

St. George's School, Paradise River

presents

"THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON HERE"

CAST (in order of appearance):

Joe - a typical Labrador fisherman
Sam - another fisherman
Professor Potts - expert Ottawa scientist
Bobby - a villager
Mary - another villager
Jamie - Mary's little boy
Cora Cod
Cornelius Cod
Corby Cod
Hero of Paradise River

Melisa Learning
Marilyn Brown
Emily Higgins
Allister Morris
Emily Higgins
Jordan Brown
Marilyn Brown
Emily Higgins
Melisa Learning
Allister Morris

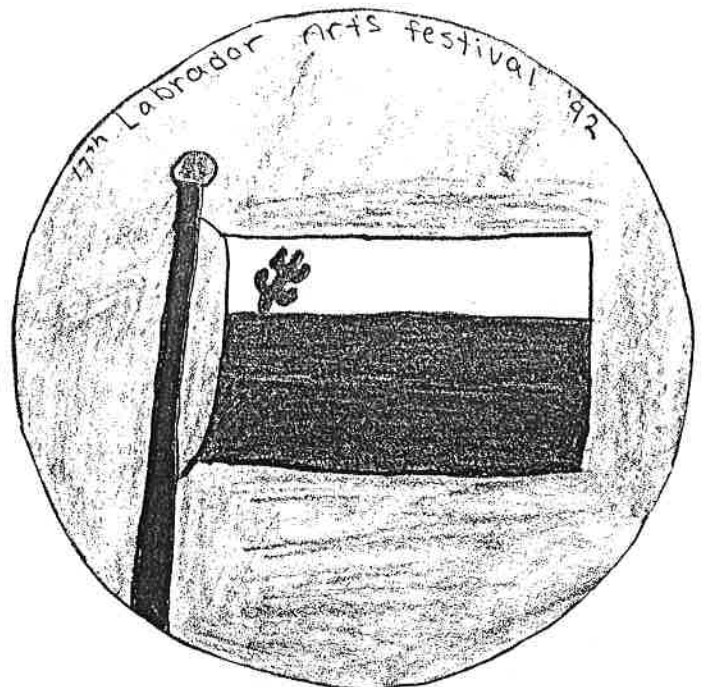
TEACHER ADVISOR

Ms. Patty Way

The story is a fantasy set in modern times and all scenes are in Paradise River.



Timothy Pottle
Northern Lights Academy
Rigolet



Chesley Davis
Henry Gordon Academy
Cartwright

SCENE ONE:

The curtain opens with two fishermen sitting on a bench, mending nets, while the sound of childrens' voices come from the school behind them. They listen for a minute.

JOE: I don't spose there's any sense to songs like those that the kids are singing. There's sure not much fish to catch to bring home to Liza or Jane or any other woman these days.

SAM: You're right,bye. Just like I guess there's not much sense to us sitting here mending this net either.

JOE: No sense to a lot of things these days if you ask me. I spose old habits die hard in a feller.

SAM: What else have we got to do, anyway? Might as well mend as do nothing.

JOE: It's a funny world we live in when it all gets so high-tech that the fish are gone, and yet them scientists who's sposed to know it all don't really seem to know anything.

SAM: It's not so bad as all that,bye.

JOE: Perhaps it's even worse. All we've had this summer is the smallest kind of fish. As far as I'm concerned, they're getting smaller every haul. Now where's the scientist who can help us with that? I sure can't see one.

SAM: What do you mean help us with that?

JOE: Well, surely gracious, with all that learning and computers and stuff that's around these times, they should be able to come up with something that could make the codfish bigger.... Some kind of formula or something?

SAM: That's not a bad idea. There must be some scientist out there who's not working with the Fisheries people who's got a clue.

JOE: If you ask me, ALL the ones who got a clue are not

working with the Fisheries!

SAM: That's a good one, Joe,bye! But let's just be serious for a minute,now.

JOE: What about that feller on CBC? DAVID SUZUKI???

SAM: My golly no, he's a GREENPEACER .

JOE: I know. I know just the thing to do. We'll send a FAX from Bart's to the member up in Ottawa and I daresay they'll send someone down pretty quick. It's an election year after all.

SAM: What do you think he'd be able to do?

JOE: I don't know,bye,but anything would be better than just sitting here doing nothing.

SAM: Good enough! Let's go then.

(They put down their nets and mending needles and leave the stage area, as the lights go down. Music.)

(When the lights come up, Professor Potts with Sam and Joe are standing around a table in what appears to be a make-shift lab in Paradise River.)

JOE: We're really glad that you were able to come all the way from Ottawa,Professor. We need help bad and I'm afraid you could be the last chance we've got.

PROFESSOR: I'll certainly do what I can,though at the moment it's all I can do to see you good people.' I'm terribly sorry but I suspect my equilibrium has been upset by that horrendous flight.

SAM: What do he mean,Joe? (aside)

JOE: I think he means he's almost got his brains beat out on the plane.

PROFESSOR: Precisely, my good fellow. Now where is the

laboratory in order that I may begin experimentation on the endangered species?

JOE: Well, this is Paradise River, Professor, and I guess you'll have to make do the best you can with what you got, like we do. I figured you could do what ever here in the kitchen. We managed to take three of the fish alive from the nets this week and save them for you to work with.

PROFESSOR: Heavens, it will be a trifle difficult but I suppose that I could. However, I shall have to insist on absolute privacy in order to facilitate concentration.

SAM: What do he mean, Joe?

JOE: I guess we're out of here while he works. Good luck,

Professor, we're counting on you.

SAM: See you, buddy.

(They look for a response but the professor is already pulling out things from a bag and doesn't appear to notice them. They shrug and exit, shaking their heads.)

PROFESSOR: Now where is that chemical food analysis for nutritional superiority? I'm sure it's in one of my old Chemistry manuals.....Aha! This is it.... now for the ingredients. I had the intelligence and foresight to bring all the right things...as usual...genius that I am... (While he is talking he is pulling the appropriate items from the suitcase.) Where is that formula again?? Here we go.... a little of this (with this he puts a tremendous handful in the container) a small quantity of that.....(he reads as he erringly adds too much to the pot provided.) This should do it ! (He proudly surveys the mixture. He then walks over to the fish tank.) Here you are, my little GADUS MORHUA. What lovely codfish you will be when you have dined on this invention of the genius Professor Potts. Eat well, my pretties. (He feeds them. Just as he finishes, the phone rings three times. He goes over to answer.) Distractions,.. distractions.... Hello? Yes, this is he....I was

beginning to feel a bit hungry.. That's very kind of you. I'm sure I shall find rabbit stew most.... interesting, to say the least. I shall come next door immediately, since I expect the plane (such as it is) to be arriving back here by the time we've eaten. Wonderful. Good-bye.
(He hangs up and packs his things ,stands the suitcase by the wall, and leaves.)

(Lights go black.Music.)

(The lights come up on an empty stage . SAM and JOE enter seeming to be arguing.)

SAM: The last I heard Old Pottsy was hurrying off up to the airstrip , probably couldn't get away fast enough!

JOE: That may well be, but what became of the cod? Instead of getting bigger or even staying smaller, the darn things evaporated or something. All I know is that the Professor called me before he left, said that he'd fed them the formula. He even guaranteed they would grow some !

SAM: Just another government scam, I'd say. I wouldn't be surprised if he killed them altogether with that "formula" and left town in a hurry rather than face us!

JOE: Don't be so down on stuff all the time, Sam. Although it is pretty strange how I walked into my own house and those three codfish I was guarding so carefully all week had just completely disappeared.

SAM: Oh, well, they only did what's been happening all summer anyway. Disappearing! Ha!Ha!(No response)

ENTER Bobby. (The others are still talking and don't take any notice of him.)

JOE: I suppose but I don't mind saying that I'm

disappointed. I guess I should have known better than to have so much faith but I figured if he was willing to come all this way then there was hope. So much for that.

BOBBY: Sam! Joe! Did you hear the news? Uncle George's boat just sunk and he said it looked like three big bites were taken out of it!

SAM: That could have been a killer shark, eh?

JOE: Don't be so foolish, bye. There's no sharks around here. It had to be something else.

(Enter Mary and her little girl. Mary is dragging the child by the hand and is in a state of excitement.)

MARY: Our poor old cat'bye. Janey here is some upset.

JOE: Well, maid don't keep us in suspense....What happened to your cat?

MARY: Nothing would have happened if I hadn't got all excited about Dad's net. Well, I was that flustered I went out to see and left the darn door open. (She pauses.)

JOE: And then what? Don't drag it out.

MARY: Well, Dad was all in a tizzy because something totally destroyed his net, you know, the one he puts out down by the point? (She pauses.)

JOE: Mary, for god's sake, girl, what was it?

MARY: That's the whole point! Dad doesn't know what it was and still doesn't but he said whatever it was it must be as big as a whale or something because his

net was completely demolished. And that's that.

JOE: That isn't that then...What about young Janey's cat?

MARY: Now that was the strangest thing of all.. We all

tore off down by the shore to see the goings on about the net, and the cat was right there behind us when I guess it fell in.
Janey here thinks that a big fish grabbed her cat.

SAM: Perhaps it did!

MARY: Lord, not only the kids are watching too much old foolishness on T.V. these times. I'd better get home and get back to my cleaning. Goodness knows what will happen next and whatever it is, I want to have clean floors. (She exits, dragging poor Janey behind her.)

SAM, JOE, BOBBY: Bye Mary! See you, Janey.

SAM: I believe I'll take a walk up to the point and see if I can help to figure out what did all that to the nets. Talk to yous later, boy.

JOE: Wait! I think I'll come along too. It must be some kind of whale even if they don't usually be this far up the Bay. See you, Bobby.

BOBBY: Bye!

(They both leave the stage where Bobby remains alone. He appears to be thinking for a moment and then he turns to face the audience directly.)

BOBBY: I think my secret will be safe with you... In a small place like this, I have to be VERY careful. I know what Clark Kent must go through. I have to use my superpowers only when there is a real emergency and, I THINK this could be one of those. So when the hero of Paradise River arrives, I'll be trusting you not to let on that you know it's me. (Pauses.) Thanks. Now I'd better go behind some thick woods and prepare to "do my thing."

(He exits as well, and the lights go black. Music.)

(Lights up as three unusual looking figures enter.)

CORA COD: Oh, thank goodness! We're O.K.

CORNY COD: They're right on our tails, Ha! Ha!

CORBY COD: Your jokes are a bit green around the gills, Corny.

CORA COD: I knew we would end up in trouble if we vandalised those nets. How are we going to get out of here now that the people have barred off the entrance to the river?

CORBY COD: We won't be able to work on increasing our stock! We'll be as gone as the rest of them. Corny, why did you have to pull in the kitten? That was the last straw.

CORNY COD: Loosen up, you guys! We'll get out somehow. The bits of damage I did are nothing compared to all THEY've done to us. They had it coming. Thanks to them, our species has just about had it.

CORBY: There has been so much destruction....

CORNY: Yeah, you could say we're fin-ished?? (He pauses to see if they are going to laugh.)
Come on, guys...I know, let's relax and dance a little to that rap we were singing off the Grand Banks earlier this summer.

CORBY AND CORA: Oh, all right.
I suppose.

CORNY: Ready? One-and-a two- and-a...

We travelled round the world
From Cartwright up the Bay
It's been real hard for us to find
A place where we can stay.

SWIMMY TIME

Too many nets are out
To catch us as we roam
How can we ever hope to find
Somewhere to call our home?

SWIMMY TIME

Our families have been murdered
By companies with greed
All we want is just a chance
To be alone and breed

SWIMMY TIME

Too many caplin were caught up
It isn't fair to us!
We couldn't just stand idly by
We had to make a fuss...

SWIMMY TIME

We`cod just try to do our best
So now we'll do our thing
We'll back off if you will too
We'll multiply next spring!

(They continue to dance as the music slowly
fades out.)

ENTER the hero of Paradise River.

HERO: AHA! Just as I suspected... Cod with REVENGE
on their minds. I have the very weapons at hand!
(He pulls out a package of table salt and a bag
of hard bread and advances towards them. The cod
shrink back from him and he takes some of the
salt and begin to pour it on them. They "melt"
to the floor. He then puts his foot on them and raises
his muscles.) Tada! (To the audience..) Now you can
see why I'm the hero of Paradise River. Well, This
and my charm, of course. I must be off. I think I
hear a maiden in distress.... Probably only a black
bear chasing her.(Disgusted) Girls!

He exits. The lights go down. Music.
Lights up on stage as it was in the beginning.

(Sam and Joe are sitting on the bench in front as they were in the beginning, mending their nets.)

JOE: Sam, bye, I just had the most awful daydream or nightmare or something. I thought for a minute there that we went ahead and had a scientist come in to try to make the codfish bigger.

SAM: My god, Joe! I had that daydream too. Young Bobby had to save us all from three monster freak codfish and he wearing only a cape and a pair of tights like them ballet dancers wears. It was enough to scare me out of my wits...such as I got.

JOE: I guess it's a good thing we did have something to make us think before we acted. Looks like we could have made things worse and not a bit better.

SAM: Funny how things like dreams and daydreams works. My old grandmother always used to say that a good dream will unclutter your mind ---looks like she knew what she was talking about. I have lots of dreams and look how empty my mind is.

JOE: I can't argue wuth that one! (Pause)
Strange how we both thought the same, isn't it? Oh, well, Never mind that now, old buddy. What do you say we put all this away for awhile and go on up and check the mail. I guess the Crosby moratorium money will have to buy time for the fish and there's no shortcuts.

SAM: And there's no fish, either.

JOE: That's something we'll just have to live with for awhile. (They get up, taking the nets and twine.) Sky looks funny this evening, don't it? Looks like rain. (They stand, looking at the sky. Lights down. Music.)