

READY. STEADY. GROW!

A sketch about maturity. (or lack of) The leader introduces the cast, which consists of one couple, the female half taking the part of mother, wife and daughter.

Leader:- I'd just like to introduce a couple of friends of mine. (enter mother and toddler walking from the back of the building)

Mother:- Come on, sweetheart, no, don't go near the fire, you could burn your fingers!

Rodney:- (reaches out towards fire). I wan' fire. I wan' fire. (resists. Mother and toddler reach the front.)

Leader:- This is Rodney (indicating toddler) and his Mum. (Rodney puts thumb in mouth. Leader steps back but remains standing)

Mother:- Rodney's only a baby, but he's growing up really fast. He knows quite a few words already, don't you, Rodney?

Rodney:- Me wan' gollyblop!

Mother:- No, darling, no lollipop just now, it's time for your lunch. (sits him on the table). Here it is, your favourite, sardine and cauliflower. (opens jar, puts on bib and tries to feed Rodney, but he turns his face away all the time, or spits it out at Mother. In desperation she tries some.) Mmmmmm, it's lovely! (grimaces)

Rodney:- Don' wannit, Roddie wan' gollyblop. (mother tries to wipe face, Rodney starts tantrum)

Mother:- (sniffs) Oh, Rodney, really, and I've only just changed you! Come with me! (both turn to face the wall).

Leader:- Oh dear, let's fast-forward 25 years and see if Rodney matures a bit). Here is Rod and his wife. (leader steps back, Rod and his wife turn around to face audience).

Rod:- You know, I really want that BMW. I, er we, could really impress our neighbours with that!

Wife:- But what's wrong with the car we've got?

Rod:- It's three years old.

Wife:- We can't afford a new car, we only just get by as it is!

Rod:- Oh, come on! We can afford it on easy terms, and you could always get another job.

Wife:- No Rod, it's too much.

Rod:- It's always the same, isn't it? Me, me, me, that's all you think about! Besides, we could borrow the money from the bank.

Wife:- Not again, Rod, this time you'd really get your fingers burnt!

Rod:- Know what? You're a real killjoy. Everything I want to do, you always spoil it. I'm gonna do what I want! (turns to the wall)

Wife:- You'll get yourself in a mess again! (turns to the wall)

Leader:- Oh dear, maybe he's not had enough time to mature. Let's give him.....another 50 years. Here's Rodney and his daughter.

(Dad and daughter turn to face the audience).

Daughter:- Come on, Dad, it's time for lunch. I've made you a nice salad, and then there's some strawberry yoghurt.

Dad:- Pfff. Rabbit food and baby gloop! Why can't I have some decent food? Bacon and egg. Sausage. And a cream cake?

Daughter:- Come on, Dad, you know what the doctor said. Your cholesterol's way up, and if you carry on the way you are, your heart will suffer, not to mention your waistline!

Dad:- I don't care, it's my body and I'll eat what I like. Where's your car-keys? I'm going to the chip-shop. And then I'm going to the pub! (starts to exit)

Daughter:- Dad, you can't! You've been banned from driving, you can't see properly!

Dad:- (turns) You're a right spoilsport, you and that doctor, and that eye specialist. Specialist? Pffff! There's nothing wrong with my eyesight. (collides with a pillar or something as he heads off) I'm gonna do what I want, now where's those keys? (stomps out, followed by daughter)

Daughter:- If you have an accident, don't expect me to clear up your mess! (exeunt)
