

A PLAY BY
TOMSON HIGHWAY

**Dry Lips
Oughta Move To
Kapuskasing**

FIFTH HOUSE PUBLISBEERS
Saskatoon Saskatchewan

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Lights up on the upper level, where we see this bizarre vision of nanabush, now in the guise of Black Lady Halked, nine months pregnant (ie., wearing a huge, out-sized prosthetic belly). Over this, she wears a maternity gown and pacing the floor slowly, holds a huge string of rosary beads. She recites the rosary quietly to herself. She is also drinking a beer and, obviously, is a little unsteady on her feet because of this.

Fade-in on the lower level into Spooky Lacroix's kitchen. Dickie Bird Halked is on his knees, praying fervently to this surrealistic, miraculous vision of "th eMadonna"(i.e. ,his own mother) ,which he actually sees inside his own mind. Oblivious to all this, Spooky Lacroix sits at his table, still knitting his baby booties and preaching away.

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SPOOKY:

Dickie Bird Halked? I want you to come to heaven with me. I insist. But before you do that, you take one of them courses in sign language, help me prepare this reserve for the Lord. Can't you just see yourself, standing on that podium in the Wasaychigan Hill Hippodrome, talking sign language to the people? Talking about the Lord and how close we are to the end? I could take a break. And these poor people with their meaningless, useless...

Pierre St. Pierre comes bursting in and marches right up to Spooky. The vision of Nanabush/Black Lady Halked disappears.

PIERRE:

Alright. Hand it over.

SPOOKY:

Startled out of his wits.

Pierre St. Pierre! You went and mixed up my booty!

PIERRE:

I know it's here somewhere.

SPOOKY:

Whatever it is you're looking for, you're not getting it until you bring the Lord into your life.

PIERRE:

My skate. Gimme my skate.

SPOOKY:

I don't have no skate. Now listen to me.

PIERRE:

My skate. The skate Gazelle Nataways threw at you and just about killed you.

SPOOKY:

What the hell are you gonna do with a skate at this hour of the night?

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PIERRE:

Haven't you heard the news?

SPOOKY:

Pauses to think.

No. I haven't heard any news.

Dickie Bird gets up and starts to wander around the kitchen. He looks around at random, first out the window, as if to see who has been chanting, then, eventually, he zeroes in on the crucifix on the wall and stands there looking at it. Finally he takes it off the wall and plays with its cute little booties.

PIERRE:

The women. I'm gonna be right smack dab in the middle of it all. The revolution. Right here in Wasaychigan Hill.

SPOOKY:

The Chief or the priest. Which one are they gonna revolution?

PIERRE:

No, no, no. Dominique Ladouche, Black Lady Halked, that terrible Dictionary woman, that witch Gazelle Nataways, Fluffy Sainte-Marie, Dry Lips Manigitogan, Leonarda Lee Starblanket, Annie Cook, June Bug McLeod, Big Bum Pegahmagahbow, all twenty-seven of 'em. Even my wife, Veronique St. Pierre, she'll be right smack dab in the middle of it all. Defense.

SPOOKY:

Defense? The Americans. We're being attacked. Is the situation that serious?

PIERRE:

No, no, no, for Chris' sakes. They're playin' hockey. Them women are playin' hockey. Dead serious they are too.

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SPOOKY:

No.

PIERRE:

Yes.

SPOOKY:

Thank the Lord this is the last year!

PIERRE:

Don't you care to ask?

SPOOKY:

Thank the Lord the end of the world is coming this year!

Gasping, he marches up to Dickie Bird.

PIERRE:

I'm the referee, dammit.

SPOOKY:

Watch your language.

Grabbing the crucifix from Dickie Bird.

PIERRE:

That's what I mean when I say I'm gonna be right smack dab in the middle of it all. You don't listen to me.

SPOOKY:

As he proceeds to put the little booties back on the crucifix.

But you're not a woman.

PIERRE:

You don't have to be. To be a referee these days, you can be anything, man or woman, don't matter which away. So gimme my skate.

SPOOKY:

What skate?

PIERRE:

The skate Gazelle Nataways just about killed you with after the bingo that time.

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SPOOKY:

Oh, that. I hid it in the basement.

Pierre opens a door, falls in and comes struggling out with a mouse trap stuck to a finger.

Pierre St. Pierre, what the hell are you doing in Lalala's closet?

PIERRE:

Well, where the hell's the basement?

He frees his finger.

SPOOKY:

Pierre St. Pierre, you drink too much. You gotta have the Lord in your life.

PIERRE:

I don't need the Lord in my life, for god's sake, I need my skate. I gotta practice my figure eights.

SPOOKY:

As he begins to put the crucifix back up on the wall.

You gotta promise me before I give you your skate.

PIERRE:

I promise.

SPOOKY:

Unaware, he threatens Pierre with the crucifix, holding it up against his neck.

You gotta have the Lord come into your life.

PIERRE:

Alright, alright.

SPOOKY:

For how long?

PIERRE:

My whole life. I promise I'm gonna bring the Lord into my life and keep him there right up until the day I die just gimme my goddamn skate.

SPOOKY:

Cross my heart.

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PIERRE:

Alright? Cross your heart.

Neither man makes a move, until Spooky, finally catching on, throws Pierre a look. Pierre crosses himself.

SPOOKY:

Good.

Exits to the basement.