

**Mealy Mountain Collegiate  
Happy Valley-Goose Bay  
presents**

**“Once Upon A Berry Patch”**

**Cast of Characters:**

**Bailey White.....Character**  
**Renee Hynes.....Inuit**  
**Amanda Cull.....Innu**  
**Yanael Queval..... Voice, Sidney Bird, driller, Frank Moores,  
Gagne, linerboard worker**  
**Robert Tracey..... Voice, Ernie**  
**Myron Baggs.....Surveyor, foreman, military man, service man,  
Chalmers, linerboard worker**  
**Luke Crawford.....Ike Rich, truck driver, linerboard worker**  
**Heather Brown..... Mary Rich, Bertha**  
**Dave Goudie..... Foreman, Sawyer, Preston, Bert**  
**Victor Ryan..... Hammerer, Jim, Dupre**  
**Thusano Mukiite..... Military man, service man, linerboard worker,  
Jenkins**  
**Vicki Patey.....Military man, Mom, linerboard worker, Avon  
girl**  
**Chrissy Chiasson..... Andrew’s sister, cheerleader**  
**Amanda Cull.....Andrew’s sister, Mary Jane, Avon girl**  
**Alicia Seaward..... Andrew’s sister, Olive, cheerleader**  
**Vickie Patey..... Andrew’s sister, Slaterly**  
**Lucy Niles.....Alice, Avon girl, child**  
**Samantha Churchill.....Lydia, linerboard worker, Avon girl’**  
**Catherine Emmens..... Dorothy, cheerleader**  
**Steph Connors..... Clara, cheerleader**  
**Darrin Hodder..... Peter, linerboard worker, Oscar, drummer**  
**Sarah Bird..... Faith, linerboard worker**

**Director/Teacher Advisor: Dorrie Brown**

## **Written by: The Ike Rich Players**

*Black stage. Lights up slowly. **Character**, dressed in black pants, jacket, shoes and hat, is surprised by the light; a bit flustered; still tying up shoes. Straightens and smooths down clothes; adjusts hat; waits: ready! Looks around. Nothing happens. He tries to be patient and look unflustered. Maybe a little soft-shoe? Still nothing. Nope? Ok, then... rolls eyes: waiting. Starts to walk away. When he moves out of the light, the light shuts off. He walks back to the first spot. The light comes back up. He walks the other way. The light turns off again. He walks back to center. The light returns.*

*By now he understands that he is being directed, for whatever reason, to stay in the light, and that the light will remain in the one spot. That is his spot. That is where he belongs.*

*So...he waits. Faintly, we hear Baroque music (**Bach's Fugue in D Minor**). He strains. It grows louder. He looks around and takes his cue: this finally directs him. He sits down to play his 'organ'. While the music continues, Innu and Inuit **Berry pickers** slowly roll canvas of caribou moss across the stage. At the 'organ', they stop. **Character** looks up, questioning. Aha! He understands that they want him to move, so he climbs down from his 'organ'; 'lifts' it, and steps over the canvas as the others continue to unroll it to the other side of the stage. He sets the 'organ' back in place and continues to play, while Innu Berry picker crosses behind stage. Innu and Inuit Berry pickers begin to slowly move in opposite directions across the stage, picking berries, ignoring **Character** as music changes to Romantic (**Mozart Minuet**). **Character** notes the change, gets up from his 'organ', and begins to minuet, first with an 'air' partner, and then, spying the Berry pickers, tries to engage first one and then the other in the dance. Both, in turn, ignore him completely.*

*Music changes to **Music Hall (Vaudeville Performance)** and quickly to **WWI (When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again)** (marching) to **Charleston** (Charleston dancing) to **Jazz/Blues** (Satchmo trumpet-playing and singing) to **Swing** (jitterbug). In all cases, **Character** is surprised by the change and tries to quickly assumes the action pretending that he truly knows what he is doing. When he can, he tries to include Berry pickers (first one and then the other) in the dancing, but they ignore him and continue picking berries, and moving slowly across stage.*

*Music changes to **Vera Lynn (We'll Meet Again)**, **Character** makes one last effort to make contact, but Berry pickers turn from him and go offstage. He is left, bewildered, shrugging shoulders, looking after them.*

**Visual:** aerial photograph of Goose Bay before construction

**Sound:** airplane engine. (continues under following voice-over; **Character** looks up and around, searching. As the voice-over continues, he pieces together his environment and

*times, and queries the 'truth' as it relates to 'Indian' and 'Eskimo'. Equally, Innu and Inuit puzzle over/dismiss things like 'War' and 'United States'.)*

**Voice-over:** *Report to Washington, D. C.*

**LOCATION:** Labrador forms the Northeastern most section of the mainland of North America.

**STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE:** Geographic: Labrador is important as a possible site for air bases located so as to be of the greatest advantage... Psychological: The population is very sparse. The southern part being populated by scattered Indian tribes, a few white communities and northern part by Eskimos and a very few whites. Trapping and fishing are the only industries. The Hudson Bay Company dominates the whole territory, keeping most of the population in dire poverty by charging outrageous prices for the bare necessities of living and paying minimum prices for furs and skins.... The people are far removed from the War, but due to radio they are well up on events as they transpire. The people are friendly and cooperative and harbor no ill feeling against either the *United States or Canada.*

*(Character, Innu and Inuit: Who the h--- are they???)*

Political Aspects: Canada has secured from the Newfoundland government the right to locate air facilities in Labrador... However, no reliance can be placed in any Canadian promise to construct any adequate area this year or even to complete by the end of 1942.

*(Aha! At last! Character has an era to work with. He's delighted. Now, he can get into his role!!)*

Vital areas: In southern Labrador the area around Lake Melville undoubtedly is the best all-round perspective district for the location of an airport...

*(Character rejoices, throwing up his hands and looking for Innu and Inuit to do the same; on hearing about the airport location, they lower their heads and leave the stage; Character has no one to celebrate with nor to help with the ...)*

Labor Conditions: Practically speaking very little labor exists. All natives are good carpenters and can be useful as sailors or day laborers. Not a sufficient number of men live in all Labrador to provide enough labor for a single airport's construction. It is believed that little dependence should be placed on available labor in Labrador.

Transportation: Practically speaking, there are no roads anywhere in Labrador. Only means of transportation are: a) boat b) dogteam c) canoe d) on foot e) *airplane*

Alien Groups: There are no alien groups to worry about in southern Labrador, *(Whew! Oh, well then..... = dismissive)* ...although the Moravian Missionary at Nain is a German, and believed to be an ardent Nazi. *(Whaaat?? Yikes!)*

*(In the following, Character is first hopeful with each new topic, and crestfallen with the 'answer'..a "good news/bad news" exchange)*

Public Order, Police, and Penal System: One Ranger in the Northwest River area. Practically no crimes. Extreme care must be taken to prevent any incoming workmen or soldiers from bringing liquor to the native population or Indians. There is a \$250 fine for doing so.

Press: No newspapers. A series of small radio stations keep news of the outside world on tap.

Manufacturing: None exists.

Utilities: No electric power exists.

Railroads: None exists...

Shipping: The Hudson Bay and Grenfell Association each have a small steamer. Motor boats and coastal schooners are the sole remaining shipping available.

Commercial Aviation: None exists. Interior mapping of Labrador is non-existent. What does exist is highly inaccurate.

SPECIFIC CONCLUSION AND RECOMMENDATION: Area #4 (Melville) offers by far the most advantageous site for an airport of all the sites examined. Speedy construction of the airport is urged.....

*Elliott Roosevelt, Captain, Air Corps, 21<sup>st</sup> Reconnaissance Squadron, July 6, 1941*

**MUSIC:** Takin' Care of Business --- some sort of The Lay of the Land.... **Bugle Boy of Company B.....**

*(Enter Surveyor from SI and Ike Riche from SR. Surveyor 'bosses' Ike in all aspects of surveying; they set up a tripod, precariously, on the moss; Ike is clearly the go-pher but he doesn't mind. Character moves from one to the other, peering through the scope or running over to adjust Ike's pole, moving his head from one to the other, mimicking and responding -- i.e., miming illustrations -- to the conversation)*

**Surveyor:** You done this before?

**Ike:** Nope....uh, sir. *(correcting himself)* No, Sir!

**Surveyor:** You know what we're doing?

**Ike:** Yessir. We're surveying.

**Surveyor:** Yes, good. Indeed. We're surveying. But do you know what that means? And do you know *why*?

**Ike:** Well, sir, as I understands it, it means we're studying the topography of this here berry bank, so's we can turn it into a world-class airfield -- the largest in the Western Hemisphere. Its immense runways, designed to take not merely the largest

aircraft now on earth but the largest aircraft in blueprint, will each be longer than any other airfield.

**Surveyor:** -----!

**Ike:** The Americans are going to build here on Labrador soil,(I assume with the consent of both the Canadian and Newfoundland Colonial government), a series of airfields to enable fighter planes to cross the Atlantic in one hop to the war zone and save the Allied cause. Up till now, these planes have been shipped, and many have ended up on the bottom, sent there by German submarines. But this airfield, and others like it, will reach far enough east that these fighters can make the distance.

**Surveyor :** Stand over there. A little left. Hold right..... there.

**Ike:** Why, even as we speak, Mr. Sidney J. Bird of McNamara Construction, and his helpers are running a trail from this site to the shore so's the eight freighters, when they arrive from Montreal, loaded down – proper *loaded down* (!) – with building supplies -- can discharge their goods and this massive project can begin!

**Surveyor:** Mr. Riche, how do you know all this?

**Ike:** Well, sir, I been trappin' all me life. Well, *part of me life*. I guess I got to know how to read the signs. *(he turns away abruptly, dropping his pole, which is caught by Character, who now assumes his role briefly, until the lights black out both him and Surveyor. Lights follow Ike to SR where he joins his wife, Mary, who is hanging clothes)*

**Mary:** *(without looking up)* It's good you're back, Ike. Two months up there is fine and good, but it's getting' late now for the season. Juddy's been askin' about you every day, wantin' to know when you'd be getting' back to start getting' things ready. He says your canoe's goin' to need some work and Mr. Simms down to the Hudson Bay says there was about 90 trappers last year, so you're goin' to have to look smart if you're going to keep up with-----

**Ike:** I'm not goin' out, Mary.

**Mary:** *(puts down the shirt in her hand and turns to look at him)* What do you mean? You're not goin' out?

**Ike:** I'm not goin' out. McNamara Construction is coming' in to build that Base. They're goin' to hire anybody who'll work. Mr. Sidney Bird – he's one of McNamara's bosses -- says 'All things start with a man and a camp axe'. Well, I'm a man, and I've got an axe, and I can get a *wage*, Mary. A *wage* ! I don't have to risk life and frozen limb for six months to *maybe* get a few dollars for the odd fox or marten!

**Mary:** What about Juddy? He's your brother-in-law. He's countin' on –

**Ike:** Nah! Juddy can trap better than me seven ways to Sunday! He's only tolerating me, Mary. He tries to teach me, but it's not the same as if I'd grown up doin' it as a boy, like he did. I missed out! Too many years in a boarding school in the States means I'm still trying to make up for lost time. I'm not a good trapper. And now, why would I be? A paycheque, Mary – every two weeks instead of two every year!

**Mary:** *(turning back to hanging clothes)* Well, at least I'll know where you are. I won't be worrying about you being hurt or upsetting the canoe, or –

**Ike:** Of course you won't! You'll be right there with me!

**Mary:** *(turning to face him again)* With you!?! Ike, what are you talking about? There's no place to live up there at that site. There's not so much as a tilt up there to Otter Creek.

**Ike:** I want you there with me. I want to come home to my family.

**Mary:** Ike, where would we live? We can't live in a -----*(she catches on: Oh, no! The lights move across with Ike and Mary to SL where Character is setting up a Labrador tent)*

**Ike:** *(walking with Mary, who is dumbfounded, and helping Character finish setting up the tent; character will remain inside)* It's just for now – I can build a little log cabin in the year...Mary? Look, I guess it's a lot to ask of a wife, but I've made the decision. It's a chance to make a living, better than we've had before.

**Mary:** *(going inside)* A house in Northwest River, with hospital, store, school, and friends, for a tent at Otter Creek with not so much as a decent footpath?! Clearly a step up, Ike. I hope that wage is worth it! *(she pulls the flap closed, just as Ike is about to enter, to explain.... Next, Character open the flaps, framing his head with them and looks out at Ike. Ike steps forward, hopeful, Character sticks out his tongue at Ike and forcefully pulls them shut again, isolating Ike).*

**VISUAL:** Bulldozer

**SOUND:** Bulldozer engine

*(Enter three McNamara foremen from SL, in suits, overcoats, and fedoras, moving in a unit, broadly, like bulldozers in formation, back, forth, and deep across the stage)*

**Foreman 1:** *(in the centre)* I tell you gentlemen, three bulldozers abreast, driving steadily through dense typical northern Canada spruce forest, making a swath as clean and neat as new plowed land, is a spectacle never to be forgotten.

**Bird:** I always say, “All things start with a man and a camp axe”. And now, we’ve done in five or six weeks, with three machines and three men, what would have taken 2,000 men a year to do by axe and by hand.

**Foreman 2:** *(during the following, Ike is joined by another construction worker, who helps him roll up the moss-canvas, moving from SR to SL, and replace it with the ‘concrete’ canvas, moving from SL to SR Character and Mary emerge from the tent to watch, tentatively.)* Three giant runways...and the minute weather permits, we’ll begin the cement-laying job: high, early-strength cement exclusively, and before summer is over, we’ll have smashed records for Canada and maybe even America! We’re talking 623,000 square yards of concrete, six inches deep, on those 6000 foot runways!

End Bulldozer visual and sound.

*(Enter All Personnel from various points on the stage, flooding the stage, adopting ‘work’ motions from laborer to office worker and actually “conversing” their lines as characters)*

**Group 1:** At the end of June 1942,

**Group 2:** less than 10 months after the first piece of equipment was landed,

**Group 3:** there were 1,700 service personnel

**Group 4:** and 700 civilians in the new Labrador settlement.

**Group 1:** By the end of 1942,

**Group 2:** there were 5000 service personnel

**Group 3 :** *(Ike joins this group)* and 3,000 construction workers.

**Group 4:** *(joins Mary and Character, taking down the tent)* In September 1942 the twenty-five families who had made their home at Otter Creek moved to Happy Valley.

*(All exit abruptly. Innu and Inuit enter from opposite sides and look for berries to pick. There are none. They cross and exit).*

*(Enter Ike and Mary. She mimes punching down a bread; he stands with his hands in pockets, contemplating)*

**Mary:** So will you take it?

**Ike:** I dunno, Mary. During the construction days, you could come and work a month and come back again. They were always glad to have you back. But now that the

Canadian side is done, the Americans...they want you to sign for at least six months. Now...now that's something else....!

**Mary:** Can you stand being told what to do for six months?

**Ike:** (*good-natured*) God, woman, you've been telling me what to do a lot longer than that!

**Mary:** Yes, but you've never listened. You have to listen to them!

**Ike:** The idea of being your own boss and then to go under another boss, no odds how good he is, and being told to do something instead of doing it in your own way, well it's hard to explain. You don't feel as though it is possible to do that or to be in one building about 40' by 50' to walk around in when you could be roamin' back in the country somewhere.

**Mary:** You could work for the summer, quite all right...

**Ike:** Yes, but when it comes time of the year to go trappin', there you are, you don't know what you're going to do. It's surprisin', I get that feelin' – it's more than I can stand almost, when the trees begin to turn yellow ...and the different winds you feel in the fall of the year....

**Mary:** Now, I wouldn't say 'I told you so' .....but you were the one who decided that a wage was a lot better than stretchin' a pelt....

**Ike:** I wanted to work and the most thing I could think about was if I could get work in Goose Bay, p'haps two or three months; I'd have a chance to buy a food rifle or a canoe. But now it looks like the Base is goin' to be here for quite a few years longer so we might even get a new home out of it. We might even get a better future out of it and change our way of living that we don't have to go back to the hardships of really livin' off of the country any more.

**Mary:** Well, that's just it then, isn't it? It's exactly changin' our way of livin' and you have to figure out that you probably can't have it both ways. Soon you won't even notice that the fall winds have started up or that the trees have turned yellow.....

*(American flag is run up by Character, as Ike and Mary exit, opposite directions. Character runs up to CS just missing them, with a cheque in hand, proffering it towards Ike, who has just left. He doesn't quite know what to do with it, and shrugs. Enter from SR three US military personnel, sleeves rolled up, marching to a snare drummer's beat. He looks towards them and they begin to hammer in rhythm. Three civilian workers enter SL and attempt to hammer, but they are out of sync. Gradually, their rhythm becomes more regular, until they are in sync with the military. They are joined by three sawyers, drillers, and truck-drivers, who work in drill-team formation, gradually moving*

around the stage,[introducing 12" black stage boxes] so that the drummer is now at UPC on the raised 'dais' that has just been 'built' by the workers.

Enter a sax player, trumpet, and ?, who strike up and join the drummer in **Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy** . Enter three **Andrews Sisters**, who sing. The construction workers and military men enter the 'dance floor', joined by girls who enter from various points of the stage. Character joins in the dancing, by trying to 'tap in' to various couples, but of course, he can't be seen, so, finally understanding that, he just enjoys dancing by himself among all the others.

At the end of the song, all couples keep their position and spot on the floor, in conversational poses, miming or talking very quietly (= a murmur), while **light moves and stays on Clara and Jim**, who embrace a little too long....eyes meet a little too intensely.... Other couples disengage from their own conversations to gradually notice this exchange. Character moves through the couples, embodying this awareness and studies Clara and Jim.

**Light down another notch.** On a beat, all other actors begin to move themselves (i.e., as couples walking home after the dance) and/or everything off the stage singing quietly, **We'll Meet Again....** . Character (concerned, questioning) is the last of the group and remains briefly CS behind Clara and Jim before leaving. Clara and Jim are the last to leave.

**Lights fade and come up again on empty stage**, with four young women who are working in the **Base Laundry**. Character joins them, at first puzzled, but learns as he goes... go with the flow!

**Bertha:** (*stirring a blanket in a tub*) My arms is breakin' with this – all this swabblin'.

**Alice:** (*joining her*) Here, let me help you. We'll be stronger than the men, when we're finished doin' this! We should make a song – you know, like the old sea shanties, to keep us all in time –

**Bertha:** (*cutting her off*) -- Swell: (*singing and moving the stick in rhythm*) "What shall we do with the drunken 'splunger'?" What rhymes with splunger?

**Lydia:** (*pulling clothes through a wringer; calling across*) Speaking of 'drunken' -- did you see Clara last night at the club?

**Dorothy:** (*folding blankets*) She wasn't drunk!

**Bertha:** Drunk with love maybe.

**Lydia:** That's what I was getting at. (*Olive enters carrying an armload of things from the line, and throws them down on the folding table. Dorothy starts to fold blankets with her*) She may not have been with a 'drunken sailor' but, airman, sailor, what's the difference? Looked like there was some pretty serious stuff going on between those two!

**Olive:** Clara, you mean? You better keep your voices down – she's just outside bringin' some things from the lines.

**Lydia:** (*lowering her voice*) Well, ok, but did you see her?

**Bertha:** (*looking 'deep into the eyes' of the splunger; mimicking*) "Oh, Jim! Take me away from all of this...this...laundry! Take me to a place where everyone has a washing machine of their *very own* – powered by a gasoline engine....or, a servant!

**Alice:** (*swiping the splunger out of Bertha's hands, to take on the role of Jim, clasping Bertha's hands in hers*) "Clara, my darling, come with me and you will never again have to wash clothes for the U.S. Air Force. Why, Buttercup, I'll take you home to Kansas, where everyone walks on a yellow brick road wearing ruby slippers!"

**Olive:** – and where they've never even heard of sand !

**Dorothy:** She was tellin' me when we came in this morning (*Clara enters, unnoticed*) that he wants her to marry him and go back to the States. He's not from K a n s a s – I think it's Iowa or Illinois or something like that.

**Clara:** Neither one. It's Ohio. (*all are quiet and stop working; embarrassed*) Oh! Am I interrupting something? (*she proceeds to carry a load of clothes to the folding table and drops them there*)

**Bertha:** (*quickly recovering and going back to work*) Oh, Clara! We didn't mean anything by it. We're probably all just jealous!

**Alice:** I know I am! He is so-o good-looking!

**Dorothy:** And it is true, isn't it, that he asked you marry him? That he wants you to go back with him?

**Clara:** Well, that's what he said. But I haven't said anything to my parents yet. You girls better keep this to yourselves. You know what they're going to say!

**Lydia:** (*mimicking*) Now, Clara, you be careful. You know those servicemen.

**Dorothy:** (*joining in*) One in every port!

**Alice:** and a wife at home, to boot!

**Bertha:** ....which may well be why he has one in every port! *(all laugh)*

**Lydia:** Or, ...he's only interested in you because he's here right now. He'll change his tune once he's back home with his own.

**Olive:** And, my goodness, what do you know of the outside world? You've only ever known life here; your family is here... What if it's all so different out there that you get homesick?

**Clara:** *(laughing, agreeing)* All of that! .....*(then, pensive)* They're going to say all of that!....

**Alice:** And you'll have to learn to drive! And you'll shop in a real department store!

**Bertha:** You can see a movie every week. You'll have your own telephone.

*(Clara begins to move a little forward, away from the girls, who continue, under, enthusiastically; lights begin to fade slightly)*

**Lydia:** Your kids can go to piano lessons.....Maybe even dance classes!

**Dorothy:** I'll bet nobody wears skin boots out there!

**Olive:** Fresh oranges and apples all year 'round – not just Christmas!

**Clara:** Yeah....Christmas.....I wonder how often I'll get to come back *(actors freeze, except Character, who steps forward slightly and observes Ohio sequence)*

*Lights dim on laundry; up on Ohio, where Mom stands in the doorway of her home.*

**Mom:** *(opening screen door to receive letter)* Oh, thanks! Oh, a letter from Jimmy! *(calling over her shoulder)* Harold! It's a letter from Jim! *(she rips it open, and scans it; puzzling a little)* and...he's...bringing...home...a...girl.....from.....Labrador – Oh, my!....Harold. *(as she turns to hurry inside)* Harold! Jim's bringing home one of those native girls! What if she can't read or write? What if she only eats whale meat? .....Harold!? *(exits; door slams; Character observes: 'Whale meat? Looks back at Clara. 'Come on! Oh, my!'. What's next?)*

*Lights down.*

**Visual:** Aerial view of Goose Air Base in full swing.

*(Two servicemen march out to Sesame St. theme, carrying a metal garbage can and place it CS. Then they turn, in formation and march out. Character observes this, then goes to inspect the garbage can, but is interrupted by Ernie and Bert. During their conversation, Character plays 'head-tennis' and tries to keep score between them...)*

**Sound: Sesame Street Theme**

**Voice-Over:** This decade brought to you by the letter P.

**Ernie:** *(enters from SR, carrying a large letter P)* 'P' is for PROSPERITY....and PEOPLE, ...and PAYROLL.... and.... PEACE (like, 'Peace, Brother!') ----

**Bert:** *(enters from SL, making the peace sign)* 'Peace'?! What are you talking about, Ernie? We're talking about the Sixties, here, and --

**Ernie:** Yeah, exactly, Bert. And the war was over, and everybody was walking around saying 'Peace, Brother', and --

**Bert:** They were saying that, Ernie, but in fact, everybody was pretty nervous and here in Labrador they were busy building the Melville Long Range Radar site and a network of ancillary radar sites along the coast called the 'Pine Tree Line'....

**Ernie:** Yeah, I know, Bert. But that's just it, see. They were keeping the peace by building these sites, and that meant prosperity....

**Bert:** And, really, it was all part of the *(he pulls out a large letter 'C')*

**Voice-over: Correction: This decade brought to you by the letter 'C'**

**Bert:** *(continuing)*..... COLD WAR... So maybe this decade *should* be brought to us by the letter 'C'. 'C' could be for: CHANGE, and CANADA, because by 1967, Canada had reduced its personnel to 60, and turned over airport operations and maintenance to Transport Canada. And, more and more, during this decade, Canada took over control of all radar operations, and by the *end* of this decade, they phased out operations on the Canadian Side, turning over buildings to the province, and moving to the *American Side*.

**Oscar:** *(pops up from garbage can; Character is quite startled by his appearance)* So.....! Hold it! You're both wrong, then ....as usual! This decade should be brought to you by the letter 'A', for ----

**Voice-over: (cutting him off)** --- Oh, dear! Wrong again! I stand corrected once more: what do I know? I'm only the announcer, paid a paltry sum by a huge American broadcasting conglomerate, constantly upstaged by a few empty-headed puppets who, over the next 35 years, will continue to struggle with their ABC's and never really

master them – the worst of them being really ugly and rude, to boot ! -- No, no, no! What was I thinking?? This decade brought to you by the letter ‘A’, obviously, for AMERICAN----

**Oscar:** *(looking up, impatiently; then continuing, cutting off announcer in turn) ---* Are you quite finished ? .....for.....*(drum-roll)*..... AVON !

**Ernie & Bert:** *(and Character)* AVON !!????????

**Voice-over:** AVON????!!

**Oscar:** A. For AVON. *(enter Avon Girls: Character is The Avon Lady, delivering orders; the Girls pour over catalogues; receive/open packages and try on lipsticks; smell perfumes from elaborate decanter bottles, etc.)* This was the ‘Biggie-of-the-Sixties’ !

Ernie & Bert: The ‘Biggie-of-the-Sixties’????

**Oscar:** Catchy, isn’t it? ..... Wait a minute! *(to Voice-over Announcer)* Did you say 35 years? Did you say ‘over the next 35 years’ ?

**Voice-over:** “...constantly upstaged by a few empty-headed puppets who ---“

**Oscar:** Never mind the ‘empty-headed puppet – schmuppet stuff’ –

**Voice-over:** “...over the next 35 years.....” Yeah. That’s what I said.

**Oscar:** Hah! *(turning to Bert & Ernie).* Hah! We’re all wrong! Sesame Street didn’t even start till 1970! *(sings)* “We are ahead by a ... deh-heh-cade...” ! *(laughs)* T h i s decade ain’t brought to us by **no** letter! Now, **scram!** *(he drops down into his garbage can; Avon Girls and Character are stopped short; dismayed. ‘Wha- at?’)*

*Lights out abruptly.*

**Ernie:** *(in the dark, to Bert)* Boy! I hope when Sesame Street does start up (in the next decade), that Oscar tunes in. His grammar really stinks.

**Bert:** Yeah. He’s exactly why we need a program like The Street. ...”**ain’t** brought by **no** letter” ! Don’t talk like that at home, kids.

**Ernie:** Maybe it should be the letter ‘M’.

**Bert:** We can’t talk about it, Ernie.

**Ernie:** For MOVIES. Movies brought a different world to Goose Bay during the Sixties.

**Bert:** Ernie. We can't talk about it. We don't exist for another 10 years.

**Ernie:** Oh, yeah. OK, Bert. G'night, Bert. *(sound of Rubber Duckie squeaking)*

**Bert:** G'night, Ernie.

*(pause)*

**Ernie:** Bert?

**Bert:** What is it now, Ernie?

**Ernie:** Do you think we'll make an impact when we get to Goose Bay?

**Bert:** TV has to get there, first, Ernie.

**Ernie:** Oh. When will that be, Bert?

**Bert:** Not for awhile, Ernie. Now go to sleep.

**Ernie:** OK, then. G'night, Bert.

**Bert:** G'night, Ernie.

*Music. BTO, Takin' Care of Business Lights up. Innu and Inuit appear from opposite sides of the stage. They are stopped at a Check-point by two Servicemen who ask for ID. Not understanding, Innu and Inuit remonstrate that they are only wanting to pick berries. They are turned away. Character meets them, as they are walking off, and tries to intervene, but neither they, nor the Servicemen can see him. He sets about looking for clues about what will happen next. Frank Moores enters brusquely and encounters Character.*

**Frank Moores:** Now then, now then. Here's an idea, here's an idea for you. Are you listening to me? Now here's the deal: Goose Bay's been on the go for awhile but we can't expect that it's going to continue to grow. Why, with the radar and a i r p o r t administration and maintenance being given over to the Canadians – and the port now being operated by Department of Transport – *not* the military, I point that out – soon we're going to be hearing that the Americans are leaving altogether, and where will that leave us? Right here, that's where. And with what? Some buildings to look after, that's what. Now, that's not industry. What this town needs is an industry, to set this province squarely in the 20<sup>th</sup> Century. *(Character looks around for a clue)* Now, I'm not talkin' fishing, mind you – we've already done away with the on the Island, and we've just

about fished you out up here on the Labrador, too. No, sir, I'm not talking about fishing! I'm talking about wood! *(Character looks around once more. Where are the trees at the airfield?)* I have a dream! I have a dream that one day..... all the pulp-wood from Labrador *(Yes? Yes?....drum-roll....)* will all be cut down.....*(Oh? This is a good thing?)* and.....*(Yes? Maybe this is a good thing...)* ....be shipped out to Stephenville for processing! *(Ka-ching!)* The Labrador Linerboard industry will bring hundreds of workers to this area to supplement RCAF, DOT, and DND employment. *(freeze)*

**Voice-over:**

**Ernie:** Bert? Do the Canadians spell everything they want to say?

**Bert:** What do you mean?

**Ernie:** RCAF. DOT. DND. What is that?

**Bert:** That's the way they talk, Ernie. When they get Sesame Street, we'll teach them differently. Why, you'll need more schools; new businesses will spring up; shipping will increase (remember, you're shipping the wood out to Stephenville...) – why, I promise you, Labrador will know prosperity like it's never known before! *(freeze)*

**Voice-over:**

**Ernie:** Is this the 'P' decade now, Bert?

**Bert:** What do you mean?

**Ernie:** There's that word again: PROSPERITY. Starts with letter 'P'.

**Bert:** So does PROMISE. Did you hear him say that, too?

**Ernie:** Yeah. Yeah, I heard him say that.

**Bert:** And POOR and PLANNING and POLITICS. You wanna know another 'P' word?

**Ernie:** Sure, Bert.

**Bert:** PREVARICATE. Know what that means?

**Ernie:** No, Bert. What?

**Bert:** To lie.

**Ernie:** You sure are smart, Bert.

**Slaterly:** Geez, old women and kids. What are we supposed to do with that?

**Jenkins:** Media, too. That's why we'll be very careful. Real good chance for this to turn into bad press.

**Dupre:** You know they're going to be here! We have to arrest them, though. This is military property. They can't be on the runway.

**Preston:** You can bet security will be even tighter after this.

**Slaterly:** Maybe we shouldn't have taken down those check-points, back in the 70's.

**Lavalle:** That's why they were there! Maybe you're right. This is the most civilian-accessible base in the world. And this is what we get for it.

*(Servicemen freeze)*

**Faith:** Grandmother, why do you do this? I want to go back now.

**Elizabeth:** You can go back. You go back if you want to. You don't have to do this thing.

**Faith:** But I want to be with you, too. I want you to be safe. I .... I just.....

**Elizabeth:** You ashamed? You ashamed of me? Of us? Walk like this....make a big word? Make a big picture?

**Faith:** A little. We look so.....so.....small.

**Elizabeth:** You listen, now. They are important. But we important, too. We not small. We believe in what we do. ... Don't you believe in us? Don't you believe we important too? Or only they are important?

**Faith:** I don't know, Grandmother.....

**Elizabeth:** You need to know. That part of the problem.

*(Innu freeze)*

**Chalmers:** All right, men. We're getting close now. Just keep the line when we get there.

**Jenkins:** What if they provoke? What if they scatter?

**Chalmers:** We've got the runway surrounded. They won't scatter. We'll exchange statements; then arrest one or two of the leaders. Then we disperse the rest and escort them off. That should do it. Comppppppppppppp...Halt! *(they stop in a line at CS; Innu now walk into place also at CS; Character is in-between being 'squished', and must play the role of peace-maker)*

**Elizabeth:** Ok. All stop here. And stay....stay here. Mary Jane you come. *(she and Mary Jane step closer to the servicemen's line.)*

**Chalmers:** I have to inform you that you and your party are breaking the law by being on Canadian Forces military property. You are in contravention of Article ----- and as a result of this I am placing you under arrest.....

**Elizabeth:** I do this because it important. People ask me, 'Why you do this thing? Why you walk like this on runway?' Why you break their law? I do it because I l o v e this land. I do it for my family; my people. I do it because....because it important. .... It so important I do this for my way of life.

You have a way of life? I have a way of life. You brought your way of life to mine; you fly right over my way of life. You crush me when you do that. You frighten the old people; you frighten the caribou. My young people don't know what to think.

You need your way of life? Yes. I need my way of life? Yes. If you arrest me, and that fix this problem – we both need our way of life – then good. You arrest me.

But maybe that no fix the problem. Maybe we talk. Better. Maybe that fix.

I no ask you to come here but you come anyway. And now you here. And I here. How we can both stay?

*Music: Beatles, Come Together*

*(Character has an idea. He summons two of the servicemen to him and positions their arms into an easel. He motions to a third man, and takes from him the rolled map, which the 'easel' men hold in place. Character plays mediator in working out an agreement about flying areas, proposing and seeking agreement from the two groups.. Eventually, Innu nod in agreement, turn, and exit SL. Servicemen all swing forward to line up diagonally (SR to DSC), backs to audience. Chalmers addresses them, as to a Briefing. Character assumes role of serviceman/pilot)*

**Visual:** still of runway with tornadoes, CF-18s, etc. in abundant supply or slideshow of series of sortie shots

**Sound:** whine of jet engines

**Chalmers:** The CAF is responsible for the coordination of all military flying from Goose Bay and is the agent for all foreign military. Goose Bay is the dispersed operating base for Canadian CF-18 operations, with four CF-18 aircraft permanently located at Goose in 1988.

Various foreign military have signed a multi-national memorandum of understanding allowing tactical flight training from Goose Bay from 1987 through 1997, with an option to extend for another ten years. Each country is allowed 400 personnel and up to 25 aircraft permanently located at Goose Bay at any one time.

The US operation is primarily logistical air lift with transport aircraft and over 2000 aircraft per year. They also conduct high and low level tactical flying as part of NORAD agreements.

Royal Air Force have 250 personnel and nine aircraft. They conduct tactical flying with all-weather Tornados. German Air Force have 350 personnel and 21 aircraft. They conduct tactical flying, primarily low-level training, with Tornado, F-4 Phantom and Alpha jets. Royal Netherlands Air Force have 130 personnel and 12 aircraft. They conduct tactical flying, primarily low-level training with the F-16s.....

*(Lights fade. All except Character exit as Cheerleaders come back onstage sadly, slowly chanting in minor key, and moving slo-mo. Character once more looks around to take his cue. He 'gets it' and moves to take down the Allied flags; Cheerleaders step up to help fold and receive them; Character embraces each contingent and waves a sad goodbye).*

**Cheerleaders:** ..... Weigh the trade-offs; weigh the price:  
Keeping employment is awfully nice  
But don't be fooled, *do* be clever:  
*Nothing ever lasts forever!*

**Sound:** National Anthems of Netherlands, Britain, Germany as flags come down

**Cheerleader 1:** On \_\_\_\_\_, 2003, the Royal Netherlands Air Force flag was lowered for the last time at Five-Wing Goose Bay and the last personnel left on \_\_\_\_\_. *(exit)*

**Cheerleader 2:** On \_\_\_\_\_, 2005, The Royal Air Force ceased its flight training and lowered its flag for the last time. *(exit)*

**Visual:** still of Bettina Reinsch and Elizabeth Penashue in the boat, July 2005

**Cheerleader 3:** On July 21, 2005, the German Air Force officially ended its presence at Five-Wing Goose Bay and said farewell to friends who had expanded our idea about 'culture' and 'home' and ..... 'friendship' (*exit*)

*Lights dim slightly; Character is once more left alone on a darkened stage. He scuffs at the tarmac. Looks around. What now? Sits down to think about things, CS.*

*Innu and Inuit appear at opposite sides of the stage and lay clumps of caribou moss along the tarmac. (or, pull them through) This brings them up to Character. He questions what they are doing; they smile; each extend a hand and pull him up to stand. They stand, Character in the middle, Innu and Inuit leaning backs-to-his-sides, drumming fingers against arms, looking up, waiting for the next developments. By now, they're smiling, not urgent, confident something will come along – and probably something over which they have no control....*

**Sound.** Clock ticking slowly

*Finally, Mayor Leo Abbass enters SL, with a large stage broom. He mutters as he sweeps up the moss....*

**Abbass:** (*muttering*) Well, I don't know what to do next. We try this, we try that. Funny little town, this. It goes up; it goes down, but it always comes back again....(*spies the moss*) Oh, now look at that! Seems there's always some kind mess left behind! Damn, messy actors....always leaving something for someone else to clean up....who'd of thought of putting caribou moss all over the tarmac? Good grief! (*spies Character*) You there! You work here? You want a job? Here's industry for you – go get a broom now and clean this up.

**Character:** Who, me? (*Looks around.*) Oh. OK, then. I guess that's what's next. Maybe I'm a janitor...or a stagehand. (*He quickly returns with a broom and starts to sweep.*)

**Abbass:** Wait a minute! (*he kneels down and takes some moss in his hands*) Wait a minute! (*turns to include Character, who leaves off sweeping and joins him, with interest*) Maybe there's something we could do with this....Maybe...maybe if it went back to moss, then the berries could grow....(*excitement accelerates the idea*)...and we could pick the berries.....millions of 'em ! We could hire hundreds of people (*now Innu and Inuit approach warily*)...and we could make redberry jam, and syrup, and tea, and liqueur, and potpourri, and candles, and expensive exotic vinegars.....and really *classy* bottles ! ....and boxed sets – gift sets – A WHOLE INDUSTRY !! ....

**Visual:** The Great Labrador Trading Company

...and we could market them all over the world on eBay!... and..... *(voice trails off as he leaves; Innu, Inuit take the broom and roll their eyes and shrug: 'Here we go again!' and Character starts picking berries,)* ... fruit leathers, and dried redberries like they have the cranberries now.....for cookies, y'know.....

*Lights fade. In the darkness:*

**Bert:** This next decade brought to you by .... HOPE.

**Ernie:** Say, Bert?

**Bert:** Yeah, Ernie?

**Ernie:** Unh, I know you're pretty smart and everything, but "HOPE" is not a letter. It's a word, Bert.

**Bert:** Yeah, I know that, Ernie.

**Ernie:** But isn't a letter supposed to be the sponsor?

**Bert:** Well, gee, Ernie. By now, we've been at this letter business for 35 years. Don't you think by this time we should be able to put the letters together into words?

**Ernie:** You mean, spell --- like those Canadians do?

**Bert:** Something like that.

**Ernie:** I see your point, Bert.....*(doubtful)* I think.

**Music:** **Hey, Look Me Over or Come Together or other.....**