

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL, BLACK TICKLE

presents

TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS

CAST:

Mrs. Morris	-	Anastasia Keefe
Bruce	-	Roseanne Keefe
Tillie	-	Fanny Keefe
Clayton	-	Dinah Dyson
Juanita	-	Esther Keefe
Vanessa	-	Judy Keefe
Hilary	-	Wanda Keefe

SCENE I

(Kitchen Scene: Mrs. Morris is washing dishes, Bruce is on the phone. Radio is on, playing loud.)

MRS MORRIS: (turning down volume) Bruce, me son, I got to turn dat ting down. The noise is gettin' on me nerves.

BRUCE: (on phone) What? ----Yes, indeed, by. Sure ya knows we won las night. We never lost yet --- Go on, who tol you dat? (to mother) Hear dat, mudder? Remember dat interview dey done wit you? Das goin' to be on the radio dis evenin'.

MRS MORRIS: Yes, I knows now! Dey'll never put dat over the air. Don't be so foolish, by, believin' everything you hears.

BRUCE: (on phone) Mudder don't believe it--What?--Yeah, OK. Anyway by I got to go now. Got to skin me seals. I got tree of 'em dis marnin'---What?--- Yeah. OK, see you later. (hangs up) (to Mother) Yes Mudder. Steve tol me dey made an announcement, dat your interview wus goin to be on. So make sure you keeps the radio on. (He puts on jacket and exits) Hello Tillie.

TILLIE: Bruce, ya don't have to go just because I'm comin', ya know (to Mrs. Morris) How's ya doin', Lucy? Want me to dry dem dishes fer ya?

MRS. MORRIS: Yes me maid, if ya don't mind. I'm up to me neck in work today. I had to do some washin' and scrubbin'. How do you keep yer place so clean, Tillie?

TILLIE: Me maid, I gives 'em der meals and das it. Dere's no runnin' in and out, eatin' an drinkin' all day long. Lucy, what's dis I hears about you bein' on the radio? I figgered it must have somepin' to do wit Essie comin' home. Is dat what it is?

MRS. MORRIS: Yes girl. Dey phoned from CBC las' week askin' me all kinds of tings about Essie an the rest of us too. Course, dey don't call her Essie, like us. Dey calls her by her new name dat she uses in Hollywood -- Vanessa. Sure, nobody around here would know who yer talkin' about if we called her Vanessa.

TILLIE: What time is she comin' home, Lucy? Is it soon?

MRS. MORRIS: Don't know fer sure maid. It all depends on the wedder an Lab Air, and God knows, dem two ain't very reliable. She said she'd be here Friday comin -- dat's tree more days. So fer sure, it won't be before den.

TILLIE: Guess yer pretty excited, huh? I knows I'd be if it wus one of mine. She's gone a long time-- wonder if she's changed much. She wus always such a darlin'.

MRS. MORRIS: Me dear, accardin' to dem pictures she sent us, she's changed a lot. Me and Clayton didn't even know it wus her. She looks some stylish and she's after losin' a bit of weight. I spose dey don't eat proper meals out dere -- she probably never had a feed of seal or bullbirds since she left here. (Phone rings) Answer dat, Tillie. If it's fer Bruce, he won't be home for a while yet.

TILLIE: Who's dis? -- Oh, -- it's fer you, Lucy.

MRS. MORRIS: Yes, das me. Yes, sir -- OK, sir -- Bye sir. (hangs up) My God, Tillie dat wus a man from CBC. He said he wus tryin' to get me on the phone all day. Dat Bruce is always talkin' on the phone. Tillie, I'm really goin' to be on the radio dis evenin'. I got to sit down - me knees is givin' out on me.

TILLIE: Das wonderful, Lucy. We'll all be listenin'. Look -- it's after 4 o'clock. I got to be dodgin' along. The bys will soon be back from the Bay, and dey'll be starved. Dey stayed in all day today - so if I'm not home when dey gets back, dere'll be war. (she gets up to leave)

MRS. MORRIS: OK, Tillie, go on girl. I got to set the table agin' too. My ol man should be back from the bay soon.

(Tillie exits -- Mrs. Morris calls out to her) Tillie, make sure you tells Aunt Nell and Aunt Priss to listen to the radio.

TILLIE: I will, Lucy. See ya, ol girl.

(Mrs. Morris begins to set table -- Sounds outside)

MRS. MORRIS: (listening) Easy to know Clayton's home. Dem blasted dogs is barkin' like mad. (She opens door and looks out) You must be froze up -- come on in by, and get tawed out. Dere's a feed of stew in the oven. Dat should hadden you up.

(Clayton enters, all bundled up. Takes off jacket, mitts and rubs hands together)

CLAYTON: Talk about cold -- I nearly got me butts froze off comin' out today. I'll have to start wearin' earmuffs like dem teachers. (Laughs)

MRS. MORRIS: I got some good news fer ya, Clayton. See if ya kin guess what it is.

CLAYTON: Tillie's movin' to Cartwright.

MRS. MORRIS: You're shockin', by. No try agin.

CLAYTON: We won the sweepstake.

MRS. MORRIS: No, by. I'm goin' to be on the radio.

CLAYTON: Yes, an I'm goin' on TV, I spose.

MRS. MORRIS: Stop follin' around, by, an be serious. Remember dat interview CBC done -- das goin' to be on dis evenin'. I'm goin' to be talkin' on the radio and everyone in the harbour is goin' to be listenin' to me.

CLAYTON: No kiddin'. Do you mean dat the whole harbour is gettin' a chance to do what I got to do all the time? Even though Lucy, das great news, me maid. We got to make sure we hears it.

(Bruce runs in)

BRUCE: Mudder, turn up dat radio or we'll all miss dat big interview.

(Mrs. Morris runs, turns up volume)

RADIO BROADCAST

Now that we've heard the Mariners' Report, we go to our lead story for this evening's edition of "On The Go". Our story takes us to Southern Labrador, to the small fishing community of Black Tickle, where a native daughter is coming home for a visit. This is no ordinary visit -- for the young lady in question is none other than the renowned actress, Vanessa St. Maurice.

Ms. St. Maurice is currently in Toronto filming a movie and she plans to visit her family who still live in Black Tickle. We managed to make contact with Ms. St. Maurice's mother, Mrs. Clayton Morris and we bring you that interview this evening-- Ann Budgell speaks with Mrs. Morris.

MRS. MORRIS: Hush up bys -- dis is it.

RADIO: ANN: Good afternoon, Mrs. Morris. This is Ann Budgell for "On The Go".

MRS. MORRIS: Good afternoon Ann.

ANN: We've all heard of the Labradorian actress, Vanessa St. Maurice and indeed the whole province claims her as its own. You must be especially proud -- to be the mother of such a successful young actress.

MRS. MORRIS: Yes, me maid. I sure am proud of Essie. She really done good fer herself.

ANN: Mrs. Morris, I understand that your daughter is coming to Black Tickle shortly. Is this a family reunion, or a business trip, or what?

MRS. MORRIS: Well, me dear, all of us except Essie bees here all the time. But I guess you could call it a reunion. Essie's makin' a picture in Tronto and she tol us dat since she's dat near, she's goin' to drop in on us.

ANN: How long do you expect her to stay?

MRS. MORRIS: She never said, me dear, an I never asked her. I spose it'll be a week or so.

ANN: How long has it been since Vanessa has been home?

MRS. MORRIS: Now let me see. She left here the Summer dat our ol crackie got runned over by Jarge's truck. I tink dat will be 5 years dis July comin'.

ANN: That's a long time. You must really be looking forward to her visit.

MRS. MORRIS: Yes indeed. We kin hardly wait to see her. Me and Clayton talks about it all the time -- ever since she tol us she wus comin'.

ANN: Do you have other children, Mrs. Morris?

MRS. MORRIS: Only Bruce, me dear. He'll never leave home cause he's too lazy -- he's a bit shy too wit strangers.

(Bruce glares at his mother -- Clayton chuckles)

ANN: (laughing) Well, Mrs. Morris. I do hope that you and your family have a wonderful time when your daughter comes. We hope to an interview with her during her stop over in Goose Bay. Thank you for talking with me.

MRS. MORRIS: You're very welcome, Ann. Thank you too. I loves yer Program. I listens to it every day.

ANN: Thanks.

This is Ann Budgell for "On The Go". Now back to Art Rockwood in St. John's

(Mrs. Morris turns radio off)

BRUCE: Mudder, what did ya have ta go and say dat fer? I'll never be able to face the bys agin.

MRS. MORRIS: By I didn't know what I wus sayin'. I wus right nervous and dat jus slipped outa me. But it's true, Bruce. Das what yer fadder and me is always tellin' ya.

(Bruce exits, throwing up his hands). (To Clayton) Now, what did ya tink of me? Did I sound OK?

CLAYTON: You wus perfec. Lucy, you'll be the talk of the harbour dis evenin'. Dey'll all have der say about everything you said, and more besides. God knows what Tillie will come up wit.

MRS. MORRIS: Leave poor Tillie outa dis, Clayton. She wus right tickled becus I wus goin' to be on the radio. She said she'd spread the word, around the harbour so dat everyone would be sure to listen.

CLAYTON: Well, you got the right one to spread the word. Tillie loves to be the first ta give out news. I hope dey all listened good cause you wus wonderful good, Lucy. Im right proud of ya. Essie would be aweful proud too if she had heard ya. Ya know, she musta turned after you -- I'd be no good at talkin' on the radio or stuff like dat.

MRS. MORRIS: Go on, you ol charmer. Hurry up now an git yer bite to eat. I'm not hungry cause I been picken all day. I'll eat when I gets home from darts. Bruce kin get somepin' fer himself whenever he comes home.

CLAYTON: Don't mind me, maid. I don't mind eatin' by meself. You do whatever ya got ta do, and I'll take me time eatin'. I don't want to die before my time from rushin' around. Lucy, you should trow a few darts before ya goes up to the hall tonite. Tillie's been tellin' the crowd over at Jarge's dat you got 5 skunks in 5 games. Das shockin', girl.

MRS. MORRIS: Dat Tillie -- jus wait til I gets me hands on her! An I taught she wus me friend. The nerve of her! (grumbles to herself) Humph -- I never seen her gettin' any tuns lately! Some people round here can't keep anyting to derselves!

END OF SCENE I

SCENE II

(Two days later, Clayton and Lucy, Bruce and Juanita sit around talking)

BRUCE: So let's hurry up and git dis over wit. What are we spoused to be doin' anyway?

MRS. MORRIS: Bruce, you knows what we're here fer now, by. We're tryin' to git somepin' organized fer tomarr. Ya knows yer sister is comin' home and we wants ta have everting ready fer her. Juanita, you wus her bes friend, and you're good at organizin' tings. Das why we wanted you here.

JUANITA: I'm not sure I'll be much help. It's been a long time and she's probably changed a lot. What about if she don't like the same tings she used to. After all, she is a star now.

BRUCE: An I bet she tinks herself some grand too, accardin' to the way she talks on the phone. I calls her some proud.

MRS. MORRIS: Bruce, me son, stop talkin' like dat about yer sister. She's after doin' good fer herself. Now you be sure ya don't say or do anything to upset her when she comes home, er yer fadder will have somepin' to say ta you. Hear dat, now?

BRUCE: Yes Mudder, I hears ya. I'll be the best kind, don't worry.

JUANITA: It will be really great to see Essie agin. We used to have so much fun. I wish we had kept in touch more. Who's the girl dey says is comin' with her?

CLAYTON: Das her manager, me dear. Now Juanita, ya knows a big star got to have a manager. Sure, some of dem Hollywood crew don't even have to cut dere own toenails -- dere manager does everything fer em. At least, das what I hears.

MRS. MORRIS: Clayton, don't be sa foolish, by. Ya knows Essie cuts her own toenails. She tol me dat her manager looks after her money and gettin' pictures lined up fer her.

CLAYTON: Oh, so dat's it. I guess das why I haven't got a manager-- cause I got no money to manage.

BRUCE: Come on bys. Quit talkin'. Let's get the show on the road, or I'm gonna have ta leave. I got stuff ta do, ya know.

MRS. MORRIS: Bruce, all you got ta do is run around on skidoo and waste gas. Juanita, me dear, what do you tink we should do to give Essie a good welcome home?

BRUCE: I says we should have a big party. We kin invite all the girls in the harbour.

CLAYTON: Yes Bruce, dat sounds like a good idea. Course, we knows you're dyin' to git an excuse to bring dat new teacher home.

MRS. MORRIS: Shut up, bys, an give Juanita a chance to talk. I asked her the question.

JUANITA: Well Lucy, dey do have a good idea, ya know. Essie always did like parties -- se we kin keep dat in mind. But I tink we should do someting really special first when she comes. We want to give her a real Black Tickle welcome.

MRS. MORRIS: Have you somepin' in mind, Juanita?

JUANITA: Yes, I wus thinkin' that we should get everyone in the harbour to be at the strip when the plane lands. And then when Essie and her friend start to get off, we could wave a big welcome sign-- just to show her how glad we are to see her.

MRS. MORRIS: Oh, dat sounds great. Why don't we git Alice Dyson to read off a little welcome speech? She's real good at makin' speeches. I remembers the one she made at the dart banquet las year.

BRUCE: Mudder, why don't you make the speech? You wus on the radio -- so makin' a little speech is nuttin' to you now.

MRS. MORRIS: Go on Bruce. Me knees would be shiverin' under me. I don't tink I could do it.

CLAYTON: How come you're always makin' speeches to me? I never sees ya shiverin'.

MRS. MORRIS: After bein' married to you nearly 30 years, I'm after gettin' over me shakes. Besides, you hardly ever listens to what I says anyway.

CLAYTON: Well, what about Tillie? She got lots of talk. I'm sure she'd jump at the chance to give a speech.

MRS. MORRIS: Aw, come on bys. Ya' knows Alice would be the best one. She kin use all kinds of big words -- an she kin sound real educated. It wouldn't be so bad if it wus just Essie, but dat lady from Los Angeles is goin ta be dere too. We got ta show her dat we kin also talk gran.

JUANITA: OK, now everyone. We'll get Alice. I'll ask her tonight. Now what about having the Labrador flag? Dere's one at the school and I tink we kin get around the Principal to get a loan of it.

BRUCE: Sure now Juanita. What do ya want a flag fer? Ya wouldn't know but Charles and Diana wus comin' to Black Tickle. Ya don't need to get carried away now. The boys will all have a great laugh over dat -- dey'll tease the life out of me. I got to live here after dis is all over, ya know.

JUANITA: Bruce me son, you got to put up wit whatever we decides. We wants to make dis really special, so keep quite.

CLAYTON: Juanita, I feels like Bruce. Girl, what will Lonz and Mick and all the fellas say? If ya wants dem at the strip, ya better not have tings too fancy.

MRS. MORRIS: Juanita, me maid, don't mind the men. No matter what ya tries to do, you'll never please dem. Just go ahead and make the plans, and dey'll just have to do what we says. (to the men.....) Bys, don't be so hard to get along wit.

JUANITA: Alright, let's get back to the flag. I tink it would be real nice to have someone hold up the flag while Alice is givin' her speech. Alice could even explain about the colors and all dat. Essie's friend mightn't know what it's all about --bein from the States.

BRUCE: Ya mean, she might tink the flag ia a bandannar!
(Laughs)

MRS. MORRIS: Bruce, me son, you're goin' to be in real bad trouble if ya keeps dis up. You knows what Juanita means. Juanita girl, ignore dat fella. No fear dat we'll ever have to make a speech welcomin' him home. Who'd have him except us?

CLAYTON: Lucy ol girl, he won't go nowhere cause you won't let him. Sure, you'd perish if he ever left here. He keeps all of us in good trim -- laughin', bawlin' and worryin'. You'd have to go on diet if Bruce wasn't here -- you'd have nuttin' to worry the fat off.

MRS. MORRIS: Fer God's sake, will the two of ye go off somewhere. I just heard a plane -- why don't ye go in to the strip to see what's goin' on? All yere doin' is wastin' our time. We'll let ye know what ye got to do when we finishes the plannin'.

BRUCE: Great, Now I kin go. Juanita, I hope you're not tinkin' about gettin' me all dressed up. I'm not puttin' on fancy clothes fer no one.

CLAYTON: Dat goes fer me too. I'll perish with the flu if I takes off any of dis stuff. Now Lucy, you wouldn't want me around the house barkin' and sneezin' the whole time Essie and her friend is here -- I knows ya wouldn't.

MRS. MORRIS: Go on ye two. Git out before I chases ye out.
(shoos them out)

MRS. MORRIS: (to Juanita) Me dear, don't ever git married. You don't know how lucky you are wit just yerself to tink about. Dem two gits on me nerves sometimes.

JUANITA: Lucy girl, I don't mind em at all. It seems like the man enjoys gettin' us women goin'. So ya got to act cool and pretend it don't bother ya. Now lets see, what were we talkin' about?

MRS. MORRIS: I spose we got the main tings looked after -- the welcome speech, the flag, the sign. Now we got to figger out what happens when dey gets to the house?

JUANITA: Lucy, dat will be up to you. Do you want just the family at the house, or do you want everyone to come here?

MRS. MORRIS: I says just the family until she gits settled in. Maybe we kin rent the hall fer a dance the next night.

JUANITA: Good idea. Sure, we even got our own band now. Essie's goin' to be some proud about dat.

MRS. MORRIS: Yes, dat'll be a big surprise fer her. Dey all says dere some good too. Tillie tol me she wus at the las dance, and she never got off the floor fer the night. She said the music wus wonderful.

(Sound of Door Opening)

TILLIE: Anyone home?

MRS. MORRIS: Speak of the devil -- Tillie me maid, we wus jus talkin' about you. Were yer ears burnin'?

TILLIE: Tell me what you wus sayin' -- somepin' good, I hope.

JUANITA: Lucy wus just talkin' about how much fun you had at the last dance. What do you think of the new band?

TILLIE: Me maid, dere the best ever. Of course, everyone says dat my Steve is the best drummer dis side of Tronto. He's full of music, dat boy. He don't mind workin' either -- not like most of the young ones around here. I hope he'll be lucky like your Essie. He kin go places -- das what everyone says.

JUANITA: OK Tillie, don't over do it now. Steve is good, but dere's more dan him in the band. What's goin' on the harbour today?

TILLIE: Maid, dere's not much on the go. I wus over to Jarge's shop a while ago and it wus pretty quite over dere. Course, "All My Children" wus on and everyone wus home wit dere eyes glued to the TV. I can't stand dem Stories -- don't know what dey gets out of watchin' dem. Did ye get a look at dat plane dat jus come in? Must be a charter -- it don't look like anything Lab Air got. Wonder who's on dat?

MRS. MORRIS: We'll find out the once. Clayton & Bruce went in to the strip to check it out. Dey'll soon be back.

TILLIE: I'm dyin' to find out who's comin' in. Come on Juanita, lets me an you go have a look around. I got a feelin' in me bones dat someone important is on dat plane.

JUANITA: Is it alright if I go, Lucy? We're almost done with the plannin'. I'll drop in after darts tonite in case we needs to do anyting else fer tomorrow.

MRS. MORRIS: Go on, maid. Now ye two make sure ye calls me if ye hears any news. I'm always the last in the harbour to know what's going on.

TILLIE & JUANITA: OK, see ya later.

MRS. MORRIS: Bye. (to herself) I can't wait fer tomarr.... I must call the school and check on dat flag. (dials)... busy... the principal must be phonin' the School Board agin. I must heat up a boiler of water to get a bat tonite. I wants to be all clean an shiny fer tamarr.. (racket at door) Sounds like Bruce & Clayton are back already.

BRUCE: (calling out) Mudder, mudder. Guess who's here. Guess who come in on dat plane.

MRS. MORRIS: Spose it wus one of dem ploitioner fellas come fer a flyin' visit. Don't tell me---wus it Eugene?

BRUCE: You'd never guess.....

CLAYTON: Lucy, look who we got. All our plannin' went down the drain. Our Essie surprised us.

MRS. MORRIS: Essie --- Oh my God. It's not really you, is it?

(Bruce Exits)

VANESSA: Yes Mother, it's really me, Vanessa. I got finished early and I decided to come on and surprise you all. So here I am. Mother, this is Hilary Squires, my manager. I've told you about her.

MRS. MORRIS: Pleased to meet ya, me dear. Welcome to Black Tickle.

- HILARY: Thank you, Mrs. Morris. I'm just thrilled to be here. What a quaint little place!
- VANESSA: Hilary is fascinated with the scenery. She wonders how I could stay away from here for so long. (looks around) Where's our bags? Did Bruce bring them in?
- CLAYTON: Don't worry about em -- Bruce will bring em in the once. Essie me girl, ya travels light. I figgered you'd have a komatik load of stuff.
- HILARY: We left most our luggage in Toronto. We have sufficient for the night. Vanessa, I think we should break the news right away.
- MRS. MORRIS: NEWS -- what news?
- HILARY: I'm afraid our schedule's rather tight and we have to leave again tomorrow afternoon.
- VANESSA: That's why we came as early as we could -- so we could have at least one night.
- MRS. MORRIS: Ya got to go agin tomarr -- We figgered we'd be here fer a week or so. Sure, nobody will git a chance to see ya.
- CLAYTON: Tis a wander ye boddered to come at all. One night is not wort talkin' about.
- VANESSA: Mother! Dad! Could we discuss this later? Hilary and I would like to freshen up now.
- MRS. MORRIS: Dere's a pan dere in the corner. Clayton, git a drop of clean water from the barrel. It's freshly brought today -- so it should do OK.
- HILARY: Thank you, Mrs. Morris. Could you show me the bathroom, please?
- CLAYTON: We don't have no proper bathroom, Miss. Essie you mus remember the way tings is here. Show the lady where to go.
- VANESSA: (rolling eyes) Hilary dear, I didn't tell you about this before. I really thought things would have modernized somewhat, but I guess that's not so. However, it will only be for one night.

(BOTH EXIT)

CLAYTON: Lucy ol girl, I tinks dat our Essie is a bit too big for her boots. I believe she's ashamed of us.

MRS. MORRIS: She jus got here. She's probably tired after her work in Toronto. She'll git over dat. Besides, Bruce will take her down a peg or two. (Both laugh) Clayton, I can't believe she's goin' agin tomarr. What will everyone say?

CLAYTON: What odds, Lucy. She's welcom to stay. She knows dat. And maybe a night is enough if she don't want to be here. Anyway, we'll have to wait an see.

MRS. MORRIS: I hope it all works out good. Where did Bruce go?

CLAYTON: I tink he went up to the Teacher's House to see if dey could put up da pilot fer the night. I wus wonderin' why he wus stayin' overnight. Bruce wus right delighted to go dere -- he got his eye on dat new teacher, the tall girl dat come after Christmas.

MRS. MORRIS: I'm glad he wasn't here when dat Hilary girl asked about the bathroom. Bruce would have give her some answer, I'm sure.

CLAYTON: Yes, I knows he would have strung her along on dat one. He probably would have sent the poor lady out to the woodpile (both laugh). Kin you picture dat, Lucy?

MRS. MORRIS: Hush up, Clayton by, dey might hear ya...

CLAYTON: Naw, dey won't boddar what I'm sayin. Dere too busy washin' up. I hope Bruce comes soon wit dere gear. Well, Lucy ol dear, come on. Let's go and "freshen up" fer supper!

SCENE III

(Mrs. Morris, Juanita, Clayton are in the Kitchen talking)

CLAYTON: Juanita girl, I phoned ya to come over for supper cause Essie's goin' agin tomorr. We figgered you'd want to spend a bit of time wit her. She an' her friend is in the room washin' up now.

JUANITA: I'm some glad you called. I'm dying to see her agin. Does she look good?

CLAYTON: Oh, she looks wonderful. She's not herself tho'. I can't understand why she go to go so soon. It's like she don't want to be here.

MRS MORRIS: Give her a chance, Clayton by. Ya knows its a big change fer her comin' back here when she's so used to dem big cities an fancy livin'.

JUANITA: Yes, I'm sure it must be different. When she gets a whift of Lucy's cookin', she'll get back to herself pretty fast. It's a good ting you were plannin' on havin' seal fer supper Lucy. Otherwise, Essie wouldn't get a chance to have it and you knows how much she loves seal.

MRS. MORRIS: Yes, me maid. It used to be her favorite meal. I hope dat girl Hilary likes it too.

(Hilary & Vanessa enter, all dressed up)

HILARY: Did I hear you say my name, Mrs. Morris?

MRS. MORRIS: Jus call me Lucy, me maid. Das what everyone around here calls me. Essie, look who's here.

VANESSA: My, my -- Juanita! I'd recognize you anywhere. You haven't changed a bit. (She holds out her hand to Juanita)

JUANITA: (hugging her) I can't say the same fer you, Essie. But it sure is good to see you.

VANESSA: Everyone calls me Vanessa now. I'm not Essie Morris any more. I'm Vanessa St. Maurice. Don't you think the name suits me? Oh Juanita, this is my dear friend and manager, Hilary Squires.

JUANITA: Pleased to meet you Hilary. (Shake hands)

HILARY: It's a pleasure, I understand that you and Vanessa practically grew up together. She's told me about you and some of the escapades you and she were involved in. What is your line of work, Juanita?

JUANITA: I works in the fish plant every summer, like all the women around here. Right now, I'm drawin' my unemployment. So I guess you could say I'm unemployed.

VANESSA: Ugh! Juanita, do you mean you're still working at the fish plant. I'd never be able to stand the smell -- I can still remember the few weeks I spent there.

JUANITA: Well, we don't have much choice, if we want to stay home.

CLAYTON: Come on now, everyone, let's sit down. Essie we got a lot of talkin' to do, if you still plans to go tamarr. Lucy, ol girl, will supper soon be ready?

MRS. MORRIS: In a few minutes. I jus put the doughboys on.

HILARY: (to Vanessa) What are we having for dinner? It's quite a different smell.

MRS. MORRIS: Seal, doughboys, potatoes, an gravy. Dat's a good ol Black Tickle supper. Essie used to fairly drool over it.

VANESSA: Mother please

HILARY: Seal -- do you mean those dear little animals with the big, beautiful eyes? We're going to eat them? I thought the seal hunt was banned.

CLAYTON: So it is, me dear. But we gets the ones dat comes in on the harbour ice. Dere's no law agin dat. Hilary, when ya gets the taste of dem in yer mouth, ya fergets how cute dey looks. Dey tastes wonderful, me maid.

HILARY: They may taste good, but I just can't see myself eating those darling little creatures. I'd feel like a cannibal. I'd be going against everything I believed. What would our friends say? Vanessa, could you eat seals?

CLAYTON: Could she eat seal? Me maid, Essie would kill fer seal. She used to smack her lips whenever Lucy would put a bit of seal meat in the pot.

VANESSA: Father, please -- give me a chance to speak for myself. Sure, I used to eat seal when I was young, but my tastes have changed. I would never eat seal now -- it's not only a matter of food-- it's a political matter.

(Bruce enters)

BRUCE: You gotta be kiddin. Es, don't try to tell us you don't like seal. I remember when you used to eat yer own and den take what wus on my plate too. The trout is -- you're jus too gran now. Our kind of food is not good enuf fer you. Maybe we're not good enuf fer you, either.

CLAYTON: Bruce, me son, das enuf.

Vanessa: Yes Bruce, nobody was talking to you. You weren't even part of the conversation.

BRUCE: Well, I'm part of the conversation now, wedder you likes it or not. An I don't like what I'm hearin'.

MRS. MORRIS: Bruce, yer fadder tol you to keep quite. It's all right. We kin eat our seal an I kin send over to Jarge's an get dem TV dinners for Essie and Hilary. Do ya like dem, Miss?

HILARY: Sure, sure, no problem. I didn't mean to cause a fuss. It's just that it seems so ... inhuman to eat those beautiful little animals. I couldn't live with myself afterwards. It would be on my conscience.

BRUCE: Conscience, me eye. Didn't I see the two of ye with furs danglin' around yer necks? Didn't dey come from some dear little animals too?

CLAYTON: Dat's enuf Bruce. We jus sees tings different, das all. Let's talk about somepin' else now.

JUANITA: Essie...Vanessa, why don't you tell us about some of the exciting things you've been doing since you left here.

- HILARY: Vanessa could enthrall you for hours with accounts of her experiences. Hollywood is a fabulous place and Vanessa has been a real part of the scene there. In a short time she's made quite a name for herself. Vanessa, why don't you tell your folks about your latest success?
- MRS. MORRIS: What happened, Essie? Come on, tell us.
- VANESSA: Mother, I told you on the phone that I was going to Toronto to do a film. Last week when I was in the middle of rehearsal, I had an urgent phone call. It was from MGM, offering me a chance to go to Russia to play opposite Sylvester Stallone in Rocky's Return. It's the chance of a lifetime and I'm just thrilled to bits.
- HILARY: Aren't you proud of her? This will be her first movie filmed outside North America, but not her last, I'm sure.
- MRS. MORRIS: Russia! Glory be to God, Essie. Why would ya be excited about dat? I'd be frightened out of me wits to go dere. Isn't dat where dem EKG fellas is?
- BRUCE: KGB, Mudder, not EKG. Dere cops, like the ones in Cartwright, only worse. But I spose Essie and Hilary won't be runnin' into dem -- unless dey smuggles drugs or tries to skin the Giant Pandas, or somepin like dat.
- MRS. MORRIS: Bruce!!!
- JUANITA: Oh Essie, I'm so happy for you and proud of you too. You certainly are making a name fer yerself. And it's an honor for us too. Just think -- a girl from Black Tickle going to Russia.
- CLAYTON: Now Juanita, I'm sure the Russians will be real impressed to meet Essie Marris from Black Tickle. All the same, Essie, yer mudder an me are proud of our little girl an I knows dem Russians are gonna love ya.
- BRUCE: O yes, dey'll be eatin' out of yer hand. Especially when yer wit Rocky -- dey taught' the world of him.

(Someone at the door... Tillie enters)

TILLIE: Sorry to be bargin' in on ye like dis. But I jus heard dat Essie's goin' agin tamarr and I had to see her. (she sees Vanessa) Well, look at ya Essie! Lard Moses, you're really somepin'. You looks just like Erica Kane.

VANESSA: Hello, Tillie, come on in and join us. It's great to see you looking so good too. I'd like you to meet my manager, Hilary Squires from Los Angeles.

HILARY: Hello, Tillie, I'm happy to meet you!

TILLIE: Hello, me dear. Did Essie say Los Angeles? My gawd, do you know the crowd on "Hill Street Blues". I tink das where dey lives.

BRUCE: (to himself) Lard dyin'! I heard it all now!

VANESSA: I'm afraid not, Tillie. L. A. is a big place. How are you, Tillie? Mother told me a while ago that you were ill.

TILLIE: I'm the finest kind now. I had a hard ol' flu dis winter -- stomach cramps nearly killed me. Thank God, I got over dat and I'm fit as a fiddle agin.

HILARY: So, you've known Vanessa's family for years, I guess.

TILLIE: Me dear, you could say we wus all reared up together. Sure, I used to come over here when Essie wus a baby an' rock her in me arms fer hours. She was such a pretty baby. She and my Stevie used to play in the same playpen. "Member dat Lucy?

MRS. MORRIS: Course I do, Tillie. But dem days is gone now. Essie jus tol us dat she's goin' to Russia to make a movie, Tillie.

TILLIE: Russia -- aren't you scared to go dere, Essie? I heard it's a hard place -- it's right cold, worse dan here an' dey don't have much to eat. Me dear, I likes me tree meals a day. You'd never git me to go dere.

VANESSA: Tillie, Russia is not like that at all -- at least not where I'll be. Russia is a great center for the arts. Anyone in the entertainment field would give anything to go there.

HILARY: I don't think you people realize what an honor this is. Vanessa will be working with some of the key people in the movie industry. She will be internationally acclaimed.

CLAYTON: Yeah, whatever dat means. I'm like Tillie -- I'd rather have me feet under me own table.

BRUCE: Essie, girl, it looks like everyone's wishin' ya well but no one is dyin' to take yer place.

TILLIE: Bruce, let me git a word in, by. Essie, I wants you an yer friend to come over to our place fer a cup of tea, if ya gets a chance atall.

VANESSA: OK Tillie, We'll be able to drop by, couldn't we, Hilary?

HILARY: Indeed, I'd love to visit. We'll bring the camera and get a shot of you and your family.

TILLIE: No, me dear, indeed you won't. Just bring yerselves. Believe it or not, I'm a bit shy about gettin my picture took. Well, I gotta run now-- Ned's waitin to go out. See ya later, everybody.

ALL: By . . . Bye, Tillie, . . . see ya.

BRUCE: Whew! She makes my head spin!

HILARY: What a fascinating individual! I'd love to interview her.

CLAYTON: Ya better watch out, Hilary, or she'll end up interviewin' you. Tillie can talk all of us under the table. Shy -- dat's a laugh.

MRS. MORRIS: Now Clayton, I kin see what Hilary means. Tillie is quite the character. (to Hilary) You'll enjoy yer visit to her place. Jus make sure ya goes dere last -- cause you'll never git to go anywhere else.

VANESSA: Why don't we line up our evening. First, I'd like to take a ride around the harbour, just for old times sake. We can visit all the aunts so you can meet them. Then we can drop in to Tillie's. Hilary, that should give you some acquaintance with the family and the community.

HILARY: That sounds like a wonderful evening. Will we go on skidoo?

BRUCE: I guess I'll offer my services to the ladies. My 12 should get ye around the harbour.

CLAYTON: Bruce, me son, dat ol ting got no springs left-- dey'll be black an blue all over if dey uses dat. Take mine, Essie -- and you drive -- cause I'll have no shocks left if Bruce uses it. He goes mad when he gets at the trottle.

MRS. MORRIS: OK, supper's ready -- fer anyone dat wants to eat. Essie why don't you an Hilary go off to the shop and pick up somepin' ye likes. We'll be finished our seal by the time ye gits back and ye kin eat yer supper in comfort.

JUANITA: I'll go with ye -- I want to show off our new shop. Vanessa, we even got shoppin' carts now, Lucy, put my supper in the oven. I can't pass up doughboys and seal.

VANESSA: Come on Hilary, lets get ready.... just put your coat on it's only across the road. Now -- don't expect a supermarket.

HILARY: I can't visualize it, but I'm sure it will be interesting... I can't believe I'm actually in Labrador...I'll have oodles to tell when I get back.

VANESSA: Mother, do you need anything?

MRS. MORRIS: No, me dear. I wus over dere dis marnin' an I got all the grub I needs. Ye go on an enjoy yourselves.

JUANITA: Ready, girls? See ya later folks.

(They exit)

BRUCE: Jus wait til the crowd at Jarge's sees dem. Ya wouldn't know but dey wus goin' to the New Year's Dance. Boy, a few years sure do change some people.

MRS. MORRIS: I tink dat Essie don't know what to make of everyting. She's after changin' a lot and I guess she tought we all changed too. But tings don't change dat fast aroun' here.

BRUCE: Tings is good enuf fer us. Why ain't dey good enuf fer her?

CLAYTON: Bruce, me son, we don't know the answer to dat. All we knows is dat Essie don't really belong here no more. An das all right -- She's happy wit her new life and we're happy where we're at. So das the way it is.

MRS. MORRIS: I'm glad she come home though, even if its only fer a short visit, an I tink she's glad too. I'd even say dat Hilary girl is enjoyin' herself-- but it must be annoder world fer her, fer sure.

CLAYTON: Indeed it must. I remembers seeing Los Angeles on TV lots of times. Das some different from here. But wit all the wonderful tings dey got in places like dat, I wouldn't change places fer the world, would you Lucy?

MRS. MORRIS: Me? Clayton, you knows I'd perish if I had to live anywhere else. No by -- I'm as contented as a seal in water.

BRUCE: Speakin' of seal, come on, mudder. Hurry up and put dem darlin' little creatures in front of me. I'm goin to make dem disappear some fast. Ya know what -- I wish I had a flipper to put in Es's bed. Remember the time I done dat?

CLAYTON: We all remembers dat, Bruce. I tink dat wus the beginning of Essie's wantin' to leave home. But by, ya can't be doin' dat kind of stuff now. You're all growed up. Besides, fer dis one night you got to act yer age an treat yer sister real good.

MRS. MORRIS: If you done dat, Essie's screeches would frighten the wits out of poor Hilary. Promise me now Bruce, no tricks?

BRUCE: OK Mudder, but its awful temptin'. I'd give anything to hear Miss Proud Puss give a good ol fashioned screech. She'd forget her fancy talk some fast den.

CLAYTON: Now - Bruce by, we can't give Hilary too bad an impression of Essie's family. We don't want stories goin' around Hollywood about her having a lunatic fer a brother, now do we?

BRUCE: Sure, Hilary would probably call me a fascinatin' individual. I tink the stranger you bees, the more she likes ya. She took a great fancy to Tillie.

MRS. MORRIS: She' wus just tryin' to be nice, by.

BRUCE: Well, she needn't overdo it.

CLAYTON: Well, Mrs. Morris dear, will you do us two gentlemen the honor of joinin' us for dinner? We're serving a wonderful meal, made by the bes cook in Labrador. It's guaranteed to please any taste.

MRS. MORRIS: Tank you, kind Sir. I'd be pleased to join two such fine-lookin' gentlemen. An ya know what--ya don't look like cannibals! Yer the pick of the crop, an I don't care who hears me sayin' it.

BRUCE: Hear dat pop! Mudder's finally startin' to appreciate us menfolk.

CLAYTON: Sher, Bruce, I been tellin' yer mudder fer years how lucky she is to have us. Course I knows were lucky too. Come on now let's sit down and tank God fer one annoder and fer dose wonderful creatures we got on our plates.

BRUCE: AMEN, BRUDDER, AMEN!!!!!!

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