

TERROBA: I, Terroba, Queen of the lesser Amazon, come to the cave of *Lucinderoba*. (*Lucy squeals with delight and runs to cave.*) Queen of the major Amazon, to pay homage and give her my fabulous silken scarves.

LUCY: Hum something.

(*Terroba hums as Lucy marches along the rocks in grand fashion.*)

LUCY: I, Lucinderoba, Queen of the Amazon, do take your fabulous homage.

(*These is a terrible crash. The girls scream and grab each other.*)

LUCY: (Gaining control of herself.) Let me go.

TERROBA: You hugged me first.

(*Terroba crosses to the door.*)

LUCY: (Worried.) Where are you going?

TERROBA: I want to see what that was.

(*They cross to the front door. Open it. It's monstrous windy, loud. They see that a tree has fallen. They are impressed and scared. Close door.*)

LUCY: Man! That was *close*!

TERROBA: (To cover fear.) It's not so close.

LUCY: It almost fell on the house!

TERROBA: It wouldn't have fallen on the house even if it fell the other way.

LUCY: Right into the living room!

The Rememberer

Steven Dietz

Set in 1911, *The Rememberer* is based on the memoirs of Joyce Simmons Cheeka, a young Native American girl who was forcibly taken from her home and put in a government training school. Told in flashbacks between the young Joyce and an older Joyce, the cruelty of a dark chapter in American history unfolds, revealing the strong bonds that can tie a family together despite seemingly insurmountable odds. In the end, Joyce emerges to carry on the family tradition as the rememberer.

Four Females

Here, Joyce and three other girls in the government training school share a practical joke out of the watchful eye of the matron in charge.



A trumpet plays “Reveille.” Morning. Lights reveal the washroom, again — as Joyce enters in line behind the three other girls. They bring their tin boxes with them, as before. Nurse Warner, as before, walks down the line and gives them their tooth powder. They begin to brush their teeth, identically, as before. Nurse Warner leaves. The girls are alone. They immediately turn and start talking to each other — now brushing any way they want to.

GIRL TWO: You were laughing, I saw you!

JOYCE: You were laughing louder!

YOUNG GIRL: Laughing at what?

GIRL TWO: At the fish oil!

(Joyce and Girl Two laugh as — Girl One quiets them, quickly.)

GIRL ONE: (An urgent whisper.) Quiet. She's here —

(The girls straighten up and brush their teeth very formally, as — Miss Brennan looks in on them.)

MISS BRENNAN: No Indian words, girls. You know better.

(Miss Brennan checks her hair in their mirror, quickly. She also gives the perfume on her wrist a quick sniff. She smiles.)

MISS BRENNAN: I'll see you in class.

(Miss Brennan goes, the girls relax.)

GIRL ONE: You did not!

GIRL TWO: Yes, I did!

YOUNG GIRL: What? Did what?

GIRL ONE: Who saw you?

GIRL TWO: Joyce saw me.

YOUNG GIRL: What? Saw what?

GIRL TWO: Tell her.

JOYCE: Yeah. I saw her.

GIRL ONE: Really?

JOYCE: Yeah.

YOUNG GIRL: What? Saw her do what?

GIRL TWO: Tell her, Joyce.

JOYCE: She found a bottle of Miss Brennan's perfume.

GIRL ONE: So?

JOYCE: And she dumped out the perfume and filled it with fish oil.

YOUNG GIRL: Really?

GIRL ONE: (To Girl Two.) Did she get mad?

JOYCE: She hasn't noticed!

(The girls laugh even louder. They finish brushing their teeth and hair during the following.)

GIRL ONE: Darin Longfeather showed me the scars on his back.

(The girls laugh a bit.)

JOYCE: What scars?

GIRL ONE: It's not funny. The scars from his other school. Where they whipped him with a belt.

(The girls are more serious, now.)

JOYCE: Why'd they do that?

GIRL ONE: I don't know. But, they did. I saw. That's why he ran away.

JOYCE: They caught him and sent him here.

GIRL TWO: I bet he runs away again.

GIRL ONE: The Sheriff'll kill him if he does. Darin said so.

JOYCE: Dr. Buchanan wouldn't let them hurt him.

GIRL TWO: They can do whatever they want, Joyce. It doesn't matter what the teachers say.

GIRL ONE: Darin said there's no way he'll get caught.

JOYCE: What do you mean?

GIRL ONE: He says he knows a trail. A secret trail that will get him home.

(A bell rings. The girls file out in a line.)