

The Great Northern Highway, south of Roebourne.

M. ANNIE We better stop soon - did you remember
 to water those plants in the back?

SLIPPERY Ya. But I don't know whether you can keep that stuff
 here in Australia.

M. ANNIE It's totally necessary Slippery. How do you think I'm
 supposed to keep my equilibrium and my social outlook
 together if I don't have this little weed to help me get along?

[Two khaki-clad northern cops enter and pull them over.]

COP Pull over there.

M. ANNIE Hey, they're pulling us over -

COP What's this bloody stuff in the back here? Do you
 realise it's illegal to be in possession of marijew-ahna?

M. ANNIE You can't search our car, you know that's illegal.
 I've got my rights.

COP Lay-dy, when you carry this stuff around,
 you've got no rights.

*[SLIPPERY and MARIJUANA ANNIE are defiant but TADPOLE
is used to the situation and influences WILLIE to accept it too.]*

M. ANNIE *[As they are hauled off.]* You can't -
 what are you doing with us? You can't - hey!

COP Jump in. Chuck 'em in!

WILLIE Oh Chrije - they gonna put us in jail, Uncle.

TADPOLE That's alright - what the fuck I was a lawyer once,
 I been in jail many times, but I always get out.

Roebourne Lockup, night.

[The stage darkens, a steel jail door slams shut, keys rattle. WILLIE, TADPOLE, MARIJUANA ANNIE, SLIPPERY are led to cells.]

SLIPPERY Who are these people?

[Song: 'Linjoo Blues.]

INMATES *Some people call them the cops
Some people call them police,
Back home in Broome
We call them linjoo.*

SLIPPERY [Protesting.] I come from Yermany --

COP Where's your passport?

[SLIPPERY has none. SERGEANT grins.]

SERGEANT What's your name?

SLIPPERY Wolfgang Beuitenmuller.

SERGEANT Jesus. How do you spell that?

SLIPPERY B E U I T E N M U L L E R - my friends just call me Slippery.

SERGEANT I'm not surprised, Slippery.

INMATES *Smokin' jokin' with my friends -*

WILLIE [To MARIJUANA ANNIE.]
That policeman don't like that green stuff
in the back of your car, I?

INMATES *Got so stoned it was the end.*

COP Listen son, don't get smart with us!

WILLIE Pardon?

INMATES *Someone come and knock on the door -*

SERGEANT Do you realize that you are being charged
with possession of marijew-ahna?

COP Now who is responsible for this stuff?

INMATES *Told me not to smoke that gunja no more -*

SLIPPERY Yes they did.

TADPOLE I never seen this stuff before. I don't know what this stuff is.

INMATES *I got the linjoo blues.*

SLIPPERY I don't know - dis feellow who gafe me der car -

INMATES *I got the linjoo blues.*

SLIPPERY Said if you tek dis stuff to Broome... I'll meet you dere!

INMATES *Stop your foolin', stop your foolin'*
Stop your messing with my head.

M. ANNIE I found it. I'm taking it to Broome for analysis.

INMATES *Stop your foolin', stop your foolin'*
Stop your messing with my head
With my head, with my head.

M. ANNIE I've had enough of this physical harrassment. I know what
you police are all about. You just want to lock us all up. Just
because we're free spirits and we're trying to have a good time.
Everybody wants to lock everybody else up these days. You
and me [to WILLIE, TADPOLE, then back to SERGEANT] well
why don't you lock us all up then. Get rid of us!

SERGEANT [Stares at her.] Yeah, that's right woman. Done!
[SERGEANT and COP throw MARIJUANA ANNIE up and over.]

INMATES *Stop your foolin', stop your foolin'*
 Stop your messing with my head.

[SERGEANT and COP do a cakewalk style strut through figures.]

TADPOLE This your first time in jail, Willie?

WILLIE Yeah uncle, I'm man now.

TADPOLE Never min' my boy... legal aid get you out of here.

WILLIE Uncle, people die in jail I?

INMATES *Now I'm sitting down in this cell*
 Thinkin' about you baby
 Masturbating like hell
 Screw come 'round for an early start.

[COP and SERGEANT pounce on WILLIE.]

COP You come with me feller,
 You're here to pull yourself together
 Don't pull yourself apart.

INMATES *Stop your foolin', stop your foolin'*
 Stop your messing with my head.

[They belt WILLIE.]

TADPOLE [Setting up a commotion.]
 I wanna see the legal aid.
 I wanna see the legal aid.

INMATES *Stop your foolin', stop your foolin'*
 Stop your messing with my head.

CELL VOICE Steven you old bastard - what they got you for?

TADPOLE This bloke here, he got this... I don't know, he got plant here,
 I don't know what kind plant, but they don't like that plant.



'Linjoo Blues,' Perth.

They chuck us all in. I wanna see the legal aid! My brothe
the legal aid in this Roebourne town - I'm the cousin broth
but really the brother - where's the legal aid?!

CELL VOICE You tell 'em bro!

TADPOLE Who that?

CELL VOICE I am the legal aid.

TADPOLE Oh fuck 'im.

INMATES *Stop your foolin', stop your foolin'*
Stop your messing with my head.

TADPOLE Cousin brother! Johnny Johnston!
What they got you in here for?

2nd VOICE Ne' mind. I'll get you all out.
Just tell me what happening.

[There's a shout of pain - WILLIE'S voice.]

TADPOLE *You better listen you bastard - I'll tell you...*

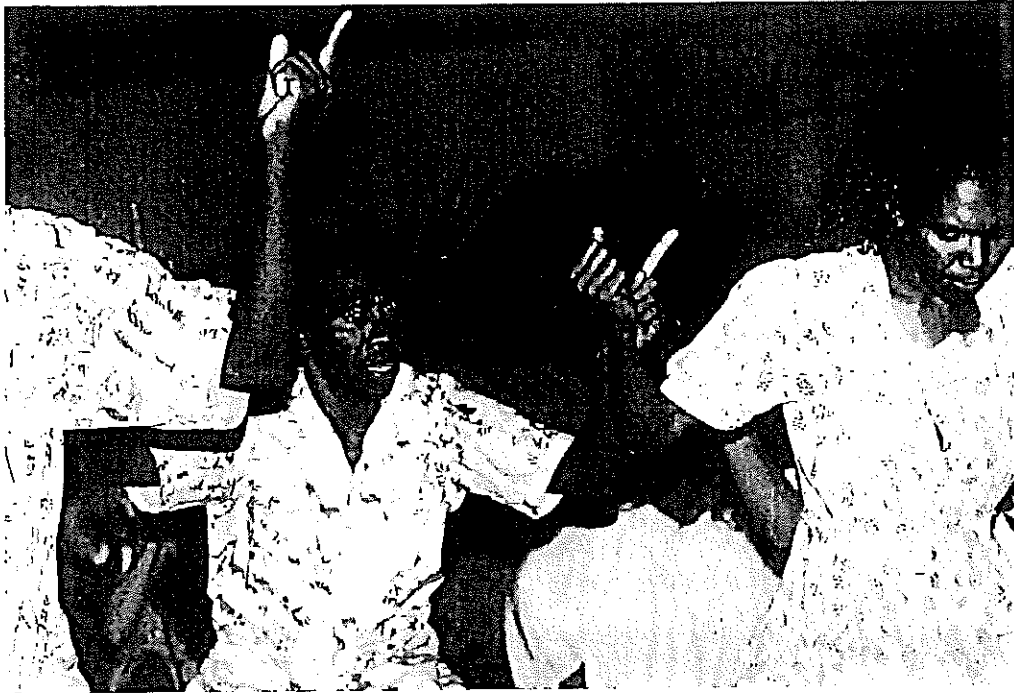
[Song: 'Listen to the News.']

[TADPOLE, then inmates joining in. WILLIE leads the dance.]

TADPOLE *Man of the gun come shot up the son
and the girl and the child and the mother
but the child is the son and the son is the child
and the child is the son of the father.
And the winds sing the song
of the right and the wrong
and scatters the tunes and the meaning
and the passage of time just follows the line
of the law of the land and the dreaming.*

ALL *Listen to the News
talkin' 'bout the blues
of our people.
Listen to the News
talkin' 'bout the blues
of our people.
Everyday everyday
Discussing a way
Discussing a way.*

TADPOLE *[With women inmates, in haunting harmony:]
The promises made just spelt out the graves
of the living the dead and the dying
for the old and the new
and the words of the few
just knew that the cycle was changing.
For the man of the clock
believed that the lot
of the people were his for the taking
though the law was the same
in his books in his name
in his words which he kept on breaking.*



Chorus (Jimmy Edgar, Josephine Lawford), Kalumburu.

*Listen to the News
talkin' 'bout the blues
of our people.
Listen to the News
talkin' 'bout the blues
of our people.
Everyday everyday
Discussing a way
Discussing a way.*

CHORUS

*[Women of the jail only:]
In his eyes all are one
all are sons all begun
all fashioned to bend to his reason
and the mother and child
and the father who smiles
on the world as it carries each season."*

*For all are the same
just born to the name
of the father whose words have been spoken
and the words Peace On Earth
just carry a curse
when the words are so easily broken.*

*Listen to the News
talkin' 'bout the blues
of our people.
Listen to the News
talkin' 'bout the blues
of our people.
Everyday, everyday
Discussing a way
Discussing a way.*



Tadpole (Stephen Albert) at Kalumburu.



Vanessa Poelina (chorus in first production), rehearsal, Perth.

TADPOLE

*But a leader will come
from the house of the son
and the man and the gun will be broken
and the word will be heard
when the leader is reared
and the words that he speaks
will be spoken.
So look to the day
when the sun shines its rays
cos I know that a new day is dawning
for dawn it will come
when the people as one
shall rise to the light of the morning.*

*Listen to the News
talkin' 'bout the blues
of our people.
Listen to the News
talkin' 'bout the blues
of our people.*

*Everyday, everyday
Discussing a way
Discussing a way.*

*Oo la la la - lalalala - lalalala
Oo la la la la - lalalalala*

*Oo la la la - lalalala - lalalala
Oo la la la la - lalalalala*

*Is this the end ?
Is this the end of our people ?
[Wail - a woman in the CHORUS.]
Is this the end ?
Is this the end of our people ?
[Wail - a woman in the CHORUS.]
Is this the end ?*

Is this the end of our people ?

[Clapsticks, didgeridoo, darkness.]



Chorus (Josephine Lawford) and Rosie (Rohanna Angus), Kalumburu.