL: What pool thing?

JASON: You ever wondered why Dad maintains a swimming pool they never use?

RACHAEL: Habit?

JASON: I thought so too. Turns out they do use it.

RACHAEL: Mum hates swimming. She's thinks the chlorine will make her bald.

JASON: That's why she wears a swimming cap. That's all she wears.

RACHAEL: Mum skinny dips?

JASON: Dad too. They slip out the back, toss their clothes and ... splash around.

RACHAEL: They have sex in the pool?

JASON: Oh yeah. You ever seen Show Girls? It's like that. Mum thrashes her arms. Her body flips and flops. Actually, it's more like Jaws now I think about it ...

RACHAEL: Still, that doesn't mean Mum's ok with this.

JASON: What about the French Onion dip?

RACHAEL: Am I supposed to know what that means?

JASON: A few months back I had some mates around to watch a game. So I raid the kitchen for supplies: beer, chips, dip, whatever. So I'm hunting through the pantry and I find two packets of rice crackers and two types of dip. One French Onion, the other plain guacamole.

RACHAEL: So?

JASON: So, I don't like French Onion. So I left it. Just took the rice crackers and the guacamole.

RACHAEL: What the fuck are you talking about?

JASON: Two days later I go back and the French Onion was gone.

RACHAEL: And?

JASON: Where did it go, Rach?

RACHAEL: I dunno? They ate it?

JASON: Yes. But with what? I took the rice crackers. They didn't have no Jatz. So what did they eat it with?

RACHAEL: Celery?

JASON: Yes. If by celery you mean... *[nods knowingly to his crotch]*

RACHAEL: *[confused]* What?

JASON: You know. They must have dipped something else instead ... *[nods to his crotch again]*

RACHAEL: Oh, c'mon!

JASON: What else could it have been!

RACHAEL: Seriously? Some dip goes missing and you assume they're having kinky food sex?

JASON: After the recliner and the pool, I'm not ruling anything out.

RACHAEL: Fuck. I knew you'd do this. I call you for help, and what do you do? Dick around. Everything's just a fucking joke.

JASON: French Onion dick is no joke, sis.

[beat]

RACHAEL: This is why you don't have serious relationships.

JASON: Please. I've had plenty.

RACHAEL: Name one.

JASON: Cassie was serious.

RACHAEL: You dated for like four months.

JASON: Yeah. But it was serious. Met her family and everything.

RACHAEL: You slept with her sister! That's not "meeting the family"!

JASON: I did not sleep with her sister. *[beat]* It was her cousin.

RACHAEL: Oh, excuse me! Sister. Cousin. Neighbour. Hooker. What the differencer? You. Dad. David. You're a bunch of dicks.

JASON: Rach...

RACHAEL: It's pathetic. It's like you don't know. You just piss it away. And for what? To diddle your little dandys in something new for a day!

JASON: Rach...

RACHAEL: No. It's bullshit. I swore I'd never let that happen. But it's just what you bastards do. You fuck around. All of you. Even Dad's over there getting it on with god knows what-

JASON: Rachael! Dad's not sleeping with prostitutes.

RACHAEL: That's his ute ...

JASON: No. That was his ute. He sold it. Like two months ago. Which is something you'd know if you actually went home once in a while.

RACHAEL: So he's not ...?

JASON: Of course not. It's Dad.

RACHAEL: And you knew this? The whole time? Jason! What the fuck!? Why would you do that?

JASON: It was funny.

RACHAEL: Funny!? Funny!?

JASON: Yeah. It's hilarious. And if you weren't so wrapped up in your own head, you'd think so too. C'mon. Dad? Doing prostitutes? The old bugger won't switch brands of soap. And you think he's over here taste testing hookers on the weekends?

[beat]

RACHAEL: Oh my god. I thought Dad was sleeping with hookers ...

JASON: Diddling, actually ...

RACHAEL: I thought he was cheating on Mum ...

JASON: Like a regular Bill Clinton ...

RACHAEL: I thought ... *[beat]* Jesus. I'm an idiot.

JASON: Yes you are.

RACHAEL: You're a prick.

JASON: A funny prick.

RACHAEL: So all that stuff about Mum and Dad. That was bullshit, right?

JASON: I wish. Seriously. They are kinky as. The other day, Mum got a package. It was vibrating-

RACHAEL: God. Please. Don't.

[beat]

[Rach gets up to leave]

JASON: Where you going?

RACHAEL: See Mum and Dad. Think I owe them a visit.

JASON: It took me like forty minutes to get here. At least buy me a coffee.

RACHAEL: Yeah. Can't do that.

JASON: Why not?

RACHAEL: Because you're a bastard.

JASON: [confused] What?

RACHAEL: [stands up and yells] I said you're a bastard! You're never there, Jason! Not for our anniversary. Not for my birthday. Not for my mother's birthday. But Jerry. He's there. In our bed. In our car. On our kitchen bench. I've let him put things in places you could only dream of. And I loved it. [slaps him across the face] Don't bother coming home. [beat. Whispers.] Should see your face. Classic.

JASON: Good to have you back. Bitch.

[Rachael exits, big smile on her dial]

[ENDS]