

ALL LYDIA'S CHILDREN

A Play By: Maharla White
 Estelle Humby
 Desmond Chaulk
 Jerry Campbell
 Wally McLean
 Sharon McLean
 Kimberley Blake
 Marvin Best
 Barry Pottle
 Wayne Montague
 Darrin Jubber

CAST (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE):

CAROL: A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT

GARGE: POSTMASTER, A NEWFOUNDLANDER

LIZZIE: OLDER WOMAN LIVING IN NORTH WEST RIVER

HARRY: A NEWFOUNDLANDER LIVING IN NORTH WEST RIVER

HANAH: A MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN WHO LAUGHS A LOT

WILBERT: FATHER OF TWO SMALL CHILDREN. HE BABYSITS WHILE HIS WIFE WORKS. HE IS UNEMPLOYED ALSO. (*TWO CHILDREN ACCOMPANY HIM.)

DAN: TRAPPER FROM DOWN THE BAY

BRYCE: SHORT, PLEASANT, UNMARRIED MAN

CECIL: TALL, NOT TOO BRIGHT, MARRIED MAN

"SNOWSHOE" SALLY: OUTDOOR TYPE WOMAN

JOHNNY ONE RIVER: MIDDLE AGED INNU MAN

FLO: YOUNG GIRL. PRETTY, SLIGHTLY NAUGHTY AND PREGNANT

JUD: FLO'S BOYFRIEND. A YOUNG CAREFREE BOY

CATHY: YOUNGER WIFE FROM NORTH WEST RIVER

HELEN: CATHY'S SISTER. SLIGHTLY OLDER.

SARAH: HELEN'S DAUGHTER

SETTING: A FINE DAY IN NORTH WEST RIVER AT THE LOCAL POST OFFICE. IT IS EARLY DECEMBER. THE LOBBY OF THE POST OFFICE AND THE COUNTER ARE SEPARATED INTO TWO SECTIONS.

(ENTER CAROL. TURNS AND TALKS TO THE AUDIENCE...)

CAROL: I KNOW IT'S A SCHOOL DAY. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE IN SCHOOL BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOTTA FIND OUT. I JUST LOVE MY STORY... YOU KNOW, MY SOAP? AND THIS NEW TEACHER KEEPS ON ABOUT HOW SOAPS ARE NOT NEARLY AS INTERESTING AS REAL LIFE. FIRST WE ALL JUST LAUGHED. YOU'D EXPECT TEACHERS TO SAY THAT EH? BUT THE MORE SHE SAID IT, THE MORE I HAVE TO KNOW FOR MYSELF...I FIGURE THE POST OFFICE IS A GOOD PLACE TO WATCH THE GOINGS ON, AND I HAVE MY PENS AND NOTEBOOK SO AS I CAN MAKE SURE REAL LIFE DOES HAVE IT ALL??? DANGER, THRILLS, SEX, INTRIGUE...I DOUBT IT...NOT IN THIS BORING PLACE. OH, HERE COMES THE POSTMASTER...I'LL WATCH AND STEP INSIDE WHEN NO ONE'S LOOKING.

(BACK'S OFF)

(GARGE COMES, WITH KEYS RATTLING.)

ENTER LIZZIE.

LIZZIE: GARGE! GARGE! LOOK AT THIS. OH, ME NERVES. (POINTS TO THE SKI-DOO WRECK IN THE WALL.)

GARGE: WELL, BEDA LARD LIFTON GEE. WHAS DAT ATALL?

LIZZIE: THAT LOOKS LIKE LIL JUD'S SKIDOO. HE MUST HAVE HIT THAT DARN OL DOG BERRY HOMEBREW LAST NIGHT.

GARGE: MY, I HOPE LIL FLO AIN'T HURT. SHE GOT A BUN IN THE OVEN.

LIZZIE: OH, HERE COMES HARRY.

HARRY: (WALKS ONTO STAGE AND APPROACHES GARGE). OH. GARGE, DID YOU NOTICE IF ME POGIE COME IN YET?

GARGE: YES, BUT I AIN'T GONNA GIVE IT TO YOU UNTIL YOU HELP ME GET THIS SKI-DOO OUTTA HERE.

HARRY: THAS WHY I WENT ON POGIE. SO I WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORK. BUT I GUESS I'LL HELP YOU. SPOSE I CAN DO THAT MUCH. (HELPS LIFT SKIDOO OUTSIDE).

(GARGE GOES INTO THE POST OFFICE.)

BOTH OF THEM RACE FOR THEIR BOXES AND HARRY WINS.)

HARRY: OH, ME CHEQUE. (KISSES HIS CHEQUE AND GOES OFF THE STAGE HAPPILY).

GARGE: DESTRUCTION OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY, I GUESS THAT WAS. THAT'S A CRIMINAL OFFENCE, THEY SAY. SPOSE I'LL HAVE TO CALL THE COPS.

LIZZIE: IT'S SHOCKIN' SURE. THINGS ARE JUST NOT LIKE THEY USED TO BE. IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING.

(HANAH WALKS ONTO STAGE WHERE HARRY LEFT AND MEETS UP WITH LIZZIE)

LIZZIE: HELLO HANAH, MY THE YOUNG ONES GROWS UP SOME FAST. YOU KNOW WHEN I WAS YOUNG I THOUGHT THAT BABIES COME FROM OLD TREE STUMPS. MOTHER ALWAYS TOLD US TO GO OUT AND LOOK FOR BABIES WHEN WE WOULDN'T LISTEN TO HER.

HANAH: BOY OH BOY. YOU MOTHER MUST HAVE BEEN A BORN COMEDIAN. HA. HA. HA.

LIZZIE: THA WAS NO JOKE. THA WAS WHAT THE OL WOMAN TOLD US. EVERY SUNDAY WE'D BE OUT LOOKING FOR BABIES.

HANAH: (TURNS TO THE HOLE IN THE WALL AND SAYS) GEES GIRL. WHA HAPPENED THERE ATALL?

LIZZIE: I DUNNO. I HEARED TWAS LIL JUD HIT THE BREW LAST NIGHT... AND THEN HE HIT THE POST OFFICE. I COME HERE THIS MORNING AND A DARN OL SKIDOO WAS HALF WAYS THROUGH THE WALL.

HANAH: DID YOU HEAR WHEN FLO WAS DUE, LIZZIE GIRL?

LIZZIE: LAST I HEARED SHE WAS IN THE HOSPITAL JUST WAITING. THAT DARN LIL JUD OUT RAMPAGIN' AROUND AT A TIME LIKE THIS. I SPECT HE'LL SAY HE WAS OUT CELEBRATING. CARELESSNESS, EH, GIRL? DARN OL SKIDOO WAS HALF WAYS THROUGH THE WALL OVER THERE.

HANAH: YES, I KNOW. HE'D LOSE HIS HEAD IF IT WASN'T ATTACHED. I SPOSE I BETTER GET HOME GIRL AND GET DINNER ON THE GO BEFORE THE OLD MAN HAS MY HEAD.

LIZZIE: GUESS I BETTER GO TO THE STORE AND GET SOMETHING FOR DINNER MYSELF. GARGE HAVEN'T GOT THE MAIL SORTED OUT YET ANYWAY. OH, WAIT. I MUST BE GETTIN' OLD...I NEARLY FORGOT TO ASK IF YOU HEARD THE NEWS ABOUT FRANK AND HIS BOY. THEY'RE QUITE LATE COMIN' HOME FROM THEIR TRIP DOWN THE ISLANDS. I HEARED TOM AND THEM WENT LOOKING THIS MORNING.

HANAH: I NEVER HEARED A THING GIRL, BUT POOR HELEN MUST BE SOME WORRIED. HER OLD MAN HAD A FEW CLOSE CALLS TOO. HE'LL PROBABLY BE OKAY AGAIN. LET'S HOPE SO ANYWAY. I GOT TO GO. I COULD TALK ALL DAY HERE.

(WILBERT ENTERS THE POST OFFICE WITH THE KIDS)

LIZZIE: OH, HELLO WILBERT.

WILBERT: OH HI. FINE DAY EH?

LIZZIE AND HANAH: YES, BOY. REAL NICE. (THE TWO OF THEM LEAVE)

(SKIDOO PULLS UP AND DAN ENTERS THE POST OFFICE AND MEETS WILBERT).

*(NOISE)

WILBERT: HOW YA DOIN THERE, DAN BOY? (SLAPS DAN ON THE BACK)

DAN: OH, NOT TOO BAD BOY. IT'S AWFUL COLD OUT AND MY BACKSIDE IS BAD SORE. I JUST DROVE UP FROM RIGOLET AND STOPPED IN THE ISLANDS FOR A CUP OF TEA AND A SCOFF.

WILBERT: WELL, BOY. HOW'S THE FUR SEASON GOING?

DAN: OH, NOT TOO BAD BOY. FOR SOME PEOPLE ANYWAY...BUT ME...I ONLY GOT 2 MARTENS AND 3 FOXES. I STRUCK UP MY TRAPS AND TOOK 'EM UP OVER THE HILLS.

WILBERT: WHAD YOU DO THAT FER BOY?

DAN: I GOT 'EM SET FOR A CAT OR TWO. I HEARED TOP PRICE FOR CATS THIS YEAR IS 150 DOLLARS.

DAN: (CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF) AND IF I HOPE TO MAKE ANY MONEY, I GOTTA GO FER THE CATS.

WILBERT: THE PRICES ARE AWFULLY LOW BUT I HEARED THERE'S A LOT OF PARTRIDGES AND RABBITS ON THE GO. I HEARED UNCLE NAY HAD OVER A THOUSAND LAST YEAR.

DAN: WELL, ON THE WAY UP I SET SOME SNARES. JUST ABOVE SABBY AND I SHOT TWENTY-TWO PARTRIDGES TOO.

WILBERT: I WAS TALKIN' TO THE BOYS FROM UP THE LAKE AND THEY WAS SAYIN' THAT THERE WADN'T NOTHIN' UP THERE EITHER. NUN ATALL BOY? THE BOYS WENT 75 MILES UP THE NASKAUPI RIVER AND THEY ONLY GOT 2 FOX FER THE YEAR. I'M TALKIN' ABOUT THE BAIKIE BOYS YOU KNOW. I HEARED THEY GOT OVER 100 PARTRIDGES AND 24 RABBITS UP THERE IN A FEW DAYS THOUGH.

DAN: WELL, I GOTTA GO UP TO THE HEAD OF THE LAKE TO SEE THEM I GUESS. I BETTER MAIL THIS LETTER FOR THE OL' MAN FIRST AND THEN I'LL BE OFF UP TO THE STORE FOR SOME CARTRIDGES, THEN TO THE GAS STATION FER SOME GAS, AND THEN UP TO AUNTIE'S FER A SCOFF.

WILBERT: RIGHT-O DAN BOY

DAN: I SHOULD BE BACK BY TOMORROW, BOY. SEE YA NOW.

(STARTS HIS SKIDOO AND TAKES OFF). *(NOISE).

(WILBERT'S KIDS HAVE BEEN ACTING UP).

WILBERT: OKAY, KIDS, SHUT UP AND I'LL TAKE YOU TO DAVE'S STORE. YOU'LL GET YOUR CANDY.

(LIZZIE ENTERS)

LIZZIE: HELLO WILBERT. IS DAN GONE? I WAS WAITING TO GET THE NEWS FROM DOWN BELOW.

WILBERT: YES, HE JUST LEFT. WELL, I GOTTA GO. THE KIDS ARE DRIVIN' ME CRAZY. I WISH THERE WAS SUCH A THING AS EQUAL RIGHTS FOR MEN... SEE YA LIZZIE.

LIZZIE: BYE. (MUMBLES TO HERSELF) POOR MAN. (LIZZIE CHECKS HER BOX AND GETS A PARCEL CARD. SHE BRINGS IT IN TO GARGE'S WICKET).

GARGE: HERE YOU GO LIZZIE, LOVE. YOUR PICTURES ARE IN AT LAST.

LIZZIE: WELL, IT'S BEN A LONG WHILE. EVER SINCE THE BEACH FESTIVAL THAT TIME. WELL, LET ME SEE.

(SHE PAYS GARGE AND OPENS THE ENVELOPE)

LIZZIE: OH, HERE'S A PICTURE OF YOU AND YOUR "WALLEY" GIRL IN THE BEER TENT. DO YOU REMEMBER?

GARGE: YES, MY DEAR, BUT TO BE TRUTHFUL, I CAN'T REMEMBER MUCH!

(BOTH BEGIN TO LAUGH)

LIZZIE: OH, THIS IS ONE OF YOU AT THE BEACH FESTIVAL ON THE DUNKIN' MACHINE. OH, YOUR FACE IS SOME FUNNY. YOU MUST HAVE GOT SOME FRIGHT WHEN THE SWING FELL.

GARGE: WELL, I DID BUT TWAS AWFUL GOOD FUN. (FLIPPING TO THE NEXT PICTURE) ISN'T THAT ONE OF SNOWSHOE SALLY AND JUD DANCIN' TOGETHER?

LIZZIE: MY YES, I CAN'T LET FLO SEE THAT. IT WOULD BREAK HER HEART TO SEE HER LITTLE ANGEL DANCING WITH SALLY. OH, GARGE. CAN I BUY A COUPLE OF STAMPS?

GARGE: YEEES, MY LOVE. THAT'LL BE 72¢. (SHE GIVES HIM THE MONEY)

LIZZIE: THANKS GARGE. SEE YA TOMORROW.

GARGE: TAKE CARE NOW LIZZIE. (LIZZIE LEAVES)

(BRYCE ENTERS AND CHECKS HIS BOX. HE TURNS TO LEAVE, JUST AS CECIL WALKS IN).

CECIL: HEY, BRYCE. HOW'S IT GOING?

BRYCE: HEY CECIL. HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THAT NIGHT UP THE LAKE LAST WEEKEND. I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO BUST A GUT LAUGHIN' UP THE CABIN THAT NIGHT.

CECIL: I ALMOST BUSTED MY GUT WITH THE FEED WE HAD - THEY COULD HAVE GOT A TRACTOR TO HAUL ME AWAY FROM THE TABLE BACK TO MY BUNK. MY STOMACH NEEDED HOURS TO SETTLE IT, EH!!

BRYCE: YES, SURE WE COULD HARDLY GET YOU UP FOR TO PLAY CARDS. THE TABLE WAS TOO FAR AWAY YOU SAID. (THEY BOTH LAUGH HARD)

CECIL: JUST AS WELL. I PROBABLY WOULD HAVE LOST ALL MY MONEY TO YOU ANYWAY. THE OLD WOMAN WOULD BE WICKED - SHE WANTS IT ALL FOR GRUB AND THAT BINGO! BINGO, SURE THAS WORSE THAN DRUGS.

BRYCE: STILL, THAT WAS NO REASON FOR YOU TO BID THE WIFE BY!!
(THEY LAUGH AGAIN)

CECIL: AT LEAST I WOULD A GOT SOME PEACE. ALL WOMEN IS GOOD FER NOWADAYS IS TALKIN'! MY BROTHERS WIFE GOT STRETCH MARKS AROUND HER MOUTH FROM TALKING SO MUCH. (LAUGH AGAIN)

BRYCE: WE'LL HAVE TO HEAD UP THE LAKE AGAIN SOON FER A NIGHT OR TWO. GOOD TIMES B'Y. ANYWAY I GOT TO GO. I'M HEADIN' OUT TO LOOK FER FRANK. SOME OF THE BOYS IS BACK SO I'LL GO OUT WITH THE NEXT CROWD.

CECIL: SEE YOU THEN...(BRYCE LEAVES. CECIL CHECKS HIS MAIL BOX AND LEAVES ALSO).

(SNOWSHOE SALLY AND JOHNNY ONE RIVER MEET IN THE POST OFFICE)

JOHNNY ENTERS, THEN SALLY ENTERS.

SALLY: ANY WELFARE CHECKS IN YET GARGE?

GARGE: NOT YET, SAL.

JOHNNY: DARN POSTAL WORKERS. ALWYAS WANTIN' MORE MONEY.

SALLY: SO WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO LATELY, MR. RIVER?

JOHNNY: NOT TOO MUCH SAL. BEEN WAITIN' FER MY CHECK OVER A WEEK NOW.

SALLY: SO HAVE I. OH, DO YOU KNOW OF ANYONE WHO GOT SOME DOGBERRIES FER SALE? I'M IN DRASTIC NEED OF SOME.

JOHNNY: I HAD SOME BUT I TRADED WITH A MAN TO GET SOME FURS TO MAKE SOME CLOTHES FER MYSELF. GOODNESS, THE FUR PRICES HAVE DROPPED SOME LOT, EH?

SALLY: I KNOW, THAT'S TOO BAD. I REALLY NEEDS SOME WINE FER CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS, TOO. I NEED SOME NEW SNOWSHOES TOO. I BROKE MINE WHEN I WAS CUTTING WOOD, ONE DAY LAST WEEK. MY AXE **SLIPPED** AND CUT THE TOP OF MY SNOWSHOES OFF.

JOHNNY: OH, MY GOD. WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW?

SALLY: I WAS WUND'RIN IF YOU COULD GET ANN FROM ACROSS THE RIVER TO FIX THEM FER ME? TELL HER I COULD CUT HER SOME WOOD AND SNARE SOME RABBITS FER HER IF SHE'D FIX THEM.

JOHNNY: IF YOU GIVE HER SOME BABBISH, I'M SURE SHE'D FIX 'EM FER YOU. WERE YOU PLANNIN' ON GOIN' HUNTING THIS YEAR?

SALLY: WELL, IT'S GONNA HAVE TO BE BEFORE CHRISTMAS OR AFTER NEW YEARS BECAUSE I'M NOT MISSING OUT ON ANY OF THE BIG PARTIES. I HOPE FLO DON'T GO TO ANY OF THE TIMES THIS YEAR. I WON'T EVEN HAVE A CHANCE TO DANCE WITH JUD.

JOHNNY: MAYBE IF SHE COMES, I CAN DISTRACT HER WITH MY CHARMS, AND THAT WILL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO DANCE WITH JUD.

SALLY: SHE MIGHT NOT EVEN NOTICE ME THERE ANYWAY, WITH HER NOSE STUCK UP IN THE AIR. ENOUGH OF THIS SILLY TALK ABOUT FLO. I GOT TO GO. SEE YOU LATER, JOHNNY.

JOHNNY: SEE YOU. HOPE YUH GETS WHAT YUH WANT SAL.

SALLY: YAH, RIGHT. (SHE SAYS SARCASTICALLY) (SHE STARTS TO HEAD OUT JUST AS A JET IS OVERHEAD). HERE, JOHNNY STOPS. LISTENS. REACHES INSIDE HIS COAT AND TAKES OUT A ROLLED (OR FOLDED) POSTER AND PINS IT UP. LEAVES.

(FLO AND JUD ENTER THE BOX LOBBY AT THE SAME TIME)

JUD: OH, I GOT AN AWFUL FRIGHT LAST NIGHT. LIZZIE SAID YOU WAS GONE INTO LABOUR AND UP AT THE HOSPITAL HAVIN' YOUR BABY. (LOOKS AT HER STOMACH PUZZLED) WHERE'S YOUR BABY?

FLO: (BOPS JUD ON THE HEAD) YOU MORON, I WADN'T IN THE HOSPITAL LAST NIGHT, AND I CERTAINLY DIDN'T HAVE THE BABY. THE ONLY THING I HAD LAST NIGHT WAS HEARTBURN. YOU GAVE ME A FRIGHT TOO. MY GOD, JUD. ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'RE GONNA KILL SOMEONE. SURE IF YOU'D WAITED TILL NOW, YOU WOULD HAVE KILLED THE TWO OF US.

JUD: EVEN IF I DID KILL SOMEONE, YOU'D SOON MAKE UP THE DIFFERENCE. YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF. PREGNANT AT YOUR AGE. (POKES HER IN THE BELLY)

FLO: AS IF YOU NEVER HAD NO HAND IN IT, OOH...SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE GIVIN' YOU A GOOD KICK IN THE...AND I SPOSE YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO COURT NOW AND YOU'LL PROBABLY GET A BIG FINE. OH, JUD, HOW COULD YOU DO SOMETHING SO STUPID? YOU GOTTA HELP ME RAISE THIS BABY AND IT'S ALMOST DUE. YOU DO REALIZE WE'RE NOT ROLLING IN ANY MONEY?

JUD: WELL, I'M GOIN' UP TO THE STORE TO SEE IF I CAN'T RAISE A BIT OF MONEY BEFORE THE BABY DOES COME...AND I HAVE A BIT SAVED UP. Flo... DON'T WORRY ABOUT COURT. I'LL FIX IT. THE BABY WON'T BE VERY EXPENSIVE ANYWAYS BECAUSE UNCLE HARRY IS MAKIN' SOME BABY FURNITURE AND AUNT LIZZIE IS MAKIN' SOME CLOTHES. SO, YOU KNOW IT WON'T COST TOO MUCH.

FLO: WHAT ABOUT BABY FOOD? MEDICINE? OR SCHOOL BOOKS? OR COLLEGE? OR...

JUD: AW, SHUT UP, FLO. YOU'RE WORSE THAN YOUR MOTHER. (FLO IS FIXING HER HAIR IN THE BULLETIN BOARD)

FLO: IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR MONEY AND STUFF IT. (SLAPS JUD IN THE FACE AND STORMS OUT, JUST AS HELEN ENTERS)

HELEN: HELLO, YOU TWO.

JUD AND FLO: HELLO (THEY DO NOT LOOK UP WHEN THEY SAY HELLO TO HELEN)

HELEN: WELL, GUESS IS NOT WELL THERE TODAY EITHER. (CHECKS HER BOX)
CATHY ENTERS

HELEN: CATH...GIRL. I WAS ON MY WAY DOWN TO YOUR PLACE RIGHT NOW, I FIGURED YOU'D BE NEEDIN' COMPANY. ANY NEWS OF FRANK?

CATHY: NOT A BIT...AND I'M NEAR OUTTA MY MIND. I COULDN'T SIT AT HOME ANY LONGER. I HAD TO GET OUT OF THE HOUSE. (CHECKS MAIL BOX - EMPTY). I HOPE NO NEWS MEANS GOOD NEWS. (SHE BEGINS TO CRY).

HELEN: NOW, NOW, CATH. YOU KNOW FRAN. I'M SURE HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT. I MEAN, I'M WORRIED TOO, BUT IT'S NO GOOD TO THINK ABOUT THE WORSE. YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE HE'LL BE HOME SOON, SAFE AND SOUND. YOU'VE GOT TO BE POSITIVE, GIRL. COME ON NOW. LET'S GO HOME AND HAVE SOME TEA, AND...

(AT THIS TIME SARAH RUNS IN)

SARAH: MOM. AUNT HELEN. THEY'RE BACK...THE MEN FOUND DADDY. HE'S FINE. HE BROKE DOWN, SO HE HAD TO GET TOWED BACK.

CATHY: THANK GOD...AND THANK YOU, HELEN. YOU WERE RIGHT. NOW LET'S HURRY.

(THEY ALL LEAVE)

(CAROL STEPS OUT ONTO THE STAGE INTO VIEW)

CAROL: WELL, IT'S BEEN QUITE A DAY...AND QUITE AN EXPERIENCE. I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED I'D FIND (SHE READS FROM HER LIST) SEX, PREGNANCY, AFFAIRS, LIFE AND DEATH, GOSSIP, DRINKING, PREJUDICE, CRIME, HUMOUR, KINDNESS, EQUAL RIGHTS, INTERNATIONAL ISSUES, AND ECONOMICS...REAL LIFE CERTAINLY HASN'T BEEN BORING TODAY. THE WORSE ABOUT GETTIN' HOOKED ON THIS - I MIGHT NEVER GET BACK TO SCHOOL. HA! I MUST GO TELL MISS. (SHE EXITS)

****(LIGHTS DIM ON GARGE, CLOSING, PREPARING TO LEAVE.)****

*****T H E . . . E N D*****