

ACT IV · SCENE III

FANON: True Québécois trounce capitalists!
Le Front de Libération du Québec
Will plant two feet on every banker's neck!

NERUDA: Remember what Mao and Castro
Calculated, and since proved so:
"Political power flows and runs
Out of the barrels of our guns."

FANON: Traitors must fall! Trudeau must die!
That vampire apes a butterfly.

NERUDA: Everyone chats of liberty:
First, smash chains—to smash slavery!

Neruda hands Fanon his gun. Fanon hoists a drink in his other hand.

FANON: ¡Viva Cuba y el pueblo cubano!

NERUDA: [Saluting.] ¡Viva la amistad cubana-canadiense!

Scene iv: Ottawa, Ontario, October 1970

Sirens, explosions, and gunfire. Trudeau runs onstage in a Nehru jacket, cape, rose corsage, and helmet. He holds a machine gun. (He resembles Salvador Allende.) Behind him is a giant Canadian flag, but it is only partially visible because Trudeau is spotlighted. He sits in a wicker chair (mimicking a famous photo of Huey P. Newton). With a phone in one hand and the gun in the other, he shouts orders into the receiver.

TRUDEAU: The *Front de Libération du Québec*
Has taken hostages. I'll strike back!

Those bandits who assault democracy,
Now, this October 1970,
Will be smashed by any means necessary!

To hell with metaphysics!

(If Hamlet had had the icy, steely nerve of Macbeth—
In Hamlet, only two-faced Claudius would've faced red death.)

Smart governors swift eradicate
Aspiring assassins of the State.

*Spotlight up on Fanon, who speaks with his fist thrust high. He
stands before a Québec flag, but one featuring socialist-scarlet
fleur-de-lys. He holds a gun.*

FANON: As draconian as Dracula,
Trudeau's a tyrant tarantula,
But looks and acts an acne-pocked reptile—
Cold-blooded, slithering, and spewing bile.

Trudeau, true patriots each earn a statue.
But traitors go to graves, and so will you.

Spotlight on Trudeau.

TRUDEAU: This mob is beasts, not men: This gang
Swipes, at *nos citoyens*, claw and fang.
I'll not let rebels wield their hooks,
Rend our law and history books!

My rightful might ignites from votes:
No thugs usurp my thunderbolts!
"Political power flows and runs
Out of the barrels of my guns."

ACT IV · SCENE IV

Spotlight now on Cixous, in trench coat and boots, holding up a microphone and looking toward Trudeau. Darkness separates the pair.

CIXOUS: These October nights, police shoot,
 Splash through doors and windows, then loot
 Homes, apartments, strip-searching books,
 Cuffing anyone with strange looks.

How far will you go, Monsieur Trudeau?
Monsieur Trudeau, how far will you go?

Spotlight on Trudeau.

TRUDEAU: Facing these villains, don't hold back:
 Pacify them by sneak attack.
 Crush—or gash—their veins jugular,
 But smile, appear avuncular.

Blitzkrieg like Mao and Genghis Khan,
Manoeuvre like crack Napoleon,
Break skulls as if at Austerlitz,
Fight like Castro at the Bay of Pigs.

Spotlight on Fanon.

FANON: Mao commands us to snatch up swords,
 Cut down landlords, and stab warlords.
 "Political power flows and runs
 Out of the barrels of our guns."

Spotlight on Cixous.

CIXOUS: Trudeau's sheer blood and iron these days:
 He chafes to whip his enemies.
 It's not enough, no, to jail each suspect:
 He must rectify, purify, correct!

He takes a jet to Ottawa.
He takes a whip to each outlaw.

He sees October through a gun-sight:
Halloween rattles us every night.

Spotlight on Trudeau. He shakes his fist.

TRUDEAU: Since terrorists lynched Pierre Laporte,
Their manifestos at once abort.

(How could Québec *Marxists* murder
Québec's Minister of *Labour*?)

I'll not quake under terror's awe,
But reinforce the force of law,
Chasten *Beretta*-and-beret
Bandits, collapse their cabaret!

Spotlight on Cixous.

CIXOUS: In the gun-hushed, tank-trimmed Commons,
Trudeau softens, with suave accents,
The guttural blows of gloved fists
Against free speech and liberties.

How far will you go, Monsieur Trudeau?
Monsieur Trudeau, how far will you go?

Spotlight on Trudeau.

TRUDEAU: Reporters, when will you stop
scheming up nightmares from ink and Scotch?
Whatever I defend, whether black or white,
not one of you feels I'm ever right.
Damn you! I'll grind these gangsters down alone:
I'll confound what you condone.

ACT IV · SCENE IV

Spotlight on Fanon. Sound of sirens.

FANON: I hear sirens! Is it the cops?
Sirens wailing. Is it the cops?
The front door's cracking, splintering!
Catch skull-faced coppers entering?
I know they mean to cause me harm!
Who's there? *Firemen!* False alarm!

Spotlight on Cixous.

CIXOUS: How far will you go, Monsieur Trudeau?
Monsieur Trudeau, how far will you go?

Spotlight on Trudeau. He struts, exaggerating his rage.

TRUDEAU: Just watch me! Just watch me!
I'll bulletproof democracy!

Rough up ruffians; bash these brutes:
Flay their bones for drumsticks and flutes.

Knife-fine, knife-coldly, knock their throats:
Strike with the force of lightning bolts!

Plunge thugs in shit! Drown em in piss!
Let their vile blood blush their faces!

Spotlight on Fanon.

FANON: It's lousy Laporte got strangled:
But freedom ain't got by angels!

Yet Molotov cocktails quick boomerang:
The boulevards bristle with troops and tanks.

I'll commence my quittance in Cuba:
Salut, Québec! ¡Hola la Habana!

Spotlight down. Chop of helicopter departing. Spotlight on Trudeau.

TRUDEAU: Butchers who strove hard to blackmail
Our State now taste exile and jail.
"Political power flows and runs
Out of the barrels of my guns."

Spotlight on Cixous.

CIXOUS: How can men fire guns at others?
In cloud-fog, aren't all men brothers?
Who is whipping whom? Why? What for?
In history's fog and fog of war?

Lights down.

Scene v: Ottawa, Ontario, Christmas 1972

Margaret, 24, appears in a white caftan, with a swaddled babe in her arms. During her first chorus and verse, sparkling confetti baptizes the scene.

MARGARET: The snow over Ottawa is falling stars
This Christmas Day of our happiness.
To Pierre and me, this boy-child appears—
On a day famous for miracles.

In Tahiti, I fell in love.
It surprised me—like a chess-game move.