

**HGA Players, Henry Gordon Academy, Cartwright
present**

“...And Working Overtime”

Cast

**Jordan Brown
Desmond Holwell
Roman Keefe
Richard Lewis
Allister Morris
Preston Morris
Vernon Morris
Gary Pardy
Kristin Pardy
Violet Pardy**

Teacher Director

Jeanne MacDonald

SCENE I (*Music: "Survivor"*)

Narrator: Have you noticed how many reality TV shows are on lately? I mean, there's Fear Factor, Temptation Island, The Mole..... does anyone really remember The Mole? Or Big Brother? Of course, we all know what started this craze of reality TV. It was everyone's favorite - Survivor! And we all know what keeps people watching, don't we? Teamwork, bonding, survival skills - nah! We're all hoping that someone is gonna get crushed by a giant snake or eaten by a crocodile or stamped flat by a herd of buffalo. But no, they put them on a tropical island, the beautiful Australian outback, and the barren plains of Africa where they weren't even in any danger! Now we have an idea for the series that would involve some real survival skills!

(Music from "Survivor" series. Group wanders in from stage left: shorts, t-shirts, sunglasses, etc; backpacks)

Host: Welcome survivors! Here we are in beautiful sunny Africa!

?: Hey, I didn't know Africa was this cold. I thought it would be warm and blue skies and -

Host: *(Nervously)* No - no- this is Africa all right.

?: What's all this white stuff?

?: Don't look at me - I use Head and Shoulders.

Host: Uh, just a sandstorm, folks - nothing to worry about.

?: This can't be Africa. Where the hell are we?

Host: No really, we are in Africa. Northern Africa. In the mountains.

?: There's a sign over there. *(Walks over)* It says C-A-R-T.. Hey guys the sign says this place is called Cartwright.

?: Where's Cartwright?

?: You mean Kenya.

?: Or Cameroon.

?: It also says Labrador.

?: What's a Labrador?

?: I think it's a dog.

?: Labrador. Labrador. If I'm right, Labrador is in Canada.

?: What's a Canada?

?: Is that a dog too?

?: Canada is this big barren clump of land just north of the United States of America.

?: Oh! America! We know where that is!

?: How did we wind up in Canada?

Host: Oh all right! It is Canada. Look, do you think the network is made of money? If it wasn't for air miles, we'd have had to cancel the last survivor series. We couldn't afford Africa. We can only afford Canada because our dollar is about 5 bucks Canadian. So do you want your million dollars or not?

?: Well, at least we won't get eaten by lions.

?: Maybe not. But those things over there look pretty scary and hostile.

?: That small white one is looking at me.

?: I don't care if they're called Matchbox 20 - I'm freezing my ass off! I want to go home!

ALL: Yeah, let's go! I'm not taking part in this! We were promised Africa! I'm leaving right now! Etc.

Host: Okay, hands up everyone who has enough money for a ticket home. (*Looks around*) Yeah, I thought so.

Julia: Look, maybe we can do this really fast. Okay, what's the challenge?

Zack: The challenge is to club some seals and that is how you'll get your meals. You cannot eat it until it's dead, so go and hit it on the head. (*Hands a baseball bat*)

Far: What!?! I couldn't hurt one of those little things. Just look how cute they are.
(*Goes over to seal, making cooing noises. Seal bites him*) AAAAAHHHHHHH!
SON OF A - it bit me! (*Tries to kick seal, falls, seal crawls away*)

?: There goes dinner.

?: Now what do we eat?

Far: Did anyone see the movie "Alive"?

Chris: You disgusting.....

Far: I'm just saying - it's a cool movie. All that mountain scenery. And at least they had food.

Host: Okay guys, that's IT! You're beginning to scare me. Tribal council - NOW!!!
(*Everyone gathers around in a semicircle*)

?: Keep an eye out for those salmon guys.

?: I tell you they're seals!

?: Salmon - seals - who cares?

?: Yeah. Let's vote already.

Host: Where are your torches?

?: Forget the torches! (*Everyone starts chanting*) Vote! Vote! Vote!

Host: Fine! Vote! (*Looks around*) Where's Samantha?

?: She saw this cute little white bear cub over that way. She's going to catch it and take it home with her.

Host: I see. All right guys, you want to vote - let's get to it.

?: hadn't we better wait for Samantha?

Host: Oooohhh, I don't think we need to worry about Samantha anymore. Moment of silence here. (*Moment of silence*) Vote. (*They scribble names and hold up signs*) Well let's tally the votes. 1 vote for Julia, 1 for Toby, 1 for Logan, 1 for Zack, 1

for Far and 1 for Rew. *(Looks up, accusingly)* All of you voted for yourselves, didn't you? Well, that means that we'll all be staying another week.

?: Not me. *(Picks up pack)* Which way is south? *(Points)* That way?

?: Yeah, me too. I'm with him. Let's go.

(All exit to "I Will Survive")

Host: Fine! Be that way. *(Picks up seal and sits)* Well buddy it looks like just you and me. Well you and me and a million bucks. Say, I bet you'd like the Bahamas. *(Picks up bag and exits. Music "I Will Survive")*

SCENE II

Hillbilly: There's an awful lot of memories in that there old hospital. There was a time that Big Hungry Joe had that there heart attack. He had some of them poison vittles he found dump rootin'. They fixed up my elby bone so I could play my fancy new banjo. Ever since they started playing stick ball in that there gym, they's workin overtime ta keep the teams patched up.

(The waiting room: Nurse is behind desk, writing. Enter, in no particular order, two very battered hockey players, a guy with his coat hanging off and one boot, and a smoker. Line up in front of desk)

Nurse: *(To players)* Don't tell me, another friendly game of floor hockey, right?

Vi: Until someone started cheating!

Nurse: Yeah, yeah. I've heard it before. Have a seat over there. The doctor will be with you in a minute. *(Players sit. Smoker is next)* What can I do for you?

Smoker: I'll have another two packs of those patches and a pound of nicotine gum.

Nurse: I just gave you a pack of those patches this morning! What did you do with them?

Smoker: What the heck do you think I did with them? I'm wearing them. *(Pointing)* One here, one here, one here, three or four here. Except for the last one. I'm chewing that.

Nurse: *(In horror)* You're not suppose to chew those!

Smoker: Well, it was chew it, or light it and smoke it. Are you going to give me some

more patches or not?

Nurse: Definitely not! Not until you've seen the doctor. Do you know you can poison yourself with those things?

Smoker: That's what they said about my smokes.

Nurse: *(Pointing)* Sit! Next!

Al: Good evening sir. I'd like to buy a coke, a bag of cheese nachos and a KitKat.

Nurse: What?

Al: Oh yeah, and a pack of Excel gum.

Nurse: Sir, do you know where you are?

Al: Sure I do. *(Looks around)* This is Northern, isn't it?

Nurse: Sir, I think you'd better sit down.

Al: No, no, I'm okay. I admit I feel a bit funny after the skidoo hit me, but I'm fine now. The walk to the store really cleared my head.

Nurse: *(comes around the desk, takes his elbow and guides him carefully to a chair next to Far)* All right, you just take a seat and I'll get your bar and drink for you.

Al: Gee thanks, thanks a lot. Oh don't forget my nachos and gum, will you?

Nurse: Of course not. Don't you worry about a thing, *(Exit)*

Al: *(To Far)* Hi there. How ya doing?

Roman: Uh, fine I guess. When people aren't hitting me with hockey sticks.

Vi: You knocked me down and sat on me!

Roman: I did not! You ran into me and fell down. If you're too clumsy to walk, you shouldn't play.

Vi: *(Jumping up)* That's it! You wanna piece a me? You wanna piece a me? Let's go! Right now!

(Roman jumps up. Nurse runs in)

Nurse: What the heck is going on in here? Oh, you two again. Now you listen to me - one more sound out of either of you and I'm calling the cops. *(To Violet)* You - go sit over there. *(To Roman)* You sit down. *(They sit)*

Roman: Jerk!

Vi: Butthead!

(Enter Dr. U.)

Dr. U: Nurse? Nurse!

Nurse: Did you call me, doctor?

Dr. U: Why should I call you doctor? I'm the doctor - you're the nurse. See? I'm wearing the stethoscope. That proves I'm the doctor! *(Crazy laugh, cut off short)* All right. What do we have today?

Nurse: Two mangled hockey players, a guy who got hit by a skidoo and thinks he's at Northern, and a nutcase who's been eating his nicotine patches.

Dr. U: *(Rubbing his hands in satisfaction)* Oh good, just the usual. Very well, send in the first patient. *(Exit)*

(Jordan staggers in, hockey stick protruding from chest, and collapses. Nurse rushes to him)

Nurse: Doctor, there's a real emergency out here.

Roman: *(Jumping up)* Hey! I was here first!

Nurse: There's a guy out here with a hockey stick stuck in his chest!

Roman: Oh *(sits down again)* I guess I can wait a bit longer.....

Dr. U: *(Peevishly)* Nurse, how often do I have to remind you that I am the doctor. I am the only one who decides what is wrong with our patients. *(Sees patient for first time)* HOLY CRAP! This man has a hockey stick stuck in his chest!

Nurse: *(Kneeling by the patient)* It also looks like someone tried to stuff a puck down his throat.

Roman: You should probably call Richard. That looks like his stick.

Vi: And that's my puck.

Nurse: What was that?

Vi: Uh, I was just saying what a terrible thing that is to do to someone.

Dr. U: Does anyone know who he is?

Roman & Vi: Er - no - no - never saw him. Don't know him.

Smoker: Isn't that the guy who was refereeing the hockey game tonight? *(Far and Vi hide behind magazines. Dr. U and nurse try to lift patient. He's too heavy. They lean on chairs, exhausted)*

Dr. U: *(Panting)* To move him would be far too dangerous. I will have to examine him here. *(Kneels by patient)* I must perform a cat scan. *(To stage left)* Hand me my cat! *(Cat is thrown. Dr. U catches and runs scan. Listens to cat)* Suicide!?! You stupid - *(Starts to throttle cat. Cat attacks. Lights go out, much screaming and sounds of a fight)*

Voice: Technical difficulties are temporary. Please stand by.

(Lights come up. Dr. U is flat out on the edge of stage. Nurse runs in.)

Nurse: What's going on out - oh my God! Doctor, are you alright? Doctor? *(To patients)* Don't just sit there you idiots! Give him a hand!

Patients: Oh all right. *(They stand and applaud. Dr. U sits up, bows and collapses again.)*

SCENE III *(The Last Chance Cafe.)*

Hillbilly: *(Sitting in rocker, playing chords of "Dueling Banjos" on guitar)* Food's awful scarce these times. Used to be, you could find a dead moose along that new highway. I mean, you could just walk along the side of the road and pick up a snack. But not since that Cafe opened up. Now I gotta pay good money for vittles I used to get for free. And they barely gets any customers these days. All those vittles just a wastin away when they could be feedin my twenty-six kids. Right now we's livin off Chef Boyardee. Eat the ravioli and then boil out the cans.

(Waitress is sitting smoking and reading magazine. Large "No Smoking" sign on wall. Enter customer. Waitress puts out cigarette.)

Customer: Excuse me, where are your bathrooms?

Waitress: *(Points)* That way. *(Looks up as customer heads in that direction)* Hold it! You have to buy something here before you can use the washrooms here.

Customer: Okay, okay. I'll buy something - uh, got any cigarettes?

Waitress: *(Stuffing cigarettes in pocket)* Certainly not! That's a filthy habit! Oh, you mean for sale? *(Goes to counter)* Sure, here you are. That will be \$15.00

Customer: \$15 for a pack of smokes? That's highway robbery. I won't pay it!

Waitress: Suit yourself. No pay, no pee. The next washrooms are at the Cartwright Hotel - 100 kilometers that way. *(Pointing)* 100KM of really rough, really bumpy road. Of course, there are bushes, but they're kind of full of bears and black flies and rabid squirrels this time of year.

Customer: I'll have a pack of Rothmans.

Waitress: Excellent choice, ma'am (Sir) *(Hands over cigarettes, customer grabs them and goes towards bathroom, comes back in a hurry.)*

Customer: The bathrooms are out of order!

Waitress: Oh yeah, I think you're right. I was wondering what that smell was.

Customer: Well, what am I supposed to do now?

Waitress: Would you like to buy some rabid squirrel repellent?

Customer: You go to hell!!! *(storms out)*

Waitress: *(calling after customer)* Y'all have a nice day now. *(Goes back to table, magazine and cigarette. Customer 2 enters and sits at table. Waitress ignores him. Customer clears throat. Still ignored)*

C2: Uh, miss?

(Waitress lowers magazine, glares)

C2: Could I see a menu please?

Waitress: What?

C2: A menu, please?

Waitress: You mean you want to eat here?

C2: *(Looking around)* Well, this is a restaurant, isn't it?

Waitress: Well yeah. Sure. I guess it's a restaurant. Kind of. Menu? I'll just have a word with the cook. *(Exits. Returns)* We don't have a menu, but here's the cook to show you today's specials.

(Enter Vern with seal in one hand and rabbit in the other.)

Vern: Your choice today is seal flipper pie or rabbit stew.

C2: *(Cringing back in seat)* I really don't think I like flipper pie.

Waitress: Not a seal person eh? Don't blame you - between you and me, I'd just as soon eat a dead rat as any part of a seal. How about a bunny? Vern here makes a great rabbit stew. He's gotten a lot better at getting all the fur off. That first batch - eeeeeuuu! I didn't know whether to sell it as food or clothing!

C2: Is there anything else?

(Dog starts barking outside)

Vern: Excuse me. *(Goes out. Barking ends suddenly)*

Waitress: Could be.

C2: *(Even further back)* Could I just have an order of - I don't know - onion rings, maybe?

Waitress: Oh man, I don't know. The last time he fired up the deep fryer, it didn't work out so good, you know? Three fire departments answered that one. Still, maybe he's got the hang of it. I'll ask. *(Exits. Comes back)* You're in luck. The grease is already smoking. *(Sitting down across from C2)* I'll bet not too many people know that the easiest way to get the crud off a frying pan is to drop it in the deep fryer.

(Explosion from out back. Vern enters, covered in soot and with a heap of black things on a plate. Turns around and totters out again.)

Waitress: There you are. One order of onion rings. That will be \$7.00.

C2: I'm not eating those things. They're disgusting!

Waitress: Fussy little thing, ain'tcha? Well, tell you what. I'll have a look in the kitchen and see what else we've got in there. *(Exits)*

(Enter rest of cast with plates to "Eat It" as they circle table and cross stage, C2 dives out of chair and crawls rapidly out. Exit dancers. Enter waitress)

Waitress: Blast! I knew it. *(Goes to table and checks)* And the cheapskate didn't even leave me a tip. *(Goes back to sit and read. Enter C3)*

C3: Excuse me, which way are your bathrooms?

(Waitress lowers paper and smiles at audience)

SCENE VI

(Sign: DELUXE AIRLINES: We have a bathroom!

On wall: International Security

Clerk behind counter; security guard at desk. Passenger 1 enters)

Clerk: Good afternoon, ma'am. How can I help you?

P1: I have a reservation on your four o'clock flight.

Clerk: Name?

P1: Pardy.

Clerk: Pardy - Pardy, oh yes here you are. Going to Wabush. Is this business or are you visiting family, or.....

P1: No, I'm just a tourist.

(Security guard charges from behind desk) Look out! I've got her! (Grabs passenger in half-nelson) It's okay, I've got her! Call the police! Hurry!

Clerk: Have you gone crazy??? Let her go!

Guard: She's a tourist! She said so! I mean, how brazen can you get! Just walking right up to the counter and announcing it like that! Go on - call the police!

Clerk: Al (*picks up book from counter, opens it, turns pages and takes it over to Al*) Just read that, will you?

Guard: T-o-u-r-i-s-t... a person who takes a trip for the purpose of..... oh. OH! Sorry lady. (*Releases passenger and starts to straighten her clothing. She smacks him with handbag*)

P1: Get away from me, you lunatic!

Guard: (*backing away hastily and retreating behind desk*) Sorry, sorry, I just have a hard time telling the two words apart, you know. No hard feelings!

P1: Oh yes, there are plenty of hard feelings! Your boss will be hearing from me. You can count on that. (*To clerk*) For God's sake, give me my ticket and let me out of this nuthouse.

(*Clerk hands over ticket, passenger grabs it and leaves. Enter passenger 2 carrying a seal. Clerk is writing. Security guard exits right, neither notice*)

P2: I'd like to buy two tickets please.

Clerk: Just a moment. I'll be right with you. (*Finishes writing*) Do you have reserv... (*stops short*) Is that a live seal?

P2: Of course it's a live seal. Do you think I'd be carrying a dead seal around with me? What kind of fruitcake would be carrying a dead seal?

Clerk: I'm.....not.....sure. Look, you can't take that thing on board the plane with you.

P2: Why not? I bought him a seat. In first class too. And he won't get rowdy - one glass of champagne is his limit.

Clerk: Animals are not allowed in the passenger area! It's the rule!

P2: What? This little thing wouldn't hurt a fly. Just see for yourself. (*Pushes seal towards clerk. Seal snaps. Clerk jumps back*)

Clerk: That's it! You're not getting on the plane with that seal! And I'm calling the police. I'm pretty sure there are laws against dragging a seal around in public.

P2: (*Sounding outraged*) Do you know who I am?

Clerk: No.

P2: Good! *(Grabs seal, turns around and runs out. Passengers 3 and 4 are entering)*

P3: *(Sounding stoned)* Oh wow! A seal! Far out! *(Goes to counter. P4 is standing behind him reading a magazine)* Good evening sir or madam. Bonjour monsieur or madame.

Clerk: What?

P3: Just covering all bases. Anything flying today? Besides me, I mean. *(Giggles)*

Clerk: *(Suspiciously)* Sir, have you been drinking?

P3: Me? Drinking? No, no. No, not me. I assure you, I am sotally tober!

Clerk: Yesssss, just wait over there a minute, will you? I'll be right with you. *(Picks up phone and dials)*

P3: *(To P4)* you know, you are one fine looking woman. I'd go out with you in a minute. *(P4 gives him a long look, goes and sits down. P3 begins to sing to himself)*

Clerk: *(Raising voice)* I don't care what you're doing. Since you left that desk, there's been some lunatic trying to take a seal on board and now *(stops, listens)* Yes! Drunk, loaded, plastered, smashed, soused, bombed, pick one. So get back here right now!

(Enter security guard just as P4 bends over to retie sneakers. Guard takes one look, hits floor in prone position with gun ready. Clerk ducks behind counter)

Guard: Take you hands away from those sneakers and hit the floor! Now! I said NOW!

(P4 drops down, terrified. Guard rises and approaches cautiously. Clerk looks over counter)

Clerk: That's not.....

Guard: That was close. Look, he had those fuses all ready to light!

P4: I was just tying my.....

Guard: Quiet you! *(To clerk)* Call security!

Clerk: You are security!

Guard: Oh, right. I bet I'll get a promotion for this!

Clerk: Or a strait jacket. Those aren't fuses, they're shoe laces.

P4: Can I get up now? I think I'm having a heart attack and I'd like to sit down until the ambulance comes.

Guard: I'm really, really sorry.

Clerk: Where have I heard that before? *(They help P4 to feet, carry to chair)*

P3: *(Checking desk)* Tickets to France - nah. Tickets to Hawaii - nooo, not in the mood. Tickets to Japan!!! All right! Sushi and hot tubs, here I come!!! *(Exits. Clerk and guard seated with P4, fanning him)*

SCENE V

(Dance: Music: Lou - A Little Bit of Mambo; Vanilla Ice - Ice Ice Baby; Cher - Believe; Mariah Carey - Heartbreaker; Ricky Martin- Shake Your Bonbon; N'Sync - Want You Back. Signs: Vern - Will rap for food; Vi - Glitter - please go see my movie; Jordan - A Little Bit of Pity for Lou Bega; Roman - Living La Vida Obscure; Kristin - Best Looking 100 Year Old Entertainer)

Gary: Musical careers are a funny thing. On top of the world one minute, in the toilet the next. Sure, there's some who have been around forever - you know, like Kiss - The Wheelchair Tour. Or the dinosaur formerly known as Prince. And did you see Michael Jackson's TV special? *(Shudders)* No that was scary. And then there's Metallica, and Ozzy Osbourne, the oldest musicians on the planet. You know, those who invented music! But then there are the "others" those one-hit, sometimes two-hit mutations who briefly capture our attention - usually along the line of "What the hell was that?" Mariah Carey, now there's a lesson. If you think you can sing, stick to that! Nothing makes a career disappear faster than a bad movie. Anyone who's seen a worse movie than Glitter this year, raise your hand! OK, maybe Crossroads. And then there was Lou Bega! The man who tried to revive the mambo! A moment of silence here please, for the mambo and for Lou's career.....*(removes cap, over heart for one second)* thank you. And what about Cher? Hair by Neon, body by Mattel! You know she can't go near microwaves? Everyone knows what microwaves do to plastic, right? "I'm melting! Melting" What a world! Vanilla Ice - man, he thawed fast! Talk about a career dead and buried. Not just over, but killed, crushed, cremated, tied to a rock and thrown off a bridge. This man set the stage for white rappers everywhere. Let's hear it for Ricky Martin! His career may not be quite dead, but it sure is on its last legs. Enrique sure kicked him out of the spotlight. With any luck, Enrique will be right behind him. You can run, you can hide, but you can't escape that

damn song!

(Dancers: N'Sync/Breakfast Boys)