

A KANGAROO AT CHRISTMAS SKETCH

The English family, Julie, her husband Peter and their two children Martha and Matthew gather on stage. There is a small Christmas tree upstage left.

MARTHA: ***(Excited)*** Mum, what time are they getting here?

MATTHEW: Yes, I can't wait!

JULIE: Well, they've had a very long journey all the way from Australia. They stayed last night in a hotel at the airport but I don't expect they will be long now.

PETER: ***(To Julie)*** We haven't seen your sister Christine since she emigrated back in the nineties and married Greg. I can't believe they have five children!

JULIE: Yes, two's enough!

MARTHA & MATTHEW: ***(Sarcastically)*** Thanks!

(The doorbell sounds.)

TRACK 11: **SFX "WALTZING MATILDA" DOOR BELL**

Julie goes over to stage right and "opens" the door to the visitors. They come in one by one. Christine first, then Greg followed by the five children. The daughter, Donna, should come on last. Greg is carrying a large cricket bat. Christine is holding a large plastic carrier bag. Julie and Christine embrace.

CHRISTINE: It's lovely to be here! This is my husband Greg. ***(She puts out her hand to Greg who nods in a fairly disinterested way.)***

GREG: G'Day. Love the doorbell! Really makes me feel at home! What happened to the sun? Did somebody turn it off? Never been so cold in all my life. ***(To Peter)*** You must be Peter. ***(Shakes his hand vigorously. Peter smiles and then turns away grimacing, obviously in pain.)*** Is it ok if I park my bat over here? ***(He leans the bat against the back wall of the stage {or somewhere else that is suitable})*** Thought I might take the ankle biters down your local park after lunch and get a few overs in before the tea interval!

MARTHA: ***(To Matthew)*** What did he just say?

MATTHEW: ***(To Martha)*** I think he wants to take all of us children for a game of cricket.

MARTHA: Oh!

GREG: These are my kids. I'm proud to say that they're all named after famous Australian cricketers. Legends of the game! **(As he says their names the children wave)**. This here's my eldest son Shane. This is Ian. This is my son Ricky. This is my youngest boy Dennis and finally this is my only daughter. If she'd been a boy we would have named her Don after the finest batsman in the history of Australian cricket – Sir Donald Bradman. But as she was a girl we called her Donna.

(All the time he is saying this, Christine is looking on proudly, smiling.)

GREG: Anyway, I put a cricket bat in her tiny hands when she was just six months old and by the time she was seven she could hit a six over long-on – not bad for a Sheila!

CHRISTINE: **(With a silly giggle)** Oh Greg's ever so good at sport!

(Donna looks very proud. Her brothers congratulate her. The English family stare in amazement at each other.)

PETER: So, what's a typical Australian Christmas Day like?

CHRISTINE: Oh, very different from over here.

SHANE: "Barbies" on the beach.

IAN: Swimming!

RICKY: Surfing!

DENNIS: Making snowmen out of sand on the beach

DONNA: But we do wear Santa hats and eat turkey!

TRACK 12: BEACH SOUNDS

(At this point, several "Australians" come onto the stage. The families move upstage. The Australians enact some of the things that have just been described. Two actors bring on a small metal barbecue with some fake (real?) sausages and pretend to cook them. Some children pretend to surf on cardboard surfboards. This "cut-away" doesn't need to last long and these actors should go off stage at the conclusion. The families return to their original positions.)

JULIE: **(Leading Christine over to the chairs by the Christmas tree)**
So what is Australia really like?

(As Christine goes to answer, Greg rudely interrupts. Julie looks annoyed as Christine looks surprised and then stares adoringly at her husband.)