

THE DO RUN RUN: WHEREIN A HOLY MAN AND A MINSTREL CROSS A HUGE  
SPACE IN NO TIME AT ALL

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# THE DO RUN RUN: IN WHICH A HOLY MAN AND A MINSTREL CROSS A HUGE SPACE IN NO TIME AT ALL

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## Synopsis July 2, 2019

The Etruscans, a civilization now lost mostly in the fog of the past, called the sun Usil and the moon, Tiv, and, like other ancient people's deified them. Now, many centuries later, a nano second in cosmic time, Usil and Tiv cross and recross Canada.

Anticipating the seemingly irresolvable human conflicts they know they will encounter, they decide to intervene with prayer and song. Usil takes on the guise of a priest-penitent, and Tiv that of a minstrel though she cannot sing and has no instruments.

Usil learns that prayer is ineffective. Tiv fails too, but in her failure comes to understand that the people who live in the country already dance to the tune of their own myths, legends and scriptures against a backdrop of noisy nature.

## Staging

Usil always moves east to west, from stage left to stage right, bringing strong light where he goes, darkness when he leaves. Tiv will come variously from the east, or the north and can cross the stage obliquely. She sheds a dimmer, but important light, in the hours of night.

Some days, in some seasons, even though Usil rises, Tiv can "hang around" awhile. When they are together they display a difficult familiarity, but not closeness or warmth. They have become, echoing Saint Francis of Assisi's canticle, a cosmic brother and sister.

The script provides detailed stage directions, but mostly because as I write I see the play as a performance with a decidedly *cinematic* flow. However, I do not intend to hamstring any Director who undertakes this work.

As long as the text is respected and as long as Usil and Tiv's movements obey nature's orbital holds on sun and moon, and as long as they are never too physically close to one another, those who undertake to Direct can exercise their own imagination with the rest.

## CHARACTERS

Usil - The Sun

Tiv - The Moon

*A racially diverse group of SIX actors, three men and three women, will play all the other parts as the Director determines.*

Bonum Tarry - A now dead youth who attempted The Do Run Run

Malum Insay - A youth who completed The Do Run Run

General Dolor - a soldier who witnessed a genocide

Tekahionwake - the Indian poet, Pauline Johnson

Ga'axstal'as - Jane Constance Cook - Indian activist

Jesus Logos - Jesus of Nazareth

Bitty Bit - Female hockey star

Radisson - an early French explorer, trapper

Groseilliers - Radisson's comrade

Soldiers - 3 men, 3 women

John A. MacDonald - first Prime Minister of Canada

Wilfred Laurier - first French Canadian

6 Media People (3 men, 3 women)

4 Vagrants (2 men, 2 women)

Woman Leader - leader of the HiFen refugees

HiFen Refugees - three men, two

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. EAST SEA SHORE - MARCH - PRE-DAWN**

In a dim, pre-dawn light, the Pacific ocean laps the feet of snow capped mountains at stage right while downstage left a flat-topped boulder sits near the shore of the Atlantic ocean. A few fist-sized rocks are scattered around it.

A cyclotron or other visual display system extends across the entire upstage area to display background images as indicated.

Near the rock at stage front left, a bored, pale, young woman, **TIV**, dressed in an off-white, slightly tattered night dress with deep pockets, stands on the rock, listening closely to a flock of gulls.

As Tiv watches a middle-aged native woman, **TEKAHIONWAKE** (aka Pauline Johnson) in ancient Indian dress enters upstage carrying a reed basket enters upper right then begins a searching walk cross the stage.

Tiv snaps a picture of her.

TIV  
Tekahionwake.  
(beat)  
It is not yet dawn.

TEKAHIONWAKE  
And I am not awake.

Tekahionwake looks at Tiv but says nothing, then exits upstage left. Tiv jumps down from the rock.

A seagull screeches out a call. TIV strains to look high above herself and rises to her feet looking high above her head as she turns in small circles on her toes.

TIV  
(calling to the gull)  
I shall not be gulled, but...  
[imitates gull sounds]

She stop she pulls a phone from her pocket then takes a picture of the gulls. She stops turning then turns her back to the audience and takes a selfie before turning to them.

TIV (CONT'D)  
(pointing into the  
audience)  
The ocean there...  
(MORE)

TIV (CONT'D)

(beat)

The waves repeat. Repeat.

(whispering)

Beware, beware the tides of March.

She wanders toward a darkened center stage, then turns to face stage left where the light gradually rises.

TIV (CONT'D)

Oh brother, where art thou?

Crossing from upper left to center right, their heads hidden, **RADISSON** and **GROSEILLIERS** portage a birch bark canoe on their shoulders.

Groseilliers, at the front of the canoe stops. Radisson at the rear almost stumbles. Groseilliers raises his end of the canoe above his head.

GROSEILLIERS

Radisson?

Radisson raises his end of the canoe.

RADISSON

Oui, Groseilliers.

GROSEILLIERS

Une question, mon ami.

RADISSON

Oui.

GROSEILLIERS

Où sommes-nous? Où allons-nous?

RADISSON

Bonnes questions! Mais, in English s'il vous plaît for practice sake as we agreed.

GROSEILLIERS

Oui. Where are we? And where are we going?

RADISSON

C'est facile, monsieur. We are trading this for that while we bring the word of God to the savage tribes. Money and religion, no?

GROSEILLIERS

Nous sommes des hommes bons.

RADISSON

C'est vrai!

They drop the canoe to their shoulders and exit through the mountains. As they do an arrogant and ebullient young man, **USIL**, dressed in a bright, yellow, hooded robe and carrying a tablet computer and wearing earbuds under his hood, enters center stage left as if walking on water.

The stage lights brighten as he enters.

Usil spies the rock then clamours to its top. Once on the rock he extends both arms above his head and spreads them wide with eyes closed.

USIL

Great spirit of the universe,  
spirit which encloses and infuses  
my own spirit, I give thee thanks.

He puts his hands in front of his face and prays silently.

TIV

Usil.  
(beat)  
Usil.  
(beat)  
Usil!

Startled, Usil spins to face Tiv, pushes his hood from his head and drops his arms to his side.

TIV (CONT'D)

For what or whom do you pray?

USIL

Ah, Tiv, you're here already.

TIV

As pre-arranged. So, I conclude  
you are, what, making a show of  
some new enthusiasm?

Usil pulls out one of his earbuds then jumps off the rock and takes a position facing Tiv at five or six feet.

USIL

Not a show, sister, no. I am...  
sincere. Having come time and time  
again to this country I have  
concluded, based on results, that  
as much as I have done my best to  
illuminate these people my approach  
has failed utterly.

(MORE)

USIL (CONT'D)

Therefore, I feel I must descend to their level. So, I pray. First, I pray for the capacity to pray.

(beat)

Second, if I were to be granted *that* power, I would pray to become more humble, then for more compassion and so on and so forth, progressively and systematically, to acquire, not just the credentials of a devout soul, but the manner and mien of such a one.

She scoffs at him and turns away.

USIL (CONT'D)

For though I have tried to remain above the fray...

TIV

The fray?

USIL

The contest of human souls. I fear my reputation for implacability has put me at an unfortunate, god-like remove.

TIV

Such is your nature.

USIL

And in truth, my reputation for pitiless indifference was one bestowed upon me, certainly not truly earned - or deserved. So, Tiv, it occurred to me, with the world turning as it does, that I should position myself as a Holy Man.

(beat)

And you, Tiv, should likewise do your part. Let's work our tandem magic, as in times...

She turns to face him again, but he is distracted and does not paying her much attention.

TIV

Times past. Yes. I shall just be my menstrual self, Goddess of cycling and recycling.

USIL

What's that? Yes. Brilliant. A minstrel. Pregnant with possibility.

TIV

Not what I said. Although... Yes. A minstrel. Yes! Yes! Yes!

USIL

Prayer and song. Both inherently charitable. In troubled times a powerful combination.

(beat)

But, problem the first, sister dear. You have no instrument. None laying about that I can see.

TIV

Well, I have my voice.

He moves toward her, but as he does, she moves away, toward stage left, sliding into the shadow of the rock.

USIL

Problem the second: you cannot sing. Therefore, consider poetry, Tiv. But epic stuff, please. We are all very tired of the lyric nonsense that poets these days do solemnly intone whilst preening on their shattered plinths.

TIV

From this time forward, I shall, I will and I do self-identify as a minstrel.

Usil leaps back to the top of the rock, which puts Tiv almost completely in shadow. As he speaks he "blesses" Tiv by using his right hand to cross his chest, then squeeze his balls.

USIL

Bless you, Tiv. Self-identity is all! And what aspiring Holy Man could ever gainsay anyone's desperate dream? I'll bet a nickel you'll hit high up the charts, come a day.

He leaps down again but keeps his distance and they both look west.

USIL (CONT'D)  
Now, look what I have here.

He holds up the tablet.

USIL (CONT'D)  
A gift for the people.

He hands her the tablet to look at.

TIV  
Ten new commandments? Prey tell.

USIL  
Erm...not sure if that's the right word. They are extrapolations, digitally chiselled into The Cloud, but written in commandment form to make them more, what...? Urgent... Erm... insistent.

TIV  
Explain.

USIL  
These my dear are the product of long observation of the people of this very blessed country. I have deduced from their behaviour - their amiable hypocrisy - the inner commandments that govern them, and then put a reverse spin on each of these deductions to present a more positive, upbeat message.

TIV  
Clever boy.

The noise of shouting and fast footsteps off.

USIL  
The earth turns. So, I must travel on. Westward ho!

TIV  
In Holy Orders no less - both priest and penitent.

USIL  
Perhaps you'd like to come along, oh Maiden Minstrel, as I deliver these reductions. Let us cross this faithless and tuneless country together.

Tiv has her ear on the increasing noises coming from off stage.

Presently, a female reporter, phone in hand, runs in from off stage. When she sees Usil and Tiv she stops short.

FEMALE REPORTER 1  
 (calling to others off)  
 Hey! Someone's making another run  
 for it!

Suddenly, from upstage five other media, two females and three males, who carry phones at the ready, rush out and join their colleague.

The six form a tight, spider-legged group and move in lockstep toward Tiv and Usil with cell phones in record or video mode.

Fearful, Tiv and Usil move closer together, but still remain two or three feet apart.

As the media people get closer four of them hold out their phones to record the session while two of them video the scene. They stop abruptly in front of Usil and Tiv and jam their phones close to Usil's face.

FEMALE REPORTER 1 (CONT'D)  
 You're doing the Do Run Run?

Simultaneously, Usil nods "yes" while Tiv shakes her head "no".

MALE REPORTER 1  
 Together? Wow. A dual duel.

FEMALE REPORTER 2  
 In the cause of?

USIL  
 Enlightenment, of course.

TIV  
 For those who can't dance to the  
 new music.

USIL  
 That, yes. But, also in the cause  
 of teaching faith and humility.

MALE REPORTER 2  
 Religion and the arts. Got it.  
 For crippled souls and the  
 ungainly. A worthy effort.

FEMALE REPORTER 2  
Husband, wife?

Usil and Tiv shake their heads.

MALE REPORTER 1  
Partners? Lovers? Friends?

USIL  
Family.

FEMALE REPORTER 1  
Interesting. Whose bright idea?

Tiv points at Usil.

FEMALE REPORTER 2  
And who be you, sir?

USIL  
I'm Prayer. She's Music.

TIV  
Minstrel. Learning on the run.

The media types note that Tiv has no obvious instrument.

MALE REPORTER 2  
(to FEMALE REPORTER 3)  
No instrument. Bona fides in  
doubt.

FEMALE REPORTER 1  
A self-identifier.

FEMALE REPORTER 2  
Then we quibble not, for her many  
selves are intersected in a knot  
that provides for its own undoing.

Tiv turns back to the large rock and picks up two stones then  
returns. She clacks the stones together and hums a made up  
song but fails to find a rhythmic beat. Media people cast  
doubtful looks upon her.

MALE REPORTER 1  
Wish you well. But, you know, the  
Do Run Run, it's been done - and  
half done - before.

FEMALE REPORTER 1  
So, why?

USIL

As I said, Et Lux in Via. To light  
the way.

TIV

We hope to strike a chord.

Tiv and Usil laugh at their joint declaration, ignored by the reporters who are now head down over their phones uploading their stories.

FEMALE REPORTER 3

(to Female Reporter 2)

We have enough. But, its not front  
page. The blog, perhaps.

The media people all nod in agreement then bend over their phones and enter text.

FEMALE REPORTER 1

Tweeted and messaged...

The cameraman tilts his camera to a circling satellite.

MALE REPORTER 3

Skyped...

FEMALE REPORTER 2

(taking a photo)

One more shot for Instagram...

FEMALE REPORTER 3

Snapped and chatted...

MALE REPORTER 1

Kickstarted and GoFundMe'd...

MALE REPORTER 2

Money will flow. It always does.  
Bon chance!

Once done, all the media turn and take selfies of themselves with Tiv and Usil.

The media people reform their tight group and, while continuing to look at Tiv and Usil, back out and exit through a dimly lit upstage centre as Usil bestows his blessing upon them.

Tiv and Usil look at one another intently for a few seconds until their attention is grabbed by a couple of transiting stars.

**BONUM TARRY**, a comely youth, with a knee-down prosthesis on his right leg and dressed in a white T-shirt, white shorts and wearing white runners, skip-runs from stage left to upstage right. A medal dangles from his neck.

Just before he exits, **MALUM INSAY**, an "ugly" youth with knee-down prosthesis on his left leg and dressed in black and, bent as Quasimodo, enters from the same place and determinedly follows the first youth.

USIL

Trouble?

TIV

Yes. Possibly. Not sure.

(beat)

But, leave them to me.

She hurries to catch up to Bonum and Malum and exits. Once she exits, Usil walks west toward the mountains and is enveloped by them. A sunset light follows Usil until he exits.

**Fade to black.**

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - MAY - DAWN**

In the darkness of early dawn, sound of cannon and musket fire, the myriad flash of explosions, men yelling.

Tiv enters hurriedly from stage left and ascends the rock to reconnoitre the battle.

To the sound of battle drums and trumpets, a rank of three male soldiers dressed in Union Jack themed apparel appears center left at the same time a rank of three female soldiers in Fleur de Lis themed apparel appears center right. All carry muskets.

The female soldiers drop to their knees raise their muskets to their shoulders as mortars soar over head and explode on the battlefield.

Tiv raises her right arm, ready to call out. The tension mounts.

TIV

(loudly)

Women, ready?

(beat)

Fusils di feu!

The women raise their rifles and aim over the heads of the men and fire. Their rifles bark and flash. The shots miss, the men laugh and josh one another.

Now the men fix bayonets and charge the women who quickly run off with the men in hot pursuit. Cannon shot resounds.

TIV (CONT'D)  
(calling out to the women)  
Protect your flanks!

After a longish, silent pause, a wolf howls. Tiv takes the stones out of her pockets then arches backward as she clacks them and howls in imitation of the wolf.

TIV (CONT'D)  
[imitates wolf call]

Tiv just as she steps down onto the battlefield then creeps tentatively in the direction of the departing soldiers.

Light floods in from stage left as Usil, with tablet in hand, and one ear bud in his ear, enters behind Tiv. He edges toward her and stops as she backs away.

USIL  
Tiv!

She stops.

TIV  
The war is over. Both sides lost.

USIL  
And now, those who have not spilled  
their blood will now spill their  
seed.

TIV  
All by the Covenant made plain by  
Abraham, sly old bastard that he  
was. And here, calm as a mountain,  
the French General confronts the  
wild wolf and both sink their teeth  
into an ancient enmity. Both see  
red. Sea of blood. Red Sea.  
Parting of the ways. The Great  
Divide!

USIL  
Amen. Epic story, Tiv. Big Bang  
theory. Expanding universe. Music  
of foggy war to accompany you.  
Congratulations. And...

He holds up the tablet to her.

USIL (CONT'D)  
Look here.

TIV  
(reading aloud)  
Thou shalt not forget your animal  
nature.

USIL  
And yet, they always do.

TIV  
The promised land, hah! A new  
world to be populated out of the  
wombs of women, Caesared by men  
whose bayonets are fixed.

USIL  
So, there will be much wailing and  
moaning in the battles that follow.

TIV  
Just as night follows day. I will  
follow them to where they do the  
moon-dance.

Usil holds his arms high in the air and rises on his tip toes  
and walks around the battlefield. She exits upstage left  
without Usil seeing her go.

USIL  
Blessed be the deeply wounded for  
though they fester, their stupid  
hearts beat a righteous tatoo.

He comes down off his toes, then bestows his customary  
blessing on the hallowed ground.

USIL (CONT'D)  
To which I might add, where's the  
antiseptic explanation to cleanse  
their everlasting wounds.

Usil hears a noise off.

USIL (CONT'D)  
Sister?

Enter **GENERAL DOLOR** from center right dressed in a soiled  
peacekeepers uniform, a silver whistle hangs on a lanyard  
around his neck.

He carries a bloodied UN peacekeeping flag over his shoulder, a bloody machete under his arm and a mickey in a paper bag.

As Usil watches him with fascinated concern, the General weaves a drunken trail half way across the stage, then stops to take a swig from the bottle. He sees Usil, and offers a tipsy salute.

GENERAL DOLOR

Bonjour, rayon de soleil. General Dolor reporting.

USIL

General.

The General continues toward upstage left, but before he exits Tekahionwake enters pushing a banged-up stroller heaped with tattered baby clothes. She stops.

Tekahionwake pulls an item of clothing out. She smells it, then folds it and puts it back, then does the same with another article. She pays no attention to the General or Usil. Once done, she continues her journey.

The General steps aside to let her pass and bows gallantly to her. She trudges on and exits as the General sneaks another tipple.

GENERAL DOLOR

Nous sommes tous troublés. J'ai honte de le dire.

The General exits in the same direction as Tekahionwake.

USIL

"We are all troubled, I am ashamed to say". That is a lie in any language. A patent falsehood. We are not all troubled, and many of us feel no shame. Way of the world. Blessed be they who speak iambically to power and show courage though the mighty glower.

A wolf howls. Usil's ears pick up. The wolf yips.

USIL (CONT'D)

Whoa! What is this? It is either day and the wolf dreams, or it is night and I am awake in my own dream.

Bonum, skip-running with four media people clustered behind him holding out their phones enters from stage left. Malum enters at upstage center, also skip-running.

As soon as they see one another they begin to circle one another, Bonum wary, but open-minded, but Malum aggressive and threatening with the media people who shoot videos of the two runners.

Usil steps between the two youths. Bonum takes off and exits with the media people in hot pursuit.

Malum now out of breath snorts and wheezes. Usil lays his hand on Malum's shoulder and engages his eyes.

USIL (CONT'D)  
Dream of day? Right?

MALUM INSAY  
Asshole.

Malum pushes past him and tears after Bonum.

Malum exits. Usil waves the tablet at him.

USIL  
(waving the tablet)  
Dear boy, thou shalt not let thy  
wounds fester! So, sayeth The  
Cloud.

USIL (CONT'D)  
(to the audience)  
A hounded fox makes his none-  
escape. Evil flys. Symbols clash.  
(beat)  
As a Holy Man I am fully lost in  
this, but... it is yet more stuff  
out of which a minstrel could make  
music, if a minstrel could make  
music.

He stands and ponders, then looking west, points toward the mountains.

USIL (CONT'D)  
Onward.

As he exits, the lights on stage dim as a sunset light floods the mountains in the wake of Usil's departure. A star scape emerges on the cyclotron to illuminate the dark stage as Tiv enters.

Tiv sits down cross-legged in front of the rock at stage left, and rhythmically clacks her stones together and howls low and plaintively.

TIV  
[imitates wolf howls]

Presently, enter three media women and one media man with Bonum hoisted on their shoulders. They carry him to the flat top rock at stage left where they put him down then put a halo around his head.

The media people circle the rock to video and take pics of Bonum. Bewildered, Bonum turns in a circle looking for an escape route through them.

Once they have their vids and pics the media people make a collective exit upstage using their flashlights to light their way.

Bonum's halo and his softly lit face glow in the dark. He assumes a rigid position facing the audience. Tiv continues to clack the stones.

TIV (CONT'D)  
[imitates wolf call]

Bonum starts, spots Tiv, then, wary and frightened, slips off the side of the rock furthest from her all the while keeping his eyes fixed on her as she moves toward him.

TIV (CONT'D)  
(playfully)  
[imitates wolf call]

Now Bonum moves toward her.

BONUM TARRY  
[imitates wolf call]

He laughs. Not to be outdone, she leaps on the rock and holds her hands above her head calling into the wild.

TIV  
[imitates the sound of a long wolf call]

Suddenly, the theatre fills with the sound of a pack of wolves, completely unnerving Bonum, who turns on his heels and skip-runs off, upper right.

The stage brightens on the stage left side. Tiv realizes that Usil is about to arrive, so she makes a running exit lower left.



TIV (CONT'D)  
 (crying out)  
 For those who are adrift.

Strikes again.

TIV (CONT'D)  
 For those who are alone.

Strikes again, faster.

TIV (CONT'D)  
 For those who go unloved.

Again, faster.

TIV (CONT'D)  
 For those enduring pain.

Four beats, fast, fast.

TIV (CONT'D)  
 The cosmos turns...

Two beats.

TIV (CONT'D)  
 And turns...

She holds the sticks high above her head at the end of outstretched arms. A brighter light falls just on her as she turns in a circle, calling out:

TIV (CONT'D)  
 Gull squawk.  
 Stone clack.  
 Howl of wolf.  
 Beat of stick.  
 Gull squawk.  
 Stone clack.  
 Howl of wolf.  
 Beat of stick.  
 Gull squawk.  
 Stone clack.  
 Howl of wolf...  
 etc

Tiv exhausts herself. The light on her fades. She sits on the stump facing the audience and bends down and clutches her knees with her hands holding the sticks limply.

Indian pictographs appear on the cyclotron.

Three indigenous women and two indigenous men emerge from the wings gathering fire wood in front of Tiv. One of the women tries to take Tiv's sticks, but Tiv instinctively clutches them to her chest.

FEMALE NATIVE 1

Stick in craw!

When they've picked the floor clean they form a file and exit carrying the firewood.

Tiv searches her pockets and finds a length of string that she uses to tie the sticks together so she can drape them round her neck and down her chest. She falls asleep again.

**EXT. BY A RIVER - MIDMORNING**

**JESUS LOGOS**, a bearded, female figure in a hooded friar's robe, a hooked shepherd's staff in hand and a short rod in the other, enters from stage right and soon hears someone approaching from stage left.

As the light rises, Logos stands mutely watching a buoyant Usil enter tablet in hand. Usil quickly spies Logos and stops in his tracks.

USIL

You again. Logos.

(beat)

(irritated)

Inexplicably here, again.

Logos walks toward Usil and stands on the river bank. He sucks his right index finger and puts his wet finger above his head to test the wind.

LOGOS

("Newfie" accent)

A fine day, eh? Usil? Eh? We got a plangent breeze stirrin' a ripple in the space time continuum, and ain't it grand, the sparkle-dazzle and the dazzle-sparkle on the river current. And in the name of the Lord, watch we both the wing-flicker of the shifty skitters catchin' rays and in the rising heat, the deer flies and the black flies buzzin', all them dying for blood of man or blood of beast. Who can mind being lost in the bewilderment. Eh? With all this life.

Usil walks to the bank of the river and stands opposite Logos.

USIL

Lost?

LOGOS

He who searches is never lost,  
sayeth the preacher. Or they used  
to. Word of my Father. Word of  
God.

USIL

You are a long way away from  
Golgotha's dry and dirty ground.  
What devilish temptation did you  
succumb to this time?

LOGOS

As you well know, I am both here...  
and there, too. As you know.  
Quantumly entangled in the way of  
our Lord. But... I come here with  
a steadfast purpose, Usil. To wit,  
to find my tribe before the forest  
burns irrevocably. My rod and my  
staff they comfort me, but what  
good are they to anyone else, Usil,  
eh, if ingratitude should strike  
and kindle holy hellfire here?

Usil waves his tablet.

USIL

Thou shalt not dissemble about  
one's motives. It is written.

LOGOS

It could be worse. If my people  
strike the match themselves, they  
could start a conflagration that  
leaves their resentments  
smouldering at the very root, never  
to be extinguished. Hammer me to  
that tree there, Usil, and, if they  
wander by they'll see I have gladly  
died for them again. And then,  
spread the word through time and  
space.

USIL

You would have me preach on your  
behalf? Not a chance.

LOGOS

If you would just condescend to do  
so...

USIL

Enough, Logos. Time for me to go.  
Bless you brother.

Usil blesses Logos, then begins to walk across the river  
toward stage right.

LOGOS

Then Tiv! I'll do the deal with  
Tiv and let her reflect my glory  
too.

Slightly miffed by Logos assertion, Usil stops at mid river,  
Usil turns to face Logos again.

LOGOS (CONT'D)

(pitifully)  
I'm mad, I know.

USIL

Name a Holy Man who isn't.

LOGOS

Forgive me, Usil.

USIL

Done.

LOGOS

Go then, Usil, with my forgiveness.  
May the cold waters of the world  
cause your ass to sizzle.

USIL

And may all your worldly vinegar  
become salt of the earth. Au  
revoir, Logos.

Usil steps out of the river and continues toward stage right  
as darkness spreads slowly from stage left toward stage  
right.

LOGOS

(looking at his hands)  
What good the shocking stigma  
tactic  
When there's no enigma in my magic?

**Fade to black.**

**EXT. IN THE CITY - NIGHT**

Tiv has remained seated on the stump but has nodded-off, still holding her sticks in her hands.

The cyclotron now displays a large city skyline. Traffic noise are in the air.

A motley group of vagrants, two men and two women, enter carrying the branches and sticks picked-up by the indigenous earlier.

All are dressed in tattered, soiled clothing and each has idiosyncratic hair style and make-up, feathers in head bands, brooches, necklaces, bracelets and other down market accessories.

As she walks past, one of the women sees the sticks in Tiv's hands and tries to take them, waking Tiv.

TIV

Hey!

The woman jumps away but then makes another attempt to grab them, but Tiv clutches them close and hops on the stump to protect herself.

While the other vagrants dump their branches and sticks to make a fire on top of the flat rock at center stage, one of the men intervenes between Tiv and the vagrant woman who grabbed at her sticks.

VAGRANT WOMAN 1

She's a bit trunkulate, this one.  
Up-the-stump moody!

VAGRANT MAN 2

Frightened's all. A touch  
xenophobic's my guess.

The woman looks high up in the night sky.

VAGRANT WOMAN 1

What I thought. Blood moon. Time  
of month. Beginning of the end  
times.

The vagrant man escorts the woman toward the fire pile while Tiv steps down from the stump and moves tentatively in the direction of their fire pit.

The vagrant women fuss with the wood to arrange it more artistically while the men rub their hands together to warm them.

VAGRANT WOMAN 2

All done.

They vagrants gather round the unlit fire to warm themselves while Tiv stands off, confused. The second vagrant women spots her.

VAGRANT WOMAN 2 (CONT'D)

(to Tiv)

Bring your sticks to the chin wag, m'lovely. Add your fuel to the very fire.

TIV

But, there is no... fire.

The vagrants look at one another then burst out laughing.

VAGRANT MAN 2

(whispering to the others)

She can't see the flames.

VAGRANT WOMAN 2

(to Tiv)

A warm coat of pretend un-chills the heart, m'dear.

TIV

But, it's a very cold night. Really.

VAGRANT MAN 1

The city by-laws. No fires in public parks. No flouting the rules.

VAGRANT WOMAN 1

Which were made for us, after all.

VAGRANT MAN 2

So, kindle thine own heart, deary.

VAGRANT MAN 1

(pointing to his head)

Heart? No. No. No. Set your brain on fire, as my papa used to say, con l'immaginazione...

VAGRANT WOMAN 2

Says the heartless immigrante...

The first vagrant man takes four potatoes from his pocket.

VAGRANT MAN 1

Potatti...

The second vagrant woman produces a stringy chicken and holds it up.

VAGRANT WOMAN 2

Not to old to be drawn and quartered.

The first vagrant woman fetches a few cobs of corn from her clothes. The first vagrant man pulls out a bottle of cheap wine to the sighs of the others satisfaction. He twists off the top and they pass it around.

TIV

We could start a real one.

VAGRANT WOMAN 1

She's a right lunatic. But, heh, on her say so, let's light her up boys. Shazam that pile of twigs and make it blaze.

The men make a show of checking their pockets but no one comes up with a match or lighter.

VAGRANT MAN 1

Ain't got a match.

VAGRANT MAN 2

Ain't got no lighter.

Tiv holds up her sticks.

TIV

I have these. You can rub them together. Create a spark. Like this... I think.

She goes down on her knee and tries to rub them but can't produce a spark.

VAGRANT MAN 2

Lightin' a fire would put us in a bad light.

VAGRANT WOMAN 1

Municipally speaking.

VAGRANT MAN 1

We're all for peace, order and good government.

VAGRANT WOMAN 2  
It's good for the constitution.

VAGRANT MAN 2  
Boundaries. Boundaries.

VAGRANT WOMAN 2  
Keep the revolutionary instincts in  
check.

VAGRANT WOMAN 1  
As long as the cheques keep coming.

They all laugh.

VAGRANT MAN 1  
Name is?

TIV  
Tiv.

VAGRANT MAN 1  
Rule one of survival: all here must  
make a contribution. Must. No  
exceptions. Whatcha got?

TIV  
It's alright. I'm not hungry. I'll  
just...

VAGRANT WOMAN 2  
Not the point. Whatcha got?

Tiv holds up her sticks. The vagrants shake their heads in  
disapproval. She pulls out her rocks and clacks them. The  
vagrants are not impressed.

VAGRANT WOMAN 1  
Get yourself gone then.

VAGRANT MAN 1  
Go!

TIV  
I could... Well, I'm a...  
minstrel, so I could...

The vagrants all seem interested now...

TIV (CONT'D)  
I play these.

She waves her sticks then un-pockets her stones.

The vagrants huddle and discuss whether to let her stay then turn back to her.

VAGRANT MAN 2

Sticks and stones is our life.  
Hard ground and mean people, every  
frickin' day.

VAGRANT WOMAN 2

You can stay, but you gotta play  
silent and keep your lyrics to  
yourself...

VAGRANT MAN 1

Have you tried air guitar?

Tiv doesn't understand.

VAGRANT MAN 1 (CONT'D)

Like this.

Vagrant Man 1 plays air guitar wildly and hums and half sings the lyrics to "I am the god of hellfire" while the other vagrants dance around the fire pit.

From upstage left Tekahionwake and General Dolor enter in agitated conversation. When Tekahionwake sees the vagrants she stops and holds the General back.

Vagrant Woman 2 spots them first and stops dancing. Then the others stop and they all stare with fear in their eyes as they look at Tekahionwake and the General.

VAGRANT MAN 1 (CONT'D)

Oh, jayzus...

Tiv rises.

TIV

You know them?

VAGRANT MAN 2

General Dolor... pips on  
shoulder... man of peace but not a  
peaceful man.

VAGRANT WOMAN 2

And Tekahionwake, aka Pauline  
Johnson, Indian poetess non-  
extraordinaire. My opinion.

VAGRANT WOMAN 1

They ain't welcome here.

VAGRANT MAN 1

(to Tiv)

They make us ashamed of our little  
bitches, foreign and domestic.

VAGRANT MAN 2

Not only that, but the one ain't  
got no rhyme and the other got no  
reason.

The General and Tekahionwake wave and start on their way  
over.

VAGRANT MAN 1

Let's give ground before we're  
overwhelmed by *force majeure*.

(beat)

(to Tiv)

We meet again tomorrow night under  
the Rainbow Bridge near the  
horseshoe pitch. Don't be late or  
goat's your island, and don't  
forget to bring your guitar.

He hands Tiv his air guitar, which she takes with  
reverentially.

Scattering, the male vagrants quickly move toward downstage  
right and exit while the two women vagrants go downstage  
right and exit.

TIV

(holding up the air  
guitar)

Thank you!

The General and Tekahionwake come near the fire pit.

TIV (CONT'D)

Welcome. Good to see you again.

The General stands by the fire and warms his hands, but  
Tekahionwake begins dancing around the fire pit bent over on  
her toes.

GENERAL DOLOR

Who be you, then, dear and  
luminescent lady?

He kisses her hand.

TEKAHIONWAKE

You blind old bat. She's one of  
the personae non gratae who stoke a  
heatless fire.

Tekahionwake moves toward the fire pit, holds up her hands  
and moans while she shakes them.

GENERAL DOLOR

Pay no mind to her, she's as  
treacherous a sooth-sayer as ever  
was.

Tekahionwake begins to circle the fire pit.

TEKAHIONWAKE

We dance around the fire pit,  
Even though it burns unlit.

GENERAL DOLOR

(confidentially to Tiv)  
Claims to be a poet...

TIV

Ah. Good enough for me. I'm a  
minstrel. Hope to be...

Tiv holds out her sticks so they both can see them, then lets  
them drop so she can show them the stones. Tiv clacks the  
stones together rhythmically.

TEKAHIONWAKE

She's not your mother here on  
earth.  
But she's kept abreast of earth's  
long birth.

GENERAL DOLOR

(offended)  
I don't need mothering!

TEKAHIONWAKE

You cannot be her favorite sun.  
She shines only on the Do Run Run.

GENERAL DOLOR

Certifiably nuts.

TIV

Come on. Let's join them.

TEKAHIONWAKE

(chanting)

The heart that beats is not a  
stone.

Tiv hands the stones to the General who tucks the machete under his arm and the bottle in his belt. He strikes the stones together, while Tiv strums the air guitar while Tekahionwake continues her dance around the fire pit.

TEKAHIONWAKE (CONT'D)

A stick that drums is not a bone.

TIV

(amazed)

That! That's a kind of song!

GENERAL DOLOR

Doggerel. My opinion.

TEKAHIONWAKE

The heart that beats is not a  
stone.

Tiv and the General stop "playing".

TIV

What were you and Teka arguing  
about?

GENERAL DOLOR

(loudly, getting agitated)

The usual. Massacres. Genocide.  
Worse case scenarios. But, what it  
comes down to is this, eh, matters  
of definition.

TEKAHIONWAKE

(chanting louder)

We cannot see if we have no sight.  
Cannot know truth if wrong is  
right.  
We cannot listen if we cannot hear.  
Cannot show courage if we're afraid  
of fear.

She points at the General accusatorily.

GENERAL DOLOR

(suddenly in a rage)

Goddamn you, you goddamn Indian...

TIV

Sir...!

TEKAHIONWAKE

You cannot take what you cannot  
bring...

GENERAL DOLOR

She is disgusting!

Tiv is taken aback by the General's comment.

TEKAHIONWAKE

Love and hate are all one thing.

TIV

She's right.

Tekahionwake continues to dance around the firepit.

GENERAL DOLOR

(to Tiv)

We cannot - cannot be - salved by  
song. Our wounds are deep and  
fatal. Remember that, oh maiden  
minstrel. Remember that!

He picks up his mickey and turns and walks toward center  
left. Before he exits, stops to take a long swig from his  
bottle, then leaves.

The stage lights brighten at stage left.

TEKAHIONWAKE

Must go. Fires out. Rise of sun.

She begins to walk toward downstage right.

TIV

(calling out)

Tekahionwake!

She turns to face Tiv.

TIV (CONT'D)

I want to talk-sing like you.

TEKAHIONWAKE

You've already stolen the wolf's  
own voice  
And you'll soon make the loon's  
your song of choice.

TIV

The loon?

TEKAHIONWAKE

What need you of Tekahionwake's  
rhymes.  
When they make no sense for modern  
times?

Tekahionwake exits. Tiv pulls up the air guitar and strums it. She hears a couple of chords of guitar music and tries to talk-sing Tekahionwake's words.

TIV

The stick that beats is not a bone.  
The heart that beats is not a  
stone.

She pulls out her phone and takes a selfie by the fire pit.

TIV (CONT'D)

When you take a picture it's not a  
phone.

**Fade to black.**

**EXT. SHORE OF A VAST LAKE - DUSK**

The downstage area is the shore of a vast lake, under early dawn skies extending out into the audience. A draped statue stands on the flat rock.

Usil stands near the mountains looking toward Tiv, who sits cross legged on the lake's shore, her sticks dangling around her neck, her stones pocketed.

A loon calls from afar. Tiv stands.

TIV

There!  
(beat)  
I will make the old woman's  
prophecy come true.

Tiv puts her hands to her mouth and tries to imitate.

TIV (CONT'D)

[imitates loon]

USIL

Nice try. Really.

TIV

[imitates loon]

The loon returns the call. Usil claps.

TIV (CONT'D)

The loon is the real trickster  
bird. I kick myself that I didn't  
figure it out 'til now.

USIL

Word of warning: Doubt not the  
raven on the sacred totem.

Tiv stands.

TIV

No, really. The loon there, you  
see? Floating the surface.

USIL

Obvious. Like ducks and drakes.

She turns toward Usil, bends over, picks up an imaginary  
stone..

TIV

But, when we're distracted... by  
slate in hand...

She throws the rock at him.

USIL

Ow!

She snaps her fingers and points to where the loon was.

TIV

...he is no more.

USIL

Ah....

TIV

Now look. Out there. You see.  
He's there.

USIL

Different bird.

TIV

And you always say there's nothing  
new under the sun and in this case  
it's true. It's the same one, a  
hundred feet away. The same one,  
Usil!

USIL

No!

TIV

Did you hear it beat its wings to lift itself out of the water? Did you see it fly one place to the other? See it breast the wave tops when it landed? You did not.

(beat)

There is but one explanation. One.

USIL

You propose a supernatural contradiction. Do I have that right?

TIV

No.

USIL

The bird's a fish.

TIV

You have been tricked!

(beat)

I have sat and watched for eons. This I've learned, Usil. That bird plunges suddenly and soundlessly into the shadowy depths, its predator eyes open to the movement of its fast and finny prey. It moves as fast as they, grabs what it can in its open beak. When it runs out of air, it bobs to the surface to chew its catch, a long way from where it first went down.

USIL

So...

TIV

That's it, you see. The information. The explanation. Mystery no more. No contradiction.

She cups her hands to her mouth.

TIV (CONT'D)

[imitates loon call]

USIL

A looney tune, indeed. But... if not a contradiction, a bit of a paradox, perhaps? Not merely a transgenderation but a trans-specie-fication.

(MORE)

USIL (CONT'D)

And...and Tiv, you've managed to add another tune to your repertoire. Bless you. Ah, but wait...

He consults his tablet.

USIL (CONT'D)

Thou shalt not base an argument on false assumptions. So, is it a trickster bird, or not?

TIV

[imitates loon call]

He performs his usual blessing while she pulls the stones out of her pocket and clacks them together disconsolately.

TIV (CONT'D)

But, I am so irritated, Usil. So, frustrated.

Faint sound of a loon.

USIL

Because..?

TIV

[imitates loon call]

USIL

That's good. Very good.

TIV

[imitates wolf howl]

USIL

Wolf. Also good.

TIV

I can't do both at once, let alone call out the cries of gulls. I've become so busy trying to do all of that, I can't beat these sticks, but even if I could do that, I cannot also clack my stones. You see what I mean, Usil? And even though I have learned to play the air guitar it requires more pluck from me than I can muster.

USIL

Don't fret, poor girl. You have mastered nature's cacophony. Good on you.

TIV

Surely, there is an underlying harmony. If so, I have failed utterly to capture it.

Usil looks at the audience and indicates he thinks she's crazy. He turns back to her and cheerfully encourages her.

USIL

Practice then. You know like those impossibly flexible people who can paint with their toes. That sort of thing does not come easy.

(beat)

Are you coming with today or will you hang here at the head of the lake and work-out your musical strategy?

Tiv turns his back to him,

USIL (CONT'D)

You're angry.

TIV

Really, Usil. These moments together... No sympathy from you at all. Just advice that stops short of wisdom. Not a word of real support all these years.

USIL

There is only one solution.

(beat)

Put a lime in your coconut.

She is non-plussed and extremely frustrated.

TIV

You leave me head-fucked and dread-breasted. I am gnarly-nerved and buckle-boned.

(beat)

How about a pretend prayer, at least?

He turns from her as a strange "thunder" sounds in the far distance.

USIL

Ah, a desperate and sudden reliance on faith. Don't look at me as though I'm a real Holy Man. It is a *pro tem* role. Experimental.

(beat)

What I think? You have absorbed the loon's song, but you haven't learned his lesson, which is the real lesson of the world's beasts. They work the hunting grounds as they must; find a mate in whom they can ravel their DNA. That's it. It's all done in the blink of an eye or within the spread of immemorial time. It doesn't matter a damn in their clockless lives. They live in the moment absolute, in the ultimate discord of savage life. You, you are no beast and, admit it, barren of birthing's guts, unmoved by anything but gravity's push and pull. So, here's my point: as for the human race to whom you'd sing, they're beasts too, though they pretend differently, born as they are, big brained and lingo-gifted deep in the valley of the shadow of death.

TIV

Ah...! They shalt not forget their animal nature!

USIL

Ah, you were listening! Prayer and song are what comfort them on The Do Run Run. So, like the momentary me, you too are full of a frustrated missionary zeal.

(beat)

So, I continue to travel west. That is what I am doing. All I can do.

TIV

Shame on you, Usil. Shame on you. You merely pander. Prayer? It seems to me it serves no purpose now. Doubt has won the argument; disbelief is almost total. You in your Holy Man's guise offer but false hope. But song...? Let's give them that.

(MORE)

TIV (CONT'D)

Let me give them that.

(beat)

Once I've learned it's trickster ways.

The background noise grows louder.

USIL

Hark. I hear a distant and ranting rumble. It is either the decay and resurrection of quasi-particulate matter, or...

TIV

Whatever it is, it's just another distraction.

USIL

Point of privilege!

TIV

Now, tell me what you have to say before their arrival and the earth turns one more degree.

USIL

You know I call you sister. You call be brother. Nicknames only. Terms of endearment. We're close, but not too close. Born out of the same weird circumstances and cast adrift. In truth, we have a thin affinity.

(beat)

(harshly)

Don't look so sore and so surprised when I joke with you. And save your miffedness for another day. This one's almost done.

Tiv bangs the sticks together to drown him out. Wolf howl, loon calls. She grabs her rocks and clacks them together, turning faster and faster in small circles, while Usil watches quite unimpressed.

USIL (CONT'D)

Blessed are the angry, Tiv, for only they shall find catharsis.

(beat)

(peevishly)

I envy your talent for keeping your dark side always turned away, Tiv.

(MORE)

USIL (CONT'D)

Yes, I wear a mask all bright and cheery, but, in fact, I burn in my very atoms sizzle, burst and flare. So, even though its a complete and utter falsehood, let us just be brother-sister, for if we were more intimate, believe me I'd fry your sticks and roast your stones.

The noise of people upstage left.

USIL (CONT'D)

Time's a-wasting, Tiv. As it always is. If you must, dream on. Dive to the bottom waters. Swim there and dream your dream Tiv and write your moonlight sonata.

Usil walks into the mountains at stage right then turns to watch Tiv through a dusky light.

As he makes his way toward stage right, Malum enters upstage left. He runs on a zig-zag path away from four media people (three women, one man) moving as one, all with cell phones extended.

Tiv finally turns her attention away from Usil and screws up her courage to engage with the mob coursing its way toward the statue at center stage.

MALUM INSAY

Go the fuck away!

FEMALE REPORTER 1

Half way. Thoughts?

MALUM INSAY

Bugger off.

FEMALE REPORTER 2

(pointing at the statue)

Will you pay respect?

Tiv walks into the parade where she goes unnoticed. Malum, and the media people, all out of breath and panting, stop at the foot of the statue. Tiv goes on her toes to try to see Malum from behind the media group.

MALUM INSAY

Back off.

MALE REPORTER 1

Say something!

FEMALE REPORTER 1  
 Good place to quit. No one  
 thinks...well... you know.

MALUM INSAY  
 What?

FEMALE REPORTER 2  
 That you'll ever reach your  
 destination.

MALE REPORTER 2  
 A question of character, no?

Tiv tries to push through the media to get to Malum but they  
 close ranks to prevent her from doing so. Usil exits. The  
 stage lights dim to night around a barely glowing Tiv.

MALUM INSAY  
 Oh, fer fuck's sake...

Suddenly, Malum begins running again. The media follow. He  
 zig-zags again then exits upstage left pursued by the media.

Casting glances left and right to be sure no one is looking,  
 she lifts the bottom of the statues drape and looks up  
 inside.

TIV  
 Oh, my. Carved in granite. Oof.

Tiv lets the edge of the drape drop, then steps back and  
 turns toward the audience, then paces trying to compose a  
 lyric.

TIV (CONT'D)  
 The call of the loon... Where was  
 I?  
 (beat)  
 The loon's something something  
 call... Clear call...  
 (beat)  
 Thus spake Zara... Zara Zara

She pulls the stones out of her pocket and begins to clack  
 them in time to her rhyme.

TIV (CONT'D)  
 The gods are dead!  
 (beat)  
 The loon calls clearly... No.  
 Thus spake...

She gives one final, loud smack on her stones.

TIV (CONT'D)

The loon's clear call  
Across the dusk-filled lake  
Is wrenching as  
What Zarathustra spake.

(beat)

(beat)

Nonsense. Nonsense. Nonsense.  
Damn me.

She stands and looks toward stage left then runs ashamed and exits through the mountains.

**Fade to black.**

**INTERMISSION**

**EXT. ABOVE STORM CLOUDS OVER THE PRAIRIES - DAY**

The stage is blanketed by clouds, only the peaks of the western mountains at stage right stand above. Lightning flashes illuminate the clouds and thunder rumbles, but here above the clouds it is bright and sunny.

Usil stands idly at left front pondering the mysteries of the universe.

A group of a half dozen refugees, six men and six woman, in vaguely Asian national dress, the lead woman in layered reds. They trudge across the stage, bent under the load of their last possessions, hungry and tired. All carry phones.

USIL

Ho there! Refugees? Where art thou from?

SPOKESPERSON

HiFen, Sir. You know it?

USIL

Of course! Part of my fly-over lands. And wither thou goest? Beyond the pale?

SPOKESPERSON

(halting English)

To the promised land, kind Sir.

USIL

Well, then, you have arrived. But, there are no children. Where are your children?

SPOKESPERSON

All drowned, Sir.

USIL

Ah. I understand. Poor things. Maybe they'll resurface with a fish in their mouths.

(beat)

Well, you will be welcomed here. Very loudly. Much bragging about their good intentions by earnest people. Nice people, really. Charitable. But, fair warning, you'll never be a founding people. Bit late for that. On the good side, in this country you can recreate your HiFen nation if you keep your bearings straight.

(MORE)

USIL (CONT'D)

In the promised land there's  
nothing but a dash between here and  
there, what is and all that was.  
And... you'll soon be glad of the  
loving indifference of this  
agglomerated folk and adopt it, no  
doubt, as the sin a qua non of your  
citizenship. How good is that, eh?

SPOKESPERSON

You're not one of them?

USIL

Me? I'm a Holy Man. As you can  
see. But...! I have a temporary  
permanent, conditional, renewable,  
revocable pass and can shine my  
gifts anywhere I wish, cloud cover  
depending. And, I can have my  
wounds healed at public expense.  
Ditto you and yours.

SPOKESPERSON

Good, Sir. Thank you, Sir. And  
customs? Where is that?

USIL

Go that way. Look for smiling  
people sitting beneath a wall of  
regulations. All our customs in  
one place.

SPOKESPERSON

Thank you, Sir.

USIL

Bless you.  
(raising the tablet)  
And one last thing. Thou shalt not  
make your history a work of  
fiction. It is written.

Usil bestows his blessings as the refugees trudge off stage.

USIL (CONT'D)

Now, where was I? Ah, yes.

(like a kindergarten  
teacher)

There's retrograde and retrospect.  
One's a loop, one's history  
wrecked.

(satisfied)

Poetry, hah! Two can play with  
sticks and stones.

Usil takes a few steps along the front of the stage toward stage right. Lightning flashes beneath his feet.

USIL (CONT'D)

Though lightning struck the world  
below,  
What's current now is afterglow.

From upper left, Tekahionwake and another native women,  
**GA'AXSTAL'AS** (aka Jane Constance Cook).

GA'AXSTAL'AS

I have heard the cry of The Indian  
Wife... Have seen that tricky raven  
perch upon the carcass of the wild  
dead.

Thinking they have sensed a presence, the women stop, look  
around, but don't see Usil.

TEKAHIONWAKE

And I have heard the righteous slam  
of your legal briefs upon the white  
man's table. They echo still.

GA'AXSTAL'AS

Your prophecy, Tekahionwake?

TEKAHIONWAKE

Some day, Ga'axstal'as, both our  
words, protest and poetry, will  
make a heap of good.

They high five. Ga'axstal'as exits.

USIL

Now, now, ladies. I said it once  
and I will say it again. Thou  
shalt not base thine arguments on  
false assumptions. So sayeth..

TEKAHIONWAKE

Shut it.

USIL

(to Tekahionwake)

Poetry's a simple thing I find.  
Don't you? Let me see.

(beat)

*The cinematic twists within our  
dreams,  
Means nothing's ever what it seems.*

## TEKAHIONWAKE

Bah!

She exits in disgust.

To a sudden crack of lightening, and more thunder John A. MacDonald, carrying the Union Jack and Wilfred Laurier carrying the Fleur di Lis flag, enter from upstage center and walk arm and arm to center stage where they wave to their adoring publics.

MACDONALD

(sotto voce to Laurier)  
Nicely done, Monsieur Laurier.

USIL

He's Sir John A MacDonald. Boozer.

LAURIER

(also sotto voce)  
Je suis en parfait accord, John A.

USIL

He's Sir Wilfred Laurier, a sunny  
ways politician with the  
devastating charm of a philanderer.

MACDONALD

We've set the stage. Let's have a  
drink.

LAURIER

Champagne français ou bière  
anglaise?

MACDONALD

Whisky, Scotch, and not a thimble  
full!

Across the cyclotron, a steaming train engine sounds its  
whistle as it roars by. The two men exit center left, arm in  
arm again.

USIL

All languages speak both truth and  
lies  
When one lives, the other dies.

Usil takes a couple of more steps toward the stage right  
mountains.

USIL (CONT'D)

Dream on. Dream on.

Reaching stage right at last, with the cloud cover blowing off toward stage left, Usil turns to face the audience again.

USIL (CONT'D)

Remember this: the symbol sun and moon iconic.  
Bathe human life in a light ironic.

TIV (O.S.)

Chugga chugga hoo hoo. Chugga chugga hoo hoo...

Enter Tiv, the sticks hanging round her neck and the stones bulging in her pockets, chanting. enters humming into the near dark from upper left. The clouds blow away.

TIV (CONT'D)

Chugga chugga hoo hoo...

She sees Usil.

TIV (CONT'D)

Usil!? Usil?!  
(beat)  
(quietly)  
Usil....?

Usil acknowledges her.

TIV (CONT'D)

Did you cast a spell upon the storm, oh Holy Man? Or did I cause it to break by chant and hum?

(beat)

I am so confused.

(beat)

It is possible... that as the thunder spoke I heard your voice.

(beat)

If you spoke between the lightning's flash and jolt, I confess I did not catch your meaning or your bolt.

Now, Usil pretends to ignore her and makes his way toward stage right, then exits.

As the lights dim, a female hockey player in full uniform skates out from center right and curves up to upstage left to exit. Her sweater number is 1/0. The sound of her "blades" make a "swish-swish" sound as he moves.

An announcer steps onto stage holding a microphone.

## HOCKEY ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Now, Number 1/0 Bitty Bite, takes a victory lap. First female to play pro with the boys, and by god, I mean really play. Word from the locker room is that she's a stick handler extraordinaire...

(trailing off)

It's a big game tonight, and Bitty is the odds on favourite to be the first female hat tricker, unless, of course, she's boarded, cross-checked, tripped, slashed and out-skated by her opponents and who knows, even by her own pissed-off teammates who are not sure a woman can pass the mustard or the puck.

(loud)

Get ready to ruuuuuuuumble....!

Loud cheering ensues.

Bonum, dressed in immaculate white, halo above his head, holding a hockey stick enters and watches Bitty circle toward him then skate by as though she doesn't see him.

## BONUM TARRY

(calling after the player)

You! Hypocrite joueur! - mon semblable - mon frere!

(calling out)

A game of shinny on the long road home?

(deflated, sad)

Hockey on ice? Rink or pond? Your choice.

Bonum walks to center stage and fixes his gaze on the mountains at stage right and holds the position, lit only on his stage right side.

Tiv uses her air guitar to sing-song the sound of the skate blades and the steam engine.

## TIV

Shish-shish, shish-shish, shish-shish, chug a chugga, hoo-hoo, shish-shish, shish-shish, chug a chugga, hoo-hoo.

She stands on her tip toes in a kind of victory dance.

TIV (CONT'D)

I'm getting this minstrel thing!  
Yes!

(beat)

Ah! Why didn't I think of this  
before!?

She lets the air guitar drop then takes one stone and one stick in hand and, after thinking hard about what to do with them, strikes the rock with the stick.

TIV (CONT'D)

Evolution! C'est extraordinaire?

Exit Tiv.

**Fade to black.**

**EXT. THE TUNDRA - MORNING - WINTER**

On the cyclotron, a vast, empty, winter landscape. At center stage, on the flat top-rock, the draped statue standing by the shore of the vast frozen lake downstage.

A howling wind blows across the stage.

Enter Malum from stage right trudging a winter road, bundled against the harsh winter wind, stoned on meth. He stops, spies the statue and makes his way to it.

A male and female reporter in winter coats follow Malum at a distance, filming him with their cell phones. When Malum reaches the foot of the statue, two female reporters enter at center left, see Malum's arrival, then also start to video him.

Malum looks up at the statue bitterly, then rips down the drape revealing Bonum, standing arms akimbo staring down at him.

MALUM INSAY

I ran the distance. I - me - I ran  
the distance! I stuck my toe in  
both oceans, east and west. I  
suffered every mile, every minute,  
every hour and day, driven by the  
tyranny of my will and my failed  
father's exhortations.

BONUM TARRY

I know. I know.

## MALUM INSAY

On the western shore, it was I who  
 drank the noise of the roaring  
 crowd while the waves lapped the  
 worn-out runner tied to the end of  
 this phony leg, this gear upon  
 which I ran ragged in all our  
 weather, knowing, at last, those  
 people would be here for me.

He goes down on his knee to receive the medal. Usil enters  
 from stage left wearing dark, fur-hooded winter robe that  
 covers most of his yellow robe. A sour winter light rises on  
 stage.

## MALUM INSAY (CONT'D)

I lowered my head before our Head  
 of State, and felt the weight of a  
 hot, gold medal - specially struck  
 in the mold of your heroic  
 sacrifice - placed smilingly around  
 my neck, and heard her highness'  
 far off benedictions in my grateful  
 bones.

## BONUM TARRY

They like to make a show of it.  
 (fingering his medal)  
 I've twiddled with mine  
 posthumously.

## MALUM INSAY

Then, for weeks and weeks, the  
 noise of all that adulation rang in  
 my ears.

## BONUM TARRY

The tinnitus of approval.

## MALUM INSAY

It rings in one ear still, but in  
 the other, the louder noise of my  
 derided, detestable, despicable,  
 dreary, dismal, drunken and  
 delirious doom.

## BONUM TARRY

Doom? Try death.

## MALUM INSAY

Oh, didn't I try! But in my own un-  
 dying way, long and slow, to the  
 dance of all the demons that went  
 un-drowned in those pacific waters.

(MORE)

MALUM INSAY (CONT'D)

While you ascended, Bonum Tarry, I  
fell from grace, and fell, and  
fell, and fell, snagged by the  
gravity of my shame, then by its  
inexorable force I was thrown on  
the shore of the washed-up, there  
to be pounded by time's tsunami.

(beat)

Goddamit, Bonum, it was I who ran  
the country sea to fucking sea!

Malum paces, uncertain what to do or say next. The media  
people, still videoing with their cell phones held to their  
faces, close in from both sides.

Suddenly, Malum turns angrily on the media and snarls.

MALUM INSAY (CONT'D)

You've got your stories you  
motherfuckers... Piss off!

The media people hesitate, but, when Malum rushes them, they  
depart. The image of the tundra on the cyclotron phases out  
leaving a blue screen.

BONUM TARRY

You're stoned. And drunk.

MALUM INSAY

Fuck off.

Malum turns his back to Bonum. Bonum gets down and sits on  
the edge of the stone.

Usil steps a little closer to them and performs his blessing.

On the cyclotron the winter scene transforms over the next  
few minutes into a summer scene.

Bonum stands and walks behind Malum and puts a hand on  
Malum's shoulder.

BONUM TARRY

Regrets?

Malum shakes off Bonum's hand.

MALUM INSAY

Some days.

BONUM TARRY

Me too. More than a few.

Malum is surprised by Bonum's comment and turns finally to face him. He's feeling warm so he pulls off his winter suit down to his black T-shirt and shorts.

MALUM INSAY

You?

BONUM TARRY

Died a half-way man-boy. I only reached the coast of death. And then, from the bier upon which they burned my body, I was wafted on sobs and sighs into heaven where I have become a sunny-headed, dickless angel.

Malum "gets" what Bonum has said.

Usil steps forward and attempts to quietly bestow a blessing.

USIL

Bless you boys.

MALUM INSAY

Fuck off, Holy Man.

BONUM TARRY

Yeah, fuck off.

Usil backs away, shocked and offended. Tiv enters from backstage left to see what's going on. She walks toward Usil but stops within a few feet of him.

Malum picks up his winter suit.

MALUM INSAY

(to Tiv)

You too.

Malum and Bonum walk a few feet toward stage right.

BONUM TARRY

Cancer? We are, as the lawyers say, mutatis mutandis.

MALUM INSAY

No, not the cancer. A strong identification. With you. Over the top.

(beat)

Forgive me, Bonum. I fell pray to...

BONUM TARRY

To?

MALUM INSAY

To one idea. To one idea of which  
I am now sore afraid, and of which  
I am eternally ashamed.

(beat)

Forgive me, Bonum. I'll do a  
disappearing act and leave you to  
pride of place.

He begins to walk away.

BONUM TARRY

Ashamed of what? Tell me! Say it!

Malum faces the audience.

MALUM INSAY

I ran The Do Run Run...

BONUM TARRY

Yes...

MALUM INSAY

To run the anger out of me.

MEDIA PEOPLE

Ooo...

He turns to face Bonum.

MALUM INSAY

To let the tides...

Tiv steps toward Malum.

BONUM TARRY

Malum. Malum.

TIV

I can help... with tides and  
time...

MALUM INSAY

...to find the place where the  
tides would take me out and return  
me clean.

MEDIA PEOPLE

Ahhhhh...

USIL  
 (to Tiv)  
 Another sinner seeks a baptism.

Usil moves and when he does, he puts Malum in Bonum's shadow.

BONUM TARRY  
 (frustrated and angry)  
 When I was asked why I ran, I could  
 not utter a note of truth...

Usil and Tiv both draw closer.

MALUM INSAY  
 I knew why. Of course, I knew.

USIL  
 (to Malum)  
 Step out of his shadow. Step out!

Malum begins to skip-walk away again.

TIV  
 Damn you Usil. Malum, what did you  
 know?

Malum turns back toward Usil and Tiv.

MALUM INSAY  
 His metastatic anger.

BONUM TARRY  
 Yes!

MALUM INSAY  
 The dread of it. Of IT. The  
 cancer.

BONUM TARRY  
 Yes!

MALUM INSAY  
 Oh yes, we both had it in our  
 bones. Made him a better Good,  
 turned me a worser Bad.

USIL  
 Blessed be the confessors, for they  
 shall enter the river with no  
 stones in their pockets.

MEDIA PERSON 2

Old news. But, we like the  
metastatic anger bit, so... report  
we will.

Bonum strips off his white T.

BONUM TARRY

Take this.

Malum "gets" it. He takes off his black T and hands it to  
Malum. They both put on the other's shirt.

A wolf barks in the distance.

MALUM INSAY

Let us go then, you and I...

Malum and Bonum lock arms around one another's shoulders,  
Bonum on Malum's right side. Facing the audience, they pull  
phones from their pockets and snap selfies of themselves.

Now, with arms around one another's backs and bad legs side  
by side, they run off toward upstage right using a combined  
skip-run and exit.

Usil moves to the rock and climbs up to watch Bonum and  
Malum. Tiv comes below the rock.

USIL

Now, there's a song! For you, Tiv.  
Truth and reconciliation to the  
beat of their prosthetic foot  
falls. Write that song and sing  
it. When you're up to it, of  
course. We'll get the star-making  
machinery cranked-up and book the  
arenas.

He jumps down. He performs a blessing as he says

USIL (CONT'D)

(touches right breast)

*A Mari usque...*

(touches left breast)

*...ad Mare*

(touches crotch)

*...ad Mare.* And everywhere in  
between, where ordinary people  
plough the ground of their ordinary  
lives. And while they're at it they  
might ask themselves...

(MORE)

USIL (CONT'D)

Yes, ALL those people might put the question to themselves...

(beat)

TIV

What?

USIL

How they decide whom to love and whom to hate? The hidden why of it.

(beat)

Must go.

Usil strides toward stage right, gets to the mountains, turns to her and waves as the lights goes down. Tiv sits on the edge of the rock bathed in a pale light.

Owl sound. Tiv becomes suddenly alert to the sound and takes the sticks in hand and holds them out and above her head returns the calls.

TIV

[imitating owl sound]

She lowers her arms and thinks for a moment. She pulls out the air guitar again and have recites, half sings.

TIV (CONT'D)

Two boys went on the do-run-run.  
One runs under a forever sun  
While one goes pale in the shadow world.

We one embrace, the other shun.

(beat)

(beat)

I'm missing something.

(beat)

Tune and melody. Music.

What must I do to discover it?

**Fade to black.**

**EXT. THE WESTERN FOOTHILLS - LATE AUTUMN - DAWN**

More mountains have been placed at stage right, extending nearly to center stage. The cyclotron color graduates from bright white on the stage left side, through the full spectrum of yellow, orange, red and violet to the right.

Stage right is dimly lit, but stage left is bright.

General Dolor, in a fetal position, sleeps-off a hang over in on the rock at center stage. By the rock, his soiled blue tammy and an empty mickey in a tattered bag. The peacekeeper flag, and the bloody machete also lay about.

Enter Usil at stage left. He spies the sleeping General.

A train whistle blows somewhere off stage right.

The General's body on the rock jolts. He stirs, props himself up, then slowly swings his legs around to face the audience, feet on the ground, head hanging.

He sees his hat and reaches down to grab it, then puts it on. He sees the bag, grabs it, unscrews the bottle cap without taking the bottle out of the bag and takes a long swig to drain all that's left.

Usil begins a tip toe walk toward stage right and comes downstage to give the soldier a wide berth. As Usil passes by he looks over at the General who now has his eyes fixed on him.

USIL

Ah... No longer the sleeping soldier.

GENERAL DOLOR

(French accent)

Oui. Non. Oui.

USIL

Sorry to disturb.

The General gestures at Usil to wave him off. He picks up the flag and the machete and lays them on the rock. Suddenly dizzy, he bends over to place his hands on the rock to steady himself.

Concerned, Usil hesitates before moving off, then steps toward the General.

USIL (CONT'D)

Hangover? Well, that's obvious. The ancient Greeks had a word for it: kraipalê. So, not a new thing. They had a couple of cures, too. Boiled cabbage was one.

The General almost pukes to think of it.

USIL (CONT'D)

Chamaedaphne was the other. You might know it by its Latin name - Ruscus racemosus. Tear a few leaves from its shrub and string them together as a necklace. Takes the whole day under a hot Athenian sun to work its magic... so... perhaps...

Usil walks around looking for the shrub.

USIL (CONT'D)

Alas, a shrub not of these parts. Winters too long and cold, methinks. Olive trees and grape vines, same story.

(beat)

Don't drink myself. Never have. But, I am of a mind to bless you anyway, before I go. You know why? Because I am a judge of effects not causes.

Usil begins to cross himself but before he does, the General swings around and blows his whistle hard in Usil's face.

GENERAL DOLOR

Keep your blessings and your feckless rituals to yourself.

Usil quickly backs off, ears ringing and appalled by the General's verbal violence. Usil regains his composure.

USIL

Let's put this down to a lack of sleep. Your part not mine.

The General grabs the machete from the rock and threatens Usil with it.

GENERAL DOLOR

Je me souviens...!

Tiv enters at stage left on the run, stones in pocket, sticks draped down her chest.

TIV

(shouting)  
General!

USIL

He was going to hit me with his  
souvenir! And no glinting glance  
either.

The General drops the machete to his side but he resists as  
Tiv wrestles it from him then lays the machete on the rock.

TIV

This is General Dolor.

USIL

You know him?

TIV

Every night, for some time, he's  
made his bed here.

GENERAL DOLOR

And lain in it. As one must.

Usil beckons Tiv downstage so he can say something out of the  
General's earshot. She follows but they remain a few feet  
apart.

USIL

He's a drinker. Boozer. Tippler.  
Dipsomaniac.

(whispering)

Alcoholic.

(beat)

Notice the blood-stained machete.  
Maniac! Violent in his core.

TIV

No, Usil. He is a man of constant  
sorrow.

The General sees that Usil and Tiv are in for a long  
conversation so you sits down again, takes up the machete and  
hones it on the stone, rhythmically, catching Tiv's ear.

USIL

I couldn't have known that of  
course, yet I offered my blessing  
regardless, careful not to over-  
emote.

(indicating the tablet)

Thou shalt not smother others with  
strong emotion.

TIV

Well, that's the problem isn't it?  
You offer your blessings like you  
offer a friend a stick of gum.

USIL

Good one, Tiv.

TIV

He's not your friend and your  
blessings, Usil, are nothing to  
chew on.

USIL

(hurt)

Says you, Your Dimness.

Bonum and Malum, still skip-walking with their arms around one another, and wearing one another's T's, enter upstage center. They quickly gather in the scene. Usil and Tiv see them.

GENERAL DOLOR

(to Usil and Tiv)

Will a fight break out? No. Dear  
God, no!

USIL

(shaking his head)

Wrong time, wrong place. I'm a  
setter, not a boxer.

Usil turns and takes a few strides toward stage right. As he does, the lights on stage right come up and those on stage left dim.

Not sure about what is transpiring, Bonum and Malum break apart and sit on either side of the General with Malum on the General's right.

As he watches Usil walk away the General blows a short sharp note on his whistle near Malum's ear. Malum reflexively cups his left ear.

MALUM INSAY

What the fuck!

Usil stops as though he's been shot in the back then turns and fixes an angry stare on the General.

GENERAL DOLOR

(calling out to Usil)

Don't be a coward sun...

Usil's anger boils up but he quickly regains his composure.

USIL

(To the General)

You have a thing for her. But, so do the water-diving loons, the night-seeing owls and the moon-howling wolves.

GENERAL DOLOR

Bah!

USIL

Self-pity. Isn't that the noise you make? General?

While smiling at the audience, Bonum reaches around behind the General's back and then holding his hand above Malum's head points down at Malum.

BONUM TARRY

(to Malum)

If the shoe fits... wear it on your good leg.

The General stands with the whistle clenched in his teeth as if he's about to blow it again. Usil keeps a finger pointed at the General while he backs up into the folds of the mountains. A sunset light descends on stage right.

Enter Tekahionwake in a surly mood, a skin drum in one hand and drum stick in the other, behind Usil. She rudely pushes past him and after a couple of more strides stops and stands with arms akimbo staring at the General and the others.

As two media women and a media man emerge from different right and left to bear witness, cell phones in hand, Tekahionwake begins to beat the drum.

She dances a semi-circles behind rock toward stage left, finally coming around in front with the media people following.

Exasperated, Usil exits. The stage light dims to night. The cyclotron fills with a star scape. Sound of loon calls, wolf yips, owl hoots.

MALUM INSAY

The fucking stage is set for something.

USIL

Cosmic forces. Just a guess.

BONUM TARRY  
Bad medicine. Point of fact.

Bonum walks to Malum and puts his hand on Malum's shoulder.

BONUM TARRY (CONT'D)  
Let's go to your bloody beach and  
fish the stars.

Tekahionwake beats her drum once. Pleased with the suddenness and brevity of the beat, Tiv nods her head and pulls out her stones.

The General finds the machete and slaps the blade in his hand a sound that rouses Malum. As the General sharpens the blade Malum becomes mesmerized.

MALUM INSAY  
I'm staying.

Drum beat, stone clack, machete hand slap, picture flash.

MALUM INSAY (CONT'D)  
Not coming.

Bonum is perplexed and appalled, but says nothing.

BONUM TARRY  
Come with. Please.

MALUM INSAY  
No.

Drum beat, stone clack, machete hand slap, picture flash.

Bonum pulls off the black T shirt and holds it out to Malum.

BONUM TARRY  
(angrily)  
Give it to me.

Drum beat, stone clack, machete hand slap, picture flash.

Malum pulls off the white T and throws it into Bonum's face while he grabs the black T and pulls it on.

Drum beat, stone clack, machete hand slap, picture flash.

Bonum puts on the white T-shirt and hurriedly skip-runs away and exits at the same place Usil exited.

Tekahionwake walks up nose-to-nose with the General.

TEKAHIONWAKE

(pointedly)

You understand old man? Old white man.

USIL

For the record, triple offense that: sexist, ageist and racist in three words.

Tiv decides to intervene walks behind Tekahionwake and puts her hand tenderly on Tekahionwake's shoulder. Tekahionwake shakes her off and continues to stare into the General's now obstinate and angry face.

Pictures flash.

Tiv turns toward the media people and tries to get them to stop taking pictures. She tries to shoo them away. They push around her and stay focused on Tekahionwake and the General, while Tiv, now powerless drifts behind them.

FEMALE REPORTER 1

Headline stuff.

Pictures flash.

FEMALE REPORTER 2

Smacks of Kanesatake. Colour of Oka.

MALUM INSAY

Say what?

FEMALE REPORTER 3

Oka. Oka. Blood there too, though just a little.

MALUM INSAY

Before my time. Old news.

GENERAL DOLOR

(to Tekahionwake)

I've seen tribes at war. *Il n'y a pas de comparaison.* Why do you expect me to change my mind?

TEKAHIONWAKE

That was there, this is here.

Malum climbs the rock and takes a position looking down on the General and Tekahionwake.

GENERAL DOLOR

Eight hundred thousand dead in one hundred days.

(flailing the machete)

Chop-chop. Chop-chop-chop.

TEKAHIONWAKE

Crazy racist white man!

Picture flash.

FEMALE REPORTER 1

Good point. Accurate.

FEMALE REPORTER 2

She's not altogether wrong.

MALE REPORTER 1

I will just report the facts, sans the feminist cant.

Tiv, frustrated to be out of the argument moves to the rock and indicates to Malum that he should help her up. As he does, the General, with the machete still in hand, searches for his flag and finds it. He brings it back and thrusts it in the air over Tekahionwake's head.

GENERAL DOLOR

I waved the flag. But still...  
Chop-chop, and down the bodies went  
and made a mud of the bloody dust.

MALUM INSAY

Whoa... No fucking way.

Tekahionwake beats her drum.

GENERAL DOLOR

Shot a round into the blue, blue sky. A warning shot. But to the murderers it BOOMED! like a starter pistol and they ran off in all directions full of fury. And I watched. I watched. Off the fingers, off the hands and arms and legs, heads cleaved and bellies split...

A media man starts snapping pictures. Lights flash.

GENERAL DOLOR (CONT'D)

Cease and desist! I ordered. No lack of courage!

(MORE)

GENERAL DOLOR (CONT'D)

But...the slaughter continued and  
so I fell to begging.

(goes to his knees)

I begged. I begged. I begged.

The general grabs Malum by the shoulders and he speaks to him  
nose to nose.

GENERAL DOLOR (CONT'D)

But, down the sunlit banks the  
murderers rolled the murdered down  
into the boiling river, then flung  
their twitching limbs in after, as  
kids fling sticks to watch them  
carried out of memory or care.

Tiv clutches her sticks.

FEMALE REPORTER 3

(to the photographer)

Good shot.

Malum pulls the General to his feet.

MALUM INSAY

(making a gun of his hand)

You should have shot the bastards.

(under his breath)

Coward.

Tiv shushes Malum and takes his "shooting" hand and holds it  
to keep him calm.

TEKAHIONWAKE

You finished?

GENERAL DOLOR

I begged them to stop the killing.  
Invoked the name of Jesus Logos,  
his father and every single holy  
ghost whose name I could remember,  
and the names of all the bell-rung  
saints who toll our suffering days.

She hands her drum and stick to Tiv.

TEKAHIONWAKE

Give me that old man.

She grabs the General's flag and breaks the staff over her  
knee and tosses the parts away.

TEKAHIONWAKE (CONT'D)

Blessed are the peacemakers for  
they shall inherit the smirks.

(to Usil)

Isn't that right, Karahkwa?

Usil nods.

Tiv bangs the skin drum once. Malum is impressed. He gestures to Tiv to give him the drum and stick. He is persistent so she finally gives them to him and pulls out her rocks.

Tekahionwake is exhausted. She moves to the rock and sits facing the audience with Tiv and Malum looking down. The General has moved off to the side and stares out over the audience with a glum, defeated look on his face.

The media people take positions in front of Tekahionwake and sit down cross-legged before Tekahionwake, like kids before a story-teller. Malum and Tiv accompany her story with drum beats and stone clacks.

TEKAHIONWAKE (CONT'D)

We were a myriad of nations,  
settled on the land from sea to sea  
to sea. Men and women and children  
living in peace. One with nature.

GENERAL DOLOR

You lived in tribes.

Everyone shushes the General.

GENERAL DOLOR (CONT'D)

*C'est vraiment important de savoir.*  
No?

TEKAHIONWAKE

Into the in between lands, along  
the Indian trails and up our rivers  
and streams came a pale people from  
far away.

USIL

(calling out)

And still coming...the HiFen are  
recently arrived, short and  
swarthy.

GENERAL DOLOR

Pushed by the hand of fate, no? In  
an age of discovery, yes?

They all shush the General again.

TEKAHIONWAKE

Spouting the words of their God as they came.

GENERAL DOLOR

And Manitou is what, if not a God?

TEKAHIONWAKE

With muskets loaded, killed us dead.

GENERAL DOLOR

You took a scalp or two. Drank the blood of old Brebeuf to stomach his courage. Baptised him in boiling water. That was a scalding how-do-you-do.

MALUM INSAY

(appalled)

For fuck sake General!

TEKAHIONWAKE

And time goes by. The white man's armies come, their police...

GENERAL DOLOR

Following orders...

TEKAHIONWAKE

...their teachers and doctors and their priests

GENERAL DOLOR

Following their conscience...

TEKAHIONWAKE

Following a policy of genocide and ethnic cleansing. Children ripped from their parents arms and taken off to the white man's schools, there abused until they learned the white man's ways, and used, oh yes, oh yes, to satisfy the white man's lust.

MALUM INSAY

No fucking way.

GENERAL DOLOR  
 Terrible, terrible things, yes.  
 But, not genocide. I... I know of  
 genocide. Stood witness.

The media people raise their hands like school kids.

TEKAHIONWAKE  
 No questions.

TIV  
 In fairness, Tekahionwake. It's a  
 fine night for questions.

FEMALE REPORTER 2  
 We don't agree. We have no right  
 to question her.

MALUM INSAY  
 That's rich.

GENERAL DOLOR  
 Way of the world boy. Shatter no  
 myths and pull ye not on the frayed  
 ends of sacred lies.

Tiv steps off the rock. The media people stand up and thrust  
 their cell phones into Tekahionwake's stony face. The  
 General comes in close from his exile.

Tekahionwake stands, takes her drum and stick in hand, then  
 pushes through the crowd and makes her way toward upper right  
 to make her exit, but wheels around and points at the  
 general.

GENERAL DOLOR (CONT'D)  
 Tribal warfare. Horror beyond  
 imagining.

TIV  
 Mankind will find a way. Truth and  
 reconciliation.

GENERAL DOLOR  
 Don't make me laugh.

TIV  
 (to General Dolor)  
 Let's take you home for a general  
 rehabilitation.

Tiv and the General exit center left. Malum, still standing  
 on the rock in the near darkness. He bends over and picks up  
 the machete and wields it.

MALUM INSAY  
Chop-chop. Chop-chop-chop.

**Fade to Black.**

**EXT. THE NORTHERN TERRITORIES - DAY**

The few mountains that have stood on stage since the beginning have become a chain of mountains that cuts across from upper right to just above downstage center. The flat rock is extreme stage left, front.

The stage right side of the mountains is dark, but the light increases incrementally toward center stage.

An image of more mountains appears on the cyclotron.

Four members of the media lurk in the folds of the mountain, phones at the ready.

FEMALE REPORTER 1  
Scandal!

MEDIA PERSO 3  
Scandalocity. W.W.W - dot com.

FEMALE REPORTER 3  
Scandalaciousness - to coin a word.

FEMALE REPORTER 1  
Scandalabbetary - to include all  
the complicit.

FEMALE REPORTER 2  
Scandaliferousness... it's in the  
air.

The noise of shuffling feet, then the sounds of two distinct sets of footfalls off stage left.

FEMALE REPORTER 3  
Something wicked this way comes...

The media people all raise their phone cameras to their eyes and peer toward stage left.

Enter Usil from downstage left, tablet in hand, one ear bud in, happily humming Terry Jack's song, **Seasons in the Sun**.

Bonum, dressed in a brilliant white, floor length robe enters from center left on short white stilts.

Usil, stops to watch, then waves at him. Bonum nods his head in friendly acknowledgement. Usil gives Bonum his customary blessing.

USIL

You're in our thoughts almost every day. Godspeed my boy!

As Bonum gets close to the mountains the media people leap out of "hiding", encircle him and take pictures while they throw words at him.

FEMALE REPORTER 1

Thanks for the memories!

FEMALE REPORTER 2

Good boy he!

FEMALE REPORTER 3

Sweet bird of youth!

Bonum is disgusted and quickly makes his way through the mountains and exits into the darkness.

FEMALE REPORTER 1

Good to see Bonum again... Hasn't changed a bit.

FEMALE REPORTER 3

But, where's the devil boy?

They retreat to their mountain hiding places. Usil believes they are waiting for him so he walks toward the media people with arms open, grinning. As he does, the light over stage right intensifies.

The media people hide from him. He is mystified at their "disappearance".

USIL

Friends? Where art thou?

(beat)

Methinks you play your games again.

While he searches, off, at stage left, a long whistle and the sound of running feet. Usil spins to locate the noise. The media people pop-up from their hiding places.

Another whistle blast. The sound of quickening feet.

USIL (CONT'D)

My god, she has the General's whistle now. She'll get all the dogs a-howling.

From upstage left enter Malum in black robes, skip-running but stooped and casting glances over his shoulder as though he's being followed. He's exhausted, scared and snorting like a pug dog.

The sound of stones clacking are heard. Then a short whistle, then the sound of sticks banging.

Malum stumbles and falls at Usil's feet. The media people - now three women and a man - gather round and stick their phones in his face. Usil backs away, stepping toward stage right but never taking his eyes off the media scrum around Malum.

FEMALE REPORTER 2

Down like the dirty dog you are.

MALE REPORTER 2

Feelings? How does it really feel?

FEMALE REPORTER 1

The double shame of attempted myth-murder. Attempted... but not completed.

FEMALE REPORTER 2

Shame on top of shame. Is that how it feels?

MALE REPORTER 2

Thank God for the resurrection and the life hereafter in the never-dying digits of The Cloud.

Usil now feels guilty about abandoning Malum. He edges back toward the group and speaks up.

USIL

But, is he not a hero too? Did he not do The Do Run Run? I beg you, let him up.

Usil waves his tablet at them.

USIL (CONT'D)

Theft is the root of all sin, so... so, thou shalt not use a claim of right to steal from others. It is written. So, let him be and steal his peace no more.

All the media people thrust their phones into Malum's face.

ALL MEDIA PEOPLE  
How does it feel?

FEMALE REPORTER 1  
Really feel?

Enter Tiv from stage left. She stops, climbs the rock, holds her stones out in front of her and clacks.

MALUM INSAY  
(to the media)  
Like it always does, goddamn you all.  
(to Usil)  
Night fucking comes... again, but doesn't.

The media people thrust their phones in Usil's face, but he has been rendered speechless. He backs up again as the media crowd him. They press him.

USIL  
Hell has frozen over. Just like the prophets prophesied.

Tiv pockets her stones and begins to bang her sticks together, uttering almost inaudible loon calls and wolf howls as she does.

MALE REPORTER 2  
He's hiding something...

FEMALE REPORTER 2  
(to Usil)  
The truth!  
(to the other reporter)  
We've given him more than enough latitude...

Usil turns and threads his way through the mountains with the media people in pursuit. Darkness descends over the stage.

Malum struggles to get to his feet and raises his fist to the departing Usil and media people.

MALUM INSAY  
Get you gone you motherfuckers!

From upstage off, an owl hoots. Malum twists around searching for the owl. He watches Tiv approach in the darkness. The owl hoots again. He points in the direction of the owl sound.

MALUM INSAY (CONT'D)

That fucker offers a question for  
the wise. Whooooooo? Whooooooo?

TIV

Read no meanings in the sounds of  
birds and beasts. They have no  
questions, have no answers. Lesson  
of the loon, part 2.

After two long beats, Malum points a finger at his ear.

MALUM INSAY

Sound in.

He tugs the other ear with his other hand.

MALUM INSAY (CONT'D)

Question out. Whooooooo? Who  
shall be the winners and losers?  
Who shall be happy and who shall be  
sad? Who shall be loved and who  
shall be hated? Who shall live in  
death and who shall be dead though  
they live.

TIV (v.o.)

Riddle me that.

(beat)

But, here's the answer.

MALUM INSAY

Who?

She points at herself, and then at him.

Malum comes downstage and faces the audience, engaging the  
eyes of several members, then nods in appreciation of her  
wisdom. He turns back and stands stage right of Tiv. Malum  
pulls out his phone and puts his arm around her shoulder.

MALUM INSAY (CONT'D)

Minstrel you.

She nods. He snaps a picture.

MALUM INSAY (CONT'D)

Misbegotten me.

Tiv nods again. He begins to walk toward stage right, stops  
and looks back toward her.

MALUM INSAY (CONT'D)

It's not over.

TIV

No.

Malum wanders to the flat rock and sits on its edge and hangs his head in the dimness.

She edges toward stage left, front.

**EXT. EASTERN SHORE - SUMMER - DAWN**

Gulls call down out of the near dark dawn sky. Tiv looks up.

TIV

[badly imitates gull sounds]

As the light rises, Usil enters from stage left, tablet in hand, ear buds placed in his ear. He wears a yellow three piece suit with an orange tie and white spats. He stops to watch Tiv for a moment before interrupting her.

USIL

You're still at it. The music thing. Good on you, Tiv. My prayers and blessings... Have not worked.

(holding out the tablet)

But, as to song, well, there are ten, twenty thousand songs in this device. Written and sung by people from here. From this country, Tiv. These people do not want for melodies and lyrics - or for performance skills.

TIV

Your point?

USIL

Just a guess, but I rather suspect you won't find your way to the play list.

TIV

(indicating his suit)

And this is...

USIL

I admit I chose the wrong approach before, which is what I advise you to do. Just admit your failure as a minstrel. The people have given up on religion.

(MORE)

USIL (CONT'D)

(beat)  
I flamed out.

TIV  
So..?

Enter Bonum, dressed in white, from upper right. He carries two stones.

USIL  
If I want to be the star I truly am, well... Politics, my dear. Politics. The people now entrust their future to politicians even though they despise them. I can deal with that.

(holding up the tablet)  
To that end, I have composed a strategy to win hearts and minds.

TIV  
So...

USIL  
So, I'm off on the Do Run Run again. You?

TIV  
I will hang here. I will hang here and play.

USIL  
What is the point?

TIV  
Thou shalt not, you said, blame a lack of courage on cowardice.

Bonum clacks his stones together, rousing Malum.

USIL  
Indeed.

Malum comes to Tiv who takes her sticks from around her neck and gives them to him. He returns to the rock.

TIV  
Thou shalt not, you said, forget that reason only serves emotion.

Bonum clacks the stones together, then Malum bangs the sticks together. Malum climbs the rock, then he and Bonum continue to strike their instruments as Usil and Tiv talk.

USIL  
 (becoming nervous)  
 Can't name a time it didn't...

Under a display of Indian pictographs on the cyclotron, enter Tekahionwake from upstage right dressed in indigenous clothes. She carries her skin drum and bangs it with a stick.

MALUM  
 [imitates a wolf howl]

TIV  
 But, at last, I am in command of  
 all my instruments.

Enter General Dolor in khaki. He carries a tattered "fleur de lis" flag over his shoulder and a pistol in his hand. He aims at Tekahionwake, who bangs her drum hard. He lowers his pistol to his side.

BONUM  
 [imitates owl hoot]

Usil backs away toward stage right.

The General begins to march in place as Bonum, Malum and Tekahionwake continue to strike their instruments.

TIV  
 I have found my voice. I have  
 found my voice!

USIL  
 But, not a song! Face it, you have  
 a gibbous talent. Incomplete.  
 But attractive, very. I'll grant  
 you that!

The General, Bonum, Malum and Tekahionwake continue to strike their instruments.

TEKAHIONWAKE  
 [imitates loon call]

MALUM  
 [imitates wolf howl]

BONUM  
 [imitates owl hoot]

Usil backs up further, close to the mountains.

USIL  
 (frightened)  
 Tiv, now's the time you should  
 engage in a moment of reflection.

Enter Bitty Bit on roller blades in hockey gear, carrying a hockey stick. The General salutes her.

Bitty stops and begins to bang the bottom of the flag standard on the floor to accompany the General, marching, and Bonum, Malum and Tekahionwake striking their instruments.

Usil moves further toward stage right. The light dims in gradation from bright on the right to darker at stage left.

Enter the leader of the HiFen, dressed in national garb and carrying a tattered flag that looks like a Canadian flag but a black hyphen replaces the maple leaf. She waves the flag in rhythm to the rising beat.

USIL (CONT'D)  
 (very loud)  
 Stop!

As all the others slowly reduce the volume of their "music" Tiv turns to face Usil.

USIL (CONT'D)  
 I don't understand the point of  
 this! What am I missing? Tell me!

TIV  
 Thou shalt not close your eyes to  
 the truth. The tenth of your un-  
 obeyed commandments.

USIL  
 What?!

The others realize that Tiv and Usil are about to talk over their heads so they all pull out their phones to talk, text, check their social media accounts, e-mail etc.

Emojis displace the Indian pictographs on the cyclotron.

Tekahionwake, General Dolor, Bonum, Malum, Bitty and the HiFen leader mill about one another, avoiding eye contact and communication, completely self-absorbed within their "silos".

TIV  
 That was the last commandment you  
 uttered when you were a Holy Man.

USIL

I made them all up, those  
revelations. Not part of the new  
strategy at all, for God's sake...  
(holding up the tablet)  
Deleted. Deleted. Deleted.

TIV

Still.  
(beat)  
So many times I did The Do Run Run  
as my minstrel self.

USIL

Searching. I get it.  
(dubious)  
For what?

TIV

To find within myself just one song  
in which these people could become  
as one.

The others stop, scattered around the stage behind Usil and  
Tiv, and freeze in place, phones still in hand.

USIL

An anthem? Of course. I get it.

TIV

No.

USIL

Hymn?

TIV

No.

USIL

Country tune? Pop? Rock? Rap?  
Hip Hop? Blues, Funk, Jazz...

TIV

Shut up, Usil.

USIL

What's your niche?

TIV

A love song. A heart cry.

USIL

Silly girl. Small audience for  
that in the land of the nice.

(MORE)

USIL (CONT'D)

You will sing only for the  
dwindling ranks of the sentimental,  
the last of those who knew this  
place before it fractured into  
pieces.

(beat)

Politics. Only way back.

TIV

No.

On the cyclotron an image of a busy mall gradually appears.

USIL

Suit yourself, dear Sister.  
Continue as you are, you cannot  
help but fail.

(beat)

But, you never listen to me, so,  
you go your way, I'll go mine.

(holding up the tablet)

Strategy and tactics now encoded.

Usil tugs his forelock to salute Tiv, then retreats through  
the mountains, leaving a sunset light that darkens until Tiv  
is on stage alone.

TIV

I did not fail, Usil.

Tiv walks downstage to front and center and pulls out her air  
guitar. As she strums it, the sound of a guitar plays over  
her final speech.

TIV (CONT'D)

I found the song, already written  
and singing in the blood. For these  
people there is accord in  
disaccord, vision in division. No,  
not for the dead in their singular  
graves, but for those who  
congregate in the commons of the  
living. Here is where all and  
every human shout and whisper, all  
of human poetry, song and dance,  
all debate and conversation is  
shaped and shadowed by the blood-  
rich legends, myths, and scriptures  
of the shifting, intersecting  
tribes in which they live their  
days. Here is where they suffer  
the hurts and hungers of belonging -  
and only their intermittent  
satiation.

(MORE)

## TIV (CONT'D)

Here, as in every other place, the people in these fractured communities carry these legends, myths and scriptures as the chromosomal truths in which they invest their hope and faith, the double helix of their unconscious / conscious life.

(beat)

So, yes, for Bonum and Malum, for Tekahionwake and the General, and for all the rest, it is not over. For in their contesting archetypal selves they have imprinted themselves in the genes of a forever that will, in time, be itself forgotten, moon shadowed, sun eclipsed.

The lights dim further. Wolf call, owl hoot and loon call from off.

**FADE TO BLACK.**