

The Perfect Parents

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Adoption agency. AGENT is sitting behind desk, looking over file. Black boxes make up couch opposite desk. ENTER WIFE and HUSBAND stage right. Agent stands to shake their hands.

Agent: Mr. and Mrs. Loxby! So nice to finally meet you in person! (both WIFE and HUSBAND ignore handshake and sit down, looking around office. HUSBAND's nose is crinkled in distaste, but WIFE is extremely excited, "oohing" and "aahing" at everything. Agent falters for a moment before regaining composure and sitting back down at desk.) We at Perfect Parents Adoption Agency are constantly searching for the perfect parents and, according to your file (holds up file and smiles widely) you two are indeed the perfect parents for any child.

Wife: Except the fat ones.

Husband: Yes, true. No fat babies allowed because fat babies mean fat kids and fat kids mean failure.

Agent: I'm sorry?

Wife: Yes well you should be! (laughs obnoxiously) But seriously, no fat babies.

Agent: Um...okay...I'll make a note of that...(writes something down in file) Okay, so, before we get into preferences and such, I'd like to ask you a few questions. First, why do you want to be parents?

Wife: Oh, well—honey, do you want to answer this? (Husband sighs, lifts chin arrogantly)

Husband: It's not that we *want* to be parents. You see, I'm a venture capitalist and a child is one venture I feel we could really capitalize on.

Agent: (slowly, a little confused) A child is not a venture, it is a—

Wife: I mean, think about it! Child stars make more money than teachers.

Husband: Homeless people make more money than teachers.

Wife: (ignoring husband) And then there's pageants that we could enter it in—

Agent: "It?" A child is not an "it", a child is a living, breathing—

Wife: Or sports. Maybe we'll get a superstar athlete or something. You do have blacks, right? I would love a little African—like Madonna! Or an Asian that does the whole piano thing! We're just so excited about all the possibilities.

Husband: (monotonous) So excited. (agent writes something down)

Agent: Um, okay...Is there a reason you turned to adoption?

Husband: *A* reason, as in one? No. But many reasons, as in more than one? Yes.

Agent: What are your reasons, then?

Wife: One word: Labor pains.

Husband: That's two words.

Wife: (aside, still smiling at agent) There's a hyphen. Also, the pregnant form is just...so...(mimes to show pregnant belly)...it's so round.

Husband: Extremely unattractive. Every time I see a pregnant woman I just want to vomit, because I know underneath that orb of a belly is a parasite, sucking away all of her nutrients.

Agent: (stunned) You see a baby as a parasite?

Husband: A baby *is* a parasite. You know, for wearing a bow tie, you really are not that intelligent. I'm quite disappointed.

Agent: So, you are capable of conceiving a child, you just don't want to because you (nods at wife) don't want to go through labor, and you (nods at husband) find pregnant women unattractive. Is that about right?

Husband: Considering that is exactly what we just said ten seconds ago, yes, yes that is right.

Agent: I see...Just one more question: Do you truly believe you're ready to raise a child?

Wife: (incredulous) Ready? We're more ready than any other idiot couple that comes in here. We've already strapped the car seat to the top of the car.

Agent: Yes, well—you what with the car seat?

Husband: (to wife) Oh my god, does he ever listen? I feel like we have to repeat everything we say...

Wife: Just be patient, dear.

Agent: You strapped a car seat to the top of your car?

Wife: Well you can't expect us to put it *in* the car.

Agent: I'm pretty sure that's the point of car seats.

Husband: So, you think it is better to have the baby in the car, puking and crapping all over my Mercedes leather interior? Is that what you're telling me?

Wife: You probably want us to let it sleep inside, too.

Agent: (shocked) Where else would the child sleep?

Husband: In the backyard where we cannot hear it. We don't want that thing crying at all hours, waking us up in the middle of the night.

Wife: We both have jobs, okay? We can't afford to lose any sleep.

Husband: Especially not over a stupid kid.

Agent: A stupid kid?!

Husband: Do you ever have any original thoughts, or do you just repeat everything other people say?

Wife: You know what? I think it's time for...(pulls shot glasses and vodka out of purse) celebratory shots!

Husband: SHOTS!

Wife: (pours two of them) SHOTS! (they both tip shot glasses toward agent before downing shots. Wife refills glasses) SHOTS!

Husband: SHOTS!

Agent: Okay, can you two...can we just—

Wife: SHOTS!

Husband: SHOTS! (moving on to third shot)

Agent: You two should really stop—STOP DRINKING! (Wife, husband stop shot glasses halfway to mouths. Agent pauses as something registers) Did you drive here?

Husband: No, we rode a bus.

Agent: Oh, well, I guess it's okay that you're drinking, then, but I would rather—

Husband: Of course we drove!

Agent: Why are you drinking, then? Maybe you *should* take a bus.

Wife: Why on earth would we use public transit? (points at husband) He rode a subway once and got herpes because it was so filthy.

Agent: You can't get herpes from a...you have herpes?

Husband: Well, you're wearing a bow tie, so I'm pretty sure I should be the one doing the judging.

Agent: All right, you two need to leave. (starts ushering them out)

Wife: Wait, when do we get the kid?

Agent: Hopefully never! You two are not at all qualified to be parents. (Husband and wife exchange confused glances. Husband shrugs nonchalantly.)

Husband: Oh well. (start exit) I hear China has a bunch of extra kids.

Wife: But I don't want a communist baby—it might become a liberal!

Husband: Impossible. We're going to raise it on nothing but Fox News and Bill O'Reilly. (exit)



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