



*Adapted by Barbara Howe Hogan and Tim Caverly  
from the book "An Allagash Haunting" written by Tim Caverly*



Newport, Maine

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**AN ALLGASH HAUNTING:  
THE STORY OF EMILE CAMILE**

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## *An Allagash Haunting: The Story of Emile Camile*

**Cast: 1W 2M 1B 1G 4either gender +Chorus & Band**

**Jacqueline** -- *mother*

**Kevin** -- *father*

**Timmy** -- *11 year old son*

**Olivia** – *10 year old daughter*

**Four Storytellers: Spirits of the Allagash**

**Juniper**

**MaplePine**

**Willow**

*They are dressed in floaty, tunic style tops with tights. Tunics are made from materials that are earthy colors or colors found in the forest in order to suggest wood sprites.*

**Emile Camile**, *the man who died in a logging accident in 1925 at Churchill Dam in the Allagash and appears to Olivia on a camping trip in the present time*

**10 chorus members** *who also double as residents of Churchill Dam (partygoers) in the boarding house scene*

**2-3 musicians** *(guitar, fiddles, clarinet) who accompany the chorus throughout the play and appear in the boarding house scene.*

(It is possible to combine parts to use fewer storytellers or divide the parts up to use more story tellers.)

**Duration:** approximately 1 hour and 30 minutes long, including a ten minute intermission.

**Premise:** A scenic, woodland setting, a family adventure, and a ghost story provide the framework for this entertaining and educational play. The setting is real and features northern Maine, along the Allagash River. The family, which is really based on Caverly's own family, introduces us to the history and geography of many of the places well known by those who have made the trip down the Allagash River or have lived and worked in that area. Through the ghost story that the mother tells, the audience gets a glimpse of the life of the lumbermen and their families who worked in the woods when the logging industry thrived in the 1920s. They will see how important community was to those people who lived, worked and played in this beautiful, but isolated, part of Maine. They must also decide for themselves whether this is a real ghost story or just someone's imagination.

**AN ALLAGASH HAUNTING: The Story of Emile Camile** by Barbara Howe Hogan & Tim Caverly. Several simple settings. 1W 2M 1B 1G 4either gender +Chorus & Band. Contemporary and 1920s costumes. About 90 minutes. The woods of Northern Maine are full of a rich history and the tales that go with that history. Lumberjacks, small communities, fishermen, hunters, the Spirits of the forest – and the Spirits of those who were taken from their beloved land too soon, populate this play based on Tim Caverly's novel, "An Allagash Haunting". This play with music recreates life in the not-so-long-ago lumber camps of the 1920s—specifically Churchill Dam—the story centering around Emile Camile, who died in a logging accident in 1925. When a family goes camping, the family based on Caverly's own, the children do not merely enjoy the Maine Woods, but become witness to some of its stranger stories, becoming a part of its history and rich folk and music lore. With the Spirits of the Forest as Storytellers, the imaginations of the audience are engaged, and the family and the audience are taken on a trip into the rich history of the region of the Allagash. When the story is over the children are left with the decision as to whether or not this was just a story – or did it really happen — to them?

## Musical Synopsis

### ACT ONE

**MUSICAL #1 -- PRELUDE: *Allagash Spirits*\*** -- Clarinet & Piano

**Scene 1:** At a campsite in the woods along the Allagash River, present time

**MUSICAL #2 -- *La Poulette Grise*** (The Little Gray Hen) § Chorus, Fiddle & Guitar

**Scene 2:** The next morning, present time

**MUSICAL #3a *En Roulent Ma Boule*** (My Rolling Ball) § Chorus, Fiddle & Guitar

**MUSICAL #3b *En Roulent Ma Boule*** (My Rolling Ball) § Chorus, Fiddle & Guitar

**MUSICAL #3c *En Roulent Ma Boule*** (My Rolling Ball) § Chorus, Fiddle & Guitar

**Scene 3:** At a new campsite at Churchill Dam, present time

**MUSICAL #4 -- *La Poulette Grise*** (The Little Gray Hen) § Chorus, Fiddle & Guitar

**MUSICAL #4a -- *Allagash Spirits (Underscore)*\*** Clarinet

**MUSICAL #5 -- *Allagash Spirits PLAYOUT*\*** Clarinet

### ACT TWO

**MUSICAL #6 -- *PRELUDE to ACT II - Allagash Spirits*\*** Clarinet, Piano

**Scene 1:** Later that evening at Churchill Dam campsite, present time

**MUSICAL #7 -- *Fais Do Do*** (Go to Sleep) § Chorus, Fiddle & Guitar

**MUSICAL #8a -- *Sur Le Pont D'Avignon*** (On the Bridge of Avignon) § Fiddle

**MUSICAL #8b -- *Sur Le Pont D'Avignon*** (On the Bridge of Avignon) § Fiddle

**MUSICAL #9 -- *La Poulette Grise*** (The Little Gray Hen) § Chorus, Fiddle & Guitar

**MUSICAL #10 -- *Alouette (The Skylark)*** § Chorus, Fiddles & Guitar

**Scene 2:** Inside the old Boarding House at Churchill Dam, 1925

*Continuation of:*

**MUSICAL #10 -- *Alouette (The Skylark)*** § Chorus, Fiddles & Guitar

**MUSICAL #11 -- *Sur Le Pont D'Avignon*** (On the Bridge of Avignon) § Chorus, Fiddle & Guitar

**MUSICAL #12 -- *Allagash Spirits*\*** Chorus, Fiddles & Guitar

**MUSICAL #13a -- *Bon Soir, Mes Amis*** (Good Night, My Friends) § Chorus, Fiddle & Guitar

**MUSICAL #13b -- *Bon Soir, Mes Amis*** (Good Night, My Friends) § Chorus, Fiddle & Guitar

**MUSICAL #14 -- *Fais Do Do*** (Go to Sleep) § Chorus, Fiddle & Guitar

**Scene 3:** The next morning, back at the Churchill Dam campsite, present time

**MUSICAL #15 -- *En Roulent Ma Boule*** (My Rolling Ball) § Clarinet, then Chorus, Fiddle & Guitar

\* Composer, Barbara Howe Hogan, Lyrics Tim Caverly & Barbara How Hogan, (based on Tim's poem 'ETERNAL')

§ Traditional French/French Canadian Folk Song or Voyager's Song

## About The Play

*From the author ...*

*I wish to congratulate the Houlton Star Bright Children's Theater on their excellent play adaptation of my tale from the North Maine Woods, An Allagash Haunting. Bringing this popular book to the stage was made possible by collaboration between the Board of Directors and me.*

*The exquisite music and script were performed eloquently by the cast members, who carried the audiences to the heart of the story. In a production that can only be described as professional and heartwarming, the Star Bright Theatre captured the spirit of family and friendships and the legends of our forest legacy that were intended in the original work.*

*I wish to extend my deepest thanks to everyone.*

*Tim Caverly*

*Millinocket, Maine*

*May 2011*

### **An Allagash Haunting The Story of Emile Camile**

April 29 and 30, 2011

Houlton High School, Houlton ME

First Road Production, May 7, 2011

Stearns High School, Millinocket, ME

### **ORIGINAL PRODUCTION CREW**

**Directors** • Barbara Hogan and Ann Barnes

**Music Director** • Mary Miller

**Set Design and Graphics** • Frank Sullivan

**Production Manager** • Susan McMann, JoAnn Dunphy

**Technical Supervisor** • Pam Chernesky

**Sound and Lights** • Delaney Johnson, Bob Remington

**Make-Up** • Molly Cowan, Meryl Sullivan, Lauren Hogan

**Costumes** • Kendra Thornton

**Stage Crew** • Bernie McMann, Galen Hogan, Paul Porter, Mike Swallow

**Box Office** • Glynn Porter, JoAnn Dunphy

**Videography** • Brian McMann

### **ORIGINAL CAST**

**Spirits of the Allagash (Our Storytellers)**

**Juniper** • Lyra Sylvester

**Willow** • Rothery Sullivan

**Maple** • Davan Thornton

**Pine** • Carrie Hannigan

**Olivia (10-year-old girl)** • Emily Miller

**Timmy (her 11-year-old brother)** • John Thatcher

**Jacquelyn (their mother)** • Catherine Hovda

**Kevin (their father)** • Joey Ebner

**Emile Camile ("Pitou")** • Josh Sutton

### **CHORUS/CHURCHILL DAM RESIDENTS**

**Alfred** • Lindsay Gardner

**Charlotte** • Hope Chernesky

**Clara** • Shiloh Shaw

**Daniel** • Heather Hannigan

**Gaspard** • Willow Sylvester  
**Jacques** • Kelsey Sewell  
**Josephina** • Maggie Cowperthwaite  
**Julie** • Hannah Millet  
**Noelle** • Cassie Shaw  
**Rene** • Rachel Mead  
**Rose** • Sidney Peabody

**Musicians**

**Fiddles** • Rachel Mead, Hope Chernesky  
**Clarinet & Guitar** • Mary Miller  
**Piano** • Barbara Hogan

The play, *An Allagash Haunting: The Story of Emile Camile*, is the result of many creative spirits, much hard work, and collaboration on many levels.

It began in the early summer of 2010, when author Tim Caverly asked the Houlton Star Bright Children's Theatre to work with him on a stage production of his book *An Allagash Haunting*. After meeting with Caverly and discussing the possibilities of such a production, the HSBCT board agreed to move forward with the project.

Throughout that summer and fall, HSBCT president Barbara Hogan, with input from the board and from Caverly, worked on developing a script. The story, characters and descriptions were kept as close to the original as possible; however, with Caverly's permission, some changes were made to turn the book into a play. Four Storytellers and a brother Timmy were added; French Canadian folk music authentic to the Allagash region was included, to be performed by a 10-member chorus with fiddle, guitar and clarinet accompaniment; and original dialog and music were created to enhance the story.

The board also began working on directing, scenery and props, costumes and make-up, publicity and fundraising, lighting and sound and special effects -- sharing their ideas, skills, time and effort, and drawing on help from the community. Auditions were held late in 2010, and the new year saw an incredible cast of 20 actors and musicians, aged 7 to 17, begin to bring the play to life. Through the rehearsals of the next few months, both the cast and the HSBCT board added suggestions for dialog, stage directions, set and music.

The finished production was performed in late April and early May of 2010. It is a true example of artistic work and cooperation -- from author to playwright to board members to community supporters to cast, children and adults made *An Allagash Haunting: The Story of Emile Camile* a project of creativity and joy. ---Mary Miller

***Houlton Star Bright Children's Theatre  
Board of Directors, 2011***

*Barbara Hogan, President  
Susan McMann Vice-President  
Glynn Porter, Treasurer  
Ann Barnes, Secretary  
Mary Miller, Corresponding Secretary  
Margaret Hill, Frank Sullivan,  
Paul Porter, JoAnn Dunphy, Pam Chernesky,  
Molly Cowan and Jennifer Sylvester*

## NOTES

Obviously, every group producing this play will have different issues with casting, space, time, and budget, as well as artistic interpretation. To the extent that it might prove helpful, though, below are a few notes and observations from the original performance by Houlton Star Bright Children's Theatre and suggestions for other performances.

**THE DOG:** We opted to have everyone assume that the dog was out of sight behind the tent during the play. The family turned in that direction when speaking to her, walked back to speak to her, and took her dog dish back there. In actuality, we had a stuffed, life size golden retriever back there for the cast to interact with, placed it so that her tail was visible on a couple of scenes, and added an occasional bark when appropriate. It seemed to work and we brought "Allie" on for curtain call.

**OPENING AND CLOSING OF CURTAINS:** The script calls for the Storytellers to move as if they are opening and closing the curtains, except for the opening curtain at the beginning of the play. This takes a little practice and coordination with the person actually operating the curtains, but it is very effective.

**SETS:** We worked with two sets, one with a backdrop for the forest and one as the interior of the boarding house.

In the forest/campground scenes we had a small tent, a plastic picnic table, two wooden benches, and a "stone" fire ring with electric logs in the center. To show the move to a different campground we just rearranged the placement of the tent and benches.

For the Boarding House scene, we had a lot of the features painted onto the flats that depicted the interior of the boarding house as it looked in 1925, such as shelves and windows, and other items mentioned in the script. However, we used real curtains at the windows, a real table, and two benches, and a small, pot belly stove.

We chose to have the exterior of the old boarding house be behind the audience and actors looked out that way when talking and looking at it. It worked well.

There is a tent, campfire, and a couple of folding chairs or logs to sit on.

Storytellers are not part of the onstage scene with the family, but are telling the story to the audience. Also, with the exception of the opening and final curtain, Storytellers step to curtains at specified times in the script and move as if they are opening or closing the curtains.

To either side, in front of the curtain, are places for the storytellers to sit when not speaking. These spots can be set pieces made to look like tree stumps or logs, or, as in the original performance, stools of two different heights, covered with green mottled fabric, surrounded by artificial ferns and draped with ivy to simulate a leafy glade. Lights are low.

The Chorus is in place on risers which are positioned to the side of the stage, or possibly on the floor in front of the stage. The Chorus must be visible to the audience, but not part of the scene on stage and not blocking the audience's view of the actors or the Storytellers. The Chorus members will sit on the risers and sing from there except for the first song in Act II which they sing from behind the curtain and the songs in the boarding house scene, which are sung on stage. After appearing on the stage as partygoers in the boarding house scene they will return to the risers.

**COSTUMES:** The present day characters just wore clothes they would wear camping today: jeans,

sneakers, t-shirts, and jackets.

The Churchill Dam/Chorus dressed as people from 1925 would. We researched yearbooks from that time and old pictures from lumber camps from that era. Since we have children playing these roles, we tried to find a compromise between what women and little girls would wear. We tried to get dresses with a dropped waist, skirts that came just below the knee and button up blouses. We added tights and flat dress shoes. The boys wore jeans (not the draggy kind!), flannel shirts, suspenders, and footwear to suggest a work boot or gum rubbers. When possible, pants were tucked into the boots. As we had all girls in the Chorus, some of them dressed as lumberjacks.

Emile Camile wore a black and white checkered flannel shirt and a news boy style slouch hat. It might be effective for his clothes to be a bit tattered.

The Storytellers (Spirits of the Allagash) wore floaty, just above the knee, tunics made of a chiffon-type material over tank tops and tights. The tunics were cut with a jagged hemline on the bottom and sleeve edges and were colors of autumn leaves; a rusty red, soft gold, mossy green, and muted purple. They wore black leather ballet slippers.

**MUSIC:** The use of French Canadian folk songs enhances the mood of this play and provides interest and coverage for scene changes, as well. We used the following songs which we picked from a memoir of a family from the Allagash area in Northern Maine. (*Memoire D'une Famille Acadienne*, by Marguerite Cyr, s.m., and loaned to us by her family) We felt that since these were songs that were remembered by people growing up in that area at about the same time as the story of Emile Camile took place, they lent an authentic flavor to the play. The book mentioned above is not available but these songs are easily found in folk song collections or online. There is any number of other French Canadian folksongs that would be appropriate. Just follow the pattern in the script to know where and how to insert them. They should be sung in a combination of French and English, as both languages were used in the northern Maine logging camps. Some verses may be assigned as solos for variety. Since they are folk songs, there should be no copyright issues with them, but one should check that out before using them to be certain. Accompaniment by folk instruments such as a guitar, fiddles, harmonica, is recommended. These instrumentalists are onstage with the Chorus and are included with partygoers in the boarding house scene.

*La Poulette Grise* (The Little Gray Hen) *French Canadian Lullaby and Children's Song*

*En Roulent Ma Boule* (My Rolling Ball) *French Canadian Voyageurs Song*

*Fais Do Do* (Go to Sleep) *French Canadian Lullaby*

*Sur Le Pont D'Avignon* (On the Bridge of Avignon) *French Folk Song Popular with French Canadians*

*Alouette* (The Skylark) *French Folk Song Popular with French Canadians*

*Bon Soir, Mes Amis* (Good Night, My Friends) *French Canadian Folk Song*

*Allagash Spirits* *Original, copyrighted composition by Barbara Howe Hogan, lyrics based on poem by Tim Caverly.*

**DANCES:** Our dances may not be entirely authentic, but we developed them based on some traditional steps, plus the ages and abilities of our cast and the space available.

*Sur Le Pont* was treated as a circle dance with the boys and then girls acting out actions appropriate to each verse. They joined hands and danced in a circle on the refrain each time.

*Bon Soir, Mes Amis* was done as a reel dance with two rows facing each other. Any number of boys and girls will work. It would have been typical for everyone to join in the dance with no worry about

partners. They bow to the left on the first phrase; bow to the right on the second; walk in to meet partners in to center, join hands and move in a circle and back to place on third phrase, wave goodbye to person opposite on the “au revoir.” On the second part of the song the head couple joins hands and side steps down to the opposite end, steps in to new place and both lines take one side step toward the head of the line. All clap to the beat as the head couple moves. The first three phrases are sung slowly. The second part is sung a little more quickly. Repeat as time allows. Also, note that there are times when they continue to dance but pantomime the singing as dialog takes place between Timmy and Olivia.

**SPECIAL EFFECTS:** Fog Machine (*This was used to create the illusion of fog at the opening of Acts I and II. At measure 100 in the overture someone can lay down fog so that it is just starting to dissipate as the curtain opens. With the lights low and using some blue gels, it creates a mysterious mood very effectively.*)

## **SOUND EFFECTS**

Dog

Loons

Wind

- Thunder
- Owl

## **Props**

Campground (these can be rearranged to indicate the move to different campgrounds)

tent

2 rustic benches

- picnic table (plastic)
- fireplace
- small logs for fire
- paddles

Props for Breakfasts, Snacks at Campground

pack basket with camping supplies

popcorn popper to shake over fire

- popped corn
- small bowls
- mugs, sauce pan, spoon for making hot chocolate
- milk carton
- juice carton
- cereal box
- spoons
- see-through tub of chocolate chip cookies
- dish towel, small basin, for cleaning up
- fork, plate, maple syrup jug for Olivia’s breakfast
- battery lantern
- pot holder
- enamel coffee pot

#### For Cast

book on insects, magnifying glass for Timmy  
pocket size notebook and pencil for Olivia

- backpacks for children
- dog dish for Timmy to feed dog
- flashlights for Timmy and Olivia
- fiddle for Emile
- walking stick for Emile
- old books for Storytellers

#### For Boarding House

long table with checked table cloth

2 benches

- enamel coffee pot, mugs
- metal water pitcher, glasses
- food items for partygoers to carry in (*We used a big loaf of bread, make believe cake, platter of doughnuts, bean pot, platter of cookies, and a pie. Most of these we made from real food items and then added several coats of polyurethane.*)
- maple syrup jug
- stools for musicians
- window frame (*We used an old window frame, about 3' tall, with multiple panes, with glass cleanly*  
*removed. Wooden feet were added to the bottom so that it was free standing and could be placed on stage at an angle that allowed Timmy and Olivia to appear as if they were looking into the boarding house and yet the audience could see both the party in the boarding house and the children.*)

**MAKE-UP:** Most characters only needed enough make-up to give color to their features under the lights. We made Emile Camile look paler than the rest of the cast.

# An Allagash Haunting

## The Story of Emile Camile

### ACT I

**MUSICAL #1 – PRELUDE:** *Allagash Spirits* (Clarinet, Piano)

*Scene 1 – Near the end of the Prelude the curtain opens. It is twilight at a campsite along the Allagash River. Lights are low and fog drifts across stage. We hear the rising wind as a storm approaches and loons calling, creating a mysterious mood in the fading light. The Spirits of the Allagash—our STORYTELLERS of the Allagash Tales—are discovered seated about the stage in various poses, but apparently invisible to Olivia. Each is reading a large, old looking book, which they continue reading. Ten year old OLIVIA is writing in a small notebook, erasing, writing, reading, erasing again... obviously working on something. As the MUSIC finished, JUNIPER rises and moves to center stage and speaks to the audience. Once she starts to speak the piano plays a bit of the overture softly. [Or this entire action could happen beginning at a certain spot during the Prelude.]*

**JUNIPER:** Olivia wasn't alone here in the Allagash country; she was with her parents and her brother and Allie, their dog.... but she felt lonely. Perhaps it was the mournful call of the loons ....

**MAPLE:** (*stands and moves forward to join her*) Perhaps it was the darkening clouds of the approaching storm.

*(Stays there)*

**PINE:** (*steps toward audience*) Perhaps it was the fog, thick as pea soup, that made everything seem so...so...?

**WILLOW:** (*joins the others beside Juniper and gestures toward Olivia*) Olivia was searching for the right word to describe this night.

**SFX:** *A loon's call*

*(JUNIPER and WILLOW step together as if for comfort.)*

**JUNIPER:** A heavy south wind carried the ancient bird's call into the campsite with such force that its haunting cry was heard throughout the forest.

**SFX:** *Another loon call*

**WILLOW:** Smoke from the campfire rose reluctantly into the air and a full moon hid behind the clouds as if it were afraid of what it might see.

*(The piano stops and the SPIRITS step forward and interrupt the flow of the story to introduce themselves.)*

**JUNIPER:** Good evening. I am Juniper.

**WILLOW:** I am Willow.

**MAPLE:** I'm Maple.

**PINE:** And I'm Pine.

**WILLOW:** We are the Spirits of the Allagash and we are here to tell you a story....

**JUNIPER:** (*mysteriously*) A story of ...An Allagash Haunting.

**SFX:** *Distant Thunder*

(*STORYTELLERS move to their spots, one for each couple on either side of the stage, in front of the curtain. JUNIPER and WILLOW move to spot SR, and MAPLE and PINE move to spot SL. LIGHTS come up on stage.*)

**OLIVIA:** (*thinking that she is alone, she stops, faces front, and reads from her notebook, dramatically*)

**Carried by the Winds of Time**

**Are Souls from Another Dimension.**

**Are They Friend or Are They Foe?**

**I Feel a Dark Apprehension!**

**TIMMY:** (*enters carrying wood for the fire just as OLIVIA starts to recite her poem. He listens and then speaks*) Oh, good grief...not another poem. Roses are red, violets are blue, my feet stink and so do....

**OLIVIA:** (*makes a move toward Timmy*) Stop it! Daaad!

**KEVIN:** (*enters with more wood, interrupts and gives Timmy a stern look*) Timmy!! Stop teasing your sister. You would do well to spend a little time writing..or reading...yourself! Now, tell your sister that you are sorry.

**TIMMY:** (*unconvincingly*) S-o-o-r-r-r-r-y.

**OLIVIA:** (*sarcastically*) I'm sure.

**JACQUELINE:** (*enters from tent with things to make popcorn over fire*) Olivia, I heard your poem and it is beautiful. But what inspired you to write such a ...haunting kind of poem?

**OLIVIA:** I don't know..I guess it just seems so ....different....strange...out here tonight from the other nights we have been camping. Look....the moon is covered by those black clouds that are moving so fast they look like they are shoving each other out of the way. You can't see a single star, and this fog makes even the most ordinary things look just plain...creepy.

**SFX:** *another loon call*

(*OLIVIA pauses to listen*)

Listen to that—it sounds so eerie..and so close.

**TIMMY:** (*makes a scary face at Olivia and makes ghost noises*) Oooooohhhhh!

(*Note for TIMMY and JACQUELINE: two or three times in scene 1 and 2 TIMMY tries to pick up and open the container of chocolate chip cookies. There is no dialog about this, just an interaction between JACQUELINE and TIMMY while the dialog is ongoing. He picks them up; she sees him, takes them out of hand and puts them back. He might shrug or pout, but keeps it subtle.*)

**OLIVIA:** Oh, stop it, Timmy. You are hardly scary...

*(Smiles a little)*

creepy, maybe, but not scary!

*(TIMMY goes to the fire and drops twigs, pine cone, etc, into it. He pretends not to listen, but really does. As the discussion gets scarier he looks more worried.)*

**KEVIN:** You're not scared are you, Olivia? It's just as safe as it was the first two nights of our camping trip. Things just look different because of this fog.

**JACQUELINE:** I understand what you mean, Olivia. I've camped along this Allagash River hundreds of times. With my parents when I was your age, and since then with your dad. I still feel the mystery here once in a while.

**SFX:** *Distant thunder*

*(JACQUELINE pauses and looks around, then continues dramatically.)*

This is the kind of storm that would make a good scene for Halloween night—pitch black and trouble brewing. Apparitions appearing out of nowhere!

**SFX:** *Loons call*

*(TIMMY moves a little closer to where KEVIN is sitting.)*

**OLIVIA:** *(looks around nervously)* And here we are tenting in the middle of it.

*(TIMMY comes and sits as close to KEVIN as he can.)*

**KEVIN:** Timmy, are you scared too? Honestly, Olivia, you and your mother are scaring everyone silly. There is nothing to worry about.

**OLIVIA:** *(sits a little closer to KEVIN)* You're right, Dad. I know you've spent most of your life hunting and fishing and you know the woods. You can take care of us.

**TIMMY:** *(jumps up dramatically and points to Allie who is supposedly behind the tent, sleeping)* And don't forget our faithful pooch, Allie..named for the Allagash and bravest dog in the North Maine woods!

**JACQUELINE:** *(chuckles)* Even if she is sleeping behind the tent most of the time.

**TIMMY:** *(calls toward backstage where the dog is supposedly sleeping)* You'll protect us, won't you, girl?

**SFX:** *There is an answering "woof!"*

**OLIVIA:** I'm not really frightened, Dad. I've got you and Mum here and you both know your way around in the woods. And I love camping

**SFX:** *another loon call*

*(TIMMY stops to listen)*

....but this just seems so ....strange

*(Looks around)*

....unsettling...is that a word?

*(Looks at JACQUELINE and she nods in agreement)*

I guess it just makes me a little nervous.

**JACQUELINE:** (*reassuringly*) You are a good camper Olivia, and you come from a long line of outdoorsmen. Really, there is nothing to be afraid of.

**OLIVIA:** I know, Mum, thanks.

*(Thinks for a second)*

Hey mum....tell me again about all my woods-loving ancestors!

**JACQUELINE:** Heavens, it's practically a family tradition, isn't it Kevin?

**KEVIN:** It really is, it is the thread that ties us all together. Your mother's father was a ranger with the Maine Forest Service and her uncle was once Director of Baxter State Park.

**JACQUELINE:** And my grandparents spent their whole lives in the woods working in the shadow of Mt. Katahdin—in that same park.

**TIMMY:** Where is Baxter State Park? Can we go camping there sometime?

**KEVIN:** Absolutely! It's near a little town called Millinocket, Maine. There are some great adventures to be had there, too!

**JACQUELINE:** Katahdin is beautiful, but of course I love the Allagash. My parents moved here with me when I was just 1 week old. Can you imagine that? My dad was supervisor of the Allagash Wilderness Waterway. I grew up loving this place. I think I've already told you it is a nationally designated Wild and Scenic River...

**OLIVIA:** I love the sound of that—so...so... romantic!—"a Wild and Scenic River." I wonder if I could use that as a line in a poem?

*(Stops to think about it.)*

Hmmmm.."A wild and scenic river....filled with mystery...trapped between its rugged banks...I hear it calling me..." Hmm...needs work, but not bad...

*(Jots that down in her notebook then turns back to her parents)*

It sure sounds like a place of mystery and adventure to me. And this storm makes it seem even more mysterious.

*(Pauses to listen)*

**SFX:** *wind*

Do you hear that wind?

*(Lights come down on the family as they return to their activities-- cooking, watching the fire, stacking wood, someone might check on the dog, pantomiming actions as*

*STORYTELLERS speak.)*

**SFX:** *The sound of wind increases, loons cry*

*(The family continues their activities in the background. Light on Pine as MUSIC up.)*

## MUSICAL #2 – LA POULETTE GRISE

*(The fiddle plays **La Poulette Grise** very slowly. It will later merge with Chorus.)*

**PINE:** (*speaks from Storytellers' spot*) Olivia knew she was safe with her family and her dog, Allie, to

take care of her, but still she felt a little uneasy. She had never been this far into the North Maine Woods before.

*(Spot on MAPLE)*

**MAPLE:** She tried to reassure herself with the knowledge that that her mother had grown up here and her dad was an accomplished outdoorsman. She was protected...safe, and yet...something seemed to stir in the night air...something ancient...something timeless.

**SFX:** *Loon calls.*

*(On last phrase, JUNIPER, WILLOW, MAPLE and PINE move to edges of open curtain and "close curtains," meeting in center and staying there. LIGHTS on Chorus while singing -- when Chorus is finished LIGHTS go back on Storytellers.)*

**CHORUS:** *(Sings slowly)*

C'EST LA POULETTE GRISE,  
QUI A PONDU DANS L'ÉGLISE,  
ELLE VA PONDRE UN BEAU PETIT COCO  
QUE L'ENFANT MANGEAIT TOUT CHAUD.

THERE WAS A GREY HEN  
THAT WENT TO LAY IN THE CHURCH,  
LAYING A LITTLE EGG  
THAT THE CHILD WOULD EAT ALL WARM.

**JUNIPER:** *(takes a small step forward)* The family's adventure had started on Thursday, June 25<sup>th</sup>, when they had launched their canoe at Chamberlain Bridge. The "put in" was located at the south end of eighteen-mile long Chamberlain Lake, the beginning of the 92 mile wilderness canoe trip. On the first day the wind had been at their backs, so they were able to reach the Lock Dam campsite, halfway down the lake, before dark. The second night, after a whole day of paddling north on bluebird-calm water and passing by Thoreau's Pillsbury Island, the ghost trains, and Farm Island, they arrived at the Pump Handle Campsite on Eagle Lake.

*(Steps back and WILLOW steps forward)*

**WILLOW:** Olivia's mom was excited. Tomorrow would be Saturday and they would be camping at Churchill Dam, which was the beginning of the river portion of the trip.

*(STORYTELLERS exit in opposite directions, opening curtains on scene 2 on their way out, and return to their spots.)*

**Scene 2**—*It is the next morning and the family is preparing to move to their next campsite at Churchill Dam. As lights come up, mother and father are setting out breakfast and children move out of tent,*

*stretch, get their breakfast and sit to eat.*

**JACQUELINE:** Good morning, all you sleepyheads. Hurry up and eat, then dress and pack up. We are headed for Churchill Dam today and we'll camp there tonight. I can't wait! There is just so much I want to show you.

**TIMMY:** What's so great there, Mum? More trees?

*(Points to trees around them and doubles over laughing at his own joke)*

**JACQUELINE:** Oh, Tim—always the joker! I know Churchill Dam looks abandoned now, but did you know that it used to be a very busy lumbering depot? And there is so much of nature's beauty there to see. I lived there for 17 years and explored every inch of the area.

**OLIVIA:** You make it sound so exciting, Mum. Tell us what you remember.

*(Picks up her notebook and pencil)*

I'm going to write it all in my notebook and then maybe I can write a book about it. Do you think I could, Mum?

**JACQUELINE:** *(with growing excitement)* You certainly could. Wouldn't that be excellent! Now, let me think....Oh, my heavens, you would love to see Morgan's Island.

*(OLIVIA writes as JACQUELINE talks. JACQUELINE, KEVIN and TIMMY start picking up breakfast things as JACQUELINE continues.)*

And there were all kinds of wildlife—there still are! Moose, deer, and the geese—you could always find them feeding at the mouth of McCluskey Brook. ....Probably one of my most favorite memories is of falling asleep at night in the log cabin we lived in and being sung to sleep by those strange melodies of the loons calling to one another.

*(Pausing to think for a second)*

....Oh, children, there were such great trails to walk-- the roadway to the dam, the Old Jaws Lane to Churchill Lake, the fern covered portage path to a bend in the river.

**KEVIN:** That particular spot is known as the Big Eddy, just below Chase Rapids.

**OLIVIA:** Rapids?! Are they dangerous?

**TIMMY:** Who is Big Eddy?! Is HE dangerous?

**JACQUELINE:** *(laughs)* An eddy is not a "he," it is a place in the river where the water moves in a different direction or different speed from the main current. It creates a strong, circular motion.

**KEVIN:** Timmy, "eddies" can be caused by big rocks, or logs or even bridge pilings. And yes, they can be dangerous if you don't know how to handle yourself and your canoe.

**JACQUELINE:** My goodness, Kevin, with Olivia entertaining us with her lovely poems, and Timmy entertaining us with his jokes, what more could we need? This is heaven.

*(Smiles at KEVIN)*

Now, everyone, get cracking...we need to get on the move. And while we travel I'll share some things I've been wanting to tell you about that are part of Churchill Dam

*(Pauses and then looks at Olivia)*

and maybe the mystery you have been looking for, Olivia.

*(ALL scatter to pack up)*

You'll want to be certain to write this down. Oh, and don't forget the dog. She is our grand protector from all things mysterious!

**SFX:** *The dog barks.*

*(ALL move to deal with packing and taking care of dog. STORYTELLERS pull the curtain shut as they come to center stage in front of the curtain and wait there. LIGHTS are off Storytellers and up on the Chorus.)*

**MUSICAL # 3a – EN ROULENT MA BOULE –**

**CHORUS:** *(sings)*

BEHIND OUR HOME THERE IS A POND  
ROLL AND ROLL MY BALL  
WHERE THREE BRIGHT DUCKS WOULD GO TO SWIM  
IT ROLLS, IT ROLLS, MY BALL ROLLS ON.

EN ROULANT MA BOULE ROULANT,  
EN ROULANT MA BOULE.

AND WHILE THE DUCKS WERE SWIMMING THERE  
ROLL AND ROLL MY BALL  
THE KING'S YOUNG SON WOULD CHASE THEM THERE  
IT ROLLS, IT ROLLS, MY BALL ROLLS ON.

EN ROULANT MA BOULE ROULANT,  
EN ROULANT MA BOULE.

*(Lights off Chorus and up on Storytellers. Fiddle MUSIC continues softly)*

**MAPLE:** *(speaks to audience)* As they got underway midmorning on Saturday....the third day of their trip.....the sky was starting to darken behind them with clouds of another impending storm. They were paddling through Round Pond, northeast of Snare Brook, when suddenly twenty-seven Canadian geese launched from the grassy shore and with beating wings flew silently north, as if they had remembered a forgotten appointment and couldn't spare any time for conversation.

**PINE:** Kevin thought to himself that this was an odd coincidence that there were exactly 27 geese on this, the 27<sup>th</sup> day of the month.

*(Pauses)*

Then he decided he was just influenced by all the talk about the eerie spell last night.

*(MUSIC fades out)*

**WILLOW:** But that wasn't the only strange coincidence occurring as they paddled that afternoon across Heron Lake and headed toward the landing at the dam. Maybe it was just their imaginations, but it felt to all of them that they were coming to a place where something unusual had happened.

**PINE:** Even Allie kept sniffing the air as if she sensed something out there that the rest of them couldn't see. As they floated by the ranger supervisor headquarters on the east shore of Heron Lake, Jacquelyn pointed out her old log home. Kevin noticed at that same moment 6 red wing blackbirds lined up on an alder branch. Again the numbers struck him as odd—exactly 6 blackbirds on the 6<sup>th</sup> month of the year.

**MAPLE:** However, he dismissed the notion as silly and drove his paddle deep into the water, propelling their canoe towards the dock.

*(LIGHTS down on Storytellers and up on Chorus)*

**MUSICAL #3b – EN ROULENT MA BOULE –**

**CHORUS:** *(Sings)*

AND SOON THE BOY BEGAN TO HUNT  
ROLL AND ROLL MY BALL  
AND WITH HIS GUN HE SHOT MY DUCK,  
IT ROLLS, IT ROLLS MY BALL ROLLS ON.

EN ROULANT MA BOULE ROULANT,  
EN ROULANT MA BOULE.

THAT SON IS FULL OF EVIL NOW!  
ROLL AND ROLL MY BALL.  
TO KILL MY DUCK IS BAD, SOMEHOW!  
IT ROLLS, IT ROLLS, MY BALL ROLLS ON.

EN ROULANT MA BOULE ROULANT,  
EN ROULANT MA BOULE.

*(LIGHTS on STORYTELLERS, center front of curtain.)*

**SFX:** *Storm sound effects, low*

**JUNIPER:** Even though the dam by itself was an imposing structure, the thing that seemed to overshadow all else was the Boarding House. What with the looming dilapidated structure, the curious, almost omen-like coincidences during the day, and the rapidly worsening storm catching up

with them from the south, the family was feeling edgy. They worked quickly to set up camp and tie down the tarps so they would have shelter from the heavy wind and rain that seemed sure to come.

**WILLOW:** As they worked, each family member looked up at the Boarding House, wondering what mysteries it might hold. Finally the children could stand it no longer and asked their mother if they could go explore the old building.

**STORYTELLERS:** (*Ominously, together*) Little did they know what was in store for them.

**SFX:** *more thunder, wind*

(*STORYTELLERS exit opposite directions, “pulling” curtains open as they go.*)

**MUSICAL #3c – EN ROULENT MA BOULE** -- sung slowly.

**CHORUS:**

EN ROULANT MA BOULE ROULANT,  
EN ROULANT MA BOULE.

EN ROULANT MA BOULE ROULANT,  
EN ROULANT MA BOULE.

**Scene 3**—*Later on Saturday, at Churchill Dam campsite. There is a half light due to the storm that seems to be brewing and JACQUELINE, KEVIN, OLIVIA and TIMMY are securing the tent, getting a fire laid, etc.*

**SFX:** *The wind and thunder sound stronger.*

*Boarding house is off in distance. In our production we chose to have boarding house in the distance behind the audience. Actors look out over audience’s heads to see it—dialog doesn’t begin until chorus finishes singing.*

**SFX:** *thunder clap*

**TIMMY:** (*winces*) Wow, I think this is going to be some storm, Dad. Look at how those asphalt shingles are flapping in this wind. Sure makes that old building look like it’s on its last legs.

**KEVIN:** (*tries to lighten the mood by impersonating his favorite weatherman*) Yess-sir-re, it looks to be building into a powerful storm. A severe storm warning is in effect,

**SFX:** *Big clap of thunder*

(*KEVIN cringes then speaks in a weaker voice.*)

...folks.

**OLIVIA:** (*sighing*) Oh, Dad...I know you think you sound just like one of the weathermen on TV, but really...it isn’t working. Thanks for the update, though!

*(Smiles and gives KEVIN a hug.)*

**JACQUELINE:** *(looks up at the sky)* Well, thank goodness it seems to be holding off, “Mr. Weatherman.”

**SFX:** *Wind lessens and thunder is more distant*

*(LIGHTS up a bit more)*

**OLIVIA:** *(points to the boarding house)* I didn’t realize that the boarding house was so big!

**JACQUELINE:** That old building holds a lot of history inside its walls.

**KEVIN:** It seems pretty incredible that there was such an impressive structure built way up here in the North Maine Woods. You know it’s two stories high and about one hundred feet long.

**TIMMY:** *(he has walked away from the rest and is looking at house from a different angle)* Look at all the windows it has—rows on all sides....and THREE sets of double doors on the front. I wonder why? Gosh, Dad, I thought it was just some little shack you were talking about. This will be fun to explore. Let’s get going!

*(TIMMY and KEVIN continue to look and point at things about the boarding house as OLIVIA talks to JACQUELINE.)*

**OLIVIA:** Somehow it looks so sad, too..... so bent and sagging. See how the all windows and doors are hanging crookedly. It looks...well...lonesome and neglected.

**JACQUELINE:** I think that is your poet’s eye that sees all that, Olivia. But there are other things here that only a very few people can see. Maybe you’ll be one of them..... I was.

*(Looks off into the distance as if thinking)*

**OLIVIA:** *(watches JACQUELINE for a few seconds, then speaks anxiously)* What do you mean, Mum? Mum??

**JACQUELINE:** Hmmm?

*(Notices everyone watching her)*

Oh, I don’t know, just blathering, I guess.

*(Looks back at boarding house.)*

Oh no.... look!—there’s a no trespassing sign. Oh, Oh, I am so disappointed.

*(Sounding distressed)*

I wanted to show you all the things I found in there when I used to explore.

**KEVIN:** *(places his hand on JACQUELINE’s shoulder)* Perhaps it’s just as well, Jacqueline. It may not be safe in there anymore.

**JACQUELINE:** *(after a pause)* I suppose you’re right, Kevin. But I was just hoping to show the children—

**TIMMY:** *(interrupts)* Well, I’m hungry. If we can’t explore then can we go back to camp and eat some of those chocolate chip cookies? We’ve been packing them around for the past 3 days!

**OLIVIA:** Great idea, Tim! And maybe you could tell us all about the things you couldn’t show us in the boarding house, Mum.

*(FAMILY ad libs agreement and returns to campsite and fixes snack, sits and listens to*

JACQUELINE—*LIGHTS* down on family and up on Chorus as they sing.)

**MUSICAL #4 – LA POULETTE BLANCHE**

**CHORUS:** *(Sings)*

C'EST LA POULETTE BLANCHE,  
QUI A PONDU SUR LA GRANGE.  
ELLE VA PONDRE UN BEAU PETIT COCO  
POUR SON PETIT QUI VA FAIRE DODO.

WHEN A HEN SO WHITE  
WENT TO LAY EGGS IN THE BARN.  
THERE SHE LAID A PRETTY, A LITTLE EGG;  
HER LITTLE CHILD THEN COULD GET SOME SLEEP.

*(LIGHTS come down on Chorus when they finish and come back up on STORYTELLERS. There are lower lights on FAMILY who pantomime listening to their mother's story and reacting to things she says. This action needs to look natural.)*

**MAPLE:** As they ate cookies sitting around the campfire, Jacquelyn told her children about the old boarding house... about the almost magical feeling she had whenever she stepped into it ...about the huge woodstove where she could imagine the lumbermen had gathered around to warm themselves and dry their wet clothing.

**PINE:** She swore that you could still smell the aroma of wet wool and unwashed feet that came from drying racks filled with steaming red, green, and white double knitted wool socks, soggy leather boots, and wet wool jackets. She described the stains of tobacco juice splattered and dried onto the sides of that old stove as the lumberjacks spit at this target and spun their yarns.

**WILLOW:** She was able to make them almost see the platters of biscuits, cookies, and pies, and the huge bowls of baked beans that were delivered to the tables from the old cook room.

**MAPLE:** Jacquelyn told them how she loved the sound of the creaky old stairs that led up to the “ram pasture” where decades of weary lumberjacks had fallen, exhausted, into bed. The “pasture” was in fact a huge bedroom shared by all the men and, she claimed, still reeked of perspiration, liniment used on aching muscles, and the more recent smell of bats—the place’s current residents.

**PINE:** From the details she remembered so vividly, the children could almost see the oval grease stains above each bunk where the lumberjack’s unwashed heads had rested against the paneling, and see the cots lined up in rows where now only scrapes in the painted floor remained.

**MUSICAL #4a – ALLAGASH SPIRITS** *Clarinet Solo*

**WILLOW:** (*speaks more mysteriously*) The first hint of mystery was when she told about the calendar, torn and faded, that she had found nailed to a wall. Although the pages had gotten smaller over time from mice borrowing bits for their nests, the exposed page was dated 1925. The day, written in French, Samedi le Juin 27, was circled in red. Kevin couldn't help but think of the 27 geese and 6 red winged blackbirds he had seen on this current 27<sup>th</sup> day of June—the sixth month of the year. It made him feel that these things were getting just a little too coincidental. But still he kept all that to himself. Finally, almost reluctantly, she mentioned the four little rooms for those who had special duties around the village. They were for the cook....

**MAPLE:** (*interrupting*) Everyone agreed he needed special treatment if they were to get food!

**WILLOW:** Helen Hamlin's apartment –

**PINE:** (*again interrupting*) She taught school there at Churchill Dam and even wrote a book about it!

**WILLOW:** (*Reluctantly*) And then.....after a brief pause, she mentioned the name she had been avoiding...

(*MUSIC out*)

**JUNIPER:** (*mysteriously*) Emile Camile.

(*Pause--CHILDREN and KEVIN on stage react to this name as well but are still pantomiming actions, not speaking*)

The last room belonged to ...Emile Camille. The children had heard their mother mention his name on rare occasions, but she would never say more about him. She would only say, "Later, when the time is right." Not even when the children ran around the room, chanting his musical name--

**WILLOW:** (*all three imitate little children's voices*) Emile Camile!

**MAPLE:** Emile Camile!

**PINE:** Emile Camile!

**JUNIPER:** -- over and over, not even then would she relent and talk about him.

(*Sounding more mysterious*)

Tonight though, as the storm passed by them, and the moon revealed a weak light over the ever dimming glow of their campfire, they sensed that they might be about to find out about this elusive character from their mother's past.

(*LIGHTS off STORYTELLERS and up a bit on FAMILY*)

**JACQUELINE:** (*enters from tent with a scrap book*) Kevin, children, there is a story I have been wanting to tell you, and I think tonight is finally the right time.

(*Shuffles through book until she comes to what she wants*)

Years ago, a famous Maine author wrote this story about the ghost of Emile Camile.

**OLIVIA:** Ghost! Truly??? Your Emile Camile?

**TIMMY:** Ghosts? Cool!

(*Pauses, then, nervously*)

But not for real though, huh, Mum?

**JACQUELINE:** It is all here in this article by Gil Gilpatrick. You can read it later for yourselves.

*(Points to an old newspaper clipping in the scrap book)*

But first, let me tell you the story in my own words.

**KEVIN:** *(cautiously)* Jacquelyn...are you sure they should hear this?

**JACQUELINE:** Kevin, you need to listen, too. I know you've always been skeptical, but all of you--listen and then you can decide for yourselves if you think the ghost of Emile Camile is here along the Allagash.

**OLIVIA:** But do YOU believe it, Mum?

**JACQUELINE:** *(smiling)* Listen first. We'll talk later. You all get comfortable. I'll fix you some hot chocolate and tell you a story.

*(TIMMY & OLIVIA get comfortable sitting near KEVIN. JACQUELINE goes to the fire and fixes cups of hot chocolate that she takes to the family as she tells them her story.*

*KEVIN can help her.)*

Back in the 1930s this place was a busy little logging community. Oh, children, I wish you could have seen it then... over there on the other side of the river were the offices, repair sheds, equipment, and supplies they needed for their lumbering operation. Things like Lombard tractors they used then. And there was the store house where they kept the things they would need—things like molasses, salt pork, dried fruit, cooking supplies, and axes, ropes, peaveys--

**TIMMY:** *(interrupts)* Peavey? What the heck's a peavey?

*(OLIVIA sighs at the interruption)*

**JACQUELINE:** I know the answer to that, Tim. It's a logging tool with a hook on the end of it that the loggers used to handle the logs. They could hook the log and then roll or float it to a new position.

**KEVIN:** But I'll bet your mother doesn't know it was invented by someone right here in Maine.

**JACQUELINE:** *(Smugly)* I do, indeed, know that. It was Joseph Peavey and he lived in Stillwater, Maine. And furthermore...I believe the Peavey Manufacturing Company is still here in Maine.

*(Throws a triumphant look at Kevin and then laughs good naturedly)*

**KEVIN:** *(laughs, too)* I should know better. I never can get the best of you, Jacqueline. Go on with your story, before I get shown up even more.

**JACQUELINE:** Here, on this side, were the little houses and log cabins where the men and their families lived while working in the woods. Churchill Dam became the community center for all of these folks—many of them French Canadian. Theirs was a life that required hard work, long, long days, and isolation from the rest of civilization. That Boarding House over there was so important in their lives. Men without their families roomed there, it was their dining hall, and sometimes—and this was the best part—it was their dance hall. The parties they had there had to be such fun! They were the reward at the end of the week for all of their hard work. It was here that Emile Camile lived and worked...and played...long before I lived here. He had been an excellent river man until one day, while he and some other men were trying to break up a log jam, two huge logs came together on his ankle and injured his leg so badly that, even though he escaped with his life, he was never able to work as a river driver again.

**OLIVIA:** That poor man!

**KEVIN:** Lumbering was a hard life at that time, Olivia. It still is. Many were injured and many lost their lives.

**JACQUELINE:** It was a sad thing, and there was more tragedy to come. After he recovered they gave him the job of dam tender and he did odd...

**TIMMY:** (*dramatically*) Dad...Mom swore! I heard her say dam! Dam tender!

**JACQUELINE:** (*laughs again*) Oh, Timmy, what will we do with you? You know very well that I was referring the Churchill Dam and the person who tended it. We are never going to get through this at this rate.

**OLIVIA:** (*impatiently*) Shush, Timmy, I want to hear what happened!

**JACQUELINE:** Well..he also did odd jobs. But what he loved best was playing his fiddle at the Saturday dances they held for all the men and their families. Those parties were so exciting! People of all ages dancing, singing, enjoying the music of the fiddles, and eating..oh the food they had at those parties.....more than you could ever imagine! But one particular Saturday morning when Emile struck out to open the gates at the dam, long before the sun was up, everything was covered in ice. It was his job, as dam tender, to open the dam so that the water would run wide open and the men could move the logs downriver. He was trying to watch his footing on the treacherous ice but he was also thinking about the party coming up that night and what tunes he would play on his fiddle to please the crowd. Lost in thought, he kicked some ice from the timber where he had to step to turn the wheel...but as he turned to face the wheel...his good foot stepped on the icy surface and slipped out from under him...He fought desperately to regain his balance with his lame foot, but there was not a single surface he could grip—everything was ice covered!

(*OLIVIA gasps as she guesses what happens next. ALL are listening intently.*)

**OLIVIA:** (*horrified*) Oh Mum, what happened?

**JACQUELINE:** With no one there to see or help, Emile fell into the frigid water that was running fast and strong into the rapids below. There was no way to save himself.

(*Long pause*)

It wasn't until the men went to work at daybreak that they saw that the gates hadn't been opened and they knew he was missing. ....never to be seen again.

(*Pause*)

Or so some think.

(*Long pause.*)

However...

**TIMMY:** (*clears his throat nervously, voice squeaking*) However? However, what?

**JACQUELINE:**Not long ago there were some work crews in the area who decided to stay in the old boarding house. It was drier and roomier than their tents. All seemed fine as they settled into their rooms, but...after the men were sleeping and all was black as tonight ...no stars..no moon... they were awakened by the sound of someone playing a fiddle somewhere there in the old abandoned

building. It was a sad and mournful tune..filled with loneliness. They all fled back to their own tents!  
All swore they heard it and later, others in the area backed up their story.

**KEVIN:** *(interrupts)* Jacqueline, surely that can't be so.

**JACQUELINE:** *(picks up scrap book and speaks urgently)* But look .....right here in this article from the paper, Kevin, read what it says! I'm not making this up!

*(Points in the book to the spot and KEVIN reads)*

**KEVIN:** *(reads from article)* "But that's not the end of it. With the cat out of the bag, so to speak, a receptionist at Churchill Dam for Allagash Wilderness Waterway admitted that she had seen strange lights in the bar-room from the cabin directly across the river. Thinking back, she was sure that it was always on a Saturday night."

**JACQUELINE:** See, it's not just me. Others have heard it, too.

*(Scene ends with all sitting quietly, CHILDREN and KEVIN looking at JACQUELINE.  
The LIGHTS fade and the STORYTELLERS appear and close curtain.)*

**MUSICAL #5 – ALLAGASH SPIRITS PLAYOUT** *Clarinet or Flute Solo*

### **Intermission**

**16 more pages in ACT TWO**