

*A Man A Fish* was first produced by Persephone Theatre at the Backstage Stage in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, between October 23 and November 3, 2013, and featured the following cast and creative team:

Prosper: Peter N. Bailey  
Solange: Nicole Joy-Fraser  
Eddy: Johnny Trinh  
Edige: Matt Burgess

Director: Philip Adams  
Assistant director: Lauren Holfeuer  
Dramaturge: Philip Adams  
Publication dramaturge: Sarah Garton Stanley  
Set design: Jenna Maren  
Sound design and music composition: Gilles Zloty  
Lighting design: David Granger  
Costume design: Jeff Chief  
Stage management: Dustyn Wales

## Characters

Prosper: fisherman

Solange: fishwife

Eddy: eel salesman

Edige: bartender

Ines: possibly a ghost, or an imagining, or a diversion. In any case . . .

## Settings

House: Home of Prosper and Solange. Mostly the kitchen and bedroom.

Bar: Bar operated by Edige. Can be indoor, or a roadside kiosk.

Lake: Prosper's fishing spot on the bank of a ginormous lake.

Room: Eddy's rented room. Stifling. May be unseen or only a window.

## Notes On Text

A backslash (\) indicates the character is actively not responding.

## 1. All I Need Is

*Movement One: SOLANGE kisses PROSPER goodbye as he leaves their house. He sits at the lake, fishing line in the water. After a while he hears something on the opposite shore, smiles, watches. He returns home and is greeted by SOLANGE, who takes the fish from his full line. PROSPER goes to the bar. A buyer passes and takes the fish from SOLANGE; she puts money in a wish jar and then kisses the jar.*

SOLANGE: Good morning, little one! Did you pass the night well? Look. Look at how the sun sits just in the top of that tree as though in a nest, resting before it completes its climb to noonday, when your father will turn towards home again. The sun sees us admiring him, but instead of coming closer he moves further away, afraid that we might see his flaws. That is what the sun is like.

Your father can't wait to meet you, believe me. There are just a few more things to make ready before we can hope to welcome you into the warmth of my blood and flesh. Oh, have I shown you this? Look here, between the paving stones. Do you see the tiny white flower that has struggled to exist? It is a flower that some will call a weed simply because it does not ask our efforts to grow. They did not tell it to be there, and for that reason they would pull it out by the root.

*EDDY arrives and stands outside the bar with his suitcase.*

*SOLANGE passes on the other side of the bar. EDIGE hears her passing and goes to the window.*

EDIGE: Good morning, good woman.

*SOLANGE ignores him and continues on. EDIGE smiles as though she has responded.*

Mn. Good God.

## 2. A Good, Quiet Spot

*Just outside the door of the house. PROSPER is exiting defensively.*

SOLANGE: Prosper! Prosper, wait. What do you mean it feels small? It's the same house we went to sleep in last night. Did you grow while you slept?

PROSPER: I don't know, it just feels too small right now. I'm going fishing.

SOLANGE: What a surprise.

PROSPER: Of course it's not a surprise, Solange. I don't get up every morning just to get away from you. I have to work. No fish, no money, right?

SOLANGE: Make sure you don't fall into any holes.

PROSPER: What?

SOLANGE: What about your pole?

*She hands it to him.*

PROSPER: Thanks.

SOLANGE: Mm hm. And make sure it's only fish you're catching, hey?

PROSPER: \

*PROSPER leaves without kissing her; he sits beside a ginormous lake, pole in the water. EDDY shows up.*

EDDY: Say there, friend. Helluva day. Good fishing here?

PROSPER: Nope.

EDDY: Catch any fish today?

PROSPER: Nope.

EDDY: Yesterday?

PROSPER: No.

EDDY: Ah, a bad spot. A never catch nothing spot. A hide from wife spot.

PROSPER: No.

EDDY: (*clarifying*) But it's not a good spot.

*PROSPER clears his throat.*

You're not exactly verbose, are you? No, that's all right. I can take a hint. Always been perceptive. I was standing over there just now, seen you over here and I said to myself, there's a man ain't caught no fish. There's a man, something on his mind. There's a smart man, I said to myself, and you know what else? Yessir. A man who can recognize an opportunity when he sees one.

PROSPER: \

EDDY: Doesn't even need to get excited about it, just takes it as it comes. Yes.

PROSPER: \

EDDY: Not too much of a talker myself, you know.

PROSPER: You forget your rod?

EDDY: No, not fishing today. Just kind of checking out the waters.

PROSPER: Hm.

EDDY: Sorry, what's that?

*PROSPER coughs, scratches.*

So, friend, you got any tips on good fishing spots around here?

PROSPER: You should go over there.

EDDY: Over by that tree?

PROSPER: Sure.

EDDY: Or maybe there, behind that rock?

PROSPER: Okay.

EDDY: So, the rock then, or the tree?

PROSPER: Yeah.

EDDY: Thanks. I gotta tell you, I sure appreciate the advice, friend. It's rough being new in town, you know? And it's just good of you to reach out like that. Sure hope to repay the favour some day. Hope you don't mind, I'm just gonna head on over there . . . or there. Thanks again!