

# **Red Fish**

By Bill Nagel

## Cast

Paul

Joseph

Willy

Bernie

Norman

Tap

Jerome Jerome

*House lights fade as drum music rises. It is a solitary drum, beating methodically yet with purpose. The sound of two motorcycles in the distance fades in and out. The drum and motorcycles slowly fade out as the stage lights fade up on the inside of an old rundown isolated log-cabin-style tavern located on an Indian reservation somewhere in the Pacific Northwest. The year is 1980 and it's early evening in the late summer. There is a large window looking outside at the dense forest with an entrance door next to it. On the opposite wall there is a long bar that is occupied by three Indigenous Americans. The walls are covered with pictures of fishermen holding their catch, old fly rods, and many stuffed fish. Willy, the large barkeep and owner who is in his early 40's, is behind the bar tying flies. Joseph is sitting at the bar drinking a beer. He is in his late 40's, dressed in colorful hippie wear, has long hair, a hat, and sunglasses. Paul is upstage leaning against the bar, snapping bottlecaps with his fingers aiming for an empty bucket across the room. He is in his mid-20's and dressed in work clothes. He snaps a bottle cap, pause, snaps another, pause.*

Joseph: (To Willy) You catch'em with those?

Willy: Sometimes.

Joseph: The big ones?

Willy: If they are any out there.

Joseph: You mean they fall for that?

Willy: Sometimes.

Joseph: Can't they tell the difference?

Willy: Between what?

Joseph: Between those and the real thing.

Willy: Guess not.

Joseph: You'd think they could. *(Picking up one of Willy's finished flies)*

I mean, this doesn't look like a mosquito.

Willy: That's a Stone Fly.

Joseph: Wow, no wonder. *(Pause)* Doesn't even look like a Stone Fly.

Willy: To a fish it does.

Joseph: Pretty stupid fish.

Willy: Hey come on man, don't get your greasy finger all over my flies.

Joseph: Stay cool, just checking it out.

*(Paul comes behind the bar and gets more bottle caps)*

Paul: *(To Joseph)* Hey drink some more beers, getting low on caps.

Joseph: I'm working on it. Hey why don't you re-use the ones on the floor?

Paul: Too dirty.

Joseph: Well then clean the floors.

Paul: Don't work here.

Joseph: So? *(Paul resumes snapping)* Hey, ah, why don't you clean the floors Willy?

Willy: Later.

Joseph: For sure. *(Pause. Walks over to Paul)* Hey Paul, wanna buy some smoke?

Paul: Wanna give me a sample?

Joseph: Not of this stuff, it's too good to give away.

Paul: Don't give me that man, it's just your usual home grow.

Joseph: Hey this is special stuff, really looked after it, special seeds, got'em from the big city, best soil, southerly exposure, buds deluxe.

Paul: Sure I'll take some.

Joseph: You got it, as soon as you lay me some dough.

Paul: Next Friday.

Joseph: Sorry...

Paul: Come on, I'm good for it.

Joseph: No go, cash and carry.

Paul: Hey don't be such a tight ass,... well fuck ya... I don't need your stinking shit. *(Resumes snapping)*

Joseph: Come and see me next Friday. *(Back to Willy)* So, which one catches the most?

Willy: Depends...

Joseph: On what? The position of your crotch?

Willy: Time of year, weather, morning or afternoon.

Joseph: You catch'em out back?

Willy: Use to, big ones, all the time. Now the dam going in have to go further upstream, way back, up in the mountains, fish the little streams, find new spot, the place where they hangout.

Joseph: What kind you making there?

Willy: Royal Coachman.

Joseph: That a good kind?

Willy: Best for me. Caught a twenty-three-pound steelhead last year with one of those.

Joseph: No shit?

Willy: Right out back, just threw it in and bam, it hit. Took me half an hour to land her. What a fight, my pole was bending to beat all hell, thank God I had my graphite, any other would've busted.

Joseph: For sure.

Willy: But I held on, letting her take it out a ways when ever she wanted, slowly work her back in, taking my time, I knew she took it deep, she wasn't going anywhere, just a matter of me working her right, let her tire herself out and slowly bring her in. She gave a fight, but I got her, took me awhile, but I got her, twenty-three-pounds.

Joseph: Wow, what a trip.

Willy: Don't see many fish like that around here anymore, not like in the old days when you could go out and scoop'em out with your hands.

Joseph: What'd you do with it?

Willy: Huh?

Joseph: The fish. Where is it?

Willy: Put it back.

Joseph: Wow, what for man? That could've been one hefty meal.

Willy: I wasn't hungry.

Joseph: Yeah, but a fish like that you catch once in a lifetime.

Willy: I know. *(Continues tying)*

Joseph: Wow, she must've been a bute, twenty-three-pounds, she must've been a bute.

*Pay phone on the wall rings*

Paul: I'll get it. *(Picks up phone)* Yeah? Hey Tap what's up? Un huh... yeah... same old shit... nothing... yeah I know... Hey I don't care... what? I'm not coming back, no way, I ain't gonna work for that bastard... see how he gets along without me... I could give a shit, I'm not taking no more, you heard what he called, yeah but he likes you, he always had it in for me from the

beginning... yeah... yeah... okay... sure... yeah, I'll be here, sure,  
sure, see ya. *(Hangs up)*

*The far-off sound of two motorcycles slowly fades in and out*

Joseph: Got canned, eh Paul?

Paul: *(Continues snapping)* Bastard.

Joseph: Working on that dam too tough, huh?

Paul: Bastard.

Joseph: Those guys are bad news man, working with all that cement  
does something to ya.

Paul: Bastard.

*The sound of the two motorcycles gets louder and closer*

Joseph: I've seen those guys, they don't come in here, but I've seen'em  
in town. You've seen'em haven't ya Willy?

Willy: Not unless they fly-fish.

*Two motorcycles drive up and can be seen through the outside window*

Joseph: No, not these guys, they don't do nothing like that. But if you  
saw one, I know you'd know what I mean. You can tell just by  
looking in their eyes, they got that certain look, you can tell  
that they just aren't concerned with the same things we are.

Paul: Bastard

Joseph: Don't know, I've never talked to'em. How about another beer  
Willy?

Willy: How about you Paul?

Paul: Sure.

*Chugs what beer he has. Willy hands them both a beer. They drink.*

*Pause. We hear laughter outside. Pause. Bernie and Norman, both in their mid-30's enter. They do not look very intimidating even though they are wearing leather motorcycle riding gear. Bernie holds on to a spark plug. They sit at a table.*

Norman: I told you to fix that before we left.

Bernie: Hey, I wanted to get going, thought it'd make it.

Norman: No way. *(Pause. Norman looks around, Bernie works on cleaning the spark plug)* You hungry?

Bernie: Naw, that bag of tortilla chips did me in. *(They laugh)*

Norman: How about a beer?

Bernie: Yeah, we might here awhile.

Norman: Huh?

Bernie: What?

Norman: Beer?

Bernie: Good.

Norman: Alright. *(Goes up to Willy at the counter)* Ah, could I get a couple of beers? *(Willy nods. To Joseph)* Passing through and his spark plug screws up.

Joseph: Wow.



Norman: Huh?

Joseph: Wow.

Norman: Yeah. *(To Willy)* Hey,... uh... you got any pitchers?

Willy: Yeah, I got'em.

Norman: Oh, well could I get a couple... I mean a pitcher and a couple of glasses. Might be here for a while. Thanks. Any gas stations open around here?

Willy: Not now.

Bernie: Don't worry Norm, I can fix it here.

Norman: Okay if he fixes it here?

Willy: Three bucks.

Norman: Huh? Oh yeah, here ya go. *(Hands Willy money)* Thanks.  
*(Takes beer and sits)* Hurry up and fix that thing.

Bernie: Hang tough, I need to go get my mini file. *(He goes. Pause.*  
*Norman drinks, Willy ties, Joseph stares, Paul snaps. Pause.*  
*Bernie re-enters with a box)* Here we go.

Norman: Poured ya a beer.

Bernie: Thanks. *(Pause)* Funky joint.

Norman: Yeah.

Paul: *(Pacing, snapping bottle caps, to himself)* There's gonna be a fight tonight.

Norman: You cleaned it?

Bernie: Come on Norm, give me some time.

Norman: How long we been here?

Bernie: Not long enough for me to clean this spark plug.

Norman: Seems longer.

Bernie: Come on Norm, don't acted so stoned.

Norman: Who's acting?

Bernie: I'll have this fixed in no time. Done it a thousand time, can do it  
with my eyes closed, with one arm tied behind my back, just  
hang tight.

Norman: Yeah.

Bernie: Un huh.

Norman: Huh?

Bernie: We're in no rush, take our time, see some country, drink some  
beers, ride our bikes, smoke some smoke, relax, drift, flow with  
the river.

Norman: What the hell are you talking about?

Bernie: Being poetic, fresh air does that to a person.

Norman: Fresh air my ass.

Bernie: Come on Norm, this isn't like you.

Norman: Yeah? Well it's probably the fresh air.

Bernie: And smoke.

Norman: Naw, I can handle that, it's this fresh air that has me going.

Bernie: Just breathe deep Norm, you'll get used to it.

Norman: Well just hurry up and finish that thing so that we can get going and enjoy this vacation.

Bernie: I'm doing it Norm.

Paul: *(Still pacing and snapping)* There's gonna be a fight tonight.

*(Pause)*

Norman: I've got to go to the bathroom.

Bernie: Then go.

Norman: I can't.

Bernie: Why not?

Norman: I don't know.

Bernie: Look Norm. they're right in the back.

Norman: I know.

Bernie: Then go.

Norman: *(Pause)* I can't.

Bernie: Come on Norm, you're not that stoned.

Norman: Yes I am.

Bernie: No you're not. If I can fix this carb then you can go to the bathroom.

Norman: I can't move. Bernie let's get out of here.

Bernie: I'm working on it norm, drink your beer, go to the bathroom.

Norman: Would you come with me?

Bernie: Norm...

Norman: Please?

Bernie: For Christ sakes Norman, would you quit acting so stoned and go to the bathroom.

*Bernie resumes cleaning. Pause. Norman looks around. He stands up and moves towards the bathroom, his head is looking down. As he passes Paul, Paul lets out a yell and Norman jumps. Paul, Willy, and Joseph laugh. Bernie looks up. Norman goes into the bathroom. Pause. Paul paces*

Paul: There' gonna be a fight tonight.

Joseph: What's this?

Willy: Polar bear fur.

Joseph: Wow, where'd you get that?

Willy: Where the hell do you think?

Joseph: From a polar bear. You just put some on this hook?

Willy: Hey don't touch! I'm letting it dry.

Joseph: Stay cool, just pointing. Hey Willy, don't polar bears eat fish?

Willy: Guess so.

Joseph: Then the heck do you want to put that on your fly?

Willy: Because it helps create the illusion of a fly.

Joseph: But fish don't eat polar bears. I'd think they could smell this or something. It certainly doesn't look appetizing to me.

Willy: You ain't a fish.

Joseph: Neither are you.

Willy: But I know what they like.

Joseph: Polar bears.

Willy: You see it's not the individual ingredients, but the way you form them that counts. A little of this, a suggestion of that and before you know it, you know what they like. So you give it to'em. You just don't throw it together, you create, build, mold, not the real thing but better.

*Hear toilet flush. Long pause. Norman comes out. As he passes Paul, Paul snaps a bottlecap. He sits.*

Joseph: All I thought fishing was is a hook and a worm.

Willy: Fishing can be what you make it, just like anything else.

Joseph: So true man, so true.

Bernie: How'd you do?

Norman: I do'd the best I could.

Bernie: What'd that guy say to you?

Norman: I don't know, I don't speak the language.

*Joseph gets up and slowly walks to Bernie and Norman. Takes his time, as if he has nothing else to do so he makes the most out of the simple things*

Joseph: You guys ain't from this here part of the woods.

Norman: Who us?

Bernie: Nope.

Norman: Naw, we're just rambling through.

Joseph: Where you headed?

Norman: No where.

Bernie: Who knows? Where ever we feel like going.

Norman: Somewhere away.

Bernie: Out in the hills, go camping.

Joseph: On your motorcycles?

Norman: Yeah.

Bernie: You know any good places to go camping out in those hills?

Joseph: Sure, I know plenty of places but I ain't no guide.

Paul: *(snapping a bottle cap)* There' gonna be a fight tonight.

Joseph: You could get lost in them hills.

Norman: We got maps.

Joseph: Yeah, but there's a lot of places that aren't on that map.

Bernie: Really?

Joseph: Lots of places, old Indian places. No one goes there any more, just me. Ya see I'm kind of a farmer. I've got a couple of things planted in these old Indian grounds that are more fertile than most places in the valley. People don't go there anymore, so I use the land.

Bernie: What do you plant?

Joseph: Well if you really want to know, I think I can trust you guys, you look cool. I plant a little of this and a little of that, but mostly this. *(Pulls out a big bag of pot)*

Norman: Wow...

Bernie: Geeez...

Joseph: That soil up there is magical. I got plants up there look like trees.

Norman: No kidding?

Joseph: Fuckin redwoods, a mile high.

Norman: Wow.

Joseph: You said it man. Buds too, buds all over. Take a look, dig the red hairs, take a whiff of that aroma, man we're talking high-grade shit.

Bernie: *(Looking in bag)* Where are the buds?

Joseph: They're in there, just gotta look. But this ain't my best stuff.

Bernie: No?

Joseph: I got something better. *(Pause)* I've been experimenting, cross-pollinating, grafting, come up with my own hybrid, one never seen before, massive buds deluxe, hearty, healthy, nothing like it. And man, let me tell you... *(Joseph smiles and nods his head. Bernie and Norman stare, smile, and nod their heads)* Now

listen guys, let me tell ya, I like you, you're good guys, you're like me, now I don't often sell to strangers but with you dudes I make an exception, I like ya...

Bernie: Ah, that's very nice of you but...ah... we don't need any.

Joseph: Sure ya do, this is great stuff, cultivated with my own hands, its got my guarantee on it.

Norman: We've already got our own stash.

Joseph: Man, you can never have enough. This stuff is different, you can tell.

Norman: Yeah, it's...

Joseph: I'll give ya a good price on it.

Bernie: It's not the money, we just don't need anymore.

Joseph: Ya do smoke don't ya?

Bernie: Occasionally, sometimes more occasionally than other. (*Bernie and Norman laugh*)

Joseph: Well then ya gotta try this stuff, you guys look like connoisseurs, you'll get off on it, it's different.

Norman: Maybe we should get some Bern?

Bernie: Go ahead, I've got all I need.

Joseph: Just look at this weed, it's great stuff, nothing wrong with it.

Bernie: I know there's nothing wrong with it, it's just that...

Paul: You don't want no red mans smoke.



Bernie: No it's not that. *(Paul snaps bottle cap)*

Norman: Hey Bern, lets get going.

Joseph: Hey listen, if you dudes run out of smoke on your trip well you know where to find it.

Norman: Yeah thanks. *(Sound of truck pulling up outside)*

Joseph: I'll be here. *(Moving back to the bar)* Right Willy?

Willy: *(Not looking up)* Whatever you say.

*Tap enters. He is a healthy Indigenous man in his early twenties*

Tap: *(To Paul)* Wow, get a load of those bikes outside? *(Paul nods towards Bernie and Norman)* Oh. *(Looks at Bernie and Norman as he moves to the bar)*

Paul: Gonna be a fight tonight.

Tap: Hey Willy.

Willy: Tap. *(Gives him a beer)*

Joseph: What's the word Tap?

Tap: Nothing much Joseph. How's your latest crop?

Joseph: Great, best yet, massive buds.

Tap: You give me that crap every time.

Joseph: Hey man, this is for real.

Tap: All I want to know is will it get me high?

Joseph: Without a doubt, man this will fry your brain.

Tap: Talk is cheap.

Joseph: You want a piece of the action?

Tap: Maybe later, I'll get back to ya.

Joseph: I'll be here.

Tap: *(To Paul)* Man is old Bud pissed off at you.

Paul: Bastard.

Tap: Walking off the job like that, man he was burned.

Paul: Bastard.

Tap: Yeah, but what can you do?

Paul: He's a bastard.

Tap: Sure he is, but where else you gonna find good paying work like that? Man, I need the money, so I stick with it. I don't like the guy...

Paul: Bastard.

Tap: ...anymore than you. But I sure as hell ain't gonna starve.

Paul: Bastard can take his shit work...

Tap: But it pays Paul.

Paul: I don't care what it pays, I don't work for anyone that calls me a tomahawk.

Tap: Hey that guys a bastard, what do you expect?

Paul: I just wanted to work, wanted to build, do something with my hands, but any shit job needed to be done I had to do it.

Everyday that dam got higher, I got deeper and deeper into

shit. I was always on my knees, but I didn't mind that, it's just when he starts pushing his weight around, seeing how far he can go, he called me a tomahawk Tap...

Tap: Hey, I've been called worse.

Paul: He went too far, I've got some pride, ain't no damn bastard gonna take it away.

Tap: Hey forget it man, it's just a job. Everyday I thumb my nose at that dam as I leave. Someday it's gonna be done and my signature ain't gonna be on it. So why should I care? It's just a job.

Paul: *(Pause)* There's gonna be a fight tonight.

Tap: Hey man, don't let it get you down, I've got a surprise for ya. You know Cindy?

Paul: Fat Cindy?

Tap: Yeah, big fat Cindy, well she's got these two cousins visiting her from Spokane this weekend and man you talk about nice, these Babes is hot!

Paul: Naw, man I don't...

Tap: There's a party over at Duncan's and they're gonna meet us there. I talked to'em last night, it's all set, man lets go.

Paul: Man I'm not into it...

Tap: Hey Paul, what are you talking about? You ain't even seen'em, man they're hot, they're from out of town, fresh meat!

Paul: Not tonight. You go.

Tap: Aw Paul, I told'em you'd be there.

Paul: I'm not. *(Pause)*

Joseph: Where's this party?

Tap: Hey I know what your problem is, we just gotta get you feeling good. A little smoke will clear those blues. Joseph, sell me some weed.

Joseph: You're talking. How much ya need?

Tap: Twenty bucks worth.

Joseph: It's all yours. *(They do the transaction)* That look good?

Tap: Good to me. Thanks. *(Takes weed)*

Joseph: Where's this party?

Willy: Hey would you guys watch it with that shit.

Tap: We are Willy, it's alright, no one except... *(Looks at Bernie and Norman)* You guys ain't narcs are ya?

Norman: No, no... we're just passing through.

Tap: See Willy, they're just passing through, they ain't gonna do nothing,

Norman: In fact, we were just on our way out. Let's go Bern.

Bernie: In a minute.

Norman: Hurry up. *(To Tap)* Got a problem with his spark plug.

Tap: Tough.

Joseph: Thank you again Mr. Tap.

Tap: Anytime Mr. Joseph.

Joseph: Another satisfied customer. Hey Tap, would you tell these guys  
how good my stuff is?

Tap: How good is it?

Joseph: The best...

Tap: Just as long as it gets me high.

Joseph: It always does, doesn't it?

Tap: Most da time...

Willy: Come on Joseph, get this stuff off the counter.

Joseph: I got it, I got it...

Willy: Now!

Joseph: I'm moving. *(Frantically putting things away)*

Tap: *(To Paul)* Hey man, you'll feel good after this.

Paul: I don't want any...

Tap: Course ya do...

Paul: *(Looking out window)* That's not what I need.

Tap: *(Rolling a joint)* You may think that now, but wait until later.

Paul: *(Pause. To Norman)* Nice bike.

Norman: Thanks.

Paul: I bet she's smooth, goes anywhere.

Norman: Yeah she does...

Paul: Can I take it for a ride?

Norman: Ah, no, ya see we're gonna be going...

Paul: Let me buy it from ya...

Norman: Well it's not...

Paul: My money not good enough for ya?

Norman: No, you...

Joseph: Thought you didn't have any money?

Paul: I got me money for a bike.

Tap: Hey, I wouldn't mind going for ride on a nice bike like that.

Joseph: I use to have me an old Harley.

Paul: Let me take it out for a spin, cruise for a while.

Joseph: Remember that old Harley Willy?

Willy: No.

Joseph: Sure ya do, had it for three years.

Norman: We're just...

Tap: We won't hurt it.

Paul: I can drive one, have before, real good. Never got in a wreck.

Joseph: You ever ride that old Harley of mine Tap?

Tap: What Harley?

Joseph: That old Harley I had a few years back.

Tap: You mean that piece of shit chopper with the chrome gas tank?

Joseph: Most of it, had a few other parts thrown in.

Paul: *(To Norman)* You don't trust me?

Norman: No,... I mean... well...

Paul: Ya don't like the way I look?

Tap: He can ride a bike, I've seen him.

Paul: Ride it good...

Tap: ...fast...

Paul: Nothing stop me.

Norman: I'm sure.

Bernie: Hey guys, bikes are a personal thing, like part of your body. You become attached to it and after a while you find it hard to let anyone touch it. *(Pause)*

Norman: Yeah, it's like... that.

Paul: Sound like you sleep with that thing...

Tap: You guys have sex with your bikes? *(Laughs)*

Joseph: I never did with mine. *(Laughs)*

Tap: Bet you tried though. *(Laughs)*

Paul: You don't trust me, why don't you guys come out and say it, ya don't trust me.

Bernie: You're right, we don't. Why should we?

Norman: We better get going Norm.

Bernie: Why don't you get a bike of your own?

Paul: Cause I want yours.

Bernie: You can get a bike like mine just as easily as I did. That is if you want it bad enough. Just go down to any bike shop and get one.

Paul: Yours is right outside.

Tap: Ain't no bike shops around here.

Joseph: I had to go fifty miles to get mine,... didn't make it back.

Paul: I just wanna take it for a ride, get out for a while, be somewhere else.

Bernie: Well, mine's not going anywhere without this carburetor.

Tap: *(To Norman)* What about yours?

Norman: No thanks.

Bernie: Listen, as soon as I get it fixed I'll take you for a ride. .

Paul: You ain't taking me no where.

Bernie: Sorry, best I can do.

Paul: You always been this ugly? Or was you in an accident?

Bernie: Listen Jack, I don't know where you get off, but my buddy and me are just passing through. We're not looking for trouble.

Paul: I think you've always been this ugly. *(Pause. They walk off)*  
There's gonna be a fight tonight. *(Paul snaps bottle caps as Tap lights a joint)*



Tap:     *(Coughs)* Harsh stuff.

Joseph: Mellows with age.

*Jerome Jerome enters. He is an old Indigenous American, older than he looks. His clothes are dirty and ragged. He has a two-day growth of beard*

JJ:       Oh Goddamn, give me big beer Willy.

Willy:   Coming up.

Joseph: What's the scoop Jerome Jerome? You look like you been out  
          in the woods with Bigfoot.

Tap:     *(To Jerome Jerome)* You seeing ghost again?

JJ:       Trouble, big trouble. *(Willy gives him beer. JJ takes big gulp)* No  
          fish.

Joseph: Aw man, you're not using the right bait. Talk to old Willy here,  
          he'll set you straight.

JJ:       No pole, they take my pole. No fish.

Tap:     A fish took your pole?

Joseph: Must ta been a big sucker.

Tap:     Probably one of them killer sturgeon. *(They both laugh)*

Willy:   Hold on you guys. Where's your pole Jerome Jerome?

JJ:       They take it away. Game warden, he take pole and fish.

Willy:   Why'd he do that?

JJ:       He take all the fish I catch, now what I eat?

Tap:     Fucking Game Warden.

Paul:    Bastard.

Willy:   What was a Game Warden doing in the reservation?

JJ:       I go to fish in my spot, place I always go, but it not there, gone, dam fill it up.

Tap:     You talking about that lower falls JJ? *(Jerome nods)* Yeah, we've been working on that spot all month. Torn it apart, cement all over the place. Didn't take no time at all, just bring in the heavy equipment and bam... it's gone. Those guys dig in the ground without blinking an eye, their giant shovels with teeth on'em dug up that lower falls and moved it to another place, some place away, they don't tell us where, they just take it.

Joseph: I've seen those guys...

Paul:    Bastards...

JJ:       No place to fish, so I go down stream, look for a new place. So I walk, down to places my father take me, old fishing holes. And I fish, catch many, but ranger come...

Joseph: Game Warden.

JJ:       Yes, he say I can't fish there so I leave. But I have no where else to go, so I go back and fish there next few days, then he come again, take my fish, my pole and tackle, leave me with nothing cept this. *(Pulls out a piece of paper and hands it to Willy)*

Joseph: What's that?

Willy: A ticket.

Joseph: For what?

Willy: Fishing off-season.

Joseph: Man he can't do that.

Willy: Were you off the reservation Jerome Jerome?

JJ: No place to fish on reservation.

Willy: Jerome Jerome, you can't fish off the reservation without a license.

JJ: I always fish.

Willy: On the reservation you can.

JJ: No place to fish on reservation, how I eat?

Joseph: How much is the ticket?

Willy: Ah... seventy-five bucks.

Joseph: Wow, you gotta be kidding!

Tap: I wouldn't pay it.

JJ: He say if he catch me again I go to jail.

Tap: Screw him.

JJ: No fish, dam take fish away, they mad at us, don't want to come upriver anymore, we treat them bad, we offend their spirits, now there no fish.

Willy: Did you tell the guy that there were no more good fishing holes on the reservation?

JJ: He didn't listen, tell me to go back to reservation. Tough luck he said, tough luck. *(He drinks)*

Tap: *(Offering joint to Paul)* Here Paul.

Paul: That dam in your way JJ?

JJ: Fish come and see dam, they turn around and go back. Dam take away my spot.

Paul: Scourge of the white man.

Tap: I tell ya, that Army Cor of Engineers would put a fucking dam up everyone's ass if they could.

JJ: All I do is fish, ever since I was a little boy, I fish. Now what am I to do? They tell me I no can fish, they take my pole...*(He drinks)*

Joseph: Hey Willy, don't you have an extra pole Jerome Jerome could use?

Willy: Yeah, sure, I got a couple.

Paul: No way man, we gotta get his old pole back. We can't let'em get away with this.

Tap: Yeah, lets lynch the son of a bitch!

Joseph: Alright!

Tap: String'em up!

Paul: We can't let'em push us around like this, gotta fight back!

Bernie: Don't you have any type of tribal legal services? (*Silence.*

*Pause)*

Norman: You got that spark plug cleaned Bern?

Bernie: Isn't there a lawyer of some type that represents the tribe in matters such as this?

Paul: We don't need no paper shuffler.

Joseph: We always lose when we play the white man's rules.

Paul: We need action, no promises, gotta see results.

Bernie: Not everything is solved that quickly...

Paul: We're tired of waiting! Tired of being pushed around, told what to do, how we're supposed to act. They don't ask us, they tell us.

JJ: They take my pole... my fish. (*He drinks*)

Paul: I a couple of months this bar will be forty feet under water, you think they care?

Joseph: Where ya moving to Willy?

Willy: Don't know yet.

Joseph: You can move up with me if you need a place.

Paul: Under water, that's where they're gonna put us.

Tap: Gonna drown our ass, wash us off...

Bernie: Aren't they giving you any money for the loss?

Paul: Money for what? What we gonna do with the money? Can't buy back our land.

Bernie: Buy a bike.

Paul: I ain't running.

JJ: Where the fish go? Dam in their way.

Willy: Go up stream JJ, I'll show you a couple of places.

Joseph: Yeah, Willy here will help ya out.

Tap: You're gonna have to go way the fuck up there because that dam is backing water up to the foothills.

Willy: Aw, you can go up some of the smaller streams in the upper valley.

Tap: Even those are gonna get it.

Willy: Since when?

Tap: Since they raised the dam another twenty feet.

Willy: You're shit'n...

Tap: It's there, go look at it if you don't believe me.

Willy: Another twenty feet?

Tap: They've already poured half of it.

Willy: That's really going to back it up.

Tap: All the way to Horse Heaven ridge.

Joseph: That far!

Norman: *(To Bernie)* We better get going before that water washes away the road.

Joseph: That means it's gonna wash out my farm, holy shit, my plants!  
We can't let 'em do that!

Tap: They're doing it.

Joseph: I've been working that land, man they can't just wash it away.

Paul: Go up stream.

Joseph: I can't go up stream, the lands perfect, I can't go...

Paul: White man washing us away.

Bernie: They're not taking all your land are they?

Paul: No, just the best.

Joseph: You hear that Jerome Jerome? They're going to washout the upper valley.

JJ: *(Drinking)* The upper...

Joseph: All the way to Horse Heaven.

JJ: No, Horse Heaven?

Joseph: The whole thing.

JJ: No fish.

Willy: There are other places.

Joseph: Not only fish but the old burial grounds and it's gonna cover the whole sacred valley.

JJ: Nikanus valley?

Joseph: Yeah, right, didn't you use to go up there?

JJ: Every summer, everyone would go to Nikanus valley, salmon would follow, people would dance, sing...

Joseph: Well it's gonna be under water.

Tap: Everything's gonna be under water.

JJ: Nooo....

Joseph: They're daming the...

Tap: You swim JJ?

JJ: I... I...

Paul: They're pushing us up into the hills, hoping we'll go away.

JJ: They can't wash Nikanus...

Tap: They're doing it Pops.

JJ: Then where we go? Why?

Paul: Cause it's there.

JJ: Have to show salmon the way...

Tap: Well you go down to the fish ladder and give'em a hand.

Willy: Lay off him Tap.

Paul: They're pushing us and pushing us, until we're out of sight, under water, swimming for our lives, looking for higher ground.

Joseph: We can't let'em flood us out like this, we've got to get militant, stand up for our rights, fight back!

Paul: You're talking Joseph.



Joseph: Gotta fight.

Paul: Tired of being pushed around.

Joseph: Gotta make a stand.

JJ: Need fish, right Willy?

Willy: Right JJ.

Joseph: Gotta organize, strike back.

Paul: Before it's too late.

Joseph: Fight!

Tap: Hit'em back!

Joseph: Right where it hurts.

Tap: Blow the bastards out of here!!

*(Pause)*

Paul: You got it Tap.

Tap: Blow'em sky high.

Paul: Get that dam out of our way.

Tap: Fuckin destroy that sucker.

Paul: Move it out of here.

Tap: Send pieces of that dam into the next county.

Joseph: How you gonna do that?

Paul: Dynamite.

Joseph: Where you...

Paul: *(To Tap)* Thank you can break into Bud's shed?

Tap: Easy...

Joseph: Wait you guys think you can really...

Tap: You bet we can. *(Lets out a yell)*

Paul: Knew there was gonna be a fight tonight.

Joseph: Willy, you think they can...*(Willy is tying flies)*

Paul: Give her a blast in the lower corner by the fish ladder...

Tap: ...and it's all over. What a sight.

Paul: Got your truck?

Tap: Right outside. Man, I'd love to see the look on old Bud's face.  
*(Laughs)*

Bernie: Wait, you people can't be serious?

Paul: Look in our eyes.

Bernie: You can't just go and blow up a dam.

Norman: Let'em go Bern.

Bernie: It's insane, someone's gonna get hurt. Who do you think you are?

Paul: We're people fighting back, we're tired of being pushed up stream, this is our home.

Bernie: Yeah, but blowing up a dam isn't going to get you anywhere.

Joseph: It's gonna get us freedom.

Bernie: It's gonna get you in trouble, cops, court, and the FBI.

Tap: They'll never find out.

Bernie: They'll catch you.

Tap: No way man, look where we are, there ain't no cops, or FBI guys out here, there's nothing, nothing out here.

Paul: It's our land, our river, our fish, and we want it back.

Bernie: Should've never given it away in the first place.

Paul: All my life people have been taking away from us, now it's our turn to get something back. JJ, JJ, you want fish?

JJ: No pole.

Paul: Pole won't do you no good without fish. We're giving Jerome Jerome back his fish, giving Willy back his place, and giving Joseph back his farm.

Bernie: Yeah, those are just causes but blowing up a dam doesn't quite seem to be the right way to go about them.

Paul: It's not a dam, it's just a hunk of cement, a white man's reminder.

Joseph: It doesn't fit here. We don't need it.

Bernie: But somebody else probably does.

Paul: Well then let that somebody build it on his own land, keep it away from us. Why do we have to...to...carry this load? Get it out of here.

Joseph: We don't want it.

Tap: Come on man, lets go blow a hole in that sucker and then head out to the party, okay?

Paul: *(To Bernie and Norman)* You wait and see, I ain't just talking. When that dam goes, it's gonna be a sight.

Norman: Yeah, well I don't know if we'll still be here, but you go...

Paul: You gotta stick around, promised me a ride on that bike. *(Grabs spark plug out of Bernie's hands)* You wouldn't leave without me?

Bernie: Hey...

Paul: You guys ain't going no where until I get back.

Bernie: Listen, you don't have to take that with you, I promise we'll stay.

Paul: I'm just making sure, I don't know if I can trust you guys.

Norman: It doesn't even work.

Bernie: I've still got to finish putting it back together.

Paul: Then you'll fly off.

Bernie: We're in no rush, I'll give you a ride.

Tap: To the sheriff, they'll fuck'in turn us in.

Bernie: Please just give me back the plug, we won't go anywhere until you get back.

Paul: Want it bad enough to fight for it?

Bernie: Listen, I'm...

Paul: You ever fight for something?

Bernie: No I'm...

Paul: You ever hit someone, punch'em in the face? You ever been in a fight?

Bernie: I'm not a fighter.

Paul: Ever had blood on you knuckles, not knowing if it's yours or his cause it hurt so bad?

Bernie: I'm not about...

Paul: But when something means this much, don't you fight back, make a stand?

Bernie: You want money? Here, what do you want? What do you want?

Paul: Just wanted you to know what it feels like to be stuck. What time is it Tap?

Tap: Ah...

Joseph: 10:45.

Paul: At 12:00 midnight it will go off. So you guys make sure you get a good seat up on the hill, cause it's only gonna go once.

Norman: Please give us back the carb.

Paul: Don't worry, I'll be back with it. You can trust me.

Tap: Lets go Paul.

Joseph: How about a beer for the road?

Tap: Now you're talking Joseph. *(Willy gets them a couple of beers)*

Paul: We're gonna get that river back for you JJ, it'll be just like the old days.

JJ: We use to have a ceremony when the first salmon was caught, we'd dance and sing...

Paul: The first salmon, huh?

JJ: We would treat him good so that others would follow.

Paul: Don't worry JJ, we'll get those guys back for you.

JJ: People would come from far away, we would dance, sing...

Tap: Man, we're gonna be dancing tonight if we ever get to that party.

Joseph: We'll be up on that hill at midnight.

Paul: Lets go Tap.

Tap: All set. *(Holding beers)*

Paul: Bud still got all that stick in his shed?

Tap: Still there. *(They are heading out the front door)* Catch ya later, see ya after the big boom!

Joseph: Do it up big now.

Tap: We will. *(They are gone. Pause)*

JJ: The shaman use to dance and sing. I remember when I was little boy, my father would take me...

Norman: I can't believe this.

Bernie: Don't worry Norman, those guys aren't going to do anything.

Norman: What if they lose your spark plug?!? What are we going to do then? Ride double? No way Bernie, I can't believe it, this is friggin' unbelievable.

Bernie: What do you want me to do? Take those guys on? I didn't see you breaking out your brass knuckles.

Norman: We should've left. You didn't have to converse with those guys in the first place.

Bernie: Hey I'm sorry.

Norman: Forget it Bern, just fucking forget it.

Joseph: *(Offering them a joint)* Hey you guys wanna smoke?

*There's a slow fade up of the sound of a drum and an Indigenous person singing in the distance. Pause. Lights fade to dark. Pause. Lights fade up. Everyone is in the same position except Bernie who has moved over to the bar sitting next to Joseph. Drum and singing fades out*

Joseph: Shit, I didn't think they was gonna do it. Do you think they'll do it Willy?

Willy: Crazy kids, gonna get hurt.

Joseph: Hey man, they know what they're doing, they got a cause, they're fighting for it. Reminds me of my college days.

Bernie: You went to college?

Joseph: Yeah, for a while. It was a Junior College, well really more of a trade school. Went there right out of the army. I was kind of the campus radical, ya know?

Bernie: Yeah.

Joseph: I was always going to rallies and demonstrations, kind of burned myself out and...ah... just got tired of all the bullshit, hell wasn't getting nowhere so...(laughs) ...just split and decided to be a farmer, ya know, like working with my hands, watching things grow, helping them bloom. It's much more satisfying, especially the end result, ya know?

*Willy gives JJ another beer*

Bernie: Yeah, I hear ya. So, this is what you local types do on a Saturday night?

Joseph: Hey man, this is it. What more could a guy want?

Bernie: I don't know, aren't there any dance places or movie theaters around?

Joseph: Man, you gotta drive for miles for that stuff. Hell, it's not worth it. You go to town, spend your money and come back just as lonely and bored. Who needs it?

Bernie: I don't know, just for a change.

Joseph: Yeah, well once a month maybe, just for a change. When's the last time you went to town JJ?



JJ: Town? Ah never go to town. Too far.

Bernie: Hey Norman, there's a beer up here for you. *(Takes beer to Norman, he drinks it)*

Joseph: Ol'Willy here use to go to town all the time. Didn't you Willy? Once, maybe twice a week. He had a gal there, never brought her out here though. Why was that Willy? Huh? How come you never brought her home?

Willy: She didn't like to fly fish.

Joseph: Ha, that's ol'Willy for ya. You don't fly fish do you JJ?

JJ: Me? Huh? Nooo, I just drop it in and have me a beer or two until something comes along and bites. Noooo, I don't do none of dat fly...

Joseph: Now I might try it, if Willy thinks I could get a grasp on it.

Willy: You? Christ Joseph. *(Smiles)*

Joseph: Hey why not? I got good reflexes. *(Pause. Looks at watch)*  
Twenty more minutes boys and that dam is gonna be history.  
Should we start heading up the hill? *(Pause. Bernie moves over to Norman. JJ mumbles)* What that JJ? What's he saying Willy?

Bernie: You want to go on without me?

Norman: Right.

Joseph: You talking to your dead ancestors or something JJ?

Bernie: I'll catch up. You should set up camp. Go ahead.

Norman: I'm not going to leave you alone with...

Bernie: I'm alright.

Norman: Shut up Bernie. We're not going anywhere until you get that carb back.

Joseph: They'll be back man, they ain't gonna hurt your carb, they just took it as a good luck piece, you know, something to remind them where they came from.

Willy: You want another beer Jerome Jerome?

JJ: Huh? Yeah, un huh. *(Willy gives him beer. JJ mumbles)*

Joseph: Those kids is hard, it ain't their fault, they just gotta release every now and then.

Norman: They didn't have to go and take our carb like that, I mean, what'd we do? We're just passing through and they jump on us like that.

Joseph: Wow man, don't get so hot. They'll be back, I know those guys, sometimes they blow at the first thing that rubs them wrong, that's just the way they are. They ain't got nothing against you, it's something else, it's like that dam. You see it being built and it's like a trap man, they got you cornered, no place to go. And this building up feeling inside breaks, ya got to do something, seems like the only choice. *(Pause)* They'll be back, you'll get your carburetor and you'll be gone. Just gotta work off some

steam. *(Lights a joint and hands it to Bernie and Norman. They each take draws)*

Norman: I just hope they don't drop it in the mud or something.

Bernie: Hey, this weed isn't half bad.

Joseph: Hey I told you man, cultivated with these two hands.

Norman: How big a crop you got going?

Joseph: Big man, we're talking acreage.

Bernie: Acreage?

Joseph: Well, it's not all planted right now but by next summer I'll have it at maximum output. Irrigation and everything.

Bernie: Don't you worry about the Feds or sheriff or whatever you got out here?

Joseph: Naw, man they got better things to do. They ain't gonna find me. *(Laughs)* I found this valley, man it's out where no man travels. Got a little old miners cabin out there and everything. No one knows about it but me and a few of the old timers, like ol'JJ there. Right JJ? *(JJ mumbles)* What's he saying Willy?

Willy: He's saying – leave me alone so I can sleep.

Joseph: But this old valley, it like has its own weather, kind of like it's in a different world.

Bernie: Like a microclimate?

Joseph: Sure, yeah, man you could call it that, yeah, that sounds good, I like that – microclimate. Yeah, that's what its got. Like it'll be raining over here and I'll go back to the valley and the sun will be out in full force, just like it was summer. Man, I know it doesn't click, but that's the way it is. So I says to myself, man this would be a great place to set up farming, so I did.

Bernie: The rest is history.

Joseph: But like I don't get stoned out there.

Bernie: No?

Joseph: No way man. It's like things happen to me when I'm stoned out there that I can't explain. Like I'll hear things. I mean, I was in the army for a while, I didn't go to Nam or nothing but I did go through some very serious experiences. You know? Like I can handle myself, I've seen some things and think I can get through any tight situation. But like this valley is... like it's alive. Ya know?

Norman: Maybe you become more sensitive when you're stoned. I know I do.

Joseph: Yeah, but it's more than that, like I'll be sitting there and I'll hear this singing, man it doesn't have to be dark or nothing, it happens all the time. But I'll hear this singing and sometimes there will be a drum with it. Slowly beating away. And I'll sit

there and listen to it, sometimes it'll kind of hypnotize me and then it'll fade away, like the wind. It moves around the valley, like it's searching for something, a lost soul or something. I don't know what, but it's very lonely, and lonely sound. And if I'm stoned it's like out of control, like I'm going crazy.

Norman: Like...ummm...whats it do? Like does it approach you or...?

Joseph: I don't think it bothers me because I'm Indian. It understands that, but at the same time I don't know if it wants me around.

*There is a big blast off in the near distance*

Joseph: Wha... was that it?

Bernie: Sounded like it to me.

Joseph: What time is it?

Willy: Ten minutes to go.

Joseph: Holy shit, what's going on? *(Joseph heads out the door followed by Willy)*

Willy: Watch over the place JJ. *(He exits)*

Bernie: Come on Norman.

Norman: Naw, I'm not into it.

Bernie: Come on, just see.

Norman: You go, I'll watch the bikes.

Bernie: You're going to be sorry you missed this. *(He goes)*

Norman: Yeah, sure... *(He drinks)*

*Pause. Silence. Drum beating and singing, slowly rises from the distance. It grows stronger and stronger. Norman hears the drum and sits petrified. Then a beam of light appears next to JJ. The drum stops. Pause. Norman stares at the light as JJ raises his head and see's it too.*

JJ: Grandfather...oh Grandfather...how...why you come back?

JJ: But grandfather, what can I do for the salmon? I'm old and tired.

JJ: But, but Grandfather, I forgot the old dances...songs...

*Pause. The light slowly fades out as the drum and singing return. After a moment they both slowly fade off. Pause. Norman is shocked and JJ is hysterical, mumbling to himself*

Norman: Hey...ah..JJ? Ah, Mr. JJ? What was that? Who was that?

JJ: Huh?

Norman: What just happened here?

JJ: You, you must help me!

Norman: Yeah, I'll help you, now calm down, don't get so worked up, everything is okay. Now, just tell me...

JJ: Wha?

Norman: You saw something in that light didn't you?

JJ: *(Almost crying)* That was my Grandfather.

Norman: Your Grandfather?

JJ: He come back, had to tell me...

Norman: Wait, that was you real live Grandfather?

JJ: No, Grandfather dead. That was his spirit.

Norman: *(Pause)* Wait... now hold on. Your Grandfather's spirit was just here?

JJ: He came to warn us, I...I must,... I need your help, you must help me...

Norman: Help you?!?!?

*Willy, Joseph, and Bernie return*

Joseph: Man something must've gone wrong, they said twelve o'clock and before we know it, Bang! It's gone.

Norman: Bernie, I gotta talk to you.

Joseph: But man o man, what a sight. You should've been there man.

Norman: You're telling me. Hey Bern...

Joseph: JJ, man you missed it, well what was left to see, it was kind of dark but good thing the moon was full.

JJ: I need help, you got to help me!

Joseph: What's up JJ? You're not...

Norman: Let's get out of here.

JJ: Got to teach someone, show them the old ways...

Joseph: What's he talking about?

Willy: Slow down there Jerome Jerome. Have a seat.

JJ: No, I can't. My Grandfather come and tell me...

Norman: *(To Bernie)* You're not going to believe this.

Bernie: What happened?

JJ: Got to help salmon, help my people, Grandfather say...

Joseph: Grandfather? What Grandfather you talking about?

Norman: His Grandfather! His goddamn Grandfather was just here!

Willy: Jerome Jerome, was your Grandfather here?

JJ: Willy, Grandfather sent his spirit down to warn us...

Joseph: Man, he's been drinking...

Norman: I saw it! I was sitting here and this goddamn bright beam of light appears outta nowhere and was talking to old JJ there.

Bernie: Wait, Norman...

Norman: I ain't shitting ya Bernie, it happened, I was here, I saw it!

JJ: Grandfather tell me that the spirits are mad because we forgot the other creatures of the world. We will lose them and die from a great loneliness.

Joseph: Wow, man I knew something like this was gonna happen!

Willy: He talked to you Jerome Jerome?.

JJ: Tell me many things. Tell me we must help the salmon...but I...I

Joseph: I could feel this coming.

Bernie: I don't believe this.

Norman: Bern, I was here...



Bernie: I know, but... what a night.

Norman: We gotta get out of here.

Joseph: What'd he tell you JJ? Did he come to save the valley? I bet that's why he came, to help us fight off the evil forces that are threatening our lifestyle. Is that it JJ?

Willy: Let him breathe Joseph.

Joseph: *(To Norman)* And you saw it?

Norman: I couldn't believe it.

Bernie: What'd you do?

Joseph: You try and touch him?

Norman: What could I do?!? Jesus Christ, I'm sitting here and this apparition comes out of... *(JJ starts crying and mumbling out loud)*

Willy: Jerome Jerome, you alright?

Joseph: Maybe someone should take him home?

Willy: He'll talk himself out of it. He's an old man with a lot of memories.

Joseph: JJ? You want to go home?

JJ: Joe...Joseph, you can do it, I must teach you, you can do it.

Joseph: Sure, whatever.

JJ: I've got to show you... *(Tries to get up but is too drunk and falls into the arms of Bernie and Norman)*

Bernie: Whoa, hold on there JJ. *(They help him sit down)*

JJ: *(Becoming more frantic)* Joseph, I can show you, I can't do it...  
too old, no good...need help...

Joseph: Yeah JJ, I'll help you do whatever you want.

JJ: Grandfather tell me about the salmon, old days we use to bless  
the first salmon, we would dance and sing old sacred songs to  
help...oh...oh... I am too old Joseph...*(Pause)* Grandfather wants  
me to... I don't remember... Willy you remember? Remember  
old songs... what Grandfather do?

Willy: I'm sorry Jerome Jerome, I ah...a little...long time ago.

JJ: He wanted to show our people, so they can show others, but  
now I forget. Oh Grandfather, I forget...too old...

Joseph: Remember JJ, you can remember. He came all this way just to  
talk to you.

JJ: *(To Joseph)* You can do it...

Joseph: Sure I can.

JJ: I'll show you... *(Fast truck pulling up outside)* I'll teach you, you  
show others...

Bernie: Sounds like they're back.

Norman: Let's get that carb and blow.

*Tap comes running in*

Tap: Jesus Christ! Did you guys see that? What a boom huh?!? What a boom!

Joseph: What happened? I thought guys said twelve midnight?

Tap: Oh, we had a little problem...

Norman: Got our carb?

Tap: Yeah it's...oh shit... I forgot...hey...ah ..Paul needs a little help...

Joseph: Wha?

Tap: That damn stick blew a little early and ...ah...he got hit...

Willy: Where is he?

Joseph: What were you...?

Tap: Man he's in the truck. *(Willy and Bernie go out)* Wow, I didn't know where to like take him.

Joseph: What the fuck were you guys doing?

Tap: Man the stuff just blew, he took a little flying chunk of something to the head.

*Willy enters carrying Paul. He is bleeding and is half unconscious. Bernie follows. They sit Paul in a chair*

Willy: For Christ sakes Tap...

Tap: What am I to do? Can't take him nowhere, fucking Sheriff will be on us.

Joseph: He needs help.

Bernie: Got to get him out of here.

*Willy goes to get a towel*

Joseph: Holy shit...

Norman: Great, this is just great!

Willy: *(Returning with towel. Wipes Paul's bleeding head)* Paul? Paul, you alright?

Bernie: You guys better get him to a hospital.

Joseph: There ain't no hospitals around here. *(Norman slowly grabs tools off the table and exits)*

Bernie: Get a doctor. Don't you guys know where there's a doctor?

Joseph: Yeah, we better...

Willy: I'll get...

Tap: You can't get no doctor! Fuck, that's gonna bring the Sheriff.

Joseph: Tap, I don't think we have...

Tap: He'll pull through, man he was saying he was okay all the way over here, yeah, he was talking up big. You'll pull out of it won't ya Paul?

Bernie: He's bleeding like a siv...

Tap: Can't we do something? We can take care of him. Man, Joseph, he's been in worse shape than this...

Joseph: I don't know...

Tap: Fuck you guys! We just blew that fucking dam, you saw that sucker go. Paul will be okay, shit man, he's been in worse car wrecks...

Bernie: You're dealing with a man's life.

Tap: We can sew him up.

Willy: I don't think so Tap.

Joseph: You better call someone Willy.

Tap: What are you guys doing to me? You wanna get us canned?

Paul: Tap...Tap...

Joseph: It's alright Paul.

Paul: Get the...in the truck...

Joseph: What's he talking...?

Tap: He's got something in the truck for you JJ. *(He exits and passes Norman in the doorway)*

Paul: Don't call anyone, I'm okay.

Willy: I don't know Paul, you're pretty banged up. Let me get a bandage on your wound. *(He goes behind the bar and comes back with an ace bandage which he puts around Paul's head)*

Joseph: Yeah man, if you could see yourself.

Paul: I'm fine, just let me rest.

Norman: Bern, I got your carb on.

Bernie: Wha?

Norman: Ssssh, put your carb back on the bike. Let's go.

Bernie: Wait Norm, we can't...

Norman: Bernie, lets get the hell out of here.

Paul: *(To Bernie)* Got your carb?

Bernie: Yeah, we got it. *(Pause)* Well was it worth it? Now you're paying.

Paul: Now the river can breathe.

*Tap enters with a sack*

Tap: Here we go.

Paul: Give it to JJ.

Tap: JJ, feast your eyes on this. *(Out of the sack he pulls out a large live bright red salmon)*

Willy: Holy shit!

Joseph: Where'd you get that?

Tap: We were getting ready to blow some of that stick and Paul jumps into that fish ladder and comes out with this.

JJ: Oh my golly, Willy look.

Willy: Yeah. Yeah, that's some catch Jerome Jerome.

Joseph: Enough there to feed us all.

Tap: Here man, take it. *(Hands fish to Joseph)*

Joseph: Hey Willy, you ever catch one like this?

Willy: Not lately.

JJ: That first salmon...we must...fast...

Joseph: Hold on there JJ...

JJ: Quick, get blanket...

Paul: That fish good enough for you JJ?

Joseph: Perfect, huh JJ? The fish Paul brought you?

JJ: Yes, good salmon, strong.

Joseph: *(To Norman)* Bet you don't see something like this everyday?

Norman: No...no...

JJ: Blanket, need blanket.

Joseph: Blanket Willy, JJ needs a blanket.

Tap: Man, you should've seen that water go, man it was everywhere, running for its life, huh Paul?

Paul: We blew it too soon, man I screwed up.

Tap: Naw Paul, you do good man, it was great. You need a beer.  
*(Goes to bar)*

Willy: What's he need the blanket for?

Joseph: He's doing a ritual with the salmon, what his Grandfather was...

JJ: Need to comfort salmon.

Willy: I'll get you some newspapers.

Tap: Need some beers Willy.

JJ: Have to treat him good so others will follow.

Joseph: *(To Norman)* Here, hold on to this. *(Hands him salmon)* Come on Willy, give me your best bar rag.

Norman: *(Salmon is moving in his hands)* Hey Bern, I think this salmon is still alive.

Tap: Hey Willy, couple of beers.

Willy: Yeah, get'em Tap. Wait here Joseph, I got a blanket, hold on.  
*(Goes in back)*

Joseph: We'll have a blanket to ya in a minute JJ.

JJ: And berries, need berries.

Joseph: Berries? What do you need berries for?

JJ: Feed the salmon, please his spirit. He has traveled long, need nourishment.

Joseph: Berries? Where are we gonna get berries?

Tap: Here Paul, drink this. *(Hands him beer)* It'll help you get going before the party.

Willy: *(Entering)* Here. *(Hands Joseph blanket)*

Joseph: Hey, nice blanket.

Willy: Take it.

Joseph: Here's the blanket JJ.

JJ: Lay the salmon on it.

Willy: You get those beers Tap?

Tap: Yeah, money's on the counter.



Paul: I think I need air.

Tap: Yeah Paul, let's go hit that party.

Paul: Ride on a bike.

Bernie: I told you I'd take you for a ride.

Norman: Bern, I thought we...

Bernie: I'm just gonna give him a little ride, clean out his lungs.

Paul: Sit for a minute, heads not quite clear.

JJ: Point him upstream.

Joseph: Wha? Which way's upstream?

Willy: East.

Joseph: What?

Willy: Here. *(He comes out and lays salmon in proper direction)*

JJ: Berries! Need berries.

Norman: Why point it upstream?

Bernie: I don't know, ask the guy.

Joseph: We need berries Willy.

Willy: I don't have any berries.

JJ: Berries!

Joseph: You gotta have something back there. *(Goes behind counter, Willy follows)*

Willy: You can look, but I don't think you're gonna find any berries.

Norman: Why you point him upstream Mr. Jerome?

JJ: To show others the way.

Norman: So they don't get lost?

JJ: You have berries?

Norman: I...ah...

Joseph: How about beer nuts?

Tap: Naw, just give'em beer. *(Stumbles over to salmon and pours a little beer on it)*

JJ: No....

Joseph: Tap, come on just sit down.

Tap: Hey, we gotta celebrate, the dam is gone.

Joseph: JJ we can't find any berries.

Willy: How about some cherries? *(Holds up jar of cherries)*

Joseph: JJ how about...?

Norman: Yes those will work for Christ sakes! They're just like berries.

Joseph: Yeah, they'll do. *(Willy brings the over)*

JJ: Put in salmon's mouth. *(They do so)*

Joseph: Now what we do?

JJ: We dance and sing, praise the beautiful salmon, welcome him, thank him. *(JJ starts to sing softly and dance. The drum beat fades up in the distance with additional singing)*

Joseph: Come on Willy. *(Motioning him to join in the dance)*

Willy: I can't.

Joseph: Neither can I, come on do it for JJ. *(Joseph and Willy join in. JJ stumbles into the arms of Norman)*

Norman: Whoa...

JJ: *(Out of breath)* I...too weak to dance, you dance for me.

Norman: No...ah...I...I can't, really. I'm not like you. I can't help....

JJ: Grandfather show himself to you, you can help.

Bernie: Do it Norm.

Joseph: Come on just follow me.

*Norman joins in. They dance around the flopping salmon as JJ joins the singing. Norman tries to follow the movement of the others. Joseph is concentrating while Willy dances gracefully. Tap then joins in with a beer bottle in his hand. Norman gets more relaxed. As they continue everyone develops their own style. Then other traditional dressed Indigenous dancers enter from offstage to participate. The singing and drums grow louder. Paul stands up to join in and starts to dance with everyone else. After a brief moment the drums and music stop as everyone freezes except for Paul and the salmon. Paul spins around and then collapses in a pool of light next to the flopping salmon. The salmon's movement slows down and eventually stops. The pool of light starts to slowly fade. The singing becomes eloquent. Pause. The music and singing slowly fade out as the stage lights fade to black.*

**END**