

Scene 3

(The action again moves to the smaller stage. In the London 2012 committee room, the committee members are now relaxing a little. They even have their feet on the desks!)

Member 1 ~ Competing naked in the Olympic Games! I thought the Ancient Greeks were supposed to be a civilised lot!

Member 2 ~ There are some amazing tales about athletes from back then. For instance, a wrestler called Milo of Croton consumed ten kilos of meat and bread, and ten litres of wine each day! He was an Olympic champion at sixty years old!

Member 3 ~ Well, it's probably fair to say that most of this year's champions will be a bit younger than that! Old age does tend to get in the way of performing feats of physical strength and endurance.

Member 4 ~ I'm not so sure. Last week I went to my daughter's sports day at school, and when it came to the parents' race it was obvious that not everyone knew the meaning of 'growing old gracefully'

*(The action again moves to the main stage. Twelve 'adults' sit on two rows of chairs at the back of the stage, facing the audience. All are dressed casually – see **staging suggestions/costume** – apart from one of the dads, who wears a track suit, trainers and headband. Under his tracksuit is a sports vest and lycra shorts. One of the women is an elderly grandmother with a walking stick. She should sit somewhere on the back row. A teacher, Mrs Christie, stands at the front.)*

Mrs Christie ~ And there we are ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls; we've come to the end of another successful sports day. Congratulations to all those who took part. Now, all that remains.....

Competitive Dad ~ *(eagerly standing and interrupting)* But Mrs Christie, what about the parents' race? Surely you'll be having a parents' race?

Mrs Christie ~ Yes, I was just coming to that. Now everyone, as you know it's traditional for us to finish off the day's events with a parents' race. Any adult wishing to compete, please join me here on the starting line.

(The competitive dad jumps to his feet, strips off his tracksuit and stands by Mrs Christie, doing stretches, lunges, blowing his cheeks and jogging on the spot! No other adult comes forward.)

Competitive Dad ~ *(to the adults)* Are you lot afraid of the competition? Don't worry, I promise to go easy on you – I'll even give you a ten metre head-start!

Mrs Christie ~ I'm afraid we can't have a parents' race without some more parents. Just another five of you, that's all we need. Come on, it'll be fun!

(Two mums reluctantly remove their shoes and join the line.)

Mum 1 ~ *(to Mum 2)* It's been years since I broke into a jog, let alone a sprint!

Mum 2 ~ Me too! This could be a bit embarrassing, but what the heck!

Competitive Dad ~ *(still limbering up)* Well I try to do at least half an hour's cardio every day. You can probably tell I take physical fitness seriously.

Dad 1 ~ *(stepping forward)* Go on then, I'll give it a go. The knees aren't what they used to be, but I should make it to the finish line in one piece!

Dad 2 ~ *(joining him)* I can't guarantee I'll manage that, but at least it'll give the kids a laugh!

Mrs Christie ~ Thanks to all of you for volunteering. Now, this year's parents' race will be a little different. Instead of a straight sprint, we thought we'd spice things up and have.....a three-legged race!

Competitive Dad ~ You're kidding! A three-legged race! That's ridiculous! Can you imagine Olympic athletes taking part in a three-legged race!

Mrs Christie ~ Well, this isn't the Olympics, it's a school sports day, and a three-legged race is what we've decided to have. Now, if each of you could choose a partner we'll get you tied up!

Competitive Dad ~ Well, I'm not happy, but I suppose I'll have to make the most of it. *(to the others)* Right, I'm sorry but I can only be a partner with one of you – the unlucky ones will have to be with someone less athletic. So.....

(The two mums and two dads eagerly 'partner-up', leaving the competitive dad by himself! He pretends not to be bothered. Mrs Christie kneels to tie the adults' legs.)

Competitive Dad ~ Yeah...right....no, that's fine. You're all obviously worried about slowing me down. You probably wouldn't be able to keep up with my pace anyway, so....yeah....no, that's fine.

Mrs Christie ~ *(to the remaining seated adults)* We're short of one person to be this gentleman's partner. Can we persuade anyone else to come and take part?

Competitive Dad ~ Come on, one of you! I guarantee we'll win! *(nodding dismissively at the other two couples)* Ha! I mean, just look at what we're up against!

Mrs Christie ~ Anybody?

(From the back row of the seated adults, the elderly grandma raises her walking stick!)

Grandma ~ *(with frailty!)* I'll be the gentleman's partner.

(Helped by another adult, she slowly and feebly makes her way forward, to the horror of the competitive dad! She eventually stands by him, tugging his arm enthusiastically.)

Grandma ~ Come on dearie, let's show 'em what we're made of!

(To the smiles of everyone else, Mrs Christie kneels to tie their legs together. As the music to the song starts, the competitive dad despairingly holds his head in his hands.)

Song 4 – My Dad's Faster Than Your Dad *(CD track 11, lyrics p21)*
(Sports Day characters, supported by the whole cast)