

Grade 8 Drama Group
St. Michael's School, Happy Valley-Goose Bay
presents

“The Sins of The Father”

Cast

Fred Stone	Scott Gregory
Fred Entity	Ryan Hutcherson
Father Entity	Shawn Dawson
Suzanne	Samantha Pike
Suzanne Entity	Rebekah Wilkinson
Andy	Matthew Boles
Rachel	Karla Abbass
Judy	Richelle Paine
Emma	Eva Guerin
Kayla	Jenny Goulding
Jeff	Chris Stratton
Bus Driver	Jonathan Dauplaise
Mr. Gordon	Shawn Ryan
Students	Daniel Jararuse, Lloyd Osmond, Jenny Oldford, Brad Brown

Crew

Sound	Kate Miller
Lighting	Stacey Pike

Teacher/advisor

Stacey Pike

An abusive teenager is forced to re-evaluate sexist attitudes he learned at his father's knee.

Music

“I'm Just A Girl” by No Doubt

“The Sins of the Father”

SCENE 1: AT THE BUS STOP

(Morning. Stop #1. Rachel, Suzanne, Fred and Jeff stand around waiting for the bus)

Rachel: Hey, Suzanne, did you get that assignment done?

Suzanne: We had an assignment? What assignment?

Rachel: You know, the one for Social Studies.

Suzanne: Oh man, I knew I shouldn't have watched the South Park Marathon all weekend. My mom is gonna have a hissy when she finds out.

Fred: Your mom is a hussy, you airhead.

Suzanne: Butt out, Fred. I said “hissy” not “hussy” you pond scum.

Fred: Who are you calling “pond scum” you hoe and a half.

Rachel: Shut up Fred. No one is talking to you. Did you notice I never asked you if your assignment was done? If I wanted to know, I'd ask your clueless girlfriend Judy. She does all your homework doesn't she?

Suzanne: That's right, cause Fred can't read. *(They hi-5 and laugh)*

Fred: You better shut your yap now while you still have your front teeth, hag.

Jeff: Hey Fred, cool it, the bus is coming. These cows aren't worth the bother, anyways.

Fred: You're right there, Jeff. *(To girls)* Get lost skanks!

Suzanne Entity: *Ignore them Suzanne, they're not worth wasting your breath over. Just get on the bus. They're only a couple of mindless jocks anyway.*

(Kids file onto the bus. Fred sits with Jeff in back; Suzanne and Rachel sit as far away from Fred as possible. Stop #2: Andy, Kayla, Emma and Judy file onto bus)

Fred: Jeff, go sit somewhere else, this seat is reserved for my woman. *(To Judy)* Take a load off Judy. Where's my rainforest assignment? You better have it typed, too. Ole Man Gordon will recognize your writing if you didn't type it.

Judy: I know that Fred. I'm not as stupid as you think I am. Of course I typed it, don't I always?

Fred: relax, babe, I was just making sure. You aren't the smartest you know. You need constant reminding. You're worse than a two year old. You'd forget your head if it wasn't screwed on right.

Judy: Oh Fred, quit horsing around, you know you don't mean that.

Suzanne: Hey Andy. Come sit back here with us. First class seat right next to me.

Fred: Hey, tooty fruity boy, go sit with the two skank queens. You've nothing to fear from them except maybe herpes.

Andy: Herpes! That's a big word for you isn't it Fred?

Rachel: Ya Freddie, can you even spell herpes?

Suzanne: Sure he can. It's spelled F-R-E-D! Isn't it Fred?

Kayla: Ask Judy. We wouldn't want Fred to strain any brain cells thinking.

Emma: I didn't know he had any.

Suzanne: Well, you'd have to look under a pretty powerful microscope! *(Jeff laughs)*

Fred: *(To Jeff)* What are you laughing at you bonehead?

Jeff: Nothin' I wasn't laughing at you. I was thinking of a joke I heard last night on TV.

Andy: Were you and Fred watching reruns of "Inspector Gadget" again?

Kayla: No, the story plots are too complicated for their little minds to comprehend.

Fred: Come up here and say that, ya baby beluga.

Rachel: That's good Fred. Alliteration. Now try "big blue baby beluga".

Fred: Try this you four-eyed brown noser. Everyone knows you got honors last year because you're so cozy with all the male teachers.

Judy: Fred, that's not true, you know that Rachel's the smartest girl in our class. Now

apologize.

(Freeze)

Father Entity: *Never let a woman tell you what to do Fred. Backhand her a few times and she'll soon learn who's boss. After a while even when she's right, she'll think she's wrong because you said so. Put her in her place, son, then you'll be a man.*

Fred: *(Hand raised against her)* Shut your blow hole, Judy, if you know what's good for you.

Andy: Fred, did you learn all this stuff since Jr. High or in your highchair? You are one obnoxious jerk.

Fred: Well, if it isn't Robin Hood coming to rescue Maid Marion. Keep out of it pretty boy, or I'll have Jeff and a few of my boys teach you a lesson you won't forget.

Suzanne: Forget 'im, Andy, he's all talk and no action.

(Freeze)

Fred Entity: *Its not really Andy you have to worry about, Fred. It's Suzanne. She's so Freakin' smart. I know she hates you, but are you going to let Jeff think she's getting the best of you. You'll have to say something rotten to embarrass her.*

Fred: Action? I hear you get all the action you want from the boys' soccer team, Suzanne. You must be some piece, just like your hussy mother. She still waitin' tables down at the River Club?

Suzanne: You leave my mother out of this you filthy piece of trash.

Andy: At least her mother didn't walk out on her like your mom did.

Kayla: Can't say I blame her with all the crap she had to take from that no good drunk you call a father.

Fred: *(Rising up out of his seat)* What did you say? *(Just then the bus pulls in to the school parking lot)* You all better watch your backs. Don't think you've gotten away with anything. I'll get you when you least expect it. Come on Jude, Jeff.

Fred Entity: *That's good Fred. Don't let them away with anything. Don't let them think you're weak.*

SCENE 2: SCHOOL HALLWAY AT LOCKERS

- Emma:** I don't believe that Fred. What is his problem, Kayla?
- Kayla:** He is such a jerk. What can Judy possibly see in him?
- Emma:** She's pretty; she's smart; she could do so much better than that loser.
- Kayla:** I know what you mean. Andy obviously likes her.
- Emma:** You've noticed that too?
- Kayla:** And not only Andy, but Nick from Music Class. He's only taking clarinet so he can sit next to her.
- Emma:** Too bad she doesn't know he's alive. She only has eyes for that moron, Fred.
- Kayla:** Come on we're going to be late. Got your assignment?

SCENE 3: MR. GORDON'S SOCIAL STUDIES CLASS

- Mr. Gordon:** Settle down class. Take out your assignments, and open your books to page 32.
(*To Fred*) I see you've taken the time to type up your assignment again Mr. Stone.
- Suzanne:** Yes, he did it last night while he was cooking supper, right Fred.
- Fred:** I don't cook, Suzanne. At least not in the kitchen.....right guys! That's a woman's job.
- Kayla:** You don't know what you're talking about Fred. Not all women know how to cook. You certainly wouldn't want me to cook for you!
- Fred:** There's more to life than looking pretty and doing cartwheels on the soccer field, Kayla. You'll learn to cook one day. All women learn how eventually.
- Emma:** Some of the world's greatest chefs are men! How stupid are you?
- Rachel:** Mr. Gordon, are you just going to stand there and let Fred make an idiot of himself? He's living in the Stone Age!
- Suzanne:** Yeah, someone forgot his middle name was Flint as in Fred Flintstone. (*Singing*)

"When you're with the Flintstones have a yabbadabba do time....")

Fred: Yeah, whatever. It doesn't change the fact that a woman's place is in the kitchen, right Jeff?

Jeff: Sure thing, Fred. Whatever you say.

Suzanne: Sure thing Fred. Whatever you say, Fred. You're a real parrot, you know that?

Rachel: Don't you have any opinions of your own, Jeff?

Kayla: No, Fred's got him on a short leash.

Jeff: I've got my own opinion right now, Rachel. Mind your own freakin' business.

Fred: You tell her, Jeff. Put that skanky hoe in her place.

Rachel: Mr. Gordon, did you hear what he just called me?

Mr. Gordon: That's enough, Fred. Watch your mouth, or I'll have to send you to the office to have a chat with Mrs. Noble.

Fred: Mrs. Nobel! Not Mrs. Noble. How did she ever get to be principal? She's not a bad lookin' broad, so I'm sure that helped. Being principal must be a pretty easy job if a woman can handle it.

Mr. Gordon: Fred, you're on pretty thin ice now. You might want to quit while you're ahead. Now class, as I was saying....next we are going to study the influence the automobile has had on society and communication.....

Fred: My point exactly.

Mr. Gordon: What point is that Mr. Stone?

Fred: Women drivers!

Mr. Gordon: What about women drivers?

Fred: There ought to be a law against them. They can't drive. They wouldn't know how to parallel park on an empty street. And as for changing a flat tire.. You can just forget it.....

Suzanne: That isn't true, Fred! My mother rotates our car tires and changes the oil

regularly. She's even taught me a few tricks.

Fred: Tricks! I bet she has shown you some tricks, Suzanne. I did talk to the soccer team, remember?

Andy: Don't let him get away with that Suzanne. He's all mouth.

(Freeze)

Suzanne Entity: *What an animal Fred Stone is. And Mr. Gordon doesn't seem to think there's anything wrong with the way he talks to you and every other girl in this school. Well, are you going to sit there and take all he dishes out to you, Suzanne?*

Suzanne: You pig, Fred Stone. Mr. Gordon, I'm not going to sit here and listen to his garbage any longer. If you're not going to do anything about his sexist remarks, I'm going to file a complaint with the school board.

Mr. Gordon: You have a point there, Suzanne, by all means go ahead and file a complaint, but for now let's get back to Social Studies. Now, advances in transportation allowed the western world to develop more quickly than other areas. This allowed them to become superior in strength to its counterparts in developing countries.

Fred: More superior, that's exactly what I've been getting at Mr. Gordon. Girls just don't get it. Guys are physically stronger and better than girls.

Emma: Give it up, Fred, before I have to teach you a thing or two about physical strength.

Fred: Woah, I'm so scared of little tomboy, Emma! I know I'm way stronger than you. Why I bet you couldn't arm wrestle any boy in here. And Raggedy Andy doesn't count, cause he's half girl anyways.

(Freeze)

Father Entity: *You tell him, boy. That Andy Thompson is a real momma's boy if I've ever seen one. Notice how all the girls stick up for him. He'll never make the football team or benchpress 200. His dad must be so ashamed of him. But I'm proud of you, Fred. Don't take nothin' from these useless dames.*

Kayla: Andy's twice the guy you'll ever hope to be.

Rachel: And if Judy had any sense, she'd dump you in a New York minute.

Emma: As for physical strength, I bet I can do more pushups than you can any day.

Fred: Face facts, Emma, boys are physically stronger.

Rachel: Face facts, Fred, girls who train their bodies can become as strong as, if not stronger than the average male.

Suzanne: Too bad you ain't average.

Emma: He doesn't even come close.

Kayla: Sir, is it true that girls are smarter than guys?

Mr. Gordon: No.

Fred: Well, is it true that guys are stronger than girls?

Mr. Gordon: Not necessarily, but it is true that the average guy is physically stronger than the average girl.

Fred: What did I tell you!

Emma: Then if the sexes are basically equal, why does it seem that girls have to work twice as hard to get ahead?

Fred: What do you mean girls have to work twice as hard? It's the guy who has to go get the job after high school so he can put food on the table while his lazy wife sits around watchin' the soaps and going out to spend his hard earned money at BINGO.

Kayla: You MEATBALL, Fred!

Andy: Meatball? He's a full spaghetti dinner!

Rachel: Fred, where do you get your wacked out ideas? You are stereotyping all women as lazy airheads. It's guys like you that make it really hard for girls to think they are as capable as men.

(Freeze)

Father Entity: *Woman are lazy airheads. If your mother had kept to her wedding vows and stayed with me in sickness and in health, I'd be a better man today. But no, she took the easy way out and ran off to her sister's place out*

west. She cleared out when things got tough. Just goes to show you can't rely on the good-for-nothin' hoes.

Mr. Gordon: I think we are going to have to stop there, kids, and perhaps you can take this up with Mrs. Jensen, the guidance counselor. It's obvious that you haven't resolved much here today. Tonight read pages 31 to 37 and be able to discuss it in class tomorrow. Has everyone passed in their assignments? I'm not taking them late.

(Class files out in twos and threes. Judy motions for Fred to wait)

Judy: Fred, I'm not doing your assignments for you anymore.

Fred: Judy, have you lost your mind? What do you mean you're not doing my assignments? You'll do whatever I bloody well tell you.

Judy: not anymore, Fred. It's taken me a while to see you for what you really are. Unless you change your attitude, Fred, you're going to wind up just like your father. A bitter old man with no one to love him.

(Freeze)

Father Entity: *This is serious, Freddie, ole boy. If you lose Judy, you're going to have to learn to read. She's put up with a lot from you, and I think you've worn out your welcome. So what's it gonna be? (Jeopardy music)*

Fred: I'm sorry Judy. I know I've used you, but I can change if you'll help me.

Judy: You need more than my help, Fred. You'll need counselling with Mrs. Jensen.

Fred: Not Mrs. Jensen, that dried up old hag. She's a total idiot.

Judy: Fred, you're impossible. I guess this is goodbye.

Fred Entity: *Say something Fred. You're about to lose your free meal ticket.*

Father Entity: *Dump the broad, Fred my boy. Girls like her are a dime a dozen.*

Fred Entity: *Stay out of this Pops. Fred wouldn't be in this mess if it weren't for you.*

Father Entity: *Who are you telling to stay out of this? I'm Fred's father, I know what's best for my son. Now you listen to your father, Boy!*

Fred Entity: *That's really funny. You giving advice. So, where is our mom? And when*

is your next paycheck, ya old drunk? (Father chases Fred Entity off stage)

Judy: Good-bye Fred.

Fred: No, Judy wait. I'll do it. I'll go to counselling. Will you go with me?

Judy: If you're serious about changing, of course I will.

Fred: You're a fine broad, Judy. I knew I could count on you.

(Conversation as Judy and Fred leave the classroom)

Judy: Let's talk about your vocab, shall we Fred. Don't ever call me "broad, hoe, cow, skank, idiot, moron, lazy, useless" it's degrading Fred. I don't know why I put up with it for so long. I don't care if you were only joking, **Don't ever call me those things again or we're finished. Do we understand each other. Is it crystal clear?**

Fred: Awe, but Judy, you know I don't mean anything by that. Can't I even say slag, or hoe every once in a while? I'm bound to forget every now and then. You'll just have to remind me when I do.....

Curtain