

## **“Bedrock Blues”**

by  
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**What** A contemporary lighthearted scene about parenting teens with a “Stone age” twist--thanks to familiar characters from the 1960’s Hanna-Barbera cartoon, *The Flintstones*.

Themes: Parenting, Worries, Teens, Love and Logic, Comedy, Family Values

**Who** Wilma  
Betty

**When** 10,000 BC with a modern flair

**Costumes and Props** *Flintstones* costumes can be found in Halloween stores, or familiar accessories can help audiences recognize these two characters.

Wilma- white dress, pearl/“rock” choker necklace, bare feet, red hair/wig in a bun.

Betty- light blue dress, hair bow, bare feet, black hair/ wig in a bob or flip style.

Shopping bags

Stone mug or cup

Small table

2 chairs

Closet door (or curtain)

**Why** Proverbs 22:6, Matthew 6:34

**How** The scene works best when played in the style of *The Flintstones* or its early TV sitcom predecessor (*The Honeymooners*). Think cartoon vs. realism: over the top emotions, stilted or exaggerated gestures, and a quick, lively pace.

Another idea is to have the theme to the Flintstones play before the scene. Or to save time, use a few seconds from the ending theme song.

**Time** Approximately 4 minutes

*Wilma enters with Betty following close behind her. Both women are carrying multiple shopping bags from various department stores. Wilma arrives at the closet and begins storing the bags inside.*

**Wilma:** *(taking the shopping bags Betty has been carrying)* Thanks for your help, Betty. Fred would kill me if he saw all these packages. *(Wilma stores these shopping bags in the closet along with the others)*

**Betty:** *(peeking into the closet)* Gee, Wilma, won't Fred ever look in here?

**Wilma:** Fred? Look in the closet with the vacuum cleaner? I don't think I have anything to worry about. *(Wilma and Betty giggle. Wilma puts the last package in the closet and shuts the door)* That's better. I do love my shopping adventures!

**Both:** *(loudly calling out their cartooney shopping/ battle cry charge and gesturing together as though they're ready to run off into battle)*  
Doodoo doodoo doodoo CHARGE-it!

**Wilma:** Still, there's nothing like getting my treasures back home and putting them in safekeeping.

**Betty:** To tell you the truth, Wilma, the last place I want to go right now is The Bedrock Mall.

**Wilma:** This sounds like an emergency! Come sit down and I'll make you some tea.

**Betty:** *(sitting at the table)* You sure it's no trouble?

**Wilma:** Oh no, not since we had the "instant hot" installed—one blast from the Bedrock lava vent and the water boils in seconds.

*They giggle as Wilma serves tea and sits at the table.*

**Wilma:** Ok, Betty, what's up?

**Betty:** Oh, Wilma, I'm just so worried about Bam-Bam.

**Wilma:** Now, Betty, he's always been a late bloomer. Remember when he couldn't talk yet and he used to break your table when he wanted toy?  
*(She demonstrates pounding on the table with a club)* Bam-Bam!

**Betty:** Yes, of course but...

**Wilma:** *(interrupting)* Oh and remember how he used to carry Barney around the house like a security blanket?

**Betty:** Yes, but now...

**Wilma:** *(interrupting)* And remember when...?

**Betty:** *(stopping her by standing)* Of course I remember, Wilma! He's my boy!

**Wilma:** Sorry, Betty. What is it this time?

**Betty:** *(a pause, Betty crosses away from the table and then she blurts it)* Bam-Bam's grades are awful and Barney and I are starting to wonder if he'll get through Bedrock High!

**Wilma:** *(standing up)* I'm sure things will...

**Betty:** *(now it's her turn to interrupt)* He forgets about assignments, and Wilma, his teachers don't want me checking in with them every day—

**Wilma:** Have you tried...?

**Betty:** *(interrupting again)* I think the worst part is that he doesn't take it seriously, and he doesn't plan ahead, you know, like how we tell him each week he should save his allowance, but he goes right out and buys the latest X-Rocks game!

**Wilma:** Instant gratification—I don't think any of our kids know how to wait anymore...

**Betty:** *(tv sitcom cry)* I'm failing him as a mom!

**Wilma:** Take it easy, Betty! You're not failing anyone. It's Bam-Bam that's making these choices, and he's the one that's going to have to live with their consequences.

**Betty:** That's just it, Wilma. I think this is all much harder on Barney and me than it is for the boy. Last week we told him that he wasn't going to be driving the car if he didn't keep his grades up. And Bam Bam said, "Who cares if I drive? My feet are already sore from P.E. class."

**Wilma:** Well, that's actually wise of him, Betty. Fred still hasn't figured out why he gets so tired out on family road trips! *(they look at their feet and giggle)*

**Betty:** Thanks, Wilma. *(sigh)* I remember when the kids were little and we used to think the baby years were hard, but this... No wonder Doctor Dobstone used to warn about the teenage years all the time on his radio program.

**Wilma:** I know what you mean. Have you seen Pebbles' lately? Fred is beside himself. First, he loses his beloved pet Dino, and then his precious princess morphs into some kind of punk rocker!

**Betty:** I'm sure it's only temporary, Wilma.

**Wilma:** Do you really think so?

**Betty:** Oh sure. When I was in high school, I went through a phase where I spoke only in French, "Ooh La la!". It drove my parents crazy! *(she giggles)* Maybe Pebbles is experimenting too—the dyed black hair and heavy eyeliner make a distinctive statement.

**Wilma:** I don't know Betty. Just yesterday my baby wore a bone in her hair; now she's wearing it in her nose!

**Betty:** That does sound a little extreme...

**Wilma:** She says it's all part of her new image as a future star. Pebbles wants to become a contestant on one of those singing competition programs, but I honestly don't know which would be worse for her—bombing out, or making the cut?

**Betty:** Ooh! Like "The Voice" or "American Idol"?

**Wilma:** *(lashing out)* Well I'm not talking about the Youth Group Talent Show! *(seeing the expression on her friend's face)* Sorry Betty. The thing is, my mother will flip out when she comes to visit, not to mention the rest of the relatives when they see our family picture on FaceBoulder or Instagranite.

**Betty:** Don't worry, Wilma. Your family knows Pebbles is a good girl, no matter what she looks like.

**Wilma:** *(sigh)* And you know Bam-Bam is a good boy too, despite his problems at school, right Betty?

**Betty:** *(pause)* I guess.

**Wilma:** Hey, have you read Gemstone Fay's book on Parenting Teens with Love and Logic?

**Betty:** No, not yet.

**Wilma:** Three words: "What a bummer." *(Betty looks puzzled. Wilma, leading her offstage toward the bedroom/office with books)* Come with me, Betty. I'd be happy to lend you my copy.

**Betty:** You're such a good friend, Wilma.

**Wilma:** You're still coming over for dinner tonight, right? Fred's putting the Brontosaurus Burgers on at 6:00.

**Betty:** Oh yum! We wouldn't miss it, Wilma. Nothing cheers up Barney and me like dinner at the Flintstones!

**Wilma:** Oh, and don't forget--please don't mention the shopping bags!

**Betty:** What shopping bags?

*The two giggle as they exit.*