

# Whitewash

by Robin Fulford

(2008)

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## The History

*Whitewash* looks at the confrontation between the Ontario Provincial Police and the Stoney Point First Nations Band in 1995 in which native Dudley George was killed by police. This happened on the shores of Lake Huron soon after the Conservatives had come to power. Premier Mike Harris wanted to establish a no-nonsense approach so he wouldn't be faced with an Oka situation as Bourassa had been. He, therefore, pushed to get the protestors out of Ipperwash Provincial Park rather than negotiate with them. He had no authority to command the OPP, but the OPP did change their strategy of negotiations, foregoing negotiation for a surprise night time assault that killed Dudley George. For Harris, it was not a native issue but a law and order problem.

The native occupation stemmed from the Federal government taking land from the band in the Second World War and then never giving it back. The Harris government initially thought the land claim had no legal basis until, embarrassingly, the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources turned up paperwork about a sacred burial ground which was in the park - but only after Dudley had been shot.

The people of the band had, on a number of occasions over the years, demanded their land back, but with no results. Finally, they protested, first in 1993 and then in 1995. The OPP knew the 1995 protest was coming as the protestors had informed them. Though the

police felt they had everything under control, they left nothing to chance, flooding the Ipperwash area with more than 200 cops, including the elite anti-terrorist squads.

To what extent the political pressure affected the OPP's aggressive response has been the central question in this issue. In 1997 Sgt. Kenneth Deane of the OPP was convicted of criminal negligence causing the death of Dudley George. He was given only 180 hours of community service for punishment.

Deane, however, was merely the trigger man. For almost a decade, the George family fought for a public inquiry into the death of Dudley, but while the Conservatives were in power nothing was possible. In 2003, the new Liberal government initiated the inquiry which began in 2004 in Forest, Ontario. Two years later it had finally finished. Justice Linden published his findings in early 2007, a provocative and progressive document that must be used to help ease the land claim backlog in a safe and respectful manner.

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"Ask yourself:  
what am I willing to give,  
what am I willing to understand?"

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Special thanks:

First to Wendy White who continues to collaborate with Robin on the various drafts of the script. She helped to direct, design and write the initial student production and continues to collaborate and design in the subsequent professional productions.

Also to Peter Edwards and his 2003 book *One Dead Indian* - both have been invaluable resources of information and insight.

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Information and testimony regarding the public inquiry can be found at the provincial government's website [www.ipperwashinquiry.ca](http://www.ipperwashinquiry.ca).

Whitewash was first developed as a short play for the Independent School Drama Festival in April 2005. First workshop reading of the full length piece July 06 was with director Mark Cassidy, designer Wendy White and the following cast: Beryl Bain, Marvin Hinz, Nadine Rabinovitch, Dale Sebastian, Rose Stella, and Isaac Thomas. Second workshop with presentation in Aug 06 was with director Mark Cassidy, designer Wendy White, and the following cast: Beryl Bain, Marvin Hinz, Pamela Matthews, Karim Morgan, Allan Price, Dale Sebastian, and Rose Stella.

Platform 9 Theatre produced *Whitewash* at Theatre Passe Muraille Backspace, Feb 28-Mar 9, 2008, Toronto with the following group of artists: directed by Mark Cassidy, featuring Paul Chaput, Jeff Legacy, Lena Recollet and Pamela Matthews; collaboration on text development and set+costume design by Wendy White; lighting design and production management by Geoff Bouckley; sound design by Anna Friz; movement by Lucy Rupert; stage management by Sam Thompson.

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### **Set Up**

Four actors, various ages, 2 male, 2 female.

3 play a variety of roles, the other primarily plays Dudley.

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### **The People**

Ensemble groups - natives, cops, non-natives, whites, courtroom, political meetings, and other crowd scenes.

Native - Slippery George (from neighbouring band), Sam George (Dudley's brother), Pierre George (Dudley's brother), Dudley George, Grand Chief Ovide Mercredi, various Natives.

Non-native: Premier Harris, Reporter 1, Reporter 2, Rev. Hurlburt, Indian Affairs Minister Jean Cretien, Cop 1, Cop 2, Cop 3, White 1, White 2, Mayor, OPP Inspector, OPP Superintendent, OPP Sarge, OPP Commissioner, Premier's Aide, Court Official, Judge, Sgt. Kenneth Deane (Dudley's killer), Prosecutor 1, Prosecutor 2, Prosecutor 3, MPP, Attorney General, Prime Minister, Commissioner Linden.

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# Hear

*(Darkness. Opening soundscape: wind, steps in sand, bushes, distant voices, breathing, 3 shots. Out of the gloom of souls emerges Dudley. He goes to speak then stops, smiles slyly at us, then motions for the curtains to magically open revealing Abe Kakepetum's Power To Chose mural. Dudley stands looking at it. The others bring on the picnic table. They look at the mural too and then sit on the table, waiting.)*

Dudley: (to audience) Sometimes you gotta hear with your eyes. Other times it's seeing with your ears. You know what I mean. I mean look...Hey, gotta smoke?....I'm Dudley...Oh it's the waiting game eh...I been playing it...You ever played the waiting game....the waiting to get home game...I mean, I gotta keep playing this one cause it hasn't come to an end yet....Know what I mean?....No?.....Ok so imagine this, big huge sand dunes, beautiful trees, lake big as an ocean, smooth, reflecting the sun as it peeks over the horizon, beautiful red sky and then...dark clouds rolling in from the north, like burial grounds....

Slippery: Hey Dudley, I got pulled over by a cop on my way here. He asked me about what was going on in the park. I said they're just having a picnic and he had nothing to worry about. I told him that my sister and her kid were here. He kinda looks at me with hard eyes, the kind that stare right through you. I guess he wasn't hearing what he wanted to see.

Dudley: Oh yeah, that we have marshmallow sticks, semi-automatic popcorn and fully-loaded hamburgers!

*(They all laugh.)*

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# Hunger

*(Premier is a large puppet head worn over the actor's head. Others as security.)*

Dudley: (as M.C) Ladies and Gentleman, The York Club is proud to present the new premier of Ontario, Mike Harris.  
*(music, applause, premier comes in with fanfare)*

Premier: Ladies and Gentlemen, being at the York Club with you to celebrate the Conservative victory *(clapping)* ...victory over the NDP - we could call them the Old Democrats now - the victory is all ours. *(clapping)* And now here we are in this magnificent room - I just love the Romanesqueness of it. And you are the magnificent people I must thank for your invaluable support: Conrad Black of Hollinger Incorporated, Paul Godfrey of The Toronto Sun, Ted Rogers of Rogers Communication - and that's just to name a few., The Conservative party and me personally thank you. Ontario needs a change. Let's stop spinning our tires and start moving. As premier, I promise you that we are that change. Things will be different from now on. From now on we are strictly doing business. *(clapping)* But ladies and gentlemen, I hold you from your dinner - trout, vichyssoise, beef tenderloin, followed by soufflé - hey who isn't hungry after winning that election. *(clapping)*. Rev up the golf carts, the common sense revolution is about to get a hole in one.

Dudley: (joining in with Mike, teeing off) A hole in one! *(Cheering, breaking of glass, Dudley wincing.)* Now who the hell am I going to blame that on? Wasn't my idea. *(eyes Mike)* Oh crapola, here comes the bad news, the kinda news that makes me feel it all over again.

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# No Guns

Reporter 1: This is KMFT and the 7 a.m. news on this rainy Thursday September 7th, 1995 morning. The lead story concerns the death of native protester Dudley George by an OPP sniper at Ipperwash Provincial Park late last night. The park is located near Grand Bend on Lake Huron and is the scene of a native protest. Here's a report from Jeff Nielsen.

Reporter 2: Last night after dark, the OPP tactical squads marched in on the 25 native protestors, shots rang out, and one native, Dudley George, lay dead.

Native 1: Fucking cowards!

Reporter 2: We know very little at this time. But why did the police go in after dark?

Native 1: Fucking cowards! *(other natives join in with yelling)*

Reporter 2: The police have said nothing and won't let us near the park. Right now I am standing at a barricade on Highway 21 with a group of angry natives. A pile of tires is burning, but the police are staying at a safe distance down the highway. They don't want to provoke anything here. One of the native men at this barricade has agreed to talk to us. What can you tell us about what happened?

Native 2: We're angry and we're mourning. We're mad. The OPP are killers. The Conservatives don't give a damn about us. And all you guys will just play dumb again. We've had enough.

Reporter 2: Why was Dudley George shot?

Native 2: Why?

Dudley: Truth, buddy, truth.

Native 2: Cause he believed in truth.

Reporter 2: What truth?

Native 2: That the land is the Stoney Pointers.

Dudley: And that the land is sacred.

Native 2: And land is sacred.

Reporter 2: Did the natives have guns?

Native 2: No guns. No natives had guns. It was decided, ok?

Native 1 There were no guns.

Native 2 They have women and children there.

Native 1 And guns for what? That is all native land. That is the Stoney Point burial site.

Native 2 No one needs guns and then they go in and shoot an unarmed man.

Native 1 Fucking cowards!

Native 2 I loved Dudley. Dudley was like a brother, man. And now he's gone. You ever lost anyone like that?

Reporter 2: But why did the cops go in?

Native 2: The cops and the Tories are just doin each other in the same bed. I say it's time we get off our ass and speak out, right? Like Dudley. If more had spoke out over the years then Dudley might not be dead.

Dudley: (as Reporter 1) Thank you Jeff. We have just received the OPP response to the shooting. The OPP are vehemently defending themselves against allegations of

police brutality. The police state in their press release here that they fired on the protestors only AFTER they had been fired upon and only AFTER they had been almost run down by a bus. (*Dudley as himself.*) This is such utter bullshit. Like the bullshit metre is overflowing. (*continues as reporter*) The OPP paints Dudley George as a loose cannon who posed a threat to the team. Stay tuned for further coverage on the 8 a.m. news.

*(light on Dudley)*

Dudley: Yep they bagged themselves an honest to goodness Injun - from a safe distance of course. Loose cannon. Oh-oh. Watch out team. Hey, I don't like guns. You don't believe me? Who out there believes I like guns. Hands up, those who think I like guns, come on, all Injuns love guns...and abstainers, the fence sitters eh. Well, I'm here to tell you I don't like guns. And besides that I can't hit the ass of an elephant if I'm standin two feet from its hole. So where do they get off telling them I did that, that I shot at them. I don't shoot guns, ok? Like would you guys (*audience*) ever shoot a gun at anyone...I wouldn't ...well you know I mean if you don't shoot guns. See what I'm getting at? The truth. Ya. Hey, if you gotta shoot something then shoot your mouth off. I do. That don't hurt near as much. Though shootin your mouth off like the god-ass kissing Methodist parson from our Stoney Point past is like shooting bullets up yer arse - oww, ouch ouch ouch.

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## **Euro Trash**

Parson: I have take pains to gather the statistics of various Indian wars, and I find it requires \$25,000 to dispose of an Indian by war, in addition to one white man being killed for every Indian. To dispose of them by whiskey—I found requires about \$2000. In taking the statistics of our own Indian

missions, I find it requires about \$200 to Christianize and civilize an Indian, and train him twenty years, and thus give him a chance for both this life and that which is to come.

Dudley: (singing rock song)  
Well, you know you stole,  
and you know you lied,  
you know you'll never be satisfied,  
cause ya bust the treaties,  
you call our land your own  
then you practice your smile  
like it's really all your pile

Hurlburt: This is our Canada.

Dudley: (*to audience.*) You ever heard of Dudley Do-Right? Now, Dudley Do-Right would never have done that, never would have shot an unarmed man or swindled someone. Who knows Dudley Do-Right? Cartoon? RCMP Mountie? I loved him. When I was a kid I got lost in them cartoons, man, so lost they started calling me Dudley. (*hums snatch of theme song, cartoon voices*) Dudley Do-Right of the Mounties. It's Canada at the end of the 19th Century, and the Mounties are undaunted in their pursuit of Snidley Whiplash, the most wanted man in Canada." So he jumps on his horse backward to ride forward. "We always get our man." Now the big question is, what would Dudley Do-Right have done in 1942 when the feds dragged our houses off our land? They just took them. It's for the war, they said. We'll give the land back, they said, as soon as it's over. Guess what? They didn't. My dad's whole family got moved. My uncle fought in the war and came back to find his house gone. That night he slept in a ditch. "Dudley Do-Right, what would you have done in this dastardly situation that stirs the angry ire?"...Silence. Hmm...Oh hey, maybe my old my buddy Indian Affairs Minister Jean Chretien, 30 years later in 1972, "can see if justice will be had." Hey, Jean, how they hangin?

Jean: *(as life size puppet)* Oh, eh, Dudley. Hits good to see you again. Ows hit going, eh?

Dudley: Just killin time, Jean.

Jean: Ah, sounds like me. You can honly play so much gulf when you hare hex prime minister, eh.

Dudley: Hey, Jean, tell our audience about the letter you wrote to -

Jean: Ooolala, to da department of Irrational Defence, oui, ha ha ha.

Dudley: You asked for our land back?

Jean: I demanded hit. I said, I ham Jean Cretien, future prime minister of Canada and I demand hit back or I do voodoo on you. Ha ha, honly kidding, Dudley.

Dudley: Ah, too bad, but nice try, Jean. It's now 53 years later and -

Jean: Fifty-tree, that's a big time, Dudley, a big time waiting. Sacre Bleu. Where does hit all go?

Dudley: And we still don't have it back.

Jean: Sacre bleu, again, mon frere. Hit...how you say...sucks the big hw-one.

Dudley: 'That's not the Canadian way. Stop in the name of the law.' Ya, fat chance.

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# Project Maple

*(The OPP meet at mobile unit outside the park. Dudley plays Cop 1.)*

Superintendent: Come to order please. As you know, this is Project Maple. You've been briefed on the situation at the park, but I just wanted to say a few words before we get started. It's Labour Day now, so the heat is off with the tourists for the time being. The plan is essentially to wait until the natives refuse to leave and then go for a court injunction so that we can prove the occupation is illegal. We want to take control of the area before the media is advised, but there is no great need to get the protestors out or confront them. Protests die with time. Our main goal is...(prompts others)

Cop 1&2 ...to contain and negotiate a peaceful resolution.

Super: We have negotiators on call. This will not be another Oka or Lake Gustafsen. Let everybody know we doing the best and we are being gentlemanly about this. Any questions?

Cop 2: Sir, there are rumours going around about weapons in the park.

Super: That's all they are, rumours. No weapons have been seen.

Cop 2: Sir, would we go in if there were weapons?

Super: There is no way that we want to incite anything. Am I clear?

All: Yes, sir.

Super: Dismissed.

*(Super leaves.)*

Cop 1: *(mimicking)* Would we go in there if there were weapons?  
They don't have weapons.

Cop 2: You don't know that.

Cop 1: I know, ok?

Cop 2: I can ask.

Cop 1: They got sticks and stones, come on.

Cop 2: Then how come the anti-terrorist guys are here?

Cop 1: Ever heard of overtime.

Cop 2: The natives got their burial site on the brain.

Cop 1: No way they are gonna move then, trust me.

Cop 2: Fuck that.

Cop 1: It's theirs.

Cop 2: Fuck them...

Dudley: Well, that's a hell of a thought...(to audience) Ever thought about secrets, political secrets, about how they keep the truth from coming out. But the truth must come out, come out like, like a big beautiful breast of love. Wow, now that's a hell of a thought too. But secrets secrets secrets. Here, let me show you something.

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# First Secret Meeting

- Dudley: The First Secret Meeting in the Green Board Room, Toronto. (*Dudley plays #1*)
- 1: Ontario Native Affairs Secretariat? Present. Ministry of the Solicitor General? Present. Ministry of the Attorney General? Present. Ministry of Natural Resources?
- 2: Present, present, present.
- 1: The Ontario Provincial Police? Present. The Premier's Office?
- All: Present, present, present, present...
- 1: This is the first secret meeting of the...
- All: Emergency Planning for Aboriginal Issues Interministerial Committee.
- 2: In a nutshell the background: the Stoney Pointers are a dissident group who are not recognized as an independent band under the Indian Act.
- 4: Actually, the OPP believe that there is an historical claim and that -
- 3: Ministry of Natural Resources here. Well the MNR has nothing on file as far as I know. I mean, nothing has gone over my desk, or his, or hers.
- 3: The MNR can assure the MAG, the OPP, the ONAS, and the MSG that we have seen nothing.
- 2: Besides for them to do a study to prove that there is a burial ground there would cost a lot of money and they don't have a lot of money.

- 3: Oh and by the way, the Minister of Natural Resources would like to say that he, quote, does not want to carry the ball on this one any longer, end of quote.
- 2: The Premier's Office would like to know if there is any way to confirm the presence of guns.
- 4: The OPP have no intel confirming the presence of guns.
- 3: We must remember this is a Ministry of Natural Resources issue, not an Indian issue.
- 2: Precisely. Therefore, in closing, can we say then that the Interministerial Committee recommendation is to seek an emergency injunction against the Stoney Pointers?...*(no one dare disagrees)*...May I tell the Premier that the province will take steps to remove the occupiers as soon as possible?...*(takes silence as agreement)*...Thank you.
- Dudley: Actually, I would just like to say that we are not moving a goddamn step because of some blowhard premier who wants to look good in a photo op, but he's going to have to get a head transplant - and they are possible for certain politicians - if he thinks -

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## Large Plank

*(Beaubien breaking in on Dudley .)*

Beaubien: Dear Mr. Premier -

Dudley: Go stick your letter up your ass, Beaubien.

Beaubien: ...as a loyal Conservative MPP for the Ipperwash area, I am extremely upset -

Dudley: You're upset? I'm willing to do the operation free of charge. I'd give him a smaller beaner however.

Beaubien: by events unfolding at Ipperwash Provincial Park. It is the first place my parents took me camping.

Dudley: Don't get sappy, Beaubien.

Beaubien: Now the park is occupied by natives.

Dudley: That'd be us.

Beaubien: Hooligans is a better word, for there is no respect for the law.

Dudley: Oh-oh. (*singing*) I'm a hooligan, but I won't be a fool again.

Beaubien: If people are hurt, so be it - the laws must be enforced to be respected. If illegal acts are tolerated, the end result is anarchy. People perceive the government cannot protect them and their interests. The Conservative government has a large law and order plank in its platform -

Dudley: We call that dry rot.

Beaubien: live up to it and my expectations. Ipperwash Provincial Park must remain in the public domain.

Dudley: Not friggin likely, dickwad.

Beaubien: Yours very sincerely,

Dudley: It's our burial ground.

Beaubien: Marcel Beaubien.

*(Dudley and other natives sing "Your Cheatin Heart".)*

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## The Bait

Dudley: *(to audience)* Hey, you think cops are racist or not? No voting this time. Just answer to yourself, answer that is after I play you this little clip between two cops. They were on duty the night I...was dispatched. Two cops on surveillance, running the video camera as they shot the shit. Ha ha, not shoot me, shot the breeze. The camera picked up their talk.

*(Voice over as everyone listens.)*

Cop 1: Is there a lot of press down there?

Cop 2: No, there's no one down there. Just a big fat fuck Indian.

Cop 1: The camera's rolling, eh?

Cop 2: Yeah.

Cop 1: We had this plan you know. We thought if we could get five or six cases of Labatt's 50, we could bait them.

Cop 2: Yeah?

Cop 1: Then we'd have this big net at a pit.

Cop 2: Creative thinking.

Cop 1: Works in the south with watermelons.

Dudley: Watermelons. Mmm. Kinda makes my mouth water. Trouble is, when I open my mouth out pours blood. So are cops racist? Some are. Some aren't. The question is, why would anyone send a pile of racist cops into take care of a situation that is about racism in the first place? Oh, and how many of us are racist? Not meaning to get too heavy at this point in the story, so, well, whose racist

in just a little way? And for god sakes don't put up your hands or you will be judged I'm sure. But I mean, just in a little itty bitty way, in a way that we can hide behind and feel good about what we do, or don't do. I been there. I've also been big and mouthy racist too, cause I just don't think it's right, the way we've been treated. If you are ever treated like that, you come to me and I'll tell you some tricks. Got to know the tricks or, well, you might get shot. Oh, here they are again with the premier stickin his ass into the mess.

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## **Second Secret Meeting**

*(fake opera)*

Dudley: Second Secret Meeting in the Green Board Room,  
Toronto.

*(Dudley plays #1.)*

1: ONAS? Present. MSG? Present. MAG? Present.  
MNR? Present. OPP? Present. Premier's Office?

All: Present. Present. Present. Present. Present...

1: This is the second secret meeting for..

All: The Emergency Planning for Aboriginal Issues  
Interministerial Committee.

2: This is ridiculous. Why are we treating them any  
differently? The Premier wants them out and nothing else.

3: It's important that we keep them calm. We don't want this  
blowing up.

- 4: And we're not 100% certain that they don't have a land claim.
- 3: Why can't we just order the police to go in and get them out?
- 4: Because the police are not the government's army.
- 2: This government wants to be seen as actioning
- 3&4: Actioning, actioning.
- 2: Let it be noted then that there will be no negotiations with the band
- All: The premier wants them out. The premier wants them out. The premier wants them out.
- 2: So it is agreed then that the goal is to remove the Stoney Pointers from the park as soon as possible?...(takes silence as agreement)...Good.
- Dudley: Actually, I would like to play you another OPP transcript that properly characterizes the premier and his herd, and show indisputably that sometimes you get what you don't deserve. Listen...

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## **Barrel Suckers**

*(OPP Inspector and OPP Superintendent on the phone. Actual transcript)*

Inspect: Superintendent? John?

Super: Yep. What's up?

Inspect: Look, I've just come from a special meeting with the premier in his dining room no less. We're dealing with a real redneck government here.

Super: Oh.

Inspect: They are fucking barrel suckers.

Super: Oh.

Inspect: They are just in love with guns.

Super: Ok.

Inspect: They couldn't give a shit about Indians.

Super: Ok. They just want us to go kick ass.

Inspect: Right.

Super: Oh, we're no prepared to do that yet.

Inspect: I met with these guys from the AG and MNR and, guess who, the Premier. Well, John, I gotta tell you this guy is a redneck from way back. (Super laughs.) He believes he has the authority to direct the OPP.

Super: Oh.

Inspect: Ya.

Super: Ok.

Inspect: So?

Super: I'll be talking to the Commissioner about that.

Inspect: In any event, he makes a couple of wild ass comments and gets up and leaves the room. So I say to the others, I'm not giving you a political statement; I'm giving you a

bite of reality. But they don't care. What they want to know now is, do you think, given the progression of events so far, that we should go for an emergency injunction? Is it an emergency situation so they can go for it?

Super: ...I think we can say that.

Inspect: In front of the judge?

Super: ...I'm prepared to...to appear and give evidence.

Inspect: The Premier thinks that the OPP have made mistakes on this one, that we should have just gone in. He is adamant that this is not an issue of native rights. Says we've tried to pacify and pander to these people for too long. Its now time for swift affirmative action.

Super: Ok.

Inspect: Ok then. John are you there?

Super: Ya, hold on I have another call.

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## Precipitous Action

Dudley: *(to audience)* But things didn't really start to unfold at the park until the early evening. We were just sitting around, getting ready for another night on the protest. We were in for the long haul, so we had nothing to prove. Just taking it easy.

Native 1: *(laughing)* You wouldn't believe what just happened.

Dudley: What?

Native 1: Little Joe, you know from Kettle Point, he drives in calling us animals like he did in that letter to the editor? So

Teddy gets into it with him. Things heat up and Teddy and slaps Little Joe. Yeah! Well Little Joe isn't exactly feeling loved so he jumps in his car. But as Teddy gives him a little farewell kiss. Yeah he chucks a rock and dings his fender. Now Little Joe is really pissed so he goes to the cop. "They dented my car." But here's the scary part. He tells the cops we've got Ak-47's with a 30 round mags ductaped to the back, and Mini Rugur 14s, and hunting rifles! I just hope the cops aren't dumb enough to swallow that shit.

- Dudley: Well, when it comes to dumb, hey, there's lots to go around.
- Cop 1: Ah, Checkpoint C, report: 8:10 pm. A native threw a rock at another native's car. That's it.
- Cop 2: 8:21 pm. What? A native threw a rock at local's car?
- Cop 3: 8:24 pm. What? A native threw a rock at a local's car - she was just driving by?
- Dudley: This is where it starts to get good.
- Cop 4: 8:30 pm. What? A native with a bat beat a local's car as she was just driving by?
- Dudley: See? Just fucking lovely.
- Sarge: 8:31 pm. Inspector, what the hell should we do?
- Insp: Things have been heating up all afternoon. Eight natives with bats beating on a local's car.
- Sarge: She was just driving by.
- Insp: I know that...And the bus and dump truck are moving back and forth...What the hell are the natives up to?
- Sarge: ...Sir?

Insp: Ok, ok! Suit up the TRU and get the CMU ready to push the natives back into the park. We're taking no chances.

Dudley: Look, the cops are mobilizing. They are going to come in. We gotta get the women and children out of here.

Cop 1: Look, the natives are moving. The women and children are leaving. They are up to something.

Cop 2: They are coming out. It could spill over into the cottagers. Why don't we just go in there and do them? Lets go and get the fuckers!

Insp: Have you briefed TRU?

Sarge: Right now, sir...Listen up! This is what we have so far: the occupiers have trashed a civilian's car with baseball bats, a local female resident - just driving by. And it is possible that the occupiers have assault weapons, AK-47's or the like. Any questions. No? Dismissed.

Cop 1: How many AK 47's?

Cop 2: How many molotov cocktails?

Cop 1: Is it an emergency situation?

Cop 2: How come we don't have night vision equipment?

Cop 1: Yeah...It's night. Inspector? Inspector?

Insp: I just went out for a bite to eat.

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## **Pig Dinner**

*(Night. The park.)*

Dudley: We can see you little piggies out there!

Cop 1: Dudley, you're gonna be the first pig dinner.

Native 2: What are you gonna do, spank us?

Cop 1: You're gonna be pig roast.

Native 1: Come on, you little piggies, spank me?

Cop 1: Come on over to this side of the fence, Dudley, or is your ass to fat?

Dudley: Hey, little piggy cops, come on, oink, oink, oink.

Cop 1: I hear pigs waddle like you!

Dudley: You think you can spank us, well come and spank us.

Cop 1: Dudley, you're gonna be the first! Two lines! Move!

Dudley: This is sacred land!

*(Cops with batons and Plexiglass shields form lines. They are the Ontario Provincial Police Crowd Management Unit – the CMU. Natives form a group opposite them.)*

Native 2: Our grandfathers fought for this land!

Native 1: Get back on the Mayflower.

Dudley: Get off this land!

Native 2: This is a burial ground.

Native 1: How would you like it if you mother was buried here?

Dudley: If you have a mother!

Cop 1: Shields up! Using shield clatter, forward march! (*Shield clatter is banging baton on shield to create threatening sound.*) Right, left, right, left, right left...

(*Cops raise batons to strike; cops freeze.*)

Native 1: We are unarmed! We have no weapons!

Dudley: We have a right to this land!

Native 2: We're not afraid of you!

Dudley: This is sacred land!

Native 1: We have our rights!

Native 2: We are unarmed!

Cops: Punch out! (*cops freeze*)

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## Dead

Slippery: I'm Slippery. I'm not part of this Stoney Point Band, but my sister and others are. I'm just visiting tonight, but I'm here caught in the middle cause I didn't get out. I see what the cops are going to do so I yell to them that the protestors are unarmed. Then they suddenly start moving at me with their shields, smacking on them. I tell them to put their weapons away. But they spread out and force me inside the park. I'm getting really angry because of how they are treating us. And I pick up a metal pipe to fight back and they charge. I swing the pipe and they circle me and rush in, hitting at me with their batons. I fall and cry to them to stop. But they don't. I find out later that they dragged me by my hair to the ambulance. On the way to the hospital my heart stopped. They revived me. But I don't remember that.

*(Image of Slippery being beaten by other two. He is left lying on the ground. Dudley saunters in, looking sadly at Slippery. Suddenly he is aware of danger. Three shots ring out - shots fired by Deane. The first misses Dudley, the second clips him in the lower leg, the third hits him in the upper left chest. The moment freezes, then he weaves, starts to fall.)*

Pierre: My brother Dudley is just lying there like he is dead. Eyes all glazed over and hardly breathing. We don't know he is bleeding from the back too, from the exit wound cause it was a shatter type bullet. There is no ambulance to take him to the hospital so we just grab an old res car - it's a piece of crap, only meant for the reservation. We slide him in the back and take off as best we can, right, but the car breaks down half way there when it blows a tire. We stop at a farm, phone for an ambulance then just drive on the metal rim hoping to meet the ambulance on the way. Could hardly keep the car on the road. I just kept saying, 'Dudley, you just hang in there. You just hang on. We're gonna be there soon.' Never got the ambulance and when we finally get to the hospital just around midnight, I am immediately arrested by the cops who are waiting for us. Arrest me before they even help Dudley. Pierre George, you have the right to remain silent...and I just keep screaming, get Dudley help! get Dudley help! I yell as they cuff me. But it doesn't matter. Dudley is already dead.

Native 1: That Premier, he's behind all this. Look what his nonsense revolution is doin to us. Killer!

All Natives: Killer, killer!

Premier: As Premier I just want to make clear: I didn't kill anybody. I never gave an order to kill anybody. Our government is committed to restoring hope, economic opportunity and jobs for the First Nations people of Ontario.

White 1: You know, I listen to the news, and I think that the First Nations are just all a little too paranoid. You can blame the government for lots, but to call the premier a murderer is just not helping.

White 2: They are terrorists, pure and simple. Why are they allowed to go around frightening the citizenry out of their wits. If I did what they did, I'd be in jail. It's a two tiered justice system? Fucking great.

Reporter: *(to premier)* Premier, is it true that they have no claim on file for the burial ground?

Premier: There is no claim. There is no burial ground.

Dudley: *(to audience)* Now, I don't know about you, but when a politician speaks you always gotta check their math. You know, take the reading of the bullshit metre, divide it by cultural amnesia and then multiply it by the ego squared. And what do you usually get? Well, nerve. And, well, nerve needs a nerve nerve nerve centre.

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## Nerve Centre

*(Robotic spin doctors.)*

All: We are the nerve nerve nerve centre.

1: Our job is to

All: min min minimize

1: public comment

2, 3: at the political level.

3: Our issue

1: is that  
All: this this this  
1: is a  
All: law and order issue  
1: and not  
2, 3: not  
All: not a native issue.  
1: The existence of this committee  
2: should  
All: not not not  
2: be  
3: a matter of public record.

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## Unnatural Resources

Dudley: And not so nervy, but with equally interesting results, the interior of the Ministry of Unnatural Resources...

*(Using hand puppets.)*

2: Good god!  
1: What?  
3: What?

2: I found something.

1: What?

3: What?

2: I found a...a file.

1, 3: A file! Good god!

3: Why would you want to go and do that?

2: Well, I don't know. It just happened.

1: Just like that?

3: Found a file?

1: That's very

1, 3: weird.

2: It says at the top, right here, that this is not not not a law and order issue but a native issue file. There is a burial ground! Good god

1, 3: Bad god!

2: What are we going to

1: We?

3: Do?

2: Someone's got to inform the minister that we do have a claim for the burial ground on file.

1: He likes you best.

3: And you found it.

1, 3: There goes the minister now.

*(Minister walks by.)*

Dudley: Oh jeez, let me do that guy. *(swaggers along)* How do you like my resources?

2: Yes...ah...Oh Minister, I've got a little something I should pass on as we've met by chance on this day where in fact we have found a file on the native issue. There is a burial ground.

*(Minister screams and falls down.)*

Yes, the timing sucks on this one.

*(He screams again.)*

Dudley: Like he could have done it better right. I'm more into howling than screaming. Here, listen. *(howls)*

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## **Aushoodaana**

Dudley: *(as reporter)* And now for the 6 o'clock news.

Reporter 1: Shock waves were sent through the legislature today as the Ministry of Natural Resources made public that the natives protesting at Ipperwash Provincial Park do have a claim on file for the burial lands that dates back to 1930. Until now the OPP, the minister, and the Premier have been denying the existence of such a claim.

Reporter 2: Mr. Premier, is it true that the OPP were ordered in?

Premier: The OPP received no direction from politicians. And furthermore, we won't negotiate until the natives leave the park. They are trespassers on property that is owned by the crown. Now I have the Toronto Film Festival Gala to attend to.

Sam: I'm Sam George, Dudley's my brother, and on behalf of the whole family I say we need a public inquiry into this murder. We're filing a law suit against the Premier, the Attorney-General, and the Solicitor General. And don't you think for a moment that we're going to be content with that little fish Deane. He might have pulled the trigger, but he is not the problem. We again call for a public inquiry.

Premier: There can be no public inquiry. The Special Investigations Unit is just beginning its probe. You'll just have to wait.

Native 1: They can probe themselves.

Native 2: We're tired of waiting.

Native 1: You're incompetent.

Native 1: Just tell us why the OPP didn't use any of the thirteen negotiators that they had that night? Why?

Dudley: The OPP - The Ontario Political Police. That's what we should call them.

Mercredi: Mr. Premier, my name is Grand Chief Ovide Mercredi. I have been waiting for hours to speak with you. I phoned the OPP command unit from Ottawa offering my services as a negotiator. I pleaded with them to wait until morning if they had to march on the protestors. I told them the protestors had no guns. But the officer on the phone wouldn't let me speak to the commander. We have a right

to know what happened. I want to meet with you directly to discuss this matter.

Mayor: As mayor of Bosanquet township, I urge the government to reopen Ipperwash Provincial Park. Our businesses have suffered and our real estate values have plummeted. It's up to the government to understand that if it doesn't take care of its constituents then it hard to expect our support in turn. It's Ipperwash or us.

Dudley: It's not called Ipperwash! That's whitetrash talk. We have reclaimed our land. We call it Aushoodaana Anjibaajig. It's our land. Land is precious. This is our home. You don't understand that. You think it's just a good place to build sand castles.

Sam: I speak for me and my family when I say we don't have any choice now. We want answers. We're filing a law suit against the Premier, the Attorney-General, and the Solicitor General. And don't you think for a moment that we're going to be content with that little fish Deane. He might have pulled the trigger, but he is not the problem. We again call for a public inquiry.

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## Deane's Trial

Dudley: So, two years after he put a bullet in my chest, we get to hear Deane's story. It's kinda like a smaller version of the bigger tragedy that all this is about. Anyway, that's what I think. You'll have to decide for yourself. *(announcing)* Order in the court. Order in the court. The Trial of Kenneth Deane. *(as Judge)* Officer Deane, the charge against you is criminal negligence causing death. How do you plead?

Deane: Not guilty.

Dudley: *(as himself)* Figures. *(as Judge)* Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God? *(as himself)* And we all know what the truth is, don't we?

Deane: I do.

Dudley: Proceed.

Deane: I saw a distinct muzzle flash originate from the interior of the bus, and then a car came out of the park and seemed to hit some riot squad members who were trying to get out of the way. Someone came out near where I saw the flashes, out onto the road in the intersection near the retreating officers. I observed him shoulder a rifle and in a half-crouch position scan our position. I fired three shots as quick as I could. He went down on one knee and immediately got back up. He walked back a few steps then looked to his right and left and threw his gun into the field.

Prosecutor 1: Dudley George was mortally wounded, collar bone smashed, ribs broken, lung punctured, and he threw a rifle into the field?

Deane: Yes.

Pros 2: Sounds impossible.

Deane: That's what happened.

Pros 1: Why didn't you immediately report what had happened?

Deane: I was in the middle of an operation. I didn't have time. The whole sequence from the flashes to when I shot took place in twenty, thirty seconds. .

Pros 2: You thought that shooting a man was not something to report?

Deane: I continued to scan the area for shooters. I didn't have time.

Pros 1: Isn't it possible that there were no muzzle flashes from inside the bus?

Deane: I saw them.

Pros 2: Couldn't they have been from your fellow police officers? They were shooting at the bus, their bullets creating sparks as they hit the metal.

Deane: I saw what I saw.

Pros 1: Can you now explain to us why your report notes that you made up the next morning don't mention that you shot a man?

Deane: I can't account for that. It just happened. It had been a long night.

Pros 2: And your notes on that fateful evening also do not make mention of the muzzle flashes. Can you explain that?

Deane: These things happen. If I could explain it I would. I saw a gun and my job was to protect the unit.

Pros 1: Why would the unit be sent to their certain deaths knowing that the Natives have AK47 assault rifle. Why would your commanders do that?

Deane: I don't know. I just follow orders.

Pros 2: But no guns were seen by anyone else and no guns were ever found. I suggest that you are lying under oath.

Deane: No, I am not. Please, it's not fair that -

Pros 1: And after, you never asked your partner, who was only standing a few meters behind you, if he had seen a man with a gun?

Deane: No.

Pros 2: You never told him anything.

Deane: I did not. We were not debriefing the occurrence at the time.

Pros 1: Maybe you didn't tell him because you knew the man you shot didn't have a gun.

Deane: I saw a gun. I'm trained to make judgment calls under intense pressure. I did my best doing my job.

Pros 2: And yet Dudley George is dead.

Deane: Yes.

Pros 1: Do you regret that?

Deane: I regret that it had to happen but I don't regret doing my job!

Pros 1+2: The prosecution rests its case.

Judge: Officer Deane please step forward. (to audience) Ok, I really gotta get into character for this part. (clears his throat, as Judge) In the Court's view this is not a situation of honest but mistaken belief. The accused has maintained throughout that Dudley George was armed. And the accused was able to even describe some of the features of the rifle that he saw Dudley George holding. But I find that Dudley George did not have any firearms on his person when he was shot. I find that the accused Kenneth Deane knew that Dudley George did not have any firearms on his person when he shot him. That the story of the rifle and the muzzle flash was concocted ex

*post facto* in an ill-fated attempt to disguise the fact that an unarmed man had been shot. I find you, Kenneth Deane, guilty as charged. (to audience) Did I sound white enough? I thought I put the right emphasis on -

*(Natives are over-joyed; Cops, shocked.)*

Dudley: *(as Judge)* Order! Order! In terms of sentencing, I hereby give you a conditional sentence of two years less a day to be served in the community and not behind bars. That comes to 180 hours of community service and no house arrest. *(as himself)* I can't believe I had to say that. I can't believe that Deane gets to pop me and only get the one eight oh. Someone pinch my ass and tell me I got it wrong. Get the damn playwright out here to change that mother fucking line!

Natives: *(silence, then...)* What? Community service for murder! That's unfair. He's a killer! A rotten cop. He's still a murderer. He can rot in hell. He's white, he's a cop he gets off automatically!

Dudley: *(as Judge)* Order! Order! *(as himself)* And I don't mean a burg with the works, though I am mighty hungry after that trial. Almost as hungry as Mike was after the election. Wonder if there's any souffle left over.

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## Brothers

*(Deane and Dudley)*

Deane: Ya, I shot you. But whatever you think, I didn't mean it. You know I was supposed to be in the mobile command post that night. I was to be in charge of tape recording the radio talk. But someone hurt their back last minute, so I had to step forward and replace him. That's what I was trained to do. So it was just by chance or bad luck that I

even had a gun in my hand. When it happened it was like I just killed something in myself, like I had just shot myself.

*(Dudley considers, moves closer, then holds out his hand to be shaken. Deane finally shakes Dudley's hand. Dudley leaves. Sam to press.)*

Sam: Since that night of September 6, 1995, my brothers and sisters and I have been trying to make sense of what happened. It still seems like we are alone against the world. The day after Dudley was killed the police announced that the demonstrators had fired on the police. We knew it was a big lie, but we did not know what to do about it. I must speak about the impact of Dudley's killing on our children. We have tried to raise the next generation of native children to believe that things were slowly getting better in Canada. But the bullet that Sergeant Deane used to kill Dudley also killed some of our hopes. Our young children now fear the police. We see them thinking of the police as soldiers who killed the uncle they loved. Killed him like an enemy. All across this country, history changes for native kids today. First Nations kids learn today that they have again started shooting Indians in Canada.

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## Justice

MPP: *(in Legislature)* Mr. Premier, in 1999, the United Nations Human Rights Commission urged you to call a public inquiry. Now, in 2001, Amnesty International is urging you to call a public inquiry. Mr. Premier, I again ask you, the people of the province of Ontario ask you, no demand from you, call a public inquiry.

Premier: I don't know why you are making a big hassle out of this.

MPP: Mr. Premier, it's not just Ipperwash that's on our minds. There's also Walkerton.....

Premier: ....Look, most of what I read in the media is false so I don't know where you get it from. But I would like to say that I have decided to announce my resignation. *(all gasp, some start to cheer but compose themselves)* I must leave for very personal reasons. Ah, a couple of weeks ago I was flying home to North Bay and it was the most breathtaking experience to fly over the miles and miles of autumn colours on a crisp fall day. I flew home for Thanksgiving. I saw the leaves, I saw the land, like I really had never seen it before. I had time to stop and reflect. My family needs me now more than ever.

*(The Premier turns and waves goodbye, but no one is looking.)*

Attorney General: Mr Speaker, 2003 is a long way from 1995, but this new Liberal government has acted on the wishes of the public. The Attorney General's Office is pleased to announce we will have the public inquiry into the death of Dudley George and the Ipperwash situation. We want justice.

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## **Don't Recall**

Dudley: Justice. Big word. Who's justice, is the question? Too bad I can't be there. But if I was to have my own inquiry right here right now, oh wow, this could be the hottest reality show on TV.....

Premier: ....I don't recall.

Dudley: Oh jeez, the premier is practising already

Premier: I don't recall.

Dudley: Hey man, this is going to kill my ratings. Why are you saying that same crap over and over again?

Premier: I don't recall.

Dudley: But you feel good.

Premier: I feel good.

Dudley: But did you say -

Premier: I had absolutely no knowledge of that.

Dudley: But Mikey, in all honesty, in the famous Dining Room Meeting, did you say in a loud voice, "I want those fucking Indians out of the park."? You just gotta tell me.

Premier: I absolutely did not say that or words to that effect or use that adjective at any time during the meeting.

Dudley: But you've used that word before?

Premier: ...The word is not foreign to me.

Dudley: But you feel good.

Premier: I feel good.

Dudley: Gotta smoke?

Premier: I don't recall.

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## **Public Inquiry**

Dudley: And for the big day that we've all been waiting for, May 31, 2007, when Commissioner Linden delivers his long

awaited Inquiry report. Take it away, Sheldon baby. You are my main man.

*(Linden comes out as a life size puppet.)*

Linden: Today can shed light on a brighter future for our society as a whole, including both native and non-native. I have made recommendations that if acted upon will change the land claims process radically. It would mean that there will be no more tragic deaths like that of Dudley George. But we need the will power. In this Ipperwash Inquiry I found that racism in both the government and the police created a poisoned atmosphere. Further the government and police had a strained relationship, each trying to protect their own. And the premier's insistence on a quick resolution added unduly to the tension. Add to this the OPP's faulty intelligence procedures and the disaster that never should have happened, happened. However, from an historical perspective it is successive federal governments who are most to blame. The inexcusable delay in not giving the land back is at the heart of the Ipperwash story. The federal government must immediately return the former army camp to the Stoney Point First Nation with an apology and appropriate compensation. Our country was built upon the treaties negotiated with our First Nations. Treaties are not historical artefacts from some distant time. They remain vitally important and relevant today.

Dudley: Wow, treaties still relevant today. Who would have thought? So how do you feel today, about honouring treaties made by your ancestors? I mean, these dudes are dead and gone, and hey, outta sight, outta mind. Some think that let's the rest off the hook? What do you think? Wow, I've asked you a lot of questions today. Ah, don't worry, I got the right answers if ya need em.

*(Linden walks off and shakes Sam's hand as Sam enters to speak to the press.)*

Sam: I thank the Commissioner for the time he has taken over the past few years and his family for letting him come to our territory so often to do his job. We've sacrificed a lot in order for the truth to come out and the cost of getting here was very great to individuals including myself, my family, my community, all First Nations people and all those who believe life is sacred. But healing will not truly take place if the park land is not restored. It is only once the lands are restored to the First Nations territory that everyone can start to work on personal healing. Without the lands, things will not move forward. We want Dudley to be the last person to die in a dispute over First Nations territories.

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## Home

Dudley: Ya, been playing the waiting game, the perpetual waiting game. I played it, now others got to play it. But me I'm home. Hey, I'm finally home. Eeeeoww...Jeez, look at that sunset. Look at that colour. I gotta go down to the beach for this baby...*(looks back to others who sit and begin to wait)* Guess you gotta stay here. Do the duty. Ya...*(back looking at sunset)*...But me, I'm finally home...*(walking out, stops)* Hey, look what I found, a smoke. Right on. *(leaves, the others waiting waiting waiting)*