

ANDERSON & IPETA

A MUSICAL IN ONE ACT

Music & lyrics by Mark Dunbar

Book by Carmen Attel, Mark Dunbar, Dwayne Peachey & Yvette Walker

Additional lyrics: Thomas Hobbes

Cultural advisors: Carmen Attel, Dwayne Peachey & Yvette Walker

Composed 2004 – 2005. Revised 2016

Scored for 9 actor/singers, 5 actors, SATB chorus
string orchestra (or string quintet)

This work is suitable for senior secondary school productions

ANDERSON & IPETA is a re-imagining of the characters involved in, and the motives for the massacre that occurred at Myall Creek, NSW in 1838. After a party of white stockmen, mostly convicts and ticket-of-leave men, murdered a defenseless party of Aboriginal old men, women and children, there was an investigation and a trial. The men were acquitted, and then upon retrial, convicted. Seven white men were hanged for the atrocity. This was the first time white men were hanged for murdering Aboriginal Australians. One young convict, George Anderson refused to participate in the crime, and provided crucial evidence at both trials.

ANDERSON & IPETA is a work of fiction based upon these events.

Roger Milliss' account of the Myall Creek massacre in his book *Waterloo Creek* (1992 McPhee Gribble) was invaluable in researching this story

CAST – singing roles

George Anderson – 24-year-old convict, Kilmeister's & Ipeta's lover - high baritone
Ipeta – 16 year old Weraerai woman - alto
Charles Kilmeister (Jacky-Jacky) - 23-year-old convict - tenor
Hobbs - 26-year-old manager of property, Anderson & Kilmeister's overseer - baritone
Ipeta's mother - soprano
Ipeta's sister - mezzo soprano
Fleming – 25-year-old convict, ringleader of the vigilante mob - tenor
Daddy - Weraerai elder - baritone
Judge - bass
Jury, trial onlookers, Weraerai clan, vigilante mob, chorus - SATB Chorus

Non-singing roles

King Sandy – Weraerai elder
Charley – 7-year-old Weraerai boy
2 Weraerai warriors
Messenger

string orchestra

The first performance of ***Anderson & Ipeta*** was produced by Brisbane Canto Coro & Blackface Productions at the BEMAC Space, Brisbane Australia on Sunday July 31, 2005. Four subsequent performances were given on August 6 & 7, 2005.

FIRST PERFORMANCE CAST

Ipeta – **Yvette Walker & Kerrie Woodrow**

Anderson – **Mark Shortis**

Kilmeister – **Mark Cronin**

Ipeta's mother – **Carmen Attel**

Hobbs – **Dwayne Peachey**

Ipeta's sister – **Chenoa Deemal**

1st, 2nd Werearai warrior & messenger – **Mark Anderson**

King Sandy - **Carmen Attel**

Judge – **Mark Mitchell**

Fleming – **Mick Kerswell**

Trial onlookers, jury, vigilante mob, Werearai clan, chorus – **Brisbane Canto Coro**

PRODUCTION

Director/conductor – **Mark Dunbar**

Choreographic direction & staging assistance – **Nik Hills**

Choir tutors – **Kerrie Woodrow, Mark Shortis, Mark Dunbar**

Choreography – **Nik Hills, Carmen Attel, Chenoa Deemal, Yvette Walker**

Lighting & design – **Sharka Bosakova**

Program photo, design assistance & sculptures – **Suzanne Lundberg**

Project management – **Mark Dunbar**

Choir ticketing – **Lesley Hillhouse**

Childcare – **Anastasia Lazarou**

Front of house – **Len Dunbar, Anastasia Lazarou**

Audio recording – **Gavin Turnbull**

STRING QUARTET: **Liz Elliott** – violin 1, **Roland Adeney** – violin 2

David Collins – viola, **Jane Elliott** – violoncello

BRISBANE CANTO CORO

SOPRANOS – Carmen Attel, Delia Bohler, Rose Chadwick, Emma Charlton, Cassandra Gauld, Danielle Gordon, Helen Moran, Libby Schmidt

ALTOS – Alex Andrews, Chenoa Deemal, Sarah Dooley, Kristen Duffus, Jane Hodgkinson, Treena Lenthall, Manon Liefin, Suzanne Lundberg, Jenni Muche, Elisa Nichols, Liz O'Brien, Elvia Ramirez, Gillian Welstead, Kerrie Woodrow

TENORS – Ann Baker, Mark Cronin, Lesley Hillhouse, Mick Kerswell, Dwayne Peachey, Marco Ramirez

BASSES – Guido Cifali, Nigel Cox, James Keightley, Mark Mitchell, Mark Shortis, Gavin Turnbull

LIBRETTO

Text in ***bold & italics*** is sung

Text in *italics only* is spoken

SCENE 1

THE KISS, TRAITOR CHANT

THE STAGE IS IN NEAR DARKNESS. THE CAST SLOWLY ENTERS THE SPACE, EITHER CRAWLING ON HANDS & KNEES, OR SNAKE-LIKE ON THEIR FRONTS TO EVOKE FEELINGS OF SHAME, TREACHERY, DECEIT & COWARDICE. OR PERHAPS AN IMAGE OF PREDATORS STALKING THEIR PREY. WHEN ALL ARE IN THE SPACE THEY LIE STILL, LIMBS & TORSOS STREWN EVERY WHICH WAY. THIS IMAGE EVOKES THE AFTERMATH OF THE MASSACRE. A CHORUS FORMS

Chorus: ***Ah...***
 Our land is closed
 Our land is closed ah...

BODIES GRADUALLY RISE IN COUPLES & WE SEE VARIOUS KINDS OF KISSES: PASSIONATE, ABUSIVE, VIOLENT, LOVING OR PLATONIC. TWO KISSES STAND OUT: THE KISS BETWEEN IPETA (CLOTHED IN GHOSTLY WHITE) & ANDERSON, & THE KISS BETWEEN ANDERSON & KILMEISTER

Chorus: ***Ah...***
 Our land is closed

Chorus Sopranos: ***Treachery***
 Ah...

DURING ANDERSON & KILMEISTER'S KISS, A MUSIC SHIFT

Chorus: ***Traitor, treachery, traitor***

THE FOCUS OF THE CHORUS MOVES TO ANDERSON. THEY ACCUSE HIM, IPETA
WATCHES ON

SCENE 2

TRIAL

A LIGHTING SHIFT AND SUDDENLY THE SOUNDS OF A ROWDY SYDNEY COURTROOM CIRCA 1838

Judge: ***Silence! Silence!***
 By the power vested in me by God and Crown
 I demand silence in this court!

THE ROOM FALLS SILENT

Judge: *Thank you*

Judge/Jury: ***Man is a wolf to man****
 And the state of nature is one of war

Judge: ***Have the gentlemen of the jury reached their verdict?***

Jury Foreman: ***Yes your worship***

Judge: ***How does it find, guilty or not guilty?***

Jury: ***Not guilty!***

*(N.B. These 2 lines are by Thomas Hobbes 1588 – 1679)

THE COURTROOM BREAKS INTO CHEERS, TEARS, HUGS & CELEBRATION

Jury/Onlookers: ***Pop the cork***
 (Big trouble's bubblin')
 Break out the fat cigars

***Justice has been done
Yes we will overcome
For we are the brave ones
For we are the pioneers
Yes we are the heroes
Justice has been done***

***Pop the cork
(Big trouble's bubblin')
Break out the fat cigars***

***Justice has been done
Yes we will overcome***

Four Soloists/All: ***For we are the brave ones
For we are the pioneers
Yes we are the heroes
Justice has been done
Justice has been done
Yes we will overcome***

Hobbs: ***Ordained by God
The law hath spoke
This trial was a do-gooder's joke
An ill afforded lunacy
Ordained by God
Ordained by Jesus, please!***

***Not a skerrick of evidence
No body, no corpse
Yet this political skullduggery***

Could have spelled the end of me

Ordained by God

The law hath spoke

This trial was a do-gooder's joke

An ill afforded lunacy

Ordained by God

Ordained by Jesus

KILMEISTER JUMPS THE DOCK & SHAKES HANDS WITH ALL & SUNDRY

Kilmeister: ***Off the hook***
Out of the frying pan
Cock-a-hoop
Kilmeister you're the man!
Loop-the-loop
Land on my feet again
Off the hook
Kilmeister you're the man!
Anderson is dead meat
He sings, I walk instead

Anderson: ***Oh how could they murder you?***
Ipeta: ***Oh why weren't you there for me?***
Anderson/Ipeta: ***Yes, we could have been so free***
Anderson: ***Now life and death***
Ipeta: ***Is the same breath***
Anderson/Ipeta: ***Could have been so free***

Jury/Onlookers: ***Pop the cork***
(Big trouble's bubblin')
Break out the fat cigars

***Justice has been done
Yes we have overcome
For we are the brave ones
For we are the pioneers
Yes we are the heroes
Justice has been done
Pop the cork!***

A LIGHTING SHIFT

Chorus: ***Now we go back in time
Witness the passion
Witness the crime***

SCENE 3

CLANS GATHER & WHITE GHOSTS AT PLAY

IPETA IS CAREFULLY DRESSED BY HER MOTHER & SISTER IN A SETTLER'S HAND-ME-DOWN, THREADBARE FROCK. IT IS COLORFUL, TOO LARGE AND GARISH. IPETA HESITATES, BUT FINALLY IS PLEASED. ONCE SHE IS DRESSED THE WOMEN LAUGH UPROARIOUSLY AND JOIN THEIR CLAN WHO SIT TOGETHER TALKING, LAUGHING & PLAYING. THEY HAVE BEEN CAMPING NEAR KILMEISTER & ANDERSON'S HUT FOR A NUMBER OF WEEKS. THEY SEEK SAFETY & PROTECTION FROM THE INCREASINGLY HOSTILE SETTLERS & THEIR MILITIAS. ANDERSON & KILMEISTER SHARE CAUTIOUS BUT FRIENDLY RELATIONS WITH THEM. ABOVE ALL THEY ARE GLAD OF THE COMPANY WHICH HELPS RELIEVE THE MONOTONY OF THEIR CAGED, CONVICT EXISTENCE.

THE PERFORMING SPACE IS SPLIT ENABLING TWO SCENES TO OCCUR SIMULTANEOUSLY. IN ONE AREA SITS IPETA WITH HER MOTHER, SISTER, DADDY & OTHER CLAN MEMBERS OUTSIDE THE HUT. THE WOMEN PLAY WITH IPETA'S HAIR & TEASE HER ABOUT HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS. THE OTHER AREA IS THE INTERIOR OF KILMEISTER & ANDERSON'S CRAMPED HUT

Mother: ***Sweet Ipeta***
 Blood of our soil
 Tree of our spirit, Ipeta

Clan: ***Sweet Ipeta***
 Blood of our soil
 Tree of our spirit, Ipeta

Mother/Sister: ***Sweet Ipeta***
 Wandering hair
 Frilled neck lizard, Ipeta

Clan: **Sweet Ipeta**
Wandering hair
Frilled neck lizard, Ipeta

Sacrifice & duty calls
One must

Ipeta: **Bow down!**
Mother/Daddy/Clan Men: **Ipeta...**

Daddy: **For our protection in these woeful times**
For the survival of the many

Daddy/Clan Men: **For our protection in these doleful times**
For the survival of the many

Ipeta: **It's not right for I'm a bride**

Daddy/Mother: **He chooses you!**

Ipeta: **It's still not right**

Mother/Sister/Daddy: **Sweet Ipeta**
Blood of our soil
Breath of our mothers, Ipeta

Mother/Sister/Daddy/Clan: **Sweet Ipeta**
Blood of our soil
Breath of our mothers, Ipeta

Ipeta: **Duty calls**
I must bow down

INSIDE THE HUT, HOBBS, KILMEISTER & ANDERSON SIT AROUND A SMALL TABLE DRINKING & PLAYING CARDS. CHARLEY SLEEPS ON A SACK IN A CORNER. KILMEISTER WINS EVERY GAME...HE HAS RIGGED THE DECK, AS

ANDERSON WELL KNOWS. THE CLAN'S MELODY CONTINUES UNDER THEIR DIALOGUE

Hobbs: *Devil take you, Kilmeister! Three games played, thrice you win. That is a denial of the natural laws of probability.*

Anderson: (laughing) *Mr. Hobbs, I'd be checking the deck if I were you. I haven't won a trick in three weeks!*

HE WINKS AT KILMEISTER SUGGESTIVELY, AS HOBBS GAZES AT CHARLEY

When you play just with me...I know I can't win!

Kilmeister: *You know what they say, a man cannot help his own luck, why just this week passed I...*

Hobbs: (interrupting) *Sweet Charley, a remarkable, fine little boy! Come hither my boy, such a delicate specimen, you would almost presume the impossible, that he comprehends all our intelligence.*

CHARLEY STIRS & SLEEPILY GOES TO HOBBS WHO DANGLES HIM UPON HIS KNEE. KILMEISTER & ANDERSON ARE TWITCHY & UNCOMFORTABLE, SEARCHING FOR A WAY TO GET CHARLEY FROM HOBBS

Kilmeister: *Yes, such a clever creature...Umm, watch this Mr. Hobbs... Charley! Come hither me good lad. Fetch that bottle over there and bring it to me.*

CHARLEY GOES & BRINGS THE RUM BOTTLE TO KILMEISTER

Kilmeister: *Excellent! That's a fine wee lad.*

Hobbs: *Wonderful how you've trained him, quite extraordinary. You know lads, it is a scientific fact that their species cannot be intoxicated with powerful beverages. All to do with their brain capacity, it is supposed. But no reason why we shouldn't taste the pudding...*

HOBBS POURS THREE GLASSES OF RUM, ONE LARGE, TWO LESS SO

Hobbs: *But let us test the theory eh lads? Charley, come to me, my dusky angel...*

HOBBS HOLDS HIS GLASS OUT TO CHARLEY

Anderson: *But Mr. Hobbs you wouldn't be wanting to waste our precious rum on a black now? Especially if it has no effect on them?*

Hobbs: (excitedly) *For the further enrichment of science...
Oh, maybe you're right.*

HE DRINKS HIS RUM IN ONE DRAUGHT. HE GETS PROGRESSIVELY MORE TIPSY AS HE MUDDLES THROUGH HIS SCIENCE LESSON

Hobbs: *Perhaps when the next barrel arrives...
As the fashionable intelligence knows well lads, skulls reveal all!
In that great chain of being, minute examination of the skull and its capacity reveals all that intelligence requires to know about God's grand plan for each of Noah's creatures.*

Kilmeister: (teasing) *If that is the case my Lord, an elephant must be in possession of the most superior intelligence in God's kingdom.*

Hobbs: *It is clear Kilmeister that you are no great imaginist...brain size in relation to body mass, lads. That is self evident is it not?*

HOBBS TAKES OUT A HUMAN SKULL, A RULER, A PENCIL & A WRITING NOTEBOOK. HE TAKES SOME MEASUREMENTS & WRITES THEM DOWN IN THE BOOK. DURING HIS LECTURE, KILMEISTER & ANDERSON CONTINUE TO PLAY CARDS & DRINK...THEY HAVE HEARD IT ALL MANY TIMES BEFORE. THEY NOD AT THE APPROPRIATE PLACES, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HOBBS' MEASURING & WRITING TO FREQUENTLY REFILL THEIR GLASSES

Hobbs: *If we were to measure young Charley's skull capacity here...this remarkable, fine little boy...come to me lad...*

CHARLEY APPROACHES SLOWLY AS HOBBS GOES BACK TO HIS WRITING. KILMEISTER & ANDERSON GIVE AN EMPHATIC NOD OF THEIR HEADS LETTING CHARLEY KNOW THAT HE SHOULD RETURN TO HIS BEDDING SACK

...we would soon become cognizant of the scientific facts of his species. This is the reason lads, why their kind must inevitably submit in the face of English moral, intellectual and physical superiority. There never was a civilised nation of any other complexion than white, nor even any individual eminent in action or speculation. No ingenious manufacturers amongst them, no arts, no sciences, why lads it is doubtful the lowly savages recognise even their own progeny. Nature has made this original distinction betwixt breeds of men, and in careful measurement of skulls we reveal the cause of this difference. Savagery is a matter of inches. Science is God's own handmaiden in revealing the true nature of things, and dispelling ignorance from the civilised world. Why lads, who would have thought that only a score or more years ago, we crudely believed that sensitivity to pain was an indication of mental brilliance

and virtuosity. Consider fish... the briny beasts have no sensibility and are therefore without sense.

HE LAUGHS AT HIS OWN ALLITERATION

Yet it is clear that blacks do bleed...

(with distaste) *Major Nunn speaks well about bleeding blacks. It is clear then that they are not without the capacity of feeling some pain. So cranial measurement is needed to determine...bring that delicious Moorish cherub to me...*

INSTEAD, ANDERSON GOES TO CHARLEY & PUTS HIM BACK TO BED UNDER THE SACKING, STROKING HIS HEAD WARMLY. THE CLAN'S SONG COMFORTS & SETTLES HIM

Mother/Sister: ***Sweet Ipeta
Blood of our soil
Tree of our spirit, Ipeta***

Anderson: ***Sleep young Charley
Dance your dreams
Bridges and moonbeams, my brave boy***

Anderson: *Mr. Hobbs, the boy is tired from all the singing and dancing he and his kind entertain us with each night. We would rightly perish from ennui without their lively spirits in this regard. I do doubt he will keep at all still for your measuring tonight. Let Charley get some repose, they say sleep promotes growth and liveliness of temper, do they not?*

Hobbs: *Quite right, Anderson, yes, let the little angel slumber. Anywise, I have yet to collate the previous measurements obtained. Of course*

comparison is all, in this laborious work. Through detailed comparisons we can now explain scientifically, those wondrous mysteries man could only speculate as to their veracity a few short years ago. Craniometry, or more correctly lads, “predology” ...

(THAT IS: ‘PHRENOLOGY’. HOBBS MISPRONOUNCES IT)

... is a scientific revelation. In weighing and measuring we now have proofs. Brains are larger in men than in women, the senile brain is shrunken compared to the mature, the eminent gentleman’s brain capacity far outstrips that of the mediocre laborer. And with my careful measurements I hope to add to this serious body of knowledge.

THE CLAN’S SONG BECOMES LOUDER

All Clan: ***Forever, don’t sleep forever***

Hobbs: *These infernal nocturnal utterances in this damnable place turn every pore to gooseflesh. At night, it appears even the charitable are savage! I do not know how you two sleep at all.*

Anderson: *Sometimes not at all, Mr. Hobbs.*

ANDERSON SMILES AT KILMEISTER SUGGESTIVELY & TAKES HIS HAND, WELL OUT OF HOBBS’ SIGHT. ANDERSON IS PLEASED WITH HIS JOKE BUT KILMEISTER IS UNCOMFORTABLE. A BEAT THEN KILMEISTER FORCEFULLY PUSHES AWAY ANDERSON’S HAND

Kilmeister: *Thank God we have the gins for nightly comfort, Sir. Ipetta is Anderson’s particular favourite in this regard. He engages his affections with no other...*

ANDERSON ROLLS HIS EYES AT THIS BLATANT LIE

while the superior intelligence can hardly tell her apart from any other of similar age.

Anderson: *Me thinks it is her sex, not her age that your over-charged heart finds so baffling.*

HOBBS LOOKS PUZZLED, THEN DISMISSIVE

Hobbs: *Take your pleasure by all means, but I caution against any great attachment.*

HE LOOKS AT THE SLEEPING CHARLEY

Like the infernal forests of this landscape, these...

HE HESITATES, UNSURE OF THE WORD TO USE

'people' will yield, one way or another to civilisation and progress. Major Nunn's expedition, whilst I must disapprove of his unconscionable methods, is but one illustration of this fact.

On the morrow I will part with ten or so of the most able bodied of these miserable children of the forest to cut bark, so you will have only the gins and the piccaninnies for your entertainment. Lack of good labor forces me to toil with untutored savages. Your task is to watch the cattle closely. Word has it that the blacks have been rushing them of late. The unfortunate fact is, they make very little provision, and view our cattle as easy meat. Their brain capacity

forbids them any comprehension of commerce or property, hence to them our meat is free.

I will return by dusk. Their night is a terror I can do without. Keep a close eye on our...

GLANCING AFFECTIONATELY AT CHARLEY

little family, and a closer one on the stock. I retire now. Anderson will escort me to my hut.

ANDERSON LEAVES WITH HOBBS, AS KILMEISTER TIDIES UP

Kilmeister: ***Life could be better
I could be wetter
Shivering under some stolen blanket***

Kilmeister/Chorus: ***Lie, lie, lie***

Kilmeister: ***Sunning myself on some leaky packet
Sucking limes for scurvy three per jacket***

Kilmeister/Chorus: ***Lie, lie, lie***

Kilmeister: ***Is it not comical?
Is it not whimsical?
Positively hysterical
And not at all ironical***

Kilmeister: ***That happiness
True bliss
I found in a prison***

(laughing) ***This place called a prison***

Life could be nicer

***Sharing head lice, sir
Three brothers to a bed
Mother drunk and father dead***

Kilmeister/Chorus: ***Lie, lie, lie***

Kilmeister: ***Life could be better
Without Ipeta
And her pretty clan
Dancing the can-can***

Kilmeister/Chorus: ***Lie, lie, lie***

Kilmeister: ***Luck is an acquired skill
Stupidity a bitter pill
This place is hell in England's eyes
To mine a wondrous paradise, yes***

Kilmeister/Chorus: ***Happiness yes, sweet caress***

Kilmeister: ***I found in a prison
This place called a prison***

***Life would be grander
Fighting war in Flanders
Bayonet and bloodied steed
Manly charge to victory***

Kilmeister/Chorus: ***Lie, lie, lie***

Kilmeister: ***Spilling blood and entrails or
Kiss the cat-o-nine tails
Rule Britannia does not care
Poor men's lives just don't compare***

Kilmeister/Chorus: ***Lie, lie, lie***

***Life could be plainer
With a name much saner
Kilmeister sends a chill, still
Life now is one long thrill***

Kilmeister/Chorus: ***Lie, lie, lie***

Kilmeister: ***Is it not comical?
Is it not whimsical?
Positively hysterical
And not at all ironical, that***

Kilmeister/Chorus: ***Happiness, true blue sweet caress***

Kilmeister: ***I found in a prison***

(laughing) ***This place called a prison***

SCENE 4
TRIANGLE

A NUMBER OF DAYS HAVE GONE BY. ANDERSON SITS WITH IPETA. HE IS TEACHING HER SOME NEW FANGLED WORDS (IT IS MADE UP PSEUDO – SCIENCE HE THINKS WILL IMPRESS HER). HE EXTRAVAGANTLY, (WITH A TOUCH OF ‘RISQUE’ ABOUT IT), CARESSES THE PLACES ON HER BODY AS HE NAMES THEM. THROUGHOUT THEY LAUGH, FLIRT & JOKE TOGETHER. IPETA MAKES SMALL ERRORS...SHE IS HUMOURING HIM

Anderson: (slowly) *Ankleiferous bone-a-tatis*

Ipeta: *An...kle...if...er...ous bon...pa...tatis*

Anderson: *Noblest-knee-bone-a-fi-dustical*

Ipeta: *No...blest...knee...bone...a...fi...test...i...cal*

Anderson: *Thigh-mus-cu-latum*

Ipeta: *Thigh...muc...cus...*

KILMEISTER ENTERS, ANGRY AT ANDERSON & IPETA’S FUN

Kilmeister: *We don’t need her tonight!*

ANDERSON & IPETA STOP & LOOK UP SURPRISED. ANDERSON ANSWERS PLAYFULLY

Anderson: *You’ve interrupted her lesson! And we need her to see to Charley.*

Kilmeister: *And where shall she sleep?*

Anderson: *Where do you think...*

HE GESTURES TO HIS COT BED EXTRAVAGANTLY & ESCORTS IPETA THERE

Anderson: *The penthouse suite, as usual...
When is Hobbs due back?*

Kilmeister: *A couple of days yet... She'll be your undoing ya know...and mine.*

Anderson: *Hey Ipeta, the great Jacky-Jacky is getting protective.*

IPETA SPEAKS SLOWLY & CLEARLY. SHE HAS LEARNED QUICKLY DESPITE
ANDERSON'S TEACHING METHODS

Ipeta: (to herself) *Daddy says they can protect. The law changes, now we need white
ghosts for our protection? But I think it's white ghosts we need
protection from. Strange, very strange...*

(To Kilmeister & Anderson) *We play a game that measures the bravery
of our young warriors. it's called kangaroo, snake & dingo...
May I teach you? Are you brave enough to protect Ipeta?*

KILMEISTER & ANDERSON LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER HESITANTLY

Kilmeister: *Can three play? It is an odd number for games?*

Ipeta: *Of course! We play with thirty-three!*

Anderson: *Ok why not? It might be fun. Lets give it a try!*

Kilmeister: *I don't like threesomes...*

IPETA SMILES AT HER SCHEMING. SHE PRETENDS TO GO INTO A TRANCE; SHE KNOWS THE LADS ARE EASILY SPOOKED AS SHE HUMS, THEN BEGINS CHANTING NONSENSE WORDS. SHE DANCES & DARTS ABOUT THEM. THE LADS ARE ALL FORCED SMILES & BRAVADO. SUDDENLY IPETA EMITS A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM. THEY BOTH JUMP THEN ANDERSON LAUGHS

Kilmeister: *This is stupid, what's happening?*

Anderson: *Hush, calm down, it's just a game. No one can touch us.*

Kilmeister: *What's she doing, I don't like it. I've never seen her look like this before.*

Anderson: *Quiet...no one can touch us.*

IPETA IS ENJOYING HERSELF AS SHE BEGINS HER INCANTATION

Ipeta: ***First you must be blindfolded
True courage must be blind***

IPETA TIES A CLOTH AROUND KILMEISTER'S EYES BUT NOT ANDERSON'S

Kilmeister: *This is ridiculous! I can't see a thing...*

Anderson: (winks at Ipeta) *Nor me...exciting ain't it!*

NEXT SHE TIES ANDERSON'S LEFT WRIST TO KILMEISTER'S RIGHT

Ipeta: ***Your arms must be bound at the wrists
Courage must overcome adversity...***

Now you must walk

IPETA LEADS THEM AROUND AIMLESSLY WITH ARMS OUTSTRETCHED. SHE STEALS KISSES FROM ANDERSON & THE TWO CAN BARELY CONTAIN THEIR LAUGHTER AT KILMEISTER'S EXPENSE

Ipeta: (yelling) *Now stop!*

SUDDEN SILENT STILLNESS

Ipeta: *The kangaroo!*

MUSIC RECOMMENCES. IPETA PUNCHES THE BOUND ARMS OF THE TWO BOYS BETWEEN WRIST & ELBOW, IMITATING THE BOUNDING OF A KANGAROO. THE FOLLOWING MOCK TORTURES SHE EXECUTES WITH GUSTO ON KILMEISTER BUT GENTLY ON ANDERSON. FORCING BACK LAUGHTER, ANDERSON PRETENDS PAIN WHEREAS KILMEISTER'S IS REAL

Ipeta: *Next...the snake*

SHE MAKES SNAKE LIKE GROOVES WITH HER FINGERNAILS UP & DOWN THEIR BOUND ARMS

Last but not least...the dingo

SHE PINCHES KILMEISTER'S FOREARM MERCILESSLY. HIS ARM IS NOW RED & DESENSITISED

You are now ready for the test of courage. You each must tell me when I reach this point on your arm...

IPETA LIGHTLY TOUCHES THE RESPECTIVE INNER ELBOWS OF THE BOYS' BOUND ARMS. SHE THEN VERY LIGHTLY TIPTOES WITH HER FINGERS UP KILMEISTER'S ARM, WHICH AS A RESULT OF ITS PUMPELLING IS INSENSATE. ANDERSON WATCHES AMUSED AS KILMEISTER'S GUESS IS WILDLY OFF THE MARK

Kilmeister: *Now!*

Anderson: (an instant later) *Now!*

SHE MARKS THE SPOT WITH SOME CHARCOAL ON THEIR ARMS, THEN REMOVES KILMEISTER'S BLINDFOLD

Ipeta: *Now you can see how much courage you both have...*

SHE SUGGESTIVELY INDICATES WITH THUMB & FOREFINGER HOW LONG THEIR 'COURAGE' IS

Ipeta: *Not bad for white ghosts, almost equal to our nine year old warriors!*

Kilmeister: (annoyed) *Ok, you've had your fun, now untie these ropes.*

Ipeta: *I don't know...I quite like you like this. I feel more... protected!*

Anderson: *Come on, 'Peta, It's uncomfortable...please for me...pretty please?*

Kilmeister: (angrily) *Fucking untie them!*

IPETA JUMPS BEHIND THEM, & PUSHES THEM OVER TRIPPING THEIR LEGS. THEY FALL DOWN, KILMEISTER CURSING & ANDERSON LAUGHING

Anderson: *Please Ipeta...how's about in return for untying us, Jacky-Jacky and me will sing you a song from England. You know how much you love our songs.*

SHE UNTIES THEM SLOWLY, ENJOYING THEIR SUBMISSION

Ipeta: *Ooh, how could I ever resist...*

THE BOYS BEGIN TO SING AN OLD ENGLISH MARCHING DITTY. IT TRANSFORMS INTO A BIG PRODUCTION NUMBER AS THE CHORUS ENTERS IMITATING A HIGHLY CHOREOGRAPHED MARCHING ENSEMBLE. IPETA CLAPS ALONG & JOINS THE PARADE

Anderson: ***The baby's bottom is covered***

Anderson/Kilmeister: ***With the jam***

Is covered, is covered

With the jam

Anderson/Kilmeister/Women: ***The baby's bottom is covered with the jam***

Chorus Men: ***The baby's bum is so covered with the jam***

Anderson/Kilmeister/Women: ***Is covered, is covered with the jam***

Chorus Men: ***Is absolutely, positively ja-ja-jam!***

THE CHORUS EXITS & THE LADS & IPETA COLLAPSE EXHAUSTED ON THE FLOOR IN A MUDDLE OF LIMBS & LAUGHTER. THERE IS A FROZEN INSTANT WHERE THE IMAGE EVOKES THE TANGLED LIMBS OF THE MASSACRE. KILMEISTER BREAKS THE SILENCE

Kilmeister: *Hey Georgie, remember this one?*

Joy to the world

The teacher's dead

***We barbecued his head
What happened to his body?
We whacked it with a waddy***

Kilmeister/Anderson: ***And round and round it goes
And round and round it goes***

THE CHORUS RE-ENTERS, ALL SING WITH GUSTO. IPETA IS STILL, LISTENING

Chorus: ***Love is blind and seldom sensible*** (etc.)

Soprano Solo: ***Ah...sensible, ah...***

THE TRIO EMERGE FROM THE CHORUS

Anderson: ***If I dream it's you that calls me
Your truth, your dignity
To soar far above the sky***

Ipeta: ***Two white ghosts
One husband
The law and the land
The dust and the sand
Can it be?***

Kilmeister: ***Kings are kings in their castles
You crown me secretly
You rule by iron decree***

Kilmeister/Anderson: ***Kings are kings in their castles / When I dream it's you that
calls me
You crown me secretly / Your strength your dignity
You rule by iron decree / To soar above the sky***

Anderson: ***Run away with me***
Ipeta: ***Ah...fire burns each tree***
Kilmeister: ***Ah...I'm wasted jealously***
All Three: ***Three souls caught in nature's game of dice***
Who will it be?

Ipeta/Kilmeister: ***Two white ghosts / Kings are kings***
One husband / you crown me
The law and the land / secretly
The dust and the sand / you rule by
Can it be? / Iron decree

Anderson/Ipeta: ***If I dream / Two white ghosts***
It's you that calls me / One husband
Your truth, your dignity / The law and the land
To soar far above the sky / The dust and the sand

Anderson/Ipeta/Kilmeister: ***When I dream / Two white ghosts / Kings are kings***
It's you that calls me / One husband / In their castles
Your strength your / The law / You crown me
Dignity / And the land the / Secretly, you
To soar / Dust / Rule by
Far above the sky / And the sand can it be? / Iron decree

Anderson: ***Run away with me***
Ipeta: ***Ah...fire burns each tree***
Kilmeister: ***Ah...I'm wasted jealously***
All Three: ***Three souls caught in nature's game of dice***
Who will it be?

IPETA'S SISTER & MOTHER LEAD THE CHORUS

Mother/Sister/Chorus: ***Love is blind and seldom sensible*** (etc.)

IPETA, HER SISTER & HER MOTHER BEGIN A PLAYFUL DANCE. AS IT DEVELOPS IT BECOMES MORE FRAUGHT, SIGNALING HIDDEN DEPTHS OF ANGER, FEAR & RESENTMENT BETWEEN THE THREE

Chorus: ***Love is blind and seldom sensible***
And seldom sensible
Love is blind love is blind love is blind
Love is sensible, sensible, sensible, sensible love
Love 'ble, love 'ble, 'ble love

Love is blind and seldom sensible
Seldom, dom, dom, seldom, dom, dom
Love is sel, love, dom, dom
Sel, love, dom, love sel, love, dom, blind
Sensible, sible

Chorus: ***Love is blind, huh!***

Chorus: ***Love is blind and seldom sensible***

Anderson: ***Love is blind, dom, seldom blind***

Chorus: ***Love is blind and seldom sensible***

Kilmeister: ***Love is blind, dom, seldom blind***

Chorus: ***Love is blind and seldom sensible***

Ipeta: ***Love is blind and seldom sensible***

Chorus: ***Love is blind and seldom sensible***

Anderson/Kilmeister/Ipeta: ***Love is blind, dom, seldom blind***

Chorus: ***Love is blind and seldom sensible***

THE SCENE ENDS ABRUPTLY AS THE MESSENGER RUSHES IN

SCENE 5
BUSHWHACK

Messenger: *Fleming, Oates, Johnstone, Lamb, Parry, Hawkins, Russell, Telluse, Blake, Foley, Ested, Palliser...They're coming here, they're drunk.*

Kilmeister: *Shit! Who's the ringleader?*

Messenger: *Fleming. They're coming to frighten the blacks. There's a bushwhack on!*

Anderson: *Shit, Fleming! He settled five just last month...on his bloody own! They're all defenseless. Only the very old and very young are here.*

Messenger: *They know that! That's why they're coming.*

ANDERSON PACES FRANTICALLY

Anderson: *Oh my God, they're goin' to kill them all! Kill them all!*

Kilmeister: *Settle down. Stop your yelling, for God's sake! They're friends after all. We've worked with all of them. Some of those lads were on the same ship as you and I. Just keep calm. Sit! Honest lads all. Get the cards. Fetch some milk...*

IPETA RUSHES OUT TO WARN THE OTHERS TO SCATTER. SHE COLLIDES WITH FLEMING, FIRST OF THE VIGILANTE MOB TO APPEAR. HE MANHANDLES HER BACK INSIDE

Fleming: ***Hobbs has gone***

Kilmeister: ***Cutting bark with the blacks
You lads have drunk too well***

Anderson:
(to himself) ***Sit down just relax
Dreams are not real***

Anderson/Chorus: ***Even here in this hell
The outback***

Anderson: (to Charley) ***Keep your sweet head under that sack***

Chorus Women: ***Please keep your head well under that sack***

Fleming/Mob Men: ***A bushwhack tonight
The rifles are hot
Let's hear them yelp
When they feel the shot
We'll give a sporting chance
Then they'll dance
To our song
Like the other night
They'll learn right from wrong***

Kilmeister: ***Settle down lads now what's goin' on in here?
Pull up a stool, and keep your heads clear
Anyone for cards I'll beat you blind-folded***

Anderson: ***Malice in the blood the devil's landed***

Fleming/Mob: ***Lets have some fun***

Fleming: ***What a lark***

Fleming/Mob: ***Like Major Nunn***

Fleming: ***Hit the mark***
Fleming/Mob: ***Get the rope, tether one to one***
Piccaninnies and gins
Fleming/Mob Men: ***Then we'll dance them up the hill***
They're ours to do what we will

Kilmeister: ***Wait a minute boys***
George fetch them some milk
We're convicts all

Anderson: ***No blood need be spilt***
Kilmeister: ***Have some laughs***
Take a few gins for a ride
But for God's sake lads
Anderson: ***They wouldn't hurt a fly***

ANDERSON FINDS IPETA & HOLDS HER

Anderson: ***Please leave me her***
Ipeta: ***Leave me him***
Anderson: ***Ipeta's her name***
Ipeta: ***We're all of one name***
Kilmeister: ***Take the rest***
Ipeta: ***Leave the rest***
Kilmeister: ***Play your game***
Ipeta: ***Have you no shame?***
Anderson/Kilmeister/Ipeta: ***God don't take the guns***
Anderson/Ipeta: ***Please don't hurt a hair on her head / their heads***
Anderson: ***I'm hers***
Ipeta: ***I'm his***
Kilmeister/Ipeta: ***Take them / leave them instead***

Mob Men: ***Ooh...***

Fleming: ***Look at the nancy-boy
Has he balls down below?
He's fallin' in love with a***

Fleming/Mob Men: ***Gin, he should know***

Fleming: ***They're just vermin
Made to disappear***

GESTURING TO THE VIGILANTES FLAMBOYANTLY & LAUGHING

Fleming/Mob Men: ***God's angels are here!***

Fleming: ***Run a tether rope through that parcel of blacks!***

Chorus: ***Ah...it's murder
It's slaughter
Ah...***

Ipeta/Chorus Men: ***It's slaughter ah...***

ANDERSON QUICKLY COVERS CHARLEY WITH SACKING

Anderson: ***Please, can't you just leave me Ipeta? Look, I've trained her to...***

FLEMING CUTS HIM OFF & PUSHES ANOTHER WOMAN WHO FALLS AT HIS FEET

Fleming: ***Shite is shite!***

ANDERSON BENDS TO COMFORT THE WOMAN

Fleming: (To Kilmeister) ***You coming? You couple of knee tremblers with us?
(screaming) You smuggers fucking coming?***

FLEMING LEAVES. KILMEISTER HESITATES THEN FOLLOWS HIM OUT.
ANDERSON IS LEFT CLUTCHING THE STRANGE WOMAN. BLACKOUT & ALL EXIT.
A CHORUS BEGINS AS IPETA'S MOTHER & SISTER SLOWLY ENTER DRESSED IN
WHITE

Chorus: **Ah...**
 Oo...ah...

IPETA ENTERS. HER MOTHER & SISTER TAKE OFF THE COLOURFUL FROCK
THEY HAD DRESSED HER IN, IN SCENE THREE, RETURNING HER TO HER
GHOSTLY WHITE. THEY REJOIN THE WEREARAI WARRIORS OUTSIDE THE HUT
WHO HAVE RETURNED & FOUND THEIR KIN MURDERED. THEY HUDDLE IN A
QUIET LAMENTING CIRCLE. INSIDE THE HUT KILMEISTER & ANDERSON SIT
STUNNED AROUND THE TABLE. THEY TIGHTLY CLASP EACH OTHER'S HANDS
IN A FROZEN EMBRACE

King Sandy: *Daddy is dead. Ipeta also. Their souls will fly once their bones are at
one with the soil. There is nothing more, nothing better for us to do.
Nothing greater, I pray.*

1st Warrior: *No!*

*Rub all compassion
From these hearts and
Stroke each foetal cell
With arrogant caress*

*Here we stand
Immovable and furious
At the very conception of our grief
Nurturing an unborn sorrow
Birthing a biting sadness
By salty tears*

*Here we lie
And shake and scream
Compassion, forgiveness
All stillborn
While vengeance thrives
Guzzling from our frantic breast
Joined
Wet and umbilical
By this woe*

*Rise up
To this single beating heart
Take revenge
There can be no greater cost
Than what we already bear
Except doing nothing
In despair*

King Sandy:

*On this bleak day
When ancestors moan
And every grinning skull
Turns to the same direction
I listen and hear their song
Shhhh...
Can you hear it?
Can you?*

*They murmur of another time
More frightful than now
When the very ground
Our hearts*

*Split in two
Cracked
The sky blackened
And shed no light
For thirty sorrowful moons
The rain was blood red
And pumice*

*Hearts glowed
And many ran to their doom
Uncelebrated*

*The wise remained
Quiet with song
Silent with grief*

*Now
The land up-swallows us
Wrapping each
In little graves
Gifted
Each mound
A worm
In the imposter's heart
Singing as it eats
In perfect time*

2nd Warrior: *Time
Won't cool this surge
Wise man
Old man
The land receives the tears*

*Who grieve
The land receives the blood
Who fight
We cannot forever
Remain journeymen
To grief*

*As blood weeps
From my heart
It sprinkles my soul
And makes it grow
Growing
It strains to convert
By number
Those tears
Into hours
Of sweet bliss*

King Sandy: *On this day
When ancestors smile
And every grinning skull
Turns to the same direction
I listen and hear their song
Shhhh...
Can you hear it?*

KILMEISTER GENTLY CARESSES ANDERSON'S HANDS. THROUGHOUT ANDERSON AVOIDS EYE CONTACT WITH KILMEISTER. INSTEAD HE REMAINS FIXATED ON THE TWENTY FINGERS CLASPED TOGETHER IN SOME UNHOLY, INHUMAN EMBRACE

Anderson: *Why?*

Kilmeister: *Look Georgie, if you knew what Fleming threatened to do to me, you wouldn't be surprised.*

Anderson: *Why?*

Kilmeister: *Georgie please, this is important. There will be an investigation. The others have sobered up. Bodies are to be burnt. All must be destroyed. There's no choice now...*

Anderson: *Why... Ipeta beheaded, all beheaded? We loved them, didn't we? I loved them... Why Charlie? How could you do it? They are human beings. Flesh and blood and thought and spirit. Can the same be said of you?*

Kilmeister: *Georgie, forget that now, this is important. We must get our stories straight or we will swing. You mustn't peach, Georgie. We're mates, aren't we? That's mateship, that's what mates do. They don't peach on each other. Mates Georgie. If we are true to that then no one can touch us...Fair dinkum mates, Georgie. Mates have to stick together...then no one can touch us...*

SCENE 6

TRIAL TAKE TWO

THE SAME TRIAL SET-UP AS FOR SCENE TWO. THE COURT IS ROWDY.
ANDERSON IS IN THE DOCK, IPETA SHIMMERS GHOST - LIKE BY HIS SIDE

Judge: ***Silence! Silence!***

Chorus: ***Man is a wolf to man
And the state of nature
Is one of war***

Judge: ***Mr. Anderson, can you identify
Those who did wantonly slaughter?***

EACH OF IPETA'S REPETITIONS BECOMES MORE INSISTENT

Anderson: *Oates*

Ipeta: *Kilmeister*

Anderson: *Johnstone*

Ipeta: *Kilmeister*

Anderson: *Parry*

Ipeta: *Kilmeister*

Anderson: *Hawkins*

Ipeta: *Kilmeister*

Anderson: Russell

Ipeta: *Kilmeister*

Anderson: *Foley*

Ipeta: *Kilmeister!*

Anderson & Ipeta: (slowly in unison) *and Charles Kilmeister*

Judge: ***By the power vested in me by God and crown I say...***

Ipeta: *Let 'em all swing!*

THE CROWD ERUPTS IN CHEERS

Chorus/Cast: ***Pop the cork***
(Big trouble's bubbling)
Break out the fat cigars
Justice has been done
Yes we will overcome
For we could be brave ones
For we are survivors here
No! There are no heroes
Justice has been
We will survive
Justice has been done

Pop the cork
(Big trouble's bubbling)

Break out the fat cigars

For we are the brave ones

For we are the pioneers

For / Yes we are the heroes

Justice has been

Done

End