

Sunday, May 6, 2018

KF - Katie Faulkner/Movement

AB - Andrea Becker/Scenic

JC - Jack Carpenter/Lighting

AV - Andrew Vargas/Sound-Score

CC - Christine Crook/Costumes

December 8, 2017

the Dream of Kitamura 2017-2018
A play by Philip Kan Gotanda

the Dream of Kitamura

CHARACTERS

[Casting Note - roles are not gender,
race, ethnic or culture specific. They are
not blind to these either.

THE HOUSE OF ROSANJIN

ROSANJIN: The lord. Either psychotic or prescient. Early 40s. Carries a *fan*. Bedeviled by a growing fever.

ZUMA: Wife of Rosanjin. Angles. Repressed. Red Ice.

OTSU: Daughter of Rosanjin and Zuma. Born 9 months after the crime.

THE OUTSIDERS

SAM X: Bodyguard. Salty, shrewd, survivor. Mid-30s. Keeps a *pair of chopsticks* tucked away. Takes them out to pick his teeth, scratch his back, catch flies.

PAOLO: Bodyguard. Hotblooded. Late teens.

[KF] [CC]

3 *FURIOUS BRIDES* - dressed in ragged Victorian wedding dresses. Powdered faces, no eyebrows, blackened teeth. Represent a collective, physicalization of a scene's or individual character's state of being at that moment.

Depending on the emotional, psychic tone of a scene, and its evolving narrative, the 3FBs might swarm a character or characters with skewed, erratic energy or take on a series of slow-moving, grotesque physical forms, or, freeze in *Sharaku-esque Facial Poses*.

They complement, always. Never become things of focus separate from the main action. Unless they are isolated in between scenes. They can remain on stage but they should be in shadows off to the side or if in the light, they do not take away from the focus on the characters.

[KF]

2 *KARMAS*: Quazi-*Kurogo*. Used in a somewhat traditional manner. They participate and help facilitate action on stage. They are unseen by the characters. Find a specific physical vocabulary. Perhaps root vocabulary is that of Japanese theater *kurogo*.

STAGE: See Folder. Up center there is a throne. Dark, ominous, decaying.

A projection of a Japanese character for *DREAM*. *YUME* is violently splashed like an action painting in large strokes on one of the walls and spills onto the floor.

LIGHTING: Fog. Shadows, angles, pools, shafts of light. Side lighting.

COSTUMES: See Folder. Japan. Ancient-Contemporary. Mix of kimono and western attire.

SOUND SCORE: -- Listen to Folder samples. *Gagaku* Elements but with intrusive western instrumentation - electric guitar.

Retro Japanese R&R, The Comets performance on Ed Sullivan.

Metal Pipe Kabuki-esque wooden clackers.

PROPS: *Swords*. Each character carries a sword. Different lengths.

Fractured Tea Ceremony: *2 clear Teapots. 4 clear teacups. Red tea liquid.*

Lemon Ritual: *Lemons. Tray. Knife.*

Folded Paper Airplane.

Apples. Lemons. Flat Basket

Koi Fish Puppet - Perhaps constructed of folded paper. The idea is that it can be manipulated by the Kurogo as the paper airplane is. In the scene, Paolo mimes catching a fish with his hands. Off to the side the *koi fish* appears, manipulated in space by a Karma. We cut to extreme ritarded motion, the simulated fish moves at glacial speed. Then back to real time as Paolo mimes releasing the fish back into the water.

Memory Murder Scenes:

2 Masks. White. Non-descript faces. To be held in front of kurogo's face to play the victims. Drift to the ground to signify death. No handles.

Bag of Gold and Jewels.

SAMLET'S TALE

2 Doll-Puppets. Big enough to be seen in the house. Manipulated by using two hands. Much in the manner of the puppeteer Winston Tong.

Hair Comb-Brush

the Dream of Kitamura

Darkness. The sound of *chanting*:
"Kitamura" being intoned like a Buddhist
sutra --

PROLOGUE

The empty Throne is lit.

The Five Characters step down stage
center. Heads and faces are draped with a
gossamer dark covering. Much like a
widows shroud.

As each speaks, they remove their shrouds
revealing their faces. First one begins
the telling of the story, then the next
joins first, then the next, a growing
chorus of voices.

Order of recitation:
Sam. Otsu. Paolo. Zuma. Rosanjin.

"Kitamura. It is a time of historical change and economic [upheaval]. Once great families of tremendous power and wealth fall into poverty and ruin, victims of the changing order. Somehow Rosanjin and Zuma have managed to maintain the lifestyle that their families have been accustomed to living for generations. It is a family of once great love. A crime has been committed. A robbery. A double murder. There was a witness."

[AV]

The loud crack of pipe kabuki-like clackers.

Black out.

[KF]

The Demon, KITAMURA lurks. KITAMURA hears something and hides --

Kitamura's head and face created by the 3 Furious Brides. They swarm around Zuma, whose own face is shrouded, pushing their faces together in front of her. Their own faces create the animated, moving, thrice-faced demon.

[AV]

Sound: Kitamura always is accompanied by Gagaku elements. Taiko Drums to build tension and action.

A YOUNG MAN (#1 Karma/mask) enters --

YOUNG MAN: (calling) Otsu? Otsu?

KITAMURA jumps out from the shadows
terrifying the YOUNG MAN who flees --

KITAMURA hears someone else coming and
hides --

OTSU appears looking for someone --

OTSU: (calling) Pascal? Pascal?

Instead of attacking, the Demon watches
her. Disappointed, Otsu exits --

Dim to darkness.

ACT ONE

[KF. Or Fight choreographer]

PAOLO is lit in a skewed shaft of light
down left. Crouching, down on one knee,
head bowed. Suddenly he springs up, his
sword slashing. He performs an
outlandish, balletic, silly, yet
disciplined flourish. Quick breathing,
excited. Hold --

[AV]

[kung-fu fists/samurai sword cheesy
swooshing sound effects accompany
action]

SAM is lit in another skewed shaft of light down right. He is crouched down on one knee, head bowed. SAM topples over in a heap, *snoring* loudly --

In the darkness we hear ROSANJIN's voice screaming --

ROSANJIN: KITAMURA! KITAMURA! KITAMURA!

Lights bank up on the throne area.

ROSANJIN is having a nightmare --

ZUMA, his wife, rushes in from stage left. She shakes him and he awakens wide-eyed. He has the look of a man going over the edge. He clings to her and stares into the darkness --

Stage right OTSU, their daughter, peers in and watches but does not enter --

PAOLO turns, watching. He moves towards the throne, sword drawn -- Stops when ZUMA shoots him a glaring look. He backs away. Otsu watches Paolo curiously --

When Rosanjin realizes he is clinging to Zuma, he pushes her away. Fans himself --

[This sequence should have a choreographed, cinematic, moving-visual-picture feel]

Lights dim on the up stage throne area.

SAM is still asleep, snoring loudly. PAOLO looks back at throne area, then disgustedly at SAM on the ground.

PAOLO: I quit.

No response from SAM.

I resign.

No response.

I'M LEAVING!!

SAM stirs. Gets up holding back --

SAM: Nothing more disgusting than old people who live too long --

He faces PAOLO, puts his index finger to PAOLO's chest --

PAOLO: What?

-- As PAOLO glances down, SAM moves his finger up flicking Paolo's nose --

SAM: (chuckling) Attention, attention. Gotta pay attention --

PAOLO: (Irritated) Sam.

SAM: (stretching like an old man) Yeah?

PAOLO: I'm leaving. Don't try and talk me

out of it 'cause my mind's made up. I'm leaving.

SAM turns and faces PAOLO. Plugs his ears with his fingers and shuts his eyes --

SAM: Alright. I'm ready --

PAOLO: What's that supposed to mean?

SAM doesn't respond.

PAOLO: WHAT'S THAT -

Stops and taps SAM who takes fingers out -

PAOLO: What's that supposed to mean?

SAM: Once knew a man tried to stop a friend from shooting himself. Stuck his hand in there last moment and got it blown clean off, along with his friend's head. Got real depressed, no hand. Couldn't shoot his gun. Couldn't hold his chopsticks. Couldn't play with his junk. Decided to shoot himself. Said to me, "Sam, I'm gonna shoot myself." Put the gun to his head. Coulda reached right in there and tried to stop him. Know what I did?

SAM plugs ears and shuts his eyes --

PAOLO: Come on, Sam. (No response) SAM!!

SAM takes fingers out --

PAOLO: I'm leaving. I'm not committing suicide.

SAM: Kitamura.

PAOLO is silent.

SAM: You. Out there. At night. Riding, riding, riding. You feel the rush of the cold night air. It slaps against your face. Whips your hair side to side. A thousand stars swirl by over head. You feel free. You go faster. You feel more free. Faster. Freer. You take short gasps, drawing crisp, icy air into your lungs. Your insides burn with a cold pleasurable pain. You feel alive. So alive. Suddenly - What's that? A sliver of light off to your left. You only get a fraction of a second to view its sordid beauty and -- SWOOSH! Your throat is slit. Your jugular severed. You're dead. Kitamura has killed you. (Pause.) Out there, alone, you don't know when he could strike. It's suicide. You'd be cut to ribbons. You don't have a Chinaman's chance.

PAOLO: How many times do I have to tell you?

Grabs SAM by the front of his garment --

PAOLO: THAT'S INSENSITIVE AND DEGRADING TO CHINESE PEOPLE!

SAM knocks PAOLO's hands away and tries to poke his eyes with two fingers, Three Stooges-style. PAOLO, blocks the fingers

by putting his hand in front of his nose, Three Stooges-style. SAM bops PAOLO on top of his head with his knuckles.

ROSANJIN is awakened by all the commotion. Lights come up on throne area.

ROSANJIN: Come here.

SAM: You've done it now. Got the Old Man up.

PAOLO: Me? I've done it now?

ROSANJIN: COME HERE!

They approach the throne --

ROSANJIN: I dreamt about him again. He is coming from the North --

PAOLO: (Interrupts) Do you know what he looks like?

ROSANJIN: Do not interrupt me when I am speaking, Boy.

PAOLO: We don't even know what he looks like. If we at least had a description ---

Sam: Shut-up! (To Rosanjin, placating) It is said that bad news comes by way of the North --

ROSANJIN: (To PAOLO) Come here.

Paolo doesn't move --

Rosanjin: Come here.

PAOLO hesitates, then moves towards
Rosanjin --

ROSANJIN: Closer.

PAOLO moves in, their faces are close --

Rosanjin's hand rises in front of Paolo's
face. Paolo watches as Rosanjin's index
finger becomes pointed and moves towards
Paolo's face --

Paolo is unsure what is happening but
refuses to back down from the threat --

Rosanjin's pointed finger reaches Paolo's
forehead. He begins to push the pointed
finger into Paolo's forehead --

Paolo refuses to back down and pushes his
face back against Rosanjin's pointed
finger --

It becomes a contest of wills centered on
this localized duel of Finger and
Forehead. Back and forth, grunts of
exertion --

ROSANJIN: Never interrupt me when I am
speaking, Boy! --

Rosanjin pushes hard and Paolo stumbles

backward --

ROSANJIN: I dreamt about him again. He is getting very close. He may even be in the general vicinity. He appears very powerful. Far beyond what I had originally imagined. I want around the clock protection. Someone near me at all times. Constant surveillance of the walls and grounds. Sleep in shifts. That's all.

SAM starts to leave, PAOLO continues to glare at ROSANJIN.

ROSANJIN: That's all!

SAM drags PAOLO away.

ROSANJIN: TEA! TEA!

ZUMA enters with a tray carrying a pot of tea and two cups. She settles beside him and pours out two cups of tea. He reaches out and swallows the tea in one gulp.

As ZUMA reaches out to take the other cup for herself, ROSANJIN grabs it and drinks the contents. He sets the cup back on the tray, ignoring her.

ZUMA stares at the empty cup. Lights dim on the throne area.

SAM: Whose turn?

PAOLO shrugs. SAM sticks hand out and

they begin to *thumb wrestle* to determine.
They continue talking while wrestling --

PAOLO: I know him.

SAM: What?

PAOLO: From somewhere. I know him from
somewhere.

SAM: It's just a class thing. If you got too
much money it makes you boring. All boring
people look alike. (Catches PAOLO's thumb.)
I'll take the first shift.

PAOLO: I got a bad feeling about these
people. This place. We should get the hell
outta here while we still can.

SAM: There you go, there you go. Taking
yourself too seriously again. I'm gonna
check around the grounds like the old man
wants us to. Keep an eye out around here.
Relax. Nothing's gonna happen...

Sneaks up behind PAOLO and slashes his
finger across his jugular making a cutting
sound --

SAM: -- unless you drop your guard.
Attention, attention. Gotta pay attention.

Exits, chuckling to himself --

[KF]

OTSU appears up stage left. Watches PAOLO

for a moment. Then proceeds to *mime folding a paper airplane* --

As this happens, Paolo mimes shaking a tree branch. Perhaps tree is a projection. A few *White Blossoms* descend -- (later black blossoms descend)

As Otsu launches it, a Karma appears from behind her and moves a *Paper Airplane* through the air towards Paolo. The paper airplane moves at a heightened slow pace -- Sound/Music. Everything suspended --

The *Airplane* passes Paolo's face --

Back to real time -- PAOLO whirls around, sword drawn --

OTSU: Where is your partner?

PAOLO: Who are you?

OTSU: I asked you a question.

Paolo studies Otsu --

PAOLO: (sheathing his sword) He's looking around the grounds.

OTSU: My father hired you. He pays you to kill.

PAOLO: He pays us to defend.

OTSU: Defend? Hah! Defend what?

PAOLO: (Motions to surroundings) This.
(beat) You.

OTSU: Not I, not I. This is his world. Everything revolves around him. You are defending him and his world. Not me. But against what? You cannot kill an illusion. Slit the throat of a dream. They are demons of his own invention. You defend him against his own mind, or did not you know that? You are not bodyguards, you are baby sitters.

PAOLO: Then why keep us around? Why not throw us out?

OTSU: Is not the food adequate? The pay more than adequate?

PAOLO: But if I were to believe you --

OTSU: (Interrupts) You believe --

PAOLO: If I were to believe you, we serve no purpose. We merely take your money and --

OTSU: (Interrupts) My father's money!

PAOLO: Take your father's money without rendering services. Not exactly a sound business proposition.

OTSU: No, but it keeps peace in the house. I did not say you were not rendering a service. I am merely clarifying what that

service is. Besides, if I were to order you out, he would only hire someone to take your place. And he can be very mean, as you probably are aware. I can disagree. That is a daughter's prerogative. He allows me that luxury. I can disagree, but never ever disobey.

Otsu studies Paolo like an interesting specimen.

OTSU: Taking money for no work is like stealing. Taking food for no service is like begging. Would you like your dinner served now or later?

Otsu exits. SAM appears from the shadows where he has been watching --

PAOLO continues to glare in the direction of the exiting OTSU --

SAM: (entering) 'Course you could be right. Who am I to say? I could be treating this thing much too lightly. I mean this could be just the tip of the iceberg we're dealing with here --

PAOLO: (Overlapping) I'm staying.

SAM -- The fin of the shark cutting through the water, swisshh. This could be one false move in a whole underground network of wrong moves. The shadow of some greater negativity --

PAOLO: (Still staring, louder.) I'm staying.

SAM: -- Some bigger darkness that is starting to emerge. Starting to split its seams and make itself so very clear --

PAOLO: I'M STAYING!!

SAM looks at PAOLO, slowly plugs his ears with his fingers.

Dim to darkness.

[KF]

INSIDE ROSANJIN'S MIND --

Lights up on throne area. Music/sound. A recollection scene played out in ROSANJIN's mind.

The two KARMAS and FURIOUS BRIDES lead ROSANJIN to center stage and set him in motion. The Karmas narrate the recollection scene while ROSANJIN acts it out. They also play the roles of the man and woman, utilizing masks.

KARMA ONE: Rosanjin's dream.

KARMA TWO: Rosanjin is a young man.

KARMA ONE: He has broken into a house.

KARMA TWO: He is looking for gold and jewels.

The KARMAS have set out a bag with jewels strewn about for ROSANJIN to find. While ROSANJIN is putting the jewels into the bag the KARMAS play the roles of the Man and Woman of the house.

KARMA ONE: A man enters.

Holdes Mask in front of face. Discovers ROSANJIN stealing the jewels.

KARMA ONE: *Nani mono da? Nani o yatte iru? Dorobo! Yamero!* [Who are you? What are you doing? Thief! Stop!]

KARMA TWO: A woman enters. (Holdes mask.)
Anata! Kiyotsukete! Hocho moteru! [Husband! Watch out! He's got a knife!]

[other languages are encouraged.
Mashing up languages is also appreciated]

The MAN attacks ROSANJIN who in defense stabs the MAN. In a stylized manner the KARMA floates mask to the ground.

KARMA TWO: (To mask.) *Anata! Anata!*
[Husband! Husband!]

ROSANJIN realizes that the woman is a witness and must be killed also. He advances on her.)

KARMA TWO: *Yurushite kudasai. Inochi dake o tasukete kudasai.* [Please overlook me. Please spare my life.] *Nani mo imasen...nani mo imasen.* [I won't say anything...I won't say anything.]

ROSANJIN stabs the woman. KARMA TWO floats Mask to ground. ROSANJIN hurriedly begins to put gold and jewels into the sack. Dim to darkness.

HAIR COMBING SCENE

OTSU is seated and ZUMA is behind her combing her hair. Music enters and accompanies this visual for about twelve beats. The music fades out --

OTSU: I hate it.

ZUMA: Your father wishes it.

OTSU: Demands it. I hate having strangers lurking around the grounds.

ZUMA: They do no harm.

OTSU: They do nothing.

ZUMA: They serve their purpose. (Pause.) His dreams are his eyes.

OTSU: They are symptoms of his disease.

Zuma: They reveal.

Otsu: There is no Kitamura.

Zuma: They see for all of us.

Otsu: They see nothing. We wait for no one.
He dreams the dream of all dying men.

Zuma I said not to speak of that in this --

Otsu: (Interrupts) He dreams of death.

ZUMA: He is not dying!

Angry pause. Combing continues.

OTSU: Pascal. (No response.) What happened
to Pascal?

ZUMA: I do not know what you are talking
about.

OTSU: You know very well what I am talking
about.

ZUMA: If you mean the young man you used to
sneak out at night to meet, I suppose he
grew tired of you. His type is not very
reliable.

OTSU: I am an adult.

ZUMA: You know nothing of the real world.

OTSU: How can I? You never give me a chance.

ZUMA: We give you whatever you want.

OTSU: I want to be free.

ZUMA: Within reason.

OTSU: I want to be free to pick and choose my own friends. To go wherever I want to without having to be chaperoned, escorted, watched every second of my existence.

ZUMA: We live in dangerous times. That is part of your ignorance. You cannot see the evil in men's souls. The countryside is being overrun by thieves and murderers. Homes are broken into. People savagely killed. Family fortunes stolen into the night. (Pause.) We always give you what you need.

OTSU: Pascal?

ZUMA: If Rosanjin were to find out what you have been doing --

OTSU: I do not care what he thinks! How can you put up with it? Day in and day out bowing and scraping to his demands? His petty --

ZUMA: (Interrupts) He is ill.

OTSU: That is no excuse.

ZUMA: He is ill!

OTSU I am not talking about him.

Silence.

OTSU: What about you? What do you dream of?

ZUMA: I have no dreams. He dreams for both of us.

OTSU: You dream. You choose not to remember.

ZUMA: I never dream. I have no dreams. I have no memory of dreams.

Combing continues. Music brought up slowly. Dim to darkness. Music fades out.

[Wil - Fire]

LIGHTING THE CANDLE SCENE

A *Candle* is lit. ROSANJIN holds it. His face is illuminated. A short distance away another body in the shadows.

ROSANJIN: I wanted to talk to you. Alone. Who told you about me?

SAM'S VOICE: No one.

ROSANJIN: You seem familiar. Do I know you?

VOICE: You hired us.

ROSANJIN: What is your name?

No response.

ROSANJIN: What is your name?

VOICE: Sam.

ROSANJIN: And the younger one?

VOICE: Paolo.

ROSANJIN: Who is he?

No response.

Rosanjin: I know you.

VOICE: No.

ROSANJIN: Long ago. Another life time.

VOICE: No.

Long pause.

ROSANJIN lights SAM's candle. SAM is illuminated--

ROSANJIN (While lighting the other candle he speaks) See. See. It excites me. There is that moment when lighting another candle when the original flame becomes very small. All its life force is being sucked up and used to give life to the other flame. And for a moment you hold your breath, not knowing if they're both going to live or die... Then POOF! They both spring back to

life. But notice the original flame is slower to recover. The one that's given life seems to have lost something in the process. The one that's taken life, on the other hand, seems vital and strong. An odd outcome. Not exactly what you would expect. The life giver punished. The life taker rewarded.

ROSANJIN stares at SAM.

ROSANJIN: It was you, wasn't it?

SAM looks at him. His expression reveals nothing. He blows out ROSANJIN's flame, turns down stage, face illuminated by the dancing light. Pauses, thinking. Then blows out his candle. Darkness.

Rosanjin Lit

ROSANJIN: Tea! Tea!

[KF]

RE-FRACTURED TEA CEREMONY

[AV]

Music cyclic, hypnotic

ZUMA lit in a pool of light, down center right, angled slightly inward. She is seated on the ground. A pot of tea and two cups in front of her.

She pours out tea into two cups. She pushes one cup to an area across from her as if she were serving an invisible guest.

She drinks all of her own tea, sets her cup down in front of her, then looks across to the other cup. She looks both ways to see if anyone is watching.

She reaches across, takes that cup and pours its tea into her own cup, setting the now empty cup back in its original position. She picks up her cup now full with tea and is about to drink --

She finds she is unable to drink the other person's tea.

ZUMA pours the tea back into the cup across from her and puts the empty cup down in front of her. She then takes the now full cup, pours it back into the pot, and sets it down next to the other cup in front of her. Back to original position.

ZUMA begins the cycle of movement again. As she does, one of the KARMAS is lit in another pool of light up center doing the exact same movement as ZUMA. They are perfectly synced, the only difference being there is no tea in her pot.

About half way thru the cycle a third pool of light is lit down center left with the other KARMA doing the same movement in

sync. This one has no pot or cups and mimes everything.

Now they begin to stop, start, breaking apart into different stages of the pattern. Unsettled. Fractured --

They all syncup for the last stage of movement, ending in unison. Dim to darkness.

[Ideas - Ravel's Bolero. Sally Goes Round the Roses]

INTRODUCING THE LEMON

[KF]

PAOLO is on guard. He bends down to drink from the pond. While drinking he notices *koi* swimming in the water. He watches, following the movement of one of the fish. Suddenly he grabs, mimes pulling out a flapping fish --

Two Karmas next to him raise a Koi, flapping into the air.

PAOLO hears somebody coming, tosses the fish back, and hides. As the figure approaches he jumps out, sword raised. It is OTSU, carrying a small flat basket of apples and lemons to wash in the water. She doesn't react at all.

OTSU: I wish Kitamura were here. I would feel a lot safer.

PAOLO: Don't go sneaking around like that.

OTSU: This is my house, remember?

Otsu kneels and begins washing fruit.

Paolo wonders if he might have been too rough --

PAOLO: May I have one?

OTSU: No.

PAOLO: Did you pick them yourself?

OTSU: As you walk by the trees drop them in your basket.

PAOLO: I'm not used to... I am sorry.

OTSU: One apologizes for mistakes in behavior, not in birth.

PAOLO: Paolo. My name is Paolo. What is yours?

OTSU: I do not talk to strangers.

She gets up to leave --

PAOLO: I'm not, you know my name. Paolo.

Otsu pauses.

OTSU: Otsu.

PAOLO: Otsu? What a lovely name.

OTSU: (Mimicking sarcastically.) 'What a lovely name'.

PAOLO: Your father is a man of good taste to choose such a beautiful name.

OTSU: My mother named me and my father is a bastard.

PAOLO: Not only a lovely name but a lovely disposition, too. Tell me, where did you learn such impeccable manners?

OTSU: By playing with the servants. Here --

Tosses an *apple* on the ground in front of PAOLO. He thinks about this for a moment, then reaches down and picks it up.

OTSU: And he stoops to conquer.

PAOLO: And she would too if she didn't have something stuck up her ass. (Takes bite of the apple.) Hmm. Delicious.

OTSU: (Trying to contain anger) What do you say?

PAOLO (Speaking with mouth full) What?

OTSU: You say, "Thank you, Otsu."

PAOLO (Mouth full) Thank you, Otsu.

Puts halfeaten apple back into her basket
--

OTSU: (As she turns to leave) Barbarian.

PAOLO: Bitch.

Otsu stops in her tracks, returns.

OTSU: Barbarian. Is it true you kill men for the sport of it?

PAOLO: My name is Paolo.

OTSU: Barbarian, how many men have you killed?

PAOLO: None, I only kill women and babies. (OTSU turns to leave.) And a bitch now and then.

OTSU stops. Walks back and faces PAOLO. With extreme formality --

OTSU: 'Bitch' is a demeaning term employed by males who feel they must compensate for having small penises.

She exits, PAOLO staring after her. PAOLO is alone looking in her direction. A lone *lemon* rolls onto stage in front of him. As he bends down to pick it up we hear OTSU's voice --

OTSU: (Off) DICK HEAD!

PAOLO studies the lemon. Looks in the direction of Otsu's exit. Dim to darkness.

[KF]

ROSANJIN'S MIND AGAIN

Lights up on throne area.

Recollection scene. Music/sound.

KARMAS stand on both sides of ROSANJIN.

Sound cue: baby crying. ROSANJIN is listening, looking around to see where it's coming from.

KARMAS: (Keep repeating over and over.)
Akanbo? Doko ni iru'n da? [A baby? Where are you?]

ROSANJIN: A baby? A baby? Where are you hiding?

ZUMA enters. Sound cue ends, KARMAS stop. Lighting change. She helps him back into his throne. When he realizes that ZUMA is touching him, he pushes her hand away, recoiling.

ZUMA stares at Rosanjin until he can't take it and begins speaking --

ROSANJIN: There was a baby. Their child.

ZUMA: There was no baby.

ROSANJIN: I heard it.

ZUMA: You imagined it.

ROSANJIN: Crying. It was crying. It had seen me kill its mother and father.

ZUMA: You did not kill them! Remember? Don't you remember? They were already dead when you entered the house. Someone else did it. Remember? You just took the money and left.

ROSANJIN: I must kill it. It has seen me kill. Where are you?

ZUMA: You did not kill them. There was no baby.

ROSANJIN: And now he knows. He is coming. Kitamura. Kitamura. Kitamura.

Zuma watches Kitamura who squirms under her watch --

]

[Koi Fish begins swimming across the stage. Moving very slowly

DETECTIVE SAM. OTSU MEET PAOLO MEET OTSU

Darkness. Ragged *screaming*. Lights come up on SAM and PAOLO. SAM is lying face down spreadeagled and PAOLO is sitting on his

butt, pulling back hard on one of his legs. SAM is screaming as if in great pain --

A tray of empty bowls, dishes, and chopsticks sits down center. This is SAM's after dinner massage.

SAM: AAHHH! AAHHH!

PAOLO: (Stops, exhausted.) Enough?

SAM: More, more. It feels great.

PAOLO picks up his other leg and begins to pull. As SAM screams in pain, OTSU enters and watches. PAOLO immediately stops when he notices OTSU.

OTSU: May I join you?

PAOLO: You sure you want to? The drop in altitude might kill you.

OTSU (To SAM.) I am Otsu, the daughter of Rosanjin and Zuma.

SAM still lying on ground with PAOLO on top of him.

SAM: We finally meet. He talks about you constantly. Yak, yak, yak --

OTSU: (To PAOLO.) Good evening Barbarian.

She sits.

PAOLO: I'm amazed you can sit. Something must have loosened up back there.

OTSU: You mistake back bone for constipation. A common mistake for a killer of women and babies --

PAOLO: Don't forget, a bitch now and then, too -

OTSU: Barbarian.

PAOLO: Bitch.

OTSU: Boy with small penis.

PAOLO: --

Silence. Awkward. Sam looks back and forth trying to figure out where that came from --

SAM: You see, he always gets like this around the meal table. When he was growing up I used to put food out on the table and every time he'd reach for a bite I'd whack him with a stick. It was a little game to develop his handeye coordination.

SAM whacks PAOLO's hand with a chopstick as he reaches for a cup of tea.

(To PAOLO.) Attention, attention.

[catches an errant fly *buzzing*

around with his chopsticks. Tosses
it over his shoulder and the koi
snaps it up]

(To OTSU.) It's that memory that makes him
irritable 'round the meal table. One day at
dinner I pulled out the stick. He pulled out
a club. Boy learns fast. End of game. But
the memory lingers...

PAOLO: Excuse me. The air's getting a bit
stale. I think I'll check around a bit.

Paolo checks his package as he exits.

SAM: How old are you?

OTSU: Eighteen.

SAM: (To himself.) Same as Paolo.

OTSU: Why?

SAM: (Ignoring her question.) Absolutely no
sense of humor. You probably noticed. Make
an interesting case study.

OTSU: You have a rather interesting
relationship with your son.

SAM: Him? I got better genes in my hip-
pocket. Found him. Yeah, right by the side
of the road. Abandoned. Just a little baby
crying away. Being the kind of man that I
am, though, I decided to save his life.
I left him there. Yeah, walked right on

past. Saved his life.

OTSU: You left him there?

SAM: Yeah, left him there. See, Paolo he doesn't know this is probably illegitimate. That's what they do, the parents of the girl. She gives birth and they set the baby outside of the house on the road. Then they hide in the bushes. The first man comes along and picks up the baby, the whole entire family clan jumps out and stones them to death. Kill 'em both. Doesn't matter whether it's the real father or not. It's just a great excuse so they can save face for the family. So I saved his life. Walked right on by. Left him there.

Otsu: Yes but he's with you. I don't understand.

Sam: Oh yeah, that's right...I lied. Attention, attention, you gotta pay attention. I took him with me. I couldn't leave him there. I raised him. Or he raised me. We manage. We get by. The hours aren't good. Neither is the pay. It could be worse, though. Unfortunately most times it is.

-- looking around at the surroundings.
Touches the fabric of her dress --

SAM: But then life doesn't play favorites, does it?

Sam exits to look around. Otsu is about to exit when she sees Paolo returning. Paolo whirls around, sees Otsu standing there, staring.

PAOLO: Don't sneak up on me like that.

OTSU stares --

PAOLO: What?

No response. Paolo goes back to guard duty. Notices she's still staring at him.

PAOLO: What?

Otsu still staring --

OTSU: What?

PAOLO goes back to duty. Getting very self conscious. Can't take it anymore --

PAOLO: WHAT!!!

OTSU: I am observing.

PAOLO You're staring.

OTSU: I never stare. It is bad manners. I observe.

PAOLO: What the hell do you want?

OTSU: What makes you think you have anything I could possibly want?

PAOLO: (leaning in) 'Cause you keep coming around here, bothering me and -- (very close) *observing* me. Why?

OTSU I want to see what a grownup bastard looks like.

PAOLO stares. OTSU thinks she may have gone too far.

OTSU: Sam said it...

PAOLO starts to laugh --

OTSU: (confused) -- he said you were probably an illegitimate child and that I should not tell you... Well, that is what he said!

PAOLO: My mother and father are dead. I'm not sure. Sam never tells the same story twice. For all I know he could be my mother. You can never tell if he's lying or just making the truth sound like a lie.

Pause.

OTSU: I was looking at your face. That is what I was...staring at. Sometimes, depending on the light your face frightens me. You remind me of Rosanjin.

Pause

OTSU: You have been watching me.

PAOLO is silent.

OTSU: I do not mind.

Pause.

PAOLO: Yes.

OTSU: At first it made me furious. 'How dare he spy on me?' I thought I would play along and teach you a lesson. But then... I began to enjoy it. The sensation of it. I began doing things. Knowing you were watching.

It is in this exchange all of love
and passion with these two is set in play.
They are in their teens. Fire turns on a
dime --

PAOLO: I would whisper to you.

Otsu: Yes?

Paolo: Knowing you could not hear me.

Otsu: I think I knew.

Paolo: Yes?

Otsu: What would you whisper?

beat

Paolo: Your name.

Otsu: Let me hear you now then.

No response --

Otsu: Say it.

Paolo: Otsu.

Otsu: Again...

Paolo: Otsu...

Otsu: And what else?

Otsu waiting --

Otsu: What else.

Paolo: "Do more Otsu. Do more for me".

OTSU: I did. (beat) What did you do?

No response --

OTSU: A kind of shame. An exquisite,
pleasurable, shame.

PAOLO: Do more.

Otsu: Shame...

Paolo: Do more for me.

Otsu: So much shame...

They are very close to each other's face

--

ZUMA: (Off) OTSU! OTSU!

OTSU: Zuma will be angry.

She starts to leave, then stops. Turns to PAOLO, staring at his face --

OTSU: Give me your hand.

PAOLO offers his hand, not understanding.

OTSU takes his index finger and places the point to the center of her forehead. OTSU begins to move it down the front of her face, over her nose, mouth, chin --

She seems curiously excited by the effect her experiment is having on her. PAOLO is confused but does not withdraw his hand. She stops his finger at the soft indentation at the base of her neck --

OTSU: Meet me by the north gate. At the hour of the snake.

OTSU exits. PAOLO watches her leave, then exits.

[KF]

Demon music-sound. KITAMURA can be seen lurking in the shadows.

Furious Brides --

PAOLO enters. He is there to meet OTSU. It is the hour of the snake. The murky rumblings of the demon music --

PAOLO: Otsu? Otsu?

KITAMURA jumps out and attacks PAOLO.
Loud demon music.

Simultaneously, ROSANJIN screams hysterically. Lights bank up on ROSANJIN.

ROSANJIN: AHHH! HE'S HERE! HE'S HERE!
\KITAMURA'S HERE! KITAMURA!!! --

PAOLO, caught off guard by KITAMURA, retreats. Exits left. SAM rushes in from stage right and runs up to ROSANJIN. SAM stands next to ROSANJIN who is awake. PAOLO rushes in --

ROSANJIN points at PAOLO --

ROSANJIN: KITAMURA!!

SAM is about to attack but sees it's PAOLO.

PAOLO: I saw him! He's here! On the grounds!

SAM and PAOLO position themselves on both sides of ROSANJIN who is seated on the throne anxiously staring out into the darkness --

ROSANJIN: (points to an area) 'KITAMURA!'

The whole time SAM and PAOLO have their swords drawn and are peering out into the darkness trying to protect ROSANJIN.

At the same time, OTSU appears down stage left. She calls, "Paolo? Paolo?"

KITAMURA watches her from the shadows stage right. The Demon doesn't attack her. Dim to darkness.

ACT TWO

[KF]

Furious Brides --

Darkness. ZUMA and OTSU are both lit in separate pools of light. ZUMA is situated down and OTSU up stage. ZUMA is seated on her knees, Japanese style, and OTSU stands. They both face forward, staring straight ahead. There is a relationship that exists between the movement of ZUMA's hand and OTSU's monologue but it lurks beneath the surface and should only be hinted at in the scene's visual reading. They both begin and end at the same time.

OTSU: I am naked. I am standing before a fulllength mirror. My hand begins to move. I can watch everything. I pretend that my hand

is not me. That the hand belongs to someone I do not know. I cannot see his face. I cannot tell if he is ugly or beautiful. He touches my forehead with his index finger and holds it there. I cannot move. He begins to press harder with the pointed finger. I watch everything. It hurts. I cannot move. He pulls back, releasing the pressure. I think he is going to pull away but it remains pressed ever so slightly against my skin. It begins to move. I can feel it pass over the bridge of my nose, over my lips, my chin, the front of my neck... It stops at the soft indentation at the base of my neck. It begins to move again. Now it's passing between my breasts. It feels like the toe of a rabbit... No... Like a polished, cold acorn... No... Like the head of a lizard... The wet tongue of an alligator... I cannot move, I watch everything. It continues...

[KF]

Slowly ZUMA's right hand begins to rise. She notices and watches. Her hand has a life of its own independent of her. It begins to move in a graceful figure eight motion in front of her face. She is both frightened and intrigued. It is like a beautiful poisonous snake seducing its victim. ZUMA watches. Suddenly the hand whips around close to her face. The hand is clenched except for the index and little fingers which jut out menacingly. She is afraid. The two fingers begin to move towards her eyes. She tries to move away. They jab at her eyes. She opens her

mouth to scream.

ZUMA has opened her mouth to scream just as OTSU is finishing her monologue. We hear a scream. But instead of ZUMA's voice we hear PAOLO's. This is perfectly synced so it appears that PAOLO's voice is coming out of ZUMA's mouth.

Crossfade from ZUMA and OTSU to PAOLO. He is screaming in his sleep. He is having a nightmare. SAM rushes in and wakes him. PAOLO sits up, breathing hard.

SAM: You haven't had a nightmare like that in a long time. Not since you were a kid.

PAOLO: Well, they're back. Ever since we got here.

SAM: Same?

PAOLO: Only more vivid. I could see the blood dripping off my sword. But the two bodies... I couldn't make out their faces. (Getting up.) My turn. Any sign of Kitamura?

SAM: Nothing. Not a goddamn thing. Sucker disappeared into thin air.

PAOLO: Look, I saw him. He attacked me.

SAM: Then he's gone now. We woulda smoked him out by now. This Kitamura fella has a way of coming and going that ain't human.

(Bending over, hurts back.) AHHH!

PAOLO: Here.

Starts pounding SAM's lower back nervously. He's doing it all wrong --

SAM: Enough! Enough! You'll only break whatever still works. I'm gonna get some shut eye.

SAM lies down. PAOLO stands looking out.

Lighting and Sound Shift -

[KF]

Paolo mimes juggling an object with one hand. Next to him a Karma moves a *lemon* in coordination with Paolo's mimed juggling movements --

Paolo stops. The Karma freezes the lemon in mid-movement --

Paolo draws sword and slices it.

The Lemon splits apart and falls in extreme slow motion.

Paolo senses something. He moves towards the sleeping ROSANJIN. PAOLO stares at ROSANJIN. His sword is drawn --

It appears he may be about to strike. ZUMA enters and sees him.

ZUMA: Stop!

Lighting and Sound return to normal --

PAOLO and ZUMA look at each other for a moment. PAOLO lowers his sword.

PAOLO: I thought I heard something. I was checking around.

ROSANJIN: (Waking up.) What? What? Kitamura? Kitamura?

Rosanjin notices Paolo --

PAOLO withdraws.

ZUMA: (Staring after PAOLO, to ROSANJIN.) Nothing, nothing. Only a bad dream. Go back to sleep. Sleep, sleep.

ROSANJIN goes back to sleep. ZUMA continues to stare after PAOLO. Dim to darkness.

[KF/PKG]

THE LEMON CEREMONY

OTSU and PAOLO lit in a pool of light. They are seated on their knees, facing each other. In front of OTSU is a cutting board with an overripe lemon and a knife upon it.

Jack - or whatever you think might be most interesting. Upstage a bright

floodlight that silhouettes the couple and shoots directly into the audience begins a very slow build from barely visible to blinding.

The sound/music also builds from a very low volume.

OTSU and PAOLO stare into each other's eyes, unmoving. There is great fire here. Each movement, pause, glance has the quality of tension about it. Everything is delicately balanced between the fires of passion and the logic of propriety; controlled, but precariously so. At any moment things could explode into a seething heap of heavy breathing and skin.

Pause. They both look down at the cutting board. OTSU proceeds to cut the lemon into several small slices. She picks up a slice and holds it up in front of her face. OTSU slowly moves the lemon slice towards PAOLO's mouth. As it nears PAOLO, he parts his lips to receive the lemon. As he starts to close his lips, OTSU withdraws the slice so it barely touches his inner mouth. OTSU sets the lemon slice on the board. PAOLO picks up another slice and repeats the same ritual with OTSU, allowing her only to barely taste the lemon piece. He sets his slice on the board.

Pause. The sound and flood light continue to grow in intensity.

Simultaneously, they reach down and pick up the other's lemon slice. They bring the slices up to face level. Then, at the same time, they slowly insert the lemon pieces into each other's open mouth. Now, they begin chewing. Their faces contort. Eyes water. They moan. Gasp. They both reach out and savagely grab each other by the hair. Their heads thrust back. The light from upstage floods the audience, framing the black silhouetted profile of PAOLO and OTSU with blades of dancing light. The sound pulsates loudly. The air is thick with the pungent odor of lemons. They breathe heavily. They chew hard. Black out/cut to silence.

[music - Ravel's Bolero
Bananarama - It's a cool, cool
summer now]

EAR LOBES AND THUMBS

Darkness. *Loud snoring.* Lights up on SAM sleeping on the ground. ZUMA enters. Kicks him hard. He awakens.

ZUMA: Who is Paolo?

SAM: (Groggy) What? What?

ZUMA: Where does he come from? Who is he?

SAM: (Waking up) Kitamura? Who? What?

ZUMA: Who is Paolo?

SAM slowly understands what's going on.
Decides to play the same trick on ZUMA
that he played on OTSU earlier.

SAM: Paolo? Found him. Yeah. Right by the
side of the road. Abandoned. Just a little
baby crying away. Being the kind of man that
I am though, I decided to save his life.
(Pause.) I left him there. Yeah. Walked
right on past. Saved his life.

SAM pauses, waiting for ZUMA to respond.
She doesn't. He continues --

See, Paolo he doesn't know this is
probably illegitimate. See, that's what they
do, the parents of the girl. She gives birth
and they set the baby outside of the house
on the road. Then they hide in the bushes.
The first man comes along and picks up the
baby, the whole family clan jumps out and
stones them to death. Kill 'em both. Doesn't
matter whether it's the real father or not.
It's just a great excuse so they can save
face for the family. Not me, though. Walked
right on past. Left him there. Crying away.
Byebye. So long...

SAM continues to mutter, waiting for ZUMA
to respond about the obvious --

SAM: See you later, alligator... After
while, crocodile...

ZUMA: What if it is a woman?

SAM: What?

ZUMA: The person who passes by. What if it's a woman who picks up the baby?

SAM stares at her in disbelief.

SAM: (Muttering) Must be taking myself too seriously. Gotta start paying more attention.

ZUMA: He is not your son?

SAM: No, no, no. (Starts to walk away.)

ZUMA: Wait. (SAM stops.) Come here. (SAM returns.) Closer.

SAM moves closer. ZUMA grabs his head with both hands and jerks it to the side. She stares intently at his *ear lobes*.

ZUMA: Your ear lobes.

SAM: What?

ZUMA: They're large. That is a sign of wisdom. Looking at you one would never think. Rosanjin has large ear lobes, too.

While she speaks, SAM takes hold of her right hand. He reads fingers.

ZUMA: In his youth he was a man of great

physical beauty. I felt great pride to be seen walking beside him. I was his woman.

SAM: (Examining fingers) Right or left handed?

ZUMA withdraws her right hand and offers her left. SAM takes hold of her index finger.

SAM: The index finger. Called Jupiter. Reflects one's leadership qualities. The ability to control.

ZUMA: I serve. My life is one of service.

SAM: Long. Prominent. Much potential to lead.

ZUMA: I do not lead. I serve.

SAM: Your actions dictate destiny.

ZUMA: No.

SAM: If not now, then in the past.

ZUMA: No.

SAM: If not now, then in the future.

ZUMA: Rosanjin controls. Then, now, and in the future. I serve Rosanjin.

SAM: (Moves to little finger.) Mercury. Symbol of one's communicative skills.

ZUMA: I do not like to speak. I have nothing to say.

SAM: Firm. Good length. Much hidden potential.

ZUMA: No. (Pause.) Yes?

SAM: The joints are knotted. It turns outwards away from the rest of the fingers. Stunted. Alienated.

ZUMA: Rosanjin is the family tongue. He speaks for all of us. Rosanjin is my mouth. His words are mine.

SAM: (Moves to middle finger.) Saturn. Symbolic of one's principles. The ability to distinguish right from wrong.

ZUMA: I serve. I am not called upon to make such choices.

SAM: Look at the relative length to the other fingers. Extremely long. Extremely prominent. Very strong principles of right and wrong.

ZUMA: Right and wrong are not concerns of mine what is right is that I serve Rosanjin. What is wrong is to falter in any way in my service to him.

SAM: (Moves to ring finger.) Apollo. Creativity.

ZUMA: (Interrupts.) What about the thumb? I am told the Chinese ignore everything else and only read the thumb.

SAM: The thumb symbolizes one's personal will. In men it also reflects the size of one's manhood.

ZUMA: Your personal will is very big.

SAM: Yes, I know.

ZUMA: What about my thumb?

SAM looks at it. His expression changes.

ZUMA: Yes?

SAM: You have the "killer's thumb."

Dim to darkness.

A TALE TOLD: SAMLET --

[KF] [PKG] [Puppets]
Darkness. A pool of light down center. SAM walks into it, facing down stage. He begins to narrate a story. As he does, the two KARMAS appear on both sides of him, three or four steps up center from him. They hold *Puppets* in their right hands. Black scarves are draped over them.

SAM: A marriage. Two noble houses become

one. A woman.

Woman puppet's covering removed.

A man.

Man puppet's covering removed.

She. . .

Woman puppet moved forward.

SAM: -- is a formal creature, fiercely proud of the great family line that she represents. The continued life of this rich and ordered universe is as important to her as life itself. He --

Man puppet moves forward.

-- is a second son, whose older brother has fallen in a great battle defending the lands. As the second son, he inherits all. Title, as well as, responsibility.

Through following narration, Puppets slowly turn to face each other. Move towards each other. Embrace.

SAM: It is an arranged marriage, long pre-ordained by the politics of the ruling classes. Still, for a time, it is a harmonious union. Peace and prosperity flourish within the walls of the domain, and great love within the interiors of their hearts. However, around them, the world is

crumbling. It is a time of great historical change and economic transition. Once great family lines fall into poverty and ruin, victims of the changing order.

Puppets beginning to embrace.

SAM: Somehow, the woman, the man, have managed to escape this fate. They continue to live in the manner that their families have been accustomed to living for generations. How is this possible while all around them topples into historical obscurity? A mysterious, if not troubling turn of events. A crime is committed.

Puppets abruptly stop in their embrace at the mention of the crime. From this point on they slowly break embrace, pulling apart while continuing to stare at each other.

SAM: A robbery. A double murder. It is never discussed. It is an unspoken secret whose truth is shared. Nine months after the crime is committed, a child is born. A daughter. The secret festers. Great love decays under the weight of its unspoken burden. There was a witness.

Puppets both turn forward, facing straight ahead. SAM acts out the part of the witness, as if it were he.

SAM: He saw the robber. He saw the murderer. The witness points his finger.

SAM raises his hand and points down stage.

SAM: It was ---

ZUMA and ROSANJIN rush out of the shadows from up stage. They are upstage of SAM and the KARMAS. They stare straight ahead down stage. SAM stops his narration abruptly. Brings his arm down. The puppets slowly become lifeless. Their coverings are put back.

ZUMA and ROSANJIN slowly turn to look at each other.

SAM: (Looking down stage.) Just a little entertainment. Thought you might enjoy it. A puppet show. I'm making up the story as I go along. You know, just a little puppet show. It doesn't mean anything. Really, it doesn't mean anything.

ROSANJIN and ZUMA turn to look straight ahead, then slowly withdraw up stage into the shadows.

SAM continues to watch them, staring down stage into darkness.

Dim to darkness.

[KF & PKG]

THE MAD TEA PARTY

Darkness. Lights up on ROSANJIN, ZUMA, OTSU, SAM, and PAOLO. They are seated on their knees. ROSANJIN is up center. On his immediate left is ZUMA. Next to ZUMA is OTSU. On ROSANJIN's right are SAM, then PAOLO. They form a half circle. In front of ZUMA is a tray. On it is a pot of tea and five tea cups. Silence. They all look straight ahead. Faces in normal expression.

Down right the two KARMAS face out looking down stage --

Karma #1 slowly raises her hand, reaches back and swings its arm as if slapping. Each takes turns performing the striking motion. Karma #2 raises its arm slowly, pulls back and strikes --

There is a cracking sound of wooden blocks striking each other.

With each slap and accompanying sound of the wooden blocks, the characters look, at the person for whom they feel the following:

Love. Distrust. Sexual desire. Hate.

In that order. A beat. Everyone at the same time turns their heads to look at one of the people in the half circle. Their faces freeze in absurd expressions a la *Sharaku* woodblock print. A beat. Again, at the same time, they all turn their heads

to look at someone else. This continues for four beats. Each time a different conformation is created. At the end of the fourth beat they are once again looking straight ahead in normal expression. This should be choreographed.

Zuma begins to pour tea into one cup. It is for Rosanjin.

ROSANJIN: (To OTSU.) Do you hate me?

No response from OTSU.

ZUMA: Rosanjin?

ROSANJIN: Do you hate me!

OTSU: (Quietly.) No.

Pause.

ROSANJIN speaks to ZUMA and OTSU, as if PAOLO and SAM were not there.

ROSANJIN: What do you think of the two guards?

No response.

ROSANJIN: (to Otsu) Are they handsome? Ugly? (To ZUMA.) Do they eat us out of house and home? (To OTSU.) Does he run his tongue down the nape of your neck? (To ZUMA.) Does his conversation bring you both pleasure and pain?

ZUMA: It was your idea to have them here in the --

ROSANJIN: (Interrupts.) THAT'S NOT WHAT I ASKED!!

PAOLO is about to speak --

ROSANJIN: (To PAOLO.) SHUT UP!!

OTSU: They seem to be serving their purpose.

ZUMA serves the tea to ROSANJIN. ROSANJIN takes a sip of the tea. He immediately looks up. Something is wrong with the tea.

ROSANJIN: (To OTSU.) Serve Zuma tea. (OTSU pours a cup and offers it to her. (To ZUMA.) Hold out your hand. (ZUMA holds out her hand. Not sure what he is doing.) Stick your index finger out. (ZUMA obeys. OTSU still holds the cup of very hot tea.) Put it in.

OTSU: Rosanjin, please. . .

ROSANJIN: PUT IT IN!

Zuma and Rosanjin stare at one another. She slowly sticks her finger into the hot water. She refuses to show any signs of pain. Her face is a strange mixture of pain, hatred, and fierce pride.

ROSANJIN: TOO HOT?

Finally, Rosanjin relents and motions for Otsu to pull cup away.

ROSANJIN: (Softly.) Too hot? (Pause.) It should be exactly the same temperature as my own body. No more, no less. As the tea enters my body it should be like two old friends reuniting after a long absence. Embracing and settling down together for a quiet evening. If it's too hot it burns the tongue. If it's too cold it numbs the lips. If it's too hot there is only pain. If it's too cold there is no pleasure.

Pause. Looks at OTSU. An idea comes to him.

ROSANJIN: (To OTSU.) Stand.

OTSU hesitates, not sure what he means.

Stand.

OTSU stands, still unsure what he wants.

Turn around.

He watches while OTSU turns completely around. To ZUMA.

Stand.

ZUMA stands and OTSU is about to sit. To OTSU.

No, remain standing.

An idea comes to him as he watches them both standing. He's figuring this out as he goes along, not premeditated.

Stand back to back.

Pause. Idea further develops in his head.

Hold each other's hands. Hold your arms out, straight out.

They let go of each other's hands and hold their arms out.

No! No! Keep holding hands, keep holding hands. Straight out, your arms straight out. (Pause, thinking.) Now turn around. Yes, I like that. Stay back to back. Keep holding your hands. Arms straight out. Yes, I like that. Now as you're turning, when you pass by me, look straight at me and say "Rosanjin." (Pause.) No, make that, "Rosanjin, I love you." Yes.

They slowly turn in a circle, back to back. As they pass in front of Rosanjin they say, "Rosanjin, I love you."

ROSANJIN: Louder. (They get louder.) Faster. (They start to move faster.) Louder! Faster! LOUDER! FASTER!

Paolo and Sam begin to stand ---

ZUMA: STOP!

The spell is broken. Silence.
Paolo and Sam reseat themselves.
Rosanjin turns away.
Zuma leads Otsu back to their positions.
Otsu seats herself. Zuma remains
standing.

ZUMA: (to Rosanjin. Controlled fury)
Rosanjin!

Zuma seats herself. Rosanjin seats
himself.

Pause. They all look straight ahead. The
Karmas both strike - CLACK!

A beat. The characters turn to look at one
of the people. Beat. They change again.
They go through the same cycle as before.
At the fourth beat they are facing
straight ahead.

In the 3rd cycle, Zuma remains stationay,
shaking with ambivalence.

ROSANJIN: (To Otsu.) Pour the tea. For
everyone.

Otsu begins to pour.

ROSANJIN: You like the young one, don't
you? Be careful of that one. He's got hot
blood in him. That makes you crazy in the
face of danger. He'll be the one that meets
Kitamura head on. The older one is more

experienced. He'll keep his cool. He'll hold back. He won't lose his head and go charging in the first opportunity, chopping at anything he sees. He'll wait. Choose his opening. Then strike. Kitamura? Dead.

Notices how OTSU is pouring the tea.

ROSANJIN: NO! NO!

Takes pot away from Otsu.

You still don't know how to serve!

While speaking, demonstrates the correct method of pouring tea. Pours a little in each cup, back and forth.

ROSANJIN: What's important is the evenness of flavor. As you pour, the tea is taken from lower and lower in the pot. Consequently, the flavor is stronger. You must pour the tea so the difference in the potency in the pot does not disturb the evenness of the flavor of the tea in the cups.

ROSANJIN stops in midpour and looks at OTSU.

ROSANJIN: Do you hate me?

OTSU No.

ROSANJIN: (To ZUMA.) Do you hate me?

ZUMA No.

Karmas both strike. The loud CLACK. The five characters all turn simultaneously to the front, staring straight ahead.

Zuma and Rosanjin turn to stare at each other.

Dim to darkness.

Lights up on Otsu and Paolo.

OTSU: Tonight. By the north gate.

PAOLO Are you sure?

OTSU: You were there. You saw.

PAOLO: I know but --

OTSU:(Interrupts.) You were there!

PAOLO: SSHHH! Alright.

Otsu is staring at Paolo's face. She begins to laugh strangely.

OTSU: I cannot tell.

Paolo stares, not following her logic.

OTSU: I cannot tell if you are ugly or beautiful.

PAOLO: (Confused) What?

OTSU: You will meet me by the north gate.
At the hour of the Ox. It is agreed then.

Otsu and Paolo embrace, then exit.

The hint of Demon music enters, then
fades.

Dim to darkness.

Lights up on SAM and PAOLO. PAOLO has just
told SAM that he is leaving with OTSU. SAM
appears upset. PAOLO turns to leave.
Suddenly we hear Rosanjin *scream*.

Lights come up quickly on throne area.

ROSANJIN: KITAMURA! KITAMURA! KITAMURA'S
HERE!

Rosanjin has just awakened from a dream.
Sam and Paolo run and position themselves
on both sides of his throne with swords
drawn.

Rosanjin keeps pointing into the darkness
and shouting, "KITAMURA!"

Sam and Paolo keep turning in the
direction that Rosanjin points, ready to
defend.

Otsu appears down right. She is there to meet Paolo.

OTSU: Paolo? Paolo?

[KF]

KITAMURA/ZUMA who has been lurking in the shadows jumps out with knife drawn.

Otsu *screams*.

KITAMURA/ZUMA realizes she has made a mistake as she wanted to kill PAOLO.

OTSU: KITAMURA'S HERE! KITAMURA'S HERE!

Sam and Paolo hear Otsu's screams and run stage right and down to rescue her. At the same time ZUMA exits left and up to get away. ZUMA runs right into ROSANJIN who believes it is KITAMURA attacking him.

ROSANJIN draws his sword. KITAMURA/ZUMA in an effort to defend herself stabs and kills ROSANJIN.

As she stands over the fallen ROSANJIN, PAOLO comes running back in. Thinking that it is KITAMURA, PAOLO attacks and kills ZUMA.

He stands over the two bodies, his sword in hand. SAM and OTSU rush in. SAM moves forward and removes the mask (Furious Brides move aside), revealing that it is in fact ZUMA. OTSU turns and stares at PAOLO.

OTSU exits, SAM and PAOLO move down left. SAM recounts his story of the original crime to PAOLO. At the same time the TWO KARMAS each bring to life the bodies of ROSANJIN and ZUMA. They raise them up and at the appropriate moment set them into motion.

SAM: It was dark. I could barely stand. I had been drinking all night at a tavern and now I was trying to make my way home. I stumbled and fell. I lay there face down in the dirt. I felt sick. I could hear a dog barking in the distance. My right shoulder ached. I struggled to my feet. I leaned against a wall in the shadows and relieved myself. I looked upward towards the sky and watched the stars. It was a beautiful night.

[KF]

SAM pauses. SAM and PAOLO observe the story unfolding center stage. The KARMAS set ZUMA in motion.

She approaches Rosanjin but he won't leave - she goes in his stead.

KARMA TWO: Zuma is a young woman.

KARMA ONE: She has broken into a house.

KARMA TWO: She is looking for gold and jewels.

ZUMA is putting the jewels into the bag that the KARMAS have set out. The KARMAS play the roles of man and woman again.

KARMA ONE: A man enters.

--Holding mask in front of face. Discovers ZUMA stealing the jewels

*Nani mono da? Nani o yatte iru? Dorobo!
Yamero!*

KARMA TWO: A woman enters. (Holding mask.)
Anata! Kiyotsukete! Hocho moteru!

The man attacks ZUMA who in defence stabs the man --

KARMA TWO: (To man.) *Anata! Anata!*

ZUMA realizes that the woman is a witness and must be killed also. She advances on her.

Yurushite kudasai. Inochi dake o tasukete kudasai. Nani mo imasen. . .nani mo imasen.

ZUMA stabs the woman. ZUMA turns to run, leaving the jewels behind. She freezes at the door.

SAM: I heard a noise. In the shadows up ahead I could see the figure of someone sneaking out of a window. The figure turned to look at me --

ZUMA turns to look at SAM, then exits up towards where ROSANJIN is now standing.

ZUMA and ROSANJIN look at each other. SAM continues his story.

SAM: It was a thief escaping into the night. Then the idea came to me. If this thief got away with it, it must be safe. They're probably not even home. I entered by the same window. It was dark but I could make out a bag lying on the ground with gold and jewels strewn about. As I bent down to pick it up, that's when I saw the first body. I didn't move. I didn't breathe. A little ways away I saw the second body. It was a woman. She had been stabbed in the neck. A pool of blood surrounded her head like a dark red halo. I stood perfectly still. The house was absolutely quiet.

Sound cue: A baby's crying.

A baby. Where was it coming from? I had to quiet it down before it woke someone up.

Finds baby and begins rocking it. The crying dies away. End sound cue.

ZUMA sends ROSANJIN into the house.

I heard something. I hid in the shadows. I could see a man entering the house.

KARMA TWO: Rosanjin is a young man.

KARMA ONE: He has broken into a house.

KARMA TWO: He is looking for gold and jewels.

ROSANJIN enters. He sees the bag of valuables on the ground and proceeds to fill it with more of the gold and jewels. He's about to leave when he sees a body/mask. He's terrified. As he backs away from it he stumbles over the other body/mask. He's paralyzed with panic.

Suddenly the baby begins to *scream*. ROSANJIN begins searching frantically for the baby to shut it up. SAM tries to quiet it without success. Afraid of being discovered and flustered over all the racket, SAM flees into the night carrying the baby with him --

ROSANJIN continues to look as the baby's cries get fainter and fainter. ROSANJIN turns back to the bodies lying on the ground. He picks up the bag of valuables and exits.

He approaches ZUMA, they face each other. ROSANJIN stares at ZUMA accusingly.

ZUMA: What?

ROSANJIN: Nothing.

Zuma notices something on Rosanjin's hand
--

ZUMA: Blood.

ROSANJIN stares at blood. Then holds out bag of gold and jewels to ZUMA.

ROSANJIN: Gold and jewels.

As ZUMA reaches out for it, ROSANJIN drops it on the floor. They stare at each other.

ZUMA: I did it for you.

ROSANJIN: I did it for you.

Dim to darkness.

EPILOGUE. THE WEDDING OF SOULS

[KF]

We hear *Kitamura* being intoned as a *Buddhist chant*.

In a shaft of light PAOLO and OTSU lit. They stand side by side, looking out. Expressionless. OTSU wears a white wedding shroud cowl.

Otsu's Hand begins to rise. Paolo's Hand begins to rise. It is as if their hands are disconnected from them and move with a life of their own.

They watch their hands rise, turn, cut, sweep. Moves are cautious, incautious, in

character, out of character. They watch fascinated.

Now each of their other Hands rise and begin to move. Each pair performing a strangely elegant 2-Handed pas de deux.

Soon their hands begin to intersect with each other. 4 Hands, the movements become jagged, unpredictable, threatening.

ZUMA and ROSANJIN enter from up stage and observe them from the shadows.

SAM pokes his head in from the wings and watches.

Gagaku instrumentation enters

Around Otsu and Paolo, the Furious Brides create the 3-Faced Demon Head. It hovers around the newly joined couple.

The lighting grows in white intensity --

The Chanting grows in volume --

The two wooden kabuki clackers are *whacked* together loudly. Chanting abruptly stops.

[[Paolo: I do it for you.
[Native Shoshone]

Otsu: I do it for you.
[Korean]]]

Rosanjin and Zuma fade into the shadows.

OTSU and PAOLO are swallowed up by the blackness.

Sam walks to down center, holding a *lemon*.

SAM: Attention. Attention. Gotta pay attention.

Sam tosses the lemon upwards. It slowly rises --

Black out.

END OF PLAY

Gotanda, Philip Kan, *The Dream of Kitamura*
Electronic Edition by Alexander Street
Press, L.L.C., 2015 . © Philip Kan Gotanda,
1983. Also published in *West Coast Plays*,
Hurwitt, Robert, ed., California Theatre
Council, Berkeley, CA, 1983.

Playwright acknowledgements: Asian American
Theater Workshop. Eric Hayashi. David Henry
Hwang. East West Players. Mako. Shizuko
Hoshi. Theater of the Open Eye. Jean
Erdman. Joseph Campbell.