

MOM

(Shaking hands)

Nice to meet you, Mr. Stubbins.

(Handing him a tin)

A little something I baked.

MR. STUBBINS

(Peeking inside)

Oooohh! A fruit cake. Thank
you, Mrs. Sutphin. Have a seat.

MOM

Bon Appetit!

They sit on opposite sides of his desk.

MR. STUBBINS

Chip is off to a fine start
this year.

(Checking his roll book)

Focused...conscientious...
participates actively in
classroom discussion.

MOM

(Proudly)

He's a good boy.

MR. STUBBINS

(Suddenly serious)

There is one big problem though.

MOM'S smile freezes on her face ever so subtly

MOM

What is it, Mr. Stubbins?

MR. STUBBINS

(Spitting out the words)

His unhealthy obsession with
sick horror films.

MOM

(Relieved)

He is assistant manager of a
video shop...

MR. STUBBINS

(Cutting her off)

That's no excuse for a morbid
imagination. I caught him
drawing this in class last week.

(Unfolds lurid drawing of woman
getting her tongue pulled out
with the title, "Blood Feast")

Is there a problem at home?

MOM

(Shocked)

Certainly not!

MR. STUBBINS

Divorce? An alcoholic relative?

(Knowingly)

Tell me, did Chip torture animals
when he was young?

MOM

(Furious)

No, he did not! We are a loving
supportive family, Mr. Stubbins.

MR. STUBBINS

Well, you're doing something
wrong, Mrs. Sutphin. I'd
recommend therapy for your son.

(Rising from his chair)

Thank you for taking the time
to come to PTA.