

HENRY GORDON ACADEMY, CARTWRIGHT

Presents

PLAY, WHAT PLAY?

CAST

Introduction.....	Judy Pardy
Granny.....	" "
Mr. Codfish.....	" "
Jane.....	" "
Sports Fisherman.....	" "
Marlene: A Student.....	Donelda Pardy
Jennifer: A Student.....	Janet Paul
Stacey: A Student.....	Michelle Martin
Miss Noway: A Teacher.....	Leneah Hamel
The Trapper.....	" "
Environmentalist.....	Bobby Hopkins
George.....	" "
Co-Pilot.....	" "
Mr. Borlase.....	" "
Father.....	" "
Doctor.....	Miranda Pardy
Newscaster.....	" "
Old Time Cartwright Woman.....	" "
Ms. Roche.....	" "
Angie.....	" "
Questioner 1.....	Melody Pardy
Pierre.....	" "
Angela.....	" "
Mother.....	" "
Questioner 2.....	Norman Frieda
Pilot.....	" "

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Art Festival '00

P L A Y ? W H A T P L A Y ?

A Production of Henry Gordon Academy, Drama Club, Highlighting 15 years
of participation in the Creative Arts Festival.

CAST: (in order of appearance)

Introduction, Granny, Mr. Codfish
Jane, and Sportsfisherman.....Judy Pardy

Marlene (a student).....Donelda Pardy

Jennifer (a student).....Janet Paul

Stacey (a student).....Michelle Martin

Ms. Noway (teacher),
the Trapper.....Leneah Hamel

Environmentalist, George, Co-pilot,
Mr. Borlase and Father.....Bobby Hopkins

Doctor, Newscaster,
Old Time Cartwright Woman,
Ms. Roche and Angie.....Miranda Pardy

Questioner 1, Pierre,
Angela and Mother.....Melody Pardy

Questioner 2, Pilot.....Norman Frieda

SCENE: In a classroom or school library. A round table with three or four chairs around. Some books, knapsacks, scripts, etc.

Marlene, Stacey & Jennifer are all seated around the table and are looking into the old scripts etc. They stop.

Marlene: Did you hear what happened at the dance Friday night?

Stacey: No....

Jennifer: What? What?

Marlene: Well, it was in the middle of the last waltz, and I was looking across the floor and.... (They are leaning to hear).

Enter Miss Noway - a typical stereotyped teacher.

Miss Noway: Girls, how is the play coming along?

Stacey: (Gulps) Good....Great! (The other two look at each other)

Ms. Noway: Well, you all know how important it is that we meet the script deadline for the Creative Arts Festival. Mr. Borlase called again today to remind us that we don't have much time left. You knew when you volunteered to be the Writing Committee that it would mean good hard work. You'd better get to it! There's NO WAY we'll be going out to the Festival if we don't have a play! (Exits)

Girls: (Groan) (Look at each other, roll eyes, etc.)

Jennifer: I can see where she gets her name, Noway could she be anything but Ms. No Way!! But she's right. We've got to get started.

Marlene: So, are we doing a comedy, a tragedy or what?? It's got to be something that suits Cartwright and us.

Stacey: How about PCB's? They're always in the news and we only shipped ours out last year.

Jennifer: Last year is history. Besides, there was a play about PCB's done by our school before. My sister was in high school then and I remember that one. It was about contaminating our berries. (They freeze) (Lights up on the other side of the stage).

ENTER: Environmentalist, Doctor, 3 people of Cartwright. They set-up a meeting situation.

Environmentalist: And so, you see, good people of Cartwright, PCB's are nothing to fear. Absolutely nothing. Isn't that right, doctor? (Doctor nods vigorously). We'll close by seeing if there are any questions??

Questioner 1: Will we ever be free of PCB's?

Environmentalist: As far as we know, you are now. (Looks at Doctor).

Doctor & Environmentalist: (Together) That's right.

Questioner 2: Doctor, can PCB's cause cancer?

Doctor: There's no proof that it does.

Questioner 1: What about the berries, Doctor?

Doctor: What berries?

Questioner # 1: The berries we've been picking from the base hill for over 10 years. Were they contaminated, too?

Doctor: Well, if people picked berries in areas of the PCB spill where 'danger/warning' signs were posted, there, again, that was plain stupidity. They really should have known better.

Questioner # 1: Well, that's all very fine and dandy for you to say now, but what about the berries?

Doctor: Well, given that the berries were likely washed, then baked, I think it's highly unlikely that they were dangerous. As we've said before, no proven cases of poisoning showed up.

Grandmother: So, we can eat our redberry pie then, can we?

Doctor and Environmentalist together: yes.

Doctor: You can eat all the pies you want.

(Grandmother comes up to the stage with a covered dish in her hands)

Grandmother: Well, now, that's good news. I baked this lovely redberry pie from berries that Joan picked on the hill last week. I was going to bring it over to old Uncle John this evening, but, John, being the kind he is, I know he'd be let down if I didn't offer this to you people who were so good as to come here this evening. So here you go. From us in Cartwright to you, Doctor.... you're just going to love it. (Doctor and Environmentalist lean away nervously...Freeze) (Curtain closes)

Jennifer: So there's no point in doing anything about PCB's. It'll have to be something different...NEWER...the extreme latest! (Thinks)

Stacey: What about us doing a script that's rap? (scribbles madly) That M.C. Hammer is totally awesome. Here, girls, let's try this! (She passes a paper. They look it over).

Marlene: A rap scene?

Stacey: Come on, let's give it a try!
(They move to other side of stage....light's up)

We're three girls from H.G.A.
And we're here tryin' to write a play
We really don't know what to say,
This Cartwright's quite boring everyday.

There's crab, there's salmon and there's cod
But not enough for many jobs
All our ideas were done before
To write a script is quite a chore!

Creative Arts can be real fun
Mr. Borlase is on the run
We'd love to go and strut our stuff
But writing a play is really tough!

(They collapse, laughing)

Jennifer: I don't think so!!

Marlene: I'm not doing that in front of a big audience in Goose Bay. Forget it!!

Stacey: Ok. Let's sit down and get serious. We've got to come up with something. Our school always does something good. I hate the pressure.

Jennifer: It's nothing but pressure if you ask me. Mom and Dad are complaining about this year's poor fishery and all the bills.

Marlene: Why don't we write a play about the cod fishery then? There's no restrictions and there's not near enough cod now for everyone.

Stacey: That's been done before too. The cod situation was a a riot in a play they did about 5 years ago.....(Freeze & lights come up at RIGHT)

ENTER: Newscaster, Quebec Fisherman, George, fisherman from Cartwright
(Arranges chairs in an interview position...sign to left.)

Newscaster: Welcome to this evenings edition of Here and Then. Fishing in the Labrador coast area has been greatly hindered this year with the addition of fleets of boats and collectors from Quebec. With me in the studio today is Pierre Lavalley from the Quebec Shore and George Hopkins from Cartwright. George, how do you feel about the increase in Quebec fishing boats in our area? (George waves foolishly)

George: By, it's not right. It's our fish and we should have the most rights to it.

Pierre: We are all Canadians, we all have rights. Too bad, m'sieu, we cannot ask the fish, eh?

George: Da fish knows, boy, who they wants to have 'em. They swims here to our shores.

Pierre: Next thing you'll be telling me the fish speak English!

George: Yes, they do. Not only that, they eats our blackberries.

Pierre: (Throws his hands into the air) Here's me, no job, no money, because we don't have fish and he's ~~talking~~ talking about blackberries.

George: But it is true! Have you never heard the old ones talk about blackberry codfish goin' up in the hills on foggy nights to eat the blackberries. And it's true because I even seen it myself.

Pierre: Non, Non (shakes his head and mutters). Stupide.

Newscaster: (Turns to george) What you're really talking about, George, is tradition and culture.

George: I don't know nothin' about tradition and culture but I do know about them blackberry codfish.

Newscaster: (turning to Pierre) Do you have any traditional or cultural reasons for having the fish?

Pierre: Yes, we need the fish for our religion.

George: For your religion, what's fish got to do with religion?

Pierre: I don't know. All I know is that we have fried fish every Wednesday and Friday.

George: At least I knew why the codfish came to the hills, they comes to eat our blackberries.

Newscaster: (smiling turns to the cameras) Tonight, we have a special treat for you and our two guests. With us, we have the vice-president of the Neptune Fish Co. Our guest has a special personal interest in this particular dispute.

George: (turning to Pierre with a frown on his face) I've never heard of Neptune Fish. You?

(Enter Mr. Codfish. He is smartly dressed. George and Pierre have comical expressions on their faces)

Newscaster: Welcome, Mr. Codfish. It is a rare pleasure to have such an unusual guest with us today. We thank you for coming at short notice.

Mr. Codfish: (He is not pleased) This had better be important. You have interrupted my vacation. I was relaxing in the Gulf Stream getting my energy back so I can start work.

Newscaster: We want to know exactly how you feel about this particular dispute.

Mr. Codfish: We have the right to swim where we want to. After all, the ocean is our home. Besides, (he puts his hands into his pocket and pulls out his wallet) all my girlfriends (flicks a load of pictures out of his wallet) are being caught up by gillnets and traps! Surely it is our choice whether you get the fish or not.

George: See, even Mr. Codfish agrees that the fish are ours.

Mr. Godfish: No, we just want neutrality. In other words leave us alone.

George & Pierre: (together) What about our jobs, our boats, our nets....

Mr. Codfish: (going a little beserk and looking around) nets, nets!! Where, where?

Newscaster: (intervenes) It's ok, Mr. Codfish, there are ~~not~~ nets here. (Mr. Codfish checks once more and relaxes) (Newscaster turns to Pierre and George) Continue.

George: Most importantly, what about our families?

Mr. Codfish: You talk about your families. (he goes over, opens his briefcase and takes out two pieces of salt fish and turns to the audience) This was my wife.

(lights fade out)

Stacey: That was one cool play. Too bad it was done before! What else happens around here?

Jennifer: Not much goes on in boring downtown Cartwright! Maybe I'll just go on home and go to bed this evening. I'm feeling rotten. Perhaps I'm coming down with the flu!

Marlene: That's it! We could write about the Spanish Flu! Gran is always telling us about the flu and what a tragedy it was. 1918, wasn't it?

Stacey: They did that too. In this script collection I was looking through, I found one play in 1980 that was based on Henry Gordon's diary about the Spanish Flu.

Jennifer: You mean the Henry Gordon our school is named after?

Stacey: That's right. They take his diary and acted out scenes and summarized it in a poem....Something like this... (Freeze...lights up on right)

(Enter Man & Woman in old time trapper's clothing....to mid-stage)

- 1) In the 1918th year of our Lord
Rev. Henry Gordon had just gotten word
Of a strange epidemic, with death-toll high
That ranged in Nfld., to the South, close by.
- 2) The Reverend got to Cartwright as fast as he could
And the news that awaited was far from good.
From the eighty persons, there were only four
Who were well enough to answer the door.
- 3) Things then went from bad to worse
Until we reached November first
Howard Fequet had died, the first to succumb
The fear all around made everyone numb.
- 4) On November third, Rev. Gordon took ill
He'd been fighting the flu with his iron will
Then Garland Lethbridge, Sam Learning too..
Death was everywhere because of the flu.
- 5) Rev. Gordon improved, though weak and in stress
He carried on and continued to bless
The dying, the dead and the ones who were left
So many of joy and of hope now bereft.
- 6) A Toomashie struggled from Table Bay Pond
The other four had all passed on..
Another decision...they had to be brave
But could they manage another grave?

- 7) The dead were buried or kept in salt
It was hard on the families to open the vault.
Still no news from North, they would have to wait
But December the first was a memorable date.
- 8) Twas the first church service since their plight
with a cloud overhead, how they tried to be bright.
And then a dogteam small they could see
News! what terrible news it proved to be.
- 9) Paradise out of 40 had 20 dead
They asked about Separation Point with dread
Over half had died - they must go right away
To have these burials up the Bay.
- 10) Christmas that year was quietly kept
Its survivors remaining quietly wept
Plans for the orphans took time to arrange
The SPANISH FLU had brought quite a change.

(Freeze - lights down)

(Action at Left)

Jennifer: God! I'm glad that didn't happen these days! Too bad they didn't have medicine and doctors and all that we do today.

Marlene: These days planes would bring us out if we were really sick like that.

Stacey: Flying in those small planes could make me sick! Just the thought of it. Hey! Perhaps we could write a play bout all our scary flying experiences!!

Jennifer: You mean like.....LAB SCAREWAYS??? (They laugh)

Marlene: That name was good! Did you manage to think it up on your own?

Stacey: (screws up her face at Jennifer) Her! no, she didn't actually. We're too late again. They used thatname just a couple of years ago when our school put off a show called "Cartwright - A One-Horse Town!" Remember that?

(Freeze - lights up on left)

Jane: Hi Angela, you flying today?

Angela: Yes, Jane.

Jane: Angela, Did you loose something? Want me to help ya look for it?

Angela: Uh...Jane weres the air port?

Jane: (laughing) Bless you maid, we got nar one of them. This is Labrador you know.

Angela: But, but where do you check your baggage through, and how does it get to the plane?

Jane: You carries it to the plane, you gives it to the pilot, tells him where its goin' and then you gets on the plane. I tell ya what, you follow me and do exactly as I do.

Angela: Heavens! I wish that pilot would hurry up.

Jane: My God maid give him time. Oh here he comes now.

Angela: About time.

(Jane gets up to offer assistance)

Jane: You need some help there?

Co-pilot: Yes, Ma'am. (they close the door)

Angela: Hope it doesn't come open when we're flying.

Jane: I hope it don't ither, cause if it do we're gone right out that door!

Boy, whats that book you got there? (Reading the title) Ten easy steps to flying a plane.

Angela: Oh my God!

Jane: Oh maid he knows what he is doing.

Co-pilot: (jokingly) I think that one right there turns it on.

Angela: Oh no!

Jane: Oh maid calm down. Holy cow!

Pilot: This is your pilot speaking, Welcome aboard. We are sorry for the delay but we had to change a spark plug. I hope it lasts to Goose Bay.

Angela: Let me out of here!

Jane: Come back, come back (pulling Angela back and reassuring her)

Pilot: The co-pilot will hand out the best seat belts money can buy. (laughs)

Co-pilot: (hands out ropes and says to Angela while handing her a short one)
I've got a special one for you.

Jane: Hang on tight maid. They don't call this white knuckle airlines for nothing! (lights down)

Jennifer: I'll be frightened to death to go on the plane to the Festival now.
What if we crashed?

Marlene: God, yes! That happened one time, you know.

Stacey: don't be so sick! She's already nervous enough.

Marlene: Really. Sandra Holwell told me about it. She was with the Drama Group on the way to the Creative Arts Festival that year. Apparently they had engine trouble and had to put down on a lake over night. It was really scary. The next morning, another plane was sent in from Goose Bay to pick them up at the lake.

Jennifer: Honest to God?

Marlene: Yes! They even wrote their play for the next year's Festival based on their crash experience. It was called "Goose Bay, Goose Bay!" The script is in this book here (lifts it).

Stacey: Isn't that going a bit too far to get a script idea?

Jennifer: I was scared enough of planes before. I hope this is one time when once is enough!

(Enter Ms. Noway)

Ms. Noway: Girls! Enough dilly-dallying! How much of the play have you actually written so far?

Marlene: Miss, we just can't think of a topic to get started!

Jennifer: Everything we thought of so far either just doesn't work or was done before.

Ms. Noway: Well, Mr. Borlase is expecting you to produce a fine show that will make our school proud. You don't have much time; and you know it. You'll have to try harder. I'll be ready to type the script by tomorrow evening. We will NOT let Mr. Borlase down, girls! (Exits)

Jennifer: Mr. Borlase...(mimics). Mr. Borlase! What is he...God or what?

Stacey: No, he's really nice. I suppose he is a bit...(Pauses). OVER CREATIVE? I just about died laughing at an incident I overheard last year. Miss Roche was one of our Drama teachers than and she was with us. I remember he came running toward Ms. Roche.... (Freeze - lights up on right)
(Enter Ms. Roche, stands Mr. Borlase rushes in)

Mr. Borlase: Ms. Roche, Ms Roche...

Ms. Roche: Yes, Mr. Borlase?

Mr. Borlase: Ms. Roche, I need your cheque for the extra airfare for the Cartwright students.

Ms. Roche: Do you mean the one for \$1500?

Mr. Borlase: Yes, yes, that one, please.

Ms. Roche: But, Mr. Borlase, I gave that to you yesterday morning just after we arrived.

Mr. Borlase: oh... oh... (Begins to rummage in pockets)

(Distressed) Can you remember what I was wearing yesterday when you gave it to me? (Fade out)

Stacey: That's Mr. Borlase! He is different, but he's really nice.. and it all comes together in the end!

Marlene: Last year was excellent!

Jennifer: I can't wait to go to Goose Bay this year!

Stacey: We won't be going if this idiotic play doesn't get written.

Marlene: I'm drained of all my inspiration.

Jennifer: I'm having a CREATIVE and a dramatic block!!

Stacey: Too bad they already did a script about the salmon situation here.

That's still a hot topic here in Cartwright. God only knows what will become of it all. There were thousands of sportsfishermen through here this past summer.

Marlene: I can still laugh picturing Jude as that sports fisherman in the play last year... Remember? (Freeze - lights up to the right)

Carmichael: 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 _ The American "Fish Eggs" Chapter. I'm on my way to Cartwright to get supplies and then off for some salmon trophies. The little woman back home loves to polish my salmon.

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

Mother: Angie! Come in and have a seat. Would you like a cup of tea, sir?

Carmichael: Oh yes, ma'am. That would be mighty fine.

(Mother gets buns)

Angie: Sir, do everybody wear those funny pants where you come from?

Carmichael: 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 an orange floater coat, you could see that shirt for miles!!

Mother: Now, young maid. Do you want to go get water?

(Door opens. Joe enters and hangs jacket on back of chair)

Joe: I did good this morning - nine salmon and five peel!

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 sports fishermen.

Joe: Sportsfisherman?? Is that what you are?

Carmichael: David Carmichael III, Preseident 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 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!!

Mother: Alright now, fellas. Enough of this. ^(Freeze) Here, ~~have some tea and some of your mother's raisins buns, Joe.~~

~~Joe: God they looks good.~~

~~Carmichael: Delicious.....So fresh...Is there a bakery nearby?~~

Stacey: That Jude is a riot! Maybe we could write a part for her in this year's play.

Marlene: Well! At least that's a start! It's the first solid idea anyone has had yet.

Jennifer: I can't take it anymore! I need music... I need junk food...I'm having a pool hall attack! SAVE ME..... (falls)

(Marlene and Stacey attempt to grab her and hold her up)

Marlene: Ok! ok! We'll take a break!

Stacey: That's the trouble with Drama Groups...They're so dramatic! OK, girls...We'll meet again in the morning...Here's hoping...

Marlene: We'll come up with something...There's nothing like a visit to a pool hall to turn on the brain!

(EXIT)