

MEET THE IN-LAWS

Mother

Father

Roger, their son's gay lover

[Scene: The living room: a sofa, an armchair]

MOTHER: Let's look at you. Wow! What a size you are! So you're the man who's going to carry my little Gaylord over the threshold. I'm so pleased to meet you.

ROGER: Well, I'm not sure about that...

MOTHER: At least you're going to walk him up the aisle, I hope. I hope your intentions are honourable.

ROGER: Of course.

MOTHER: I should hope so too. Now that you've created 'soiled goods'.

FATHER: Actually, mother, I hear some men actually like soiled goods.

MOTHER: *[To FATHER]* Don't let's go there. Don't let's complicate things. *[To ROGER, eyeing him up]* How time flies! It seems only yesterday that Gaylord was prancing round in my see-thru nighties and putting on my lipstick in the bedroom mirror. And now here he is with a gay lover.

FATHER: Actually, I'm not sure if that's the right word these days.

MOTHER: Why not, dear? Don't tell me I'm out of date already! I've only just got used to using 'homosexual' without a look of pain on my face.

FATHER: Oh, mother. You're so binary. How do we know he's not – *[To ROGER]* what is your preferred pronoun? Are you OK with 'he'?

ROGER: 'He' is fine. I'll answer to anything. Especially money.

FATHER: *[Eager]* Really? Are you a rent boy?

ROGER: It was a joke.

MOTHER: Of course, if we were truly fashionable we wouldn't refer to sexual orientation.

FATHER: But we still have to dispose of gender identity. *[To ROGER]* Which are you? LGBTQAUI, Non-binary, Pansexual, demigendered, gender-fluid, polygendered, androgyne, or aporagendered?

MOTHER: *[After a pause]* Have you been reading again, Frank?

ROGER: Really, I'm gender apathetic. I don't give a toss.

FATHER: Or rather, you can give a toss, as a cisgendered male. *[Laughs. To MOTHER:]* You see, I speak their language. *[To ROGER]* I went on a course. Parliamo Queer. I speak Parlare too. Rest your lallies and let's have a cackle.

ROGER: I beg your pardon?

MOTHER: Sit down, we've got a lot to talk about.

FATHER: That's what I just said.

ROGER: Thank you.

FATHER: Drink? Vodkatini? Pink Gin? I believe they're quite gay.

ROGER: I don't drink.

FATHER: Oh, it'll be a Red Bull, then.

MOTHER: You see, it is important to talk about things like identity. They affect so many things. If you're gay, you'll go to different restaurants –

FATHER: Have different colour schemes –

MOTHER: Put on different records -

FATHER: Yes! Music! Good job I just downloaded , 'Nails, Hair, Hips, Heels'. You could have ended with Meatloaf if wasn't hep to the jive. Which would have been fine if you'd been Gaylord's heterosexual lover – hypothetically speaking, if course –

MOTHER: For the sake of argument. If you were, I'd have had to worry about whether you were more attractive than me, and if you were going to supplant me in little Gaylord's Oedipal fantasies –

FATHER: The same would be true if he were a post-operative transsexual person.

MOTHER: - But since you have a penis, I don't have to worry about that. I'll get that Red Bull.

[She exits]

FATHER: Of course, that would hold if you were pre-operative...

ROGER: I'm not pre-operative. I'm not pre-operative anything.

FATHER: So, Roger, what do you do? For a living.

ROGER: I'm in insurance. Actuarial...

FATHER: That's not very exciting. I would have thought a gay man would go for something more expressive... Sensitive... Like painting or hairdressing.

ROGER: OK, it's boring, I admit it. But it suits me.

FATHER: Couldn't you go for something a bit spicier? It's not too late to be a rent boy, you know... You have the body for it.

ROGER: It doesn't appeal. Going with strange men –

FATHER: I'm not that strange – I mean –

[Re-enter MOTHER with Red Bull]

MOTHER: There you are, Roger. Tell me, have you ever thought of changing your name? It's not a very gay name, is it, Roger? Gaylord and Roger. It just doesn't sound right. How about Sebastian? "Gaylord and Sebastian". I can see that on a Christmas card.

ROGER: I'm fine as I am.

FATHER: Anything ending with an 'an', really. Tristan; Julian; Aidan, Stefan...

ROGER: Brian?

[MOTHER and FATHER look at each other then shake their heads vigorously]

MOTHER: Brian Blessed...

FATHER: Exactly. Well, at least if he's in insurance, he'll have a good income.

MOTHER: I'm so glad you'll be DINKIES, with the double income. Then you'll be able to support us in our old age, unlike his brother Steve and Bertha his wife, who kept spawning. They popped out of Bertha regularly like table tennis balls every year for six years, and now they expect us to help out with uniforms and bicycles and premium bonds –

ROGER: Actually, we were wondering about having kids, eventually. It's what Gaylord wants.

MOTHER: Oh no, not more bloody grandchildren. I can't cope. I can't even remember the ones we've already got!

[ROGER sneezes]

MOTHER: Bless you.

[ROGER sneezes again]

MOTHER: Oh dear, I hope you aren't going to spread that to our Gaylord through your outré sexual practices.

ROGER: It's an allergy.

MOTHER: Are you sure? The last thing we want is for Gaylord to have to be saddled with taking care of someone, when he should be looking after us.

FATHER: Not that we begrudge him, you understand. When he was growing up, we never begrudged him anything. Elton John concerts and all the ostrich feathers he could wear.

MOTHER: It's just that – now, it's payback time. Blood is thicker than water. I'm sure you'll forgive me, but even though I could bond with you over time, it's not the same as if you'd thrust yourself down my vaginal canal.

FATHER: Mother was in labour for three days.

MOTHER: Of course I resented Gaylord for his lack of consideration at the time, but I got over it after he made himself useful. He's very good at handing round peanuts at drinks parties, and he's very decorative when he takes me to the opera. Do you like opera?

ROGER: It's OK.

MOTHER: I hope you do like it, because you're very decorative too. I don't suppose you're attracted to women, are you?

ROGER: Afraid not.

MOTHER: Because they say everyone's bisexual.

ROGER: Not me. Never have been.

MOTHER: Not even to your own Mother...

ROGER: She was quite glamorous, actually.

FATHER: Don't put him on the spot, Mother.

MOTHER: I'm sorry. It's just that Father hasn't had sex with me for ages. In fact I can't remember the last time I had sex with anyone except myself. I'm fairly certain he's

developed a thing for young men. Maybe that's where Gaylord got it from. Like Father, like son.

ROGER: I don't think it's genetic.

FATHER: Maybe you smothered him.

MOTHER: I don't think I smothered him.

FATHER: You drove him to school.

MOTHER: Only on a rota. Of course I bonded with him after all those stretch marks, but I don't think I overdid it. *[To ROGER]* Are you sure you're not attracted to women? Because if I could manage to have sex with my son's gay partner, it would do wonders for my self-confidence and feelings of femininity.

FATHER: And if you were a rent boy, you'd do it for cash regardless of sex – I mean gender.

MOTHER: Don't worry dear, we'll find you a rent boy of your very own some other time.

FATHER: You must admit, he's very attractive...

MOTHER: Yes he is. Very attractive...

[They are both coming on to ROGER.]

ROGER: Goodness, is that the time, I really must be going. I have an urgent appointment on Grindr. Please tell Gaylord I'm sorry I couldn't wait for him, but I'll see him around – some time. And thanks for the Red Bull.

[He exits at breakneck speed.]

FATHER: How long did that take?

MOTHER: About ten minutes.

FATHER: We're getting better at this. How many more to go?

MOTHER: I got twelve out of his address book.

FATHER: Who's next?

MOTHER: Portillo...?

FATHER: Well Gaylord certainly can't say that we aren't nice to his...

MOTHER: Little friends.

FATHER: It's early days yet. He's only thirty.

MOTHER: Yes, he's far too young to be thinking of leaving home.

BLACKOUT