



# WARM UP THE ICE CREAM

AN ONE ACT PLAY BY D. MORIN

## ABSTRACT

Scene: .....An ACTOR enters STAGE LEFT wearing a respiratory mask. He walks to a stage with a chair (CENTRE STAGE) and sits down. (DOWN STAGE RIGHT). The writer enters slowly after the actor. He is working is Smartphone and sipping a coffee. He is not wearing a mask, and sits on the couch. Social distancing.

Donald Morin

Playwright

## WARM UP THE ICE CREAM

Premise: An one act existential play about everything in between nothing, until a Native homeless man enters ON-STAGE from the audience. One act play written in the style of Woody Allen's Play; God , a Comedy in One Act. Pacing of the Actors at various times throughout this play's existence is akin to the maniacal, desperate and illusional qualities of life that exists for creator, producers, and artists as they brainstorm ideas of creations. Fast paced and at times scared, confusing and irrational actors performing these characters should crank it up physically and emotionally. Dysfunctional at the best of times but always in control as actors.

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RUNNING TIME: 30 minutes approximately

SIXTH DRAFT

February 19, 2022

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WARM UP THE ICE CREAM

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In order of Appearance)

ACTOR: JOHN SALVATION

WRITER: FRED FINIKY

SANDY CARDINAL

DIRECTOR: JAMES NICHOHLAS

HOMELESS MAN: HARRY WHISKEY RACK

WOMAN # 1

MAN # 1 WOMAN

# 2

STAGEHAND:

LADY near STAGE MAN

near STAGE

DONALD MORIN (A caricature)

WOMAN #3

HERMAN, son of WOMAN #3

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## WARM UP THE ICE CREAM

Street sounds , a door opens and closes. Off-stage.

ACTOR: (ENTERS STAGE LEFT.) wearing a respiratory mask. He walks to a stage with a chair (CENTRE STAGE) and sits down. Looks around , and waits. He looks at his watch, except he does not have one. Looks off stage left, right, then the fourth wall. Mockingly smiles. How the hell can we have a theatre show if we can not get together. It's empty! What's going on here, no support, no harassment, What's all the trouble?

WRITER: (OFF STAGE) This tweet says Please co-operation with management on our behalf!

ACTOR: Whatever that means?

WRITER: (ON STAGE RIGHT) It says here the corporations and governments will give us something to say!

ACTOR: We have to meet the needs of society, We can have a hundred Aborigines and lefties here to watch, protest, anything. Walk about, join us even!

WRITER: The Canadian Armed Forces were looking for stolen submachine guns.

ACTOR: Ya , I was there, a trailer load of fake Machine guns stolen off a film set. Surprised they didn't look at me. Was it publicized? That was like forty years ago

WRITER: Went viral, sort of like this thing happening now. Came out of no-where. See a bit here and there on the social feeds, A crisis being born on Facebook and twitter. A # 45 stand-in for the big dogs behind all of this.

ACTOR: Moments of discernment! This is the moment I want to bring up. For the last two weeks it's been a hot box outside. My brain's all heated up, you are hired to write it all down!

WRITER: What are you babbling about? You want to act and I watch you or what?

ACTOR: There are bound to be some of your attributes in any play. What about the play with the characters with no names? Stage for Who!

WRITER: Who? What? Ahhhh, Six characters in search of an author? Never heard of it, There wasn't anything worthwhile to write or say.

ACTOR: Yes there was!

WRITER No there wasssn't

ACTOR: Don't mess with me!

WRITER There wasn't, I was there when the auteur wrote the final line?

ACTOR: More like snorted the final line!

WRITER: Forget it, I can't work with you.....You can go now, Tell your agent, we'll get back to you!

ACTOR: No, I know great lines To be, To be....., Oh I see Queen Mab hath been with you! You foul leach of a gnat, I was born to be a star!, born to do the webcast mini series.

WRITER: YA mini alright, seeing by three people on an iPad. We can't have groups anymore.

The entertainment business is shut down. Artists out of work. You and me are lucky so .....

Okay Okay, We can write about the sensation of a drive by coffee serving bourgeois palace, a fancy third cup, fourth cup and refill coffee stop for the guy on the go!.

ACTOR: And the wrath of God destroys all the coffee crops in South America, The American corporation Dell, pours all the spoiled coffee beans into the Amazon, and well, let's say, the jungle wakes up with a buck and a bang.

WRITER: The play opens with a hairdresser having coffee withdrawal during a perm sale.....The beginning of a new revolution, sort of like the Boston tea party uprising, but with a reall Indians and a real ending.

ACTOR: That was not the greatest publicity for the Indians, a Mr. Dress up gathering, over a spot of tea? And it's not Indians now, it's first nations, aboriginal, indigenous,

WRITER: Ya, yay a, who cares. How about this? The show ends with the hero going to learn the kabbalah, the Torah, The Koran, Learn all the ancient writings of the antediluvian period of earth. Real deep stuff man

ACTOR: And finds out about the truth of all the world religions, Giants, UFOs, and other odd people? Like the serials of the 30s and 40s? To be continued next week?... It's a lousy ending. I'm the leading man here! Putting my name on the line here! I would like a pretty lady around, a Julie Roberts kind of a girl, no maybe a redhead like Rihanna, Ann Margaret. Head to the holiday Inn, rent a room, hit the lounge stage, etc.!...Hey why are you not wearing a mask?

WRITER: That would never work for the stage. We need concrete action here, nothing abstract. p  
It's my perogie-tive how the story unfolds, We need plazazz, horror, some blood, bad  
medicine, a juicy sexy romance!

ACTOR: How boring, How heterosexual I am not working for no B movie, or amateur hour!

WRITER: I bet 20 bucks you would!

ACTOR: Maybe for 2000, I've been in this business for years and deserve top dollar.

WRITER: I have not seen you in one show yet!

ACTOR: You were out of town, all those extra gigs add up.

WRITER: Right, we'll just cut all your bit parts out and make a collage of your career!, This was his life,  
North Hollywood at 5 bucks an hour

SANDY CARDINAL: ( In AUDIENCE) When is this dam play starting?

ACTOR: What? Who? What's going on here? Who said that?

SANDY CARDINAL: Sandy Cardinal, I am an Annisnabe kwe, I secured a degree in your white man  
Institutions and this is the worse piece of theatre I have ever seen! And why are you  
Not wearing a mask?

WRITER: It's my perogie-tive, and who are you to Coitus interrupt us?

SANDY: perrogie-tive, who write this crap, that's not a word.

ACTOR: I never wrote it, I get paid for my work, what about you?

WRITER: Well, not if you're Ukrainian perrogie-tive It's my perogie tive. See, sounds just fine  
Everyone take off your masks now! Why don't you come down here?

ACTOR:: What are you doing, she can't come down here, She's human, maybe a feminist. It's just you  
and me here.

WRITER: And what are we Cyborgs? Relax, go with the flow! It's the new normal. Mostly anyway

ACTOR: Hold on Lady, you just can't come on stage in a middle of us working here!

SANDY: (She ignores John SALVATION FRED). Fred?...Fred Finiky?

WRITER: How do you know my name?

SANDY Fred, it's me Sandra Cardinal, remember you came out to our rez and gave a literacy workshop

WRITER: Literacy? You kind of remind me of this girl from junior high school, I snapped her bra strap  
in the canteen line-up.

SANDY, Wasn't me, (To ACTOR) Don't even think about! You'll get slapped with a sexual assault charge so fast... I'll, I'll,... It's a Metoo moment, so six feet back buddy!

ACTOR: You got a hockey stick? Pandemic rules in Canada. I would never, no no, Never, never, I just wanted to introduce myself. Name's John Salvation, you can call me Johnny if you like. We can go and get a coffee?

WRITER/FRED: You can't do that, we are a little busy at the moment.

SANDY: I can always come over after. What is the work about?

ACTOR/JOHNNY: Don't know, I just got the script this morning, (He looks to the audience and grimaces') it's a new work.

SANDY: Well, you both have to work on the material, people paid top dollar to see this new play online! And in all these six feet cubicles with viewing visors. Sort of like Virtual reality but with propaganda blinders around us. Like closet theatre guess.

WRITER/FRED Who cares about them? People say that everyone pretends that we're all art crazed plathetics, love, love, love art, etc. We all still talk about somebody we know every five minutes.

JOHNNY: He didn't mean that, He hasn't had a hit for some time, Indian time and boy that's long!

SANDY: Yes, we're talking about the audience now. You shouldn't say that The audience is an intelligent being (Rather dry)

WRITER/FRED: Oh really? Nice being, nice being, play dead, come on play dead...Good! They're such good beings!

SANDY: Enough of this

WRITER/FRED: Okay okay, I 'm sorry, Don't know what came over me.

ACTOR/JOHNNY: Look Buddy. Fred, I'm here for you.

MAN: (CROSS from STAGE LEFT to CENTRE STAGE. Excuse me, Excuse me! Is this a part of the program, I drove in from Southern Alberta, Blackfoot Country!, Scary place if you're a Cree. (He Waits near Sandy sort of geekishly by her.).....

WRITER/FRED: You can leave now, you only have one line.

MAN: What?...you the director ? JAMES, James Nicholas, can you straighten this writer out?

DIRECTOR/JAMES NICHOLAS: (Laughing, ) Tansi Tansi? Great Great work, all of you, I`m JAMES NICHOLAS. ROCK CREE, and I am not afraid! (Laughing)...Fred...be a bit more egotistical, you`re the playwright, don`t forget it WRITER/FRED:

Right, I`ll finish the draft tonight.

ACTOR/JOHNNY: How did I do?

DIRECTOR/JAMES NICHOLAS: Sandy!, Thank you. Miigweech for interrupting, I liked what you did!  
You an actress?

SANDY: I am more of an activist, kick ass all those honkies who drive by with their big SUVVVs!  
I just came down to hear the word! Word`s the word! Spirit mother working from the ground we walk on! Hey Ya!

DIRECTOR/JAMES NICHOLAS: As above , so below I would think? Do you sing?

SANDY: I didn`t like what those two men were doing. Nothing really.

DIRECTOR: You didn`t like it?

SANDY: I did I did! A bit didactic, narrative was straggly. I`m going back to my seat, Smarten Up

DIRECTOR: Straggly? Something to do with the actor then. Okay, I got to go, wound a knee, merde!

ACTOR JOHNNY: Why`s everyone coming down on me for? I was told to be here. I did my job! What kind of director are you?

WRITER FRED: He said you stink, you`re nothing, you sit by a tree and ear worms, nothing for the birds a twist on stage. You had it right in front of you! You don`t drop it, Who said you had to talk?  
Get that blood in your eyes.

ACTOR/JOHNNY: Right, his eyes were blood shoot, he was sitting there, eyes more glazed, he laughed, an evil laugh, He grabbed a knife , she screamed!....Don`t forget the mustard!

WRITER FRED: Boy , she was some spread.

ACTOR JOHNNY: Fred?

FRED: What John?

JOHNNY: You hired me for the big times right?

FRED: Sure John, why wouldn`t ? You were a two bit actor screaming for a, for a role!

JOHN: It beat putting your heels to the ceiling with the DIRECTOR!

FRED: There`s no need to discuss sexual preferences.

JOHN: Ask the actor playing your part.

FRED: What do you mean?

JOHN: I am digitalizing this conversation right now as we speak.

FRED: Digitalization, what you're taping our show? Is that it? Let me see.

JOHN: On one condition.

FRED: What's that?

JOHN Persuaded the director to extend my part!

FRED: Come on John, that's risking my neck on the block! There's plenty of work in this town.

dinner theatre, street theatre, just go quietly.

JOHN: We are in the middle of a pandemic, what audience? What theatre show?

We live in a dam hologram!...Forget it, I'll take all this data, and go write my own play!

FRED: It's an invasion of my privacy, my work, intellectual property, cultural authenticity, you're a fraud, just an actor! What is this some form of domestic terrorism? Deviating from the new normal. It's over Johnny. This is all an illusion.

JOHN: You're suppose to write a play of the last few minutes

FRED: WE changed our minds, I talked to James earlier, we went to a sweat. That's why he wants a re-write.

JOHN: A sweat? A SWEAT! What the fuck are you talking about? How come no one tells me of these changes? I'm the one risking my neck on the boards! The critics will tear me apart .

FRED: I'm sorry John, Can I have the recording now then?

JOHN: Why not..(He rips a snapcam off his shirt and the taped portable drive taped to his body) Ow!

Dam, it crashed. Now what am I to do?

FRED: Do nothing relax, you want to tweet someone? (He pulls out his Smartphone and offers it to John.

JOHN: Just sit here and tweet?

FRED: We can talk about it.

JOHN: I don't want to talk.

FRED: Are you mad now?

JOHN: No I 'm confused.

FRED: You can tell me, Everyone gets lost now and then.

JOHN: I do not want to talk.

FRED: Want a candy?

JOHN: Candy?

FRED: Hot mint!

JOHN: No chocolate?

FRED: Tomorrow

JOHN: You going to be here?

FRED: Probably, play on the net for two more weeks.

JOHN: Show? How?.

FRED: Our show, a command performance

JOHN: Not for me, I'm a little off.

FRED: No way, you're terrific, You can thank the writer right now for the words coming out of my

JOHN: Ass! (HARRY WHISKEY RACK enters SR carrying a medicine bundle. He sets it centre stage) Huh?

FRED: (Shocked) What?... Who are you? (Harry Ignores him and blesses them) FRED AND JOHN are  
incredulous.) Friend of your Johnny?

JOHN: You don't belong here.

HARRY: The Director told me to wait for him here.

JOHN: He's not coming back till tomorrow.

FRED: What do you think Johnny?

JOHN: You want my boots? How about my leftovers? They're up in the alley by the NDN bar!

Ask for SHIRLEY, she'll give you a glad bag to help dig it out of the thrash!

FRED: Don't make fun of him, he could be spying for some agency or even the director! Or homeless.

JOHN: Ah you don't trust the Indians either! It's a land claim ploy, I know it.

FRED: I don't trust anyone, maybe a priest, but even then they are just as horny and corrupt as all  
those other bad assed people around life.

JOHN: Not everyone.

FRED: you have a point there. The Good, the bad, and the ugly show up at births and deaths, but it is the good ones that guide us and protect us, protect humankind from the perverts, the criminals, the demonic spirits of the air!

JOHN: (He indicated craziness) Well , this guy here isn't one of your intangible demons, he's just a aboriginal man who has yet to find his way. Hey did you get you Covide recovery package yet?

IS that it? (Indicates bundle)

FRED: He's here for the re-write then, something gotta make sense in this farce!

JOHN: Sounds confusing.( to HARRY) What do you think Chief? You got any good words to share? A play  
Maybe a song to two?

FRED: The guy's rather quiet. Your first time on the boards?

JOHN: Stage fright, wouldn't doubt it, It happened to me back in some fashion show I choreographed!  
It was my birthday, I lost my train of thought, stumbled onto stage, frozen, I was helped off. Later, we  
were sitting around some chocolate cake, and the director pushed my head into the  
cake. Wasn't sure whether to eat it or wipe it off my face.

FRED: If I only had one!

JOHN: What are you talking about?

FRED: Nothing

JOHN: Come on Fred, I feel hassled here....What did you say old man? You saw Fred here make fun of  
me? Grimace behind my back?

FRED: This is ludicrous (To audience) Look, I am sorry, Why don't you all go browse somewhere else?  
Click back tomorrow, we should be off book by then.

WOMAN #1: (In audience.) You are dam right! This is the lousiest stage work I 've seen in my whole life!  
I want my money back!

WOMAN #2: She's right!

WOMAN #!: I'm leaving. ( The two WOMEN exit the room.)

FRED: Go on , get out of here! You'll be playing bit parts for the rest of your lives if I had my way!

JOHN: Why don't you say something, Prepare yourself, the world's going to end, no more chances  
To make tones of money! It's all going to disappear because of the rapture! (The two

WOMEN return to the front of the stage.)

WOMA 1 & 2: Chorus) Did we do okay? Do we get a new algorithm? Do we read up on Euripides, Media, and the great Odyssey?

FRED: Ah Homer wrote the Odyssey. Awus! maybe we can see you girls down at the Citadel bar later after the show. Sit six feet apart, yell out our conversation with large long drinking straws for our liquors. Save us a twelve-foot square space for six people please. (to John)  
You get anything out of him?

JOHN: Not a word, not even a syllable! We will have to strength our tactics

FRED: Waterboarding, that would work.

JOHN: He's not a terrorist , not even close

FRED: Well according to the Vancouver Sun, the RCMP and INSE; we've have been calling the Native People terrorists every since Wounded Knee, the oka crisis, Gustaferson lake, 911, and the pipeline crap in Northern BC, .so give me. Give me something to work with!

JOHN: (Pulls off his belt and grabs a HAT OFF\_STAGE LEFT) Hey, Chief!, Crazy Horse, Geronimo, what is your name anyway?

HARRY: Harry Whiskey Rack, named after my great great great grandfather out in Enok, He built the community's first liquor store, long before North West mounted police showed up. Every time , those people rode by his community at sundown, my great great great grandfather would give them his special blessing.) He indicates the blessing)

FRED: What's that mean?

HARRY: Up your ASS and your horse too!

JOHN: I think I am going to be sick, ( He feigns sickness, and squirms with his butt) That's got to hurt both them and the horse.

FRED: We have ways of making you talk! When are the terrorist going to strike? When are they going to show their big hit? The final number? The recurring virus? What's it going to be? Cats, dogs, gold fish? Explosives?, Anthrax? dirt shit bombs? Answer me dam it!....you try talking to him dam it!

JOHN: Excuse me Chief Whiskey Jack, What you got in the bundle? Candy coated safes? (HARRY gives John a huge slap across the face, flooring Johnny)

JOHNNY: HEY! What you do that for? FUCK, you're done man, assault! Man, you saw that Fred!

FRED: Candy coated safes, that's pretty hoarse.) Even I can tell, that bundle is something important!

JOHN: you're hopeless, (to HARRY) We don't need you, Get out of here, I'll give you people a break,  
Leave now and I won't have you charged, convicted and thrown away to rot in some super jail  
for Indians!

FRED: That's conservative country for you? Stack the Indians and minorities onto of one of another and  
called it a rehabilitation centre

JOHN: There's no need for him to be here, so get rid of him!

FRED: You do it, you're the guy craving some action! Throw him out!

JOHN: Hey buddy, Hit the road, It's a nice look, but it's not working, you're not my type! Fred? He's not  
Moving!

FRED:.....Hang On, I've got a brainstorm

JOHN: Well, don't warm up the ice cream with that Einstein brain of your, We'll need something to cool  
us off after the run

FRED: That makes a lot of sense John! You expect the general public....

JOHN: Yes sire, right away sire, anything you like sire, Should I be a clown sir, rabbit sir, tree sir, mouse  
Sir? Should I die or fly sir? Be a silly rat sir?

FRED: No rats in Alberta, outside of a few human rats, you are pushing the envelope John, Stop it.

JOHN: Don't John me! I'm just the actor....Harry's lips are still sealed!

FRED: It's the seventh seal! I knew it, Jesus?

JOHN: What are you talking about?....Jesus?.... you think so?

FRED: Go behind him!

JOHN: No hold on there Fred! This isn't making sense, All this talking, prophesising, Do this do that,  
Do that. Words twirling in my head, What is going on here? My inner monologue?

FRED: We all have it John! Try harder Johnny, Come on Johnny try or we'll get another actor.

JOHN: .....I'm trying! He seen my work, I been acting on the boards every since the troupe came into  
town, We toured all the time!

FRED: I don't like where we are going? (He pulls out his Smartphone.) Call me when you're ready to

work. I got a re-write to look over. (He ignores John and Harry.)

JOHN: I don't care, you are like an over rated actor. Give Harry a script, and then we'll see the litany  
Of concerns!

FRED: I'm busy, leave me alone!

JOHN: That's it Harry, where's your script? What is it this time, oil sand problems, our fuel stinking up  
your ratless land again? You guys moping about your disappearing traplines? I've heard it all before  
Harry!, tell me something new here!

FRED: Hey, it says here The government's going to use twitter more to communicate to their  
Constituents...It says here, Hello Canada, Harper seals banned in Europa, Inuits scold  
Ottawa on banning of whale fat delicacies

JOHN: this is becoming very absurd, I wanted a few good lines, something of substance, something  
Canadian, I am sick of all these Shakespeare wanna bees and Woody Allen social degradations

FRED: Why does Woody Allen always come into the equation?

JOHN: I liked his music, clarinets player, and the fact that he married his adopted daughter

FRED: you are sick. A pediphile? (HARRY chants a bit) He's saying something!

JOHN: This could be it! Brave Chief of the western world, What knowledge are you going to partake to  
us? (BOTH FRED and JOHN wait by Harry for his big words) What words will you share to us on our  
humble knees? FRED: Don't be a ham John,

JOHN: Quiet, I'm on a role!

STAGEHAND: (Yells OFF-STAGE) Internet Theatre closes in ten minutes!

JOHN: TEN MINUTES! Our play! What about our play? I wanna call my agent. Let me borrow  
your cell!

FRED: No way man, Network time is expensive, talk isn't cheap anymore

JOHN: My contract, what about my contract, I need this play Fred. Help me out here!

FRED: Get your own fucken phone John!

JOHN: I need a valium then, you got a valium? 10 mg, 5 mgs?

LADY: ( Near front of working area.) Excuse me! Here`s one, I got two, three, no four! (She hands John  
the pills.)

JOHN: (Looks at the pills and throws them back at the lady near stage.) I said valium , not Viagra,

Jesus Christ!

FRED: Is this for real? Look Harry!, You are the cause of all this! If you just stayed on the reservation, instead of coming here, we wouldn't have all these social problems with your kind.

JOHN: Ya, I know, once you leave the reservation (He indicates slicing his neck) they say it all the time in the movies!

FRED: Ya, go, show closes in ten minutes anyway! We don't need another blow horn!

JOHN: Dam it I quit!

FRED: Please, we can't help it, It's our job, A way to make a few bucks

JOHN: I need a valium!

FRED: you don't need drugs, Just remember the fucken lines!

JOHN pulls out a package and pours out a line and takes a long snort.) Ahhh, that's better! ( Very fast and hyper now) I can give it one more shot, Let me prepare, (Vocal runs) La la lal la la la!( One more octave)La la la la la la! The director's going to fire me anyway!

FRED: I thought I could work with you!

JOHN: Obviously, no one cares, you don't care! What's life about anyway?

FRED: Sorry Johnny, I did not want it to end this way

JOHNNY: Maybe Harry has a learning disability. After all you take their land, culture and language away and give them whiskey jack, something is bound to give.

You know any sign language How about smoke signals? (Harry gives John a dirty look and flicks his hand at him)....hey...I feel a pain in my head.

HARRY: (Sings to the tune of Mary Poppins Spoonful of sugar song) A bad piece of medicine makes the Moonyass go down, the moonyass go down, Moonyas go down A bad piece of medicine helps me in a kick ass way!

Fred: It is hard to find the natural changes in our existence.

JOHN: We can improvise something, anything! We can have Harry here be the educated Native, , the hero, that's me.. would come in with thunder, lighting, sort of THOR LIKE, speak some broken

English to Harry's people, and voila, We can get rid of the Indian problem!

FRED: Who wrote this dam script anyway? What Indian problem?

HARRY: (He looks out and does a take to the audience) I don't have a problem, do you?

JOHN: Hang on my big line is coming, I can feel it...What brings thy tortured soul to sit on thy rump?

You have a solution for our people? Are you the tenth seal?

FRED: Jesus! I don't believe you, YOU'RE MISSING THE EIGHT BALL, Let's just forget about him and get back to our lines!

JOHN: Speak to me or I shall plunge this sword into my heart!

FED: You don't have a sword John!

JOHN: I don't? Ya, I guess you're right. Speak to me you fucken savage! Your people are driving me nuts.

Never happy, never content, you guys show up when you want, upset the status quo!

Get over it, get use to it, We stole your land, fair and square!

FRED: I don't feel so good, (Fred collapses on the boards, John rushes to him, helps him and he flips his head to Harry.)

JOHN: What did you do to him? You swine! You come to steal back your land, my role? I know my contract, what do you call it? treaty?

HARRY: Broken treaty if you insist.

JOHN: I must honour every word on this piece of paper! I act what the writer wants! I prepare! I can walk off this stage right now and take up farming, mining, forestry, whatever, We don't need a theatre for your concerns, so beat it!

HARRY: I have an oral suppository here for you! 500 and some years worth, you got a minute! (He flicks his hand again. FRED and JOHN begin squirming on the stage, struggling with each other trying to breath, stand up, sit down, constantly moving, at one point, both are scratching their butts while Harry talks.) From a simple, simple, simple Ob, ob, ob serve serve, observation, we just learned, learned, learned, and left! We can learn about our our our our selves selves self we can learn learn learn, learn, and then we forget! Wasn't that a nice show dear? What show deary? Someone should produce a nuclear dirt bomb about that one Create an agi prop film, talk mega bucks, government bucks, tax bucks, all for the big dogs, while the masses go home and cook supper. We can scrounge every dollar we can find, we cannot do nothing anymore, we will break our dependency on you, you and you! I don't want to be nothing, I want the biggest HARRY (CONTINUED): role in the universe! In the world! I know, I can play some sort of spider god, transformer Raven, something God dam it, to get the reality in your fucken

moronic heads. I can play God, change mountains into mole hills, rip flies apart by horses, Call people up with big egos ! Whatever they say, they get their point across, He's so big, they made an entire history of him on five cent bubble gum cards. The big shots backed him up! Hollywood was on the hot line, The world heard the news, Mad man kills 3000 people in a two trick plane rides and our fast food society changed forever. 20 more people killed in a fast food society. Great family drama for the consumer and the traditionalist. Is it real? Dial for change, challenge for change, change, change, change change, but, but, but but, I (prays with bundle) I I can't, can't, can't! Human error gets the best of me, I'm imperfect, you're imperfect, Bin Laden is imperfect, how about the capitalists! What about them raping mother earth, poisoning mother earth and we all sit, walk, drive, eat, shit and sleep on the ground like nothing wrong is happening? Suck Mother earth's tit purple, what are we doing today? I can go crazy, you can go crazy, demons can enter my mind, the movies, and the newspapers. We suck it up like fantasy bread and wine from Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ, that's another story as us pagan in a promised land get shot down by your people because of the Vatican doctrines, sealed in earth, heaven and hell, till the end of days. I think we're getting pretty close to that now! So now I can make millions as you pay me big money to shut up, suck up to the rest of the Indians, be productive members of your society while you let my brothers and sisters die naked in Jails, dirty in back alleys and jails like Frank Paul in Salish Territory and and Mr SilverFox in Tlingit territory up in what you call the Yukon! Ya, I made millions in your stock market, but my pockets had no linings as you stole from us fair and square, I had no sex because your residential school priests took that from me. I had sex, but it wasn't for me, I has sweat but it wasn't for me, the taste of skin for the priestly foes, for the pervert foes, all who wanted our aboriginal children for their dirty sexy games! I'm no cannibal, I'm not stoned, but you are, and you are, and you are, We get high on life, oh, what a lovely boy, what a lovely girl, come here and I will teach you to grow up real fast, you fucken pig, you fucken dog! Look at that sunset and all those people buying their consumer life away and away! I own my suntan, what about you. Copper tone?, I own my food, my hotdog, spill my mustard, get mugged and who's yellow for life? In every direction for every girl and boy on this

fragile planet, you are all sucked into the basic lie of capital town, and the dirty tar sands around you poisoning your blacken lungs! I listen to the chimes and crack pipes around church lane on 96 street and see my people left scratching the pavement for a dirty living while fancy cars head off to fancy bars laughing from payday to payday, sucked into the paper money time and plastic credit schemes. All night long, all day long, tell me, are you hiding now? When are we going to stop the madness of the everyday, the madness of the corporate dying blues, When are we going to stop and smell mother earth above the ground instead from the cremated furnaces of time and the wooden boxes underground, We are all guilty of sucking the big lie, cause we believe the state machines, the state media and the lies taught in every school in town, nothing left for chance or grace. So we reached the final thrust, the final burn out, the final crunch after the old millennium, in this new age of terror loose on earth from the depths of heaven to the heights of hell. We see it in the mirror every day as our bones protrude from our mirrored faces. Scream like Mother Theresa, lie like the pope, president and prime minister, we all die like my people on skid row, black or white, red or yellow, the four races are melting as Dorothy looks for Osama's Oz. NO more ears to listen just the echelon machines breaking down our language thrust over wireless waves and optical lanes of propaganda and Hollywood icons dancing with the stars! So A, B'C' DIE, fall down that social ladder and become just like me, yes sir, I owe four planes, two boats, sixty cars, and half of Cree territory in this city, Hey, you got a quarter for a cup of coffee? Earth Mother, can I have a bigger allowance of grace please? Mom, what's a devil? Oh I don't know dear, ask your father, Holy father I guess. Dam it Why didn't the nuns give me a straight answer? Foster homes and residential schools almost did us in, but we never left, we never completely died and people still lie behind everybody's back! Sorry, She and he are better than you, so head back to the rez, or hang out over here where you are out of sight and out of mind! Tee hee! Stop Stop Stop Stop those planes in mid air, reach for the stars and spread the great spirit and dreams of Kitchi Manitou, Your disease shall be no more, make it so!

FRED: Who does your writing?

HARRY: No-one, the Great Spirit.

JOHN: It wasn't necessary to go on and on, Who the hell do you think you are? Allah, Buddha, Jesus Christ?

HARRY: Tell the director I quit, As an oral storyteller, I switched to Verizon! It's faster and cheaper. (HE EXISTS)I leave the bundle for our clan mother, you find her! It is a national issue for us all.

FRED: Don't know why he was here and why he was there and everywhere!

JOHN: See you Harry! I'll drop by the reserve some day! (to FRED) NOT!

DONALD MORIN (Caricature) Enters when Harry Exists STAGE RIGHT) Excuse me, Excuse me, I created you people I think you two boys missed my point entirely You see, first I would create this audience and pick people out and then taken them away, You guys are in my own little reserve! Tee hee.

SANDY CARDINAL: Mr Morin, Mr. Morin, What about me? What About James, the director? I am totally lost here!

DONALD MORIN: I decided to put you in a dirty stereotypical TV series, FATSTONE I believe I called it Come see me after the show! Mr. Nicolas died after I finished the script, so his part was limited!

JOHN: Look who are you? I never seen you before!

DONALD MORIN: Donald Moron, I mean Morin, No one special, I just felt like writing a play, you got a problem with that? I wanted to write something funny so!

FRED: you find this funny? It's stupid , inhuman, disgusting, ridiculous, dumb, racist, stereotypical, Everything! We're being moulded like Cottage cheese, it stinks everywhere!

WOAM IN AUDIENCE: This is pernicious! What is this Satan worship, I'm real. My Christian God created me!

HERMAN: But mom, I'm enjoying the play!

WOMAN IN AUDIENCE: Herman, move it! (HERMAN GROANS)

DONALD MORIN: I had to get rid of her, she was blowing my cover!

MAN IN AUDIENCE: Before, before the show ends, I would like to find out what play you folks are going to do?

SANDY: Mr Morin, Mr Morin, Yoo Hoo!

JOHN: Not her again!

DONALD: Yes Sandy, What can I do you for? I mean do for you?

SANDY: Well, I gave it a lot of thought and I decided to help you with your play. As keeper of the

medicine bundle, as Harry was too, we would create a play about Native and Non-native relations, and how good medicine can help us heal. We would start a theatre workshop, hire actors to play the wild man, medicine woman, who would then use theatre and ritual to create a sense of change and growth. Healing the broken circle so to speak! We will show how this country was taken over by mad capitalist dog men, who ran government and industry and used money to sell-out all the native leaders on reserves, in the cities and in Ottawa. The theatre's objective is to fight systemic racism, get all street people and homeless people off the streets into meaningful creative workshops, tell their story, fight the mad dogs of industry, a total revolutionary practice, Regional cultural practice fight globalization and the war machines! totally stoked right?

DONALD MORIN: Sounds like a reasonable plan of self government. I like it Sandy, you got apart in my next provisional government. You want to come to my office later draw up the treaty, I mean contract! (Smiles at her)

SANDY: I am the clan mother, We must prepare the medicine bundle for the blessing

FRED: And what about John and my buddy here? What are we going to do?

DONALD: you're staying on! Let's continue!

FRED: What do we call ourselves then?

SANDY: How about the rise and fall of the New World terror Machines. Clan Mother Earth Style!

DONALD: A bit pretentious, but I like it, we're going on, Johnny! Where are you Boy?

FRED: What about you opening the play with a poem or something?

JOHN: (to FRED) A walking quacking monologue, thanks!

DONALD: What do you say about me?

JOHN: Nothing, A wise quack! ( He runs off stage and peeks back on.)

DONALD: (To JOHN) Last time I use your mouth to say something snappy! (To theatre troupe) All right!

Everybody off stage, and someone gets this fly off my had, it's bothering me! (STAGEHAND comes on with a fly swapper and chases an imaginary fly. We hear the buzz over PA system.)

STAGEHAND: yes sir, Right way sir, Come here, boy, here boy, buzzzzzzzz, buzzzzz Come back here!

DONALD MORIN: All right All right! Don't get carried away! Ladies and gentlemen, After much constant debate, innuendo, and lies from members of our society, this nightmare of a play shall begin! Drum role. ( A traditional drum song starts, Donald gives a take off-stage.) From the depths of

humanity, indigenous relations and systemic racial blues, The Indigenous Coffee company presents the rise and fall of Fast Food in this Pandemic Age of Terror in the Western world! Starring FRED FINIKY, SANDY CARDINAL, JOHN SALVATION, and a cast of aboriginals and whites, I give you Double Double here's more trouble! A One act in four minutes Indian time! Remember, keep yourself protected, private, safe and eat your food with the world's conscious behind you....(Silence)

FRED: (Enters Stage left.) What's going on here, that's no intro!

SANDY: (Runs on stage) Help, Help, Artists are capitalizing on our missing women!

FRED: Sandy, We're a little busy right now, Can you hold on for a second, we are having some major dramaturgical problems here!

JOHN: What? Sandy!!! I'll help you, Where is that overgrown bureaucrat? I throw him to the pigs! Where are they?

HARRY: (Comes back on in a suit) Good evening, good evening, Here goes nothing. We plan to serve the people but we must be cut off. Job restraints terror certificate checks, we all have them and they are necessary, Our young people cannot be warriors forever, they will settle down, score a nice euro-Canadian chick and we can have more mixed babies. Neat eh? All cultural protocol, intellectual property now becomes part of the traditional tribal leader mission statements and all individual initiatives shall be scrapped. All foreign polices shall now be from an traditional indigenous perspective and lead by a signatory aboriginal matron of mother earth, A clan mother so to speak,, and one more thing, we have to retrain the writers, they are too assimilated, and show how this country is mismanaged and mis-directed by ultra right wing fascist of the Capitalist pig dog war machines... I'm serious! They want to sell out country to the neighbour down south! The ka ka ka USA NADA ! Shit, so much for turtle Island

JOHN: Us whites are become a minority! The ethnic immigrants are taking over. , how can we defend ourselves?

FRED: For Christ sake John, Shut the fuck up, , If It's not in written form, shut the fuck up, actors!

John: My grand daddy fought for this country in the Great wars.

FRED: I think we should have a revolution, create a new founder for our free world! Start with bohemian traditional clans mother relationship, banish capitalism, learn to grow food and crops again, hunt traplines etc.

HARRY: Not to Bad for a whitey! I like that!

SANDY: We can direct the clan mothers in all the great cities, Paris, London, Washington, Berlin, Moscow, Greenland , RIO everywhere

FRED: What about Toronto, that's where I'm from?

SANDY: You are? Don't sound like it, me too!

FRED: What do I sound like?

SANDY: An American! I know you don't like criticism once it is all written, but re-writes are essential for change and understanding by all cultures not just the class system. That 's a dying remnant of the imperial decay.

FRED: We have a new government today, a majority, who's going to listen to the people?

SANDY: We're the people, we will make them listen!

JOHN: I need some direction here!

SANDY: Who will look after the poor and disabled?

HARRY: We will find a new leader from the woods of time! A babe in the woods will appear and perhaps life will change for the better, but I doubt it. It is already getting worse out there. A tribulation of change

FRED: It's the leader that's important, not the party.

SANDY: Isn't there benefits of having years in power?

HARRY; Big business gets in the way!

JOHN: you just wait, in three years, after 2012, everyone will see that nothing has changed! Votes will be counted, dictatorships will continue and consumerism will reach an all time high! More phoney plastic people with credit cards and deficits.

FRED: We cannot change the world , only help shape the minds of children to come! You cannot stop monster minds in little minds killing the innocent! Harry said, we can go crazy, loose it in an instant.

Tears flow for a minute, memories of the history of a human kind! All writing is pigs

hit, that's what Antoine Artaud said. I am now starting to see the light of day what he meant?

SANDY: Leave us alone, let us live our remaining days in peace!

FRED: Peace and politics are a dying business

JOHN: Can you change the way cultures and human think?

Sandy: revolt, REVOLT, ENOUGH IS ENOUGH CLOSE THE SHOPS, HIT THE STREETS, All street and real people of the world unite, we can change the status quo, use the government for the people revolt!!! Fight the system! Change! No justice no peace!

JOHN: Dam it I am quitting If this isn't the lousiest show I have ever been in! Come on Sandy I had it!

SANDY: A quitter, Figures. What about the revolution, a new ending of the status quo? It will work! We need a climax!

JOHN: I'll give you a climax, you want a climax! I'll give you a climax. ( He screams orgasmic) I can't stand this, I am an artist! Not a foil for some crazy writer! What have we decided on? Some jerk comes on interrupts us interrupts us and keeps us in this farce! I hate politics, I hate writers, I hate being a phoney, working with this shit. You don't know what you are talking about!

SANDY: Well it is happening everywhere in the world. Libya, Syria, Yemen, it is real as you are now

FRED: Okay, the play doesn't work, but at least we had a good dump of words here! (laughing) Harry was the one who changed everything, I just followed the script

JOHN: Whatever!

FRED: I hate that word! I HATE IT

SANDY: I have nothing to blame here! You men made this world we live in, you guys fucked it up. It is us women who saved your ass's

HARRY: Just like how us indigenous people saved your white ancestors colonial asses in your first winter here! Big mistake if you ask me!

FRED: We're not asking okay!

JOHN: you call this culture, Intellectual property! Bullshit It's useless, a sour play!

FRED: Well take two aspirins and get some rest, I am leaving this farce! Sandy, How about we head off to the rez for some of your homemade bannock?

SANDY: Just like Kokum use to fry! Sure!! (SANDY and FRED leave, as JOHN is dumbfounded!)

JOHN: Great Nothing left, an empty stage again. (Yells off stage) You think you guys are getting off easy!

Forget it. I don't need a script to voice my opinion, I can say whatever I like, Whatever I

like.....(Long pause, Donald enters Stage right busy writing his last lines, hands John

his sides and leaves quickly) Whatever I like. Period. Warm UP the Ice Cream, Stupid Title.

(He looks out to the audience) Anyone there? CURTAIN.

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