

PARENTS' DAY SKIT  
by  
Frances Bailey

CAST

PROLOGUE

Mr. Parent	Jerrine Fuller
Mrs. Parent	Paula MacPherson
Girl	(May have been yours truly?)

SCENE 1 FACULTY LOUNGE

Mr. Kellogg	Brandy Hughes
Miss Byrd	G. G. Monk
Mr. Michie	Leslie Wadsworth
Dr. Austin	Susan Ellison
Mr. McKinley	Margaret Fonda
Roach	Himself, courtesy of first floor Clewell
Mr. Jordan	Cliffie Elder
Dean Heidbreder	Jackie Lamond
Miss Owens	Mary TenEyck
Miss Roberts	Eileen Brown

SCENE 2 SIGMA PHI NOTHING FRATERNITY HOUSE AT SNAKE FOREST COLLEGE

President	Beth Troy
Weasel	Diane Fuller
Mole	Marty Richmond
Baldy	Pat Lee
Zombie	Ann Morrison

SCENE 3 DORMITORY ROOM

Big Sister (JUNIOR)	Sara Switzer
Advisor (SENIOR)	Landis Miller
Sophomore	Anne Dudley

SCENE 4 FRESHMAN DORMITORY ROOM

Freshmen	Pam Truette, 1
	Trudy Schmidt, 2
	Cathy Chalk, 3
	Madge Kempton, 4
	Anne Simons, 5

Chorus

Berry Thompson  
Annetta Jennette  
Annah Leigh Thornton  
Tish Johnston  
Rhetta Blakeney  
Gay Myers

PROLOGUE

(Mr. And Mrs. Parent enter.)

NARRATOR

What's become of your Sally this year?  
Dear Parents, be patient. Just lend us your ear.  
Perhaps you've felt like a money-lender,  
Or an automatic permission-sender.  
You'd like to see your daughter better  
Between the lines of that weekly letter.  
Well, parents, that's what we plan to do.  
For this purpose, we've planned a skit for you.  
You wish you could see more of us than just as Father or Mother.  
Well, here's how we're seen by professors and boys, upperclassmen and  
each other.

CURTAIN

SCENE 1  
FRACULTY LOUNGE

(Miss Byrd enters with piles of papers.)

MISS BYRD

Term papers! Term papers! Term papers! I have just one thing to say:  
Disorganized redundancy! (Drops papers all over.)

(Enter Mr. Michie.)

Mr. MICHIE

What seems to be your problem, Miss Byrd? Had to go visit the old  
fraternity at Virginia last weekend. Just gave them all an A+ for  
effort and improvement—that is, all but Winnie Davidson and Annetta  
Jennette. Imagine those girls expecting me to read 75 typewritten  
pages!

MISS BYRD

Aha! Gotta go to the library. Think I found a plagiarism! (She exits gleefully, on the run, dropping papers behind her.)

(Enter Dr. Austin reciting Latin. She is in a fog.)

DR. AUSTIN

“Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus abans Italiam, fato profugus, Laviniaque venit litora, multum ille et...”

Salve, Houston....Oh-oh-I mean, Good evening, Mr. Michie.

I just cawn't inderstand why my Freshmen were so inattentive today, as I read them Vergil's Aeneid. They just don't appreciate the beauty of the living Latin. (She wanders off, mumbling Latin to herself.)

MR. MICHIE

They hardly keep up with events of their own time. I'm certainly not prejudiced, but that group for Nixon...

(Enter Miss Owens, swinging hockey stick.)

MISS OWENS

Hi! Can't understand those freshmen—20 laps around the hockey field, and you'd think they were going to faint. Guess I'll toughen 'em up, though. I'll double the practice time to two hours a week.

MR. MCKINLEY

(From behind the sofa, he is on his hands and knees examining bugs)  
It is! It is! It is! A...I'll have all my freshmen dissect it tomorrow. Those poor crayfish are so maimed. Freshmen think they can substitute a massacre for a true dissection. Oh, you wonderful little...

MISS OWENS

Looks like a plain old roach to me.

Mr. MACKINLEY

My dear lady, do you realize what this means to science? This may be the answer to keeping them awake at 8:30 a.m.

(Enter Dean Heidbreder and Mr. Jordan.)

MR. JORDAN

And, Dean Heidbreder, I went to their freshman class meeting this afternoon—just a three-ring circus. That's all it was, with Marty Richmond playing ringmaster.

DEAN HEIDBREDER

Well, Jim, You'll just have to give them time to get adjusted. It really surprises me that the freshman seminar didn't do any good. You know their personality tests did reveal a strange combination of maladjustments.

MR. JORDAN

I thought it was so strange yesterday when Miss Dudley came for her conference. She never wore lipstick to class before.

(Enter Mr. Kellogg wearing a tremendous ATO pin. He carries a Davidson pennant and protractor.)

MR. KELLOGG

Fellow colleagues of the teaching profession, something has to be done about these Freshmen girls. For three hours in my mathematics lab today, I struggled in vain with them over the sum of theta radians, which equals  $x^2+y^2 \times \pi r^2$  divided by the square root of  $ax^2+bx+c$  times the log of y, which is 6.33423564 when  $y=3.2+$  the square root of  $b^2-ac$  over  $6xc^2$ . Even Miss Teague just looked at me with a blank stare.

(Enter Miss Roberts.)

MISS ROBERTS

Mrs. Heidbreder! All my sheets are gone. The hall is flooded. Helen Miller won't turn off her record player. They're lined up in the office three-deep for permission. Clewell is a wreck! Oh, those freshmen! (Throws up hands.)

(All professors throw up their hands and moan in despair.)

CURTAIN

SCENE 2  
FRATERNITY HOUSE

(Loser boys are sitting around Sigma Phi Fraternity House at Snake Forest College. All but Mole wear fraternity pins.)

PRESIDENT

Men, I've been forced to call this meeting of the Snake Forest Chapter of the Sigma Phi Nothing Fraternity (All stand in reverence.) to discuss the problem of the recent invasion of our beloved campus (All Stand in reverence except Mole, who stumbles.) by...165...shudder...freshmen at Salem College—330 Bass Weejens, 165 circle pins—men, we've got to take drastic measures.

WEASEL

(He is a snow king.) You should have seen my blind date from Babcock last night. She was quite a looker. That old glass-eye-wooden-leg routine didn't phase her a bit. Thought she was pretty cool telling me her father was president of United Air Lines. It doesn't bother me a bit. What's the number of second floor Babcock?

BALDY

First floor PA 59517

Third floor PA 29336

Ah---second floor PA 29473---no, that's second floor Clewell.

It's PA 59526.

I don't believe in dating the same girl twice. Shop around is my motto. So what if I don't own a madras coat? Is that the ticket to a second date? This seersucker suit has been in my family for three generations.

ZOMBIE

You guys have the wrong approach. Boy, I really snowed one the other night. She told me she didn't want to go in at nine o'clock last Saturday night. But, poor little thing, she had four quizzes to study for.

MOLE

Phooey! She wasn't snowed. The only reason she went out with you is because she's used up all her overnights and can't go to Carolina.

ZOMBIE

Shut up, you ignorant pledge. You're nothing but a Freshman, either.

BALDY

If they've used up all their overnights, how come every time I call they're out of town?

PRESIDENT

Do I hear a motion for a solution?

WEASEL

Beats me! Looks like we're trapped, men.  
(They all sigh and crumple with dejection.)

CURTAIN

SCENE 3  
DORMITORY ROOM

(As the curtain opens, three upperclassmen are sitting around. The Advisor holds a handbook. The Sophomore has a beanie. Big Sis has a box of Kleenex.)

ADVISOR

(Throwing down handbook with a bang.) I declare, when I've finished a session with my freshman advisees, I begin to wonder if I could sign out properly.

After I had gone over and over the campus limits *ad nauseam*, one of my freshmen walked all the way downtown without signing out, and then signed out when she just walked across the street to the Dairy Barn. And, in spite of my sermon on personal honor, another one not only urged her to turn herself in, but also came and told on her!

BIG SIS

For goodness sake! Give them time. They're confused by all these new rules and regulations. Remember some of the silly things we did when we were freshmen.

ADVISOR

(Sighs.) Yes....I suppose so....And the sophomores certainly aren't helping matters any.

BIG SIS

I've bought three boxes of Kleenex in the past 24 hours. Last night, my freshman little sister came running to me in tears. At first I thought she was homesick, but she finally told me that her sophomore had sent her up into the upper attic of Sisters and threatened to tie her up as rat bait. She was absolutely shaking.

SOPHOMORE

(Rolling with laughter.) I've stuck strictly to the rules. Only songs and games. Made my freshman serenade my boyfriend last night. Boy, what a picture! A six-foot-seven-inch football player—and at his feet this grimy little freshman singing, “Heads, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes. (Sophomore imitates freshman's singing.) Every time she bent over, her beanie fell off. And he looked so disgusted. He did say afterward, though, that she was sort of cute. ‘Course, he didn't have his glasses on.

BIG SIS

I thought you could persecute them only in groups.

SOPHOMORE

My freshman has gained so much weight since she's been here that she's a group within herself. She can't wear anything but that gray, pleated skirt. Think I'll make her write the captain of the football team and tell him she's snowed over him.

CURTAIN

SCENE 4

FRESHMAN DORMITORY ROOM

(Freshmen are singing.)

CHORUS

Here she is. Here she is.  
Here's what's got them all upset.  
O gee whiz. O gee whiz.  
She's a freshman you can bet.  
Her looks, her ways are positive proof.  
Oh, mother. Oh, daddy.  
Here is the truth.

NUMBER 1 (Wears socks, loafers, plaid skirt.)

Ain't she neat?  
See her coming cown the street.  
Now I ask you very confidentially.  
Ain't she neat?

NUMBER 2 (Wears blazer, gray skirt, glasses. Carries books.)

Ain't she smart?  
Knows the history book by heart.  
As in science, math and English.  
Ain't she smart?

NUMBER 3 (Wears suit, heels, corsage. Carries pennant.)

Can't you see?  
She's Miss Popularity.  
She's at home at every University.  
Obviously.

NUMBER 4 (Wears Bermuda shorts. Carries tennis racquet and basketball.)

She's a sport,  
On the tennis or basketball court.  
On the FITS Field Day she brought us victory.  
She's a sport.

NUMBER 5 (Wears her shirttail out and a pencil behind her ear.)

You must know  
She's the leader of the show.  
Lends a hand and does more than her share.  
She's a freshman on the go.

ALL  
We repeat.  
Don't you think we're all real neat?  
And we tell you very confidentially  
Sally can't be beat!

CURTAIN

THE END