

Decisions, Decisions

A Parable Of Possibilities

Scene 1 Breakfast

Mum, Gran and Rufus the Dog are sitting down to breakfast. Rufus holds a knife and fork in readiness. Jo enters and strokes Rufus' head.

Jo: Morning Rufus.

Rufus: Rufus!

Mum: Jo?

Jo: Yes Mum.

Mum: What would you like for breakfast?

Jo: Um ...

Mum: Cornflakes?

Jo: Er ...

Mum: Some nice toast?

Jo: Um ...

Mum: Jo.

Jo: Yes Mum

Mum: Make up your mind.

Jo: *(turning to the audience)* I get this all the time. Questions, questions, questions. Decisions, decisions, decisions. It's not easy to decide these days. I mean, take cornflakes. You may think – cornflakes, milk, sugar ... where's the problem? But ... are the cornflakes made from genetically modified maize? Are there traces of antibiotics in the milk? And as for sugar! Well ... dentists' bills! See what I mean?

Mum: Jo?

Jo: Yes Mum?

Mum: You have to have something. Now what's it to be?

Gran: That child should learn to make up its mind.

Mum: Mum.

Gran: Where would we be now if we hadn't made up our mind to fight Hitler in 1939. Speaking German - that's where.

Mum: Mum.

Gran: And where would we be if we hadn't decided to elect Margaret Thatcher prime minister in 1979?

Mum: I think we should keep politics out of this discussion.

Gran: And where would you be if I hadn't decided to marry your father in 1962?

Mum: Nowhere.

- Gran:** Precisely. Why even the dog makes more decisions than that child.
- Rufus:** *(pricking up his ears)* Rufus!
- Mum:** True.
- Gran:** *(holding up a can of dog food and a bone)* Rufus? Dog food or bone?
- Rufus:** *(without hesitation)* Bone.
- Gran:** See. *(She puts the bone on Rufus' plate who attacks it with his knife and fork.)*
- Mum:** You have to agree, Jo, Gran's right. Now come on, make a decision – cornflakes or toast?
- Jo:** Um ...
- Gran:** Toss a coin
- Mum:** What?
- Gran:** Toss a coin. *(opening purse)* Here, give the child this old penny. If the child can't choose then the penny must decide.
- Jo:** OK. Heads – cornflakes, tails – toast.

(Jo tosses the coin – perhaps a drum roll ...)

- Mum:** Well?

(depending on the result of the toss)

- Jo:** Heads. *(Mum hands Jo the cornflake packet)*
(or ...)

- Jo:** Tails. *(Mum hands Jo the toast)*

Song/Dance Decisions, Decisions

'What you want for breakfast?' - say my mum and gran.
'Cornflakes, toast and Marmite or a bowl of All-Bran?
What about the clothes you're gonna wear today?
Tops and bottoms, zips or buttons, patterned or plain?'

Ev'ry day it seems I have to go to school.
Working hard or not so hard or just play the fool.
Back home in the ev'ning - it's a lovely day.
Get my homework finished or go outside and play?