

**HENRY GORDON ACADEMY, CARWRIGHT**

**presents**

**"Jumpin's, Here They Comes Again!"**

This play is a comedy of political errors guaranteed to give voters nightmares.

Cast

Alexander Randolph III .....	Norman Morris
Taxpayer .....	Donelda Pardy
Dominique Juliette .....	Barbara Mesher
Josephine .....	Donelda Pardy
Sam .....	John MacDonald
Mary .....	Janet Paul
Ned .....	John MacDonald
Gert .....	Leneah Hamel
Tom .....	Andrea Pardy
Prompter, Props, Etc. ....	Pamela Lewis
Teacher Advisor .....	Mrs. Jeanne MacDonald



Michael Roording, Gr. 8  
St. Michael's School  
Goose Bay

## Scene I

A.R.III enters from right, taxpayer from left.

A.R.III: (Big smile) Hi! I'm Alexander Randolph III, and I'm your candidate for the Christian Liberal Progressive Reform Party.

T.P.: I'm a taxpayer.

A.R.III: I, of course, am a politician.

T.P.: I work for a living.

A.R.III: If you vote for me, my party has promised to - (consults paper).

T.P.: Oh, no!

A.R.III: - make the environment our main concern. The environment is important. It - it - uh - (consults paper). It has trees in it!

T.P.: Now there's a news bulletin for you.

A.R.III: Of course, if trees get in the way, we'll get rid of them. After all, what's more important - trees, or a new shopping center?

T.P.: Do you believe this guy?

A.R.III: And education! We're also great believers in education (coughs). Of course, we've had to cut a little of our education budget this year.

T.P.: Of course.

A.R.III: But we didn't cut a lot! Only 75%. And only because we really need those new carpets and furniture.

T.P.: Don't forget five hundred dollar toilet seats. Wouldn't do to park your butt on ordinary plastic.

A.R.III: And we really need those free flights and tax-free allowances! Gee whiz, do you really think it's easy to get along on eighty or ninety thousand dollars a year.

T.P.: For this I'm paying taxes?

(D.J. enters)

Dom: (Big smile!) Hell-o! I'm Dominique Juliette, and I am your candidate for the Old Democratic Unnatural Law Party.

T.P.: Oh, no. There's two of them. (Exits)

A.R.III: What are you doing here?

Dom: I heard what you were up to. Trying to sneak in an extra press conference, are we?

A.R.III: Uh - no.

Dom: (Sarcastic) Right. (Looks around) Where's your aide, by the way? I'm surprised you can manage a full sentence without her.

A.R.III: She's making arrangements for me to go to - to - some place on the coast. So there!

Dom: (Smugly) What a coincidence. My slave - er - aide is making reservations for me to go to the coast as well.

A.R.III: Really? Where?

Dom: Oh, I don't know. Some tacky little place with too much scenery and no night life. It's south, anyway.

(Aide enters)

A.R.III: What took you so long? (Snatches papers from Jo)

Jo: I -

A.R.III: Never mind!

Dom: (to Sam) Where have you been? You've been ages.

Sam: You - you didn't give me enough money for the taxi. I - had to run back.

Dom: Oh. (Shrugs) Well the exercise will do you good.

A.R.&D.: By the way, where am I going?

Aides: (Together) Cartwright.

A.R.&D.: (Together) What?!!

Aides: (Babbling in terror) - an accident - we didn't plan - can cancel -

A.R.&D: Oh, shut up!

(Aides subside instantly. A.R. & D. stare at each other.)

Dom: Both of us in Cartwright, eh?

A.R.III: Yes! And I challenge you to a debate, on - on - on the issues. (To Jo) Find out what the issues are and prepare some statements for me.

Dom: I accept! (Smirks) Even if it isn't much of a contest. I mean, I'll beat you easily.

A.R.III: Will not!

Dom: Will so!

A.R.III: Will not!

Dom: Will so!

(Aides tug their candidates off, still arguing and screaming insults.)

### CURTAIN

### Scene II

Porch at "Northern".

Mary: How are you gettin' on, boy? Down spendin' a bit of your money, are you?

Ned: Huh, down here spendin' all of it, more like it. (Holds up shopping bags.) Don't take much, either.

Mary: Oh, stop complainin', boy. It don't do no good, and you got to buy the stuff anyway. Sure you got to eat.

Ned: S'pose your right, maid. And as long as I can afford the basics, I'll be all right.

Mary: Yes, boy. (Pause) What do you call the basics?

Ned: Tea and me 'baccy, maid. And the odd slice of bread and baloney. As long as I got that, I'm satisfied.

Mary: (Turns to bulletin board) Anything any good on the board this week?

Ned: (Peering at board) There's a time up to the Lion's Club. Live music, says here.

Mary: (Disgusted) Music! Is that what they calls it. All that screechin' and bawlin' and jumpin' around like monkeys. I sees 'em on TV - AB/CD, or whatever they calls theirselves, and rippers or rappers, or whatever they are. (Points to another notice) Blue is sellin' his skidoo...wants fifteen hundred for it. That'd be a good one for you, boy.

Ned: Not me, maid. That one's been rolled once too often. I'd say if you hauls on the cord of that, it'd just fly apart on you. I wouldn't give him fifteen dollars for it. (Takes another look at the board) Well, well - look at that.

Mary: Look at what?

Ned: There's goin' to be two politicians in here on Tuesday, and they're havin' a debate at the Lion's Club.

Mary: Well, for sure you'll be goin' up to that.

Ned: Nom maid, not me. And it'd be better if no one else went up either. T'will only encourage 'em.

Mary: Now what have you got against politicians, Ned?

Ned: Mary, politicians is like mice.

Mary: Mice?

Ned: Yes, maid. Just think about it a minute. Spring, summer and fall, nar a mouse in the house. Come winter, and you're overrun with the little buggers. Same with politicians. You can go three, four years and never lay eyes on one. Comes an election and you can't heave a rock without hittin' one.

Mary: Well, boy, I'm not goin' to be heavin' rocks. I'm goin' up to heave a few questions at 'em. Like how come they can afford to be flyin' all over the country, and I can't afford five gallons of gas for me skidoo.

Ned: Huh! Well, good luck gettin' an answer. Me, I'm stayin' home and watchin' the hockey game.

Mary: But, Ned, how will you know who to vote for?

Ned: Flip a coin, maid. Or your just holds your nose and marks your "X". (Looks at his watch) Well, see you later. The old woman's makin' a boiled dinner, and I got the cabbage here in the bag. (Starts off, left).

Mary: See you, Ned. If you changes your mind about goin' to the meetin', let me know. (Calls after him) Ask Gert to call me!

### Scene III

(Tom, Mary, & Gert seated in audience. A.R. III, Dominique J. and aides on stage.)

A.R.III: Well, here's my honorable opponent. Do you think anyone will be able to see you over the podium?

Dom: (Haughtily) Height hasn't anything to do with it, dear. It's brain power that counts.

A.R.III: Brain power - height - where's my aide? What is my response to that?

Jo: (Stuck) Uh - would you like to go to lunch after the debate? Maybe?

A.R.III: (To Dom) Would you like to go to lunch after the debate? Maybe?

Dom: (Haughtier) I'm sorry, but I really must decline. I never date politicians. They're not really the better class of people, after all.

Sam: (Tugs at her jacket) Er -

Dom: (Ferociously) What!?

Sam: (Cowering) Y-y-you're a politician.

Dom: I know that, you fool! But I - er - I'm an upperclass politician.

A.R.III: Upperclass, my ass. And I'm the village idiot.

Jo: But sir, your brother is -

A.R.III: Shut up! Not another word!

Dom: His brother is what?

A.R.III: Never mind my brother.

Dom: Sam - make a note! Put a bug on his brother.

Sam: (Hasn't been listening) But? Spider, you mean? Grasshopper? Lady -

Dom: Sam!

Sam: Sorry, ma'am.

Dom: Put a bug on his brother!

Sam: (Meekly) Yes, ma'am. Sorry, ma'am.

(Mary, Gert and Tom enter down aisle and take their seats, talking loudly.)

Gert: Yes, m'dear. I told Ned, you go on and watch that foolish old hockey if you wants to. I'm goin' up to see what them politicians has to say.

Mary: Well maid, I said to Tom, I says, you can watch that old foolishness any night at all. Tonight you're comin' with me.

Tom: And I'm missin' the best game of the season - Montreal 'n Toronto.

Mary: Oh, stop complainin'. (Looks around) My - lots of people here, isn't there? (Pokes Tom in the ribs) See? I'm not the only one who don't watch the hockey!

Tom: (Sulky) You're the only one in our house who don't.

A.R.III: (Panic stricken) People! There are people here! What are the issues? What do I say?

Jo: (Consulting papers) The issue is the logging proposal.

A.R.III: Oh yes, the logging proposal. What are my view on the logging proposal?

Jo: (Wearily) Sir, you agree with the proposal. You think it would greatly benefit the town. And us. And your campaign.

A.R.III: (Steps to podium) Ladies & gentlemen. My party and I are in full support of the logging proposal. I feel that it would be extremely beneficial to the town of (peers at paper) Cartoon? No - Cartwheel? No - Fartwright!

Jo: (Loudly) Cartwright! (Adds) Sir (very softly).

A.R.III: (Peevishly) I can't read your writing. It's all your fault, I hope you realize that.

Dom: (Leaping to podium, nudging A.R. to one side) Good evening, folks! While my honourable opponent figures out where he is, I'd like to fill you in on my views on the logging proposal. We feel that such an operation would not benefit the village of Cartwright.

Mary: (Loudly) My jumpin's, maid, there's nar village around here. This is a town. (To Gert) My lard, she's some stun, isn't she?

Dom: (Louder) As I was saying, the logging operation would not benefit the town of Cartwright. cut down all the trees, and what will you have left? I mean, it looks drab enough now -

Sam: (Very quickly) the floor is now open!

A.R.III: (Grabs Jo) Oh, no! Floor open - don't let me fall!

Jo: Open for questions, you - sir! (Pushes him off)

Gert: (Raises hand and shouts) Well, I've got a question! We've had meetin's, we've had committees, we've had environmental studies - whatever they is - and so far that's all we got! When is the tree company comin'?

Dom: Tree company? What is she talking about? The army?

Sam: The logging proposal!

Dom: Oh. Whatever. Well, madam -

Gert: Oh, call me Gert, maid. Everyone else does.

Dom: Er - yes. Gert. (Glares at Sam, who looks up from papers and shakes his head) Ah - my party has not - uh - really studied this, as we are not - in support of it. So - my honorable opponent will be pleased to answer your question!

Gert: You mean the feller in the fancy suit? All right, by, you tell me.

Tom: (Getting up) I'm goin' out for a smoke.

A.R.III: (Rattled) We - don't exactly know when - or if - the - uh - tree company is coming. I'll find out.

Gert: I s'pose that'll have to do. Thanks.

Jo: Any more questions?

Mary: Me! I got a question! How come you crowd can afford to fly all over the blasted country for old foolishness like this and I can't afford five bucks worth of gas to put in the skidoo to come up here!

(Dom and A.R.III turn to aides)

Aides: (Together) We are not programmed to respond in that area.

Mary: My jumpin's, you fellers just slinks away from every question we asks. O.K., I got just one more question. Do you think the crab plant will be able to stay open, or will they cut our quotas?

A.R.III: (Turns to Jo) Well?!



Jo: (Screams and throws papers in the air) I can't stand it!  
I can't take it any more! Politics! Stress! (Runs down  
off stage and up the aisle)

A.R.III: Jo, come back! (Runs after her) Jo, I need you. If you  
don't come back, you're fired! No - no, wait! I didn't  
mean that! I'll give you a raise! Please come back!

(Sam starts to rise to sneak away; Dom turns to look at him.)

Dom: Sit! Don't even think about it!

Tom: (Bursts through doors) Mary! Gert! You'll never guess  
- it was just on the radio! We don't need the loggin'  
operation - we don't need the politicians -

Gert: What is it?

Mary: What's goin' on?

Tom: They struck fish off of Sandwich Bay!

(Gert and Mary jump up and go out with Tom, talking and laughing.)

Dom: (Turns to Sam - ominously) Well? Don't just sit there.  
Do something.

Sam: (Long pause. Pulls sou'wester out of pocket and puts it  
on. Leaves stage singing.)

I'se the by what builds the boat  
and I'se the by that sails her  
and I'se the by what catches the fish  
and takes them home to Lizer!

Dom: (Glaring after him) Well! Who needs him anyway? (Sits)  
Where am I tomorrow night? Black Tickle - h'mmm. Maybe  
if I promise to take all the trees out of Cartwright and  
transplant them. Let's see -

**CURTAIN**