

Grumpy old Ted Skit #1

A sunny day at the park

Kevin Lee

Performers x4

Grumpy old Ted/ Narrator

Mother 1

Mother 2

Mother 3

Props. (None, but Mothers must pretend they have children with them, and Mother 1 must pretend she has dogs with her as well).

(Mother 1 walks on, and looks at Ted).

Ted. "Wadda you lookin' at?"

Mot 1. "What are *you* lookin' at...you shouldn't be in a children's playground!"

Ted. "I walk through here every day...and you should keep those things on a leash...they run wild around here...and trip everyone up!"

Mot 1. "They're well behaved...unlike you...and they stay behind me, wherever I go!"

Ted. "Not *those* things...those *other* things...the brats...they should be kept on a leash!"

Mot 1. "Are you referring to my children?"

Ted. (Mimicking her). "Are you referring to my children?...Horrible little things...They should be registered...and kept in cages...where they belong!"

Mot 1. "I should call the Police!"

Ted. "Yes please, they might take them away...and put them in cages..."

Mot 1. "Come on kids...we're going home now...No, we did not just get here...Come on...or this hairy old man might eat you!"

(She leaves and Mother 2 walks on).

Mot 2. "Come along...and say hello to the old Grandfather over there too..."

Ted. "Get away from me...you shouldn't talk to strangers...Have these things been washed?"

Mot 2. "What...what did you *just* say?"

Ted. "Have these brats been washed?"

Mot 2. "I might ask you the same thing?"

Ted. "I don't have to wash...only dirty people need to wash...like *those* ones!"

Mot 2. "Guess who got out of bed on the wrong side this morning?"

Ted. (Mimicking). "Guess who got out of bed on the wrong side this morning?...It's always a bad day when *those* things are running wild around here...you should keep them in your car...or keep them tied up."

Mot 2. (Shaking her head). "There's one in every park...doesn't have any fun...so it doesn't want anyone else to have any fun either...a real killjoy...is that your name...Mister Killjoy?"

Ted. (Mimicking). "Is that your name...Mister Killjoy?"

Mot 2. "There's probably a really nice old man inside you somewhere...but no-one knows where?"

(Mother 3 walks on, and joins Mother 2).

Mot 3. "Carol!...nice day to be at the park!"

Mot 2. "Yes, it was...till Crumplestiltskin turned up..." (motioning to Ted).

Mot 3. "Oh...I thought he was a statue?...he looks like one..."

Mot 2. "That's because he never washes...thinks he's the fun Police too!"

Ted. (Mimicking). "Thinks he's the fun Police too."

Mot 3. "No, he thinks he's a parrot...Polly want a cracker?"

Mot 2. "He's got black teeth...probably ate some unfortunate child...and got bits of his gumboots stuck in his teeth!"

(They laugh).

Ted. "I'm not staying here to be insulted by you two...and run over by those brats...A man can't even take a walk in the park..." (He leaves).

Mot 3. "He is grumpy...I wonder what he had for breakfast?"

Mot 2. "I told you...some poor kid...gumboots and all!"

(They laugh).

Mot 3. (Whispering). "Better not let him catch us laughing...he might eat *us* too?"

(They laugh again).

Mot 2. "I hope I never end up like that!"

Mot 3. "Me too...But he might be someone's Father...you never know?"

Mot 2. "Don't even say that...it would be a fate worse than death!"

(Both laugh).

Mot 3. "Come on...the 'brats' are going to the flying fox."

(They walk off).

Nar. "What a shame...to get to the end of a long life...and be as sour as vinegar...In the Bible old men are reported to have wisdom...and honour...and be held in high esteem by others...not ridiculed by them.

It truly is a shame...when someone spends their life serving the devil...and at the end of it...all he can crown them with is dissatisfaction with their own life...and dissatisfaction with everyone elses."

End.

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