

AMOS COMENIUS MEMORIAL SCHOOL, HOPEDALE
and
JENS HAVEN MEMORIAL SCHOOL, NAIN

present

"Braindead"

"Braindead" was originally commissioned by the Labrador Inuit Health Commission, and deals with the problems of young people hooked on inhalants, such as gas. The scenes depict actual circumstances, and are vividly portrayed.

Cast (Amos Comenius Memorial, Hopedale)

Mother	Barbara Flowers
Jenny	Susan Nochasak
Katie	Catherine Mitsuk
Mary	Connie Pijogge
Lisa	Bernice Lucy
Son	Wayne Piercey

Cast (Jens Haven Memorial, Nain)

Pauline Angnatok
Julius Barbour
Andrew Karpik
Paulette Winters
Mary Dicker
Olivia Edmunds
Jenny Holwell
Molly Shiwak

Teacher Advisers

Norma Denney
Bill Wheaton



Melanie Morrow, Gr. 7
St. Michael's School
Goose Bay

"BRAINDEAD"

Concept:

Intro: Stage "black"

Soundtrack: A newscast by the O.K. Society informing listeners that several young people from Northern Labrador have been apprehended for INHALANT ABUSE, and are presently undergoing treatment at the NATIVE ABUSE CENTRE at Poundmaker, Alberta.

Chant: Brain Dead, Brain Dead, Gas, Glue, Brain Dead, sprays, Toxens, Brain Dead, Seizures, Brain Cells, Brain Dead, Violence, Crime, Suicide, Brain Dead! Brain Dead! Lost! Lost! Lost! I'm Lost! My Brain is DEAD!

Lights Stage Right.

Setting: Four youths (two Hopedale/two Nain) sitting around laughing, playing cards, telling jokes, pushing, touching, friendly.

ALL CHARACTERS IDENTIFIED BY SYMBOLIC NAMES
(example): Crazy Ed, Fat Boy, Baby Girl, Brown Sugar, Spider Legs, Bad Ass

Enter: (Figure...authoritative/commanding)
Harken! Stop! Be Quiet! Listen up Boy! You! You! Who are you! Stand up! Tell these people who you are!

Youths stand up one by one...proud, confrontational... introduce themselves.

Figure: Well (Bad Ass), just why don't you tell the people sitting in the audience why you're here! What did you do Bad Ass! What did you do!

'Bad Ass' stands up and states defiantly why he is at the treatment centre.

Setting:

Lights fade stage right-----Lights on stage left
(figures frozen in scenario)

'Bad Ass' slowly crosses stage and scene unfolds emphasizing problems caused in the life of 'Bad Ass' re: INHALANT ABUSE

THE SCENARIOS REPEAT THEMSELVES FOR EACH CHARACTER

Conclusion: Actors back on original group setting

THEY WALK FORWARD AND INTRODUCE THEMSELVES BY "REAL NAMES" AND WHERE THEY'RE FROM (HOPEDALE/NAIN)

EXAMPLE: I'm David Nochasak from Hopedale. I've seen this stuff
happen. That's why I helped write this play!

WHEN MAJOR CHARACTER STATIONED ON STAGE... IN CHORUS:
"These things could happen to you! You could become
BRAIN DEAD.

ORIGINAL CHANT REPEATED

THEME MUSIC

BOW

THE END

ELIAS' HOUSE

Elias: Man oh man, isn't is boring, what can I do? (sits down, takes out a cigarette, lights it with a lighter) This smells kinda good. Maybe we should get stoned. The old lady'll be out drinking brew all weekend anyways! Yeh! What the hell! Lets get stoned! Nothin' else to do! Okay Em?

Emily: Yeh sure! boring old weekend anyway. What are we going to get stoned on Elias?

Elias: Lighter fluid boy! I got some somewhere!

Emily: Get some bags then!

Elias gets a couple of white bags and fills them up. They both get right to it.

Emily tries the first couple of hoots. Coughs. Gets used to it.

Elias: Well, you feel something yet? you're taking awful long to get off!

Emily: Look! Over there! The purple snowman is coming!

Elias: Ah! You're seeing things. I can't imagine seeing a purple snowman!
(sniffs some more and starts to laugh)

LYDIA WALKS IN

Lydia: What are you guys doing?

Emily: Waiting for Santa to come! We're sniffing boy! What do you think!

Elias: Do you want to try?

Lydia: No! No I can't!

Elias: Come on! Have some fun boy! Life is for living!

Lydia: I'm afraid! I'm an epileptic! I get fits! sometimes I think I'm going to die!

Elias: Come on! Live life for once! (laughing) You're going to feel like you're on top of the world. You'll forget about all those old fits soon enough!

Lydia: (takes the bag) I'll try a bit I suppose.

Emily: Good stuff hey?

Lydia: Holy shit! I'm starting to hear things (hoots again)!

Elias: What did I tell you. It's good stuff eh? Leaves you with bad breath, but a good cheap high! Have another hoot boy! There's lots more where this came from!

EVERYONE STAGGERING...DISORIENTED

Elias: Light up a smoke I suppose.

Lydia: (bawling) No! No! You're going to blow us up!

Emily: Bite his head off boy!

Elias: Nothin' going to happen!

Lydia: (screaming) No! No! They're all laughing at me! They hate me! I'm ugly! I'm ugly! They're always laughing at me!

Elias: (reaches out and tries to grab her) Hey! Hey! calm down!

Lydia: (still screaming) don't touch me! He's always trying to touch me! He's always gettin' at me!

Elias: Jesus!

Emily: Shit!

LYDIA STARTS TO CONVULSE, FALLS DOWN, COMPLETE SEIZURE

Elias: Lets get the hell out of here!
(Emily and Elias leave)

LYDIA GETS UP AND CROSSES STAGE TO GROUP SETTING

Lydia: Well, that's my story! Fortunately for me my sister came looking for me and found me unconscious on the floor. She went to the 'Nursing Station" and got help. I was flown to "St. Anthony's" for medical help, and was in a comma for three days. When I got better they sent me here for treatment. I'm also getting therapy on how to cope with my epilepsy. It's not easy for me, because kids make fun of me all the time. But I'm trying to learn how to like myself better.

THE END

CLASSROOM

Bell Rings: Class Starts

Student #1: Gee, not much people in class today.

Student #2 (coughing-clears throat) God, ugly ole flu! I'm starting to get it! Guess I won't be in class tomorrow.

Student #1: (Looks out window-sees Willie wandering to school stoned).

WILLIE STAGGERING...STONED

Student #1: There's ole Willie again boy. Always like that. I'm surprised he's got brain cells left.

EVERYONE GOES TO WINDOW...LOOK OUT

Teacher: (Enters) Please return to your seats.
(Settles class in)

Willie: (stumbles in...bawls) Hi Teach!

Teacher: Willie!. You're late again. This is the fourth time this week. I have no choice. You've got a detention!

Willie: (not aware of what teacher is saying) OK!

WILLIE FALLS...CLASS LAUGH AND WHISPER. WILLIE SITS DOWN AT DESK...SLOWLY PASSES OUT.

Teacher: Calm down. Take it easy Willie. The rest of you...you're reading pg 120. I have to go down to the office. I'll be back in a couple of minutes.
(leaves room)

Willy: (still dazed...walks around class picking on people...poking at the girls...making remarks)

WILLY PICKS ON ONE OF THE GIRLS IN PARTICULAR. HER BOYFRIEND IS IN THE CLASS, AND IS GETTING MAD.

Boy: Back off Willie! That's my girlfriend!

Willie: Oh! is this your girl...I'm sooo sorry!
(starts picking on her again)

Girl: John! Get this gas tank away from me before I put a lighter to his face!

JOHN GRABS WILLIE AND PUSHES HIM AWAY.

WILLY BANGS ON A DESK, THEN PUSHES JOHN. THEY START A FIGHT.

Teacher: (walks in with papers in arm: Drops them. Physically breaks up fight) stop that! What do you think you're doing! Sit down in your seats and stay there!

WILLY AND JOHN SIT DOWN. WILLY STARES AT JOHN IN A DEFIANT UGLY MANNER. WILLY STARTS PUNCHING DESK.

Teacher: Willy! Cut it out, or get out of the classroom!

Willie: (Stands up. Gives teacher the finger!)
Up yours!! What the hell are you looking at!
Assholes! Good look or wha! I'll give you something to look at!

WILLY GRABS CHAIR. STARTS BANGING ON DESK. SHOUTING. CLASS GETS SCARED.

Teacher: Okay! Everyone leave the room and go out in the hallway. Jenny, go get the principal. Come on! Hurry Up! Move it!

STUDENTS LEAVE STAGE. TEACHER AND WILLIE STAND STARING AT EACH OTHER.

(LIGHTS FADE)

WILLY WALKS OVER TO GROUP HOME SETTING.

Willy: So eventually the principal came with the cops and charged me. The court sent me to the group home, and they sent me here for treatment. I'm glad I'm here, because I don't know how to help myself. I don't want to go back to my community, cuz I'll do the same thing again.

THE END.

IN THE ALLEY

A YOUNG GIRL, JENNY IS SITTING ON SOME OVERTURNED BOXES. SHE IS HOLDING A PLASTIC BAG CONTAINING GASOLINE, WHICH SHE IS SNIFFING.

Jenny: This isn't so bad. What is all the fuss about anyway? I've been sniffing for months and it hasn't hurt me yet, at least I don't think it has. It's the same thing as breathing. Everyone breathes, or else you die. This is no different, you're just breathing in fantasy filled air. Yeah, that's it, "fantasy air", like helium. (she laughs uncontrollably) I should sniff more often I could be a comedian like Eddie Murphy and make millions. (She laughs again).

JENNY CONTINUES TO SNIFF. SUDDENLY A FIGURE APPEARS FROM OUT OF THE DARKNESS, BEHIND THE BOXES, AND SURPRISES JENNY.

Jenny: Who are you? What do you want?

Rick: I was listening to your speech back there. It was very interesting. I've never heard it called "Fantasy Air" before. I'll remember that one.

Jenny: Who the hell are you anyway?

Rick: Don't be scared, I'm not a cop!

Jenny: You're a pimp, aren't you! What are you doing here anyway! You out on a recruiting drive so you can have some new girls to put on the street and earn money for you? Well forget it, I don't want any part of your business. I may be a lot of things but I ain't no whore!

Rick: Please listen, I'm not a cop, and I'm certainly not a pimp. My name is Rick. I'm from "Nightwatch".

Jenny: "Nightwatch"? What's that? Some new show?

Rick: No! "Nightwatch" is an organization that helps teenagers in trouble. We have a shelter just down the street from here. we walk around the streets at night looking for kids like you, and we try to help them. We offer them a place to put their heads, and food, but most of all we listen.

Jenny: Don't you guys ever get tired of this guardian angel stuff? You're full of shit?

Rick: Why don't you want to listen to me kid? Are you afraid?

Jenny: Afraid of you? You gotta be kidding. Let me tell you something mister good Samaritan, I've had guys twice your size, and just as ugly, threaten to rip my head off, and they don't scare me one bit. And as for your words, it's just a pile of crap that I've heard before, so don't go wasting your breath on me.

Rick: Well that's a lot of big talk for a snotty nose, smart ass little girl. Are you always this smart or do you just put on this show when you're threatened?

Jenny: Who are you calling a "smart ass little girl", you "no gooder busy body!" You don't know anything about me, and you certainly don't know anything about what goes on down here.

Rick: Well then, why don't you educate me!

Jenny: Down here it's the law of the jungle. If you're smart and fast, you survive. If you're slow and dumb, you're dead meat. It's survival of the fittest.

People on the streets got enough trouble as it is. They don't need someone coming down here and reminding them of what they are, and who they could be.

Rick: And just exactly "what are they"?

Jenny: They're alone, afraid, and have no place to go. They've been kicked out of their homes and forced to live this way. Do you think we want to live like this? do you think we enjoy fighting for a place to sleep and eat, and running away from some guy who wants to beat the crap out of you for taking his last cigarette but? Well the answer is NO! It stinks! It's cold and lonely and cruel. Then guys like you wonder why we sniff? Wake up and face reality. This isn't the promised land.

Rick: So you think that just because you're alone on the street, that gives you the perfect reason to sniff? Who are you kidding?

Jenny: I'm not saying that. I'm just saying that people like you don't know what the hell's going on.

Rick: What do you mean, people like me. You don't know anything about me. Now you're the one who's passing judgement. You look at me now and think I got it pretty easy, don't you? Well let me tell you something little lady, it wasn't always this easy. I had to work long and hard to get where I am today. Four years ago I was in the same place you are now. My father was in jail and my mother just took off with some guy she met. Then social services just started shuffling me around to foster homes. I didn't like it so I ran away every chance I got, and I found myself where you are now, scared and lonely with no place to call home.

Jenny: What happened?

Rick: Somebody gave a damn. That's what happened. The people who I work for now, took me in and showed me how wrong I was, and taught me how to believe in myself.

Jenny: Ah! just works on a "Greeting Card" (she begins to sniff)

Rick: Stop that! You're killing yourself?!!

Jenny: Nah! It won't work for me!

Rick: How do you know if you won't try! come on, give it a chance! Surely you don't want to stay like this for the rest of your life.

Jenny: I don't know if I can!

Rick: Don't be afraid. I'll help you!

RICK HOLDS OUT HIS HAND TO JENNY...SHE TURNS AROUND TO REACH FOR HIS HAND...AND THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

JENNY CROSSES STAGE TO GROUP SETTING.

I went with Rick to "Nightwatch" shelter, but it is hard for me being in Goose Bay, and I didn't want to return to the North Coast. What's the difference between sniffing gas in an Happy Valley alley, or being in an abandoned house in Hopedale, having a 'hoot'. Rich arranged for me to come here so I could be with other Inuit and Innu people of my own culture. If Rick made it, and beat the habit, I guess I can tol

NEWS RELEASE

INNUINUIT in cooperation with LIADAP, will be presenting for the public, the theatrical production "Brain Dead", which deals with inhalant abuse in Northern Labrador.

The play will be performed in the communities of Nain and Hopedale, and is an original production written/produced by the Nalujuk players (Hopedale) and the Ule Players (Nain).

For further information: LIADAP Fieldworkers
(Nain/Hopedale)

Coordinators

Bill Wheaton (Nain) 922-2163 home
922-2813 work

David Nochasak (Hopedale) 933-3619

PREGNANT

Mark: Oh good! You're back! What did they say! Are you pregnant?

Lisa: Yes!

Mark: Oh shit, man! What are we gonna do? You can't be pregnant! I don't need this Lisa!

Lisa: You! You don't need it! What about me? I'm fifteen years old. Do I look like I need a baby?

Mark: I thought you were on the pill? What happened?

Lisa: You happened, that's what! The pill isn't foolproof you know...and it certainly didn't help that you weren't wearing a condom. I can hear you now, "Ah don't worry, you won't get pregnant. Besides, it's so much better without a rubber!"

Mark: Don't go blaming me. I shouldn't be the one to get the rubbers all the time! You have to do your part too!

Lisa: Well, it's too late now! The damage is done, and I'm left with a baby that I have to raise!

Mark: What? You're gonna have it? You can't do that.

Lisa: Oh, yes, I'm gonna have it, and you're gonna help me raise it.

Mark: Hey, no way! I ain't gonna be no daddy. Forget it! You're gonna get an abortion and forget it ever happened.

Lisa: You're the one who got me into this mess and you're gonna be the one to help me through it. What do you think my parents will do when I tell them I'm pregnant? They'll kick me out!

Mark: Tell them when they're both drunk. They'll never know the difference, and when you start to show, just tell them you're putting on weight! (he laughs uncontrollably)

Lisa: This is one big joke to you, isn't it? Well you wait until this baby is born, and then you'll really laugh. The feedings, changing diapers, getting sick, crying, you're really gonna have fun.

Mark: There's no way I'm gonna do all that. You're gonna get rid of the kid and get us both out of this mess.

Lisa: The more I listen to you the more I want to have this baby, even if it is to get back at you. It's about time guys like you owned up to some responsibility. I'm not doing all this alone. You're half responsible for this baby too you know.

Mark: If you think I'm gonna give you money to raise a baby, then you're wrong! Where am I going to get money! I don't have a job!

Lisa: Well then, get one!

Mark: Where? Don't you listen to the news? There's no jobs anywhere! What do you expect me to do, haul a job out of thin air?

Lisa: All I know is that I'm having this baby and you're going to help me one way or the other, even if I have to drag you into court to get the money.

Mark: Ah, I'm getting out of here. You're just talking crap. Look, talk to me again when you're calmed down. You'll see then that an abortion is the best answer for all of us. If you want to talk later, I'll be at Joes.

Lisa: Oh yeah Joe, wonderful Joe. What are you gonna do over there, discuss current events in the news.

Mark: Hey, you leave Joe out of this! He's my friend. I can talk with him. He understand me!

Lisa: Oh yeah, he knows you all right. He knows how stupid you are, and how easy it is for him to get you to sniff. God, don't you realize that he's not your friend? He's your enemy. He's going to kill you if you're not careful.

Mark: You don't know what you're talking about. You're just mad because I got you pregnant, and you're saying this to make me feel guilty. Well it's not going to work. You can't stop me from going to Joe's house!

Lisa: Fine go, but when you come back I'll still be here, and the baby too. You can't escape your problems that easily, and if you think you can, you're just foolin' yourself. (she leaves)

Mark:

Hey wait a minute! Come back here! I'm not finished with you! Stupid girl, what does she know. (He walks around, faces the audience). Can you imagine me as a father. Forget it I'm too young. I got things to do, places to go, people to see. Someday when I'm 50 maybe, but not now. My life is screwed up enough now as it is. I don't need no kid to complicate matters. Oh yeah, so what if I sniff. I ain't hurtin' nobody. It's my escape from reality. You're all there thinking, what a cop out, right? Well it ain't no cop out. If you have my life you'd be lookin' for some way out too. How would you like to have an old man who beats you if you looked at him the wrong way, or a mother who's so high on "nerve pills" she can't tell fantasy from reality? Not exactly the perfect family huh? Don't people understand, just look at me. I'm from a welfare home, with only a grade nine education. What chance do I have out there.

CROSS STAGE TO GROUP SETTING

Well, I never did go to Joe's house. I began to think about Lisa and the baby, and went to the LIADAP worker for help. He asked me if I wanted to come here for treatment, and I am...hope I can learn to help myself.

THE END