

**St. Peter's School
Black Tickle**

presents

This Is Our Home

Cast

Grandmother
Grandson
Father
Mother, Kid 3
Mary, Kid 2
Albert, Kid 1

Dominique Keefe
Marcel Keefe
Desmond Keefe
Jennifer Keefe
Stacy Keefe
Daisy Keefe

Scene 1

(Grandma walks over to get a cup of tea, and returns to sit in her chair; she knits. Grandson is playing his Nintendo, DS)

Grandma: What do you have there sonny?

Grandson: That's my Nintendo DS. My God Nan, you don't know what a Nintendo DS is?

Grandma: No my son, we never had such things when I was your age. The most I ever played with was a doll and some marbles. And that's only if Dad had any lead left over.

Grandson: Lead!! Won't that break your fingers?

Grandma: It did hurt, but that's all we had to entertain ourselves.

Grandson: What happened to all the computers and televisions?

Grandma: We had nothing of the sort, my son. Back then it was hard times living in good ole Black Tickle. I could remember as if it was yesterday. There was no planes, running water, or ski-doo's and just one little store.

Grandson: Yes I say it was hard living.

Grandma: Yup, it was harder living then than what it is now that's for sure. Now put away that piece of contraption and let granny tell you a little story or two.

Grandson: What's the story going to be about Nan?

Grandma: Hold on to your britches there sonny and just pay attention to what I am about to tell you. I can remember it now, just like it was yesterday. Me mother came down yelling.

(Lights fade; lights up on other side of the stage)

Mother: Get your scrubbers and oil skins on Albert. Help your father, he's down at the stage.

(Albert enters)

Albert: God mother maid , I couldn't find my long johns. I never even had the chance to eat my stovecake.

Mother: Come on now Albert, you know better to keep your father waiting. Get your duds on and hightail your way down there.

Albert: Yah I know, Mom, I'm almost ready to go there now.

Mother: Now on your way down, don't forget to take them two sacks of salt down to your father.

Albert: Alright. See you supper time.

Mother: With the load I seen in your father's boat, it will take you well past supper time. Here -- take your stovecake now. *(Mother passes the stovecake to Albert, and Albert walks off)* Mary, get down here, I needs some help in the kitchen!

Mary: Coming, Mother, I was just finishing stitching my dress.

Mother: Come on, Maid, we need to finish cleaning the house and cook some supper for the working men.

(Mother gets to her knees and scrubs the floor, while Mary is scrubbing her clothes)

Mary: Mother maid, when you were making me, you should have put the bib of the kettle in me so I could be down in the stage, instead of scrubbing these ol' socks.

Mother: Stop complaining, Maid you should be happy you're in a safe home. Not like your poor father slaving to make a dollar! I had in mind to give you a back-hander.

Mary: Now, Mother, don't go talking like that. You knows I'm grateful for everything I got.

Mother: Never mind that now, Mary, shove some more splits in the stove, I'm almost clipped. We needs to get supper started, the boys will soon be here.

(Lights up on Grandma and Grandson)

Grandma: See, my son: boys this day and age got it way too easy, not like your elders had, to work in the stage all day long.

Grandson: Was it only the men that worked, Nan?

Grandma: Yeah, sure -- the men did bring home the dollar, but us women worked just as hard or harder. We had to clean the house, tend to the youngsters and garden and not to mention giving the men a helping hand.

Grandson: Oh Nanny, tell me more. I know the stories can't be over yet.

(Lights on Mother and Mary)

Mother: Set the table Mary, and wash up for supper.

(The men come in)

Father: Wife, maid, me and the boys was right on the ball today. I'd say we made about a 100 dollars today.

Mother: That's wonderful news. Now we can start stocking up on some flour.

Albert: We're all washed up now. How about we have some supper?

Mother: It's almost ready, my son.

Albert: What are we having for supper?

Mother: Couldn'ts.

Albert: What's couldn'ts, Mother?

Mother: Don't be so stun', Albert, it's what we couldn't eat for dinner.

(Everyone sits at the table)

Mary: So, Father, I was thinking, can I go out fishing with you tomorrow morning? I'm up early and I bet I'm probably better than Albert.

Father: Now Mary, I had in mind to give you a dog's knock. You know better to ask me that. The only place for a young woman like you is in the kitchen.

Mary: Well I thought...

Mother: Now, Mary, that's the end of it. Now say 'sorry' to your father.

Mary: Sorry.

Father: That's all right, maid, just don't let it happen again. No need to be getting on with such nonsense.

Mother: You know, Walt, our food is getting really short. It might only last us until late November or early December.

Father: If the frost comes early I guess I will be in Cartwright earlier than I thought.

(Lights turn back to Grandma and Grandson)

Grandma: You see there, Grandson, Black Tickle never had any stores. So when we needed groceries or anything for that matter, we needed to go to Cartwright, and spare along what we had all year round. Now I don't mean we used to get on our fancy snowmobiles and drive there, we travelled by foot, and the fortunate people had dog teams.

Grandson: How long did it take to walk to Cartwright?

Grandma: Two days, Sonny. That's if the cat wasn't in the bag.

Grandson: Cat in the bag. Don't you mean 'stormy weather', Nan?

Grandma: That's what I meant. And boy! Let me tell you, walking to Cartwright was not an easy task. But you know, even though we had rough times, we had some good ol' times, too!

Scene 2

Father: Betty maid, there's a big shindig going on tonight. Ambrose and the boys are playin'.

Mother: *The only reason you wants to go is to get on that blessed homebrew.*

Father: That's all right Betty maid. I worked hard all week long. Give me a break.

Mother: Sure you still got to get up early tomorrow mornin'.

Father: What's yah talking about, maid? Nobody works on a Sunday.

Mother: Yes boy, that's right too. Where is my head to these days?

Father: Anyways look, enough chin-waggin', go wash up, Betty-maid, and let's go to the scuff.

Mother: For God's sake, change that jacket, I can still smell the fish from the smarnin'.

(Father walks to the side and takes off his jacket)

Father: Come on, Betty, the snartch ain't getting any colder.

(Lights come on all the stage and the music starts [Rock and Roll King]; everyone dances and has a good time. Lights down on half of the stage)

Mother: Come on, Walt. We should head home, I still needs to put the salt beef on soak for Sunday's dinner.

Father: Yes, Maid, all me brew is gone. Just as well if we dodged home.

Scene 3

Grandma: Oh yes, boy, those were the good ole times. Everybody used to have a fine ol' jig.

Grandson: So Nan, when did you ever get a TV?

Grandma: Tell you the truth my son, wasn't that long ago. The fist satellite ever came to Black Tickle belonged to Bernard Dyson. Somewhere in the late 1970's.

Grandson: So did you ever get to watch much music or MTV back then?

Grandma: Never watched anything like that. Everyone crowded down to Bern's when hockey and wrestling came on. First time I ever watched Young and the Restless was down to Bern's. What an uproar.

(Lights up on the other part of the stage; everybody crowds around the TV, shouting and jumping)

Kid 1: Luh, luh, luh! Look at that! Third period, three to two! Never seen nothin' like that in my life.

Kid 2: What are you talking about? This happens every game.

Kid 3: Toronto always comes back and hits you in the behind.

Kid 1: In your dreams! They never won in a long ol' time now.

Kid 2: Go on with yah! At least Montreal makes it to the playoffs.

Kid 1: That's right! Toronto will be the ones playing golf!

Kid 3: Whoa, boys! See that?! Now Toronto just tied three to three! Told you they were going to bite you in the behind.

Kid 2: Take off your Toronto jersey -- they're gonna lose this game.

Kid 1: Only thirty seconds left in the period.

Kid 3: Oh no! It's a tie!

Kid 2: This don't look good for Montreal's ego.

Kid 3: Just you wait, Toronto is going to show all you guys up!

(Lights up on Grandma)

Grandma: Oh yeah, Sonny, there was definitely an uproar at Bern's house when Montreal and Toronto was playing. What a time it would be!

Grandson: What team was your team, Nan?

Grandma: My team was me father's team, eh: Montreal. But I rather sit back and laugh at the men arguin'.

Grandson: Sounds like you, Grandma.

Grandma: You know what, I have a little something to show you,. Just come along with me and I will show you something.

Scene 4

Grandson: What's in the chest, Grandma?

Grandma: That's what I need to show you -- all my treasures of the past are kept in here.

(Grandson and Grandma walks to the chest, and pulls out the snowshoes)

Grandma: See these snowshoes? These are what the men would wear, when they would walk to Cartwright during the winter. You know, just like I told you.

Grandson: Where did you buy them?

Grandma: We made them with our own two hands.

Grandson: Really?

Grandma: We made these, too. These are mukluks. *(holds them up)*

Grandma See this? This is the scrubber that we cleaned our clothes with. *(hauls out a photo album)* And oh my, just look at this! This is your Grandfather right here, cleaning the fish. And this one is one of our fine shindigs.

Grandson: Oh yes, Nan, we do have it a lot easier than you did back then.

Grandma: Yes, we did, but I sure miss those ol' times.

Grandson: Oh Nan, did you ever hear the song, Shane Parsons wrote and sang about Black Tickle. You would love it. *(turns on the song)*

Grandma: That was absolutely lovely, straight from the heart I'm sure. That is definitely someone who appreciates home. There is nothing like making Black Tickle your home.

Scene 5

(Music: This is My Home, Harry Martin)

Dominique: I was the second person to be born in Black Tickle's new clinic, and was raised here ever since.

Daisy: Just like Shane Parsons said in his song, Black Tickle doesn't have the luxuries of a big city but I wouldn't change a thing about it.

Desmond: Everybody is treated like family and nobody is treated any different than anybody else.

Stacey: We are proud of our background and the way our ancestors lived.

Jennifer: All the advantages and disadvantages of our small community is what makes us who we are.

Marcel: There is no other place I'd rather be.....

Everyone: Because Black Tickle will always be our home.