

AGOKWE

BY WAAWAATE FOBISTER



Waawaate is an award-winning actor, playwright, choreographer, dancer, storyteller, and producer. A proud Anishnaabe from Grassy Narrows First Nation, he is a graduate of Humber College's Theatre Performance Program. After the success of *Agokwe*, Waawaate's second play, *Medicine Boy* premiered at Summerworks in 2012. He has performed in numerous plays including, but not limited to, *The Rez Sisters*, *A Very Polite Genocide*, *White Buffalo Cafe Woman*, and *Death of a Chief*, and acted in the television series *The Time Travelers*. He has collaborated with Native Earth Performing Arts, De-bah-jeh-muh-jig Theatre Group, and the Centre for Indigenous Theatre. His most recent projects include the production of his play *Biiwidi-Stanger* as part of the Idle No More Wrecking Ball performance and as a dancer in *I'm Not the Indian You Had in Mind*.

INTRODUCTION TO AGOKWE

BY FALEN JOHNSON

“So are you really gay?” Those words echoed throughout the small Moosonee High School gym as I sat beside Waawaate Fobister, just after a performance of the short play *Savage* by Yvette Nolan. In the script Waawaate played Gary, a young Indigenous two-spirited man who is bullied. Waawaate was quick with his response, “Yes, I am *really* gay,” he said loudly and without any hesitation. The boy who asked had a look that began with shock, then confusion, then a smile as he nodded his head in what seemed like agreement or some sort of satisfied approval.

Waawaate comes from Grassy Narrows in northern Ontario, a place not unlike Moosonee, where he probably went to school with a boy much like the one who asked if Waawaate was “really gay.” The power of Waawaate’s words along with his unabashed claiming of his sexuality resonated with those kids in that gym that day. After the talkback, the kids filed out of the gym, except for one girl who hung back, and after everyone had gone she approached us. She told us that she was gay. She said no one knew and she hadn’t told anyone because she was afraid of being bullied. It was heartbreaking but also amazing that she could finally vocalize it. Through storytelling and witnessing Waawaate, she seemed to gain courage, which both amazed and moved me.

Agokwe was based largely on Waawaate's own personal experiences growing up in Grassy Narrows. The voice is so authentic and rich we can't help but be transported. The world is funny and hard and beautiful, and recognizable to so many people. The story overlaps with and speaks to many communities. Yes, it is a two-spirited Indigenous love story, but it is so much more than that. It is about love itself. Love between people, families, and communities. How it is lost, kept, and how it is learned.

Witnessing how the characters transform in *Agokwe* is one of the most compelling parts of the show. The relationship between Jake and his cousin Goose always intrigues me. When I first watched the show I remember feeling the saddest about that relationship thread. The bonds of family run deep and to see them strained or broken was tragic to witness. On the other hand, to see the journey of Betty Moses and her transformation was so beautiful. To see that change can and does happen gives us hope.

One of my favourite moments from *Agokwe* is when Jake says to Mike, "There's no reason for us to be scared anymore." Those words stand out for me. It is a moment of knowing and optimism where decolonization takes place and a traditional understanding is reclaimed. This moment extends beyond the world of the play and gives us a glimpse of our potential future, to what we—and I'm not speaking of just us Indigenous folks—can all understand if we let ourselves acknowledge the land we stand upon and our responsibility to it and its history.

It's impossible to quantify the reach of *Agokwe*—to know who it has touched, who it has taught, and maybe even who it has saved. After two successful national tours with sold-out shows, I imagine it's a lot of people, and I imagine it'll keep reaching even further.

Agokwe premiered at Buddies in Bad Times Theatre, Toronto, on September 23, 2008, from a script developed in Buddies in Bad Times Queer Youth Arts Program. The play featured the following cast and creative team:

Written and performed by Waawaate Fobister

Directed by Ed Roy

Music by Marc Nadjiwan

Lighting design by Kimberly Purtell

Set design by Andy Moro

Costume design by Erika Isteroff

Sound design by Lyon Smith

Stage management by Tracy Lynne Cann

The play went on to win six Dora Mavor Moore Awards for Toronto Theatre in 2009, including Outstanding New Play, Outstanding Production of a Play, Outstanding Direction, Outstanding Performance, Outstanding Costume Design, and Outstanding Lighting Design.

Following its premiere in 2008, *Agokwe* went on tour throughout Canada in 2011, making stops at the Yukon Arts Centre, Whitehorse; the University of Saskatoon Drama Department North Studio, Saskatoon; and at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre, Vancouver.

CHARACTERS

Nanabush

Jake

Mike

Betty Moses

Shyanne

NANABUSH INTRO

*NANABUSH enters during a blackout in a bird half mask and wings.
As the lights come up, NANABUSH is partially obscured by fog.*

NANABUSH: Hello! Good evening. Can you see me? You can see me, right? Of course you can see me. I am standing right in front of you, flesh and blood. But the only reason you can see me is because I choose for you to see me. Before you came in here (*points to someone in the audience*) I was the shithead who spilled coffee on you at the office. I was the old man with the hugest boner protruding through his pants on the street. A moment ago, I was the itch on the ring of your asshole as you sat down and took your seat. I am Nanabush. I am a trickster. I am the trickster, the trickster of tricksters.

The wings pull away as NANABUSH spins.

So, let's just get straight to the point. I'm here to tell you something; something very important. Once you get it, I want you to act on it and tell your friends, and tell your friends to tell their friends, and tell their friends to tell their friends. That way we can all live together like a nice big happy family. Do you like living in a nice big happy family? I know I

do. I mean, who wouldn't want to live in a nice happy family? Some of you are disagreeing with me. Why is that? Maybe your family is disgusting? Maybe every time when your family sits down to have a nice big meal someone always manages to fart, or burp, or choke, or argue until you want to die? Or is it just simply the fact that no one in your family gets along or understands you . . . or whatever the case is, the truth is, not everyone has a nice big happy family. You know why? Because humans are stupid. Stupid, I tell ya—they may be the smartest species on the planet, but they are also the stupidest. Not only that, they're also one of the most disgusting and despicable species around; makes me sick to my stomach. Sorry to give you the bad news but I am just being honest. They—you—yes you, you're gross. You dirty everything. Everything you get your filthy little hands on, it gets dirty—the land, the air, the water, and yourselves. Lost people, it's a shame. But I should give you some credit; you are trying to make things better. Everyone is trying to think green to save the planet, to save yourselves, but its not easy being green, or white, or yellow, or black, or Anishnaabe, red! That's why I am here to tell you about the Anishnaabe, my lost people. Their culture is disappearing, going fast. So many things have changed. So many things have been taken away from them: their land, their traditions, their freedom, and their sense of who they were and who they are. Oh, I know you have heard this all before. Poor Anishnaabe, why don't they just get off the bottle and get over it? I'll tell you why. Because once you've been screwed it's hard to unscrew YOURSELF!! Oh . . . am I making you a little bit uncomfortable? Oh, I know I am not being the apologetic little Indian. Well, I don't give a shit because I am Nanabush. The truth isn't always pretty and it isn't easy. It took two hundred years for an apology and all they have to say is "I'm SOORYYYYYYY"!! And what do you want me to say? "Oh oh, Mr. Harper, its okay. I will just go and find my little children's missing bones that're now part of this condo that just got built here." Well, we all know what's been done—man's inhumanity to man, tsk, tsk, tsk . . . like I said, you humans are stupid. All we got is the present and the future so let's

make it a fabulous one. Anyway, before you folks showed up, back in the day when you looked around and as far as the eyes could see everything was available to the Anishnaabe. There was greed. There was war. But there was no prejudice against ummm . . . what do you people call them nowadays? Gays? Queers? Fags? Homo?

NANABUSH laughs.

Homo, that word cracks me up. There are many words used for two-spirited people in the Indian languages: Ihamana from the Zuni, Gatxan from the Tlingit, Nadleeh the Navajo, Mohave the Alyahas, Winkte the Lakota Sioux, Mexoga the Omaha. Oh I can go on and on and on and on, but my favourite, my absolute favourite of them all, is the Anishnaabe word—Agokwe. Agokwe! Come on, say it with me—Agokwe, Agokwe! I can't hear you! Agokwe! There you go! Doesn't that just feel so amazing coming out of your mouth? Agokwe! Ooohh . . . when I say it I just feel so glam glam! Agokwe! Mmm . . . I love it! It means within the man there is a woman; not one spirit, but two. Two-spirited— isn't that lovely? Yes, there was a time when the Anishnaabe had no prejudice against a boy who was Agokwe. Oh no, it was quite the opposite. The Agokwe men would hold power and represent strength because they had maleness and femaleness totally entwined in one body. They were known to be able to see with the eyes of both man and woman. If they did extraordinary things in their lives that broke with tradition it was assumed they had the spiritual authority and power to do so, therefore they weren't questioned. They were shamans, healers, mediators, and interpreters of dreams whose lives were devoted to the welfare of the group. He would do both men's work and woman's work; he would teach children, chop the wood, make a basket, kill a moose, make clothes, paddle across the great lake, protect the woman and children during war, lead a ceremony . . . he was pretty much the ultimate auntie with high status within the community. Also, if he was single, he would be

a much-sought-after wife, because what husband wouldn't want a wife who was beautiful and glamorous and strong as a horse and who could be a hunter (*thrusts pelvis*) and a gatherer (*bends over*) in the bedroom. At social occasions, the Agokwe's dance card would always be full.

Drum music begins.

Starting at a very young age, if the parents noticed their boy child was disinterested in boyish play and manly work, they would set up a ceremony to determine which way the boy would be brought up. Some communities would get the boy to stand in a circle surrounded by his friends and family and they would sing and play the drum for him, and if he danced in the way of a woman, because he could not help himself, they would raise him as an Agokwe.

Drum music ends.

Other communities would put the young boy in a circle of brush, where he would find a man's bow and a woman's basket. They would light the brush on fire and he had to choose one of the items. If he ran out with the basket, he would be raised as an Agokwe. The Anishnaabe knew that in order for there to be a nice big happy family everybody had to have a place. The Anishnaabe didn't waste people. They had enough wisdom to realize that there was enough room for more than two sexes in their world, and so they welcomed every new Agokwe born into their community. But that was the good old days. The story I am about to tell is not about the good old days. It's about right now. It's about two Anishnaabe boys named Jake and Mike. Let me introduce you to Jake.

JAKE: Oh my god! I am so excited for this weekend. It's the All Nations Hockey Tournament in Kenora. This is where all the reserves in the area come together for this huge hockey tournament. I get to see Mike. He is going to be playing in it. He is on the Windigo Bay team. I am going to watch all of his games. It's exciting because my reserve, Red Beaver, and his reserve, Windigo Bay, are the two top teams in the tournament. All my cousins, especially Goose, are going to wonder why I am going to watch Windigo Bay play and not friggin' stinky Red Beaver. The reason is because the guys on my rez are just plain ugly. Greasy hair and pimply boys just gross me out. Well, except for my cousin Powerful Lightning Bolt, but he is my cousin. People just don't go out with their cousins, right? Ewww . . . I can't believe Goose went out with Powerful Lightning Bolt because they actually are cousins. I think they are like third cousins. I know, it's so weird and gross. But he was like, oh well, at least we are third cousins and not second or first cousins because that would be just wrong. That made me so nervous because they were messing in the same gene pool. Can you imagine if she got knocked up? Who knows what their tadpoles would look like? Anyway, I couldn't go out with Powerful Lightning Bolt even if he was gay, and with a name like that, GAWD. That's why I have to go somewhere else to find a boy—like from Windigo Bay. The first time I saw Mike was at the Kenora Shoppers Mall. I remember it like it was yesterday. I had driven into town to buy a new pair of jeans. I was mindin' my own business, making my way to the Warehouse One jeans store when suddenly I got this creepy feeling that someone was watching me. You know that feeling when the hairs on the back of your neck stand on end? I slowly did a glaze-over of the mall and there he was standing opposite of Warehouse One; the most beautiful Ojibwe boy I have ever seen was staring at me and I couldn't help but stare back. He's nice and tall. He had nice, dark, glowing Indian

skin. Nice toned-muscle arms. Nice developed chest. Nice hair. Nice eyes. Nice lips. Oooo . . . Nice basket. Just sooooooooooooo nice . . . hmm. It felt like we were staring at each other for eternity, even though I am sure it was only for a few seconds, but in that brief time the heat between us had become so intense I had to look away. When I gathered my courage to look back, he was gone. In that moment I had these emotions, feelings, sensations I had never felt before. Was it love or lust at first sight? I didn't know and I didn't care. All I knew was I had to know everything I could about him. I couldn't tell anybody why. I am not even sure I knew myself. So, I described him to Goose and asked if she knew him, and she did. Of course, she also wanted to know why I was asking about him. I made up some lie that he stole some girl that I was trying to pick up. Although she was pissed off hearing about this she told me his name was Mike. Oh . . . Mike. Mike. Mike. Because of the hockey tournament this weekend there is going to be a lot of parties and huge lineups to get in the bars. I am not really quite old enough, but I have a fake ID. My cousin Goose made me a fake Indian Status Card. It better freakin' work because some assholes don't take status cards. But that doesn't matter. I just can't wait. There are pretty much three bars in Kenora. There is the ghetto Native bar where all the old stinky Natives go . . . and now that I think of it there are some old stinky white people that go there too. Then there is this cool young hip white bar where all the cool whiteys go, which I probably won't go to just because I am not really white enough. That means I am going to go to Milltown, the cool Native bar. There ain't no question in my mind that's where I'm going to go because that's probably the bar where Mike is going to be. (*fearful and excited*) Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee . . .

NANABUSH TALKS ABOUT THE HOCKEY TOURNAMENT AND HIS INTRO TO BETTY

NANABUSH does a drunken whopping sound.

NANABUSH: During the All Nations Hockey Tournament Kenora turns into a party town. All the whiteys love it but hate it at the same time. They love it because it gives them good business. They hate it because they are scared of the Natives. You know why—because my people can be such wild party animals.

More drunken whopping noises.

It's true. The Anishnaabe always loved to get high, but in the old days they found it naturally. Then booze arrived and my people discovered they loved it and the whiteys loved selling it to them. And to this day it's a love-hate relationship, just like so many unhappy marriages. But some people learn to love themselves enough to leave an unhappy marriage. And that's just what Betty Moses did.

BETTY MOSES INTRO

BETTY MOSES: Hi! Boozhoo! My name is Betty Moses and I'm an alcoholic. I am from the Windigo Bay First Nation. I been an alcoholic for twenty years. I have a teenaged son named Michael. He lives with me on the reserve. I decided a couple years ago that I needed to quit drinking. I went to treatment to go and clean up. Alcohol has really affected me in many ways. It has affected my health, my job, and my trapline. Yes, I have a trapline. It was my ni-dede's, my father's. Ni-dede gave it to me

before he died. But, oh jeez, before I started the program I hadn't been there in ten years or so. I missed those good ol' trapping days. I was once the best trapper on my reserve. Yes, I beat all the guys from my reserve. They called me that tough ol' Betty Moses. It was actually the time when I won the contest for best trapper that I had my first drink. Everybody was offering to buy me rounds, and I didn't have any until this big buck, Douglas Big Canoe, slid me a glass of whiskey. He was so handsome, how could I refuse? That's how I met my ex-husband Douglas Big Canoe. We fell in love over a bottle of whiskey and his big canoe. He's Mike's dad and a fucking asshole and a lying piece of shit. The bastard cheated on me and took off and moved in with this younger piece of trash, a little slut, eh? I can give him credit for two things: he got me pregnant with his big canoe and taught Mike how to play hockey.

Oh man, my boy is such a good hockey player. Oh, this weekend is the All Nations Hockey Tournament in Kenora. My son Mike is in it. He is the assistant captain of the hockey team from Windigo Bay. All the girls are always coming over and trying to get together with him. He is popular with dem little sluts. He is too good for them though. He needs to get out of here and go somewhere that has more opportunity. This place is just too small for such big talent. I worry about my Mikey if he stays here. Although he presents a smiling face, I can see this sadness in his eyes and my heart senses there is an emptiness in him, a longing for something I can't give him, and all I wish for is his happiness. For my Mikey I started the program and I went back to my trapline to raise enough money to buy his hockey equipment and to pay for his hockey lessons. That's the only time I see the sparkle in his eyes is when he is playing hockey. He loves winning. That's why we are going to kick everyone's ass, even that cheating faggy-ass team Red Beaver. Oh, that team sometimes makes me so angry. They are just full of cross-checking and boarding. They are just awful. It may be a close race between the two but I think we will come out on top. You know why? I just told you—because

my son Mikey is on the team. The hockey tournament is the only big Native event that happens around here. We get all the reserves from the area to come out to Kenora and take it over. You know I kinda like the sound of that. Take over. Take over. It sounds good, eh? But it's only for the weekend. I have to be careful. All my relatives are going to try to get me to drink some booze. I have to stay strong. I want my boy to be proud of me too. That is why I come here today. Just to remind myself that I don't need the booze to keep me happy.

NANABUSH INTRO TO GOOSE

NANABUSH does a dance to the following pre-recorded song.

NANABUSH: Loosey Goosey. Goose is loose, see?

No one messes with the Goose.

Even though she's very loose—see?

She don't take no bull-moose crap—see?

One false move, you'll get a slap—see?

Goose manhandles all her men—see?

She's the gossip in the tipi.

Her sweet tongue is always loose—see?

Uses it more ways than one—see?

She gets bull moose in her bed—see?

Her long beak gives them the goose—see?

GOOSE is in front of a mirror trying on different sleeveless shirts. Every time she doesn't like one she says "ERRRR!"

GOOSE: Shtaaataahaaa . . . we're going to party it up real hard this weekend. Me and my li'l cousin Jakey are getting a hotel room at the Lakeside Inn—holay—just be real pimped out! Neee . . . It's going to be so awesome cuz the hockey tourney is just right across the street. I can't wait to party there. There are going to be so many hot Anishnaabe boys there. Yiyiyii iiii . . . ohhhhhh . . . I love me a hot Anishnaabe boy who can play hockey. I don't think I can date someone who doesn't play hockey cuz, I mean, I play hockey. I play the forward position on and off the ice. That's why I need a man; a real man. I think our Anishnaabe men should always be the warrior. Eeeerrrr . . . He has to do something strong and manly like play hockey or hunt or do something powwow—like sing or dance. If I can get a man who can do all three and is good in the sack, then that's it for me. I am going to marry him and have his kids, holaaay. There is this guy I always see at these hockey tournaments, Mike Moses. He is just so fine and a wicked hockey player. I want to meet him this weekend. He can be my warrior. Haaaa . . . Eeerrrr . . .

She laughs.

Onsaaaa . . . but my li'l cousin Jakey doesn't even play hockey and he doesn't even know how to hunt. But he can powwow dance. He is a pretty good Grass dancer. At least that's something. I even tried to get him to play hockey with me when we were little but he just didn't like it. Just wasn't in his blood. Errrrr . . . People always think he's a fag. I kinda questioned it too. Finally I just had to ask him, "Jakey, are you a fag?" and he said "No, why would you ask me that?" "Girls on the rez

are interested in you but you don't bite the bait." "Well, I am just shy, that's all." I was so relieved because who wants a fag in their family. Errr . . . gross, especially around here. So I grabbed him by the weenug and said, "Well you are going to have to get over it if you wanna get laid." He just needs to find a girl. He is just young, stupid, and horny and needs someone to teach him how to use his weenug. I am going to hook him up though. There is this girl Shyanne on the rez that is really interested in him. She keeps asking about him. She is very pretty and a little dumb but she has a good heart and that's why I think she is good for my Jakey. Because I want his first time to be special. I think he'll like her. He better. Awww . . . my li'l Jakey is going to get laid for the first time this weekend and I am so excited for him, even though he doesn't even know yet. I am going to make sure everyone knows that he got laid so they can just shut up about him being a fag. Fuck. That just really annoys me sometimes. I am always having to stick up for him. Well I gotta; he is like my li'l brother.

NANABUSH INTRO TO MIKE

NANABUSH: Pump those arms! Pump those legs! Pump that arse! Come on, Mike! You gotta get psyched! You gotta get ready for the big game tonight. You got to get ready for the girls and guys. You gotta look manly for their googly eyes. You're the Indian that's going to go far, a local Native superstar.

MIKE INTRO, PUMPING HIMSELF FOR THE GAME

MIKE: Here we go, Mike. The big game! You can kill this game. Kill those Beavers. We'll show them. Remember, Windigo can kill beaver any day because beavers are creatures of habit. They always play too hard at the beginning and wear themselves out. That's their weakness. I don't gotta do much at the beginning. Just let them wear themselves out and go in for the kill. That's why you're the hunter; just like mom. The beaver is your prey tonight. Pffft. That's the difference between you and Douglas Big Canoe. You're the hunter and he's a drunk. If mom wasn't such a good trapper we would have starved. What use is a big canoe when it's sunk at the bottom of a bottle? Useless fucker—me and Mom are better off without you. We'll see who's the man around here. I'm the man. I'm the man. I'm the man. I'm the man. I am the fuckin' man.

He breaks and cries.

Fucking pussy.

NANABUSH INTRODUCES THE HOCKEY GAME

NANABUSH: Welcome, ladies and gentleman, to the evening we have all been waiting for, the gold medal game for the ALL NATIONS HOCKEY TOURNAMENT! Windigo Bay vs. Red Beaver! Wow! This is going to be a hell of a game. So, how are the Indians tonight? We have all nations from the area under one roof. We have the Ojibwes! We have the Crees! We even have the Oji-Crees! This is a beautiful sight. Look at all these brown faces that came to support their fellow Indians. So, who went on the snaggin' trail? Did you find the person

you been crushin' on? Did you wave and say hello? Did you give them a wink or blow them a kiss? If you are getting lucky on the trail make sure you use a rubber and wrap your weenug in it. Oh, I have just been given the signal. There are plenty of these fine young hockey players coming out in a matter of minutes. Are you excited? Are you ready? I said, ARE YOU READY? Okay, let the game begin.

The sound of a whistle.

THE HOCKEY GAME

BETTY MOSES: Come on, Windigo Bay! Howsanaa! Wii-ip! Daga! Wii-ip! Wii-ip-sanaa!

JAKE: Come on, Red Beaver. You can do it!

GOOSE: Yes! Beaver, come on!

BETTY MOSES: Windigo Bay! Shoot! Shoot! You were supposed to shoot, you stupid SNOT!!

JAKE: Yeah, come on, Windigo Bay! Windigo Bay!

GOOSE: Hey, what the hell, man? Why the hell you cheering for the Windigos?

JAKE: Oh, I meant to say the Beavers. Go Beavers go!

GOOSE: Oh my god! Look, look, look, there he is. He is so hot, so dreamy. My man! Mike Moses from the mall. Remember? Oh my god!

I'm getting wet just looking at him. Go-go, Mike, go-go! Go-go, Mike, go-go!

BETTY MOSES: Yes, everybody cheer for Mike! Go-go, Mike, go-go! Go-go, Mike, go-go!

GOOSE: Go-go, Mike, go-go! Go-go, Mike, go-go!

JAKE: Go-go, Mike, go-go! Go-go, Mike, go-go!

BETTY MOSES: He's going to score! Yes! Go! Go! Go! Score! We won! Yes! Yeyeyeye! Good job, Mikey! That's my son! Howah, he's good! He is good enough to play on the national Triple A team. He is even good enough for the NHL. Don't you think? Like Jordin Tootoo and Jonathan Cheechoo. Howaaa . . . imagine if he got in the NHL. Imagine the money. Mikey is really something, really special, eh? This place is too small for him.

NANABUSH TALKS TO JAKE

NANABUSH appears.

NANABUSH: Wasn't that fun? But the tournament is over and this might be Jakey's last chance to meet Mikey. That Jakey gots to do something more than just whacking off. It's a shame no one told him his ancestors come from the great line of the Bear Clan; courageous in love and war. He's got to pull himself together. Pull yourself together and go for the honey pot, because Goose has the hots for him too. She wanna bang him big time. Let's see, if Mike had the option between Goose and Jakey, who would he choose? Well, if they had to duke it out in the ring, she would definitely kick Jakey's ass. But what would Mike want? Weenug

or dakai? Hmmm . . . I think Mikey want it in the ass. Yup, I think he'd definitely want it in the ass for sure! Well, what real man wouldn't want a li'l ass play, because I did after all ask GAWD to put man's G spot there.

He laughs.

At first I thought about putting it in the middle of your forehead, but knowing men, with such easy access you wouldn't stop playing with yourselves and you wouldn't get any work done. So, for the sake of progress, I put it in your asshole because I know how much you boys love to hunt for treasure.

NANABUSH laughs. He goes up to an audience member and speaks to them.

I know this may sound weird, but can you put your finger there?

He points to his asshole.

My asshole? Don't be shy. We all have one. Just a li'l bit, please. Just a li'l fun. Or at least just a li'l poke? Or a li'l tap even? Come on, just a little tap. Oooooohh, I like that! That's hot, hot, hot. I like a little slap and tickle from boy or girl, my ass isn't fickle. Haaaa . . . So, Jakey, what are you going to do?

JAKE: Oh my god! The tournament is over, everybody is leaving the arena and I never got the chance to even just say hi to Mike. What are all those girls doing over there? Oh my god, that's Mike, he is signing autographs. Wow! That's a lot of girls, and he can have his pick of any of them. Why am I wasting my time fantasizing about him? He is obviously straight. What's the point?

MIKE: Where do you want me to sign my name? Boob? Okay, which one? Both? Sweet.

He writes his name.

Mike Moses. What about you? All right, bring your boob here.

Writes his name.

There you go. You? And, what's your name? Roxanne Kirkness?

Writes.

Best wishes, Mike. Okay, ladies, it was a pleasure but I have to get to my hotel. Coach is expecting us to get together for a team photo in the lobby in fifteen minutes and I have to go shit, shower, and shave—get ready for the evening. Maybe I will see you ladies at the Milltown.

NANABUSH: Oh, oh, Jakey, Jakey! Forget about the charley horse, turn around. Look who's coming! All you have to do is say hi and smile, no big deal, only one word—two letters—easy peasy.

JAKE: Oh jeez! He is walking this way and he's all by himself.

NANABUSH: Calm down. Even though he's the hottest boy of your dreams, it doesn't mean you can't speak to him. He does shit and fart too, like the rest of you. He's coming, he's coming, getting closer, closer . . . (*deep breath*) . . .

JAKE: Oh shit, I can't!

JAKE freaks out and looks away.

I fucked it up! Shit!

Headphones and DJ equipment appear and NANABUSH plays some poplar tracks. There are sounds of a party in the background.

NANABUSH: Yo, yo, yo, wassssup! You horny Injuns get your engines started! Vroom vroom. DJ Tricky Tricksta is in da house! WHAAAAAT?!?! We gonna go old skool, yo, back to the drum, yo. Can you feel it? The heartbeat. All you Ojibwes put your hands up! All you Crees put your hands up! Oji-Crees put your hands up! Doesn't matter if you're black, yellow, white, or red, raise your hands and be happy we're alive not dead. What? Doesn't matter if you are tanned or pale. Shake your tail. Shake your tail. Shake your tail. WHAT? Doesn't matter if you are tanned or pale. Shake your tail. Shake your tail. Shake your tail. WHAT?

GOOSE ENTICES SHYANNE AND JAKE

GOOSE: Shaaaataaaaaahaaa . . . that DJ was so much fun! Whew! I'm thirsty! I need some beer.

GOOSE chugs a beer.

I wonder where Jake is? He is totally missing out! Shyanne, did you see Jakey yet?

SHYANNE: No, I haven't seen him yet.

GOOSE: Damn! He told me he was on his way. He shoulda been here already, ever slow that guy. Hey, Shy, you know he so wants to get wit' you tonight. He

told me. I know he doesn't show it. But he is just shy, like you. That's funny that your parents called you Shyanne. Like, how did they know?

Beat.

Right.

Beat.

So, anyway, as I was saying, Jakey has the hots for you but you have to make the first move.

SHYANNE: But what if he rejects me?

GOOSE: Didn't I just tell you that he likes you? Don't be scared. Shyanne, you and him have to get over your shyness or both of you will die virgins. Look at me, I am not shy, that's why I get all the boys. Boys like it when their girls are forward. You know if we Native people were all shy like you then we would've died off long ago. Neeeee . . . but for real, just grab his weenug and point it in the four directions. Errrr . . . I mean you guys keep talking about wanting to lose your virginity and here's your chance, and what better weekend is there to lose it than the tournament of champions? You know I'm right. Did you call Mike yet?

SHYANNE: Oh no, I am sorry, I forgot.

GOOSE: What's wrong with you? You were supposed to call him hours ago. Is this all the thanks I get? This is how you repay me? After all I have done for you?

SHYANNE: Okay. Okay. Hold on. Stop breathing down my neck. Sheesh! I will call him now. Hello, Mike? Where are you? Oh, okay. Are you

coming to the party? Yeah? When? Errrr . . . you're gross. Okay. Well you go do what you gotta do and see you when you get here. Okay, bye.

GOOSE: Errr . . . take your finger out of your mouth and tell me what he said.

SHYANNE: He said he is coming real soon. He has to go to his hotel room and wash his sweaty balls first. Ewww . . . I know! But that's what he said.

GOOSE: You should've told him I would've washed them for him.

SHYANNE: Ewww . . . you're just awful. Oh my god! There's Jake! Oh, no, I can't do this, Goose! I am going to go to the washroom.

GOOSE: Don't be stupid! You'll stay a virgin for the rest of your life if you go. Just stay here, act normal, remember he likes you, and just go for it. Jakey! Finally! I lost you after the game. Where the hell did you go?

JAKE: I was waiting for you inside the arena.

GOOSE: Look at my boob. That's Mike's autograph. I had to wrestle my way through a crowd of sluts to get it. Oh, sorry, Jake, remember Shyanne?

JAKE: Yes, how are you?

SHYANNE: I'm good, and yourself?

JAKE: Good.

GOOSE: Good. Well, you're good. He's good. I'm good. We are all good. So, let's just have a good time. Shyanne, go get us some drinks.

SHYANNE: But I'm not thirsty.

GOOSE: Shyanne!

SHYANNE: Okay. Okay. I will be right back.

GOOSE: Jakey, isn't she cute? She's kinda slow but cute, right? You know she really likes you, she told me that she wants to get with you tonight. Why are you looking at me like that? I told you I would hook you up with a chick. So here's your chance. Shyanne is a virgin and she is just as anxious as you are to lose her virginity. You better poontang her tonight. That way everyone will lay off about you being a fag. All the guys will be so jealous because she's a pretty girl—has nice boobs and she actually has an ass. Neeeee . . . Jake, when are you ever going to find another Indian chick with a nice ass? Come on, Jakey, this is your chance. Don't pussy out! Just go for it!

SHYANNE AND JAKE KISS

SHYANNE and JAKE dance to the music. He is still drinking his beer as they dance.

SHYANNE: Oh, I like this song.

JAKE: Me too.

SHYANNE: I think you're so cute. I really like your lips.

JAKE: Thank you. I think you are sexy too.

SHYANNE: Kiss me.

JAKE: In here?

SHYANNE: Yeah, why not?

He drops his cup. They start kissing.

NANABUSH: Shyanne and Jakey sitting in a tree. K-I-S-S-I-N-G. First comes lips, then comes tongue, grab your weenug and have some fun.

SHYANNE: Hmmm . . . you're a good kisser. I didn't expect that. Let's go somewhere private.

NANABUSH: Well, wonders never cease. Looks like Jakey is going to dip his weenug in a little dakai tonight.

JAKE: Oh my god! This is it. I'm about to lose my virginity. With a chick! I always thought it would be with some hot guy with hot abs, hot pecs, and big weenug, or at least a weenug! Oh well . . . she's hot enough . . . boobs are nice . . . good kisser.

JAKE starts talking to his penis.

All right, Billy Bob, wake up! Come on, wake up, Billy—this is our big chance, our time to shine, our big moment. After this, no more being called fag on the rez. Oh, Billy! Don't fail me now! Don't do this! Shit! This isn't working.

SHYANNE is embarrassed and leaves.

No, don't go! I remembered your name. I can get it up. Really, I just need a little more time. Wait!

GOOSE: Hey, Mike. How was the photo shoot?

MIKE: Huh? Oh, oh it was easy, a couple snaps and we were done.

GOOSE: I waited for you at the Milltown. Isn't that where you said you were going to be tonight?

MIKE: Did I? I guess I forgot. Do I know you?

GOOSE: Maybe this will remind you.

She shows him her boob.

MIKE: Sorry, I signed so many boobs I can't remember which boobs belong to whom. If you don't mind me saying, you do have a lovely pair.

GOOSE: Thank you.

MIKE: So, what's your name?

GOOSE: Goose.

MIKE: I love the taste of goose.

GOOSE: Well, lucky me. You know, I thought you were amazing in the game today. You got a girl?

MIKE: No one steady. But I got my eye on a couple of chicks.

GOOSE: Like who?

MIKE: Well, there is Susie Blackhawk and maybe Roxanne Kirkness.

GOOSE: Oh, Susie and Roxie—holay. I know those girls. They're from my rez. They're cute, especially Susie with her long black hair. But I don't know if I should tell you this, I'm not one to gossip, but you should know just in case. The thing about Susie is that she is famous on my reserve for giving all the boys gonorrhea. Shiii . . . I know, I feel terrible saying this, but she is like the community gonorrhea bicycle. Errr . . . and the thing about Roxanne—if you wanna know the reason why she always wears jeans and long skirts it's because she has a prosthetic leg. Onsaaa . . . I am not sure if that bothers you. But this guy took her out on a date a couple months ago and he was feeling her up under her skirt and her leg accidentally came off in his hand. Errr . . . and people could hear him screaming for miles.

MIKE: You sure know how to run interference with your competition.

GOOSE: Oh no, it's not like that. I just thought they were things you might want to know.

MIKE: Well, is there anything about you I should know?

GOOSE: Yeah, I'm terminally horny.

MIKE: Sounds like you need a doctor.

GOOSE: Maybe I just need a good injection. You want to go someplace?

MIKE: I can't, I got to stick around and party with the boys for a little while longer or I will never hear the end of it.

GOOSE: Screw the boys.

MIKE: Isn't that your job?

GOOSE: Ha ha . . . what about meeting me on the beach in an hour?

MIKE: Sounds great.

GOOSE: See you then.

She kisses him.

BETTY MOSES DREAM

NANABUSH: Good evening, Betty! Betty Moses! I just came here to tell you something.

There's going to be a change; something that will change your life forever. There is nothing you can do to stop it. So I want you to be strong. Agokwe . . . Betty . . . Agokwe . . . you know what that means? It means within the man there is a woman . . . not one spirit but two . . . two-spirited, isn't that lovely? Not everything is what it appears to be . . . even things that are close to your heart . . . you see but you do not . . . not one spirit but two . . . ice and fire . . . ice and fire, Betty . . . from your belly to the ice . . . not one spirit but two . . . Agokwe!

BETTY MOSES: Holy jeez! Oh, a dream, it was only a dream. A creature. What was he saying? Ice and fire? Not one spirit but two? Agokwe? Within a man there is a woman? What the hell does that mean?

THE KISS BETWEEN JAKE AND MIKE

NANABUSH: Jakey? Jakey? Where did li'l Jakey go? Oh, there he is. Awww . . . crying like a little girl because his weenug let him down. Wandering all alone in the dark like so many of my lost people because they cannot see the light that shines within them. The light that can only shine bright when one is true to oneself. Agokwe, Jakey, Agokwe. It's okay to cry. It takes great strength to cry like a woman, but cry for the right reasons. Self-pity is a waste of time. Come on, girl, man the fuck up. Not one spirit but two, that is the light that shines within you. There is a fire that burns in your heart like another who wanders alone in the dark. The fire will guide you on the wings of a dove. Go to the fire and find your true love.

The sounds of branches breaking.

MIKE: Hello, is someone there?

JAKE: Sorry. Am I intruding? I was walking in the woods and I saw the fire. Do you want to be alone?

MIKE: Doesn't make any difference to me. Don't I know you?

JAKE: Huh? No, we've never met.

MIKE: You look familiar. I've seen you somewhere before.

JAKE: Maybe at the party.

MIKE: No, not the party, somewhere else, maybe at a powwow? You're a Grass dancer, right?

JAKE: Yeah, that's right.

MIKE: Your colours are blue, white, and red. Your head roach is pretty cool too.

JAKE: Wow. You remember my colours?

MIKE: I remember your white eagle feathers because they are so rare. I also remember seeing you dance. You weren't like any of the other dancers. You had your own style. You were like the grass blowing in the wind. You looked so free, like you didn't have a care in the world.

JAKE: That's how I feel when I'm dancing.

Beat.

But I always have these intense butterflies floating around in my stomach and I feel like I'm going to puke.

MIKE: That's exactly how I feel every time I am about to play a game. I get those nasty butterflies too.

JAKE: Huh. I would've never guessed because you seem so brave on the ice. By the way, my name is Jake.

MIKE: Mike.

JAKE: Yeah, I know who you are. Everyone knows who you are.

MIKE: They think they know me but they have no idea.

JAKE: I think I know what you mean.

MIKE: You do?

JAKE: Do you go to the Kenora Shoppers Mall often?

Beat.

I think you know what I'm talking about. I saw you. You saw me. And I think we both know who we really are.

MIKE: What the hell are you talking about?

JAKE: I . . . I'm . . . I think we play on the same team. And I'm not talking about hockey.

MIKE: Are you a fag?

JAKE: I don't know what I am but I know you were staring at me at the mall, and I was staring at you. I think we both know what was going on.

Beat.

And if you want to beat the shit out of me right now, go ahead. But I have to tell you, I like you. I don't know why. I don't know how, but I do. I like you. So go ahead, beat the shit out of me; it wouldn't be the first time.

MIKE laughs.

MIKE: And you think I'm the brave one?

JAKE and MIKE kiss.

NANABUSH: Not one spirit but two, that is the light that shines within both of you. In this world twin flames can meet in the dark. When they come together they ignite true love's spark.

JAKE: I can't believe this is finally happening . . . feels good . . . scary.

He looks at MIKE, who is crying.

What's wrong? Why are you crying?

MIKE: Fuck! Because I'm scared too. I've been fighting this for so long. Pretending to be somebody—this fake somebody—but too scared to be a real nobody. The first time I really noticed you was at the powwow. I had no idea who you were, but when I saw you I thought you were so beautiful in your regalia and I was confused and pissed off because you made me want something I knew I shouldn't want. But when I saw you dancing I couldn't take my eyes off you, no matter how pissed off I was. After the powwow I tried to put it out of my head, but when I saw you at the Kenora Mall all of those feelings came back and I wanted to punch you in the face to make it stop. But instead I couldn't stop myself from staring at you, and when you looked back I chickened out and took off.

JAKE: There's no reason for us to be scared anymore.

JAKE and MIKE kiss again.

GOOSE: Errr . . . What the fuck? You guys are faggots? Two faggots kissing? Mike Moses is a fucking faggot? Ya, you better run off . . . Faggot! I can't believe you, Jake. How could you do this to me? You were supposed to be with Shyanne. I defended you this whole time, you fucking liar. My cousin's a fucking faggot.

JAKE: Shut up! Shut up, Goose! I tried to tell you. I tried to tell you but you wouldn't listen to me and you wouldn't give me a chance.

GOOSE: Fuck you, Jake! You can just fucking rot in hell.

NANABUSH TALKS ABOUT TIME PASSING AND WINDIGO

NANABUSH: Summer, fall, winter, spring, summer . . . one year has passed since that fateful night of Jake and Mike's first kiss. No words were spoken between them since those moments of bliss. Goose abandoned Jake because she felt like a fool. A woman scorned; her heart turned cruel. Heart broken and rejected, Jake went away to school. Time passes slowly when the heart longs for another. Fall, winter, spring, summer . . . there is a constant flow . . . some things wither while other things grow . . . and when a heart grows cruel . . . it gives birth to the Windigo. The Windigo is a spirit that feeds on the weak. Cast off and alone, it is Mike that it seeks. Jakey, listen to the Windigo's howl.

Strobe lights flash throughout the end of the Windigo scene.

It's ravenous. Hungry. It's looking for someone that's close to your heart . . . hunting for Mike, and he'll tear him apart.

Windigo speaks as he makes jerky movements.

WINDIGO: Noondes ski de. Noondes ski de. Noondes ski de. Mikey. Gapinaaskoon. Mikey. Gapinaaskoon. Mikey. Gapinaaskoon. Kiwi amon. Mikey. Kiwi amon. Mikey.

Noondes ski de—I'm hungry.

Gapinaaskoon—I am coming for you.

Kiwi amon—I am going to eat you.

JAKE FINDS OUT MIKE DIES

SHYANNE: Oh, Jake. Oh my goodness. What are you doing here?

JAKE: Sorry, I should have called before I came. I got back home a week ago and I've been looking for Mike. I tried to contact his coach but he wouldn't return my calls. Whenever I've tried to talk to any of Mike's teammates, they've ignored me or slammed the door in my face. I need to know what's going on. Please, Shyanne, you're the only person I can think of who might know where he is.

SHYANNE: Oh, you haven't heard about Mike? I thought you knew. I thought Goose or somebody would have told you. Everything changed since that night. Goose told people about you and Mike. I never believed it . . . but everybody else did. And Mike, he . . . I don't see that Goose

anymore because of the things she said about Mike and what happened. Like I said, I never believed it . . . I . . . you were such a good kisser . . . I never believed it.

JAKE: Shyanne, tell me what happened to Mike.

JAKE CONFRONTS GOOSE

GOOSE: Shaataahaa . . . No, that is so funny! What are you doing now? I'm just at the Kenora Shoppers Mall and was thinking of buying a new pair of jeans. Of course they are going to be tight . . . neeee. You want to come and meet me? I'm standing in front of the Warehouse One jean store. Yeah I'll wait, just don't take too long. Oh my god, oh my god, I gotta go; I see my cousin, Jakey. Yeah, he is the one I told you about. No, I don't want him to see me. I don't want to talk to him. I'll call you in a bit and we'll meet somewhere else. I gotta go.

JAKE: Goose!

GOOSE: Shit . . . Jakey, you're back!

JAKE: Yeah, so how are you, Goose?

GOOSE: You know, same old, nothing much changes around here.

JAKE: Some things do.

GOOSE: Look, I've got to go meet a friend, so . . .

JAKE: I've talked to Shyanne . . . I heard what happened to Mike.

GOOSE: I gotta go.

JAKE: What's the rush? You're not embarrassed to be seen talking to me, are you?

GOOSE: Why should I? I'm not the one who has anything to be embarrassed about.

JAKE: What you did is disgusting.

GOOSE: What I did? If you are talking about last summer, it was you who was disgusting; lying to me, making me look like a fool, trying to steal my guy.

JAKE: I didn't steal Mike because he wasn't yours to begin with! You don't care about anybody but yourself.

GOOSE: I treated you like my little brother and—and—you're a fag and you didn't tell me!

JAKE: How was I supposed to tell you when everyone around here hates fags?

GOOSE: Well, that's your problem, not mine.

JAKE: Don't be ignorant, Goose, you know what I'm talking about!

GOOSE: Stop yelling. People are looking.

JAKE: I don't care; let them look. Yeah, take a good look at the fag. Why don't you take a picture, it lasts longer?

GOOSE: If you don't leave me alone I am going to slug you.

JAKE: Go ahead, I don't give a shit. You ruined Mike's life just because you couldn't have him and it doesn't even bother you. You're so fucking selfish. It's always about you, you, you! There was something special between me and Mike and you destroyed it. I hope someday I can forgive you but right now I'm just so ashamed that you're my cousin. I don't care what people think of me anymore. . . you can call me queer, fag, homo, whatever you like, but in my heart I'm proud of who I am and no one can take that away from me.

BETTY MOSES AND JAKE MEET

BETTY MOSES: Hello? Who are you? What do you want?

JAKE: Betty Moses? Are you Betty Moses? I'm Jake. Jake Pinashi.

BETTY MOSES: Do I know you?

JAKE: Sorry, no, but I was a friend of Mike's and your niece Shyanne told me where you live. I was away. I just got back and I heard about . . . I just came by to say that I am sorry for your loss and wanted to give you my condolences.

BETTY MOSES: Ohh . . . You're him, aren't you?

JAKE: I'm sorry?

BETTY MOSES: You're Jake? Yes . . . Michael wrote about you.

JAKE: He wrote about me?

BETTY MOSES: Yes . . . the letter he left . . . he wrote that you were special, like him. Are you?

Beat.

It's okay, I didn't understand before, but now I do. Mikey felt trapped. He had no one to love. No one to tell . . . his friends on the hockey team . . . they found out . . . he was different . . . he was their best player and they treated him like dirt. It was all he had and they didn't want him anymore. I didn't know and . . . then I found him . . . my son . . . he couldn't tell me when he was alive. I had a dream, you know, before it happened . . . a strange dream where a creature came to me . . . and whispered in my ear a word . . . a word I didn't understand: Agokwe. It means within the man there is a woman . . . not one spirit but two . . . two-spirited. It means you're special. Isn't that lovely? Isn't it? You know, sometimes we think we're so smart but we are stupid. We dirty everything, the land, the air, the water . . . and ourselves. We make those around us who are special feel dirty because we are stupid! In the old days we didn't waste people the way we do now . . . everybody was welcome, everybody had a place. Without Mikey our hockey team doesn't win anymore . . . Mikey's gone but you're still here, so you have to be strong for both of you . . . ice and fire . . . not one spirit but two.

NANABUSH: Can you see me? You can see me, right? Of course you can see me! But the only reason you can see me is because I choose for you to see me! I am Nanabush. I'm a trickster. I'm the trickster, the trickster of tricksters!

He bows to the audience.

Have you got it? You got it, right? And now I want you to act on it. And tell your friends, and tell your friends to tell their friends, and tell their friends to tell their friends. That way we can all live together like a nice big happy family!

The end.