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ANA CHAYA SCOTNEY

Machinery gunning like violence
ScatterGun could be their quiet
No man was ever gonna nominate me so I built myself from the
ground for free
No man was ever gonna nominate me so I built myself from the
ground for free
No man was ever gonna nominate me so I built myself from the
ground for free
Eugh, I dunno man. On it went, yada yada whatever—

LEEROY

Too much ScatterGun. Too much.
Do you smoke? 420 in the N.O?

SCATTERGUN

Oh yo, for sure.
Thanks, Leeroy.

LEEROY

All good.

*In a moment of fast mime, LEEROY rolls, lights and
inhales on a roach, he's passing it to scattergun whilst-*

What's the event in there, anyways?

SCATTERGUN

Thanks—
(Coughing)
Holy shit! Leeroy!
That's the Illuminati right there, man.
Damn!
(Recovering, then passing the roach)
It's a memorial. It's been five years since my younger brother
passed away.

LEEROY

True.

Ratchet.

Sorry.

I've had a few of the homies peace.

What was your brother's name?

SCATTERGUN

I'm sorry to hear that too, Young G.

His name was

Rūaumoko.

LEEROY

Rūaumoko?

He's the youngest of all the old gods aye.

Rangunui and Papa-Tū-A-Nuku's kids

What's he the atua of, again?

Across the following, SCATTERGUN morphs into the volcanic body

SCATTERGUN

(Taking on the roach)

Whakapapa-wise,

It goes,

Ranginui, Sky Father and Papa-Tū-A-Nuku, Earth Mother.

Their separation, te wehenga, when they're pushed apart

by their forest-god son Tāne Mahuta, and it creates Te Ao

Mārama, the World of Light.

LEEROY

Yeh, G. The classic. I know the yarn.

SCATTERGUN

Yeah, okay. Cool.

So, at the time of their separation—and the yarn varies from iwi to iwi—but in the version that I know, when Tane separates his parents, Papa-Tū-A-Nuku is hapū, she's pregnant with a little God baby. That God baby is Rūaumoko.

Moving around in Papa-Tū-A-Nuku's interior, magma shifting in the mantle; kicking against the film of her abdomen, earthquake; tantruming, eruption; turning over, seasonal change.

All the things that we would define as natural disasters are just Rūaumoko, doing his thing.

Our whānau are ngahere people, from the bush on my Tūhoe side of the family.

Mum is pākehā from England and Germany.

My little brother was born on the seventeenth day of June in 1996; at the same time as Mount Ruapehu, which is in Ngāti Rangi country, having this real high-key eruption.

Anyway, both Mum and Dad used to be geoscientists, that's how they met, and we were living in Ohakune when Rū was born. My parents were doing research in the Taupō volcanic field.

Well, as you can imagine, you know the timing of all of it, like what are the odds, right?

this pair of Geo Geeks home-birthing this little boy in a bath tub beneath the huge volcanic plumes of the maunga erupting, it all felt very...

Sorry Leeroy, I'm fully rambling. Ha.

Yeah.

His name was Rūaumoko

And he was my brother.

SCATTERGUN begins to cry. LEEROY looks at her calmly, he snuffs out the dregs of their roach

LEEROY

Oi, ScatterGun.
You wanna hear something pretty buzzy?

SCATTERGUN

Yeah, for sure.

LEEROY

Nothing on the energetic plane ever dies.
Energy's always just transmuting from one form to another.
And down at the bottom of the ocean, at the deepest depths—
far those sound frequencies just reverberate on and on
FOREVER!
Like ScatterGun and Rūaumoko, forever.
Catch you up,
ScatterG.

NARRATOR

Out there on her own, ScatterGun watched the soft tissue of
the sky being ripped apart by the neon rays of the setting sun,
like crepe paper
Vast and unflinching indifference of nature

SCATTERGUN

(To the sky)

Mihi at ki a koe, Ranginui

(To the ground)

Mihi atu ki a koe, Papa-Tū-A-Nuku

(To both her brother and the God)

Mihi atu ki a koe, Rūaumoko

I miss you.