

**Henry Gordon Academy Players
Cartwright
present**

“The H.G.A. Players: UNGLUED!!!!!!”

Cast

**Mayor, Dr. Unaguave, Alexander J. Randolph III..... Gary Pardy
Gert, Jane, Airlines Clerk #1..... Cindy Roberts
Joe, Passenger #1, Good Samaritan..... Ian MacDonald
Luke, Bill, Road Construction Foreman..... Clinton Roberts
Doctor, Trav, Airlines Clerk #2..... Travis Pardy
Jed, Jack, Passenger #2..... Nelson Greenleaves**

Director

Jeanne MacDonald

Chaperone

Greg Drover

Curtain opens on desk and chairs arranged for a meeting. Sign: TOWN MEETING TONIGHT.

Mayor enters, lays papers and folders on the desk. Others enter one at a time and stand around talking and laughing. Jed sits beside Mayor's desk.

Mayor: I now call this meeting to order.

They pay no attention.

Mayor: *(louder)* I said - I now call this meeting to order!

Still no attention.

Mayor: SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP!!!

Everyone: Well, why didn't you say so? Touchy! Here sit by me, etc.

Mayor: I'm really pleased to see such a good turnout. This is the best attendance we've had at a town meeting all year. Jed, do you want to read the minutes from the last town meeting?

Jed: *(Stands up, clears his throat and opens folder)* January 6th, meeting was called to order at 7:00. No one except Mayor and secretary came. Meeting adjourned at 7:05.

Mayor: Fine, Jed, fine. Now, we call this meeting because if we can't get some new industries going around here, Cartwright is a dead duck. Sooner or later the Crab Plant is going to close.

Luke: *(Leaping up)* Oh my God, the crab plant is closing! What will we do? Where will we go? We'll all starve! *(Runs out on a long trailing scream)*

Mayor: *(weary)* Joe, will you go after him and bring him back before he gets the whole town in an uproar. Tie him to his chair if you have to.

Joe goes out.

Gert: So, what you're saying is we need to come up with some ideas to make money for Cartwright.

Mayor: That's it. Anyone want to throw out some suggestions?

Trav: Tourists!

Gert: *(Sarcastic)* Oh yes b'y. And which will we give `em first? A good sniff of the plant or a glass bottom boat tour of the harbour?

Trav: Crab juice!

Mayor: Listen, that's just something you saw on the Simpsons. There's no such thing as Crab juice.

Trav: But I saw it on TV!

Joe comes back, hauling Luke.

Joe: Look, I told you, the Crab plant is not closing. The crab fishery is not over.

Luke: But I heard it at a town meeting!

Joe: Sit down b'y, and try to pretend you got a brain. If that's too much trouble for ya, then just shut up.

Mayor: I want to open this meeting....

Trav: I though you already did that.

Mayor: *(ignoring him)* ...open this meeting to discussion of how we can get something going around here. We need money!

Gert: Let's apply for a government grant!

Mayor: And do what with it?

Gert: Chees, I don't know. *(Thinks)* Let's get some money and then think up a project.

Mayor: They won't give us the money unless we have a project.

Luke: We'll tell them we can't have a project unless they give us money.

Joe: Well, we wouldn't need these projects if they hadn't closed the fishery. And as far as I'm concerned, they never had any right to close it in the first place. Why, I remember back in the 60's when me and me dad were fishing up around Cape

North.....

*Jeopardy theme begins to play, characters mime arguing and talking. Sign: ONE HOUR LATER
Music fades.*

Jed: And I say if we want better medical services, we're going to have to get up a committee and put out a petition. Soon, we'll be back to rubbing salt pork on a rash.

Pull chairs into a row. Put out Clinic sign. Patients sitting on chairs, reading magazines, coughing. Doctor enters and goes to desk.

Doc: Alright, who's next?

Bill: *(Gets up)* I am, Doctor.

Doc: Have a seat, Bill. What seems to be the trouble this evening?

Bill: Ah, I went out on ski-doo without my sunglasses on and I think I'm snowblind. My eyes are driving me crazy.

Doc: Oh, Taht's not too bad. Let's see what we can do for you. *(Leafs through a book)* No, we can't afford that. *(Turns page)* Or that. Or that.....WOW!! That's pricey! *(Slams book shut)* Okay, Bill. Here's what you do. You go home, you steep out two tea bags and you put them on your eyes.

Bill: But Doctor, what about those eye drops I had the last time?

Doc: Bill, there's just no way we can afford that kind of stuff anymore.

Bill: But, tea bags??

Doc: Hey, they worked for years, didn't they?

Bill: *(Sarcastically)* Any special brand?

Doc: Sure.....use Tetley Tea, the best a tea can be.

Sign appears from side stage: DRINK TETLEY TEA! SOLD AT NORTHERN. Bill stomps offstage, grumbling.

Doc: Oh my God! *(Leaps up)* Bill! Bill! Cool those tea bags off before you put them on your eyes! *(Sits back down)* Oh man, I hope he heard me. Next?

Jane: It's my cough again, Doctor. I haven't slept a wink in two nights and I got to have something for it.

Doctor opens book, flips a couple of pages, reads and closes it.

Doc: Okay Jane, here's what you do. You make molasses candy and just before you take it off the stove, you mix in a teaspoon of kerosene. After it hardens, break it up into cough drops. Then boil 20 spruce buds and birch bark in 2 cups of water. Drink some of it hot every night before going to bed.

Jane: KEROSENE AND SPRUCE BUDS!!!

Doc: No, no. Kerosene and molasses. Spruce buds and birch bark.

Signs appears from side of stage: FOR ALL YOUR KEROSENE NEEDS, SHOP FEQUET'S.

Jane: But, what about cough syrup?

Doc: *(Shooing her out)* Just drink the spruce buds.

Jane: *(Gathering up her coat)* Well! I never thought I'd be told to eat a tree to cure a cough. Fine days we're coming to. Get a cold and you got to go out and graze in the woods! *(Stomps out)*

Doc: Yeah - that was the *good* prescription. It could have been cod liver oil - except the cod are too scarce. Next!

Jack: That's me, doctor.

Doc: And what's your problem, Jack?

Jack: *(Sneezing into gigantic handkerchief)* I must be getting a cold or something, because I've got one hell of a headache.

Doc: *(Sits back, tapping fingers on desk)* Headache, headache.....hmmmmmmmm - Jack you're in *luck*. We've got the best headache remedy that you're going to find in any hospital these days. Just got it in today.

Jack: *(Hopefully)* Aspirin?

Doc: *(Rummaging through desk)* No, no - nothing that expensive. We use leeches now. *(Jed horrified)* We attach them to your head and they just suck the headache right out of there. *(Jed gets up and tiptoes out)* Ah! Here they are. *(Holds up jar and turns around; patient has vanished. Puts leeches away)* I've got to stop describing that treatment to the patients. Anyone else?

Enter Joe carrying Luke.

Ian: Doctor, doctor! Luke here is in a coma and I was hoping you could see him before you closed.

Doc: *(Reluctantly)* Welllllll - okay. We'll have to make it quick, though. I have to have the lights out in 15 minutes. *(Examines patient)* Oh, this is going to take our best emergency doctor.

Ian: Emergency doctor?

Doc: All the way here from South America. Oh doctor!

Other doctor enters.

New doctor: Hello, my name is Unaguava Basa - Chasai - Unaguava. *(Bends over patient)* I know exactly what this man needs. *(Throws back head, howls, hauls out maracas and starts dancing around patient to James Brown: I Feel Good)*

Back to town meeting.

Joe: Jed, what was your point?

Jed: Point? My point is - *(pauses)* - uh - what were we talking about again?

Mayor: We're trying to come up with some ideas - any ideas - to bring money into this town.

Luke: *(Leaping up; enthusiastic)* I got it! I got it! The Cartwright Summer Games!

Everyone: What!

Luke: *(Excited)* It'd be perfect, I tell you! We'd change the games around to make them more - more Cartwrighty! We'll have a black bear hunt -

Gert: Luke, do you want Greenpeace, Animal Welfare and Wildlife all on our backs?

Luke: No, no. You don't understand. You got to strip down to your underwear and shoes, you get a small pocket knife, and you go to the dump and take your chances!

Jed: That's the stupidest -

Luke: *(Even more excited)* And we'll do a harbour immersion. Whoever can stand up to their necks at low tide the longest, wins!

Trav: No, that's the stupidest -

Luke: Fly survival! Go out in the woods in your underwear, coated with honey. The one who lasts longest -

Gert: What is it with you and underwear?

Mayor: *(fed up)* Luke, if you can't come up with something sensible, be quiet.

Voice from off stage: Mr. Mayor, you have a phone call. Mayor exits.)

Gert: *(Turning to talk to row behind her.)* Did you hear the story going around? Sam was passing by the old dorm the other night and he saw light on, and he heard people singing.

Luke: Ah, just some kids having a party.

Gert: No, sir! There wasn't a soul around, just the sounds -

Trav: I don't believe in any of that stuff - ghosts and lights and noises -

Joe: Yeah? What about Savage Cove? Do you remember the time me and Jed spent the night out there?

Jed: I'll certainly never forget it.

Pull chairs, desk to the back of the stage. Play scene as close to front as is safe. Enter Joe and Jed, stage right, carrying backpacks and sleeping bags)

Joe: Jed B'y, I sure am beat! We musta walked two hundred miles today.

Jed: Oh yes, boy - for sure! You know what your problem is? You're out of shape! You smoke too much, you eat too much.....

Joe: *(Sourly)* You talk too much. *(Drops his pack and lies down propped against it)*

Jed: *(Dropping his pack and sitting)* What a waste of a day - never saw a duck, never saw a goose - never saw nothin'! And now, to top it all off, we have to spend the night in Savage Cove.

Joe: *(Laughing)* Sure, you don't mean to tell me you believe all that foolishness about the Savage Cove Devil!

Jed: *(Shaking a finger at Joe)* You laugh all you want. And call it foolishness if you like, but Uncle Ned told me that his wife's father's uncle -

Joe: *(Making fun of Jed's story)* nephew's great-aunt's stepfather's -

Jed: Go on and make fun then! But there are people who have really heard something out here, moaning and groaning and screeching! And it's always been in the fall of the year that they heard it.

Joe: *(Cheerfully)* They heard the wind blowing through the rocks, and their own nerves did the rest. So we won't be hearing nothing - there's not a breath of wind tonight. *(Yawns and stretches)* Unless it comes up and screeches in my ear, I won't hear it anyway. I am too beat to move another step. How about a mug-up before we turn in?

Jed: *(Unrolling his sleeping bag)* Joe b'y, we ate less than an hour ago! And it's too late to be making a fire and cooking. If you're really hungry, there are a few peppermint knobs in my pack somewhere. Now for Pete's sake, b'y, let's get some sleep. I want to be out of here early.

Joe: *(Grumbling as he unrolls his sleeping bag)* There's something not right about a man who won't have a mug-up before he goes to bed.

They get into their sleeping bags. Lights go out on stage. Jed gets out of his sleeping bag and goes off stage very quietly. Moaning starts, low at first, but gets louder)

Joe: *(Turns over in sleeping bag)* See who that is, Martha me dear.

Noise gets louder.

Joe: *(Sitting up and looking around wildly)* Who - ? What - ?Jed, you cut that out!

Noise gets louder.

Joe: *(Rummaging in pack for flashlight)* Jed - I swear - if you don't shut up.....

Noise gets louder.

Joe: Jed, you dirty, low-down, rotten - *(flicks on flashlight and sees empty sleeping bag. Lights come up slightly)* When I get my hands on -

Noise dies away. Jed rushes back on stage from left, pulling up jeans and wrestling with zipper.)

Jed: *(Furious)* Can't a man take a leak in peace? I suppose you thinks you're funny, do you?

Joe: *(Also furious)* Me? I never did nothing! It was you who started this stupid racket -

Jed: I did not! Out there in the dark - I almost wet my pants! It's the stupidest thing you ever done - and you done a few in your time!

Joe: *(Gives Jed a shove)* It was you!

Jed: *(Shoves Joe back)* It wasn't! It was -

Moaning starts again, low. Two clutch each other, looking around wildly.

Jed: J - J - Joe?

Joe: Y - y - yes, J - J - Jed?

Jed: If I'm not making that noise and you're not making that noise -

Joe: *(Almost whimpering)* Then, what's making the noise?

Moaning gets louder and louder. Music: Finale from The Hall of the Mountain King. Jed and Joe spring apart and rush madly around, tripping, dropping things and running into one another. Finally, leaving most of their possessions behind them, they rush off the stage. Chairs and desk back in place for meeting.

Trav: You expect me to believe that? What do I look like - a tourist?

Luke: That's what we need around here - tourists! That's the crowd with the cash, boys.

Trav: But how are we going to get tourists to come to Cartwright?

Gert: The first thing we need if we're going to get any tourists here is the road.

Jed: Go on - you think we're ever going to get that road?

Luke: Well, the last time that fella - what's his name - the III guy - the last time he was here, he said it would be started this year.

Enter Alexander J. Randolph III

Alex: *(Counting fistful of money)* In this life - one thing counts: in the bank, large amounts. I'm afraid these don't grow on trees; you got to pick a pocket or two - Oh! Hello, I'm Alexander J. Randolph III and you must be my royal constituents.

Crowd: Boo! Hiss! Nerd! *(General noises of approval)*

Alex: Now, now, I know I haven't been back in a while -

Joe: It's been 4 years!

Alex: But now, here I am! And guess why I'm here!

Luke: There's an election next month!

Alex: Of course there's an election next month, but that's not why I'm here. I'm here to make **promises**. Now, what did I promise you last time? Hmmmmmm?

Gert: A whole bunch of fish camps that no one around here wanted!

Alex: *(At his most reasonable)* Well, you didn't get them, did you? So what are you upset about?

Travis: You crowd never keep your promises!

Alex: But if I'd kept my promise about the fish camps, you'd be upset the other way. *(Confusion among the people. In his best by-gones - are - by-gones voice)* But never mind that now. I have a promise that will make up for everything. *(Pause)* In September, construction will start on the road from Cartwright to the Straits!

Applause, cheers.

A suspicious voice: Is this just another of those election promises?

Alex: *(Leaning across the desk, oozing sincerity)* Would I lie to you?

Sign: *Outreach Road project.*

Foreman: Okay, youse all better listen up. This is a real historic occasion - we're starting the first section of the new highway!

Everyone: What!

Chad: But - we were told this was a six week work project!

Foreman: It is! (*Grumbling, general dissatisfaction*) Fine, then! Do you want me to call St. John's and tell them we can't do it? Do you want this project to go to Port Hope?

Ian: Will we still get paid?

Foreman: What kind of stupid question is that? No! No project - no pay!

Everyone: All right! Okay then! Let's get going! Let's start building that road!

Gary: What about tools?

Foreman: (*reading from list*) 4 shovels, 2 picks, 1 chainsaw and 3 wheel barrows. Oh yeah, we have to bring gas for the chainsaw.

Chad: What kind of road can you build with that?

Foreman: Not much of one. But hey, it's six weeks work; you gonna complain?

Nelson: Wait a minute! At six weeks every fall, how long is this going to take?

Foreman: Oh, 150 to 200 years. We're talking job security, people.

Moans, complaints.

Foreman: Oh, come on, guys! Things could be worse. Look at it this way; we've still got our airline.

Sign: Mafia Airlines: Fly Our Friendly Skies.....Or Else!

Clerk: (*Speaking into phone*) You have reached Mafia Airlines. If you want to make a reservation, press 1. If you want to inquire about a chartered, press 2. If you have lost your luggage, the person to contact is Helen Waite. Go to Helen Waite.

Clerk 2: We have voice mail now?

Clerk: (*Covering phone*) Nah - I'm just messing with their minds a little. (*Into phone*

again) If you have a complaint about our service, leave your name and number and we will get back to you. *(Hangs up)*

Clerk 2: We will?

Clerk: Not really. Once we have the name and number we can get back at 'em for complainin' about us. Wait a minute - here comes some customers. Get out of sight - we don't want to be too helpful.

Ian and Chad enter carrying backpacks or suitcases. Chad sits; Ian goes to counter

Ian: I have a reservation to Cartwright.

Clerk: We're not going to Cartwright today.

Ian: Why not?

Clerk: Weather hold. All planes on hold.

Ian: But the weather is perfect!

Clerk: That's what weather hold means, see - we're waiting to see if the weather will get bad. *(Holds up hand)* Now, now. There's no need for that kind of language, we're all grown people here. There are chairs over there. Next!

Ian goes to chairs and sits. Chad goes over to desk.

Chad: I'd like to make a reservation to Hopedale and return.

Clerk: Okay! Will that be first class, second class, or *(shudders)* third class?

Chad: What do you mean?

Clerk: Well, first class gets a seat belt. Second class has the air sickness bags and third class - who knows? No one has ever had the nerve to fly third class.

Chad: I - I'll take first class.

Clerk: Good choice *(loudly)* For passengers travelling south, the plane is no longer on weather hold!

Ian: This mean we're going now?

Clerk: No, we're having mechanical difficulties right now. Next!

Back to meeting. Mayor returns.

Mayor: Anyone come up with any good ideas while I was gone?

Everyone: mumbling - general answer is no.

Mayor: *(not quite believing it)* You mean no one came up with a single idea?

Jed: Oh, lots of ideas. Just none that were very good.

Gert: Can we give this up for tonight. Baywatch is on at 10:00. That David Hasselhoff is a babe.

Mayor: Oh, all right! Someone move that the meeting be adjourned.

Everyone does.

Mayor: Second?

Everyone seconds it.

Mayor: Same time next week?

Mumbling. All leave. Mayor gathers up folders, etc. Last out.