

HAIRCUTTING

&

TIL THE NEXT DOOR
OPENS

A wide, dark hallway & a long line of **icheeshké** boys;
a door opens, guard pushes **iltsé** first **icheeshké** boy into a room.
Door slams shut behind him, wall resounds; deep, heavy thud, we hear that **icheeshké**
boy's shrieking.

“**Dii’yadí át’é?!!**”

Duubegunsida I don't know, I don't know whats happening; **duubegunsida?**

Now I'm **iltsé** first in line, that guard shoves me into that room, that door slams shut
behind me.

I see ‘**indaa liga’í** white man's **kádaidsaí** chair, a **ndé** man forces me into that chair
kádaidsaí.

I see hair; **dilhił** black, long **dilhił** black hair everywhere;
& **litú** red shiny, shiny, **litú** red, wet, splatters; **dil** blood; everywhere.
Shitéle my chest goes tight.

I see a table **bikázheda’idaí**,
on it; **liga** white, dirty rags & food, food?, The smell turns my stomach **shibi**.
And, there's a **beesh** knife; shiny, silver, silver, shiny.
Shijéí my heart pounds, like a **tú** water drum; deep, heavy; it pounds, it pounds
My bones ache, my belly aches! **Shitsine daandii, shibi ndii!**

Shitsiigha my hair, my hair's already been cut.
We cut **nahi** our hair to grieve, honor **nahi** our dead relatives **shi’ékení**.
I think “If these **yéé’ye** monsters eat hair, I have none, will they eat me, eat me
instead?”

Theres a **naaki** second **ndé** man; small, skinny, ghastly, pale skin, swollen **lichí** pink
nose,
litú red edged eyes glimmering like lake **tú** water at **ha’úú’a** sunrise.
He's wearing a dirty, broken hat **ch’ah**.
He grabs the **beesh** knife, with strange motions, weird movements; he approaches me.
“**Dii’yadí át’é?!!**”

Knife in hand, he points it at me, puts **ilku** bad **zhíí** medicine on me.
He twirls the **beesh** knife in the air; swirls it, curls himself around it;
in some witch's ritual,
a **li** smoke shimmering in the distance...a mirage **kuyyéesh** ...
a **yéé’ye** monster of, **leezh** dust and fear forming to kill me.

I see the **beesh** knife has **naaki** two hollows at the end of it,
through which his fingers intertwine, twine, becoming a menacing claw.

Beesh Knife dances as of its own accord, a violent, spectral volition,
pulling **ndé** man behind it; a jagged, terrifying dance.

Suddenly, **beesh** knife splits, becoming **naaki** two knives joined at the center;

resembling split tip of **gú** snake's forked tongue,

silversliversilversliverslither, it snaps open, shut; open, shut, OPEN!!

Thin, silver, thin & silver, sharp inner **bibaa** edges have fresh **dił** blood on them, fresh &
wet.

“**Diŋyádí át'é?!!**”

This witch will slice me, eat me, **itsí** meat me.”

Beesh knife swipes; blade grazes my cheek, next slash rakes my face **shinii**.

Knifeman is all around me;

‘Man is dancing, on his toes, kicking feet, this way, that way, in the air.

Unexpectedly jumping over me, so tiny, tiny in this chair, this chair, chair **kádaisdaí**.

I clutch the edges of the chair, as if it might save me.

Knife **Beesh**; I wait for slash of it, bight of it, stab of it.

Pulling **shitsiigha** my hair, **ndé** man lifts me off chair **kádaisdaí**,

I'm suspended, a toy, like my sister's rag dolls when she braids their horsetail hair;
dangle...swing...sway.

“This witch will scalp me now.”

Blade slits through my scalp,

burns like ice, deep **há** winter, **datł'ish** blue ice, frigid **sik'as** cold, **datł'ish** blue ice.

I suck a sharp gasp;

Hot **dił** blood gushes from **shitsii** my head over my scalp, pours down my brow, drips
down side of my eye **shindaá**,

streaks hotly off my chin, splashes onto **shitele** my chest, soaking my shirt, soaking wet
with **shidił**.my blood.

“HAAAAAALP, THEY'RE SCAAAAAALPING ME!!”

I bellow loudly so **'icheeshké** boys will hear & come help me.

But I had not helped the **'icheeshké** before me, had not helped him and they scalped
him, ate him.

I plead with the men, these bad witch men

“**NUUSHKA** PLEASE...DON'T SCALP ME!! DON'T EAT ME!!!”

Their mouths wide open, jagged teethe glinting dangerously, tongues red like **dií** blood:
they roar laughter.

Hair continues to fall softly
across **shinii** my face, onto **shiwus** my shoulders, lap, floor,
making no sound at all.

I hear it[
it's infinitely **n'zaa** long journey from **shitsii** my head to the floor beneath my small, bear
feet.

I think

“Soon, I will join the ancestors, **suúps** stars, beloved **dáfe'ee** ones gone before me,
there to meet me, after I've been **itsí** meat.”

Hot breath hisses through my clenched teeth;
shiver, shiver, sliver of shiver, silver sliver of **beesh**;

I involuntarily whisper

“**Shi'éke** My relations, dear relations, I will soon join you.

I pray for courage...

“**Bik'egu'iindái, diyín nch'ijí tédéshdli**
Nushkaa nzhú, nzhú nushkaa.”

I catch my wind, let it fill me, stillness becomes me.

“It'll end soon, this strange witch's rite, wrong, **doonzhuda** no good rite will soon end
& I'll be **kuuga** home again.

Beesh knife sounds have stopped.

Nde' man roughly lifts **shigan** my arms, jerks my bloody shirt off;
my shirt; made by grandmother; carries much **zhii** medicine; protections for my safety.

He pulls my breech cloth from me,
tears **shizhii** my medicine pouch from my neck **shik'us**,

tádidín pollen & secret evocations;

all my protections taken from me.

Beesh Knife man glares at my naked body; grunts, grunts, an ugly sound in
disapproval.

Shinii My face burns; I crumble with shame, tiny as I am, I crumble into tinier bits.

Here with these witches, without **shi'éke** my relatives, their love,
naked with no protection, no **dáfe'ee** one; alone,

I crumble.

Beesh Knife man raises **shitsii** my head, stares coldly into **shindaáá** my eyes,
shakes his head, laughs, spits from the side of his mouth
onto the floor, dirty, dirty floor covered with hair; mine, mine and all the **dáfe'ee** ones
before.

He cackles, shrieks, giggles insanely, kicks his feet in the air, twirls dagger overhead.
His eyes glint, still menacing.

They take the cloth from **bikázheda'idai** table; the cloth; **liga** white, dirty;
they pull it over my head, arms, torso, torso,
pull leg coverings like the **dáfe'ee** ones they wear, up my legs **shiádi**,
over my privates, my privacy, not for them to see...they've seen!

They hand me a pair of strange brown **kéban** moccasins with hard **dihii** black soles
that have holes in them;
my first hand me downs.

I yell

"First hand me **shizhii** my medicine!"

Dáfe'ee One spits on it, stuffs **shizhii** my medicine into my hand.
I stand there stunned; still alive, blood caked thickly over hair stuck on my face **shinii**.

My eyes are cast downward to the floor;
a hole in floor boards.
I stare through that hole,
into the darkness;
into the hole
now in me.

I stand, clutching **shizhii** my medicine,
feel **Shítaa**, **Shimá**, **Shíla**, **shí'ekén** my relatives.

Dáfe'ee one **ndé** man pushes me towards another door.
I think quietly "These savages , these **yéé'ye** monsters have prepared me for my death;
now they'll murder me as they have **shítaa** my father and I'll have peace."
I walk stiffly to & through the door.

I find myself outside, fresh, **sik'as** cold air stings my cheeks, rushes over me.
I inhale a deep draught, cool & sweet.

Suddenly, another guard grabs **shiwus** my shoulder, spins me round to face him.

He has short black hair, black eyes & brown skin like mine.

He wears brown cowboy boots & hat...

I'm confused, his face is so familiar, like my uncle's.

He points into the darkness; **dihit** black night,

no **tl'ée'naa'ái** moon or **suus** stars, only **sik'as** cold **yá** sky.

He points to a large shadowy **kuuga** house across a **nii** dirt expanse;

some ghost, another witch, a shadow **kuuga** house.

With one hand he grabs **shinii** my facell, with the other; points to his gun in its holster;
silver handle threatening like the silver **beesh** knife.

He grunts, his grin a mean smirk "Tha scizzuhs wuz jes the start."

He yawns... strikes a match, lights a cigarette.

I get a whiff of **li** smoke;

an eerie **nát'ú** tobacco fog, holy **nát'ú** tobacco, misused **zhii** medicine.

He shoves me towards the structure.

I begin my walk, alone through darkness, to my death.

I walk in stillness, with dignity as I've been taught.

I walk as in a dream...walk as in a dream.

When I reach the ghost **kuuga** house, my breath, knees give out.

I collapse against its walls, which I'm surprised to find are solid, **tse'** stone, **tse'** stone
solid.

I lean against that hard wall weakly, **shitaa** my forehead pressed against its **sik'as** cold,
rough surface.

I heave a deep gulp of air, breath hard, heavy, feel I will fall & break.

I stay here, like this, a silhouette in darkness;

myself, now a shadow, an outline in **dihit** black night against this wall;

spectral, intangible, **li** smoke...**kuuyéesh** mirage...**kuuyéesh**.

I stay here, bent like this,

until the next door opens...

'til the next door opens.

TIL THE NEXT DOOR OPENS

(Song/Music: Miguel Garcia Lyrics derived from play text: Miguel Garcia)

What am I doing here?
You'd think I'd know how I got here.
Feelings, feelings real hard
Mama, I miss you
Father, where have they taken you?
Father, brother, sister
Where've they taken you?

My chest throbs, lips numb, eyes hurt
Tears keep coming, I keep going on

You see,
I walk as in a dream, cuz I miss you
I can't even breathe, cuz I miss you
I fall and break like this, cuz I miss you
I stay here bent like this, cuz I miss you;

Maybe I'll stay strong for you
Maybe I'll stay alive for you
Til the next door opens

Maybe I'll survive here for you
Till the next door opens
Maybe I'll survive here
Till the next door opens



