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For Catherine.

SISTERS MATSUMOTO

by Philip Kan Gotanda

Characters:

Grace - 44 years old.

Hideo - husband to Grace.

Chiz - 39 years old.

Bola - husband to Chiz.

Rose - 27 years old.

Henry - suitor to Rose.

Mr. Hersham - neighbor and family friend.

Place: Stockton, Delta Region

Time: 1945. Late Fall into Winter.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

**(Lights up. For a moment we hold on a large Victorian farmhouse. It's a once proud lady, now fading and gray. Weeds grow, the fields surrounding her appear abandoned. On a corner of the house is crudely painted, "Japs Go Home". The distinctive call of the red-winged blackbird, a common Delta region species. We hear voices, car doors opening, luggage being unloaded)*

(GRACE stands for a moment looking out over the fields)

BOLA: (OS) Geez, my legs - I can stretch them...

CHIZ: (OS) Bola, the luggage in the trunk. Careful...

BOLA: (OS) I got it, I got it.

HIDEO: (OS) I think the car is dead.

CHIZ(OS): You'd think after all Papa did for him, Mr. Bedrosian would loan us his Cadillac.

(Grace turns and sees "Japs Go Home" painted on the wall. ROSE enters and comes up behind Grace. Rose stares at the vandals' message)

(CHIZ enters carrying the BABY, followed by HIDEO carrying two suitcases. Trailing is a struggling BOLA, laden with luggage)

HIDEO: I can look at the engine later.

CHIZ: And did you see the way he looked at us? Like he was doing us a favor loaning us that old Pontiac --

(They all come up behind Grace and stop when they see the painted words. Silence. They exchange looks. Grace moves away)

BOLA: I'll get rid of it later.

GRACE: Check in the supply shed, there might be some white-wash left.

BOLA: Jesus, look at the fields. I'm gonna look around.

HIDEO: I'd better go with you Bola.

(Bola and Hideo exit. Grace, Rose and Chiz are alone. They look out over the fields)

CHIZ: *(grimacing)* Peat dirt. Lovely... *(beat)* I forgot how big this place was.

GRACE: I haven't forgotten.

ROSE: It seems smaller somehow...

GRACE: I remember everything.

ROSE: Not as majestic...

CHIZ: And dustier. This peat dirt covers everything. *(looking out at the fields)* Criminy, what's the going price for weeds these days?

GRACE: The boy just let it go. I'm glad Papa can't see this. It would break his heart.

CHIZ: Oh look, my badminton net.

ROSE: It's like a ghost, just fluttering in the wind.

CHIZ: We can just re-string it or use a clothesline - I'll look in the garage for the rackets. Bola!

(Chiz exits. Grace and Rose look on in silence.)

ROSE: Grace?

GRACE: Hmm? *(pause)* Rose?

ROSE: I was thinking about Papa. All alone in the Camp cemetery. Can we move him. Back here to Stockton? Maybe bury him on the farm?

GRACE: Let's talk about that later. Rohwer, Arkansas, is a long, long ways off.

(They enter the house. Grace looks around. Rose notices a chair, takes off the white sheet covering it)

ROSE: Papa's chair. *(feeling the contours)* It still has his shape. *(Rose sits in it)*

GRACE: Papa told me he bought this house for Mama. It was his gift to her. They

had just enough for the down payment. It was pretty run-down. Mama said the roof was like a sieve and when the first hard rain came, they had to sleep in chairs holding umbrellas.

ROSE: I can't imagine them living like that.

GRACE: By the time you were eight or nine we'd already moved in to the big house in town.

ROSE: We came out here on weekends. I remember playing outside in the wet tule fog. My eyelashes would get so wet it was like looking through a prism.

GRACE: Papa would work sun up to sun down on his tractor and sometimes late into the night. He hung big lanterns on the cab. Mama'd have to make him come in. Gradually things got better for them. Papa figured out potatoes grew well in this type of soil. He bought more land. They grew more potatoes. *(looks up at the ceiling)* We should keep the umbrellas handy, we may need them again.

(Bola and Hideo enter with more suitcases. Bola balances holding the record player. Chiz follows)

CHIZ: Be careful, Bola.

BOLA: I got it, I got it. See all those sticks with red flags? Someone's been out here.

HIDEO: Government's probably doing some surveying.

BOLA: Where do you want all this stuff?

GRACE: Right there is fine for now, Bola.

BOLA: That Daugherty kid ought to be taken out and shot.

HIDEO: He just abandoned the place.

(Hideo exits back to the car.)

GRACE: Mr. Daugherty wanted to keep his son safe from the draft. Running a farm was essential wartime work.

CHIZ: Knowing how patriotic Papa was, I'm surprised he went along with that.

GRACE: Papa was a businessman, too. Mr. Daugherty helped Papa make a lot of money in the stock market.

HIDEO: *(returning with more packages)* He didn't rotate the crops at all. Just corn for three years.

BOLA: One of the tractors he left in the middle of the field to rust. And I looked in the sheds - the equipment's in bad shape.

GRACE: We can take inventory later, see what we have.

CHIZ: Wait, wait, let's take a picture. Rose, Grace - come on, come on... *(announcing)* The Matsumoto Sisters return home.

GRACE: Chiz, not now - we have too many things to do.

ROSE: Oh, come on.

CHIZ: Come on, Grace. You know you're the one who always pulls out the family photo albums. *(hands Hideo the baby.)* Here. *(hands Bola the camera.)* Here.

HIDEO: Do you still know how to use one of those things?

BOLA: It's been almost four years - let's see if I still have my touch.

(Grace, Rose and Chiz line up. Hideo enjoys having the baby. Bola puts a flash bulb in the camera.)

BOLA: Ready?

(They immediately compose themselves. There is an ease to their pose that suggests that they are used to this kind of attention. FLASH. They immediately return to the tasks at hand.)

CHIZ: *(taking the baby from Hideo)* Esther likes you, huh?

HIDEO: She's a good baby. I'm going to miss the boys - running all around, though.

CHIZ: *(laughing)* Yeah... But I'm glad we dropped them off with Bola's sister in L.A. More Japanese there. Safer. I want to make sure it's okay here, first.

HIDEO: How was the bus ride up? Any trouble?

CHIZ: No, just got right on. Some GIs stared at us in the depot, but that was about it. I had to pull Bola away. You know these Hawaii boys.

HIDEO: I heard they burned down the White Star Sodaworks.

CHIZ: Down in L.A.? In Little Tokyo?

HIDEO: *(nodding)* Un-huh.

CHIZ: Geez... Bola? When can we call your sister? Check in on the boys?

BOLA: Tomorrow. Old Man Sato's place, the Europa Hotel, has a telephone we can use.

CHIZ: I'm not going in that old place, the roof might cave in.

HIDEO: I noticed he had it up for sale.

CHIZ: Who'd buy that place?

BOLA: *(to Hideo)* You think the car will be okay.

HIDEO: I'll go look at it.

CHIZ: I wouldn't set a foot in there.

HIDEO: *(exiting)* Your father told me he stayed there after he quit working the railroads.

BOLA: He said it was too cold in Montana and they didn't serve him rice.

CHIZ: Bola, we got to get the phone hooked up, too.

BOLA: *(exiting)* I'm gonna go out back, look in the warehouse. Check the stuff we stored from the house in town.

CHIZ: *(going up the stairs with the baby)* Hey, let's each stay in our old rooms, like when we were kids. Come on, Rose. . .

(Chiz and Rose exit up the stairs)

GRACE: Maybe we can get some of Papa's old workers to help out.

HIDEO: You think they're even around? Some have their own places now.

GRACE: They lost everything, too.

HIDEO: I can go into town later and ask at the Buddhist Church. They should know who's around.

(Grace begins to open up all the windows)

HIDEO: I heard Jimmy Kaneko bought the Chong's old laundry down on Lafayette Street. He's going to make *tofu*. He took some money out of the *tanomoshi* fund. I know your father didn't believe in those things but it's helping the folks who don't have much. Jimmy got all his supplies to start up the business that way.

GRACE: The Chongs. Remember the sign they put up in their window? "We Are Chinese".

HIDEO: We have to start thinking about the future. We need to decide on what businesses we want to start. Now's the time. Everybody's coming back and if we wait too long everything's going to be taken up.

GRACE: I just don't think a newspaper is such a good idea...

HIDEO: But we need our own newspaper. Look, I know your father and I didn't always see eye to eye on things.

GRACE: Papa helped you. What about the aqua farming? Papa gave you money for that, didn't he? He supported you.

HIDEO: Did he? Or did he do it to help you?

GRACE: I just can't think about selling this place right now. I can't. Let's all get settled first.

HIDEO: How can we, all six of us cramped together under one roof?

GRACE: We were all living together in town. Right after Bola and Chiz returned from his internship. We all lived there together, didn't we?

HIDEO: That was your house in town, it was huge.

GRACE: We all lived here growing up, all of us and Mama, too.

HIDEO: You were kids Grace, we're all adults now. Bola needs a place to start his medical practice, I want to start my newspaper, and all that takes money. And what about Rose? We have to find her a husband and you think a family's going to be impressed driving all the way out here to this farm house?

GRACE: This is the Matsumoto family, Hideo. We don't need to impress anyone. My father built the Japanese community here. If somebody thinks they're too good for us, we don't want them in our family.

HIDEO: I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that.

GRACE: Who's going to want to read a newspaper in Japanese, Hideo? Who? You and your *Kibei* friends have to face up to it. Japan lost the war.

HIDEO: I know, I know...

GRACE: America won, we live here and we're Americans not Japanese. We read American newspapers, we want to know American news.

HIDEO: That's not what I'm talking about...

GRACE: And even if you get some of the *Issei* and *Kibei* to read it, can we make a living off of it? I don't want to live like we just got off the boat. I want nice things, things that we had before the War.

HIDEO: Holding onto this farm isn't going to bring things back the way they used to be.

GRACE: Someone's got to try.

(Chiz and Rose re-enter from upstairs.)

CHIZ: *(to Rose)* I'll check on the baby later.

BOLA *(O/S):* Professor, I need some help . . .

CHIZ: *(to Grace)* The upstairs isn't bad. Everything was shut, so it's not too dusty.

(Bola enters, struggling to carry a large, ornate Obutsudan and a pile of kimono.. Hideo starts to exit.)

CHIZ: Oh -- the *Obutsudan* . . .

(Rose helps Bola set it down.)

GRACE: What happened to it?

BOLA: Part of the top got banged up a little.

GRACE: Mama loved this one. I'd go into the bedroom and we would offer incense.

BOLA: The warehouse is all broken into. Everything's thrown around, smashed.

CHIZ: The *Kimono*?

BOLA: Water leaked into the crates from the bottom - they're all ruined.

ROSE: All of them?

BOLA: All rotted out.

(Hideo pushes his way in through the door, carrying a pile of kimono. He sets them down. Chiz moves forward and lifts one up. It's a beautiful kimono that is water stained and damaged)

CHIZ: Oh Grace, your favorite.

ROSE: How about Mama's *imari* ware?

BOLA: All broken. I can't tell, it's such a mess. Some more stuff was written on the walls, too.

HIDEO: More?

BOLA: I'll clean it up after I do the front of the house.

(Bola grabs the suitcases and moves towards the stairs. Hideo doesn't feel comfortable and decides to exit)

HIDEO: *(exiting)* I'll go look at the car.

CHIZ: *(to Bola)* Put them in the middle room.

BOLA: I don't like the middle room.

CHIZ: We're all staying in our old rooms --

BOLA: The back one gets more fresh air.

CHIZ: Yeah, but --

BOLA: I want air, I need air.

CHIZ: Okay, okay, okay, honey. Don't worry. I know how to handle him.

(Bola continues upstairs)

ROSE: Things aren't the same, are they?

GRACE: Rose?

ROSE: I kept hoping they would be. I prayed that they would be.

(Rose is upset)

ROSE: On the train coming back from Arkansas, I wouldn't get off at any of the

stops.

GRACE: Hideo said you weren't feeling well.

ROSE: I thought if I could make it to Stockton, just make it here, walk down Main Street, say hello to people, see them look back and smile... I don't know who I am anymore, where we fit in.

(Grace opens the Obutsudan. As she speaks, Rose rummages through a suitcase.)

GRACE: That's why we have to stay who we are. Not lose ourselves. Always remember we are Matsumotos. That's the only thing we can hold on to. The only thing nobody can take from us. We are Matsumotos.

(Rose has found two photos. One of their father and one of their mother. She places them in the shrine. Chiz reaches into her pocket and takes out a riceball wrapped in wax paper. She puts it in the shrine as an offering.)

(Grace and the two sisters stare at their parents' faces and the shrine. Chiz glances around the house.)

(Dim to darkness)

SCENE TWO

(Night. The fireplace comes up. We see Hideo in front of it. Rose enters and moves towards the fire)

ROSE: *(surprised)* Oh, Hideo.

HIDEO: I started a fire, I was cold.

ROSE: I was wondering who was up.

HIDEO: Couldn't sleep, too?

ROSE: *(shaking her head)* Un-uh.

HIDEO: Grace is sleeping like a baby.

ROSE: She's always been like that.

(Hideo starts to get up)

HIDEO: Well. I have to get up early to work on the car. Everybody wants to go to town now.

ROSE: Can you stay for a bit? I was thinking about waking up Grace. I just can't be by myself in this house.

(Hideo settles back down. Awkward silence)

ROSE: If you want to go to bed, I'm sorry . . .

HIDEO: No, no, I just didn't want to make you uncomfortable.

ROSE: No, no . . .

(pause)

HIDEO: So do you have any plans?

ROSE: Mr. Kusaba opened his drugstore. Grace wants me to help over there.

HIDEO: Finally you get to use your pharmacy degree. Your father would be happy.

ROSE: I was helping Bola at the infirmary. In Camp?

HIDEO: Oh yeah, yeah . . .

ROSE: That was more nursing, though -- we didn't have much medicine to dispense. You remember when Bola and Dr. Arao performed that emergency appendectomy on that little boy? No anesthesia or anything, just made him drink a half a bottle of home-made *sake*.

HIDEO: Like the cowboy movies. John Wayne.

ROSE: That=s where Bola got the idea. It worked. I kept throwing up, though. I wasn=t used to the blood. *(beat)* What are your plans?

HIDEO: I don=t know.

ROSE: You going to try the aqua-farming again?

HIDEO: *(shakes head)* I=m not cut out for any kind of farming. I think everybody knows it. Everybody except Grace. I thought farming sea urchins would be a new industry for Japanese in California. They were experimenting with it in Kobe, why not Morro Bay? *(beat)* Your father knew I wasn=t a farmer. I never understood why Grace chose to marry me, a college teacher.

ROSE: Because the other boys Papa brought home all looked like Saint Bernards. She thought you were sophisticated and handsome.

(They laugh. Calm down)

HIDEO: She used to enjoy listening to me talk about the Japanese authors -- Tanizaki, Natsume Soseki. . .

ROSE: *(overlapping)* Oh, I like him.

HIDEO: . . . yes, I know . . .

ROSE: Your favorite author, his belief in the individual.

HIDEO: Un-huh. *(pause)* But after a while . . .

(pause)

I=m not sure I want to be here. Back in Stockton.

(pause)

ROSE: Does Grace know?

HIDEO: I wanted to move to Los Angeles. There are lots of Japanese down there. I could find partners, easily set up. But you know Grace.

ROSE: I can=t imagine her anywhere else. There are lots of Japanese here, too. And with everyone coming back, there=ll be plenty of opportunities.

(pause)

HIDEO: Grace ran into Mrs. Okubo while we were in town. I should have told you.

ROSE: Oh no, already?

HIDEO: *(getting up)* She said she=d start coming up with some more suitable names by next week.

(Hideo takes an envelope from the table and hands it to Rose)

ROSE: I=m not ready for this yet. All these boys parading in . .

HIDEO: It=s been almost two years, Rose.

ROSE: *(opening envelope and taking out the PHOTOS)* I know . . .

HIDEO: It=s time to move on with your life.

(silence. She stares at a photo)

ROSE: I can still see his face. As if there=s a picture of him inside of my head. I just close my eyes . . . *(closes eyes)* . . . and there he is . . . *(slowly opens her eyes)*. When his mother told me he=d been killed over in Italy -- I just couldn=t let him go, I thought I would die if I let him go. So I began to imagine his face. Night after night, his eyes, his mouth, every curve, angle -- I would hold his image there. Hold it because I thought I would die if I didn=t. *(pause)* But after a while . . . after some time had passed? I began to realize I wouldn=t die.

(pause)

I still hold his image there. *(closes her eyes for a beat, then opens them)* Because I want to.

(A sleepy Grace walks in and sees them. They notice her)

HIDEO: Grace. We couldn=t sleep.

ROSE: Hideo wanted to go to bed but I made him keep me company.

GRACE: Cold weather makes me thirsty. Funny, huh?

(Grace drinks a cup of water)

HIDEO: Now that Grace is here, I think I=d better go to sleep. Goodnight.

ROSE: Good night Hideo.

(Grace moves to fire)

GRACE: Ahh, I needed that. The fire feels good. Did Hideo start it?

ROSE: Un-huh.

(pause)

GRACE: So what were you two talking about?

ROSE: Nothing in particular. His plans, what he=d like to do.

GRACE: Not the newspaper again . . .

ROSE: No.

(pause, Rose moves to Grace)

He wants to move to LA, did you know that?

GRACE: He told you? *(beat)*

ROSE: He thinks there might be more opportunities there.

GRACE: There are plenty of opportunities right here. On this farm. If he doesn't like that, there are plenty of other things he can do in town.. I'm not leaving here.

(Chiz comes strolling down the stairs, Rose moves downstage.)

CHIZ: We got anything to eat? I'm starving . . .

(Begins looking through boxes, Rose moves away from Grace)

CHIZ: Food, food . . .

ROSE: Did we wake you up?

CHIZ: Had to convince Bola to move to the middle room.

GRACE: How'd you do that?

CHIZ: With my thighs. *(rummaging, finds something)* Crackers.

(Rose and Grace sit on opposite ends of the room)

ROSE: *(aside)* Don't ask her anything else.

CHIZ: *(walking towards them)* I have to feed them. They get hungry.

(pause)

CHIZ: I'm thinking about going to the Country Club on Saturday. Anybody want to come? Just like old times with Papa.

GRACE: Sure they'll let you in?

CHIZ: Why wouldn't they? Papa was a member. We played tennis there almost everyday in the summers.

GRACE: A lot's happened. Things aren't the same.

CHIZ: So? Does that mean we have to stop living like we want to? They put us away because we were too Japanese. You know that. Think they would have done that if we'd all gone out and joined their clubs, gone to parties with them, became one of them?

(Chiz opens crackers, begins to eat them ravenously)

GRACE: That's what we did.

CHIZ: I know, but the other *Nisei* and *Issei* -- they all stick together like a bunch of scared rabbits -- go to the same church, go to the same social clubs, eat Japanese food, celebrate Japanese holidays, still speak the language, even have Japanese school so their kids can speak Japanese. Are you crazy? After what happened - my kids are only going to speak English. They're going to play with Caucasian kids, go

to an all white Christian church and celebrate every American holiday with a vengeance. *(beat)* Oh, and I got rid of their Japanese middle names.

GRACE: How did you do that?

CHIZ: I un-named them.

(Chiz sits)

GRACE: Why?

(Grace joins Chiz, Rose moves away from Chiz and Grace)

ROSE: Papa would be mad Chiz.

CHIZ: He=d be happy. He=d know what I was doing. Hell, he=s the one who was so pro-American. >America is good this, America is good that= . . .

ROSE: He also loved Japan . . .

GRACE: Papa loved Japan and America.

CHIZ: Maybe that was Papa=s problem. You can=t have it both ways. Maybe Papa should have made up his mind and kept his mouth shut.

GRACE: Chiz!

CHIZ: I=m not trying to make you mad.

GRACE: You do what you want, Chiz. I haven=t any better idea than Papa about what=s going on.

(Grace gets up and moves to the kitchen)

CHIZ: *(muttering, Chiz rises)* Criminy sakes, bite my head off.

(Rose sits away from Grace and Chiz)

GRACE: *(hearing and turning back, faces Chiz)* Why are you so ashamed of being Japanese?

CHIZ: I=m not.

GRACE: Yes, you are

CHIZ: No, I=m not.

GRACE: Yes, yes, you are. Being Japanese was never good enough for you. You=ve always had to have white friends - be around them, have them like you.

CHIZ: I=m not ashamed of being Japanese Grace. I=m not. It=s just . . . I just don=t want it to get in the way of us being American.

(Grace stares at Chiz for a beat.)

GRACE: We should all go to bed. We have a lot of work ahead of us.

(Grace exits. The two sisters exchange looks.)

(Dim to darkness)

End of Scene

SCENE THREE

(Five days later. Several PHOTOS of young men are tacked up on the cupboard. Hideo in front of several packages, he=s finishing wrapping. Rose struggles to bring in a bucket of water from outside. She=s preparing lunch on the wood burning stove.)

HIDEO: *(noticing)* Want some help?

ROSE: No, no, no -- that=s all right, Hideo . . .

(Hideo takes the bucket from her)

ROSE: *(watching him)* I hate having to bring water in all the time.

HIDEO: Right here, fine?

ROSE: *(nodding)* Un-huh. When can we use the well again?

(Hideo returns to his packages as Rose goes to check the pot on the stove)

HIDEO: *(returning)* Bola and I went up to look at the water tower. The windmill=s fine, the gears need a little oil. But the storage tank -- water had been sitting up there for who knows how long. We drained and scrubbed it out. We just have to wait till it dries and cures.

ROSE: *(checking the pot, looks over at the packages)* People gave so many things, and nice things. I could use some of those shirts, they=re like brand new, huh?

HIDEO: We have enough for another shipment right now.

(Rose goes to porch to call Grace)

ROSE: Grace! Come on in. Lunch is almost ready! So you taking those all in?

HIDEO: When Bola comes back with the car. We=re all gathering at the Buddhist Church to organize the shipping. This goes to my uncle in *Yamanashi-ken* and this to your cousins and my sister-in-law=s family in Hiroshima. And the rest will go to the orphanage in Tokyo.

ROSE: I feel sorry for all the families staying at the church - sleeping on the floor of the social hall.

HIDEO: We=re lucky we have this place to come back to.

(Grace enters. Hideo starts to move the packages to the front porch)

GRACE: Well, we got some of the tractors working -- a couple of the Massey-Harris and the John Deere. Mr. Mabalot is a genius with engines. I don=t know where Hideo found him, but he=s just what we need. He goes out and gets spare parts from some place, I don=t want to ask him where. Hmm, smells good.

ROSE: It=s not much.

GRACE: Those the vegetables that Bola dug up?

ROSE: Un-huh. I added them to the canned tomatoes we found.

GRACE: Can we still eat them, after all this time?

ROSE: Taste. The asparagus was no good, it had gone wild. But I think the onions are ok.

(Grace tastes.)

GRACE: Still growing in our garden after all this time. Bola=s something, isn=t he?

ROSE: He=s tenacious, huh? He just puts his nose in there till he gets what he=s after. I think he likes digging around in the mud.

(Hideo reenters)

HIDEO: I=m just moving these out front. They=ll be easier to load.

ROSE: Want some help?

HIDEO: No, no . . .

GRACE: How=s the baby?

ROSE: Oops, I better check.

(Rose wipes hands and exits. Grace starts taking off her shoes, Hideo reenters.)

HIDEO: Is there enough equipment to begin turning the soil?

GRACE: We should know in a day or so. Mr. Mabalot=s a good worker. Think he=ll stay on? We need some foremen.

HIDEO: He=s Filipino.

GRACE: So?

HIDEO: So, nothing.

(Hideo takes the last load out as Rose enters from the back.)

ROSE: Sleeping like a little princess. Little Esther=s such an easy baby. Not like Keiko=s boy, next door in the barracks.

GRACE: He was okay once they could bring real milk in from outside.

ROSE: I didn=t think I=d ever sleep, the walls were so thin.

(Grace starts to read the Stockton Record.)

GRACE: It was Keiko and her husband that kept me awake. . .

ROSE: Oh, yeah. . . You ever think about adopting? Hideo was saying there are so many orphaned babies in Japan now.

GRACE: No.

ROSE: I would if I could. You need a husband, though.

GRACE: You can never tell where those babies come from.

ROSE: They=re still babies.

GRACE: Mmm . . .

ROSE: Do you ever think that when you adopt, that it was somehow fated? And you got the baby you were supposed to have all along?

GRACE: That=s a nice fairy tale, Rose. I=m glad we=re finding you a husband.

(Hideo returns.)

HIDEO: Oh, that=s right. Today=s the big day, huh? What time is the fellow coming by?

ROSE: Three thirty.

HIDEO: Mrs. Okubo works fast.

GRACE: She wants our money. She says he comes from a very good family in Sacramento, quite wealthy. He=s an accountant at a firm that handles the larger farming accounts. The way she talked about him, he seems like a great catch, huh.

ROSE: He=s probably four-foot-eleven.

GRACE: Rose . . .

ROSE: Well, he might be. You notice Mrs. Okubo never said how tall he was.

(Hideo goes to the photos on the cupboard.)

HIDEO: Which one is he?

GRACE: That one..

HIDEO: So you going out or just sit around here and chat?

ROSE: No, we=re going into town.

(Grace hands Hideo a piece of paper. We hear a car drive up.)

GRACE: It=s all set, the whole itinerary. Mrs. Okubo may be expensive, but she is thorough.

ROSE: We=re going to watch the girl=s basketball team play Sacramento at Church -- his sister=s on the team. Grace used to play. She was pretty good.

GRACE: It was no big deal . . .

ROSE: The Stockton Busy Bees.

(Chiz and Bola enter. Bola looks all disheveled.)

GRACE: My god, what happened?

ROSE: Bola.

CHIZ: The Hawaiian Hurricane was after another title.

BOLA: Come on, the guy deserved it. And if he didn=t, then the other guys did.

HIDEO: You okay?

BOLA: Yeah, yeah . . .
(Chiz looks out the window.)

CHIZ: I expect the police any minute. How=s the baby?

ROSE: She=s been sleeping the whole time. I had to change her diaper once.

(Chiz goes to the back.)

BOLA: Can I get some water? Rose?

ROSE: *(going to get it)* Sure.

HIDEO: You got into a fight?

(Bola sits and Rose hands him the water which he guzzles down.)

BOLA: You know how I=ve been having trouble finding office space to rent? Well, this one I called before I went. I didn=t want to waste my time.

CHIZ: That=s not where it happened.

BOLA: I=m trying to set the story up. On the phone -- >fine, fine, come on down -- we have several offices available=. The guy takes one look at me and I can tell. >Sorry we already rented the offices.= So what can I do? Just the way he avoided looking me in the eye, you can tell . . .

(Chiz enters.)

CHIZ: He=s imagining it. If they didn=t want to rent to you because you=re Japanese, they=d just tell you. Why would they have to lie Bola? So then we go over to the Country Club. Bola=s really steamed by now -- because of what=s just happened. But the manager -- remember Larry? -- he lets us right in. No problem.

>Come on in Miss Chiz, sorry to hear about your father=. I thought everything was fine, I was talking to people, they all asked about Papa. And then I hear this commotion. And there=s Bola rolling around the floor with Mr. Bellingham, the president of the club. He hit Mr. Bellingham.

BOLA: I didn=t hit him. (*beat*) Okay, I hit him. But he was swinging back and so were all his friends.

CHIZ: Everybody=s screaming and yelling, tables being knocked over -- it was so embarrassing.

BOLA: Certain things I=m sensitive about. All of you know this. I don=t make it a big secret. So I=m talking to Mr. and Mrs. Sanders and the discussion turns to how the Japanese Americans had their own fighting units. I guess they felt they had to bring it up since I was standing there. But, you know, they=re nice old fogies. Then out of nowhere, Mr. Bellingham pipes up about he=s not sure whether it was a good idea as we were at war with Japan. He=s not even part of the conversation. And his cronies are agreeing with him.

CHIZ: They were not agreeing with him --

BOLA: So I said, did he have the same feelings about Italian Americans or German Americans who fought in the war. Did he and his friends feel that was not a good idea. He said that was different, I asked why. He got flustered and turned away and began talking to the man next to him. Like if he ignored me I=d quietly go away. But I=m a *Buddhahead*, guess he never met one before, used to all you *Kotonks* on the mainland. But Buddhaheads don=t like being treated like that -- I just keep asking him why, he keeps ignoring me, I keep asking, he keeps ignoring -- everybody=s getting very uncomfortable, it=s getting tense. But being a Buddhahead I say, AWhat the hell,= and just keep putting my face in his.

Finally, he says he doesn=t like my attitude. That I should be grateful that we were still allowed into the Country Club. And that there was just something about us -- not like the Italians and Germans, who were Aokay,= I guess -- that made us different. And that an American G.I. could never tell when we might switch our allegiance to the enemy. That the difference was we couldn=t be trusted.

CHIZ: Bola . . .

BOLA: That they were sneaky. Look at Pearl Harbor...My little brother, Jun-chan, died in this war. Along with all the other *Buddhahead* boys from the Islands, he spilled his blood so that those *haole* Texans could live. Jun-chan along with the rest of the 100th Battalion knew they were being served up like cannon fodder. They all knew, they weren=t stupid.

Going up to rescue a small battalion of soldiers trapped behind enemy lines. They didn=t send any of the other units who were available. How could they sacrifice more soldiers than were being saved. Didn=t make sense. But the 100th and the 442nd -- the all Japanese American units. Hey, they=re expendable, let=s send them. And they did and they went. Shig dies, Tak dies, George loses his leg, Paul loses his arm. They did it. To prove they were loyal Americans. And they proved it with their blood. So. Japanese American soldiers -- kotonks and island boys gave up their lives. Eight hundred casualties to save 200 *haole* boy's asses. And he says to me

Japanese Americans can't be trusted. That we're sneaky. That they couldn't be counted on by the other American soldiers. He says that to me. To my face . . .

HIDEO: And then you hit him.

CHIZ: No he hit everybody. I think it's a Hawaiian thing.

BOLA: No, no, they grabbed me. His friends, tried to pull me away. Hey, don't touch me, never touch me, especially if I'm pissed off.

CHIZ: Then he hit everybody.

BOLA: Then I hit everybody. I was fighting for my life, I had to defend myself -- hey, they were trying to bust my ass. And they were big, *haole* guys, this much taller than me -- I knock 'em to their knees, and then I'm taller than they are. "Hello, shorty."

CHIZ: Well. We won't be going back there again.

GRACE: You're lucky you didn't end up in jail.

HIDEO: *(laughing, shaking his head)* Or the hospital. . .

GRACE: I told you, didn't I?

BOLA: *(to Hideo)* What?

(Hideo stares at Bola for a beat)

HIDEO: Why are you so upset about what they say now?

BOLA: What do you mean?

HIDEO: You never heard what they were saying before?

BOLA: No, what are you talking about?

HIDEO: About the Japs and the 5th Column? About getting them off the West Coast? About herding them into Internment Camps? These are the very same folks saying the very same thing. Why didn't you care about what they said then? Why didn't you hit somebody when it mattered? *(beat)* No one cares what I think, anyway.

(Hideo turns and exits. Rose is upset)

GRACE: Rose?

BOLA: *(noticing)* I'm sorry Rose. I didn't mean to talk about the 442 boys.

CHIZ: He talks too much. You all right?

ROSE: I'm fine, I'm fine. I thought the last part of the story was funny. The part about, AHello, shorty.=

GRACE: Chiz, I think you should look at the cut above Bola's eye.

BOLA: I'm okay, I got some bandages in my bag. . .

GRACE: *(to Rose)* You better start getting ready. Take a bath. *(announcing)* Rose=s date is coming over at 3:30 to pick her up--

ROSE: *(muttering)* Oh, Grace. . .

GRACE: -- so if you=re going to show your face make sure it=s clean. Otherwise, stay in the back until they leave.

(Chiz moves to the photos)

CHIZ: Which one is it?

(Grace points it out and they both inspect it)

(Dim to darkness)

SCENE FOUR

(Evening. Bola and Chiz are playing Rummy. Bola has a bandage over his eye. Grace is knitting. Hideo is writing a letter to his brother.)

CHIZ: I thought he looked kind of young for Rose. Didn't any of you think so?

(Chiz touches Bola's bandage to make sure it's on.)

BOLA: How old is Rose -- 28?

GRACE: 27.

BOLA: No spring chicken.

HIDEO: She's not old.

BOLA: So, we get the Professor's attention. How old was Grace when you two got married?

GRACE: Bola, mind your own business.

CHIZ: Grace, didn't you think he looked kind of young.

GRACE: No, not particularly. He was kind of short, though. I know Rose prefers them on the tall side.

BOLA: She's gonna have to start considering those old maid type guys that live at home with their mamas.

CHIZ: Bola.

BOLA: I'm just kidding.

CHIZ: There are plenty of single men out there for Rose. She's still young, very pretty . . .

GRACE: And a Matsumoto.

CHIZ: And, a Matsumoto, yes. And besides he's getting two beautiful sisters-in-law.

BOLA: Let's take a vote. Who says this guy is the one Rose chooses? No hands. Okay who says he at least gets another date? No hands . . . oh, Chiz, you think so? I thought you said he was too young for Rose.

CHIZ: I liked his haircut and he drove a nice car.

GRACE: Let's just let her make her own decision. She's old enough for that.

(They hear a car drive up. Chiz and Grace quickly get up and run to the window to peek out. Bola figures he might as well look, too. Hideo goes over to the fire and pokes at it.)

CHIZ: He turned off the engine. They're staying in the car to talk.

BOLA: Or something else. Ooh, it=s a Buick Unlimited.

CHIZ: No, they=re getting out.

GRACE: Oh, what a gentleman, he=s opening the door for her.

BOLA: See, that makes no sense to me -- he=s got to run all the way around just to open her door?

CHIZ: They=re out. And, oh-oh . . .

BOLA: She=s not letting him walk her to the door.

GRACE: Look how short he is compared to her.

CHIZ: They=re shaking hands.

GRACE: Doesn=t look good.

(They all quickly run and seat themselves as Rose hurries in.)

ROSE: *(moving)* I hate having to hold going to the bathroom . . .

(She rushes past them into the back.)

CHIZ: I never ate, either.

BOLA: Oh, come on.

CHIZ: I was very dainty when I went out on a date.

BOLA: You ate more than my big brother -- he stopped and watched you.

CHIZ: So I was a little hungry . . .

BOLA: How many desserts did you have?

CHIZ: I only had three servings, the lilikoi pie was very light.

BOLA: And then . . .

CHIZ: And then what?

BOLA: And then you ate the rest of the lau lau.

CHIZ: That=s not a dessert.

BOLA: Then the manapua . . .

CHIZ: You always exaggerate.

(Rose returns and seats herself. Everyone watches her.)

ROSE: *(picking up a magazine)* Boy, thought I was going to burst.

(pause)

GRACE: How was the evening?

ROSE: Hmm.

CHIZ: You going to see him again?

ROSE: He=s very nice, but . . . I don=t think so. Grace, would you let Mrs. Okubo know?

GRACE: I=ll talk to her when we go into town.

CHIZ: Knowing Mrs. Okubo, she=ll be out here first thing in the morning.

GRACE: You want to see somebody else?

ROSE: I=m not good at this, Grace, I=m not.

GRACE: At least you meet boys who come from the same background. We know something about their families.

CHIZ: Otherwise, you get stuck with some poor, uneducated, farmer whose family is full of disease and misfortune.

GRACE: Chiz. . . .

CHIZ: I=m just trying to help her.

ROSE: All right. Why not.

(Rose notices Hideo=s handwriting and moves over to look.)

ROSE: I wish I could write Japanese like that.

HIDEO: I=ve forgotten a lot. If you don=t use it every day, you start to forget characters.

ROSE: What is that character?

HIDEO: *Kusuri.*

ROSE: Medicine.

HIDEO: Uh-huh. The top part of the character is *kusa*, plant. And the bottom half means enjoyment. APlant enjoyment.=

BOLA: Professor, who you writing?

HIDEO: My brother.

BOLA: Which one?

HIDEO: Tokyo.

BOLA: *(to Rose)* You can read that?

ROSE: *(shaking her head)* I didn=t like Japanese school.

GRACE: Papa let you skip it.

CHIZ: He let you get away with everything.

GRACE: Spoiled you rotten.

BOLA: We had a chicken back home who used to do just like what Hideo=s doing.

(He paws his feet.)

HIDEO: *(to everyone)* I think I=ll finish my letter upstairs. Goodnight.

ROSE: Goodnight.

(Everyone says goodnight. Hideo exits.)

BOLA: Doesn=t he ever loosen up? The guy=s too serious.

GRACE: He=s worried about his brother=s family back in Hiroshima. They live on the outskirts but he=s worried about how much radiation they were exposed to. He couldn=t get any of the medicines they requested.

(Chiz gets up to look at the photos on the cupboard.)

CHIZ: *(noticing)* Hey, this guy=s pretty cute.

ROSE: *(pretending to not hear)* Say, did anyone see them drilling out where the Hershams= property meets ours? Just south of the lake? We took the back way out going to town and you can see them hauling all the equipment in.

GRACE: Mr. Hersham just refuses to give up. He probably talked Pacific Gas into digging out there now. He=s determined to find gas on his land.

BOLA: Maybe we should get them to look on our land.

GRACE: Papa let them drill all over and they couldn=t find anything. We should let Mr. Hersham know we=re back.

CHIZ: *(to Bola)* You and Papa would go duck hunting with Mr. Hersham -- remember? -- and bring home sacks of ducks. And we=d all have to help out pulling feathers and it=d get into everything, like it was snowing -- your hair, your mouth.

ROSE: Let=s invite Uncle Hersham over for dinner. Like we used to, when we came out on weekends. He and Papa=d come back from hunting, mama would cook all the ducks up . . .

GRACE: Boy they were tasty. The way Mama cooked them, stuffed with apples and onion . . .

BOLA: What ever happened to your Father=s guns? He had a double barrel 12 gauge and a smaller 16 gauge, I think.

ROSE: Didn't he hide them somewhere right after we heard about Pearl Harbor?

GRACE: That's right . . . somewhere in one of the bungalows, I think . . . where the workers stayed.

BOLA: Hey, let's go out back and look for them.

CHIZ: Bola, it's the middle of the night out there.

BOLA: I'll take the flashlight.

CHIZ: Bola, let's look in the morning . . .

BOLA: We can go hunt some duck or pheasant. (*Bola exits.*)

CHIZ: Once he gets something into his head . . .

GRACE: So he was that boring, huh?

ROSE: (*nodding*) Un-huh. Didn't you think he was kind of short?

GRACE: I guess -- a little, maybe.

ROSE: He had a nice car, though.

CHIZ: (*to Grace*) See.

ROSE: Grace?

GRACE: Yes?

(Rose doesn't speak)

GRACE: Rose?

ROSE: How was it when you and Hideo got together?

GRACE: What do you mean?

ROSE: Your marriage was arranged, wasn't it?

GRACE: Well, not really.

CHIZ: Yes, it was.

GRACE: It wasn't arranged. We were introduced.

CHIZ: *Introduced*, euphemism for arranged.

ROSE: Well, how did you feel about Hideo then? When you first met him?

CHIZ: Papa liked him so she did, too.

GRACE: Chiz. (*To Rose*) People get together for different reasons, Rose. It isn't only just about you. It's the two of you. It's about the two families --

ROSE: But, I mean, you didn't have feelings for Hideo? When you got married?

GRACE: Rose, we didn't just meet, shake hands, then turn and walk down the aisle together. We saw each other for 6 months before we decided. Now. I don't want to talk about this anymore.

CHIZ: She had her chance.

GRACE: Enough, already.

(Rose turns her attention to Chiz)

ROSE: You and Bola were love birds, though.

(Silence. Rose looks at Chiz and Grace. Chiz looks at Grace)

GRACE: Yes, Chiz, why don't you tell her *your* story? Hmm?

(Pause)

CHIZ: Okay. Alright. She's old enough, huh.

GRACE: It's your shame, not mine.

ROSE: What? *(Silence, looks from Chiz to Grace)* What?!

GRACE: Chiz?

CHIZ: We had to get married. I was knocked up. Walking down the aisle I was four and a half months along.

(Rose is speechless)

GRACE: That's why it was good Bola had his internship in St. Louis. She could leave and discreetly have the baby out there. Remember when I went back to visit them? It wasn't to help out a pregnant Chiz, it was to help out with the baby.

ROSE: And Papa knew?

CHIZ: Did Papa know? Whoa....

GRACE: Let's just say if Bola wasn't a doctor, Chiz would now be a Buddhist nun and Bola would be dead.

CHIZ: Bola handled it pretty well, though. Papa could crush you if you weren't tough enough. Bola surprised me how tough he was.

GRACE: I think Papa was impressed with him too. Papa made him sit down and drink with him -- this huge bottle of sake. They had to talk, man-to-man. We found them or we heard them, Papa in his underwear --

CHIZ: Bola was stark naked.

GRACE: -- singing outside Chiz's window.

CHIZ: Papa couldn't sing on key - but boy, could he sing loud.

(Laughter. Singing "China Nights". Quiet down. They stare at the fire. Chiz moves behind Grace and begins to take her hair down. There is a familiarity to this gesture, as if they had done this together as children)

CHIZ: Papa loved your hair.

GRACE: Chiz.

ROSE: I think it's beautiful.

CHIZ: He wouldn't let you cut it. It reminded him of Mama. (Beat) It was so much work to wash it. She only did it once a week. Remember?

GRACE: Un-huh...

GRACE: She kept it tied up in a bun. During her bath she would take it down. I used to help her. It was so long. It seemed to go on forever. A black, shiny river. She would lean over, pulling the hair across her shoulder and hold it out in front of her. I would pour the water from the bucket over her head, then work my way down. (Beat) Sometimes I would catch Papa peeking in and watching us.

(Chiz continues with Grace's hair in silence. Rose watches)

CHIZ: You remember that night in Camp? When Papa died.

(Grace doesn't respond)

ROSE: Why, Chiz?

CHIZ: We were all at the dance at the canteen. Casey Nakamura's Big Band playing. You and Hideo were even dancing.

GRACE: Papa's gone, let's move on with our lives.

CHIZ: Keiko told me she saw him walking along the outer fence. She was coming home early from the dance. She said she called to him but he didn't answer. What was he doing out there?

GRACE: It was snowing. He lost his way. He was an old man.

(Silence)

ROSE: I thought winter was over. The Utsumi's garden was blooming. Everyone in Camp was in good spirits. Why did it snow? Such an odd thing to happen. In the middle of spring, it snows...

(Chiz strokes Grace's long hair. Rose watches them)

(Dim to darkness)

SCENE FIVE

(Day. We hear the sounds of radio music of the era. Lights up on Rose dancing with the baby. A MAN approaches the front door and knocks. Rose comes out with the baby, turns off the music and answers the door. A handsome young man in his mid-to-late 20=s stands there holding a package. More pictures of prospective husbands on the wall.)

ROSE: Yes?

(The man stares at Rose for a moment.)

HENRY: Rose? It is Rose, isn=t it?

ROSE: Yes.

HENRY: I=m Henry. Henry Sakai.

(Rose doesn=t recognize him.)

ROSE: Excuse me?

HENRY: My family used to work for your father -- picking, driving tractor, sorting.

ROSE: I=m sorry, I . . .

HENRY: Then we leased a few acres from your father and started growing on our own. We used to all play together as kids.

(pause)

ROSE: There were three boys?

HENRY: *(nodding)* Un-huh.

ROSE: And you were the middle one . . .

HENRY: No, that was Takashi -- I=m the youngest, Henry.

ROSE: *(gradually remembering)* Oh, oh, the small one. Your mother shaved your head, you were bald or something?

HENRY: Just one summer -- I had ring-worms.

ROSE: Oh yeah, yeah -- and you had a stocking cap on your head, too. My sisters kept teasing you.

HENRY: Yeah, they were pretty awful.

ROSE: AHow come you=re wearing stockings on your head?≡ That=s right, I remember you -- the cry baby with the bald head.

HENRY: *(embarrassed)* Yup, that=s me.

ROSE: Come in, come in. . .

HENRY: Just for a moment, I don=t want to disturb you or anything.

ROSE: No, no -- would you like some tea?

HENRY: No, no, really . . .

ROSE: No trouble at all -- let me put the baby to sleep.

(Rose puts the baby into the bassinette. Henry looks at all the PICTURES on the cupboard. Rose returns and starts heating up a pot of water.)

ROSE: The bottle ought to keep her quiet.

HENRY: I hoped you=d remember me. You just remembered too much. How many kids do you have?

ROSE: Oh -- no, no, it=s my sister Chiz=s baby. Remember Chiz?

HENRY: She was the tomboy one, right? She beat me up once.

ROSE: Her baby. You=re living where now?

HENRY: Watsonville -- well, we were in Poston.

ROSE: Everyone around here went to Rohwer. *(beat)* So are you here visiting?

HENRY: Uh-huh -- What are these?

ROSE: *(laughing)* They=re trying to marry me off. I=m being introduced to all the eligible men in the area. Mainly anyone with money.

HENRY: Who painted the mustache on this one?

ROSE: *(sheepishly)* I did.

HENRY: *(remembering the question)* Oh, I=m visiting relatives here, out in Manteca? They got recruited out of Camp by Driscoll Farms looking for workers. The Hayashino family?

ROSE: I don=t think we know them.

HENRY: They didn=t have anywhere really to go, and Driscoll got them out early and gave them housing and a plot of land to farm.

ROSE: Yes, I heard that.

(pause)

HENRY: You=ve grown up so much. You used to be this little girl, always hiding

behind Grace. And when I=d try to talk to you, you wouldn=t say anything.

ROSE: I was scared, you were the ring-worm boy.

HENRY: Please, just one summer, just one summer.

ROSE: How is your family? Your mother and father?

HENRY: They=re fine. Getting older but my father still works in the fields. A friend of the family, Mr. Martini, held the farm for us so when we got back from Poston, it was the same as when we left. Actually in better shape. And he saved the money the farm was making for us. Mr. Martini=s been like a second father. Especially since I=ve taken over the farm.

ROSE: Oh the tea . . .

(Rose goes and pours the hot water into a teapot.)

HENRY: It=s nice you can come back to your farm. A lot of people lost everything when they left, like my cousins -- sold their farms for dirt cheap to those buzzards hovering around.

ROSE: Well, that=s the way we lost our house in town. And as you can see the fellow my father leased the farm to didn=t take the best care of it. But we=re all determined to make a go of it again. Especially Grace.

HENRY: How is Grace?

ROSE: She=s doing fine. She and her husband Hideo are out trying to recruit workers for the upcoming season. Here=s your tea.

HENRY: Oh, thank you, thank you, this is nice . . .

ROSE: It just feels strange coming back to the farm. It=s not the same without Papa.

HENRY: Yes, I was sorry to hear that.

(GRACE and HIDEO enter the back ante-room and take off their shoes. Henry stands. They enter.)

GRACE: I just hope they can do the work.

HIDEO: I was surprised how many Japanese were available.

GRACE: They have to do this kind of work for now. You think they=ll keep it up once they get back on their feet?

(Grace and Hideo notice Henry.)

ROSE: Grace, remember the Sakais? This is Henry, the youngest brother.

Remember, the Aring-worm≡ boy?

GRACE: Oh yes, yes, good to see you.

HENRY: Nice to see you, too.

GRACE: It=s been so long, you=ve really grown up. This is my husband Hideo. Hideo, Henry Sakai. His brothers and all of us sisters used to play together. Well, sit, sit, I=ll get some tea cups for us.

(The baby cries.)

ROSE: Sorry. *(She exits.)*

GRACE: *(to Henry)* Chiz=s baby.

(Grace gets some tea cups while the others all sit.)

HENRY: *(holding a package)* Actually, it=s not much, but this is from my mother and father.

(Offers it to Hideo who takes it. No one is quite sure why this is being offered.)

GRACE: What is this for?

HENRY: I came to pay respects to you and your family on behalf of my family. Your father was very kind to my father. When he left here to go off on his own, your father lent him the extra money he needed to buy his farm. No one else would lend him the money. My mother and father are too old to make this trip so I came for them. My parents wanted you to have this gift. They felt very indebted to your father. My father said that Togo Matsumoto helped build the Nippon Hospital and the Buddhist Church. He would always say your father was a great man.

(silence)

GRACE: Well, I don=t know what to say.

HIDEO: Please thank your parents on behalf of the Matsumoto family.

GRACE: Yes, yes, please thank them. They=re much too kind.

(BOLA and CHIZ burst in holding a gunny sack.)

BOLA: The hunter=s return victorious! A couple Mallards, a pintail and one small teal.

CHIZ: I=m not cleaning them.

BOLA: I said I will. Show >em what else you got.

(Chiz reaches in and pulls out a pheasant.)

CHIZ: A pheasant! I shot it driving back. I saw it hiding in one of the fields right off the levee. AStop≡, I yelled.

(acts out bringing up gun and shooting)

Bang! Right out of the car window. Pretty good, huh?

BOLA: It was easy -- pheasants fly like this . . .

(Moves his wings very slowly and moves in a straight line.)

. . . slow and in a straight line. Now ducks fly like this . . .

(He flaps his arms very quickly. Bola notices Henry and stops.)

CHIZ: Oh hello, didn=t notice you. Nice to meet you, I=m Chiz.

BOLA: Bola . . .

ROSE: And this is the Aring-worm≡ boy.

HENRY: Rose . . .

(Chiz moves closer to get a better look.)

CHIZ: *(recognizing him)* Hey, Henry! You=re all grown up now! I used to pick on him.

BOLA: *(sizing Henry up)* Not any more.

CHIZ: Stay for dinner. We=re having duck and pheasant. The more the merrier. Bola=s cleaning them! Is the baby upstairs? Excuse me.

(Chiz exits.)

BOLA: *(gathering up the gunny sack and exiting)* I=ll start pulling the feathers on these out back.

GRACE: Would you like to? Dinner won=t be for a while but you=re welcome to stay.

HENRY: No, no, I couldn=t impose on you folks . . .

ROSE: Yes, why don=t you stay? We=re having our neighbor over. Please?

HENRY: No, really, I feel like I=m --

(Chiz enter)

CHIZ: How's Takashi and that big, athletic brother of yours, Tetsu?

HENRY: Takashi is in Chicago, he's an engineer now, married, has kids. Tetsu.
(beat) We think he died during the firebombing of Tokyo.

CHIZ: Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

ROSE: I'm so sorry, Henry.

HENRY: He was over there trying to start an export business when the war broke out, he got stuck there. I guess his whole neighborhood was burned to the ground. We assume he died.

(Henry approaches Grace and hands her something.)

I thought you might like to have this back. Your basketball medal. It was in his room with some of his other mementos.

GRACE: Thank you.

HENRY: Well, I really should be going. Thank you for your hospitality.

(Starts to exit.)

HENRY: *(to Rose)* It was nice seeing you again.

ROSE: Nice seeing you again, too.

HIDEO: Nice meeting you.

CHIZ: Tell your mother and father we said hello.

HENRY: Good-bye.

(Henry exits. Grace stands for a bit)

GRACE: I think I'll take a walk. *(she exits out the front door)*

(Chiz joins Rose.)

ROSE: What was that all about?

CHIZ: Grace used to go around with Henry's brother, Tetsu.

(Hideo sees Grace walking in the fields out the French Doors. He gets up and watches her. They see Hideo watching Grace.)

CHIZ: Grace and Tetsu wanted to get married. The son of a poor tenant farmer marrying Togo Matsumoto's eldest daughter? *(shaking head)* Un-uh. Papa said, ANo=. So Grace, being the good and obedient daughter, told Tetsu she couldn't

marry him. A few years later Papa arranged the marriage with Hideo and Grace did what she was supposed to do.

(Grace lit in pool of light. Hideo watches her in half-light. Everyone else dims to darkness.)

(She looks down at her medal. Dim to darkness.)

SCENE SIX

(Evening. The aroma of roasted duck fills the house. Rose and Grace getting the table ready. Bola stands by the window, practicing with the shotgun. Chiz is reading a magazine. Hideo is out back working. Knock at door)

GRACE(OS): *(from the kitchen)* Chiz! Can you get it?

CHIZ: Bola?

BOLA: *(Practicing with the shotgun, ignores he request)* I don=t know how your Old Man did it .

ROSE: I=ll get it.

GRACE(OS): Rose, can you help me in here. . .

ROSE: Okay, just a moment. . .

CHIZ: *(to Grace)* I can help.

(Rose answers the door. Mr. Hersham arrives, holding a bag)

ROSE: Uncle Hersham!

HERSHAM: Hello, Rose.

ROSE: Come in, come in. . .

(Hersham hesitates for a beat)

ROSE: Come in, don=t stand out there.

(Hersham enters. Chiz approaches him)

CHIZ: *(shaking his hand)* Mr. Hersham.

HERSHAM: Hello, Chiz

CHIZ: How are you, it=s been so long. Where is Mrs. Hersham?

HERSHAM: She couldn=t make it.

(beat)

CHIZ: It=s too bad the boys aren=t here, you won=t recognize them, they=re big now. They=re visiting Bola=s sister in L.A.

(Bola approaches)

BOLA: (*shaking Hersham=s hand*) We got another one, too. A little girl. I=m a baby machine.

HERSHAM: How are you, Bola?

BOLA: Good, good. You gained some weight.

GRACE: (*entering*) I need some help taking the ducks out of the stove --

CHIZ: Look who=s here.

GRACE: Mr. Hersham. . .

HERSHAM: Hello Grace.

GRACE: You=re a little early but that=s okay. The ducks are done.

ROSE: We weren=t sure if you=d found the invitation or not. The house was all dark, I slipped it under the door.

GRACE: We just got our phone hooked up.

HERSHAM: I brought this. Canadian Club. The kind your father liked.

(Offers the bag of whiskey. Bola takes it)

GRACE: Sit, sit. . .

BOLA: Yeah, sit down, Joe. How=s the farm doing?

HERSHAM: (*moves but doesn=t sit*) Better, much better. I don=t know if you heard, but I managed to turn things around.

CHIZ: Maybe Mr. Hersham can give us a hand.

BOLA: I=ll say. You see our fields? And you should see the equipment.

GRACE: We=ll do just fine. Rose, why don=t you get a glass for Mr. Hersham?

BOLA: Good idea. For everyone.

(Rose moves to the kitchen. Bola takes the bottle out of the box and begins to open it)

BOLA: Hey, we got some nice ducks and we were only out there for a few hours. Out by Bacon Island. We gotta go.

HERSHAM: (*nodding*) Un-huh.

GRACE: Where=s Mrs. Hersham?

HERSHAM: Jeanette=s down in Bishop visiting her family on the ranch. She can hobnob with her family=s society friends.

(Hideo enters from out back)

BOLA: *(to Hideo)* Hey, Professor -- maybe Joe can help us figure out what to put in this season.

(Hideo shakes Hersham=s hand)

HERSHAM: Hideo.

HIDEO: It=s a mess.

(Rose returns with glasses. Bola begins to pour)

BOLA: Joe? Hideo?

(Hideo shakes his head)

GRACE: None for me.

ROSE: Me either.

BOLA: Then who=s going to drink besides Joe and me?

CHIZ: Me.

BOLA: *(to others)* Come on, this is a big deal. We haven=t seen Joe since we left.

HERSHAM: I saw Grace and Rose when I visited you folks out in Arkansas.

BOLA: Yeah, but you leave without saying hello to Chiz and me.

HERSHAM: I had a business meeting in Kansas City.

(pause)

When I saw where they put you all. It made me sick.
(long, awkward pause)

BOLA: *(quietly)* Let=s drink. Come on, all of us.

(Bola pours glasses for everyone)

GRACE: A little. . .

ROSE: Just a little for me, too. . .

(Bola finished pouring. Lifts his glass)

BOLA: (toasting) To good neighbors.

(They lift their glasses)

ALL: *Kampai.*

HERSHAM: *(lagging slightly) Kampai.*

(They all drink. The flavor=s a bit strong for Grace and Rose)

HERSHAM: Haven=t said that in a while.

GRACE: That was awful. . .

BOLA: What do you mean, this is good whisky. . .

GRACE: *(remembering)* Oh, the ducks. Rose, help me in the kitchen.

CHIZ: I can help, too.

HERSHAM: Saw that car out there, is that yours?

BOLA: We had to borrow it. What a jalopy.

(As Chiz follows them to the kitchen, she sees Bola pouring another shot for himself and Hershram)

CHIZ: Bola. . .

BOLA: Just a little bit more. . . *(to Hershram)* I want to ask you something. . .

(They move to the window; Bola picks up the shotgun)

BOLA: When you went hunting with Togo? He could get off two shots real fast -- bang, bang. Did he do some trick with his trigger finger or something?

HERSHAM: Nah, not that I could tell.

BOLA: 'Cause I'd just be bringing up my gun. . .

HERSHAM: And he=d bring down his bird. . .

BOLA: Yeah, and your bird, too. Greedy, son-of-a-gun.

HERSHAM: Yeah, he'd do that, huhΨ

(Grace and Rose enter with two platters of roasted ducks. Chiz trails with a bowl of rice)

CHIZ: Food, food. . .

GRACE: (*noticing Bola*) Please put that gun away.

BOLA: I=m just asking Joe something.

GRACE: I don=t want you shooting that thing in the house.

BOLA: That was your father=s idea, not mine. (*to Hersham*) He saw a pheasant outside, shot it from right here.

GRACE: Nearly broke all the glass in the house.

BOLA: Than he finished off his drink.

HIDEO: (*seating himself*) Umm, smells good.

ROSE: Sit where you always sit, Uncle Hersham.

BOLA: Joe, let=s eat -- come on, come on. . .

HERSHAM: This is such bad business. You all having to move out. Go to that place.

ROSE: We=re all back now. We=re all home.

(Bola and Chiz seat themselves while Grace and Rose help to lay things out. Hersham has moved over to the Obutsudan)

(Hersham stands before the shrine looking at the Photos. He bows his head and says a silent prayer. Turns back to the others who are watching him.)

HERSHAM: Your Papa was a good friend. Seeing you all here, the food, everything . . . It's like Togo is still with us. Drink in one hand, telling me how I can't shoot worth a lickΨ

(pause)

HERSHAM: When I left Hooker, Oklahoma. To come out here? My Pa wouldn=t come with me. Wouldn=t give up his land. Said it=d taken too much of his blood and sweat, it was part of his body. >What=s a man worth if he give it up so easily?= He was like your father that way. That was '31. Then it didn=t rain for four years. When I went to get him and bring him back here, pa was dead. I buried him there. On *his* land. He knew he couldn=t beat the drought. He knew. But he never gave it up.

(long silence)

GRACE: Mr. Hersham?

HERSHAM: He didn=t tell you, did he?

(pause)

GRACE: Tell us what?

HERSHAM: He said he would tell you.

GRACE: What? Tell us what?

(pause)

HERSHAM: Your father sold the place. He sold the land, this house, everything.

GRACE: What?

HIDEO: When did this happen?

HERSHAM: When I visited you in Camp, remember?

GRACE: Yes, but he never mentioned it to us, he never mentioned it once.

HIDEO: He sold it to you then?

HERSHAM: No, no, I didn=t buy it. The Bank of San Joaquin bought it. I just brought the offer. I was out that way. So they asked me to act on their behalf and bring it.

GRACE: *(moving towards Hershams)* Bank of San Joaquin? -- I don=t believe it. I don=t believe it!

HERSHAM: This is such bad business.

GRACE: But why would he do it? Why sell it to a bank, he didn=t have a loan out, I would have known. And why would he keep it a secret from us? Huh? Why?

HIDEO: Please Grace . . .

HERSHAM: I don=t know Grace.

GRACE: I would have had to sign for any sale X Papa wasn=t a citizen.

CHIZ: It=s not his fault, Grace.

HERSHAM: He told me he would tell you.

CHIZ: That=s all right, Mr. Hershams.

GRACE: I don=t understand.

HIDEO: *(helping Grace sit)* Why don't you sit. Come on, Grace.

(Awkward silence)

HERSHAM: When I found your note I didn't know what was going on. I should be going. Is there anything I can do?

(No response)

(Baby cries)

BOLA: I'll go check on her.

HERSHAM: They probably didn't tell you there's some money at the Bank of San Joaquin. From the sale of the farm and land. *(pause)* Well . . .

HIDEO: Thank you, Joe.

(Hideo goes out on the porch with Mr.Hersham. Everyone else sits in stunned silence. Mr. Hersham exits)

CHIZ: Papa sold this place? Why?

GRACE: He did not sell this place, no. I don't believe it. Papa would never sell this place. Never.

(Silence. Bola enters with the baby)

(Dim to darkness)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

(Two days later. Daytime. Bola and Rose. Chiz and baby sleeping in the back. Rose returning from the back with an empty bottle. Bola cleaning the two shotguns.)

ROSE: I finally got little Esther to sleep. It=s like she knows. Chiz is out like a light.

(Rose crosses to join Bola)

They=re still not back?

BOLA: Un-uh.

ROSE: I=ve never seen Grace like this. She hasn=t slept for two days.

BOLA: They=re going to find it=s all legal, recorded and according to the law.

ROSE: At least Hideo went with her this time.

BOLA: The bank=s not going to do something stupid. All the records are just disorganized because of the War. For whatever reason, your father decided to sell and not tell Grace.

(pause)

ROSE: Remember when Papa was roughed up in Camp? By those pro-Japan loyalists?

BOLA: Bunch of punk Tojo-lovers. They were Hideo=s buddies.

ROSE: They were not Hideo=s buddies.

BOLA: He attended their meetings, sympathized with their cause. And then says he had nothing to do with the beating.

(Rose shrugs.)

ROSE: All I know is after that Papa didn't seem the same. Did you notice?

BOLA: He seemed a little quieter, but that=s all. I mean, you can=t blame him, everything was changing. He could hardly stand up like he used to at all the community meetings and say going into the Camps was the right thing to do. That we=d be let out as soon as the government realized their mistake. A lot of people listened to him, because of who he was. Three years down the road, we=re all still rotting in the Camps. Your father had a reason to be quiet.

ROSE: He wouldn=t eat with us at the mess hall. He just sat by the window, looking out.

(Knock at the door. Rose answers it. It=s Henry.)

HENRY: Hello, Rose.

ROSE: Henry?

HENRY: Hello, Bola.

BOLA: *(getting up)* You=re still here?

HENRY: Un-huh, few more days.

BOLA: Good to see you.

HENRY: Can I come in?

ROSE: Sure, sure . . .

(Henry enters.)

BOLA: Well, I=m going to put these guns away. *(Bola exits.)*

HENRY: Oh, I brought you tomatoes from my cousins= farm.

ROSE: Thank you. *(Takes them to the kitchen. Puts water on the stove.)*

(Rose comes in and sits and motions to Henry who sits also.)

I=m heating some water for tea. I didn=t think I=d see you anymore.

HENRY: I was supposed to go back today, but I thought I=d stay a couple more days.

(awkward pause)

I brought something to show you. I haven=t shown it to too many people. I tried it out over at my cousins= farm.

(Henry goes out to the porch and brings in a kind of vacuum cleaner attached to a lawnmower engine.)

I invented it. I like making up things to help around the farm. This used to be my mother=s vacuum cleaner.

ROSE: I hope she wasn=t still using it.

HENRY: Oh no, no, I bought her a new one. Now we=ve been having a lot of trouble with two-spotted mites on the strawberries. They live on the underside of leaves. Kind of reddish in color. And the normal way to treat that is to spray DDT on the plants. The problem is that DDT is just poison basically and I don=t care to put that on the berries >cause you end up eating some of it. So I was trying to think of a way to get the two-spotted mites off that wouldn=t poison the strawberries. So I invented this . . .

(Pulls a cord to start up the gas powered engine. We hear the loud whine of the motor along with a sucking sound. He approaches Rose and runs the head along her

arms. Rose finds this funny.)

HENRY: See, you just go from plant to plant and vacuum the leaves. I made a new head to accommodate the leaves and adapted the suction so that it would pull the mites off but not damage the plants.

ROSE: Does it work?

(turns it off)

HENRY: Oh, it works. It's just a little slow compared to spraying. I set aside about a quarter of an acre to experiment with. No DDT, just the old Atwo-spotted mite-eater. See if I can harvest a whole crop of strawberries that's poison free. I'm not even pumping methyl bromide gas into the ground to kill the cyclamen mite. My Mom's helping me vacuum the plants. She thinks it's funny. But my Dad . . .

ROSE: Taking over the farm, that's a big responsibility.

HENRY: Tets and Takashi weren't interested so Dad gave it to me. The market's kind of competitive -- lot of new growers. But Mr. Martini kept most of our customers and I'm trying to do some things a little different. Like my Atwo-spotted mite-eater. See if I can find a market that no one has thought of yet.

ROSE: I hope you do it, Henry.

(Chiz comes out from the back room. Still groggy. Henry stands up. Chiz goes to the sink and wets her face. Stretches her right shoulder.)

CHIZ: Boy, I could use a cup of coffee. What a night. Esther crying. Grace pacing around till all hours. *(noticing Henry)* Henry. I thought you left.

HENRY: Just stopped by to drop off some tomatoes from my cousins.

CHIZ: I just had this dream. We were kids again. We were all helping Mama cook those huge pots of rice for the workers. She was smiling and she had two *shamojis*, one in each hand, scooping out just-cooked rice onto those bamboo platters, all hot and steamy. And Papa on his tractor, singing at the top of his lungs. *(pause)* Funny the things you think of . . . *(pause)* What's that?

ROSE: The ATwo-spotted mite-eater. It sucks the mites right off the strawberry plants.

CHIZ: *(thinking)* Why don't you just use DDT?

ROSE: Because it's not healthy for you.

HENRY: I'm trying to grow healthy fruits and vegetables that people can eat without putting poisons in their bodies.

(Chiz looks at Henry.)

CHIZ: First ring-worms and now two-spotted mites. *(beat)* Just kidding, just kidding.

ROSE: Sit down, Henry, I=ll fix the tea. Chiz, You want coffee, I=ll make it?

CHIZ: No, no, tea=s fine.

(Pause)

(Chiz and Henry settle into the seats.)

HENRY: How are you?

CHIZ: Truth? Crummy. *(beat)* Did you tell him about the farm?

ROSE: I wasn=t sure if it=s something we wanted to talk about yet.

CHIZ: Might as well. With Grace running around in town, he=ll hear about it sooner or later.

HENRY: Hear what?

ROSE: We don=t own the farm anymore.

CHIZ: Papa sold it. He didn=t even tell us.

HENRY: He sold the farm?

ROSE: Un-huh . . .

(GRACE and HIDEO come in. Grace sits down exhausted.)

CHIZ: What=d you find out?

HIDEO: It=s all legal. It=s been sold.

GRACE: I remember now. Papa gave me a bunch of papers to sign. When Mr. Hersham was visiting. I should have known something was funny. Papa kept pushing me X *hayaku, hayaku*.

HIDEO: We have to get out by this weekend. They want to start tearing things down.

GRACE: Oh, hi, Henry.

ROSE: If you didn=t know what you were signing, is the sale legal?

CHIZ: Who do you think they=ll believe in court? The Bank or some Japs that just got out of prison?

GRACE: Please don=t use that word, Chiz.

HENRY: Maybe I should be going . . .

ROSE: No, no . . . Maybe we can go for a drive?

HENRY: You sure it=s okay?

ROSE: We=ll be back soon. There=s some hot water for tea if you want it.

(Rose pulls Henry along and they exit.)

GRACE: I=m going upstairs for a while.

(Chiz and Hideo left alone with Henry=s invention. Chiz and Hideo stare at it.)

CHIZ: It=s called a ATwo-spotted mite-eater=.

HIDEO: Oh.

(Dim to darkness)

SCENE TWO

(Rose and Henry outside by the truck. Silence)

ROSE: Everything seems to be falling apart.

HENRY: You all right?

ROSE: *(nodding)* Un-huh. *(beat)* How fast does that truck of yours go?

HENRY: It=s kind of old, just a Ford pick up. I don=t know.

(pause)

ROSE: Henry, are you poor?

(pause)

HENRY: We don=t have much money. But we=re not poor.

(Rose looks at Henry.)

ROSE: Henry Sakai. I like you.

(Henry is flustered but enjoying this.)

HENRY: *(motioning O/S towards the car)* Shall we find out?

ROSE: Yes, let=s find out . . .

(Henry pulls Rose along.)

(Cross-fade to Scene Three.)

SCENE THREE

(Bola at the Balcony looking out. Drink of whisky in his hand. Hideo packing boxes to send to Japan. Bottle on the table. Bola drinking but not drunk.)

BOLA: *(Bola looking out window)* I'm going to miss this place. I love to hunt duck here. Don't have that back in Kauai -- mountain goat, boar, small birds but not ducks like here. This Delta region has just about everything. But the people here . . .

(pause, recovering)

I had some fun times going out with the old man, though. Togo Matsumoto was a character, just like my old man. Togo always told you right to your face what he was thinking. You two never much got along, huh?

(Hideo doesn't respond. Bola looks back at Hideo.)

BOLA: So what do you think of this whole mess?

HIDEO: *(shrugs)* I don't know.

BOLA: Guess, we just have to do it on our own now, that's all. Can't rely on the wives= money anymore. That's fine -- didn't need it before, don't need it now. I'll make money for us. You, too, if you need it. I'm not stingy.

HIDEO: We'll do just fine once I get the newspaper going.

(pause)

BOLA: So the newspaper=s been decided on, huh? I guess you don't have to listen to Grace anymore. You must be very happy now.

(Hideo decides to ignore Bola.)

BOLA: Well, I mean, they=ve lost the farm. You don't have to pretend you like taking orders from the rich wife.

HIDEO: Maybe you=ve had enough to drink.

BOLA: No, no, I'm just getting started, Professor. I know you look down your nose at me. The Tokyo University graduate who had to marry down in order to marry up. That=s funny, huh. You have to marry a rich, uneducated peasant=s daughter in order to move up in social standing here. Now that=s a success story. Here=s to you, Professor.

(Bola raises his drink to Hideo. Downs it)

HIDEO: You think because I don't talk all the time, I'm looking down at you. Maybe it's got nothing to do with you. Maybe my silence is not silence at all but an angry shout I have to keep locked inside.

I was a good son. I did what my parents asked me to do.

Should I indulge myself, talk about my feelings, tell you what I think of you. Just open my mouth and yak away? Should I, Bola? Or should I just keep silent?

(Hideo reaches across, takes Bola's glass, pours a shot and downs it in one gulp.)

Now excuse me, I have work to do.

(Hideo turns away from Bola and returns to packing boxes Bola exits, sees Chiz.)

CHIZ: Bola, I thought I'd show Esther the farm one last time. Come on.

(Bola joins her. They exit. Cross-fade to Scene Four)

SCENE FOUR

(Hideo is wrapping up packages to send to Japan. Grace enters.)

GRACE: What are you doing?

HIDEO: *(looks up, sees Grace, then goes back to packing)* They=re still no medicines in Japan, there=s a shortage of clothing -- nothing=s changed over there.

GRACE: We just lost everything and here you are worried about the people over in Japan? What about us?

HIDEO: What about us?

GRACE: What do we do now? Huh? What are we supposed to do?

HIDEO: Why are you asking me? You never asked my opinion before.

GRACE: You=re my husband, aren=t you?

(Hideo stares at her, then goes back to packing.)

Why are you always thinking about Japan? You and your *Kibe* friends. A Japan is great=, waving flags and shouting *ABanzai!*= With my Papa being such an important figure in Camp - do you know how that made me look?

HIDEO: So what should I do? Pretend I was happy they put us in Camp like your father? Japan never did that to me. What was I supposed to do? Huh?

GRACE: You could have fought. You could have finally shown some guts like Rose=s fiancé and Bola=s brother.

HIDEO: This country doesn=t give a damn whether they lived or died.

GRACE: They died for something. Why do you think they let us out, huh? Why?

HIDEO: Because they had to.

GRACE: What do you mean, >they had to=?

HIDEO: They let us out because they had to. The court cases challenging the Camps? They knew there was no way they could keep us locked up much longer. Hell, they had to create trumped up charges to get us into Camps in the first place.

The war was pretty much decided and what were they going to do with all of us? Soon there would be thousands and thousands of us pouring out into an America that had been whipped into such a state of Jap-hating who knows what might happen? -- they=d have all this blood on their hands. How to reverse public

sentiment? Then it comes to them.

Let=s make up an all Japanese American fighting unit, let them go out, get killed defending the country and voila, instant war heroes. American war heroes. Serve them up like -- what did Bola call >em -- cannon fodder, who cares. Then the country would open it=s arms and welcome us back.

You think that it made a difference to this country - that Rose=s fiance and Bola=s brother died for something? They died for a PR stunt to save the government=s ass.

(ROSE has come and hear the last part. Rose is taking a scarf off her head and is fixing herself after the ride.)

ROSE: Is that what they died for?

HIDEO: Rose . . .

ROSE: Did they die just for that?

HIDEO: It=s what I believe.

(long pause)

ROSE: You sound just like the pro-Japan loyalists back in Camp.

HIDEO: I=m sorry, Rose.

ROSE: Did you have anything to do with my Papa=s beating?

HIDEO: No.

ROSE: But you knew who did it?

HIDEO: Yes.

ROSE: And you didn't say anything? How could you do that. You helped take Papa to the infirmary. You sit with me, all night watching over him.

HIDEO: Yes.

ROSE: And you don=t say anything. I used to admire you.

HIDEO: I=m still the same person.

ROSE: I=m not. I=ve changed. Everything=s changed.

GRACE: Rose.

(Rose runs out. Grace stands there looking at Hideo.)

HIDEO: You knew?

GRACE: I suspected.

HIDEO: All this time you knew?

(pause)

GRACE: Why did you marry me?

(Hideo doesn't respond.)

GRACE: When Papa wanted something he wouldn't stop until he had it. Education, the one thing he didn't have and you did. I always said yes to Papa. How come you said >yes,= Hideo?

(long pause)

HIDEO: My family was in debt.

GRACE: That=s it? Money?

(pause)

GRACE: And now that the money=s gone?

(Hideo is silent. Dim to darkness.)

SCENE FIVE

(Bola and Chiz walking in the fields. Chiz holds the baby)

BOLA: I don=t know... Hideo... Maybe I=m taking it out on him, but sometimes I get the feeling he thinks he=s better than me.

CHIZ: Don=t let him bother you.

BOLA: Maybe if I=d gone to some high-tone place like Tokyo University I could find an office to rent.

CHIZ: That=s not the reason, Bola.

BOLA: Yeah, I know. *(Pause)* This just isn=t what I had in mind. You know? I had something else planned. My whole family sacrificed just so I could become a doctor. I=m supposed to have a practice, a home, my kids with me.

CHIZ: I know, I know honey...

BOLA: Instead, I get shipped off to some swamp in Arkansas. I=m told to start cutting people open with no medicines, no facilities and no trained staff--working 16 hour days--hell, I don=t even know if I killed somebody.

CHIZ: You did a wonderful job. Everyone knows how hard you and the rest of the people in the infirmary worked. Besides, if someone had died, we would have heard about it.

BOLA: Oh, funnyΨ*(baby cries)* I=m starting to wonder if leaving the boys in LA was a good idea.

CHIZ: Los Angeles is still safer.

BOLA: What about the White Star Soda Works?

CHIZ: Look at here. Some men beat up the Kaneshiro boy in town - he was just walking along Washington Street. And they still don=t know who shot the farmer in Lodi.

(Checking the baby)

CHIZ: I have to ask around to see if the schools are okay. If any kids so much as touch a hair on our boys= heads, I=ll break their necks.

(Pause)

CHIZ: Did I ever tell you >bout the time I heard the corn? I was playing hide and seek with Grace and the Sakai boys and it was around dusk and the sun was going down. I ran into the cornfields, crouched down and closed my eyes. I always thought if I closed my eyes, I was harder to find. Then I started to hear this funny sound. A crackling noise, like someone was crumpling up paper. Only it was pleasant. And it was coming from all around me. This wonderful, crispy, soothing sound. I knew if I opened my eyes it would go away so I kept my eyes closed and I listened and listened. When I finally did open them it was dark and everyone was gone. I got scared that I might get into trouble and ran home as fast as I could. That night, as I lay in bed, I began to hear the sound again. Ever so faintly, carried on the wind that passed over the fields and blew into my room. And I knew what the sound was. It was the corn growing.

(Pause)

CHIZ: I wanted our kids to grow up here like my sisters and I did. Playing out here in the fields, getting their ears and hair filled with this spongy, black peat. Now I guess we just have to do it differently.

(Cross-fade to Scene Six.)

SCENE SIX

(Next day. Dusk. The last day in the house. They must leave in the morning.)

(Rose is moving furniture out of the way and covering it with white sheets again. Grace is intensely wiping the dust off of things. Hideo enters the house.)

HIDEO: *(to Grace)* Mr. Mabalot took care of the rest of the workers and I want to pay him a week=s extra salary. He=ll stay on for a couple more days and take care of any loose ends. As far as the equipment, I=m assuming the Bank will take care of it. Let them make all the arrangements.

GRACE: Is Bola back yet?

ROSE: Where=d he go?

GRACE: I don=t know, he said he had to get some things. Did Chiz go, too?

ROSE: I don't think so. Maybe she=s upstairs with the baby.

(Hideo ignored, exits again. Rose watches Grace wiping excessively.)

GRACE: Rose?

(Rose doesn=t follow)

You and Hideo - You alright?

ROSE: I=m not a child anymore, Grace. I can take care of myself.

(Rose moves away and continues working. Grace watches her for a beat. Chiz enters wearing a tight sweater. Her bust is now big and pointy. She holds two badminton racquets.)

GRACE: Why are we cleaning up? We=re leaving tomorrow. No one=s going to move in after us.

CHIZ: It=s the Japanese thing to do. Mama always said you must never leave a place unclean. And I finally found these.

GRACE: My god . . .

ROSE: What=d you do to your bust?

CHIZ: *(modeling)* Like >em? The Betty Grable model. Got >em in a specialty shop in St. Louis, just before we had the baby. I was depressed

about my figure so I wanted to treat myself, something to look forward to. We=re all so depressed now. I thought I=d try >em out again. (*posing*) Badminton, anyone?

GRACE: I don=t know what to say . . .

(Grace looks at Rose for help.)

ROSE: They=re . . . they=re big. And . . . pointy.

CHIZ: Didn=t you always want bigger breasts like all the white girls in school?

GRACE: No. I think you look ridiculous.

ROSE: (*coming closer to examine*) That=s amazing. Is it padding?

CHIZ: Yeah, but it=s also got a wire under meshing. I have a blonde wig upstairs, too.

ROSE: You do?

(Rose and Chiz run up the stairs. Bola and Henry enter. Bola carries a paper bag.)

BOLA: That goddamn car finally died. If Henry hadn't come along, I would have had to walk the last two miles.

ROSE: Hi Henry.

HENRY: I thought I could help out. Moving things. My truck.

GRACE: Thanks.

BOLA: Since it=s our last night here, I thought we should celebrate. *Sake!*

(Brings out a large bottle of sake. Everyone looks to Grace, who motions to do whatever they want. Bola starts opening a bottle and pouring. Grace returns to her wiping.)

BOLA: (*noticing Chiz*) Whoa . . . You gonna introduce me to your two friends?

HENRY: Don=t we need to heat it up?

BOLA: Nah, who told you that? Room temperature is best. Especially when you=re in a hurry. Can you drive us into town tomorrow morning?

HENRY: Un-huh, no problem.

(Chiz pokes her head out of the bedroom)

CHIZ: Didn't you buy anything to eat, Bola?

BOLA: *(pulling it out)* A Poi! The store owner's Hawaiian and they had some in the freezer.

CHIZ: Nothing else? Just poi and sake?

BOLA: We got lotts'a food here, look in the ice box. We gotta eat everything up or just throw it away.

HENRY: *(nodding)* This is good this way.

BOLA: See, I told you. Ice cold on a hot day is good, too. Want to try some A poi?

(Henry tries some poi. Hideo enters. Bola walks over to Hideo with a cup and bottle.)

BOLA: *(hands him the cup)* Good sake. Got it for you, Professor.

(Bola offers the cup. They look at each other for a beat, then Hideo extends his glass out. Bola pours.)

(They hurry in. Chiz is wearing a blonde wig now.)

BOLA: Whoa! Looks like Veronica Lake. I'm doing pretty good. A toast. Everybody get a glass? Come on. Come on.

(Chiz holds a record album. Chiz hurries to put the album on the record player as Rose grabs two filled glasses for them. The music starts.)

BOLA: Everybody ready now?

ROSE: Grace?

(They all notice Grace lingering by the Obutsudan)

CHIZ: Grace?

GRACE: Let's burn things.

(pause)

CHIZ: What?
(Rose turns off the music.)

GRACE: I want to burn things. *(silence)* Like Papa did when the FBI started

taking people away. Some people buried their Japanese things, Papa had a bonfire.

CHIZ: I don=t know, Grace. Hideo?

HIDEO: Why burn things now?

GRACE: I don=t want strangers walking through the house touching our things.

HIDEO: Yes, but isn=t that a little --

GRACE: (*adamantly*) I want to burn things.

(*long silence*)

CHIZ: What kinds of things?

GRACE: Things that you don't want to be attached to. Things that you want to let go of. Last time they forced us to leave, what did we do? Huh? We trusted people to look after our things and look what they did to us. That=s not going to happen again. This time, they=re not going to do that to us.

(*Pause*)

HIDEO: I guess it's all right. .

CHIZ: Everything we want to save we've set aside. All the stuff in the warehouse is ruined or stolen. They=re tearing it all down. Let=s burn things.

(*Chiz looks to the others*)

(*beat*)

BOLA: (*looking around*) Okay? (*Everyone nods, hesitantly*) Okay. What kind of fire are we talking about?

GRACE: A big one. A bonfire. Like Papa=s. Out front. So they can see it from the frontage road.

BOLA: A big fire, toss all kinds of things into it?

GRACE: Yes.

ROSE: Anything, Grace?

GRACE: Anything.

CHIZ: Things you don't want to be attached to, things you want to let go of.

..

(For a moment, they look around.)

HENRY: I've got some kerosene in my truck that'll start your fire.

(Grace puts on record)

BOLA: There's some wood right here.

(He hands a bucket of wood to Henry. Henry exits.)

ROSE: Oh, I know.

(She grabs the photos off the mantle, and exits.)

(Grace disappears upstairs. Chiz rummages through boxes and begins to gather things in her arms)

CHIZ: Stale crackers, canned beans, Spam --

BOLA: You're not going to throw away the Spam.

CHIZ: I ate these kinds of things in Camp, I never want to eat them again.

BOLA: *(going over and taking the Spam)* Whoa, whoa, but spam goes good with anything.

HIDEO: *(starting to pull up a floorboard)* I always hated this one. It creaked every time I walked on it.

HIDEO: *(pulling up a floorboard)* Bola?

BOLA: *(seeing what Hideo's doing)* Hey, all right, Professor!

(Bola stuffs the cans in his pockets and they begin to yank on the board. Bola and Hideo let out Akiyais as they do it.)

BOLA: YAAAHAH!

HIDEO: EEEYAAAHAH! The warehouse. Where the kids wrote all over the walls.

BOLA: I whitewashed it.

HIDEO: I want to burn the boards anyway.

(Bola and Hideo exit. Ad lib, "YOISHO" as they throw the boards on the fire. Dim to darkness)

SCENE SEVEN

(A crackling light comes in through the front windows and open door. The sound of fire can be heard, then IN THE MOOD playing loudly on the phonograph, as lights come up. Chiz enters from outside, wearing the blonde wig and wiping her hands together.)

CHIZ: *(exiting to the back)* So much for badminton.

(Grace comes down from the stairs carrying a load of dresses and exits out the door as Bola and Hideo enter looking for more things to burn. Everyone is in an excited, festive state. Faces and clothes smudged with soot.)

(Grace exits.)

ROSE (O/S): Oh, that stinks!

(Rose and Henry stumble in laughing, their faces covered in soot.)

ROSE: Why=d you do that?

HENRY: It=s the only thing I had to throw in.

ROSE: *(to Bola and Hideo)* He threw in a spare tire.

HENRY: It=s burning like crazy!

(The music is too infectious and Rose grabs Henry and they start dancing.)

BOLA: Hey! Fred and Ginger! Grab those chairs. Hey. I figure if you're gonna have a bonfire, you better have a bonfire!

(Rose and Henry exit, carrying two chairs. Ad lib reaction to the smell of the tires.)

(Hideo and Bola start to exit.)

HIDEO: Hey, too bad we don=t have a pig!

BOLA: Hey, maybe we sneak over to Hersham=s and grab one of his!

(Offstage hear the group shouting as they toss wood into the fire, "YOISHO". Grace stumbles in and stands for a moment in a daze. Chiz comes down the stairs carrying a few items, including a small box.)

GRACE: *(noticing)* What is all that?

CHIZ: It=s just odds and ends, from Camp -- just the kinds of things we should be burning. . .

GRACE: Aren=t those Papa=s?

CHIZ: Yeah, but . . .

GRACE: No wait, let me see.

(laughter outside)

BOLA (O/S): Chiz! Get on out here!

ROSE (O/S): Grace, come on! You=re missing the fire!

CHIZ: Okay, okay. Grace?

(Chiz exits. More YOISHA=s as the two chairs on the fire. Grace seats herself and begins to look through the box. She finds Papa=s SPECTACLES and looks at them fondly. She then notices a LETTER. She picks it up and begins to read it. Grace exits.)

(Chiz, Rose and Henry come stumbling in. Followed by Bola and Hideo)

CHIZ: *(looking around)* Grace, you gotta come out and see this now. Grace?

ROSE: We=d have a huge bonfire before the Big Game at Berkeley - lit up the sky...

HIDEO: What else is there to burn? The Porch!

BOLA: Good idea!

ROSE: *(going to the phonograph)* I want to dance more... Henry?

HIDEO: The railing, everything.

BOLA: Professor, whoa.

(Hear a car pull up. Rose proceeds to put a record on, Henry joins Hideo)

HIDEO: *(looking out the door)* Hey Joe.

(Hideo holds the door open. Hersham rushes in)

HERSHAM: I saw the fire. Everyone all right?

BOLA: Joe. Everything=s fine. No problem.

ROSE: *(grabbing Henry and dancing)* Hi, Uncle Hersham. This is Henry. Henry Sakai.

HIDEO & BOLA: EEYYAHH!

HERSHAM: *(confused)* Are you sure everything=s alright?

HIDEO: They=re going to bulldoze it all down.

HIDEO & BOLA: EEYYAHH!

CHIZ: So we thought, you know..

ALL: Burn things!

CHIZ: Mr. Hersham? I know you and Jeannette like to dance.

HERSHAM: Well Ψ

(Chiz takes Hersham and they start to dance)

CHIZ: Not bad...

HIDEO: Anyone seen Grace?

BOLA: Hey, Joe, you got anything you want to burn? One of your pigs?

CHIZ: Bola.

BOLA: Taste gooood. Roast pork. Maybe do some kahlua pig.

HERSHAM: *(stopping)* No, no. I didn=t bring a pig. I brought something else for you.. It=s for your family. A Buick Road Master. I knew the other car wasn=t working too good. It=s right outside. Take a look. Come on. Take a look.

(Confused silence)

CHIZ: You=re giving us a car?

HENRY: Top of the line.

ROSE: But why?

HERSHAM: I wanted to.

CHIZ: Yeah, but a car...

ROSE: I don=t think we can accept this...

(They notice Grace coming down the stairs. She=s cut all her hair off.. Everyone is shocked)

GRACE: It=s for us?

CHIZ: Grace?!

ROSE: Grace? Your hair? What did you do?

GRACE: The idea was to get rid of things. Things you didn=t want to be attached to

anymore. Well? *(Pause.)* A car -- it=s rather extravagant, isn=t it?

HERSHAM: No, no, not at all.

(Awkward pause)

GRACE: It=s as if you feel guilty about something.

HERSHAM: Grace, are you sure everything=s alright?

GRACE: *(holds up the Letter)* Mr. Hershham. I found this letter. It was sent to my father in Camp. It=s from Mr. Daugherty, Papa=s stockbroker. He writes that he heard a funny rumor going around involving Papa and made some phone calls. He found out that after Papa sold the property to the Bank of San Joaquin, a week later, title was transferred to Pacific Gas.

(silence)

HIDEO: What?. . .

GRACE: *(to Hideo)* If we=d made them search through all the files we=d have found records of the transfer. *(to Hershham)* Did you know about that?

HERSHAM: Not at the time, no.

GRACE: They discovered gas on our land, didn=t they? And you knew it when you visited us in Camp. And you worked with Pacific Gas and the Bank of San Joaquin to help them steal it from my father.

HERSHAM: No, I didn=t know about the transfer to Pacific Gas, then. Later I learned they=d transferred title.

GRACE: Why would the bank send you to get my father to sell? Doesn=t it seem odd? Didn=t you wonder what was in it for them?

HERSHAM: I didn=t know the Bank=s Board were heavy stockholders in Pacific Gas.

GRACE: What was in it for you, Mr. Hershham?

HERSHAM: My farm was in trouble, okay? You all knew that. Hell, everybody knew it. They were going to take it away from me. Then they asked me to take this offer to Togo. I knew the land was stripped out, your father wouldn=t want to come back to that. And if he tried to sell it on the open market - hell, look what happened to the other Japanese farmers when they tried to sell.

GRACE: What did you get out of it?

HERSHAM: They knew your father=d never sell to them and that=s why they asked me, and it didn=t matter what they wanted, I knew I could help your father out.

GRACE: What did you get out of it!

HERSHAM: They took care of my outstanding debts. All of them.

BOLA: (muttering) That=s how you managed to turn things around...

HIDEO: And you didn=t know about the deal between the bank and Pacific Gas?

HERSHAM: Not at the time. No.

GRACE: How could you not know?

HERSHAM: Your father thanked me. When I explained what that boy had done to the farm. How things had changed, everything had changed, your father thanked me --

GRACE: Mr. Hershman, Mr. Hershman, couldn=t you tell? He wasn=t the same man. His whole community had turned on him, everyone had turned on him, he was a broken man Mr. Hershman, couldn=t you see it? (Beat) Get out.

HERSHAM: Grace, it was the only thing to do. It was the only thing I could do.

GRACE: Get out, Mr. Hershman.

HERSHAM: I tried to help him. Think anybody else would? Hell no, it=s war time. People hate the Japanese. But I helped him because we were friends, because your father was a good man and he always treated me fairly.

BOLA: So you lie and cheat him out of his land.

HERSHAM: No, I tried to help him --

BOLA: You helped yourself just like everybody else --

HERSHAM: I stuck my neck out -- (cont.)

BOLA: (overlapping) You=re worse, >cause you don=t even have the guts to say what you really think.

HERSAM: (continue) -- for you people and almost got it cut off.

(beat)

HERSHAM: Your people are over there killing our boys. American boys. Hey, the Camps, this farm, all that=s happened to you -- whose fault is this whole thing, anyway? Who started this whole thing in the first place? Was it me? Was it the Bank of San Joaquin? Was it Pacific Gas? No. Ask yourselves, really ask yourselves. If the Japs hadn=t bombed Pearl Harbor, would you be in the mess you=re in today?

(Silence. Bola picks up the shotgun)

BOLA: *(holding it)* Take your car, take your ass and get the hell off our land.

(Mr. Hershman looks at them for a beat, then turns and leaves. Bola cracks the barrel, loading shells as he goes out on the front porch. We hear the engine starting and the car driving away)

HIDEO: Bola?

GRACE: Oh, no. . .

CHIZ: Bola, don=t do anything stupid --

(We hear TWO loud shotgun BLASTS. Silence. Bola walks back in. They all stare at him)

BOLA: *(shrugging)* I missed.

(Bola moves into the room and sits down. Chiz goes to Grace)

CHIZ: *(touching)* Oh, your beautiful hairΨ

(Grace and Chiz embrace. For a moment everyone is quiet. Grace walks out on the front porch.)

ROSE: *(getting up)* I better go check on her.

HIDEO: Rose, let me do it?

(Hideo grabs Grace=s sweater and goes outside)

(Cross-fade)

SCENE EIGHT

(Grace stands looking out into the night at their land. Hideo enters and puts the sweater around her shoulders.)

HIDEO: It=s pretty cold.

(Grace nods)

HIDEO: You want to be by yourself?

GRACE: *(shaking her head)* Un-uh.

(They stand looking out)

GRACE: He was too ashamed to let me know he was selling the land.

HIDEO: He was a proud man.

GRACE: And then to get that letter. . .

(pause)

HIDEO: Maybe he was a little too proud.

(Grace turns to Hideo)

HIDEO: The letter was dated eight months ago. Your father got lost in the snowstorm about eight months ago.

(silence)

GRACE: I=m tired of being proud all the time. I can=t be my father=s daughter anymore.

HIDEO: There=s nothing wrong with being proud, Grace. Sometimes you just can=t be proud all by yourself.

(pause)

In the beginning. Us? I was the obedient son. At times, I wondered if the price was too high.

GRACE: Was it?

HIDEO: Let me be proud with you. And I=ll know that my place is here.

(pause)

GRACE: I always liked your way with words. Remember your lecture, Papa and I

attended? Twentieth Century Japanese Novelists.

HIDEO: AYou make peace with yourself when the individuality you were born with arrives where it belongs=.

GRACE: Natsume Soseki.

(They quietly laugh)

HIDEO: You and your father were there to get a good look at me. Your father fell asleep right in the middle and snored so loudly I almost had to stop.

(laugh. calm down)

GRACE: Hideo?

HIDEO: Hmm?

GRACE: I don=t know what to do.

(pause)

HIDEO: Maybe if we=re proud together we can figure something out.

(crossfade)

SCENE NINE

(A little later. Lights up on the living room. Henry and Rose playing cards. Chiz and Bola at the table looking through a box. Hideo is off to the side on the floor looking through another box. Hideo finds a PAPER and brings it over to Chiz and Bola at the table. They all begin to read it. Grace enters from the back, wiping her face with a towel. Rose notices her. Grace joins the others at the table)

GRACE: Did you find it?

HIDEO: *(looking at the paper)* Thirty five thousand.

BOLA: Thirty-five thousand for this whole place - acreage, buildings, equipment?

HIDEO: That=s it.

GRACE: *(shaking her head)* Papa. . .

(looking around)

I don=t know what we can do. If we divide that up amongst us, it=s not going to be enough to help any of us individually -- buy houses, set up our businesses. . .

ROSE: We have the money from the sale of the house in town. If we put that together with the thirty-five thousand-

GRACE: No, no -- that money=s for your own families for absolute emergencies. Besides - for what we had to sell it - there=s not much.

HIDEO: Then we should use the 35 thousand from the farm on something to help all of us.

CHIZ: Yeah, but what?

GRACE: I don=t know. . . Hideo?

(Pause. Bola tries to lighten the mood)

BOLA: Hey, I know, let=s place a bet on my brudda=s race horse, Buddha Buggy. Thirty five thousand on the nose.

CHIZ: Bola, not now.

BOLA: I=m just trying to lighten things up - don=t get your coconuts all in a bunch.

GRACE: Why don=t we talk about this later when we get settled at the Church.

HENRY: My brother Takashi? He wrote me that some of the Japanese who got out from the Camps early couldn=t find places to stay. So some of them chipped in

together and bought boarding houses. This is out in Chicago? That way, they at least had their own place to stay and they could rent to other Japanese who were coming out. It's something I toyed with. If the farm didn't work out.

GRACE: I don=t know . . .

HIDEO: (*thinking*) In the 30=s, your father got together with some other *Issei* and started the Nippon Hospital. Because the white hospitals wouldn=t treat them. . .

GRACE: Yeah?

HIDEO: What if we bought our own place? Like Henry was saying?

GRACE: A boarding house?

HIDEO: Old Man Sato=s selling his place. Remember, I saw the sign.

BOLA: Yeah. . .

CHIZ: The Europa Hotel?

HIDEO: Why don=t we consider buying it?

CHIZ: It=s on the edge of skid row.

GRACE: Hideo. . .

HIDEO: They=re still some Japanese businesses there.

ROSE: (*pointedly*) It=s not the best area, Hideo.

(*awkward beat*)

GRACE: Let=s think of something else.

BOLA: Togo stayed there.

HIDEO: Un-huh. . .

GRACE: That was the only place they could stay in those days.

CHIZ: I=m not going to let my kids run around there. Broken wine bottles. . .

BOLA: Yeah, but do we have a choice? In case anyone=s forgotten, we=re all sleeping on the floor of the Buddhist church tomorrow night.

GRACE: Papa had a shooting gallery there. Next door to the hotel.

(*surprised beat*)

ROSE: The Europa Hotel?

GRACE: Un-huh. Mama made him sell it, she thought it was too dangerous for a baby.

BOLA: Ahhh, that=s where Togo learned to shoot.

CHIZ: Papa had a shooting gallery? In skid row?

GRACE: It wasn=t skid row then Chiz. Just a run-down section of town.

HIDEO: We can live in the rooms for free.

HENRY: If you own the hotel, you can use the other rooms for anything you want. You don=t have to use them just for people to live in.

BOLA: Maybe I can set up my practice there for the time being.

HIDEO: *(to Grace)* We can knock out a wall between two of the rooms and he=ll have enough space.

GRACE: What about the rest of us?

HIDEO: We could set up a pharmacy downstairs. In the empty store front. Rose?

(no response)

HIDEO: We can hire another pharmacist to work with Rose until she feels comfortable on her own. We have a little money to refurbish and stock it --

(pause)

ROSE: I can run the pharmacy by myself.

HIDEO: Of course, of course you can. I=ve always known you=d stand on your own two feet one day.

CHIZ: Yeah, but skid row. . .

GRACE: Chiz. Papa and Mama lived there. For the time being, we can live there, too.

(beat)

HIDEO: *(to Chiz)* And since you like bossing people around, you can run the hotel.

BOLA: He made a joke.

GRACE: Hideo? We should we call Mr. Sato.

HIDEO: Tonight?

GRACE: Tonight.

GRACE: Rose, brew up a pot of strong coffee. Oh, see what=s in the icebox, maybe make some sandwiches or something. It=s going to be a long night

ROSE: Henry, come help me.

(Rose and Henry go into the kitchen)

BOLA: Hey, and no hanky-panky in there.

CHIZ: I=m not bossy, am I?

HIDEO: Bola, we should talk about what we want from Old Man Sato. We should be sure there are rooms to make into your office. See if the storefront is usable.

BOLA: *(back to Chiz)* You>re not bossy, Chiz.

(The family moves into action. Dim to darkness)

SCENE TEN

(Lights up. Hours later B still dark outside. House lit in half light. Cups of coffee all around, a plate with a few sandwiches left on it. We see in semi-silhouetted action, Hideo is on the phone, Grace is watching him. Chiz has the baby and is standing by the window looking out at something. Bola is seated, sipping coffee and watching Hideo also.)

(Not hanging up, Hideo sets the receiver down and comes back to confer with Grace. Chiz turns to watch and Bola stands expectantly. Hideo looks to Grace. A beat. Then Grace nods. Hideo goes back to the phone to continue the negotiations with Old Man Sato.)

(Cross-fade to Henry and Rose out in the fields, looking at the stars. Henry is eating a sandwich and sipping coffee. He shares the coffee with Rose)

ROSE: God, the stars are beautiful out here. It=s one of the things I missed most living in town. I used to sneak out here at night with a blanket. Just sit by myself looking at the stars.

(Silence. They look at the sky.)

I don=t think about the future anymore. Have dreams. Things I want to have. Things I want to do. I have a hard enough time accepting the past. *(beat)* You still have dreams, don=t you?

HENRY: Yes.

ROSE: Your farm?

HENRY: Un-huh. I=m going to make it into something. Make it prosper again.

ROSE: It=s going to be hard. Not like it was before the War. They don=t like us now.

HENRY: They never liked us. You just didn=t notice it. You didn=t have to. My father taught me to make the most out of things. No matter what=s there or not there. You have to adapt. That=s why I invent things, try new techniques, Rose. Tomorrow=s going to be different, whether we like it or not. It doesn=t have to be bad.

(pause)

ROSE: I had a fiancée. I met him in Camp. He died over in Italy. A lot of boys did. But when he died, I promised myself two things. One, that I would never forget him. Never. The other, that I would never let myself feel like that about any boy ever again. It=s too painful. I promised myself those two things. Do you understand?

HENRY: What I know is that nothing=s given to you. Nothing=s promised to you. You have to go out and earn it with hard work and more hard work. That=s all you can do, that=s all anyone can do and that=s what I plan to do. Everyday of my life. Till I get what I want.

ROSE: I bet you will. I bet you will.

(Dim to darkness on the young couple)

(Cross-fade to inside the house. Lights are brought up to full. Chiz is standing by the window looking out. Grace is pacing, watching Hideo=s phone conversation. Bola is seated again, sipping coffee and watching Hideo. Grace notices Chiz and goes to see what she=s looking at)

(Grace joining Chiz and looking out the window together. Grace sees what Chiz has been observing)

CHIZ: We won=t need Mrs. Okubo=s services anymore.

GRACE: I don=t think the two of them even know it yet.

CHIZ: I think they do.

GRACE: Hmm. *(Beat)* Mrs. Okubo=s going to be disappointed.

CHIZ: No bonus.

(Grace hears Hideo on the phone and goes over to check)

HIDEO: . . . good, good. We=ll be there tomorrow. Right, right, I mean today. And we apologize for calling so many times in the middle of the night. Right, right -- the price, how much we could offer -- and we had to make a decision tonight. You know the Matsumotos. Yes, just like the father. Okay, bye. Done.

(Hideo hangs up and nods to Grace. She breathes a sigh of relief.)

GRACE: I think we should celebrate.

HIDEO: I=ll get Rose and Henry.

(Grace goes to the kitchen. Hideo goes outside and discovers Rose and Henry.)

ROSE: *(shaking)* It=s freezing out here.

HENRY: The temperature must have dropped ten degrees in the last few minutes.

ROSE: Beautiful, though. Clouds rolling in.

(They all re-enter the house, Grace reenters from the Kitchen with a tray holding the bottle of sake and cups)

GRACE: He accepted. *(looking at Hideo)* It took a bit of negotiating.

(Silence. No one knows what to say.)

BOLA: Well. I finally get a place to practice.

CHIZ: The Europa Hotel . . .

BOLA: I think Grace has the right idea. We should toast.

(Sake is poured and glasses given out)

GRACE: Henry?

(Bola checks to see that everyone has their sake.)

BOLA: To the Sisters Matsumoto.

THE MEN: *(quietly)* *Kampai.*

(The sisters accept the toast and the men drink)

GRACE: To Papa, Mama and this house.

ALL: *Kampai.*

(They all drink. Begin to gather up the glasses)

BOLA: So you figured out what kind of business you want to do?

HIDEO: I=d still like to start the newspaper.

(silence)

HIDEO: I have some new ideas. I=ll print it in Japanese and English.

(pause)

GRACE: Okay. We=ll see.

BOLA: Hey, this is good. Every morning, I can get up. I pat the kids= heads. Chiz hands me my cup of coffee as I=m walking out the door. (Takes a deep breath) Ahh, the Europa Hotel. I stroll down the hall, grab the paper -- hot off the presses -- settle into my office, put my feet up. . .

(Mimes bringing up a paper to read, shocked)

What the hell, it=s in Japanese. . .

(turns to the next page)

Ah yes, I can read this. . .

GRACE: *(breaking the moment)* Well. We better finish packing. . .

(Bola starts to go upstairs to get the suitcases. Others begin to start their separate duties. Grace and Hideo continue to look at each other)

BOLA: Henry?

(Henry joins Bola up the stairs. Hideo moves into the back to begin packing, also. Grace moves out on to the porch. Rose and Chiz join her)

GRACE: *(to her sisters)* It=ll be all right. What ever happens. We=ll be all right.

ROSE: *(noticing)* The sun=s beginning to rise.

(The three sisters stare out at the dawn breaking over the land that was once theirs. Henry, Bola and Hideo have come back into the house and remain in half light in the background watching them)

ROSE: I was thinking about Papa again.

CHIZ: I was, too.

GRACE: Maybe we can bring him back. When things get back to normal.

CHIZ: It=s so beautiful.

ROSE: I want us always to remember it. Just like this.

GRACE: I=ll remember.

(Snow begins to fall)

My god, it=s starting to snow. . .

(The sisters look out and marvel)

(Dim to darkness)

END OF PLAY

* Alternative concept.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

(As the audience settles, upbeat swing music from the 40's begins. A young couple dances, very American. Then one by one the other actors enter and begin to dance also. The music builds, then quickly fades. The couples break apart and move away.

A platform surrounded by dark soil. Upstage a large projection screen. On the platform sits an old chair covered by a sheet. The actors have moved to chairs that sit at the edge of the soil. They pick up coats and hats strewn about and begin to put them on.

Upstage, a picture of the Matsumoto house. It's an old Victorian farmhouse. The house is shown as if through a fish-eye lens with the interior pushing outwards. So one can see both the insides and exterior of the farmhouse at the same time.

A once proud lady, now fading and gray. The distinctive call of the red-winged blackbird, a common Delta region species. The actors straighten their clothes as if they'd traveled a distance. They grab their suitcases and move towards the platform)