

**Written By:
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BLACK TICKLE

Character List

John (great-grandfather), Frank (Jeff's father) - Nolan Dyson
William (young) - Kaitlyn Keefe
William (old) - Cody Keefe
Jeffrey, R.fisherman 2 - Erin Keefe
Mary, R.fisherman 1 - Keira Dyson

Music

Heave Away - The Fables <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vdhdC0Mbqak>
Newfie Stomp <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BCcae9x799o>
Sons of Labrador - Gregiore Boys <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MCY0NOxj15Y>

Sound effects [2:47](#)

- Boat horn
- Rain storm
- Seagulls
- Door creak

Props

- Table
- 2 chairs
- Cup
- Boat cutout (**make this**)
- Bed and Blanket
- Nets

A Fisherman's Choice

Act 1

(Lights up center of the stage)

(Jeff creaks open a door and enters, William is asleep at the kitchen table with a half drunk cup of tea. Jeff taps William on the shoulder, startling him awake.)

Jeff:(Nudging Williams shoulder) grandfadder William b'y get up I gotta tell ya something.

William[O]: Gah! Whatcha want? I was enjoying me cup of tea!

Jeff: Dad's taking me fishing this summer!

William[O]: Frankies doing wha??

(William[O] sits up straighter in his seat, and takes one hard look at Jeff, as if to state an opinion with his eyes)

Jeff: I'm followin' ya footsteps, b'y. Dad's taking me out in his boat this summer for some quick cash and get me stamps.

William[O] *Annoyed:* What kind of ol' foolishness is that?? Whatchu wanna be at that for?

Jeff: Well the fisheries opening back up, and me fadder's taking me out with him this year! I think it sounds like fun, b'y.

William[O]: (Flailing his arms) Foolishness b'y. You can't TRUST the fishery no more. Good one year bad the next, why don't you go on to school and make something of yerself. School must be good for somethin', look at all the nurses and teachers that comes out of here!

Jeff (angrier tone): Be a teacher? B'y I don't want to be down to school as is, what makes ya think I wanna be a teacher? What's so bad 'bout missing a few weeks of school? I'm going with my fadder if you likes it or lumps it.

William[O]: B'y sit yer arse down, stop runnin' yer mout and listen to me.

(Jeff angrily pulls out a chair, sits down to the kitchen table, William sighs and rubs his chin)

William[O]: Jeffrey my son before you starts talkin' like you knows everything, lemme educate you on something. The fisheries may not be like they was years ago, but it's still hard work and I thinks you should know what you'd be gettin' into before you makes any decision.

Jeff (Annoyed): Whatcha mean by that? Of course it's hard work, pop.

William[O]: *(sighs)* Well y'knows it's hard work but you don't understand that the fishery isn't all sunshine and rainbows there Jeff; yes, the fishery is what built our community, but you can't go jumping into things before knowing the goods as well as the bad of it. Sit down son, let me tell ya a little story der now.

(Lights go down, scene ends.)

Act 2

(Lights come on, spotlight shines on William[O] sitting in a chair. Jeff is sitting opposite of William[O])

William[O]: Back when I was a boy like you, I worked with me father on his boat. I thought this was the best; I enjoyed what I did and it was easy money. But in the end, the long-lasting effect it had on the fish was worse than what me and the boys thought.

(Lights come off, lights shine on centre stage where William[Y], John and two fishermen are standing. Fisherman one runs up to William[Y])

Random Fisherman 1: Hey William! Yer fadder's lookin' for ya!!

(They pat William[Y] on his shoulder, and points to his father, John on the other side of the boat)

William[Y]: What's dad want now bhy?

R. Fisherman 1: I don't know bhy I'm just the messenger, so go check it out before he reddens ya.

(R. Fisherman 1 exits stage. William[Y] walks up to his father, and begin to chat)

John (looking worried): Doesn't look like we're gonna make our quota again today son.

William[Y]: Whatcha talkin' about? There's tons of ole fish comin in!

(William[Y] points to the nets and R.Fisherman 2 who is trying to untangle them)

John: Apparently the boss wants to increase their quotas. We're not gonna be able to make enough. May as well head back before the new rule takes place. They're raising it to almost 20,000 pounds now. Proper shameful my son.

(John walks off stage, the boat horn goes off. Light goes off and back onto William[O] and Jeff on the far side of the stage)

William[O]: We headed back to the docks, luckily before the quotas increased. There was a big ole uproar at the docks. People made a big ole stink about not making enough, but it still went on.

Jeff: What do ya mean by that? More fish means more money right?

William[O]: Not at all Jeff. Depended if it was a good quality fish. More fish that came in meant the more that needed to be processed, rushier process meant that people got sloppy and lowered the quality of the fish. No one made what they should've been. And to make matters worse, during the rush me father hurt himself while working, leaving me to do all the work, leaving me to support the family.

(Lights off of William[O] and Jeff, back onto centre stage where John is lying in a bed, surrounded by William[Y] and Mary, his wife)

John: Mary my dear, with my injury I won't be able to go out. How are we going to make the money? We need to support the family here, god knows William can't.

Mary: Williams basically a grown man bhy, he can support himself der now.

John: William! Support himself? Jeez bhy Mary ye gotta start thinking with a grain of sense. He's too stubborn to be at that.

(John waves his hand at William[Y])

William[Y]: Now come on, cut me some slack der now. What is there to it? Order the boys to lift the nets and freeze the fish? That's small stuff, by.

John: If yer that cocky go on and give it a try my son, But luh, just wait until you sees how hard it can be. Ya hear me?

William[Y]: Don't worry you'll see!

(Lights go down, scene ends)

Act 3

(Lights come up, heavy rain sounds play. William[Y] is trying to get the nets up, but cannot and the nets tear)

William[Y] Ah man! I did it now! Fadders gonna be so mad!

(William[Y] tosses the torn net on the ground, R.fishermen 1 and R.Fishermen 2 walk onto stage)

R.Fishermen 1: Weathers getting worse, my son! We should head back before we trash ya pops boat.

R.Fishermen 2: Water's some rough, I might toss my guts!

(Everyone runs off stage, lights shut off, rain sounds stop. Light comes back up in John's house.)

John: William bhy, ya ruined my nets and brought home nothing! Ya wasted more money than earned!

William[Y]: No fair dad! The water was way too rough today it ain't my fault!

John: You still ruined my nets! How're we supposed to get the fish now my son?

Mary: Stop being so rough on him, b'y. He tried his best. Plus, there ain't no fish out there anyways.

John: Well, I suppose you're right. We need to make money somehow though.

(Lights go down; Mary, John, and William[Y] exit stage. William[O] and Jeff enter stage)

William[O]: That night my son, we got a call on our radios saying the fishery was done. No more fishing.

Jeff: How'd you make the money then? If you had no fish, how'd you get food?

William[O]: We scraped by. Everyone was hungry that year. Couldn't even eat the fish we caught since we sold it all.

William[O]: Anyways after that rant, I think you should consider all the facts before you make any decisions,

Jeff: I think I understand this all a bit better, but I know dad's been pretty excited to take me out. Also, I think it would be pretty cool to learn some skills from my dad. But, I'll definitely think about it.

(Jeff stands up from the table and exits the stage)

(Lights go down)

Act 4

(Lights go up on centre stage. William[O] is sat at the table, Jeff and Frank enter stage)

Jeff: Ok I think I've come to a decision.

(Jeff directs Frank to sit to the table, then takes a seat)

Jeff: Now dad I don't want you to get offended, but I don't wanna go to work at the fishery this year.

Frank: *(standing up from the table)* Why in the heck not?!

Jeff: Now fadder sit yer arse down. I just think that for my first job it would be a bit.. Much? Plus my idea of enjoying my summer isn't exactly at the fishery. I'd like to spend some time with my friends. And if you're that tore up about wanting me to go to work I'll apply for a job with NunatuKavut or something.

Frank: Now buddy that's just laziness. You never crawls out of yer room, a bit of work would only do you some good.

Jeff: But I never said I didn't want to go to work, I said I didn't want to work at the *fishery*.

William[O]: My son you best cut him some slack. He's only a young feller yet and he has lots of time to work. Let him enjoy himself first, let him chase after the girls a little bit!

Frank: Now look at what you got done! Got his head filled with all sorts of thoughts der now.

Jeff: Now dad he don't have no thoughts put in me head! Yes he did explain to me that the fishery is hard but he didn't make any decisions for me.

(Everyone goes silent for a moment, Jeff sighs and looks at his father)

Jeff: Luh I'm willing to compromise with you dad. I'd be more than willing to go out in boat with ya and learn your tips and tricks but I am not going out at the fishery, that has been decided.

Frank: *(sighs)* Fine son I think I can live with that.

(Frank stands up from the table)

Frank: Alright well I'm going to put dinner on, shouldn't be long to slap something together, don't be long.

(Frank exits the stage, William[O] turns to face Jeff)

William[O]: Your father always likes making a big stink, eh? Proud of your decision, my boy?

Jeff: Yeah, I think it's the best thing to do. My dad is still happy I'm going, and I don't have to work for the fishery. I gots to be going, or fadder gonna yell at me for being late to dinner. Bye pop!

(Jeff walks out the door, lights go down. Everyone in the middle of the stage, and bows. Play over)

(Newfie Stomp plays as actors re-enter stage to bow)