

YOU DON'T WANT TO MEET MY DAD

By Craig Sodaro

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A Ten Minute Dramatic Skit

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SYNOPSIS: History teacher Claire Edwards has stayed late at parent conferences so she can meet with Raul Merrick, the father of one of Claire's students, Emma. Emma has been having adjustment problems at school, and Claire feels it's important to get Emma's father on board with a plan to help Emma. Emma, warns Claire that she won't want to meet her dad. Will Claire be too naïve to see what's coming?!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 female, 1 male)

- EMMA MERRICK (f)..... A high school sophomore who is having trouble adjusting to a new school. *(26 lines)*
- CLAIRE EDWARDS (f) Emma's young history teacher, a conscientious and determined professional who is still a bit naïve. *(56 lines)*
- RAUL MERRICK (m)..... Emma's dad, a man who wears an air of mystery like a cloak about his shoulders. *(51 lines)*

SETTING

A classroom consisting of two student desks. A purse sits on the floor by one of the desks.

COSTUMES

Modern dress for all characters. Emma should look a bit on the Goth side, but don't overdo it. Claire should dress very professionally. Raul would look best in black with a few touches of red here and there.

PROPS

- Pencil
- Purse
- Grade Book

Do Not Copy

AT RISE: *EMMA sits in one of the desks drawing on its surface. CLAIRE enters left.*

CLAIRE: Emma, what are you doing?

EMMA: *(Sarcastically.)* Clubbing baby seals.

CLAIRE: Emma!

EMMA: *(Continuing to draw.)* What?

CLAIRE: You're drawing on the desk!

EMMA: Good guess.

CLAIRE: I've asked you not to do that.

EMMA: I forgot.

CLAIRE: Give me the pencil.

EMMA: It's my pencil.

CLAIRE holds out her hand. After a second, EMMA gives it to her.

Here.

CLAIRE: Thank you. Is your father here yet?

EMMA shrugs.

Would you please go see? It's late...everyone else has gone home.
Parent conferences were over half an hour ago.

EMMA: So?

CLAIRE: I'd like to go home, too.

EMMA: Nobody's stopping you.

CLAIRE: I really need to see your father, Emma.

EMMA: Why?

CLAIRE: You know why.

EMMA: No, I don't.

CLAIRE: You've talked out in class numerous times, been tardy at least five times, cheated on tests, failed to turn in your homework at least six times, and have been bullying several girls and at least two boys in class.

EMMA: Nobody's perfect.

CLAIRE: Frankly, your attitude scares me. It's as if you don't care about anyone but yourself.

EMMA: Wrong. I don't even care about me sometimes.

CLAIRE: That's why I need to meet your father.

EMMA: You really don't want to meet my dad.

CLAIRE: Yes, I do.

EMMA: Can't you just email or call him or send him a text?

CLAIRE: I've tried that.

EMMA: He's busy.

CLAIRE: So I gathered. But he did suggest this meeting. Would you go see if he's here?

RAUL: *(Enters SR.)* No need, Emma. I'm here.

CLAIRE: Mr. Merrick?

RAUL: You must be Ms. Edwards. I've heard a lot about you.

EMMA: *(Admonishingly.)* Dad!

RAUL: And it's all been good.

CLAIRE: I doubt that. Emma, would you mind waiting in the lounge?

EMMA: *(To CLAIRE.)* Are you sure?

CLAIRE: I'm sure your father doesn't bite.

RAUL: This won't take long, Emma.

EMMA: It never does. *(Exits SR.)*

RAUL: So, Ms. Edwards, I want to thank you for staying late to see me. I realize it's an imposition after a long day. All your colleagues have gone home, I imagine.

CLAIRE: It's no problem, Mr. Merrick.

RAUL: You may call me Raul, if you like.

EMMA: I...I feel that we really need to discuss Emma, Mr. Merrick.

RAUL: An unusual child, don't you think? *(Looking down at the desk.)* I see she's been decorating the desk. She has a flair for drawing scars.

EMMA: *(As she sits.)* Why don't you sit down, Mr. Merrick.

RAUL: Oh, but it feels good to move around a bit. I just got...I just came from a long, tiring meeting.

EMMA: What do you do, Mr. Merrick?

RAUL: I'm retired.

EMMA: So you have the time to really be there for Emma.

RAUL: I'm always available in the evenings. But we're not here to talk about me, are we?

CLAIRE: No. I'm concerned...very concerned...about Emma. Have you read my emails and text messages?

RAUL: About Emma being tardy? Cheating? Bullying?

CLAIRE: Then you know why I've asked to see you. Of course I'm most concerned about her bullying. She makes fun of three girls in class. They're friends—not the most popular girls, but they have their own group. I thought perhaps Emma has felt a bit jealous of them.

RAUL: Emma tells me they smell.

CLAIRE: What?

RAUL: (*Sits in other desk.*) Emma has an unusually acute sense of smell. She gets this from my side of the family. And I'm afraid it's given her trouble before. She is repulsed by certain individuals not because of who they are, but because of what they've eaten.

CLAIRE: Oh. Well, my goodness, that is unusual. All right, I'll move her from those girls.

RAUL: One problem down.

CLAIRE: But she's also been bullying two boys.

RAUL: Are you sure it's bullying?

CLAIRE: What do you mean?

RAUL: Well, you know at this age, kids often tease the ones they like best.

CLAIRE: I'm aware of that, Mr. Merrick.

RAUL: These boys are small for their age? Weak? Overly studious?

CLAIRE: No, not at all. They're tall, athletic, and smart. They've never been bullied before.

RAUL: I see. Red-blooded All-American types.

CLAIRE: We don't label kids here.

RAUL: Of course. And just what does my Emma do to these tall, athletic, smart young men?

CLAIRE: She...well, they say she won't leave them alone. She seems to show up wherever they are wearing an expression that they say...well, creeps them out.

RAUL: (*Proudly.*) That's my Emma.

CLAIRE: She's done this before?

RAUL: It's in the blood, I'm afraid. When she was just about two when she began staring at people. Just observing, of course, but people didn't realize that. It unnerved some folks, I'm afraid. We were dining out one evening in a restaurant with her grandparents—that would be Emma's mother's parents—and poor little Emma took a liking to a lady at the next table. She set her eyes on that beautiful red hair and the gold necklace encircling that long, pale neck and she just stared. The woman later claimed little Emma didn't even blink, but you and I now that's impossible. Anyway, the couple got up and ran off and Emma's grandparents were mortified.

CLAIRE: I can imagine.

RAUL: No, I mean truly mortified. They were killed in a traffic accident on their way home.

CLAIRE: Oh. Has...has Emma had any counseling along the line, Mr. Merrick?

RAUL: Why, should she? She seems perfectly normal to me, despite the fact that she has a few annoying traits from her mother's side of the family.

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