

MAKBAY SHAMAN OF KAWDOR

BY

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ACT I Scene I. Southwestern desert. An open place.

The sound of wind. A tumble weed blows across the stage. Enter THREE KACHINAS.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

Who dares call Sky Thunder Kachina from his high nest of human bones! I am set loose upon this land, with thunder in my mouth and lightning in my hand!

BLACK WIND KACHINA

What voice awoke Black Wind Kachina? Am I called alive to tear souls out with my ice edged breath? I am set loose upon this land, with winter in my mouth, the cold of death in my hand.

FIRE KACHINA

Who lit the funeral pyre that awakened the Kachina of Fire? I am the great killing heat of the world! We are all set loose upon the land, with a human being in our mouth, his life in our hand.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

In what world shall we three meet again, in sky thunder, lightning or in rain?

BLACK WIND KACHINA

In rain world, to wash the blood away and then commotion done to meet our prey, the man men call MAKBAY.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

And when is all this darkness to be done?

FIRE KACHINA

In the time when the sun walks upon the ground.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

We are called from rain world. Hear you not the voice, nightwalkers? I go, Bonepicker!

BLACK WIND KACHINA

The eater of light calls! We are asked to look at the night and see things!

FIRE KACHINA

Such things we see! Evils of nature of every kind that come screaming not from diseased wombs but from the fevered mind!

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

Night gathers its hunting teeth. Our names go into the human world! We are the Kachinas of Black Wind, Sky Thunder and Fire! We are fled!

ALL

Makbay's light is black and black is light. We chant a medicine circle web of

his day and night.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT I. Scene II. A battle camp in the Southwestern desert.

On stage CHIEF DUKAN, MALKAN, DONALBAYKAN and a DYING WARRIOR. Several warriors of no rank stand in the background.

DUKAN

What wounded warrior is this? Can he speak as well as his wounds speak, of the battle between our Pueblo and our ancient enemies?

MALKAN

This is a coward who fled the battle! A man of our Pueblo who brings shame on Makbay by his flight! A nation's greatest sorrow is a son like you! Say to the Great Chief Dukan, your knowledge of the battle as you left it.

DYING WARRIOR

Doubtful in outcome, the battle stood. Like two exhausted swimmers, holding to each other in panic and making the river deeper in their desperation. The merciless Mag-Way-Ya, Great Chief of our ancient enemies, born to an evil that swarms around him, from the Pueblos of the West was reinforced with warriors, some untested in battle but many more by experience blooded.

DUKAN

For what reason did you flee?

DYING WARRIOR

I saw the battle lost and my life lost if my eyes saw true. My spirit seemed to leave me, and I followed it away. Perhaps I never had hands shaped for battle hate. Is there mercy for one who could not bring himself to kill? I have no defense for myself.

DUKAN

We shall give you back to Makbay. You are his shame, and he deserves the right to punish you for bringing it on his house.

DYING WARRIOR

I understand. But if my wounds are mortal, I may not live to see his justice.

DUKAN

His justice may go beyond death. But what of the battle? Is it lost as our coward has said?

MALKAN

It is true that the spirits seem to smile on Mag-Way-Ya. The first tide of battle went his way. Our defeat seemed painted on the sands. I've seen it for myself.

DYING WARRIOR

I know more. I know what comes upon us from where the black wind blows and the doom of inhuman thunder breaks! From the fire where comfort should come,

disaster burns our Pueblo! Listen Great Chief! Our bravest warriors, carrying the heart of the Pueblo, met Mag-Way-Ya's untested warriors and killed many and put to flight the rest. Our warriors hard pursued them until their breath was gone. Then Mag-Way-Ya closed the trap around us with seasoned men twice our number and began a new attack. It was then I fled, for all seemed lost.

DUKAN

How did my war leaders Makbay and Banako take this? Did the fear seize them as it has taken hold of this coward's throat?

MALKAN

If eagles fear rabbits, then fear was in them. To say the truth, for every blow given, they gave back two. They fought like men who could not die. They birthed a river of blood and washed themselves in it.

DUKAN

I see the ruin. Our enemy, twice our number, entered combat on a fresh first wind while we were made to fight on our second. Even bravery can not best a nest of spears.

MALKAN

But there rose out of certain ruin, brave Makbay. He flew against what the stars spun for us. With his brandished spear, he carved out his name on the faces of our enemy. Warriors that thought themselves defeated, stood again to follow his spear which was a fire that sent the dead up to the sky like smoke. Makbay was like the heart of courage itself.

DUKAN

A fire hearted man! Such men are few that walk this earth!

MALKAN

And he turned the battle against Mag-Way-Ya. Turned it till he seemed to face death itself which neither spoke nor said goodbye til Makbay tore into him and impaled his bone head on his spear!

DUKAN

Great son of the nation! Noble Makbay!

DYING WARRIOR

I am dying. My wounds cry for help.

DUKAN

No. They cry out for justice. You are beyond help. By my order, send him, alive or dead, to await Makbay's justice.

(Exit DYING WARRIOR, carried out by DONALBAYKAN and another)  
Who comes here?

Enter LAYNA

MALKAN

Layna! What looks through your eyes? You wear the look of a man who has seen too much strangeness for speech.

LAYNA

Great Spirit save the Chief!

DUKAN

Where do you come from?

LAYNA

From the final battle, Great Chief, where our enemies' spears impaled the sky and rained death on our people.

DUKAN

We are gathered here to await the news you bring.

LAYNA

Mag-Way-Ya himself, with overwhelming numbers, met us in battle. Fighting at his side, was the disloyal traitor, the Shaman of Kawdor, who has turned against his own Pueblo.

DUKAN

Treachery is all around us!

MALKAN

But how did it go? We die for an answer!

LAYNA

The thunder of war shook the four directions. So great was the battle, the Kachinas of the natural world seemed to burn in the sky. We met the enemy, spear thrust for spear thrust, blood for blood. Now the end has come. Was it the bravery of Banako and Makbay or the Gods smiling on us with their favor, that made our medicine stronger? All these things I do not know, but victory came to us!

DUKAN

Great Happiness!

LAYNA

Mag-Way-Ya has taken his name out of the world. His son holds his father's bones and begs for peace. And so completely have we won, that we will not allow burial of his men until his people pay, at The Pueblo of Dead Ancestors, ten thousand belts of wampum to the kin of our dead clan brothers.

DUKAN

The nation is born again! And what of the Shaman of Kawdor, whose knife is in the back of the nation! Does he live?

LAYNA

He lives.

DUKAN

No more! His betrayal dies with him! Go pronounce the Shaman of Kawdor's immediate death and with his former clan sign greet Makbay.

LAYNA

I'll see it done.

DUKAN

What he has lost, noble Makbay has won.

ACT I Scene III. The desert in the place where even the wind dies.  
The sound of the wind. Enter the THREE KACHINAS.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

Where have you been Black Wind Kachina?

BLACK WIND KACHINA

Killing lizards.

FIRE KACHINA

Sky Thunder Kachina, where do you come from?

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

A gourd dancer's two-hearted woman had pinon nuts in her lap and tasted and tasted and tasted. 'Give me,' I asked. 'Be gone, Spirit Dweller,' the woman of Makbay cried. Her husband had gone to trade his name with a distant Pueblo for war's sake but I in a sandstorm would sooner sail. And in the form of a tail-less snake, I do, I do and I do.

BLACK WIND KACHINA

I'll give you a dark rainless wind as cold as an ambitious woman's heart.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

You are killing kind.

FIRE KACHINA

And I another, give you a windless rain, the river from a dark woman's eyes.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

I myself hold all Makbay's other elements. Ruin, fire and rain. The very Pueblos that he knows. All the mercy that his marriage shows. On the wind-tellers hand, I'll drain him dry as desert noon. Sleep shall neither night nor day hang upon his eyelid. Makbay shall you live a man accursed? And travel a weary week, nine times nine. Shall you dwindle, shriek and pine? Though your pathless way cannot be lost yet it shall be sandstorm-tossed.

(Offering her hand clenched around some object) Look what I have!

BLACK WIND KACHINA

Show me! Show me!

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

Here I have a bloody traveler's thumb bent as Pueblo-ward he did come!

The sound of war drums.

FIRE KACHINA

War's breath in a drum! Our conquest, Makbay does come.

ALL

The wayward Kachinas, hand in hand, swift travelers of the dead once sea, thus

do go about, three times three. Three times to yours and three times to ours,  
and three again, to make up nine. In lying peace, our evils in our omen's align  
and darkly cast our prophecies design.

Enter MAKBAY and BANAKO.

MAKBAY

After so much blood and battle, this stillness is as if the world were dead.

BANAKO

How far do they say it is to our war camp?

(Catching sight of the THREE KACHINAS)

We meet spirits! They have the look of Kachinas, withered and so wild in their  
dress!

MAKBAY

They are not inhabitants of earth and yet they are on it. They did not journey  
here for human reasons.

BANAKO

Should we speak to them? Kachinas should appear to medicine men who hold them  
holy and know their ways. We are simple warriors, not studied priests with  
their sacred names on our tongues. Why do they appear to us? We have not  
deserved this vision!

MAKBAY

Speak, if you can. What are you?

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

All hail, Makbay! Hail to your heart, Shaman of Ga-Mis!

BLACK WIND KACHINA

All hail, Makbay. Hail to your head, Shaman of Kawdor!

FIRE KACHINA

All hail the body entire, Makbay! You will walk as Great Chief hereafter.

BANAKO

Makbay, why do we start, and seem to fear things that sound so fair?

(To the KACHINAS)

In the name of truth, are you the drip of peyote's sweet poison, or are you the  
half human forms which outwardly you show? My clan brother you greet with  
immediate honor and great prediction of noble having and chiefly hope, so much  
so, he seems bound by you in snake-eyed fascination. To me Great Kachinas, you  
do not speak. If you can look into the seeds of time and say which corn grain  
will grow and which will not, speak then to me, who neither begs nor fears your  
favors or your hate.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

ADVANCE!

BLACK WIND KACHINA

RETREAT!

FIRE KACHINA  
STAND STILL!

SKY THUNDER KACHINA  
Lesser than Makbay and greater.

BLACK WIND KACHINA  
Not so happy, but happier.

FIRE KACHINA  
You will birth Chiefs, but never be one, so all hail, Makbay and Banako!

SKY THUNDER KACHINA  
Banako and Makbay, all hail!

MAKBAY  
Don't leave, incomplete speakers, tell me more. By my father's death, I know I am clan named Shaman of Ga-Mis but how of Kawdor? The Shaman of Kawdor lives, a much weaponed man. For me to be Great Chief, is not within the prospect of belief. It's no more likely I'll become Shaman of Kawdor. Can you say from which of the four directions comes this strange intelligence, or why upon this windless desert, you stop our way forward with such prophecied greetings? Speak, I ask your prophecying bones?

(The THREE KACHINAS vanish)

BANAKO  
Unseen by men's eyes, old earth's dark blood flows through caves of ancient mystery. These Kachinas come from those places. Where are they vanished?

MAKBAY  
Into the air, and what seemed to be flesh, melted and went like smoke into the wind. They said enough that said so little. I wish they had stayed to say more!

BANAKO  
Did we see them? Did Three Kachinas appear to us and speak or have we eaten on the insane cactus flower that takes the reason prisoner?

MAKBAY  
Your children shall walk the earth as Chiefs.

BANAKO  
But you shall be Great Chief.

MAKBAY  
And Shaman of Kawdor, did they not make that prophecy?

BANAKO  
I heard it. But with those beings, who is to say what is prophecy and what is mortal threat? Someone comes!

Enter LAYNA

LAYNA

The ones I am sent to seek! I bring word to Makbay from Dukan, the Great Chief!  
As thick as dust on the wind, witnesses have returned to sing praise of your  
war valor! Your day of glory in our Pueblo's great defense stands known and  
honor flows from Dukan, Great Chief, to you, like an untamed river.

MAKBAY

Our ancient enemy, Mag-Way-Ya, rides his bones into the wind. Banako and I were  
the weapons on which he fell.

LAYNA

And Banako too he holds in honor. Dukan knows you both as great-hearted  
warriors not afraid of the death you carried. I am told to bring you both to  
him, so he can honor you.

BANAKO

Later will be a time to sing war boasts and make legends of war deeds, if we  
deserve any. We need time to wash the blood off body and mind.

LAYNA

You must both come at once. Dukan's order is clear. But for a part reward of  
greater honors yet to come, I am chosen to tell Makbay from him. Hail Makbay,  
Shaman of Kawdor! By that clan sign, the rest of your days you will walk the  
earth. Hail noble warrior, for it is yours!

BANAKO

What? Have the spirits of the desert spoken truth!

MAKBAY

The Shaman of Kawdor lives. Why do you dress me in a borrowed war shield?

LAYNA

He who was Shaman of Kawdor still lives but under heavy judgement for the life  
he deserves to lose. He fought on Mag-Way- Ya's side, working treacherously  
towards our Pueblos overthrow. Death-earned treason, witnessed and proved, has  
overthrown him.

MAKBAY

(To BANAKO) Shaman of Ga-Mis...and of Kawdor...with the greatest yet to  
come!

(To LAYNA) We thank you and follow you straight home with our soon  
traveling hearts.

Exit LAYNA

(To BANAKO) Do you have the hope your children will walk as Chiefs when  
those that gave Shaman of Kawdor to me, promised no less to you?

BANAKO

If that prophecy could be trusted all the way, it might yet dress you in the  
war robes of a Great Chief, besides Shaman of Kawdor. But it's strangely woven  
and often, to win us to destruction, the Kachina's of darkness tell us twisted  
truths, win us with words, only to betray us in deepest darkest consequence.



MAKBAY

You worry too much. Two truths were told as omen to the rising flood of my destiny in name and in blood. They have proven their truth.

BANAKO

If it were not made to look good, we'd not believe it.

MAKBAY

I say this supernatural inviting cannot hold evil! If evil, why does it give me knowledge of success, commencing in a truth? I am Makbay, Shaman of Kawdor! Should the horror of what is only a suggested evil whiten my hair? Because it comes from another world should I let my beating heart knock at my ribs in terror? Banako, your immediate fears are nothing but fevered imaginings.

BANAKO

I am never happy to hear the spirits speak however well they wish me.

MAKBAY

Evils omened, ambitions denied, murder prophesied, all these, are fear dreams only in the mind. I'll not be smothered in superstition and believe that nothing exists but what is not.

BANAKO

Look, how caught in dreaming is Makbay!

MAKBAY

No! Not dreaming! For chance has named me Chief. Chance may enrobe me without lifting my hand.

BANAKO

New honor comes upon you like strange clothes that do not fit. We are too bloody to reason rightly.

MAKBAY

Come what may, time has a way of smoothing our memories of even the roughest day.

BANAKO

Noble Makbay, we have a journey to make.

MAKBAY

Give me your favor and approval my friend. My dull brain is assaulted with things forgotten. War companion, your efforts for me are written in the blood of what brought me into being. Is all we are to inherit, evil and death? If we carried it to others, do we carry it home with us. There must be greater rewards! Let's speak of this again with free hearts when we're not so tired with death.

BANAKO

Very gladly.

MAKBAY

No fearfully. For we know more than we know.

BANAKO

Visions have touched us, and touching, changed us.

MAKBAY

And we know not how changed. Let's make towards home if it will still have us.

(Exeunt)

ACT I. Scene IV. Pueblo of DUKAN. Rattle of gourds, sound of drums.

Enter GREAT CHIEF DUKAN, MALKAN, DONABAYKAN, and people of the Pueblo.

DUKAN

Is he, who by birth was Shaman of Kawdor, dead? Are those I've sent to kill him for our honor, returned?

MALKAN

Great Chief, they have not yet come back. But I've spoken with one that saw him die, who said he confessed truthfully his treason. He begged no earthly pardon and set forth upon the warrior's path unbowed. He took the torture as brave as any man who ever took it. Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it. He died as one that had been studied in his death, that knew all the words for each pain torture brought and had already cut his tongue out to show they were nothing worth speaking of.

DUKAN

There's no wisdom to find how the mind is constructed in the face of a man. He was a clanbrother on who I built an absolute trust.

Enter MAKBAY, BANAKO and LAYNA.

DUKAN

Worthiest clan brother! The sin of my ingratitude even now is heavy on me! You are so far above praise, that the swiftest wing of human gratitude can not overtake you. I have no treasures large enough to reward your heart. Only I have the right to say, more is owed you than than all I can pay.

MAKBAY

The loyalty I owe, in giving it, pays itself. Your part is to receive our duties and our duties are to our Pueblo and our ancestors and children yet to be, which do what they should, by doing every thing proper for your love and honor, Great Chief.

DUKAN

Welcome to this place Makbay. I have begun to plant you in the soil of this Pueblo and will do a rain dance to make you full of growth. And Banako, who has done no less deserved a thing, nor must be known less to have done so, let me embrace you and hold you to my heart.

BANAKO

If I grow there, the harvest is your own.

DUKAN

My plentiful joys grow wild in this green season, and seek to hide themselves

in drops of crop growing sorrow. Sons, clansmen, shamans and you whose places are the nearest to the council fires, know you all, that we will establish our clan sign upon my eldest son, Malkan, whom I name hereafter, Carrier of the Dream Wheel, which honor must not alone invest him only. But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine on all deservers.

MAKBAY

Let's go from here to my Pueblo, and feast and bind us further to your son, Malkan, who rises like an eagle to the heights to which Dukan has gone before him.

DUKAN

But honor not only my son but yourself Makbay, Shaman of Kawdor, a new bird in flight.

MAKBAY

To point it at me would be painful duty, if it is not used to honor you. I myself will walk before nobility and make joyful the hearing of my woman, Kalaw, with your approach. So humble in your path, I take leave of you.

(Leaves the center of the stage as if to exit, pauses to look back at those he has just left)

DUKAN

My worthy new Shaman of Kawdor! Who honors me by honoring my son. May the magic and the power of your new birthright forever serve our Pueblo!

BANAKO

There goes a man whose heart is the Pueblo.

DUKAN

True, Banako, he is full of such valor and in his commendations I am fed. It is a feast to me. Let's follow after him, whose care goes ahead to prepare our welcome in his Pueblo. He is a peerless kinsman!

(Rattle of gourds, drums. Exeunt.)

MAKBAY

(At the edge of the stage)

(ASIDE)

Malkan! Chosen Carrier of the Dream Wheel! And that is the only path to Great Chief! That is a step on which I must fall down or else overleap it, for in my prophesied way it lies. Am I fed by the Peyote visions of the Three Kachinas or do they feed upon me? Stars, hide your fires! Do not let light see my black and deep desires. The eye is blind to the hand, yet that is what the eye fears, for when the sandpainting of fate is done, it's the hand that's done it, that sees for itself.

ACT I Scene V. MAKBAY's Pueblo.

Enter KALAW, Clanwife of MAKBAY and A DEAD WARRIOR under a curse of unawakening.

KALAW

Speak dead warrior, but recently dead. Who's sent you on the path to me, that I

must see you and hear what terror lies upon your lips?

DEAD WARRIOR

I fell cowardly in battle. Makbay your husband, full of inherited sorceries, newly named, Shaman of Kawdor, keeps me from my grave rest! Hear my message, woman of Makbay and free my craven bones to journey into dust. I ache for ancient sleep!

KALAW

Speak loathsome thing. What says my husband's tongue in yours?

DEAD WARRIOR

Three Kachinas, One of Sky Thunder, one of Fire and one of the Black Wind met me on the day of my success, and I, Makbay, 'til now only Shaman of Ga-Mis, have learned by the most proved prophecy, that they have more in them than human knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. While I stood wrapped in the wonder of it, runners came bearing words from Great Chief Dukan, who hailed me 'Shaman of Kawdor' by which clan sign, before, those dark Kachinas so named me, and also said of me, that a time will come in which this will be true. 'Hail Makbay, Great Chief you will be hereafter!' I send word to you so you can rejoice in the shared greatness promised you. For as I rise, clan wife, so do you. Lay it to your heart and see if it grows there. So ends his tongue in mine. Have I leave now to die? I beg you let me die!

KALAW

(Ignoring his plea)

Shaman of Ga-Mis he is, from birth inheritance, and now Kawdor and more is promised. But a promise must be fulfilled with action. It's good to have promises but I fear Makbay's nature. He is too full of the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way.

DEAD WARRIOR

As he did with me, I've no proof of that. I'd think there'd be no more milk in him than in a dead mother. But then I've only offended him once. You've slept with him.

KALAW

Such insolence in one so recently dead! I know my husband all too well. Makbay would be great, for he is not without skill and ambition, but he's without the wicked quality of being merciless and devious that should go with it. What he would highest value, Makbay would make sacred. What he would not play false, he would yet want to strongly win. Makbay has a tender heart that cries when it should instead kill.

DEAD WARRIOR

Can we be speaking of the same man? What tender heart is it, that pursues and punishes the dead after death?

KALAW

Come home to me Makbay, that I may pour my dark, clear visions in your ear, and whip you with the venomous valor of my tongue! I'll poison all thoughts that stop you from stealing the rainbow that circles the center of the earth, which fate and supernatural aid seems to have crowned you with, if the spirits are to

be believed.

DEAD WARRIOR

Free me in death, woman of Makbay!

KALAW

Only if you have said all that was said.

DEAD WARRIOR

Dukan comes here tonight.

KALAW

You are a mad liar to say it! Is not Makbay who sent you, standing even now with Dukan? He would have sent sooner word, for preparation.

DEAD WARRIOR

So it pleases you, to disagree but it is true. Dukan the Great Chief, is coming. I outdid them in speed of travel, although dead for lack of breath, having breath scarce enough to make up this message. And now to my grave?

KALAW

Go! Drag your bones to your final dust, what does it mean to me. I'd release you but Makbay's hand is on you, not to be undone by me. But you bring great news.

Exit the DEAD WARRIOR.

The bird of death is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Dukan under my roof. Come, you Kachinas that listen to human thoughts, unsex me here! Fill me, from head to toe, full of wolfish cruelty. Make my blood thick, so that neither sorrow nor mercy can flow through it. Come to my woman's breasts and make my milk the venom of a snake so that I have no mother's loving thoughts! I call on the Kachinas who visioned for Makbay, give him the sight and me the substance! Come thick night and shroud me in the darkest smoke of the spirit house so my keen knife doesn't see the wound it makes! Let no betraying emotion cut through the war blanket of the dark to cry 'Peace! Mercy!'

Enter MAKBAY.

MAKBAY

Why cry for peace and mercy? The war is over. Or is it my return you wail against, for fear I was a bear in war and might be one in peace?

KALAW

Shaman of Ga-Mis, in the war robes of Kawdor, greater than both! Your words in the mouth of the dead, have transported me beyond the unchanging present, and I feel now the future in our hands!

MAKBAY

I am close pursued. My dearest love, as reported, Great Chief Dukan comes here tonight.

KALAW

And when leaves from here?

MAKBAY

Tomorrow by intent.

KALAW

Never will the sun see that day!

MAKBAY

Those are words that murder!

KALAW

Only if the strength to act behind them follows.

MAKBAY

When first the Kachinas spoke to me, I thought it would come to this.

KALAW

Your face, shaman, is a war shield where men may read strange matters. To behave as occasion demands, bear welcome in your eyes, in your hand, and on your tongue. I say it's for you to look like the innocent flower but be the serpent under it. Dukan must be provided for. Put this night's dark business into my care and arrangement. If we follow my path we'll give to all our nights and days to come, rule over many and mastery over some.

MAKBAY

Are you as effected as I by the mad dreams of those I met in the desert? Should we act on the shifting sands of their peyote dreams? I fear my face has such things in it as are too easily known.

KALAW

Only look up clear in all innocence. To change your face with each thought that's behind it, is ever to fear. Leave all the rest to me. Go and rest for the night and the dark yet to come. I'll meet Dukan here and put on a good face for the one you do not yet wear.

Sound of gourd rattles and drums. Enter CHIEF DUKAN, MALKAN, DONALBAYKAN, BANAKO, LAYNA, MIKADAY, and people of the Pueblo.

DUKAN

This Pueblo has a pleasant site. The air has the sweet honey of night in it.

BANAKO

The winged guest of summer, the swallow, proves by his nests that the air is charmed with magic here. In every favorable corner these birds have made their hanging beds and breeding cradles. And where they most breed and haunt, I have observed the air is delicate and magic is strongest.

DUKAN

Kalaw! Our honored hostess! Human love that follows us, sometimes is trouble, but we are thankful to have love at all. How should I bid the Great Spirit reward us? For the trouble I cause your house, is trouble that comes because of the great love I bear Makbay. He would honor my son but he is the one honor belongs to. He deserves glories greater than I can give him.

KALAW

His battle deeds in every way twice done, and then done double, would not begin to equal those honors deep and broad which Great Chief Dukan brings upon our house by being in it. In the manner of those of old who walk the warrior's path up to the sky, we are those whose chants sing your names.

DUKAN

Where is my new bird in flight, the Shaman of Kawdor? We pursued him closely but he travels the desert well and his great love for you, sharp as a lizard's claw, has helped him to his house before us. Fair clanwife, we are your guests tonight.

KALAW

The house of Makbay is the house of Dukan. So it shall be forever.

DUKAN

Give me your hand. Lead me to Makbay. I love him highly and shall weave of his name the highest battle legend. When the histories of the people are sung, no one will sing of Dukan without singing of Makbay. Come. Show me to him. He and I are hawks whose wings ride the same wind.

Exuent.

ACT I Scene VI. MAKBAY's Pueblo.

Enter MAKBAY and the DEAD WARRIOR under MAKBAY's curse of unawakening.

DEAD WARRIOR

And when shall I be dust?

MAKBAY

When the Shaman of Kawdor is tired of you. When the flesh is so corrupt, it offends me. Now you who know death so well, will be a sounding board for my plan.

DEAD WARRIOR

What is the plan?

MAKBAY

Love of a kind is the plan and the plan is death.

DEAD WARRIOR

You sound doubtful of success.

MAKBAY

More sure than doubtful and that is the trouble with it.

DEAD WARRIOR

If it could be done once and for all when it was done, then it's best done quickly.

MAKBAY

Nothing that monstrous is ever so simple. If Dukan's assassination could

ensnare its consequences, and catch blameless success with his death, then that one killing blow might be the be-all and end-all. But here, upon the edge of this desert of time, does not this act risk the life yet to come?

DEAD WARRIOR

I know of no life yet to come. Only oblivion. Release me to a coward's grave. I move by your magic alone, but my mind and body knows its own death.

MAKBAY

Might I not soon follow you? Perhaps I should keep you to light the way before me. Do I not risk what has befallen you?

DEAD WARRIOR

But I have no wisdom from my own death to light the way to yours. I am but a poor stupid thing stealing words half forgotten.

MAKBAY

Be still and don't plague me while I think! But in this case, do I not still have judgement here? Or do I but follow bloody instructions, which being learned, may return to plague the maker? This even-handed justice of a two-edged knife offers the ingredients of a poisoned cup to my own lips.

DEAD WARRIOR

If I speak to your problem, will you let me die finally?

MAKBAY

Find my thoughts for me and win your way to your grave.

DEAD WARRIOR

Dukan is here in double trust. First you are his kinsman and his subject, strong tides against the black deed. Then as his host, you are in custom and with honor bound to shut the doors against his murderer. You, Makbay, can not bear the knife yourself.

MAKBAY

I sense the same but how to escape it? And besides, this Dukan, has used his powers so meek, has been so just in his rule, that his virtues will plead like good spirits, storm tongued, against the deep damnation of his taking off. And pity, like a naked new born babe, straddling the wind, will blow the horrid deed into every eye and those tears may drown the wind. I have no knife to prick the sides of my intent, but only rising ambition, which overreaches itself and falls I know not where.

Enter KALAW.

Here's a face that knows only certainty! What news!

KALAW

He has near finished his meal of honor. You consort idly with the unworthy dead. Why have you left the feasting?

MAKBAY

Has he asked for me?



KALAW

You know he has!

MAKBAY

We'll go no further in this plan. Dukan has honored me of late and I have by war strength, earned bright silver opinions from all in the Pueblo which I could wear honor bright into our spoken history. Is it wise to cast aside glory so soon that was so difficult to win?

KALAW

Was the hope maddened by peyote dreams where you dressed yourself? Has it slept since? And now does it wake, to look so green and pale at what was planned so bravely and well! Are you for the word or the deed? If the first, that is how I will see your love of me. Just a word!

MAKBAY

Even the dead are useless counsel. If what I want, has doubt in it, am I less a man, that thinks?

KALAW

Fear is not thought. It is the scream of your sex, dying in you. Are you a man or are you afraid to be the same in action and valor as you are in desire?

MAKBAY

I am a man!

KALAW

Prove then you are not a coward like the company you keep. There's a poor example of a man. Decide! Will you let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would' and end like the bear who caught no fish for fear of wetting its paws?

MAKBAY

Peace! I dare do all that makes a man a man. Who dares do more is none.

KALAW

When you dared do it, then you were a man. You dared dream to be more than what you are. But now that precious time and willful opportunity is full ripe, doubt unmakes you. I have given suck and know how tender it is to love the babe that milks me. But if I'd dreamed to be more than I am and went back on it, why then, even as the babe smiled in my face, I'd rather pluck my nipple from his boneless gums and dash his brains out!

MAKBAY

But if we should fail?

KALAW

We fail? Carve your courage to the sticking place and we'll not fail! When Dukan is sound asleep where his hard day's journey will so invite him, I will overpower his two night guards.

MAKBAY

You have not the strength.

KALAW

No. But I have the guile. I'll lace their food and drink with secret plants, known only to me. I'll make memory, the keeper of the brain, nothing but smoke and the medicine bag of their reason will be the air that catches nothing. When in riotous night-drowned sleep, their drugged natures lie as in death, what cannot you and I perform upon the unguarded Dukan? This murder we'll blame on his drugged clansmen, who'll bear the guilt of our great killing.

MAKBAY

Bring forth men-children only, for your undaunted spirit could conceive nothing but males! When we mark with blood those sleepers of his own council and use their own knives on Dukan, whom they are sworn to protect, who can doubt they've done murder?

KALAW

Who would dare see it otherwise, as we'll make our public griefs a clamorous roar upon his death?

MAKBAY

I stand convinced. I'll throw my heart after yours. I'll bind my Dead Warrior to the deed as well. Come! Let's return to our guests and with public affection, put on a show. Let us remember, a false face must hide what the false heart does know.

ACT II

Enter BANAKO and FAYA.

BANAKO

How goes the night, boy?

FAYA

The moon is down. I have heard the night birds.

BANAKO

The moon sinks at first bird cry.

FAYA

No. I think it's later than that.

BANAKO

I distrust this darkness that grows around us like strange corn. There's even thrift in the sky, the eyes of stars are all closed. A heavy call to surrender lies like death upon me, and yet I dare not sleep. I fear the power of cursed thoughts that nature gives way to in sleep.

Enter MAKBAY and the DEAD WARRIOR

Give me my spear. Who's there in the dark?

MAKBAY

A live friend!

DEAD WARRIOR

A dead one too, he would say, but the dead have no friends.

BANAKO

What, not yet at rest? The Great Chief's abed. He has been in unusual pleasure and sends forth great gifts to your children. This turquoise necklace he sends your wife. He has found himself in measureless content, and honors her most kind welcome.

MAKBAY

(Taking the necklace)

Being unprepared, our hospitality put thin blankets on our guests. Forwarned, more freely we would have woven our welcoming feast.

BANAKO

All's well but yet I dreamed last night of the dread Three Kachinas. To you they have showed some terrible truth.

MAKBAY

I do not think of them. Yet, when we have a silence to carve for ourselves, we might talk of what we have and have not seen. The wind blew a certain way that day, and we might follow it together for our own profit. If you would grant me a private time for talk. Such things are not for all ears.

BANAKO

Whenever you will.

MAKBAY

If you ally yourself with me at the proper time, I'll make honor for you.

BANAKO

As long as I lose none in seeking to add to it, but still keep my heart free from guilt and my allegiance clear, I stand ready to listen to you.

MAKBAY

Sleep well then for the night.

BANAKO

The like to you.

Exuent BANAKO and FAYA.

MAKBAY

Go dead warrior. Bid my wife, when my night drink is readied, to strike softly the gourd rattles as if the wind had done so.

DEAD WARRIOR

And when will I be buried in my coward's bed?

MAKBAY

Never and forever.

The DEAD WARRIOR has something hidden behind his back. He turns and a stone knife clearly protrudes from his back.

DEAD WARRIOR

I have something of yours pricking me in my flesh. Is this stone knife yours?  
It seems to glow with your name as it pierces my back. Perhaps you should pluck  
it out for future use?

MAKBAY

Is this stone knife which I see before me, its handle fitted to my hand, the  
fatal vision? Come, dare I clutch it? I have it not and yet I see it still.

(He tries to reach it but can not seem to lay his hands on it) Stone knife  
are you not sensible to feeling as to sight? Or are you but a knife of the  
mind, a false creation tumbling from the fevered brain. I see you yet in shape  
as real as that sheathed to my side. A messenger in the corpse of the old dead  
to proclaim the new dead? What mockery rides me in my own instrument? And  
marshals me the way I was going? My eyes make fools of the other senses. I see  
it still, and on blade and handle now are clots of blood which were not there  
before! It can not be! For the dead, cease to bleed!

DEAD WARRIOR

Perhaps it's a punishment for keeping me beyond my time.

MAKBAY

No. It's the bloody business which shapes itself to my eye. It comes, when now  
over half the world, nature seems dead and wicked dreams mislead protected  
sleep.

DEAD WARRIOR

Take the Kachina's gift from my back and fit it to you plan. The hilt was  
shaped in the grip of your hand.

MAKBAY

Sorceries celebrate the dark Kachina's offerings and withered murder is aroused  
by you, my foul sentinel, the coward wolf, whose howl is his path. Do you turn  
against me too, with stealthy pace and with the dark walker's ravishing  
strides! Out of my design and into the design of the others, now moves a ghost  
who betrays my purpose for all to see!

DEAD WARRIOR

A certain and firmly set earth hears not your steps, or senses which way you  
walk, for fear the very stones would tell of your whereabouts. Take note of the  
horror which now awaits. I go to command your wife shake the gourd rattle.

Exit DEAD WARRIOR.

MAKBAY

Oh, I do threaten. But Dukan lives. But for no length of time. His stride is  
measured in breaths.

(The sound of a gourd rattle)

I go, and it is done. The rattle invites me. Hear it not, Dukan, for it is  
death, that summons you.

Exit.

ACT II. Scene II.

Enter KALAW

KALAW

That which has made them drunk has made me bold. What has quenched them, has given me fire! Do you hear it! It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal omen which gives the deepest good night. Makbay moves with death! The doors are open and the drugged night guards mock their vows of protection with snores. I have so drugged their food and drink, that death and nature contend about them, whether they live or die.

MAKBAY

Who's there?

KALAW

Ruin! I am afraid they've awakened and murder is not yet done! The attempt and not the deed destroys us. What do I hear! I laid their stone knives ready so he could not miss them. Had Dukan not resembled my father as he slept, I'd have done it myself to be sure of success.

Enter MAKBAY

KALAW

My husband?

MAKBAY

I've done the murder. Did you hear a noise?

KALAW

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. Did you speak out?

MAKBAY

When?

KALAW

Now?

MAKBAY

As I descended?

KALAW

Yes.

MAKBAY

I hear a stirring! Who lies in the second sleeping room?

KALAW

Dead Dukan's other son, Donalbaykan.

MAKBAY

(Looking at his hands)

This is a sorry sight.

KALAW

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MAKBAY

One night guard laughed in his sleep and one cried "Murder!" so loud that they woke themselves up. I stood and heard them. But they prayed to the Kachinas of night and went again to sleep.

KALAW

They are two lodged together.

MAKBAY

One cried 'Great Spirit look down upon me' and said his own secret, sacred clan name as if he had seen me with these blood dripping hands, carrying his fear. I could not say my name, as one must do when the Sky Spirit's are invoked. As if my own sacred name was no longer mine to say!

KALAW

Don't let your mind dwell on it.

MAKBAY

But how does it happen that I could not pronounce my sacred name? I had most need of blessing then and my sacred name by which only the great Sky Spirits know me, stuck in my throat.

KALAW

These deeds must not be thought of in these deeply considered ways. It will make us mad.

MAKBAY

I thought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more! Makbay murders sleep'...the innocent sleep! Sleep that knits up the living heart of care, the death of each day's life, hard labor's bath, balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast.

KALAW

What do you mean?

MAKBAY

Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all in the Pueblo! The Shaman of Ga-Mis, of Kawdor, has murdered sleep and like the dead warrior kept from sleep, will sleep no more! Makbay shall sleep no more!

KALAW

Who was it that cried it out? I heard no such voice. Why, worthy shaman, do you waste your noble strength, in thinking so brainsickly of these things? Go get some water and wash the filthy red truth from your hands.

MAKBAY

Do the men who make beauty in the shaping of knives, know what they are used for?

KALAW

Why did you bring these stone knives from the killing place? You'll kill us with unthinking fear! They must remain there! Go! Hurry! Carry them back and smear the night guards with Dukan's spilled blood!

MAKBAY

I'll go no more. I'm afraid to think what I've done. I dare not look on it again!

KALAW

Coward! Give me the stone knives! The sleeping and the dead are no more than pictures. It's the eye of childhood that fears a painted demon! If Dukan bleeds, I'll paint the faces of the guards. As planned, it must seem their guilt.

(Exit KALAW. Knocking within)

MAKBAY

Who is that knocking? How is it with me, that every noise appalls me? What hands are these? Ha! They pluck out my eyes! Will the great waters of the world wash this blood clean from my hands? No. What's on my hands would stain the great distant sea, making green deeps, darkest red.

Re-enter KALAW

KALAW

My hands are of your color but I'd know shame to wear a heart so white. (Knocking within) I hear knocking at the south entry. Let's hurry to our sleeping rooms. A little water will wash us clean of this murder. How easy it is, then! Hold on to your reason! Your courage has left you unattended. (Knocking within) What's this! More knocking. Get on your robes of sleep, lest discoverers call and show us to be awake. Don't be so poorly lost in your thoughts.

MAKBAY

To know my deed, it is best not to know myself.

(Knocking within) Wake Dukan with your knocking. I would that you could!

ACT II Scene III. The same.

Enter the DEAD WARRIOR. Knocking within.

DEAD WARRIOR

There's a knocking indeed! If a man were a guardian to the gates of the spirit land, he should be better paid for turning the ghost key.

(Knocking)

Knock, knock, knock! Do I ask who's there, in the name of night spirits? Why perhaps here's a planter of corn that killed himself in the expectation of plenty. Arrived in time, aching for death but here like me, he'll sweat for it.

(Knocking)

Knock, knock! Who's there do I ask, in what other demon's name? Why here's a darkness that would swear his lightness of being, who committed cowardly treason enough for the Great Spirit's sake, yet would say no to life and yes to death.

(Knocking)

Knock, knock, never at quiet! Who are you that so troubles the night? This

place is too cold for the spirit land! I'll be a demon at the gate no longer.

(Opens the gate)

Enter MIKADAY and LAYNA

MIKADAY

Was it so late, Dead Warrior, or did you stand so self-entranced on the rim of your own grave, that you took so long to answer our knock?

DEAD WARRIOR

Unkind Mikaday, I was walking the peyote road until the coming of dawn. Sleep is destroyed in me and bleak prospect is all I know. If they will not let me die, at least they let me dream. And peyote is a great provoker of three things.

MIKADAY

What three things does peyote provoke?

DEAD WARRIOR

Dreams that do not die, deaths that do not dream... and vomiting. Visions it provokes and unprovokes. It provokes great ambition but takes away the performance. Peyote makes the man and mars him, sets him on and it takes him off. Persuades him that the stars are his and disheartens him when they are not. Makes him stand to and not stand to. Falsely promises him that what he is when asleep is what he is awake and awake, asleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

MIKADAY

I believe peyote gave you the lie last night.

DEAD WARRIOR

That it did, in the very throat of me. I dreamed that I was dead, a loveliness ruined by your knocking. But I would have requited it for its lie, though it took up my legs sometimes, yet I managed to pass the night in one way or another.

MIKADAY

Is Makbay, who keeps you from your grave, awake?

Enter MAKBAY

MAKBAY

Your knocking has awakened me.

LAYNA

Good dawn, with apologies for treading upon your sleep.

MAKBAY

Think nothing of it. What is sleep worth anyway?

MIKADAY

Is the Great Chief stirring, worthy Shaman of Kawdor?



MAKBAY

Ah. Not yet.

MIKADAY

He commanded me to call him at first light. I have almost slipped past the time of his asked for awakening.

MAKBAY

I'll bring you to him.

MIKADAY

I hate to rouse him from his sleep.

MAKBAY

I would not envy anyone the task. This is his door.

MIKADAY

I'll be bold and wake him for it is my duty to light his morning fires.

Exit MIKADAY

LAYNA

Does the chief travel forth today?

MAKBAY

He does. Or said he does.

LAYNA

The night has been unruly. Where we lay, our smoke holes were blown down and lamentings were heard in the air, strange screams of death. The wind seemed to carry prophecying with terrible voices speaking of dire uproar and confused event, new hatched on the woeful night. The obscene bird of omen clamored the livelong night. And it seemed the earth was feverous and did shake.

MAKBAY

It was a rough night. But battle weariness would make a sleep of any storm.

LAYNA

My green memory can remember no night such as this ever in this world.

Re-enter MIKADAY

MIKADAY

Ancient ruin! Bloody desecration! Tongue or heart can't begin to name it!

MAKBAY and LAYNA

What's the matter?

MIKADAY

Ruin now has made his masterwork! Most sacriligious murder has broken open the sacred Kiva and stole from it the life of the Pueblo!

MAKBAY

What is it you say? The life?

LAYNA

Do you mean Dukan, the Great Chief?

MIKADAY

Approach his sleeping bed and destroy your sight with an ancient horror! Do not ask me to speak, see and then speak yourselves.

Exit MAKBAY and LAYNA

DEAD WARRIOR

Dead and finally so. Such a one I could envy. I would love to look upon him so that I might know where I myself would like to go.

MIKADAY

Coward! You are not fit to step in his blood! Go sound the war cry! Rouse the Pueblo! Fetch Banako and Donalbaykan and Malkan. Tell them to shake off their downy sleep, death's counterfeit and come look on death itself.

DEAD WARRIOR

I shall bring them up to see the great doom's image. I am a messenger fit in keeping with this horror, as I walk like a spirit, from my own grave risen up. I go to summon them.

Exit DEAD WARRIOR.

Enter KALAW

KALAW

What's this business that such a hideous messenger calls to wakefulness, the sleepers of the Pueblo? Speak, speak!

MIKADAY

Gentle mother of children, it is not for you to hear what I have to speak. The account in a woman's ear, would murder gentleness as it fell.

Enter BANAKO

BANAKO

Mikaday! Our Great Chief is murdered dead! The father of the corn is withered!

KALAW

Ruin! Not here? In our house?

BANAKO Too cruel anywhere. Mikaday, I beg you, contradict this foul news and say it isn't so.

Re-enter MAKBAY and LAYNA

MAKBAY Had I died an hour before, I would have lived in a blessed time but from this instant on, there's nothing good left in life. Blessedness, renown and grace are dead in the world! The bow of life is drawn and the last arrow is broken on the string. There's nothing worth praising left on earth.

Enter MALKAN

MALKAN  
What's wrong?

MAKBAY  
You are and do not know it. The seeping spring, the birth head, the green tree  
of your blood is stopped.

MIKADAY  
Your father, the Great Chief, has been murdered.

MALKAN  
By what hand?

LAYNA  
Those of his house who served him. His night guards, it seems, have done it.  
Their hands and faces were all marked with blood. So were their stone knives  
which, still bloodied, Makbay and I found tucked in their sleeping robes. When  
forced awake, they stared with uncaring madness and were distracted. No man's  
life was to be trusted with them.

MAKBAY  
And coming upon them as I did after the first summons, I now repent my fury,  
that made me kill them on the spot.

MALKAN  
Why did you? Was it not my kinship, my inheritance in blood, my own hand that  
should have had revenge upon them?

MAKBAY  
Who can be wise, confused, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral all in one  
moment?

MALKAN  
But the dead can give us no reason for the act. And their suffering for the  
size of their evil, was mercifully too short.

MAKBAY  
The haste of my violent love for your sacred father outran the reasons for  
staying my life-taking hands.

MALKAN  
I did not know your love was so great.

MAKBAY  
But see it as I saw it! There lay Dukan, his silver skin laced with innocent  
blood! His gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature for ruin's wasteful  
entrance. There lie the murderers painted in the colors of their treachery,  
their stone knives still stained with gore! Who could stop himself that had a  
heart to love and in that heart, courage to make one's love known!

MALKAN  
Knowledge of the deed, dies with that expression of love.

Enter DONALBAYKAN with the bloody corpse of his father DUKAN, clasped in his arms.

DONALBAYKAN

The grass is burnt where he slept. Look upon this bloody horror, warriors and weep for the life that lives no more!

KALAW

(Screaming, hiding her face)

Take me away! The sight burns out my woman's eyes and heart!

MIKADAY

See to the gentle mother. Donalbaykan, your son's grief for a father has overstepped your manners. Put him down now. Dukan's journey is over. Give him to the Dead Warrior

BANAKO and LAYNA lead KALAW off.

MAKBAY

I'll follow my wife and see her fears calmed. When we have our senses about us again, our weaknesses hidden that suffer from exposure to this human vileness, let us meet and talk of this evil piece of work, to know it further. Fears and doubts shake us all. At the Great Spirit's hand you know I stand and you know against undivulged design, I have always fought treasonous malice.

MALKAN

When we two are clothed again in manly readiness, we'll meet again with you. Grief has shortened our grasp of things.

MAKBAY

I am well contented until then.

Exit MAKBAY.

MALKAN

Why should we keep our own counsel? The others have less of a claim to this grief than we do.

DONALBAYKAN

What should we say here, in this place where our own lives, threaten to travel up the smoke hole and harm may come to us from the least obvious source. Death may rush and seize us. The deaths of those said to have done it, was too quickly done.

MALKAN

And flies in the face of the love they had for Dukan, a love in his night guards, that was years in the making.

DONALBAYKAN

Our tears do not fall in the right direction. Our sorrow should move us against the guilty.

MALKAN

What will we do?

DONALBAYKAN

Let's not consort with Makbay. I mistrust his unfelt sorrow. If he is a false man, it is a task he does easy. I think it would be wise for me to travel toward the western Pueblos. We have relatives there, clan brothers who ride none of the ambitions that dwell here.

MALKAN

To the northern Pueblo's, I'll go, pushed by the same suspicion. Our separated fortunes shall keep us both safer. Where we are, there are knives in men's smiles. The near in blood, the nearer bloody.

DONALBAYKAN

I fear there is more than one arrow driven by that bow.

MALKAN

The second arrow's murderous shaft, has not lighted yet and our safest way is travel, to avoid its aim. Put the wind at our backs and be not kind in our leave taking. Let's steal ourselves away from this house of murder that promises no mercy.

Exeunt.

ACT II Scene IV. Plaza of MAKBAY's Pueblo

Enter LAYNA with DEAD WARRIOR

DEAD WARRIOR

I can remember even beyond my birth and in that volume of time, I have seen hours dreadful and things strange but this dark night has dwarfed all former knowledge.

LAYNA

Dead warrior, do you see the spirit world so troubled with man's actions that it threatens our mortal world? By the eye it is day and yet dark night strangles the morning fires. Is it the dominion of night or the day's shame that brings the darkness of the grave over the face of earth?

DEAD WARRIOR

The world has gone unnatural like the murder that's been done. A recent day past, an eagle towering in her pride of place was attacked by a hunting owl, taken down and killed.

LAYNA

And the lizards that dwelt in the walls of Dukan's Pueblo, sleek and quick, the pride of their race, turned wild, and attacked all who approached, contending against their natures as if they meant to make war with mankind itself. And their brothers, the snakes, seemed to threaten fanged death at every path leading to Dukan's door.

DEAD WARRIOR

The lizard people and the snake people are brothers but it is said by the

spirits that they eat each other.

LAYNA

They do so, to the amazement of my eyes who has seen it done.

Enter MIKADAY

LAYNA

How goes the world Mikaday?

MIKADAY

Why ask unless you are blind?

LAYNA

Is it known finally who has done this more than bloody deed?

MIKADAY If belief is to be believed, those that Makbay has killed, stained with the foul trace of their murder.

DEAD WARRIOR

How unfair that they should be rewarded so mercifully for murder and I be so punished for running from it. There is no justice in the world of men.

LAYNA

Silence coward! What should cowards and murderers expect?

MIKADAY

They did not act alone. Malkan and Donalbaykan, the Great Chief's two sons, have stolen away and fled, which puts upon them shared suspicion of the murder. It is not the first time in the world, sons have tried to gain the father's place by murder.

LAYNA

Reckless ambition will devour them! With that crime against them, it seems most likely the ascent to Great Chief will fall upon Makbay whose justice was so swift.

MIKADAY

He is already named and gone to the sacred Hill of Chiefs, to be invested with visions.

LAYNA

Where is Dukan's body?

DEAD WARRIOR

I carried it to TEWA, the sacred storehouse of our ancestors. Where he goes, I can not stay, and staying, he can not go.

LAYNA

We are blessed to have Dukan with our ancestors.

MIKADAY

We are cursed to have Dukan gone from this life.

DEAD WARRIOR

We are more cursed than blessed.

LAYNA

But the door closed, is soon opened. Makbay shall keep the fires burning.

DEAD WARRIOR

But is the light from his fire our light, that flashes and flares? Or is it the light that shows us only the dark in which we live?

LAYNA

You who are dead but not dead, your words travel a distance we know nothing of.

DEAD WARRIOR

Or all that distance and more. For men are much alike.

MIKADAY

May Makbay have good visions to lead us!

DEAD WARRIOR

Visions he has. And that is the trouble.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT III SCENE I

Enter BANAKO

BANAKO

Makbay, you have it all now, Great Chief, Shaman of Kawdor, Shaman of Ga-Mis, all, as the Three Kachina's promised! But I fear Makbay you evilly conspired for it. Yet also in prophecy it was said, it would not be passed on in your sons but that I, Banako, would be father of many chiefs. If truth comes from the Three Kachinas who upon Makbay let their shining, omened speeches fall, then, by the truths on Makbay made good, they are my omen makers as well and set me up in hope. But wait, something this way comes!

The sound of drums and gourd rattles. Enter MAKBAY, wearing the robes of Great Chief, KALAW, dressed in resplendent robes and the DEAD WARRIOR.

MAKBAY

Here's Banako, our honored guest.

KALAW

If Banako's not here for us to sing his war praises it's a loss to our great feast and entirely unbecoming.

MAKBAY

On this night we hold a ceremonial feast and I had asked for your presence, Banako.

BANAKO

Noble chief Makbay! Your command upon my loyalties is a binding, sky and earth

can never break. But I have promised myself to be elsewhere in such a way that I am by honor bound.

MAKBAY

Honor must be served. Do you travel this day?

BANAKO

Yes Great Chief. As promised, by the South trail to see my kin in a near Pueblo.

MAKBAY

We desired your good advice, both grave and concerned, in this day's council but we'll take your words of heeding instead on the next day. Is it far you travel?

BANAKO

As far as all the time between now and the feast. If my legs are not swift, I may become a borrower of night for a dark hour before I arrive.

KALAW

Do not fail to return to us. Your presence here does us much honor.

BANAKO

Great man and great woman, I will not.

KALAW

(Uncomfortable in the presence of the DEAD WARRIOR)

Must we suffer the presence of this loathsome dead warrior, dogging our every step? Send him away. He begins to smell strongly of the grave he's been cheated of. To think of him and feasting in the same breath is an offense against eye and appetite.

MAKBAY

I have need of him. He is my guard against treachery. For I have word Dukan's murderous kin are in the Pueblo's of our ancient enemies, not confessing their cruel crimes, but filling our enemies with strange invention and conspiracy. But that's for tomorrow, when we shall have affairs of the nations occupying us all. Go to your travels! Journey well til your return. Does Faya go with you?

BANAKO

Yes Great Chief. My son and I travel together.

MAKBAY

May the spirits speed your journey swift and sure of foot on the South trail.

KALAW

You travel with the hand of Makbay on your shoulder and the care of our hearts at your back.

BANAKO

With that, my way is made smooth before me.

Exit BANAKO



DEAD WARRIOR

Rather say it is made for you.

MAKBAY

Good wife, if you are offended by sight and sense of my dead slave, go and prepare yourself for the night's ceremonies that bring us such great honor. Til the hour of the feast, to make society a sweeter welcome, we'll keep to ourselves. Until then, may the spirits be with you.

Exit KALAW

Dead Warrior, wait upon my pleasure.

DEAD WARRIOR

Have I choice?

MAKBAY

To be what I am is nothing until I am safely what I am. My fears in Banako stick deep and in his royalty of nature reigns that which I fear.

DEAD WARRIOR

What is the shape of this fear?

MAKBAY

There is much Banako dares and with that fearless temper of mind he has a wisdom that protects him. His being I most fear. In his existence, my genius is rebuked. He commanded the Three Kachinas when first they put the name of Great Chief upon me. That is courage, to make demands of the spirits! He bid them speak to him. Then in prophecy they hailed him father to a line of chiefs. Upon my head they nailed a fruitless headdress and put a barren medicine stick in my hand. Am I to be plagued, with no son of mine succeeding?

DEAD WARRIOR

Plagued you are certainly.

MAKBAY

Silence! Is it to be not for mine, but for Banako's children, I have corrupted my mind?

DEAD WARRIOR

Done not for your everlasting glory through your own sons but for Banako's sons, Great Chief Dukan you have murdered!

MAKBAY

That's what puts bitterness in the clay pot of my peace. Only for them! And my heart spirit given to the Dark Walker, only to make the seeds of Banako, chiefs! Chiefs! Anything but that! I command you, Dead Warrior in single combat to give death to that unkind dream!

DEAD WARRIOR

And how is he any more my enemy than you who keeps me from sleep?

MAKBAY

When I shaped you to my dark design, did we not speak together?

DEAD WARRIOR

Yes. And I have considered your speeches as speeches.

MAKBAY

It was Banako that made you a coward! It was his duty to raise you up in the craft of war. Yet you were grievously unprepared for battle. In times past, Banako held you back in knowledge with a dark, stifling hand, which you thought a flaw in your own innocent self. My words prove it to you. You were deceived! Crossed in combat! Then left alone, badly prepared, you journeyed into cowardice, all by Banako's design! He had ancient grievance with your father and chose you as the instrument of his malice. As his star rose, yours descended. Banako's clever hand was on you, and all things, even to half a spirit and to a mind crazed, all say, 'Banako made a coward of you!'

DEAD WARRIOR

You make it known to me.

MAKBAY

I did so and go further, in laying guilt and blame. Do you find patience so dominant in your nature that you can let this go unavenged?

DEAD WARRIOR

I thought I was taken untimely from my coward's grave to serve you and not me.

MAKBAY

No. I am a selfless man. But are you so filled with brotherly love that you'd ask favor for this man and for his children yet to be? He, whose heavy hand has carried you to the grave and beggared your existence forever?

DEAD WARRIOR

I am a man, Makbay.

MAKBAY

Was a man. As sparrows, geese, hawks, eagles and vultures are called all by the name of birds. The valued list distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, the watchful, the hunter, every one according to the gift which the bounty of nature has given, where each receives particular benefit from the shaping that counsels them all alike. So it is with men. But look how you rank in the sacred lists of being! You are in the worst rank of manhood! Admit it now and I'll put edged weapons in your cold hands. Skillful use of them, takes your enemy off, and holds you to the heart and love of me! Banako's death is the cure to the sickness he's laid at your door!

DEAD WARRIOR

I am one, Great Chief, whom the evil blows and beatings of the world has so outraged that I am reckless in what I do to spite the world.

MAKBAY

If wearied with this disaster that has fallen on you, would you set your release from bondage to any chance to mend it or be rid of it?

DEAD WARRIOR

To be rid of me is my hope.

MAKBAY

You know that Banako is your only enemy, the only one standing between you and the oblivion of sleep.

DEAD WARRIOR

If you say it, it is true or must be taken as such.

MAKBAY

So is he my enemy too and in such bloody discord, that every minute of his being, is a knife thrust against my heart. I could with bold moves sweep him from my sight and make my will answer for it but I dare not. Certain clan brothers, both his and mine, whose duty would be to avenge his blood, would seek mine. These are loves I dare not invoke. I must seem to grieve and not rejoice at Banako's death or I die with him. And so to your black assistance I make love, masking the deed from the profane eyes of the world for weighty reasons.

DEAD WARRIOR

I'll do what you command me, whether I believe in it or not.

MAKBAY

Your spirit shines through you. Do me this deed and I will mercifully send you to your grave in good haste.

DEAD WARRIOR

To trade my sleep for the sleep of another. I am resolved to it.

MAKBAY

I'll advise you where to hide along the South Trail, acquaint you with the perfect moment for murder. It must be done tonight and at some distance from the Pueblo, so strangers are suspected guilty of the murder. Faya, his son, travels at his side. His death is as important to me as his father's. He too must embrace the same knife in darkness. Go and make your weapons ready! I'll come to you soon.

Exit Dead Warrior

Tonight the Three Kachina's prophecy is overturned. When the spirits again whisper the names of men who walk above the clouds, they will say the names of Makbay's sons, who inherit the earth, while Banako's inherit dust!

Exit

ACT III. Scene II. MAKBAY's Pueblo.

Enter KALAW and DEAD WARRIOR

KALAW

(Catching his arm as he is about to pass by her)  
Is Banako gone from the Pueblo?

DEAD WARRIOR

As gone as he can get but not as gone as others would have him get.

KALAW

You reeking fool! I might as well ask the wind passing over the burial racks as consult you! Send Makbay to me, if that is not beyond your strength.

DEAD WARRIOR

At least I smell strong. I'd have him at your feet in an instant but I have other dark things to do. The dead do not run as fast as the living, perhaps because we know what chases us.

Exit DEAD WARRIOR.

KALAW

I have come to loath the sight of him! Makbay should put him in his coward's grave. We are too much burdened with death already.

Enter MAKBAY

MAKBAY

And here is my one true love.

KALAW

Why do you keep yourself alone?

MAKBAY

I am troubled by things I see and have not seen. By things I have done and have yet to do. I have fearsome doubts. Nothings gained and all has been spent. It would be safer to be that which we destroy than suffer desire without content.

KALAW

It's not good that you stay so much alone with darkest imaginings your only companion. Thoughts that should have died with the deed live on in you. Things without cure should be without regard. What's done is done.

MAKBAY

We have scorched the snake, not killed it. She may heal and be herself again while our poor malice remains in danger of her ancient teeth. Let the spiderweb frame of the universe come undone, all the four sacred directions suffer and we will eat in fear and sleep afflicted with terrible dreams that shake us nightly. Better be with the dead whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, than in the tortured thought of discovery lie in reckless mad sleep. Dukan is on his burial rack! After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well. Treason has done its worst. Knives, poison, rebellion, enemy strife, nothing can touch him. I begin to envy the dead!

KALAW

Come, remember who you have become, Great Chief. Smooth over those dark looks. Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

MAKBAY

So I will as you will. And let your remembrance touch on Banako. Grant him honor with speech. For he travels unsafe by our hands all the while so we must wash our honors in flattering streams and make our faces mask our hearts,

disguising what they are. But I don't know if I am up to it. There are scorpions in my mind!

KALAW

You must abandon this mood or put us in danger. We walk into a thin wind. You know full well that Banako and his son Faya still live.

MAKBAY

They live yes, but they have not been granted eternal life.

KALAW

You mean more than you say.

MAKBAY

There's comfort yet. Banako and Faya are vulnerable so take heart. Before the night bird has flown his shadow-drenched flight, to the Dark Walker's summons, while night has yet to close its tired eyes, there shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

KALAW

What have you done?

MAKBAY

Be innocent of knowledge clanwife 'til you can applaud the deed. If my way is done as I willed it, this dark night will blind the tender eye of pitiful day and tear to pieces, that future prophecy the Three Kachinas made. Light thickens and the funeral bird makes wing to the desert. Good things of day begin to lose their wary edge while night's black hunters go to their prey.

KALAW

I marvel at your words but terror holds me still.

MAKBAY

Come with me my love. A day badly begun can yet make itself strong with the strength of its own evil.

KALAW

We are two birds of the same kind, you and I.

MAKBAY

If birds we are, we are they that eat the dead.

Exuent

ACT III. Scene III. The desert. The south trail. The DEAD WARRIOR is in hiding on stage, awaiting his prey.

Enter BANAKO and FAYA.

BANAKO

Hurry!

FAYA

Why such haste father?

BANAKO

Murder has long legs.

FAYA

But where are we going? We have already reached a distance that makes it unlikely that we'll return in time for Makbay's feast.

BANAKO

It's not so much a feast as a chance to be eaten. Move your feet and not your tongue. The young are forever full of questions and not deeds.

While they spoke, the DEAD WARRIOR has crept toward them, with knife unsheathed. Now he springs out at them.

He stabs BANAKO in the chest.

BANAKO

Treachery! Run Faya! I am murdered!

The DEAD WARRIOR tries to withdraw the knife, his body indicating that he means to attack FAYA next but BANAKO with the last of his strength encircles the DEAD WARRIOR with his arms, imprisoning the knife in his chest. The assassin struggles to free the knife but meanwhile FAYA very clearly escapes.

DEAD WARRIOR

(Easing Banako's body to the ground)

You struggled so well to keep my knife, you may keep it now forever. Banako is brave! Faya, your son is safely fled and I have lost the most important half of this black night's work. I forgot the encircling strength of a father's love.

BANAKO

Am I dead like you?

DEAD WARRIOR

Half way there.

BANAKO

(Standing up, feeling of the handle of the knife still embedded in his chest, looking down on it sorrowfully.)

I am what would move a stone to tears.

DEAD WARRIOR

Two stones.

BANAKO

My son lives. I will be avenged.

DEAD WARRIOR

Twice avenged.

BANAKO

How so?

DEAD WARRIOR

Your son is alive to make revenge.

BANAKO

That is once avenged.

DEAD WARRIOR

And now you stand dead before me, a vengeful ghost, drenched in black hate.

BANAKO

Am I? Then I am rich even in death.

DEAD WARRIOR

I return to report how much has been done and not done. You may travel with me, since I can not stop you.

BANAKO

And will you tell Makbay of me as well as my son?

DEAD WARRIOR

The spirits have their own way of entering a human room. He will know soon enough.

Exeunt.

ACT III Scene IV. MAKBAY's Pueblo.

A great feast prepared. Enter MAKBAY, LAYNA, other warriors of high rank.

MAKBAY

You know your seats by right around the fire. Sit well by me in the warm loyal embrace I bear you all.

LAYNA

Thanks be to you Great Chief Makbay.

MAKBAY

I have come to be with you in welcome because my good wife is not ready yet for your society.

Enter KALAW

KALAW

Ready enough. To all our friends, my heart speaks that they are welcome.

Enter DEAD WARRIOR to the door.

MAKBAY

See good woman, they encounter you with their own heart's thanks. All faces here, swim in a sea of honor. Good wife sit among them and be loud in good praise of our friends. I'll be back soon to pass the drinking gourd with one and all.

(Approaching the door)

There's blood upon your face.

DEAD WARRIOR  
Banako's blood.

MAKBAY  
Is he dead?

DEAD WARRIOR  
He says he is.

MAKBAY  
What means you by that?

DEAD WARRIOR  
Say then instead that he wears my knife forever in his chest. If that is death,  
then dead he is.

MAKBAY  
A man who no longer fears death, upon you already accomplished, is the best of  
killers! And Faya, his wretched hope for a son, does he ride into the same  
grave?

DEAD WARRIOR  
He rides but elsewhere.

MAKBAY  
What?

DEAD WARRIOR  
He has escaped.

MAKBAY  
Coward! You have failed me again! Two murders would have made me perfect, as  
whole in spirit and being as the great stone mesas, as free as the river of air  
above me but now I am doomed to insolent doubts and fears.

DEAD WARRIOR  
Half your fears are gone.

MAKBAY  
One fear is as big as two. It grows to fill the mind that owns it. But Banako  
is no longer to be feared?

DEAD WARRIOR  
In the ground his body rests, with my knife buried in it. His body walks no  
more. But who am I to judge what is to be feared? To see what I have seen might  
fill you with fear.

MAKBAY  
I owe you thanks for that.

DEAD WARRIOR  
And as promised, will you now release me to my earned death?



MAKBAY

When Faya dies by your hand, only then will I give you back to your grave. It's in that fatal failure, that the Ancient of Reptiles waits. Faya, like the scorpion caressing its own sting, Faya that has fled my will, has in his nature an aspect that breeds venom. Go from my sight! Always you fail me, where I need you most!

Exit DEAD WARRIOR

KALAW

(Coming to his side)

They hold your place for you. It grows cold beside the feast fire. Your absence does not assure our guests of your sincere welcome.

LAYNA

Come take your place Makbay. We are many, all come to do you ceremonial honor at the feasting.

MAKBAY

Layna, you are a loyal friend. Here we have all those who represent the glory of our race, all but the telling presence of warleader Banako. I would rather lay his absence to matters important to the nation than to accident.

The ghost of BANAKO enters and sits at the fire in MAKBAY's place.

LAYNA

Come take your place, Great Chief, that we may all be graced with your near presence.

MAKBAY

My place by the fire is taken.

LAYNA

Why none living would dare! It awaits you with all highest honors.

MAKBAY

Liars! He sits in my place, dripping blood!

LAYNA

Who? What is it that moves you, Great Chief?

MAKBAY

Which of you has done this? I'll have his hands cut off, his eyes speared with cactus spines!

LAYNA

Done what?

MAKBAY

Do you say that I did it? Do not shake your gore drenched face at me!

LAYNA

Rise warriors! Makbay is not well.

KALAW

Sit worthy warriors. My husband is often like this and has been from his youth. Please stay. The fit is momentary, a lingering from a childhood injury. In an instant, he will be well again. If you make much over it, you'll offend and extend his agitation. Eat and drink and regard him not.

(She takes MAKBAY by the arm and leads him aside.)

Are you a man?

MAKBAY

(Staring at the bloody apparition)

Yes and no. Yes when I am myself but no when I must look on that which would afright a bonepicker!

KALAW

What do you claim you see?

MAKBAY

The hate-filled ghost of Banako, at my place beside the council fire! I see him clear as I see my own hand! And the look on his face when he shakes his bloody hair at me! It is a look that would blind the sun!

KALAW

Rave on child! This is the painting of your fear. This is the wind-drawn knife which you said led you to Dukan. These outbursts are suitable only in tales told by old women at a winter's fire. Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? When all's done, you stare at nothing!

MAKBAY

See him there! Look!

Banako's ghost touches the knife in his chest and then points an accusing finger at Makbay.

MAKBAY

He accuses me! Spirit, can you speak as well? What do I care about death now if every one I do is undone? If the boneyards and our graves send all those we bury back, then our bodies should be thrown to scavengers and never buried.

Exit BANAKO's ghost

KALAW

You are unmanned in folly. I see nothing but your fear.

MAKBAY

If I stand here with certainty, then with certainty, I saw Banako's ghost taking my place by the feast fire.

KALAW

Shame!

MAKBAY

Blood has been shed before this in ancient days before the laws of the nation

outlawed such violence. But since those days murders have been performed too terrible for the ear. There was a time, that when the brains were out, the man would die and that was an end to it. But now they rise again with murders of their own and push me from my seat at the fire. This is more strange than murder is!

KALAW

Remember you are now a Great Chief. You must be with your noble friends now.

MAKBAY

Do they follow me or chase me, I do forget? But I have a strange infirmity which should be nothing to those who claim to know me. Yes, my love, I am myself again and will pass the drinking gourd with love and health to all. Now I shall take my rightful place.

Re-enter BANAKO's ghost to stand at MAKBAY's back.

MAKBAY

(To all)

I drink to the long life of those who honor me. To our ancestors and to our children yet to be. To warriors dead and absent. To my dear friend Banako, with a wish that he were here. Glory and honor to all!

MAKBAY turns and sees once again the bloody ghost of BANAKO.

LAYNA

Live long Makbay!

MAKBAY

Get away from me! Quit my sight! Let the earth hide you! Your bones are boneless, your blood is bled out!

LAYNA and the other warriors rise up, distress evident in their faces. The warriors seem ready to leave.

KALAW

Warriors! Think little of this. It is a tiny aberration. It only spoils the pleasure of the time, and affects him not at all, in other aspects of his life.

MAKBAY

What man dares, I dare. Come for me, in the guise of bonepicker, bride of the nightlands. Take any shape but that and my firm nerves shall never tremble.

BANAKO's ghost moves toward MAKBAY. Several of the warriors, with much shaking of their heads and muttering, exit.

KALAW

Good warriors, stay. The wind is about to change and this fancy is almost out of him.

MAKBAY

Come to life again and dare me to the desert! I will match you knife thrust to knife thrust! If fear keeps me from meeting your challenge, I am then the baby

of a girl!

LAYNA leads the rest of the warriors away. They exit the stage.

MAKBAY

Flee night shadow!

KALAW

Your madness has banished the good that could have been done here. Your friends with whom you must jointly rule the nation, have fled the sight of you!

MAKBAY

Woman, you make me strange to my own nature. How can you see such a gruesome sight and keep the natural color of your face when mine goes white with fear?

KALAW

The only sight I've seen, is a child dressed mockingly as a man.

MAKBAY

Can such things be? Things that pass over us as quick as a summer cloud?

KALAW

You should rest now. You grow worse and worse. Speech seems to enrage you.

MAKBAY

It will have blood. They say blood will have blood. Stones have been known to move and trees to speak. Omens and prophecies traced in the flights of messenger birds and dark night birds who eat the dead, bring forth the secrets of men who deal in blood.

Exit BANAKO's GHOST.

KALAW

Can your mind order itself or are you permanently undone?

MAKBAY

Why good wife, the ghost being gone, I am a man again. What is the night?

KALAW

Gone. Almost at one with morning.

MAKBAY

The time when most schemes are hatched. What do you say to the fact that Mikaday denies his person at our great feast?

KALAW

If you can ask that, then you are yourself again. Did you send for him?

MAKBAY

A spy in his house who wears my name has reported his refusal to return. Tomorrow I'll seek the counsel of the Three Kachina's where I met them last.

KALAW

You are bent to know the worst by the worst means. For your own good, all

supernatural causes should give way. Avoid them for fear your reason will be strangled.

MAKBAY

I am in blood so deeply stepped that should I refuse to wade in deeper, the swim back is as far as going ahead. Strange things I have in my head. I need to quell them with answers in my hand.

KALAW

You lack the cure of sleep. Later is time enough for your journey.

MAKBAY

Yes. I am tired out. Let us sleep.

KALAW

Your strange hallucination is only the beginning of fear. We are yet young in deed. A gentle river of sleep will wash the terror away.

MAKBAY

There are no rivers in the desert.

Exeunt.

ACT III Scene V. MAKBAY's Pueblo.

Enter LAYNA and the DEAD WARRIOR.

LAYNA

Things have been strangely carried into the world. As a walking testimony to strangeness, do you see this as I see it?

DEAD WARRIOR

What you've said before, hits my thoughts and can be taken to mean much more. But what I know I can not say.

LAYNA

Noble good hearted Dukan was pitied and made much over by Makbay. But it's easy to pity the dead. And brave Banako, one of our greatest warriors was slain upon the Southern path. Because he fled, we are supposed to believe his own son, Faya killed him. We have reaped an overabundant crop of sons that kill fathers.

DEAD WARRIOR

Men should not have sons it seems, in Makbay's Pueblo. It is not so elsewhere.

LAYNA

And who can not fail to think how monstrous it was for Malkan and Donalbaykan to kill their father, Great Chief Dukan! An outrageous fact if believed! And how deeply did Makbay grieve!

DEAD WARRIOR

He wept like a stone.

LAYNA

And Makbay in loyal rage, quickly killed the two hired murderers that were slaves of deep drink and sleep. He kills quick, both men and questions.

DEAD WARRIOR

And wisely done for it would have angered any heart alive to hear those men deny it.

LAYNA

Your master has suffered all things well. And I do think that if he had Faya and Dukan's sons prisoner in the manner he holds you, Dead Warrior, they would find how serious a crime it is to seem to kill one's own father.

DEAD WARRIOR

And Mikaday from talking truths too freely and because he refused his presence at Makbay's great feast, even noble Mikaday now lives in disgrace.

LAYNA

The son of Dukan from whom Makbay withholds his birth right, lives in the Pueblos of our oldest enemies and is recieved by the Bird Clan with such grace that the changing winds of fortune takes nothing from his high respect. Mikaday journeys there to raise an army of distant clan brothers, that by the help of these our Pueblo may again give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights, and free us from feasts which are occasions for murder and not honor. A peace and a continuing for which we all long.

DEAD WARRIOR

This knowledge has so wounded Makbay that he prepares for war.

LAYNA

He has not the faith of his people behind him.

DEAD WARRIOR

Or his own faith in himself either.

LAYNA

You seem to know much of him who owns you.

DEAD WARRIOR

Too much. Makbay has sent a runner to Mikaday, to order him to return to our Pueblo. Treason to refuse such a direct command.

LAYNA

I was there when the message was returned. He sent the runner back in parts.

DEAD WARRIOR

A finger that was an accusation. An eye that had seen too much. A tongue that would speak the truth and could not be stopped. I myself understand the list of dead parts, being one myself.

LAYNA

Mikaday's caution and wisdom holds him to the distance. I shall send a runner myself to him with a different message. A pledge of loyalty to throw at his coming, that Mikaday may know the favor his quick return will bring to this

suffering nation, bleeding under a hand accursed.

DEAD WARRIOR

The dead can not have hopes about the living. I am owned, my favor is suspect and counts for nothing. If those who had the need of it, could know what I know, then the world would be different. But if I am not free to die I am not free to speak. My silence is in the hand of he who holds me and the nation.

LAYNA

You despair much for one who is already past it.

DEAD WARRIOR

Yes. But if wishes were nightbirds, my heart would fly straight to Mikaday.

Exuent.

ACT IV SCENE 1

The sound of the wind blowing. Enter the THREE KACHINAS.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

We are wonderous blind.

BLACK WIND KACHINA

We are the enemies of light.

FIRE KACHINA

We see only darkness. Darkness!

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

Are we blind?

BLACK WIND KACHINA

We see only things that are not there. That is the greater vision.

FIRE KACHINA

I call light the second inviter. It is a spirit that shakes its fire red hands against us, and scorning us, says our darkness can not prevail!

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

Three times the great lizard has moved in the cave with our secret names upon his tongue.

BLACK WIND KACHINA

The cruel wind rains blood and birds who eat the dead are a rainbow that follows our storm. Who dares say our darkness will not rule! Have we not the hearts of men, as the promise and proof of it?

FIRE KACHINA

A nightspirit shaped man, Makbay, Shaman of Kawdor, who dances to our drumming, cries. 'The black time is upon me!'

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

Why are we summoned here?

**BLACK WIND KACHINA**

An omen stalks us. Blind ones, can you describe it to me? If blind we are, we see all too well.

**SKY THUNDER KACHINA**

I see a dark bird of marvelous strength. It has no eyes, no feathers, no bones. It is made only out of sound. The sound of murder, ancient old, human born and echoing on the wind.

The THREE KACHINAS begin to dance and chant, working magic.

**SKY THUNDER KACHINA**

Round about the mind of Makbay our dances go. In the poisoned entrails of suspicion throw. Heart of his woman, with envies eyes that darkly glows In cold motherhood, days and nights has for thirty snows Given off venom that ambitious sleeping got. Boil Kalaw first in our sorcerored plot.

**ALL**

Dance the dance of undoing, rise up on our skeletons That twice twice the evil this way comes.

**BLACK WIND KACHINA**

We dance with a venomed fanged snake. In the dance his bones we shake. Eyes of lizards and rumors of war We dance with night things that are no more. Scorpion dreams and caressing sting. All these darkneses, our dances bring. Ancestral lizard alive in the soft skull of man. It too darkly dances with our ruinous plan. We dance and chant for Makbay. To tear his human heart away!

**ALL**

Chant the chant of undoing, dark love move our skeletons. That twice twice the evil this way comes.

**FIRE KACHINA**

Our blooded hands beat drums of human skin. The kill sound of our drumming does man in. Our drums are the heartbeat of the dead and dying. Their human souls dug in the dark, are stretched and drying. Our war day drumming Says Makbay's time is coming. And ambitions echoes misunderstood. Dance in the dark human wood. And strong bow wood slivers in the moon's eclipse. And whispers treachery from a birth-strangled baby's lips. Drum loud a dance in our dark flood. That we may swim in human blood.

**ALL**

Drum the sounds of undoing, ancient thirst move our skeletons. That twice twice the evil this way comes.

**BLACK WIND KACHINA**

Seal our sorceries with Kalaw's icy blood. Whose evil is all evil and who evils good.

Enter an undistinguishable figure, robed in black. A featureless black shape.



SKY THUNDER KACHINA

Kachinas! Is that our dark thing that now stands before us?

BLACK WIND KACHINA

By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes.

The dark figure comes more fully into the light and we see that it is MAKBAY, wrapped in a cloak, so that none may know he is traveling to see the THREE KACHINAS. He removes the cloak so that his face can be seen.

MAKBAY

You secret, black and night born beings! What is it that you do?

ALL

Deeds without names.

MAKBAY

I conjure you.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

What is conjured is not us.

MAKBAY

By the dark gifts that make you see into night, I would have answers from you. Though you unleash the winds and make them fight against the sky, though you beat the green corn of men flat and are famine to man at your whim, and great Pueblo's tremble to their living roots at your passing, I would have answers of you, to what I ask you.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

Speak.

BLACK WIND KACHINA

Ask for an answer.

FIRE KACHINA

We'll answer well if not truthfully or if truthfully, not well.

MAKBAY

Are you what rules the night and has knowledge of my destiny in your hands?

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

We rule and are ruled. If you can bear the sight, would you have answers from our mouths or from our master?

MAKBAY

Who makes the strongest answer is best. Call him. I would see his face.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

If face it has, you will. I pour the blood of a mother that has eaten her own child into the air. With this human sweetness, I call the dark one who waits there.

BLACK WIND KACHINA

He comes with a face you know.

Thunder. The sound of the wind. The ghostly lit face of BANAKO'S GHOST, seen to be in stages of decay.

MAKBAY

(Recoiling in horror)

BANAKO! I am betrayed! If he I murdered, holds my fate, I am lost!

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

It only borrows a face to make you cower. Ask what you will. He knows your thought, hears your speech even if you remain silent. Ask Makbay, if you dare!

BANAKO'S GHOST

Makbay! Makbay! Makbay! Beware Mikaday! Beware the shaman who has fled.

MAKBAY

Whatever you are, for your good warning, thanks. You have hit my own fears but...

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

It will not be commanded. It speaks again, more potently than before.

BANAKO'S GHOST

Makbay! Makbay! Makbay!

There is a silence as if that were all the apparition had to speak.

MAKBAY

I know my own name. There's no mystery there.

BANAKO'S GHOST

Fears vanish! As these words are spoken, the power of conspiracy is broken. Never comes a day, when a man of woman born can kill Makbay!

MAKBAY

Then live Mikaday. Why should I fear you. But yet I'll make doubly sure and take a vow that Mikaday shall not live. That I may tell pale hearted fear it lies and I can find sleep in spite of thunder.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

When all conspire, what is broken?

Thunder. The face of BANAKO'S GHOST glows fitfully.

BANAKO'S GHOST

Be as heart strong as the wolf. Take no notice of conspiracies against you. Makbay will not be vanquished until the Great Desert itself rises and moves against his Pueblo.

MAKBAY

That can never be. Not even the spirits can make the desert march, command the sagebrush and cacti to unfix their earthbound roots! Good omens! Rebellious dead, 'til the Great Desert rises, rise never! Highly favored Makbay will live

the length of his nature, and only then pay his final breath to old age's mortal custom. Though I glory in this, my heart yet aches to know one thing. Tell me, you who wear the horror face of Banako, will Banako's children ever rule in my land?

BANAKO'S GHOST laughs.

BANAKO'S GHOST  
They will never rule in YOUR land.

MAKBAY  
I distrust your laughter. You are too much like the spirit of Banako. Go, your mockery sears my ears!

BANAKO'S GHOST  
Shall I show you eight things which wear the robes of chief? Eight seeds sewn by another. Eight hopes for another future, that your ambition did not smother?

MAKBAY  
I see too much as it is.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA  
But understand too little.

MAKBAY  
You leave me as confused in spirit as when I came.

BANAKO'S GHOST  
You came with yourself. That's the father of uncertainty.

MAKBAY  
I would ask you more.

BANAKO'S GHOST fading out, vanishing. His words ring out once from off stage.

BANAKO'S GHOST  
For everthing that was done, you are your own answer.

BLACK WIND KACHINA  
A stranger comes with the dawn.

FIRE KACHINA  
The light of day is not kind to us.

BLACK WIND KACHINA  
We go that are gone.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA  
We were never here!

The sound of drums, rattles and thunder and the THREE KACHINAS are gone.

MAKBAY

Where are they? Vanished? There is a fog about. Let this poisoned time stand cursed in the list of days.

Enter DEAD WARRIOR

DEAD WARRIOR

Those of your Pueblo, thought you lost, Makbay.

MAKBAY

Did you see the Three Kachinas, Dead Warrior?

DEAD WARRIOR

No. Only dawn.

MAKBAY

Did they not come by you?

DEAD WARRIOR

No, my chief.

MAKBAY

Infect the air they ride on and damn all those that trust them! They have misused me. I did hear the sound of something running. Who's come?

DEAD WARRIOR

Two faithful runners from a distant Pueblo. They bring you word that Mikaday is fled to the Great Desert!

MAKBAY

Fled to the Great Desert!

DEAD WARRIOR

Yes. Could news be more strange?

MAKBAY

Or more bad. Time outraces my exploits. So swift is purpose that it will escape completely unless it is carried out at once. From this moment the first born of my heart shall be the first born of my hand.

DEAD WARRIOR

You have but to think it, Great Chief, and it is done.

MAKBAY

Then my thoughts are that you bury the edge of your knife in the heart of the house of Mikaday. His wife, his babies and all unfortunate bodies that follow in his line of blood. I think their deaths by your dead hand.

DEAD WARRIOR

If that is what passes for thought in you, it is done.

Exuent.

ACT IV Scene II. MIKADAY's Pueblo

Enter KAWI, MIKADAY's wife, AHNI his son and LAYNA.

KAWI

What has Mikaday done, to make him fly the land?

LAYNA

You must have patience with the affairs of men.

KAWI

Mikaday had none. His flight is madness. Fear makes him a traitor.

LAYNA

You can not know if Mikaday's flight was from wisdom or fear.

KAWI

Wisdom! To leave his wife, to leave his babies in a place from which he himself flees! If the danger is for him, is it not for us too?

LAYNA

Who can know?

KAWI

Mikaday does not love us! He lacks the natural instincts of a father. Even the cactus wren will fight for the young ones in her nest against the great night owl.

LAYNA

Men show love in different ways.

KAWI

In Mikaday all is for fear and nothing is for love.

LAYNA

Control yourself. Mikaday is noble, wise and best knows the disorders of the present times. He understands the wind. I can not say much more, but cruel are the times when all men are made traitors to their natures and we do not know ourselves. We all stand accused of treason but are unconscious of it in ourselves.

KAWI

I see only Mikaday's homeward-looking treason when his flight runs against all reason.

LAYNA

The land is full of fear, yet Mikaday does not know what to fear. Are you safe? Is he safe? Is the danger his alone or both yours and his? How can he know what to fear? Mikaday floats upon a wild and violent wind, blowing each way and none. But take comfort that things at their worst will cease or will climb back to what they were before.

KAWI

I'd ask you to stay kinsman but you can not, it seems protect yourself, let

alone me and mine.

LAYNA

Should your kinsmen find me alone with you, it would be my disgrace and your discomfort. I'll go at once.

KAWI

You fear everything, even the opinion of others. You are as much comfort gone as here.

LAYNA

I leave you.

Exit LAYNA

KAWI

(To her son)

Fathered you are and fatherless. Child, your father's dead and what will you do now. How will you live?

SON

As birds do, mother.

KAWI

What! With worms and flies?

SON

With what I get, I mean, and so do they.

KAWI

Poor innocent bird! You have not the heart to believe the violence that waits to break your wings and make a meal of you.

SON

Why should I mother? Poor birds are not worth the eating. My father is not dead for all your saying.

KAWI

Yes. He's dead to me. What will you do for a father?

SON

Rather, what will you do for a husband?

KAWI

Why I can buy twenty in the next Pueblo at market day.

SON

Then you'll buy them to sell them again.

KAWI

You speak with all your wisdom and with wisdom enough for one your age.

SON

Was my father a traitor, mother?

KAWI

Yes. In his absence from us.

SON

What is a traitor?

KAWI

Why, one that lies and swears.

SON

And are all traitors that do that?

KAWI

Everyone that does so, is a traitor and should be killed.

SON

And must they be all killed?

KAWI

Every one.

SON

Who must kill them?

KAWI

Why, honest men.

SON

If to lie and swear is the mark of treason on a man, then there's not enough honest men left to carry out the act.

KAWI

May the spirits help you, little deserted bird! But whatever will you do for a father!

SON

If he were dead, you'd weep for him. If you did not, it would be a good sign that I should soon have a new father.

KAWI

Wicked tongued bird! How you cheep for scandalous food!

Enter DEAD WARRIOR

DEAD WARRIOR

Are you Kawi, the woman of Mikaday? I am a messenger sent to you.

KAWI

I am Kawi but to whom I belong is a question.

DEAD WARRIOR

I am not to you known?

KAWI

You are the Dead Warrior that goes about with Makbay's hand behind yours. Speak your speech quickly and get away. You bring the contagion of the grave into our house.

DEAD WARRIOR

I suspect some near danger approaches you. If you would take the advice of a man...

KAWI

Who is no man and suffers now the lack.

DEAD WARRIOR

True. But yet, I give you a moment, the blink of an eye to heed my warning and for you to be not found here. If you and your little ones could flee in the instant when my face turned away and then back, you might find hope.

KAWI

Where should I go in flight? I have done no harm.

DEAD WARRIOR

To live is to do harm.

KAWI

Oh yes, I remember now, I am in this earth of men, where to do harm is often praiseable and to do good sometimes is noted as dangerous folly. But a woman's only defense is to have done no harm.

DEAD WARRIOR

Will you flee?

KAWI

Am I not fled?

DEAD WARRIOR

You stand before me.

KAWI

So women do always. Women have roots unlike men.

DEAD WARRIOR

(Unsheathing his knife, approaching nearer)  
That is the saddest answer. I can not escape now nor can you.

KAWI

What is this, you offer me!

DEAD WARRIOR

Do you know where your husband is?

KAWI

I hope in such a place so sacred, that no profane hand such as yours shall ever find him.



DEAD WARRIOR

He's been named a traitor to the nation.

KAWI

No. Only to his home and that is not the same.

SON

(Stepping in front of his mother, trying to shield her from attack.)

You swear and you lie! You wolf faced bastard!

The son lunges forward, trying to wrest the knife from the DEAD WARRIOR's hands.

DEAD WARRIOR

(Raising the knife and stabbing the son in the chest)

Little one! What grief! It is not my hand that holds the knife!

SON

I am killed, mother!

(Dies)

DEAD WARRIOR

Grief makes the hand behind mine weak. Run woman! Flee before the strength returns to my foul hands!

KAWI

(Enraged)

I'll kill you!

She launches herself at him. She screams and beats her fists against him and savagely tries to put out his eyes. But she is impotent against his strength which is beyond this world. He holds her off easily with one hand.

DEAD WARRIOR

You can not kill what is already killed.

(With much sorrow in his voice.)

All the killing is in me.

He raises the knife and the stage goes black. A woman screams.

ACT IV. Scene III. The desert. Not far from MAKBAY's Pueblo.

Enter MALKAN and MIKADAY

MALKAN

Let's seek out desolate shade and there weep our sad hearts empty.

MIKADAY

Instead hold fast to vengeance! And burn with hate like good men astride our fallen birthright and fight to protect our nation, so cruelly beaten to its knees. Each new morning, new widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows strike the sugar honey moon. The moon itself echoes as if it felt the hand of murder

on its face and echoes our pain as large as the night!

MALKAN

What I believe, I cry out. What I know, I do believe and what I can avenge at first favorable opportunity, I will.

MIKADAY

The time for revenge is at hand.

MALKAN

What you speak may be as you say but this Makbay, whose name blisters our tongue, you Mikaday, once loved him loyally and in his evil he has strangely not touched you.

MIKADAY

You dare accuse me!

MALKAN

I am young and prone to mistakes of that condition. But you may think to betray me to Makbay. Should I be your weak, trusting, innocent sheep given up in offering to appease an angry god?

MIKADAY

Malkan! I am not treacherous!

MALKAN

But Makbay is. And a good honorable nature may turn to avoid the displeasure of a Great Chief.

MIKADAY

You wound me!

MALKAN

I crave your forgiveness. No matter how the wind blows, my suspicions have not changed who you are, so I've not harmed you. Forgive me. Everything evil to work its poisoned magic must wear the appearance of virtue, yet there is no other way for virtue to look except like itself.

MIKADAY

If even you, doubt me, I have lost all hope.

MALKAN

I could find other strong doubts in the unprotected state you left wife and child. How quickly you abandoned those strong knots of love, those precious motives! If you expect no danger for them, then perhaps you travel assured of Makbay's favor. My suspicions are not to insult you but to insure my own safety.

MIKADAY

Bleed, bleed ruined nation! Great evil, you may freely take root for goodness does not dare oppose you! Keep your stolen honors Makbay! By Malkan's hesitation, your right to them is made the law of the land!

MALKAN

Am I to believe this?

MIKADAY

Go your way and I will go another! I would not be the dark one that you think me for the whole world that's in Makbay's grasp and the whole world beyond.

MALKAN

I do not offend your honor. I do not speak in absolute fear of you. I think our nation sinks beneath the ruling hand of Makbay. It weeps, it bleeds and each new day, a gash is added to its wounds. I think there would be warriors raised in my cause. From the distant Pueblo's, men would march to my war song, but should I capture Makbay's chiefly robes for myself?

MIKADAY

Is that not our nation's hope for an end to evil?

MALKAN

A killing war is worse than a killing peace. And I'm not sure my succession would not bring more evil than has gone before.

MIKADAY

What is wrong in you?

MALKAN

I know myself and the evils I am capable of. Exposed to the air, black Makbay may seem as pure as snow and the nation may remember him as a lamb brought down by a black-hearted wolf.

MIKADAY

Not in the uncountable tribes of blackest night, can a night spirit more damned in evils be found, or that is the equal of Makbay! He makes evil seem new again.

MALKAN

I count him bloody, greedy, false, lying, violent, malicious, wearing every evil that has a name. But there's no bottom, none, in my own lustfulness. The wives, daughters, women, old and young of the nation, could not fill up the desert spring of my desire. This rage for flesh in me would overturn any that opposed my will. Better Makbay than one like me to rule!

MIKADAY

Any great desire is a tyranny in nature. It has been the death of human dreams and the fall of many chiefs. But don't be afraid to take up what is yours. You may manage in secret to find your pleasures in abundant plenty and yet seem outwardly cold. There are women willing enough. But that fault aside, there can't be that vulture in you, that devours as many as it pushes to greatness.

MALKAN

With this fire, also grows another desire. A greed, a need to have. If I were the Great Chief, I'd move to cut off the people from their possessions, to empty each Pueblo house of its treasure. To take women, land and treasure. Each thing that I took would be a drink to make me want to take more. To that end, I'd start wars against the good and loyal Pueblos to loot them of their wealth.

MIKADAY

This greed sticks deeper, grows blacker roots than spring time desire. It has been the dark poison of other dead chiefs. But the land has abundance to fill your wants. This fault may be bearable if balanced with other goodnesses within you.

MALKAN

Goodnesses! But I have none. The qualities of Great Chiefs, justice, truthfulness, temperance, stability, generosity, perseverance, mercy, devotion, patience, courage. I have no trace of any of them. No, if I had power, I would pour the sweet milk of peace into the nightland, ruin peace in the land forever, and break all the ties of our people to the land.

MIKADAY

My heart rises in sorrow for our nation!

MALKAN

If such a man is fit to be Great Chief, speak to me. I am as I have spoken.

MIKADAY

Fit to be Great Chief! No! Not fit to live! Ruined nation! With murderous Makbay unopposed as Great Chief! When will this nation ever see good in the land again! Never! Since the blood descendant of dead Dukan by his own curse is cursed. Your father, Dukan, was the best that ever walked the great path of life and the woman that birthed you walked in beauty each day that she lived. But you are a stain in the blood! Go from my sight! The evils you tell about yourself, end all hope for our nation! The sight of you offends and moves me to murder.

MALKAN

Mikaday, you are the child of honor! Your words end my doubts of your true heart. Makbay, by many enticements tried to win me into his power. Caution then has slowed me in trusting you but now I put myself in your hands. I unspeak what has been spoken.

MIKADAY

How can that be?

MALKAN

To reveal a lie is to end it. The evils I laid upon myself, are strange to my nature. I am yet unknown to women, never was obsessed by them. I have not desired what is not my own. I have not broken faith with any man and would not betray even a night spirit to the night father himself. I put more honor in truth than in life itself. My biggest lies were the lies I just told on myself, to test your heart for signs and omens that Makbay had blackened it with his touch. What I truly am, is yours and our poor nations to command. Even as we speak, I have raised up a thousand thousand warriors, already armed and setting forth. Come with me true brother. We share the same heart! Why so silent?

MIKADAY

So much coming unwelcome and then coming so quickly apart, is hard to bear. The speed of thought has burned my heart.

Enter DEAD WARRIOR

MIKADAY

See who comes here?

MALKAN

Here's another for whom we have no use. Dead Warrior, why are you come? Through you does Makbay speak?

DEAD WARRIOR

You may have more use of me than you know. Often does Makbay speak through me but sometimes what I used to be speaks for me.

MIKADAY

(To MALKAN)

Be careful of word and deed. All will go back on dead legs to Makbay.

DEAD WARRIOR

You'd do well not to trust me. I am not myself entire.

MALKAN

Stands the Pueblo of Makbay where you left it?

DEAD WARRIOR

More apt to say it lies. Poor nation afraid to know itself. More grave than mother now. Makbay has filled the sky with victim's sighs and groans and murderous shrieks that split the air, sounds so common they go unnoticed. Violent sorrow is the nation's everyday emotion.

MIKADAY

You speak dangerously of your master. What trick is this?

DEAD WARRIOR

When I am sent by Makbay, what I do is for him. But far from the Pueblo, his magic weakens in me. The sorcery that holds me to my ruined body is not so strong. But that weakness, strengthens me to say Makbay murders and murders again!

MALKAN

Too nicely said and too true.

MIKADAY

You are hardly the one to be trusted for news of the latest grief.

DEAD WARRIOR

Who better to say than the hand that brings the blackness.

MIKADAY

Is my wife well? Is she safe?

DEAD WARRIOR

Very safe.

MIKADAY

And all my children?

DEAD WARRIOR

Safer still, having seen less of the world.

MIKADAY

If this lie that walks can be trusted, then my heart rises up in me.

DEAD WARRIOR

I am not to be trusted.

MALKAN

His double speech is maddening.

DEAD WARRIOR

When I came here at Makbay's command to find what men are plotting against his house, I find you foremost in the mentioned conspiracy. I have eaten the rumor that many warriors march here from the distant Pueblos. Your eyes in the land make warriors see you as the new hope to end Makbay's time on earth.

MIKADAY

Now we know this treacherous piece of rotting meat's reason for being here!

DEAD WARRIOR

I am sent to do what I do and do it. But I do travel so slow in returning, that I hope you pass me in the path.

MALKAN

Do even the cowardly dead envy our cause? You have more reasons than are reasonable.

DEAD WARRIOR

I have words for you that would howl in the desert air, where hearing should never catch them.

MIKADAY

I think, he has clay pots to sell, painted with some private earth sorrow.

DEAD WARRIOR

From me you will hear the heaviest sorrow that any man can ever hear.

MIKADAY

Is it a child's game that we must guess it?

DEAD WARRIOR

Your birth house is surprised. Your wife and babies unkindly killed. I'll not tell you of the manner of their deaths, how Makbay claims the spoils of the hunt are of no weight.

MALKAN

You who were once a man, give sorrow words. The grief that is not known, whispers to the overburdened heart and makes it break. Tell all, if you can tell truthfully.

MIKADAY  
My children too?

DEAD WARRIOR  
Wife, children, all near relatives of the household. All that I could find.

MALKAN  
That you could find?

MIKADAY  
All this and I stand here, safely away! My wife killed too?

DEAD WARRIOR  
All are dead.

MIKADAY  
Could it be but a lie?

DEAD WARRIOR  
If there were a purpose for it, yes. But I tell you this on my own. Makbay's tongue is not speaking in me now.

MALKAN  
He said all were killed, all he could find. Now that's a strangeness to say. How are we to know you speak truly?

DEAD WARRIOR  
I killed Mikaday's wife. Put all his children to the knife.

Mikaday draws his knife with a roar of anguish and anger and moves to attack the DEAD WARRIOR. The victim makes no move to defend himself. Mikaday stabs him in the chest.

DEAD WARRIOR  
(Looking down at the knife in his chest)  
It would be justice if I were really and truly killed by your hand. But you forget in your grief, I am dead already.

The DEAD WARRIOR pulls the knife out of his chest and hands it back to MIKADAY.

DEAD WARRIOR  
Here. You may have need of this in a better body than mine.

MALKAN  
Why have you come with these words for us?

DEAD WARRIOR  
Unknown to Makbay, I bring this gift. You can make powerful medicine of your great revenge to cure Makbay's deadly grief.

MIKADAY  
All my pretty ones! Did you say all? All? All my pretty birds and their mother in one fell swoop!

DEAD WARRIOR

Left to you to avenge it like a man.

MIKADAY

I will but I must also feel it as a man. I remember such things that were most precious to me. Did the sky world look on and not take their part? Cowardly Mikaday, they were killed in your place! Now Mikaday is nothing! They were slaughtered not for their own faults but for mine! Safely dead, at least they do not know my shame.

MALKAN

Let your anger sharpen your knife. Make your grief into rage, so that your warrior's heart is not blunt but sharp edged.

MIKADAY

Before I sleep next, my knife will make a nest in Makbay's ribcage. Like the black crow that likes shiny things, I'll pluck his kill-bright eyes for ornaments.

DEAD WARRIOR

I must leave you in this way and hurry back to tell Makbay that he is loved to death by all who know him.

MALKAN

Out of your words and deeds, Dead Warrior, Makbay is ripe for shaking. Even the earth now would tremble at the path we are taking.

Exuent.

ACT V SCENE I

Enter LAYNA and the DEAD WARRIOR

LAYNA

Two nights I've watched with you Dead Warrior but can see no truth in your tale of her. When was it you say Makbay's woman last walked.

DEAD WARRIOR

When last the moon was full. I saw her rise from her sleeping robes, and dress in clothes of mourning. And then take from her medicine box, deer skin and paints, and draw hideous pictures, pictures sprung from a mind gone from the world. Then she folded the skin and wrapped it round her chest like a magic to turn away a blow. Only then did she return to her sleeping place. All this she did but was yet asleep through it all.

LAYNA

A great overturning of nature, to get at once the benefit of sleep and behave as though awake. In this sleep vision, besides her walking and other movements, what, at any of those times, have you heard her speak?

DEAD WARRIOR

Those things that no one would believe, coming from my lips. I brought you then



to witness them for yourself.

LAYNA

You may say what she says to me.

DEAD WARRIOR

Not to you or to anyone. I am not all of myself.

Enter KALAW with a torch.

DEAD WARRIOR

Look Layna, here she comes! This is her night manner and see, she is fast asleep! See what I have seen, stand close by her!

LAYNA

Where did she get that torch?

DEAD WARRIOR

It seems she now fears the dark of both night and day. She has a torch with her always.

LAYNA

You see, her eyes are open!

DEAD WARRIOR

But her senses are not.

LAYNA

What does she do now? Look how she rubs her hands!

DEAD WARRIOR

She often seems to be washing her hands of something. I have seen her do this for a long hour and another hour again.

KALAW

Yes. Here's the spot!

LAYNA

She speaks!

KALAW

Get off me! Red betrayer! Do I need a river to wash you off! The bird of night is flown? Then it is time to do it! The night is confused with death. What? A warrior and afraid? Why should we fear that anyone will know what we do? Who will see our hand in it? No one! But who'd have thought the old man would have so much blood in him!

LAYNA

Do I hear what I hear?

KALAW

Mikaday had a wife once. But where is she now! More pours out on me! Will these hands never be clean! No more Makbay!

DEAD WARRIOR

Now you know what you should not know.

LAYNA

Only the darkness should know the things she knows. She is the child of night.

KALAW

Here's the smell of blood, all over me! The scent of sage, will not sweeten this hand!

LAYNA

What grief is there in her! Her heart is heavily burdened.

DEAD WARRIOR

I would not have such a heart in my chest. If would offend even my rotted flesh.

LAYNA

I have seen too much.

DEAD WARRIOR

But there is so much more to see.

LAYNA

I have known those who walked with evil in their sleep who did later die wakefully in sacred ways.

KALAW

Wash your hands! No one pursues you! Banako's dead and buried. He can not follow you from the grave!

DEAD WARRIOR

Look at her seductive face. She's more a scorpion's sting than a woman's kiss.

KALAW

(Shrilly) To bed!

(Seductively) To bed. There's a knocking at the Pueblo gates! Come, come, give me your hand. Let me lead you to my embrace. My blood's afire! Passion will explain our wakefulness!

LAYNA

She murders and loves all in one breath!

DEAD WARRIOR

Some spiders mate and eat the one loved after love is done. Such a one is she.

KALAW

What's done can not be undone!

(Shrieking as if mad) To Bed! To Bed!

(Softly, seductively) To bed.

KALAW puts her arms out as if embracing an imaginary body. She seems to caress it and has the look of one inflamed by desire. Her right hand rises from the back of the imaginary body, takes the position and attitude of a hand

holding a knife, then plunges it downward into the back of the body she holds.  
At that moment, her face has the look of passion completed.

She turns and begins to walk offstage.

LAYNA

Does she return to her sleeping robes now?

DEAD WARRIOR

If she does what she always does.

LAYNA

Foul whisperings are in the night. Unnatural things bring unnatural troubles.  
An infected mind trapped in a night of waking sleep has emptied its secrets.  
She needs the help of the spirits and not the hand of a healer on her. She is  
past the help of men. Guard her against herself as you serve Makbay. In her  
grief that is not proper grief, she may do herself a killing injury.

DEAD WARRIOR

Layna, having seen and heard what was so, now where do you go?

LAYNA

No where. And it seems, I have already arrived at my destination.

Exeunt.

ACT V Scene II. The desert

Enter the THREE KACHINAS.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

I hear the distant horror of a war drum! Those who follow Malkan this way come!  
And some in battle approach, led by Mikaday. Revenge burns and smokes like a  
fire in the head. The cause which provokes this attack would wake the dead!

BLACK WIND KACHINA

Near the desert's edge we'll dance a dark dance for them. They won't see us but  
we'll be everywhere, like a poison in the night air. There's a river of blood  
this way coming!

FIRE KACHINA

Does Donalbaykan travel with his brother? Have we caught them all in our web?

SKY THUNDER KACHINA

He has escaped us. I know all the moving faces. There is Little Siwa whose  
father rules the far Pueblos and many smooth-faced warriors yet to taste their  
first taste of battle.

BLACK WIND KACHINA

Fire Kachina, safely hidden in Makbay's Pueblo, night-seeing eyes seeing all in  
a doomed day, how goes the world for our dark child, Makbay?

FIRE KACHINA

His own pueblo is strongly prepared for battle. All warriors are called forth.

But some say he is mad.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA  
Some say he is full of valiant fury.

FIRE KACHINA  
But more say he is so swollen with his own ambitious disease he can not fasten his knife to his side.

BLACK WIND KACHINA  
His cause is so evil he can not wear the calm of a man who knows he is just.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA  
Now Makbay feels his secret murders sticking to his hands.

BLACK WIND KACHINA  
Treachery like his treachery surrounds him. His fevered brain sees himself in everyone.

FIRE KACHINA  
Those he commands move only by tribal duty, not in loyalties love.

SKY THUNDER KACHINA  
Now he feels the robes of chief hang loose about him, like a thunder giant's war shirt on a child thief!

BLACK WIND KACHINA  
When all that is within him, condemns itself for being there, then Makbay makes war inside himself!

FIRE KACHINA  
Blood! It will rain blood!

BLACK WIND KACHINA  
And we'll be there to drink it!

SKY THUNDER KACHINA  
We are so planned, man is so easily led, that man has but to think it, and we are fed.

ALL  
Death rises in the East! We are called to a feast!

Exeunt.

ACT V. Scene III. MAKBAY's Pueblo. Interior.

Enter MAKBAY, LAYNA.

DEAD WARRIOR  
It is as I have said, and seen coming from the East.

MAKBAY

Bring me no more words! Let them rot in silence. 'Til the Great Desert itself moves against me, I can not be infected with a coward's fear! Malkan! That child of a boy! Was he not born of woman! The spirits that know all things of the night have chosen me for this protection. 'Fear not, Makbay. No man that's born of woman, shall ever have your death!'

DEAD WARRIOR

There are things worse than death. I am proof of it.

MAKBAY

I did not in sorcery make you to spit words at my face! The mind I rule by and the heart I carry, will never walk upon the ground with doubt or fear! I am Makbay! Great Chief! Shaman of Kawdor! Shaman of Ga-Mis!

DEAD WARRIOR

I was once something myself. You see how that goes.

MAKBAY

May the demons damn you, you snow-faced coward! Even dead and made to walk for cowardice's sake, you still wear that coward's heart!

DEAD WARRIOR

But I've seen a thousand thousand...

MAKBAY

Geese? Flying backwards to avoid discovery?

DEAD WARRIOR

Warriors. Faces turned to the light. More than can be counted.

MAKBAY

If you could count beyond your fingers, you would not be where you are now. Go and paint your face for war so I can't see it. You begin to stink with fear and death's decay.

DEAD WARRIOR

I'll go but my words still say the far Pueblos rise against you.

MAKBAY

And snow falls upward. See that you do the same.

Exit DEAD WARRIOR

MAKBAY

Layna! I am sick at heart! All who come round me, contend with me!

Enter LAYNA

There's my shield in the shape of a man!

LAYNA

What is your wish, Great Chief?

MAKBAY

My way of life has fallen into winter.

LAYNA

Not so. It is summer and can be felt in the air. When you've won the coming battle, you'll be cheered forever.

MAKBAY

That's a good sounding lie. I'd rather have a good sounding truth.

LAYNA

Give no thought that this battle may unseat you at the great fire.

MAKBAY

Layna, I have lived long enough. That which should reward old age, tribal honor, family love, remembered glory, and war friends to guard against the night, it seems I must not look to have them. Instead I reap curses not loud but deep. In mere words, I am honored by the mouth and not by the deed.

LAYNA

If it is truth you want, then let me carry it for you. The far Pueblos have all sent men against you. Too many hands hold weapons against you.

MAKBAY

I'll fight 'til the flesh is hacked from my bones! Give me my war shirt!

LAYNA

It is not needed yet.

MAKBAY

I'll wear it now to show my heart. Go about my Pueblo, find those that talk of fear and kill them. Fear is the enemy! I'll kill it in me and in everyone!

LAYNA

I can not kill that many in one time. Your wife asks for you Makbay.

MAKBAY

Is she well?

LAYNA

Not so sick as troubled with night fancies that keep her from rest.

MAKBAY

Cure her of them! You are a healer and can make magic to a mind diseased.

LAYNA

It is not so easy to pluck a rooted sorrow from memory. If I could pour the water of forgetfulness on the troubles of the mind, I might darken all that should be light.

MAKBAY

If the mind is beyond touching, can you bring good medicine to the heart?

LAYNA

When it's the human heart, the ailing one can only heal herself.

MAKBAY

Then you can heal nothing. Of what use are you? Help me put my war shirt on! Give me my spear, sharpened for war! If you could truly heal, I'd have you read the entrails of the nation, find her disease and purge it to a purity that knows my name. Have you no medicine to cure my enemies of themselves?

LAYNA

None. They have their own medicine.

MAKBAY

Bring my war shirt and weapons. They are medicine enough.

LAYNA

Have you no fear for your own life?

MAKBAY

Three Kachinas born with the dead have given sight to see what's ahead and what lurks in the mortal tree. I can't be killed until the Great Desert rises up against me!

Exit MAKBAY

LAYNA

(Staring after him)

Why should the spirits love Makbay and not the nation?

Exuent.

ACT V. Scene IV. The Great Desert. East of MAKBAY's Pueblo.

Sounds of war drums. Enter MALKAN, MIKADAY, LITTLE SIWA.

MALKAN

Clan brothers! I hope the day is near at hand when we all may sleep again without fear of being murdered.

LITTLE SIWA

For the honor of my father's Pueblo, I have come into this land with you, to make it so.

MALKAN

Little Siwa, with a strong young heart such as yours, how could we fail? Such blackness as is Makbay, can not stand the light of you.

LITTLE SIWA

What place is this?

MIKADAY

We are on the edge of the Great Desert, in tradition, sacred to the now profaned Pueblo of Makbay.

MALKAN

Let every warrior cut down sage brush and desert shrubs and hold it as a shield

before him.

LITTLE SIWA

We have shields enough.

MALKAN

But those can be counted and we want the dark one surprised. With these withered growths, we'll shadow the numbers of our men. And make those who see our coming, not know how many we are.

MIKADAY

A good thought. Makbay must not run from the flood of our overwhelming vengeance 'til we've tasted his traitor's blood.

LITTLE SIWA

I'll see that every warrior does it.

MALKAN

Our spies say a strangely confident Makbay has not fled his foul nest. With spirits conjuring on his side, he plans to withstand our siege.

MIKADAY

Help from the dark? Is that his main hope?

MALKAN

He has little else. Warriors, great and small, any with a mind of his own, has joined our cause. Those who serve him now are captive beings with no hearts of their own, forced to do as they are told.

LITTLE SIWA

Then the day is ours before we start!

MIKADAY

Let's await the outcome before we prophecy it. The wind can always turn.

LITTLE SIWA

Our hands upon our weapons are what make the wind! Let us storm!

ACT V. Scene V. Within MAKBAY's Pueblo.

Enter MAKBAY, LAYNA and warriors.

MAKBAY

Carry our battle shields forward so that the sun can see them. The cry is still. 'They come!'

LAYNA

There's not enough warriors to walk under their weight!

MAKBAY

Even if I had fewer men, our Pueblo's strength will laugh this siege to scorn.

LAYNA



They come quick.

MAKBAY

And will stay quicker. Here we'll let them lie, until the insects that clean the bones of death, have feasted on them all!

LAYNA

It's said they are well reinforced with warriors that were meant to be our own.

MAKBAY

Those who fight against their own house, will give birth to the wind.

The scream of a woman from within.

MAKBAY

What was that?

LAYNA

The scream of a woman, Great Chief.

MAKBAY

I had almost forgotten the shape of fear. Go and see what's wrong. It's certain no such sound would be made when something is right.

Exit LAYNA

MAKBAY

There was a time when my senses would drown in ice to hear such a night shriek! And my hair would rise up on my scalp as if it had a life of its own! But I have lately feasted so full with horror, slaughter's screaming is now too familiar to shake me.

Re-enter LAYNA

LAYNA

Great Chief! Your wife, Kalaw, is dead!

MAKBAY

She should have picked a more convenient time to die.

LAYNA

Are you gone mad? It is your own wife!

MAKBAY

No! Not mad! Just so numb from the accumulated horrors of life, the sudden knowing of her death can't carry the weight it deserves.

LAYNA

There will be a later time for grief.

MAKBAY

That is all time is for.

LAYNA

Tomorrow this black cloud will lift. But now darkness will have its way with you.

MAKBAY

There is no tomorrow! Only a shadow show that creeps along from day to day, pretending to be a man's future. All our yesterdays are fires that flare with a light not our own, only to show the dark in which we live! Out, out brief fire! Life's but a walking dream, a poor warrior who brags and battles his way through and then is heard no more. And then means as much to the world as if he had never been in it. Life is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Enter DEAD WARRIOR

DEAD WARRIOR

Makbay! I have hurried here to say what I saw!

MAKBAY

You come to use your tongue. Use it and then get the hell away! It can't be good, whatever it is you have to say.

DEAD WARRIOR

I know what I know but I can not explain what I know.

MAKBAY

There's no wonder there. You have a head, empty as a rattle gourd. Say what you think you know.

DEAD WARRIOR

You sent me to watch for your enemies.

MAKBAY

A task simple enough for an idiot like you.

DEAD WARRIOR

I climbed the highest mesa and looked out over the Great Desert, where they are bound to come.

MAKBAY

Go on, don't stretch it out, you infuriating piece of dead meat!

DEAD WARRIOR

As I crouched there, I thought I saw the Great Desert begin to move.

MAKBAY

Maggot-filled Liar!

DEAD WARRIOR

Kill me complete in anger, if I have said it true. Look for yourself. Beyond the rim of the mesa, you can see the Great Desert, moving this way.

MAKBAY

If you speak false, I'll cut you to pieces and not let the pieces die!

DEAD WARRIOR

But if I speak true?

MAKBAY

Then you carved the same horror for me, as I now hold you in! I begin to fear the trickery of the spirits who lied me a truth. 'Fear not Makbay, until the Great Desert moves against you.' What treachery! For now it moves!

DEAD WARRIOR

And moves fast and will be on us soon, Makbay.

DEAD WARRIOR

Release me Makbay! I have done all that can be done for you and earned my oblivion.

MAKBAY

Coward! Even hell won't have you! As long as I, Makbay, am Shaman of Kawdor, you will follow in my dust. For now, get your rotting face out of mine!

Exit DEAD WARRIOR

MAKBAY

Warriors, arm yourselves! The earth itself moves against us. If we are to die, we die fighting!

Exuent.

ACT V. Scene VI. Upon the field of battle.

The sound of war drums and distant battle. Enter MAKBAY with a long spear and the DEAD WARRIOR.

MAKBAY

(Staring off into the distance)

It's true! The Great Desert moves against me! How can it be? Have the spirits ruined the very mind of the world? And now it stops, as if by command. What do you make of it slave?

DEAD WARRIOR

Sagebrush and dry shrubs uprooted and held by warriors. My eyes see it as camouflage to hide their numbers.

MAKBAY

A trick with Malkan's bastard color to it!

DEAD WARRIOR

They are as many as stones in a river, a thousand times more than you command.

MAKBAY

I am Makbay! Great Chief! Shaman of Kawdor! I'll conjure the battle birth of a blood river and wash those stones away!

DEAD WARRIOR

My advice is to do half of what I once did. Flee for your life but not get killed in the doing of it.

MAKBAY

I am tied to a torture post by my name. A Great Chief does not flee!

DEAD WARRIOR

History may judge you could not be so described.

MAKBAY

What have I to fear? Is any man not of woman born? I have only that to fear or nothing.

DEAD WARRIOR

I've tasted it. Nothing is a fearful thing.

Enter LITTLE SIWA armed with a bloody spear.

LITTLE SIWA

I know who you are. You wear the name of a man whose death I seek?

MAKBAY

Run child. It is a name that kills.

LITTLE SIWA

If you wore a name hotter hated than any name worn by a spirit in hell, your name would only be Makbay, who is about to die!

MAKBAY

Makbay, who is about to kill!

LITTLE SIWA

No just man who walks the earth wants you alive. I'll have you dead on my spear!

MAKBAY

Those that want me dead, shouldn't do it by talking me to it. Your tongue is too short a spear.

LITTLE SIWA

(Moving forward to attack, thrusting his spear)  
Die Makbay! This one's long enough!

MAKBAY easily parries the other's thrust and with his own spear stabs LITTLE SIWA. The young warrior falls to the ground. He is dead. MAKBAY pulls his spear out of him and stands over him.

MAKBAY

You are no longer the son of your father, Little Siwa. You were born of woman. And died to prove it. Spears I smile at, weapons are nothing to me when carried into battle by an enemy that's of a woman born.

DEAD WARRIOR

He sleeps the ancient sleep.

Enter MIKADAY, to the edge of the stage, from the left.

MIKADAY

(Calling in MAKBAY's direction as if still some distance away)  
Makbay! Show your face! If you are killed and by no spear thrust of mine, my wife and children's ghosts will haunt me forever!

DEAD WARRIOR

Mikaday comes.

MAKBAY

All who come, will die.

Enter MALKAN and SIWA to the edge of the stage from the right.

DEAD WARRIOR

Now Malkan and Siwa whose son lies at your feet are at our backs. For them to be there, can only have one meaning.

MAKBAY

That by treachery, the Pueblo has fallen. So be it. I am their death if they come to me.

SIWA

My son is gone somewhere in the confusion of battle but all goes well. The Pueblo, good Malkan is ours. Makbay's best warriors went to our side, by death or conscience sent. Victory walks with us!

MALKAN

Too easy almost I fear. But remember, true victory is Makbay's head on a spear! I also wish the faces of those not with us, safety.

SIWA

Some must take their names out of this world but as great a victory as this is worth great sacrifice.

MALKAN

Mikaday is missing and so is your brave son.

MAKBAY

(Yelling loud enough for MALKAN, SIWA and MIKADAY to hear)  
Malkan! Siwa! If you look for death, it has the name of Makbay painted on it!

All for whom the message is meant, hear it and advance toward MAKBAY, center stage.

MIKADAY

Makbay? Is it your voice? This damned wind betrays all direction.  
(Looking in the wrong direction)  
If you're there, I and my ghosts have bloody promises for you!

MIKADAY moves offstage, going the wrong way.

SIWA

What bloody man is this, that lords it over the fallen body of my son?

MALKAN

It is evil itself. Makbay!

DEAD WARRIOR

Your son has paid a warrior's price.

SIWA

Then he is dead?

MAKBAY

He was when I killed him and he still is. I could bury you above him in the same grave if you fear rain would wet him.

MALKAN

Only a black childless heart could say those hard words to a grieving father.

MAKBAY

My heart is not drowned in blood. Siwa's son only lived 'til he was a man. He proved it by dying like one. It is enough of a reward for a father.

(Laughing, with a touch of madness)

But let me add the death of the father to make the family honor complete!

SIWA

(Bringing his spear to bear)

Before I gut Makbay like a twisted fish, Dead Warrior, if witnessed by you, please tell an eager father the manner of his son's death. Did he fight well or was he taken by treachery?

DEAD WARRIOR

Dead does not describe a fight well fought. But he fought brave but Makbay fought better.

SIWA

If I had as many sons as I have hairs, I would not wish any of them a better death. When I've killed you Makbay, I'll make a drum of your skin, and beat you after death.

Without warning, MAKBAY rushes forward at SIWA. SIWA, taken by surprise, lunges belatedly with his spear but MAKBAY again easily turns it aside. His knife, hidden by his other hand, flashes once, and buries itself in SIWA's chest. SIWA staggers away from MAKBAY, dying, the knife still stuck in his chest. He falls dead beside the body of his son.

DEAD WARRIOR

The tree is slain and so is the root. A future forest of sons goes into night.

MAKBAY

Malkan! Do you hear it? My spear can talk! It says your name.

(Brandishing his spear)

Pretty death waits for you!

MAKBAY advances on MALKAN, who grim faced, prepares to meet him.

Enter MIKADAY

MIKADAY

Turn, you bastard child of night, turn!

MAKBAY

(Turning to face MIKADAY)

Oh here's a sorrier sight. Mikaday, of all men, I had hoped not to meet you.

MIKADAY

I am something to be feared.

MAKBAY

More pitied than feared. Bloodlust is on me. But even made terrible, my soul is too much stained with your family's blood already. Must I kill every family, each and every one! Stand back!

MIKADAY

I have no words for you. My voice is my spear.

MAKBAY

I begin to weary of the sun. I'll go gladly now, to some dark cavern, to live out my lost days. Stand back! I have lost my place. You have the best of me. My nation is gone, my place by the fire, is filled with ashes.

MIKADAY

And why would we let an evil go? You'd hide your black face from us but when first the wind turns treacherous, again the evil would grow.

MAKBAY

If you raise your spear against me, you will die. The spirits have promised me a charmed life. I may have been given defeat but not death. I can not be killed by any man of woman born.

MALKAN

Then despair even that magic. For Mikaday was from his dead mother's birth womb, ripped.

MAKBAY

Cursed is the tongue that tells me that!

DEAD WARRIOR

Look how my master trembles. Something in him dies!

MAKBAY

I am betrayed on all sides! Two faced fiends! Faithless Kachinas! They've kept the magic of promise to my ear and broke it to all my hopes.

MIKADAY

I am the end of your magic.

MAKBAY

I will not fight with you.

DEAD WARRIOR

My master has become the cause that made me! Makbay will you make of yourself what you made of me, when you die?

MAKBAY

Have I sunk so low that even my own slaves mock me? Stand back. I say I will not fight.

MIKADAY

Then drop your spear, coward, and live.

DEAD WARRIOR

Yes master.

(Laughing)

Do as I have done.

MIKADAY

And what a life you'll live! We'll give you to the women of the Pueblo. There is too little in life to amuse them. They'll dress you in their wedding robes and marry you to a snake. They'll strip your skin and hang it as smoked meat on the drying racks. And when you are hungry, they'll feed little torn bits of you to yourself and when you are thirsty, they'll find enough of your blood to wet your lips. They'll make of you the greatest blood spectacle the Pueblo ever saw.

MALKAN

There's a shortage of deerskin whips owing to a scarcity in the season but women are clever and will make do.

MIKADAY

If captive you are to be, first kiss the earth beneath Malkan's feet. They say the first taste of dirt, is sweet.

MAKBAY

No. I have no choice but to choose a warrior's death. Nothing can stand the strength of disdainful mirth. You have me already dead by the spear of laughter. Give me an end as a warrior, not as a trophy for bored women. The Great Desert is upon me!

MIKADAY

Lift your spear. The man of no woman born, has your life in his.

MIKADAY and MAKBAY engage in combat, see-sawing back and forth until they exit, stage left, still fighting.

MALKAN

And you dead warrior. When will you ever have your peace?

The sounds of combat carries in the wind.

DEAD WARRIOR



I seem to be an inheritance left to no one. I feel like a bird born in a nest for snakes.

MALKAN

How did Makbay's woman die?

DEAD WARRIOR

Self poisoned. She died from looking too deeply within herself.

There is a man's scream and both MALKAN and the DEAD WARRIOR look in the direction the sound has come from.

MALKAN

Did you hear that?

DEAD WARRIOR

The wind that made me, turns on itself.

Enter MIKADAY, with MAKBAY's head impaled on a spear.

MIKADAY

(Holding the gore drenched spear up for them to see.)

Hail Malkan! Hail Great Chief! An old head on a new body! The nation is freed of his evil and he in turn rides his new body well!

MALKAN

There's too much blood for triumphant joy.

(Sorrowfully)

Come, we have a nation to mend.

MIKADAY

What of him?

(Motioning with his spear towards the DEAD WARRIOR)

MALKAN

Without evil to guide him, he's harmless. Pitiful being! The purpose is gone that shaped you. Make him a gift of his master's head. He hates it enough to make it his treasure.

MIKADAY lays the head and spear at the DEAD WARRIOR's feet.

MALKAN

Come. The voice and cares of a nation call us.

Exit MALKAN and MIKADAY

The DEAD WARRIOR lifts up the spear and puts the haft into the ground so that the impaled head is on a level with his own head. He turns it so that MAKBAY's face looks into his own.

DEAD WARRIOR

Everything I did for you, was done for the lie that you'd let me march into my welcome grave. You lied and lied again but I thought justice would find me yet. I hoped your death would release me! How I ache for the mercy of dreamless

death! But Makbay, once known by men, as Shaman of Kawdor, your sorcery still holds me. You graced the world by leaving it. Why then could you not have mercy for me? What you made, you could have unmade. Now I am twice cursed! Dead to life and alive to death! In all worlds, cursed forever to walk alone.

MAKBAY'S VOICE

I am with you dead warrior. Together we'll walk into the night.

DEAD WARRIOR

What madness is this?

MAKBAY'S VOICE

You conjured me as I conjured you.

DEAD WARRIOR

But how? I know neither magic nor sorceries! All I did was fear being alone.

MAKBAY'S VOICE

That was the source of what little magic I had. You came to comfort me, not to punish you.

DEAD WARRIOR

Is it us then? Together, the hater and the hated, forever and endlessly on.

MAKBAY'S VOICE

In that loneliness that pierces the human night, there is another.

DEAD WARRIOR

Made by me or you?

MAKBAY'S VOICE

Self made. All of us are.

DEAD WARRIOR

And how did we make ourselves.

MAKBAY'S VOICE

We failed each in our own way. You and I killed the father in ourselves. My wife killed the mother in her. That is how evil finds the human heart and reason loses the center of the earth.

DEAD WARRIOR

Kachinas of Fire, Sky Thunder and Black Wind, even you could not pity us now that go as ghosts in your grim night!

KALAW'S VOICE

No robe can be sewn big enough to cloak our shame!

MAKBAY'S VOICE

No. I say all the mercy and all the pity in the world, we can rightfully claim.

DEAD WARRIOR

Madness! What reason would sway the universe to our side or prove that we are

those that deserve to be pitied.

MAKBAY'S VOICE

Everything that held us to glory, entitled us to pity.

KALAW'S VOICE

I look at the night we find ourselves in.....and see such terrible things?

(Fearful)

What could they be?

MAKBAY'S VOICE

You see us as we all are.

(Voice ringing out)

We ARE those terrible things!

There is the sound of thunder, the rattle of war drums.

DEAD WARRIOR

Evil as we were, good as we might have been, what made us be those terrible things?

MAKBAY'S VOICE

(As triumphantly loud as the thunder, yet somehow mournful)

WE WERE HUMAN BEINGS!

The stage goes dark.