

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL
Black Tickle, Labrador

presents

INSIDE 'EN OUT

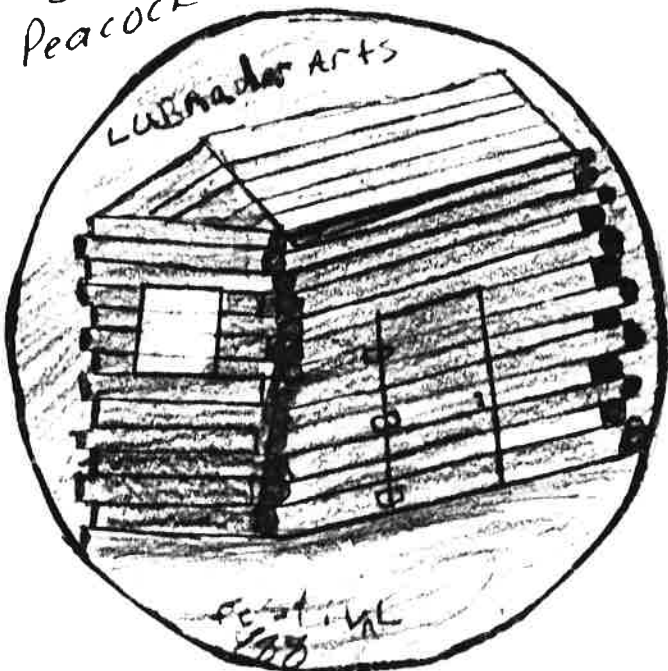
CAST

Chris.....	Anastasia Keefe
John.....	Mildred Keefe
Lucy.....	Judy Keefe
Cecil.....	Dinah Dyson
Bill.....	Cyndi Elson
Officer.....	Alicia Dyson
Pat.....	Sheila Keefe
Roland.....	Dinah Dyson
Committee.....	Wanda Keefe
Representative	

TEACHERS

Sr. Margie Taylor
Eugene Costello
Terry Casey

Sheldon Rumbolt
Peacock Elementary



Erin Hutchings
Peacock Elementary



INSIDE 'EN OUTCHARACTERS

CHRIS	-	ANASTASIA KEEFE
JOHN	-	MILDRED KEEFE
LUCY	-	JUDY KEEFE
CECIL	-	DINAH DYSON
BILL	-	CYNDI ELSON
OFFICER	-	ALICIA DYSON
PAT	-	SHEILA KEEFE
ROLAND	-	DINAH DYSON
COMMITTEE	-	WANDA KEEFE
REPRESENTATIVE		

SCENE 1: DOCK SCENE

There is an argument in session on the community wharf in Black Tickle. Just a few minutes ago an inside boat from Black Tickle pushed a boat from the Straits trying to get through with their days catch. This causes a lot of anger and insults are thrown back and forth between the fishermen from Black Tickle, Newfoundland, and the Straits.

(Sound effects from dock area are heard)

John: Don't tink dat you can push me around and tink you can get away with it me son. Jest because ye're from the Straits you guys tink dat ye can come down 'ere and take right over.

Cecil: Better watch yer mouth. We got jest as much rights to dis plant as da people from Black Tickle. And ye're soon going to find out dat ye're not going to push us outsiders around.

John: Yeah, well dis year ye're gonna' find out dat da Black Ticklers aren't gonna' sit back and wait fer ye outsiders to take over. We're gonna stand up fer our rights, and if ye try to stop us ye'd better be ready fer a big fight, because we're sick and tired of being pushed around by ye guys who tinks dey know everything.

Cecil: But at least we got a bit of educatin', not like some of da ones in Black Tickle. So we knows what we're talking about. Ye guys will find out soon enough who takes priority over da fish plant. As far as da fishermen from da Straits is concerned, ye can take Black Tickle and shove it. We're not interested in dis borin' community. We're only interested in da fish plant and da money we gets from it.

John: At least we fellars works for what we gets, not like ye guys. Ye gets everyting handed to ye on a silver platter straight from the Government.

Cecil: No need to get all riled up about da Government, cause we wusn't even talkin' about dem fellars. Anyway, noe of dis would ever 'ave started if ye didn't ram yer boat through da side of mine.

John: Well, if yer old boat is dat nash, it shouldn't even be in da water. One of dese days we'll 'ear about da bottom fallin' outta yer boat, and ye fellars half drownin'. Will da Government buy ye a new boat den?

Bill: Well boys, dat's enough. We never came over to have no rackets or have any strife breeding with ya. We jest came over to sell our little bit of fish before it gets rotten, cause everyone knows dat even if da fish is a little bit spoiled, da plant 'ere won't take it. De're too contrary fer dat.

Chris: Come on, Cecil, me son, stop arguin'. Our fish is still spoilin' while yer chawin' and bawlin' away. Cecil go on and sell da fish. (Cecil exits). We don't want no fights to start da day ye know. I'll try and straighten dese fellars out. (Lucy runs down with a stick in her hand).

Lucy: You, you leave my Johnny alone now before I calls ca cops. No one picks on my ole' man and gets away with it.

Chris: (Starts laughing).

Lucy: Don't laugh at me, my son. I'll hit you in da side of da head with dis stick I got in me hand and I wouldn't tink twice about it. (John interrupts.)

John: Oh Lucy, mind yer own business. Dis never had nothing to do with you in da first place. So go on back to da fish plan where ye belongs. All ye women is alike, stickin' yer noses in where der not wanted.

Lucy: Well John me son, someone got to do somethin' about dem smart alecks dat come from da Straits. Dey comes to Black Tickle in da summer and tries to take right over, course da reason fer dat is dey got no one to take control of dem.

John: Dat is enough, Lucy. Go on to da plant.

- Lucy: Ok, I'll go, but I wants to say one ting before I leaves. If it wans't fer dis little place, a lot of ye hot shots would be might cold in da winter with no heat, and ye would be pretty hungry with no grub on da table fer yer families. So don't go smart mouthin' me if ye knows whats good fer ya.
- Chris: Oh, go on back to da plant you ole' battle-axe.
- Lucy: (Looking towards John). Yo gonna stand dere John and let him talk to me like dat. (Looking toward Chris). You'd better be quiet boy before I douses you across da mouth.
- John: See ya later, Lucy. I'll talk to ya when I get's home. Dat is if I ever gets home. With da crowd dats lined up over 'ere I might be over 'ere 'til dark.
- Chris: Go on, Lucy, like a good little girl. You're husband knows what he's talkin' about. You can see hes' educatin' comin' righ outta he's 'hears.
- Lucy: You guys from the Straits might have a high falutin' educatin' or so you says but at least us Black Ticklers got some sense. We don't let a little bit of money go to our heads like ye do. (Lucy storms off with a smile of satisfaction on her face). (John looks uncomfortable).
- John: Don't mind da missus, she's been a bit unedge since dis 'old ting got started. Course I can't blame her with all dis fuss goin' on.
- Chris: Well she didn't have to be so ignorant about our educatin'. We're da same as every other fisherman. We're jest tryin' to get our stamps jest da same as everybody else.
- John: Well ye guys is always tryin' to say dat us Black Tickle folks is stupid. Jest because we can't drive to all dem places like ye, don't mean a damn ting. It doesn't mean we don't know anything. We're not savages ya know.
- (Cecil returns)
- Cecil: (Grumbling) Humph! Dey call dat a fish plant. Went up to sell me fish and dey threw half of it away. Dey said it was spoiled. Well what do dey expect fer God's sake, with da sun beatin' down on it fer four or five hours.
- John: Stop bitchin' and bawlin' fer God's sake will ya. Anyway, it serves ye right, cause if it wasn't fer ye guys dis wouldn't have happened in da first place.

John: (Cont'd) So ye had better put up with it. Take us Black Tickle people fer example, we don't go around shoutin' our mouths off like ye do.

Chris: Dat's because yer too scared to do anything about it. We're not afraid to stand up fer our rights. We don't come down 'ere in the summer time to slave our guts out in boat all day long jest to get our fish thrown away. If we wanted dat we would have stayed home and walked da rocks all summer.

John: Well why didn't ye stay home den. Dat would have given us folks a bit of peace and quiet. We wouldn't have to listen to ye folks shoutin' off yer big mouths all day long.

(Cecil pushes John and Chris tries to stop him, but they push Chris out of the way).

Bill: Ok, fellars, break it up. Dats enough of dat arguin'. Nothin's gettin' solved dis way. Anyway dere's anotter meetin' tonight in da hall. So hopefully we'll get tings straightened out den. So lets leave it alone fer now.

John: Damn da meetin's anyway. Dere was already three or four of dem and dis is where dey got us. All dem fellars does is talk, no action at all.

Bill: Well boys, at least it's worth a try. Maybe day can come up with someting dat can 'elp us. Den maybe all dis strife breeding over 'ere on da dock might stop.

Cecil: Well boys if dis meetin is like da others dere ain't gonna be much solved. We all knows dat everybody will be pickin' up fer da Black Ticklers like dey always do. I'd say dis 'ole meetin' business is a waste of time.

Bill: Well if ye tink dat, dis is a waste of time. Ye don't have to come, but us fellars would like to get all dis over with. I sure hope dat Roland gets back in time fer da meetin'. He's always missin' da important stuff. I gotta go now, see ye all later, da ones dats goin', dat is.

(Everybody says good-bye to Bill and to each other. They all exit).

John: (John attends to nets and oil clothes, grumbling as he walks off the stage). The wife's goin' to be mad again. Anotter evenin' I'm gonna miss me supper.

SCENE 2: MEETING

(A meeting has been called to deal with the disturbance outside of the fish plant. A person representing the plant, a police woman, and other people of the fishery are there. People are talking as they approach the meeting hall, a few people are already in the hall.)

(Sound effects from the crowd at the meeting hall.)

Chris: I knows' now we're gonna' get a lot settled at dis meetin' 'ere tonight.

John: Well, with Uncle Pat directin' da meetin' der will be lots settled tonight.

Bill: Yes, me son, Uncle Pat is very good at directin' dem meetin's. He always gets da job done. No beatin' around da bush when he's at da center of attentin'. Hope da lard dyin' dis is da last meetin', cause we're gettin' pretty fed up.
(Sound effects from the crowd).

Pat: (Uncle Pat raises his hand to get the men's attention, then he says:) Dis meetin' is called so dat we can discuss da disturbance outside da fish plant. Officer Blake is going to accompany us in case of violence. Now, lets get dis meetin' underway.

Officer: Thank you, Mr. Cabot. This is an important issue and I'm sure there won't be any trouble won't be any trouble from this group, will there? (Officer sits and begins writing down notes).

John: Well, man, if dem outsiders tinks dey can come 'ere an take over dere's gonna be trouble.

Chris: We never came here to cause trouble. We're at dis meetin' fer da same reason ye are. We wants to be able to sell our fish too. We got families to feed, you know.

Bill: If it wouldn't fer Black Tickle, ye wouldn't make any money to feed yer lard dyin' families. You guys tinks you can come in 'ere and walk all over us. Well my son, you got another ting comin'.

Chris: Dere's more places dan Black Tickle fer us to go fishin' my son. Yer not da only fishin' community in da world.

Bill: Ye seems to tink it. Ye keeps comin' 'ere every summer. Fer sure your not comin' 'ere for da place, yer only 'ere fer da fish and to take advantage of

Bill: (Cont'd) what we got. (Officer walks toward the two men and starts talking).

Officer: Now gentlemen, please keep quiet. We will not get anything accomplished here if this keeps up. We don't want to have any more violence. We saw enough of that over on the dock.

John: If dere isn't anyting settled 'ere tonight, dere's goin' to be more of an uproar, before ya knows it.

Pat: Now guys, you need to listen to what da Officer has said. We're not goin'to be able to make a decision if all dis arguin' keeps up.

Chris: Well sir, could you get on with it? It's gettin' late and we all got an early rise in the marnin'. What's ye goin' to do about our fish rottin', cause we can't get rid of it, and it nearly kills me to have to dump so much of it each time we comes in.

John: Yeah - noe of us want's our fish spoilin' on us ya know. Dats making us lose money. Stuff we can't afford to lose. What's we spose to do if we can't get our stamps. We're not all like you big shots, we can't sit on our arse all day and expect da mouths to be fed. People like you don't have to go out in da fishin' boat fer a livin', ye wouldn't know what to do anyway.

Pat: We know how ya feels, and we're going to make sure you get ye're stamps. No one wants der families goin' hungry because dere is no money.

Chris: I went over to the fish plant yesterday with me boat full of fish, and dey tells me I'm only allowed to sell a thousand pounds of it. And dat was only after da Black Tickle fellars sold deres.

Bill: So, what in God's name is you gonna do about it? We just can't have meetin's every night for da rest of da summer. .

Pat: We don't know what we're gonna' do yet. We need to hear what each of you has to day.

Chris: Well, everyting wus alright until a week ago. I went over to da plant meself and dey told me dat dey couldn't take much fish from da outside fishermen. So what did you expect - a couple of da outsiders got together and blocked off da dock. We figger'd dat if we couldn't sell our fish dey wouldn't either. (Chris crosses over his arms in front of him). And das how da rukus got started, and da same ting happened again today.

Pat: We know how important it is for ye to sell ye're fish, but it still shouldn't have happened. We could only take so much from everyone.

John: It was jus' anodder day fer me until I went over to dat darn ole' plant. Dere wus dis bunch of boats lined up by da dock. No matter how much ya bauled at 'em dey wouldn't crawl outta da way, no sir.

Bill: (Interrupts) Dey wouldn't let us sell our fish. So I went back to me own business while waitin' fer 'em to move, and nearly got knocked off me feet. Dis was one of dem long liners' den bumping into me, by da lard dyin'.

Roland: Well, Mr. eabot, yer gonna have to make up yere mind soon cause I'm not puttin' up with no more of it. (Roland shows an expression of being fed up with what is going on) We feels dis has gone on long enough, ye should be able to make a decision by now.

Pat: We can't go any faster dan dat by, we're not made out of steam. Besides it's not up to us anyway. Da decision is fer da Fishermen's Committee to make. We are gonna' break now fer a short meetin'. Can I have all da committee members together? Hopefully we can try to come up with a solution to dis problem? (Sound effects of crowd are heard).

Committee

Member: We will try to be back in twenty minutes with our decision. Officer Blake would you please come sit in on our meeting?

Officer: Of course I will, I'll be delighted to provide you with my assistance in any way possoble.

(Pat, the Committee Representative, along with Office Blake exit).

Lights fade down and the men continue their discussion of the fish selling issue. Some general tlaking. (Sound effects heard)

Chris: I can't understand why it's taking dem so long to make a decision. Dey had all da facts before we even came 'ere tonight. Meetin's, meetin's, meetin's; dat seems to be all dis crowd here knows how to do.

John: What do you tink of it Bill, me son?

Bill: I don't tink much of it meself. I never seen nothin' like it in me life. Look who's on da Fishermen's Committee. Some of dem wouldn't haul you outta da water if you was drowning, fer god's sake, and dey expects to settle dis matter in twenty minutes.

Lights fade up, Pat returns on stage.

Pat: Ok, gentlemen, can we have quiet, da committee representatives are now returning.

(Committee representatives and Officer Blake enter)

Officer: On behalf of the Fishermen's Committee I would like to announce their decision. They are willing to take 1500 pounds from every boat.

Chris: Well by dat's no good 'cause if dere are two or three men in da same boat and we got to share it between us, dere will hardly be enough to get a good stamp.

John: I agrees with ya Chris me son. Your makin' a good point. (John says under his breath) "Da first time ever I heard him say something dat makes either bit of sense"(as he laughs).

The Fishermen's Committee deliberate a bit more.

Committee

Rep: Well, if dat ain't good enough, da best we can do is accept 1000 lbs. per person. Since da people of Black Tickle own da fish plant, we feels dey should get da first priority. However much is left over den, we will take from da outsiders.

John: We boys, tank God dat's over. It is not what we wer lookin' fer, but it stops da fus fer da time bein'. At least da Black Ticklers got some rights out of it.

Everyone says at the same time: Spouse dat is pretty good.
Sounds fair enough.

Pat: Da meetin' is over now, boys. We knows we can't please everybody but we done da best we could. So ye can all go home and enjoy da rest of da summer.

Chris: I guess it was fer da best. Dey couldn't offer us much better in such a short time.

John: I better be gettin home now or da wife will be havin' a fit. Guy's yer welcome to come over to my house now fer a drink of brew.

Lights fade down. Outsiders exit. Insiders and Committee Representatives chat and hold their positions.

Scene III: Kitchen

It was late in the night as three local fishermen returning from the community meeting enter the home of John, a friend of theirs. As they enter John's wife Lucy is busy washing dishes, listening to the radio, and sputtering to herself.

(Lucy puts down towel and turns down the radio. She turns toward John. Noise and confusion as characters enter - low talking and cheering.)

Lucy: My God, John, where have ya been? I wus waitin' up fer ya all night, me with da flu and all, expectin' ya to come home any minute. It's not my fault dat your suppers cold, spouse I could warm it up fer ya, but it wasn't so good as when I first cooked it. Where was ya, anyway, comin' home so late?

John: (Goes over to comfort her) Now calm down, Lucy ol' girl, I'll tell ya where I was, when I catches me breath.

Bill: (Butting in) Lucy maid we wus at another meetin' over in da hall. Da place wus packed, I tell ya, we really told dem, didn't we John?

Lucy: Bys, whats ye talkin' about. Fer God's sake tell me before I goes right outta me mind. Nobody tells me nothin' anymore. I tink ye even forgets I lives here, meself.

Roland: John by, ya better tell her, before I gets me tongue goin'. I might not have been at all da meetin' but I heard enough.

John: Well Lucy maid, you knows all about dis anyway. You wus on da dock today. Dem lard dyin' longliner fellars won't be takin' me over, no sir. Spouse dey figured on comin' first, well bey we ended all da strifebreedin' by callin' another meetin'. Couldn't get back to tell ya where I wus goin'. Didn't figure on being home so late though. Y didn't have to wait up fer me, ya know.

Lucy: Now John by, ya knows I can't git a bit of sleep without you lyin' by me side. Anyways, what happened at da meetin'? Tell me now bys.

Bill: Luce, maid, everything went right dandy fer us. No matter how much fuss and strifebreedin' went on, we got our rights and we made sure dey heard us out, too. We gets da first chance to sell our fish in da fishplant, den dem Straits fellars sells ders afterwards. I knows I feels good about it, I do. I wansn't gonna let dem take me over.

Lucy leaves the table and goes over to the cupboard.

Roland: Well everything worked out fer da best anyway. So it don't bother me. I wus just worried cause I taught dere'd be no money fer da family. And Lard knows, ya gotta be rich to feed da ones I got. (They all laugh) (While Lucy is at the cupboard she hears the following broadcast: "This is Lilly Dutt reporting for G L U T radio station in Black Tickle.")

Lucy: Sshh!!! Now listen fer a minute boys.

(Lucy turns up the radio. A radio broadcast concerning the GLUT in Black Tickle. People stop talking. All eyes focus on the radio.)

(Fishing dispute in the community of Black Tickle came to an end this evening. A final meeting held in the community hall brought the situation to a successful conclusion. Details to follow)

Lucy: Ark ah dat, did you just hear dem radio folks mention us Black Ticklers. Said sompin' about ye fishermen fightin' fer yer rights, or spose dat's what she said. Now listen up to da lady.

(The radio broadcast is heard. All ears are listening attentively, expressive glances are being exchanged.)

(The continuing dispute in the community of Black Tickle and the fishermen from Newfoundland and the Straits has finally been resolved. The dispute centered around the glut in the fishery. Fishermen had been forced to dump their fish due to the lack of market for their fish catches. This has resulted in a lot of unrest in the community. Fishermen in the area have met a number of times to try and resolve this problem. At a meeting at the hall the Fishermen's Committee decided to accept a 1000 lbs. per person with the people from Black Tickle receiving priority at the plant. Whatever fish is left over will be taken from the Outsiders. This latest meeting has brought this rather heated issue to a successful conclusion. This is Lilly Dutt reporting for G L U T radio on the North South East Coast with the latest from the Inside about the Outside.)

John: I call it some good bein' on the radio, heard nationwide. Why by next year we'll be havin' folks comin' in saltin' our fish fer us.

Roland: I say it some pressure bein' put on dat Government crowd now dat peoples' finally pickin' up fer us and all.

Bill: Yes sir. I say they'll even be puttin' up da fish prices; we now being famous and all.

Lucy: Spose now, John by, ya won't have ta save up all dat money dat we be'n tryna' put aside fer one a dem warmin' machines I've always wanted. What do ya call dem now agin' John, "miniwaveers" isn't it?

John: Lucy, ya shoulda seen dat fancy policewoman. I knows she woulda done some good now if a fight woulda started. I knows I was ready to stand up fer me rights, and no young woman in a fancy uniform was gonna' stop me either.

Roland: Well bys, I knows I feels I gotta celebrate. All dat fishin' business over wit. I knows I'm glad it happened meself, cause it finally brought us some action. Dis stuff was brewin' like good ole' lassie beer. It shoulda be'n settled long ago.

Bill: Dat reminds me John by, bring out dat lassie beer dat I knows ya been brewin' da las coupla weeks. Dat stuff must be right good now.

(John gets up to get the brew.)

John: (Mumbling) Oh, Oh right, the brew.

John: Yes boys, I tell ya, dere wus alot 'ah tings brewin' dis summer, but I certainly hopes dem longliner fellars got no hard feelin's against us, cause I haven't got none against dem.

Bill: Well bys, I guess we're just gonna' have ta wait 'til next summer ta see if dey don't go back on dere word, cause dere ain't much of a summer left now. But I spose da blame don't go to nobody.

Lucy: Well I'm glad ye feels dat way bys, cause I got a few feelin's meself, cause if ye gets drunk and can't go fishin' tomarr', ye'll be outsiders faster than insiders.

(All laugh) (Lights fade down, Lucy takes her position to the side of the stage and recites the poem, "Inshore Fishery" as other characters hold their positions.)

"INSHORE FISHERY"

Come gather round young fellars
I have a tale to tell
about da Inshore Fishery
dat we all know so well.
How we did strive fer equal rights
fer many a fisherman.
We didn't give in to demands,
but stayed dere 'til da end.

Now many seasons fer us folk
withheld da catch we need,
to respectfully earn money
to feed da ones we breed
Now bys da times were hard fer us,
but we survived da lot,
gave praise to our risen Lord
and t'anks fer what we caught.

Well dis went on fer many years
and sometimes life was great.
Da seasons weren't always bad,
we'd have food on our plate.
But in da winter's we did dread
da storms dat came about, and
pretty soon we felt da cold and
all da food ran out.

Now out in our ole' fishin' boats
sure causes pain and cramps, but
dats how we make a livin' and
guaranteed our stamps.
And when our Unemployment cheques
come to us through Lab Air,
we're hitchin' up our fishin' boats
and stackin' up our gear.

Now I'm not sayin
dat I hate my life in da fishin' boat,
cause dat's all I was reared to do,
so I took a sacred oath. I swore dat I
would stay forever with my loyalty and

NEVER LEAVE MY "ISLAND" ON DA INSHORE FISHERY.

(Lights fade down and curtain closes.)