



Ricky and the Social Worker

Characters: Ted, Ricky, Ted's Mum, Ricky's Dad, Daisy, Social Worker

Synopsis: Ted's mother and Father decide that Ricky has been staying with them long enough. Ted talks to his Mum and tries to persuade her to let Ricky stay but her mind is made up. Ted's parents contact the social worker. The social worker believes Ricky's rightful place is back with his parents and sister. The social worker visits Ricky's family. It is clear from the visit that it is not a perfect home for Ricky to go back to but the social worker still thinks it is the best option for Ricky. The social worker then has an interview with Ricky and tries to persuade him to go back to live with his family. Ricky does not want to but the alternative is to go and live in a boy's home and Ricky does not want to do that either.

Scene 1

Ricky: Ted.
Ted: Yes Ricky?
Ricky: The social worker wants to see me.
Ted: Why? It wasn't you who started the fight at bendyburgers... it was Big Dollar and Hammer and Daisy... you were innocent.
Ricky: The social worker doesn't want to talk to me about the fight.
Ted: So what DOES he want to talk to you about Ricky?
Ricky: Where I live.
Ted: You live with me.
Ricky: I do now... but I can't always live there.
Ted: Sure you can... you can live there for as long as you want to Ricky... no problem.
Ricky: I don't think so.
Ted: Yes, yes you can... come on Ricky... stop looking so miserable... let's go and play some football... come on.
Ricky: I don't want to play football.

Ted: Okay, so let's go and... and... play a computer game.

Ricky: I don't want to play a computer game... Listen Ted... I'm not going back

Ted: You don't have to Ricky.

Ricky: I'd rather run away again.

Ted: But you don't have to run away... you're staying with us.

Ricky: Ted.

Ted: What Ricky... what is it?

Ricky: I heard your parents talking.

Ted: About what?

Ricky: Me.

Ted: What were they saying?

Ricky: It was time for me to go home.

Ted: Really? When did you hear this?

Ricky: The other night. I couldn't sleep. I got up to go to the toilet and I heard them.

Ted: What did they say?

Ricky: Your Mum was telling your father to get in contact with the social worker.

Ted: The social worker?

Ricky: Yes, she said something needed to be worked out... she said I needed to go back home and live with my mum and dad and Daisy.

Ted: My mother said that?!

Ricky: Yes... she said when you first asked if I could stay... she thought it would only be for a short time... and now it's been almost three months.

Ted: Three months... is that how long you've been staying with us?! Well yes, I suppose it is. Anyway, so what? Three months, three years, who cares?!

Ricky: Your mother.

Ted: She didn't mean it.

Ricky: She did... that's why I'm seeing the social worker.

Ted: I'm going to have a talk with my mum... I'm sure I can talk her round

Ricky: How you gonna do that?

Ted: Well... I'll remind her how your dad used to beat you and swear at you and treat you more like his dog than his son.

Ricky: She knows that already.

Ted: Yeah, well, maybe she's forgotten. Hey, when are you supposed to be seeing the social worker?

Ricky: After school tomorrow.
Ted: Good, that gives me time to talk to mum.
Ricky: It's no good Ted... I know what will happen... they'll tell me I have to go back home... and I won't... I'm never going to live with my dad again... OR with Daisy... I hate them... I hate both of them!
Ted: Leave this to me Ricky boy... leave this to me.

Scene 2

Ted: Hi Mum.
Mum: Hi Ted.
Ted: Um, Mum... can I talk to you for a minute.
Mum: Have you finished your homework?
Ted: Um... most of it.
Mum: Well why don't you finish ALL of it and then come and talk to me.
Ted: Mum, this is kind of urgent.
Mum: Urgent? Oh well, in that case you'd better talk to me now. What is it Ted?
Ted: It's about Ricky.
Mum: I see.
Ted: Mum... Ricky CAN keep staying with us can't he?
Mum: Ted, Ricky's been staying with us for the past three months... it's time he went home... to his own mother and father.
Ted: But his father treats him more like a dog than a son... he beats him.
Mum: Ted, I'm sorry to hear that but... well... that's not really our problem.
Ted: But we can't send Ricky back to be beaten by his Dad! Can you imagine Mum... Ricky's run away from home... if he's forced to go back now he's father will be mad... really mad... like a raging bull!! He'll kill Ricky ... he'll murder him!
Mum: Don't exaggerate Ted.
Ted: I'm NOT exaggerating! Ricky's told me the stories! His father used to beat him... whip him with a belt... once he even tried to strangle him.
Mum: Ted... look... Ricky's a nice boy but don't you think he might be telling you stories like that so that he can carry on staying here?
Ted: Ricky's not a liar mum!
Mum: Look Ted... I don't want US to argue about this... I know it's going to be tricky... that's why your father and I have contacted a social worker.
Ted: But the social worker will send him back!

Mum: Ted, social workers are trained professionals... they have a much better idea of how to deal with such cases than we have.

Ted: Please let Ricky stay mum... please... please.

Mum: Ted... go and finish your homework... go on... I've got to go to the shops and your father will be home soon.

Ted: Not until you say Ricky can stay.

Mum: Ted... now stop it... I've had enough... Ricky has stayed with us for THREE months... it's time he went home.

Ted: But he hasn't got a proper home... THIS is his home!

Mum: No Ted... this is YOUR home and Pinky's... not Ricky's.

Ted: Can't you adopt him? I'd have a brother then... I've always wanted to have a brother.

Mum: (Little laugh) Adopt Ricky? Good heavens no!... what ARE you talking about Teddy? ... I've got my two children thank you very much ... one boy... YOU... and one girl ... Pinky.... and I'm very happy with you both ... you're two lovely children... I don't need a third... Anyway your father couldn't afford a third child.

Ted: But mum... we can't send Ricky back to be hit by his father.

Mum: Ted, stop worrying about it... it's all in the hands of the social worker now... now run along and finish your homework before dinner's ready.

Scene 3

Ricky: Did you talk to her?

Ted: Yes.

Ricky: What did she say?

Ted: She said really nice things about you Ricks.

Ricky: Yeah?

Ted: Yeah, she said you were almost like one of the family.

Ricky: Yeah?! Wa! Did she... did she say in could... stay?

Ted: Um ... not exactly.

Ricky: (very disappointed) Oh. Okay... I'd better start packing.

Ted: Hey Ricky! Come on man... don't start packing yet... Listen, I've been thinking... The social worker won't send you back home! Why would he do a thing like that?! He's a social worker, they're supposed to look after people not put them in cages with wild animals.

Ricky: The social worker will make me go home, I know it., that's what they do.

Ted: But your father hits you!
Ricky: Yeah, but I got no real proof.
Ted: Tell them.
Ricky: They won't believe me... they'll say I'm making it up.
Ted: I'll back you up.
Ricky: Ted, you haven't seen my dad beating me... how can you tell them he did.
Ted: I can pretend I did.
Ricky: No way Ted... if they catch you lying it won't help anybody... it will only make things worse.
Ted: Okay, but I want to help you Ricks, I really do.
Ricky: So your Mum said I couldn't stay.
Ted: Well, sort of ... I mean she likes you and all that but she's got this thing about you being with your parents.
Ricky: So I can't stay.
Ted: Mum said it was up to the social worker.
Ricky: Hey, I'm not complaining Ted... hey man... your parents have been great-letting me stay here for three months... giving me presents at Christmas and lycee at the lunar New Year.
Ted: Pinky will miss you.
Ricky: I'll miss her.
Ted: Hey, what are we getting so glum about... let's wait and see what the social says first ... who knows ... maybe he'll say you can stay after all!

Interval

Scene 4

Mr Chiu: Where's your mother?
Daisy: I don't know ... she went shopping or something.
Mr C: That blasted social worker is coming!... she knows that and she disappears! What's the matter with her?! I think your mother has got a few screws loose in her head... she doesn't remember anything I tell her!
Daisy: Is the social worker coming to talk about Ricky?
Mr C: Yes and your mother should be here!

(SFX: Bell rings)

Mr C: Damn! That's him now! Now Daisy you mind what you say ... Ricky's been telling them all sorts of lies about me... telling them I'm some kind of monster or something... and I don't want them thinking it's true.

(SFX: Bell rings again)

Mr C: Daisy- answer the door.
Daisy: Daddy... I won't tell them you hit Ricky.
Mr C: Thank you Daisy... you're a good girl.
Daisy: (Wheedling voice) Daddy... I saw this wonderful pair of shoes in Fabulous Walk... but... I can't afford them.
Mr C: How much are they?
Daisy: Only eight hundred dollars.
Mr C: Eight hundred?!

(SFX: Bell rings again)

Mr C: Okay, okay...here you are.
Daisy: Thanks Daddy.
Mr C: Now go on... hurry up... hurry up and open the door.
Daisy: Yes Daddy.
Mr C: Social workers ... busy bodies... why don't they mind their own business.
Daisy: (Coming back into the room) It's Mister Poon daddy.
Mr C: Ah... Mister Poon... come in come in.
S.W.: Thank you.
Mr C: Daisy... get Mister Poon something to drink... what would you like Mister Poon?... tea... a beer?
S.W.: Um... tea would be nice?
Mr C: Daisy... get Mister Poon some tea.
Daisy: We haven't got any tea.
Mr C: Haven't got any tea?!
Daisy: Mum's gone out to buy some.
Mr C: A beer then... bring Mister Poon here a beer.
S.W.: No, it's okay... thank you... I'm fine.

Mr C: Well Mister Poon... what can I do for you?
S.W.: Well Mister Chiu, I've really come to talk to you and Mrs Poon about your son Ricky... um, where is Mrs Poon?
Mr C: Out shopping... she won't be long.
Daisy: Okay, bye everybody.
S.W.: Um... are you going out Daisy?
Daisy: Yes... I'm going to buy some shoes... Daddy's just given me the money for them... you see what a nice Daddy I've got.
Mr C: Thank you Daisy... My Daisy is a sweet girl Mister Poon... I don't know what I'd do without her.
S.W.: I was rather hoping Daisy could stay and join in the conversation.
Daisy: But I want to buy my shoes! I don't have to stay do I daddy?
Mr C: But the social worker says he wants you to join in Daisy.
Daisy: But I want to buy my shoes!
S.W.: It's about your brother Daisy... I'm trying to help your brother come back home... your input could be very helpful in getting him back.
Daisy: But I want to buy those shoes... if I don't get them now someone else might buy them and THEN what am I going to do?!

Mr C: She wants to buy her shoes.
SW.: Yes, I understand... but if Daisy could postpone her shopping trip for half an hour I would be truly grateful... and so would Ricky.
Mr C: Daisy?... what do you say?... you heard what the social worker said.
Daisy: (Sulky) Not fair!
Mr C: There's a good girl Daisy.
S.W.: I appreciate it very much.
Daisy: Well come on then... be quick... what do you want to know?
S.W.: Well I just wanted to explore the possibility of Ricky coming back home... he's been away for... how long now?
Mr C: Um... oh... um... how long is it Daisy dear?
Daisy: I dunno... the longer the better.
Mr C: Daisy... don't say that about your little brother... (To SW) She's only joking... Daisy and Ricky are very close as brother and sister... very close indeed.
Daisy: Is that it? Can I go now?
S.W.: Um, not quite actually.
Mr C: Daisy... sit down and relax... those shoes will still be there in half an hour' time.
Daisy: If they're not... if someone else has bought them while I've been sitting

here... I shall be FURIOUS!

- S.W.: So Ricky has been away from home for about three months.
Mr C: Yes, yes, that's right... three months... isn't it Daisy?
Daisy: (Sulky) If you say so.
S.W.: And he's been staying...?
Mr C: I dunno... he never told me... he wants to punish me.
S.W.: Punish you Mister Chiu?
Mr C: I'm a good father Mister Poon... Daisy will tell you that won't you Daisy.
Daisy: (Sulky) I suppose so.
Mr C: There, you see. Ricky has always been a problem boy... I've tried, lord knows I've tried to be good to him, haven't I Daisy?
Daisy: (Sulky) Yes, yes, anything you say.
Mr C: You see.
S.W.: Well Ricky's been staying at the house of a classmate, Ted... Ted's family have been caring for him but now... well they think it's time he came home... and frankly, well this is where Ricky REALL belongs... with you and his mother and you Daisy.
Daisy: Can I go now?

(SFX: Door opening)

- Mr C: There's your mother. (Coming into room. Aggressively) Where have you been? You KNEW the social worker was coming round?
Mrs C: (Vague) Social worker? Oh... oh yes.
S.W.: Hello Mrs Chiu... my name's Mister Poon... I just popped round to have a little chat about Ricky.
Mrs C: (Vague) Ricky... yes Ricky... how is he?
S.W.: Fine... he's staying with a school friend's family.
Mrs C: That's nice.
S.W.: But it's probably time for him to come back home and live with you here again.
Mrs C: Oh, is Ricky coming home... husband... you didn't tell me Ricky was coming home... Okay... well I'll just take the shopping into the kitchen.
S.W.: Um Mrs Chiu... I'd be grateful if you could sit with us and talk about Ricky's future.
Mrs C: But I've got to make the dinner... husband gets very cross with me if

his dinner isn't ready on time.

Mr C: Sit down wife.

Daisy: Now mum's here can I go?

Mr C: Shut up Daisy.

Daisy: (Threatening) If those shoes have been sold.

Mrs C: What shoes are they Daisy dear?

Daisy: Dad said I could buy some shoes and now he won't let me go and buy them!

S.W.: I'm sorry Daisy... but this IS important I promise you.

Daisy: Okay, okay, so what do you want me to say... tell me and I'll say it.

S.W.: I just want you to tell the truth that's all.

Daisy: Alright, alright, alright... but please... be quick!

S.W.: Mr and Mrs Chiu forgive me for asking but... well... you do you're your son Ricky to come and live with you back home don't you?

Mrs C: Um... do we husband?

Mr C: Of course we do wife.

Mrs C: I just thought I'd ask because... well, you know.

S.W.: Know what Mrs Chiu?

Mrs C: Nothing ... I was just checking.

S.W.: With Mister Chiu?

Mrs C: Well yes... he's my husband...I er... well I just wanted to find out if...

Mr C: Go to the kitchen and make dinner.

Mrs C: But the social worker said I had to stay.

Mr C: She can go now can't she? We don't need her anymore do we?

S.W.: Um... she IS the mother Mister Chiu and if you don't mind I would like to have a few more words if I may.

Daisy: This is really boring!

Mrs C: Can I just put the fish in the fridge.

S.W.: Um... I take it then that you do all want Ricky to come back?

Daisy: (Bored) Yes, yes, anything... anything... now can I go?

S.W.: Mrs Chiu?

Mrs C: Whatever my husband says.

S.W.: Mister Chiu?

Mr C: Yes... he can come back... so long as he behaves himself... Um... do I get any extra benefits if he comes back?

S.W.: That depends on your tax situation.

Mr C: I don't mind having him back but he's a big mouth to feed you know... he eats like a horse and the rate he gets through his clothes... now if I

could have a special allowance... just to help me out a bit...

S.W.: (Interrupting) Mister Chiu... Misses Chiu... Daisy... do you, as a family... want Ricky back?

Mr C: Urn... about that allowance

Mrs C: I'd better go to the kitchen.

Daisy: I'm going to go and get those shoes!

Scene 5

(SFX: Knock on the door)

S.W.: Come in.

Ricky: {SFX: Door opens}(Ricky clears his throat) Um... are you mister Poon?

S.W.: Yes, yes I am and you must be Ricky Chiu.

Ricky: Yes.

S.W.: Come in ... come in...

(SFX: Door closes)

S.W.: Please...sit down.

Ricky: I'm not going home if that's what you're going to tell me.

S.W.: Tea? Or would you rather have a soft drink?... um, I've got an apple juice... or orange?

Ricky: No thanks.

S.W.: Sure?... Okay. So... how are things going at school Ricky?

Ricky: I' m not going back home.

S.W.: Ricky... do you think we could chat a bit first... I want to ask a few questions... get an idea of how things are.

Ricky: What's the point... we'll chat chat chat and then you'll tell me I have to go back home, and I won't... so I thought I might as well tell you now... just to make things clear.

S.W.: Ricky... now I know you might not think your home is a perfect one but it IS your home and you DO have a mother and father and a sister... many boys I talk to don't have that... you should be grateful.

Ricky: Huh! Grateful for what? A father who beats me all the time.

SW: Beats you?

Ricky: Yes... that's why I left... I'd had enough of his big fists beating down on

me.

S.W.: Did you report it?

Ricky: No. Report to who?

S.W.: The social services.

Ricky: Report my own father? !

S.W.: So there's no proof your father beat you?

Ricky: Look... that's all in the ast... forget it... have... I don't want to get him into trouble, I just don't want to go back, that's all.

S.W.: But you can't stay with Ted's family anymore... they like you Ricky, but fair enough, they've been looking after you for three months now... feeding you and putting you up and you know... they don't get anything for doing it.

Ricky: Huh... money... they want money is that it?

S.W.: No they don't Ricky... you shouldn't say that... Ted's family are very decent people... they've looked after you for three months and NO they HAVEN' T asked for money... but it's time you left Ricky... time you tired again back home.

Ricky: I'm not going back so don't even think it.

S.W.: Ricky... you're fifteen... I'm afraid you don't really have a choice in the matter. Now it's not that bad... I've been to visit your family and they DO want you back.

Ricky: You're joking?!

S.W.: No I' m not.

Ricky: They told you they wanted me back?!

S.W.: Not in so many words but... well Ricky... underneath I sensed a lot of love for you.

Ricky: Underneath what? Ten foot of solid rock?!

S.W.: There's affection for you Ricky... real affection... your family don't know how to express it that's all... but after you're back....

Ricky: (Interrupting) I'm not going back.

S.W.: After you're back home I shall come and visit you.

Ricky: Forget it.

S.W.: I'll make sure everything's alright and IF for any reason it isn't... you can tell me.

Ricky: And what if it isn't all right? what will you do then?

S.W.: Let's cross that bridge when we come to it Ricky?

Ricky: I'm not going to a boy's home if that's what you think.

S.W.: I hope it won't come to that Ricky.

Ricky: You're right... it won't.
S.W.: If everything works out well with your family you won't need to go to a special home... you'll be in your own home.
Ricky: So that's the deal is it? Either go home and get beaten up by my father or go to a boy's home and get beaten up there.
S.W.: Try and look at it in a positive light Ricky.
Ricky: And how do I do that? I know... lend me your rose tinted glasses ... you've got some haven't you?
S.W.: I'll come and visit you every week Ricky, I promise... you can trust me... I'm your friend.
Ricky: So you'll come once a week?... what about the other six days?... what do I do then?
S.W.: It'll be alright Ricky... I promise you... everything will be fine.

Scene 6

Mr C: That little devil... getting the social worker onto us... you wait till he comes home... you just wait... I'm going to beat the living daylights out of him!
Mrs C: Here's your dinner dear.
Mr C: What's that?
Mrs C: Garoupa dear.
Mr C: It smells like cat's food... I don't want fish... it stinks... get me some meat.
Mrs C: But I haven't got any meat.
Mr C: You stupid cow... you know I don't like fish and you go and buy it for me. Take it away!
Mrs C: But I haven't got anything else.
Mr C: Go and buy me a tin of pork luncheon meat... and while you're at it... get me some more beers
Mrs C: Yes dear... anything you say dear.

(SFX: Door opens and slams)

Mrs C: That must be Daisy
Daisy: (furious) I TOLD you !
Mrs C: What's wrong Daisy dear?
Daisy: Him! That stupid father of mine.

Mr C: What's up with you?
Daisy: The shoes... someone else bought them!
Mrs C: What shoes dear?
Daisy: They were in the sales... one thousand eight hundred dollar shoes reduced to eight hundred dollars.
Mrs C: That's expensive.
Daisy: Listen mum you stupid fool... listen... I said REDUCED by a thousand dollars! And then YOU say expensive! That's dumb!
Mrs C: Sorry Daisy.
Daisy: Making me sit here and talk to that stupid social worker and now I've lost the shoes and YOU made me stay dad... YOU DID!
Mr C: So you didn't buy the shoes?
Daisy: No.
Mr C: Can I have the money back then?
Daisy: (Furious) No way! Ugh! I'm so mad I could... I could....

(SFX: Glasses or plates being thrown against the wall)

Mrs C: Daisy... now look what you've gone and done.

Scene 6

S.W.: Try and look at it in a positive light Ricky. I'll come and visit you every week, I promise... you can trust me... I'm your friend.
Ricky: So you'll come once a week?... what about the other six days?.. what do sI do then?
S.W.: It'll be alright Ricky... I promise you... everything will be fine.

The End