

Waldo's WORLD

Skit of the Week by Rich Melheim

SETTING: A baby's room

PROPS: Stuffed toy, pacifier, groceries, paper, candy, phones, applause sign

CHARACTERS: Mother, Father, Baby Waldo

NARRATOR: And now, the “(your church) Not-Ready-for-Any-Time Players” proudly present “Baby Waldo's Wacky World” or “A Real Pip.” (Hold up applause sign) We now join Baby Waldo and Father at home.

WALDO: (Screaming) I want my Foo Foo!

FATHER: Baby Waldo, I'm happy to give you your Foo Foo, but I don't know what your Foo Foo is. (Holding up a stuffed toy) Is this it?

WALDO: (Tearing head off toy) Waaaaa! I want my Foo Foo! That's not Foo Foo!

MOTHER: (Entering) What's going on?

FATHER: Am I ever glad you're back! Waldo has been demanding things from me all night. Gimme this! Gimme that! Now he can't find his Foo Foo and he won't go to bed until he has it.

MOTHER: (Stuffing a pacifier into Waldo's mouth) Here it is.

FATHER: That's a Foo Foo? Last week it was a Nook Nook.

WALDO: (Digging into grocery sack) Me want candy! Me want candy!

MOTHER: We told you, Waldo, no candy before bedtime. It rots your teeth.

WALDO: Me no got teeth.

FATHER: Okay then. It rots your brain.

WALDO: Me no got brain.

MOTHER: (Pause. To Father) No comment.

WALDO: (Ripping grocery sack) Candy!

MOTHER: We told you, Baby Waldo, no candy before bedtime!

WALDO: Waaaa! Me want candy!

FATHER: How about a nice carrot?

WALDO: Waaaaa! Candy! Candy!

MOTHER: No, Baby Waldo. No candy.

(Mother and Father sit to read the paper.

Baby Waldo stands and screams)

MOTHER: Let's just give it to him.

FATHER: I'll give it to him, all right.

WALDO: Me want candy. Me want ...

FATHER: (Stuffing a candy bar into Waldo's face) There. Are you happy?

WALDO: Waaaaa! Daddy mean to me!

MOTHER: What did you do to him?

FATHER: I gave him the candy bar.

WALDO: Waaaa! I want different one.

FATHER: This is getting old. He asks, we give. He demands, we give. He screams, we give in. Something's got to change.

NARRATOR: We now join this happy family fourteen years later.

WALDO: I want my own car, Dad.

FATHER: We already had this discussion.

WALDO: Buy me a cell phone then?

FATHER: We have two phones already.

WALDO: I need a TV in my room then.

FATHER: What? So we can be more isolated than we already are? The only time we talk these days is when you're coming to ask me for something.

WALDO: Get me my own cell phone and I can call you all the time. We can talk. Chat. All the time. How 'bout it?

NARRATOR: We now join this happy family five years later. Mother and Father are having a phone conversation with Waldo.

FATHER: Hey, thanks for calling, son. How's college?

MOTHER: What a thoughtful boy to call.

WALDO: I need more money.

FATHER: The last \$3,000 wasn't enough?

WALDO: Life's expensive. I need more.

MOTHER: What do you need it for, son? Books? Lab equipment?

WALDO: All my friends are going to Rio for spring break. I really need to go. Pull-eeeeeeese!

FATHER: If all your friends were going to jump off a... (Mother stomps his foot) Ouch! Never mind.

MOTHER: It means that much to you?

WALDO: It really does, Mom. Please?

FATHER: Okay. We'll wire the money.

WALDO: Thanks Pop. You're a pip. Bye.

FATHER: A pip? (Hanging up the phone) A pip pop. (Sigh) It seems all his life he's only come to us when he needs something. Wants something.

MOTHER: We're his parents. It's in our contract. (Walking over to Father)

FATHER: It seems like a rather one-sided relationship to me. We love him, so we give. He cries and we give. He has a need, we give. For once I'd like to have a conversation with him where he isn't asking for something. A “just called to hear your voice” or “just called to say thanks” call. Ya know?

MOTHER: Yeah. That would be nice. Honey, I just thought of something.

FATHER: What?

MOTHER: Ever wonder about how God feels? Ya know, about all our demands?

FATHER: I never asked God if I could go to Rio. Where did that come from?

MOTHER: I was just thinking about the Lord's Prayer before Waldo called. Seems to me, only one petition in the whole prayer has anything to do with our personal needs. And that one talks about daily bread. Seems the only time I talk to God lately is when I need or want something for myself. You know: God gimme this. God, help me with that. God, get me out of this jam. Gimme, gimme, gimme. That's how my prayers have been lately. How about yours?

FATHER: I was hoping you weren't going to ask me that.

MOTHER: Maybe that's how God feels. Maybe for once God would like to have a conversation with us where we just call to talk. To say “thank you.” To praise, to listen. Not to ask for something.

FATHER: I suppose that would be more two-sided. Yeah. That would be nice.

MOTHER: I've got an idea. Let's you and I change the way we communicate with God and leave it up to God to change the way our son communicates with us.

FATHER: Tell you what—forget the kid. Let's you and I go to Rio. Call it a prayer retreat. Do some real meditating. In the sun. What do you say?

MOTHER: You're a real pip, Dad.