

Henry Gordon Academy
Cartwright
presents

"SHIFTIN' OUT"

CAST

Joe Brown (husband, father) - Faye Pittman
Lil Brown (wife, mother) - Miranda Pardy
Polly Brown (grandmother) - Janice Clark
Kris Brown (teen-aged son) - Clinton Clark
Sharon Brown (teen-aged daughter) - Lori Simms
Angie Brown (child) - Janet Paul
David Carmichael (American sports fisherman) - Judy pardy
Henry Green (Fishery guide) - Barbie Heard

CREW

Lights & Sound Effects - Michelle Martin
Make-up & props - Donelda Pardy
Prompter - Dana Pittman

TEACHER

Patty Way
Cathy Roche



Sharon Bird
Henry Gordon
Academy

Fishermen's Broadcast

(Theme from Fishermen's Broadcast plays)

Voice of Newscaster:

On our show today, we'll be interviewing the Federal Minister of Fisheries, Tom Siddon, regarding today's announcement that the summer of 1990 will be the last for the commercial salmon fishery. The Sportsfishermen are naturally elated with such an announcement and we'll be talking to their President as well as doing an interview with one of the Commercial Salmon fishermen who, of course, have had their traditional way of making a living taken away forever. Before we get on, the Vessel Report today.....

JOE: Well, damn them to hell anyway!!! (Hits table) They can't do that.

LIL: Joe! For God's sake, boy. Watch the dishes!! You knew that might be coming...They've been talking about it for years. But it certainly isn't good news.

SHARON: It sounds good to me. Does that mean we don't have to shift out? Yippee!! Yeah!!

ANGIE: But I love going to Purple Tickle...

KRIS: How'll I buy my skidoo?? There's no summer jobs here in Cartwright!

LIL: ^{Stand-up} Hush-up, all of you. Get in your bedrooms and study! It's test time and I want to talk to your father.

(Children leave)

AUNT POLLY: Joe, my son, what will you do for a living? Sure, there's no jobs around here and you've got no papers. Fishin' is your life—it's all you know.

JOE: Oh, Mother, let me think for a minute!!

LIL: ^{moves/sits} Joe! That's your mother you're talking to!

JOE: The Lord himself would have to leave me alone right now. This is serious. Those sports fishermen have finally done it. They've managed to get the government to see it their way. I bet the dollar bills helped to persuade the dirty low-down rats!! Who cares that the fishermen of Sandwich Bay have always salmon fished? We have no other means of making a living.
~~We've got no other way to make a living.~~

Lil
Places
handed
Joe's Arm

LIL: (Sits by Joe) My God, Joe, I can't imagine us not going to Purple Tickle. Shiftin' out is part of all of our lives every year.

AUNT POLLY: I got to go back to Purple Tickle—my Ernest, your poor father, God rest his soul, is buried there. He took that heart attack the summer before Angie was born. I told him not to set out that net alone—the grapels were too heavy... but no he had to go out before Joe came back from getting water and...

LIL: We'd go back ^{once} in a while to tend his grave—and the others. (Sobs)

JOE: Calm down, Mother. We'll try to work out something. We've already had ^{so} many meetings. Lil, I'm sick of them. The government might change their minds yet. God knows they changes them enough and we've still got this summer to live. I'd better go down to the shed and finish them nets off.

(He leaves)

At my age

AUNT POLLY: (Blows nose) I mightn't be here next year anyway so I might as well make the best of this summer. I've had a lot of good summers at Purple Tickle. The first summer I met Ernest, He went fishing with my Uncle Jim. I was only 15 and two summers later we got married— There. And then Ernest fished with Dad till he died. Then when Joe grew up, he fished with Ernest and now Kris fishes with Joe. Don't seem right that no one will be fishing with Kris someday. Seems like our family was always out to Purple Tickle. Sure, great-grandfather gave it the name even. When the Newfoundland fishermen who first stopped here left a house painted purple. You could see the house for miles and great-grandpa started callin' it Purple Tickle and it stuck..

Tissue

from

Steve

(Sharon enters)

SHARON: I've got to use the phone...in private?? ^(pause)

LIL: Excuse us! We got tragedies going on all around us and you've got to use the phone. (To Aunt Polly) I s'pose we got to rinse the supper dishes in the pantry anyway.

(Gather dishes, leaves)

SHARON: (Picks up receiver, dials) Hello. Tommy there? Hi! Hear the news? God! I finds it really good...We mightn't have to go to Purple Tickle. Just imagine! I could stay here in Cartwright and we could go out every night and see each other every day...What? What do you mean you'll be working at the fish plant for a double shift every day? Yeah, I know you want a new skidoo, but I thought...Never mind, I guess I might as well go to Purple Tickle. I'll see you in school tomorrow for that Biology test old Mr. Ketchup ^{Almer} got made up. Good-night. (Hangs up)

LIL: (Scurries in) I'll be glad when you're all finished your exams and we can shift outside. There's so much to be packed up again..... Don't forget your rubbers and your music (I'm sure you won't forget that), something to read, buckets for the berries. My God, we'll never think of it all...

SHARON: We've still got three days and I've got to study anyway. That biology test will be a killer... Kris has no trouble, he's such a brain!! I wish I were more like him!

LIL: Goodnight dear—be sure to get some sleep. Tell Kris not to stay up too late either. I must get Angie bathed now. Angie—time for your bath.

Lights Down

Purple Tickle—Kitchen

(Sharon is washing clothes, Lil is cooking, Aunt Polly is knitting.)

SHARON: (Grumbling) If I was home I wouldn't have to go through all this slave labour...No wonder I didn't ^{Want to come} wash at home. I believe Kris dirts up his socks on purpose...

LIL: Sharon, everyone got to pull their weight here. You want to buy plenty of new clothes for school, so stop grumbling. This is the only way your Dad has to make a living, so we'll darn well make the best of it while it lasts. I'm scared to think of next year now.

AUNT POLLY: We could use a bit of hard times it seems to me. Everyone got too much stuff. No one appreciates things anymore. When I was your age, I was lucky to go to school at all—never mind new clothes...

* (CB call) Aunt Polly: Poor Jane I hates the thought of gettin sick out here myself.
So far away from the clinic.
ANGIE: (Bursts in) Look what I caught!!

SHARON: Get that out of my face, you brat! Mom, make Angie get away!

ANGIE: Sook! God, Sharon, you used to catch 'um too. You're so proud now.

SHARON: Mom! Shut her up or I'm going to...

LIL: Sharon! That's enough. Angie, take that thing outside and get a bucket of water for me.

ANGIE: But, Mom...

LIL: No buts! Go.

ANGIE: How come Kris gets away without getting water?

LIL: Kris is working hard helping Dad. He's tired when he comes in.

ANGIE: Okay, okay...

AUNT POLLY: ^{boat sounds} My, Lily, who's that coming in the cove there?

LIL: I'm not sure, Aunt Polly. Looks like Henry and some one. My, surely Henry wouldn't be bringing one of them sportsfishermen here—not with Joe being so upset about that news announcement. Sharon, go down and see who that is...

SHARON: (Goes, grumbling) Sharon this, Sharon that...All I hear is Sharon, Sharon...No wonder I hate coming to Purple Tickle. God! (Slams door)

AUNT POLLY: Lil, girl, you're going to have to do something about Sharon. My Joe was nice and polite like Kris is. I don't know how he managed to have one like Sharon.

ANGIE: (Burst in) Here's your water!! You should see that funny looking man that's coming up with Uncle Henry.

Lil: Shh!
(Enter Sharon, Henry, David. Sharon sits) ^{last}

DAVID: Hi there you all, I'm David Carmichael III. You may have heard of me. I'm the President of that there Sports Fishermens! Society, SPAWN. We're on our way to Cartwright (is it?) to get supplies and then off for some salmon trophies. The little woman back home loves to polish my salmon.

The
"American
Fish Eggs"
Chapter.

ANGIE: Polish salmon? And a trophy for catching a salmon? Mom, Dad'll get a lot of trophies this year!

Come in and have a seat.

LIL: Angie!! Would you like a cup of tea, sir? S'pose you wouldn't turn ^{one} me down Henry.

DAVID: Oh yes maam. That would be mighty fine.

HENRY: My, yes, Lil, and I wouldn't turn me nose up at one of your raisin buns, either, Polly.

AUNT POLLY: Henry, boy, you always were the devil!!

(Lil gets buns)

Sir

ANGIE: Do everybody wear those funny pants where you come from?

DAVID: Ma'am, I was always of the belief that children should be seen and not heard.

ANGIE: I'll bet you could catch some really big scullies with those hooks...and sure, Mom, he wouldn't even need on an orange floater coat, sure you could see that shirt for miles!!

LIL: Angie. That's enough. Do you want to get more water?

(Sits, still looking hard)

LIL: Sharon, your father and Kris are coming in—is there enough water in the kettles?

SHARON: (Checks) Yup.

HENRY: Polly, my love, those are wonderful socks you're knitting. Did you have someone in mind for them?

POLLY: Git on with you, b'y. They're for Kris. He deserves them more than you do, you foolish old devil!! (Pokes at him with needle)

(Door opens. Kris and Joe enter. Joe hangs up his jacket)

JOE: We did good this morning—nine salmon and five peel!

KRIS: I'll be able to take you for a skidoo ride this winter, Mom, if this keeps up!

CARMICHAEL: This supports the data and statistics my association published. You commercial fishermen take out so many salmon and put so damn few dollars back to the government—unlike us sportsfishermen.

JOE: Sportsfisherman?? Is that what you are?

CARMICHAEL: David Carmichael III, President of Fish Eggs, the American branch of SPAWN.

JOE: Joe Browne, Sir. (Shakes hands). *(Only being polite)*

CARMICHAEL: I'm real glad to have this chance to see you all in action. ^{It} is the last summer for such a wasteful way of life.

JOE: Wasteful??! We've fished hard and with care for ^{Angry!} centuries...I've got a family to raise and feed and no other way of life...I've invested every cent I have into this fishery and you fellers cancels it for your fun—talk about wasteful!

KRIS: Dad, Dad...Calm down. There's a way we can show him what you're talking about! Sir, why don't you come out in the boat with us after we've done our tea?

CARMICHAEL: Certainly, son, a downright good idea. I'm sure I can do anything you can do out there—and probably then some.

(Kris and Joe exchange looks)

LIL: Alright now, fellas. Enough of this. Here, have some tea and some of you mother's buns, Joe.

raising

JOE: God they looks good.

CARMICHAEL: Delicious.....So fresh...Is there a bakery nearby?

ANGIE: A bakery? Did you hear that, Sharon? (Laughs)

LIL: Girls! It's a beautiful day—why don't you grab a few of these buns and take a bucket and go for a walk up the hills. Get a few blackberries—I'll make a pudding tomorrow. See how ripe the bakeapples are getting...

GIRLS: Do we have to... (Sharon)
Aw Mom... (Angie)

LIL: OUT! ^{Polly - (beams)} ^(They leave) ^{Henry:} ^{I don't know why I didn't snap her up after her} ^{old man died. Maybe I'm crazy. That'll be quite an experience} ^{for you buddy to see} ^{how a Commercial} ^{fisherman spends} ^{his days. Well} ^{there be} ^{room?} ^{Joe's mother made these herself sir she always has.}

CARMICHAEL: So I'll ride in your boat with you, is that right, Joe? And Kris... ^(See rods)

KRIS: I'll take the old boat, Dad, and I'll use the old twenty. ^{tee.} Have we got spare oil clothes for Mr....

HENRY: You can use mine, boy. They're in the boat under the seat. I'll stay here in the house and keep Aunt Polly company. I'm sure we'll find something to keep us busy...eh, Polly?

POLLY: The dishes is all that comes to my mind, you dirty old devil!

(Men head out the door. Lil and Aunt Polly start to clear the dishes)

HENRY: Any more buns left? And what about a bit more tea?

POLLY: So much for your help with the dishes...

(Lights out)

Joe:He'll be along in a few minutes....Henry, are you

going to head in to Cartwright this evening? It looks like the wind might come Northerly.... The glass is low and I believe there's a sea starting to rise.

HENRY: Yes, boy, I daresay we can still run in after supper when the wind drops out.

CARMICHAEL: Will that be safe, Henry? It all sounds pretty dangerous to me.... 'Course you-all would know, I guess. (Doubtfully)

JOE: Leave it to Henry, sir. He'd get you in as long as his head is above water.

(The others laugh. Carmichael looks uncertain.)

JOE: What's for supper, anyway, Lil?

LIL: Fried wrinkles with onions. Kris got them this morning when the tide was low.

AUNT POLLY: God, I loves that feed. Can't get enough of them when I comes out here every summer.

Henry: I haven't set out a wrinlepot for ages myself. If I'd known before that you was that fond of them, Polly.....
(Looks at her suggestively...)

CARMICHAEL: Fried wrinkles??? (Looks ill)

~~NO~~ NOW BACK TO PAGE 9 WHERE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND ANGIE AND SHARON RUSH IN.

Scene 3 (2-3 hrs Later)

(Kitchen cleared away. Polly and Henry are playing crib. Lil is getting supper. Hear a speedboat)

LIL: Here's Joe and them now. They've been gone quite a while this time. No trouble to tell there's a greenhorn aboard—Carmichael was probably in the way! It'll be something for Joe to talk about.

HENRY: I daresay he was tempted to ^{throw'im} ~~show 'im~~ overboard more than once.

AUNT POLLY: My, Henry. Stop that kind of talk—Joe would never do something like that and you wouldn't either! Thirty-one for two. Skunked ya!

Henry: I'm only lettin' you win maid-so's to get on your good side! (wink)
(Door opens: Joe and Carmichael enter)

CARMICHAEL: I never realized how hard you commercial fishermen had to work. My back will never be the same! And I believe the circulation has totally ceased in my poor little fingers...

JOE: You weren't too bad for a greenhorn.

CARMICHAEL: I don't know it will be able to help any at this late stage, but I'll have to resign my Presidency. After what I've seen today...the rough water, the ice, the cold...I must say I truly respect you, Sir! And your young Kris, he deserves the chance to carry on the family tradition:

LIL: Where is Kris?

JOE: He's on the way—the small motor couldn't keep up with us. He'll be along in a few minutes.

addition comes in next
(Door bursts open)

SHARON: Mom, it's Kris. The boat...it's gone...Kris's gone...

(Angie is crying)

Lil Joe Lil Joe
LIL & JOE: Sharon...What do you mean? Where's Kris? What happened...

SHARON: Me and Angie were up on the big hill and we saw him coming around the point opened up and he hit a piece of ice. It must have been under the water...He got thrown out and we couldn't see him anymore. He's gone...

ANGIE: (Howls) I wants Kris.

Henry Come on

LIL: Oh, my God, Joe. Let's go...we'll go in my boat

Henry (to Carmichael) Come on Buddy let's go. There must be something we can do.
AUNT POLLY: Come here, my dears. It's the way of it...It's always been the way of it. This life has never been easy but, hard as it is, it's all we know. We'll go on... oh yes, we always do. But there'll be no Kris. My poor boy.... (sobs) (Sobs)

CLOSING SCENE _____ THE SEVEN ACTORS ENTER VERY SLOWLY...ONE IN FRONT WITH A LIGHTED CANDLE AND TWO IN THE REAR. THE OTHER FOUR ARE WALKING TWO ON EACH SIDE OF THE COFFIN WITH A HANDLE GRASPED WHILE CARRYING THE COFFIN AND IN THEIR OTHER HAND IS ALSO A LIGHTED CANDLE.

THE COFFIN IS LAID ON THE TABLE (WITH THE ONLY LIGHTING COMING FROM THE CANDLES) AND THE SEVEN ACTORS STAND BEHIND THE TABLES AND CHAIRS (AS WELL AS THE COFFIN SINCE THE SCENE AND SET HAVE NOT BEEN CHANGED.)

EACH PERSON THEN SPEAKS OUT VERY SOBERLY AS IF DECLARING A STATEMENT ABOUT THE DEAD:

LORI FIRST: Salmon fishing has been a ^{traditional} way of life in Sandwich Bay since 1775.
 BARBIE SECOND: Any decreases in salmon stocks have been created in other parts of the world, such as Greenland, where young salmon are overcaught using increased modern technology.
 MIRANDA THIRD: The recreation fishery brings more money to the government coffers, than does the commercial salmon fishery.... or so it is said. Who will pay for the fishermen and their families if they are left to Welfare?
 JANICE FOURTH: Though the bag limit for sportsfishermen is two salmon a day, many more are played;;; and left to die after being let go.
 JANET FIFTH: The Labrador commercial salmon fishery has not changed in technology through the generations.
 JUDY SIXTH: Sportsfishermen feel that their cause is equal...but can one man's pleasure be equated with another man's livelihood?
 FAYE SEVENTH: Where will the older fishermen turn to make a living when all they've ever known ~~as~~ invested in is their salmon fishery?

WITH THE LAST QUESTION THERE IS A SILENCE. THE CURTAIN CLOSES ONLY FOR A MOMENT TO OPEN AGAIN WITH CANDLES OUT, LIGHTS ON, VEILS AND ARMBANDS OFF, CLINTON NOW INCLUDED...TO MAKE THE BOW.

CB Call

LIL: I'd better see where the collector is! Oh, and I almost forgot! I got to ask about Aunt Jane. I heard someone say last night she was real sick. (To the radio mike) Square Island, Square Island, Purple Tickle.

VOICE (MARG): Purple Tickle, Square Island.

LIL: Channel 20, Marg.

MARG: Roger.

LIL: Marg, any sign of the collector yet?

MARG: Yes girl, the "Blue Fisher" went by about half an hour ago—Should be close to the Cape by now.

LIL: Oh, very good. And Marg, was there any word from anyone about Aunt Jane? I thought I heard someone say she was pretty bad last night.

MARG: Yes, she was. That was Mary talking to Liz, I believe. I understood they had to take her to Goose Bay to the hospital. I'll let you know if I hear any more news on how she is, okay?

LIL: God, yes. That would be good, Marg. What are you at this morning?

MARG: I was out to the nets with Cyril earlier and now I'm feeding my puppies. Can't neglect them, you know!! I'd better get back to it. We might be over your way on Sunday if the ice don't come in any closer.

LIL: That old ice is a nuisance! Hope to see you Sunday then. Probably talk to you before then. Back to 14.

MARG: Standing by on 14.