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Thinking of Moving

Scene: Inside their rather cluttered home Mum and Dad are considering packing. Their house is on the market but they haven't bought a new one yet.

Dad: Now the secret of packing is throwing heaps out, that's what this house-moving game's all about – this little keepsake and that ancient vase and certainly all of these empty jam jars.

Mum: You just never know, dear, when they'll be of some use.

Dad: But our new house may be smaller, we need to reduce, so let's chuck them out, love – we must really be ruthless.

Mum: But some things are real treasures although they seem useless: Great Grandpa's huge photo, Mum's brooches and rings remind us of dear ones and precious past things, and these thick, woolly jumpers here in this old case might be handy come winter.

Dad: (*getting exasperated*) But, dear, think of the space. And your books, honey, everywhere, books, books, books, books. We'll just not have the room in a house without nooks; and all of these albums stacked up here in a pile would be best on computer, transferred to a file.

Pause.

Mum: (*horrified*) Oh no, no! Not a chance! - Forget packing today. In fact, Daddy, dear, I suggest that we stay.

Dad: (*rather helplessly*) The roof's started leaking, place's falling apart.

Mum: But this house-moving caper's not good for my heart. In fact the idea has become quite absurd, the silliest proposal that I've ever heard. We can manage all right and our house is just fine for books, albums, jars, jumpers, all treasures of mine. We'll remain here forever, well at least till we're past it, So go out at once, dear, take our home off the market.

Dad: (*shrugging and putting on his hat and moving towards the door.*) If that's what you want, pet. You're usually right. Besides, love, we're too old to be having a fight.