

GAG ORDER

ext. daybreak star indian cultural center — morning

Two angular, concrete wings and a wooden canoe. The stage is empty but for the gravity of this building. Resurrection City presides.

*Red double doors open. Reveal ANGELI
“GEN” (20s), a statuesque Anishinaabekwe
with hair past her hips. Her clothing in earth
tones and red. She touches the wall underneath
the sign and lowers her head.*

GEN

Sing, Muse, of all unspoken.
Of it can't be and never was.
The “didn't see,” “it isn't me,”
not him, not her, not I, not we,
knotted eyes and buried tongues.
Sing in the mud-slinging right
now, all takes and no give, sing
though I've cut your mouth
and drawn a line in the sand,
blood red on white, O Muse,
sing the blues.

*Gen lights a cigarette. The cherry glows as the
sun crests over the center.*

A blues lick.

GEN

I was just remembering when we were
little and you got us in big trouble with...

The blues lick continues. Gen takes another drag of her cigarette. A plume of smoke and the sound of a rattle.

GEN

No. No, I won't name him. He was a good man, though. I never saw him get angry before or since. This was *his* place. He loved it. He *loved* it. He took care of it. He took care of *us*.

The percussionist reveals himself.

He wears the mask of a blackbird and his outfit is mostly black and blue. When he moves, bells jingle on his ankles and knees.

GEN

Do you think he knew?

A key change, but the riff stays almost the same. The percussionist turns his back to the audience. Gen pulls a face and shakes her head. She puts out her cigarette.

GEN

Asiginaak.

The percussionist freezes, but keeps shaking his rattle. He cocks his head. Then, slowly, he removes his mask.

This is ASIGINAAK (20s), Gen's twin brother.

SIG

Knew what?

GEN

Knew about us. Do you think he looked at us—any of us, really—and tried to guess what we'd become?

Before Sig can answer, Gen shakes her head again.

GEN

No. Useless train of thought. What I should be asking is who loves this place now? Who takes care of it like he does? *Did.* Not me. Not *you*. We're not even here.

Sig looks sick and terrified.

SIG

We're not here?

Gen offers a wan smile.

GEN

We're not here.