

**Pastime Players
Makkovik
presents**

“Voices of the Past”

Cast

Sophia.....	Eric Andersen
George	Eric Andersen
Dawn	April Andersen
Bessie	Janine Andersen
Jill	Janine Andersen
Mabel	Tyler Andersen
Clara	Jermaine Andersen
Matt	Frank Michelin
Beatrice	Roxanne Winters
Sonny	Justin Clark

Director

Brenda Butler

Voices of the Past

Three students in a classroom alone, talking about their school project.

Dawn: Man this really sux!

Jill: I know, I don't want to interview dem old timers.

Dawn: Sssh boy, sir might hear us.

Jill: So, who cares? I don't want to do this stupid ol project anyway!

Dawn: I don't want to either, all dem old people do is watch soaps. I mean, what else can they do at their age?

Frank enters, tissue hanging out of his pants.

Jill & Dawn: Hey Dink!

Dawn: Ges Matt, you were gone some long, what were you doing?

Matt: *(Walks tapping his belly)* Oh yeah, 5 pounds lighter.

Jill: Have a good one or wha?

Matt: I didn't do anything. What did you think I was doing!

Dawn: Then why do you have tissue hanging out of your pants?

Jill: Don't tell me you were thinking all that time!!!

Matt: No, I was uh.....uh....I was uh.....I don't know!

Dawn: You didn't forget what you ate again, did you?

Jill: Aw man, you got a memory like my grandpa, and he don't even know who I am!!!

Matt hangs head. Dawn hits Matt in the shoulder and he falls down.

Dawn: Nah boy, Matt we're sorry, help us know, we got to get started.

Matt: Help you with what?

Jill: Duh Matt, you were supposed to go get our interview sheets!!

Matt: What interview sheets? What are you talking about!!!!

Dawn: Duh, the sheets for our project. You know, the one's we need to do our interview, the old fossils!!

Jill: Yeah! Matt, we sent you half hour ago to go and get them!

Matt: Ah....no. I went to the bathroom, not to get any sheets! Man, I don't know why we got to interview them old people, as if we'll learn.

Jill & Dawn: Matt, Matt, Matt.

Matt: Huh? Wha?

Jill: Go and get the interview sheets from sir.

Dawn: And don't use the bathroom this time!

Matt: Okay. *(Pauses)* What do I have to do again?

Jill: Matt! Go to Mr. Fusselknuckle's class and get the damn sheets.

Matt: Okay, you don't have to tell me twice, I'm not stupid. *(Walks off stage)*

Dawn: Don't you find that the old people smell funny?

Jill: Yeah man, they really reek, must be all that exlax they takes.

Matt enters without sheets.

Matt: When? What smells? Who smells? I don't smell. *(Smells armpits)* never mind!
(Hangs head)

Jill: Matt, where are the sheets?

Matt: What sheets?

Dawn: You never forgot again? God, I'll go and get them myself! *(Walks off stage)*

Jill: Well, she is gone to get them now! I wonder who we're going to interview first?

Matt: What difference does it make? What one says they all say.

Jill: Well M att, it does make a difference because this assignment is worth 30% of this year's mark in history. I honestly don't know what sir was thinking when he made up this assignment, just because it's the international year of the old people.

Matt: Here comes Dawn with the sheet.

Dawn: Well, here's the sheet.

Jill: Which Geezer do we get to do first? It's Aunt Bessy. Well come on, let's get started. Knowing our luck, she'll be taking a nap.

Dawn: Or even worse she'll want to teach us to knit.

Matt: I thought you said we had to interview them not knit with them. (*Looks frightened*)

Jill: Matt, I wish you'd pay attention. Don't you go getting on like the dottering seniors we gotta interview.

Dawn: We should have just interviewed Matt, he's as confusing and boring as them old geezers.

Jill and Dawn laugh.

Jill: Haha, yeah right.

All walk away. Matt's head hanging down. Jill, dawn and Matt are at the door of Sonny and Clara's house. They are about to interview them. They aren't very enthusiastic about talking to the senior citizens.

Jill: Ah man! I guess it's ole Uncle Sonny and ole Aunt Clara.

Dawn: I know! I heard they are really, really grumpy. Sharon told me that she walked on the front lawn last summer and ole Uncle Sonny came out and told her off pretty bad! Sick, isn't it?

Matt: Don't pick on Uncle Sonny boy! He's not all that bad. Last weekend I shoveled out his driveway and he paid me \$20.00. He also gave me an old pair of skin boots.

Dawn: Did they smell like turbot or seal grease?

Jill: Don't listen to him. He's only joking around. Sonny probably smacked him up side the head and bawled at him to shovel harder.

Matt: I really did get paid \$20.00. But do you think that I'd take a pair of old skin boots from him? Sheesh!

Jill: Well anyway, Dawn, just knock on the door and go in.

Dawn: Me? Why don't you do it? You said that you want to be a sales lady when you're older.

Jill: What does interviewing a few old timers have to do with being a sales lady?

Dawn: Like duh? If you go from door to door, introducing things or people, you also.....

Matt: I'll go in, I'll go in!

They knock.

Sonny: Who is it and what do you want?

Clara: At, not be bawlin' now! They're only kids!

Sonny: Yes Clara.

Clara: Go and answer the door.

Sonny answers the door.

Matt: Can we come in?

Sonny: Sure, come on in.

Clara: Do you want tea or coffee?

Kids: No thanks.

Matt: Would you mind if we came in and asked you a few questions?

Jill: We don't have a camera. (*Quietly*) Eww, nikku!

Clara: Alright, that shouldn't be a problem.

Dawn: This is an interview that we have to do for a school project.

Sonny: Don't be too long. Labradorimut is coming on now the once. I don't want to miss it this time. Last time I missed it because.....

Clara: The only way it'll be long is if you keep doing what you're doing.

Sonny: What's that?

Clara: Complaining! Now let these nice little schoolers interview us.

Sonny: Now I didn't say.....

Clara: Okay, what did you want to ask us?

Dawn: Can you tell us about your life and any big events that changed it?

Clara: Oh my dear yes! Now how should I start. Well, when I was five, my father died.

Matt: Well, I'm sorry to hear that. How did he die?

Clara: You must have heard of the ship called the Titanic?

Kids: Yeah.

Clara: Well, because of that horrible, unforgettable shipwreck, his life was taken away. It was said that God himself could not sink that ship. Well, nature proved that statement wrong on that night.

Sonny: Damn straight. I also thought that she'd never sink.

Clara: The how come when I asked you about it you said that it was the bloody Germans.

Sonny: It was both of them I guess.

Clara: Well, I guess you can't do anything to stop nature. I can remember when the survivors came. We rushed down to the docks to see if we could find my father. We couldn't find him anywhere. To make matters worse, my uncle, who my mother, myself and my three sisters hadn't seen in six years was returning home.

Jill: Did he die too?

Clara: Yes he did. My father went over on another passenger boat. That boat, for some reason or another, stopped going. He had to return home somehow. He met up with my uncle and they were coming home. When we arrived at the docks, it was packed with people. Everyone was crying, whether it was tears of sorrow or tears of joy. When they posted up the signs of the passengers aboard the ship who had died, my mother saw my father's name on it.

Dawn: What did she do?

Clara: She broke down into a panic. My sisters and I helped her up so that she couldn't be stepped on. She gave us all a hug.

Matt: What happened after that?

Clara: Mom was never the same. She couldn't help all four of us, so Emily, my sister and myself went to live with my aunt and uncle. They were missionaries.

Jill: You're from New York right?

Clara: Yeah.

Jill: So how did you end up coming to Labrador?

Clara: Like I said, my aunt and uncle were missionaries. We came here in 1919. I was 10 years old. They stayed until 1926. I was only 16 years old. I stayed because I had met Sonny.

Sonny: Now isn't that nice.

Dawn: Yes, it is. Did you ever talk to or see your aunt and uncle again?

Clara: Oh yes, I've been down to New York five or six times since then.

Matt: But what about your mother and three sisters?

Clara: I kept in contact with them too.

Jill: When did you and Sonny get married?

Sonny: June 15, 1930 on a Monday. She was 20 and I was 22, thank you very much.

Dawn: Did you have any children?

Clara: Yes, we had three, Samuel, Kate and Emma.

Matt: Well, that was interesting.

Jill: What about you Sonny?

Sonny: Well, when I was your age, I lived up in Hebron. I came here when I was 15. We came down with the dogs. We came down because of that ole sickness. The Spanish Flu, I think it was. All of us lived. T'was me, my mother, my father, my two brothers and my sister. I was a trapper. I got rabbits, seals, mink, deer, foxes, wolves, martins, almost everything. I got them for two reasons. One was for food. The other was to sell them to the Hudson's Bay Company. I also traded them for butter, bread, sugar and other things like that. Did you ever have to hunt, trap and that just so you could keep alive?

Kids: No.

Sonny: That's my point see. You got it made nowadays. Anyway, hunting wasn't always good. We'd go through some hard times. Sometimes I'd have to go check my traps in the blizzards, on dogs too, not skidoo with hand warmers and all that fancy smancy stuff.

Matt: What did you wear?

Sonny: I used to dress from head to toe in seal skins. I used to go check my traps and sometimes be up to my waist in snow. It was the winter of '36. The rabbits were plentiful. If you threw a rock into the woods, you'd be bound to catch two or three rabbits.

Clara: I used to be always heavin' rocks into the woods! I could never do that.

Sonny: You just had a bad shot, that's all.

Jill: How old are you?

Clara: Twenty-two.

Sonny: At, not be foolish now.

Clara: Yes Sonny. Not really, I'm eighty-nine. I'll be ninety in August.

Dawn: Sonny, how old are you?

Sonny: The times older that you at least. I'm ninety-one. How old are you?

Matt: I'm seventeen.

Dawn: Me too.

Jill: I'm fifteen.

Sonny: When I was your age, I knew how to gut a fish and skin a caribou at the same time. I also knew how to....

Clara: Is that all you wanted to know?

Dawn: Yes it is. Thank you for your time.

Sonny: What?

Jill: Thank you for your time.

Clara: I didn't catch it all either. Something about time.

Matt: Thank you for your time.

Clara: Oh yea. Anytime.

They all say bye to each other and the kids leave. They talk out on the steps.

Matt: Now, that wasn't so bad now was it?

Jill: I guess not. I can't believe Clara's father was on the Titanic, I mean, not the movie, the real boat.

Dawn: It must have been hard for her, being a youngin' and all.

Jill: I know. I guess she went through a lot.

Matt: And Sonny did make a real good point. I mean, look at us. We got to go on the other side of town to get to school. And all we have to do is jump on a skidoo to get there.

Dawn: I guess he's right. We do have it easy.

Jill: And when we go home, what do we eat for supper? I'm probably going to have a pizza or something.

Matt: I'll probably have fries and shake and bake or something.

Dawn: We are going to order from the take out.

Jill: You see what I mean. We don't have to walk or go on dogs in the woods or somewhere to get food.

Matt: Plus we have stoves, microwaves and deep fryers to cook it in.

Dawn: Well, it's ten to five now, I gotta go.

Jill: Holy cow, already?

Matt: Yeah! And all this talk of food kind of makes me hungry.

Jill: Let's go.

The students are about to enter the house of Beatrice and George. They go inside. Beatrice is knitting and George is asleep in a chair.

Dawn: Hello, is anyone home?

Beatrice: Oh hi. My goodness, I didn't hear you come in. And who's kids are you?

Dawn: I'm Dolly's daughter.

Beatrice: And who's you?

Jill: I'm Jill, Janie's daughter.

Matt: I'm Matt, Stella's son.

While this is going on, George is snoring and talking in his sleep.

Beatrice: Come in, come in. Don't mind George there, he's just taking his nap until Days of Our Lives comes on. That's his favourite show you know. I'll wake him up.
GEORGE! GEORGE! Wake up, days is on!

George: Hah? Days of Our Lives is on? Quick, hand me some tea and pass me my cigarettes.

Beatrice: Oh George, I was just playing with you. Some little uns are here to see us. Get up now.

George: Wha? Christmas?

Beatrice: Excuse him. He's kinda deaf. You have to speak loud and clear. Do youse want any cookies dearies?

Kids: No thank you.

Beatrice: Okay then, I'll get some.

Beatrice goes to get some cookies, George starts smoking.

George: *(coughing a lot, stops, looks over at the kids)* Who's you?

Beatrice comes back.

Beatrice: That's the little uns I was telling you about just now.

George: They're still here?

Beatrice: Oh George, they never interviewed us yet.

George: Ya ya who?

Beatrice: *(tsk, tsk)* That George, here are your cookies, children.

Matt: Uh, thanks.

George: Don't eat too many, that cost money you know.

Beatrice: Oh George, you can't even eat cookies, you'll have a heart attack again.

George: What are we having, deer soup for supper?

Beatrice: Oh George, you know you can't eat that either.

George: Fish again.

Beatrice: That's the only thing you eat.

Jill: Ma'am, could we ask you some questions now?

Beatrice: Yes go ahead.

Dawn: How many years have you been married?

Beatrice: We've been together for 55 years.

George: No! 65!

Beatrice: George,, don't be so silly!

George: Well, it seems like forever.

Beatrice and the kids laugh.

Matt: How many kids do you have?

Beatrice: We have thirteen wonderful angels!

George: Angels? Was I the only one raising those hell raisers? Devils they are. All they do is bum money and take my cigarettes. And I only see half of them once a year and that's on Christmas. And they always give me cookies for my Christmas present. I can't even eat cookies. You'd think they could afford a little more than the same brand cookies once a year for their own father. They don't love me! Darn cookies! I always gotta give 'em to Beedie! And now she got nar tooth in 'er ead either! All she got is gums.

Beatrice: What are you talking about? Ya got two choppers left in your old mouth.

George: I had three but that one broke on a beer can when I tried to open it but little did I realize that it was a bottle.

Jill: So how old are you George?

George: Ya, ya, ya.

Jill: No, how old are you?

George: I said you could have a smoke..

Jill: NO, HOW OLD ARE YOU?

Beatrice: I think he is.....

George: I was 38 when I got married and she was 17. She was good back then! You know what I mean! YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

Kids get scared.

Beatrice: Oh George, don't be silly. He's just joking with you.

George: No I'm not. You was good Beedie, proper wild!

Beatrice: Shut up George!

Kids very nervous.

Dawn: How did you meet?

Beatrice: It began in 1942, in London. I was a nurse at the time. And George here got shot in the arse.

George: Here, let me show you.

Kids scream.

Beatrice: Wait George, let me finish the story.

George: Well, I'll tell you now, it's on the right cheek.

Matt: *(Quietly)* Gross!

Beatrice: Stop trying to scare them away. Now, when he got shot I had to take care of him. I fell in love with him and he loved me. That was good, cause I got to feel his tight, soft, smooth.....

Dawn: *(coughing)* Ahem!

Beatrice: Oh, I'm sorry. Well he had gotten better but he still needed someone to take care of him, so I did. That was around the time when the Germans blitzed London.

Matt: What does that mean, blitzed?

Beatrice: That's when London was bombed. Blitzkrieg was the term used for lightning war, meaning they hit fast with everything they had. Everyone was living in tunnels. It was so harsh. People were getting scarce every day. The condition was very hard on me and my family. There were dead bodies everywhere you looked. But it was still over crowding and with all the people it was dangerous everywhere. George and I became very poor because of the bombing, we lost a lot. George was from here in Makkovik and missed his favorite meal, deer hearts. Of course now he

can't eat those. I was devastated when I left my home town of London and my family. I was scared that I'd never see them again. I didn't! My mom, dad, sisters and brothers.

George: There, there Beedie.

Beatrice starts to calm down.

Beatrice: Sorry children, keep going.

Matt: Uh, how did you two stay together so long?

George: When she got knocked up, I had to marry her, I had no choice!

Beatrice: George, I thought you loved me.

George: I do, I do. That was before. After our sixth kid, I realized I loved you!

Beatrice: Oh how sweet.

George: Good God, it's quarter after four. Days of Our Lives is on.

Dawn: Well, we're done now. Thank you Mr. and Mrs. Heart.

George: Stop talking about my heart will ya. Go home, your mummy ga buns!

Matt: Really?

George: No not really, ya idiot.

Beatrice: Bye bye kids, come again sometime.

Kids: Bye.

George: Wait, I was gonna show you me scar.

Kids run out.

George: Oh well. Hey? Where's my tea? I want my cigarettes!

Students are walking to Aunt Bessie's house.

Jill: God, this is going to be soooo boring.

Inside the house. Aunt Bessie is getting ready for the interview.

Aunt Bessie: Oh my, I better get ready for them youngins’.

Knock at door.

Aunt Bessie: Come in, come in.

Dawn: Hello Aunt Bessie, do you mind if we videotape?

Aunt Bessie: No.

They set up the videotape.

Matt: Hallo Aunt Bessie, we are the junior high children from the school and we are here to ask you a few questions about “Them Days”. We will start the videotape.

Aunt Bessie: No, go ahead. I told you once. Got something wrong with your hearing?

Matt: What was that Aunt Bessie?

Dawn: Alright then, we’ll start now okay? *(Turns on camera)* Aunt Bessie, we are the high school students from the school and we are here to ask you a few questions.

Aunt Bessie: Okay.

Matt: When were you born?

Aunt Bessie: I was born in 1920.

Matt: Where were you born?

Aunt Bessie: I was born in Okak.

Dawn: Do you remember the first time you saw a plane?

Aunt Bessie: Yes indeed I could remember. I thought t’was Jesus and it was the end of the world, so I got down on my knees and started to pray. I prayed so hard sweat was on me brow as big as turnips. The prints of me knees was in the ground, 6 inches deep! So I won’t go to hell. *(Students start laughing)* Sounds funny now but when you never heard about a plane or anything back then, you would have had the daylights scared out of you. Anyway, went home running full out all the way, trippin’ up but I was so scared I almost pee, oops, I mean tinkled my trousers. I

went in and told Billy to get down before he went to hell. He said Oh Bessie das only oh mission plane. And I said plane whas da? He said dem lo thing flys things back and fort. Then calmed down a feter that.....

Students are giggling.

Dawn: Um *(still kind of giggling)* when was the first time you was ever on plane?

Aunt Bessie: When I had to go out of town for a checkup.

Jill: Was that scary?

Aunt Bessie: T'was a little bit at first cause kind of noisy, sounded like t'was go blow up. My ears got used to do oh noise after a while.

Matt: Was that the scariest experience of your life?

Aunt Bessie: No, I would say resettlement t'was real scary.

Dawn: How?

Aunt Bessie: Well, first there was gathering up all of our stuff. I could remember that Pop didn't want to go because the trapping was good at that time. It was in the winter I think and we went on komatik and dogs and when it got warmer and that other people started to come on the boat, you know came on motor boat after a long while too. When we came down in the winter t'was real cold, you know. Took us couple food the God smiled at us at a big oh had to calm the dogs down because they was kinda rowdy and we didn't want to lose our supper. I don't think I could remember half of what the trip was like, sorry.

Matt: I am hungry.

Dawn: Matt, you are always hungry.

Matt: Your point. What time is it?

Jill: 10 after 5.

Aunt Bessie: Do you kids want something to eat?

Matt: OK

Dawn: What do you have?

Aunt Bessie: Well, I have some seal liver and some seal eyes.

Matt looks sick.

Dawn: No thank you.

Jill: Well, we better get home.

Dawn: Ah, yes, we better get home before Matt gets sick.

Kids go off stage.

Aunt Bessie: Come back, you forgot your thing-a-ma-bob.

Interview with Sophia and Mabel. The students are about to interview two old ladies from Okak.

Matt: Hello is anybody home.....Hello?

Mabel: Be quiet Sophia! I'm trying to knit.

Sophia: What you talking about Mabel? I didn't say nothin'.

Dawn: Uh.....hello.

Mabel: Sophia!! Be quiet!!

Jill: Aunt Mabel, Aunt Sophia? We're here for the interviews.

Mabel: Who said that?

Sophia: I think there's someone in the porch.

Mabel: Is it those kids who wuz talkin' to us 'bout some kind of talk?

Matt: May we come in?

Sophia: Well, don't just stand there, come in.

Mabel: I'm already in Sophia!

Sophia: Not you Mabel!..... The Kids.

Mabel: Who?

Sophia: Those kids from school who wanted an interview.

Mabel: Uhh, who?

Sophia: Never mind.

Mabel: Never mind isn't a name! Ohhh.....just come in kids.

Jill: Thank you, Mam.

Mabel: Who are you?

Sophia: Don't mind her.

Mabel: Well now that you're here, boy, you might's well have some candy 'cause biys love candy.

Matt: No thanks Mam.

Mabel: BOYS.....LIKE.....CANDY!

Matt: Gee....okay. (*He takes a bite, everyone hears a crack*) Ouch, my braces!

Sophia: MY GOD BOY! What't that on your teeth?

Matt: Braces.

Sophia: What's it made out of rabbit wire?

Matt: Not exactly.

Sophia: What't it for?

Matt: To straighten my teeth.

Sophia: Whate'd you do?

Matt: I was born like this.

Sophia: Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

Mabel: Did you like the candy? Good arn't they?

Matt: Not really. (*Other two kids laugh*)

Mabel: Hey! That's not funny.

Jill: Can we start the interview?

Sophia: We hope we were of some help.

Dawn: Oh yes, very much so. (*Kids get up to go.*)

Sophia/Mabel: See you now.

Kids: Bye.

As they are getting ready they hear Mabel and Sophia.

Mabel: Quick, get me the remote. All My Children is on.

Sophia: I'm hurrying! I'm hurrying!

Kids outdoors.

Matt: Jeez by', I got a hard time going up to Nain on the Ranger, never mind goiny way up there on a freight boat.

Dawn: I know, tough oh women.

Jill: Come on, we have to go to the next house.