

B.L. MORRISON SCHOOL, POSTVILLE

presents

A TRIBUTE TO MARINE ATLANTIC

Cast

Tourist.....	Jeffrey Pilgrim
Brat # One.....	Jennifer Mews
Brat # Two.....	Carlene Sheppard
Mildred.....	Samantha Pilgrim
Less.....	Sharon Edmonds
Purser.....	Wendy Jacque
Chef.....	Wendy Jacque
Chief Steward.....	Jerry Goudie
Crewman.....	Jerry Goudie

Crew.....Marlene Sheppard

Drama Teacher.....Mr. David Newman

Stephen Harris
E.G. LAMBERT

Jamie Rose
Mud Lake



B. L. MORRISON SCHOOL
POSTVILLE LABRADOR

PRESENTS

A TRIBUTE TO
MARINE ATLANTIC

TOURIST.....JEFFREY PILGRIM
BRAT # ONE.....JENNIFER MEWS
BRAT # TWO.....CARLENE SHEPPARD
MILDRED.....SAMANTHA PILGRIM
LESS.....SHARON EDMONDS
PURSER.....WENDY JACQUE
CHEF.....WENDY JACQUE
CHIEF STEWARD.....JERRY GOUDIE
CREWMAN.....JERRY GOUDIE
CREW.....MARLENE SHEPPARD
DRAMA TEACHER.....MR. DAVID NEWMAN

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SCENE ONE

No lights...Intercom cuts in

Intercom: (Report)

Marine Atlantic update...Yesterday 2:00 P.M. We are estimated to arrive here at 9:00 A.M. today. We will be there tomorrow around 3:00 P.M.; if we make it.

The Northern Cruiser is in the water somewhere. The last we heard, which was two weeks ago, The Duke of Topsail was reported grounded at Rigolet. The Kloster was hijacked yesterday by Innu wanting to be taken to Oka, Quebec. The Petro Labrador Oil Boat, last seen in Iraq, negotiating with Suddam Hussein. Thankyou for calling Marine Atlantic. You all call back now 'ya here'.

Ladder comes down (a piece of 2'4")
All characters board the boat

Mildred: (pushes everyone out of her way, as her wimpy husband follows along)

Less: Don't push dear. These nice people were here before us.

Mildred: (Stands to one side. Husband puts down the bags, standing before the purser to buy tickets)
Don't tell me what to do 'Pipsqueek' !

Less: Mildred please, we're in public.

Mildred: Just get the tickets Less.

Purser: Come on with it, come on! We haven't got all day!

Less: Terribly sorry sir, (reaches into his pocket) isn't it a lovely day for travelling.

Purser: Destination! (in a deep grumpy voice)

Less: My lovely wife and I are going to Nain for a round trip!

Tourist: I say ole chap, what's taking so long up there?

Mildred: Shut up motor mouth!

Tourist: I say, rather peculiar language. (mumbles to himself)

Purser: Hey squirt...you owe me 180 bucks.

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Mildred: 180 dollars!!!
(At this moment the brats are taking their luggage).

Purser: That's the one way fare.

Mildred: Oh yeah; well I'll show you another way!
(waves her fist)

Less: Now, now my little pumpkin...remember your blood pressure.
I'll just pay the nice man, so we can go to our room.
(Less takes out his money. While he is paying the purser
Mildred is looking for her baggage)

Mildred: Lester, where's my luggage...it's gone!! My luggage is gone!

Less: I'm sure it's around here somewhere snuckumns!!

Mildred: (grabs him by the collar) It's gone you little excuse
for a man; gone, do you here me!

Less: Excuse me sir, but our luggage has seemed to disappear.
Would one of you fine gentleman help my wife and...

Purser: (cutting him off)
File a complaint. Next!
(They leave the scene looking for their luggage)

Tourist: About time I was served! I've never seen such...

Purser: (cuts him off too)
Destination?

Tourist: I'd like a ticket for Niiiiinnn.

Purser: Where?!?

Tourist: I say mate, I said I'd like a ticket for the city of
Niiiiinnn!

Purser: (Putting his face in his hands)
Oh no, not another refugee! We get enough of those in
Gander!

Tourist: Refugee! I'm no refugee! I just want a ticket to
N A I N.
(spells it out for him in a disgusted manner)

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Purser: Oh Nain! Why didn't you say so. People don't talk grand like you, unless they went to the Mainland for a while.
(pauses calculating the price)
That'll be 90.00 bucks one way.

Tourist: I say that's rather expensive!

Purser: Pay or get lost.

Tourist: Hold on to your trousers man...I'll pay, I'll pay!
(Takes out money in British currency)
How many pounds my good man?

Purser: My weight is none of your business buddy. Now where's the cash?
(Tourist passes him the money)
Hey, what are you trying to pull?

Tourist: Its money ole chap, isn't that what you asked for?

Purser: That's right ole chap, I asked for money, not this British paper...I wouldn't blow my nose in this!
(Throws the money in his face)

Tourist: If me money isn't good enough for you, I'll have to write you a personal cheque!!!

Purser: Fine, fine...but hurry it up!
(The tourist fills out a cheque and gives it to the purser)
What you haven't got to put up with to be a helpful Marine Atlantic employee...refugees!

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Scene Two LOADING

A crewman enters the seating area, pointing his finger at Less and the tourist.

Crewman: You and you come with me!

Less: Excuse me sir but what is the meaning of this?

Crewman: The union is on strike and we're short of men. I need two strong men to give me a hand with the loading.
(Less and the tourist smile at one another...Less flexes his scrawny arms)
Unfortunately nobody in there right mind would take this trip, so you wimps will have to do...follow me!

Less: Sounds like me wife!

Tourist: I say...putting us to work?

Crewman: Well what are you waiting for? The crew to do something? We've got a proud history of doing nothing...we're paid by the government you know. Now follow me!
(They obediently follow behind to the loading area)

Crewman: Grab the rope boys and haul her up!
(They all grab the rope and pull, grunting, and exaggerating the strain. They haul the package up and drop it on Less' toe. He jumps into the air, hauls off his boots, and sock and pleads for a doctor)

Less: Me toe...Me toe! I'm going to be crippled! Get me a doctor, send me to Melville Hospital...wait a minute, what am I saying...

Crewman: Come on you little wimp...there's work to be done!
(They all grab the rope again and haul up the next load. They let the rope go, and fall backwards on one another. The only sound heard is breaking glass.)

Less: I think we broke something!

Crewman: Nah...It was broken before we hauled it up! We never damage anything at Marine Atlantic.
(He smiles wickedly. A piece of lumber is then hauled up on deck. The crewman lifts it up, lays it on his shoulder, and swings around. Tourist isn't paying attention, and nails the tourist in the head. He's knocked out cold! Less rushes over to him.)

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Less: He's dead! He's dead!
(Less, crying his eyes out, points his finger at the
crewman shouts out...)
Murderer...you killed him!!!

Crewman: (Drops the lumber, falls to the floor, and grabs the
tourist. They slap him across the face, and pour water
over his head. Mildred rushes to the tourists side and
cries out...)

Mildred: I'll give him mouth to mouth resuscitation.

Crewman: I'd rather die of leprosy of the armpit!
(Mildred bends down to put her lips on Less' when Less
suddenly awakens.

Tourist

Less: (Horror is written all over his face)
Oh no!! You're not St. Peter...your not the Devil
either...ugly enough though...

Mildred: (Slams his head back into the floor)
Refugee!

Crewman: Wake up...get moving twerp. Get moving, I'm the one
working for Marine Atlantic, not you!

Tourist: I say ole man, take your filthy hands off my extravagant
snowsuit!

Less: You're alive...you're alive!
(Wraps his arms around him)

Tourist: I say, but I do have quite the headache! I had the most
terrible nightmare. I'm not sure if I was in heaven or
the other place, but the hideous creature I met was ugly.
It was fat, putrid, and I think it may have been female!
It tried to kiss me! Oh no it came with me...there it
is!
(Points in total fear at Mildred. Mildred swings her
arm in the air and sends the Tourist flying.
Unconscious again!)

Crewman: Oh well, I guess he won't be around to help for awhile.
Back to work!
(They start to haul up another load. The two brats
appear on the stage. They creep up on the workers and
position themselves on either side of Less)

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Brats: (Quietly using hand signals, to ensure the audience can see what they are up to they finally shout on the last word, and then pull down Less' pants revealing his polka dot underpants.

One ! Two ! Three!

Haul!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(Less runs off stage with Mildred in hot pursuit)

Intercom: On behalf of all the crew of Marine Atlantic we hope your cruise will be a comfortable one.

SCENE THREE THE SEATING AREA AND CAFETERIA

The passengers wait in line to be served by the crew. A large poster displays the special for the day.

Intercom: Your attention please...the boat is now leaving the dock.

Mildred: What was your first clue?!?

Intercom: None of your business lady!

Intercom: a youre attention seev oo plai...la boat est now leaving la dock or something like that. If tu would directe your attention to la crewman in la door.

Crewman: In case of an emergency note that this is a door and that is also a door, and the windows all around you. I hope this hasn't been too technical for some of you. Later dudes.

Mildred: Must have gone to school Newfoundland.

Tourist: (Looking out a window with binoculars)
I don't believe it...I think I see...yes its, its, its a real life whale! I'm so excited...I think I'm going to faint!

Mildred: That's not a whale you weiner that's a Grampus!!

Tourist: I say isn't it just magnificent!

Mildred: I say enough has come out of those jaws of yours already.

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Tourist: Well, I say you could probably swallow a whole school of Grumpies with your jaws. Come to think of it you kind of look like a beached Grumpies!

Intercom: Your attention please. The chief steward advises that the cafeteria is now open to serve you. Today's special is : Boiled cod liver with sauteed Rockcod gills and for desert Pineapple Upside Beans Souffle. Thankyou

La attention see voo plai. Il a chief steward advizeh la passengereh that la cafetereeh is now ouvert to serveh toi. La special for la day is:
Un boiled cod livers, avek sauteed Rockcod gillehs. La desert un Pomme de Pineh upside downeh Beansah Souffle. Merci.

(They all make their way to the cafeteria)

In a lineup to get food, Mildred moves to the front of the line, just as the tourist is about to order.

Mildred: I want all the specials of the day.

Tourist: I say, I was here first!

Brats: Yeah, he was!

Mildred: Keep quiet you little brats!
(Chief Steward brings out her food)
What in the world is this!

Steward: Isn't that what you ordered?

Mildred: This is the ugliest guck I've ever seen.

Steward: Then you'll be able to relate just fine to it!

Mildred: This stinks and so do you and so do you! You ever consider using deodorant?

Steward: Listen you, you, you...fat person...I took my monthly bath last week.

Mildred: I was wondering why the wallpaper peeled off when you walked by.

Tourist: I say; I'd like to have the special too, with a cup of Tettle tea!

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Steward: We're all out of Tettle tea.

Tourist: Pity! I guess P.G. Tibbs will do.
(finds himself a seat)

Brat One: I want macaroni cheese!

Brat Two: And hurry it up you Tub of Lard!

Chief: (Raises his knife) Why, I ought to...

Brat One: If brains were dynamite you couldn't blow your nose!
(Chief gets their food)

Chief: Tell me; did your mother ever have children?

Brats: Watch it blob, or I'll Ninja Turtle you.
(Swings around with his tongue hanging out)

They are all eating quietly when the brats start flicking macaroni in Mildred's hair!

Mildred: You little juvenile delinquents! Look what you did to my hair!
(She turns to yell some more and she gets cheese in her face. She turns back to her husband and he is laughing at her. When he knows she realises what he is doing, he stops. Then she picks up a pie, to throw at him. He ducks and she hits the tourist. The tourist throws back more food and a huge fight begins. The chef comes out, and he yells out...)

Chef: My kitchen, my beautiful kitchen!
(He then gets hit in the face with a pie too! The lights go out!)

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SCENE FOUR THE SEATING AREA

Intercom: Hello, or should I say Bonjour. We would advise you to take gravel. We are now approaching a severe storm and are anticipating some motion disturbance. The winds may approach up to 180 miles an hour. You may get your Barf bags from the crew.

Less: Mildred! Oh my sweet Mildred!

Mildred: Shut up Less. I have no gravel, no clean clothes, and without my Oil of Olay, I look like a California Raisin.

Tourist: Ain't that a fact.

Less: Does anyone have any extra gravel?

Tourist: I say ole man; we don't have any for our selves.

Everyone begins rocking back and forth, holding their mouths. The crewman walks in with a bag. Everyone rushes to him and takes turns using it!

Crewman: Easy...its the only one we have left!
(everyone grabs the bag and throws up)
Disgusting!
(He walks away)

Brat One: Wouldn't some Pineapple Upside Down Beans taste good now!

Brat Two: Or some boiled cod liver sauteed in Rockcod gills.
(Everyone throws up together)

Intercom: Your attention PLEASE! The storm has now passed. For your entertainment, the motion picture Sesame Street is now playing on a t.v. near you.
Attention see voo plai. La storm is now lefteh us;. Pour vous excitement, la moving photograph Street la Sesame est maintenant la t.v. near toi.

Crewman: (Comes and takes the bag and leaves. Everyone sits down)

Tourist: I say ole chap, wasn't that some storm!

Less: I, I, I don't know...maybe you should ask my wife.

Tourist: Excuse me Madame, what did you...

Mildred: Shhhhh!

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Tourist: I say.....

Mildred: Shhhhh, I'm trying to watch my show!

The sound of wind and waves hitting the hull. Everybody tips chairs and the t.v. cuts out.

Mildred: (She jumps up and hits the t.v.)
Elmo, come back to me...baby!

Intercom: Attention, yoo hoo. We will be arriving at the Nain dock in two minutes.

Tukka Imut Nainimut two minutimul

Also found one set of luggage containing clothing with polkadot lingerie and Oil of Olay. If you own this please come to the pursers office.

Mildred: Less! My luggage, get it right away!

Less: Yes Milly dearest!

Tourist: I say, Nain at last. Finally, home of igloos, polar bears, eskimos...

Less: Yeah, and a couple hundred Yamaha Bravos too!

Tourist: What kind of creature are they?

Less: Vicious my son, vicious!

Tourist: Wasn't this a peculiar trip.

Mildred: For some people's kids, like those brats. I can't wait to get off this floating piece of steel.

Intercom: Your attention for the last time. We are at the dock of Nain. Passengers for Nain can exit on the ladder to your right. Thankyou for choosing Marine Atlantic. We hope you have had a pleasant cruise. On behalf of the captain and crew we thankyou for travelling with us. We know you had a wonderful time. Oh yeah, any passengers for Cartwright.....your on the wrong boat!!

The End