

## Scene 3

*(Mum is standing by the work-surface in the kitchen – see **staging suggestions/furniture** – rummaging through a basket of clothes.)*

**Mum** Hey you two, guess what Dad and I will be wearing to your sports day! Get a load of this.....

*(She holds up a tee-shirt with big bold letters reading ‘GO ADAM AND LUCY!!!’ on the front, then turns it around to reveal the writing on the back.... ‘MUM AND DAD’S LITTLE CHAMPIONS!!!’ Dad and the children look horrified!)*

**Mum** *(to Dad)* Now I’ve got you an XL, but it might be too tight so you’d better try it on now. If it doesn’t fit I’ll get you an XXL ready for this afternoon.

**Lucy** No way Mum! You are not wearing those to our sports day! What will our friends say?

**Dad** What will *our* friends say?

**Adam** Don’t you dare do this to us in public! There’s going to be enough embarrassing parents at sports day without you two making fools out of yourselves, and out of us.....

*(The action again moves to the main stage. Twelve ‘adults’ sit on two rows of chairs. All are dressed casually – see **staging suggestions/costume** – apart from ‘Competitive Dad’ who wears trainers, a headband and a track suit under which is a sports vest and lycra shorts. One of the women is elderly and has 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 coming to that. Now, 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 and jogging on the spot! No-one else comes forward.)*

**Comp. 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** 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!

- Comp. 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!
- Comp. Dad** What! 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!
- Comp. Dad** Well, I’m not happy, but I suppose I’ll have to make the most of it. Right, *(to the other volunteers)* 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..... *(sizing them up as potential partners)*
- (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.)*
- Comp. 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 seated adults)* We’re short of someone to be this gentleman’s partner. Can we persuade anyone else to come and take part?
- Comp. 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 handsome, 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 My Dad's Faster Than Your Dad** *(CD track 11, lyrics p21)*