

Rosie the Teacher skits #1-2

Grumpy old Ted skits #1-2

Oops the barber skit #1



Kevin Lee

www.therescueshop.org

Rosie the Teacher Skits #1-2

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Rosie the Teacher Skit #1

Mute

Kevin Lee

Performers x 5+

Rosie the Teacher
Kelsey
Thomas
Joan
Others

Props

Desk for Rosie
Chairs for others

(Rosie is sitting at her desk on one side, children on chairs on the other side).

Nar. "Rosie is the Teacher of Room 5B...Thomas is her star pupil...and Kelsey is the Class drama queen...Rosie accidentally discovers that the mute key on her laptop also mutes the children's voices.

Ros. "Good morning class...Today is...Tell us about your hobbies day...and we're up to the K's today...so Kelsey is going to begin it for us...aren't you, Kelsey?"

Kel. "Yes, Miss..."

Ros. "Good...Kelsey is a rather...an...ah...a very unusual...a very *special* girl...so she must have a very special hobby that she's going to tell us about...So...take it away Kelsey!"

(All clap).

Kel. (Stands). "I'm..."

Ros. "Up the front here Kelsey, please..."

Kel. (Walks to the front). "My name's Kelsey...and I'm going to tell you about my hobby today..."

Ros. "I've already told them that Kelsey!"

Kel. "Yes, Miss...My hobby is...I collect the Serial numbers off banana boxes..."

(All laugh).

Ros. "Why doesn't that surprise me?...Come on now Class...Please let Kelsey tell us about her hobby...Go on Kelsey..."

Kel. "How did I get started in it?...Well...my grandfather collected them all his life...He had a room full of them...and when he died, no-one knew what to do with them..."

Ros. "I'm sure they did..."

Kel. "Pardon, Miss?"

Ros. "Sorry Kelsey...I was just thinking out loud..."

Kel. "You can't think out loud?...You think inside your head...even I know that!...You think..."

Ros. "Kelsey...That's enough...go on with your presentation please..."

Kel. "Yes, Miss...So when my grandfather died, his collection was given to me...We call it the Family Jewels...it's..."

(All laugh, including Teacher).

Ros. "Alright Class...please let Kelsey finish...Go on Kelsey..."

Kel. "To save the numbers you cut them off the banana boxes...and stack them *in* banana boxes...I've got our spare room full of boxes of numbers...and I've catalogued all the numbers on my laptop..."

(All Laugh).

Ros. "Come on Class..."

Kel. "This is the exciting bit...I've got lots of consecutive numbers...I've got two's and three's and even fifteen of the Dole ones...it's really rare to get fifteen...it's really exciting to find them..."

Joa. (Puts her hand up).

Ros. "Yes Joan?"

Joa. "Do you get prizes for getting the most numbers?"

Kel. "No...Why would you?...It's a hobby, not a sport..."

Joa. "But I thought..."

Kel. "I'm the only person in the world who collects them..."

Ros. "Doesn't surprise me!"

Kel. "What?"

Ros. "Sorry Kelsey...Thinking out loud again...Please, tell us more about your exciting hobby..."

Kel. "I don't want others to collect them...because then there will be less for me to collect..."

Tho. (Puts hand up).

Ros. "Yes, Thomas?"

Tho. "Why don't you glue them on your walls...then you won't have to stack them in your spare room?"

(All laugh).

Ros. "That's enough children...Good point Thomas...Have you ever thought of that Kelsey?"

Kel. "No...if you glue them to the wall, when you take them off, they might rip...then they would lose their value..."

Tho. (Puts hand up).

Ros. "Yes, Thomas?"

Tho. "What are you going to do with them when you die?"

(All laugh).

Ros. "Good question Thomas..."

Kel. "When I grow up, I'm going to sell them to the Guvament...and they can use them for money...and that will be my job...collecting them and selling them to the Guvament..."

Ros. "Only Kelsey..." (Looks at the mute button on her laptop). "I wonder if the mute key will mute her?"

(Taps the key and Kelsey keeps talking but she is not making a noise).

Ros. (Lets out a sigh of relief). "Ah...bliss..."

(Looks up at the Class who are all looking at her, Kelsey is talking to her).

Ros. (Taps the mute key). "Kelsey...Yes?"

Kel. "What do you think about that?"

Ros. "Ah...in relation to what?"

Kel. "In relation to what I just said?"

Ros. "What did you just say?...I'm having a blonde moment here...I can't remember it?"

Kel. "You can't have a blonde moment...you aren't even blonde...that's like saying..."

Ros. "Enough!" (Taps the mute key).

Kel. (Lecturing the Teacher, but can't be heard).

Ros. "Why didn't I discover this years ago...it would have saved a lot of stress?"

(Looks at Kelsey, who is still raving, and smiles).

Kel. (Pointing a finger at her, and raving. Class all laughing, but not making a sound).

Ros. "I'll have to patent this!" (Looks at her watch and taps the mute key).

Kel. "And you don't even..."

Ros. "That's enough Kelsey...Class is over...Goodbye children!"

(All leave).

Ros. "Teaching is such a joy when I'm blest with a little...girl...like Kelsey..."

End.

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Rosie the Teacher Skit #2

Horror story

Kevin Lee

Performers x 5+

Rosie the Teacher
Kelsey
Tommy
Joan
Others?

Props

Desk for Rosie
Chairs for others

(Rosie is sitting at her desk on one side, children on chairs on the other side).

Nar. "Rosie is the Teacher of Room 5B... Thomas is her star pupil...and Kelsey is the Class drama queen...Rosie has accidentally discovered that the mute key on her laptop also mutes the children."

Ros. "Good morning class...Today we're having an extra-mural day...and we're going for a walk to the lake..."

Kel. "Extra-terrestrials?"

(All laugh).

Kel. "What?"

Ros. "And the day began so well!...No, Kelsey...extra mural...it means we're leaving the classroom...and having school somewhere else...We're going to walk to the Lake and..."

Kel. "But...I'm scared of lakes!"

Ros. "Kelsey...we haven't even left the Classroom...so don't presume a situation that hasn't happened yet, please..."

Kel. "But...I'm scared..."

Ros. "Kelsey...have you ever been to the Lake before?"

Kel. "No...but I'm afraid..."

Ros. "Afraid of what?...We're not going for a swim..."

Kel. "I'm afraid of creatures that come up out of the water...I watched a movie where this slimy thing crawled up out of the lake at night...and it ate some screaming campers...and it ate their tent too..."

(All laugh).

Kel. "What?"

Ros. (Shaking her head). "Kelsey...movies aren't for real...it's all make-believe..."

Kel. "How do you know it isn't real?"

Ros. "Everybody know movies aren't real...apart from you, apparently..."

Kel. "Was the lake in the movie real?"

Ros. "Yes...probably..."

Kel. "So, if the lake was real...how do you know the creature wasn't real?"

Ros. (Hangs her head). "Why did I become a Teacher?...Why didn't I just get a job as a checkout operator?"

Kel. "How do you know?"

(All laugh).

Kel. "What?"

Ros. "Because movies aren't for real...they're for entertainment..."

Tom. (Puts hand up).

Ros. "Yes, Thomas..."

Tom. "Kelsey's afraid her shadow will step in front of her and trip her up..."

(All laugh, except Kelsey).

Kel. "I am not...I'm only afraid of real things..."

Ros. (Smiles). "Well...we'll just have to hope that doesn't happen, Thomas..."

Tom. (Smiles).

Kel. "But, I'm scared?"

Ros. "I can assure you Kelsey...nothing is going to eat you at the lake, except mosquitoes..."

(All laugh, except Kelsey).

Kel. "If we go there and something eats me...I'm going to blame you...and my Dad will be really

mad...no he won't...but my Mum will!"

Ros. "You're welcome to do that...because I'm sure it won't..."

Kel. (Loud). "WHAT WON'T?"

Ros. "It's a figure of speech...Now everyone, get ready to leave the Classroom...and bring your bag and lunch...we'll have a picnic there..."

Tom. "So will the creature..."

(All laugh).

Kel. (Loud). "WHAT CREATURE?...See...I told you so!"

Ros. "Thomas...that was the wrong thing to say at the moment...it's complicated enough already..."

Tom. "Sorry, Miss..."

Kel. "I'm not going...and that's that!...I saw another movie where this slimy creature with three big ears crawled out of the lake and..."

Ros. "Kelsey...nothing has three ears..."

Tom. (Puts his hand up).

Ros. "Yes Thomas?"

Tom. "Davy Crockett did!"

Ros. "Yes, Thomas...I'm sure he did!"

Tom. "He did...He had his left ear...his right ear...and his wild frontier!"

(All laugh, and Thomas sits there with a smile on his face).

Ros. "Very funny, Thomas..."

Kel. "See!...So the slimy thing could be real?"

Ros. (Sighs). "We'll take a vote on it...and we will all do what the majority want...All who want to go to the lake say Yes!"

(All say yes, except Kelsey).

Ros. "Those who want to stay here...please say No..." (Presses the mute key on the laptop).

Kel. (Says No, but no sound comes out).

Ros. "Thank you Apple...for mute keys."

Kel. (Still ranting and gesticulating with her arms).

Joa. (Puts hand up).

Ros. (Presses mute key, and Kelsey is heard now ranting).

Kel. "...and you wouldn't even care...so..."

Ros. "That's enough now Kelsey...Yes, Joan?"

Joa. "Do we bring our chairs, Miss?"

Ros. "No, we don't need chairs...we'll sit on the ground..."

Kel. (Hysterical). "ON THE GROUND?...I saw this movie where this THING came slithering up out of a..."

Ros. (Presses mute key). "Follow me Class..." (Looking at laptop, then at Kelsey). "I think I'll need you..."

(Picks laptop up, and all follow her out, while Kelsey follows, ranting, without making a sound).

End.

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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. "Hello, 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 if 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 else's."

End.

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Grumpy old Ted Skit #2

The scarecrow

Kevin Lee

Performers x 5

Grumpy old Ted/ Narrator

Woman 1

Woman 2

Boy

Mother

Childs voice

(The two women walk past, as Ted is standing still, looking at the Park).

Wom 1. "Look at that scarecrow!"

Wom 2. "Ugly...it would scare the dead..."

Ted. (Turns around, glaring at them). "Wha'd you say?"

Wom 1. "Ohhh!...He's alive!"

Wom 2. "He must be one of those living statues?"

Wom 1. "Yes, he must!...I like your outfit!...Very well done..."

(Both fumble in their purses and throw a \$2 coin at Ted's feet).

Wom 2. "That's two dollars from each of us!...You've put a lot of work into that costume...well done..."

Ted. (Looks at his clothes, then says indignantly). "You can take your money and BEEP it...You pair of silly old BEEPS!!!"

Wom 1. "What?...We were paying you a compliment...Ungrateful!"

Ted. "You can stick your BEEPING compliments too..."

Wom 2. "Ohhh...I ought to tell the Police about you..."

Wom 1. "He's creepy...Come on, let's go..."

Ted. "Yeah, go...and don't come back...You BEEPS!"

Wom 2. "Ohhh...Thinks he owns the place..." (Loud). "Probably sleeps in those clothes too..."

Wom 2. "Yes...and he probably stole them off a real scarecrow..."

Ted. "Come here and say that...You old cow!...Fat as an old cow too!"

Wom 1. "Come on...He's scary..."

Wom 2. "Scarecrows are meant to be scary..."

(Both laugh).

Boy. "Hey...Look at the scarecrow!..."

Wom 1. "Don't go near him Sonny...He'll probably eat you...and your dog..."

Boy. "Come back Fuzzy...Don't go near the scarecrow..."

Ted. "I'm no BEEPING scarecrow...You horrible BEEPING brat!"

Mot. "You can't speak to my boy like that!"

Ted. "Put it back on its leash, and control it!"

Mot. "Here Fuzzy!...Here Fuzzy!...Come on boy..."

Ted. "Not that thing...The other one!...On the BEEPING swing..."

Mot. "Don't you swear in front of my children!...You need your mouth washed out!"

Ted. (Mimicking). "Don't you swear in front of my children!...You need your mouth washed out!"

Mot. "There's probably a kind old man inside that hard shell..."

Ted. "And there's probably a horrible little devil inside that brat!"

Mot. "You can't say that about my son!"

Ted. "Can't I?...If he's anything like you...I hope you have him neutered?"

Mot. "What?...Jamie...put your hands over your ears when the scarecrow speaks!"

Boy. "Nods..."

Ted. "Man can't even get a minute of peace at the Park...but there's brats running wild everywhere..."

Mot. "They should have *you* neutered!"

Ted. (Mimicking). "They should have *you* neutered!"

Mot. "Come on Jamie...we have to go home now...No...right now!"

Ted. "Yes, go...you beeping cow!"

Mot. "Oh...Cover your ears Jamie..."

(They leave).

Voi. "Hey Mum...Look at the scarecrow!"

Ted. (Yelling). "I AM NOT A BEEPING SCARECROW!...YOU BEEPING BRAT!"

(Silence).

Ted. "Whadayou looking at?...You beeping cow!...Yes, you go home too..."

(He turns and walks off muttering).

Ted. "Beeping brats...beeping mothers...beeping dogs..."

Nar. "It's always a fun day at the park...for some...But others just want to spoil it for everyone else...if they can...There's an old saying...'Misery loves company'...but some of the most miserable just want to be alone...and that's always the best place for them..."

End.

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Ed.S.

Oops the Barber Skit #1

None off the ears please

Kevin Lee

Performers x4

Oops the Barber
Fiddly Dave
Garry
Policeman

(Oops is sitting in his Barber's chair, reading a newspaper, whistling, when Fiddly Dave walks in).

Oop. "Hi, Dave...take a seat..."

Fid. (Sits). "Lovely day out there...not so hot now..."

Oop. "Yes...cooler in here too...what'll it be...Same as usual?"

Fid. "Yes please...I've got a Wedding to go to...must look smart...do your best, but you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!"

Oop. "I'll tidy the old hedge up a bit...make you look presentable, at least..."

Fid. "So, what's the news?"

Oop. "Same old, same old...you don't get straight bananas...and there's no bones in tripe..."

Fid. "I'm thinking of going on holiday..."

Oop. "On holiday?...Good on you...where to?" (Looking out the window). "Look at that!"

Fid. "Look at what?"

Oop. "Oops!..."

Fid. "Oh!...Ahh!...Ahh!...You old fool...you cut my ear!...I'm bleeding!"

Oop. "It was an accident...That girl distracted me..."

Fid. "Oh...I'll have to go to the hospital..."

Oop. "It's not that bad...I'll put a plaster on it for you..."

Fid. "Don't touch me!...Just get out of my way...I'm going to the hospital..."

Oop. "I won't charge you for the haircut..."

Fid. "I'm not paying for it!...I want free haircuts for the rest of my life...or else!"

Oop. "You're not getting free haircuts for the rest of your life!...I barely scratched you!"

Fid. "I'll probably have to have my ear amputated...Ahh!"

Oop. "If you didn't have such big ears it wouldn't have happened..."

Fid. "What?...You trying to blame me for it?"

Oop. "Your big ear got in my way..."

Fid. "If you weren't ogling the girls out the window it wouldn't have happened!"

Oop. "Here's a tissue for you..."

Fid. "Get out!" (Pushing Oops out of the way, he leaves).

(Oops sits in the chair, picks up his newspaper again, sits, and starts whistling as he reads it, when Garry walks in).

Oops. "Come in! Come in! The throne's empty...just waiting for you!"

Gar. (Seats himself). "So...I'm your second victim today?"

Oops. "Yes...lucky you...a willing victim is always welcome!...So...what can I do you for?"

Gar. "Short back and sides...and none off the ears please!"

Oops. "Is that supposed to be a joke?...These scissors are sharp you know?...and I have a razor!"

Gar. "No!...I was talking to Fiddly Dave just down the road...He said you tried to cut his ear off?"

Oops. "Oh did he just?...I'll Fiddly Dave him the next time he sits in this chair!...I barely scratched it...A mini-skirt went past the window...and I lost my coordination for a moment...Fiddly Dave!"

Gar. "He had blood everywhere!"

Oops. "It's these types of scissors...if they ever make a cut, it bleeds badly..."

Gar. "Do they?"

Oop. "Yes...it's a special type of steel...anyway, back to business...How would you like it?"

Gar. "Just tidied up...and don't look out the window!"

Oop. "I won't...I only glimpsed her out of the corner of my eye, really..."

(Oops starts cutting).

Gar. "Hey!...you're cutting that too short...I said just tidied up!"

Oops. "You want your money's worth...don't you?"

Gar. "I want some left on for next time..."

Oops. "It's these scissors!"

Gar. "They should be registered as an offensive weapon...What's news anyway?"

Oops. "Same old, same old...you don't get straight bananas...and there's no bones in tripe..." (Looking out the window). "Look at that!"

Gar. "No...don't look...you old, p..."

Oops. "That was close!...A close shave..."

Gar. "Keep your eyes on my hair!...No more oops...Oops!...Use the clippers...not the scissors! Oops...why do they call you Oops, anyway?"

Oops. "Long story..."

Gar. "I hope it had a happy ending?"

Oops. "Nothing a hospital couldn't fix..."

Gar. (Looks up at Oops). "I think that's enough for now...I'll go while the going's good...Thank you, Oops...How much?"

Oops. "Same as usual!" (Takes money, and sits in the Barbers chair, whistling, as the customer leaves).

Pol. (Walks in). "Hello...are you Mr Oops?"

Oops. "Most certainly!...Come in...come in...Take a seat..."

Pol. "I'm not here for a haircut...I've had a complaint from Dave..."

Oops. Dave?...Don't know any Dave?...Here, have a seat...I'll give you the haircut of your life, while we talk?"

Pol. "I can't..."

Oops. "Don't be shy..."

Pol. (Sits).

Oop. "Lovely day for a haircut...Now, what's this about a...a Dave..." (Starts cutting).

Pol. "He said you attacked him...and tried to cut his ear off with your scissors..."

Oops. "Do I look like the type of Barber who would attack someone with scissors?"

Pol. "No..."

Oop. "Look at that!"

Pol. (Yells). "Ahh!!!"

End.

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