**B2U1 Text A with Translation**

# Text A

**Father Knows Better**

*Marsh Cassady*

**CHARACTERS:** FATHER; MOTHER; HEIDI, 14; DIANE, 17; SEAN, 16; RESTAURANT MANAGER, 20s; MRS. HIGGINS.

**SETTING:** Various locations including a fast-food restaurant, the Thompson family dining room, and an office at a high school.

**AT RISE:** As the lights come up, HEIDI enters and crosses Down Right to the edge of the stage. SEAN and DIANE enter and cross Down Left to the edge of the stage. They listen as HEIDI addresses the audience.

**HEIDI:** My dad’s a nice man. Nobody could possibly believe that he isn’t. Yet he’s … well, he’s always doing these stupid things that end up really embarrassing one or more of us kids. One time, see, my brother wanted to buy this guitar. Been saving money for it for a long time. Then he got a job at this fast-food place, OK? Waiting tables. It was Sean’s first actual job, and he was real happy about it. He figured in two or three months he’d have enough money to buy exactly the kind of guitar he wanted. Mom and Dad were proud of him, and well, OK, he’s my big brother, and he’s always pulling these dumb things on me. But, well, I was proud of him too. You know what happened? I hate to tell you because:

**SEAN, DIANE and HEIDI:** (*In unison*) Father knows better!

(*The lights come Up Left on the fast-food restaurant where SEAN works. It consists of a counter and a couple of small tables. The MANAGER stands behind* *the counter. SEAN is busily cleaning the tables when FATHER walks in.*)

**MANAGER:** Good evening, sir. May I help you?

**FATHER:** Good evening.

**SEAN:** (*To himself*) Oh, no!

(*He squats behind one of the tables trying to hide from FATHER.*)

**FATHER:** I’m looking for the manager.

**MANAGER:** That would be me, sir.

**FATHER:** I’m Sam Thompson. My son works here.

**MANAGER:** Oh, you’re Sean’s father.

**FATHER:** Yes. It’s his first job, you know. I just wanted to check that he’s doing OK.

**MANAGER:** Oh, fine. No problem.

**SEAN:** (*Spreading his hands, palms up, speaking to himself*) What did I do to deserve this? Tell me what?

**FATHER:** Hiring him was a good thing then?

**MANAGER:** Well, yeah, I suppose so.

**SEAN:** (*Still to himself* ) Go home, Dad. Go home. Go home.

**FATHER:** I’m sure he’s a good worker but a typical teenager, if you know what I mean.

**MANAGER:** (*Losing interest*) I wouldn’t know.

**FATHER:** He’s a good boy. And I assure you that if there are any subjects that need to be addressed, Sean and I will have a man-to-man talk.

**MANAGER:** I don’t think that will be necessary …

**FATHER:** Oh, no problem. I’m proud of my son. Very, very proud. And I just wanted you to know that I’ll do anything I can to help him through life’s dangerous sea.

**SEAN:** (*Standing up and screaming*) Aaaargh! Aaaargh! Aaaaaaargh!

**FATHER:** Son, I didn’t know you were here.

**SEAN:** It’s where I work, Dad.

**FATHER:** Of course. I mean, I didn’t see you.

**SEAN:** I can’t imagine why.

**FATHER:** Your manager and I were just having a nice chat.

(*DIANE enters Down Left just as HEIDI enters Down Right. They look at SEAN and FATHER.*)

**SEAN, DIANE, HEIDI:** (*In unison*) Father, you know better than that.

(*The lights quickly fade to black and then come up a second or two later. SEAN stands alone at the Down Right edge of the stage. HEIDI and DIANE cross to Down Left edge of the stage.*)

**SEAN:** If that sort of thing happened only once in a while, it wouldn’t be so bad. Overall, I wouldn’t want to trade my dad for anyone else’s. He loves us kids and Mom too. But I think that’s sometimes the problem. He wants to do things for us, things he thinks are good. But he needs to give them more thought because:

**SEAN, HEIDI and DIANE:** (*In unison*) Father knows better!

(*The lights fade to black and come up on the Center Stage area where FATHER and the three children are seated around the dining room table. MOTHER enters carrying a dish, which she sets on the table. FATHER quickly rises and pulls out her chair. She sits. The family starts eating dinner.*)

**FATHER:** I have a surprise for you, Diane.

**DIANE:** (*Knows it can’t be good*) You have … a surprise?

**MOTHER:** Well, whatever it is, dear, don’t keep us in suspense.

**FATHER:** Well, you know, Dan Lucas and I work together?

**DIANE:** Kyle’s father?

**MOTHER:** Don’t interrupt, dear. Your father is trying to tell you something.

**HEIDI:** (*Stage whisper to SEAN*) Something Diane won’t want to know, I’ll bet.

**SEAN:** (*Whispering to HEIDI*) Whatever would make you think that?

**MOTHER:** Sean, dear, Heidi, sweetheart, don’t distract your father.

**SEAN and HEIDI:** (*Simultaneously*) Sorry, Mom.

**FATHER:** Now then. As I was saying, I know how much you like young Kyle.

**DIANE:** Father!

**FATHER:** It’s true, isn’t it? Didn’t I hear you tell your mother that you wish Kyle would ask you to the senior prom?

**SEAN:** Uh-oh!

**HEIDI:** Oops!

**MOTHER:** Please, children, please. Your father is trying to speak.

**DIANE:** (*Through clenched teeth, the words are in a monotone and evenly spaced.*) Yes-I-said-that-why-are-you-asking?

**FATHER:** Well then.

**DIANE:** (*Becoming hysterical*) “Well then” what?!

**FATHER:** What did I say? Did I say something wrong?

**HEIDI:** (*To SEAN*) Not yet, he didn’t.

**SEAN:** (*To HEIDI*) But you know it’s coming.

**MOTHER:** Children, please. Do give your father the respect he deserves.

**HEIDI and SEAN:** (*Rolling their eyes*) Yes, Mother.

**FATHER:** Well, today I saw Dan and asked if he’d like to go to lunch at that French restaurant on Third Street. You know the one, Mother.

**MOTHER:** Well, yes, I believe I do.

**FATHER:** My treat, I told him. And, of course, he was glad to accept.

**MOTHER:** Why wouldn’t he be?

**FATHER:** (*Somewhat surprised*) Well, yes.

**DIANE:** What-has-this-to-do-with-me?!

**MOTHER:** Diane, sometimes I just don’t understand your behavior. I try my best.

**DIANE:** (*Very short with her*) I’m sorry.

**MOTHER:** Thank you, Diane. (*To FATHER*) Please do go on, dear.

**FATHER:** As I said —

**HEIDI:** We know what you said, Daddy.

**FATHER:** Er … uh, what’s that?

**SEAN:** She said, “We know what you said, Daddy.”

**FATHER:** Yes, yes, of course.

**MOTHER:** Do get on with it, dear. I’ve made the most glorious dessert. An old recipe handed down to me by my great Aunt Hilda—

**DIANE:** Mother, please!

**MOTHER:** Yes, dear?

(*DIANE shakes her head and lets her body fall against the back of the chair.*)

**FATHER:** At any rate, Dan’s a nice guy. Never knew him well. Found we have a lot of the same interests. Our families, our community, global peace, human welfare.

**HEIDI:** (*Mumbling to herself*) That narrows it down, all right.

**SEAN:** Father?

**FATHER:** Yes, son?

**SEAN:** I do believe Diane would like to know the surprise.

**DIANE:** (*Breathing hard as if exhausted, she turns to SEAN, nodding her head up and down repeatedly.*) Thank you, Sean. I owe you one.

**FATHER:** Well, yes. Here it is then. I told Dan of your interest in his son.

**DIANE:** You what?

**MOTHER:** Diane, what has come over you? I just don’t understand the younger generation. Why back in my day —

**DIANE:** Mother, please!

**MOTHER:** What, what? What?

**HEIDI:** Mother, I believe she wants Father to continue.

**SEAN:** (*To himself*) Get this over with, more likely.

**DIANE:** Daddy, please, tell me. Now. Right away. What did you say, Daddy? Please. Tell me, what did you tell Mr. Lucas? Tell me, please. Please, tell me.

**FATHER:** Well, now, isn’t this nice. It looks like my little scheme is a success. You’re so eager to find out … makes a man feel as if it’s all worthwhile.

**HEIDI:** (*To SEAN*) Can you believe this?

**SEAN:** (*To HEIDI*) Oh, sure. Can’t you?

**FATHER:** Yes, well, I told him how much you liked young Kyle, and how you’d been wishing he’d ask you to the prom.

**DIANE:** You didn’t! Tell me you didn’t!

**FATHER:** Oh, yes. Anything for my children.

**DIANE:** (*Swallowing hard*) And … and —

**MOTHER:** Diane, are you all right?

**DIANE:** (*She juts out her chin at MOTHER and quickly jerks her head around to face FATHER.*) Well … what did he say?!

**FATHER:** Well, of course, being the sort of man he is — frank, understanding, he said he’d speak to the young man, insist he give you a call.

**DIANE:** (*Angry scream!*) Whaaaaaat!

**SEAN and HEIDI:** (*Together*) Father, you know better than that.

**FATHER:** I do? Yes, yes, I guess I do. I’ve … done it again, haven’t I?

(*The lights quickly fade to black and then come up a second or two later. DIANE stands alone at the Down Right edge of the stage. HEIDI and SEAN enter Down* *Left and cross to the edge of the stage.*)

**DIANE:** Can you imagine how humiliated I was? An honor student, class president. And Father was out asking people to have their sons call and ask me to the prom! But that’s dear old dad. Actually, he is a dear. He just doesn’t stop to think. And it’s not just one of us who’ve felt the heavy hand of interference. Oh, no, all three of us live in constant dread knowing that at any time disaster can strike because:

**DIANE, HEIDI and SEAN:** (*Shouting in unison*) Father knows better.

(*The lights fade to black and quickly come up again Stage Left where there is an executive-type desk and chair and two other chairs. Behind the desk sits MRS.HIGGINS, in charge of admitting new students to Benjamin Harrison High School . HEIDI and FATHER sit in the other chairs.*)

**MRS. HIGGINS:** So this is our new student, is it?

**FATHER:** That’s right.

**MRS. HIGGINS:** What’s your name, young lady?

**HEIDI:** Heidi Thompson.

**MRS. HIGGINS:** I’m sure you’ll find the students friendly. And the teachers more than willing to answer questions.

**FATHER:** She is an exceptional young woman, you know.

**HEIDI:** Daddy!

**FATHER:** Very, very bright.

**MRS. HIGGINS:** Yes, now if we can get you to fill out—

**FATHER:** Don’t know where she got her brains. Her mother, I suppose. Oh, I was bright enough. But nothing like Heidi. All her teachers have told Mrs. Thompson — that’s her mother — and me that she was just about the brightest —

**MRS. HIGGINS:** (*Interrupts as she loses her patience, though trying to be pleasant*) As I said, if you have proof of vaccinations —

**FATHER:** (*Interrupts, carrying on with his line of thought*) Besides being bright, she’s very, very talented.

**HEIDI:** (*Twists her hands over and over in front of her chest*) Please, Daddy, don’t do this.

**FATHER:** Well, of course I will, darling. I’m proud of you. Your mother and I are proud of you. (*Turns back to MRS. HIGGINS*) Why just last year, in her last year of junior high school, before we moved, Heidi placed first in the county in the annual spelling bee! Isn’t that wonderful? And she plays the piano like an angel. An absolute angel.

**HEIDI:** Daddy, please. Please, please. Daddy, I have to go to class. I want to go to class. Please let me go to class.

**FATHER:** See what I mean? Such an eager learner. I can’t imagine anyone’s being more eager for

knowledge than my Heidi. My little girl.

**MRS. HIGGINS:** Yes, well, be that as it may—

**HEIDI:** Aaargh! Aaaaargh! Aaaargh!

(*DIANE and SEAN enter Down Right. They look at HEIDI, FATHER, and MRS. HIGGINS.*)

**HEIDI, DIANE and SEAN:** (*Shouting in unison*) Daddy, you know better than that!

**FATHER:** Er, uh, I do?

(*Curtain*)

# Text A Translation

这出喜剧主要写一位为儿女感到自豪的父亲虽做出种种努力帮助子女，不知怎的，其结果却总是令子女尴尬不已。出于搞笑的目的，故事情节做了极度夸张，但几乎人人都能从中看到自己以及父母的影子。

**老爸英明**

马什·卡萨迪

人物：父亲；母亲；海蒂，14岁；黛安，17岁；肖恩，16岁；饭店经理，20多岁；希金斯太太

场景：快餐店，汤普森家餐厅，一所中学的办公室等

幕启：随着灯光亮起，海蒂上，走至舞台右前方。肖恩与黛安上，走至舞台左前方。海蒂对观众说话，两人倾听。

海蒂：我老爸是个大好人。没人会相信他不好。可是他……唉，他老是干那些蠢事，弄得我们当儿女的到头来无地自容。瞧，我哥曾一度想买把吉他。他都积攒了好一阵子钱了。后来他在这家快餐店找了份活，不错吧？当服务员。这是肖恩第一次正经打工，他真的挺开心。他算计着，再过两三个月，他就能攒够钱买他想要的那把吉他了。老爸老妈都为他感到骄傲。唔，是啊，他是大哥，老是要捉弄我。不过嘛，我也同样为他感到骄傲。你猜后来怎么了？我都不想说这事，因为：

肖恩、黛安、海蒂：（齐声）老爸英明！

（左后方灯光亮起，肖恩打工的快餐店。有柜台和几张小桌子。经理站在柜台后面。父亲进店时，肖恩正忙着擦桌子。）

经理：晚上好，先生，能为您效劳吗？

父亲：晚上好。

肖恩：（自言自语）噢，不！

（他在一张桌子后蹲下，欲躲过父亲的视线。）

父亲：我找经理。

经理：我就是，先生。

父亲：我是萨姆·汤普森。我儿子在这儿打工。

经理：哦，您是肖恩的父亲。

父亲：是啊。知道吗，这是他第一次打工。我只想看看他干得怎么样。

经理：噢，不错。没问题。

肖恩：（双手摊开，掌心向上，自言自语）我干了什么了要受这份罪？倒是告诉我啊？

父亲：那么雇用他没错啦？

经理：呃，对，我想是的。

肖恩：（仍然自言自语）回家去，老爸。回家去。回家去。

父亲：我肯定他是干活的一把好手，可他也跟其他孩子一个样，明白我的意思吗？

经理：（不再有兴趣）我怎么知道。

父亲：他是个好孩子。你放心，要是有什么问题需要解决的话，我和肖恩会开诚布公谈一谈的。

经理：我看没必要吧……

父亲：噢，没事儿。我为我儿子感到骄傲，我为他深感骄傲。我只是想让你知道，我将竭尽全力帮助他驶过人生的惊涛骇浪。

肖恩：（站起身，高声喊叫）唉！唉！唉！

父亲：儿子，我不知道你在这儿。

肖恩：这是我打工的地方呀，爸！

父亲：那自然。我是说，刚才没看见你。

肖恩：我咋知道你为啥刚才没看见我。

父亲：经理和我正聊得起劲呢。

（黛安从左前方上，海蒂自右前方上。两人看着肖恩和父亲。）

肖恩、黛安、海蒂：（齐声）老爸，你这是干什么呀。

（灯光迅速暗下，片刻之后又亮起。肖恩独自站在舞台右前边。海蒂、黛安走至舞台左前边。）

肖恩：这类事要是偶尔发生一两次，那倒也没什么。总的来说，我是不肯把自己老爸跟别人的老爸换的。他爱我们当子女的，也爱老妈。不过我想，有时问题就出在这儿。他一心想帮助我们，他自以为在为我们做好事呢。可他应该多想想才对，因为：

肖恩、海蒂、黛安：（齐声）老爸英明！

（灯光暗下，旋即又在舞台中央亮起。父亲与三个孩子围坐在餐桌旁。母亲端菜上，把菜放在桌上。父亲迅速起身为她拉出椅子。母亲坐下。全家开始用餐。）

父亲：我要给你一个惊喜，黛安。

黛安：（知道不会有好事）你要给我……一个惊喜？

母亲：哎，是什么事啊，亲爱的，别卖关子了。

父亲：呃，你们知道，丹·卢卡斯和我是同事。

黛安：凯尔的父亲？

母亲：别插嘴，亲爱的，你父亲正有事要跟你们说呢。

海蒂：（与肖恩耳语）我敢肯定准是黛安不要听的事儿。

肖恩：（与海蒂耳语）你怎么会知道？

母亲：肖恩，亲爱的，海蒂，宝贝儿，别打岔。

肖恩、海蒂：（同时地）对不起，妈妈。

父亲：好吧。我是说，我知道你挺喜欢小凯尔。

黛安：爸爸！

父亲：是这么回事，对吗？我不是听你跟你妈说，你希望凯尔邀请你在高年级舞会上跳舞吗？

肖恩：噢！

海蒂：哎哟！

母亲：静一下，孩子们，静一下。你们父亲在说话呢。

黛安：（咬紧牙，一字一顿地）对—我—是—说—过—你—问—这—干—嘛？

父亲：那就算了。

黛安：（歇斯底里地）什么算了？！

父亲：我说什么啦？我说错什么了吗？

海蒂：（对肖恩）这会儿还没有，还没说错什么。

肖恩：（对海蒂）等着吧，这就来了。

母亲：静一下，孩子们。对父亲应该尊敬一点。

海蒂、肖恩：（一边转着眼珠）是，妈妈。

父亲：嗯，今天我见到丹时，问他想不想去第三街上的那家法国餐馆吃午饭。孩子他妈，你是知道那家餐馆的。

母亲：对，是啊，我知道。

父亲：我请客，我对他说。当然，他挺乐意去了。

母亲：他哪能不乐意呢？

父亲：（略为惊讶地）对，是啊。

黛安：这—跟—我—有—什—么—关—系—呢？

母亲：黛安，你的行为有时我真弄不懂。无论怎样我就是弄不懂。

黛安：（没好气地）那就抱歉了。

母亲：多谢了，黛安。（对父亲）请说下去，亲爱的。

父亲：我说过……

海蒂：我们知道你说过什么，爸爸。

父亲：嗯……哦，你说什么？

肖恩：她说，“我们知道你说过什么，爸爸。”

父亲：是啊，是啊，当然。

母亲：快说吧，亲爱的。我做了特别好吃的甜点。是我姨婆希尔达传下来的老配方……

黛安：妈妈，好了！

母亲：怎么啦，宝贝？

（黛安摇着头，身体仰靠在椅背上。）

父亲：不管怎么说，丹人不错。过去我跟他不熟。发现我俩还有不少志趣相同之处。家庭、社区、世界和平、

人类幸福。

海蒂：（咕哝着自言自语）就要说到正题了。

肖恩：爸爸？

父亲：哎？儿子？

肖恩：我肯定黛安很想知道是什么惊喜。

黛安：（喘着粗气，好像精疲力竭的样子，她转向肖恩，连连点头）多谢了，肖恩。我记着你的情。

父亲：啊，对。我就说吧。我告诉丹，你对他儿子很感兴趣。

黛安：你说什么？

母亲：黛安，你怎么啦？我真不明白你们年轻人。唉，在我那个时候……

黛安：妈，好啦！

母亲：怎么啦，怎么啦？又怎么啦？

海蒂：妈妈，我知道她想听爸爸说下去。

肖恩：（自言自语）还不如说是快把这份罪受完算了。

黛安：爸爸，请你告诉我。现在，马上告诉我。你说什么啦，爸爸？求你了，快说，你跟卢卡斯先生说什么啦？请快告诉我。请快说。

父亲：嗨，瞧，太妙了。看来我的小计策成功了。你这么急着想知道……这可让人觉得我做的这一切还真值。

海蒂：（对肖恩）你能相信吗？

肖恩：（对海蒂）啊，当然。你还不信？

父亲：嗯，对了，我告诉他你是多么喜欢小凯尔，一心希望他邀你在高年级舞会上跳舞。

黛安：你没这么说过！告诉我你没这么说过！

父亲：说了，当然说了。只要为了我孩子好嘛。

黛安：（用力咽了咽口水）那……那……

母亲：黛安，你没事吧？

黛安：（冲着母亲撅起下巴，很快扭头面对父亲）那……他怎么说？！

父亲：嗯，当然啦，以他的为人——坦率，善解人意，他说他会去跟小伙子说的，一定让他给你打电话。

黛安：（愤怒地高喊！）什——么！

肖恩、海蒂：（齐声）老爸，你不至于那么说吧。

父亲：是吗？对，对，我想是。我又……弄糟了，是吗？

（灯光迅速暗下，旋即重新亮起。黛安独自站在舞台右前边沿。海蒂、肖恩自左前方上，走至舞台边。）

黛安：你们能想像我觉得自己有多么丢人现眼吗？堂堂的优秀生、班主席。父亲竟然去求别人叫他们的儿子打电话来邀我跳舞！可这就是我那可爱的老爸。他其实挺可爱的。他就是不好好想一想。不止我一个人深受他横加干预之苦。哦，绝非我一个人，我们兄妹三个整天提心吊胆，知道倒霉的事随时可能来临，因为：

黛安、海蒂、肖恩：（齐声喊）老爸英明！

（灯光暗下，旋即在舞台左侧重新亮起。舞台左侧摆放着一套办公桌椅和另外两张椅子。负责本杰明·哈里森高级中学新生入学工作的希金斯太太坐在办公桌边。海蒂和父亲坐在另外两张椅子上。）

希金斯太太：这位是我们新来的学生，是吗？

父亲：是的。

希金斯太太：你叫什么名字，小姐？

海蒂：海蒂·汤普森。

希金斯太太：我相信你一定会发现这里的同学们都挺友好。这里的老师也都乐意回答问题。

父亲：您知道，她是个出类拔萃的姑娘。

海蒂：爸爸！

父亲：非常非常聪明！

希金斯太太：一定是的，现在你是不是能填一下……

父亲：不知道她怎么会这么聪明。我想是她母亲的遗传。哦，我也不笨。可没法跟海蒂比。教过她的老师都对汤普森太太，就是她妈，还有我说，她差不多是最聪明的一个……

希金斯太太：（不耐烦地打断，但口气仍尽量和缓）我刚才说了，如果你有疫苗接种证明……

父亲：（打断希金斯太太，沿着自己的思路讲下去）她不仅聪明，而且才华出众。

海蒂：（双手置于胸前，搓拧着）行了，爸爸，别说了。

父亲：啊，宝贝儿，我当然要说。我为你感到骄傲。我和你妈都为你感到骄傲。（转回身面向希金斯太太）嗯，就在去年，她初中最后一年，我们还没搬家的时候，海蒂在县里一年一度的拼单词比赛中得了第一名！了不起吧？而且她钢琴也弹得美妙至极。简直就是仙乐。

海蒂：爸爸，行了。求求你了，求求你了。爸爸，我得上课去了。我要去上课。请让我去上课吧。

父亲：瞧见了没有？一个多么好学的学生。我想不出还有谁比我家海蒂更好学了。我的好姑娘。

希金斯太太：是的，嗯，不过……

海蒂：唉！唉！唉！

（黛安、肖恩从右前方上。两人望着海蒂、父亲和希金斯太太。）

海蒂、黛安、肖恩：（齐声喊）老爸，你这是干什么呀！

父亲：呃，嗯，是吗？

（幕落）