

NORTHERN LIGHTS ACADEMY  
Rigolet, Labrador

presents

CHRISTMAS PAST AND FUTURE

CAST

Grandmother.....Dawn Penton  
Mother.....Carly Blake  
Father.....Ellen Adams  
Daughter.....Janice Penton  
Children.....Marilyn Baikie, Everett Allen

CREW

Jackie Shiwak  
Tanya Pottle

TEACHERS

Wendy allen  
Bella Rowe

Kimberly Peacock  
Saunders Elementary



Danine Jacobish  
Peenamini McKeown

Christmas 1940Scene I (In the kitchen before Christmas.)

Mother: I hope Anthony brings home a goose for Christmas.

Grandmother: You know him. No matter what he'll come home with something for dinner. I wonder do Anthony have any spruce beer made?

Mother: I guess he had that made month's ago. That's his favourite part of Christmas.

Grandmother: (To daughter) How is your sweater coming along?

Daughter: Hopefully I'll have it done before Christmas. I only got a few more rounds to go.

Mother: Blessed heavens, girl. I hope that's not my present. It's full of holes.

Grandmother: Never mind, girl. When your mother was learning to knit she made more holes than you'd ever count. Are you going to check your pies?

Mother: Oh yes. They must be burnt up by now.

The children burst in through the door, jumping up and down.

Children: Daddy got a goose! Daddy got a goose!

Husband enters.

Husband: This was a good days hunting. I got 3 partridges and 2 geese.

Mother: Thank heaven! We have a goose for Christmas. I'll have to look for our big cooking pot now.

Husband: (Smells) Mmm! Something smells good. I'm starved. Can we eat now?

Mother: No, sir, take your eyes off those pies. I've got 3 redberry pies and I want them saved until Christmas Day. Anyway, you didn't help pick the berries.

Father: And you didn't kill the goose.

Mother: Well, I'm going to cook it.

Father: Well, I guess I'll have to wait for tomorrow to eat some redberry pie.

Family sits down to dinner.

Father: Oh, boy! Rabbit stew and pork rolls. My favourite!  
Come on, kids. Sit down for dinner.

1st child: I wonder what I'm going to get for Christmas tomorrow.

Marilyn: A big junk of wood be good for you.

1st child: Ah, shut up!

Mother: Stop arguing at the dinner table or you'll both get  
junks of wood.

2nd child: I remember last year. I found an apple in my stocking.  
Boy, was that ever good. I'd like to get an orange  
this year and some candy.

1st child: I hope Double Mer will freeze tonight so grandfather  
can get across.

2nd child: Why does Santa have to leave our stuff in Rigolet,  
anyway? Why can't he just bring everything here?

Mother: Santa is very busy on Christmas Eve, he can't go  
everywhere. Grandfather will be in Rigolet to meet  
him and he'll bring all your presents back.

Daughter: Remember last year. The weather got really warm and  
grandfather almost never made it. He fell through  
the ice on the way up and we had to wait an extra  
day for him to come back.

1st child: Yeah! I remember that. It was the day after  
Christmas when we got our presents.

Daughter: Oh well, he'll get across eventually. We'll just  
have Christmas whenever he comes. I hope I get  
lots of presents this year.

Mother: You should be thankful for what you got. Some  
people don't get very much. When I was young I  
hardly got anything. One year I got a new pair of  
socks, a box of raisins and a second hand doll from  
the Grenfell Mission. That was the best Christmas  
I ever had.

Marilyn: Could I have some more rabbit stew? It's really good.

1st child: Do you know who made that stew?

Marilyn: Yeah, mom did.

1st child: Nooo, your sister did.

Marilyn: Oh, oh. I guess I'll die. I think I'm going to be  
sick.

Father: Oh, boy! Rabbit stew and pork rolls. My favourite! Come on, kids. Sit down for dinner.

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Marilyn: Oh, oh. I guess I'll die. I think I'm going to be sick.

Children: (Together) Oh, how (yucky). They look into stew.

Daughter: At least I can do something. Nobody helped me. All you think about is getting ready for tomorrow.

Father: Stop teasing your sister you two, and finish your stew. You think you know everything.

Grandmother: Listen to your father. When I was your age I was only allowed to sit down and eat. There was no talking at the dinner table back then.

1st child: I'm finished my stew now, can we go and get the tree.

Father: Yeah! I'm full. Come on you two, let's bring in the tree.

Children: Yippee! (Father and children leave).

Grandmother: My, those two children are really worked up about Christmas.

Mother: Their father is worse. I swear, every Christmas he starts acting like a little boy.

Daughter: If you both are finished, I'll start the dishes now.

Mother: No dear, leave them until later. We'll put the tree up first.

Father and children enter with the tree.

Mother: Don't you dare bring in that tree unless the snow is all off. I don't want the floor getting all wet. I was on my hands and knees scrubbing all morning.

Grandmother: Go and get the decorations, kids, and we'll see what we have to put on the tree.

Daughter: That's a big tree. I hope we have enough stuff to put on it.

2nd child: We found the decorations. We made these decorations last year with our candy wrappers.

1st child: I can still smell the chocolate. I can even taste it. Mmmmm! (He licks decoration).

Grandmother: My hand, boy! Don't eat the decorations. That's all we have for our tree.

Sister: Look what I made. Gingerbread cookies tied up with yarn.

Child pulls partridge crops out of box.

Grandmother: This is the third year we had these partridge crops. We should get your father to get new ones.

Father brings in star.

Father: Here's the star you wanted made. It can go on the top of the tree. Guess what? It's getting good and cold out. Double Mer will freeze solid tonight.

Children: Yahoo!

1st child: Grandfather will be able to bring our candy from Santa. Maybe we'll get an apple or orange.

Sister: I don't care if I get an orange. I just want some sugar for my tea.

Father: Guess I'll go out and test my beer to see if its ready. Don't wait up for me mom.

Mother: You and your beer. If you keep testing it there won't be any left for Christmas.

The tree is finished. Carol in background.

Mother: Well kids, it's time for bed. Tomorrow is a big day.

Kids go to bed.

Mother: They sure got the Christmas spirit. They won't get much but it don't seem to matter to them.

Grandmother: No, it's not getting presents that's important. It's being together at Christmas. I think the kids know that. Well, we better get off to bed if we hope to get up before Grandfather comes tomorrow. We're in for a long day.

Mother: Good night.

Fade out music in background.

Scene II (Christmas Future - 2040)

(Food preparation in kitchen.)

Mother: I'm finished with these pies. Can you put them in the shrinker?

Daughter: First I have to check to see if the cookies are shrunk. Then I'll put the pies in.

Mother: The children should be home by now.

Daughter: I wonder what size turkey tablet they got.

Mother: I hope it's not too big. I almost choked last night on the pollen pie. It was so big. (She shows how big). I could hold it in my hand.

Grandmother: Yes - it was so huge that it took almost  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to eat it. My jaw was really tired.

Kids come in.

Everett: Anybody home? We got our Christmas turkey. Come here and take a look at this.

Mother: Isn't that a beauty. Where did you buy that?

Marilyn: There was a sale of meat at the drive-in supermarket. All turkey tablets  $\frac{1}{2}$  price.

Grandmother: Mmmm! That looks delicious. I can't wait to eat it.

Boy: What are you guys making in here?

Grandmother: First we make ordinary cookies. Bake them and then we put them into the food shrinker. When they come out they're in tablet form.

2nd boy: Wow, man. That's real neat. Just like you would buy in the store.

Grandmother: Only better. The stuff you buy in the store tastes old. It was there since 2039, I think.

1st boy: Boy, just thinking about tomorrow's turkey makes me starving. What do we have to eat now?

Mother: Go over and see what's left in the cooler jar.

Daughter: There's half a tablet of spider salad. Have an orangana to go with that and a drink of spruce juice. That should fill you up.

1st boy: (Sits down) Well! Dish it up. I'm so hungry I could eat a horse.

Daughter: Get it yourself, lazy, I have to go and throw out my clothes.

1st boy: Clothes, clothes, clothes. All she ever thinks about is what to wear and how she looks.

Grandmother: She's at that age. Some day when you get bigger you'll be fussy about how you look.

1st boy: What me? No way I'll get as bad as she is.

Daughter walks out carrying an armful of clothes.

Daughter: I really like this outfit but I got to throw it away. It's dirty.

Mother: That's ok. You'll probably get some new clothes for Christmas.

2nd boy: You guys are wierd. I at least keep mine on for 2 days.

Grandmother: When I was your age I would have the same clothes for a year.

Daughter: My god! A whole year! You must have been some dirty.

Grandmother: Not really. We used to wash it.

Daughter: What do you mean - wash it?

Grandmother: There were special machines to wash clothes.

Daughter: That must have been a lot of work. I have to wear new clothes every day. I get a rash if I don't.

2nd boy: Gee, that's a rash. I thought that was our normal skin.

Daughter: And you called us wierd.

Mother: Now I know what to get you for Christmas, skin cream.

Daughter: On the subject of Christmas, I want a pair of heated high heel boots.

2nd boy: I want a miniature ghetto blaster and I better get it.

Grandmother: Now, now. That's no way to ask for a Christmas gift. If you talk like that you won't be getting anything.

Enter Grandfather with cooked bird.



Grandfather: I had a good days hunting. Look at the big, fat goose I shot with my new laser gun. That gun really works great.

Mother: How come the bird is all black.

Grandfather: I had the gun set on high so I could shoot it and cook it at the same time. Great stuff, eh? That way I'll save Grandma all the time and bother of cooking it.

Grandmother: I don't mind cooking. I enjoy it. Do you want to spoil all my fun? Everything is changed from what it used to be.

Grandfather: Well, if you enjoy cooking then start cooking.

He hands her the bird.

Mother: Let's not quarrel. It's Christmas.

1st boy: I'd like to get a lazer gun like Grnadfather's for Christmas.

Grandmother: If you really want that lazer gun, let's see if Robot Claus will give it to you. Write a letter and ask.

1st boy: I'm too big to believe in Robot Claus anymore.

2nd boy: Yeah! That's sissy stuff.

Daughter: Mom, can I have that miniature T.V.? All my friends are getting one.

Mother: Well, dear, we'll just have to wait and see what Christmas brings.

Everett: Who will help me put up the new iron Christmas tree?

Janice: Yes, let's bring in the tree and put the presents under it to see how many we got.

Marilyn: I'm going too. Say, did anyone buy any decorations? We threw away the ones we had last year.

Grandfather and children go out to get tree.

Grandmother: I think I saw some of the decorations from last year. And if we don't have enough we can always buy more. I'm sure Janice won't mind going to the store. That's where she lives practically.

Mother: I know. She'll have all of our money gone if we don't stop her.

Janice: (Bursting in the door). Look at the beautiful tree we got. It's so bright and shiny. I don't know how they could have used those evergreen. They are so smelly! Where did they find them anyway?

Grandfather: They grew wild in the countryside years ago.

Janice: And people used them just for Christmas trees?

Grandmother: Oh no, they also burned them to heat their homes.

Janice: What a strange idea, imagine having a fire in your house. Anyway, let's decorate the tree.

1st son enters carrying a roll of toilet tissue.

Everett: Hey, look what I found! I wonder what this was used for? (He breaks off a small piece.)

Janice: I was looking in an encyclopedia the other day and say something like that wrapped around a Christmas tree. I think that's where it belongs. (Take toilet paper and wrap around tree).

Grandfather: Well, dear, I guess we better not say anything. We might spoil the moment. (They smile and laugh).

Both Everett and Janice wrap toilet tissue around tree.

Mother: We were looking up in the attic the other day and we found these things.

Grandfather: We thought they might be useful to go on the tree.

Janice & Marilyn run over to the box. They start taking things out.

Janice: Oh, that's a beautiful decoration. (She takes out a light bulb.) Look how delicate and clear it is.

Marilyn: Someone must have spent a lot of time making this. Look at the little things inside.

Janice: I wonder how this got on the tree. Maybe I'll tie it on with a bit of yarn.

Grandmother: I think that is a light bulb. When I was young we used to put those in an electrical socket in the ceiling and it would light up the room.

Janice: (Laughs) That's the craziest thing I ever heard of. Imagine something this small lighting up a whole room.

Marilyn: Wow! How interesting! It looks really funny. Everything was so neat then.

They finish with the tree.

Janice: Yeah, everything was really different in them days. Has Christmas changed much over the years, or has it stayed the same?

Grandmother: It really hasn't changed that much. It just has different things. The spirit is still there. We still do a lot of the same things.

Grandfather: Nowadays, children think Christmas was just for the presents. When I grew up it was a religious holiday and a time for families to be together.

Grandmother: We didn't have much back then and it didn't seem to matter. We had each other and that was really important to us.

Janice: Christmas hasn't changed that much. I guess I won't be really disappointed if I don't get my new heated high-heel boots.

Everett: And it don't matter to me if I don't get a new lazer gun.

Janice: All that's important to me is that we are all here for Christmas.

Mother: Yes, you're right dear. It's important that we're all here together. Well, our tree is decorated now. It's time for bed, everyone.

Fade out music in background.

THE END